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"I love you," they whispered, a fragile truth shared in trembling breaths. A vow unspoken, yet loud enough to echo across eternity's depths. Eyes locked, hearts exposed, the world faded to a distant blur. In that fleeting moment, nothing else mattered but her and him, him and her. The words hung in the air, delicate threads weaving their souls as one, a love that promised to rise with the moon and set with the sun. Fate, a silent witness, etched their promise in time's tender embrace, two hearts now bound, no distance or storm could displace. In the stillness, their whispers became an unbreakable chain, love sealing their fates, enduring joy, enduring pain.

The door was slightly ajar, and when he pushed it open, he was greeted by the sight of her standing beneath the cascade of water, her back to him. She was utterly unaware of his presence, her fingers working through her wet hair as water streamed down her curves.

The sight made his breath hitch, and he took his time allowing his eyes to drink in the sight of her, memorizing every curve and roundness of her

body. But when her hands continued to move over her body in that slow and sensual way that ignited his desire like a match stick struck in the dark, he knew he couldn't watch any longer. He might die if he didn't get his hands on her soon.

Taking slow, deliberate steps, he closed the distance between them in seconds. His hands slid around her waist, pulling her back against his chest.

She froze, a soft yelp leaving her lips, but it was drowned out by a gasp when he whirled her around to face him.

"Ryan," she gasped, her voice breathless as her gaze met his.

"I couldn't wait," he murmured, his voice rough with need and want.

Estelle's lips parted, but before she could respond, his mouth claimed hers. The kiss was heated, desperate, demanding, and hungry, as though he had been starved for her touch for years. She gasped against him, stunned by the sheer intensity, but soon her body responded instinctively, her arms winding around his neck as she returned the kiss with equal fervor.

This wasn't like anything she had imagined. She

had spent the last minutes trying to distract herself, conjuring up fantasies of sensual moments to erase the image of him dancing with Anastasia, but none of them came close to the reality of Ryan's lips devouring hers. And certainly not like this - pressed together under the warm cascade of the shower, his hands exploring her as if committing every curve of her body to his memory.

His hands were everywhere. One gripped her waist, holding her firmly against him, while the other roved over her bare skin, each touch igniting a trail of fire. His palm skimmed the curve of her hip, sliding up her sides, and pressing into the curves of her waist. When his thumbs grazed the sides of her breasts, Estelle released a muffled moan into his mouth, her body arching into him instinctively.

A grunt of approval rumbled in Ryan's throat as he guided her backward until her back met the cool tile wall. The cold contrast of the wall sent a shiver through her, but Ryan's body was there, warm and solid against hers. His lips left hers, trailing a path of heated kisses down her jaw, her neck, and further down, while his stubble brushed her skin, sending waves of sensation through her until she was trembling with desire.

When his mouth reached her chest, Estelle arched into him, her hands threading through his damp hair while her toe curled in anticipation.

"You're perfect," he murmured against her skin, his voice rough with want. And just like that, his lips closed around her n****e, and she let out a cry of pleasure, her head falling back against the wall, toe curled. Ryan's tongue flicked and teased, his teeth grazing the sensitive peak.

"Ryan... oh, God," she moaned, her fingers tightening in his hair. Every nerve in her body was alive, the sensation of his mouth electrifying - a mix of pleasure and need that sent a flood of heat pooling in her belly and then down to her unarguable swollen bud. She let out soft, breathy moans one after another, her hands tangling in his wet hair and pulling him impossibly closer.

But Ryan didn't stop, nor did he rush. He worshiped her with his mouth, switching to her other breast, while his hands explored her thighs. Estelle's head tilted back, her eyes shutting tight as he brought her to the edge of whatever feeling rushing through her veins.

"Ryan..." she gasped, her voice trembling as his fingers gently and sensually trailed down the inside of her thigh.

In no minute, his fingers found her clit, and her gasp turned into a loud moan as he began to circle the sensitive bundle of nerves. The rhythm was slow at first, teasing, but as her moans grew louder, he increased the pressure, driving her higher and higher.

"Look at me," Ryan rasped, his voice thick with desire.

Her eyes reluctantly fluttered open, hooded with desire, meeting his intense gaze. She felt utterly exposed, and vulnerable, but in the best way. His touch, his gaze, and his presence were overwhelming in the most beautiful way. She found herself losing herself in his eyes and touch, her hips moving of their own accord to meet the rhythm of his touch.

When the first wave of her o****m hit, it was like a dam breaking inside her. She cried out, her body convulsing against him as pleasure surged through her. Ryan didn't stop, his fingers coaxing her through the peak until she was trembling, her legs barely able to hold her up.

A satisfied and proud grin tugged at his lips as he stood up, capturing her lips in another searing kiss, stealing what little breath she had left. The water had started to cool by then, but neither of

them cared.

With a flick of his wrist, Ryan turned off the shower and scooped her effortlessly into his

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arms. Estelle was dazed, her mind still spinning from the intensity of what had just happened. She clung to him, her head resting against his chest as he carried her into the bedroom.

"You're beautiful," Ryan murmured, his voice husky as he laid her naked body on the bed.

Her heart swelled at his words, her chest tightening with an emotion she hadn't allowed

herself to feel in so long. She might have burst into tears if Ryan hadn't leaned over her, his lips claiming hers again in a kiss that was both tender and passionate. His hands resumed their exploration, trailing down her body with deliberate slowness which Estelle felt was torture as she wanted more. Estelle let out a shuddering breath, her hands clutching at his shoulders as she felt herself unravel under his touch once again.

At some point, the emotions surging inside her became too much to contain. As Ryan moved over her, his lips brushing against her ear, she whispered the words she had been too afraid to say before.

"I love you."

Ryan froze, his breath catching as her words sank in. For a moment, the only sound was the rapid beating of their hearts. Then, his lips found hers again for a short kiss.

"Say it again," he murmured against her lips, his voice hoarse.

"I love you," she repeated, her voice steady despite the whirlwind of emotions inside her. It might have taken her a long time to finally acknowledge and gather the courage to say it, but she does love the

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man.

Ryan leaned back, his eyes searching hers for any hint of doubt. When he found none, his lips curved into a smile, and he kissed her again, pouring every ounce of his passion and feelings into it.

"I love you too," he whispered against her mouth, his voice thick with emotion.

I love you until my final breath.



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