



Chapter 51

When I looked around, the room was almost empty, with only Alexander still sitting in the same place. I was alone with him once again.

I went to where I had been sitting to get my things, and as I approached, Alexander pulled me onto his lap, hugged me, and whispered in my ear:

"You have no idea how much I miss you."

"Alexander, please, don't do this to me," I begged.

"Please, Catherine, don't do this to us," he responded and kissed me.

His tongue invaded my mouth in a sweet, slow, and torturous kiss. It felt so good to kiss him that for a moment, I forgot everything and kissed him back. He pressed me a little tighter against his chest, making me sigh. I felt desire growing inside me. My body reacted to him in a way that was impossible to control. I couldn't resist even the slightest of his touches.

I shifted on his lap and felt his arousal against my bottom, and my body completely ignited, feeling my underwear getting wet. He briefly interrupted the kiss to whisper against my lips:

"See how crazy you make me? See how much you want me too? Give me one more chance, Catherine, and I promise there won't be a day in my life that I won't work to deserve your love."

He made promises with that voice, somewhat husky and sensual, that left me disoriented. We surrendered to that kiss as if we depended on it to live. It was a long, hot, wet kiss full of desire, but it was slow and full of love.

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Alexander ran his thumbs across my face, gently wiping away my tears, and placed a warm kiss on each of my eyes. He was gentle and loving.

I looked at that beautiful face and saw that his eyes were also wet. He was really suffering. I gently touched his face, memorizing every detail. Those violet eyes looked straight into my soul and made my heart race.

I wanted him so much! He held me on his lap with one arm around my waist and with his other hand gently caressing my thigh. It was as if he left a trail of fire burning on my skin.

I pulled him in for a kiss and poured my whole heart into it. Alexander responded to my kiss with passion, sighing against my lips. His kisses were precious to me; nothing compared to what the slight touch of his lips awakened in me. I craved his kisses and his touches.

Tears flowed between us as we kissed, and I no longer knew if they were mine or his. They mingled between us.

"Please, my love, forgive me, come back to me! Without you, I'm just dust," Alexander said, pressing his forehead against mine and letting out a sob.

He was really suffering. It broke my heart to see him like this; it hurt me deeply. But he had broken me; he hadn't trusted me. He had accused me of horrible things. How could I go back to him when that was still an open wound in my heart? I still couldn't forgive him, and I didn't know if I ever could.



"Alexander..." I sobbed through the tears falling from my eyes. "You hurt me so much. I still can't..."

I stood up very awkwardly and rushed out of the room, leaving my things and the love of my life behind; at that moment, staying there would have torn my soul apart.

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