

Chapter 26 - Death by Licking

With the way they were positioned, Solene couldn't see her husband, but she was certain it was him behind her. Aside from his voice, his scent was the same, his height was the same, even the feel of his strong hands was the same. Everything about him was the same and this earned goosebumps on her arms and nape.

His nearness was intoxicating, filling her with excitement and longing. He had elicited the same kind of feelings back in her room when he checked her tattoos, but it was abruptly cut off considering...well, they weren't exactly married yet. But now, with their wedding done, she expected these feelings to linger a hundredfold. This was their wedding night after all and of course, some bed action was in order. Playing game boards and watching movies were the last things in their minds.

"Done with reading Lloyd a bedtime story?" Solene asked as she lowered her hands and half shifted her face towards him.

"Charlie happily volunteered to do the job," Henri softly answered. He ran his fingers along her flawless back, the action of which made her shudder. It was messing up her senses and it was definitely igniting more fire inside her.

The design of the wedding gown surely allowed for a quicker access to her skin. Either Henri made sure of this or her mother and grandmother added this tidbit out of whim, it was a mystery. Whatever the explanation, it sure served its purpose well. She was pretty conscious just how much naked she felt underneath his gaze and to think he hasn't even undressed her yet.

"Did my entrance surprise or scare you, Solene? I tend to use my transport abilities when I'm in a hurry. I consider tonight as a life or death situation."

Solene bit back a laugh. 'Life or death situation indeed,' she teasingly commented to herself.

"Well, that answers how you've been very sneaky on me the past few days, Henri," she answered out loud.

"I had always been good with sneaking," he replied. "It is a skill I had sharpened for years."

This time Henri started the special job of unhooking her gown. He began first the hooks near her nape then the zipper located at the hip part of her dress.

As her gown loosened, Solene took a sharp breath. Here it goes...

"Henri!" But suddenly, she cried out when he lifted her up from the ground without even so much as a warning. In reflex, her arms flung around his neck and she tossed him a questioning look. Now face to face, she noticed that he was only wearing his black shirt with three buttons undone. His hair was still brushed back, too neat and too formal, but certainly, she could remedy that later.

Henri flashed a mischievous smile towards her. "I'll have the chef cook more for you. You weigh like a feather, my wife, and that's despite the heavy gown you're wearing."

"I do not," she pouted. "Where are you taking me?"

Henri didn't answer. He just continued to his path like an enthusiastic man on a mission.

More heat crawled up Solene's cheeks then when she noticed where they were heading. The changing room was connected to his bedroom. It only took Henri four strides before arriving in the dimly lit area.

The king-sized bed welcomed them the next moment. Solene bit her bottom lip and stared at his perfect jawline, realizing soon they'd be truly sharing it like a husband and wife.

Gently, he arranged her at the center. "Solene, I want to venerate you," he stated as he moved to join her. "Let me venerate you."

For him, seeing her like this pleased him thoroughly. He was going to shower her all of his ardor and he would make certain her erotic voice would fill his room.

"I'm not sure exactly what you mean by that, Henri," she stated with honesty. Though she believed they had the same idea in mind, still she wasn't exactly sure what he meant by the fancy word.

Henri's mouth quirked upward.

"Let me demonstrate," he stated and with that, he closed the oppressive distance between them and captured her lips.

His kiss now was unlike the kisses they shared days past. It was aggressive yet soft. Confident yet gentle. His tongue entered fluidly as she further opened her mouth and this allowed him to coax her tongue for a heady duel.

Solene found herself clutching onto his thick locks. Her belly warmed up and her nipples tingled. Her reaction to him was so strong she wanted to moan it all out.

And moan she did as Henri continued devouring her lips.

His hands positioned in between them and started kneading her breasts against the satin material.

Solene was super aware of his glorious hands as she wasn't wearing any brassiere at all to fit the gown's design. Because of this, each squeeze, each sensual touch became agonizingly good. It made her want him more.

"Hen...ri..." she weakly muttered when their kiss broke.

He aimed to taste her neck and taste it, he did, moving down to place passionate kisses on her skin. His hands further glided down south and positioned her legs apart. In less than a second, he found entrance in between her legs by shoving her dress up.

"Ohhh..." Solene cried out when she felt his eager hand snake down her inner thigh.

"You're so beautiful, Solene..." Henri murmured on her ear before pulling a few inches back to meet her gaze. "So, so beautiful and mine. Only mine."

She opened her mouth to reply but she was cut off when he came down to seize her lips again.

"Mmmm..."

She couldn't hold back another moan when she felt this same hand travel up to her ankh tattoo. His palm lingered there for a few seconds and during this time, she felt it suddenly hot and throbbing, like he just pressed a start button there. This delicious throbbing feeling continued upwards to her sex, the manner of which could be likened to an intensifying drum solo. She was simply flooded with it.

"Hen...ri!" she gasped breaking their kisses when Henri finally found her moistness.

He chuckled at this, relishing just how much she squirmed. He continued his lethal advances and using one finger, he tested the barrier. There was no denying she was completely wet for him if the drenched white underwear was an indication. He hummed a pleased tune and stared at her hungrily.

"My wife, you're so wet for me."

Solene, slightly panting, locked gazes with him with the same intensity. "A reaction to your...veneration, Henri."

He softly laughed after hearing her words. "Oh yes, Solene, you're absolutely right. However, I'm not done yet," he clarified.

He pulled down her underwear using both of his hands and tossed it at the foot of the bed. Thereafter, he lowered his head and started kissing her neck again.

"I'm yet to taste you, Solene," he murmured further.

Goosebumps erupted continuously on every inch of Solene's body as she accepted his kisses without hesitation. Closing her eyes, all she felt were pure bliss and that unbearable ache between her thighs. She wanted them answered and she wanted him to answer it stat. She wasn't exactly sure how though.

But Henri, oh yes, he knew exactly how to solve her dilemma. Natural skills kicked in and used this to bring their love making to another level. Slowly, he moved down from her neck to her perfectly perky nipples, lowering her gown further down her waist for easier access. He pleased them one by one, making sure each pink get the best treatment.

He sucked and licked and sucked some more and all Solene could do in response was moan and close her eyes and moan louder. Any virgin would react the same way when attended like this by her lover, but with Henri...oh, there was something so deadly about his mouth.

One hand left her breast and returned to her core. His fingertips immediately created a whirlwind sensation as it contacted her clit.

"Oh god!" she voiced out whilst looking sharply at him. In reflex, she grabbed a thick mass of his hair and pulled it to the root. "Henri!"

Hearing her erotic cry, he looked up and gave her a sexy grin. "Yes Solene, cry my name some more." Then, with unbreakable intent, he went to the

source of her arousal.

Thrusting out a tongue, instantly he got a taste of her moist center. His other hand joined and parted her folds for a better access.

Solene tried to clamp her legs together unable to bear his attack, but Henri pried her open using his elbows. Her ankh tattoo throbbed some more and together with his sucking and licking of the now engorged clit, it created a clash of sensations inside her; sensations that she was fully open to receiving.

"Ahhh!" she cried loudly when Henri's mouth dined her nonstop.

Her lips trembled and her body shook at his every lick, every suck, every demonstration of his veneration. Face excessively flushed, her hands sought an object to hold onto and they found his pillows. She held it tightly as she underwent his uninhibited assault.

Soon enough, her whole body spasmed. The nectar of her first ever orgasm spurt free, wetting Henri's welcoming mouth. She felt him lick her clean, giving her mini gasms, until her consciousness darkened....