

The stolen moments

Vincent's pov.

I swallowed hard as my eyes roamed over Ariana's naked wet body. Hell! She was such a live temptation. So fucking gorgeous that she could make a man fall on his knees and beg her to let him worship this perfect body. My eyes took in her every curve as they enjoyed drinking into her sight without clothes. She must be thinking I was a pervert. I did feel like one. All I wanted right at that moment was to lick every drop of water off her body and make her writhe under my tongue. But all I could do was to clench my fists to my sides and breathe heavily, fighting for self-control.

My eyes landed on some faded marks near her breasts. I frowned upon seeing some scars on her chest near her bosom. They looked like they were from a deep wound.

I wanted to look away and forget about what I saw. But it was too late to reconsider my action. My legs started moving towards her on their own.

She gasped and turned abruptly, wrapping her arms around her body as if she came to her senses after the fear left her and realisation took place.

But she forgot that she was also giving me a full view of her back in this way. I caressed her beauty with my hungry eyes and furrowed more to notice that her back was also covered with some scars which had become dull and faded.

How did she get those scars? Who dared to hurt her and why?

My blood boiled as I thought of someone torturing her to this limit.

I trailed my finger softly over her scars, touching her cold skin, still wet from the shower. I felt her quiver.

"Ariana! Look at me," I ordered, and holding her shoulder, I made her turn to face me.

She bowed her head and closed her eyes.

I slowly removed her hand from her bosom.

"Who did this to you?" I asked as I trailed my fingers over the scar, touching her silky soft skin, tracing the curve of her breast.

Her eyes snapped open, and she tilted her head, looking up into my eyes. Her beautiful amber eyes were slightly shining.

"I mean, who gave you those scars," I pointed toward the faded marks.

I couldn't help my hand reach up to touch her there. I felt that spark there again when our skin touched, coursing through my hand, and igniting desires inside me.

She held my hand in her trembling hands, stopping it from roaming over her.

"I know I look ugly and unsightly," she said as a tear dropped from her eyes, following more tears dropping down to make a trail from her eyes to her cheeks.

I was shocked to hear her. She was so fucking gorgeous. Only a blind man could not see it.

If I actually began to admire her, the whole day would not be enough to describe her adequately. She was beautiful, near to perfection.

She had no idea how I controlled myself, as my hand wanted to touch every inch of her sexy body, and my tongue wanted to taste her silky skin. I was only a moment away from slamming her onto the wall and showing her how a sexy girl like her should be taken care of. I wouldn't stop and worship her till the end of the world.

I wiped her cheeks and asked, "Who said that?"

"Everyone!" Her voice cracked and was heavy, "even my boyfriend said that he didn't find me attractive."

She mentioned her boyfriend, and I was very angry again. I wanted to make that motherfucker alive and kill him all over again. That bastard never deserved this precious girl. He could never know what a treasure he would have missed.

"Okay! So I get it that he must be blind not to see how perfect you are. If I were him, I would have worshipped every single inch of your sexy body, serving you in bed using my best skills, becoming your slave, making you scream my name when my mouth and my tongue would be giving you the pleasure that you have never thought about," I blurted out before I could stop myself. I was breathless and panting, staring at her with lust and desire.

I saw her eyes widen, and her lips parted as she gasped loudly, tempting me more to kiss her senselessly.

Fucking hell!

What the fuck did I say?!

What the hell was wrong with me? I was losing control?!

I closed my eyes to remind myself that she was not my Ariana. She only looked like her.

When I opened them again, I found her breathing heavily as her hot breath lled with her sweet feminine scent touched my face. I could sense her arousal. We were so close, that our breaths mixed. My eyes peered into her. She clutched my shirt tightly in her hand while my hands were still on her round full breast, caressing her scars. They were soft, plump, and perfect.

It seemed my body was acting on its own. My hands began to knead her bosom as my thumb trailed over her nipple. I fought back a groan as I felt them swelling under my touch becoming taut and hard.

"Who did this to you, Ariana? Tell me!" I demanded, again brushing my fingers over her scar near her breasts. I couldn't believe how breathless I sounded.

"I.. ah..." she moaned, biting her lips as my fingers rolled her nipple between them. Shit. I wasn't supposed to do that. Yet I could control and get my hands off her.

"Tell me!" I panted and mustered all my strength. I slowly drifted my hand away from her breast and placed them on her broad hips. My hand automatically began trailing on her curves.

"W..when I was in a foster home, they used to beat me every day. One day they started beating me without any reason, and when I asked back, they threw me over a glass tabletop. The glass broke, and pieces got pierced into my body. I passed out because of blood loss and pain, and when I woke up, I found myself in the hospital," she murmured as her eyes again were brimming with tears.

My anger increased with her every fucking word when she told me her story. I wanted to kill those bastards who gave her so much pain. I would find them out and would give them the punishment they deserved.

She winced, and then I realized my fingers were clawing the skin on her hips, gripping her harder. My hand would leave marks on her skin.

"Tell me their names. I will make sure that they will get punished for their deeds," I demanded, angrily.

"No, no. They are very dangerous. Forget about them, sir," and here she again called me sir.

"It's Vincent, Ariana!" I growled and she trembled. Her eyes widened, showing panic.

"You should call me Vincent, baby. I have told you how many times," I coaxed.

Fück! My voice was never so husky as I sounded in front of this human girl. I cupped her face, and she leaned naturally to my touch.

"And you don't have to think about it. I will take care. Just tell me their names," I muttered as my eyes were glued to her lips.

They were red and full. I got a glimpse of her pink tongue as she parted her lips and gasped.

I swallowed when she licked her lips, wetting them and opened her mouth to speak. It did something to me.

The last thread of my resolution broke, and I cursed under my breath before licking my lips and slamming them on hers. The kiss was inevitable, and we could stop this.

She instinctively put her arms around my neck as my hands crawled to her back, encircling her tiny body in my arms, pressing her soft bare body onto me. I felt my thirst for hundreds of years quenched at that moment. I grabbed her round butt and pressed her more into me. She moaned, parting her soft lips, and my tongue entered her mouth. The moment I heard her sweet moaning sound, it made pleasure gush into my body, making me incredibly hard in my pants. I had never felt anything like this in years. No one had ever made me feel like that.

My hands brushed her silky smooth skin, feeling every perfect curve of hers eagerly.

She responded to my kiss and began to kiss me passionately.

I didn't want to do this.

I knew this was not right. She was here for a purpose.

But still, my brain surrendered to my body.

I cupped her cheeks in my hand and pulled her face closer as I pressed my lips harder on hers. Ariana's curious hands trailed over my torso, making me groan with pleasure. Even her touch was erotic, making me feel like mad man and I wanted to slam her to the shower wall and fuck her until she screamed my name.

"His highness!" A voice disturbed our stolen moment. I was annoyed by the disturbance. I growled lowly before separating my lips from Ariana's.

I slowly pulled away from Ariana and turned my head to see Drake standing at the bathroom door with a bewildered look on his face. Though Ariana was completely covered behind my bulky frame, I wrapped my arms around her and engulfed her naked body more in my embrace to hide her from Drake's eyes. She was naked and nobody should see her like that. A possessive instinct kicked in.

I stared at Drake in a warning and he looked away.

"I heard shouting and came to check. Is everything alright?" He asked apprehensively.

"Get out!" I shouted, glaring at him and avoiding his question.

He was startled and instantly turned on his heels and left us alone, closing the door behind him.

When the door was closed, I looked down at Ariana. She was holding me tightly as if her life depended on me. Her face was nestled on my chest, and her eyes were closed. I loosened my grasp around her, making her look up, raising her head from my chest.

I cleared my throat, "I.. I am sorry. I don't know what has gotten over me. I didn't ..." I wanted to tell her the truth that I didn't want her. It was all a mistake and shouldn't have happened.

But then I stopped myself when I saw her dreamy eyes looking at me with such emotions. She was looking at me with her big amber eyes, slightly glinting and misting. It was the first day here with me, and I started losing control. I had to be cautious if I wanted her to stay there. I needed to keep my distance.

As much as I wanted to finish what we started, I picked up a robe and handed it to her.

"Get dressed. I'll see you at the dining table in ten minutes," I walked towards the door and turned to close it when I caught a glimpse of her wearing the robe. I sighed heavily.

I would make sure this wouldn't happen again.