

S2 Chapter 30

Samantha's POV

I had no idea where Henry was taking me, and he didn't give me any hints. But judging by the route he took, it had something to do with the beach. Paradise Port is a coastal city, and I love the beach and sunbathing, so when he told me to bring a bikini, I was more than excited.

Henry kept the conversation light and played upbeat music. During our almost half-hour journey, he asked about my week and what I thought about my new job. He showed interest in my life, and that enchanted me.

As we got closer to the sea, I was as excited and anxious as a child, and he noticed it, wearing a confident smile on his face. We drove along the waterfront, and Henry headed to the marina area, pulling into a private parking lot.

"Come, my goddess, I'm taking you to the sea!"

Henry grabbed our bags and then took my hand, leading me to the end of the pier, stopping in front of an enormous yacht.

"I can't believe you rented a yacht, Henry," I said, amazed by the imposing vessel.

"Of course not, my goddess." I looked at him confused. "It's mine!" Henry said casually and invited me aboard.

I wasn't prepared for what I saw. It was like a house. A family could easily live on that yacht. Henry showed me around enthusiastically. It was beautiful and luxurious without being ostentatious. It had four bedrooms, a spacious kitchen, and an incredible area with a huge sofa



and a large table. Everything was so beautiful, and I was enchanted.

"Henry, having a yacht like this is excessive even for you!" I commented.

"I love the sea," he replied simply. "And it seems my girl does too."

"I love sun and sea."

"So what do you think about spending the weekend in the paradise waters of Paradise Port?"

"The weekend at sea? I think it's wonderful!"

"Then I'm taking you sailing." Henry pulled me by the waist and kissed me. "How about you put on a sexy little bikini for me?" Henry said in a flirty tone.

That man was amazing. He was making an effort to please me, and I had to acknowledge that. But I could please him too. I went to the cabin where he had left the bags and picked out a bright yellow bikini that beautifully contrasted with my black skin. It was small - the bandeau top barely covered my nipples, and the tie-side bottom covered just the essentials. I put on a white crocheted beach cover-up that was like a kimono, only closed by a tie at the waist, pulled my hair up high, and went up to meet him at the helm.

He looked so handsome there. With the wind in his hair, totally relaxed, and a carefree smile. I approached and wrapped my arms around his waist, giving him a kiss on his neck.

"Mmm, my goddess, how delightful!" Henry rested one hand on mine. "Do you see that rock in the distance? The islet with the strip of vegetation?"

"Yes."



"There's a deserted beach there. How about we anchor there and take a dip?"

"I think that would be wonderful."

When we reached the spot Henry had pointed out to me, he turned off the engines and anchored the yacht. He did everything with precision and concentration. When he finished, he took off his shirt and came to me with a mischievous smile.

"Now you're all mine! No one will interrupt us here." Henry smiled confidently.

He gave me a breathtaking kiss and with very agile fingers undid the bow that kept my beach cover-up closed and took it off, throwing it on the sofa. Only then did he step back and look at me.

"My goddess, that's barely a bikini! I hope you don't wear this in public." His eyes devoured my body.

"And why not? It covers everything necessary." I said and did a little twirl. When I turned my back, he gave me a playful smack on my bottom that made me laugh and made my whole body tingle with desire.

"This doesn't cover anything at all!" He grabbed me by the waist, making my back rest against his chest, and ran his fingers over my breasts, down my stomach, and reaching my groin, making me sigh and moan. "Our swim will have to wait until later."

Henry moved his hand up as he kissed my neck and untied the strings holding my bra in place, letting it fall to my feet.

He slid his other hand up my stomach and grabbed one of my nipples, pinching it, making me let out a small cry of pleasure. Then he moved



both hands down to my hips and untied the knot holding my panties in place, pulled them off, and tossed them onto the beach cover-up on the sofa.

It was delicious! I could feel the warmth of his body against my back, his hot hands roaming over my body while the cool sea breeze blew across the parts he hadn't touched yet.

Henry ran his hands all over my body, eager to touch me. Then he turned me to face him and made me feel his full length, hard and hot, against me. He gave me a hungry, voracious kiss and pushed me toward the sofa while kissing me, laying me almost flat, spread my legs, and admired my slit that was glistening wet and full of desire for him. He licked his lips and looked at me with fire in his eyes.

"Sorry, my goddess, but I'm dying to have you," he said and pressed his mouth to my sex, sucking and licking my clit, subjecting me to sweet and delicious torture.

Henry licked along my entire pussy and returned to suck my clit. The more he touched me with his mouth, the wetter I became, my arousal was sky-high, my body was on fire. He started fucking me with his tongue, pushing it in and out of me while drawing circles on my clit with his thumb. I moaned loudly and begged for more. It didn't take long before I reached my climax screaming his name.

He lifted his head, his lips shining with my juices, and gave me that naughty smile.

"You're delicious, Samantha! Even your moans are delicious!"

He stood up, took off his shirt and shorts along with his swim trunks, and I could see his delicious member standing erect and glistening.



"I want to suck you," I said shamelessly.

"Oh, you do?" He ran his hand along his full length. "I don't know if that'll be possible because now I'm going to fuck your mouth." Saying this, he pulled me and thrust his cock all the way into my mouth in one go.

It felt amazing having him in my mouth - he was hard, slick, and salty from the pre-cum he'd already released. I let him guide the movements as he thrust into my mouth, and it felt incredible. I could tell he was getting more tense and wouldn't take long to finish, so I brought my hand to my clit and started touching myself. His eyes lit up when he saw what I was doing, and he sped up his movements.

"I want to cum in that sweet mouth of yours, Sam."

Hearing his desire, I just moaned as if begging him to do exactly that. And soon enough, Henry exploded in a hot, powerful release deep in my throat, almost making me gag. When I felt his warm fluid flowing into my mouth, I came on my hand, moaning with him still inside my mouth. I cleaned him thoroughly, licking up every drop of his delicious release, and when I finished, I gently sucked the tip of his cock.

"You're incredible, Sam!"

Henry came over me, making me lie back on the couch, kissed my mouth passionately, and positioned himself. His member was still semi-hard as he teased me, running the tip up and down my entrance, caressing my clit with his cock. Slowly, he began entering me and whispered in my ear:

"Moan for me, baby!"

Each thrust took me further and drew a louder moan from me. We lost ourselves in that perfect, rhythmic movement, enjoying it until our

bodies were exhausted. When we came for the last time, we were spent, our breathing uneven and hearts racing.

"I don't think we should go to the ocean right now," Henry suggested, and I agreed.

He took my hand and led me to the cabin's bathroom, and after a shower, we fell into bed, once again giving in to the desire that consumed us both.

Commented [Ma1]: