

S2 Chapter 95

Samantha's POV

I was amazed when he opened the bedroom door and sat me down. Lamps kept the room in a dim light that gave it a romantic atmosphere. There were chocolates and truffles everywhere. On the bed was a huge basket filled with various chocolates. Framed professionally printed posters were scattered on the walls, each with a different love declaration. Paper hearts were strewn across every flat surface.

Henry took the chocolate basket from the bed and placed it on the nightstand, grabbed a chocolate and came to me while unwrapping it. He placed it in my mouth and I bit into it. It was a liqueur-filled chocolate, and when I bit down, the liqueur trickled from the corner of my mouth. Henry leaned in and licked and sucked where the liqueur had dripped, then put the rest of the chocolate in his mouth.

He was seducing me. He started unbuttoning his shirt and slowly stripped his body, allowing me to admire and desire him. He wouldn't let me take off my clothes; he did that himself after undressing, with the same slowness, admiring every inch of my skin as he exposed it.

Henry covered my mouth with his in a strong yet tender kiss. The touch of his tongue against mine was sinful. It was as if his tongue wasn't just speaking of love but making love to mine. That kiss felt like desire, possession, unbridled pleasure, pure carnal satisfaction, and it was also a direct connection to my heart, a surge of love and a sigh of the soul.

"You're so sweet!" Henry whispered between kisses. "So delicious in



every inch."

He nibbled on my lower lip and then gently ran his tongue across it, setting me on fire, excited and hungry for more. He led me to the bed and laid my back against the white linen sheets, supporting his body over mine. I was being led as if in a waltz, and my partner in this dance was an expert dancer.

I wrapped my legs around his waist, feeling his vigorous erection close to my wet intimacy. I pulled him closer to me, and he kissed me more deeply, with a possessive growl that ignited every nerve in my body even more.

Our surrender was complete, outwardly with the joining of our bodies, and inwardly, with feelings poured into every kiss and every touch. There was no more room between us for doubts or insecurities, there were just two hearts opening and surrendering completely and definitively to each other, entirely.

What I felt there, under the dominion of the man I loved so much, was of such magnitude that it was almost frightening. I ran my hands over the rigid muscles of his body, needing to make sure this was real. Henry also touched every inch of my skin, perhaps experiencing the same as me, the certainty that it was real, that we were connected again.

Wherever his mouth left a trail of kisses, sucks, and licks, his fingers followed, tracing my body. When he reached the sensitive spot between my thighs, I felt his tongue slide and penetrate me, taking me into a spiral of colliding sensations and emotions that stripped away my lucidity. My lips no longer pronounced anything intelligible, only moans of pleasure and disconnected words in a whirlwind of



desire.

Then he removed his mouth and hands and came over me, penetrating me, so hot and rigid, so pure and visceral, almost taking my breath away. My body always recognized his as a part of me, we moved together, in perfect harmony, going back and forth in a perfect rhythm.

His mouth covered mine once more and our movements accelerated, he touched deep inside me and it was extraordinary when we reached the peak of pleasure together, declaring our love for each other, and we melted into an orgasm that was almost more than we could handle.

There was so much longing, it had been too long apart. We spent the night with this fire burning within us, surrendered to the passion that consumed us and the joy of being in each other's arms.

When night began to clear to make way for day to shine, we went down to our cushions in the living room, wanting to watch the sunrise there, cuddled under a blanket.

As the sun rose on the horizon, I couldn't resist and mounted Henry, taking a passionate kiss from him. In a quick movement, I balanced myself and descended at once onto his member, which was already rigid and ready for me, the sensation I had was delicious. Henry moaned while I rode his erection, delighting in how deep he reached inside me.

As passion burned in my veins, I accelerated my movements, and the more he moaned, the more I wanted his climax, which came once again with mine, strong and powerful.



Henry wrapped his arms around my waist and roared when he reached his pleasure just as I contracted around him and broke into millions of little pieces, feeling as if transported outside myself, almost touching the divine, because more than the pleasure our bodies found in each other, at that moment we were also making a promise of love that would last for a lifetime.

We slept there, exhausted, with our bodies intertwined and sweaty, and when we woke up we didn't want to let go, even knowing that our bubble would burst at any moment by the life we'd left outside tonight.