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*A Classic
Wedding Night*

Lily Harlem



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A Classic Wedding Night

By Lily Harlem

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First Published in 2011
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Cover artwork and book design: **Thru The Blu**

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A Classic Wedding Night

By Lily Harlem

The air was heady with the scent of wild summer flowers. Translucent seeds floated on a meandering breeze and calls of congratulations tumbled after our flamboyantly decorated chaise and four. I gave a final demure wave from the window and spotted Lydia's jovial face amongst the crowd. Her shrill voice rose above even mother's theatrical crying so exuberant was she in her excitement for us. Adjusting my new white bonnet I settled back on the leather seating and crossed my ankles beneath my floor length wedding gown.

'Have you enjoyed our day, Elizabeth?' A concerned glint caught in my new husband's coal black eyes and his heavy brows dropped so low they touched above his nose.

'I can honestly say this has been the happiest day of my life,' I replied.

The three neat lines permanently etched into his forehead softened at my smile. 'It's certainly exceeded every day of my life so far,' he said taking my fingers into his palm. 'Although the day I was introduced to you was more special than you will ever believe.' With the pad of his thumb he traced a feather light circle on the back of my hand.

My skin sparked at his tender touch. It was as though butterflies had landed on my flesh and sent a string of delight fluttering up my arm. I swallowed tightly and averted my eyes. I hoped I wasn't blushing as I was so annoyingly prone to. 'But we could hardly bear to be in the same room,' I managed. 'Our behaviour towards one another was so abhorrent it fills me with shame to recall?'

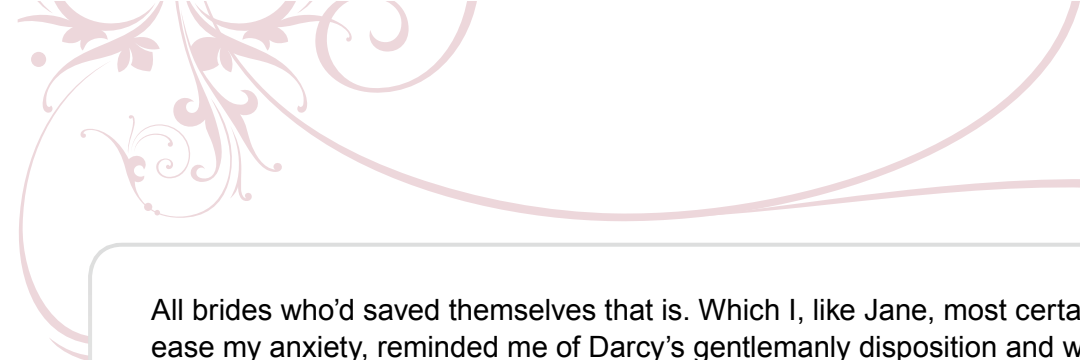
'Shall we not quarrel on that subject again, my dear?' His lips pulled into a straight line and his deep voice took on an authoritative tone. 'The mistaken premises that both our conducts were based have been laboured through in fine detail. It is my wish to clear the slate and move on.'

I nodded, only too keen to agree to his request.

A silence extended between us in the sultry, evening heat though Darcy continued to pattern my skin with his thumb. The servant preceding the carriage urged the horses up a pace and we bumped away from the merriment at a hasty trot.

I looked across at him as he observed Pemberley now dominating the horizon. I couldn't get enough of absorbing his perfect profile and had sneaked peeks at him all day between polite conversations with our guests. His angular nose, square, tilted chin, and proud forehead was exactly how a man should be. Was he really mine for all of time? How lucky could a girl of my means get? Six foot two and over two hundred pounds of lean, masculinity all in love with me. He was utterly perfect.

So why on the happiest day of my life was I in such turmoil? I guessed it was the way all brides felt. Nervous but also excited at the thought of what would undoubtedly prevail when the sun set.



All brides who'd saved themselves that is. Which I, like Jane, most certainly had. She'd tried to ease my anxiety, reminded me of Darcy's gentlemanly disposition and well-bred manners. But the way I had, in unguarded moments, caught him watching me had my body trembling from the inside out. On these occasions his eyes had flashed with an emotion I was unfamiliar with and a muscle above his jaw line had flexed as his gaze followed me around the room. He had drawn to mind a determined, stalking wolf. I was the innocent prey, and he the predator, a very hungry, very strong, very dominant predator.

'You look worried,' he said and I realised he was watching my study of him. I squeezed my knees together. Blood was pooling deep in my belly forming an insistent tug. A hunger of my own was growing but I wasn't sure what could satisfy it, what would feed it. 'I am perfectly fine,' I lied. 'Just a little tired after all the excitement.'

'Then we shall retire early.' He swept his tongue over his bottom lip coating it with a sheen which glistened in the sunshine filtering into the carriage. 'I think we have eaten sufficiently to keep desire for food at bay until morning.' His hand tightened around mine and his fingertips pressed onto the delicate underside of my wrist. A shiver claimed my stomach and a tiny drop of sweat formed in my cleavage. I'd thought we would have hours before our meeting in bed. But it seemed my husband had other ideas and as his bride it was my duty to be there—waiting, willing and ready.

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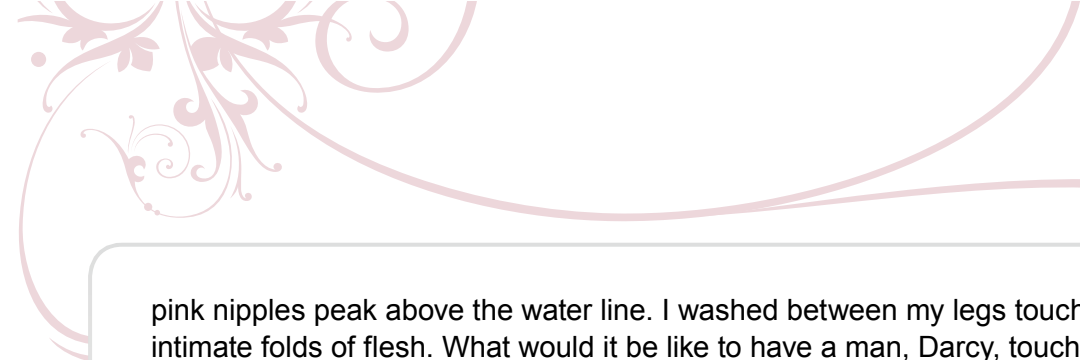
The bedroom we were to share as man and wife was as huge as Pemberley's magnificent drawing room. Towering ceilings, expansive windows, and a fireplace so large a horse could have stabled within it quite comfortably. A vast bed with four mahogany posts stood against the far wall, gold tassels held back acres of scarlet material and a taut roof of the same jewelled shade hung overhead. Stacks of luxuriously embroidered pillows had been carefully angled to showcase their exquisite designs. Several long black swan feathers and a scatter of blood red rose petals had been sprinkled on the silken sheets in honour of our wedding night.

I watched in silence as my new waiting lady drew me a deep, steaming bath before a roaring fire. Excitement and anxiety filled my thoughts as I looked into it; a confusing soup of emotions swirling the way the vapours were drifting from the milky water. One hour he had said. Then he would come to me.

The young maid hovered by my side wringing her hands, eager to please. Her presence strained my already frazzled nerves and I dismissed her after she had undone my wedding gown and folded it over a bronze gilded modesty screen.

As I sank into the water, right up to my shoulders, I knew it had been the right thing to do to be alone. My apprehension lifted as the sugary perfume of fresh lavender filled my nose and the sound of the crackling fire mellowed my angst. The evening twilight gave the room a dreamy glow and I stretched out fully pointing my toes to the base of the long, metal bath and arching my back.

The water danced around my body tickling already sensitive patches of skin and the fragrant heat soaked into my muscles and bones. I ran my hands over my breasts and watched my petal



pink nipples peak above the water line. I washed between my legs touching soft little hairs and intimate folds of flesh. What would it be like to have a man, Darcy, touch me there? The thought was alien, unknown, I couldn't imagine it, but now I was a married woman I knew the knowledge would be mine to behold by morning.

I stepped out and towelled myself vigorously. Still tingling from the heat I slipped on a nightgown the colour of snowdrops. Delicate pale green silk ribbons secured it at the chest and the neck line hung daringly low. Jane had helped me choose it on our trip to town; this was the first time I had worn it. Should I wear drawers? Yes, it would be improper not to mention presumptuous if I didn't. I pulled on a new pair, the material crisp and stiff against my water softened buttocks and thighs.

From my hair I detangled the flowers my sister's had carefully arranged only hours ago and scattered them on a polished mahogany dresser. I slid a wide toothed comb through my chestnut locks until they gleamed lustrously and flowed down my back.

I glanced at the mantel clock - it was nearly time. Should I ring and have the bed turned down? No, I could do that myself. Although on second deliberation maybe I should lie on the top, surround myself with the petals and feathers like a presented wedding gift. Would Darcy appreciate that? I wasn't sure. I could stand by the window, or even the fireplace? Perhaps read a book in the armchair. My head spun as I considered the options. I started to walk to the bed then changed my mind and returned to the heat of the fire even though I was far from cold. I curled my bare toes into the tightly woven hearth rug and hugged my arms around my middle.

A sudden, invasive rap at the door echoed around the lofty space and halted me in my nervous fidgeting. It was time. Darcy was here.


There was another knock, impatiently hard.

'Enter,' I managed to call.

The door swung open before the word had tumbled fully from my lips and he stood, partially silhouetted in the door frame with his eyes sweeping the vast room. His black hair was a little more ruffled than when I had left him at the threshold. His linen undershirt was un-tucked and his bottle green cravat hung around his high neck collar like a scarf. His presence filled the doorway and flowed into the bedroom, invading the space and owning the territory and all it held – including me, his wife.

He spotted me, stepped in and with a flick of his wrist the door slammed shut. The air sucked through the room and a blazing log shifted in the grate sending a shower of crackling sparks into the chimney. My fingernails dug into my palms, tiny crescents of pain to concentrate on as the colour was driven from my face.

He took several ground eating paces towards me snapping the cravat from his neck as he approached. Without taking his eyes from mine he threw the garment on a high backed chair which he passed at speed. The sharp clicking of his elegant boots silenced as he stepped onto the hearth rug and within seconds he was only inches from me, reaching out for me. I started to take an involuntary step backwards but big, rein calloused palms captured my cheeks. I steadied my feet



as he tilted my head and forced me to look up into his eyes. My breath hitched, my heart stuttered. Their black depths were hotter than the fire by my side, burning with the same predatory emotion I had seen before, but this time it was un-harnessed and undisguised in its scorching intensity. He was showing me his naked desire, his demanding lust. There was no need to hide it, not now we were wed.

‘Elizabeth,’ he murmured in a husked voice I barely recognised.

His gaze dropped to my parted lips before our mouths connected for the second time - the first having been at the alter a few hours earlier. My arms hung limply at my sides as he held my face. Time stood still. All I could think of was the hot, hard pressure of his lips moving against mine and the feel of his warm breath washing over my face. He smelt so different from the floral scents my sisters and I used; manly and musky, clean sweat and the earthy leather tang of horse tack.

His lips grew more insistent and the tip of his tongue probed into my mouth. My eyes widened. His, I saw, were tight shut and his brow had furrowed deeper than ever in concentration. He tipped his head for better access and dipped his tongue in again, past my teeth this time. Hot and wet and inquisitive he searched my mouth, exploring every tiny part of me as I was invaded with the malty oak flavour of a whiskey he must have drunk whilst I was bathing.

Gingerly I lifted my tongue from the base of my mouth and connected it with his. A deep rumble vibrated up from his chest and then our tongues tangled in a crazy dance. His breath quickened and his hands tightened against my cheeks. I grew bolder as our tongues waltzed, lifted my hands to his corded forearms and hung on to hold my feeble body steady. I shut my eyes only to be greeted with shooting stars. If this was what kissing Darcy would be like for all of time then I had surely died and gone to Heaven.

‘Elizabeth...’ He stopped kissing me, dropped his hands from my face and took a step nearer the blazing fireplace. ‘Please forgive me.’ Self reproach stitched through his tone. He raked a hand into his hair and agitated it at the nape.

‘But what is there to forgive?’ I asked pressing my fingers to my tingling lips and wondering what discord had interfered with our precious consummation.

‘I promised myself I would take it slow, stay in control. I do not want to overwhelm you tonight, my darling.’

‘But you haven’t.’

‘And I won’t... I promise. I will do everything in my power to make this more than simply tolerable for you.’ He hooked a hand over his shoulder, fisted the back of his shirt and dragged it over his head. It landed in a crumpled heap on the floor.

My mind was wholly side tracked from our peculiar conversation by the sight of his exposed upper body. The gold and orange hearth shadows danced across his perfect flesh, highlighting every sculpted muscle on his wide chest. It licked over his tightly balled shoulders and defined the power beneath his trim waist. He had a neat carpet of coiled chest hair, spreading thinner from the

centre of his chest to his small nipples and then down, in a tapered line, towards his naval before thickening and dipping below the waistband of his breeches.

He watched me looking at him. 'You can touch me, Elizabeth,' he said in a low, murmuring voice as he stepped closer again. 'I am yours to touch the same way you are mine.' He reached for my clenched hand and with slow, dexterous movements splayed out each one of my fingers so my flattened palm was an inch from his chest. 'Touch me,' he said, his eyes boring down as his own hand dropped to his side. 'I want you to.'

I nibbled at my bottom lip and pressed my hand slowly forward. As my palm connected with his fire hot skin my fingers were instantly surrounded by dark hairs which curled around each digit, gripping me, holding me to him. They weren't soft hairs but neither were they crisp, they were strong, well rooted, springy. I ran my fingers over them and my heart raced as I sensed the potent muscles lurking beneath. I let the hairs move like a tiny tide until my index finger found his cocoa brown nipple, small and tight like a bead it rolled under my inquisitive circular movements.

I heard him catch in a breath and absorbed his shiver through my palm. I snapped my hand away. 'Did I do something wrong?' I asked, acutely worried there was an unspoken rule about touching men's nipples.

'No, my darling.' A ghost of a smile played with his wide mouth making it all the more sensual and kissable. 'It just feels so good to finally feel your hands on me.'

His gaze dropped to the hollow of my throat. I was sure he would see my rapid pulse beating a wild tempo beneath my skin. 'It's my turn to touch you now,' he said quietly.

His concentration dipped lower to the creamy flesh below my collar bones. I tried to control my breathing, rake in some control of my breasts which were heaving against my nightgown, shifting up and down as if bursting to be free.


I swallowed; my mouth was dry. He reached with his thumb and first finger and pulled at the dewy green ribbon keeping my chest decent. Like a gift unravelling, the silk glided from skinny loops and coiled around his fingers. I felt the flimsy material slacken around my ribs and spine, in a second there would be no tension to hold my gown in place, it would gape recklessly.

I fluttered my eyelids shut. The air of the room felt cool on the centre of my hot chest and my nipples tightened beneath the cotton, twisting into hard points. I heard Darcy swallow. Heat from his body radiated onto mine as he stepped closer and I was enveloped once again by his musky, male scent.

Finally the ribbon was free. Darcy rested his hands on my shoulders, slipped his fingers under the gown and slid it down my arms. The material dropped away, falling not just to my waist but all the way to the floor, leaving me standing before him in just my drawers.

'Elizabeth,' he whispered. 'You are more beautiful than I could ever have imagined - simply exquisite.'

I opened my eyes and looked up at him. He was studying me the same way I had him,



absorbing the shifting mounds of my breasts, the curve of my waist and the slope of my hips. His eyes sparkled and he had a slight inclination of his head as he bestowed his entire attention onto my body.

He reached forward and brushed over my nipples, each in turn, with just his knuckle. The little stalks bent under his touch then jutted farther as a sudden, overwhelming rush of blood in my chest doubled their weight. It was as though my whole breast was throbbing with need. I snapped in a breath and held it deep. I wanted him to touch me again; more than anything. It was a real, alive need. A new want that was all consuming.

He captured my eyes for a brief moment, then stooped, dipped his head low, and in a quick, efficient movement took my right nipple into the hot, wetness of his mouth.

I gasped at the unexpected, new sensation and thrust my hands onto his shoulders for support; my knees and spine suddenly ridiculously weak. All I could concentrate on was his tongue rolling around my nipple and his mouth's increasingly demanding suction. It was the most delicious feeling I had ever experienced. I pushed my fingers through his hair, mussed the thick strands further and pressed him to me encouragingly. He swapped his attentions to the other nipple and a quiet sucking noise filled the room as he treated it to the same luscious nibbling and licking. His hand found the breast he had left, cooling as his saliva dried. He took the weight of it into his palm, squeezed and moulded it with his fingers, gently pushing and releasing and filling his hand over and over with me. I released my breath in a sigh; the feeling of being so physically adored by Darcy was more wonderful than I could have ever expected.

His kisses travelled upwards, exploring my neck and behind my left ear sending a tickle across my scalp. My hands slid to his hard chest as he loomed back above me and encircled me in a tight embrace.

'You taste simply divine,' he murmured, giving a rare smile that tilted not just his lips but also the corners of his eyes. I had never noticed the tiny lines that shot from his eyes to his temples before, but then again Darcy wasn't prone to outward displays of mirth on a regular basis.


His fingers tripped down the indent of my spine and involuntarily my back arched towards him. My nipples caught in his chest hair at the same time as his inquisitive fingertips hooked into the waistband of my drawers. I gasped, suddenly besieged by nerves. This was it. Soon I would be utterly naked. I scrambled my hands to his granite arms and gripped hard, braced my knees and rounded my toes in the rug to secure my balance.

'Elizabeth,' he said seizing all movements. 'Are you quite alright?'

'Y...yes,' I managed, fluttering my eyes shut, the intensity, the passion in his face was too much to absorb.

'You look vexed.'

'I'm perfectly fine. Please carry on.' I kept my eyes shut and clenched my teeth, steeling myself for what awaited me.



His arms dropped.

His body heat disappeared.

I flicked my eyes open, desperate, despite my hesitation, to have him physically close once more. He marched towards the chair, scooped up his cravat and strode back to me with a determined glint in his eyes.

He held up the cravat in both hands. The flickering glow of the fire made the emerald green shine like a molten gem, lustrous and shimmering. 'Turn around,' he ordered.

I wavered.

'Turn around, Elizabeth,' his voice softened. 'I give you my word this will help.'

I did as he asked and spun to face the darkening windows. My heart thudded in my chest; I did not know how long it could continue its rapid beating.

'Close your eyes again.'

His scratchy chest touched my back but I kept my eyes open. His hands appeared over my shoulders, one on either side of my head then he sank the cravat towards my face. Soft darkness surrounded me as silk slid against my cheeks and forehead. Instinctively my eyelids dropped. 'But...' I started.

'Shh...' His lips pressed against my ear lobe and his hot breath flooded down my neck as a knot tightened the material in place. 'Just feel. Do not concern yourself with sight.'

I lifted my hands to my face, not necessarily to remove the cravat but to regain some control.

'No,' he said quickly snagging my wrists in his big fingers. 'Keep it on. I will remove it when it is time.' His lips pressed down on the top of my head and he pulled me farther into his rock solid chest. 'Trust me,' he murmured into my hair. 'I beg of you.'

I swallowed, though my throat and neck muscles were so tense it was quite an effort.

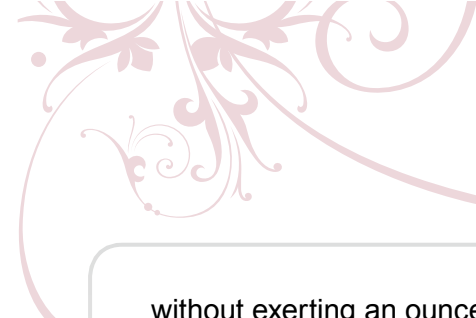
'Do you trust me, Elizabeth?'

I could never hope to free my hands unless he decided I could, but I did trust him, totally, so I nodded, once.

'Excellent.'

He moved around to my side, dropped my wrists then tangled our fingers. 'Come to bed.' He tugged with a firm grip and I had no choice but to follow thither. My feet left the warmth of the rug and I padded across the cool wooden floor. I couldn't imagine what a sight I must look with my green makeshift blindfold and wearing just my crisp white drawers.

But I didn't have time to think about image because the next thing I knew Darcy had one solid arm under my legs and the other circled around my waist. He swung me into the air seemingly



without exerting an ounce of effort. I let out a shocked exclamation which he silenced with a hard, closed mouth kiss. I reached for his shoulders but as soon as I had purchase I was lowered onto the meltingly soft blankets of our marital bed. Deep and luxurious the silken sheets embraced me and moulded to my behind as several velvety petals tickled my skin.

‘Lie back,’ he ordered.

I did as he asked this time. Shifted a few pillows so I could settle then listened as first one then the other of his boots banged onto the hard floor. I heard the rustle of material and guessed his breeches and undergarments were also being discarded.

An uncontrollable shiver rattled deep in my body. It had nothing to do with temperature for the room was perfectly warm. Jane and I had never talked about anything like this before, never discussed having a sense removed during the act of lovemaking. Was this odd desire something Darcy would always insist on or was it simply for our first time together?

The edge of the bed dipped and my body naturally rolled towards his heavier weight. Again my lack of vision caused me to gasp in surprise.

‘Shh,’ he said, his lips a whisper above mine. ‘No need to be uptight, darling. It will be quite alright now.’ He kissed me, like he had by the fireplace, sensually, thoroughly, with a deep, confident tongue which searched the depths of my mouth.

I felt the tremble reduce and in its place the hungry tug in my belly began to grow again. I wanted him to touch me, satisfy the need I couldn’t describe in eloquent words. I arched towards him, sought his body out with mine. As if reading my unspoken signals his hands explored my breasts once more, teasing and tweaking my nipples until they were as hard as they could possibly go.

I let out a small moan; I hadn’t meant to, it just erupted from my throat. He stopped his kissing and I sensed another infrequent smile. His hands travelled lower and his weight shifted down the bed. Once again he curled his fingers under the waistline of my drawers but this time I didn’t shake or quiver.

‘Lift,’ he said into the quietness.

I tilted my hips and with ease he removed the thick material of my new undergarment, dragging it over my knees and looping it from my ankles. Air circled my hot skin and I pressed my thighs together, acutely aware of my exposed female hair and a newly released lavender scent which swirled around us.

I waited for him to touch me, or say something, but he didn’t. Instead he settled back down beside me and pressed his lips to my cheek. ‘Just feel,’ he said. ‘Let your body dictate what it desires.’

With effort I lay still; toes curled, knees clamped and fingers flexed. I registered the fire spitting as a log shifted. A stable dog barked in the distance. Then suddenly, out of nowhere a floating tickle attacked my belly. It wasn’t his finger, it was too thin, too light, it was something else. I

scooped in my muscles, parted my lips and went to flick it away.

‘Hey,’ he said amusement in his voice. ‘It’s only a feather.’

‘Oh.’ I forced myself still and pictured him dangling one of the long, diaphanous black feathers over my pale naked body. He began to draw lazy patterns, swirling and tickling his way across my stomach. He floated it to my breasts and rotated the tip around my eager nipples. I felt a smile take shape on my own lips, the sensation was quite pleasurable. He could do this for as long as he wanted. He tracked it higher, over the sensitive skin of my neck, breezed it across my cheek and top lip and then down my arm to my hand.

From my fingertips the feather travelled southward. Twirling past its origin on my belly it laced over my hip bone and onto the swell of my thigh.

My muscles froze.

He kissed the tip of my nose and murmured, ‘Listen to your body.’

I reached up, found his face and pulled him down for a kiss. My action didn’t interrupt the feather’s movements and it continued its investigations. It dipped down onto my sensitive inner thighs then up and over the other leg. It swirled towards my intimate hair, brushing over soft curls in a gentle combing action. Then it dipped, just the curious tip, straight down into the tight juncture between my legs.

Its unexpected, impossibly light touch here, in my secret place, sent a shock wave through my body and I couldn’t suppress the shiver which snaked up my spine. The sudden whack of desire for more sensation took over entirely. My tongue must have stilled because Darcy stopped his kissing and I sensed him observing me; though I couldn’t be sure if it was my flushing face or my trembling body that had captured his attention.

Then the feather was gone and its place the tips of his fingers. Gentle but resolute they traced the path the feather had taken resulting in a trip over my thighs, a tickle into my pubic hair and then a dip into the slash of my feminine flesh. I squirmed and tugged at my lip with my teeth. He kept his finger there, exerting a gentle pressure on a spot that was crying out for more. The sensation was so new, so exciting. I fisted the sheet, squeezed my legs tighter and was glad of the blindfold for reducing my self-consciousness in the brazen act.

‘You’re so hot,’ he said breathily onto my cheek. ‘So soft and so hot.’ He pressed his body into me and I was aware of the hard length of his erect manhood prodding my thigh. Silken skin on a rod of steel, I wondered what it looked like. I wondered if it was as unfeasibly large as it felt.

‘Open up for me, Elizabeth. Let me in,’ his voice vibrated into my ear and down my neck. I forced my thighs to relax a fraction and his finger dipped farther into my damp folds of flesh. He began to drag a lazy circle around the hard nub straining for his touch. The movement was as exquisite as it was teasing. It was as though all my senses had journeyed to that one spot, and they were greedy, hungry senses demanding more pressure, more speed. My back arched and I pressed my head into the pillow. I dropped my thighs apart quite wantonly and let out a strained sigh. I knew I should

consider my appearance but it felt too good to be concerned by such trivia.

The top of Darcy's head tickled my chin as he bent to kiss my breasts again. He picked up the pace and touched me harder. I couldn't bear the thought of him stopping. Brilliant splinters of light collided in my dark world creating an amazing display of rainbows. The sound of my breath whooshing in and out of my lungs was deafening combined with the blood pounding in my ears. He was taking me somewhere I had never been before. A great wave of pleasure was going to rip from deep within me. Any second. It was building like a stack of bricks. I couldn't control it. How did he recognise what I needed so badly when I hadn't even been aware of it myself until minutes ago?

Suddenly he withdrew his ministrations. Removed his fingers from my shaking body and shifted on the bed.

I could not help my whimper of frustration as I searched him out with my blind eyes. 'Darcy,' I panted. 'Where are...'

'Shh, my darling.' His voice came from directly above me and I realised he was settling himself between my legs. 'This is the best way, I promise.' His long hard thighs nudged mine wide apart and the hairs on his hot body connected with my chest and stomach. His dense weight pressed a portion of air from my lungs as he lowered himself over me. 'You can have this off now,' he murmured, lifting the cravat up and over my forehead. 'I want to see into your soul as we make love for the first time.'

I blinked in the dim light of the room as my eyes adjusted. Darcy was looking down at me, a strained expression sharpening his handsome features and hollowing out his cheeks. I reached up, cupped his scratchy jawline and smoothed my thumb over his soft bottom lip. I was still buzzing, still humming; it was as if a piano key had vibrated between my legs sending musical notes of the most beautiful resonance right to my core.

He propped up on his elbows and shifted his hips taking the majority of his weight off me. I dragged in a chest full of air and felt the smooth round head of his erection prodding at my entrance, kissing my unusually wet womanhood. My muscles wanted to spasm at the thought of penetration but I forced them to remember the delicious sensations of moments ago; cajoled them into relaxing.


He slid into me, just an inch.

So wide. So hard.

I balled my hands into fists and pushed against his shoulders, a sudden panic poured into my being. This would never work. We wouldn't fit, he was too big. If that was just the tip we were in serious trouble.

He curled his hips under some more, entering me higher. The delectable reaction to his earlier touch departed as swiftly as it had arrived? This joining pained me, it nipped and it stung like a swarm of angry bees in the flower garden.

'I beg you to forgive me,' he said, pressing his lips to mine as he dropped the words into my



mouth. 'Hurting you is not my intention.'

I turned my head to the side, dragging my lips from his. 'No more,' I pleaded pushing harder at his collar bones. 'No. I can't.' I shoved again but it was no good, he was like trying to move a stubborn ox.

'I have to do this,' he said. 'If I could bear this pain for you I promise on my life I would. I would take it ten times, a hundred times over to save you the torment.' He pushed in further still.

A whip of fire was released inside me, scorching my most tender female flesh. 'No,' I said. 'It hurts too much.' My eyes were moistening.

'We're nearly there,' he said, grabbing my chin with his thumb and fingers and forcing me to face him. 'Just...a...little...bit...' As he spoke he pressed his weight harder onto me, keeping me secured on the slippery bed sheets as he impaled me relentlessly. 'Just... a... little... bit... more.' Something inside of me was like a taut elastic band, waiting to snap. I couldn't stretch any farther. He didn't seem to care that I couldn't accommodate his enormous penis and he kept on pressing upwards into my trapped body.

I stared up into his eyes; panic and pain mixing inside me, but what I saw in his unblinking depths calmed and soothed me. He was determined on his mission but I also saw love and tenderness pouring from him like a reassuring caress. I believed he would have borne my pain if he could.

A single tear, filled with hurt and emotion, escaped the outer corner of my left eye and trickled towards my ear. Out of all the thoughts I had entertained about my wedding night hurting like this had not been one of them. He ducked his head and caught the salty drip on the tip of his tongue, murmured something soothing which I didn't quite catch and hitched his hips higher still.

Then suddenly I could house him. Whatever was stopping us fitting together gave way, broke, flesh parted and he was sliding in easily. I jerked in reflex and cried out with the scissor like pain. His lips captured mine; hungry and firm. He swallowed my subsequent cries in a passionate kiss, drowning them out with his own lusty groans.

He rode to the hilt on a long, wet slide. Our private hairs meshed and I could feel my internal walls clenching around him. I didn't know what had happened, and although I was smarting a wave of relief washed through me. We did fit, it was tight, and an effort, but he was inside me, for the very first time.

'The pain is over,' he said pushing up onto straight arms and looking down at our joined bodies. 'It's only like that the first time, I promise.'

I dragged in a breath and tasted sweat in the air between us. I followed his line of sight, looked down over his tensed, glistening chest and his taut stomach. My knees were bent and my legs fastened to his hips as we connected like a key in a lock. He was buried deep inside me and I couldn't see any of his manhood. Only our hairs had tangled together. It was the most erotic sight I had ever seen and a bubble of lust popped in my stomach. The sharpness of moments ago was



easing, and as he withdrew a little and smoothed back in I felt as though he was stroking a hurt.

He looked back up at my face. 'Am I still paining you?' he asked, concern washing over his features.

I shook my head.

He dropped back onto his elbows and buried his face in my neck. He began to rock in long graceful movements, our bodies settling into a natural rhythm. I gasped and shot my arms down to his waist, pressed my hands into the dips of his lean buttocks. The hardness of his pelvic bone had connected with the place he'd expertly worked on earlier and the demanding buzz had returned. Like a craving, an addiction I needed more. I curled my legs over his thighs, flexed my feet and trapped him in position.

He appeared encouraged by my response, withdrew then pushed in again exerting even more pressure on my sensitive bud.

'It's back...' I gasped.

'What is?' he breathed into my hair.

'That...that hungry feeling.' I shifted my hips a fraction and if possible the sensation intensified even further.

He lifted his head and leant his damp forehead against mine. 'That was the plan,' he whispered through a strained throat. 'Now just enjoy... I know I will be.'

I didn't need that instruction. My limbs tightened my hold on him as I braided us in a knot of flesh. He kissed me again, hard and urgent, his tongue frantic as his earthy flavour filled my mouth. I moaned in a way I never had before; in a way which would have deeply embarrassed me in the light of day.

The pressure was mounting as he continued his ride into my depths. A maddening yearning took hold of my entire lower body. I couldn't bear the thought of him stopping the way he had before. I needed a conclusion, a release. I felt crazy inside, I was melting. Darcy was consuming every one of my thoughts and senses. A crescendo of emotion and physical abandonment was about to unravel in the most glorious way.

I clenched my internal muscles around him. He groaned and picked up the pace, thrusting and pounding to a wild new beat. The gentle edge of his actions had deserted him. He was intent on the climax of our volatile union as I was.

I gave myself up to it. 'Don't stop,' I cried dragging a hand through his hair, down his neck and over his shoulder. 'I beg you, don't stop.' I wanted to touch every bit of him at once.

He didn't answer, instead he ground all the harder, his tongue probing my mouth in time with his invasion down below. This frantic new speed brought me as high as I could possibly go and suddenly the newly discovered point between my legs burst into a bloom of throbbing ecstasy.

Toppling me over the edge of the cliff I had been climbing so frenetically. My internal flesh began to pulsate, dragging every muscle upwards, downwards, left and right. My breathing turned ragged around Darcy's tongue and it was difficult to catch enough air to sustain myself.

He stopped his energetic kissing, trapped my face between his hands and stared into my eyes. In the pinnacle of physical pleasure I had no control of my expression. Nothing else existed in my world except the joining of our bodies and my delicious response to his. I must have looked reckless, wild, out of control. I didn't care.

He continued to rock hard against me, studying my face. He smoothed my messy hair back with his hands. I was vibrating around him, clenching and gripping his hot, hard length. I lifted my legs and crossed my ankles in the small of his back. I was panting hard. My breasts were squashed up against his chest, my fingernails digging into him.

I tilted my hips, sent him deeper still and something inside him seemed to snap, give way. He pulled out of me and then pounded back in, shifting me right up the bed as he let out a primitive grunt. Then he froze at the hilt, his neck arched and his face lifted. Still pulsating with my own pleasure I watched as his eyes screwed tight shut, his lips pulled back and the cords on his neck stood out like straining ropes holding a ship in a storm.

'Yes, Lord above, yes,' he hissed between clenched teeth. Under my hands his muscles turned to marble. 'Oh, dear, sweet, Lizzie.'

He pulled out and then shoved back in, hard and fast. Then he was throbbing within me and his head dropped heavily into my neck as if no longer able to support itself. I was aware of a hot, flooding sensation inside my body as he let out a long tremble which shook his entire being and vibrated into mine. I nibbled his ear lobe and tasted the saltiness of his sweat as he gave another long, profound shudder.

Our hearts were pounding against one another, our breaths rapid and noisy. 'How are you?' he gasped, not bothering to lift his head from where it had slipped into a stack of haphazardly piled pillows.

'Perfect,' I said, equally breathless and absorbing every quiver his body produced.


'That makes me very happy to hear.' He finally stilled though he was still breathing hard.

I pulled at my lip with my teeth and turned my head to a darkened corner of the room. 'Did I please you?' I asked.

'Elizabeth...' He raised his head and searched out my eyes. 'You could not have been more responsive nor more exquisite. Every tiny detail about you is utterly perfect.' He paused to kiss me. 'You more than pleased me, you made me soar through the sky like an eagle.'

I smiled up at him. I could not have dared hope for a more pleasing answer to my question.

He eased out of me creating a slippery, sliding sensation which left me hollow and stretched. I was aware of hot dampness trickling from my body onto the bed sheets and I pressed my thighs



together. He flopped down heavily and scooped me into his arms. I nestled my head into the crook of his shoulder and rested my palm on his rising and falling chest. 'How did you know?' I asked quietly and running my fingers through his damp chest hairs and around his nipple.

'I don't understand,' he said pulling in a deep drag of air and then returning his breathing to a more sensible pace.

'How did you know where I needed to be touched?' I paused. 'When I didn't even know it myself.'

'Elizabeth.' He crooked my chin up so I was looking into his face. 'You know enough of my nature to know any challenge I set upon myself will be carried out to the very best of my abilities.' He dropped a tender kiss to my lips. 'And making our wedding night beautiful for you was possibly the most determined plan I had ever set upon myself.'

My heart swelled with love and admiration for the gentleman I had married.

'And I do hope you want lots of children, my dear,' he said in a sincere voice as he traced a spiral pattern with his fingertip down my neck to my breast.

'Why do you hope for that?'

'Because, Elizabeth, we are going to indulge in the act of lovemaking every single night for the rest of our mortal lives.'

'Why, Mr Darcy you shock me.' I feigned wide eyed surprise and tipped my head back to look directly into his eyes. He started to speak but I silenced him by sliding my finger to his lips and exerting a gentle pressure. 'You shock me so because you insinuate we are only going to join 'once' a night for the rest of our mortal lives... that surely cannot be adequate for a man such as you.'

His black eyes softened to thick, lustrous velvet and the corners of his mouth tilted into the most radiant smile I had ever seen him produce. I captured his delight on my lips and thanked the Heavens above, right there in bed, because I knew that I, Elizabeth Darcy, was the most fortunate creature to have ever walked this Earth.

