

Secrets

He pressed his finger to his lips; those sweet sensual lips that had touched nearly every inch of my body during the night. His soulful eyes held mine, pleading for me to keep the secret he had shared. A secret so unbelievable that I still struggled to accept it. But he had proven his words, had shown me in the night exactly what he was.

Some would say a monster, some would say evil, but all I could see was the man who stirred my body with untold passion. Who touched me with such skill, his vast strength laced with gentle concern.

No I did not see a monster, I did not see a creature of myth. I only saw flesh and blood and breath, looking at me with all the hope in the world.

Slowly I moved towards him, reaching my hand out to draw his finger away from those delicious lips before replacing it with my own.