

His Honeyed Heart For You

Short Novel Story - Marriage P!nk

“Here they are, the newly wedded husband and wife! Please welcome these lovebirds with a warm round of applause!” At the same time as the announcement was made, the background music started to play.

Ah, I know this song. She’d occasionally hum the melody while making pasta.

I looked back to the front and saw the couple walk around the visitors, taking the spotlight. Next to the blushing bride who’s all natural at greeting and waving to the guests is my very shy subordinate whose movements have become robot-like and awkward. Poor guy, his gait looked unnatural, walking with his right foot and right hand swinging forwards and backwards at the same time.

After the congratulatory greetings, the servers started handing out champagne glasses for a toast. It is a beautiful sight. The sparkling pink wine makes the eyes of the visitors wander at its beautiful color.

Whilst everyone was busy chatting to each other and waiting for their share, I quietly and inconspicuously approached a waitress.

“Excuse me, would you please give me ginger ale in a wineglass?” I whispered. The waitress nodded, smiling at me before walking back to the kitchen. She’s probably wondering why I’m asking for something like that when there’s the champagne. Even so, I hope she’d bring it in time for the toast. While waiting, I anxiously talked to my colleagues sitting in the same table.

They remarked a lot about how gorgeous this place is, and I completely agree. There is a wall of flowers where the bride and the groom would take pictures of themselves with the visitors. I wonder how many pieces were used for it. Speaking of flowers, I heard someone ask the lady next to me about their favorite kind.

Hmmm...favorite flower, huh? I’ve always liked plants but I hardly know anything about flowers so it’s hard to pick one by its special meaning. But if somebody asks me, it’s definitely the wisteria flowers in the corsage of that very beautiful lady sitting in another table a few meters away from where I am.

Her wavy braided hair decorated with Swarovski ornaments that seemed to give birth to tiny sparkling stars every time she moves is a sight to behold. Amongst the many glamorous guests, she’s the only flower I’d like to hold on to.

I secretly gaze at her and chuckles when I saw her sigh a bit. And then with her dainty hand, she picked up a fork and took a bite of the food on her plate.

Ah...my girlfriend is adorable. Even her small movements are cute. She's too cute for this life of mine. If I could, I'll place her in a golden cage and put her on top a pedestal and just marvel at her all day long.

"You know Chief, you're the only one who thinks like that. I've never been popular in my entire life." is what she would always tell me the moment I sing her praises. This young lady just doesn't know. She doesn't understand a thing!

She is unaware of her charming and attractive points because she never thought of them in the first place. This sweet, innocent and delicate lady who'd always think of herself humbly needs to be conscious of the dangers of this world.

How will I ever protect her from others who can see the same things as I do? This is why I can't calm down! I always need to take proper countermeasures in case something unexpected happens.

Someday, I'll definitely do it. I'll tell her off while grabbing her shoulders and shaking her wits until she understands. I mean, she doesn't even notice how many men are stealing glances at her. In fact, there's someone trying to approach her right now. A young man holding a bottle of wine.

"Damn it!" I cursed. I can't do anything right now since we're out in the open. Without realizing it, I started stabbing the terrine on my plate while my colleagues stare in shock. *"Oops, sorry, I suddenly felt hungry."* I told them.

I kept glancing at the guy coming next to her. If I was the person from the past, I wouldn't mind letting this guy get near her since I know he's not a bad man. Whether I'd like to admit or not, he's a dashing young man with good looks and ability. He is the type to carry out his tasks carefully and successfully, a worker who gives his best and always secures the winning percentage for the company.

This is precisely why, when he asked me to include him in a project so he can closely work with her, I thought it was also the perfect time for me to finally give up on my feelings. If it was him, I thought, it would probably be okay...since their ages match too...They look rather good together... even though there's a stabbing pain in my chest each time I admit it.

Then again...this time is different. She is mine now. I love her and she loves me!

But...I'm still worried...

No, I shouldn't doubt her. I trust her so I'll keep believing in her feelings too. After convincing myself that everything is going to be okay, I closed my eyes and sighed. I've chanted enough of the spell on myself so I should calm down now.

It's really hard to date secretly. But I believe it will be harder for her if our relationship is discovered by people in the company. Of course, it's not like office love is banned in our workplace. The real issue is our current professional relationship as boss and subordinate.

As much as I want to brag about being her boyfriend (enough that I'd love to discuss about it complete with a powerpoint presentation and projector) I can't do it. Becoming the girlfriend of her direct superior will put her in a difficult spot. She might get harassed by others for a lot of outrageous reasons.

Seducing me, currying favors from me, doing it for money—all of these things, I don't want anyone to throw these false accusations at her. Even though she seems to get along with everyone in the office just fine, I don't want her to experience anything hurtful.

Hence...being patient is the way to go...for now.

I don't want to waste her efforts in her career. In the first place, everyone including me knows that she's such a hard worker and she's good at what she does. Even before falling in love with her, I already knew about her skills and have always put her in high regard. That's why this is my way of protecting her.

She helps everyone and always—hey, don't show that kind of smile to a man other than me! What will you do if get kidnapped?!

While watching her chat with my subordinate, the waitress with an apologetic face blocked my view of them while politely calling for my attention. She hands me the wineglass with the ginger ale inside before bowing her head and leaving to assist other guests.

Feeling stressed, I drank the whole thing in one gulp. Ah...as expected, I ended up choking and coughing a bit as the sharp feeling of the carbonated drink swiftly cascaded down my throat. The famous ginger ale of this hotel didn't quite taste like it should. Why does this taste so bitter? There was no hint of sweetness at all! Are the gods teasing me right now?

"Uugghh!" I coughed and gasped.

I put the glass on the table and covered my face with both hands. Sigh...I didn't know I had this kind of side to myself. It's probably an ugly part of me but this should be normal for a person who's just deeply into someone.

"This sucks..." I rambled. I can't even control my mouth in times like this. It's like all these rants leak out of my mouth without my permission. Did I really drink ginger ale? Did I fail miserably and drank alcohol again? No, it shouldn't be the case. I took the glass from the waitress and put it right beside my plate. I shouldn't make an excuse as to how childish I am being right now.

I'm just a loser and can't help but feel jealous seeing my girlfriend innocently talk to a colleague. I need to get a hold of myself. We're both professionals. I'm an adult and an older one at that.

I glanced back at my girlfriend and watched as she conversed with him. She didn't look like she was into him. She was just talking to him, just like how she does with everyone. But still, I couldn't help but be green with envy. I want to talk to her too. I want to flirt with her.

"I don't want to see this..." I sighed once more. I'm so immature, aren't I?

I hate to see her talking and laughing intimately with other men. I don't want them to discover her sweet smile. I would hate it if they learn about how she covers her lips when she gets surprised, or when she touches her rosy-white neck and collarbones when listening intently to what they say. All those parts of her, they're all mine. I don't want them to lay their eyes on her.

Haha...I see. Why didn't I notice this before? The answer is simple.

This conversation should be over now. He's had his fill. It should be enough. I'll end this conversation myself. I'll be the one to take her away.

While thinking of a way to get her all to myself, a waiter came and served us with steak. It was a nice chunk of meat, glistening with butter and demiglace sauce. I cut a good portion of it and took it immediately to my mouth. It tastes good, yes. Very tender. But eating is not my priority right now. I'll just have to pretend to eat it well in front of the others. I'll gently wash this down with a drink and go to her soon.

Just like how I planned, I took the glass to my left and drank everything from it. Oh? This time, it wasn't bitter. It was a little bit sweet...fruity notes filled up my senses. Ah...this is it. This is my kind of drink. The ginger ale that I like.

I abruptly stood and walked up to her direction. I was so sure that she was just about two meters away but...why does it seem so far away? How annoying...If I could just get near her right now...

The people on my table were making a worried noise. But I'm not the least bit curious about what they're saying. Who the hell cares! I want to be with her...

In the background, another person in Tooru's table complains.

"Huh? Where's my white wine?"

"Ah, I saw Konoe drinking from that glass. Was it yours?"

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Inside one of the hotel suites, the combined panting from two people filled the dim room...

The steak from a while ago was good but really, how can it compare to this warm moistened flesh in front of me? If this is the one I'm eating, how could I ever say no?

Huh? No?

What's this? At the back of my head, a soft voice is saying no. I tried to shake my head many times but two smooth thighs gently squeezed on my head.

Ahh...this scent...this fragrance is intoxicating. I licked one of the thighs that have been squeezing me. Mmm...sweet...the smell of almond butter is there. I know this scent...it's one of my favorite smells in the world.

"This is better than any delicious steak..." I declared.

I heard a small shriek, a very familiar voice. I raised my head and saw a bright red face. Her cheeks were tomato red and her ears were blushing too.

Hehe...Of course. My girlfriend is the cutest in the world.

I buried my face in the thatch of hair between her legs. It was full of inviting scents. I love it. I want to taste her. I stretched the tip of my tongue and let it roam around to where it was hot and moist. I continued to caress all over her tenderness and rubbed here and there.

Her body quivered as her hand shoved the back of my head into her center a bit more forcefully. That's more like it. Do more of that. I like it when she feels good because of me. I glanced up a bit and saw her mouth parted...the tip of her little red tongue showing itself. A very erotic display of her usual angelic face.

Damn...that's sexy...

I can't wait to get inside of her. But I want her to be ready for me. So I licked and sucked her clitoris while teasing her hole with a finger. Yes, with just one. And I put it in slowly, just enough to make her want me more.

While pushing my finger up and down, I swallowed every bit of her love juices. It would be a waste not to, when her nectar is overflowing like this. I curled my finger and tapped on her juiciest spot and soon enough, she was shaking uncontrollably, cumming to my mouth and my finger.

"Mmmm..." I smacked my lips as I stood up.

When our faces were up close to each other, I kissed her while straddling her body. The moment our lips parted, I took her hand and put it to a part of me that has obviously reached its limit. She should know what it wants just by touching.

"I want you so bad...can I have you now?" I whispered to her ear.

She gasped at my words and blushed even more. She kissed me back and I did too. I tried to invite her and seduce her into agreeing to my request.

When we parted briefly to catch our breaths, I put my mouth against her ear and licked her earlobe gently. I breathed into it, tasted it and traced it with the tip of my tongue.

"Don't you want me too?" I asked, teasing.

My timid girlfriend blushed once more, unable to say anything. I understand though, it's not like she's used to any of these things. She just loves me a lot and gives in to my whims. I chuckled softly and sighed. She's too adorable! How can I possibly control myself in front of such a lady? I'm too into her to even think of useless things such as having pride as a man. At this rate, even 'begging' is totally fine for me.

I unbuckled my belt and unzipped my trousers. In just a few seconds more, I was naked waist down, holding my raging boner in my hand. I felt so much pleasure just by seeing her look at my manhood with so much wonder in her eyes.

Without wasting time, I began rubbing my cock against her thighs and slowly slid it between her legs. I sighed as my shaft felt her velvety wetness on my skin while also looking at her reactions. I inserted shallowly inside of her, initially moving my hips in a slow and steady rhythm.

I unbuttoned her satin dress from behind and let it slip on the floor while being careful not to hurt her in any way. I was still being patient at this point but when I saw her supple cleavage peeking through her bra, I suddenly lost it and unhooked the lingerie in a flash.

Pretty soon, the sound of sucking and licking were prominent in the room. I was ecstatic. I was rabid. She's beautiful, the fairest one of all. And she's mine and mine only. I groaned at the reflection of us in the big glass windows of the room, standing in front of each other, my dick inside of her while I'm fondling breasts and sucking on her nipples.

At this moment, it was almost as if I had lost every last strand of self-control I had left in me. I put her arms around my neck and lifted her up. She fits into my arms so perfectly like she was made exactly for my embrace. Delighted, I went in and out of her, pushing deep into her, while pushing and pulling her butt back and forth towards my hips.

She was moaning and clutching on my hair, nape, and on my shoulders tightly, never letting go.

“Your pussy...it’s gripping me so hard...do you want to cum soon?” I teased. She responds with the cutest pout, some tears on her eyes and a small nod.

“Okay, hold on tight.” I kissed her lips before proceeding to fuck her pussy with no restraint. Our bodies rocked hard on each other, while our tongues stay entwined between our open mouths. The sound of intense skin bumping reverberated in the large room.

Her pants were louder than usual and her body moved indecently, dancing in the music of our sex. It was a new high for me, experiencing such a hot exchange of bodily fluids with the one I adore. I like how she has learned how to seek a kiss from my mouth and how to steal a few licks on my neck too. It turns me on so much more to see her act like this around me——with no regard of her disheveled hair, torn stockings and stained lipstick.

In the height of the obscene skin-smacking chorus, I ejaculated inside of her as she overflowed and creamed herself at the same time. Still embracing her now limp and panting body, I kissed her once again...my head also simmering with heat...

“I love you...”

“I love you too...”

We kissed again and again and again...never getting enough of each other.

“Until the morning, would you like to make a child with me?”

Instead of waiting for her answer, I kissed her once more, and made sure to probe into the insides of her mouth, licking, sucking, and sharing my own fluids in return. When I let go of her, I made it so that a string of saliva can be seen connecting our lips.

Just then, a messy, almost delirious smile greeted me back.

Ahh...she’s got me wrapped around her finger.

Our tongues got entangled again and I gripped her thighs so I could drill into her freshly creampie hole one more time. I then raised her hips so high that she almost looked like a flipped frog before slamming her back towards me, her pussy letting out wet slick sounds.

She was helplessly moaning, groaning and mumbling. I’m doing a good job, I guess. For her to scream my name over and over again, telling me that she feels good.

“———You’re lovely...”

“You’re so sexy———”

“——You’re beautiful...”

“You’re so erotic——”

“——I like everything about you...”

“I am so in love with you...”

Before filling her insides with my seeds once more, I conveyed all the feelings I had for her, right through her ears. I kept shaking her hips to the sweet response that came out her breathless lips and eventually our consciousness faded into a numbing happiness.

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“Hmmm...”

I woke up feeling very hungry. I touched my stomach and sighed. How long have I been asleep? Also...why am I naked? When I tried to sit, I felt some sort of discomfort from my waist. Huh? Why do my abs feel sore? I don’t understand.

Confused, I opened my eyes and looked around my surroundings, trying to know where I was. This is not my room and this is not the usual business hotel room that I often use when I couldn’t catch the last train. Wait...where am I?

I turned on the bedside lamp and it showed me more of what the place looks like. It obviously looks more extravagant than the business hotel. Moreover, is it wide and has a living room just outside the open door. Ah...it’s a suite room...of an expensive hotel.

Oh yeah, I remember now. I attended the wedding of my two subordinates in this hotel. And then, I was...I was going to...uhh?

Ouch. My head throbbed a bit and I felt sort of dizzy. I tried to get up to go and drink some water. My throat is parched. Even so, the fatigue on my waist was unbelievable, just what did I do? It’s the same feeling I get a few days after an intense workout.

“Ugh...” I grunted while holding my head with two hands. Now that I came to and my senses have started becoming clearer, I heard someone breathe steadily while sleeping on the other side of the bed.

“Ah...”

I saw the sleeping face of my girlfriend. She was covered in white sheets while obviously looking naked underneath it. Ah...I see. I think I know what transpired here. I sighed as I scratched the back of my head while the memories of last night started flooding me.

Shoot, I've done it again.

Once more, I held my forehead and sat back on the edge of the bed. I wiped my face with one hand as I was thinking of the things I've done. I got drunk again...and have done really stupid things. It definitely wasn't ginger ale. It was alcohol all along. Damn it...

Flashbacks of my memories of the previous night came crashing through and I couldn't help but curse at myself. In times like this, it feels hard to face reality. And it's also scary to remember all of the details.

I flinched at the image of me marching to my girlfriend's table and grabbing her arm towards me. I really took her away, just as I was foolishly planning. I told my subordinate who was talking to her at that time that he can't have her because she's mine...

"Oh my goodness..." My mouth hung open.

And not only that, I remember the deep kiss that I forced her into just after declaring those words. A deep kiss...in front of everyone...

"Oh god..." I shut my eyes tight and let out a year's worth of sighs.

Did I do something else? I'm scared to remember. I felt like I really need to drink some water so I stood up and walked into the kitchen. As I passed through the living room, I saw a white bouquet of flowers. It looks nice, I thought.

When I took the bottled water off the fridge, I immediately twisted the cap and drank its contents. And a thought ran through my mind. That bouquet, it's somehow similar to the bride's bouquet—

"Huuukk, uughhh...ughh!" I choked and coughed on the cold water I was drinking.

I remember myself snatching the bouquet amongst the ladies lining up to catch it from the bride before declaring my own marriage next time. And just like that, I grabbed my girlfriend's hand and took off, leaving the venue. We went running to the front desk asking for the room I've reserved and then jumped inside here without a care in the world.

"Waaaahh..." I yelped, my voice quivering. I don't know what to say. I just...I'm shocked.

What should I do now? What's the best course of action? No matter what, there's no way I can undo what has already happened. What should I tell those people at the wedding? Sigh...

Yet, the most pressing matter is how my girlfriend thinks of all these. Now that it can't help since what's done is done. The most logical and appropriate thing to do is to apologize to her quickly and to everyone involved in the wedding.

If I have to lower down my head, I'll do it. I need to take responsibility of everything.

Then again...

I am scared of hurting my girlfriend. It's true that it's good to apologize. But it doesn't mean the pain is going to go away so easily. The shame I've put her through must have offended her. That's something I'd never want her to experience.

How did she feel?

Wasn't it embarrassing?

Did she feel like she wanted to disappear?

And even right after that...I had the audacity to do all of those things to her...

I didn't even take a shower or didn't even give her a break to rest. I really got crazy and did everything I wanted. I'm no better than an animal.

"Haaaahhh..." I slapped my forehead hard.

I walked back to the bedroom and sat beside my girlfriend. I gently slipped her hair to the side so I can catch a glimpse of her face. The marks of tears, saliva and lipstick marks are quite visible. How cute.

There were still some of the swarovski crystals left on her hair that I immediately took out. This is the face of someone who was ravaged by a beast. It worried me if I put too much burden on her body.

While gazing at her peaceful slumbering face, I thought of a lot of things. Will it be hard for her to stay in the same company now and in the future?

Since it's not far-fetched for her to resent me or hate me after all these...

It would definitely kill me but...it wouldn't be surprising...if she ever wants to break up with me...

I screamed internally. No...I don't want that. That's the last thing I'd ever want in this world...I don't want to part from her...but the truth that I'm the one to blame doesn't change.

Ah, I want to bang my head against the wall. I want to shut down and stop thinking of these horrifying breakup scenarios playing inside my head.

No...please...

"Haha..." I chuckled sarcastically.

When it comes to her, I always go nuts. It's crazy, really. I love her so much.

Her last night's dress sprawled down the bed caught my attention so I picked it up. The corsage with the wisteria flower was still there. I took it and placed it on the bedside table. The first smile of the day flashed upon my face remembering the moment I gave it to her.

Even someone like me who didn't know a thing about the language of flowers would be give someone something like this. No, it's not about me anymore...I changed...because of her. I thought of giving flowers...because it was for her...

The love of my life.

"Uhh...mmm..." She moaned a little while her eyelids started fluttering slowly like a young butterfly emerging from its cocoon.

I leaned down to delicately kissed her eyelids, her forehead and the tip of her nose.

"Good morning, love." I flashed a rueful smile at her as I took her hand and kissed it.

With a still drowsy face, she opened her mouth ever so slightly and greeted me back, with the faintest...cutest...most angelic smile in the universe.

"Good morning..." She giggled.

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