

## Shy Love

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*Dear Diary,*

*Everyday for the past three weeks he's come by my door, but I've been too shy to say what is really on my mind. We joke, laugh, and play around, but I'm just too shy, or maybe I'm afraid.*

*Afraid he's just being friendly and doesn't have the same attraction for me I have for him. Afraid he is humoring someone he considers lonely as opposed to alone. Afraid he sees me as anything besides the loving, sensual, sexual woman I am.*

*There's the doorbell. We'll have to finish this entry another day.*

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“Oh,” she uttered, totally surprised. “Come in.” She stepped back and allowed him in.

His eyes traveled hungrily along her bare legs, thighs, then stopped to enjoy the contrast in color between her creamy silk robe laying against her dark chocolate skin. He'd found her sexy in her baggy jeans and T-shirt, now this. He subconsciously licked his lips.

A bolt of heat shot through her body. She flushed and looked away. “I'm sorry. I didn't expect anyone.” Though already tied, she clutched the robe closed. She chastised herself for answering the door in such a state and not cutting off the soft jazz playing in the background. What must he think?

He nodded a hello and stepped in.

She closed the door behind him. “What can I do for you?” She convinced herself to be brave, gazed into his deep brown eyes, and resisted the urge to melt.

Her soft, sultry voice gently caressed his manhood to a state of full arousal. He watched her cling to the robe, and his heart smiled. When had he fallen in love with her? He cupped her face in his hands, bent, and brushed his lips over hers.

His light yet potent bushing touched her core, leaving her wanting, needing more. Her heart raced to keep fear from gripping her. When he’d licked his lips, she’d wished she could taste him. Though afraid of rejection, she slowly lifted herself on her tiptoes and suckled gently on his bottom lip.

He moaned his satisfaction in her boldness, wrapped his arms around her and pulled her into his body where he took control of the kiss. She opened freely, allowing him to taste every succulent inch of her mouth.

He pulled away and stared down into her confused eyes. This isn’t what he’d come for. He came to tell her he’d fallen in love with her. He closed his eyes, praying to cool the fires within.

She looked at the strong black man before her. The man she loved. This was her shot. It was now or never. She drew in a deep breath, released it slowly, untied her robe, then placed his hands on her small waist. The feel of his fingers gliding over her smooth skin rippled passion waves through them both. He peered into her eyes and saw a desire and love that matched his own.

Her small fingers slipped under his shirt and crept along his chest, lifting his shirt and temperature. He tossed his shirt to the side, displaying his expansive chest with matching six-pack. She bent slightly, gently kissing and suckling every ridge of his abdomen. The fire of her lips and tongue worked their way down, blazing a trail south. Her finger caught in the waist of his pants and tugged lightly.

He glanced over his shoulder toward the couch, then pulled her along. He began unzipping his pants, but she stopped him. She'd never undressed a man before and wanted to put the shyness in the cupboard for a time and try a new approach. She pulled down this pants and briefs, kissing, licking, suckling, and driving him wild along the way.

The rush of ecstasy pulsating through his veins was like none he'd ever felt before. He leaned back, permitting his shy love to have her way. She viewed him greedily. Where to start? She caressed his chest with one hand and held his hardness with the other. Keeping her eyes locked on his, she licked along his shaft from base to head and around.

He released a slight sigh and began gyrating slowly, caressing her shoulders and back. Then his fingers entered her heat and dallied in her soft moistness. She took him into her mouth, massaging with her tongue, suckling, enjoying the pleasure she gave. The excitement of his throbbing member in her mouth and his finger play had her own private parts wet with anticipation.

He never imagined his shy love would have no inhibitions in bed. He'd decided to accept her as she was. He moaned, thinking he couldn't take much more. As if she could read his mind, she released him from the oral bliss and straddled him.

“Wait a second, baby.” He loved her so ensured they wouldn't be having children before they were both ready. Condom in place, he lay back on the couch as she straddled him again.

“Umm,” he groaned. First penetration never felt so sweet.

She set a slow steady pace, savoring every glorious inch. He held onto her buttocks, coaxing her to take in more, harder and faster. She suckled his neck, pumping, and forcing more pressure on the nub of her heat.

He wanted to supply her every need. In a blink of an eye, he braced her back, then flipped them both so he'd be on top. She laid her head back, her eyes pleading for release. He propped himself on his arms for leverage, then began stroking long and deep.

She matched his rhythm, and her legs wrapped around his thighs, pulling him deeper.

“Harder,” she murmured. She didn’t have to ask twice. The sound of flesh hitting flesh filled the room. She lay beneath him, taking all he had to offer and giving everything in return. He could feel her tightening around his hardness.

She unconsciously held her breath, not wanting it to end.

“Relax baby, let it flow.” He could feel himself nearing the edge. Her back arched, and she cried out in euphoric rapture, pushing him over the top.

They lay together, neither saying a word.

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*Dear Diary.*

*Sorry it’s been so long, but I’ve been on my honeymoon. I’ll tell you about it later.*