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1637 Words

"The deepest pain is caused by the one you love the most"

Estelle's brown eyes glided over her reection in the mirror. She was adorning an off-shoulder long champagne gold dress, with beaded accessories crocheted into it, and her brown locks were packed into a French twist. It was her second anniversary with her husband, Hunter. She is lucky to be married to the man she has only ever loved. The best gift that could ever happen to her and today is a celebration of nally capturing the heart of the said man after two years. Arms were wrapped around her body from behind, and she sighed, snuggling further towards her husband, who had her in a tight embrace, and immediately her eyes fell asleep at the feeling of soft kisses pelted on her neck.

"You're beautiful and sexy" Hunter murmured, softly nibbling the sensitive skin at the crook of her neck before sucking it in, and she rewarded him with a soft moan.

"Hunter," She moaned as his tongue glided down her neck in such a sensual way she felt her knee weaken. "We need to leave. Everyone is waiting for us."

"Five minutes, babe" he mumbled, assaulting her neck and groping her breast.

Her breathing came out in sensual pants, her thighs clamped together while her hips moved in sync with his touch, just right against his hard-on. She knew she should stop him, but she couldn't nor did she want to. She had longed for this type of attention from her husband and the last few days of their intimacy had been a blessing she never knew would come to the past for her.

Hunter, the man she had spent all her teenage years getting his attention and pleaded to look at her when they got married, is presently ravishing and worshipping her body a few minutes before their second anniversary.

Isn't that magical?

Her skin buzzed under his touch and a moan escaped her lips when his teeth met with a sensitive part of her neck. Hunter groaned and twisted her around, his lips instantly meeting hers for a hot ravenous kiss. His hand groped her butt, and he pressed his hard body into hers and damn could she feel his hard-on. A groan escaped his lips, and she knew it was a matter of seconds before she had her clothes pulled off her body and her butt hung up in the air. A position she has come to realize he loves when he is in the mood for a quickie, but not today.

Estelle pulled away and gazed dazedly at the lustful eyes of her husband and she felt her nerves twist in yummy delight. Her husband was a sight to see with his tailored suit clinging sinfully to his body. Her gaze traveled to his straight nose, then towards the delicious and sinful full lips, a lighter shade of his skin, then back to his eyes; hooded icy blue eyes that drew her in every time. They watched her intently with lust, causing her breath to catch and her mind in complete s****l chaos.

"You can have me all night, Hunter. Let's just go now."

"Don't go back on your words later!" He said breathlessly while arching an eyebrow.

Estelle cupped his face and grinned before leaning in for a quick kiss, "I promise, Mr. Gray"

"Okay then, let's go" He grinned back, his orbs excitedly dancing with promises of whatever he planned for her tonight.

Hunter took her small hands into his large ones as they made their way out of the room. He opened the door for her and helped her with her gown as they walked down the stairs and out of the large house.

They drove silently towards the party venue. Hunter had his head laid on the car seat with his eyes closed. Beside him, Estelle was busy on her phone. She had missed countless calls from her family and was responding to dozens of their messages. They were growing impatient at every second, and she understood why.

A message from her brother popped in: "The paparazzi are here in huge numbers. Didn't know your husband was going to make it grand since he refused to celebrate the rst year."

Estelle bit her lips and her face ushed. Everyone knew of their story - of how Hunter had been her teenage crush and boyfriend until the unfortunate incident she did not wish to recall. Still, when she got a marriage proposal from his parents, she couldn't reject it even though her family disapproved of it. That was because the lady he loved left him for reasons they don't know, and he was going through heartbreak in a hard way. They knew all this because Estelle and her family had been friends with the Gray family ever since.

However, after receiving no love from Hunter since their wedding day, today everyone is nally waiting to celebrate their anniversary since it's the rst time since their marriage.

Her mother sent a message: "We're waiting darling. When are you both coming?"

The car came to a halt and she looked up. Her lips curved into a smile, "We're here."

The same hotel used for their wedding and the same in which their wedding anniversary was held was crowded with reporters. They rushed towards their car at once when they detected them.

"Ready?" Hunter asked, then took her hand and kissed it.

Is she ready? She felt like a new bride.

She let out a smile over her nervousness and nodded her head, "Yes, I am."

Hunter got out rst and opened the door for her. They shared a beautiful smile; their faces radiated pure happiness. She held onto Hunter's arm, the other raised her dress as they walked around the car, and immediately they were bombarded with camera ashes.

Estelle's brother, Ethan, and Hunter's friend Dave appeared through the bees of reporters, lending a helping hand to help make the couple's way through the sea of reporters who took their job way seriously. But then, Estelle couldn't blame them, she wouldn't miss reporting a billionaire's wedding anniversary if she was a reporter herself. Especially, a billionaire whose ditch incident was all over the news, rendering their marriage at that time the talk of the town.

"Mr. Gray, You look breathtaking with Estelle" Someone in the crowd shouted and earned a round of hooting, making Estelle ush red, but the smile on her face was temporary and withdrew itself when the same person shouted again. "Would you say your ex ditching you years ago was a blessing?"

Silence followed by a few curses and mumbling

Hunter froze and his hold on Estelle's waist loosened. Estelle's heart soared with panic. She knew the question was a sensitive one for Hunter, one she couldn't bring herself to ask. One she had tried for years to make him forget to no avail and now that they had nally come to love each other, she hoped he wouldn't react badly to the question.

Estelle lifted her gaze to see him and her heart dropped as she took in the look on his face. His face was ghostly white, his lips trembled like he was mumbling something to himself and his eyes narrowed on something. Estelle followed his gaze and her body numbed and her heart, which had dropped earlier, jumped and pulsed in her throat.

No, no no

"Estelle, you guys need to move now," Ethan said from behind them, but the couple were rather too shocked to hear him.

"Estelle?" Ethan yelled again. "Move or your fans might end up crushing me to death." Yet nothing

"You both need to seriously..." Ethan's words died in his mouth when he pushed himself around the frozen couple.

"Isn't that?" He pointed in the direction Hunter and Estelle were looking.

"Bloody Christ! Carla? What the hell is she doing here?" Dave, who had also squeezed himself past the frozen couple, shouted, completely stunned.

His words acted like a wake-up call for Hunter. He jolted back to his senses, "Carla" he muttered shakily. His shoulder roughly bumped into Estelle as he took slow then quick steps towards the lady. Estelle, not expecting the push, tripped on her dress and fell sideward with a stunned yell. She winced as her body hit a standing camera rst, then onto the hard ground.

"s**t! Are you okay Estelle?" Ethan rushed to her to help her stand up, but a sharp cry escaped her lips when her weight rested on her feet.

"Crap! I think you twisted your ankle," Ethan said, inspecting her ankle, but she was too numbed to care. She sat on the oor staring as her husband rushed past the reporters towards Carla, the love of his life who stood clad in an armless Lavender dress with her arms wrapped around her like she couldn't believe she was there herself.

Hunter got to her in no time and Estelle watched as he held both of Carla's hands. She could see his shoulder trembling as he shook his head while talking to her. She couldn't hear what he was saying, but it must be him confessing his profound love for her because she saw Carla's shoulders shake too, with her head bowed. And to top it all, her husband, who she thought was going to renew their marriage and proclaim his love for her to the world today, cradled Carla's chin and brought her lips towards him for a passionate kiss.