Aman's Favorite

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I was Aman's favorite

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Aman stares at me. I have been his new wife for 24 hours. He wants me. He has 3 other wives and I hate them all. I don't want to be part of a harem. I am not even from his country.I marry Aman to try to get back to America. He is alone with me in a room that looks like it belongs in Trump Tower. He is gorgeous, tall and Arabic. He wants me.

"Blue Eyes." He calls me and he sits against the wall on silk pillows that are pink and mint green. He looks as if he is some beautiful doll there. I never saw a man so gorgeous in all my life with his dusky skin and brown eyes. His hair is black as a crow's wings.

"No." I say. I stand up from where I have been sitting in a chair and I start to pace. I will get an annulment and search the town for help to get out of here and ....

"Blue Eyes. I want to love you. I never wanted anyone as much as you. You are so beautiful." He traces my lips with his index finger and I flinch as if he is a dirty beggar boy. He laughs low and grabs me to his hard body.

"I don't have to deal with you." I snarl. His eyes are fire and I can see the passion in them. His mouth lands lightly on mine and his tongue sneaks in like a thief in the night. I moan despite myself.

"I will have you now." He tells me taking off his long gray robe. He reveals a body of a greek God.

"No." I tell him. I remember the three woman I heard about and I don't want to be another number his rare gem from America.

"Blue Eyes." He is in front of me again his hands in my too short dyed black hair. His hands cupping my breasts through the thin silk robe. I am tall and just 2 inches or so shorter than him I imagine his small wives and I small to myself. They are nothing next to me. I turn my back on him only to feel his hands on my ass.

His finger is inside me and My face is against the cold wall. I am moving to music that is my mind or is he singing to me.

"Relax, my love." He is kissing my neck, the back of my head. He turns me around to kiss him again.

"I want you too." I tell him and my eyes fill with tears. I always wanted a man like him. I kiss him deeply. I will make him forget those 3 women he married for status. I will make him forget everyone but me.

I take his hands and suck his fingers. I kiss his chest and leave tender kisses all over him. I rub my soft hands up and down his legs and when I find his manhood I take it in my mouth. I will make him forget everyone.

I kiss it slowly from top to bottom. He is large and thick and beautiful.He can pleasure any woman,but tonight he will pleasure only me.

He has his hands in my hair and I suck him slowly. There is no need to rush, no need to act as if I am going away for now. I stare in his eyes and I can see a fire there. He is a rich man, used to having everything. I smile then and I come back up to his face and kiss his cheeks.

"Esme Erin." I am Erin. I say in Arabic and he moans softly and grabs me and we are on the beautiful silk robes in the corner of the room.

He kisses my body and his hands move over me slowly. He smiles at me and kisses my neck.

He takes one of my breasts in hand. "I love your breasts my love." He sucks the nipple and bites at it and I close my eyes. I can smell incense and spice in the room. He smells of a soft man's cologne but he is very hard and his tongue is teasing at my most private spots and my long legs are open and then he enters me.

His brown eyes stare down at me then close. I touch his face and get him to open his eyes. I want him to see me. I don't want him to imagine that I am anyone else. I put my index finger to his sexy lips.

"You are so handsome." I tell him and he smiles and begins to thrust faster inside me. He licks my neck and I giggle.

"Do you like me inside you Blue Eyes?" He says and my hands grip his ass as he pumps into me.

"Yes..." I moan and I wish I could stay here forever. Gone are my plans to run back to America. I just want those other women gone. I push them out of my head as he urges me to get on my knees.

He enters me again and this time his hands are on my waist. "I love taking you. You feel so tight and hot I am going crazy for you." He moans as rock myself back and forth on his manhood .

"Fuck me." I urge him.

He laughs. "Ah you have said that word my love." He seems amused and I smile as he moves faster and faster.

"Ahhhhhhh Blue Eyes." He comes inside me and for a moment we don't move then I fall down and he turns me around to face him.

"Are you a dream my beauty? Have you come here just to haunt me?" He kisses my cheek and I lay my head on his hard chest.

"I don't know. I wish I could stay this way forever." I feel sad now because I know that in reality he can banish me whenever he wants.

"Let me rest a moment and I will make love to you again." He kisses my forehead. We are laying there happily my body is still moving from his lovemaking, his sex, his being. I want to be the only wife.

I whisper in his ear but what I said is between he and I. He smiles at me and I can feel he has grown hard again. I laugh because I have power over this gorgeous man until he enters me and I am helpless and high.