

# A Sweet Love

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*Isabella and Aman finally make love after being apart for a year*

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Isabella grabs her bag and watches the crowd move towards her. She is in the Casablanca airport. She sees Aman finally and she stands still. She does not know how to react; it has been a year since she last saw him. He comes to her and throws his arms around her like the first time they met. "I waited for you a long time." He says and takes her bag. "My friend brought his car." He looks at her with large brown eyes and she melts. So much has happened since they last met. Outside the air is warm and she tries to calm herself. She thought she would never get to come back to Casablanca. "Bella, get inside." He opens the car door and she climbs in back. His friend says hello. He is not the same guy who drove them around last time. They speak in Arabic and she looks out the window. The palm trees look lovely. She touches the back of his head with her hand and he he grabs her hand and she giggles. They turn up the Arabic rap music and she sits back and tries to imagine Aman's lips on hers again. They drive some time before they pull up to a big apartment building. It looks older than the one they stayed at last year. His friend helps them with her luggage and Aman shakes his hand and says goodnight. Alone they stand facing each other. For a moment nothing happens. She wants to run into his arms and kiss him. She wants to taste his mouth again. He smiles at her then takes her into his arms. She starts to cry as he knew she would. "Don't cry, Isabella." He kisses her deeply and then pulls back and stares at the blue eyes that have haunted him. "Aman.." She tries to say something, but he kisses her forehead. "Let me cook something." He tells her and he digs through the fridge. This is his apartment she realizes. "This is your place!" She says excitedly. "Yes, and I told my room mate to go away for a few days." He takes out chicken and vegetables to make a tangine. "We are alone?" She asks hugging him tightly. "Yes, but I am afraid." He says running his fingers over her pouty pink lips. He doesn't want to make love to her even though he longs for it because she is still married. This thought pains his heart as it has since the day he realized he loved her. "Don't be afraid of me, Aman." She says and she dances in front of him and he laughs until she is in his arms again. "Let me cook something." He is taller than her at 5'11, she is 5'9 and she loves that he is taller. She is touching him constantly to make sure he is really here with her. They eat dinner on the small couch and laugh. They feed each other and put the dishes in the sink and go back to the couch and watch T.V. and kiss and when it is very late Aman says they should go to bed. "You can sleep in my room and I will sleep on the sofa." He stands up and she follows him. He has always respected her, except

for the fact that last time they had oral sex for a few minutes. "I want to be with you." Isabella takes his hand. "We don't have to do anything, I just want you to hold me." She presses her head against his chest and he runs his hands through her short black hair. "I want this too, but you know this is a problem." He smiles and hands her a blanket. She feels a tear roll down her flushed cheek. He wipes it away. Isabella lays in the bed and thinks about the fact that this is where Aman sleeps when he is so far from her. She wonders if he dreams of her and if he wants her. This makes her call out to him. "What..." He runs to the room as if there is a would be killer. "Aman, sleep here please." She pleads until he comes and lays next to her. He cradles her in his arms until she falls asleep. When morning comes Aman looks at her. He has never slept a whole night with a woman. He has missed her. He had stayed away from her seven months online after she left Casablanca. His parents had told him that they would disown him. Isabella gets out of bed and brushes her teeth, washes her face and also cleans up in case a miracle happens. She runs back to his room and he is sitting up in bed with his shirt off. "OH, look at you!" She says and rubs her hand on his chest. He is so gorgeous. She kisses his face and he reaches out and touches her cheeks. "Do you still love me?" He asks her innocently. He feels his heart beat faster as she nods and kisses him deeply. "I don't want to stop Aman." Isabella removes her night gown and Aman is speechless. The large full breasts are uncovered. He remembers taking one in his hand and sucking the nipple and growing hard with want last year. She had left him and he had went into a deep depression. "No Isabella." He hands her a blanket but she shakes her head. "Aman, be with me." She crawls on the bed and kisses his hands. He smiles at her and he is growing harder. In her head she doesn't want to be the one who tries to make him want her. She decides she will put her night gown back on. "Why are you doing that?" He asks suddenly and he stands up. He comes over to her and kisses her. "I'm afraid. I don't want trouble for you, Bella." He looks sad and he hates the guilt that once again floods over him. It is her marriage, his religion and distance that troubles their relationship. She is here now though and those blue eyes are filling with tears. He takes her in his arms and kisses her. They lay on the bed and he tells her he loves her and that he never stopped. He enters her before he can think of any kind of true foreplay. They have waited too long. He moves inside her with a sweetness then an urgency. She comes over and over and he feels extreme pleasure when he climaxes. Holding each other they don't know anything about the future. They never did anyway. Isabella lays her head on his chest listening to his heart beat and so happy she is still inside that heart and that distance could not steal those feelings.