

The Alpha King\'s Huntress: Hunt The Red Lycan

Chapter 14: CHAPTER 12 Gift?

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Kasia sank down beside him, still tracing the line of his jaw. Her brown eyes were dark, and her pupils dilated. Ethan's breath caught at her nearness. Slowly, giving her time to pull away, he put his arms around her and drew her against his chest. She fit perfectly in his embrace, her body molding itself to his.

"You're doing something. I know you are. You did this yesterday," Kasia asserted. "But this time it is different. Less angry."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Ethan replied, his denial accompanied by a low, resonant rumble that emanated from his chest.

Even though Ethan denied it, Kasia could feel the rumble in Ethan's chest. Kasia knew she should be afraid of this, but she didn't feel fear. She simply wanted to get closer to him. The rumble carried an almost primal quality, like the hum of a contented feline. Did Lycans purr? In her training, Kasia never came across this information.

'Does it matter if he is doing something? You should give into it,' the strange voice flooded her mind again.

'Tell me what he is doing,' Kasia demanded.

'No, you fool. I will not. You should shut up and allow him to give you this gift,' the voice responded.

'Gift? What the hell are you talking about?' Kasia snapped.

Ethan felt Kasia's heart rate increase, and he could tell Kasia was becoming angry again. He didn't want to become forceful with her, but he needed her to relax so he could keep her warm.

"You are stressed. Stop thinking so much," Ethan said. It wasn't an order, but Kasia felt like it was. She couldn't help that her mind went blank. All she could do was focus on Ethan's hands on her body.

Kasia's body was stiff in his arms, but she didn't pull away. He slid his hands down her back. Her body was perfect; it fit against him as if they were one person, with curves and lines of muscle and bone to fit him exactly. Her back was smooth under his hands, like her arms, and her shoulder blades poked out behind her ribs, like wings. Her skin is smooth and soft and warm and tight.

Ethan's strong hands traveled over her shoulders and down her back, releasing the tension in her muscles. She melted into a boneless puddle on the bed. Kasia sighed, relief flooding her body. Her limbs felt like warm taffy as she stretched and pulled against him.

His hands continued their ministrations, his thumbs pressing into the knots along her spine. Kasia's eyes drifted closed, a soft moan escaping her lips. The sound shot straight through Ethan like lightning. Her arousal flooded her senses. Ethan had the overwhelming urge to mark her right then and there.

'No. Not like this,' Ethan told himself. She would never forgive him if he bound her to him without his consent.

Still, he could not fight his urges entirely. Unable to resist, he brushed his mouth against the tender skin of her throat. This caused Kasia to moan again. His fangs itched to mark her.

Ethan nuzzled her cheek with his nose, kissing her gently before moving down to kiss the sensitive skin of her neck. He made another trail of kisses down her shoulder blade, then bit at the soft skin until he reached her bra strap.

Just then, a tiny snore escaped Kasia's parted lips. After hearing it, Ethan felt a little disappointed but also comforted at the fact that he was able to get Kasia to relax a little. Ethan smiled, holding her close as she slept.

Ethan stopped the Alpha call. It had lulled Kasia into a deep, peaceful sleep. Gently, he gathered her in his arms and headed back to the pack house. She felt so right in his arms, like she belonged there.

Ethan walked steadily through the dark forest, Kasia a warm weight in his arms. She stirred slightly, murmuring something unintelligible before nestling closer. Her breath tickled his neck, sending a shiver down his spine.

He needed to get to the bottom of this. The Alpha call affected only his kind, yet somehow Kasia responded as though she were a Lycan, going pliant and docile in a way no human should. And that electric current when they touched... Ethan has never experienced anything like it. Was it because she was his mate?

"She is my mate," Ethan said aloud. Saying it made it real. He would have to deal with this. If she didn't accept him or put his people in danger, Ethan would have to make the decision to reject her. He had to figure out how to get through to her. "The Moon Goddess has a weird sense of humor. I don't know if she is cursing me or blessing me."

Kasia shifted again, her brow furrowing. Ethan stroked her hair soothingly until she relaxed once more. He studied her delicate features, so deceptively soft in sleep. Awake, they were usually set in a scowl or a defiant glare. But now she looked almost vulnerable.

It stirred something primal and protective in Ethan. She was under his care—his to shelter and provide for. The thought should have alarmed him—she was a hostage, after all—yet it felt right somehow. Natural.

Ethan walked into the pack house, and Kasia cradled protectively in his arms. He felt every pair of eyes that looked upon them. His steps were sure and determined as he made his way to her room, cutting through the growing murmurs and whispers about who she was and why Ethan would be so affectionate towards her in public. This was going to spread like wildfire.

He laid her down on her bed, and she curled up against his pillow with a contented sigh, but Ethan remained tense. He stroked an errant strand of hair from her face, and his voice was laced with frustration when he spoke, "What are you doing to me, little human?" He shook his head in defeat before pulling a blanket over her and leaving her alone to find Brian.
