

I love you

Zane:

I hate her guts so much, and I hate myself even more for thinking I should be with her. My heart is stupid, and if there were a way to stop it from working, I'd be glad. I wish we were vampires; then I could control what I feel. But all I want right now is to hold and caress her. She's hurt, and it's my fault, but her people hurt me first.

But you hurt her yourself. What is this stupid debate in my mind? I storm into my room, slamming the door shut so hard the sound reverberates through the entire house.

I throw myself on the bed, trying to banish her stupid face from my mind. She saved my life, and without her, I'd be dead now. I owe her a lot, but I can't let her go. Maybe I could let her go and seek revenge on her people alone, but I want her. I love her.

Shit! Did I just confess to loving her? I sit up, slapping my forehead multiple times. My heart races, and all I can think about is her face, her lips, everything in between. I want her. I need her now.

I get to my feet, open my door, and head to her room. As I reach for the handle, she pulls it open before I can. We lock eyes, saying nothing. I cup her face in my hands, pressing my lips to hers. She pulls me into the room, pushing my back against the door to shut it.

We pull away, panting heavily.

"Zane, I—"

"Do not say a word," I interrupt, taking her lips again. I lift her effortlessly, her legs wrapping around my waist, and carry her to the bed,



holding on to the kiss as I savor her lips.

I've kissed her once before, but this time it's intense and intentional.

I lower her gently onto the bed, undoing the belt on her robe, leaving her in a see-through nightgown that accentuates her body. I pause, taking in the sight of her perfectly sculpted form, her skin glistening like the morning sun. Everything about her is perfect, and I've known this for a while, but I've resisted giving in.

Gently, I plant kisses down her neck to her chest, my hands roaming her body, tugging on her delicate skin as though I might tear it apart. My heart pounds as our chests graze together, with her heart racing against her ribs.

With other women, I'd get straight to business, but with her, I feel the need to go slow. I want to savor every inch of her beautiful body.

As my lips meet the top of her breasts, my hands find their way to her thighs, touching the wet fabric of her underwear. I pat it slowly, rubbing my fingers over her core, relishing the delight of what I've caused.

"Urghn," she moans, arching her back and clutching my body as she showers my face with kisses. Her voice was angelic, and I would want to hear it all day.

I slide two fingers inside her, feeling her press my body closer, her moans filling my ears as I move in and out rhythmically. I can feel her curling her toes beneath me, signaling she's close, so I pull out.

"Why... why did you stop?" she breathes, and I take her lips again, biting gently on her lower lip as she opens up for me. Our tongues meet in a gentle yet dominating manner as I pin her hands to the bed with one of

I love you



mine, while the other undoes my zip.

With my pants off, I pull away from the kiss, inching closer with my hardened self as she shuts her eyes, gripping my skin. As I push into her, the warmth of her walls embraces me, sending a flood of emotions washing over me.

I move slowly inside her, each rhythm and stroke met with her moans, driving me wild. With each thrust, I think of her ex-husband and what a fool he is. How could he let something this beautiful slip away? She is perfect. His loss is my gain, and now she's mine.

"She is not yours," a tiny voice in my head whispers, and I look into her beautiful eyes to distract myself. I pull off her gown in one swift motion, cupping her perfect breasts in my hands before scooting down to worship them with my tongue. Soon, my body tenses, and I know I'm about to climax. I increase my pace, ramming harder and faster into her until our movements stop with a shudder, and I pull out, collapsing beside her on the bed.

She inches closer, stealing one last kiss, and my mouth parts to say the three words I've dreaded. "I love you."

As those words leave my lips, I instantly regret them.



Comments



Support