

Chapter 118: Breakfast

Claire

We get Lucy settled into a room on the Gamma floor. It used to be Bryson and Ivy's floor, so no one else lives there except Jesiah at the moment. This way, she has her own room, but she will be close to Jesiah which will help him and Reed to relax.

Feena had gotten extra clothing when we ordered it, so we have some clothes for all four of them, but we'll need to order more tomorrow.

'Alpha, Luna, I'd like to speak to both of you in the morning.' Feena's voice flits through my head as Tereshan and I walk toward our bedroom.

I look up at Tereshan who stops.

'Do you need to speak to us now?' he asks her.

'No, it can wait. It's about Jessie.'

'I'll want to talk with all of them tomorrow anyway. I need to find out where they came from and how they came to be in that brothel.'

'I'll let them know Alpha. Is everything settled between Jesiah and Lucy?' she asks.

'She's giving him a chance,' I answer.

'That's good enough for today,' she agrees, closing the mind link.

'I really hope that Dane can convince her to accept him as a mate. She's a great Beta.'

I smile, thinking of walking in on them the other day. Was that only yesterday? So much has happened since then.

'What is that smile?' he asks as he opens the door to our room.

'I may or may not have seen them kissing passionately in the kitchen yesterday,' I say grinning like a fool.

He closes the door and turns to look at me, his own smile spreading across his face. My breath catches. My mate is extremely handsome all the time, but when he smiles.....

Something in my face has his eyes narrowing.

'What are you thinking?' he asks, slowly walking toward me.

'You should smile more often.'

He stops in front of me, stroking a finger from my hairline, around my ear, across my jawline and to my chin before moving up to run his thumb over my bottom

lip.

"Why is that?" he asks, and his voice is rough, deep.

"Because you're so handsome it takes my breath away."

His eyes flash from my lips to my eyes. A slow smile spreading across his face.

He watches me, noting the change in my breathing as his smile gets bigger.

"You're the reason I smile, Claire."

He leans in and kisses me. Unlike before, it's a slow, deep kiss, full of love and emotion. Once again, I find myself wanting more. Before I'm ready, he pulls back, taking my hand.

"Come on, let's wash the smell of that horrible place off of us then we can get into bed. I want to talk before we go any further."

I frown, following him into bathroom.

"Talk about what?"

He turns to look at me as he reaches in to start the shower. "Are you ready to let me mark you?"

I think about it a moment. Am I ready to let him mark me?

"Because we need to plan for it like we talked about. If you are, then I need to make sure Dane doesn't mark Feena and Jesiah doesn't mark Lucy. We can't have all of us out with our mates in heat at the same time. Especially with Franco and Eason as angry as they are right now."

He walks over and pulls the dress over my head, then reaches around to undo my bra. I let it drop to the floor and he growls appreciatively at my breasts, bare to his gaze. My nipples harden instantly from the attention.

He reaches out to run his thumbs over my nipples, making me gasp, my back arching, pushing my breasts into his hands.

"There are other things that we can do. Other ways to explore each other's bodies. And I want to taste you, Claire."

He slides his hand down my stomach, leaving a trail of heat.

"Here," he says, sliding his fingers between my thighs, feeling how soaked I still am from earlier. He slides a finger inside me gently making me whimper before sliding it out again.

He watches me as he takes his finger to his mouth, licking my juices off of it.

"The sweetest lemons I've ever tasted."

I know I'm blushing when we walk into the shower.

He begins washing my hair and the stress of the night, first with the brothel and then with Jesiah and Lucy begins to catch up to me.

I close my eyes as he massages my hair and as much as I want to continue what we started earlier, the adrenaline rush that I've been on for hours finally starts to fade, leaving me exhausted.

"Hold on to me," he says quietly.

When I'm too slow to respond, he takes my arms and wraps them around his waist as he finishes washing and rinsing my hair. I feel him running the washcloth over my body before he's wrapping me in a towel.

He rubs my hair, getting it as dry as he can before running a brush through it. I feel him pull a t-shirt over my head and instantly I'm surrounded by the scent of blueberries.

I moan softly at the scent, making him chuckle. He tucks me into bed before kissing my temple.

"I'll be back as soon as I shower."

I'm asleep instantly, never even feeling when he slides into bed beside me.

When I wake, it's to an ache between my thighs.

I whimper with need, still half asleep and not fully aware of what is happening. When I feel a tongue swipe between my lower lips, I gasp, my eyes flying open.

When I look down, I'm met with light brown eyes, the specks of green barely visible in the dark room. Tereshan's face is between my thighs, his eyes looking up at me are possessive and greedy.

"If you tell me to stop, I will. But I've been desperate to taste you since last night." He looks down, swiping a finger through my slick wetness before sliding it inside me.

"So pretty," he purrs.

I moan softly, pushing my hips up toward his face.

"Mmmm, that's what I was hoping for," he says a moment before his mouth attaches to pussy lips, his tongue lapping at me like a cat lapping up milk.

It's a new sensation for me, but it feels so good. His finger stroking the ache inside me as his tongue continues to feed the ache from the outside.

"Tereshan," I say, pushing my hips against his face, needing more.

His mouth comes off me as he looks up, desire clear in his shining eyes, his mouth glistening with my juices.

"Say it again," he growls.

"Tereshan." I say on a moan as he adds a second finger.

His mouth latches back on, building a frenzy of need and desire inside me.

"Tereshan, Tereshan, Tereshan." I begin to chant as his tongue and fingers drive me toward the edge, the precipice of ecstasy.

His fingers hook inside me, just as he sucks hard on my clit, sending me spiraling over the edge of bliss, my body jerking with my orgasm.

"Tereshan!" I scream, as he continues to lick and suck on me through my aftershocks.

When he finally releases me, I lay there panting, spent.

He crawls over top of me, licking my lips until I give him entrance to my mouth. He kisses me, letting me taste myself on him.

When he pulls back, he looks at me, a very pleased look on his face.

"Now that's what I call breakfast in bed."