

Chapter 155: Marked

Feena

"Hello, my pretty."

His voice makes my skin crawl and my stomach clench. I know why he's here, and it makes nausea roil in my stomach. I have to swallow the bile that threatens to come up.

I turn, keeping my eyes down. "Beta Roman."

"Come here," he says. This is part of his game, part of the control that he loves holding over me. He makes it seem as if I want this, as if I enjoy it.

I walk to him, standing in front of him. I can already see the bulge in his pants.

"Undo my pants," he says, and I do what he tells me.

"Stroke me, the way I like it."

I do as I'm told.

"Mmmm, fuck Feena. Your hands are almost as good as your mouth, but I like your mouth better. On your knees."

I swallow more bile as I drop to my knees. I know what's coming and I fight the tears. It's only worse if he sees tears.

He grabs my hair, yanking my head to look up at him.

"Open wide," he says, sneering down at me as if he loves showing me that he's in charge.

I do as he says and it's only a moment later before he slamming himself into my mouth.

I shoot up out of bed, gagging, still feeling like I'm choking on him. I jump out of bed and race to the bathroom, barely making it to the toilet before I'm vomiting what's left in my stomach from dinner.

A moment later, I feel gentle hands come to hold my hair back from my face.

"Another nightmare?" Dane asks. One of the concessions I made was that we could share a room. I've been sleeping in here for a couple of weeks now, and it helps with the nightmares, but it hasn't taken them away. I'm not sure anything will.

When I'm done, I flush the toilet, standing and washing my mouth out. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to wake you."

"Don't apologize," he says, pulling me to him.

"I wish I could keep you safe from those memories. But I don't know how to do that. I can't wait for the day when I can kill that asshole for what he did to you."

I lean against Dane, breathing in his scent, letting it calm me. It's been a couple of days since Claire went into heat, and I'm pretty sure the rut is what caused this nightmare. Not that Dane wasn't amazing, he was, but the first thing I did in the rut was get on my knees. It was the first thing that Roman 'taught' me to do.

"Come on, let's get you back in bed. It's still the middle of the night. It's too early to get up."

We've just gotten to the bed when I turn to Dane. "You should mark me."

"Feena, honey, I know you had a nightmare, but you're not ready yet."

"Dane, I've been thinking about it, a lot, especially over the last few days. I think I need to replace those memories with new ones, good ones. I think that's how I'll get him out of my head for good."

"Feena, you know I'm afraid to mark you. What if I lose control, what if...I need you to be ready for me to mark and mate you. I'm okay waiting until you're ready."

"Dane, I'm pretty sure that there is nothing in this world that is going to scare you away from me."

"Nothing could ever take me from you," he growls.

"Right, so why am I holding out then? There's no reason. You're not going to change your mind, you would never hurt me. It's me, letting Roman get between us again. I want him out of my head and out of our lives. I want you to make me yours, Dane."

"Are you sure? Are you really sure?"

"Yes. I've given that man far too much power over me. I want to take my life back and I want that life to be with you, to be your mate."

"Should we wait, just until Alpha and Luna are back?"

"Jesiah marked Lucy three days ago. She'll go into heat in the next day or so, right about the time that Alpha and Luna get back. I won't go into heat until after they are back. And I doubt any of our heat will be as strong or last as long as hers."

"I want nothing more than to make you mine, Feena," he says, caressing my cheek.

"I want that too. I see how much it has changed our Alpha, being with Claire." I look at him and I feel the tears burning. "I need him out of my head."

He takes my hand, climbing onto the bed and pulling me up with him. "We'll take it slow. We'll take as long as you need."

"You really are the most amazing man."

In the end, it takes patience and slow hours of making sure I stay mentally present, Dane keeping me focused on him, making me tell him who he is, who I was with and where we are.

It is his face that I see when the first orgasm rips through me and I don't need the reminder again after that. My mind and my body became one with his, reveling in the joy, the pleasure that he is bringing me.

"Dane." I whisper.

His growl of approval only making me more excited, more happy with the decision that I made.

It is his name that I scream again the second time he brings me to a place of pleasure that I didn't know could exist in a sexual relationship.

"Oh goddess, Dane!" I said as I let go. I let go of the past, I let go of the pain as I reach out to hold on to this man who has stood by me through every terrible moment in my life. This man who is my future. This man who is my everything.

"Yes love. It's me and I'm going to make you mine." I lift my chin, exposing my throat and letting him know that I'm ready.

When his canines slide into my neck, I scream as explosions go off behind my eyes, and my body jerks and responds to the one and only man I've ever loved.

I hold on to him as I feel him find his release and we hold on to each other, long after our bodies come down. We kiss and touch, and it's as if everything is new, like I'm starting over.

"You're mine now, Feena."

"Finally."

We never do go back to sleep. We spend the next couple of hours, exploring each other's bodies, loving each other in every way possible.