

Chapter Sixteen

Rafael

Alex is waiting for me when I return to my office. She's wearing the skirt she had on her first day here — this time with pantyhose underneath — and a white blouse that's so seductively demure it should be illegal.

I'm pleased to see she's got my gift on her arm. The high-end bag suits her perfectly — just like I knew it would.

"Hey," she says, dropping her gaze the moment I walk into my office. She looks as though she expects me to yell and scream, and yet she's still here.

"Thank you," I tell her, letting the speech she wrote me flutter to my desk. "I needed that today. I . . . seldom say the right thing in these situations."

"I know."

I raise my eyebrows. One thing I love about Alex is the way she talks to me. She doesn't kiss ass or beat around the bush. My mate speaks her mind — even when it's not in her best interest to do so.

"I'm sorry," she whispers, as though we're picking up a conversation right where we left off. "It was wrong of me to take this job so that I could write some scathing exposé, but that was before I knew you. Before I —" Alex breaks off, biting her lower lip. She's choosing her words carefully for once, and I wait with bated breath. "I know it doesn't change anything, but I wasn't going to write that story. I-I'd just told my editor when you . . ."

She doesn't say when I caught her red-handed, but the implication is clear.

"What changed?" I ask, my voice hoarse with the effort of holding back everything I'm aching to tell her.

That I love her.

That I'm angry.

That how I feel doesn't change anything. She'll always be my mate.

Alex looks up at me through those thick dark lashes, and I know that whatever she's going to say next means everything. "I saw you — really saw you for the first time." She swallows. "You

weren't what I expected. You're generous and loving and kind and —" She breaks off. "And I started to fall in love with you."

Her voice cracks on that last sentence, and my heart is beating so hard that it feels as though it might punch right out of my chest.

"I . . . fell in love with you," she stammers. And I know from her voice that she's telling the truth.

Inside, my wolf is howling. Alex fell in love with me — not some idea of me. Not my money or my position. Not what I could give her.

Hearing those words, my chest feels as though it could burst. I want to pull her close and kiss her senseless, but I can't let her off the hook that easily.

My bad little assistant was working behind my back. She was working against this company. Those deeds can't go unpunished.

"Are you wearing a wire?" I croak.

"What?" Alex looks as though I just slapped her. "No! Of course not."

"Show me."

"What?"

"Show me," I growl, taking two swift steps forward.

Alex scrambles back to keep an appropriate amount of space between us, but I don't stop coming until her ass hits the corner of my desk. Her tits jut out as she leans away from me, and the sight makes my dick harden automatically.

Leaning forward, I bring my lips to her ear and lower my voice to a whisper. "Take off your shirt. I need to know this conversation isn't being recorded."

Alex jerks her head back to look at me, her face twisted in a mixture of hurt and defiance. Her bottom lip puckers into an expression of fiery rage, but then the tangy musk of feminine arousal reaches my nostrils.

I breathe it in, cock twitching, and cross my arms over my chest. I have to keep myself in check so she can't see how badly I want to rip off her clothes and bend her over my desk.

Pursing her lips in a look of resolve, Alex starts to unbutton her blouse. My breath hitches as she gets to the swell of her breasts, revealing a lacy pink bra.

When she gets to the waistline of her skirt, she pauses and cocks her head to one side.

“Keep going,” I growl. My wolf is practically in a frenzy, but I pride myself on being patient. “I need to know that my assistant isn’t trying to fuck me over.”

Alex narrows her eyes, rage and desire competing for dominance. She continues to glare at me as she reaches across her body to unfasten her skirt from the side.

I hold my breath as her skirt crumples to the floor and Alex steps out of it. She’s wearing thigh-high stockings, not pantyhose, and a lacy black thong that is torturously reminiscent of the one she had on the day I spanked her on my desk.

The memory is enough to make my cock twitch with need. Alex must be thinking about it, too, because the scent of her arousal intensifies.

“Well, well . . . an honest journalist,” I say as venom coats the back of my tongue.

The sight of her in nothing but her underwear, stockings, and an open white blouse is making her impossible to resist. My wolf wants me to punish my mate and then claim her in every possible way.

I take a step forward. Alex tips back — barely catching herself on my desk. Her breasts brush up against my chest, and I feel her hard little nipples straining against the lace.

“Thank you for telling me how you feel,” I whisper, stepping between her legs so that my upper thigh brushes her pussy. Her panties are already damp.

I move in closer, and Alex whimpers, her breasts heaving as my leg presses against her mound.

“You were wrong before,” I murmur, reaching out to cup her throat. “I don’t hate you.”

Alex’s brows scrunch together in confusion. I can feel her pulse hammering against my fingertips, her wetness seeping through my pant leg.

“But since we’re being honest . . . I didn’t fall in love with you in Aspen.”

“Oh,” Alex whispers, dropping her gaze. I can smell the bitter disappointment rolling off her.

I tighten my hold on her throat ever so slightly, then slide my hand down to the base of her neck and skim my fingers over her collarbone. Leaning forward, I bring my mouth so close to her face that my lips brush the shell of her ear. “I loved you the moment I walked through that door and saw you for the very first time.”

Alex releases a shuddering breath that dances over my skin.

“I loved you when you were the world’s worst assistant, bringing me vegan bolognese . . .” I let my fingers travel lower to skim the swell of her breasts. “I loved you in Aspen, when I kept

thinking about filling that house with all of our pups . . .” I stroke one breast with my knuckles, feeling the hard little bud pucker at my touch. “I loved you when I learned that you were a journalist working to expose all my secrets . . .”

I plant a kiss along the side of her neck as I slide my hand down to cup her soft mound. Her panties are completely soaked, and the knowledge makes me grip her pussy hard.

Alex lets out a desperate moan, throwing her head back on instinct to expose the graceful line of her neck. I can see her pulse fluttering beneath her skin and long to sink my fangs into that delicate flesh. Instead, I pull her blouse down over her arms and toss it onto the floor.

“I have loved you every second since I met you, Alex. And there’s nothing you can do to make me stop loving you.”

“I love you, Rafael,” she breathes, whispering it like a prayer.

“I know,” I murmur, planting another soft kiss on her neck. “Which is why you should write the story.”

“What?” My mate’s head snaps back up, her eyes wide with shock.

“You’re a journalist, Alex — and a damn good one.”

Her lips part in confusion, so I add, “I looked you up.”

My gorgeous little human is at a loss for words, so I start to massage her through her panties. Alex moans at my touch, and her eyelids flutter closed.

I love the way her body responds to me. It’s like she was fucking made for me, and I was made to pleasure her.

“If anyone is going to crucify me in the media,” I continue, “I want it to be you.”

“I’m . . . not writing . . . that story,” she pants, grinding her pussy into my hand.

“Why not?”

“I . . . got fired,” she rasps, hardly able to get the words out around her breathy moans. “And it wouldn’t be any good anyway. I’m . . . too close to the story. Fuck!” She sucks in a hiss between her teeth. “I can’t . . . be objective.”

“You mean it’s hard to be objective when the subject has been inside you?”

“Rafael!”

At the desperate sound of my name on her lips, I can’t hold back any longer. I shove my hand down the front of her panties and slide between her sticky folds.

She is so fucking wet.

I ram two fingers into her channel, and Alex cries out so loudly that I'm sure everyone on the floor below heard her.

"That's right, kitten," I rumble, pumping my fingers in and out as I work her clit with my thumb. "You're my mate, and I want everyone to fucking know it."

"Even though I betrayed you?" she whispers, opening her eyes to look at me with a desperation that makes my heart clench.

"You didn't betray me," I counter, reaching up with my other hand to stroke her silky hair. "You were just doing your job. Things are different now."

"Mmmhmm."

"I need you to say it, kitten," I growl, working my fingers faster. "Who do you belong to?"

"You."

"Good girl." I take a deep breath, slowing my frantic pace and stroking her inner walls. "Here's what's going to happen now . . . You're going to get on the desk like a good little assistant, and I'm going to fuck you hard to remind you who's boss. Then I'm going to give you my mark so everyone knows you're mine."

Alex's throat bobs as she swallows, but her cheeks are flushed with desire. She nods slowly, and I scent her anxiety mixing with her lust.

I expected her to be nervous. This is all completely new to her. She has no concept of my world or the depth of my love for her — yet.

Fortunately, I have the rest of my life to show Alex just how much I love her. I want her to have everything she's ever wanted — including a career in journalism, if that's what makes her happy.

It doesn't matter what she writes about me. I'll hire a whole fucking squad of PR monkeys to deal with whatever she dishes out. Just so long as she comes home to me at the end of the day and lets me eat her sweet little pussy.

Slowly, I slide my fingers out of her, and Alex clambers onto my desk. I rip her panties to shreds in my haste to get them off, not bothering to temper my shifter strength.

"Spread your legs," I order, my gaze heated as I take her in — bare pussy, hard nipples, legs sheathed in those sexy stockings. Her swollen pink folds are dripping with need, that tight little hole begging for my cock.

“You’re so fucking sexy,” I mutter, bending down to kiss her.

Alex moans against my mouth, and I yank down the straps of her bra and unclip the back so that her breasts spring free. I reach down to cup one in my hand, bringing it to my mouth and licking a trail around her pert little nipple.

I want to taste every inch of her.

Dropping to one knee, I hook my arms around her thighs and pull her to the very edge of the desk. Alex cries out as I thrust my tongue inside of her, finally tasting her sweetness.

I open my mouth wide and drag my teeth across that tender bundle of nerves, licking and nipping until Alex’s legs are trembling.

My mate is close, but I need to be inside her. I need to feel her walls collapse around me as she comes.

Rising slowly to my feet, I take off my belt and unbutton my pants to free my aching cock.

“On your knees,” I order, my voice low and hoarse.

Alex gives me a confused look, and I twirl my finger in a circular motion. “On the desk. Turn around. I want you on your knees.”

Alex’s cheeks flush as understanding hits her, and she rolls over onto her knees, bare except for those tantalizing stockings and a pair of heels. Seeing her like that with her ass in the air, it’s a miracle I don’t come all over myself.

I clamber onto the desk as fast as I can and sink into Alex with a groan. Alex yelps as I fill her all the way to the hilt, and my dick pulses in warning.

I am full of cum for her.

I pull out slowly before ramming back in, hitting the very end of her. Alex cries out again, her pussy clamping around me like a vise, and I deliver a hard swat to her ass.

That tight little cunt squeezes me again, and my eyes roll back in my head.

I spank her again — hard enough to make Alex squeal — and thrust into her deeper.

Gripping her hips, I start to find a rhythm between fucking and spanking, but it’s not enough. I need to be everywhere inside this woman.

I want her closer. Harder. More.

Reaching down to grip her under the arms, I pull Alex up until she's flush against me and cup her breasts from behind. Her hair tangles in the crease of my arm, her sweet scent all around me.

My wolf is snarling at me to claim her, and I feel a pinch as my fangs descend.

"You're mine, Alex," I growl. "Don't you ever forget it."

"I won't," she rasps, grinding her ass against my pelvis so that my dick hits her sweet spot at just the right angle.

I suck in a hiss between my teeth and reach down to massage her swollen nub. "Come for me, kitten. Come all over my cock as I claim you."

"Yes!" she cries, her voice all breathy as she moves against me. I hold her tight as she rolls her hips, each movement causing her pussy to squeeze my cock at a delicious new angle.

I feel it when she comes apart, her walls squeezing my length as she screams my name.

I'm sure everyone in the building can hear us by now, but I don't fucking care.

As the waves of the orgasm crash over her, I bend down and sink my fangs into that tender spot where her neck meets her shoulder. A sob wrenches out of her throat, but she's still deep in the throes of her orgasm, so I know the pain is minimal.

I continue to pump in and out of her until I can't hold back anymore. I explode inside my mate, filling her with my cum as I withdraw my fangs. Blood blossoms at the site of the wound, and I carefully lick it clean.

My venom will mark her with my scent and also prevent infection. She'll carry my mark for the rest of her life, warning any other male that she belongs to me.

I hold Alex for a long moment after the bite, gently caressing her lower belly. I know Alex and I still need to get to know one another, but I find myself praying that my seed finds its way to her womb and starts growing our first pup.

Alex might be a shitty assistant, but I know she'd be a kick-ass mom.

I want everything with this woman, I realize — a family, a home, a life. I want to wake up next to her every morning and come home to her every night.

I want to tell her about my day — make dinner together. Shower together. I want to fuck into the early hours of the morning and then wake up and do it all over again.

I want it all.