

Chapter 18 Starshinee

The smell of alcohol nearly overwhelmed me and I just barely managed to keep myself from coughing. Arthur sat at his desk, nursing a glass of whiskey. He watched me enter quietly.

I carefully walked toward him, not sure if any sudden movement would upset him. But he remained in his seat, just watching me. There was no hint of ire in his expression.

“Arthur, are you okay?” I whispered, knowing he would hear me. When I reached his desk, I stayed on the other side. If he did decide to come at me, I had room to defend myself.

“Are you worried about me, little wolf?” he asked, his words only slightly slurring.

“Of course I’m worried about you. Anyone would be,” I answer gently and he chuckles to himself, but not like he finds anything funny about what I said.

“Not everyone. My father wouldn’t be,” he mutters darkly and I cock my head at him. Had something happened with his dad while I was away?

“Are you drinking because of something he did?” I asked, starting to relax a bit more. I didn’t think Arthur was going to hurt me. He wasn’t angry right now. Just hurt.

Arthur let out a bark of dry laughter. “What hasn’t he done? What hasn’t he made me do? And of course my mother just supports him. I miss my sister. At least she stood up for me.”

“Your sister? I didn’t know you had a sister. Where is she?”

Arthur smiles at me like he has a secret. He snapped his fingers and I could hear a faint mechanical sound come to life. Suddenly, the ceiling above us began to part down the middle, opening slowly.

I gazed up at it with my mouth wide open. Above us was the velvety night sky, a blanket of dazzling white stars twinkling merrily away. From this spot, the Milky Way was visible, stretching out like a healing scar.

“She’s up there now. She became a star like she always wanted. Did I tell you that I was raised by my grandmother for a time? Whenever I missed Lizzie, my grandmother would come outside with me to see her and talk to her. But she never talked back,” his explanation ended on a barely suppressed sob and my head snapped to him.

He had wrapped his arms around his body, trying to comfort himself. I had no idea what he was going through. I had grown up with such a happy family. I had never lost anyone. My heart ached for him.

“Lizzie…” Arthur murmured, tears gathering in his green eyes and my heart broke. I rounded the table and climbed into his lap, wrapping him in a tight hug, offering words of comfort.

For a second, Arthur melted into my embrace, setting his nose into the crook of my neck, breathing me in. When he pulled back, his eyes were amber and I knew his wolf was coming out. I probably should have retreated, but I also didn’t want to leave him like this.

“What are you doing to me?” he whispered as he cupped my face with his hand. He leaned in, his lips mere inches from mine. I could almost taste the alcohol on his breath, but instead of gagging, my own breath hitched.

My heart was beating rapidly and I could feel my skin begin to burn. Heat stirred down low and I checked my mental shield. It was completely intact. Lily was heeding Arthur’s request by staying out of it. So this desire was all me.

I wanted this. I wanted him. He’d already had me when I was drunk. Maybe it was my turn now.

I closed the distance between us, our lips barely brushing. Arthur made a noise low in his throat and deepened the kiss, his tongue demanding entrance. I let him, tasting the smooth whiskey on him.

With one hand tightly entwined in my hair, his other played with the exposed skin of my thigh, tracing circles and other geometric patterns that were sending jolts of pleasure through my body.

Arthur’s hand rose higher and I moaned into his mouth. He was so close to where I wanted him to be. Where I needed him to be.

But he stopped and pulled back. “Not here. Bedroom.”

I inwardly groaned at the loss of contact, but I climbed out of his lap and helped him to his feet. Together, we made it to his bedroom, but by the time we got there, some of the flames that had been licking my skin were out.

“If we’re not going to be doing anything tonight, then I’m going to take a bath. I’m filthy,” Arthur complained and I knew he had smelled my lack of arousal. I raised an eyebrow at him. He certainly didn’t look filthy.

Arthur made his way into the bathroom and I sighed, putting a hand to my head. What was happening to me? I had never been this promiscuous before. I’d only ever had Robert and my libido wasn’t nearly as high with him.

Because he didn’t do anything for you. Because he only focused on his pleasure, not yours. Robert was a boy. Arthur is a man, Lily chimed in and I shuddered, thinking back on all the times Robert and I had been together. Had I ever orgasmed with him? I couldn’t remember, which probably wasn’t a good sign.

Arthur let out a yelp which was followed by a thud. Worried that he had hurt himself in the state he was in, I rushed into the bathroom, finding Arthur on the floor, naked. I hesitated for a second before helping him up.

Once he was steady on his feet, I turned to leave him to his bath, but he wrapped a strong arm around my waist, pulling me to him. Certain parts of his anatomy rubbed against the thin material of the skirt and I swallowed audibly.

“I think you need this too,” was all the warning I got before Arthur scooped me up and brought me into the bath with him.

Warm water immediately soaked through my clothes and I slapped Arthur’s chest to try and get away from him, but he wouldn’t let me go.

“Arthur…my clothes…” I choked out and Arthur ducked his head like he was sorry, but I could see the small smile playing on his lips.

“Oops. Let me help you,” he said and I watched as his fingers grew claws. Before I could stop him, he had ripped through everything until I was just as naked as he was. He tossed the useless pieces of cloth onto the floor beside the tub, then hauled me against his chest.

My body tensed as I felt him against my rear. “Don’t worry, little wolf. We’re just taking a bath. I’ll behave if you will,” Arthur breathed into my ear causing goosebumps to erupt on my arms.

Arthur hummed in delight as he traced a finger over them, obviously happy at my reaction to him. His other arm was still wrapped around my waist, holding me to him.

I closed my eyes as Arthur began to softly hum a melody that I didn’t recognize. Inch by inch, my body relaxed and I let my head rest on his shoulder. Before I knew it, I was drifting off to sleep.