

3. Reward

-Riley-

Roman's dark, sexy eyes met mine for a fleeting second before he turned away from me.

"You know... you have to be careful with your words. You don't know what I might ask."

"Like I said, Alpha, whatever."

"You are either reckless or you don't want to live," he said in a voice that was intrigued.

"Or she just wants fun," Adrian mumbled from the backseat. "Just let her have this."

"I like him," I said as I turned to look at him, but he was already leaned against the seat, his eyes half closed.

"What is it? Reckless?" Roman said with a quirk of his brows.

He looked like he really wanted to know what I was feeling right now. Not many men were perceptive or cared about a woman they just met. He did. That was the only reason why I was now in his car and not in some other creep's car.

Most men didn't want to know what the woman was feeling. They didn't have time for that.

But I could see Roman was not like that. He might be hard, and grumpy, but he was truly good. I felt safe with him. I had never felt this comfortable, not even with my own mate.

Sometimes... I felt like Hiran's anger was just hiding beneath, waiting for a time to hunt me.

"I don't want to die. I just want revenge. Painful one. I think I am pettier than I thought."

"Yes, I understand your mate has cheated on you, but that is not the reason to go looking for trouble, you know."

"I am not looking for trouble. I am looking for a good time, Alpha, and you look like you have ways to make that happen." A soft moan left my lips as his c*ck jerked. Even through the layer of clothing, I could feel how hard he was, I could feel his warmth.

He groaned. "There is no use talking to you."

"I don't want to talk either, Alpha. I want to use our mouths for something else. You can use all the energy to - you know..." I said and he let out a sharp breath. I could feel the subtle increase in the speed of the car, and I realized I had broken his self-restraint. I felt proud. I never thought I would be good at seduction... but heck yeah.

Soon he was stopping his car in the only respectable hotel in my small town. THE DELTA.

My mate's pack was the only werewolf pack in this neck of the woods. That was why I was curious what two Alphas were doing here.

He told me to get out as he grabbed his friend from the back seat. Adrian was not in the land of living anymore. I groaned. Such a waste.

He was softly snoring as Roman lifted him like he weighed nothing and asked me to follow him. He went inside the elevator, and I quickly followed him in. He sighed as he scanned me.

"What?"

"Nothing."

"It is not nothing. I can see the cogs in your head turning."

"I said nothing. You are the one who told me that we should use our mouths to do other things. So don't talk."

"Touché."

He opened one room and dragged his friend inside before throwing him on the bed. He quickly removed his shoes and pulled a blanket up on Adrian's body.

"I would have loved to kiss him," I murmured and Roman shook his head and growled.

Soon we were standing in another room, just as big as Adrian's. But unlike Adrian's room, this one was immaculate. Neat.

I looked around, noticing the little things. There was an open laptop on the desk, and a big binder full of papers. It looked like they were here on some business, but what business did they have in this town? My town was smaller than the smallest of towns. It was weird to see two Alphas here.

"Wait here," he said to me before he walked into what looked like a small kitchen. I walked towards the desk and leaned against it, studying the contents of the desk, and then my eyes widened when I saw the cold metallic glint of a pistol.

A soft gasp left my lips as I pushed the bunch of papers out of my way, and there it was. It looked dangerous, and shiny, too. The body was black and silver. I gulped, wondering whether I had made the right choice coming with him.

Why did he have a gun?

Of course, I was almost sure he was a good man, but what if he wasn't? What if he was a killer, who went from town to town, collecting women?

"You sound dumb," Gem said with a frown. "You are the one who forced him to take you to his room."

"Yeah, logic. You are smart, Gemmy, smart." I laughed lightly.

"No, I am just as dumb as you. I haven't realized what our mate was doing behind our backs."

I sighed. I didn't want to think about Hiran or Keller right now.

I touched the gun with a nger and shuddered when the cold metal felt soft under my skin. Without thinking, I grabbed it in my hand, and closed my eyes. I imagined myself pointing it at Hiran, as Keller sucked his limp d*ck.

"s**t, what the hell are you doing? Put it down," Roman said as he grabbed it from me, and quickly put it inside a drawer and then locked the drawer with a key. I didn't miss the other gun inside the drawer. He had two guns?! "I told you to wait there, not go through my things."

"Why do you have guns? What are you doing here in Crystal park?" I suspiciously studied him and his eyes hardened before he shook his head and thrust a glass into my hand.

My heart thundered as I looked at him. I had a feeling that there was more to him, more than the brooding face and hot body. But what? What was he hiding?

"Once again, none of your business. Now, drink this."

"What the hell is this? Is this some kind of poison?" I glared at the vile-looking alien goo inside the glass, and he sighed exasperatedly. "Do you want to kill me?" I looked at him with doubt in my eyes and he chuckled.

"No. I don't want to kill you. And this is not poison. This will help you sober up." He ran his ngers through his messy hair, his eyes stalking my every move.

"Sober up? I don't want to be sober," I said with a disapproving look in his direction and he growled under his breath. "I want to drink more. I want to drink until I forget today."

"Well, then you are going to sleep alone. No way in hell am I going to sleep with a drunk woman," he growled as his eyes scanned my body and, for that millisecond, I saw his hunger. He wasn't as unaffected as he was pretending to be.

His eyes went from my throat to my breasts. I had never been big, but my breasts weren't small either. He closed his eyes with a sigh as I took a step closer to him.

"I am not that drunk to not know what I want, Alpha. I know what I want tonight. You and revenge."

It looked like my priority had changed a little bit. I wanted him more now. Even my wolf was slowly coming around to the idea of sleeping with this man.

"Then just drink."

"If that is what you want," I said as I ran my hand inside his shirt and he felt so warm. He felt like velvet. He felt how the gun had felt under my skin.

I closed my eyes and nished the glass of whatever ungodly thing he had given me in one gulp.

"There. You happy?"

"Yes," he said and I saw the moment his control fully snapped.

He growled as he took me by my hips and kicked the door to his bedroom open. He growled to get out of my dress. I could feel myself coming back from the haze of alcohol slowly, but the lust inside me was just as addictive.

So was the anger. I was fueled by my lust for this stranger, and my anger towards my mate. No one was going to stop me now, not even my own hesitation.

"Too slow," he said as I felt his claws rip through my dress. He cut the dress in half before his soft hands pulled the tattered dress away from my body. It was my favorite dress, and I almost wanted to complain, but I didn't, because the next moment, his hands were cupping my breasts over the ugly bra I was wearing. "Mm... mmm..." his voice came out in a soft moan as he kneaded my breasts over and over, making my head spin with lust and need.

With each button I unfastened from his shirt, my heart raced faster and faster until I nally gasped at the sight before me. He was the man.

He looked absolutely marvelous, like a living embodiment of every woman's deepest, dirtiest desire. While my mate was certainly well-built, he didn't quite compare to this man in front of me.

Roman was tall, and he was blessed with muscles that seemed to be in all the right places. Unlike other overly muscular men, he wasn't bulky or cumbersome, but instead lean and athletically toned. He looked like an animal and I wanted to be his prey.

"Do you like what you see?"

"Yes."

"Call me, Alpha, little Kitten."

"Yes, Alpha."

His ngers traced the inside of my thighs before he pulled back from me. He went to his bed and came back with handcuffs.

"What?" I gasped as my eyes widened. I looked at the cold metal in his hand and he bit his lips, his eyes meeting mine in a dark, dangerous challenge.

"I warned you, Kitten."

I gulped as he took a step closer to me, his eyes studying me. "You can say no now."

I didn't want to say no. My s*x life with my mate was fueled by the bond. I felt everything, but sometimes, I was still left unsatisfied. Like I was only halfway there.

I was too naive for this man, but I didn't want to back off.

There was a tingle of excitement running along my heated skin.

"Tell me now, Kitten. If you say no, we don't have to."

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes. I said whatever, and I meant it."

He growled softly and his eyes ached. He gripped my arm and pulled.

"Then come here, Kitten. Give me what I want and we will give your mate pain. Pain he has never felt in his life."

The words sounded delicious coming out of his mouth.

"Yes, Alpha. Take me." The words coming out of my mouth were strange even to me, but what the heck...

He moaned as he pushed me down to his bed before pulling my hands above my head. I felt the cold metal rubbing against my wrists before I heard the click of it.

"Now remember, Kitten, this will only be fun as long as it is fun for you. The moment you want me to stop..."

I shook my head.

"I don't want you to stop. Do not stop."

!!!