

## 5. Losing game

-Roman-

I cursed Adrian as I stared at her. Her beautiful green eyes, the ones that held a world of emotions, were wide and bewildered as I removed the handcuffs. She looked at me in disbelief, wondering what I was doing.

"I am just as f\*\*\*\*g confused too," Karl, my Lycan, said with a huff.

She was ushered red, naked and she looked like every one of my darkest, dirtiest fantasies, but I knew that I shouldn't- I shouldn't let this woman tempt me into things.

She was beautiful, yes, but when she rst sat down at the table with a drunken smile, I was going to send her back with her friend, but then somehow here she was, in my f\*\*\*\*g bed, moaning my name, screaming for more, begging for everything.

"And here you are, walking out on something so amazingly delicious," my wolf moaned.

"Shut up Karl," I said with a frown as he shook his head, looking very agitated. He was just as aroused as I was by that little wolf. There was something that made him want to f\*ck her just as hard as I wanted to f\*ck her.

I was going to take her all the way, use her body in ways that hadn't been used before from what I had learned. The rst second I touched her, she was squirting like she had never been touched before, and it was erotic. It made me hard.

Her body was willing and pliant, begging to be touched in every way possible, but then I saw the mark on her neck, the one that belonged to another man, and it was like a cold splash of water on my face.

Of course, I understood why she wanted to do this, why she was so angry. I understood her pain and suffering. And the anger. I had a feeling why she had to do this. I knew how big her anger was, how uncontainable. I knew she wasn't joking when she told me she would nd another man if I didn't take care of her. I couldn't let her do that. It was dangerous and-

"Yeah, you are so altruistic," my wolf said with a wink. "Stop making excuses and just admit that you wanted her the moment you saw her."

"Shut up, Karl. You know I didn't. I knew she was mated."

"And yet you wanted her and you were angry at her and yourself for wanting her."

I ignored the wolf. He was irritating.

Another face, a face I had tried so hard to forget came in front of my eyes. My heart twisted in anger and bitterness. I knew how it felt when someone cheated on you, someone you loved with all your heart.

"Stop thinking about Feyona," my wolf said with a roar. Just hearing her name made him angry. So angry he wanted to destroy everything.

I shook my head, trying to push Feyona's face away from my head. No matter how far I ran, she chased me like a ghost. The memory of her and what she did to me, and to my wolf, after everything we had given her, still pushed me over the edge.

The moment this woman --whose name I didn't know, but I didn't want to know either -- took a seat at our table, I could smell that she belonged to another. That made me angry, even though my body reacted to her in ways it had never reacted to anyone in a while.

I hated her because she was doing to her mate what mine did to me. But then when she talked, I realized her mate was the one who did it to her rst and this was only her act of vengeance.

"Go to sleep," I said as I walked out with a sigh. A soft groan left her lips and I almost wanted to go back in, but I didn't.

I stared at the bunch of documents on my desk as I sat down on the chair and opened my laptop. I was here for an ocial business and I couldn't let this woman distract me from that. It was too big and we needed to put an end to it.

I sent a quick email to my dad about what I had found out about the Alpha of Crystal Park, Alpha Hiran Waites. I had a feeling that this woman belonged to Crystal Park. I hoped I never crossed paths with that wolf in my bed again after this night.

"I hope we come across her again. And again. And then we can use her body. She is willing."

"You are outrageous, Karl, outrageous."

My wolf huffed and puffed and then sighed as I arranged my documents and put it inside the drawer.

I pulled my gun and checked the safeties just in case. I was always careless about that and Adrian would tell me to check it again, but I never did. That was why I was so shocked when I saw her touching my gun. I was worried she might accidentally shoot herself or something. I didn't want that to happen.

I locked the drawer and looked around the dimly lit room. She was in my room and that made me harder. I should sleep on the couch. It was not new to me, sleeping on the couch. With my work came a lot of nights outside the packhouse and the comfort of my bed.

I lay down on the couch and sighed as my ngers touched my erection, which was still hard. f\*\*k my life.

I grunted as I pulled my pants down and touched myself. Hard. I thought it was her hand around my c\*ck. I was so lost in my fantasy that I hadn't heard the footsteps.

When I heard it, it was too late. She was wearing my shirt that I had left in the room in my urgency to leave her. Three of the buttons were open, leaving the shirt gaping at her breasts. Her red hair spilled down her back like a wild waterfall.

"I can touch you, Alpha. There is no need for you to run away."

"Go back."

"Go back. Go back? I don't want to go back from this soft glow? It looks like a dream and I like this dream," she whispered, her voice softly dancing in the darkness.

I knew I should take my hand away from my c\*ck, but I just couldn't do that. "When I go back to where I came from, there will be a lot of things waiting for me. For instance, a mate who would know what I did, and who would be waiting to accuse me and shame me. Embarrassment and humiliation. Failed friendships and relationships. A broken marriage." Her voice was both hard and soft at the same time. "I don't want to go back, Roman. I want to be here. Touching you. Touched by you. I want to be here, giving pain to the man who has been hurting me for weeks. Months. I was a fool."

In the soft glow of light, I could see the way her body tightened, the way she was biting her lips so hard until it was slightly bleeding. I could smell her blood. I could smell her hatred.

Being born in a royal line gave me a lot of power. Power a wolf would kill for. And because I was a royal, I could also shift to my primordial Lycan form, whenever I wanted. A werewolf had increased smell, but mine was even greater than a normal werewolf. I also could feel emotions when the feeling of the other person was really acute.

I didn't want to feel sorry for her. I didn't want her to make any more waves in my life than she had already done. She was a stranger, and that was the only reason I hadn't wanted her name.

She sighed.

"I really should go."

"Stop her," my wolf growled.

"No, Karl, it is better this way."

"She looks so sad. I don't want her to be sad."

I didn't know why the thought of her being sad affected my wolf. He never cared about anyone's feelings, let alone a stranger. He was partially the reason why I didn't just leave her alone in that bar, which was the only decent place in this goddess forsaken town.

"No. Wait."

I could hear the excited rush of her blood, the vigorous pounding of her heart.

"Don't go. It is midnight. Go to sleep, and I will take you in the morning. You also should wash yourself before you go."

"I don't care if he smells you on me."

"But I do. Please, just go back to sleep."

She sighed. "Okay. Thank you, Roman. Thank you for what you have given me, and this too, this consideration. I had- it is strange," she whispered before she walked back inside the room. "And Roman, if you hate sleeping on the couch, you can come and join me. You know... not for sex." She chuckled, as if she was amused by it. "I mean... I have never seen a man saying no so many times to a woman. Either I am extremely unattractive or you are a saint."

"It is neither," I whispered and I knew she heard it from the short laugh.

"Well, your actions say otherwise. But don't worry, I won't attack you if you come to bed."

I wanted to go to bed. I wanted to taste her, touch her, again, but my self control was not that good. I couldn't sleep next to her and not take her in ways she hadn't been taken before.

I groaned and stood up. I really didn't want to sleep on the couch.

"Excuses! But I am all for it."

"Asshole."

"You sleep on your side, and I will sleep on mine."

"Whatever you say, Alpha." Her voice was absolutely mocking as we walked inside and she got on the bed and put the handcuffs between us as if it was an offering or something.

"Oh, and I am also wearing nothing under this shirt."

"I can see," I mumbled as I turned away from her, but her scent was too overpowering and heady. Damn.

"Well, I am just letting you know."

I could hear the smile in her voice. I growled as I turned around and she was... so gorgeous. My mouth went dry.

Her hair was spilled all over the pillow. Her eyes were wide and wanton. My c\*ck responded immediately.

"Damn it," I cursed as I pulled her closer and crashed my lips against hers and she groaned.

I could almost taste her triumphant smile on her lips. I didn't care.

I growled as she touched my erection and then gripped me tighter.

"This time, Alpha, I want you to cuff yourself to bed. This time, I want to be the one giving orders." The f\*\*k! She looked really hot saying that, though. If it was anyone else, my wolf would have growled. But what the hell was it about this woman?!

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