

## 6. No Regrets

-Riley-

Last night was good. So damn good.

I didn't know what came over me when I handed him the handcuffs, but I felt like I was possessed by lust. I wanted to possess him, too, and I did.

I showed him everything I didn't know I knew.

I also knew he enjoyed every moment of it. There was no doubt about that. No, he was so vocal about it. He loved it when I took him between my lips and sucked him hard and fast. He loved it when I slid onto his hard arousal, my wet p\*ssy clenching around him. I was so tight around him. It felt like it was my rst time with a man.

He loved it when I teased him and tasted him and tested his patience. He even loved struggling against his handcuffs, threatening to punish me if I didn't let him go. I didn't.

He begged for me, he begged me, he listened to my orders, and he gave me things I had never had before. I had never felt so powerful and weak in the knees at the same time. s\*x with my mate was always good, because it was always so much more with the bond. But with Roman... it was even more than what I had with Hiran, and that was surprising. It was the whole universe. It made my head swim, just thinking about last night.

"Oh, he is so good at begging," Gem said with a c.ocky smile.

I f\*cked him all the way to heaven and hell, and he was as good as obeying orders as he was at giving them. He was marvelous. His co.ck was just as marvelous. His body was made to teach a woman new ways to sin and get punished. He did. I did. We both did.

It was liberating.

"It was. Oh, I feel so free." Gem mewled, looking languid and fresh. "That man is... mmm... I don't have words. And you- you are too. I never knew you could be this wild. You are usually- um..."

"Boring? Vanilla? Muted?"

"I think it is Hiran that made you into something you are not. Roman was good for you. One night with him was good for both your soul, your attitude and your p\*ssy."

"Wow, you have become a poet, Gem, a POET!" I teased as I stretched in the bed. I felt free.

I looked at the Alpha sleeping next to me with a sigh. Oh, just the thoughts of all that happened with this man last night made me wet again. I looked down at myself with a utter of guilt and excitement. I was still naked and my n\*pples were hard, begging for his slick tongue, his mouth. I wanted him again, but...

The sun was peeking through the windows, playing against his handsome face, his stubble, his strong jaw, his naked chest. The sun was so bright already and the dream world I was in was shattered. Now everything was glaringly obvious. Reality came crashing back down on my head, and I wanted to go back to the dream, I wanted to go back to last night and pray for the night to stay for all eternity.

It was time to wake up.

My real life was waiting for me, away from this man, this stranger who had given me what I craved last night.

A moment of reprieve and a moment of vengeance. He gave me both. And he gave me unforgettable s\*x.

I traced his face with a sigh before I put on his shirt, and walked out to the kitchen. Thanks to whatever he gave me last night, my head was not being a whiny b\*tch.

I was making coffee when someone leaned against my shoulder and my body jerked in response. "I am still dreaming," a voice softly sighed against my skin and my body trembled. "Oh, I had dreams of you last night. I was buried in you and you felt so good around my c.ock." His hand cupped my as\* and he sighed softly as he rubbed himself against me. "You feel so real. But what are you doing in Roman's room in my dream, wearing Roman's shirt?"

Fu.ck. It was Adrian. And my body reacted to his touch just as vigorously.

What was he doing here? And why was my body reacting to his touch like this? I knew I should pull away, but I didn't. I couldn't. I wanted his hands on me. I wanted more.

I stood there as he peppered kisses against the back of my neck and I trembled as his arms went around me, his palms softly touching the underside of my breast, and my whole body heated. I wished he would cup my breasts already.

"Oh, you smell so delicious. I want to bottle your scent up and sell it. No, I won't sell it. I will keep it all to myself." His voice was hoarse as my shirt lifted and now he was touching my bare ass. Shi.t. My heart raced as I gulped. My ngers trembled as I tried to put down the coffee carafe.

"Adrian..." I moaned as he nally cupped my breast. Oh s\*\*t. I felt like I would die of a heart attack. His thumbs slowly grazed against my ni.pple and a low growl left his lips. My skin was dotted with goosebumps as he circled his ngers, and my n.pples hardened.

"Are you real?" He turned me around and looked at me, his eyes still half asleep. Did he sleep-walk into this room or something? Looking from the drowsy look in his eyes, I had to assume so. Or he came later into Roman's room and fell asleep.

Last night, I was being - well, I was not being myself. But now... the look in Adrian's eyes made me nervous, and excited, too.

I had no idea what to do right now. My old self was crawling back in slowly and she was dying of pleasure, but also of embarrassment. I didn't want to get caught by a man who I propositioned last night in his best friend's room.

What the hell was I even thinking? No way. A one-night-stand? A second man? My body reacted violently to that thought and my p\*ssy clenched.

"You were not thinking last night," Gem said with a roll of her eyes. "I warned you not to do that."

"And then you enjoyed every second as Roman took me, and took me."

That made the complaining wolf shut up. We both knew how much she enjoyed him. She almost tried to take over once or twice.

"ADRIAN. Get your hands off her," a dark voice growled and my eyes widened. I stared at Roman and he was glaring at me, shaking his head.

Adrian jerked away, but his hands were still on my ass, as Roman marched towards us, still only wearing boxers that were not hiding his morning erection.

I licked my lips as I stared down at the dent in his boxers, and I wanted to touch him, to bend down and take im between my lips, as Adrian watched... My cheeks ained at that sudden image aching through my head. Kill me now. What the hell was that?

Roman nally reached us and almost ripped Adrian's arms out of their sockets.

Adrian blinked and then his eyes nally cleared. He looked befuddled as he looked at me and gasped.

"This is not a dream? You are really here?" he whispered before he turned to Roman and shook his head. "And you- after all that --I clearly remember what you said -- you took her to your room? Man, Roman, you are dumb. If you wanted to have Red rst, you should just have told me."

Adrian laughed as he wrapped his arm around Roman's shoulder.

"I didn't want her," Roman grumbled as he motioned me to move. He poured three cups of coffee and handed me one and Adrian another. "Stop spouting nonsense, and drink this. Your brain is still asleep, and it is even dumber when you are awake." Roman didn't look pleased.

I laughed a little and his hard eyes met mine. If anyone told me this was the same man who begged me to take him into my mouth, no one would believe me. No, I wouldn't even believe that.

"Why are you glaring at me? I didn't do anything."

"You did everything. How are you going to go back wearing my clothes?"

"You should have thought about that before you ripped my clothes off," I said with a shrug and Adrian laughed, looking very amused at that.

"Oh, I would have loved to rip your clothes off, too." He traced my body, and his eyes stopped on my breasts, which Roman's shirt was doing a piss poor job hiding.

"You snooze, you lose," I said as a utter of excitement rippled inside my belly.

"Next time, then, Red," Adrian said as he leaned closer to me, kissing my chin and then the side of my lips, and my heart uttered. My p.ussy clenched.

"There is no next time," Roman said in a hard voice as he slumped down on the couch, his eyes shooting daggers at his best friend.

Adrian sniffed me as if it was a totally normal thing to do. "Urg, you smell like him. You denitely need to take a bath before you go back to your pack."

Roman's eyes darkened when they met mine and I gulped.

There was a hint of possessiveness in his eyes, as if he liked that I smelled like him. The way he was looking at me made me twitch nervously on the couch and the shirt lifted and I quivered when two pairs of eyes feasted on my thighs and then... my p\*ssy, which was now open to their greedy eyes. s\*\*t. And I was so wet.

"You are aroused, Red."

I ushed. My body ained.

Adrian licked his lips, and I almost felt it in my p\*ssy. I bit my lips to hold in the moan.

Adrian cleared his throat rst. Roman didn't move nor look away. He just stared.

I stood up hurriedly. My whole body ushed and I looked as red as my hair.

"I should go. I have to."

Roman shook his head as if he was coming back from his trance. "Yes, give me two minutes."

I quickly grabbed what looked like a towel and wrapped it over the shirt, fashioning it into a temporary skirt.

When I walked out, they both looked at me, their mouths half opened.

"Are you really going to walk back to your pack like this?" Adrian asked. "I know you want to hurt your mate, but..."

"No. I am not going like this. I do want to hurt him, but I love my pack, and I don't want to disrespect their Alpha in front of all of them," I said with a sigh.

Without alcohol, and the night, everything was clear. This was going to be a freaking mess. I knew that much.

"Take me to my friend's apartment, please," I said as I gave him the address and Roman nodded.

"Come on, then," Roman said, and I followed him out, after saying goodbye to Adrian. This was a different kind of walk of shame.

We got into the same sexy black car and he drove towards Deidre's apartment. Soon we were stopping in front of her apartment.

"Bye, Roman."

He gave me a look and sighed. "Bye."

"You never asked my name," I said with a small smile. I knew why he didn't. This was nothing more than s\*x to him. Of course, it was nothing more to me, as well.

"I don't have to. Also, your friend, she shouldn't have left you alone in the pub."

"She didn't leave. She was there. She just moved away from the old table."

"So, if I hadn't taken you to my room-" He paused and rolled his eyes.

"She would have taken me back to her room, yes," I said with a shrug as I pulled the makeshift skirt. "So, do you regret taking me to your room?"

He didn't answer. I sighed as I turned around and opened the door.

"Bye, Roman, and thank you for everything."

I stepped out into the crisp morning air and shuddered. He leaned to the passenger side and pulled the door closed and I was almost turned to leave when I heard it. His voice was barely a whisper, but I heard it.

"I didn't regret it. Not at all."

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