



Chapter 7

NATALIE

My mouth drops open, my jaw aching when I see the man — screaming trouble —sitting right over my bed.

Gasping, I step inside and close the door before anyone from my family catches a whiff of his scent or hears the spike in my heart rate.

"What the fuck!" I mumble under my breath.

"We have to work on that colourful language." He hums in a deep voice.

Putting his hands on both sides of his frame, he stretches his muscles and leans back.

I draw a deep, shaky breath. Disbelief makes me freeze on my very spot.

"Y...Y...You. What? I mean...h...h...how?" I am at a loss of words.

"How am I here?" His left eyebrow shoots up.

His gruff voice does weird things to me. Heat tackles my body.

When you are close to your mate, you get affected by heat season. Giana said this to me and I think...she was not

wrong.

"Something bothering you?" A fine smirk touches his lips.

"You! You stay there!" I narrow my eyes, taking support of the wall behind me.

This is a shitty time for this heat season to affect me again.

He leans further back, his eyes taking in my body. 1

"You ran away with my shirt." He breathes.

"You—" I need to come up with the words I wanted to say to him once I found him.

But every time I open my mouth, I risk the chances of gasping or moaning due to the waves of warmth crashing down on my body.

Sexual need.

Desire.

Grave pull.

All of it hangs in the air like an invisible mist, hindering my sight, clouding my judgement.

Going against my words, he pushes himself to his feet and stalks towards me. I don't know if it's him walking slow or if I am perceiving him to be doing so.

My mouth drops. Blood rushes through my veins, my heart is pounding in my chest and my pulse is beating unevenly. My

already burning body threatens to burst into flames.

" You... " I get stuck on the same word and attempt to gulp.

He comes to a halt close to my body. Instinctively, I press my body back into the cold wall to get away from the sexy God invading my personal space.

" You look upset and aroused at the same time, Love. " He states the obvious.

I force a breath out of my mouth. My hands clench at my sides, itching to touch this statue of perfection before me.

" The question is... " he lifts his hand and trails his forefinger down my nose.

My eyes close on their own. A moan slips past my lips before a shiver trails down my spine.

" Which is stronger? The anger or desire? " He sounds genuinely curious when he asks this.

You marked me without my consent, you freak! I want to yell at him but my mouth is too dry to allow any words out of it.

Heat ripples through my body, more powerful than before. I throw my head back, recalling how I lost it all the last time, right when this happened.

My eyes snap open to find him closer than before. He gives me a heated know-it-all smirk before fixing his stare at my parted lips. 1



I inch closer to him, feeling his hot breaths fanning my lips and making me hotter than I already am.

"Desire it is then." He murmurs in a sexy tone.

My body responds to his words immediately. And before I can fully react and try to regain my lost mind, he connects his mouth with mine.

Here goes nothing, I think and give in to him like it's in my nature. 2

My lips part to let out a groan and he takes this chance to dart his tongue inside. I am consumed by desire so intense that it shakes me to my core. He is rattling me and making my world tremble.

The kiss is hot, possessive, demanding. His tongue explores my mouth greedily.

He breaks off the kiss just long enough to let me suck in a hard breath.

He sweeps me up in his arms and like the last time, I sense everything whirring past me before my back hits my soft mattress. He doesn't waste much time in undressing my blazing body.

I gaze up in his eyes, drawn to the intensity, the mischief and the underlying steeliness.

I want him. And by the looks of it, he wants me just as much



if not more. He has marked me and I am all his for taking.

But for me, it's like I am answering the weird heat season call.

I don't realise when he exactly rips off my dress, then my bra and my panties. I lie naked under him. The heat affects me the most between my legs — it's an ache so overwhelming that I need it satisfied right away.

I watch as he takes a step away from the bed and removes his own clothes. I take notice of the tattoos marking his body before focusing on the hardness of his muscles.

Straightening, he takes off his pants and boxers, tossing them away. My gaze shifts and goes directly to his lower region. I haven't seen him like this before, paying full attention.

He is hard, thick, dripping with pre cum. I swallow the lump in my throat and lift my darkened gaze to his ocean eyes.

I promised myself that I...I begin to recall the unnecessary things but when he bends one knee over my bed, I lose my shitty memory once again.

The moment he hovers above me and captures my mouth, I know I am a goner.

His mouth feels hotter than before. It ignites every cell in my body with forbidden passion. I groan in his excruciatingly demanding mouth. My stomach clenches when his hand vanishes in my hair and tugs at them...hard. 1



He pulls back and presses me further down into the bed with the weight of his stony body.

"Keep it down or even the soundproof walls won't be able to keep your parents away." He murmurs the words against my throat before I feel the nip of his teeth, the touch of his wet tongue and the sucking on the soft skin of my neck.

When his tongue swipes over his red-hot mark on my neck, I bite my lower lip to keep the scream unheard by him or anyone else.

"Good girl." He whispers in my left ear. 1

My heart does a somersault, losing track of its original rhythm. I arch against his scorching body.

His fingers circle the peaks of my breasts, making it difficult for me to keep my moans down for much longer. 1

His touch is smooth yet dominating as if he doesn't want to rush into it like the last time but he is aware of how much I want him inside me at the same time.

The caress of his fingers drives me crazy. I lose my resolve to keep it down and let out a breathy moan in his ear.

He leans down and outlines the tips of my nipples with his tongue before sucking on them one-by-one.

His hand reaches down, touching my clit before two of his fingers dip into my opening. Pressing my head into the

mattress, I let out a groan. His hot fingers stretch me out, preparing me for him.

But there is that annoying ache which wants him to fill me up with his cock right away.

Intense emotions are tearing into me, ruining my perfect world. He is creating a raw need in me that I have only ever felt with him.

My hands reach out to his shoulders, pulling him into my body. He takes hint of my desperation and draws his fingers out.

"Desperate again, I see." He rasps.

His cocky voice takes my breath away. I open my eyes and through the teary blurriness try to search for his ocean globes.

His masculine physique towers over me, every perfectly carved muscle pressing against my skin in all the right spots.

Our gazes lock. He grips my hips and raises them to his before he enters me. I gasp, throwing my head back and closing my eyes again.

Like the last time, he doesn't begin slow and starts pounding into me right away. Tears well in my eyes with the intensity of every penetrating stroke. My body stretches to his length easily. It has me trembling inside.

Heat flares within me, taking over my mind and my body.



He painstakingly increases the pace, hitting all the right places inside me.

My right hand finds its way to his soft locks which I couldn't do last time. I feel his skin under my left hand's fingertips before my nails dig into the flesh of his shoulder, dragging down to his back.

He lets out a guttural groan into my ear.

Holding my body immobile under his, he begins pounding into me nonstop with possessive steadiness, timeless perfection.

My body is suddenly hit with the electrical shocks. Knot forms in my lower abdomen, my muscles tightening and clenching around his thick cock.

Waves of pleasure consume my body shortly after. Stars dance before my eyes. 1

I feel his hot release shoot to my womb with a low growl of his before he pulls out and lays down beside me.

I feel myself floating back to Earth after having soared to stars and beyond. I feel as if my soul had departed from my body for a while, giving me an out of body experience but it's slowly coming back now.

I lay there, drained, eventually getting hit with guilt which threatens to consume me.



What the hell just happened?

I open my eyes and look to my right. He is not there anymore.

I sit up in the bed when I hear my bathroom's door opening and then closing.

When did he get up?

I drag my tongue across my wet lips. My lips tingle with the encounter with his hot one's.

For a long time, I sit on my bed, unable to believe it has really happened for the second time.

I am finding it hard to process. He is here. How is he here? And we fucked again. How did I let it happen? ¹

Getting down from the bed on my wobbly legs, I ignore the ache in my lower region and stomp to the bathroom's door.

Lifting my hand, I push it open without knocking first. He appears before me, a towel wrapped around his lower half.

I swallow my saliva and open my mouth to ask a question, any question but nothing comes out.

"Clean up. We can talk after it, Love." He commands me as if I am supposed to listen to him.

Pushing past me, he comes out of the bathroom. "You..." I am still stuck at the same word. ¹

“ I said...” He lowers his voice. “ We will talk after you clean up. ”

He sounds dangerous and threatening when he talks in this tone. Every cell in my body wants to rebel against him but my feet carry me inside the bathroom on their own.

I take a bath, washing his scent off my body, absentmindedly. My body is feverish even now and the touch of his lips, his hands, his body still feels so raw.

I shiver when I wrap a robe around my body and stomp out of the bathroom.

I need to pull myself together and do what I originally intended to do. He has to reject me. Right now.

The moment I step out of the bathroom and see him sitting on my bed all dressed up, my heart skips a beat.

“ Who are you?! ” I finally manage to hiss.

He rubs the shell of his left ear, tilting his head to his left while his eyes roam down my body with a hint of lust clouding them.

“ Don’t you know, love? ” He sounds bored yet so gentle.

My heart flutters in my chest, seeing his eyes focusing on the mark he left on my neck.

He is my mate. I open my mouth and close it again.



"How did you find me?" My voice becomes weak.

Instead of answering me, he throws me a mischievous smirk.

A knock sounds on my locked door. All my senses leave my body and only horror remains behind.

"Your Mother is here." He informs me and ends up surprising me out of my mind. ¹

The knock sounds again, louder this time. I jump in my spot and rush to him, grabbing his arm and pulling him to his feet.

"Hide! For fuck's sake find a spot and hide while I answer the door! She must not see you. Do you understand?!" I utter under my breath, pushing him towards the window.

Gesturing him to hide behind the curtains, I rush to the door. Taking a deep breath, I unlock the door and pull it slightly open with a rapidly beating heart.



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