

Chapter 24

The penthouse suite of the pack house which the prince now inhabited had a full-length mirror. The only times I saw a full-length mirror were the few times I went shopping with Celeste.

I took my time to look at myself in the mirror, appraising myself from head to toe. My clothes were blander than my face. Brown eyes and dark brown hair, a small nose, pouty pink lips and a slim jaw.

My chest was a handful at most but I suppose it would be half a handful to the prince. My stomach was flat not because I worked out but because I never had a full belly. No pronounced hips but I think they would have to do. Maybe they weren't wide and full like Claudia's but they were fitting.

I shook my head, wondering why I was doing a body appraisal when we had to ready lunch soon. Claudia's words got to me when they shouldn't have. She could never be with Valens whether her body could accommodate him or not. He couldn't be with another woman besides from me since we mated. His body would not respond to another's the way it responded to me.

I shuddered to think of what would happen if – if he met a woman whose body responded to like it did to me. It didn't always happen but sometimes even wolves that were already mated met someone who wasn't their mate but made them feel comfortable and relaxed enough to break the sacred bond of mating.

My mind flashed to Clover and my heart skipped a beat. He'd been with Clover before. There was no way a man like him would be with a woman like her without knowing her body intimately. The way she

spoke to him even showed they had a much deeper relationship than I would like. She was more informal with him than Jabari who was his best friend and besides from a tangle in the sheets, how else could they have developed such a relationship?

“What are you thinking of?” My eyes snapped up to catch tumultuous grey ones.

The legend said he had dark eyes like coal but he didn't. When he was relaxed – which he rarely ever was – he had beautiful grey eyes. When he was disturbed, the grey turned cold but anger – anger made his eyes turn pitch black almost like a demon possessed him. It made me wonder how that legend had been formed; how many people had seen him angry to the point where they assumed his natural state was anger.

“What do you think about my body?” I asked in a quiet, soft voice.

“It is suitable.” I swallowed at his rough, emotionless words.

“Suitable?” I looked at myself in the mirror. Maybe if I ate a little more, I could put on a bit of weight and gain some curves to ‘accommodate’ my mate.

“When the time comes, you will carry my pups.” My heart fell at that.

“Is that all you care about?”

“What more should I care about?”

Me! I wanted to scream at him. ‘Care about me.’ But I said nothing because I wasn't used to making any sound. I made myself available when people needed me and I disappeared when they didn't need me. I didn't speak when not spoken to even if I wanted to.

“My legacy is important to me,” he added after a few seconds of silence.

“Do you not desire me as a man desires a woman?” The words escaped from my mouth before my brain could catch up. His brows raised at that point as I kept looking at him through the mirror. He stood so close to

me that I could feel his body heat against my back, so warm and inviting to the point where my wolf wanted to burrow herself into his arms.

He looked at me with uninterested eyes. We hadn't been together since the night he took me and made me his for the rest of our lives. He never looked at me as if he wanted me, as if he desired me as more than a curse breaker.

Didn't they say wolves spent weeks locked up in their room once they mated, exploring and getting familiar with each other's bodies? Weren't we supposed to feel the urge to be intimate at every point?

"I want to be buried inside you all the time. When I'm working, I'm thinking of you. When you pass by, I'm instantly hard because of your scent. Standing here behind you, I want to bend you over and sink into your warmth." My heart beat from my throat fast and hard as he spoke with his usual calm voice but I held his gaze and I could see his eyes darken with desire as every word dropped from his mouth.

"Then – then why don't you?" I stuttered, feeling overwhelmed and hot all over.

"Because that's just the mate bond speaking." It felt like someone dumped a bucket of ice water on me, drenching me from head to toe. Tears stung my eyes at his cold words. His eyes were back to their normal cold ones as if I imagined the desire in them a few seconds ago.

"So, you don't want me."

"Would you like me to tell you how many different positions I want to put you in or did I not just tell you your body is suitable?" He sneered at me.

"What I mean is – What you mean is I am not your type." When I looked at myself again, I wondered what man would be attracted to me, skinny as I was.

Claudia had all the right curves. She had a full chest that she never shied away from showing the world, making sure one or two of her buttons were popped on her shirt before she stepped out. Her hips were wide and round. She was the perfect height too. She was the type of woman men wanted.

He didn't answer me, just kept staring at me until I smiled an awkward smile.

"I may not be your type but the goddess knows us better than we know ourselves."

"Whatever." He turned to leave but I gripped his hand. His brows raised again, no doubt marveling at my audacity.

"Tell me something. How many pups will you put in me?" He sucked in a sharp breath or it must have been my imagination because he looked no different from how he did a few seconds ago to show if he was shocked at my words or not.

"You will give me a boy and a girl first." I shuddered at the conviction in his words. He sounded as if he could decide or dictate what child I had first.

"Is that so?" My core warmed when he put a possessive hand on my stomach as if he could feel a baby flipping in there. "Do you want to put them in me right now?"

"If you're horny, you don't have to use such tactics for me to take you." His words were raspy as he spoke, pushing my shirt to one corner to show the mark he put on me. His mark. "Open your legs." His hands probed my thighs. I widened my stance at his command.

He pushed my panty to the side, touching me. "As I thought." He buried his face in my neck as he said that. "You're wet for me." His middle and ring finger rubbed lazy circles against my clit as he spoke.

He left open-mouthed kisses along the back of my neck as his fingers worked me. “I love how responsive you are to my touch.” I jerked when a finger slipped through my wetness into me. “I love knowing no other man can coax these sounds from your lips.” I realized then that I was panting, muttering his name and ‘please’ at intervals. “Especially your bastard lover.” He remembered something nasty, pushing another finger roughly into me.

He pulled off my dress, flinging the material away. He worked off my bra with his fingers jackhammering into me. His leg kicked my feet further apart as he bent me forward.

I braced myself with my hands against the wall in front of me. I heard rustling and the sound of a zipper then I felt the head of his erection. He rubbed himself all over my opening after withdrawing his fingers.

“Goddess – please –“ my words were a messy blur. Sweat formed on my forehead despite the strong air conditioning in the suite. Rather than penetrate me, he continued to rub his erection against my opening until I was screaming my pleas, my legs quivering on the ground. His hand on my waist held me up firmly.

He pushed into me inch by inch until he was completely sheeted inside me. I felt him deep inside me, pulsing. His hand locked around my waist, his other hand squeezing my breast. “Fuccck.” He moaned when he was fully inside me.