

Chapter 38

I waited for Valens but he was taking longer than usual to arrive.

After I surprisingly succeeded in freeing Beta Strauss, I ran into Lucien. He was frankly the last person I wanted to run into in this lifetime or the next. I tried to pretend he wasn't there but he rushed at me and engulfed me in a bone-crushing hug that made my back crack. Thankfully, training with Valens taught me how to get out of his hold. I wriggled free of his hold just as Jabari showed up. Jabari glared at him so hard that he scampered off.

I tightened my robe around myself as I waited for Valens. I wanted to get into my pajamas and just go to sleep but I felt I had to appease him for releasing Beta Strauss against his orders. I had to soften him up for when I broke the news to him and if I knew Valens, the thing he liked most in the world, more than his duty and his pride, was s3x.

At around midnight, when my eyes were dropping from exhaustion, I heard our suite door open. I sat upright, my skin heating in the dimly lit room, while I held my robe, closed with my hand.

He dropped his jacket into the chair by the door once he came in, then his eyes raised to look at me. I held my robe tighter, feeling self-conscious. The lock clicked softly as he closed the door behind him without saying a word to me, his eyes on mine.

His stare was so intense but I didn't take my eyes off him. I couldn't take my eyes off him as I felt as if he'd captivated me with just his looks, magnetizing me to him and drawing me into a world where only him existed.

“Did you obey?” His words were low, sultry, and coupled with the heat from his stare, they made my body heat up. There was nothing sexy about his words but the domineering way in which he said them made my throat close up and my breath shorten. My wolf panted inside me, breathless.

I nodded in reply to his questions with my heart doing backflips and leaping about. I couldn't tell if I swallowed in fear or excitement when he strode forward. His long legs ate up the distance in a few strides and then he was standing before me.

He got into the bed, kneeling, and took my hand off my robe. It didn't immediately fall open so he spread it himself. I felt him freeze when he caught sight of the flimsy lace material covering my breasts. His hand fell to my chest, dipped into the lace material to fondle and caress me.

He leaned forward. I leaned backwards until my back hit the headboard. My eyes started to flutter shut when he leaned closer. I felt his breath on my face and my heart thudded faster and my skin heated the more.

Then he kissed me.

It wouldn't be the first time or the tenth time we kissed but it turned out to be the most memorable of all the kisses we had shared. His lips covered mine in a soft, tentative manner as if he was shy and had never kissed anyone before but I knew better.

His kisses were always dominating but when he kissed me then, he took things slowly, his lips whispering against mine, tongue touching mine in a seductive dance. My heart threatened to burst, as did my head. I couldn't breathe. My body shivered beneath his touch. His hand rubbed my nipple in lazy circles as he stole the breath from my lungs.

I pulled away first, unable to breathe due to the intensity and lack of oxygen that made my head swirl. I pulled away with a gasp. I heard him

chuckle when I took a much needed breath. When I raised my head, I was once again caught in the intensity of his gaze.

“You’re mine.” He’d said the same words to me countless times but they had a more forceful tinge in them. A frightening look crossed his eyes but it passed before my brain registered what it was.

“You’re mine,” he repeated, his hand holding my face up, his thumb stroking my jaw.

“I’m yours,” I affirmed. A small smile drew up the side of his lips.

“I know.” He withdrew from me and my wolf let out a low whine. I’d been trapped between him as he knelt on the bed but he moved to sit up in bed beside me.

“Model it for me.” He spoke to the space in front of him.

“What?” I blurted out before my brain processed what he wanted me to do. Earlier self-consciousness sprang up and colored my cheeks, burning me from inside.

“Take off your robe and get off the bed. Put on a show, Sagira.” He turned to me with a familiar small smile. His smile unnerved me because it had no joy in it.

Shrugging off my robe, I got out of bed. He put his hands behind his head and gave me all his attention. My wolf purred at the attention but I wished he’d look somewhere else so I felt less self-conscious.

There wasn’t any reason to be ashamed. I didn’t have a bad body. I had a few scars on my back which he never complained about. He liked my body, had moaned that into my ears as he released in me countless times.

No reason to be self-conscious.

I took a deep breath and straightened up. Confidence was easier thought about than projected.

Feeling awkward, I walked from one side of the room to another, mimicking a slow strut.

“Stop.” I paused at the blatant order. “Turn around.” I started to obey again when he added, “Slowly.” I turned around as slowly as I could, feeling my cheeks warm but not from embarrassment this time. When I faced him again, he was unbuckling his belt and unbuttoning his trousers, a bulge straining against the black material of his trousers.

“Take off your bra.” His words were thick, his eyes hooded.

This time, he didn’t need to tell me to take it slow. I reached behind me to unclasp my bra, working it off slowly. His eyes did not once stray from my movement as I slid the straps down my arms and let the material flop to the ground.

He cupped his erection for a second before he moved, his eyes still on me as he got out of bed and came to stand behind me. One hand came up from behind to fondle my breasts while the other dipped into my lacy red panties.

A breathy gasp escaped my throat when he pressed his lips into my neck. His lips flicked against my mating mark and my body quivered from head to toe. Besides from my clit, my mating mark was the most sensitive part of my body and it was only sensitive when my mate caressed it. Anyone else touching it would only cause me to be irritated.

“Are you enjoying this?” He asked and I gave a slight nod. “You don’t need to answer that.” His fingers breached my opening, pushing into me. “My fingers are coated in your juices.” Two of his fingers played inside me, his thumb rubbing my clit, his other hand squeezing my breast and his mouth sucking at his mark on me. The stimulation was too much. My

legs went weak underneath me. His hands withdrew from my breast to hold me up by my waist.

Just one more.

I just needed one more firm rub and his mouth on my mark to tip me off the edge but he withdrew and left me hanging, panting his name.

“Why did –”

“Get on the bed,” came his hoarse command, cutting me off. I moved on shaky legs and scrambled into the bed. “Spread your legs.” I obeyed without thought, my womanhood clenching. The cool air hitting my sex dulled a bit of the pre-orgasm frenzy.

My heart beat from my throat when he reached into his pants and pulled out his member. I swallowed thickly. His member jutted straight out, leaking in his hands. I watched in anticipation as he stroked it.

“Touch yourself,” he said to me.

“W – what?” My body already readied itself to receive him but he –

“Touch yourself slowly. I want to watch you pleasure yourself.”

Pushing my soaked panties aside, my right hand dropped to my womanhood while the left grabbed my breast, my eyes fluttering shut.

“Open your eyes.” His hoarse words were a seductive command that made my eyes fluttered open to hold his as I rubbed my clit with him jerking off at the edge of the bed.

Soon, we were caught in a frenzy as we neared the edge. I rubbed faster, crying out his name, while he muttered harsh words, his hand moving faster up and down his erection.

“Fuccck.” He drew out.

I came first, screaming his name, my eyes closing as I exploded. Then I heard footsteps, another expletive before I felt him.

His release landed on me, coating my stomach and thighs. Ropes and ropes of cum marking me as his. He muttered, groaned, cursed, jerking faster, squeezing out the last drop of his release on my thigh.

“You’re mine, Aysel.” He collapsed beside me, his erection still straining.