

97 His To Claim (18+)

Eve

My wet body was sensitive to every contact of his hard body on mine. Yet, through the haze of my horror, confusion and arousal, I pushed hard against his chest. "You must be out of your fucking mind!" I ground out through gritted teeth.

He let out a dark chuckle that sent sparks through my skin. "Maybe, I am." He said easily.

"Let me go!" I snapped. "Now!"

But he did the opposite, he brought his face down and his hot breath fanned across my ear. "You fight me," he murmured, "Yet, you respond to me. Your body betrays you, Red." His voice was low, hypnotic, dripping with the kind of confidence that made my knees weak despite my fury. "You are shivering."

My face heated. He had a point there. I was shivering despite the heat in the space. I shoved harder, my palms flat against his chest, my nails biting into his skin. "Get off me," I hissed, even though my heart raced and my body trembled, betraying my resolve.

Despite my struggling, he used one hand to tilt my head up to him. His dark eyes locked onto mine, a storm swirling in their depths. "If you can let another man touch your body, then I have to own it."

I tried to twist away, but his strength was undeniable, his grip unyielding. He was close enough that I could feel every ridge of muscle against me, his scent—a dangerous mix of cedar and smoke—invading my senses.

"You're a bastard," I growled, refusing to let him see the chaos he was stirring within me. When did I become this person? Where did that timid prisoner go? I could not recognize my own voice. He always managed to awaken something primal in me. 1

His lips curved into a wicked grin. "Perhaps," he said, his voice a teasing drawl.

I swallowed hard, glaring at him despite the warmth pooling in-between my legs. If I was so defiant, why would my body not defy him. "You don't own me," I spat, my voice trembling with both anger and something I refused to name.

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His smile faltered, his gaze darkening, a tinge of red corrupting the stormy grey swirls of his eyes. When he spoke his voice was reverberating like another entity spoke the words alongside him. "No, but you're mine all the same." His words were like a claim, a brand searing itself onto my soul.

Abruptly, he let me go and pulled me under the shower head. He turned it on and warm water drenched us. I had not yet computed what had just happened before I felt the loofah on my arm. 1

I blinked, flabbergasted. The loofah trainer from my arms to my thigh. Was he...

I tried to turn around and demand what he was doing but he held my back to his body. Warm water cascaded over us, steam rising between our bodies, but it was nothing compared to the heat radiating from his touch. The loofah moved in slow, deliberate circles against my arm, the coarse texture grazing my skin, awakening every nerve.

"Stay still," he murmured, his voice a rough caress against my ear. His chest was firm against my back, his heartbeat a steady drum that I couldn't ignore. I should have felt anger—humiliation, even—but instead, I was caught in the pull of

The loofah traveled downward, gliding over my ribs, tracing the curve of my waist. I bit my lip hard, trying to suppress the gasp threatening to escape. My breath hitched as it ventured to my thigh, his grip firm on my hip, holding me against him as though I might disappear if he let go.

"What the hell are you doing?" I finally managed, my voice barely above a whisper, shaky and uneven.

"Taking care of you," he said simply, as though the act was the most natural thing in the world. "You're filthy, Red. Let me fix that." 2

The nickname sent a shiver through me again, though I couldn't tell if it was from annoyance or something far more dangerous. His hand guided the loofah upward, over my hip, then slowly down the back of my thigh. My knees buckled slightly at the sensation, but his arm wrapped around my waist, steadying me.

"Easy," he whispered, the vibration of his voice rumbling through my spine. His free hand rested flat against my stomach, not wandering but anchoring me in place. The gesture should have been controlling, but instead, it felt protective. Infuriatingly so.

The water plastered my hair to my skin, droplets running over my shoulders and trailing down between us. I felt every single one of them like they carried the weight of his gaze, the heat of his breath still fanning my neck. The loofah traveled back to my arm, then over the curve of my collarbone, lingering just long enough to make my heart race.

"This isn't fair," I hissed, closing my eyes tightly as I tried to will my body into obedience. "You can't —"

"Can't what?" he interrupted, his voice dangerously low. "Wash my wife?" 2

His words hit harder than I expected, and my eyes snapped open. The loofah fell away, discarded to the side as his fingers replaced it. They traced the line of my jaw, then skimmed over the curve of my shoulder, sending another wave of tingling heat coursing through me.

I swallowed thickly, my voice failing me. My body betrayed every ounce of defiance I wanted to muster, leaning into his touch, craving it despite my better judgment.

"You're trembling," he murmured again, this time softer, almost reverent. "But it's not fear, is it?"

The challenge in his tone made my heart lurch. I turned my head slightly, just enough to meet his eyes, which burned with an intensity that stole the air from my lungs. "You're wrong," I whispered, though I didn't even believe the words.

He leaned closer, his lips brushing against my ear, and the world seemed to narrow to just the two of us, the heat of the water and the unbearable pull of his presence. "Prove it," he said, his voice a dare, a promise, a threat all at once.

And at that moment, I didn't know whether I wanted to fight him or fall entirely. "How?" I asked, my voice breathier than I would have liked. The fact that I could not see him, made every point of contact more alarmingly sensual.

"I will check, Red,"

"Check?"

"Check if you are wet for me," he clarified leisurely but the way his cock hardened against my back told me it was just front. Pretence. He barely hung on to control. He rocked himself slightly against me, and I felt him strain.

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Wild and dark desire unfurled in my lower abdomen but I gritted my teeth. "That will not be happening."

"What?" He asked, teasing. "You're afraid that it will prove that you want me to take you. That I will find your pussy drenched, ready and have you clenching around my fingers like a slut?" He whispered harshly before taking my ear between his teeth and biting.

The insult should have made me angry, instead it heated up my blood and filled me with more arousal. I whimpered and arched against him. "Stop it," I growled. I hated the way my body reacted to him, the way his touch unraveled my resolve. Every brush of his lips, every graze of his hands was a betrayal of my own will. Yet, I couldn't move away. Couldn't escape the trap I had willingly stepped into.

"Stop lying to yourself," he murmured against my ear, his lips grazing the sensitive shell with maddening softness. His hand splayed across my stomach, fingers teasing the line where fabric would have been if we weren't both drenched and bare. His other hand slid up, fingertips tracing the curve of my neck, thumb resting just beneath my jaw. The touch was possessive, claiming yet gentle enough to make my knees

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I clenched my teeth, shaking my head as if that would somehow dispel the haze he was wrapping around me. "You're insufferable," I spat, though the words lacked the bite I intended. My voice was soft, breathless, betraying the war waging within me.

He chuckled darkly, his breath hot against my skin. "And you're irresistible," he countered, his hand finally dipping lower, brushing against the curve of my hip, then sliding inward, his fingers teasingly close to where I ached for contact. The anticipation was maddening, every nerve in my body alight with tension, every inch of my skin hypersensitive to his proximity.

"I hate you," I whispered instead, my voice cracking under the weight of my own emotions.

"Fuck..." He growled, more animalistic than usual, "You are soaked for me." He rocked himself against me again, his cock growing hotter and hotter that it was unbearable.

His fingers were not idle, far from it. His thumb pushed against my swollen clit, using my own moisture to glide against it. The two fingers invading my pussy began to pump in and out of me. I let out a needy moan and squirmed against him. His fingers filled me so well, so perfectly like they were meant buried in me. My head was spinning with pleasure. He was relentless, his other hand coming up to tease my breasts. I groaned from the pressure. My nipples hardened, my whole body bucking against him.

"That's it, Red," He coaxed. "Feel it. Ride it. Let me take you." He groaned and twisted my nipple.

With each thrust of his fingers, I was pulled closer to the edge and I could do nothing but grind myself against his hand. "Come on, baby. Take your husband's fingers like a good little wife."

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My mouth was opened and moans escaped me unbridled. The heat in my abdomen grew, until it was an inferno. I screamed as I came, my walls clamping down on his fingers. I felt him tense further, letting out a throaty groan. "Fuck, Red. You almost snapped my fingers off." He teased, his words jagged with hunger. "You want my cock so bad, don't you?" I could not even utter a word. 4

When I came down from my high, I was done with his teasing, he had proven that I craved him and I would return the favor. Suddenly, I twisted my hand behind me and wrapped it around his still throbbing cock.

He let out an animalistic groan that sounded like a beast in pain and I was slammed against the bathroom wall. I opened my eyes tentatively to see him glaring down at me, his jaw tight and his nose flared. "You don't know what you are doing!" He snarled. "If my control splitters, no amount of begging or pushing will stop me from fucking and rutting you like a whore." 8