

Chapter 39 - Denying the Alpha

“Which side of the bed did you want,” Kyle asks. We are both just standing at the end of the bed, staring. This is not quite how I imagined my first time crawling into bed with a man. I imagined a little more heat, tousled hair, smeared lipstick, ripping clothes of a hot hard body, buttons pinging off left and right, you know that sort of thing.

I chose not to answer him because the more we discuss it, the less romantic it is. I kick my shoes off and climb into the bed. I settle myself under the covers and pull my dress up over my head and throw it on the floor. I keep the sheet tucked under my chin to hide myself. Kyle cocks an eyebrow at me.

“Well, are you going to get in?” I keep myself covered, but I still manage to pull back the far corner of the blanket. He hastily unbuttoned his shirt and dropped his pants. He stood before me in silky green boxers. What is with this man and silk? I wondered.

He flashed me a cheeky smile and climbed in quickly behind me.

I let out a small squeak when his big strong arm wrapped around my waist and pulled me firmly against his rock-hard body.

He was so warm. My eyes started to drop as I lost my battle to my tiredness, but not before I got one last, long, lingering inhale. His scent was so damn amazing. It was like falling asleep in a library by a warm fire. I wondered again what I smelt like to him.

Tender lips pressed sweetly to my temples.

Mmm, I moaned into the sweet caress of my mate.

“Good morning, beautiful”, he uttered softly, his breath blowing gently through the waves of my hair. So, this is what it felt like to be held lovingly by a man destined just for you. Any other morning to come would pale in comparison. Any other morning, he has already been no longer mattered. I wanted to exist in this moment of time.

“Good morning, my mate”, I whispered softly. It felt wrong to make a sound.

“My mate?” Kyle tested the words for himself. It’s only sounded sweeter when he said them. “Hm, I like that.” He hums.

“I like you.” I snuggle deeper into his broad chest.

Girl, please, you're so smooth you put jazz to shame. Sapphire encourages me. Gosh, she knows how to get me flustered.

Not as flustered as Kyle does though, I bet. I wish she would tease me right now.

My nose tickles a little as I accidentally inhale one or two tiny hairs from the light patch of hair on his naked chest. I'm embarrassed to have ruined such a pure moment with a sneeze.

I'm so lost in this feeling that I even enjoy the small vibrations as he chuckles to himself.

I tilt my head just enough to kiss the bottom of his chiseled jaw. I find that it's impossible to stop at one and place a few more.

In a snap of movement, Kyle is on top of me, his body weight bearing down on mine, it's not enough to hurt me, but I can feel his friend standing alert against my thigh. Both of my wrists are secured in one of his hands above my head, his lips part mere millimeters above my own. I wait for his kiss, but all he does is linger. I can't wait anymore, and I raise my head just enough that my limbs brush against his. I kiss him again, and I can't help but smile against his lips as I do.

I'm a whisk of passion. His lips crash hard onto mine. His tongue dips and dances against my own. I can taste and feel this man everywhere. Our limbs were so entangled it was like we were one and the same. I nip at his bottom lip with my teeth, and both Sapphire and I enjoy the way it makes him growl for us.

His big strong hand's loop around the band of my undies.

I take it quickly and press it against my thigh before he has a chance.

"Don't", I pant. I'm out of breath. "Look, I'm enjoying this, but I'm a virgin. I'm saving myself for the night I allow a man to mark me. I still don't know your secret. I don't know if you ever plan to mark me. I'm not ready." I confess. I am disappointed to have ruined such a steamy moment but so proud that I remembered the things that I wanted and that I was still willing to hold out for them.

His hand let go of my panties. His eyes open his stunning green eyes stare into my own.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to get so carried away. You look so stunning. And when I tasted you, well, let's just say Duke and me, we went a little crazy wanting more. But there is and never will be any pressure." he pecks my cheek quickly and roll off me.

He pulls me onto his chest, and I lay against it, drawing little patterns in the soft patch of hair.

I wait for him to say something more about his secret, but he doesn't. I just want to know what it is already so that we can move past it. Whatever it was, I'm sure it's something that I can forgive. It was before me, after all, but we can only do that if he lets us, and right now, he isn't.

"Do you like chest hair or something." He asks as his arm wraps around me, and he lets his fingers draw little patterns on my skin of his own.

I'm disappointed, but I try not to let it affect me. I don't want to let it ruin this moment.

"No, actually, I don't. Well, not until I saw you without a shirt on. It's oddly attractive and a little confusing. I only say that because I had no idea that I found it sexy until now." This mate bond was indeed the most powerful thing I have ever experienced.

"Hmm", he groans thoughtfully.

"Would you like to go get breakfast?" Kyle asks, breaking the trance. My tummy rumbled as if seeking his approval. What a traitor, I thought of my body.

"Yes," I told him.

"Let's go eat then." He slips out from

Beneath me. I don't get up right away and instead take the time to enjoy just watching him be as he moves around the room getting ready.

"Aren't you going to get ready he asks?"

I glance at my dress on the floor at the side of the bed. Should I ask him to pass it to me? Or should I bravely get out of the bed in my bra and panties, exposing my body to him?

Flaunt it. Sapphire practically screams at me. She desperately wants to tease him. It's easy for her to say. She wasn't as self-conscious as I was.

Okay. Okay. I'll do it. I have never regretted a promise so fast in my life.

I feel my palms begin to sweat. I'm so nervous.

He's, our mate. He likes you; I can tell. Just go for it before I take control and do it myself. Sapphire threatens me impatiently. I wipe my hands quickly and discreetly,

"Yes, of course, I'm coming," I say. I flick the covers off and expose my body to him. I try not to think about it as I slip out of bed.

I walk slowly over to my dress and pick it up off the floor. I try my best to remain casual and sexy as I let my arms slip through the top and let the dress fall down around my

body. I smooth my hands over my bottom, fringing at innocently straightening it up. I'm just trying to draw his attention to my booty.

I feel him sneak up behind me.

His hand smacks my butt, not gently but not so hard that it stings. I am surprised by how much this turns me on. His arm wraps around my waist. As his teeth graze my neck, he pulls back enough that his lips are at my ears.

"Don't tease me", he warns.

I almost beg him to throw me back into that bed and have his way, but I don't. Again, I feel proud of myself.

"Let's go eat," I say to him instead. I pull his hand from my waist and wrap my fingers through his and tug him towards the door.

He follows me from the room, and we walk to breakfast hand in hand. I ignore the whispers as we walk past others. They will find out soon enough.

"Can we still go on that run?" We never went to go last night, but I remain hopeful we can change that today.