

## 7. Questions

\*\*\*Guinevere\*\*\*

"Who said anything about mates?" he chuckles, sliding me off his lap, a mischievous grin on his lips.

I stare at him in shock as he gets to his feet and walks towards the stream, never once looking back at me. My eyes suddenly burn with tears, hurt that he could walk away so easily from me while I struggle to keep my heart from racing in his presence. My body craves his touch and mourns the absence of his fingers caressing my skin.

Had the pull been stronger on me than on him? Was I so easy to reject and forget?

My mind reels and I can't stop myself from blurting out my thoughts to him.

"S-so that's it?" I ask quietly, desperately trying to hide the hurt in my voice. My tears betray me and I feel my heart break in two. "You're just going to let me go? You're just going to walk away from me?"

Was I not worth fighting for?

He stops in his tracks and turns on his heel to face me. In the blink of an eye, he's standing right in front of me, his hot breath brushing up against my lips.

"Never," he murmurs, cupping my cheeks in his hands. His perfect lips curve into a grin. "I'm just following your commands. You said no mates, Little Red," he laughs, tucking some of my hair behind my ears. "And Mates ... they steal kisses under the moonlight..." he whispers, his eyes landing on my lips, my breath hitching as he parts them with his thumb. "They touch each other..." he adds, his fingers dancing down my collarbone and over my rain-soaked nightgown. My nipples come to attention, aching to be suckled on and rolled between his thumbs. "They make each other laugh..." He smiles, staring into my eyes and challenging me to giggle.

I hate that my cheeks flush under his gaze as I struggle to hold back my giggle. My blush deepens as I accidentally snort like a pig and he bursts into laughter. I'm about to run away in embarrassment when he trails his hand down my arms and interlocks our fingers, his large hand engulfing mine.

"Such tiny little witch hands," he chuckles.

I roll my eyes at him. "But I can still hex you with them," I mutter.

His stupid grin returns to his lips and he leans his forehead against mine. I can't help but close my eyes and breathe in his scent. He smells of rain and earth, my two favorite smells and I take a moment to drink him all in.

"Mates..." he continues, wrapping his arms around my waist and pulling me to his chest. "They make each other feel safe..."

Tears line my eyes again as he kisses my forehead. It had been so long since I felt safe with any man and yet in Salvador's arms, I feel as though no harm could ever come my way. I was protected from danger. I was safe.

He starts to pull away and I hang onto him a little longer, not wanting this feeling to fade away.

"Mates are a gift," he whispers, nally breaking free from my embrace. "But I guess that's not something you're interested in."

He looks dejected when I don't contradict him and it takes everything in my power to keep from running back into his arms and telling him exactly what I wanted from him. But I couldn't.

I couldn't let my heart fall in love again. Not after Roman, no matter how charming, or handsome Salvador may be. I would never let another man take my heart.

"I guess not," I reply quietly.

A cool breeze rushes past us, my skin tingling with goosebumps as I shiver and rub my arms.

"You're cold," he says, breaking the awkward silence that had settled between us.

"No s\*\*t, Sherlock," I mutter, trying to avoid eye contact with him. "I should get back to the Pack house," I add, nodding in the direction of the Blood Moon mansion.

I try to push past him but he grabs my arm and pulls me towards him. Sparks tingle up and down my skin and for a brief moment, my mind turns to mush. I remind myself that I had to stop this and open my mouth to protest when I'm suddenly lifted off my feet, my legs instinctively wrapping around his waist as he carries me to the large oak tree. The cold leaves my bones at once, replaced by the warmth of his skin. He sets me down and steps back a bit.

"Take off your gown," he instructs, a towel materializing in his hands.

I consider telling him to f\*\*k off but realize he had brought me under the tree to shield me from the rain and help me dry off. Another blush ushes my cheeks at his thoughtfulness.

He starts to turn away but I want him to watch me undress. He had been taunting me with his rippling muscles and exquisitely nude body. It was my turn to tease him.

I lock eyes with him, keeping him mesmerized as I slowly remove the dress from my shoulders. His eyes watch as I pull the fabric over my head before landing on my twin peaks, both nipples part and aching for his touch. I have always been self-conscious about the size of my breasts and fight the urge to conceal them. They were small and unimpressive, yet he looked at them as if they were the most perfect little mounds his eyes had ever seen.

Liking his attention, I grow bolder and play with the fabric of my panties before pulling them down to my ankles and stepping out of them. I take the towel from him and he bites his lip to hold back a groan as I carefully wipe every inch of my body.

"I'm cold," I whisper, wanting to feel the warmth of his skin.

My plea works like a charm, Salvador rushing to take me in his arms again so that I can wrap myself around him. He stares intently at the ground behind me and as I turn to peak, I find a small tent pitched up stuffed with warm blankets and pillows.

"What is that?" I mumble like an idiot.

"You said you were cold," he murmurs back, carrying me inside and setting me down on a cloud of fluffy blankets.

He settles down on the opposite side of the tent, clearly making sure there was plenty of space between us. Despite my better judgement, however, I climb out of the blankets and curl up by his side, wrapping my arms around his stomach and laying my head on his chest. At first, he remains perfectly still, as if he were unsure how to proceed but as I pepper kisses on his chest, his body begins to relax. He hooks his arm around my back, pulling into him and inhaling the scent of my hair.

"You know for someone who wants nothing to do with me, you sure do like to touch me," he chuckles, tracing patterns on my skin.

"Not a word, Salvador," I snap, burying my head in his chest and inhaling his earthy scent. "Just shut up and hold me."

He smirks and lays his head back on a pillow, holding me close to his chest and playing with my hair. I close my eyes and almost drift off to sleep when his voice jolts me awake.

"Let's play a game..." he whispers into my hair.

"What game?" I groan, just wanting to sleep in his arms.

Salvador rolls on top of me, spreading my thighs apart with his knees and settling between my legs. My breath hitches as I feel his hard member press up against my thigh. He leans in close to my face so that our lips almost touch.

"I ask a question and if you answer truthfully," he smirks, leaning towards my ear. "I'll reward you," he adds, pulling back to look at me.

He traces his fingers along my thigh, my brain turning to mush as he comes closer and closer to my already wet core.

I glare at him. I didn't want to answer questions. I just wanted my reward.

Wanting to ruin his plan, I prop myself on my elbows and lean in to try and steal a kiss. He's too fast however, and instantly pulls back out of my reach. I growl at him in annoyance and he responds with a laugh.

"Ask your stupid question," I grunt.

His lips curve into a grin of victory.

"Okay," he laughs, kissing the tip of my nose. "We'll start with something easy. How old are you?" He asks, tilting his head to the side innocently.

I keep my face calm as I panic internally. I was old enough to be his great grandmother's great grandmother.

"A lady never tells," I scoff.

"Perhaps," he shrugs. "But if you want your reward, I expect an answer." He adds, peppering kisses along my jaw.

I hesitate for a moment. Would the number scare him?

"346 years old..." I mutter, studying his face for a reaction.

I'm surprised when he doesn't give me one.

"I like my women older," he winks, making me giggle like a schoolgirl. "Now for your reward," he murmurs, leaning his face closer so our noses touch.

I gasp when our lips meet, sparks tingling across my face as he moves his mouth expertly over mine. He suckles on my top lip before plunging his tongue into my mouth, meeting mine for a dance. A tiny moan ripples down my throat as I lean into him, never wanting this kiss to end. My lungs burn for air but all I want are his lips on mine forever.

When he nally pulls away to let me breathe, I savor the tingling taste of his lips, regretting nothing. I would answer any of his questions just to get another kiss like that.

"I'm 21 by the way," he chuckles. "Just a tad bit younger," he laughs. His face grows serious again. "Okay, next question... body count. What is it?"

I stare at him in confusion. "I beg your pardon?"

His eyes crease from laughter. "Partners. How many s\*\*\*\*l partners have you had?"

Without thinking, I blurt out, "At once or all together?"

His grin deepens. "Well now you have to tell me both."

"Do I get two rewards, then?" I ask innocently, feeling my core tighten with need.

"That can be arranged," he smirks, leaning in to nibble on my bottom lip.

My cheeks become flushed in embarrassment and I stare at his bare chest, afraid to look at him.

"F-four at once," I smile nervously, some of my wildest nights flashing through my memory. "A-and I don't know... it's kind of hard to remember," I gulp, closing my eyes to hide my disgust.

It was true. I didn't know... I had been thrown in the Pit a handful of times, the drugs erasing whatever happened to me each time. I didn't know how many people had dealed my body. As for consensual encounters, I lost track years ago. It's not like I cared anyways. It was my body. I owed no one any explanations.

A tender kiss on my lips brings me out of my self-pity as Salvador gently kisses me.

"It's okay," he sighs. "Whatever happened before me doesn't matter," he murmurs.

I didn't realize I had been holding in my breath and sigh in relief that he did not think me a whore.

"I'm not as experienced," he adds, kissing his way down my chest. "But I'm an excellent student. All I need is a good teacher."

I can't stop my body from shivering with delight.

"My body count is three..." he adds with a blush.

That's sweet, I think to myself. He's not a man whore. He's chosen his partners carefully.

I bite my lip as he moves to reward me, taking my breasts in his hands and rubbing my nipples between his fingers. He icks his tongue over a peak, circling the throbbing pink bundle over and over again. I suck in my breath as he closes his lips over the bud, suckling it in his mouth and releasing it. He sucks on my nipple a little more, icking his tongue back and forth over it until I form a puddle between my thighs. Salvador switches to the other breast, slowly suckling on me until my breath runs ragged. I throw my head back, moaning as the pleasure builds up in my core.

He lifts his head back up and crashes his lips onto mine, my body exploding with the tingles of our bond.

"Who are you running from?" he whispers against my lips.

My blood runs cold as I remember the monster that started it all...