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KADE

It pained me to hear how she saw herself due to a lifetime of pain. It was a lifetime of people taking what they wanted from her while spitting on the broken body left behind.

My mother's story seemed to resonate with her because the shame and guilt that had been flooding her was overshadowed by determination and acceptance. Then she uttered words to me that lit my soul on fire which burned only for her. I had begun to heal her.

"So, what would you like to do about what we learned?" I asked her softly, hoping that it would not evoke the same reaction as before.

She played with the back of my hair while she thought about it. This was a big decision to make, and I would support whatever she chose to do. I could not begin to imagine what it must have been like this entire time to not remember anything.

That little bit of time that I remembered my mother was imprinted on me to this day. It helped make me into a man that I hoped that she would be proud of.

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Gabriel said that it frustrated her, but I bet that she never truly voiced how much it tore at her because I knew that it would do the same to me.

“I want to go there if only to let them know what happened. It’s the least that I can do for them. It’s fine if they don’t want anything more than the truth. It’s been thirteen years after all,” she said with a shrug.

The sad part of what she said was that she believed every word. At least it would be that way for the time being. It would probably change once she got over the shock of the news and especially once she had her memories back. I just hoped that they were good memories instead of ones like she had from here.

While I grew up differently than her, not all of my memories were great or good. Those memories would forever be etched into me within the scars they left behind. Scars that floated around in my subconscious and presided over my nightmares. However, the good did outweigh the bad, but that did not lessen their weight.

“Then we’ll go. Just let me know when you’re ready to do that, and we’ll make it happen,” I promised

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her.

She graced me with a breathtaking smile. I wanted to always receive smiles like that from her. My mate was beautiful inside and out. Relationships were a new thing to me, but I was determined to find a way to help reshape her personal perception of self-worth. My mate had worth in spades. She just needed to see that, and I would help her one way or another.

We took another few minutes to ourselves before we got back to it. I still wanted to take some time for us before tonight happened. It would be hard for both of us, but I was more worried about it being hard for her. The traitor would pay dearly, but he would not be granted reprieve. I would find out what he did to her, and then he would suffer even more because of it. The thought that one of my own men hurt my mate made my blood boil with unextinguishable rage.

We made our way back into the ballroom where everyone else was. Gabriel gave her a long look to which she just nodded in response. It was probably his way to ask if she was okay. They did not even need to speak to know what the other tried to convey. They were all the other had for ten long

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years. That type of companionship created its own language and understanding.

The Council joined us and told her that they stood behind whatever she wanted to do with them. She thanked them and wrapped my arms around her waist as we walked forward, seeking comfort. She knew what needed to be done, but she was not bloodthirsty. She did not delight in their pain like they did hers. However, she felt personally responsible for our people, and she would not let anything slide in relation to that.

She eyed each and every one of them, ensuring that she had their attention, and establishing that she was in charge right now. They no longer held any power.

“Tomorrow morning each of you will be taken to the courtyard where you’ll be punished for your crimes against this pack. Each person you took advantage of or harmed will have a chance to punish you for what you did to them. If you survive then it won’t be for long because you each chose to take from others what was never yours. You’ll just choose to harm someone else, and we can’t let that happen,” she said plainly before we turned around and walked away from them.

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We were both lost in our thoughts while we walked back to the house. Her emotions were tumbling around inside of her, but I would wait until she was ready to talk. I would always listen no matter what it was about.

Everyone watched us walk into the house, but they gave us space. I nodded to them, showing my appreciation. They all worried about her, loved her, and would do anything for her. That type of loyalty was special and impressive. They loved her freely because of the amazing person that she was.

She shut the door behind us and locked the door before turning back to me with a wicked smirk that promised trouble, and I would always love her kind of trouble. The look went straight to my cock. Her emotions were very clear right now. The lust crashing through her was enough to strain my cock against the zipper of my pants.

“I want to know what you taste like when you come,” she said simply as she stalked toward me with one mission in mind.

Elle lifted on my shirt. I took the hint and pulled it off me. Her eyes drank in my tattoos as if trying to memorize each one. The immediate smell of her

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arousal told me that she certainly approved.

Her fingers traced over some while her tongue traced her mark before she nipped it, causing me to groan at the sensation it caused. Then her lips kissed along my collarbone before moving downwards.

She licked over my nipple before gently biting it with her teeth. Holy fucking hell. The groan that left my lips showed her exactly what I thought about that. I never realized a man's nipples could cause any form of pleasure, but she just showed me the truth. She paid the other nipple the same attention but bit down harder.

"Fuck," I hissed, bucking my hips into her so that she could feel what she was doing to me.

She looked up at me through her eyelashes and just smirked, clearly enjoying this. I never wanted her to stop. Never had anyone ever touched me the way she was right now. Nobody had ever once elicited the same type of pleasurable response that I had to her.

Her fingers then followed the same path that her mouth had but ventured lower across my abs and around to my back. Fingernails scratched me there,

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and I shivered with anticipation. I wanted whatever she would give me. I had no limits when it came to her as long as nobody else was involved.

The button on my jeans was flicked open, the zipper coming down with ease. I went to pull my pants off, but she just swatted my hands away, sticking me with a glare which told me that this was her show. My pants slowly came off after my shoes did.

“Commando?” she asked curiously as she stared at my hardened cock.

“I was too distracted when I was getting dressed. There was a gorgeous vixen naked in the same room. How could I have thought straight?”

There was no response as she dropped to her knees in front of me. The moment that she licked her lips was my undoing. Hopefully, I would not embarrass myself by coming too quickly, but her mouth was heaven sent.

“Can you do something for me?” she asked, looking up at me with those beautiful doe eyes of hers which were framed with long lashes.

“What’s that?” I asked her, running my hand through her hair.

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“Don’t restrain yourself. I want you to take control and find your pleasure through me. I want to learn what you like no matter what that is.”

My eyes closed briefly as I took a steadying breath. I just nodded because I could not form words at the moment because her request temporarily broke my mind.

She eyed my cock with fascination and excitement. This was a new experience for her, and I was glad that this was a first that I could claim.

I was a goner the moment that her tongue darted out, licking along the slit. She moaned at the taste of my arousal. Her hand gently grasped my cock, running up and down the shaft. She was fascinated by it, and fuck, her touch was electrifying. Her tongue licked from the base of my shaft up to the tip, eliciting a low growl from me.

Her mouth eagerly took me in. The movements were calculated as she experienced this for the first time. She looked up at me as she hollowed her cheeks out.

“Fuck. Just like that,” I groaned.

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My hand rested on the back of her head to keep me from shoving myself into her throat. My cock never wanted to leave where it was right now.

One hand gripped the back of my thigh for support while the other continued moving in tandem with her mouth. Her tongue swiped around the knob, hitting that spot that drove me insane, causing me to thrust into her mouth. It did not deter her at all, but she did move her hand from my shaft to the back of my other thigh for leverage.

Each time she bobbed downwards, she took me in her mouth further and further. Watching my mate on her knees with her pretty mouth around my cock was a fantastic sight indeed. A rumble of approval left me as I watched her. She had absolutely no idea how tempting she was or how enticing her presence was. It did not matter if it was her scent, her appearance, her touch, or her voice. All of it called out to me in the best way possible.

It did not matter one damn bit if this was her first blowjob because this was fan-fucking-tastic. I could not even imagine it getting better, but it would as she learned what drove me crazy.

“Relax your throat, darling.”

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I thrust my hips towards her gently as she relaxed her throat. It only took a few thrusts for me to hit the back of it. The guttural groan that passed my lips as she hollowed out her cheeks was more animalistic than human.

My hand helped guide her head while I thrust into her mouth at the same time. Her arousal perfumed the room, showing me exactly what she thought about this. She enjoyed me taking control just like she asked me to do.

My balls started tightening, so I thrust faster as I chased my pleasure. I felt her awe as she watched what she was doing to me. As I came undone by her touch. She moaned around me once she felt my cock twitching. That was all it took for me to plunge over the edge. I threw my head back and let out a snarl as ribbons of cum shot down the throat of my mate.

She waited until I stopped twitching to pop off it. Her eyes never left mine as she swallowed every drop that was in her mouth. My thumb caught the single drop still on her lip before popping it in her mouth. She wasted no time cleaning it off.

“I can now safely say that you’re my favorite dessert,” she said with a gigantic smirk.

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I pulled her up off the floor and moved her to the bed. I just came, but her words shortened my rebound time greatly. My cock needed its other favorite home now.

“You can taste me whenever you want. Fucking hell. That was amazing, darling.”

She smiled with my praise, and I could tell that she was happy that I enjoyed it. I did not enjoy it because that word did not mean enough. It was nothing short of absolute bliss that I just experienced.

My hands my quick work of clothes before I tossed her on the bed. It made her delicious tits bounce and a giggle pop from her mouth.

I crawled up onto the bed and rested my forearms on either side of her head. Those beautiful blues looked at me as if I was everything that she needed, and I could honestly say that she was everything that I needed. It did not matter how little time we spent together or how much we knew about one another's pasts. Our connection was fortified, strong, and unbreakable. There would never be anyone who could replace her because she was my true completion.

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I swept the hair out of her face, tracing her lips with the pad of my thumb. Her lips kissed my thumb, and it solidified what I felt for her.

“I love you, darling. I know that it might seem too soon, and I don’t expect you to say it back, but I want you to know that.”

Her eyes widened a little with my declaration seconds before a light sheen filled them. Shock was hitting the bond like a jackhammer. Shit. Did I just jump the gun? Probably so. I opened my mouth to speak, but she just placed a finger over my lips.

“It doesn’t matter because I feel the same way. Little by little I was beginning to feel those things after we met, but it grew. I love you too,” she said with a smile.

Now, I understood her shock because I felt it too once she uttered those words to me. I had never been in love before or anywhere close to it. Loving her came naturally and would only continue to grow as our connection deepened. There would be bumps along the road, but we would get over them. They would only make us stronger.

My canines grazed over her neck, causing her to

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whimper. Her legs opened up, and I did not need any further hint of what she desired. I wanted to take my time and ease in slowly, but I could not with all of the need running through me. I slammed into her pussy which tore matching groans from us both. She was made just for me. Her body fit mine like a glove, and I never wanted to leave it.

“So wet for me,” I whispered into her ear. “Tell me what you want.”

I pulled out and thrust back in just as hard. Her nails dug into my back, trying to anchor herself in place.

Her walls stretched around me, trying to accommodate me. It was absolute heaven and was even better than our first and second time. Although, shower sex was pretty hot especially having to cover her mouth to hold those screams at bay. However, this room was soundproofed.

“Fuck me like you want to. Show me how much you want me,” she cooed to me.

“You were truly fucking made for me. Tell me if I get to rough. Okay?”

She nodded. A shiver of anticipation and excitement

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rolled down her spine. I picked her right leg and brought it over my hip while also telling her to bend her other knee out to the side. The moment that she was in position, I pulled all the way out before thrusting back in. It was hard but not fast. Not yet at least. I wanted to build it up, show her exactly what her body craved because mine did too. The pleasure and pain that mixed together to create the perfect blend of ecstasy.

My tongue circled her right nipple before bringing it into my mouth. She watched me intently while biting her bottom lip. The moans and whimpers spilling from that mouth was a soundtrack that I always wanted to hear. I bit down on the nipple and tugged it a little before releasing it from my mouth. Her eyes dropped to the left in anticipation. Who was I to deny a mate her desire? I paid the other one just as much attention before returning my attention to her mouth.

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck,” she hissed as I rotated my hips.

I pulled back some so that I could throw her leg over my shoulder. Her feral snarl told me all that I needed to know. She wanted me to show her how much I wanted her, so I did just that. My pace increased which only heightened her sensations

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right now. Her claws came out again, but it was intentional this time. She was beginning to learn what I liked just like I was learning what she did.

I pulled out of her which caused her to whimper, but I just smirked at her impatience.

“Hands and knees, darling,” I commanded.

She complied without hesitation whatsoever. Once she was in position, my hand came down on that delicious ass of hers. It elicited a moan which had me trying it on her other cheek. There were very beautiful red handprints on her cheeks that only turned me on more. I leaned down and ran my tongue over them to soothe the sting.

Her head turned to look at me over her shoulder, and I had never seen her eyes that dark until right now. She was running on pure animalistic lust, and so was I. We were each other’s perfect brands of exhilaration and excitement.

“This ass is mine. I won’t take it today, be one day, I will. Are you okay with that?” I asked her. It was okay if she said no. I would never do something without her consent.

“Yes. I trust you, Kade. I trust you with all of me.”

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“As I trust you with all of me too.”

I had no idea what I did right in life to be given a mate as perfect as her, but I would never spit on that. She would be loved and cherished every single day. I would not treat her like a glass doll, but I would treat her like the most valuable thing in the world because she honestly was.

I grabbed my cock and teased her clit just a little, slapping the head of my cock onto it. That had her cursing and her pussy dripping. It was very easy to get her wet, and I loved that fact. It made it much more pleasurable for her and me. If she was not wet enough then it would hurt her. Luckily, that was not an issue.

My cock was back where it belonged in one fluid thrust, making her cry out my name. This position made her feel me much differently. I gripped her hips as I thrust. It was not long before she began pushing her body back into my thrusts.

“Harder, please,” she moaned.

I sent a silent thank you up for this woman. I pulled all the way out before punching my hips forward as hard as I could, making her scream my name in

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praise. It was not long before she was close, and I needed to finish with her. My pace sped up until I was chanting her name on repeat.

“Come for me,” I growled out.

Her walls clamped down on my cock like a vice grip which milked me for every drop that I had. My mind took a moment to fix itself after that orgasm broke it. I gently pulled out of her and kissed her shoulder.

We both fell onto the bed, thoroughly satiated for now. I pulled her into my side and enjoyed what it felt like to have her in my arms. I finally understood what my grandparents and father talked about all these years when it came to the mate-bond. They became your everything. They became your home. Elle was my home, and no matter what happened in life, we could manage it as long as we had each other.

“I love you, darling,” I said, kissing her head.

“Love you too,” she replied, looking up at me with the brightest smile imaginable.