

# Rejecting My Lycan Mate: Finding My Wolf

## Chapter 8: CHAPTER FIFTY SIX Our First Kiss

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Madeline's POV

I wondered why Beta Will left. We were in the middle of a conversation and he just excused himself abruptly.

I wanted to ask him to tell me more about rogues. I wanted to ask him if there were any similarities between the attacks. I wanted to ask if they knew what the rogues wanted.

"Come here," Alpha Dimitri said as soon as Beta Will left the room.

I looked at him and my whole body shivered. I knew exactly why he told me that. He wanted me. He needed me. I could tell by the look in his eyes.

A weird, a bit ticklish feeling spread around my insides. I was suddenly hot and a little bit out of breath.

I approached him slowly, keeping my eyes on his the entire time. He kept gulping and clenching his jaw.

He grabbed my hand and pulled me onto his lap as soon as I was close enough. I straddled him and he gripped my waist tightly. I could feel something hard beneath me and I had to force myself to focus on something else. If that was what I thought it was...

I forced myself to focus on his dark eyes. I placed my hands on his shoulders and instinctively leaned more into him.

I wasn't sure if I was breathing.

"I know that I told you that I was going to kiss you tonight, but I can't fucking wait," he mumbled as he looked down at my lips.

A pleasurable shiver went down my spine. I wiggled in his lap a little and he growled.

“You need to stop doing that,” he said and my focus shifted back to the hard thing I felt under me.

I wanted to groan, but I stopped myself. The bond was calling me, pulling me toward him. The need I felt for him was indescribable. Knowing that he wanted me too, made it all so much more intense.

“Can I kiss you, Madeline?” he asked as he leaned in and brushed the tip of his nose against mine.

I tangled my fingers into his hair and my breathing picked up.

“Please, princess,” he cried out.

The need in his voice made my whole body tingle. He needed me. He wanted to kiss me. He needed to kiss me.

I had no idea if I was doing the right thing, but I couldn't do anything else except nod. I wanted his lips on mine. I wanted to kiss him too. I needed to kiss him too.

Alpha Dimitri groaned as he cupped my cheeks and leaned his forehead on mine. He kept staring at my lips and breathing heavily.

“I wanted to do this since the moment I smelled your scent nine months ago,” he mumbled and I could feel his warm breath on my lips.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. His scent entered my lungs and my whole body melted against his.

“I wanted to do this for so long,” he mumbled as he caressed my cheeks with his thumbs.

I opened my eyes and he lifted his head. He gave me a small smile as he leaned in. My heart raced to the point when I was sure that it would jump out of my chest.

His warm lips finally pressed against mine and I was gone. I didn't know where I was. I didn't know what day it was. I couldn't remember my own name.

Everything was him. The air around me was him. The feeling on my skin was him. The tingling inside my body was him. Everything was Dimitri, and nothing else mattered.

He moaned as he parted my lips gently. His tongue touched mine and I pulled him closer to me.

I never wanted to end the kiss. I never wanted to separate my body from his. I could feel our bond growing stronger with each stroke of his lips against mine. I could feel the need for him pulsating inside my body.

If just kissing him was that intense, how would marking him feel like? What would that do to our bond? How stronger would our bond be then?

He tangled his fingers into my hair and held me in place as he gently massaged my tongue with his. The quiet grunts and moans that kept escaping him made it so much harder for me to ignore the throbbing I felt between my legs.

I lowered my head to the back of his neck and pulled him even closer to me. Our lips moved perfectly together and I enjoyed his taste in my mouth and his soft lips gliding against mine.

He tasted amazing and I could see myself getting addicted to the taste of him. We didn't even break the kiss yet and I wanted more. I would always want more.

He broke the kiss a little bit too soon for my liking. Both of us were panting hard and both of us held onto each other as tightly as we could. My entire body was pressed against his, but I wasn't going to complain. Everything just felt right.

"I love you, Madeline," he said, leaning his forehead on mine again. "I love you so fucking much."

I loved him too. How couldn't I? He was my mate. My heart and my soul were made to love him. My entire body belonged to him.

"The kiss was just fucking perfect, princess," he continued quietly. "I've never felt anything like that before."

I gulped and gave him a small nod.

"Me neither," I said quietly and he smiled.

"That is very nice to know," he said and chuckled a little. "I am glad that I am the only one who can kiss you and make you feel that good."

He wasn't wrong, though. He was the only one who could kiss me. I never wanted to feel another man's lips or hands on me. Nothing would ever feel that right. Nothing would ever feel that good.

He was made for me as much as I was made for him. I belonged to him and I wouldn't let anyone else touch me.