

## The Hunted Wolf – Chapter 6

ADIRA

Mark pressed himself against me, not hesitating even a second to comply. His lips molded against mine, and I could feel his desire just as strong as mine. I thought we were safe. I thought we had time, but after being attacked and another threat looming over our heads, I didn't want to wait anymore. I wanted Mark to be mine in every way.

He held my cheek as his kisses grew longer and more passionate. He slipped his tongue into my mouth, not even needing permission. He had all of me already, and I was ready to make it official. My hands ran up his chest until they reached his collar. I pulled him closer to me, diving into him more. I nipped at his bottom lip, and he let out a growl that I felt in my core.

My body grew heated, pooling in my core. There was a need that ached between my legs, a need only Mark could fill. My hands moved to the bottom of Mark's shirt and pulled it up his body. I wanted his skin pressed against mine, and I was eager to move forward. As much as I enjoyed the slow and passionate times, I needed Mark now more than ever.

When his shirt was up to his chest, Mark took over, pulling it off his head and tossing it to the side. He returned the favor by removing my shirt. His lips were on my body again the moment our shirts were out of the way. He licked and nipped at my neck, causing moans to spill out of my mouth.

The room turned hazy as pleasure spread throughout my body. I ran my fingers through Mark's hair, needing to hold onto something to ground me. Mark peppered my collarbone with kisses, lingering to suck and nip at the skin when an especially loud moan came out of my mouth.

With one hand, Mark slid around my waist and popped open my bra. I dropped my arms, letting the article of clothing fall to the ground. He took the opportunity to move down to my n\*\*\*\*s. His tongue swirled around the sensitive bud, only to switch to the other one after a moment. If he kept up this pace, I wasn't sure how much longer I was going to be able to hold out.

I found my strength and placed my hands on Mark's chest, pushing him back. I pushed him over to the bed until he fell backwards. Quickly, I climbed on top of him, placing my hips over his. I found his lips, kissing him like this was the

last time I could ever kiss him. I rolled my hips on his, enjoying the friction between us. Mark growled as I moved, and I moved faster, encouraged by his response.

His fingers slid through my hair, pulling me deeper into the kiss. He needed me. He wanted me. And I wanted him. I wanted to give him anything and everything. I came up for air for a moment, looking at Mark. He rolled his hips, eager for more.

“I love you,” I said, feeling overwhelmed. “I don’t know what I would do without you.”

“You’ll never have to find out. I’m yours in every way possible. I love you more than the stars in the universe.” Mark watched my face carefully, and we sat there in the moment, taking in each other’s presence.

“Mark me,” I whispered, the words bursting out of me. “Make me yours forever.”

Mark grabbed my hips and flipped me onto my back. He undid his pants, pulling his boxers down with them. He grabbed my pants next, pulling them off in one clean swoop. He put a hand on each of my knees, pushing them apart and leaving me exposed. He leaned forward, and slid his fingers between my legs. His movements were slow and deliberate, and my body ached for more.

“Mark,” I whined. “I need you.”

Mark moved forward and left a soft kiss on my lips. “I know, baby. I want you to enjoy this though.”

I closed my eyes and leaned my head back as his fingers swirled my bundle of nerves. My body twisted under his movement, overwhelmed from the pleasure. He pressed my hips down with his free hand and dipped inside of me. His speed increased, and he kissed me again.

“Look at me,” Mark whispered. “I want to see your eyes.”

I cracked my eyes open and stared right into his stunning blue eyes. It was all I could focus on as his movements increased. I felt an energy building up inside of me, and I wasn’t sure how much more I would be able to take.

“Mark,” I begged. “Please.”

He kissed me again before complying to my wishes. He sat up and positioned himself between my legs. He brushed my hair out of my face and waited for me to nod to let him know I was ready. He pushed forward, filling me completely. I gripped Mark's arms, feeling his bulging muscles as he pumped into me.

I could never get enough of him. Every moment with him was special. Whether it was cuddling before bed or enjoying breakfast together, I could never get enough of him. But this was something different. There was a different connection that felt deeper, but this time it still wasn't enough.

The heat inside of me was building, and as Mark's pace quickened, I knew he was getting close. As if reading my mind, Mark leaned forward, sinking his fangs into the crook of my neck, marking me as his forever. The sharp pain quickly disappeared as I felt a rush through my body. My nerves burned with a sensation I had never felt before. It pushed me over the edge, and Mark continued moving as I rode out the waves of pleasure.

My body felt weak from the sensation, but I knew it wasn't over. I pushed my body up, finding Mark's spot on his neck. I released my fangs and marked him, making him mine. He hissed and then let out a long groan, finishing himself. His body collapsed onto mine, and then he rolled to the side.

Our chests heaved up and down as we caught our breath. That was unlike anything I had ever felt before, and it was absolutely incredible. I couldn't wrap my head around all of the sensations or the fact that Mark was officially my mate. Once our bodies processed everything, we would be able to link and connect in ways we couldn't before.

Mark reached out and pulled me into him. I was grateful for this, because while I wanted to be close to him, I had no energy left after that. I couldn't move, and my body felt heavy.

"Are you okay?" Mark whispered into my neck. His voice sent tingles down my spine.

"I'm wonderful." I closed my eyes and stroked Mark's fingers. He held me close to him, and I knew I wouldn't be able to stay awake for much longer.

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I opened my eyes and found myself in the peaceful room I had come to know as my consciousness. It was much different than the first time I came here. It was no longer completely white. I had learned how to create spaces that felt more suitable. I was sitting in a grassy field with a small stream flowing through it. Birds chirped in a nearby tree, and everything felt peaceful and right.

“So he’s officially our mate?” Shadow asked.

I looked over to my side, feeling her presence. I knew she was thrilled, even though she wasn’t showing it. “He’s officially ours.” I lay on my back, and I couldn’t stop the smile from completely filling my face.

“Took you long enough,” another voice said. I instantly knew this was Moon.

She walked over to me and looked down at me.

“I wanted to make sure the time was right,” I said. Moon’s criticism couldn’t ruin my mood tonight. I hit a new level of happiness. I imagined this was what it was like to be on drugs.

“If you say so,” Moon said. “I’m happy for you. This will do wonders for you and your powers, which you’ll need.”

“Look at me,” Mark whispered. “I want to see your eyes.”

I caught something strange in Moon’s tone, so I sat up and looked at her. “What are you talking about?” It drove me crazy how cryptic she always was. I wished she would just come out and say what she was thinking.

“Focus. I’m sure you can feel it,” Moon said.

I looked at her, annoyed by this. “Can’t you just tell me what’s going on?”

“Come on, Moon. Don’t ruin her mood. Mark finally claimed us!” Shadow said, sitting up as well.

Moon rolled her eyes. “You two need to be more careful. I can’t be the only one worried about our safety?”

“Is this about the hunters?” I asked. “Because we are already aware of them. We are going to figure it out and make sure everyone is safe.”

Moon jumped into my lap and flicked her tail. "Close your eyes and focus. I would be shocked if you couldn't feel it."

I sighed, knowing I wasn't going to get anywhere with her unless I gave into her. I closed my eyes and focused on my breathing. I calmed my mind before searching for...something. At first, everything seemed fine. Then I felt it.

There was a darkness creeping at the edges of the walls.

I had felt this before.

With Theron.

But that didn't make sense. Theron was dead. We made sure of it, so what was this dark magic? I continued searching out, trying to find answers. It looked like a fog, hovering in the distance. However, as I got closer, it felt stronger, and it moved in a way fog couldn't move. There was a deep level of malevolence hiding in the darkness. The closer I got, the messier it felt. It whipped and thrashed like a vine in pain. Then I saw them.

Tendrils moved in the fog, searching for life and for light to devour. They looked like the tendrils Theron used when fighting me. My heart raced at that thought. Was there a chance he had survived? No, he was definitely gone. Was there someone else who had dark magic like this? I could feel the dark magic creeping closer, and then there was a sudden shift in the energy.

It was like the tendrils suddenly saw me, and they became aware of my presence. Instead of moving aimlessly, they turned towards me. Even though they had no eyes, I could feel them looking at me. They shot forward, aiming right for me.

I opened my eyes, and found myself back with Moon and Shadow. My heart was racing as I tried to process everything that I had just seen.

"What was that?" I asked.

Moon flicked her tail. "I don't know. That's why I wanted you to see it for yourself."

"Was it Theron? Is he alive?" That thought made my throat go dry. I was stronger now, but I didn't want to deal with him again. I just wanted to live a

peaceful life with my mate, but I was starting to feel like that wasn't going to be as easy as I thought it would be.

"No, I don't think it was," Moon said. "It felt like his magic, but not like him."

"What does this mean?" I grabbed my head, my skull suddenly pounding. There was too much to process, and it was overwhelming.

"It means we need to be on edge and start preparing for something," Moon said.

My heart started racing, and I felt a lingering darkness around me. Suddenly, I felt sick to my stomach.

I shot forward, gasping for air. My lungs felt empty, and no matter how many breaths I took, I couldn't get enough oxygen. Sweat covered my forehead, and my back was drenched in sweat.

I looked around, realizing I was back in my bedroom. I turned to find Mark, but my bed was empty.