

## Chapter 110

Before her eyes opened the next morning, Sush's heightened sense of smell detected the distinct scent of musk and sandalwood wafting stronger than before from the creature lying next to her. Her eyelids slowly lifted as her vision adjusted to the darkness, and she was welcomed with a very clear view of the most gorgeous man in existence. She wondered if it was possible to find him more alluring simply from being able to smell him better now. The tip of his lips quirked, lilac eyes gazing into hers.

He dozed off seconds after her the night before, and woke up just minutes before she did, using the time alone to watch her sleep, then watch her wake, which was better than watching the sunrise or sunset. He never understood the point in those. It was something that happened everyday. Surely, at some point, anyone would get bored of it.

But watching someone he loved fall asleep like the fading colors of dusk and wake up like the soft but vibrant light of dawn, listening to her breaths that would put the hum of nature to shame, was the most wondrous experience that put him in a state of incomparable peace and happiness.

"Hey," she whispered with eyes half opened, voice slightly coarse from the night.

"Morning," he hummed, leaning in to kiss her lips.

Their foreheads met and her eyes were now opened all the way. He smiled to himself at the sight of lilac rims creating circular edges around the irises. "Beautiful," he murmured.

Sush pecked a kiss on his chin, uttering, "Beautiful or not, you sealed your own fate after last night."

"Which brings us to our first task of the day." He scooped her up and placed her face down on top of him, holding her by her hips and back when he said, "Mark me."

"Hm," Sush feigned contemplation, elbow resting on his chest and hand holding her head up as she fibbed, "I'm not sure if I want to do it now."

Seeing through the game she started, a glint entered his eyes when he warned, "We can either do this the easy way or hard way."

Her brows dipped in genuine confusion. "What's the hard way?"

His body responded before his words did, sending a rush of sexual hunger through their bond, knowing she'd be able to feel it if she didn't see it from his eyes first. The scent of his arousal was set free, an aroma that she could now detect and it drew out her own arousal. The urge to taste her everywhere and drill himself into her fired through her veins and she was finding it increasingly difficult not to give into her own urge to please him.

In the low voice that intensified her need for him, he crudely explained, "The hard way is to heat up every inch of you, target only your most sensitive regions at a pace that I already know by heart, and when you're close to your peak..." his hand on her butt delivered a merciless squeeze, drawing a breathless sigh out of her as he continued, "...I'll hold you there, and I won't let you get further until you've marked me. That is the hard way. You have two seconds to decide."

Sush wasn't sure whether it was the fog his words created, the arousing need she felt through the mate bond, or the way the threat sounded more like an experience that she wanted to have that got her tongue-tied. Wherever her thoughts scattered, no decision came within the two-second mark.

"Have it your way then." Greg flipped them over with a zealous gleam in his eyes, taking her mouth first as he ripped her shirt from the middle

and used the torn fabric to tie her wrists together, pinning them above her head as her back arched into him.

Pressing her back down with his weight and drawing her out of breath in less than a minute, his mouth then ventured to her throat, sucking and nibbling on the part just above her collarbone, biting in parts that drew out her whimpers as his hands worked their magic down her body.

Bringing himself up to offer her a full view of his body, which her eyes devoured despite the many times she'd seen it, Greg switched things up when he lifted her legs and removed her sweatpants at a torturously slow pace, eliciting groans of protests from Sush as she tried to kick them off faster. Once the lower body garment was on the floor, his eyes stayed locked with hers as his tongue started at the heel of her foot, slowly gliding up to her toe and sucking on each one slowly, leisurely, making her breathing hitch, her lower region wet with need.

A trail of kisses followed from her foot, up the length of her leg. Extra attention was given to her knee, then her thigh, where he focused fully on the heated skin of the inner region as she spread her legs wider even before he reached the part of her that throbbed so hard, waiting for him to fill the emptiness.

An arrogant smirk played on his lips as he followed the delicious smell wafting in the air to its source, blowing a gust of air just to watch her quiver.

"Greg," she sighed his name like only he could give her the air she needed.

"Hm?" he hummed, feigning ignorance.

Looking at her from where he was, his tongue licked up the wetness in repeated strokes of the number eight - the very move that always had her moaning the loudest, which she did this time as well, and the sound was killing him.

"Please," she whispered in a breathless plea.


Resisting her wasn't easy for him either. His shaft had already stiffened the moment she issued the challenge. His animal had been telling him to pounce and pound, but his human remained patient, playing the long game, unwilling to go further until he was wearing her mark.

Climbing up for their faces to meet, his thumb circled her nipple that made her sink further into submission when he asked, "Something you want, my dear?"

His hardened tool pressed on her wetness through his pants and although it only got more difficult to resist plunging into her, he persisted, trying to convince himself that she wasn't going to last much longer, though on a deeper level, he wondered if he was going to last any longer.

Chapter Comments



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