

## Chapter 74

After wrapping up, Greg drove her home and filled her in on Nash's update on the way.

In her apartment with Greg taking up more space than Sush herself always had, Sush was mindlessly stuffing clothes into the opened luggage bag on her bed as they discussed whether the poisons they ordered were capable of producing anything else lethal, with Sush stalking into the bathroom to get the toiletries as she began tossing ideas of creating a raincoat that would repel poison.

In her absence, Greg got a better look of his surroundings, not having her to distract him and suck his attention like a vortex. There was a tablet on the nightstand, along with an alarm clock. He then peeked into a pulled-out drawer revealing underwear of dark tones, smiling to himself knowing that he now had one in his pocket. As Sush blabbered on, his fingers ran through the fabric of black, gray, green and blue tenderly, and that was when he noticed something pink.

A brighter shade of pink than her headband.

Curious and uncouth, he extracted it, which was when Sush emerged, stuffing the toiletries in the bag, seemingly unfazed that Greg was holding the very thing she hid in her lingerie drawer. "Hey, hand over the whole drawer will you?"

"What is this?" Greg's head snapped to her, brows knitted, accusations written all over his face.

Her arranging of the items in her luggage bag halted, spine straightening when a hand fastened at her hip, eyes narrowed when she questioned, "You've never seen a vibrator before? Really?"

He had hoped it was something disguised as a vibrator. Hell, he didn't care if it was a gun. Anything but a fucking vibrator! "Why the fuck do you still have this?"

"Like any normal creature, I have urges. Drawer, Greg. Now."

As Greg pulled out the wooden part and tossed it on the bed, the hand holding the vibrator crushed the device and snapped it in two before he tossed it into the trash.

Sush's packing paused at the snap. Their eyes locked as Greg's fiery gaze penetrated into her part-shock, part-annoyed one when he declared, "You don't need it."

"You do realize we only began fucking yesterday, right?"

Holding her gaze, he plodded to her with downturned lips, hand reaching around her back and brought her front to his. "We didn't just fuck, Sush. We made love. There's a difference. The only things you've been fucking are that thing and anyone that came before me. Are we on the same page?"

A shade of disbelief entered her eyes. "You're saying you've never made love to anyone before me?"

They both knew he was in love with Izabella - deeply in love, so it was impossible that he didn't make love to her. But it was only at this moment he

realized he hadn't thought about his former mate sexually in months, since finding out about her betrayal. And he hadn't thought about that woman at all the moment he laid eyes on his octopus on the day of the executions.

It was as if Sush erased the remnants of Izabella from his intimate life with her presence, even before their heated sessions the previous night. Whenever Izabella came to mind now, his brain went: danger, slut, and hell-qualified bitch. He wasn't attracted to her in ways that he once was anymore.

His throat worked and darkened eyes softened, hand reaching to trace the curve of her ear when he uttered, "I would've forgotten had you not reminded me." Thumb trailing along her jawline stopped at her chin when he muttered, "Please don't remind me about it. You have a way of making other creatures forgettable. Let's keep it that way."

In a whisper that was initially meant to be a scream, softened by his gaze and his words, she hissed, "Then don't remind me about mine either. God, you lycans! No, wait. Maybe it's just you."

"Maybe," Greg murmured with a slight crook of his lips before letting her get back to packing and murmuring something about him not just being demented, but also temperamental and possessive - like an animal.

Greg's lycan, who listened to the murmuring complaints with a leisurely wagging tail, simply nodded in agreement at the labels. Unlike his cousins, he didn't mind having more than a few flaws. If the flaws got him this far, and got him to her, they weren't really flaws to begin with, were

they?

His thoughts were confirmed when Sush - while slamming the bag shut, used the noise from the zipper to block out a low volume grumble that sounded like, "Crazy how I'm still falling for you even with all of that."

Greg's biting of his bottom lip did nothing to hide the increasing radiance and smile spreading across his face. Despite her tone, his brain interpreted her words to be an affectionate embrace that was so warm, so promising.

When the zipper got stuck and Sush groaned in annoyance, huffing a breath from the exertion, Greg snuck a kiss to her lips and said, "I love you, too."

Left stunned, the apples of her cheeks flushed crimson. He used the momentary silence and helped with her luggage, working the zipper a few inches back and pressing the luggage down and pulling the zip seamlessly to the end. Lifting it off the bed with one hand, he asked, "Is that everything?"

"Uh..." she shook herself out of her daze and skimmed her room, grabbing another bag that stored her archery bow when she said, "Yeah, that's everything."

They were two steps out of the door when Greg snatched her bag from her, which was when she muttered, "Deranged but gentlemanly."

"As gentlemanly as anyone who'd go through your underwear drawer," Greg noted sardonically.

She scoffed, a smile lifting her lips. "It's not as if I'm not going to do the same at your place later."

In the car, Greg began, "It's the end of the week tomorrow. I'm headed back to the kingdom."

"Yeah, I know," she said, forcing a smile even though her chest dreaded in heaviness.

His hand reached for hers, bringing their eyes to meet when he said, "I'd like you to come with me. Do you want to come?"

She blinked. "What?"

"There's a... family event of sorts next week. Would you like to come with me? It's time you meet everyone. It's time you meet her."

Her eyes bulged wide. "Her? You're sure?"



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