

## Chapter 170— Intimate Moments

\*FREYA\*

I dismissed her but Trisha still refused to leave, Jet was still in the shower and he would be out any time soon, I didn't want him hearing any of the conversations I was having with her so, he doesn't get angry and broke the promise he made to her.

A promise is a promise and no matter how pissed I'm at her, I couldn't do that to her. I spun around to leave, wanting to be left alone with my thoughts. She held me back, coming around to stand in front of me, blocking my path to exit.

"You have every right to be mad at me, I was not completely honest but I was scared." She admitted, letting go of my hand. "Jet would kill me if I did not bring you back, I knew there would be consequence, which is why I would be paying the price." My eyes went wide at her words.

I open my mouth to say something but at the same time, she shower stopped. "Let's continue this conversation later, okay?" I dismissed her once more, not in anger this time around.

I went back into the bedroom, just in time to see Jet emerge from the bathroom, naked from the waist up. A white towel hang loosely around his hips, displaying his v-shape to my ungodly eyes. I unconsciously lick my lips, rubbing my neck for

whatever reason.

Unaware of my reaction to the state of his near nakedness, he stopped drying his hair and finally look at me. "You seem short of breath, are you feeling unwell?"

I blushed, clearing my throat. "I'm alright, why don't I help you with that?" My eyes trailed downward, stopping at his broad chest even though I was referring to his hair. I didn't realized his Alpha tattoos started from his left chest and peeking out from his neck, seeing it all now, it was so sexy. Jet was sexy, he has always been sex on the stick type of guy and to think he's all mine!

A sound torn between half- moan, half- growl escape my lungs, making me suddenly aware of myself. I cleared my throat and then reached out for the towel he was extending at me.

When I finally catch his eyes, he was staring straight at me. I flushed under his gaze once more before motioning towards the bed, he slowly but confidently went to sat down, parting his legs for me to get between them.

Once we got into position, I started to dry his hair. "I like your hair middle length," I hummed pausing to run my fingers through the length. "It makes you look like a dark knight, I suppose you are... Being an Alpha and all."

"I'd planned on getting a trim but not anymore. Since you stepped into this room, you cannot seem



to stop staring at me, I rather enjoy it."

I let the towel dropped from my hands, taking a couple of steps back until I could see his face. "It has nothing to do with your hair, I mean, have you met you?" My fingers found it way back into his hair, pushing some of it back.

His arms went around my waist, pulling me down on his lap. "Have you met you?" He quotes it back, running his fingers tenderly across my face. "Are you certain, you are feeling well? I heard what you told Trisha."

My fingers stilled in his hair for a few seconds before they resumed their wandering. "You heard that huh? The shower was on, I didn't think you would."

"You forget I'm a lycan, a superior breed of werewolves. I could hear if I wanted to but don't worry, I had a feeling you didn't want me to hear so... I stopped paying attention." His paused, holding my gaze as if his life depended on it.

The air between us thickened and I briefly glance at his neck, the urge to drink his blood wasn't currently there since I drank almost four bags of blood. But the urge to do something entirely different was wrecking my ability to think properly.

I fingers moved from his hair to the side of his face, creasing his face tenderly as he did mine earlier. All the while, he watched me with aroused hooded eyes, probably wondering where I was going with it.

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My gaze move lower, resting on the fullness of his sexy lips. Everytime I see him, feels like the felt time. He's so breath taking, so perfect looking. I move my thumb across his bottom lips, enjoying the way his reactions was giving away his perfect display of self control.

His arms around my waist would tightened, his gaze seem to have darkened so much it's now pitch black. His breathing pattern has also change, how I love him! We've done this many times now and yet I was still nervous.

"Freya?" I hear him called in a strain whisper.

"Shhhh..." I shushed, crooking my head to the side as I lowered my lips to his.

He let me kiss him, let me run my tongue across his upper lips, let me kiss the corner of his lips but only for few minutes and somewhere along the line, his control snapped and he took control of everything.

One of his hand left my waist, moving to my hair, gripping it in a tight fist. He ravished my mouth, making me whimper helplessly into his mouth.

I was wearing too much clothes and I wanted out of it but these are the type of dresses you can't take off without assistance and Jet was more than ready to do it.

After getting rid of my clothes, not once did he pulled away from the kiss. I circled my arms around his neck, taking control back from him, even if it



would be only for a few minutes.

I broke the kiss, earning a protest groan from him which soon turned into a moan as I started to kiss and lick my way down his neck while also grinding against his hard on. The movement was slick and slippery as I was already dripping on him, not to mention the precum licking out of his cock.

He release my hair, gripping my hips and then helping me move on his hard on. I moaned, throwing my head back and exposing my breasts to him.

Taking advantage of that, his mouth closed over one of them, sucking it into the roof of his mouth. I quiver, going back to kissing his neck and then rigging at his hair.

He paused, stilling the movement to look at me. "Having fun?" He teased with a perfect smirk on his lips.

I poked his chest, pushing him slightly back as I stood up from his lap. He made to close his parted space between his legs but I shook my head, took a couple of steps back and then go went down on my knees.

"Fuck!" He moan sensing what I was about to do. "Turn around," he ordered.

A tad confused, I did as he instructed. Presenting him my back while still kneeling down on all fours. I felt him come towards me and then going down

behind me, he squeeze my ass, making me give a little moan. I really like that.

"You have the perfect ass." He murmured, mostly to himself than to me. And without warning, I felt him bite one of my ass cheeks, it was so surprising and yet so hot! It had been unexpected, seeing that I obviously liked it, he playfully smack my ass, before turning to where he was previously seated.

I turned around like I initially planned and then crawl towards the space between his thighs, we were both naked as of now and he cock stood proud and hard. It looks angry with veins outlining the sides, without thinking too much of it and because I have been dying to have him in my mouth, I swirl my tongue around the head for a few seconds before taking him into my mouth.

Wrapping my fingers at the base of his cock, I bubbled my head up and down trying to see if I could take him past my gag reflex but since I didn't have any experience with this, it was harder than I thought. I didn't give up, I moan, suck, lick, and at some point even robbed my breasts around it, which seem to drive him mad because a second or so later, I felt something warm on my face.

"Fucking hell!" He swears, pulling me up on my feet and slamming his mouth on mine. I whimpered, kissing him back. I felt something hard against my stomach, despite the fact that he just climax, he was still hard.



A deep sense of feminine satisfaction filled me as he grabbed him down there, jerking him off with my hand. He pulled away from the kiss, leading me to the bed with a fierce expression on his face, good! I unleash his beast and I'm going to enjoy every second of this.

Immediately my back hit the bed, he parted my thighs and went between my legs. I almost jumped off the bed at the first contact due to how sensitive I have become down there. He kissed my lips, fondle gentle with my clit with his tongue, he did it the same way he had kissed me earlier.

It took only a matter of minutes for me to start cumming but before I could tip over the edge, he pulled away, arranging me on my side before settling behind me. I love any position that would enable me to feel skin contact.

He bring my head to his side, kissing me as he pushed inside at the same time. A satisfied moan left the both of us, he kept his hand busy by fondling my breast as he thrust away from behind.

It was beyond perfect, I was moaning, whimpering, pleading and saying some other things I couldn't quite make out. A very long minutes later, we both tipped over the edge and climax together.

We stayed like that for a while, once he pulled out of me. I turned on my side to look at him, "I never knew it could be better than the first time or the time after the first time, it like everything get

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better, more intense, more magnified than every last time we do it. I love, love, love, that." I giggled as I empathized on the love.

"It was never that way for me until you, I couldn't be more pleased." He placed a kiss on my forehead before pulling me close. I smiled, letting myself drift off in his arms.

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