

Chapter 19

His Again ***Rosalie's POV A few days passed, and I found myself not wanting to do much. Talon, Estrella and Vicky had all taken turns to check on me and encourage me to stay positive of the situation. Vicky had told me about the library, and, after much debate, I agreed to go with her. Thinking about her closing argument made me chuckle. 'Rosalie, if you don't go, I will carry you there. Do you want me to carry you?' She could be quite persuasive, I had to admit. The laughter we shared when I told her I definitely didn't want her carrying me did make me smile. The library was a three-story-tall building, and it was even grander than she described. Being there really did change my mood. Vicky and I wandered the shelves for hours until I had selected a few books to read. The entire time, she made jokes about the romances I selected, while I tried to convince her they were beautiful stories. As the sun began to set off in the distance, I enjoyed the cool breeze that was drifting in through the window. It was a welcome relief to have the fresh air upon my skin. I still longed for the outside, but I had gotten used to Ethan's rules

romances

Ethan wrapped around my mind like a veil of pleasure and mystery. I didn't know how he had taken the news about me not being pregnant, but Talon had tried to reassure me he wasn't angry

Part of me didn't know how much of that to believe, but I trusted Talon.

As the fire built by Mrs. White and the maids crackled in the hearth, I curled under the fur pelts she had brought me, along with a hot cup of tea, and one of my books. The fur on the pelt brushed against my bare legs as I sat comfortably in my light blue tank top and underwear. I wasn't expecting anyone, and with dinner long over, I didn't have to leave my room again – not that I wanted to right now. I held *Pride and Prejudice* in my hands, and Mr. Darcy was waiting for me on the pages. The thought of my situation burdened me everyday. All I wanted was a way to break free from my reality and disappear into a world of make-believe. One where Mr. Darcy didn't care if I was pregnant or not. Suddenly, I heard the door open. My eyes darted towards the small opening as a towering frame came into sight. My heart dropped into my stomach, and the room suddenly seemed so much more confined. I hadn't expected Ethan to visit me without prior notification. This was the first time I had seen him since the night he took a part of me. Some days, I had longed for this moment; other days I was afraid to try again – or fail again. Either way, I didn't expect it to happen right then and there. His dark steely eyes looked over me. I couldn't help but notice how the black shirt he wore fit him perfectly, and how gorgeous those gray sweatpants were... Never did I think any pair of sweatpants could look that good on someone.

Regardless of how amazing he looked, I was still terrified he was upset with me that I didn't conceive,

that the deal was off, and my pack was going to pay for what they did. Most of all, though, I was terrified that he was disappointed with me. “Alpha, I’m sorry I didn’t conceive…” The words escaped me quickly. I let my eyes drop to the floor.

As I waited for his response, I prayed that Talon had told me the truth – that Ethan wasn’t that angry,

and that he wasn’t here to punish me.

As he stepped closer towards the bed, I held my breath.

“Ahem.” He cleared his throat, and I sensed a bit of uneasiness in his voice. “We’ll keep trying.”

I looked up and met his gaze.

There was no disappointment or anger in it. Something about the way he spoke to me sent a different message. Maybe a part of him did care for me, even though I failed his task? My heart melted at this thought, and all of sudden, relief, guilt, and hope all rushed through me, making my eyes moist. I tried hard to fight back the tear that threatened to slip down my cheek without success. Lowering my eyes I put the bookmark in my book and set it aside. Hardly a moment later, his hand found its way under my chin. His touch sent a sensation through me that warmed me in all the right places. As he lifted my eyes to his, I saw something within them that looked like desire.

“Are you not angry with me...?” I whispered. I didn’t know where I found the courage. He didn’t answer, but repeated again, “We will keep trying...” He paused for a second, and then finished, “Rosalie.” My name rolling off his lips made my heart jump. His voice, just above a whisper, brushed against my ear as he leaned forward and gently kissed away the tear upon my cheek. I couldn’t control the feeling it awoke within me – it built and went straight to

A voice rang clearly in my head: “He wants me!”

Without any more words, his hands slid down towards the hem of my shirt, his fingers brushing my sides as he gradually lifted it. The cool air kissed my bare exposed nipples, causing them to harden. I didn’t need the pills Estrella had given me before. But then I watched as he pulled something from his pocket – a small black container that held the small blue pills I took before. “Open your mouth for me...” His voice was deep and low. His lips were barely above my own. I did as he asked and opened my mouth, and slowly, he deposited the pills before handing me a glass of water. After I swallowed them down, he replaced the glass upon the nightstand. He quickly stripped off the black shirt that had been hugging his figure and tossed it to the floor. He crawled on top of me, and his lips descended upon my neck. A soft moan escaped my lips as I closed my eyes, relishing the feeling of him taking control of my body. I wanted this, and had thought about it since he last had me.

As his mouth trailed down over the valley of my breasts and dipped down my stomach, his fingers against my clit had my back arching in pleasure. My hips moved back in time with his movements,

and a small cry of joy quickly left my lips as a sudden explosion of pleasure ran through me. A growl I hadn't expected left him, and as I looked at him, his eyes were focused on me. I wasn't startled by his response— instead, it gave me confidence that I didn't expect. With a smirk across his lips, he dove down, and my heart raced. "I can't —" I cried softly, but he just growled again. The second orgasm, stronger than the last, had me crying out louder as stars danced before my eyes, swimming through my vision like a beautiful waterfall.

As I came down from my high, I felt his movements, and as I looked back at him, he was naked before me.

His large member was erect and eager to join with me as he guided its head towards the folds of my

core,

"Please..." I begged in heat, wanting him to fill me.

The dark lusty look he gave me was everything I wanted in that moment. Then he thrust hard into me

and didn't stop.

Pain! I felt as if my body was ripped apart. But at the same time, fast movements of his hips had me teetering on the edge of pleasure with no sign of return. I opened my eyes and caught a glimpse of his. In them, I saw nothing but pure carnal desire – as if every bit of emotion he had he was releasing on me. "Ah..." I cried out before slapping my hand over my mouth. I hadn't meant to make any sound, but I couldn't help it. The way he pleased me caused me to feel things I didn't think were possible. His hand gripped my wrist, catching me by surprise, and pulled it away from my mouth. "No."

His command confused me. Did he not want me to be quiet? As the moans of pleasure tried to escape me, I bit my lip, trying hard to hold them in – but, in the end I couldn't help it. I couldn't stop what I was feeling, and the louder I was, the harder and faster he was.

"Please— I can't—" I tried to get out, knowing that I was going to come undone around him again.

I was afraid to touch him, but when he thrust and stilled inside me, my hand instinctively gripped his wrist as I cried out in pleasure, my core gripping him tightly as pure and utter bliss clouded

my mind. The closeness of his hot body against mine, the feeling of him deep inside me... It was a euphoria I didn't want to end.

It wasn't until the high slowly came down and I looked at him that I saw his eyes staring at where my hand was.

Realization hit me, and I quickly tried to retract my hand, but again he caught my wrist. I didn't know what to think about his reaction, but as his eyes went from where my hand laid to my face, I felt something inside me. "I-" I stuttered before he pulled out of me slowly, my hand losing contact with him. A sense of loss and longing filling me. At that moment, I didn't want him to go. I didn't want him to leave yet. Alpha Ethan— my master— stood before me. Then his hand slowly reached out and brushed over the curve of my breast, causing a shutter of pleasure to rip through me, and straight to my core again. I knew that Estrella said we would have to keep trying, but something inside me screamed that this

His Again was more than just trying. But almost as soon as I felt his touch, it disappeared. Ethan slowly began to dress himself. Once done, he turned to leave – but didn't take another step. I watched the rise and fall of his shoulders and sat confused in silence, trying to understand what was going through his mind at that moment. Did I have the courage to say something? "You— you don't have to go—" I stuttered trying to let him know that, if he wanted to stay, he could. It was an invitation I hadn't thought I'd be able to get out, and even I felt conflicted – I was confused with what I wanted. After a moment of silence, his sultry voice replied, "You need your rest, Rosalie." I wasn't going to argue with him. Instead, I sat silently and let him walk away from me and out the door, listening to the soft click as it closed. A force of emotions rolled through me, and as I laid back against the pillows, I stared at the ceiling, and a small smile crossed my face. His scent lingered in the room, wrapping around me. Rolling to my side, I inhaled my blankets that smelled of him before slowly closing my eyes.