

Sold as the Alpha King's Breeder

Chapter 233



Chapter 233: Say My Name

Aaron

No one had told her. No one had given her the courtesy of a warning. I watched her face fall, her cheeks pale as a rush of panic swept over her features. She was still holding the toothbrush, gripping it so tightly her knuckles were white.

"Maeve, we... We don't have to do this right now, you know. We can wait until you're comfortable."

"Why did no one tell me? You tried to tell me earlier, in the gym, didn't you?"

"Yeah, but I thought it would be better coming from someone, I don't know, in control? Horace, or Gemma."

"Horace!" she exclaimed, turning away from me and retreating back into the bathroom. I heard her toss the toothbrush onto the counter, her figure hidden by the door that she left ajar. She came back out of the bathroom, scrunching her hair with a towel.

"Horace is the last person I would want..." She trailed off, another wave of panic gripping her.

"It's going to be okay. Like I said, we don't have to do this now"

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"We should just get it over with, right? It'll be quick, right?"

"Uh..." Well, it probably would be quick, but I bit my lip without saying that out loud. "Do you know what to uh."

"Are you asking me if I know what to do?" Her face went from pale to red in a matter of seconds.

"Yeah, I am. Do you know what's going to

happen?"

"I think I understand the gist of,"

"Okay, good."

"Good."

We stared at each other, the fire in Maeve's cheeks still burning a bright, fiery red against the stark white of her fluffy, shapeless robe. I willed myself not to say anything to mess with her, but the word 'marshmallow' was hanging on the edge of my tongue.

"Have you ever done this before?"

"Done what?"

She glared at me, shifting her weight from one long, shapely leg to the other. Maybe a little jest here and there would loosen her up a bit, make her more comfortable with me. I tilted my head to the side, my brow arched as I waited for her reply.

"Have you ever..."

"Have I ever had sex? Yes, I have." I crossed my legs, my ankle balanced on my knee as I watched her face change. "Have you?"

Her mouth dropped open. "Of course I haven't!"

"Alright, alright," I said, holding my hands up in apology. "Do you want me to tell you about it?"

"No!" She was trembling, her lower lip sticking out a little as she stood, her hair dripping onto the floor.

"

"Look, Maeve. We knew this was coming. How can I make you more comfortable? Do you want to do this in my room instead?"

She shook her head, stuffing her hands into her pockets. I stood up, walking across the room where a rope of silk thread hung on the wall, an old-fashioned apparatus that rang a bell in the kitchen several stories below.

"What are you doing?"

"Ordering something to drink. I think we could both use it. What do you want, wine? Beer?"

"Wine gives me a headache-

"Beer it is."

In a matter of moments, a maid knocked on the door, and I asked for a few bottles of beer to be brought up. "Just leave it outside the door, okay?"

The maid retreated into the darkened hallway, and I turned back to Maeve.

"Take off your robe."

Her eyes went wide, then narrowed as she brought her arms up to hug her chest protectively.

"Look, I know this was a shock. I'm sorry no one warned you this was happening tonight, I really am. There are two ways we can do this, okay? We either get naked right now, get it over with, or I ask the maid for a turkey baster."

She sputtered with laughter; her cheeks puffed as she tried to hold it in. Some of the tension in my shoulders eased at the sight, and I let out my breath. I didn't blame her for being nervous. I was nervous, too. But it was different for her. This was her first time.

I reached behind me and flipped the light switch. The room was encased in darkness, the only light that of the moonlight coming through the window. I reached up, slowly undoing the buttons on my shirt, watching her face as I undressed. "See, it's not that bad," I said gently, taking a step forward as I pulled the shirt off and tossed it on the ground.

I reached for my belt buckle, my hands lingering on the leather as I watched her expression. I was waiting for something like acceptance to pass behind her eyes, but she only stared, her eyes wide and deeply blue in the darkness.

She had been so open to me the night before, when I had her pressed against the wall in that alleyway. Something was changed in her now, though. She was closed off, yielding. What did she want? Aggression? She did want me to push every button I could find until she was forced to react?

"We're friends, aren't we?" I said quietly, sliding the belt through the loops and letting it fall to the ground. I took another step forward, then another, my breath quickening in anticipation as she opened her mouth, her full lips beckoning to me.

Oh, I would lose it completely if something didn't happen now.

I undid the top button of my jeans, then the zipper, pulling them down and stepping out of them. She sucked in her breath as I straightened up, kicking my jeans to the side. I stood in only my briefs, waiting for her. Waiting for her to do something, anything, even if it was to tell me no.

"I'm not going to hurt you."

"I know. I—" she paused, the sheepish, nervous expression disappearing from her face in an instant as she took a single step forward, her fingers toying with the opening of her robe, "Can I trust you?"

The words cut through me like a knife, leaving me a little breathless.

"Yes," I said, trying to control my expression, "You can trust me."

No, no you can't

Maeve

I took a deep breath, trying to stop my fingers from trembling as I untied the robe and let it slip over the shoulders. I held it in place there, my breasts exposed to him, trying to muster the courage to let it drop around my ankles.

I had known this was coming. This was the whole reason he was here, to breed me. The memory of the moment in the alleyway hung heavy against my chest, his words still ringing in my ears. "Don't you feel it, too? Don't you want me as much as I want you?"

But he reneged the words. He apologized for them. He had been drunk; he hadn't meant it. He hadn't meant any of it.

I closed my eyes, fighting back tears. I heard him step forward, felt his touch as he ran his fingers along my arm. He took my hands, knitting his fingers in mine as the robe fell away, pooling at my feet as I opened my eyes again.

"Come here," he said in a whisper, leading me to the bed. I swallowed against the lump forming in my throat as I followed him, sitting down on the edge of the bed and scooting back until my back was against the headboard.

He was standing at the edge of the bed, watching me, his eyes glowing in the moonlight. I drew my legs up into my chest, hugging them, feeling totally exposed.

He reached forward and grabbed me by the ankle, pulling my leg out straight.

"

"Hey!" "Let me look at you," he said, his voice low and serious. He looked as though he were in a trance, his eyes moving from my face to my chest, lingering on my navel. I let my other leg straighten but clenched my legs together with all my strength.

"Relax, Maeve. I'm not going to force you to do anything." He crawled into bed, sitting next to me and pulling the covers over us. I felt much more comfortable beneath the blankets, sheltered in a way, even though his body was incredibly close to mine, his bare leg touching my own. "Can I touch you?" "Yeah," I breathed, laying back against my pillow. He rolled onto his side, running his hand along the length of my arm and up again, his fingers tracing my collarbone and the rise of my breasts. It felt – good.

"Maeve?" he said, his fingertips lightly tracing my nipples. "Yeah?" I whispered, closing my eyes against his touch. "Do you ever * touch yourself?" I opened my eyes and turned my head to face him. "I don't see how any of that is your business," He covered me between the legs, and I kicked him. Hard. "Ow!" "I'm-I'm sorry, you startled me!" He rubbed at his shin under the covers, giving me a dirty look. "You're not going to punch me in the face next, are you? I'm still a little sore from last night." "No."

"

"Do you promise?"

"I promise."

He leaned over me, hesitating, then bent his head to kiss me. My hand shot up from under the blanket and caught him by the mouth, my fingers squeezing his cheeks. "Don't kiss me!"

"Why the hell not? We've done it before."

I felt an unexplainable fury ripple through me as he spoke, and I rebelled, pushing him off of me as hard as I could. He clutched the sheets on either side of me as he began to fall off the bed, the fitted sheets coming loose from the other side of the mattress and enveloping us completely as he toppled over onto the floor, pulling me down with him in a tangle of sheets.

He was on me in an instant, pulling me underneath him and holding me down against the carpet, his eyes blazing with frustration. "You told me once that I needed to take this seriously, Maeve! What am I doing wrong here?!"

"You!" I hissed, struggling against his weight, "You got helplessly drunk and kissed me in the alley last night. You did that! You said you felt something for me and then took it-"

He covered my mouth with his own, the kiss desperate and hungry as he brought his hands to either side of my face, pulling me closer. I opened my mouth to him, biting on his lower lip, which caused him to groan and pull away, looking down on me with an almost animalistic expression.

"Is that what you thought? That I didn't mean any of that?" he said as he pulled the sheets off of us. His body was blanketed in moonlight, every muscle in his broad chest gleaming in the pale, white light. He reached down, pulling off his briefs and kneeled over me, his hands on either side of my head. "I meant it. I meant it all." He kissed me again, slower, pulling away the second I opened my mouth to him.

A warmth was spreading through my stomach at his hungry touch. I could feel the wetness between my legs, the tender flesh there aching with need. Oh, Goddess. I wanted this. I wanted him. I wanted him to be rough.

I looked up into his eyes as he reached between my legs again. This time I opened up to him, his fingers gliding against my wetness and stroking me until a moan escaped my lips. "Aaron,"

"Don't." He kissed me again, nudging my legs open with his knee. He pulled away, breaking the kiss. "This is going to hurt for a

minute, okay?"

I nodded, already out of breath.

"Give me your hand." He took my hand in his, bringing it between us and then down between his legs. He let go of my hand, gripping my thigh as he bent his face close to mine. "Touch me," he whispered, brushing a kiss over my cheek.

I touched the soft skin below his navel, my fingers trembling as I explored further. He moaned softly as my hand closed around his erection. A jolt of panic washed over me and I let him go.

"I don't think that's going to,"

"Oh, it will," he said, his voice low and gravely as he roughly gripped the back of my thigh, pulling me closer as he nudged my legs even further apart. I sucked in my breath, reaching up and holding on to his shoulders for dear life as he positioned himself between my legs.

"Do you want me to count to three?"

struggled to breath. He thrust again, then again, further propelling me into what I can only describe as a dreamscape, the pain so intense my mind took me elsewhere.

"Maeve?"

"I'm okay," I choked, closing my eyes as the searing sensation ebbed away, replaced by a feeling of overwhelming fullness. "I'm okay."

He pulled away from me, panting, his eyes focused on mine. "I'm sorry, it gets better. I promise, it gets better."

He ran his fingers through my hair, bending down to brush a tender kiss on my lower lip. I felt numb, my legs limp with an exquisite throbbing between my legs. "Aaron," I breathed, opening my mouth to kiss him back.

But he pulled away, his face drawn with deep lines of despair. He rose to his knees, standing and quickly gathered his clothes.

"Aaron?"

"Don't," he said, his voice cracking with an almost inaudible sadness.

"What's wrong?" I cried, struggling to my feet and tripping over the sheets as he walked toward his door. He paused with his hand on the handle. "Aaron?"

He opened the door and slammed it behind him, leaving me alone.

Totally alone.