

Chapter 95

Anaiah's POV

I was hoping that if I came here and apologize to Leondre for my rude behavior, it will calm things between us but no, he doesn't want to talk or look at me.

After Dan excuses himself to get the air out of the bar, I stare at my mate.

He is drinking, ignoring my existence.

'Aren't you going to say a word to me?' I snap. He shakes his head and takes gulps of his drink. He's looking at everyone in the bar but me.

'I'm sorry, Leon,'

'Nothing to be sorry about, I get that you're still hurting,' he says but his tone says otherwise. He is still jealous that I hugged Erickson.

'It was just an innocent hug,'

'It's more than that. I've learned that you've been getting closer and you confide in him lately,' he says, looking at me now. I get up from my chair and get on his lap, he doesn't wrap his arms around my waist as he would.

'I've been hurting but I didn't want to let you know or continue blaming yourself because, Leon, I know you do when you see me unhappy,' our bond makes it so that we can read through our mate's emotions not only when they permit and take down the block but when they are vulnerable. I've heard him startle awake in his sleep or dream about the incident.

'I just don't want you to walk on eggshells around me,' I say.

We continue to talk and drink, and I'm feeling so much better. I smile at the end of our talk and kiss his lips softly, he kisses my collarbone and I shudder, making a warm chill goes down my body.

'Have you smoked out a bong before?' He asks, I shake my head. I've never even smoked before.

'He orders a waiter to bring a bong that we try to smoke out of but I'm choking,'

'Why do you do that?' I cough. He stands up and takes my hand in his as we leave the bar.

Reaching the silver moon pack house, we go straight to the guest room.

He closes the door behind him and carries me, I squeal as I wasn't expecting that... I wrap my legs around him as he kisses my body, he gently puts me on the sheets and hovers over me. Leon kisses me from head to toe, worshipping my body like a great art.

I was moaning and breathing erratically at this point. My hips arc up as he sucks my pussy

'Oh, fuck,'

I almost forgot how talented he is with that tongue of his. My fingers play in his hair and his thrusts get more savage.

'Oh baby, you taste so good,' he moans as he licks my cum. He appears over my face with a huge grin, kissing me and letting me taste myself.

He presses his hard erection on my entrance and thrusts in me slowly and gently. I am moaning softly and under him, I move my hips.

'Mhm, Ana,' he moans my name in ecstasy. His hand is around my neck as he pounds into my core.

'I love you always, Anaiah,' he was saying the words like a favorite song stuck in his head, and I wanted to hear it more than anything.

'I love you, I love you so much, my Ana,' my claws extended, and I was scratching his back, my fingers curled against the sheets. Pure Bliss overtook my senses, I was at the edge, and I bite his mark as I cum undone.

He keeps pumping in me, killing me with all his love and worship. We were one with my mate again and I wouldn't have it any other way.

'You're so good, babe,'

I don't know how I closed my eyes to sleep but I did with him still inside me. Warmness surrounded me as he held me close.