

Chapter 52

Lola

Everyone who has ever known me would say I'm brave and that lack a filter. This has gotten me in trouble way too many times, but when it comes to dating. I've had no problem speaking my mind. I'm confident, and I've lost count of the number of times I've told a man exactly what I thought about his actions, attitude, or life choices. Men seem to find this trait alluring and infuriating in equal measure. And since I'm a werewolf and in good shape, I've only dated huge, muscular men. Usually, stupid jocks, and even though I'm ashamed to admit this. I've only dated men of color since I'm of color as well. It makes me feel safe. But my mate? He is white, blonde, red-eyed, and not even the same species as I am, Caleb is a vampire, and he is insanely gorgeous. Around him. I get nervous and insecure. Yet here I am, undressing in front of him...and he doesn't seem to want me! Why is he just staring at me?! I look down at my breasts and wonder if there is something wrong with me. And then, I pout and meet Caleb's widened eyes, "Why do you look so shocked? Am I really that unattractive?"

Caleb opens his mouth, but I don't let him speak. I'm too nervous to hear his response, afraid that it may shatter my fragile confidence. I quickly grab the blanket from my bed, unable to bear his gaze a second longer. "I'm sorry." I blurt out,

trying to control my emotions as I cover up. “I don’t know why I did that.” My voice trembles, and for the first time in a long time, I feel utterly vulnerable. It’s not like me at all. Caleb is still in shock, his eyes wide and unblinking. It makes me blurt out more embarrassing things. “I’m sorry! I just... we are mates, and you’re gorgeous, and I really wanted a ride on the Caleb train, but...but maybe you don’t want the same thing?”

“The Caleb train?” he chokes out, then shakes his head in disbelief. “F*ck, Lola, your mouth...”

He pinches the bridge of his nose, looking amused. It makes me sob, “See! You think I’m stupid, and you probably don’t want me and my ugly werewolf body.”

“Ugly?” He finally blinks and slowly shakes his head as if coming out of a trance. “No, Lola...” His voice trails off as he takes a step towards me. “You’re beautiful and so d*mn sexy, but it was shocking to see you get undressed. I thought you were afraid of me?”

I bite my lower lip. “The vampire part is scary, but you’re really nice, Caleb. I don’t believe you would ever hurt me...even if you easily could.”

Caleb’s features soften at my words, the amused glint in his eyes replaced with what appears to be a form of respect. “Lola,” he whispers, almost lovingly, “I would never harm you. You must know this.” I nod, wrapping myself tighter in the blanket.

Despite his kind words, my insecurities still eat away at me, making my heart pound with anxious beats. “So...you don’t think I’m ugly?” I ask tentatively, needing to hear it again to confirm that his earlier statement wasn’t just a flippant comment.

Caleb’s eyes grow intense. “You’re the most gorgeous woman that I’ve ever set my eyes on.”

“You better not be lying to me because I can’t change my appearance like you can.” He chuckles. “I’m not lying. Lola. I am a talented vampire when it comes to magic, yes, but I can’t change my perception of beauty. And to me, you are absolutely breathtaking. In every sense of the word.”

Suddenly, there’s a vulnerability in his eyes that wasn’t there before. “And if I may be brutally honest – I’ve never been this attracted to anyone before.”

His admission makes my heart flutter. “You’re not just saying these things to make me feel better?” I question, not daring to trust this pleasant turn of events.

“No,” he pauses, shaking his head slowly. “I’m telling you because it’s the truth. I... I’m not good with words, Lola. Nor am I used to being this honest about my feelings. But, with you, it seems... necessary.” He steps closer, his hands gently resting on my shoulders as he peers into my eyes. His beautiful red gaze is

both intense and sincere. “I want you to understand, Lola. I don’t just see your body...I see you. And you’re stunning.”

I can’t help the blush that creeps onto my cheeks. He continues, “You’re brave, feisty, stubborn, and so incredibly strong. My vampire senses have never reacted to anyone as they do to you. You make me feel...well, I’m not sure what this feeling is, but it’s strong, and it’s only for you.” He reaches forward to lightly cup my cheek, his thumb grazing against the skin. I lean into his touch, my heart pounding so fiercely that I’m sure he must be aware of it.

My entire body hums with an energy that I’ve never felt before, a delicious buzz that races through my veins. “Your reactions,” he continues in a husky whisper, “they’re fierce and raw, unlike anything I’ve ever experienced. But they’re also genuine and beautiful. From your flushed cheeks to your trembling hands to your anxious heartbeat...everything about you is captivating.”

I gulp, my throat suddenly dry. “Caleb,” I whisper, a shiver running down my spine as his name slips past my lips. “I...I don’t know what to say.”

His smile widens, his eyes twinkling with a light I’ve never seen before. “You don’t have to say anything, Lola. Just...just let me show you how much you mean to me.” With that, he lowers his lips for a gentle and heart-stopping kiss. It’s our first one, and it’s as perfect as I imagined it would be.

His lips are cool and soft against mine, moving gently as if he's afraid of breaking me. But as I respond to his touch, surrendering to the sensation that is Caleb, he deepens the kiss, his hands finding their way into my hair, cradling my skull with a gentle strength.

His cool touch sends shivers down my spine, and I tighten my hold on the blanket around me. He goes still for a moment, pulling back slightly to look at me. His eyes are warm, filled with tender affection. "Are you cold?" he asks softly.

"No," I mumble, "I just put it on to hide..."

"You don't have to hide from me."

I look up at him, and meeting his genuine smile is what breaks me. Suddenly, I can't resist him. I throw away the blanket and climb him like a tree. He chuckles but doesn't push me away. His arms encircle me, lifting me off the ground and pulling me closer.

And we kiss. again and again, until we are both breathless, and I'm forced to take a break to breathe. "I want you in my bed," I tell him. "Naked."

His lips curl. "Well, that's an invitation I can't refuse... Any other requests while we're at it?"

“Yes, actually...” I hesitate for a while. “Would you mind if I asked you to change your appearance for me? Not you’re not pretty! I’m just...really into roleplaying and-”

He cuts me off with a laugh. “Lola, take it easy. I won’t get offended by you asking me to change my appearance. My ability is here to be used. Besides, if there are ways to get you even hornier for me, then I’m definitely here for it. But just so you know, I won’t be any less into you just because my face changed. You’re stuck with me being absolutely smitten with you no matter what.”

The emotion in his voice is strong and unyielding. His words, honest and raw, strike a chord within me. I find myself giggling nervously, both apprehensive and excited about his willingness to indulge my fantasy. “I... thank you, Caleb,” I manage to say, a hint of blush creeping up my face again.

He chuckles softly, his cool fingers tracing an absent pattern on my back. “Who should I morph into?” he asks playfully, raising an eyebrow I can’t help but laugh at his silliness. “Whoever I want?” I ask, eyes wide with the endless possibilities. He grins and nods, yet I don’t give him an answer.

I wander to my wardrobe and open the doors, revealing an entire collection of BDSM toys. Caleb almost chokes, and I grin evilly before taking out the handcuffs. “I’m going to tie you to my bed,” I tell him. “And once you’re all chained up, I will tell you exactly where I want some changes. Okay?”

There is a bulge in his pants as he gulps and says, “Yes, ma’am.” He strides over to my bed and starts undressing. As he settles onto the satin sheets, I can’t help but admire his form, solid and almost statuesque under the soft moonlight. It’s a sight that makes my heart race, and I can’t help but grin at the anticipation that swirls within me. I step forward, the handcuffs dangling from my fingertips.

As I approach him, I can see a flicker of uncertainty in his eyes. But there is no hesitation in his actions as he lifts his wrists towards me. The cold metal clinks against his skin as I secure the handcuffs, his eyes never leaving mine. “Aren’t these a bit loose?” he asks.

I grin at him. “Not at all. Not yet, anyway...”

I can feel a shiver run through him. But he doesn’t pull away. Instead, his gaze darkens with desire, and I can’t help but smile at the sight.

“Now,” I murmur, running my fingers lightly over his chest, “let’s rope your legs and arms to my bed.”

He nods, his chest rising and falling with his shallow breaths. A small smile plays on my lips as I lean down to whisper my desires into his ear.

“Once I’ve tied you up, I want you taller and way more muscular I want you so big it hurts being in those handcuffs because pain turns me on.”

His eyes widen at the request, but he doesn’t look freaked out. Instead, he nods, a determined look in his eyes. “As you wish, Lola,” he murmurs in reply, voice huskier than before.

I proceed to secure his arms and legs as I’ve promised, taking my time with each knot, relishing in his squirms and gasping whenever the ropes graze against his skin. The anticipation hangs heavy in the air, making my heart race and my mouth go dry He’s thoroughly secured now – trapped – and I sit back to admire my handiwork. He’s stunning like this vulnerable yet completely trusting; it’s an intoxicating sight. His eyes remain locked onto mine, a mix of anticipation and desire sending a rush of thrill through me.

“Now, let’s see about those changes...” I say as I straddle him, my voice soft but firm. “Is it okay if I sit here, right?” I ask in an innocent tone that is all fake.

His bulge is painfully hard underneath me, and I know this will tease him. And, as expected, he gulps but nods, the only movement he can make given his current circumstances. “Alright then,” I say, my fingers trailing along his beautiful jawline before moving down to trace the lean muscles of his chest, “I want you bigger. Broader.”