

## Chapter 10: Do You Want To Come In?

Landon's POV

Quinn smiled and shook her head, letting me know she had decided on what she wanted to eat. From the moment she opened her apartment door, Ezra had done nothing but stare at her in awe. Drool was collecting in a puddle underneath him as he noticed how beautiful she was. Her shoulder-length caramel hair fell in loose waves, and she had makeup on, but not too much, just enough to enhance her natural beauty. We both ordered our food. Quinn went for the ravioli, and I picked the chicken parmesan. Alonso walked away, and Quinn focused her attention back on me, her blue eyes sparkling in the light of the ickering candle in the middle of the table.

"So, you know what I do for work, but I have no idea what you do?" Quinn asked, taking a sip of her wine. Our pack had been settled outside Boston since 1722 when it only consisted of about ten wolves. We are over 800 strong and funded mainly by the founders' establishment of shing companies in the area. Today, we own several prominent shing companies which distribute products worldwide. It also helped to have gifted wolves that could see the future over the many years of the pack. They could see where we should invest our money, which gave us another small fortune.

"My family owns a few shing companies that have been in the family since the early 1700s," I explained, trying to stay as close to the truth as possible for now.

"That sounds interesting," she said. "Do you sell to restaurants or stores?"

"Both. The original company has grown significantly. I don't think my ancestors could have predicted it would be what it is today," I told her.

"Is your father the CEO or something?" she asked.

"Technically, I'm the CEO. My father passed away a couple of years ago," I told her, watching her face fall and contort into a worried look as if she hoped she hadn't upset me.

"I'm sorry to hear that," she told me with a sympathetic smile.

"Thanks, he was a good man, but after my mom died, he was never really the same," I explained.

"How did your mom pass?" she asked, and then her face twitched, and she quickly continued. "I'm sorry, that was direct and crass. You don't have to tell me about it if you don't want to." I could sense her uncomfortable energy shift as she looked down at her hands and blushed.

"No, don't apologize," I told her, trying to ease her discomfort. "I don't mind talking about it." Smiling at her to let her know I wasn't upset, I quickly thought about what to tell her. Telling the truth wasn't an option at the moment since a witch killed her. "She had an accident; she was hit by a car."

"She was hit by something," Ezra said, rolling his eyes.

"Well, I can't very well tell her the truth right now, can I?"

"I hope she's not pissed later when she finds out you lied," he replied.

"If you're not going to help, keep your mouth shut!" I told him firmly.

"That's terrible, I'm so sorry," Quinn said. She had placed a hand on the table, and driven by instinct, I put my hand on her, making her gasp slightly. I guess she still wasn't expecting the electricity of the mate bond to keep surprising her. She was looking at our connected hands, but I could only focus on her delicate face. All I wanted to do was climb across this table and take her full pink lips in mine. My thoughts were interrupted by our appetizer showing up, which was probably a good thing.

Quinn and I spent the next couple of hours eating and talking about anything and everything. It was nice to see her physically relax the longer we were together. She told me about her backpacking across Europe with Brianna right after college. Sleeping in hostiles and having no money, she talked about it so enthusiastically that it sounded amazing. I tried to explain myself to her and about my home and family. I took my jacket off a few minutes into eating our dip and laughed internally when my wolf hearing picked up her inhale, and my nose picked up her scent of arousal.

All too quickly, we were in my car, heading back to her place. Placing my hand on her thigh, I got pleasure, feeling her squirm slightly under my touch, but also the fact that she covered my hand with her. I didn't want the night to end, and I hoped she would invite me inside, but I wouldn't push her if she didn't offer. I managed to get her on this date, which was enough for me right now.

Rob had mind-linked me halfway through the date, asking where I was, and I told him. Avoiding him before I left to pick Quinn up was easy because he spent most of his days off in bed with the omega of the month. It felt important that he understood his opinion hadn't influenced me, and he would have to get over his ill feelings towards Quinn and her being human. Quinn and I had arrived outside her apartment door, and she turned around to face me. Her heart was racing, and I could sense her anticipation; she didn't want this night to end either.

"I had a nice time tonight," she said, smiling at me, the same smile I had already grown to love, and that turned Ezra into a puddle of mush in seconds.

"I did, too; I'm thrilled you said yes," I told her. I could feel Rob was trying to connect with me via mind link, but I ignored him. Evelyn would try to get a hold of me if it was something significant.

"I guess we have Lillith to thank..." She didn't finish her sentence because my need to have my lips on hers took over, and I leaned down to kiss her softly but also eagerly. Quinn moaned into my mouth, which sent a jolt of electricity through me that was stronger than the one caused by our connected skin. The scent of her desire was straggling me now, as it had been in the air all night, but now it was thick, like a blanket wrapped around me.

Wrapping my arms around her waist, I pulled her against my chest, which caused her to gasp and open her mouth. As she did, I invaded the space with my tongue, tasting every inch of my delicious mate. She had one hand on my chest while the other wrapped around my back. She was so small compared to me, and her arm barely touched the middle of my back. We broke apart, and she looked at me, slightly dazed.

"Do you wanna come inside?" she breathed, blinking her dazzling blue eyes.

"Absolutely," I commented, capturing her lips in mine again. Ezra jumped up and down at being invited inside, but I appreciated that he wasn't ruining this moment with his barking or whining. I let Quinn go, and she fumbled in her small purse as she took her keys out and jammed them into the lock. The door had barely opened a crack when I turned her around to face me and devoured her lips in a more ardent and passionate kiss now that I knew she was all right with it. Kicking the door the rest of the way open, I picked Quinn up under her arse and carried her through the door.

Finally, having her in my arms felt like the most natural thing in the world. The perfect way her lips molded to mine, or the way she melted under my touch and moaned into my mouth, all felt right. I had only one arm supporting her while the other was holding the back of her neck, keeping her as close to me as possible. She wrapped all four limbs around me tightly, twisting her fingers in my hair. I didn't even notice where I was carrying her, to entangle with what she and I were about to do. All I knew was that I followed my instincts and her scent, picking the room where the smell was most concentrated.

Thankfully, I chose correctly, and no one else was inside when I opened the door. Her unique widower scent, mixed with the smell of her arousal, had my dick hard and throbbing against the zipper of my jeans. The soft thump of her purse hitting the ground was the only sound apart from her moans of desire. Placing her gently on the bed on her back, I hovered over her, breaking our kiss.

"You're so beautiful," I whispered, taking a hand up to stroke her face gently with my fingertips. She shuttered under my touch and closed her eyes, leaning her face into my hand. This woman was perfect and perfect for me. How had I ever thought about rejecting her?

"Because you're an idiot," Ezra growled.

"How can you make me feel like I've known you my entire life?" Quinn asked, looking at me with kind and, dare I say it, loving eyes. She reached up, placed a hand on my neck, and pulled me down to meet her lips. Accepting her invitation, I took off my leather jacket and let it fall to the oor in a heap. Quinn wasted no time, and I felt her hands travel down my body to the hem of my shirt, beginning to pull it up, exposing my torso. Helping her, I ripped my shirt off the rest of the way. I watched her eyes widen as she took in my chiseled physique, biting her lip. It was about time she lost her top, so I grabbed hold of the thick knit fabric of her sweater and started pulling it off.

I stopped just when the shirt was over her navel, bent down, and placed a kiss just on the top of her jeans, making her groan and twist around under me. Since the mate bond increased every feeling, the pleasure I was giving her with just simple touches felt magnified by one thousand to her. Taking her shirt the rest of the way off, I didn't even look where I threw it. Quinn wasn't wearing a bra, so the only focus I had was on her exquisite perky breasts, with her hard nipples on full display. Taking one in each hand, I began kneading them, taking one peak into my mouth and sucking on it.

Quinn lifted her back off the bed and moaned. She had no idea what was coming her way in a few minutes. Abandoning my ministrations of her chest, I reached down and began undoing her jeans button and zipper. She wasn't far behind, quickly undoing my belt buckle. I stood up to make things easier, pulling both my pants and boxers off at the same time, letting my erect cock spring from its prison. Again, Quinn bit her lip in anticipation, which caused my erection to twitch with want and desire. She had already kicked her shoes off, so I took hold of the top of her jeans and pulled them and her panties down and off her leg.

It was now my turn to take in her stunning body lying naked before me. Her hips were perfectly curvy, leading down to her manicured pussy, which would soon have my tongue buried deep inside. Quinn was almost panting, her chest rising and falling quickly, and the longer I looked at her, the more she looked at me. Climbing back on the bed, I settled myself in between her legs, using my hands to open them more comprehensively for me while I stared into her pretty pink core. Juices were already dripping off her; this was probably the most turned-on she'd ever been, at least, that's what I hoped. Devilishly smiling at Quinn, I leaned down, getting comfortable, ready to enjoy every moan and orgasm I was about to give her.