

(Book 2) Chapter 72. Wait For Me

ZIAHRA.

I've been here for long enough, Mom's ashes have been laid to rest and the trials are done. Zedkiel has a lot to do, but Evangeline needs him, so I offered to go and handle the things that can be done on his behalf.

We own several lands between the vampire territory and the Moon Stone Pack, and a new home will be built where Zedkiel can handle official business, but ultimately until it's done he will have to travel back and forth for a while.

I don't want to go... but I have to. Mom was killed by Zed's Lycan, and although

Evangeline had apologised for it, I don't blame her, this wasn't her fault, however, I need some time to mourn.

I'm ready to take some time to accept her death. I had fought so h*ard for the last few years to save her, and then... in the end, she died. Just like that...

It only takes moments for death to take us... no matter the length of our life span, our loved ones can still be taken in a matter of minutes. No one is invincible.

But leaving meant... Kash...

The feelings I have for him have developed strongly and although I want to agree to his request to remain, and tell him that I'll stay, I can't. I am the only remaining Aton that the rest of the vampires will listen to and respect.

Until Zedkiel learns the ropes, I need to be by his side without distractions, and do everything I can to lessen his burden and Kash... he's a sexy addicting distraction...

I had delayed my leaving since he had asked me and then of course the trials ended up taking longer than expected, but there's nothing left for me to do here now.

I pick up some clothes, roughly folding them over to toss into my bag.

"You're leaving." Kash's voice says from behind me, making me gasp as I drop the items I was holding in my hands, and I spin around to face him.

There's no amusement on his face as there usually would be if he had managed to sneak up on me. I look into those d*eeep green eyes, strands of his silky hair falling in front of his forehead, but all I can see in his eyes is hurt and disappointment.

He looks as handsome and sexy as ever in a pair of black sweatpants and a matching hoodie, and I also know what he's packing underneath... It's a lie to say I don't want him.

"Soon, yes." I say, no longer able to look him in the eye as I begin to pick up the stuff I had dropped.

I hear an exasperated sigh and then he's behind me, grabbing my elbow and spinning me around roughly. My heart skips a beat as I come face to face with him, our faces centimeters apart.

"Why are you punishing me?" He asks roughly, his nose t*ouching mine and his hot breath making pleasure rush through me. "I... there are things I need to do Kash."

"And what do you think? Do you think I'm going to tie you to a f*uc*king bed and f*uc*k you day in and day out that you won't be able to do anything else? That's not an excuse." He replies huskily.

My gaze dips to his lips and I shake my head, I can't do this... "I'm scared." I say truthfully, turning away.

He frowns, but his grip on my arm eases a little.

"Of what? Being honest to yourself?" He mocks arrogantly. "Tell me, princess, are you too much of a coward?" I roll my eyes, shoving him back.

"F*uc*k you." I say, hating that he's right.

"If you want to." He says, and in a flash he has me pushed back onto the bed, with my wrists pinned to the bed, right next to the bag I was packing.

Pleasure jolts through me and I bite my lip as he straddles me, looking down at me with a look in his eyes that makes my p*uss*y wet. "Kash..."

"Tell me you don't want this or me, and I will let you go." He murmurs looking down at me.

I do... but it terrifies me...

"The truth." He urges, as he bends down, his nose brushing mine, and his lips are so close... Oh f*uc*k...

"I do... but there are things I have to do... Mom would want me to make sure Zedkiel learns our ways and to make sure everyone respects him. I need to stand by his side and make sure everything is done right." I say, my p*uss*y clenching with a need only he can satiate.

"I have things I need to do as well, Princess ... I need to find Isa, I need to make sure she's safe and I need to take my position as the beta of this pack... we all have things to do, but it doesn't mean you should push away things you want." He murmurs, his lips grazing against mine as he speaks.

Pleasure tingles through me and a soft moan leaves my lips, and I can't help but arch my back, wanting his body fully against mine.

"Then what do you want from me?" I ask quietly, running my tongue along his lower lip and my heart skips a beat when his tongue flicks out and caresses my upper lip before playing with mine.

"I want you. I want you to accept me, I want you to mark me and f*uc*k, just be mine." He says, moving back ever so slightly so he can look into my eyes.

Those words are melting my resolution. I want him too... I wriggle in his grip, but he refuses to let my wrists go.

How can I refuse when the hunger and passion in those eyes is driving me crazy? "Fine... but you will allow me to fulfil my duty first at least. Until this stuff is settled down, I can't think of settling." I ask quietly.

"I'll wait for you, but make sure you know that you're mine." He replies possessively. "Then you will not take another woman

when I'm not around. I expect loyalty, Kash, and even the omegas you werewolves keep count." My eyes flash as irritation slips through me, but he doesn't seem phased.

This was one of my fears, that when I'm not around for work, he'll mess around. "Deal." He replies, with no hesitation that it surprises me.

"You will have to remember that we are two races. I have my duties and always will." I continue, trying not to notice his shaft that is pressing against my stomach.

My own core is knotting in desire, and he can probably smell how turned on I am. "We'll deal with everything together, I respect that Ziahra..." He growls huskily.

A soft sigh leaves my lips when his nose brushes the side of my neck, sending sizzling pleasure through me. "Then what are you waiting for? Kiss me." I whisper, feeling him throb against me.

Oh f*uc*k...

My moan is cut off when his lips meet mine in a dangerously delicious kiss. Sparks from our bond erupt through me as I lock my legs around his waist, rolling us over so I'm on top. I pull my top off, leaving me in my bra. His eyes blaze and a low growl

rumbles in his chest.

I grind against his c*oc*k, moaning softly as his hands run over my body, before grabbing my b*rea*sts. Oh, tonight I'm loving you...

He smirks, pushing my bag off the bed and I reach down at the same time as he does and pull his hoodie up, and he helps me remove it before his hands are back on my body, and our lips meet in an explosive kiss...

We may not be at the point in time where we can settle down, but we can still be together ... because this man is f*uc*king undeniably addictive.