

Chapter 15 - Memento

Nicolas POV

Zana trembled beneath my touch as tiny electric sparks danced between us.

She looked up at me, her silver eyes pleading with me to let her go.

"I am sorry," I said, sensing that I had trespassed into her personal space. "However, I must know."

Zara let out a surrendering sigh and lowered her gaze.

My heart pounded hard inside my chest as I reached out to take off her beautiful scarf.

"You know, you could just tie her up with the scarf," Ray suggested.

"Maybe someday I will," I replied, feeling my c**k twitch, having already considered that option.

I waved off the naughty notion and carefully moved Zara's dress to one side. But I will have to release her left arm to obtain the information I need.

"Will you behave?" I asked, knowing she had a temper and would not hesitate to defend herself.

Without moving, she slowly nodded.

I gave her left hand up and started to slide the fabric off Zara's shoulder while holding her right wrist firmly in my own. But before I could see the mark, Zara lifted her head, and something flashed through her silver eyes.

"Watch out!" Ray yelled, and before I realized what was happening, she managed to free her wrist from my grasp and knock me to the ground with one single movement.

I grunted as a sharp pain shot through my back. It had been a while since someone had successfully ipped me onto my back.

"You have never had a fierce she-wolf for a mate before," Ray teased, taking the irony of the circumstance in stride. "She definitely showed you how quick she is."

Zara paused for a moment, staring down at me with wide eyes.

Did she fear that she had injured me?

Zara leaped forward, attempting to jump over me to escape.

I grabbed hold of her leg, pulled her back, and she came crashing down on my rock-hard chest. In an instant, I wrapped my arms tightly around her.

"Where are you going, little mate?" I hissed through my teeth. "My investigation is not yet done!"

Zara fought to break free of my hold, so I turned over, pressed her to her stomach, and wrapped both of her hands behind her back.

She hissed angrily at me, and I grinned.

"You are cute when you are angry, kitten," I said, and Zara retaliated by growling at me and wriggling to free herself from my hold.

The thought of her lying beneath me with barely any clothes on, mixed with her intoxicated scent, and her struggle against my hold, was numbing my sense of reality, and I could feel a re rising inside of me.

I groaned loudly as my c**k brushed against her behind—he was already solid.

"I suggest you stop moving," I whispered darkly at her. "Or, would you rather be deowered in this storage room?"

Zara's eyes darkened, her body stiffened, and her breathing grew labored. I suppose she became aware of my massive bulge pressing against her behind.

I quickly took both of her wrists in my hand and pushed the shoulder part of her dress away from her neck. I sighed, gazing at her awless skin as I ran my nger down her gorgeous shoulder toward her nape.

My gaze shifted to the mating mark, and I stopped. It seemed to be real.

"I think it is ink," Ray whispered. "I can smell the chemicals and toxins. Wet your ngers and give the spot a rub."

I wet my ngers as directed and gently wiped them over the mark.

Remarkably, the mark seemed to disappear, leaving nothing behind.

"Are you happy now?" Zara whimpered out loud.

"Yes, I am," I said, releasing her hands and moving away from her.

Zara got to her feet, her face ustered from embarrassment and anger.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked.

"Does it really matter?" She snapped, tears threatening to leak out of her stormy eyes. "With your newfound knowledge, what goals do you have in mind?"

"Goals?" I muttered in disbelief. What was she talking about?

"Are you going to sell me out?" She asked, angry tears escaping and running down the side of her face. "And report me to the council?"

"Why would I do that?" I asked.

Zara spun around without another word and dashed towards the door."

"Stop her!" Ray roared.

I grabbed hold of Zara's wrist, pulled her back, and crushed my lips on hers.

Zara froze against my lips for only a split second before responding with the same urgency and excitement to have me.

I pulled Zara to my chest, lifted her around my torso, and carried her back to the desk. I wanted to show her how much I wanted her, how much I needed her, and how much I desired her.

I lowered her gently on the table and moved between her legs. While my mouth leaked wet kisses down to her jaw, I took hold of the dress's belt and pulled it firmly. Part of the blue dress slipped to the side, exposing a black lace bra with a tiny bow in the center.

Oh, Goddess, you are making it difficult to resist her! You know these kinds of garments drive me insane! Zara was like a present that I was about to open, and I was tired of waiting to unwrap her!

I moved to her ear, nibbling on her earlobe until she gasped and shivered, and then slowly left a trail of kisses down to her nape.

I will be leaving my mark there soon—one that will declare to the world that she is mine!

Zara's arousal reached my nose, and I inhaled deeply, forcing the scent down into my lungs with a long, deep breath. Goddess, she smells heavenly! She wants me!

I pulled her dress over her shoulders and out of the way, making my way down to her perky breasts. I can only imagine how incredibly soft they must be!

I gently lifted her breasts out of the bra cups and kissed the top of them. Zara moaned and arched her back as my thumbs traced her gorgeous round n****s.

"She desires you to taste them!" Ray urged.

Without hesitation, I devoured the two like a ravenous animal. I couldn't get enough of them.

I moved from her breast down to her firm and well-crafted stomach, kissing my way down.

I paused at her belly button, admiring the little ring with a heart made of diamonds on the end. I twiddled my tongue around it, making her gasp before moving down to the honey pot.

"You are so wet for me," I muttered, kissing the top of her wet p***y.

I slid two ngers between the material and her p***y and watched her tremble.

"Oh, that feels so good," she moaned.

I gently took off her underwear, giving her a series of buttery kisses along the way, and dropped them to the ground.

I plunged in, running my tongue down her slid, without waiting for another invitation.

With a moan, Zara grabbed my shoulders and pressed her claws into my back.

"Oh, Alpha Dalton," she moaned, curving her back even more. "That feels so f*cking good!"

There was something about hearing my name on her lips! I felt like f*cking her and tasting every cavity she might have while she repeatedly cried out my name!

I gave a lustful grunt. I wanted her. She had already spread her legs wide to reveal her dripping p***y to me.

I could easily take advantage of her by dropping my pants and f*cking her here right now.

I began to f*ck her with my mouth. I twiddled my tongue over her c***** area, loving and exploring her folds. Her groans grew more and more intense, but I was not prepared for it to end just yet. I inserted my tongue inside her and licked the nectar that had spilled.

Zara groaned and pressed her lower half against my lips. She was craving more.

"Harder, Alpha Dalton, harder," she moaned. "I am close!"

Just as she was about to explode, I moved away, pinned her hands above her head, moved my nger up and down her wet p***y, and slipped it into her hole.

Zara gasped and moaned. That action had caught her off guard. She was incredibly tight. She needs to be stretched for me to get her to accept my c**k. I was eager to be inside her. I wanted to be inside her.

I slowly began to pump my nger inside of her, added another, and accelerated the pace.

Zara was gasping for air, and her honey was leaking all over my hand. Her walls were closing in; she was about to experience her first orgasm with me.

I felt Zara's release pulsing around my ngers as she threw back her head, cried out my name, and came around my ngers.

Zara watched as I carefully withdrew my ngers from her p***y and licked them one by one.

"I love tasting you," I said, stepping back.

Zara got up and got closer. A smile spread across her face.

She seized me by the waist and pulled me toward her.

"I would like to repay the favor," she said. Her eyes glowed with desire as she began adjusting my belt. My c**k was painfully hard, and craving her touch!

"Zara!" Beta Levi's voice reverberated through the quiet hallway, startling both of us.

"Where are you? We are about to begin the meeting."

"Sh*t!" Zara gasped, letting go of me and searching for her clothes.

"I will treasure this as a memento," I declared, grasping her scanty underwear from the door, inhaling her scent, and shoving it into my top pocket. "Until the next time, I see you."
