

Chapter 9 What's Mine

JASMINE

A noise from the window made me freeze. I thought I'd locked it.

The window creaked open, and a full figure struggled to enter.

My heart stopped, and I wanted to scream.

A huge body towered over me, his hands wrapping tightly around my mouth. That familiar, intoxicating cologne hit my nose, and I knew who it was even without seeing his face.

I stilled in his hands, his hold was the comfort I needed.

"Ryder?" My voice came out as a whisper. How did he get in here? Where did he go, stalking through my window? What isn't this Lycan king capable of doing?

First, he's pinned us to his hands, and now, he's stalking through my window? How fascinating!

"Baby Vixen," his tone hoarse, sending cold shivers running down my spine.

My core clenched; his breath was hovering on my face. I let out a deep sigh.

"What do you want?" I asked, trying to push his full length away from me. I'm being crushed beneath his huge body, his thigh pinning my legs down, his hands holding mine captive.

I was his submissive, and he was my master. I tried to pull away from his hold.

Ryder's grip tightened just enough to remind me who was in control, but his touch was never harsh. His eyes, those intense stormy turquoise eyes, burned into mine with a mix of possessiveness and desire. I could feel the heat radiating from his body, his presence overwhelming in my room.

"You know what I want," he growled softly, his voice a low rumble that sent vibrations straight to my core. He leaned in closer, his lips brushing against the sensitive skin of my neck, teasing but not yet claiming. "I want what's mine."

My body tensed. I tried to blink and shake off the feeling. But I couldn't. There was something about him that awakened this hunger in me that I'd never experienced.

His voice was a command, a declaration. It was almost like I had no say.

What's his? Who gave him the audacity to claim me like I'm a toy, a pawn, a tool? How dare he?!

I tried to move for a second time, but his masculine Greek body held me captive, pressing me into the mattress. The scent of his cologne, mixed with the wild, untamed musk that was uniquely his, made my head spin.

"You can't just... break into my room like this," I managed to say, though my voice was trembling, betraying the thrill that coursed through me. "What if someone saw you?"

That dark, amused smile curved his lips as he finally released his grip on my mouth. His hand trailed down my arm, leaving a trail of tingling sensation in its wake. "No one saw me, Vixen. No one ever sees me unless I want them to."

He winked, my body shuddered, I had a feeling, his words had depth more than that. Does that mean he had been creeping on me whenever I'm sleeping?

His confidence, his sheer dominance, made it impossible to resist him. He was the Lycan king, a creature of the night, capable of anything. And yet, here he was, with me, his chosen submissive.

Ryder's fingers found the hem of my shirt, slipping beneath the fabric to touch my bare skin. The warmth of his hand sent a jolt of electricity through my body, and I couldn't suppress the small gasp that escaped my lips.

was real. I struggled to move my hands away from his hold, but his firm hands held me captive.

Slowly, it rested on my panties. My body tensed, my eyes rolled to the back, and I squirmed in response.

His touch was pure torture. I wanted to beg, but then his hand slipped through, touching my wet self.

"You're wet for me, Baby Vixen." His voice was hoarse as he whispered in my ears.

"Ryder..." I breathed, my voice barely audible. But he silenced me with a rough kiss, his lips claiming mine with a fierce possessiveness that left no room for argument.

This was what I craved, what I needed. The push and pull of power, the way he made me feel alive and utterly consumed at the same time.