

Chapter 10 - Devin

It's the morning after Brandon was taken and I wake up with the rising of the sun through our windows. Arya and I have to train with the newer warriors today and we had decided to go for a run quickly before breakfast.

I stretch, leaving my hands above my head before looking at Arya beside me. The oversized shirt that she wore to bed, one of Xander's old shirts, has ridden up and shows the underside of her breasts. On display are her smooth skin, her lacy thong that barely covered her pussy, and the slight roundness of her pregnant belly.

Immediately, my cock jumps to attention and my breathing increases. Fuck! She is the sexiest woman that I have ever seen and just looking at her turns me on.

She rolls towards me, seeking my warmth even in her sleep. Her breasts press into my side and I hiss at the feeling of sparks that cover that side of my body. I look at her angelic face, peaceful and carefree in her sleep. With a shaky hand, I reach out and cup her cheek.

In her sleep, Arya moans and snuggles into my body. Again, I hiss at the touch of her skin on mine. Goddess, how I've missed this!

I slowly lean towards her, placing a kiss on her temple. She moans again, moving imperceptibly closer to me. She throws her leg over mine, pushing it up high on my thigh and brushing my erection. I can't help the loud groan that escapes my lips or stop my hand from cupping her breast.

My fingers push her shirt out of the way and brush the pads of my fingertips against her nipple. She arches her back, pushing her breasts into me. I inhale deeply through my nose, unable to hold back my lust. My hand palms her breast and squeezes it as I push against her.

I hitch her leg up around my hip, my erection rubbing against her core. I feel her warm wetness beginning to seep through her thong. The scent of her arousal envelopes me, filling my nose and brain. Goddess, I want her. I need her. I need to feel her wrapped around me.

She groans, her eyes scrunching as she feels the pleasure of our skin touching. "Devin," she whispers.

"Angel," I whisper into her neck, rolling her onto her back and lying between her legs. I rock my hips, rubbing my cock against her core while I suck on her matemark and my hands grip her breasts.

"Fuck, baby!" she groans. I nip, suck, and lick, down from her neck all the way to her pussy, stopping to swirl my tongue around her nipples and her navel.

Once between her legs, I spread them open as far as they will go and literally rip her thong off of her body. Her scent is more potent, taking over every one of my senses as I lick between her folds with the flat of my tongue. Fucking hell, she tastes amazing.

She squeals above me, trying to wrap her legs around my head. But I force them to stay open. I nibble at her clit then suck as much of it as possible into my mouth. She squirms, rubbing her pussy harder into my face. Her hands dig into my hair and hold me against her as I

slip my tongue into her entrance. My tongue fucks her and she dances on my face.

"I'm gonna cum!" she screams just before her juices flow out and drench my mouth and chin. I greedily drink them up, running my tongue in and out of her body as she rides out her orgasm.

I pull away from her, looking down at her body, knowing that it's mine. I start to pull down my boxers. "I'm going to fuck you so hard that you won't be able to get out of this bed for training."

She looks up at me with lust filled eyes. "Please!" she begs. "I need to feel you inside of me, Xander."

And just like that, my body freezes. My skin breaks out in goosebumps and I'm having trouble breathing for an entirely different reason. Xander. A strangled noise makes its way out of my throat and I fall back on my heels, catching myself before I completely fall off of the bed.

Arya's eyes widen, horror at what she's just said all over her face. She sits up and reaches towards me. "Devin. Devin, don't. I'm so sorry. Please, baby." Her voice is pleading, trying to keep me there.

I swiftly get up, standing from the bed and away from her touch. "No. No. It's ok. I'll, uh...I'll head out first. I'll see you at the training grounds." I can't even look at her. Xander. 1

I turn and grab my running shorts that are slung over the chair by the bed. I quickly put them on and grab my socks and shoes. I literally run out of the door, hearing her scream my name as I leave.

I hurry out of our house and down the steps of our porch. I sit down

on the last step and quickly put my shoes and socks on and take off into the woods. I run as fast and as hard as I can, trying to get away from the feelings that threaten to overwhelm me. The pain that she is calling out for him, not recognizing that it's me there. The anguish that she seems to miss him more than she wants me. And the fear that I'll never be enough for her.

Fuck! I scream wordlessly and pound my fist into a tree. The wood cracks, the whole tree shaking from the force of my blow, some of the roots ripping from the ground as it leans to the side.

I lean against the tree, my body shaking from my recent exertion, the adrenaline in my system, and the grief and pain that is wracking my entire body.

"Devin?" I hear from the woods.

I spin, ducking into a fighting stance. My guard is up because of Brandon's kidnapping and my demi-god reflexes have me ready for an attack.

About 50 feet from me, standing on the path I was running on, is Hakeem. My senses quickly note that no one else is around and I relax.

I quickly rub my hands over my face, wiping away tears that I hadn't realized were falling. I duck my head so he doesn't see. "Hey, Hakeem."

Slowly, hands open and out to his side, Hakeem walks towards me. "You ok, man? I've been following you and you were running like a bat out of hell."

"Yeah, I'm fine. Woke up late, trying to get my run in before training."
I force out a chuckle, still trying to avert my face from Hakeem so he can't see the lie on my features.

Hakeem continues walking towards me, but doesn't say anything until he's standing right in front of me. "Dev. What's really going on?"

Another tear runs down my face and I can't help the sob that leaves my throat. Hakeem wraps his arms around me and tucks my head into his shoulder. He lets me cry. I don't know how long we stand there, and then sit on the ground, me crying and him just holding me.

Finally, I stop. It's late morning by this time. I've had several people try to mindlink me, but I just shut them out. I know for sure that Zak, Charlie, and...Arya...are trying to link me. I can tell from the feel of their minds against my barrier. I block every one of them out. I can't. I just can't right now. I know I'm late for training. I know they're worried about me. But I can't.

"Zak and Charlie are linking me, asking if I've seen you. Your mate is worried," Hakeem says. "What do you want me to say?"

I sit up, using the bottom hem of my shorts to wipe my face. "I don't know, man. I really don't want to see Arya right now. But Zak and Charlie have enough to worry about."

"I can tell them that you're safe. That you're with me, but you don't really feel like talking. We'll be home later?" His last statement is a question. In that moment, I know two things. He doesn't know if I want to go back. And he'll support whatever I decide.

"Yeah. Tell them all of that." I wave my hand, not really knowing

what else to do.

He's quiet as he links my friends. I feel Arya once again try to link with me, her touch against my barrier causing shivers and sending sparks, even though she isn't physically touching me. But instead of sending comfort and pleasure through my body, all I feel is emptiness and pain.

"What's going on, Dev? Please tell me," Hakeem asks.

I lean my arms against my knees, putting my head in my hands. "It's Xander."

Hakeem sighs. "I can only imagine how hard it is for you, to have lost your mate."

"That's not it. Not exactly," I say, my voice muffled since I'm still holding my face in my hands.

I lean back against the tree that I broke. Hakeem sits and waits for me to talk. He's always been good like that, never pushing. I take a deep breath and start. "It's been hard for Arya and I to...be with each other since Xander's death. The last time that we had sex was when we were with Xander almost a month ago. One or both of us will start and then we'll remember him. The way he touched us. The way he smelled. Something that he would say. And everything stops." I breathe deeply, my breath coming out broken. "I'm not enough for her. I'll never be enough. She only feels whole when he is there. I should have been the one that died, not him."

"No, Dev. That's not true. You are where you're supposed to be, as the Goddess ordained," Hakeem says.



"Even the Goddess makes mistakes. We've seen that. I think this is one of them," I sigh.

And suddenly, I smell her. She's here. I glare at Hakeem. "You told her where we are?" I'm pissed.

He shrugs. "This is something that you need to talk about with your mate. I can't help you through this. The only thing that I can do is bring you two together. You have to talk this out."

Arya runs up to me, nearly falling to the ground in front of me. She pulls my face to hers, kissing me deeply. I instantly respond. I need her so much. I love her so much. And I can't help but feel that I'm not enough to keep her happy.



Comments



Support