

Chapter 9


ALIA.

"If I behave, can I come to the kitchen with you?" Why did I ask that? I had no idea. A moment ago, I was scared of him. His eyes were fully black, and the way he growled and jumped at me was something I wasn't used to.

But despite that, I didn't want to be far from him right now, and the thought of another male coming near me scared me more. Regardless of how much I hated him, I felt safer around him for some reason.

"Okay, but if you try to run..."

"I won't. I have nowhere to go. Do you think I want to be ravished by hungry, unmated wolves out there?" My voice croaked.

I stood up and put my arms together. "Tie me up if you don't want to believe me." 

He shook his head and opened his door. "I trust you, even if you don't trust me. Come now."

I sighed in relief as I stepped out after him. We walked in silence until we reached the kitchen.

I sat on the stool behind the counter and watched him prepare a sandwich. I would have volunteered to help, but

seeing him gracefully move around the kitchen as if he had done this all his life amazed me. So I stayed still, letting my lustful eyes roam around his perfectly sculpted body.

Just for tonight, I would let myself enjoy his presence. After that, I could continue hating him tomorrow and then move on.

In the end, he made a ham and cheese sandwich with spinach and tomatoes in a baguette. Then, he placed the plate in front of me, smiling like he had accomplished something big.

"Milk or orange juice?" He asked in his sexy baritone voice, which sent tingles through my core. I had to cross one leg over the other to stop the wetness from pooling in my panties.

"Orange juice." I smiled and took the plate. The sandwich was too much for me, so I asked, "And you?"

I watched him pour me a glass of orange juice and set it beside my plate. "I'm not hungry."

I divided the baguette into two before placing it back on the plate. "You can take the other half. I'm not that hungry as well."

"Scared I will poison you?" He chuckled and leaned his elbows on the counter in front of where I sat. His eyes looked directly at mine, and I could feel my cheeks burning.

"If I say yes, will you eat the other half to prove it wasn't


poisoned?" I offered him a sarcastic smile.

He shrugged his shoulders and picked up half of the sandwich, laying it on the counter in front of him before walking to the fridge to pick up milk and pouring some into his glass.

"So milk, huh?" I asked while looking at him as he took his first bite. My eyes darted to his lips. Goddess, I wanted to kiss him.

"Yup, I've always been a milk boy." He smiled sheepishly, and I felt my heart somersault inside my chest at the carefree expression on his face. "So, Alia. Any second name?"

"No. Just Alia. Why the sudden interest?" I rolled my eyes at him.

"I just realized we have never officially met. My name is Gavin. Gavin Salvatore." He raised his hand over the counter, offering to shake mine. 

"My name is Alia. Alia Williamson." I answered, my eyes never leaving him but ignoring his hand. When, after I spoke, he still didn't remove his hand, I slapped it playfully and chuckled. "I saw you lick your fingers, and there's no way I will touch those."

His eyes squinted before he let out a hearty laugh. "You were fast. I didn't even realize that. Well, next time, maybe you will take my hand."

"You wished!" I rolled my eyes again at him, but the smile on his face didn't change. It still carried a carefree aura, and I almost forgot that I hated him and what he did to me and my wolf.

"How old are you?" He asked next.

I held my hand up. "Wait. Caspian mindlinked, asking where I am." I answered my brother and told him I was at the pack house and would soon go to bed. He mentioned that the ceremony was over and the after-party was already starting, and I told him not to worry about me.

"Okay, what was your question?" I asked after I was done with Caspian.

"What did you tell him?" He swallowed. I could sense his uneasiness.

I smirked. "I told him I was abducted by an alien. But the alien was good enough to feed me, so he shouldn't worry. Your question?" 3

He snickered and shook his head. His shoulders began to relax again. "How old are you?"

"18. And you?" Even if I denied it, I knew I enjoyed learning a bit about him.

"What's your take? How old am I?" He asked coyly.

"Uhhmm.. 20? 21? 22?"

"18." And then he offered a smug grin.

"No way..." I squinted my eyes at him. There was no way this man, who looked so confident in handling himself, could just be 18.

"Why? Do I look older?"

"No. But I have met many 18-year-old guys, and they don't have the maturity you possess in your aura. I mean, are you really 18?"

"No. I just turned 21. Four days ago." He chuckled.

"On the same day as the Claiming?" I asked, my brow arched. He nodded and didn't say anything more. I guess the Claiming was a sensitive subject for him as well. After all, he was not able to win the female he wanted.

And everything came back. The agony of him choosing another woman over me. On his birthday. I wasn't even given a chance to greet him. I felt my eyes sting. How nice would it be if I found him on time? I wouldn't mind having moments like this with him. If only he were mine.

"Are you okay?" He asked with a voice laced with concern, which snapped me out of my thoughts.

I nodded and dropped my eyes to the table. I needed to control myself. I could never let him see me this weak. I needed to remind myself that I didn't want him. I would never be a rebound mate. Never.

"I'm done eating. I want to rest now." I answered in a cold voice before sliding out of my chair and walking out of the kitchen without even throwing a glance at him.

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GAVIN.

I didn't know what happened, but I thought we were improving into something, but then she began acting coldly and snapping at me. It must be at the mention of the Claiming. Why the fuck did I have to ruin everything? 1

We were back in my room, and she was now lying in my bed, in my shirt, under my blanket, while I sat on the sofa beside the door, pretending to sleep. But all my senses were wide awake. I could hear her breathing, and I knew she was also awake.

As crazy as it may seem, I found serenity and comfort just by having her in my room. The fact that she was the only female that ever entered my sanctuary was enough to make me proud. My little lamb, she fitted exactly here.

I was still lost in my thoughts when she suddenly jerked up and rose from the bed. Her head snapped in my direction, and before I knew it, she was running toward me. I stood up just in time as she launched and jumped on me, wrapping her arms around my neck and her legs around my hips. Only then did her scent hit me.

Her sweet vanilla and morning dew scents were mixed with

something so sweet that it made my mouth salivate. Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck!

I clutched her tightly, putting all my restraints on her as she cupped my face, forcing me to face her while I fought for my sanity. "Gavin! Gavin! Look at me..." Her voice was sultry, and her breath fanned against my face.

"Alia..." I had no idea what I wanted to tell her. All I could think about was kissing her and making her mine. "Go back to bed. You need to sleep..." 1

"I can't sleep. I keep seeing you... Just look at me." Her hands caressed my cheeks, and the sparks slowly broke my control. "I want to kiss you..."

That was all my mind needed to hear, and all hell broke loose. I turned my head to face her and crushed my lips against her. Her lips were soft and wet, and they were the sweetest I'd ever tasted. My cock hardened as I pressed her body closer to mine. Her hands still cupped my face, like she didn't want to let me go.

I groaned at how she responded to our kiss, trying to dominate me in every possible way – biting and pulling my lips. I parted from her mouth and looked at her, wanting to see if she had any inhibitions, but her eyes were dilating as she snarled at me for breaking the kiss.

And before I could see all of her, she was already kissing me again. I thrust my tongue into her wet mouth and devoured her.

Fuck! I could kiss her all day.

"Gavin..." She moaned my name, and it sounded heavenly. She let go of my lips and trailed her lips along my jaw up to my neck while her arms snaked around my neck. My hands on her ass tightened their grip, squeezing her ass cheeks, making her body jerk upward. And it led her to start grinding her core into my erection.

Once her lips reached the soft spot on my neck where a mark should have been, she began licking and sucking my skin like her life depended on it.

I stiffened when it hit me that she might mark me. Not that I didn't want to. But, fuck hell. She needed to be in her right mind before doing that. I jerked her body away from me, and it snapped her out of her trance. Her fangs were already elongated, and she realized what she was about to do from the look on her face.

"Oh, Goddess! Oh, Goddess!" She wriggled her body away from me, and the moment I placed her back on her feet, she ran away and locked herself in the bathroom.

I rubbed my hands in my face and let out a loud sigh. I wanted to punch the wall, but I didn't want to frighten her any further. I took several deep breaths before I knocked at the bathroom door.

"Alia, let me in," I asked calmly, despite the turmoil inside me.

+25 BONUS

"Go away!" She answered back, and I could tell she was crying.

"I'm going to break the door if you don't open it."

"I don't want to see you. Please."

"I'll give you five minutes. Please open the door afterward. I won't come near you."

She didn't answer, but I could hear her sobs, and it was enough to break my heart. I slumped on the ground and pressed my back against the wall beside the bathroom door, waiting for her.

The sobbing didn't stop. And my heart kept breaking.

"Gavin..." She called out in a low voice, so low that I almost didn't hear it.

"Alia..."

"It hurts. I'm burning... Will I die?"



Cassandra M Author

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