

Chapter 67: Home

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Yara

I wake with the smell of teakwood in my nose and the feeling of warm water surrounding my body. I jolt awake, unsure of what's happening.

"Shhh, we're both filthy and you smell like Simon. I didn't want to go to sleep like this, so we're getting a bath. You can relax, I'll take care of you," Warren says. Just the sound of his voice soothes me.

I snuggle closer to him, needing his touch and smell after having been with Simon.

"Are you okay?" I ask him. I can feel the warring emotions inside of him.

He squeezes water over my shoulder, letting it rinse off the smell of the cave that I have on me. That and the scent of Simon. I don't even want to know why my body smells like him.

"I should be asking you that. But, I'm better, now that you're here and safe in my arms," he says.

I look up at him and when he looks at me, his teeth snap together and he looks away.

"I'm sorry you have to see me like this," I say softly, knowing my bruised face is a reminder to him of what he considers an inability to protect me.

"Don't you dare apologize for what that piece of shit did to you," he growls. I can tell he's barely able to hold on to his anger at Simon. But more than that is his anger at himself for not keeping me safe.

I reach up and stroke his cheek. "I knew you'd come for me," I say.

His eyes return to mine, a bit softer this time. "I would never have stopped until I found you."

"I know. I basically told Simon that," I say smiling. He smiles a bit too, gently taking the washcloth and running it over my face.

"I heard. Farrah heard part of your conversation with him. Were you trying to piss him off?" he asks, his smile not reaching his eyes.

"I only told him the truth, that you're the strongest man I've ever met and yet, you're still somehow compassionate and loving...and I might have taunted him by starting to tell him about how good you felt inside me," I say, cupping water in my hand and pouring it on his chest.

The hand that was washing me, stops.

"You said what?"

I shrug. "He could never be the man you are and he needed to know that."

He gently tilts my head up to look at him. This time, there's a bit of a smile in his eyes. "I would say next time let's not taunt your kidnapper so that they hit you hard enough to knock you out, but there will never be a next time that someone gets to you so it doesn't

matter."

"I was only telling the truth. You did feel amazing inside of me," I say, looking up at him through my lashes.

I shift so that I'm straddling him as I continue to run the washcloth over his body. He watches me as his hands begin to stroke over my breasts in a way that's more than just bathing. I let my head fall back, enjoying the feel of Warren's hands on me.

We continue bathing each other and the more I touch him, the more my need for him grows. I can feel his need for me growing underneath me as well, until finally I can't take it anymore. I lift up and slide myself onto his length, hissing at the sting. We've only been together the one night and my body isn't exactly used to this. But I need him and the feeling of him filling me is more than worth the moment of pain.

Warren pushes up out of the tub and stands, grabbing a towel as he walks us to the bedroom. "Did you need something, my beautiful, sassy-mouthed mate?" he asks, kissing me gently.

"I need you, Warren. I need you right now," I say to him, beginning to feel desperate in my need for him.

He lays me on the bed, somehow managing to stay inside me, then settles himself over top of me, his arms on either side of my head, as his fingers gently caress my cheeks.

"I've never felt fear like that before, Yara," he says as he begins to move slowly inside of me. "I don't ever want to feel fear like that again. You are so precious to me. I waited so long for you and all I

could think about was that I didn't protect the greatest treasure I've ever been given."

I pull my legs up, wrapping them around him, needing to feel closer to him, needing to feel him deeper inside me.

"Oh course you did, Warren. I'm here, aren't I?"

"I should have..." he begins but I put my fingers on his mouth, stopping him.

"Don't second guess yourself. I know you would never intentionally put me in harm's way. What you did, you did because it felt like the right decision at the time, a time when you were in the middle of fighting two, maybe three Alphas and their packs at once. If I don't get to apologize for what Simon did, you don't get to apologize for making the best decisions you could in the heat of the moment."

"Goddess, I love you, Yara," he says, leaning in to kiss me. This time, he isn't so gentle, and I meet his passion with my own. My hands are everywhere, not able to get enough of him, not able to get close enough to him. I can tell he feels the same and as he pushes us through one orgasm, and he doesn't stop, needing more, desperate for more, just like I am.

I have no idea how many hours go by, how many times we mark each other, or how many orgasms we have when he finally pulls out and collapses beside me, pulling me against him and wrapping his arms around me.

I sigh, feeling peace settle between us. I know that will change soon. Simon is still out there, and he will die for what he did. But right now,

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tonight, my mate and I are together and happy. 1

I've just about fallen asleep when I feel the bed shake and hear what sounds like a roar. I jolt, looking up at Warren.

"What was that?" I ask him.

He smiles, kissing my nose. "I do believe our Beta couple is now officially marked and mated."



Cooper



Author

It was a really long chapter, so you get two again today.

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