

Chapter 3 Chapter 3

As soon as Lucianne ended the link with Tate, she felt a strong pair of hands massaging her shoulders as she sat on the edge of the bed. Her head turned to the side, and her mate trapped her lips in a sweet kiss. His hands moved down the side of her body, feeling her perfect curves before his arms circled her waist, and his thumb brushed her skin through the thin nightie.

When their lips parted, Xandar buried his face in her neck to take in her scent before his deep voice rang through her ears, “Who was it, baby?”

“Tate. He said ‘hi’,” Lucianne answered simply, and immediately felt Xandar’s grip around her waist tighten. Her hand reached to stroke his muscular arm assuringly as she continued, “One of the three rogues they caught today was a thirteen-year-old she-wolf.”

She met her husband’s confused orbs and continued whispering in worry, “We didn’t find any minors in Wu Bi Corp, and none of the rogues behind bars said anything about children. Where did this girl come from?”

Xandar was rendered equally speechless before he ultimately asked, “Would a pack kick-out a thirteen-year-old?”

“Never!” There was a pause before Lucianne continued in dismay, “Not to my knowledge, at least. Disloyal members are normally only casted out a er eighteen.”

A er thinking about it, Xandar murmured, “So, it’s safe to say this one has rogue parents.”

“That’s...possible. But why weren’t they with her? Why would one let their thirteen-year-old daughter run around foreign territory, knowing full well of the risks of getting caught?”

Xandar heaved a heavy, frustrated sigh as his hands moved up to caress his mate’s tense shoulders again. “I don’t know, sweetheart. Maybe they’re dead, already caught, or her parents didn’t know what she was up to? Goddess, it could be anything.”

“I know,” she stroked his hand when she continued, “Before bringing her to lycan territory, I want to meet her. She and her friends are already scared as it is. She’s just a teenager. I don’t want her to be intimidated by the lycan warriors. I’m going to White Blood with the warriors tomorrow to collect the rogues, darling.”

Xandar’s animal turned alert. “And you’re not thinking of dragging me there with you?! Baby, we’ve been through this!”

Lucianne’s eyebrows furrowed as she stated the obvious, “You and your second-in-command are scheduled to check out a suspected rogue supplier site with Chief Dalloway and his police force tomorrow, Xandar.”

“I could sit this one out. Those sites are always a bust anyway!”

“That doesn’t guarantee that this would be a bust as well. You gave them your word, Xandar. You have to go with them,” Lucianne insisted. As she studied Xandar’s expression more carefully, she felt his insecurity through their mate-bond, and saw some fear swimming in those lilac orbs she fell in love with.

Lucianne reached for his face, and Xandar leaned into her palm as her thumb stroked his cheek. She then assured her beast with firm black-and-lilac eyes, “Darling, we’ve marked each other. Tate is not a threat. No one is. I’m only in love with you,” A er pecking a kiss on his lips, she whispered firmly, “I’m yours, my indecent beast. Only yours.”

In his head, his lycan cooed and wagged its tail. Xandar sighed before pecking a kiss on Lucianne’s forehead in return before he muttered, “Keep me posted, okay?”

“Okay,” she responded in a shy whisper under his affectionate gaze, which turned flirtatious when he began gently pulling down the nightie straps as his lips traced the warm skin on her shoulder. His lips then moved to her neck, pecking a trail of so kisses. Lucianne closed her eyes and tilted her head to the side to give Xandar full access, not caring that she was now topless as she sighed in bliss.

A er Xandar’s rough hands traced her smooth arms, he carefully lowered Lucianne flat on the bed and continued sucking on her neck like it was honey, enjoying the sound of her moans and the feeling of her beautiful breasts pressed against his hot skin.

They weren’t worried about waking their baby daughter sleeping in the nursery room next to theirs since the master bedroom was soundproof, and if her sleep was disturbed, the baby-sound-and-irregular-motion detector installed on the cot would alert her parents on a complemented device installed on Lucianne’s nightstand in the master bedroom. As long as that thing didn’t go off, little Reida was fine.

In the dim bedroom, Xandar kneaded Lucianne’s breasts before gently squeezed the flesh at her waist and moved down to her firm buttocks. Lucianne’s own hands traced his broad shoulders and hard torso as her feet skillfully pulled down his boxers to bring Xandar’s erection into full view. In between Lucianne’s moans, her body moved in response to her mate’s touch as their lips trapped each other in a deep kiss.

A er parting her legs and getting his queen wet, the king entered her and began going in and out in slow paces, focusing on connecting with the most beautiful and amazing creature in the Kingdom now laying right below him as he made love to her. The way they looked at each other whenever they started with slow, passionate sex always ignited feelings of love as deep and fiery as the earth’s core; happiness as blissful as walking along the shoreline; and desire that made them crave for each other even more than they already were.

Xandar gradually increased his speed as Lucianne gasped, whimpered and moaned in pleasure. It didn’t take long before he started moaning with her. When Lucianne’s core locked him in, they both came with irrepressible screams.

Their euphoric eyes locked as they took quickened breaths like they had just completed a marathon. And without pulling out from his mate, Xandar pecked a kiss on Lucianne’s lips before he whispered, “I love you.”

Lucianne’s eyes glistened in joyful tears as her smile widened. “I know, Xandar. I love you, too.”