

Chapter 0015

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Genevieve:

"How can you introduce her to me after what her fa---," the short black-haired girl covered her mouth in her hands while tears appeared in her hazel eyes.

"I am--," just when I began apologizing to let her know I didn't mean to steal him from her and that it was all his decision, she took a huge breath and I went silent.

"I need a minute," she excused, rushing over to the restroom on the side. We were still standing in the parking lot, awkwardly stealing glances before any of us said a word.

"She has every right to be mad at you," Bellamy finally broke the silence, but his ignorance surprised me.

"She doesn't know me, and I don't know her. I didn't know she existed prior to finding out about it a few hours ago. You should be the one she holds accountable," I murmured and shrugged, watching him narrow his eyes at me for acting completely different from what they had all heard of me.

"You---," before he could threaten me or say something rude, my attention broke from his face and landed behind the person approaching his car.

"Ron!" I whispered and cleared my throat. Bellamy followed my gaze and turned around to see who I was looking at.

"Isn't he your ex? The one who was supposedly going to be your mate?"

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Bellamy asked, turning to me again and noticing my empty stare.

I was angry to the point that I wanted to get Ron's attention. I remember he had taunted me many times that nobody would accept my annoying, fragile existence and that he was the only one who could take care of me.

"I should show him he was wrong," I whispered determinedly.

"Kiss me," I whispered, my voice barely audible as my gaze remained fixed on Ron, anticipating the moment when his eyes would meet mine.

"What?" Bellamy furrowed his brow, drawing my attention away from Ron.

"Kiss me," I reiterated, determination flooding my voice as I instinctively seized hold of Bellamy's collar.

In that fleeting moment, Ron began to lift his head, and in a swift motion, I pulled Bellamy nearer, our lips colliding.

I reminded myself that these men were not just ordinary people but my cherished husbands and mates, erasing any trace of guilt that may have lingered as I indulged in the intimate connection we shared.

The awkward silence that enveloped us during the initial kiss lingered for a few seconds before Bellamy's lips suddenly came alive, hungrily enveloping mine in a passionate embrace. The intensity of his actions surprised me, but it was hard to resist the sensations coursing through my body.

As Bellamy continued to press his lips against mine, I felt myself becoming lost in the rhythm of his kisses. His soft lips worked in perfect harmony, expertly sucking on my upper and lower lips. It felt like I was

floating on a cloud, consumed by the passion of the moment.

I was prepared for him to pull away at any moment, but to my surprise, Bellamy's muscular arms wrapped around my tiny waist, pulling me closer to him. The closeness of our bodies intensified the sensations, and I couldn't help but respond to his sweet kisses with equal passion. It was a surprising turn of events, but in that moment, all that mattered was the undeniable connection between us.

He was really enjoying this kiss. I began to feel his dick getting hard and touching my thigh.

In my head, I kept wondering how much bigger it was going to get.

"Ummm, impressive! Let's not stop," Bellamy only paused the kiss to whisper on my lips before he closed his eyes and collided his lips with mine once again. I glanced through my peripheral vision and noticed Ron glaring at us with his fists clenched.

My focus on Ron dissipated when Bellamy's tongue penetrated its way into my mouth. I was taken aback and caught off guard, and I didn't know how to react. Ron had turned around and left in his car, and now my struggle began to push Bellamy away.

"What? I'm not finished yet," he groaned, grabbing me from the back of my head and kissing me again. It was amazing to be kissed by someone who seemed so skilled, but there was an issue that he chose to overlook, which I observed.

"Bellamy! Your girlfriend," I whispered in fragments whenever we parted our lips.

"You liar!" Ariel's loud, spiteful tone caught Bellamy's attention. He

gulped and pulled away from me, staring between Ariel and me.

"It was her," he stuttered, "she kissed me. I didn't want to kiss her," he suddenly deflected the blame onto me, but I remained silent. He inadvertently helped me make Ron envious, so I owed him that much.

"I heard you say you weren't finished yet," Ariel approached him and slapped his chest. He didn't flinch, but I could tell he didn't like the way she was aggressively slapping his chest and grabbing his collars.

"We can argue without getting physical," he grunted, forcing her to step back, but she kept yelling in his face and pushing his chest.

"You said you were only in it for the money. You told me the princess is an ugly witch, and now you're not finished?" As she screamed those words, my ego took a hit. I lifted my eyes and saw Bellamy staring at me with a look that indicated he knew he had been caught.

"Why are you airing our personal conversations out loud?" he yelled, finally grabbing her by her wrists to prevent her from hitting him again.

"Huh? Why? You don't want her to know how you think she's desperate to get accepted by any of her mates and how no one is interested in that crazy woman?" She began to reveal more, and honestly, I didn't want to know anything else.

"Ariel," Bellamy grunted, signaling her to stop.

"Why?" she yelled back, turning to face me. "This husband and mate of yours doesn't like you or your scent. He told me he hates it when you try to get closer to him. He hates your greedy, repulsive father—he," she kept screaming in my face and reaching for my face when I stepped back and groaned.

"I'm going home," I delivered the words angrily and stormed into the car. The two stayed outside, and after Ariel had thrown more punches, Bellamy finally decided to slide into the driver's seat. The silence grew even when he started the car and hit the road.

"I did tell her all those things, but I didn't mean them. I only said what she wanted to hear," he cleared his throat before speaking, and then very calmly muttered. But the nervousness could be seen in his clenching fists around the steering wheel.

"I don't care what you told her, and neither does it affect me," I muttered through clenched teeth, keeping my gaze straight. It did bother me, though. After feeling the mate bond with him, I felt differently towards him.

"Huh! So you're telling me that you didn't wet yourself when kissing me?"

"His choice of words made me choke on nothing. I was stunned."



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