

38 RAW DESIRE(R-18)

I swallowed again and shook my head. 1

"No," I said.

I was trembling, scared of him now.

He looked like he was going to kill me at any moment from now on.

"You were poisoned." He said.

I stopped and stared at him blankly.

I knew that they didn't like me in his pack, but to think that they would poison me too?

But how?

Then I remembered the bread that had been served to me.

"Your food was poisoned." He said. "You could have died."

My heartbeat raced.

That meant I couldn't even eat.

Then it occurred to me. If I was poisoned, then that meant that everything else was poisoned, and the guard had eaten my cheese.

My heart fluttered.

What about him?

"What about the guard?" I asked quickly.

"What about the guard?" He asked me.

I swallowed. "He took the cheese that was in the tray for me and ate it. The other didn't really get it. If I was poisoned, then that meant that he was to."

Xaden just blinked at me.

"You have to do something," I begged. "He would die." 3

I couldn't let someone die because of me.

"Aren't you happy that your enemy is dying?" He asked me. "If it were you, they would be happy."

I shook my head. "No one deserves to die, regardless of anything."

He just looked at me.

"He is a wolf who can shift." Xaden replied. "It doesn't matter. The wolfsbane would probably knock him out, but he would be fine."

I took a deep breath of relief to know that they were going to be fine.

"You were brought here and treated by a healer. This is the second time this is happening." He said it, sounding annoyed, and I felt ashamed of herself.

"I'm sorry for inconveniencing you." I said. "I

don't have any money to pay the healer. But I'll look for a way to raise it."

He just stared at me.

I knew that healers were paid for their services.

Even Urma back home had been paid for her services, regardless of the fact that she lived in the pack.

It was a tradition.

"What if I told you that you would pay for it now?"

He asked me.

I looked back up at him, unsure of what to say.

"I don't have any money." I said.

His face was grim, malicious, and suspicious, filled with revenge.

"There are other ways you can pay for the services I gave you for free." He said.

Did he mean with my body?

I wondered if he was going to still sleep with me. Since the day he had taken me, I had wondered if he would again.

But he had shown no signs of doing so.

He had rather ignored me.

And here I was in his bed, unclad, with him, demanding services paid for my treatment from

the healer.

"You were the one who offered to pay for the treatment." He said. "Not me."

I swallowed.

How would I get to pay him? Truly?

Then he looked down at my chest, and I could feel his eyes gazing over my breasts.

I unconsciously took my hands over my chest.

But then he pushed it aside, and I held my breath.

He pulled down the fur blanket and looked at my breasts.

I wanted to take my hands over them again, but he stopped me, and his onyx eyes glowed over me.

He pushed my hand down on the bed, and then I was forced to lay down on the bed.

His dark eyes were peering over me in raw and savage primal hunger.

I closed my eyes when I remembered what had happened the last time.

How he had forced himself on me.

I felt my self-tense as his body moved over mine, and a sudden bolt of electricity came over me. 1

I tried to struggle, but he kept me firm under him.

I began to shake so much, expecting him to inflict the pain he had earlier on me.

I knew that he was my Alpha, and he had taken me captive, and I could not refuse him.

Even if I did, he would still take me.

But I still didn't want him.

Flashes of how much my thighs hurt clouded my mind, and then I shook in fear.

But the strangest thing happened.

His head went down over my breasts and took a lick at my nipple.

I froze at the sensation.

The first time had been so painful; how he had groped my breasts had hurt me awfully.

But this was different.

Why was he different?

He took my nipple in his mouth and nibbled on it. A soft gasp escaped my lips.

And then he took the entire nipple in his mouth and sucked.

I felt my hands rise up on their own accord, as if they were going to pull my fingers through his

hair.

But then his hands still held my hands up above my head.

He sucked on the nipple, put the entire breast in his mouth, and I found myself not crying but rather gasping.

Bolts of electricity fired through my body, and a sudden hunger overcame me.

He took off one hand and secured both hands with a single hand, and then his fingers went down in between my legs.

My eyes widened.

But when his fingers dove in, they moved at a perfect pace.

He massaged it, and my legs began to shake and quiver.

There was something odd, as my legs felt damp.

I didn't understand what was happening or why the sensation I felt was different.

And it dawned on me that I was desiring more. 1

His fingers moved softly in between my legs, and I wept in pleasure.

His lips sucked on my breasts, and then his finger dipped into the valley between my legs and abandoned just massaging them.

I screamed in shock.

And then his finger rolled in and began to move fast.

Why wasn't I suffering? Why wasn't I in pain?

And then his onyx eyes looked up at me and glowed. 2

When he saw me, as our eyes made contact, he stopped.

It was as if whatever had come over him had gone in a split second, and he was back to his normal self.

What I saw in his eyes was now hate.

He rose to his feet and stormed out towards the door.

He pulled at it, but it didn't budge, and then he pulled it again, and he ripped the handle off the door. 1

I gasped, and then he stormed out of the room, leaving me alone and confused.