



## 95 TASTES LIKE HONEY (R-18)

Xaden's lips went over hers, and he felt overwhelmed with passion. 1

Hunger and raw desire.

So this was what it meant to kiss someone?

He had never kissed anyone, but yet it was like he subconsciously knew how to.

It was like he knew what he was doing.

He tilted his head and let his tongue dive into her warm mouth, and he heard a soft moan escape her lips.

It was what he had always thought she would

Taste like.

Honey. He instinctively wondered if she would taste that way down there, too.

He pulled her face closer to him, and he felt her throw her arms around his neck and draw him closer to her.

She flicked her tongue in his mouth, and she



tasted his saliva, and then it was rage.

Wanting and desire.

It was like kissing her made him want more of her. It was like his body wanted more.

He pulled her over him, and she was drenched in the cold water.

As he lifted her to be on him, she gasped and said, "My lord, your arm."

"Fuck it." He mumbled, and then he pulled her lips down on his.

He tasted it, nibbled her bottom lip, and sucked on it.

If this was what it was like to kiss, then he wanted to kiss forever.

In his mind, this was what he wanted to do.

There was no one else.

He was no one.

He was only Xaden, not an Alpha, not the child of his late parents, only him.



And she, in turn, was Jasmine. She didn't have any tainted blood.

She was only Jasmine, the woman he hungered for.

He pushed his hand over his breasts and felt how they had become so hardened.

He had never examined her body before.

The first time had been rash and quick.

But he had the time.

He felt how full they were and pushed his hands around them.

He let his finger touch her pointed nipples, and then she threw her head back to moan in pleasure.

He didn't just want to feel it.

He wanted to taste it and gaze at them. Bite them.

He ripped open the front bodice of her dress and exposed her full and lush bosom to his gaze.

He heard her gasp and began to cover her chest



to hide herself from him.

But he pushed her hands away, and he gasped.

"Gods."

Then he set his head over her chest and felt how warm they were.

He heard her heartbeat, and he went down to her breasts and sucked on her nipples.

She cried out in pain. "My lord."

He rolled his tongue over her nipple and dragged it with his teeth.

He felt her shiver, and he only pulled her further to him.

Then he sucked on it.

He touched the spare nipple with his fingertips and rolled them in perfect rhythm.

"Please, my lord. Ohhhh." She cried in pleasure.

He used his mouth to suck the entire breast in hunger, and she cried out.

He let his hands roam down her skinny waist,





and he felt how hard his manhood was for her.

He wanted to move inside her until she begged him for more.

She cried for him and writhed in pleasure at her orgasm.

He didn't just want to please himself, but her too. 1

He nestled his lips on her neck, and she gasped louder than ever, and he knew he had found her weak spot.

She cried aloud as he nibbled on her neck. Giving her such a fierce love bite made her crave more.

As if he were drawing blood from her.

The pleasure was unbearable because she cried and wrapped her arms around him, begging him to stop and begging him to give her more.

He had never desired another woman the way he desired her—the way he hungered for her.

No one, Aurora or the hundreds of wolves he had slept with.



But her.

It was like an unquenched desire that only made him hungry for more with the taste that he had.

That was all it took—just one kiss from this forbidden apple. 1

And then he let his fingers go down in between her legs and under the water.

He caressed her in between her legs, and she cried.

She was warm and hot, and despite them being in the water, he could tell she was dripping for him.

He could tell that she was overspilling the liquids in between her legs.

He gasped as he slowly began to massage her.

"M-my l-lord." She pleaded. "O-h... o-please."

He lifted his head to gaze up at her.

Her face had gone red, and her lips were slightly ajar as each moan escaped.

He wanted to plunge into her and run to her



deepest spots.

He wanted to claim ownership of her and mark her as his because he had bought her; he was the first to have dived in between her legs.

He wanted to feel that pulsating warmth.

He put his finger in between her legs, and then he moved rhythmically.

She cried, gasping, pleading, and scratching at his back.

As if she were unable to believe this torture, as if she did not understand, yet she wanted more.

Then she looked back down at him, and he froze.

He saw her beautiful green eyes and her slick red hair with the bath water.

The scar on the right side of her head.

And then he stopped.

It dawned on him.

This was Jasmine, his enemy's daughter. 3



The one he hated the most.

Her blood was tainted. She would never be with him. He sure as hell knew she was as bad as her father.

She was seducing him only to get to him.

Displeasure and hate filled his eyes, and then rage followed.

She saw it quickly, and the beautiful smile that had been stamped on her face when they made eye contact fell.

"Get out."