



## Chapter 35

Venus POV

Aaron's words shook me to the core. He was contemplating on marking me. I bit my bottom lip as a blush rose to my cheeks when he said that. Heat pooled in my belly and I couldn't help but think of his mark on me. How would my mark look on him?

My gaze went to where his shoulder met his neck, and he pressed me to his body. I suppressed a moan when I felt his rock-hard erection. I struggled to believe that I could wrench such a reaction from Aaron.

"May I have a dance with the bride?" a soft voice from behind sounded. Aaron grasped me harder, a low growl escaping his throat. But when he saw it was Alpha Martin, he reluctantly left me. I giggled as Alpha Martin danced with me. Luna Marie took over from me, and the evening continued with jolly and laughter. Aaron didn't leave my side, doing everything he could to touch me one way or the other. I loved it when he was with me like this, like he owned me.

We went back to Alpha's manor in Aaron's car. As soon as I stepped out of his car, Aaron rushed to my side and picked me up in his arms, bridal style. I gasped. "What are you doing?" I asked, curling my

hand around his neck.

"I am taking my bride to my room," he said. He climbed the steps to his room with ease, as if I weighed nothing in his arms. This wasn't the first time I was going to his room, but it felt new because this was the first time I was going as his bride.

Along with the staff, Luna Marie showered flowers and rice on us as they laughed and jested about how desperate Aaron seemed.

Without putting me down, he opened the door and then kicked it close behind us. He took me to bed and made me sit there. With his heated gaze fixed on me, he removed my veil and cupped my face. He lifted it and said, "You look stunning, Venus. Can I kiss you?"

I swallowed thickly. He shouldn't be asking because I was ever ready for him. Sensing my eagerness, he lowered his mouth to me and gently brushed my lips. A shudder ran down my body as my heart pounded against my ribcage. He crawled over me as I shifted back. Lowering me to the pillow, he removed the pins from my hair and spread them with his fingers over the pillow. His impatience was apparent. "What do you want me to do?" he asked in a husky voice. "Because my control is slipping and I may end up doing something you won't like."

I squirmed beneath him, the heat in my belly



swelling like an anaconda. There was something I wanted him to do, but what? At school there were girls who had had sex with their boyfriends, but I stayed a virgin for Aaron. Because I wanted him to take my virginity. It was the only gift I had that belonged to me. Basically, I had no experience. So I hoped he would lead me.

"I don't know..." I replied breathily.

With his chest rising and falling, he opened the zipper of my wedding dress on the side and helped me remove it. I was in my silk lacy bra and panties. He stared at me from top to bottom with hunger in his eyes. Cupping one of my breasts, he rasped, "You are so stunning, Venus." He squeezed my breasts softly. My body arched, developing its own mind. He lowered his mouth to my breasts and kissed my nipples, that were as hard as a diamond. I moaned, reveling his lips on me. He traced a line of kisses lower to my navel. I was breathless by this time. When he kissed the apex of my thighs over my panties, I nearly yelled. "Look at you," he said in a raspy voice. "You are already so wet."

I was dying with the need of God knows what. When he removed my panties, he licked his lips. "Fuck, Venus!" he breathed. And then, like a viper, he descended on sex. I reached out and tangled my fingers in his hair, holding on tight as he voraciously devoured me.

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He had a sinful tongue. At first, he licked my clit and then circled and flicked it, repeating the motion, making me tremble. He parted my labia lips and licked it from top to bottom, wrenching a loud moan from me. I tipped my head back, sensations overwhelming me. He went lower, lower to my pussy and brought his tongue over there. "Fuck, you taste so good, Venus," he said and then sucked me roughly, grazing his fangs.

Goddess, a thousand stars burst in my vision. The heat in my belly lashed out at the speed of an asp and I shattered on his tongue, grinding my hips for more friction, his name on my lips. "Aaron, Aaron, Aaron!" I thrashed my head on the pillow as my orgasm ripped through me. He continued to eat me, snarling against my pussy. "Don't you dare go to anyone else, Venus!" he growled. "This is all mine!"

"Yes!" I mewled. I couldn't think of going to anyone else. Wait, what? Why did he say that?

"If you find a fucking mate, I am going to kill him!" he said, attacking my clit with his sinful mouth again.

Oh, so that was why he was so feral?

"I am going to make you addicted to me," he said in between his licks. "I will ruin you for anyone else." He lifted his head to see me. His lips had swollen



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and were glistening with my juices. His eyes flashed golden, as if his wolf was trying to surface. "Say you're mine."

My lips parted to say that, but his mouth went back to my sex and I couldn't say a word. His ministrations led to another orgasm, and I was so exhausted by the time he gave me a third orgasm that I could no longer stay awake. All I remembered was that he went to the bathroom to fetch a wet towel to clean me. Once he cleaned me, he slid beside me and wrapped his arm around me. Pulling me close to his chest, he wrapped his leg around mine and tucked me under his chin. "You're mine," he said in a menacing voice. "And I'll make sure that you don't meet your fucking mate."

My lips curled up at his possessiveness, and I drifted off into a deep sleep, surrounded by his scent with a happy wolf.

Next day when I woke up, I found myself alone in his bed. Sighing, I picked my phone up, only to find a message from Vicky.

– Aaron is with me. Don't think you've won.

I began to shake as a dark, soul-deep rage rose within me. It burned like fire in my veins.

