

Unwilling 151

Chapter151

Since I still hadn't gotten a text from Ayla asking where I was, by the time I brought her family to our chambers. So I had just assumed she was still sleeping. What I did not expect was to find her at her breakfast table, hair tied up in a messy bun. Only wearing her panties and my black T-shirt. Because again it did things to my body it should not do. Not with Ayla still having to recover from all she has been through. I was scared to death to give her the idea her body was the only thing I was interested in.

Nor did I want her to feel pressured to make love to me, or to complete the mating process even if it constantly was on my mind. Her walking out of the bathroom in tight leggings that looked like someone sewed leather around her figure to make it perfectly with only one of my white dress shirts. Did not make it any easier on me, but I didn't want to let it go to my head. Most likely she just didn't have anything to wear. Taking one of my shirts out of my closet just to be warm and comfortable. But I had missed her in every aspect of life, and I even know it is natural for mates to feel this drawn to each other. Especially since we haven't completed the mating process yet.

It was another urge I had to control, maybe I should go and talk to my dad about this. It wouldn't be the first time not even in my relationship with Ayla where I asked him for advice. On the other hand there was a possibility he could not help me since he had never been through something like this. I know he has been telling me to focus more on my work.

He had been so understanding about me not getting anything done while I was looking for Ayla. And then when I didn't want to leave her bedside because she was in a coma for weeks. Yesterday he had told me that he was glad I started to get back to work. Reminding me that as royalty we were never excused from our jobs. And that in the Ayla and I needed to get the work done together as a team. Meaning that wherever I slacked off no matter how understandable it might be. In the end Ayla would end up having to work harder to make up for lost time.

That didn't fit the future Ayla and I had planned out together. We had promised each other to work extra

hard during the weekdays so that we could have our weekends off. The cup of coffee I would make

here in bed, every morning, and the weekends would be to be quality time together. Just the two of us

now, and back then we had soon hoped to have a little family to spend our weekends with. There were some delays now, but to me, that was still the future I wanted. The future we wanted together, so Dad's words triggered something in me. An urge to work harder, and do more, so that Ayla would not have to work harder on my account.

It was the one thing I felt like I could hold on to. The only thing I felt like I could do was to make sure our future could go on as planned. To make sure none of this messed with our future. Because it was the only thing I could control. I could not control how soon we would find David, nor could I control when the trial for Hannah would be held. A trial where Ayla would have to be the key witness, yet another thing I had to tell her about. A thing that scared me because I had no idea how that would affect Ayla's healing process. My mate being so weak and hurt both mentally and physically was yet another thing I could not control or speed up.

Hell, I could not even control my own body, stop it from acting like a hormonal teenager whenever I saw Ayla do or wear anything remotely sexy. And there was a whole lot she could do or wear that I considered sexy. Work and how much work I got done, how hard I worked. How much work there would be left for Ayla to pick up when she got back to it was the only thing I could control. And judging

from the massive to-do list Ayla had written it wouldn't be long before she would want

to go back to working.

It was only when I saw setting up an office that I was reminded of the fact that I had made her, an

office. I hoped she liked it, and that maybe it was already taking some of the load of her. As I knew

myself it wasn't easy to put together an office. Making all the choices, and keeping an eye out for the

contractors' work.

Tonight I would also help her with making a list of people I think are a good fit for her to have as her

Gemma. For now, I wanted to show her the office I made her. And then have her get back to her family

so that they can help her unpack everything.

Today had been torturous, I was sure she didn't do it on purpose. Ayla isn't a tease and she knows her

body isn't ready to do much more than kissing yet. But I lost count of how many times she had to raise

her arms to get something. Pulling my shirt up so high that it no longer covered her perfectly round as

s. She seemed to crave my touch to be around me, which was normal seeing as we had been apart for

so long. I felt the same towards her, but she brushed up on me so many times. Her hand just barely touching spots that made me lose the ability to think clearly and now feeling this hot and bothered I had to go to the airport to pick up her pregnant Sister and brother-in-law. So I had to hop to take a cold shower just to make sure I was somewhat presentable when I went to pick them up. And hopefully, wash the smell of my near-constant arousal off of me.

I wasn't looking forward to picking up Kate and Tim but it ended up being a good thing. Being away from Ayla for a little bit when I knew without a shadow of a doubt that she was safe helped me. It gave me a bit of a breather from all the conflicting feelings I had.

But when I walked into our living room where Ayla had spent the last hours unpacking her books and pointing out where they needed to go. Since she had become too tired to do it herself. I did not get the reaction I expected. She got up and hugged Kate and Tim telling them how happy she was to see the two of them. She then excused herself right away and fled to the bedroom where we could all hear her cry. With no idea to what made her this sad I decided I should just go and find out what happened, so I

could be there for her.

Chapter 152

I knew Griffin had gone out to get Kate and Tim, and of course, I had not forgotten that my sweet younger sister is pregnant. Still, seeing her showing belly suddenly served as a reminder of all that I missed. Of all the pieces in my life that are still not how they were supposed to be. And even if I realize how bad it is. I struggle to stay there and act happy. With some lame excuse, I make a beeline for the bedroom. The last thing I want is for Kate to think that I am not happy that she here. Tim already felt bad enough for his cousins' behavior. Making him feel like I blame him for this is another thing I don't want.

But all I do is keep on trucking, acting like I am over all that has happened to me. Both physically and mentally, until suddenly either my body or my brain slams the brakes. Reminding me how far from okay I am.

Of course, it's not long before Griffin follows me into the bedroom. He must have known something was up. A testament to how well he knows me, but I fear it will only make him pity me more. Not see me as the strong, fierce mate I used to be.

“What’s wrong, Darling, do you want me to set up your family in their rooms?” He suggests and I know

he didn’t do it on purpose but it only makes me feel worse.

Makes me feel guilty that all of them traveled so far just to be with me. And here I am sobbing in my

room like an ungrateful little b itch. Where Griffin who put so much effort in getting them all here is

comforting me instead of finally enjoying his evening. Dad told me he would love to throw me a BBQ

and even asked Rodrick, who of course said he was fine with it but would love to join. Ment ally, it

would probably do me some good to be surrounded by so much family. Dan

Ayla

suggested they could tell me more about what happened. Another thing that would do me some good

because I had so many questions about all that happened.

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But I was exhausted and I still had so much stuff to unpack even with the help of the others. I was

shaky and tired so I sat there on the bed thinking of what to tell Griffin when he made the decision for

me.

“Dad told me about the BBQ, I think you have overdone it again, take a nap I will make sure the rest of your stuff gets unpacked and then we will talk about all that has happened during dinner okay?” He asks but I can tell from his tone that it is not really a question.

He knows me too well and will not take no for an answer, still, I try to by reminding him of all the things I need to still do. It’s part of the reason why he invited my family over. So eventually I just give in because getting in a squabble with him will be exhausting now. And I know I am not winning this.

With a resigned sigh, I just start to undress to get ready for a nap. Too tired to even be bothered by the fact, Griffin practically bolted out of the door the moment he saw I was getting naked. He was probably right about me having overdone it and needing a nap. And no matter how guilty I felt, no matter how much I kept overthinking when I was awake. The second my head felt the pillow, I was fast asleep.

The smell of fresh coffee woke me up, I was a bit drowsy and still felt a bit disorientated. Until I saw where the smell of coffee was coming from. Griffin had sat down next to me on the bed. With a radiant smile and two mugs of coffee in his hand.

“I know this is the evening now, and I promised to do this for you every morning. But this morning I need to let you sleep in because of my surprise. Just wanted to let you know I haven’t forgotten about

my

promise. And I will keep honoring it” He smiled at me as I took the mug from his hands.

With all the questions and uncertainties running through my mind, I suddenly had only one I needed the

answer to. The morning coffee and Griffin’s promise about it. My habit of sending him a picture of my

first coffee of the day when I was unable to have it with him. It all stemmed from this one promise. The

promise to always make time for one

another. The promise to make sure we started our day together when we could.

“Griff, can you promise me that we will be alright in the end, not just the two of us personally but

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together as a couple, as a team?” I ask because if we can make another promise, I am sure we can

both keep it.

“I promise you, Darling, at the end of it we will be more than alright, we will be stronger than ever

separately and together. Nothing in this world can stop me from loving you, and I know you feel the

same about me” His answer is firm and it was direct.

There is nothing I can add to that because he is right, we love each other more than anything. I chose this man over the heavens because I know life with him with all the ups and downs we would face in our future. It would all still be better than being in the heavens without having experienced life with him.

Instead of using my words, I just snuggle up to him, sipping on my coffee.

Griffin buries his face in my messy hair before muttering, "I don't know what I did to deserve to be your second chance mate. To get to be the one to show you will thank the Mo what kind of mate you actually deserve. But I the rest of my life."

Goddess on my knees for it every single day for

I can hear the earnestness in his voice, there aren't a load of wolves left with the same devotion to the Moon Goddess as Grillin has. Making me wonder what he would feel if he found out he was always the one

better suited to me. Would it reassure him to know he is my perfect mate? Or would he be upset

knowing all about the time we lost? And the pain we both felt because the Moon Goddess made a

wrong bet?

“What are you thinking about, Darling?” Griffin interrupts my thoughts.

“About what I experienced during my coma, I will tell everyone during dinner though, okay?” I ask for the sole purpose of giving myself a little more time to think about how much I am going to tell him. Not wanting to keep things from Griffin, but not wanting to hurt him either.

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It might depend on what the others tell me happened during my absence and my coma too. Because I want to make sure that what happened to me will never happen to anyone else ever again. Not just by finding, arresting, and punishing David and the rest of his new pack. But by doing all I can as the future queen to make it impossible. to do things like this to your mate.

Chapter 153

Laying in bed so much is making me feel a bit grimy so I decide to take another quick shower. Before I took a nap, we finally put all of my clothes in the closet. And while I love wearing Griffin’s clothes. Being able to wear my clothes again feels good too. While the weather is good, the nights still get chilly. And I still get cold easily since being back home. I decided to wear one of my few long-sleeved, maxi dress

with long sleeves. Taking a shawl with me to put on if it gets too chilly.

Again, Griffin tells me how beautiful I look, enforcing his compliment with another chaste kiss.

Everybody is already waiting in the private part of the royal garden, so again I pay it no mind. I do not ask him if he is still attracted to me. We promised each other we would be okay at the end of all of this.

I just have to believe in that promise, I just have to be patient. It's not like I am healed, so maybe it's just my mind playing tricks on me again. It could be I am just getting back to the mindset where I doubt everything Griffin does because I am too scared to believe someone so perfect for me could love me the way he does.

"Thanks, Griff you look handsome yourself" Is all I say and I mean it.

Linking my arm with the arm he offers me, we just walk out to the private garden, not saying much.

There isn't much we need to

say now. All we need to talk about is more suitable for a conversation with the others all around us.

After we sat down Dad, started grilling up some meat, and everyone. was getting some side dishes.

For a few moments when we are filling up our plates, chatting about everything and nothing, it feels like

we

just having a nice family dinner. Until Rodrick is the first one to broach the subject, we have all been tiptoeing around.

“Are you ready to hear about everything that has happened in your absence?” He asks

I don't think I am ready and I am not even sure I am ready to tell Griffin what happened when I was in a coma. If I can even call it that, to me, it felt more like a long lucid dream. Ready or not to move on from this, I need to know all that has happened. And so I look at Rodrick and tell him:

“Yes, I am ready, in fact, I think I need to know all of this”.

Rodrick agrees but pushes Griffin to be the first to talk.

And he does, he tells it all how he didn't believe the letter for a second. Despite the self-doubt about not being good enough for me. That knowing the real me and how much we loved each other kept him believing. He then told me about the video on his website, and how he just like I suspected put as many hints in the video as he could.

Expecting David to show it to me. Hoping it would stop him from hurting me more.

Then he told me about all the resources he used to find me. The desperation he felt when he couldn't

and the getting back to the Blood Moon pack. Hearing that, my parents had tried to be the new rulers.

Certainly explained a lot about what happened during my time in the dungeon. That must have been

the reason David stopped going back to the pack. Since he no longer had a pack to control with his

Alphat command. It was the reason Griffin had gone back so soon after arriving at the Blood Moon

pack as a member of the royal family, that he had to. The Elder Council would have made him if he did

not go voluntarily.

Heard nobody was able to save the pack, finding out that the pack I

grew up in no longer existed. The pack I wanted to become the Luna of in hopes of making it better and

stronger was gone, and hurt me. Granted, it was never a good pack, even before the abuse started.

Even with most of the wolves in my pack respecting my parents too much to do more than make snide

remarks. I had never been happy there because things like rank and strength were too important to all

the pack members. Deep down, I knew it was because of the way it was the pack was being led that

cost the members to do so.

Selene herself had told me the reason she chose David as my mate and not Griffin was because she

hoped I could be the Luna the pack needed. Because she knew that the pack was not going to survive

being led the way it had been for generations under the rule of the Birch family.

“I hate I disappointed you, Darling, I tried to save them, I really did. And Mom, Dad, and I have discussed we will come up with new laws to make sure something like this doesn’t happen again. I get it isn’t enough you wanted to heal the pack now as your second chance mate I ruined it all” He looks so broken.

All this time I thought I knew how much this had hurt him. But it’s more, he has not only been scared about finding me. Desperate to be with me, his mate, again. No, he has taken on all the weight of the world on his shoulders. He has never referred to himself as my second chance mate. He wouldn’t let anyone refer to us as second-chance mates.

When I asked Dillion about it because Griffin never really answered the question. He told me that Griffin felt there was a negative ring to “second chance” Like it wasn’t as good as being with your fated mate. Your first fated mate, so hearing him refer to himself as the second chance mate who ruined the plans I made with my first fated mate. Meant he was judging himself too harshly.

Suddenly I knew if I wanted to tell Griffin and the other’s about all that Selene had told me. No matter how Griffin would feel about her and his faith afterward.

He needed to know that he had always been the mate that was the most suitable for me. That he wasn't my second chance, my do-over. Finding him and being with him so I could live my life with the mate that was most suited for me was an apology gift. He didn't ruin anything Selene herself had told me she was wrong to have so much faith in David and me being able to bring the pack back to where it should be. The poison that is the rule of the Birches had spread too far. Sometimes you had to cut off the infected limb to save the rest of the body, and that is exactly what Griffin had done. Together we would make sure no other pack would ever go through something like this. Because he was the only one I could ever accomplish something like that with.

"Griff I need to tell you something, something you should all know" I started, hoping that this wouldn't hurt him too much.

Chapter 154

It was good to have it all out in the open, but still with every word I felt I disappointed her more and more. The only thing I never wanted to do was to disappoint her. Not just because she was my mate. I honestly think if I would have to pick a chosen mate, she would still be the only one I could have ever fallen in love with. She is so perfect for me that I sometimes don't understand why we are each other's

second chance mates.

It means David was better suited to her than I was. It was always an afterthought, though. Something that popped up in the moments when I realized how perfect she was for me. I know part of her wish to be David's mate, David's Luna stemmed from her will to help the BloodMoon pack, her pack, the pack where she grew up was going to do better. Even as the Queen, she could have helped the BloodMoon pack. Now that I ruined her chances at that, I suddenly felt the weight of only being her second chance made weight me down.

Being pitied never felt good, still, I was more than ready to be faced with Ayla's pity. Or with her anger for absolving the pack she wanted to rescue. Not with the fragile determination she had when she told me she needed to tell me something. Like she was sitting on a huge secret without knowing what letting us all in on the secret would do to us.

When she was done telling us about how she experienced her time in a coma. I understood what worried her. As wolves, you get taught that the Moon Goddess herself handpicks the one wolf that is perfect for you. To learn it is not an exact science. To hear that not only does your compatibility change

depending on how you grow and evolve as a person. But that she sometimes picked the second-best choice for you

because of what it could mean for the pack or the kingdom. Or whatever she figured needed the help of a specific couple. It was jarring, I have always been big on traditions and making offerings to the Moon Goddess.

“How are you feeling about all of this, Griff?” Ayla asked me and I know what she meant, she must be afraid that her revelations changed something for me. Made me feel less sure, or maybe even disappointed in my faith. In my love for the Moon Goddess and our cultures. All I hear though is that I am not just her second chance mate. I am the most perfect wolf out there for her. How can I blame Selene for wanting Ayla to save a pack that was on the brink of ruin for so long? Like Ayla said, it’s not like I would have been unhappy if I found my first fated mate. I would not know what I could have had with Ayla.

Knowing I have done enough to be worthy of her in the end, finding out that with what I have done.

How I lived my life only made me an even better, even more perfect mate, for he is the biggest compliment I will ever get. If anything, it took a weight off my shoulders.

It has been three weeks since Ayla's family was over, three weeks since I learned the truth about how being mates works. Things were slowly getting better, for the two of us. And for the people depending on us. Ayla had gotten back to her Luna and Queen training. Part-time, though, because she made sure to see a werewolf therapist every week and go to physical therapy on all the other weekdays. We still kept our promise to make sure we took the weekends off to have time for each other. Those weekends were bittersweet. Being able to just spend time with her was amazing. I loved being able to spend time with them, not having to worry about anything. It didn't matter if we would just spend the entire weekend staying in. Going on dates, the two of us, or if we spend time with our friends and families. It was always a good time, reminding us both of how life used to be before all of this.

One thing was becoming a struggle though, I was unsure how long I could keep holding back on this attraction I still had towards her. The urge to mark her as mine was always on my mind. I still did not want to bother her with it. David had told me she planned to complete the mating process the day she would permanently move into the castle. Since she got back, I never heard from her about completing

the mating process again. She would be the one to initiate intimacy between us. Yet she never said anything when I stopped at just kissing her.

Confirming for me that she did not want to go any further either. It was another Friday again, another weekend where we would spend all of our time together. Tonight was the first time she was going to try to shift. She asked me to come with her, to shift so that Conan could be there to support Willow. Of course, I said yes. Not only would I always do everything I could to support Ayla in a time like this.

Conan was more than eager to see Willow again, too, and I could not blame him. He must have missed his mate as much as I missed mine.

Still, with Ayla does not officially break her connection with the White Oak pack to form a connection with the Silver Moon pack. And with us still not having completed the mating process means we still cannot mindlink. Which in turn means we cannot communicate when we are in our wolf form. A scary thought, because if something goes wrong now, there is no way she can let me know. And I still long to hear her beautiful voice in my mind, I want to be able to communicate with her no matter what, no matter the form we are in..

After our morning coffee, I have been able to drown myself in work. Claiming I needed to make sure

that I was able to take the weekend off. Ayla did not seem happy with it, she knows me so well that she probably knows I am lying. Maybe I should just confess to her what is on my mind soon. Just not a weekend that is so special and so scary as this weekend is. The sound of a text pulls me from my worries because

the irony is that I haven't gotten anything done with all this worrying.

“Grill, you seem to be too busy, and maybe I am better off shifting again for the first time with someone

who wants the ability to mindlink me. Don't rush your work. I think I am just going to ask Jessa. I love you Ayla X XX”

The text is sweet enough, but I do not miss the implication that I do not want to be able to mindlink with her. So I rush out of my office to go and find her and talk this over once and for all. There is no way I will let my mate think I do not want to be with her in that way.

Chapter 155

I regretted the text as soon as I sent it. The past three and a half weeks after waking up from my coma

Griff has been amazing. We have

slowly been getting back into the swing of it. And we are spending every weekend together. He still brings me coffee in bed every morning and he is the most supportive mate I could ever ask for.

I love working and training with Isabella and both my therapy and physical therapy have been very helpful. The only thing missing is being intimate with my mate. And it is not like I haven't initiated things either. He just always stops at a kiss. The weird thing is I can smell and feel his arousal. Maybe it is not that he isn't attracted to me any longer. Since his body seems to respond.

All I know is that I should have just asked him about it. Instead of sending him a passive-aggressive text. The fact that I told him I loved him in the same text doesn't make a lot of difference. Feeling guilty I get up, I will just go over to him and apolo...

But before I got out of my seat the door to my office slammed open. Without a word, Griffin turns around and locks the door. Before making his way over to me in big strides.

"Don't ever tell me I do not want to be able to mindlink with you. Do you know how scared I was to never hear that beautiful voice of yours in my mind ever?" He growls.

And I don't think I have ever seen him so mad. I start to apologize but he cuts me off by pulling me closer to him and slamming his lips on mine. One hand is wrapped in my hair so I can't move. Not that I

wanted to, I melt into him kissing him back, opening my mouth to give him access. Which he eagerly takes, his kiss is domineering and shatter.

Shatter into a thousand needy pieces.

Thank the Moon Goddess though this time when he breaks the kiss because we both need to breathe, he rests his forehead against mine. The initial anger and passion are now replaced by something tender.

“I know we need to talk but I need you, I’ve been fighting how much I still need you, how much I still want you. How much I crave to see my name etched on your skin so much. That now I finally realize you want the same thing I don’t want to waste my time talking unless you need me to” His breathing still comes out chopped.

As if he is still out of breath, but I don’t if that is because of the heat of the situation we are in now. Or because of the kiss. And it’s no big deal, he wants me like I want him. He never stopped wanting me, we have shown we are not always the best at talking.

“I want to be yours in every Griff” I breathe out, hoping we can just skip to showing each other instead of telling.

I hop on the desk pulling him closer, but he steps back and for a second I am confused. Until he tells me;

“We’re not doing this here, Darling” Before picking me up in bridal style and walking me towards the door.

I know I am forgetting something, but my mind is so hazy with lust. My body is on edge craving his touch and I cannot form any coherent thought. Not until we, Griffin steps outside the office, still carrying me. And we come face to face with Isabella. Shit, I had a meeting with her, she was going to go over some of the systems she has in place as the Queen to keep track of the packs and what is going on.

“Sorry, Mom, Ayla and I need the rest of the weekend off” Griff winks at her, not caring about the fact that it is his mother who will know what is going on.

“No, problem this seems to be more important” She giggles, letting us know that she actually does know what we are about to do.

Wolves, in general, are pretty open about mating, but Griff seems extra careless today. Like he was just

desperate to finally make love to me again, to finally mark me. He just strode to our chambers, opened the front door, and walked up to the bed where he gently laid me down.

Only to rush out of his clothes so much that he ripped his T-shirt. It made me giggle but seeing Griffin getting undressed, his erection straining against his jeans. Smelling the heady scent of his arousal had me struggle to get out of my clothes as soon as I could, too.

My scars had been healing, and I had been putting on a little of the weight I lost, but my body still wasn't like it used to be before. The way Griffin's eyes roamed over my body, his eyes shifting color showing me Conan wanted to take control, made me feel so wanted and sexy. It made me want to take control and make Griffin feel just how much I wanted him to.

So I slid to the edge of the bed just as he took a step closer to get into bed with me. I traced my nails over his hard, toned stomach, eliciting a deep grunt from him. Seeing his body quiver as my nails drew closer. Until I took him in my mouth, without hesitation, without a warning. Enjoying the control I had over him now.

“F uck, Darling” he grunted and I reveled in it.

Trailing my free hand over his perfect body as I continued orally

pleasuring him. His hands found their way into my hair but he let me set the pace. Way too soon, I felt his body tense up.

“Don’t woo” but his words were cut off by the orgasm that seemed to slam into him..

It made sense since it had been too long, but, one look at Griff showed me he was nowhere near done with me. Like he seemed to try to reassure me about. Not that it would have mattered that much. Just the feeling of knowing he still wants me. Knowing that he is still attracted to me would have been enough for now. He dropped to his knees, spreading my legs, eager to return the favor. And I let him, I would always let him. Within seconds, I felt heat pool up in my stomach. And all I could breathe out was how much I missed this, how much I missed him. Before I fell back on the bed the pool of heat overflowed, leaving my body feeling weightless for a few glorious seconds as I basked in the bright white light consuming me.

Griffin used that time to crawl in bed with me, shifting my body so I was no longer partially hanging over the edge of the bed. On his knees. between my legs, I could see he was still eager. Wanting more but it was like he was holding out waiting for something. Until he spoke up, letting me know exactly what he

wanted:

“Darling, I still need more of you, want more but I need to know can I mark you?”

Chapter 156

“More than anything” I manage to get out before we both get wrapped up in this bliss of our attraction again.

I don't know if it is because it has been too long. Or because of the promise of what is about to happen soon. But when he enters me this time it feels different. More intense like my every nerve ending is focussed on the feeling of Griffin filling me up. I always expected the time when I would get marked would be gentle and tender. But it is nothing like it, it is hot, rough frenzied, and passionate. And I love every single second of it.

I love the feeling of almost desperation for more, more of him. More of us, I love the fact that the entire world has faded away. How all I can feel is the deliriously delicious feeling of him filling me up. How with his every thrust sparks erupt over my body. How he grunts and moans as I move against him.

He positions his legs so that he can go even deeper. The feeling is so overwhelming that I feel my eyes starting to water as I pull him in for another toe-curling kiss. All while he keeps thrusting harder and

deeper with every thrust. Until my nails bury in his back as I feel I am close to losing it, this intense pleasure is becoming unbearable and I feel like I am about to explode”

“Griff, baby, I won’t last much longer” I am surprised to hear my own voice coming out as a needy whine.

“Don’t worry, Darling, I am right there with you” His voice was gruff and his gaze tender.

He dips his head and starts kissing and licking the very place his fangs

will sink into soon. The place where his name will adorn my body. A scream falls from my lips when he sucks on my sensitive collarbone. I am ready to cry and beg him to let me come when his teeth finally pierce the skin. There is a flash of intense pain for the first few seconds. Before it feels like a boiling heath is flooding my veins making everything more intense and more enjoyable.

My body trembles as I orgasm while Griffin is still marking me. It seems to last forever even when I feel his tongue swipe over the bite mark to heal the wounds.

“Stay with me Darling, mark me too” He grunts as he flips us over with what seems to be his last bit of strength.

It gets me out of the hazy stupor of the longest and most intense orgasm ever. I can feel I am his now

everything feels different. But it is still not complete, it is my turn to mark Griffin. To make him feel mine,

unlike Griffin though I neither have the energy or patience to tease him like he did me. Of course, I

want to make it enjoyable for him too. I want him to feel as good as he made me feel just now. It just

doesn't take as much time. Soon I feel we are both ready for me to mark him and I sink my teeth into

his collarbone.

The tangy iron taste is weird, but it is nothing compared to all that I feel through our mate bond now

that it is complete. It is like I feel every ounce of love this man has for me. Like me, his orgasm seems

to go on and on. Only when I swipe my tongue over the two pinpricks on his collarbone does it stop?

Before even getting a good look at the mark I left on my wonderful, handsome mate I collapse on top of

him.

We are both worn out, so when Griffin wraps me up in his arms, covering us both with the duvet before

mind linking:

"Let's sleep now, Darling"

I just snuggle into him, just barely getting the words “I would love to”

out over the mindlink.

We wake up still snuggled up together, and a little sore, or at least I am. But the moment I hear Griffin’s voice telling me “Good Morning Sleepyhead” everything else is forgotten. Even the fact that it looks like the sun has gone down already. All I want now is to look at our marks.

“Come on baby, I want to see our marks” I mindlink back already sitting up and pulling on his arm.

“I love it when you call me baby” He chuckles pulling me back in bed with him to kiss me.

Normally I can never get enough of his kisses but right now I am really excited to see the mark. He can stay in bed if he wants to but I need to see it. So I rush out of bed, happy to notice Griffin is following me. Even if it seems like to him it is more about seeing me so happy than it is to see his mark.

“Don’t you want to see your mark, babyyyyyy” I tease him wondering why he does not seem to share in my excitement.

“I do, but the most important thing about it is that it finally means that I am only yours,” He says and then kisses the top of my head.

I do not miss the fact that he sees it as being mine, not just as me being his. I just love this man for how much he wants to be mine, and for how happy he makes me.

When I look in the mirror to my joy I find out that we have matching marks. Where I have Griffin's name in swirly cursive letters with a crescent moon in the background. My name on Griffin's collarbone is surrounded by stars.

"See even your mark shows you are truly destined to be the Luna of all Luna's" Griffin's sweet words are interrupted by the loud grumbling of my stomach.

I would have felt ashamed if it was not for Griffin's stomach grumbling even louder.

"Let's get a shower, get dressed, and go out for some food, I want to show off this mark" He suggests

And showing the entire world starting with the pack, that I am his sounds like an amazing plan.

EER!

After I shower that could have been a lot quicker if it wasn't for the fact that we couldn't keep our hands off each other. We eventually managed to get clean and out of the shower. I never expected that I would feel so giddy like I had fallen even more in love with him. Now I know why people talked about

the honeymoon face. I mean for us wolves being newly mated is about the same. And I felt like I was floating on air. While I have been wanting to complete the mating process with Griffin for a while now. I always figured I would still feel the same. It was just to show the world that he is mine as I am his. To be able to mindlink him I never expected to love him more.

Nothing could wipe the bright smile off my face, not even when we opened the door all smiles and giggles to walk out to go get some food. Bumping into a stern-looking Rodrick who was just about to knock on our door. His eyes fell on my mark because I wore a dress that showed it off. And I was relieved to see his serious face brighten with a genuine smile as he saw we were finally mated.

“Welcome to the family official now Ayla, I am proud to be your father-in-law” but we need to talk he told

us.

Chapter 157

Everything feels so much better now that I am finally officially mated to Ayla. I now get why Dillion and Gerald told me how much better life would be. Before now, I always thought they were overdoing it.

That completing the mating process wouldn't change that much. Sure, I always looked forward to having her mark on me. To be able to mindlink her and hear her voice in my mind. Never did I expect

that I could love her more.

That feeling all she feels for me, being so connected with her, would make me love her more. Simply because, up until now, I thought I couldn't love her more than I already did. But boy was I mistaken, I have half a mind to beat myself up over the fact that I made the two of us wait so long. I should have just asked her what she wanted after she had recovered enough. But it is all good now, so I will not spend time worrying about the has-beens. All I am going to do now is enjoy life with the woman I love.

With my fated mate.

That is why I suggested going out to eat after we finally got out of the shower. But if Dad's face is anything to go by, he is worried. The fact that he is happy with me and Ayla finally being mated brings a smile to his face. Still, I can see the worry behind the smile. The fact that we are mated is only going to bring extra issues to the table.

"You look like it cannot wait until after we had dinner, Dad?" I tentatively ask.

I know it cannot wait, but Ayla and I are both starving. And if this is going to be a long discussion we might end up just getting some food from the pack kitchen. Which would be fine on any other day but

not today I wanted it to be something special. I wanted Ayla to feel how loved she was. Having already failed at making the moment I marked

her, the moment we marked each other special. At the very least I wanted her to have good memories of the rest of the night. A night she will always remember, an example to give our future kids and grandkids to tell them how magical it is to find your fated mate and mate with them.

What I do not want for her is her memory of finalizing our mate bond is rough make-up sex followed by dinner over a meeting. A meeting about a seemingly important topic if Dad's face is anything to go by.

"Sorry, son, I am afraid it is not but it should be quick enough so you guys can go on and enjoy the rest of your night. He confirmed my fears, and I still doubt we can go in with our night after this. It either takes us too long. Or the news is so depressing, the night won't be as we planned it.

But it is not like I can just take a night off from issues that are this critical. It is the biggest downside of being a royal. Showing she truly is the Luna the pack deserves, the Queen the country deserves and the mate I'm not sure that I deserve, Ayla's voice suddenly fills my mind.

"Don't worry about this baby, we have the rest of our lives to make memories together" Before I have the time to react, she turns to my father with a bright smile.

“Have you eaten, I could whip up some quick sandwiches to tie us over. Then we can be in your office in ten minutes” She tells him, to which he happily agrees, letting us know Mom will be there too.

Ayla instantly walks back to the kitchen, going to work on the sandwiches. I say my goodbyes to Dad before joining her to see if she needs any help.

“Sure, just pack some cookies and bags of chips, baby,” She tells me not looking up from the pan she is grilling the chicken in.

Her calling me baby is a new thing, she just started it today but I love it. Just as I love simply being in the kitchen with her. Watching her make club sandwiches for me and my parents as she is humming along — to some tune I don’t even know. It hits me that my life is far from perfect. With Ayla still needing to heal, David is on the run, and the work as a royal that sometimes keep me from doing what I want to do at that moment. And yet because I am with Ayla it feels perfect.

Like the rest doesn’t matter, none of these things can bring down the happiness I feel from being with my mate. I know she loves to cook, we both do, and we both do not like to be interrupted. She will just have to forgive me this time because the feelings I have for her now are so overwhelming that I need to

just let them out.

“Thank you for making my life feel like it is perfect, my darling” I whisper in her ear as I hug her from behind.

“Life with you is as close to perfect as it can get baby, I am happy I chose this life over being in the heavens.” She smiles at me, pecks my cheek, and then motions for me to leave her be and pack the cookies and chips as she is finishing up the sandwiches.

Whatever it is that had Dad so worried, it cannot be life-threatening because as soon as we open the door. Before we even set foot in his office, Mom jumps up almost squealing. She is holding a black velvet box that reminds me of a jewelry box.

“Can I see your marks? I suspected that was what was going on, but when Ro told me he saw you were marked I knew for sure” It’s funny to me how the others always see Mom as this gentle but serious Queen

When she is often like a giddy teenager behind closed doors. Dad is the one who is serious all the damn time. Regularly forgetting the little

things around him as he tends to get sucked in by the work. And I truly believe he needs someone as quirky and excitable as Mom to keep him from becoming a workaholic recluse.

Ayla proudly shows the mark on her collarbone showing the moon and my name. As if I am not in the room, Mom coos over how pretty it is. Before taking on a more serious impression. I would almost say she is a little shy. Which is unlikely for her, especially when she is in the company of the people she loves.

“Ayla, Sweetheart we have a tradition in my family where we pass this necklace down to every oldest daughter once she is officially mated,” She tells Ayla well showing the velvet box.

Now I get it Mom has told me she considered Ayla as a daughter, but asking her to continue a tradition as if Ayla actually is her daughter is a big ask. I know she will be hurt if Ayla refuses, but on the other hand, she would never want Ayla to say yes out of pity.

“Sadly after Griffin, I couldn’t get any more pups, giving birth to him nearly killed me. But I have come to consider you a daughter and it would mean the world to me if you accept this necklace to continue the tradition. That being said, don’t feel any pressure, maybe your own family has a tradition that better

suits you. And you know I used to be an omega before. So it's nothing like the other royal jewellery"

She ends her little speech by opening the velvet jewellery box to reveal a beautiful delicate thin silver necklace with an intricate crescent moon hanger with a moonstone in the middle.

"It is stunning Isabella and I would be honored to wear it" Ayla beams leaving no question whether she is genuine about this or not.

Dad and I smile as we watch Mom put the necklace on and then hug Ayla. But I cannot imagine this was what they called us in for.

Chapter 158

I was at a loss for words at Isabella's kind gesture, there was no way I would say no to this. Not just because it is a tradition I would love to share with my daughter if I will be blessed with one. But because Isabella feels like a second mother to me. Not just my mother-in-law. And as excited as I am to start my future with Griffin here. As much as I enjoy living here and getting to know the pack. It feels good to still have a bit of family here. So with Daniel living here, and Griffin's family, I feel more at home than I thought I would.

Funny how when Dillion asked me the first time I met him if I would be willing to leave my pack. Leave

my family and go and live in another pack. I gave him the most noncommittal answers. Because A I

was so sure I would never be chosen by Griffin and, B had not felt like a part of the pack for so long.

Now his pack feels like my pack, even without the transition being finalized. And the family of the

Crown Prince I was so set to avoid feels like family, too.

That's why I did not hesitate when Rodrick showed up at our doorstep. I had a responsibility towards

my new family and my pack. What I told Griffin was the truth, I was finally convinced him and I would

have a whole lifetime of making memories ahead of us. And I was sure Isabella's kind and thoughtful

gift was not the reason they needed to speak with us.

After hugging Isabella, I sat down and passed around the food I brought with me, Looking at Rodrick,

waiting for him to tell is the bad

news.

"The Elder council has decided not to wait until we find David. They want to put Hannah on trial in two

weeks" Rodrick got the hint and

immediately explained why we were gathered there.

It didn't register with me why this would be bad news at first. Or why it meant Griffin and I had to

interrupt our date to discuss this. Slowly, like I tried to block it out but lost against my own mind, the realization dawned on me. Going to trial means there would be a court, I would have to testify. Tell the city of Elder Wolves and everyone remotely interested in what happened to my experiences during that horrible time in my life. A time in my life that caused me to visit a therapist almost every weekday because of how much it had hurt me. How much it still hurts me.

I would have to talk about how badly this whole ordeal influenced my life. All while showing the people I still was the strong and kind Princess. In most cases, the victims are asked for an idea about the punishment too. As the Princess and future Queen, what I say will be scrutinized. No matter what they did to me as the future ruler of the entire nation, I would need to make sure to be just in whatever punishment I requested. Even if there was no guarantee that the Elder Council would agree with what I asked for.

Nation,

“Are you sure you can handle that, Darling, is there anything, anything at all we can help you with?” I

had drowned out the other’s talking as I was coming to terms with what this news meant for me. But

Griffin's worried voice pulled me back to the conversation.

He was sweet to want to help me, but there was not much he could do. Nothing other than be there for me and to just be himself. So that is what I told him. Rodrick and Isabella told me they would be there for me with whatever I needed. Suggesting that I should invite my family over to give me even more moral support.

"Well Ayla was still a member of the White Oak pack when she was kidnapped, so Alpha Cedric is going to need to be here for the trial regardless" Griffin mused.

And he was right at the time I was a wolf kidnapped from his pack property. A wolf under his protection, so in kidnapping me, David and his helpers had committed an act of war against the White Oak pack and the Silver Moon pack in one big swoop.

"That is another topic we need to address, Ayla, you are still not officially a member of the pack. Most wolves in our pack are understanding, of what you have been through and the effect it has on you. But as you know, some pack members are not as open to having you as Griffin's mate. More so out of personal reasons than because of you. The thing is, with you seemingly not committing to each other,

they had grounds to spread rumors. You and Griffin being marked will help with the rumors a bit but..."

Isabella sighed like she was unsure of how to go on.

When the four of us knew exactly what she was hinting at. If I was to make sure that the pack would

love and accept me as their own. I needed to be accepted into the pack sooner rather than later. Which

didn't bother me at all, it made perfect sense and I was ready to fully become a member of the Silver

Moon pack. There had been only one thing stopping me, and that was wanting to complete the mating

process with Griffin first.

Now that had finally come through I was ready to become an official member of the pack where I found

my happiness again and the pack where I had been living for weeks now.

"So you are saying we need to plan an extra event, so I can cut my bond with the White Oak pack to

form one with the Silver Moon pack?" I asked, just to be sure that was what Isabella had been so

worried about.

"You do, and I do not want to rush you but sadly I think there is a bit of rush" She answered me without

any hesitation.

I smiled because if this was the last thing we needed to discuss, Griffin and I would still have some time to go out and eat some more. Maybe it would be a late dinner since I still wanted to try to shift too.

Regardless of how we would plan the rest of the night though this wouldn't take much longer.

"I don't mind the rush, I needed to heal a bit more but we can start planning something and sending out invites this Monday if that works for you?" My answer surprised both Rodrick and Isabella.

Griffin just smiled at me, which made sense. I was undoubtedly close to his parents. But no one would ever get me the way Griffin did. He must have known or felt I was ready to permanently become a part of his pack. Or he was just smiling because he could sense me wrapping this up because we had other things to do.

"Then do not let me stop you kids from celebrating," Isabella said with a bright smile on her face.

She didn't have to say it we all knew she was happy I was going to officially be a part of her pack. I just hope she knows how happy I am about it too. And more importantly, I hope the other pack members do

Chapter 159

The squabble with Griffin, completing the mating process right after that. And now we were sitting in the

Italian restaurant on the pack ground. Some of the pack members had noticed our marks and came

over to congratulate us. It all was lovely, but the closer I got to finishing the meal, the more nervous I got. A lot was riding on this first shift, I had not lost Willow that much was clear. But I had no idea what shape my wolf would be. This shift could determine if I would still be able to run in my wolf form. To do all the things I love so much about being in my wolf form. Running was the thing I loved most, it was the one thing that benefited from my size.

“Don’t worry darling, we have the best doctors here, as long as you have not lost Willow I am sure you will be fine in the end.” Griffin mindlinked me, he must have felt I was getting nervous about it.

I wonder if he knows how comforting it is to me to hear his voice in my mind. Or if it is as comforting for him to hear me.

Before I can ask him, though, it is time to pay the bill and leave to go to the forest.

“Please, let me pick up the bill to congratulate you two for being officially mated,” Luca, the owner of the restaurant, said as he walked up to her table.

He was Italian and moved here for his mate, and he had told me before he was a romantic at heart.

With how bright he smiled, I was sure he meant this genuinely. I was still getting used to the royal

treatment. Griffin subtly looked at me, and I loved he was giving me the chance to refuse. Since it sometimes felt a little fake and awkward for me. I had come to realize, though, that it was the trauma from my old pack

holding me back. The Silver Moon pack members were far more honest. They did not offer me gifts to bribe me, they welcomed me as one of their rulers. And with that honor came gifts.

“Thank you, Luca, that is so kind of you,” I told him, and felt happy to see him genuinely smile at my answer.

And I was glad I did because we had to refuse the extra portion of tiramisu. I trust Luca, I trust most of the Silver Moon pack members. The thing is, I am not ready to tell everyone I am unable to shift. So I stumble to come up with a polite reason to refuse a second kind gift of the night. Even if we accepted the first gift.

“Sorry, Luca, Ayla doesn’t want to be rude, but the thing is I have a surprise for her so we won’t be going home anytime soon” Griffin comes to my rescue.

Luca just smiles and walks back into the restaurant after saying his goodbyes. The walk to the forest was quiet and calming. Neither of us said anything because there was nothing we could say now. Not

that it mattered, just walking here hand in hand was all the comfort I would ever need.

Twenty minutes later, we arrive at the clearing in the forest where I will try to shift for the first time after

being kidnapped. Still not speaking, we both get undressed. Griffin has told me before he would shift first so I could easily mindlink him. If I was unable to shift, Griffin would be able to shift back and help me out.

“We can do this and I am excited to see Conan again” Willow

reassures me.

Griffin’s gaze on my body as I undress is so intense it would almost make me feel shy. If it was not for the shudder of thrill traveling

through my body. I don’t know if this is a side effect of just being mated to Griffin. Or if it was because we had missed being intimated so much.

Whatever it was it had to wait, I shook my head trying to clear these thoughts. Before I tried to shift. To my utter relief, I succeeded.

Shifting is never comfortable but it's not painful, the discomfort is not different from the usual discomfort.

"Finally I get to tell you how gorgeous you are, my mate" Conan's voice rings out in my mind.

It's similar to Griffin's but a little more animalistic, there is a little growl to it. But all I can feel is the overwhelming joy Willow feels at being able to hear her mate.

My wolf body still feels a little stiff and achy, but that was to be expected with all the abuse I have gone through. The fact that I have not been able to shift for so long. I am unsure if I can run as much as I did before. The fear paralyzes me and leaves me unable to try to run.

It is Conan who nudges me, jumping up and down with his front legs playfully. As Griffin prompts me to let Willow take control. Maybe he is right, though because I am too deep into my own head.

Willow seems far less scared, she takes off into a sprint, tempting Conan to follow her. And he does.

An hour later, we are back in the castle. I run out of breath and energy a lot quicker than I normally would have. But it is nothing serious, I can just work on getting my stamina back like I was going to

therapy for my mental health. Like I was going to physiotherapy for my human form. I could just train with Griff and Daniel to get my stamina back in wolf form.

We walked in, and I made my way to the kitchen to get us both a last drink before we went to bed.

Suddenly my eyes land on a cake box in the middle of the kitchen island with a note attached to it.

“I hope the surprise was lovely, here is the last dessert of the night. Luca”

I smile as I find a big piece of tiramisu in the box, it was more than enough for the two of us. Smiling. I

place the tiramisu on a plate with two spoons. Griffin said he would wait for me in bed. Placing the two

bottles of water and the plate on a tray, I make my way over to the bedroom to surprise him.

Luca turns out to be wrong, in the end, the tiramisu wasn't the last desert of the night. Griffin was

because for some reason we could not keep our hands off each other today. But when I fell asleep

hours later with my head on Griffin's chest. The steady beat of his heart lulling me asleep, I felt

blissfully happy. Even with David still on the run, I felt like things were right for us again. I felt safe and

untouchable. Maybe it was foolish of me, but at this moment I truly believe things are finally settled, the

future we have been dreaming of for so long is finally here. I was ready to do all the things we wanted

and not let anything get in the way of it anymore.

Chapter 160

Seeing Willow again, knowing Ayla can still shift and know that her wolf form was not critically hurt. It was the most relief I have ever felt, there have been moments before where I felt a relief unlike any other. Finding out I hate a fated mate, Ayla not rejecting me, her accepting me officially. Yet nothing compared to knowing she was alright. I could feel her nerves increase with every bite of food we took at Luca's restaurant. I knew why she just sat still for the first moments after she shifted. Everyone who knows her knows how much Ayla loves to run. The fear that she might not be able to do so anymore had crept from her pores into my very soul. Like this all-consuming shadow of more heartbreak hanging over us.

Granted, she was out of breath way faster than she used to be. But it was a lack of stamina, not a critical injury. So that's something we can work on. Just like we did on the way there, we didn't speak on the way back. We just walked home hand in hand. The atmosphere was different, though. When we were walking to the forest clearing I could practically hear her heart beating out of her chest. Now there was a calm between us. A feeling like we were finally getting back on track with our lives.

I don't know what has come over me, but the second I am near Ayla, I feel like a hormonal teenage

boy. As soon as she was in another room, I regained some sense. That's why I told her I would wait for

her in the bedroom when she was getting us a bottle of water for the night. I suspected it to be a side

effect of completing the mating process, one that would be over soon.

I had just settled into the bed when she walked over carrying a tray,

smiling like a kid on Christmas morning.

"We're still having tiramisu for dessert," she told me, showing the large slice of tiramisu on the plate.

I pulled the duvet down so she could take her seat in bed next to me. Happy to share a midnight sweet

treat with her before we would go to sleep, cuddled up in each other's arms. I loved she had brought

the dish on one plate with two spoons so we could share the dish. But even as we were just watching

some TV show, casually chatting as we were enjoying our tiramisu. That lingering attraction got strong.

Every brush of her legs against mine, the slightest touch of her arms or fingers on mine, sends sparks

of want up and down my entire body. My arousal was noticeable, I had no doubt Ayla could not only

smell it but see the contours of it through the tented bedsheets. The air around us seemed to be

electrically charged with our lust. As the scent of our mutual arousal mingled. Both of us ignored it, me because I was aware of how handsy I had been since mating.

But when she brushed a bit of the mascarpone off my chin with her thumb, I lost it. I was barely able to place the plate with the last bits of tiramisu on my nightstand when I pulled her on top of me. She reciprocated instantly crashing her lips onto mine, desperately pulling at the hem of the shirt she was wearing to bed. She broke the kiss only to finally pull the shirt over her head, revealing that she was not wearing anything underneath it. My cock was now so hard that it started to hurt.

“Fuck, darling, I need to be inside of you” I grumbled.

Ayla reacted like I had just given her the best gift in her life. She practically jumped off me so I could pull my boxers and pajama pants off. She kneeled on all fours, her perfectly round ass slightly pushed upwards. Just one look showed me how ready she was for me, Cagerly she was waiting for this.

how

“Then what are you waiting for, mate?” She practically purred at me, and I lost all ability to think.

The word mate did something with me, so I positioned myself behind her on my knees. My hard cock lined up with her entrance. Hands on her hips, just brushing against her, teasing. She shuddered with

need, she wouldn't be able to handle this for long, but neither was I.

So with one deep thrust, I felt her up entirely as I grunted "Nothing"

She arched her back so I could penetrate her even deeper. Being inside of her, feeling her every ridge,

gave me a dizzying pleasure. Sex with Ayla has always been good, but this was almost like an out-of-

body experience. My every sense was flooded with the bliss that came from making love to her.

Bending down even more, she now rested on one arm her other hand, stroking her tender nub with one

hand as her other gripped the headboard. While I kept pounding into her like my life depended on it.

Because at this moment it felt like it did.

As I felt her pussy contract around me, as I felt her clench down on me as the orgasm ripped through

her body, I found my relief too. I could barely keep up with my thrust, they were becoming more and

more frantic with every passing second. To my surprise, my erection did not go down after my orgasm,

like my body was playing catch up for all the weeks we missed this.

Ayla wasn't satisfied either because the second the last twitches of her orgasm left her body she

started bucking her hips. Riding my cock while she was still on all four.

“Please, baby give me more I need more” she moaned shattering the last fragile bits of my resolve.

I pressed a kiss between her shoulder blades before pushing her down even further into the pillows.

Hissing at the sensation of feeling this new angle. Then I started fucking her again. Surprising the two

of us

with the fact that I could go on for another two orgasms. Ayla even managed to reach hers three times.

Our bodies were exhausted, and I was flaccid again, but there was still this lingering sexual tension as

we finally snuggled up together. Even Ayla’s breathlessly whispered “I love you, Griff” sends shudders

of want down my spine.

For a moment, I thought the lust I still had when we fell asleep had manifested itself in erotic dreams of

Ayla. But that was not the case, the first thing I saw when I woke up was Ayla on top of me, riding me.

“You had” ... “An aaaahh” she stuttered and moaned as the pleasure was too all-consuming for her to

talk. Still, she managed to let me know that she had woken up to find me sleeping on my back, still

naked with an erection. Overcome by the same lust she had felt yesterday she had decided to surprise

me by waking me up like this. I was not complaining my first impulse was to grab her hips again as I

started thrusting in sync with her movements.

“I want you to knot me baby” she cried out eyes rolling back in her head. And that was the moment I

realized what was happening. What was causing us to behave like this? Something we needed to

address. But how could I when I was so far gone in this frenzied lust?