

Wolf Bait Novel Chapter 10

Panty

The King pushes off the door frame and looks back at me and motions me to follow him into the room. He steps over the pieces of thick oak wood I can't believe he broke it apart like it was nothing. These doors are heavy as f***k.

The room is heavily scented with him. It's a floral scent. Like lavender and vanilla, but also dark and s**y. Peppermint maybe? Whatever it is, it's nice. I can barely breathe around him because he's always so f***g hostile. So this is the first time I can take in his scent properly.

"I wouldn't be able to hold back." I whisper when he hands me a glass with a huge ice ball.

"You've been alone a long time, he says and comes over with a bottle.

It's squared and filled with a dark liquid. He fills my glass to the top and drinks out of the bottle. I take a sip and my taste buds come alive. Whatever this is, it's strong and sweet like caramel. I take in a mouthful and I'm able to breathe properly again. He offers me a tissue and I take it.

"I didn't mean to cry, I find myself saying. Why am I even apologizing for that? "It's been a while since I've felt this empathetic

"I'm sorry," he says sitting on his massive bed. It's a lot like the one in my room. Everything in his room is black and velvet red. There's a Victorian vampire-esque vibe to the place. Something straight out of a movie. "I lost control. Are you okay?"

Yeah. I nod looking down at my wrist.

It's bright red and where his fingers dug into my skin, it's lifted and it stings because I wiped my tears like a toddler who had just been scolded for breaking a vase or something. He puts the bottle on the carpet and gets up to come see for himself.

"Shit," he sighs when he turns it over.

"It's fine." I try to pull it back.

He tightens his hold but not like before. Just enough to get me to stop moving. He lifts my arm up and I watch as he licks the lifted skin a few times. My skin breaks out in goosebumps as he continues to lick me. He doesn't let me go when he stops. The pain fades a little and the lifted skin visibly starts to repair itself. The swelling goes down and then disappears into what's going to be a bruise.

“Better?”

“How did you do that?” I ask looking up at him.

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enzymes in my spit. You can’t do that?”

“Nope,” I say looking down at my arm again. The scratches are gone. “I have to admit that was actually really f*****g cool,”

“You don’t respond to stimuli the way I expect you to,” he says.

“You mean how you’ve been trying to f*** me since I arrived laugh. He smirks. You remind me of him,”

Your mate?”

“Yeah, he had a temper. He was very demanding and he never stuttered so when he wanted something all he had to do was ask. I guess I don’t respond to it because I can smell your pain. Your rage. It’s one of the reasons why I was so good at being a hunter. My sense of smell,”

“I thought I masked it better,” he goes back to the bed.

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“You do. You mask it very well. I’m just close enough to know what it is I give off the same scent when I’m sober.”

“Have you been with anyone since?”

“No I shake my head. “It’s probably why I’m such a raging b****i

79%

“Probably,” he smiles and lifts the bottle off the floor to his lips. m sorry I scared you,” he smirks. “Didn’t think you were capable of being scared.”

Wrong. I've got a death wish, but I'm not dead yet, I finish the drink. My head swims a little. "This is strong as hell,"

"Yeah, it's called wolf'sbane. We make it. We don't do that weak mortal stuff here," he lifts the bottle to offer me some more.

"If I drink more. I'm probably going to do something stupid," I shake my head..

"You've been waking up every day for the past five years to do something stupid, little wolf. Come sit over here and do something stupid with me,"

My Prince's body is perfection. I've

I stare at him for a moment. It might be the drink, but I doubt it. He's not wrong. I admit, Jon is phenomenally beautiful. Him and his stupid gorgeous eyes and his creepy fucking glowing skin never given this a thought. I've never wanted anyone to touch me and he's had his hands all over me since I was on my knees in front of him in handcuffs this morning.

To say that I didn't like it would be a lie. I know I'm going to fucking hate myself and him after, but the pain it's going to cause me. It's probably going to be worth it. It'll feel disgusting. It'll feel wrong and when I get to whatever afterlife awaits me. Darren himself will probably be just as disgusted with me as I will be with myself. And it will be all his fault for fucking leaving me here all alone.

"Yeah," I say and go over to him. I set the glass down and take the bottle from him. He lets out a huff as I drink out of it.

"I should warn you. I don't know how to be gentle anymore," he says when I hand him the bottle back.

"That's probably a good thing and we should probably move this to my room. It has a door," I point at the mess he made. He laughs.

"You've been here one day," he says standing up. "And it honestly feels like I'm a lot closer to where I need to be."

"Careful, that was almost romantic," I laugh. He grins and offers me his hand. I take it. He pulls me up and leads me out of

the room

As soon as we're through the door he pushes me against the wall without dropping the bottle. His mouth is on mine before the door shuts. He growls using one of his big a** hands to pin my arms over my head as our mouths move in sync.

There's this guilty f*** pleasure in the way it feels like he's devouring me to spite. We both hate this and there's a sense of comfort in knowing that this is wrong. That neither one of us wants to be here doing this.

My wolf surfaces and I shove him back to take a deep breath. I take the bottle from him and take a big drink before going for his shirt. He growls approvingly when I tear it off and push him back until he falls onto the bed. I don't hesitate to straddle him and he doesn't hesitate to rip at my nylons.

"I've been thinking about you walking around my territory without anything underneath this s****d little dress," he says. I laugh feeling the full effect of the liquor. "You're kind of beautiful, Pernicious,"

"In a feral wolf kind of way?" I ask reaching for his belt.

"In a crazy cat lady kind of way he growls and reaches between my legs. You're wet,"

"Well, you're hot," I shrug. "And you're kind of an a****le. I have a thing about demanding pieces of s*** who don't know how

to take no for an answer.

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This f***g thing," he growls at my dress. He grips the front of it and pulls tearing it in two.

"It has clasps." I laugh.

Tuck that," he pulls it clean off my body.

He tears my shirt down the middle and pushes it back enough to expose my breasts. His eyes stay on the three huge claw marks from the gorgon I soloed hoping it would kill me. For a moment, I think he's lost his mood but then he slides his hand up my back pulling me into him, and takes my nipple into his mouth and sucks hard.

The pain shoots through my body and I grind myself against him. I haven't been aroused in so long that my lower belly aches from how turned on I am. I am moments away from cuming and he's biting on me like he can't get enough.

"F***k, Lycan King I'm going to c***m,"

"You're so f***g stubborn," he growls and turns us over so he can pin me to the bed.

“Introductions are important. I understand if you need time to get there.” I moan when he switches to my right breast.

“After this, I’m not going to need an introduction,” he laughs.

He pulls away and wraps his arms around my thighs to pull me to the edge of the bed.

“You need an introduction, my King, I scream when he latches onto my***t without warning. My hand slips into his s**d silver-ish hair.

You just keep calling me that,” he bites me.

The f***g a****le bites my c**t and I c*** so hard my vision darkens for a second. I squeeze my thighs around his head. keeping here there and he just keeps sucking.

“Holy s***t, Lycan King. I cry out.

“You almost crushed my head,” he laughs looking up at me. “I haven’t even started yet,”