

Chapter 53

Jumping in the pool was worth that smile, and the carefree sound of her laughter, she is laughing like a little kid, unguarded and every bit of the Aeliana I knew. The Aeliana I fell for.

I close the distance between us and her laughter dies out instantly. "You scared the shit out of me," I mutter, but there's no heat in it. It comes out mellow, soft just like my heart is right now.

"You shouldn't have pushed me in the pool," she says, swimming to the edge, where Danielle is. "Nice rescue though," She laughs. "Unneeded but nice."

Danielle gives her a towel, "Change." I tell her, "Or I will drown you myself."

"Alpha Kingsgon," Danielle gasps.

Aeliana gets out of the pool, discarding the towel Danielle gave her and walking away, wet drips everywhere and everyone stares harder.

By the time I finally make it out of the pool, she has long disappeared into the house. Rowan meets me with a towel. "That looked fun," he smirks, gesturing to my pants.

My cock is visibly straining against my pants, the material clinging to me now that it is wet. I grab the towel and hold it over my stomach, letting it fall enough to hide my raging erection. Seeing her down had ridden me of me but watching her walk inside in that tight wet bikini revived it so fast. "Fun? She fucking baited me into the pool."

"You pushed her in." He clubters, "and you seem to have enjoyed it."

But that's a very concerning kink."

"This isn't funny, Row." I groan. "She knows no consequences."

Rowan nods, "But you do," his lips pull into a smile, and I can hear the joke before he speaks. "Hard ones, not so?"

"For fucks sake, Rowan." I groan with irritation. "Just handle the guests, I'll freshen up and meet you in the entertainment centre."

I walk past the guys and they laugh at me, calling me a desperate hero, Aquaman and a few other names before I slip inside the house. I strip my clothes off and get under the shower. The cold water does nothing to ease the monster between my legs.

My cock is so hard it feels bruised—thick, heavy, and dripping with precum that won't stop leaking no matter how many times I curse under my breath.

I wrap my fist around cock, squeezing so hard that it hurts. "Fuck," I groan low, raw, and desperate.

Aeliana's smile flashes through my mind. I want her so badly that it takes everything in me not to storm to her wing. I want nothing more than to widely spread her legs and bury my face in her pussy until she's desperately grinding against my tongue, until her arousal is dripping down my chin. I want to fuck her against every surface, I want her sobbing my name because she can't remember how to fucking breathe without me inside her.

I want to ruin her for every cock that dared touch her. I want her every second, every minute, every hour, day—night, I want her right now.



But she's not ready for that, she doesn't feel half as taken as I do and I'd cut my hands off before I ever used them to force her into anything she didn't want. 2

My cock grows thicker, I picture her hand instead of mine. I imagine her kneeling in front of me, staring at me with those hazel eyes that could melt the strongest of men. I stroke faster, my hips jerk forward into my fist, chasing the fantasy, fucking Aeliana's hand. 1

That little moan she let out at our wedding comes into the mix and I lose it, and come spews everywhere. And just like I've been doing for years, I come, her name a broken whisper on my lips. "Aeliana."

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