241 241- Lucien (Part IV)

Third person pov: 1

Giana stood in front of the mirror, dabbing a hint of blush on her cheeks and pressing her lips together to even out the gloss.

Tonight, she wanted to keep it light. Her hair fell in loose waves over her shoulders.

When she met her friends outside her house, they all gasped.

"Goddess. Look at you. Tonight Lucien is going to have a heart attack!" The remark made her blush.

"Yeah, girl. Tonight, every male's eyes are going to be on you."

But she didn't want every male's eyes. She only wanted him. She looked up at the sky and made a silent prayer.

Moon Goddess. Please.

Her gown was a pale silver that caught the light with every step. The fabric flowed gently around her legs.

"Our nerdy girl hasn't only gotten great boobs but a great face too!" One of her friends squealed, and Giana couldn't stop herself from

rolling her eyes.

"Stop exaggerating," She couldn't control the smile as she linked her arms with her friends and headed out.

Once they reached the gala, her eyes kept searching for Lucien.

"Hey, girl! How about drinks!" Maggie asked her excitedly, and then sauntered away without waiting for her answer.

Giana couldn't wait for the clock to strike twelve.

Her fate was soon to be decided by the Moon Goddess.

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The clock struck twelve, and the sound of cheers filled the hall, "Happy birthday, Giana!"

Her friends squealed, raising their glasses of non-alcoholic wine. As the glasses clung together, she was pulled by them into tight hugs.

Her heart was beating with supersonic speed. She couldn't wait to find her mate tonight and wasn't planning to go back home until she found him.

"Finally eighteen!" One of them shouted, spinning her around.

Giana laughed with them, but her smile began to fade slowly as she smelled lavender and cedar wood.

Without thinking, she started following it.

"Hey, Giana," Someone spoke in her head with excitement, "Angela here. Your wolf. Happy birthday."

"Hi, Angela," Giana kept following the scent. She went to the end of the hallway and found someone standing there with his back facing her.

She knew who he was.

"Giana," Angela spoke in her head, "Mate! He is our mate."

Giana went to him. Her hand trembled slightly as she reached out and placed it on his back. He turned, and in that instant, her world stopped. His eyes met hers, and the way he was looking at her.

There was so much intensity.... Raw hunger.

"Lucien?" She whispered.

Without hesitation, he pulled her into his arms and lifted her off the ground as if she weighed nothing.

Gasps and murmurs rippled from the people

nearby, but he didn't care. He held her tight as his face buried against her neck.

She wanted to ask him where he had been. Why didn't he meet her when he was there?

"Goddess, Giana..." He whispered, "Tonight was the scariest night of my life... I was so scared, honey. That... what if Moon Goddess doesn't choose me for you?"

Giana let out a shaky grin. So he was as scared as she was, yet he was not showing it.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, laughing and crying at once.

"Giana Chris. I love you," He said in a deep voice, "I love you so much."

When he at last straightened, Giana lifted herself on her toes and kissed his mouth, "I love you too."

He leaned in and kissed her. She opened her mouth to welcome him.

Everything around them vanished. There were just two of them lost in each other.

"Let's get you out of here," He said softly, glancing at the crowd.

Giana, who was still catching her breath from the kiss, blinked, "Where are we going, Lucien?"

"Somewhere special," He said with a hint of mischief in his tone.

He took her hand and they slipped away through the garden... down the quiet path that led them to his house.

When he pushed open the door, Giana gasped. Rose petals were scattered all over the floor, and candles were flickering from every corner.

Lucien turned to her and gave her a somber look, "Welcome home, my mate. Happy birthday."

She took in the sight of a birthday cake waiting for her on the table.

"You..." She choked on her emotions, "You did all this... for me?" She gulped hard, thinking how he went out of his way to arrange this when he didn't even know if they would be mates or not, "Lucien... wasn't it a risk? What if..."

"Don't!" His voice came out sharper than he meant. He stepped closer, cupping her face in both hands, "Don't, Giana. The truth is... we are mates, that's it. Goddess chose us for each other."

Before she could say another word, he pulled her into his arms and kissed her fiercely. He always handled her so gently that for a minute, she was in shock.

The sparks were flying, and she couldn't deny the fact that tonight she was more attracted to him.

The magic of fated one.

His hands were roaming on her back when Giana reached up. Her fingers trembled when she began unbuttoning his shirt.

He caught her wrist gently with a half smile, "Hey, my lovely mate. I can't wait to make love to you. But what about your cake..." Desire was dancing in his dark eyes.

Her eyes gleamed as she shook her head, "I can't wait anymore, Lucien. Not anymore..." She held his hand and placed it on her boob, "That night you asked me to wait. What's your excuse tonight?"

He chuckled, shaking his head, "You think I don't want you? See? Feel it?" He placed her hand on his bulge, "I've been wanting you since I got my wolf."

"Then... don't make me wait," her voice came out as a whisper, "I've waited enough."

Something in her voice broke the last bit of restraint in him. His thumb traced her jaw as he looked at her.

Then he couldn't take it anymore and tossed

away his shirt. Giana got rid of her silver dress and then got rid of her undergarments.

His mouth had gone dry, "Beautiful!" he whispered.

She looked down and pointed towards her boobs, "Don't you want to squeeze them, honey? I think you always liked them."

Lucien's eyes darkened, "Liked? I always loved them."

> **66**
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> *Hey readers. Thanks for your patience.*
> *Today I mark my book complete*
> *at Chapter 261(Epilogue I) and 262*
> *(Epilogue II)....*
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