

Letters Sent To Eternity

Chapter 440

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91 – Elara

+25 Bonus

The witches are looking for something. Something on my land. What the hell could we have on our pack territory that is worth so much death and clearly years of effort? I squeeze Ben's hand and he returns the gesture looking at me, confused why I don't mindlink him and tell him what is wrong. The problem is I am what's wrong.

This whole sacrifice doesn't make any sense based on what Walter felt the need to inform me on the drive over here. I was going to shift and get to Ben as quickly as possible with Jax after their all call, letting the witches take one vehicle with Dev. But, Walt insisted that it was relevant and he needed to accompany us...in a separate car than the witches.

The Elders and my father apparently made a pact that was magically bound. This supposed pact tied me to another male, regardless of my mate, but secured our safety. What I don't understand is why my father never said anything to me about it. He was ruthless in my training as an Alpha and never shielded me from some of the harsh realities of my position. I am also confused by the 'male' part of his story. He didn't say an Alpha or wolf, just that I was contracted to another male for our safety. That is also where his story ended. He promised to continue it at a later time, when I was done playing host and ready to get back to being a pack leader. Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

Now I have to wonder if this is the reason for all of the trouble we have been having. Did my father enter in to some agreement that had magical repercussions if he went against it? I only ever believe half of what Walter is saying most of the time, but that means half of this story is true. Now, I have to figure out which half before I tell Ben anything. I need to know what Walter knows, because when Ben finds out that someone tried to sell me to a high bidder, he will kill anyone involved...and I won't stop him.

With all his bravado, Walter didn't get in our way, per Ben's instructions. He didn't stray far either, clearly wanting information to take back to the other Elders.

"Are you going to tell me what that is all about?" Ben side eyes Walt as we take in what might be another Shadow marker, but the charred remains make it difficult to tell.

"Yes, but not now."

“Why not now? Will I kill him for it?”

“I believe you will kill him either way, but for this, I’m not sure. He’s being cryptic. I can’t tell if he is trying to rile me up or telling me the truth. Can you give me some time to process?”

“I want to know before we go to sleep.”

I sigh and nod, but that’s actually generous. We’ll see what the ride back brings.

“Why is the scorching only on the one side of all of these trees?” I ask Marietta. Brianna still isn’t talking to us.

“It’s a barrier. What we don’t know is if the burn happened because someone tried to breach it or if it was caused when the caster set it.” She places her hand out in front of her, between two of the burnt tree trunks and leans forward. I expect her to step through and walk past the trees, but **she** stops. The air is holding her fully leaning bodyweight. “The barrier is a strong one.”

“Did he die because they hung him in the barrier’s path?” Jason asks.

“That is a possibility.” Marietta says solemnly, looking back up at the kid. His face is so disfigured and without a scent I couldn’t tell who he is. He could be one of my pack members, one of Malcom’s, or any one of the surrounding pack’s teens.

“Can we take him down? You can’t seem to get through the barrier but will he come out of it?” Ben asks next to me, his voice is

thick

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“We should try to help him.” Brianna finally answers our questions. “If he is of the spell the magic will not let him go until it is complete. If the spell is what harmed him he might be stuck until we can undo it. Your risk is being drawn in. Clearly Marietta and I can touch the barrier, I do not know what will happen to any of you if our suspicions are correct and his wolf’s blood is what is powering the spell.”

Ben reaches out a hand to his friend. “Stay back, I don’t want you anywhere near this thing.’

“Awe, thank you for that vote of confidence, but I think we are all good.” Jason takes another step forward and Ben is so fast I blink and he has let go of my hand and is standing to his full height in front of Jason. No one in our group breathes with the tension floating around us.

“Don’t f*cking touch that thing. You are mated to a witch, dumbass. This kid was a half-breed. You are the last person going anywhere near it until we know it’s safe.”

“You think I am going to let you go anywhere near it either? You and your mate just pulled your heads out of your asses. Get out of my way. Your mate can at least stand to look at you, be in the same room without being terrified.”

Jason pushes past Ben. Ben grabs his wrist and they are full on grappling on the ground. I hear grunts and groans, neither trying to hurt the other, but they are both clearly working out some pent up frustration.

I look up and Marietta winks at me and tilts her head toward the barrier. I tilt my head to Jax and Dev. “Please don’t let them kill each other.”

“If you get hurt, I will pull them apart and send their raging asses in your direction. Don’t die.” Jax snarks back at me, both assume positions to intervene if it gets too heated.

I walk with the witches. Marietta leans in, “Nice distraction tactic.”

“I have no idea what you are talking about.” I smile at her. “They did that all by themselves.”

but they

We both reach up at the same time. I can feel the static buzz of the magic. I have felt it a few times when I walk through the kitchen or out in one of the back court yards of the packhouse. I mouth 1, 2, and on three we both grab his leg, and nothing happens. “That was anticlimactic.” I announce to the group, but no one is rushing to help us either. All of our points are good ones. We don’t know what about this kid made him special or viable for the barrier. I extend my claws and cut his legs free first then his arms. He flops in a heap over Marietta and my shoulders.

Ben and Jason hurry to help now that they figured out arguing made them useless.

“Now we need to figure out how big this barrier is and what it might be concealing.” Brianna says, turning to walk back to the cars. Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

“Jason. You Jax and Dev circle the barrier, see if you can scent it all the way around, now that you know what you are looking for. Don’t do the whole perimeter, I want a full team for that, but get an idea so we can map it out later.” He turns to Marietta and Brianna. “Are the two of you able to take the second truck back with this boy to get him to the healers?” They both nod. “Walt, front seat. We need to talk.” With that, he and Jason take the body to the trunk of the witches SUV and load him in as gently as

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possible.

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92–Elara

I sit in the back seat like a child. Walt keeps looking at me over his shoulder with a disgusted look on his face. It feels like when I was in elementary school and told my dad about some boys who were being particularly cruel to me. I wanted to handle it myself, but some of their behavior went too far and my father called them in. They gave me the same look.

Ben startles us both when he opens the door a little aggressively, giving us both a hard stare before taking his seat and starting the engine. Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

He says nothing as we pull away from the scene and I watch my two best friends, and my usual shields from the Elders run off with Jason. I would give anything to be running with them than stuck in this truck with an angry Beta and a self absorbed Elder.

I am not breaking the tension this silence is brewing in the cab of the SUV. I’m not scared, but I have no idea why Ben wanted Walter in here with us and in the front seat. The drive is only twenty minutes, but it is silent and heavy. Walter is clearly not going to push any of Ben’s buttons either, which is out of character for the Elder.

We pull up to the garage located on the side of the packhouse, still silent and now I’m starting to get nervous. Ben steps out and holds my door open for me. I try to get him to look at me, to give me a sign of what is going on. Maybe he

and Walt have been talking over the mindlink and leaving me out of whatever pissing contest they are having.

Ben laces our fingers and leads me around the back of the truck. My unasked question is answered when he reaches out and grabs Walter by the back of the neck as he tries to scurry into the packhouse. The Elder is strong, but can't match Ben for size and youth. Now Walt and I are both escorted through the house to my office.

Walt is unceremoniously sat on the couch and I am placed in a single chair across from him.

"I want to know what the f*ck is going on. The Elders here have far too much say in what is going on in the pack and since your father died they are doing very little to help with Pack affairs, considering we are under an attack. Talk now, and leave nothing out." Ben looks between the two of us.

"I would actually like more details myself." I give a pointed stare to Walt and cross my arms.

When he looks like he isn't going to say anything, I stare him straight in the eyes and smile. It may be childish and I may have thrown a tantrum or twenty about being independent and not needing anyone to fight my battles, but this is one battle I will enjoy watching. Ben never crosses the line when it comes to leading this pack. He has shown me time and time again, he is a leader, but will defer to me as the Alpha, when it is possible and necessary.

"Walter gave me some information that might be prudent to our current situation. Why he felt the need to tell me today instead of months ago when things began to fall apart I don't know. He did however tell me there is more to his explanation and would give me said information when. And I quote, I was done playing host and ready to get back to being a pack leader." I never take my eyes off of Walter. "Apparently my pack Elders and my father thought it was prudent to enter into an agreement of some kind that promised me to another male, regardless of my Goddess given mate." Ben's aura snaps and his chest vibrates with the anger radiating off of him. "I am not sure what male and I have no idea what type of protection we would need that would cost me my mate and my freedom. If I am sold away what does that mean for Black Claw and its pack members? What does that do to your position as an Elder? Surely, whoever you bargained with would want to lead in their own way."

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Once we are all settled, well I am settled. Ben still has Walter by the back of the neck and Richard and Sebastian are flanking the sides of the couch. They both walked in after I summoned them, took less than ten **seconds** to assess the situation and went to back Ben up, no questions asked.

That just goes to show the impact that my mate has had on the pack since he's been here. He has earned **their** respect and loyalty every single day and now no one will accept anything less than his level of commitment.

"Explain...from the beginning, so we all understand, Fenwick. Why was Elara promised to a male that isn't her Goddess given mate, and why did none of the leadership, other than Elders, know of this supposed commitment. Because, I can guarantee, that information was never passed to me." Richard growls.

"Seeing as you are no longer the Beta of this pack, I will not be answering any of your questions." Walter says haughtily, like this is an option for him.

Ben gives me a look, and I shake my head. It's my turn to inflict some pain. He doesn't need a mindlink to know what I am going to do.

I move to the edge of my seat, elbows resting on my knees, and I smile at Walter. He must think I am encouraging his behavior, as his face lights up. This man is an idiot. Why did I, or my father ever take advice from him?

"Because at one time, he was a great warrior. Sometimes when people are too far removed from the action, they forget how things work. Your father was a patient man. He let these guys talk and then did what was best for the pack in a way that kept them appeased."

"Why appease anyone? Dad was the Alpha. He should have run his pack the way he saw fit. These Elders are here to give guidance and wisdom, not to be secretly in charge."

"Not everyone thinks that way, obviously."

"We should inform him of who is in charge now."

"With pleasure."

I let my aura creep out slowly, putting just a little pressure on Walter. Ben lowers his hand, so there is no question who is doing the questioning now. "I believe your former Beta, and one of my advisors, asked you a question, Walter. You would do well to remember who is in charge of this pack." My tone is even, but the direction is not negotiable. When he continues to sit there in silence, I continue to ramp up my aura. I don't

want to harm anyone like this, but now I understand what my father was trying to teach me. Some people will force **your** hand, and the only way they will comply is through aggression. Copyright © **2025** Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

Just as Walter is starting to sweat and has a purple tinge in his cheeks, like he is holding his breath, there is a knock on my office door. Sebastian steps over to see who could possibly need us right now. He looks at me over his shoulder, looks back, then steps out of the way to let in our other two elders.

“What are you doing child?” Silas asks, sweeping in towards Walt. Richard steps in his path and I don’t let my aura down.

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“You cannot attack an Elder, It goes against our laws.” Reuben states calmly.

“What if that same Elder conspired against Alpha Elara?” Ben asks, flexing his hands behind Walt’s head, like he wants to strangle him again.

“That’s not possible. Walter would never attack an Alpha for personal gain.” Silas is looking between all **of us**, trying to see the lie in our accusation.

“Then he needs to explain why I was promised to some mystery unknown male,” I enunciate the word, “Why and how we have possibly broken some agreement that was magically bound and why my father apparently ended my mother’s life in the hospital according to Drake. Because I am sure all of those scenarios lead back to this situation we now find ourselves in.”

Both Elders blanch, so I know I am on the right track. They know what is going on and have been letting us falter through figuring it out. Letting witches, pups, and Malcolm succumb to some evil witch’s abuse and control, all for some kind of agreement that I was never supposed to know about, but comply with without argument.

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+25 Bonus

“You all need to start talking...now.” I growl low, letting my wolf enhance the angry sound.

All the Elders exchange looks, and it's starting to piss me off. They are coming up with a story that is plausible, without telling us the whole truth.

After two hours of full out, not stop questioning and one word answers, I am exhausted. I can only hold the aura like this for so long. It's designed to give instant instructions to get pack members to safety or give enemies a dose of power to make them comply, not to be held extensively like this.

"Jason?"

"Uh, yes, Alpha."

"Are you with any of the witches, except Juliette?"

"Marietta is here with us, why?"

I have some Elders with tight lips and it's getting exhausting using my aura on all three of them to get half assed answers out of them. I need to know if there is some kind of truth serum that we can use to get answers."

"She says she's on her way. Is there anything I can do?"

"Not unless your mate is willing to talk to us about her experience."

Even talking to Jason, who isn't in my pack, takes a different kind of energy. I'm irritated for feeling so weak and vulnerable. I make a mental note to add that to the training that Ben and I do.

I'm sure this was Walter's plan, or part of it. Trying to hold out longer than me, knowing it would be difficult for me, so we would have to drag this out tomorrow and they can come up with a better story that makes all of them look like heroes and not the borderline traitors I think they are. I have been able to block them from each other while we are in this room, but if I let them leave that command breaks. They are older and more skilled than I am. I can be pissed about it later, right now it's just a fact I have to deal with.

A soft knock interrupts the deafening silence as all of the Elders sit on the couch staring forward. The only information we have gotten are versions of what Walter told me in the car on the way to the murder site. He is still maintaining that I will only get more information when I am ready to stop playing and be the real Alpha I was meant to be...by getting rid of the witches and fulfilling my duty to the pact they made before I was old enough to walk. Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

"It's too bad you feel that way about your Alpha, because she does have friends in high places and your Goddess and ours feel like you have overstepped your authority, Elder Fenwick." Marietta walks through my office door without being let in and I smile. I have never once felt any type of animosity from her or Brianna or a

ny of the coven members that they are protecting. I don't think they are any different than us . They might be more vulnerable because **they** are closer to human than we are.

She looks at me for approval and I nod my head. Without words Sebastian, Richard and Ben each stand behind an Elder. I take a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Do it." Is my only command. The Elders eyes go wide as my team of loyal protectors grabs them from behind forcing their heads back and mouths open. Marietta easily dodges their flailing limbs and administers a lavender colored liquid. Each protector holds the mouth of the elder shut, while blocking off his nose so they have to swallow.

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Marietta chants a few words, I can't make out under her breath and a warmth fills the room. She **turns to me.**" As long as they are here the spell will hold. Once they leave the spell will break and you will need to begin a gain."

I nod, "Thank you. Would you mind staying to help us navigate the magic part of the mystery?"

"Gladly Alpha."

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I am not about to mince words when Marietta gave me the give of honesty from Elders who have clearly been trained to block my Alpha command.

I look Walter in the eyes, he is angry, but has a droopy tilt to his mouth. He can feel the magic that will force him to answer me. The Elders have not liked the idea of the coven being on our territory, let alone being allowed to live in the packhouse, when they aren't allowed to live in the packhouse.

"Was my father in on the plan to sell me?"

Walter is fighting it, a bead of sweat forming on his forehead. I look to the other Elders and ask the same question. Copyright 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

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"No, Alpha. He was not aware of that part of the treaty." Reuben finally answers. I can feel the hate and anger washing off of Walter. "I will not keep this from her Fenwick. We swore an oath to help the Alpha protect this pack. Our deal did not go according to plan and now innocence is being harmed. You of all people should understand.

I look between the two of them. What the hell are they talking about?

“Keep that question in the back of your head, focus on what is happening now.” My wolf chides. I can’t be mad either. There is so much bullsh*t going on with too many questions and not enough answers.

“So, he was a part of some of that negotiation?” I rub my forehead and stand up, I need to pace. Even with a truth tonic, they are going to talk in circles. “Start from the beginning, and leave nothing out. What was this negotiation? Why were any of you in negotiations? How does the land on the Southwestern border come into play?”

Silas looks at me with pity. “We are a small pack Alpha. We always have been, and that suited us for a very long time. Surrounding packs have moved forward more quickly and began to expand. Our pack and simple way of life was under threat.”

“What threat?” My voice raises. “That word keeps coming out of your mouths, but no one is telling me what the actual threat is.” I growl. I fist my hands at my sides. I want to punch and strangle these men, but that won’t help me get answers.

“The threat of being taken over and absorbed, child.” Walter growls.

“What the f*ck do you think is happening right now?! Whatever you three did, it is causing the very thing you say you were trying to prevent. Tell me about the negotiation.”

“After several smaller attacks to gain some of our territory, a witch came to us and said she could help us protect our borders without burning out our border patrol and it would be mutually beneficial.” Reuben says. “Her coven was located in a city about a day’s drive from us, but was being decimated. They wanted a place in our Southern forest and would help ward our borders so we could all cohabitate.”

“What does that have to do with Elara being mated to another guy?” Ben growls out.

“A simple combining of families to solidify the agreement. Humans and Packs do it all the time to broker deals and treaties.” Walter snaps.

“But you didn’t tell my father that part?” I question.

“They didn’t have a male heir at the time and there was nothing they could do if you found your mate before they had someone.” Walter shrugs.

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“They obviously think differently.” Sebastian flexes his arms although Reuben hasn’t moved or said a thing since he sat down. He also didn’t fight when we gave them the serum. “Did you give them the land on the border?”

“We gave them a trial year.” Reuben says solemnly. “They were to construct their wards, and if they proved effective we would let them move onto the land. We had no use for it. It is near the water’s edge, but the terrain is hard to build on and our wolves were not fond of being there anyway.”

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I stop walking, “And my father had no idea that you made this agreement?” My heart is stuttering in my chest. How does an Alpha not have control over his Elders? What else did they do behind his back? I feel my anger lick up my spine.

“Easy mate. They will get their punishment. We need all the answers first.” Ben’s voice wraps around me like a velvet blanket. Out loud he asks, “What happened after the year? You obviously didn’t let them live here and have a clear hatred towards them.”

“Their wards did not work they way we were promised. We still had to fight off invaders so they were denied entrance to the pack lands.”

“When was that?” I ask. It’s not important, not really, but for some reason I need to know.

“You would have been about five.” Reuben muses. “Around twenty years ago.

“And they just went quietly?” Richard asks, tilting Silas’ head back to look him in the eyes. “They didn’t raise a fuss about you backing out of the deal?”

“There was no deal! They lied to us. Gave us fake spells to cheat us out of our land. They are no better than the Alphas trying to take it by force.” Walter seethes.

“And yet they have come to collect what they think is rightfully theirs.” Marietta says thoughtfully. She’s sitting behind my desk and so quiet, I forgot she was even here. “Do you know if they left anything behind? Did they show you the wards they supposedly put in place during that trial year?”

“Of course not, stupid woman. Why would we let them leave anything on our lands? Who knows what it would do to us.”

“I think I know what might be going on, but we have another day of scouting so I can verify.” She gives me a look that tells me there is more, but she isn’t talking in front of my former Elders.

I nod and look at the six men. Three have protected me no matter what is going on, and three have tried to sacrifice me and I don’t think I have all of their story yet, but I need more information to ask the right questions. They may not be able to lie to me with this serum, but they aren’t going to offer up information either. Copyright

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“Sebastian and Richard, can you take these three down to the cells? I have a feeling I will have more questions for them.”

“Yes, Alpha.” They say in unison. Walter and Silas require some handling, while Reben stands and walks in front of them, like he has accepted his fate.

Once they are gone and the door is secured, I turn on Marietta. “What is going on? What did you learn from that conversation?”

She stands from behind my desk and walks around gesturing towards the sitting area. This time Ben sits next to me on the couch and she takes one of the single chairs.

“Those witches spent a year setting the barrier we came across today. They made it so that only their coven witches could pass through. I could feel the energy and I am sure your friends found the border to be circular in nature. Now we need to figure out what they found on your lands twenty years ago. The wards they built got stronger with time, there is a reason they have waited until now to start coming after you and whatever is hidden. I also think Juliette is a part of this somehow. Yes, she has been setting the Shadow Markers, but I think that might have been a test for her as much as it is for your pack.”

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“You think she might be able to cross through.” It’s a statement, not a question.

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95 – Ben

I know we didn’t get all of the information she wanted, but Elara has a lot to think about tonight. I ask Melanie to bring food to our room. We don’t need to be in company with anyone but each other tonight. I was hoping to get her some closure for her parents and at least the mystery of what the witches could want, but land just doesn’t seem like a good enough reason for all of this trouble. There are too many loose ends and I can’t decide if that is on purpose or if the Elders just didn’t read the fine print of whatever agreement they entered into.

We stop by Juliette’s room to check in on her before heading to our room for the night. She seems’ to be fast asleep, curled up on her bed. It looks like they are getting some food in her. There is color in her cheeks and the dark circles under her eyes are beginning to fade. We are going to have to take her out to the barrier soon to test Marietta’s theory and I don’t know how my friend is going to deal with that.

Jason is sitting on the couch, in his usual sentinel spot, reading a very old book. I catch his eye, but he shakes his head while glancing at her. It has to be about magic or witches or something to do with his mate. He’s never been one to study unless it is absolutely necessary. This must fall under that category. Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

When we finally reach our room I can feel the drain on my body and mind, but as soon as I see the food laid out for us in the small kitchenette I know we won't be interrupted for the rest of the night. I scoop Elara up in my arms, she doesn't question the movement, and walk straight to the large tub in our bathroom.

Without putting her on the floor, I slowly strip her out of her clothes while the tub fills with hot water. The steam swirls around us and I have to check my thoughts. I didn't intend to seduce her. She's had an emotional roller coaster today, like many of the days we've had together. I want to sit in the tub and help her relax and forget for a little while that our whole world is going up in a magical flame of situations we didn't start, but have to finish and deal with.

I place her in the warm water and strip off my own clothes before settling in behind her. She leans back into me, like it's something we do all the time. After being stuck in that magic blizzard and finally accepting that we are mates and I'm not just here to take over for her, she has done a one eighty. She holds my hand and stands at my side, brings me into big decisions for the pack. I do notice she's a little shy with PDA though I'm not sure why. It's no secret that she took whoever she wanted to her bed to satisfy needs, much to my wolf's irritation. I can't complain, I came with my own relationship baggage and I wasn't exactly celibate before finding Elara either. She seems to not have cared that people knew she spent time with whoever she wanted, but what happened behind closed doors, stayed behind closed doors, with the exception of Jax and Dev who seem to know intimate details of her exploits.

I love that I get this vulnerable and soft side of her that is a rare thing for anyone else. I don't force her to talk, letting her mull over her thoughts while I slowly wash her from head to foot. I know she'll talk to me when she is ready for a sounding board and we can work this problem together.

She leans back against me and takes in a deep breath. "So..." she starts in a low sigh.

"So?" I question.

"We have a magically guarded piece of land that unknown witches want. A spell or something that caused my father to poison my mother, even though Drake said that wasn't the plan. Then my father loses a fight in the aftermath of her death, which brings on the discovery of said land. A coven who needs protection, but seems to be helping us more than the other way around. Another witch who seems to have been in captivity, is afraid of us, but allowing us to care for her since she is mated to one of your best friends. A cave with magic in it that we haven't been able to enter, a spell causing a mental takeover of the only Alpha in our bordering packs that is close to my

1/3

are dealing with right now?"

Chapter 448

“Sounds pretty accurate. The question is, which thing do you want to tackle first? They all seem to have some interconnectivity, but which one will start giving us answers and make sense of the rest?”

She moves her head so she's resting under my chin and running her nose up and down my throat. My chest hums, but I can't honestly say if it's my wolf or me purring from the touch. I feel her lips pull into a smile on the sensitive skin along my neck. My body instantly heats. I can't help my reaction to her.

“I was trying to behave and let you rest tonight, mate.” I growl out.

“What if this helps me relax? Would you tell me no?”

“Absolutely not!” I flip her around so she's facing me, and she giggles, flashing me a real smile, one that lights up her whole face and makes her eyes sparkle. “Tell me to stop.” I wrap my arms behind her back, pulling her body flush to my overheated chest. I can feel her wet heat even in the warmth of the water.

“Why would I do something as stupid as telling you to stop?” She leans in close, brushing her lips on mine and circling her hips over my throbbing c*ck. “I want all of you right now...” She gasps as I thrust up into her, not letting her finish that thought. I don't need any other invitation to make her scream. We are both due for a release and it doesn't take long for us both to fall over the edge.

I love the little noises she makes in the afterchocks of her orgasm. I'm still seated deep inside her, tracing my fingers along her back and doing my damndest to not move. I am ready to take her again and again tonight. I can't seem to get enough of being this close to her, but she really does need rest and to think through all of the information we did and didn't get today.

“I can actually hear your brain buzzing. What are you thinking about?” She asks against my neck and I have decided she does that on purpose as she smiles at the shiver that runs through me and the goosebumps that follow. Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

“I was debating putting you to bed and letting you get some sleep before we have to get more information the hard way tomorrow, but you are not playing fair and I think I need to spank you for teasing me.”

“Yes, please.” She whispers against my skin before licking up the column of my neck. I move to stand, keeping her firmly seated on my d*ck, which is rock solid again. I'm glad the tub is angled the way it is, because I have to turn to get out the way we are positioned and I see the absolute disaster of water on the floor.

“I need to set you down, because even I am not sturdy enough to wade through this without hurting both of us.” We both laugh as I place her gently on her feet. Once we make it to the edge of the bathroom to grab towels, I give her about thirty seconds to tease me more with her seductive use of the fluffy material before I throw them on the floor, toss her over my

shoulder and smack her hard enough to laye a red hand print before satisfying both of us thoroughly.

Chapter 449

96 – Ben

+25 Bonus

I don't want to move at all. I don't think we got more than a couple hours of sleep last night, but no one will hear me complaining. Elara's warm, soft skin under my fingertips is the only thing I want to focus on today. She is curled into my side, her deep red hair wild and splayed out behind her. She's still out cold after moaning herself hoarse for me all night long. I think I have officially had her on every surface in this room and discovered a few favorites I would love to revisit today, but she needs to rest. We have to get to the bottom of some of these mysteries today.

"El, we have to get up." I whisper in her ear. She snuggles closer into me, tightening her hold around my waist, making me smile. "I would much rather stay here, but you have answers to get and only you can get them."

She growls into my chest. "I was trying to pretend you weren't talking. I might be too sore to do anything today."

I laugh, "That's too bad. I was really hoping to get this done quickly so you and I could repeat some things...you know, to make sure I am doing my job thoroughly. But, if you're too sore, I bet Jason could use some...hmpf!" She has me on my back in the blink of an eye. Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mante Productions

"Don't you finish that sentence. Jason can't have you, no matter how sore I am." Her emerald eyes flash and she gets a wicked smile that tells me I'm in the best kind of trouble.

She grabs my hands, releasing the firm grip I have on her ass, much to my disappointment. I'm sure the surprise shows on my face when she flattens my palms against the headboard. "Don't move your hands unless I tell you to. Understood?" I nod in agreement, not bothering to hide my smile. I love when she takes control. She gives as good as she receives and my body is instantly ready for her. She leans in to whisper in my ear, "What do you want to f*ck first, my mouth or my p*ssy?" She asks, grinding into me. I whimper like a b*tch, but she keeps going, rotating her hips and I don't care what she does, but I need to be inside her right f*cking now.

I shift to grab her for better leverage, but she catches my wrists in her hands. "I believe I told you to keep your hands on that headboard, mate." She slams my hands back into place, while simultaneously rubbing her amazing t*ts in my face. I move my head to try and take one of the luscious peaks in my mouth, but she blocks me with her hand. "I asked you what you want to f*ck

first."

“What if I want you to ride my face? Is that an option?” I’m not even sure if my words are audible, my voice is so raspy, throat tight with my need for her.

“No, it’s not. But, maybe if you’re a good boy and come for me, I’ll consider it.” She rotates her hips again, the pressure is almost painful. “This is the last time I’m going to ask.” She punctuates the last words with slow thrusts and I let out a moan. The foreplay with her is what gets me. I love the way she teases and taunts me.

“I want to watch you bounce on my d*ck.” She gives me a half smile while she drags her nails down my chest before lining me up with her entrance. She takes her sweet time sheathing me in her wet heat and I let out another guttural moan. It feels so good, I can’t help myself. I think she has lost some of her control too. Her movements become quick and erratic. I may be under orders to keep my hands off of her, which is torture, she said nothing about the rest of my limbs. I plant my feet and meet her thrust for thrust, causing her to fall into my chest, bracing herself or balance,

Chapter 450

+25 Bonus

We are both becoming sweaty, and starting to breathe heavily. It is a test to see who can outlast the other. I never lose this game, but I will play it over and over again as many times as she wants to

“I’m so close, but I want you to come first.” She pants out between thrusts. “I want to feel you inside me.”

“You always come first, baby. Don’t worry about me. I’ll make sure you can feel me for the rest of the day.”

BANG. BANG. BANG!

“GO THE F*CK AWAY!” We say in unison. The whole floor can hear what we are doing and I don’t give a sh*t. At least they know she’s satisfied. I continue to bounce her on my d*ck, even though don’t know how much longer I can keep up her pace without my hands.

“Let me touch you.” I beg.

“No,” She growls with that damn smirk.

“I can feel you getting tight, squeezing me so good. Let go, come for me.”

“Ben, I…” She shatters on a moan so loud and I follow right behind her letting go of the headboard. She’s too far gone to notice and I need to hold her up so we can both ride this massive wave.

When she is a limp mess laying on my chest, we hear the banging again and I know the JAx and Dev won’t stop, but they are also not dumb enough to mindlink us right now either. I roll over and lay her gently on the bed, throwing a blanket over her perfect form. Once I’m

sure nothing on her body that is for my eyes only is visible, I grab a pair of shorts and crack the door open.

“What can I do for you gentlemen?” I try to keep my sarcasm in check, but I don’t think I did a very good job.

“Couple things. The patrol made it around the weird barrier from yesterday, we have basic coordinates to add to the map. The patrol also said that they can’t get into the cave. So we should maybe do our own check. Jason let us know that Juliette wants to help the witches undo any magic that is harming the pups in the pack. She still seems hesitant when more than two of us are in the room with her, though, so we’ll see. She might be able to help with the cave thing too. And last, but probably the most disturbing, Drake has started muttering about ‘it’s almost time.’ Whatever that means.” Jax shrugs. Copyright © 2025 Miss L Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

“It sounds like we have a running clock. At least to whatever timeline he has going on in his head.”

“I was thinking the same. It’s still early, or maybe late in your case but I wanted to let you both know so we can deal with some of this.” Dev tilts his head at me. “Melanie and Marge have the breakfast things coming out, but please don’t rush. Take all the time you need.” Dev winks at me. What the f*ck?

They take off down the hallway before I can ask though. So I do the only logical thing. Slam the door and turn around to finish what my mate started. What I see makes me almost swallow my tongue.

Elara is standing there in my t-shirt at the kitchenette. Her back is to me, but her long silky legs disappear with no hint of shorts or even underwear. This woman is going to be the death of me.