

Two times rejected Luna, the desire of all Alphas

Chapter 503 - Denver, You'll Kill Her

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Without a word, Denver swept Paris off her feet and into his arms as he announced, "I'm going to teach her the meaning of being marked and mated."

The pack was filled with laughter, with Paris and London not understanding a thing. Grant carried London and followed suit, but Valerie recalled something and ran after Denver.

The guy was just too fast, and she found it hard to catch up to him. "Wait, won't you two have dinner first?"

She was worried for Paris. Getting transformed didn't mean she was strong enough to handle a man like Denver.

Her hands were wrapped excitedly around his neck as Denver asked her, "Do you want to know about mating and marking or eat?"

"I'm not hungry for food," she quickly replied. Valerie shook her head, saying, "In case you are hungry, I will leave some leftovers in the fridge."

Only the closing of Denver's door was heard, and all she could do was sigh. It was Paris's first time, meaning it would be painful no matter what.

The process is a sweet, sour, and painful one, but every woman had the grace to enjoy it. Also, Denver's room was soundproof, so no one would be able to hear anything.

Denver was amazed when he saw his room cleaned. "Where are they?" He asked. Paris was nervous, hoping at that moment that he wasn't carrying her in his arms.

"You said you'd get rid of them as soon as you find a solution, so I tested the serum on them. When it worked, I told the maids to clean up before the war."

"I see," Denver said, but there was no expression on his face. Paris feared that he was upset and asked.

"Are you angry? I'm sorry. I..."

"It's your room too, so how can I be angry? Besides, we don't have a use for them anymore," he said, taking her straight to the large shower room.

She panicked when he dropped her into the jacuzzi before removing her clothes for her, though the temperature of the water was amazing.

"What are you doing?" she asked nervously, her body feeling funny from their closeness. She was so cute and so beautiful, but Denver was not moved by the transformation, though happy it made her happy.

His love for her was unconditional, and she would always be perfect for him, be it deformed or pretty.

"You said you want to know something, and I'm going to teach you the practical way. Besides, it's time for you to bear my mark."

Paris swallowed tightly when he joined her in the Jacuzzi. This was the first time she was stark naked in front of him, but she was grateful for the lather.

"Relax, Paris, it's something we'll both enjoy," he cooed into her ears, her body danced with excitement.

"Are we going to have sex?" She asked innocently. Denver smirked. "Are you ready?"

His hunky body was on display, making her bite her lower lip to suppress the thousand pleasurable desires cruising through her. "I think so," she said. Denver began to rub her gently with the lather.

Paris could not understand why his touch felt different. It made her feel sinful desires, making her guilty and feeling like a bad girl.

Before she realized it, she was moaning to everything he was doing to her in the jacuzzi, urging him on.

"This feels good," she moaned. Denver smiled and leaned close to her ear, whispering.

"But this is going to hurt." Before she could process his words, his canines elongated, sinking into her delicate neck. She groaned from pain.

"It hurts."

"It's done," Denver said, licking the little drop of blood. But Paris felt different. A wave of energy swept through her, unlike most of the she-wolves who turned weak from the marking. Some would even pass out.

"It stings a little," she observed. He explained, "You will soon feel the pain no more, but you have to mark me too."

The understanding was made clear. The reason for the reaction she got when she mentioned the mating and marking. It was something intimate.

Her face pinked instantly. "What are you thinking about?" Denver asked in an aroused voice. She lowered her head slightly. "I talked about this in front of the pack members."

Denver chuckled. There was just something about his mate that made him happy every time she spoke. "Our kind are horny creatures, so mating is a must."

She relaxed with the explanation, as she moved to kiss him on the neck, surprised to feel her teeth elongating as she sunk them into it.

"Good," Denver encouraged her. She was excited, as his lips met hers, his tongue exploring every corner of her mouth.

"I can read your mind, feel your emotions," she said with excitement. Denver nodded. "Same. After the coronation, you will be able to hear the voice of the pack members too."

He was gladdened by the excitement on her face, as their lips met again. It was with great difficulty that they pulled away, completed the bathing, and moved to the bed.

Denver was all over her, leaving hickeys everywhere, but the more he did, the more she welcomed him.

Slowly, she got used to his body, touching him as he did her until she felt a strange sensual pleasure intensifying her moans when his tongue flickered her clitoris.

It was beyond her control, as she felt her warm release coming out with speed. Her breathing turned erratic as Denver asked again. "Are you ready?"

Before she could regain herself, something hard, thick, and long invaded her tight walls, causing her to scream from the pain. Tears reddened her eyes.

"I'm sorry. I was told the first time for everything is painful," Denver said apologetically before taking her lips again.

Paris sucked his tongue as if her life depended on it, as his thrusts intensified. Each thrust was accompanied by an animalistic groan, and she felt as if her walls were going to tear for a time before pleasure took over.

At this moment, she never wanted him to stop.

"It's been three days. He will kill the poor girl," Valerie complained in front of Denver's door. Denzel was unfazed.

"Just leave them alone."

Valerie held a tray of food in her hand. "Paris must be hungry."

Alpha Denzel was lost for words and didn't say anymore, as she knocked on the door. Denver opened the door after a few minutes and only had a towel wrapped around his waist, making Valerie worried.

"Denver, you'll kill her." He walked past her to see Paris covering herself with the duvet and giggling like a little girl.

"She likes it," Denver shrugged. Valerie was glad to see the room rid of all those creatures. It was very beautiful. She dropped the food on the nightstand.

"I hope you both have some food."

"Thanks, mom, for having my back," Paris said, her face still hidden under the duvet. Valerie laughed and let them be.

She was fine as long as Paris was fine.

Those two stayed indoors for three extra days, with Valerie sending them food all through. If not for the coronation, they were sure the two would not have stepped out of their rooms.

When Denver saw the look on his mother's face, he smiled. "Don't worry, mom, we are working on giving you quadruplet pups, two boys, two girls."

Valerie laughed as London and Zoe joined Paris to get her ready for the coronation. The guests had already begun to arrive, and funny enough, the two ladies who mocked Paris were there because they heard about her transformation, so it was time to test if Denver's words were true.

However, other guests and Denver's family friends did not make it easy for them, making mockeries of them.

"Why don't you two leave, ha? You are too ugly for a beautiful occasion," Luna Moonlight said as soon as she arrived with Alpha Cairo.