



Chapter 3: Emlyn

I have no idea what's gotten into Richie. It's not like he's never given me attention. I've spent my life surrounded by Alphas and Guardians, but this is different. This feels...intimate. And I swear when he pushed me against the wall, it felt like he had a hard on. I've not actually ever felt one before, but I know what it is. I've seen them. When your best friends are guys, you see and know a lot that you wouldn't necessarily know as a sheltered woman. So, he either had a large, steel pipe in his pants, or he was excited.

Was he excited by me? Was seeing me in a dress really that arousing? Or was he aroused by someone else and I'm here? No, that can't be it. Richie would never do that. First, he knows my father would kill him, alliance or no. And then, he has to know that his brothers and Cohen and Clint would never forgive him either. So, this is something else.

He leads me into his room, closing the door behind us. "Did you want a drink?" He asks me, heading to the bar.

"I probably shouldn't." I say, feeling like I need to keep a cool head until I know what's going on. I almost feel like this is some sort of prank and my friends are waiting to jump out and laugh at me.

"Good girl." He says and the way he says it sounds like a purr and it makes my back arch, and my head lean back.

I snap myself back to reality. What in the goddess's name is going on?? 1

He pours another finger of bourbon for himself and comes back, taking my hand and leading me to the love seat in his room.

He sits beside me and narrows his eyes at me. "What are you thinking about in that pretty little head of yours?"



"I'm wondering what this is?" I say, gesturing around the room nervously.

"Are you scared?" He asks and he seems very serious. If I say yes, he'll stop whatever this is. I may not know what this is, but I know I'm not ready for it to stop.

"No. I'm not scared."

His smile is brilliant. "Good girl. You have no reason to fear me. Not ever, Emlyn. But I'm going to be honest with you. I want you. I've never wanted anyone in my life like I want you right now." He says.

I can't help but laugh. Now I know this is a joke. "Come on, Richie. Stop. Is this a joke? Because I'm not buying it."

I turn and look back at him and his face is deadly serious. "It's no joke, Emlyn. I became Alpha tonight and as important as that event is to me, being here with you, right now, is just as important."

"Why?" I whisper, shocked.

"There's something about you tonight. Something that has caused a change in my feelings for you." He runs a finger up my exposed thigh from my knee to the hem of my dress that is dangerously high since I'm sitting down.

"If you want me to stop, all you have to do is tell me. I will stop. But if you don't, I'm going to keep going."

"Okay." This time, my whisper is breathy.

He never breaks eye contact with me as he puts his thumb into his glass of bourbon. He brings his thumb to my lips and rubs the amber liquid over them. He pulls my lip down and slides his thumb into my mouth. I



lick the bourbon off his thumb and watch as his gray eyes go dark.

“Have you ever been with a man Emlyn?”

I shake my head. “No.”

“Have you ever kissed a man?”

I look at his lips. They are plump with a perfect cupid’s bow, and they look soft. The thought of kissing him has me licking my lips. I immediately hear him growl.

“Emlyn.” The sound of my name, growling from his mouth has my back arching again. It was supposed to be a warning, but instead it feels like a caress.

He stands, taking my hand and pulling me up. He gently touches my cheek, wrapping his hand around the back of my head. “You’re about to be kissed, Emlyn.”

His lips touch mine and they are warm and soft. I lean into him, enjoying the feel of his lips moving over mine. When he nips my bottom lip, I gasp and his tongue slides into my mouth. He dominates my mouth, showing me how to tangle with his tongue. I’m a quick learner so I try to take back control. I feel his smile against my mouth as he shows me that he is in control. When he finally releases my mouth, letting me breathe, I realize that I am leaning against him, my hands fisted in his tux shirt. I start to pull away, and then realize that he has wrapped an arm around my waist, holding me to him.

He rubs his nose against mine. “Did you like that Emlyn?”

I look into his eyes. If I’m being honest, there has always been something about Richie that has drawn me to him. It can’t be that he’s an



Alpha, I'm surrounded by them. Maybe it's the constant banter between us, or that he's intelligent and challenges my beliefs and knowledge about things. Whatever it is, I'm not at all unhappy to be here, right now, with the new Alpha of Shadow Falls pack.

"Yes, Richie. I liked it. I hope you kiss me again." I don't know where my daring comes from, but from the look on his face, he seems to like it.

"Good, because there is so much more than I want to do to you tonight." I feel my body clench and heat travels south.

"Turn around." It's a demand. It's not an Alpha command, and even if it was, I'm immune as a Guardian. I know, I've tested it with every Alpha I know. But, even if it was an Alpha command, I would want to comply.

I turn and I feel his fingers gently caressing my shoulder, moving to my neck and to the zipper of my dress. "Remember Emlyn. Any time you want me to stop, just say so."

I nod, not saying anything. It's only a moment before I feel the zipper of my dress unzipping. He slowly slides the zipper down, making sure his fingers caress my back as he goes. Once it's all the way down, he slides his hand up my back, pulling the one shoulder strap off my shoulder and letting the dress fall to my feet.

I start to reach my hands up, not sure what I'm going to do, but not totally comfortable being this intimately dressed in front of Richie.

"Don't. Put your hands at your sides." It's that demanding tone again and it makes me want to comply, so I do. His hands slowly travel from my shoulders down my back, to my waist and then down over butt cheeks which are exposed because of my thong.

"Beautiful." He says and his voice is so reverent, it sends a thrill through



my body.

He kisses my shoulder. "Turn around." Demanding again.

I do, and since I'm a Guardian, I look him in the eye. His smile is pleased as his eyes leave mine to travel down my body, studying my strapless black bra down to my lacy thong.

"Who did you wear the thong for Emlyn?"

"Myself." It's the truth. I like the way I look in thongs.

"You like to look sexy?" He asks me. I hadn't thought of it like that, but if that's how he thinks I look, then I guess so.

"Yes."

"Has anyone else ever seen how sexy you are Emlyn?" My eyes close briefly. The way he keeps saying my name is like a caress over my body.

"No." It sounds more like a whimper than an answer.

"Good. Let's keep it that way." He says and my eyes snap back to his. Is he serious?

He reaches out, his eyes on mine and his thumbs rub over my nipples through my bra. I feel my body tense and my nipples harden as I watch him smile at my body's responsiveness.

"Do you like that?"

"Yes."

"Take off your bra."

I reach behind me and unhook my bra, letting it fall to the floor. 1



When I look back at his face, his eyes are so dark, they are nearly black.

He watches me and he runs his thumbs over my nipples again, this time they turn into hard peaks. I can't help the whimper that leaves my mouth.

"Good girl." He says and I'm not sure why, but it still feels good to hear him say it. Whatever I'm doing seems to be making him happy. And if he's happy, maybe he'll keep touching me like this. It feels so good.

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