

Chapter 7: Emlyn

Richie spoke to my father and since it was so common for me to be here or at Canyon Ridge, my parents weren't bothered when Cayd drove me home to pack clothes for the week.

"Let's stop by and have dinner with Cohen and Clint." He says as we get back into the car.

I shrug. I'm dying to get back to Richie, but I also know that he started his Alpha duties today and is probably swamped. So, we head to Canyon Ridge.

"Cayden! Emlyn!" Luna Cara says as we walk in. "How nice to see you. Are you staying for dinner?"

"You know it, Auntie Cara." Cayd says. All the kids of the Guardians call the parents of the other packs Aunt and Uncle in informal situations. We've grown up as a family after all.

Cayd is always hoping that Aunt Cara makes steaks. She apparently learned from her father, Clint, and I have to admit, they are really good.

"It's not steak night Cayd. You know Thursdays are steak nights in Canyon Ridge."

He deflates a bit before brightening again. "What's for dinner tonight?"

"Rotisserie chicken. Rik and Anders are out helping the kitchen staff. I think Cohen and Clint are out there as well. Feel free to go monitor their progress."

"Thanks Auntie Cara!" He kisses her cheek and runs outside.

"Do you need any help?" I ask her.

"Nope, we're good. Oh, but are you staying the night? I can have a room made up for you."

"No, I'm training at Shadow Falls this week, so Rickie thought it would be a good idea if I stay there." 3

She stops, turning to look at me and my heart stops. Did I give something away?

"That's a great idea. Why did none of us ever think of that? We'll have to institute that when you're training here as well." She looks thoughtful for a moment. "It really is good to have new blood coming in to take over the packs. It brings new ideas."

"Cohen still has a couple of years." I tell her. He's only 16, like me, even though he's closer to 17.

"Oh, I know. But Emerson will take over next year." She laughs. "I'm sure your father is ready to get away from the sprites in your pack."

I laugh too. It's a well-known fact that the sprites irritate my father to no end. But my mother loves them, so he tolerates them for her, and she does most of the interacting with them when she can.

Dinner at Canyon Ridge is fun. I'm always one of the boys here. Lily and Leana are basically attached at the hip, so it's always been me with the guys. When we're done, I help clean up before we head back to the Shadow Falls packhouse.

When we get there, I find Carla and ask her to show me to my room. "Movie night in 30 minutes, Ern." Cayd hollers at me as I head up the stairs. 1

"Okay."

Carla shows me to the room next to Richie's. His room was at the end of the hall, across from his parents' now vacated bedroom. I wonder if he'll move into that room. It's bigger and has the doorway into the room beside it for a nursery one day.

I'm unpacking when I hear my phone ping.

Richie: I smell perfectly ripe peaches in my packhouse. Where are you.

Me: I'm in my temporary bedroom. You know, the room right next to yours.

Richie: Perfect. Got any plans tonight?

Me: Cayd says they are having a movie night tonight. I'm headed down there in a few minutes.

Richie: I could do a movie night. But first, I need to taste my favorite peach. Stay where you are, I'll be right there.

My stomach does a flip flop. I wasn't exactly sure what to expect when Richie said he wanted me to be his girlfriend. But I have to say, I'm liking it so far.

Not two minutes later, there's a quick knock on my door right before it opens and Richie's spicy, warm vanilla scent, so similar to the bourbon he drinks, floods my senses. He closes and locks the door before crossing the room in two steps and pulling me into his arms. His mouth devours mine, his tongue tasting mine, dominating and possessive. I moan softly against him, leaning into him.

He pulls away, looking at me. "I've been missing that taste all day."

"Mmmm" I purr, running my nose up his neck and breathing in his scent. "I've been missing this scent all day."

"How long before you have to be downstairs?"

I glance at the clock. "Five minutes."

"Perfect, just enough time for me to snack on a peach."

"Richie." I say as he starts unbuttoning my shorts.

"Take them off, Emlyn." That demanding tone again. Goddess, I love the way it feels when he's demanding.

He steps back and watches me. "Don't deny me the taste I've been wanting all day, Emlyn."

I lick my lips and I pull my zipper down. His answering growl sends tingles down my spine, the good kind.

"Go lay sideways on the bed." He demands. "Feet on the bed, legs open for me."

As I crawl onto the bed, getting into the position he requested, I look at him. "Is this room sound-proofed too Richie?"

His smile is Cheshire cat smug. "It definitely is, so I better here you screaming my name."

My new boyfriend is extremely talented with his tongue. In five minutes, I came twice and was feeling quite relaxed when I went downstairs to meet with Xander and Cayd for movie night."

When I walk in, Xander looks up. "You smell like Rich." I stop in my tracks. Oh no, I'm caught.

"She was wearing my clothes earlier, of course she smells like me." Richie comes in behind me, composed as always.

His fingers slide across my lower back as he goes to sit on the love seat. “Emlyn, come sit beside me.”

Cayd looks up at him. “You’re going to watch TV?”

“Yep.” He says, sitting on the love seat. He pats the seat beside him. “Apparently, you already smell like me.” He says, his eyes full of mischief.

Cayd and Xander take the couch and I realize they’ve put on a scary movie. You’d think, being a werewolf and Guardian, that I wouldn’t be bothered by them, but I hate them.

“Don’t worry, I’ll protect you.” Richie whispers in my ear as he pulls me close.

“Here.” Cayd says, throwing a blanket over to us. “You can hide under the blanket when it’s gets too scary, Em.”

I have to admit, having Richie’s arm around me, made the scary movie worth it. But being under a blanket, watching a scary movie beside Richie was dangerous. The first time I jumped, his fingers found their way under my shirt. His touch distracted me enough that my mind was no longer on the movie.

As the movie progressed, I was getting more and more turned on, so I decided two could play this game. I took my hand and slid it up his thigh over his jeans. When I got to the top of his thigh, I moved my hand up and over until I found the pot of gold I was looking for. I felt Richie’s hand grip my hip as I began to slowly rub my hand over his penis through his jeans.

He shifts and reaches under the blanket to unbutton and unzip his jeans. When I look at him, his eyes are dark. I watch him as I slide my hand inside his jeans and under his boxers. He lifts his hips slightly to give me

more room. I release his hard length, wrapping my hand around it as best I can. He's large enough that my fingers don't touch.

I watch him as I begin stroking him up and down. I see his jaw clench and his throat bob as he swallows. "Don't stop." He demands so quietly that only I can hear.

I slide my thumb over the top of his dick, feeling a bit of precum. I rub it around his tip before beginning to stroke him again. When I look again, his eyes are on the tv, but I can tell he's not watching. His free hand reaches around mine and he begins to move my hand faster, showing me what he wants.

His eyes don't move away from the tv, and I turn my gaze to the tv, as his hand begins to move mine even faster. Just as the girl on screen gets killed and her scream fills the room, Richie growls his release all over the blanket.

Unfortunately, the scream wasn't quite loud enough to cover his growl and Xander's head snaps up, looking at us. "You okay, Rich?" He says frowning.

"Yeah." His voice is a bit breathy and smidge higher than normal. I tuck my head to hide my smile.

"Emlyn just elbowed my dick." I whip my head up and look at him, my mouth dropping open. 1

"Luckily I'm a fast healer." He says, giving me his smug little smile. 1

Xander snorts and turns back to the tv. "Better you than me." He says.

