

Chapter 52

The chapter is mature. If you're not okay with smut, you can skip it.

On the ride home, I told Maxim about my conversation with Lukas. I didn't want to hide it because I didn't want it to seem like I was doing anything behind his back when in truth, I was just trying to move on with life and be happy.

Surprisingly, he didn't seem too annoyed by the fact that I talked to him. I couldn't tell if he was okay with it or not because he wouldn't give anything away. So, I simply took it that he felt neutral about the entire situation.

However, when I mentioned the dream thing, he was upset. He 'forbade' me from ever trying it, and I told him that he couldn't control what I did. And that led us into the argument we were having right now.

"Melissa?" he called after me as I stormed to my room. "Melissa, slow down, please."

Running in heels was hard, but I managed to do it even though my ankles were aching like hell. I dashed past Fiona's room, where she was just heading in with a bag of chips in her hand. She glanced at me swiftly and back to Maxim as realisation lit her face.

"Trouble in paradise?" she shouted after me with nothing but humour in her tone.

"Melissa!" Maxim called again, and I dashed around the corner towards my room and swung the door open. Sadly, I wasn't fat enough, and he caught it with his foot. I heard him wince since the door was going around quite hard. The impact must've been painful.

I stepped inside my room, kicked off the heels and instantly began peeling myself from the dress. But then I remembered that I didn't wear a bra and being mad and naked didn't quite go well together. So, I held the dress against my breast as I swerved around to face my mate.

"What, Maxim?" I snapped. "What else could you possibly have to say to me?"

He sighed, staring at me with tired eyes. "I'm sorry. We had a great night, and I ruined it. I just... I just get so protective, Melissa. I think of you and danger in the same sentence, and I go crazy."

"I understand that, Maxim," I mumbled. "But it's not like I was even considering doing it. You didn't give me a chance to reach the part where I decided that I'd do it only if it's a last resort, but I will stress every resort I find to learn about where the shard is before I even try to dream my parents up. I like my life too, you know?"

He stepped closer and tucked my hair behind my ear since it fell out of its up-do when I was trying to run away from him.

"I'm sorry. This was your night, and I ruined it." He leaned in and quickly pecked my lips.

I hated that my heart swelled at the simple gesture, and all the anger in me disappeared.

Curse my feelings for him.

"It's okay," I mumbled, our breaths intertwining. "This was our first fight since we started getting along," I pointed out with a smile.

He mimicked my smile. "Yeah, it was. Let's not do it again, okay? I have a new thing to add to my hate list, and that's knowing that you're mad at me. What was it? Like five minutes, and it felt like hell."

I chuckled as I wrapped my arms around his neck, but in doing so, the dress fell from my grip and pooled at my feet. I was now exposed fully to Maxim, in only my lace panties and a tint of blush crawling up my neck.

Maxim's eyes lingered on the fabric on the ground for a while until he slowly trailed his eyes up my bare body. I grew hot under his intense gaze as I instinctively moved closer to him.

He met my eyes when he noticed my movements, and I could see desire swirling in his silver orbs. I gulped.

"I wanted to take that dress off you so badly all night. But now that it's off, I couldn't be happier," he mumbled against my ear, and suddenly his arms were around my waist, hauling me up from the ground.

I yelped as I wrapped my feet around his waist. He crossed the room to my bed and laid me down gently, keeping his eyes fixed on mine. I watched with unlevelled breathing as he got rid of his jacket, vest and shirt, throwing them across the room to pool with my dress. I fiddled with his buckle and slipped the belt from the loops before pulling him down to me.

I moved my lips eagerly against his as his hands instantly found my plump, naked breast. He kissed me just as eagerly as if I'd disappear any minute.

I moaned in the kiss as he slipped his free hand down my body towards the area that pulsed in dripping want for him. He massaged me through the lace, groaning in approval as his finger slipped over my wetness.

His mouth left my lips and latched onto a nipple as he slipped a finger past my panties and flickered his thumb over my clit. I arched my back as I moaned slipped from my lips, and I could already feel my climax riding through my body.

Maxim dragged his tongue down my body slowly, where he lingered over my soaked panties, kissing me through the fabric. I whimpered. His teasing was not what I needed right now, and he was making it hard to breathe.

"Maxim," I whimpered, and it seemed like that was all he needed to hear. He slid his finger along my clit and towards my throbbing centre, where he finally relieved me by slipping it inside me.

I gasped, my toes gripping the sheets and my fingers getting buried in his hair. He hissed his way back up my body as he made short, quick strokes with his fingers, teasing me even more. I moved against his finger, trying to get the full feeling he knew I loved, but he still remained in control.

"You're so wet," he mumbled against my ear as he nibbled lightly on it.

I couldn't reply. I didn't have my voice anymore. So, I reached for his pants and tore the button away before I used my knees to push his slacks and underwear off at the same time.

If he wanted to play the teasing game, I was all in.

As soon as I got rid of his extra clothing, I wrapped my hands around his throbbing length, at which he groaned in approval. I've learnt how much he loved when I held onto him-claiming him like he claimed me. But that's all I did. I simply held onto him as he contained to torture.

I could tell that he was dying for me to stroke him, but I wouldn't.

"You're not making it any better for yourself," he said as he met my eyes. His were sparkling.

Without looking away, he ripped my favourite panties to shreds, allowing them to fall to the side of the bed in nothing but strings.

I gasped aloud as he added another finger, this time pumping them faster and faster until my stomach hurt. I grabbed onto his shoulders, letting go of his erection as I threw my head back. The quicker he went, the more I rose to my climax. Then, he made it even worse by clamping his tongue on my nipple, flicking it back and forth with his tongue.

My moans got lost in the walls as my body soared above what I knew was the highest mountain. He did that with nothing but his fingers and his tongue, and I knew I was utterly in love.

But just as I felt the orgasm coming, he suddenly stopped, throwing me completely off the cloud I'd been riding. I glared at him in disbelief as he smirked at me.

I forced him down with one flip, so I was on top of him. His eyes grew wide, and I smiled at him.

I wasted no time in grinding myself against him, smothering all my moisture along his length, which only pulsed even more beneath me. Slowly, I moved back and forth against him until the build-up in my stomach grew again. I moved faster, moving back and forth, massaging myself against him, and I was once again obsessed.

I leaned down to kiss him, now that all playing was gone aside, and he kissed me back wholeheartedly. He cupped my bottom in his large hands, rubbing it slowly as I hovered over him.

My rear was hoisted in the air as I kissed him, so his erection stood firm right beneath me. I pulled away from the kiss for a while to look at him as the atmosphere shifted.

We had done a lot since our first real intimate moment, but this had been the closest we've gotten to sex, and as I stared into his eyes, I could tell that he wanted it just as much as I did.

I ran my finger over his light stubble, gazing into his eyes.

"I love you," I told him.

"I love you too," he returned immediately, reaching up to catch my lips again.

I had no idea how to do this, but slowly, I lowered myself until I felt him right at my surface. My heart slammed against my chest, and my body went up in flames.

He used his hands to guide me down, too, until I felt myself stretching over his erection. I winced, pulling away from the kiss as I stared at him. He instantly stopped moving as he stared at me, assessing my face for any sign of discomfort.

I waited a while before I started moving again. I closed my eyes and bit on my cheek at the immense pain and discomfort that came from lowering myself on him. I could feel his eyes on me, but I could hear his heart beating harder and his breathing becoming heavier.

Soon, I was halfway down his length, but I didn't know if I could go any further. I opened my eyes again to meet his. They were blazing with so much desire, and I instantly felt myself becoming one with him all over again. My soul reached out to his, his wolf to mine, and our minds linked all over again.

I moved up and down slightly, getting accustomed to his size inside me. I bit my lips as I moved slowly, moaning lightly as he met each thrust. It was heavenly. Soon, the pain subsided and was replaced with complete pleasure as I moved faster against him.

Throwing my head back, I bit on my lip as each thrust grew faster and faster until I felt something I had never felt before. Maxim's hands left my hips and cupped my breast as he typed with them with his fingers. My body rose to a new peak, and I loved it more and more.

Then, just like I had done minutes ago, he flipped us over so that he was now on top and I was beneath him. He paused for a while as he gave me time to adjust. But as soon as I did, his lips were once against mine, and he moved against me. Slowly, he'd slide out, to the point where the tip was at the edge of my entrance, then he'd push himself in me, hitting right against the spot I felt him the most.

My fingers gripped the sheets as he grabbed onto my thighs, prying my legs open even wider. His thrust became faster and harder until I felt like the bed was breaking beneath us. But I didn't care. I was so far in my clouds that I didn't even notice I had been screaming his name.

"Oh ... fuck!" It came out as a slight hiss as he slammed himself harder, faster and deeper inside.

I whimpered as I felt my own climax surging through my body. Maxim grabbed my other foot and hauled it on his shoulder, allowing himself to slide even deeper.

I grabbed onto the bed head as I felt my body giving in. His strokes were long and hard, only lasting a second until the next one. And then I felt it. I felt my body surging into the sky as I rode a climax like I had never had before.

Maxim cursed under his breath again as his thighs were suddenly soaked with my orgasm, and he only lasted a few seconds longer before he slipped out and emptied himself against my stomach and thigh.

I lay there in a tingling mess as I recovered from what might've been the best thing I have ever felt in my life. Maxim kissed my forehead as he dropped himself beside me, panting just as heavy.

He pulled me in his arms without a word. I knew we didn't need to say anything. Not yet, at least.

We just had sex. We mated. We completed the mate bond. And as I returned to reality from my thrill, I felt just how connected I was to him. It was more than anything I had ever felt. If I thought it was impossible, I was wrong because I felt even closer to Maxim.

So, as I closed my eyes with a stupid smile, I reflected on the moment we just shared, wanting nothing but to do it again.

And that I did.



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Chapter 53

I woke up with a smile too bright.

Last night was literally magical, and here I was, always thinking that people were being corny when they described that moment with such a word. But it really was magical. Would it be wrong to say that I wanted more?

I stretched my arms over my head as I shuffled from the covers. The sun crept through my blinds and drapes, shining against Maxim's sleeping face. I smiled at the sight of his sleeping state as I brushed some of his hair out of his eyes.

"Ah!" I screamed as grey irises stared back at me.

He bellowed out laughing as he sat up, and I hit his shoulders as my heart slowed.

"That was scary, Maxim. I thought you were sleeping," I complained, but I gave him a good morning kiss anyway.

"I woke up when you did. I wanted to see if you'd disappear the morning after."

I rolled my eyes as I hit his bare chest. "You play too much, Maxim. If I was that type of girl, I'd leave in the night."

"So, you have thought about it?" he teased with a glint in his eyes. This one, however, was new, and I already loved it.

Without answering, I leaned in to gently kiss his lips again before attempting to leave the bed. However, he held onto my hand, halting me.

"Hey, where are you going?" he complained. I smiled at how cute he sounded. The big bad Alpha was here whining for me to stay in bed.

"The bathroom," I laughed. "I have to pee."

"Right now?" he asked with narrowed eyes. I did the same.

"Well, I can always come back to bed and pee there," I pointed out, and his face instantly twisted in slight disgust.

"Okay. Go."

I laughed in victory as I dashed towards the bathroom. I glanced in the mirror and cringed at my appearance. I thought after losing my virginity, I'd be glowing, but my hair was everywhere, my neck was littered with red spots, and my thighs slightly ached.

Still, even with all of this, I couldn't help but smile every time I thought about it. Maxim made love to me last night twice, and I loved every second of it. The way he gazed in my eyes, the way he held my hand, the way he kissed me like I'd disappear if he stopped.

And he was so damn good. I was getting wet just thinking about it.

Shaking my thoughts away, I turned the tap to splash some water on my face, but there was no water in there. I frowned, thinking about why this would happen. But then I remembered that they were shutting off the water on my floor today to fix some pipes.

I groaned. I didn't even notice it had been this late in the morning if they had already come. With a frown, I returned to the room and grabbed a dress and flung it over my head as if the world was against me. Luckily, we had showered before going to sleep last night, or this

would've been a very interesting trip downstairs.

"What's with the face?" Maxim asked as he sat up in the bed more.

I shuffled and threw my hand on my hip. "The water is out."

He had the audacity to chuckle. "Is it that late?"

I narrowed my eyes at him. "I'm going downstairs to use the power room. I grabbed my toothbrush from the bathroom before leaving Maxim to his chuckling.

Even though I was annoyed by the water, I was in a great mood as I skipped down the stairs. I almost fell, and even then, I was still soaring.

I passed Leonardo and Fiona in the living room, doing the most mundane thing—watching TV. It was the news, too, something that had nothing to do with us werewolves. Still, I shrugged and slowly crept past them, not wanting to distract them from politics.

Quickly, I released myself, brushed my teeth and groomed my sex hair before deeming myself fit for the rest of the day. I still reflected on everything that Maxim and I did last night, but I knew I couldn't hide it, especially the marks on my neck and my sudden jolly mood. As I returned to the living room, I noticed that they were still watching the TV, but they seemed distracted.

As I entered fully, they spun around as if they had seen a ghost, almost causing me to fall to the ground by their sudden curious eyes.

"You guys did it," Fiona blurted out, wasting no time. I already knew what she meant, but she took me by surprise.

"Who did what?" I asked, feigning innocence.

She scoffed as she rolled from the sofa to stand. Her stomach protruded through her small blouse, showing the bottom of her extended belly.

"You and Maxim had sex. I heard," she said, and just as my luck had it, no other than Lukas decided to come and appear at the top of the stairs right that minute as I caught him from the corner of my eye. I mean, apart from the part where my scent would change completely and the red spots on my neck, it was sort of a given. But I didn't need her to be declaring it like this.

Lukas didn't know I saw him, so he simply retreated back upstairs as if he wasn't coming down.

I groaned. It's not like I was going to keep my relationship with Maxim a secret. Lukas knows the truth, and he accepted it, but I didn't want to be rubbing it in his face. When he saw me, he would've known. No one needed to say it out loud in his hearing.

I huffed and narrowed my eyes at her. "You listened to Maxim, and I have sex?"

She gasped. "So it's true then! I mean, of course it is. But I didn't actually hear anything. I heard the bed hit against the wall once, but you know these damn walls are soundproof. I couldn't tell what it really was."

I tried to fight it, but the smile crept on my lips. "And do you feel satisfied? You know, with the sex and all?"

"Hey," Leonardo warned as he threw a look over his shoulder in my direction. I rolled my eyes.

"Well, Fiona, if you must know, you heard correctly. And this is not something people discuss. It's just something you know happens but don't talk about."

She waved me off. "Oh, please. I'm your best friend. Your words, not mine. You have to tell me everything. Are you pregnant? Did he pull out?"

"Oh my gosh, Fi, no! I mean, yes, he did pull out, and no, I'm not pregnant." I could see that poor Leo was getting uncomfortable, so I grabbed her hand and pulled her into the kitchen.

I knew this best friend thing would come back and bite me in the ass sooner or later. Turns out, it was sooner. But that's just Fiona.

Gotta love her.



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