



Chapter 43

I kicked and screamed, my voice was louder than it had ever been and filled the halls of the palace with an echo that would wake the dead but not one sound left my lips.

My palms burned from my nails digging into my skin and I jabbed the air aiming for his sculpted face. He watched me. I watched him. And my hands were completely still on the bed, my legs parted for him to step between and every ounce of fight that happened in my head was not acted out by my body no matter how hard I tried or how loudly I begged.

It wasn't I who controlled my body at that moment, it was him, and he knew it.

The mattress dipped under his weight as he walked up and set a knee down on the bed. He grabbed my ankles and spread my legs further apart before he stepped between them as though there was where he belonged. He caressed my thighs, and as he was edging further up he was invoking a sensation I hadn't experienced before, it was like my body knew him and it answered to his touch. He took his time and made sure to trace a path over my skin and take in everything that was so undeniably his.

I was starting to think that the gods were on holiday or maybe they just didn't give two shits about me. Because why in this world of injustice would you give such power to someone unfit to wield it? Darian was no king, no leader, all he was - was a Lycan with a thirst for power and revenge and that's why I was here. I was here so that he could live out his deranged, vengeful fantasies, to watch a werewolf squirm under his mercy knowing full well there was nothing I could do about it.

His hands trailed paths over my body like he was writing a map that only he could read.



My waist seemed to be where he drew the x - that's where he returned to after exploring the parts that had ever only been touched by me.

I fixated on staying calm when his hands trailed south down my front, I was prepared for an accelerated heart rate and to panic but I was as calm as ever and watched as his head came down and he kissed my inner thigh.

"Tell me how this feels," he whispered huskily.

He dragged his finger over my panties and put pressure on my clit while his lips kissed around it. I felt my eyes rolling back and my cheeks flush with heat. He looked up, a brimming lust swirled in his eyes and he pulled my panties to the side and gently inserted a finger - all the way and I felt it stretching me out. I never played with myself, we were taught that it was distasteful to give into pleasure with anyone other than our mate, even alone.

But this feeling that he invoked when he moved his finger in and out, and his tongue flicked against my clit - it was sensational and my mind went blank as it was drowned by the feeling of pleasure.

"How does it feel?"

I couldn't help the moan that left my lips and my hips moved on the bed.

"It feels..." Don't say it, Hazel. Don't give him the satisfaction.

"It..." Don't say it.

"You like it. The way that your walls clench around my finger. The wave of heat that floods you with just enough time in-between to make you beg for another. You don't want to like it, but you do and you can't help it. Your body answers to me, puppet,"



He lifted his head but continued to move his finger.

"Mmh, I can smell him on you,"

I froze, if it hadn't been for him ordering me to relax he would've felt my body stiffen beneath him. I gently put my head down on the pillow and stared up at the ceiling. Darian could smell that man from MarryBell on me, the one who tried to take me against my will.



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