

Chapter 4 Hot Night

8-10 minutes

Freya

"I'd rather dance," I said boldly.

Silvano's smile widened, revealing perfect white teeth. "Even better."

On the dance floor, his hands found my waist, pulling me against him with a surety that sent sparks racing across my skin. I couldn't remember the last time I'd felt this—the simple, uncomplicated pleasure of attraction, of being wanted, of wanting in return.

"You're different," he murmured against my ear as we moved together. "Not like the usual women here."

"Is that a good thing?"

His fingers traced a line down my spine. "Very good."

When his lips finally met mine, it was electric—hungry and demanding in a way that made me forget everything else. He tasted like bourbon and desire, and my wolf howled in approval.

"Come home with me," he breathed against my lips, not a question but not quite a command either.

I pulled back enough to look into his eyes. This wasn't love. This wasn't forever. This was just tonight—just what I needed to remember I was more than just Jasper's discarded shadow.

I caught Elena's eye across the room. She gave me a thumbs up and a wink. Taking a deep breath, I made my decision.

"Your place or mine?" I asked.

Silvano's apartment was everything Jasper's wasn't—warm,lived-in,with books scattered on coffee tables and artwork that spoke of actual personality rather than carefully curated corporate aesthetic. But I wasn't here to compare interior design choices.

"Second thoughts?" Silvano asked,noticing my hesitation as we stepped inside.

I shook my head,meeting his amber gaze directly. "Not a single one."

His smile turned predatory as he closed the distance between us,one hand tangling in my hair while the other pulled me against him. "Good. Because I've wanted to do this since you walked up to me."

When his lips finally met mine,I felt something inside me crack open—a dam breaking,flooding me with sensation I'd denied myself for too long. This wasn't Jasper's methodical,controlled kisses. Silvano kissed like he was starving,like he couldn't get enough,and my body responded with a ferocity that shocked me.

"You taste even better than I imagined," he growled against my neck,his teeth grazing the sensitive spot where my pulse raced. "Let me see all of you,Freya."

My dress hit the floor moments later,and I didn't feel a trace of the shyness that had always lingered with Jasper. Silvano looked at me with such raw hunger that I felt powerful,desired in a way I hadn't in years—maybe ever.

"Beautiful," he breathed,his hands exploring every curve with reverence. "Absolutely fucking beautiful."

His palms slid from my collarbone down to my breasts,rough thumbs circling until I gasped and arched into his touch. He didn't just touch me—he claimed me,fingers digging in like he was determined to memorize my body by feel alone.

My nipples tightened under his tongue as he bent to take one into his mouth,sucking with greedy intensity while his other hand teased the other into aching peaks. A whimper escaped me,raw and needy,and Silvano groaned like the sound was gasoline thrown onto his fire.

I helped him out of his shirt,revealing a torso marked with the battle scars of an Alpha who'd earned his position. My fingers traced each one,learning this new territory while my wolf purred her approval.

"Bedroom," I commanded,surprising myself with my directness.

Silvano's eyes flashed with approval. "Yes ma'am."

He lifted me with ease, my legs wrapping around his waist as he carried me down the hallway, our lips never breaking contact. His erection pressed hard against me through his pants, thick and urgent, and every step jostled me closer, dragging a moan from my throat. By the time we hit the bed, I was already trembling with need, clawing at his belt, desperate to free him.

When we tumbled onto his bed, I didn't think about Stone Lake or pack politics or Jasper or anything beyond the way Silvano's weight felt perfect on top of me.

"Tell me what you want," he said, his voice rough with need as he positioned himself between my thighs.

"Everything," I whispered, arching against him. "Make me forget everything but this moment."

And he did. Where Jasper had been controlled and possessive, Silvano was wild and generous. His mouth traveled lower, leaving a trail of open-mouthed kisses down my stomach until he buried himself between my thighs. The first stroke of his tongue against my clit was so sharp, so overwhelming, that I cried out, fisting the sheets. He devoured me like a starving man, alternating between teasing licks and deep, relentless suction that had my hips jerking uncontrollably. My wolf howled in my chest, every nerve set alight by the raw, shameless pleasure.

When he finally entered me, the sensation was so intense I nearly came undone immediately. Silvano watched my face with a focus so intimate it almost hurt, adjusting his rhythm to match my reactions.

"That's it," he encouraged as I began moving against him, meeting his thrusts with equal fervor. "Take what you need, Freya."

Each stroke was deep, deliberate, filling me in a way that made my vision blur. The sound of his hips slamming into mine mixed with my moans, filthy and unrestrained. I dug my nails into his back, leaving red crescents across his skin, claiming him as fiercely as he claimed me. Sweat slicked our bodies, the air thick with sex and the primal rhythm of two wolves giving in to instinct.

I did,digging my nails into his back,claiming this moment entirely for myself. Eight years I'd given to a man who kept me in the shadows,and now I was stepping into the light—taking control of my pleasure,my body,my choices.

Silvano's lips found my throat,my breasts,everywhere he could reach. "You're magnificent," he growled against my skin. "So fucking perfect."

My first orgasm caught me by surprise,crashing through me with an intensity that had me crying out his name. But Silvano wasn't finished—he flipped us over,positioning me on top.

"Show me how you want it," he commanded,his hands gripping my hips.

Riding him was like taking back every piece of myself I'd lost. I ground down hard,the thick stretch of him hitting that spot inside me again and again until I was a panting,writhing mess. His hands guided me,his eyes locked on my breasts bouncing with every thrust,his growl vibrating up through his chest as he urged me on.

My second climax built slower,deeper,and when it finally broke,Silvano followed,his body tensing beneath mine as he groaned my name like a prayer.

Afterward,we lay tangled in his sheets,my head on his chest while his fingers traced lazy patterns on my back.

"You're thinking too loud," Silvano murmured,pressing a kiss to my temple.

I laughed softly. "Good thoughts,I promise."

"Share them with me?"

I propped myself up on one elbow,studying his face—handsome in a rugged way Jasper's polished features never were. "I'm thinking that I'd forgotten what it feels like to just... enjoy something. Someone. Without an agenda or expectations or heartache waiting in the wings."

Silvano smiled,tucking a strand of hair behind my ear. "High praise indeed."

"It is," I confirmed,leaning down to kiss him again,slowly this time.

We dozed for a while,waking to make love again—slower,more deliberate,but no less intense. Dawn was breaking when Silvano finally spoke the words that shattered our perfect bubble.

"Marry me."