

# From Substitute To Queen

## Chapter

### Chapter 1: My Boyfriend's Lover

Sable's POV I straddled Darrell, my breasts bouncing as I rode him hard. My hands pressed flat against his chest for leverage while my hair fell in wild waves over my shoulders. His cock filled me completely, stretching me with each deep thrust upward. "Fuck, Sable..." he groaned, but something in his voice felt distant. His hands gripped my ass, guiding my movements as I ground my hips against him. I could feel every inch of him sliding in and out of my slick pussy, but his eyes kept drifting away from mine. "Look at me," I demanded, cupping his face roughly. His gaze snapped back. "You're so fucking beautiful." The words should have made me wet with desire, but they felt empty. I pushed the thought away, bouncing harder on his thick length. My clit rubbed against his pelvis with each downward motion, sending sparks through my core. When he suddenly flipped us over, I gasped as he pinned my wrists above my head. His weight pressed me into the mattress as he drove into me with renewed force. I wrapped my legs around his waist, my heels digging into his lower back. "Harder," I moaned, tilting my hips to take him deeper. He complied, his cock hitting that perfect spot inside me that made my vision blur. My pussy clenched around him greedily, desperate for more friction. "Darrell... I'm close..." My breath came in ragged pants. "Yeah... me too." His thrusts became erratic, but something felt mechanical about the way he moved. The pressure built low in my belly, that familiar tightening that made my toes curl against the sheets. My nipples were hard peaks against his chest as he pounded into me. As I teetered on the edge of climax, I whispered the words I'd been repeating for years. "Mark me... please, mark me now..." He paused mid-thrust, his cock still buried deep inside me. The hesitation lasted only seconds, but I felt it like a cold splash of water. "Sable, we talked about this... I want to give you a proper ceremony first." Disappointment crashed through me even as my body screamed for release. "But I want to be yours completely..." "You are mine... just... let me plan something special, okay?" Maybe he really does want to give me a perfect marking ceremony... I told myself, choosing hope over the growing doubt. He resumed his rhythm, and we climaxed together. My pussy spasmed around his cock as he came inside me, filling me with his hot release. My back arched off the bed as pleasure crashed over me in waves. Afterward, I curled against his chest while he absently stroked my hair. His fingers moved through the strands, but his eyes stared at the ceiling like he was solving some complex equation. "What are you thinking about?" I traced circles on his skin. "Nothing important... just work stuff." His voice was tight. "You work too hard. Maybe we should take a vacation soon?" "Yeah... maybe." The conversation died there. I wanted to press, to ask why

he seemed so distracted lately, but exhaustion was pulling me under. Instead, I let myself remember how we got here. Three years ago, I was still Sable Crawford, daughter of Crawford Pack Alpha Rodrigo. My father wanted me to accept an arranged marriage with Lycan King Caelan Blackwood. I refused to become a political pawn and fled after a massive fight with Dad. I came to Moonridge with a new identity, telling everyone I was an orphan. That's where I met Darrell - Alpha of the Hawthorne Pack. We recognized each other as fated mates almost immediately. For three years, I thought I'd found my happily ever after. Sure, he always said he wanted to wait for the perfect moment to mark me, but I believed he was just being romantic. When Darrell got up for a shower, I decided to surprise him with a late-night snack. I slipped on his oversized button-down and padded downstairs to the kitchen. Making him a sandwich and warming some milk felt domestic and right. I carried the tray back upstairs and leaned over to place the tray on the desk, my elbow accidentally bumped the laptop's trackpad. The screen lit up, and a chat window popped open in the corner. Messages from someone named Camila filled the screen. My heart stopped. The tray slipped from my suddenly numb fingers, landing with a soft thud on the desk. \*"Darrell, I'm back. My flight lands at 2:30 AM tomorrow at Moonridge Airport. Will you come pick me up?"\* \*"I've been thinking about you every day since I left. I was such a fool to choose my career over you."\* \*"I tried dating other men, but none of them could make me feel the way you do... in every way."\* \*"I know I hurt you, but my body has never forgotten yours. I need you to forgive me... and I need you to fuck me like you used to."\* \*"I'm not wearing anything under this dress right now. I want you to take me the moment we're alone."\* Each message felt like a physical blow. But what destroyed me completely was seeing Darrell's response appear in real-time. He was texting from the shower. \*"Camila, I just want to know - do you still love me?"\* The contrast hit me like ice water. He often ignored my texts for hours, claiming he was busy or forgot. But here he was, instantly responding to her while water ran over his naked body. He's not too busy to reply. I'm just not important enough for an immediate response. Her answer came within seconds: \*"Yes, I only love you."\* Then his final message: \*"Good. I'll come pick you up."\* My world tilted sideways. I quickly minimized the chat window and stepped back from the laptop, my hands shaking. My chest felt like it was caving in. Every breath hurt. Every heartbeat felt like it was tearing something inside me apart. I stumbled back downstairs to the kitchen, still clutching the tray with the sandwich and milk I'd prepared for him. Setting it down on the counter, I stared at the food I'd made with such care. It looked innocent and pathetic now. I picked it up and took a bite. Then another. I forced myself to eat every crumb, to drink every drop of the milk I'd warmed for him. Tears streamed down my face, mixing salt with the sweetness on my tongue. Each swallow felt like swallowing broken glass, but I kept going until it was all gone. How could I have been so fucking stupid? God, the way she wrote to him - like she owned him, like I was just keeping his bed warm until she decided to come back.

