

Alpha Damien & His Troublemaker

Hope Is Not Optional — Manuel Flores 91

[1,143 words]

91 I'll advise you to know your place, wolf

911 I'll advise you to know your place, wolf

Adrian

Who would have thought that the sight of Selene with another man could make me this furious.

I could barely control my anger as I watched her dance with Alpha Tristan, right there in the center of the hall, in front of everyone. As if it were normal, as if it were nothing, as if she hadn't once clung to my side and chased after my shadow like I was the center of her world.

I couldn't believe it.

The Selene I knew, no, the Selene I thought I knew, would never have allowed another man to touch her. She would glare, retreat, hide behind me, or make some excuse just to stay close. Yet there she was now, standing perfectly still when I arrived, not pulling away, not stepping back, allowing Alpha Tristan's hands to remain on her waist as if they belonged there.

That sight alone made something ugly twist inside me.

I'd felt it earlier, a faint, nagging instinct whispering that Alpha Tristan's interest in Selene was anything but harmless. But I brushed it off immediately. It was ridiculous. Why would a man like Tristan, war-hungry, arrogant, obsessed with strength, be interested in Selene of all people, someone who probably couldn't even hold a sword?

She had no redeeming qualities.

She was boring, quiet, always lurking in the background. Overshadowed by Sienna in every possible way. Why would a strange, dangerous alpha look twice at someone like her?

And yet.

She stood there, calm and unbothered, even after seeing me. Worse, she was still talking about rejection, as if it were some casual topic she could throw around whenever she pleased.

My jaw ticked violently.

I took a step toward her, my tall frame casting a shadow over her smaller one, my presence was usually enough to make people falter. She didn't move even an inch. She only lifted her gaze to meet mine, her eyes cold, and detached, as if everything unfolding before her was just a nuisance she wanted to get over with quickly..

That look infuriated me more than her dancing ever could.

"How many times do I have to tell you this?" I snapped, my voice low but sharp. "I'm not rejecting my mate. This is the last time we'll have this conversation, Selene."

She held my gaze, her lips curving into a mocking smile. Before I could react, her eyes slid past me, over my shoulder, straight to my father.

"Alpha Rhydian," she said calmly, "you haven't told Prince Adrian?"

My brows furrowed deeply. I turned slightly, confusion mixing with irritation. "Told me what?"

Behind me, my father finally spoke. He sighed, and just that alone sent a strange chill down my spine.

"Adrian," he said.

I turned fully to face him. "What is it?"

His expression was firm, resolved in a way I didn't like.

"This is why I called you back, I've made a decision. You will reject the moonborn Selene as your mate."

For a moment, everything stopped.

My body went rigid, as if struck by lightning. The sounds of the hall blurred into nothing but static in my ears.

"What?" The word left my mouth hollow.

My father went on, as if he hadn't just shattered something inside me. "A while ago, I called Selene to ask why she wanted

to reject you. She explained that it was the Moon Goddess's will. It has something to do with the phoenix. If she rejects you, the phoenix will-

"I don't fucking care."

My voice exploded through the hall, echoing off the walls, silencing every whisper.

"I don't care about the reason," I continued, my Successfully unlocked! alms burned. "I don't care about the phoenix. I

don't care about the Moon Goddess's plans."

I looked at him, my chest heaving.

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911 advise you to know your place, wolf

"I will not reject her."

Everyone was staring at me.

I could feel the shock rippling through the hall, the disbelief etched on every face turned in my direction. Even I was stunned by my own reaction. My chest was tight, my pulse loud in my ears, my temper frayed beyond reason, all because of

Selene.

Before this, I wouldn't have cared.

I had never cared who my mate was. If rejecting my mate meant protecting the pack, strengthening alliances, or preventing disaster, I would have done it without hesitation. I had always put the Mooncrest Pack first.

So why now?

Why did the mere thought of rejecting Selene make my blood boil?

I looked at her.

She was still calm, and unbothered. Her expression was composed as if my outburst meant nothing to her as long as she got what she wanted in the end. And that, more than anything, angered me.

That was the cruel part of the mate bond. Both parties had to agree, and accept the rejection. And she was waiting for me to say the words so she could finally be free of me.

My hand clenched into a fist.

Damn it.

Before I could stop myself, I reached out, grabbed her wrist, and dragged her with me. Gasps echoed behind us as people instinctively stepped aside, unwilling to be caught in whatever storm was unfolding between us.

I was almost at the door when someone blocked my path.

A man stood there, arms crossed, posture relaxed yet unmistakably threatening. His golden eyes flashed as they locked onto mine, then shifted briefly to Selene before returning to me.

“Get your hands off her,” he said, his voice deep, and dangerous. “Before I get them off myself.”

I glared at him, already furious, and his presence only added fuel to the fire. My eyes flashed as I opened my mouth to respond,

“It’s okay, Lucas.”

Both of us froze. I looked at Selene. The man did too. But she wasn’t looking at me. Her gaze was fixed on him.

“I’m okay,” she said calmly. “Stand back.”

Lucas stared at her, defiance flashing in his eyes, as if he wasn’t used to being ordered by anyone. For a moment, I thought he might refuse, but then he nodded.

Before stepping aside, he looked at me again, his lips curling into a slow, mocking smirk.

“I’ll advise you to know your place, wolf,” he said. “That man is already here. And the more you touch her, the less you survive.”

My brows furrowed. I didn’t understand what he meant, but before I could question it, he moved out of the way, as if I no longer mattered.

I didn’t like his words. I didn’t like his tone. But I had more important things to deal with.

Without looking back, I dragged Selene out of the hall.

The doors slammed shut behind us.

Dylan

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Hope Is Not Optional — Manuel Flores 92

[1,027 words]

92) What an arrogant man

92| What an arrogant man

Selene

I looked down at Adrian's hand clenching around my wrist with nothing indifference, allowing him to drag me along as if I weighed nothing. The gravel path beneath our feet blurred past as he walked with long, furious strides, his grip firm, but I didn't struggle.

There was no point. His anger wasn't something I cared enough to resist, and the pain, if it could even be called that, was insignificant compared to everything I had already endured in my past lives.

When we reached the garden, far enough from the music, and the prying eyes of the banquet hall, he finally stopped. But he didn't release me. Instead, his grip tightened, and before I could even shift my footing, he pushed me back against the stone wall. It wasn't rough, but it was forceful enough to make his intention clear. His second hand slammed against the wall beside my head, caging me in completely, his body close enough that I could feel the heat radiating off him.

I sighed softly and lifted my gaze to meet his.

Adrian was furious. His chest rose and fell rapidly, his breathing uneven as his green eyes flashed with barely restrained rage. He looked at me as if he was trying to tear something out of me, an emotion, a reaction, anything. But I gave him nothing. My face remained empty.

And it wasn't an act.

I truly didn't care.

His reaction was strange, almost laughable, when I thought about it. In my past lives, this was the same man who had once considered rejecting me because I wasn't good enough to stand beside him as Luna, because I was seen as a curse, a burden to the pack. And now, here he was, furious that I was the one rejecting him first. There was no way someone like Adrian suddenly cared about me. He never had. He never would.

If anything, he was angry because he had lost control.

Because for once, the choice wasn't his.

Whatever his reasons were, pride, wounded ego, or sheer disbelief, they didn't matter. As long as I got what I wanted tonight, he could drown in his anger for all I cared.

"Selene Bloodrose," he said sharply, his voice low, "how bold of you to trick my father into rejecting me. Do you have a death wish? Are you trying to mess with the royal family?"

I met his gaze and smiled politely, the same soft, foolish smile I had worn so many times in my past life. The one everyone mistook for weakness.

"Prince Adrian," I replied gently, my voice respectful, "I don't understand what you mean. Why would an eighteen-year-old girl trick an alpha? And why would I ever mess with the royal family? I think you're mistaken about something. I would never do anything like that."

His eyes darkened.

Even though my tone was submissive, he could hear it. There was nothing submissive in my words.

"If you're not trying to mess with me," he said, leaning closer, "then why do you keep trying to reject me? Do you think this is

a game? Or do you think doing this will make me more interested in you?" His grip tightened slightly. "Are you trying to make me chase you?"

I looked at him, and a flicker of amusement crossed my eyes.

What an arrogant man.

Did he really believe the world revolved around him? That every woman's actions existed solely for his attention?

I could feel a laugh threatening to escape, but instead, I simply tilted my head.

I would rather die than want your attention, Prince Adrian.

I wanted to put him in his place right then and there, to strip him of that arrogance he wore so naturally, but I swallowed the words before they could leave my mouth. Causing a bigger scene wouldn't help me, and I needed him calm enough to do exactly what I wanted.

I shook my head slowly and met his gaze again.

"That's not it, Prince Adrian, I would never go to

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ur attention."

My words were polite, it was the kind of sentence he couldn't openly rage at without looking foolish, but I could see it in the way his jaw tightened that he didn't like it at all.

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92) What an arrogant man

I continued before he could interrupt me. "I've already told Alpha Rhydian my reasons for wanting the rejection. The Moon Goddess wishes for me to devote myself to her. Even though I..." I paused, lowering my gaze slightly, playing the part perfectly. "Even though you're so perfect and every woman in the pack wants to be with a man like you, I can't accept this mate bond. The Moon Goddess' will must always come first."

He scoffed, the sound low and disbelieving, but I ignored it and pressed on, my voice steady.

"Besides, I don't think it's such a great loss for you. As you know, I'm considered a curse because of my white and black hair. I'm not a perfect Moonborn. You should be with Sienna instead. She's more suitable, more perfect. I'm sure the two of you would make an ideal couple. I only want what's best for you and the pack."

Every word was crafted to please him, to push him toward the decision I needed, but instead of easing his temper, it ignited

His hand slammed against the wall beside my head with a sharp crack, the stone vibrating beneath the impact as he leaned in closer, his presence suddenly overwhelming.

"Enough with the bullshit, Selene," he growled. "Who do you think you are to tell me what's best for me?"

I wanted to say something when, all of a sudden, my heart skipped violently. A shiver raced down my spine before I could

stop it. Heat rushed to my face, my skin flushing as I instinctively brought a hand to my chest, right over my pounding heart. My breathing hitched, turning uneven, and a thin sheen of sweat broke out across my forehead.

Oh my goddess.

Dylan

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Hope Is Not Optional — Manuel Flores 93

[1,164 words]

931 The demon of the West

93 The demon of the West

Selene

If anyone saw me like this, they would think I was so in love with Adrian that I couldn't even control myself, but I wasn't.

Fuck.

My heat had worsened, reacting violently to his presence. Not because he was special, not because I wanted him, but because of the mate bond, that cursed instinct making him harder to resist than anyone else in the room. It made my body betray me, no matter how detached my mind was.

Unaware of what was truly happening, Adrian leaned even closer, his voice low and possessive.

"I don't know what you think you're doing," he said harshly, "or if you believe pulling this stunt will make me more interested in you, but listen carefully." His eyes burned into mine. "I'm never rejecting you. You're my mate. You're mine, whether you like it or not. Is that clear?"

The heat hit me harder, crashing through my body in a suffocating wave that made my vision blur, and I glared up at him through it, fury burning brighter than the haze crawling under my skin.

Damn him.

Who did he think he was, standing there and claiming me so casually, as if my will meant nothing, as if I were some object he could simply decide belonged to him. The arrogance of it made my chest tighten, my nails digging into my palms as I fought to stay upright.

Inside my head, Mira's voice cut through the fog. 'Get out of here, Selene. You can't control yourself anymore.

I swallowed and nodded faintly. She was right. I could feel myself slipping, my control unraveling, and if I stayed here any longer, things would spiral beyond what I could contain.

Gathering what little strength I had left, I placed my hand flat against his chest. The contact made my skin prickle, and my body reacted traitorously. Adrian's gaze dropped to my hand before lifting back to my face, confusion flickering across his expression.

I shoved him with all my strength, but he didn't even budge. My voice came out low and strained, raw with frustration. "Get lost, Adrian."

He frowned, clearly not expecting that. "What?"

I leaned back against the wall for support, my breath coming in short, uneven gasps as heat pooled low in my body.

"I said get lost," I repeated, my voice sharper now. "Get away from me, are you deaf or what?"

His grip on my wrist loosened, uncertainty creeping in as he tried to understand what was happening.

"What are you-" He stopped mid-sentence, inhaling sharply, and I saw the exact moment realization hit him. His eyes widened, shock flashing across his face. "Fuck," he muttered. "You're in heat."

I bit down on my lower lip, frustration and dread twisting together in my chest.

Ah. He knows.

The surprise vanished quickly, replaced by a surge of anger that made his presence feel even heavier. "Are you insane?" he snapped. "How could you come to a place full

of men while you're in heat? How could you dance with an alpha like that? Do you have any idea what your scent could have made him do to you?"

His words barely registered. All I could think about was getting away, putting distance between myself and everyone else before my scent grew any stronger. Summoning every ounce of strength I had left, I shoved him away from me. He stumbled back a step, clearly not expecting it, and I turned, intent on leaving immediately.

I didn't get far.

His arm wrapped around my waist, pulling me back against him, and the sudden contact forced a gasp from my lips. I twisted in his hold, glaring up at him despite the way my body reacted against my will.

"Are you out of your mind?" I hissed. "Get your hands off me right now."

He didn't loosen his grip. Instead, he held me tighter, his voice dropping, tense and possessive. "I'm not letting you go. If you walk out there like this, do you know how many men will sense you? How many will want you?" Moonborn or not, you're still a woman. They won't control themselves

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I scoffed weakly, irritation cutting through the air. "And you think you're my better?"

He shrugged slightly, unapologetic. "That doesn't matter. What matters is that I'm your mate." His eyes locked onto mine.

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931 The demon of the West

"And I won't let any other man even look at you like that. You're mine, Selene. You will stay with me tonight. With my scent on you, no one else will dare come close."

My heart dropped in my chest as his words echoed in my ears, and all I could think was how desperately I needed to get away, before he crossed a line.

No.

I would rather die than let this bastard touch me again in this lifetime.

Just the thought of his hands on me, after watching me die, after standing by while I was destroyed in every life, made bile rise in my throat. Disgust crawled under my skin.

I stared at him, my voice coming out hoarse but firm. "Let me go, Adrian, I don't want to spend the night with you."

He didn't answer. Instead, his hand slid into my hair, sweeping it aside to bare my neck. His grip was firm, leaving me no room to turn away. Panic surged through me as his eyes darkened, something cold and possessive settling into his gaze.

"For now, I'll mark you."

I watched in horror as his fangs lengthened.

My heart plummeted.

gods.

He was really going to do it.

Fear coursed through my limbs, making them heavy and unresponsive. I tried to move, and fight, but my body betrayed me.

I couldn't even hear Mira anymore, she was weak too, overcome by the heat.

I thrashed weakly as he leaned closer, my breath coming out in broken gasps, dread clawing up my spine. I couldn't stop him. I couldn't-

"You must have a death wish trying to mark her."

The voice was deep, and cold.

I froze.

My eyes flew open at the familiar voice.

Adrian's eyes widened too. "What-"

He never finished the sentence.

In the next instant, his body was ripped away from me and hurled across the garden like he weighed nothing at all. He slammed into the wall with a thunderous crack, stone exploding behind him as the structure partially collapsed.

I stumbled forward, staring in shock.

Impossible. There was only one man strong enough to throw him like that.

Slowly, I turned, and there he was.

Standing tall and broad, crimson eyes glowing faintly in the dark. His presence alone was commanding, and terrifying in a way Adrian never had been.

My chest tightened.

The demon of the West.

My executioner.

Alpha Damien of the Crimson Pack was standing right in front of me.

Dylan

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Hope Is Not Optional — Manuel Flores 94

[751 words]

941 Sleep with me

941 Sleep with me

Selene

I slapped both my hands against my face, the sharp sting blooming across my cheeks as my palms made contact. It wasn't hard enough to truly hurt, but it was enough to make my eyes water as I shook my head again and again, trying to deny what was right in front of me.

This had to be a dream. A strange dream that made absolutely no sense. Not only had I been dreaming about this man in ways I didn't want to acknowledge, but now my mind had gone so far as to imagine him appearing here, saving me like some ridiculous hero.

If this was a dream, then that was the strangest part of all.

Why him? Why Alpha Damien of all people? The man who had killed me in every lifetime. The man whose name alone made entire packs fall silent in fear. A man who didn't care about anyone beyond his own territory. He should have been the last man I would ever dream about. The very last.

And yet.

I slowly lowered my hands and looked at the man standing in front of me, my breath catching despite myself. He was breathtaking in the most dangerous way possible. His posture was relaxed, almost indifferent, but there was nothing calm about the way his presence pressed down on everything around him. His hair was a mess, dark strands falling out of place as if he had dragged his fingers through it too many times and hadn't bothered to fix it afterward.

His sharp crimson eyes were fixed on me, the way a predator looks at prey it has already decided belongs to it. Those same cold, merciless eyes that had stared at me right before my death in every life.

My eyes widened and I shook my head again, more violently this time.

No. No, this wasn't a dream.

I could feel the sting on my cheeks. I could feel the air around me. And I had just watched him shove Adrian away like he weighed nothing more than a piece of scrap wood.

He was real.

I lifted a hand to my head, fingers digging into my hair as my thoughts spiraled.

What the hell was going on? Why was someone like him here, inside the palace, in the middle of the Mooncrest territory? And worse, why would he intervene? Why would he help me? Nothing about Damjen made sense in this situation, and that terrified me more than if he had simply attacked.

A groan pulled my attention away, and I turned my head to look at Adrian. He was sprawled on the ground, blood trickling from his head as he struggled to open his eyes, his face twisted in pain. The sight should have made me rush to him, but I didn't. All I felt was indifference.

Nearby, I heard hurried voices.

"Did you feel that?" one of the guards whispered. "That pressure... that threatening aura?"

"Yes," another answered, his voice trembling. "I've never felt anything like it. My hands won't stop shaking. It's coming from the garden. Do you think there's something there?"

"I don't know," the first guard said. "But we should check it out."

My heart dropped into my stomach.

I looked back at Damien, my breathing uneven. He hadn't moved. He hadn't reacted to the voices or the commotion. He stood there as if none of it mattered, as if the entire palace could descend upon him and it would make no difference at all.

I cared. I cared very much because I knew the rumors were true.

I had never understood why he spared me in my nine lives, or why he let me go after I saw his face in that cave. Alpha Damien was not merciful. Mercy was not a word anyone would ever use to describe him.

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He never let witnesses live. In all my past lives, anyone who went to war against his pack never returned. And he never hid his face on the battlefield because he never intended to leave survivors behind. Seeing his face was a death sentence.

And now, people were coming.

His eyes alone were enough to give him away. That crimson gaze and that suffocating aura were unmistakable. If the guards saw him, they would know exactly who he was, and once that happened, the Mooncrest pack would not survive the night.

And I couldn't let that happen.

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Dylan

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[1,114 words]

94 Sleep with me

Not because I cared about the pack. Not because I wanted to protect them. But because if Damien wiped them out in a single night, my revenge would be meaningless. Everyone who had a hand in my deaths would escape the suffering they deserved.

Footsteps crunched against the stone path, growing closer.

I looked at Damien, and before my mind could catch up with my body, I reached out and grabbed his cold hand. The chill of his skin sent a jolt through me, enough to make his eyes snap down to mine. He looked surprised but I didn't give him time to question me.

"Follow me," I whispered urgently.

I didn't wait for his response. I dragged him with me, my strength fueled by desperation, and shoved him into the shadowed corner of the garden wall. Without thinking, I pressed myself against him, my chest to his chest, my body shielding him as best as it could just as the guards' footsteps reached the entrance of the garden.

I could feel him stiffen, his presence overwhelming.

The guards froze when they saw Adrian sprawled on the ground.

"Oh my gods," one of them gasped. "Prince Adrian!"

"What happened to him?" another said frantically. "And where is the Moonborn? Didn't they come here together?"

"I don't know," someone answered, panic rising in his voice. "But the prince is unconscious. Quick, take him to the healer. If the alpha finds out Prince Adrian was attacked, he'll be furious."

I stayed completely still, barely daring to breathe as they lifted Adrian and hurried him out of the garden. Their retreating footsteps echoed through the hallway until, finally, everything fell silent.

Only then did I sag in relief.

?

I exhaled shakily and lifted my head, and froze.

Crimson eyes met mine.

4

Damien was still pinned against the wall, looking down at me with an intensity that made my stomach twist. We were too close. I realized then that my hand was still pressed over his mouth, my palm warm against his cold skin, my body flush against his.

Before I knew it, the heat inside me flared violently, my body reacting in a way I didn't understand and absolutely did not want. My legs trembled, a strange dizziness washing over me as my heart began to race out of control.

I stumbled back clumsily. "I-I apologize," I said quickly, my voice unsteady as the world tilted.

Before I could fall, strong hands caught my waist, pulling me back against his chest as if I weighed nothing at all.

I froze the moment my forehead brushed his chest.

My body betrayed me completely, trembling so violently that my legs nearly gave out beneath me. If it weren't for his hands locked around my waist, I would have collapsed right there. My breath came out in uneven gasps as I rested my head against him, my cheek pressed to his chest, unable to pull away.

Fuck.

Even through layers of fabric, his body felt solid, and I hated that my mind remembered things it shouldn't, how fit he had been back then in that hot spring. My fingers twitched, lifting on their own, hovering inches from his chest as if drawn by something darker than instinct.

I clenched my jaw and shook my head sharply.

What is wrong with me?

Why was my body reacting to him?

Adrian, I could understand. The mate bond, the history, the manipulation of fate. But Damien? The man who had slaughtered armies and walked away without a scratch? I was supposed to fear him. I did fear him. So why did my skin feel like it was on fire where he touched me?

Before I could retreat any further, his fingers slid under my chin and lifted my face.

I was forced to look at him.

He tilted his head slightly, one dark brow lifting as he studied me with intensity, as though I were some rare creature he had stumbled upon in the wild. And gods help me, the way he looked at me sent something sinful curling low in my spine. His thumb brushed against my lips.

I sucked in a sharp breath, my body reacting before my mind could catch up. My lips parted instinctively, my tongue

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941 Sleep with me

betraying me as it wanted to draw his thumb in. I caught myself at the last second, biting down gently, forcing control back into my trembling hands.

His gaze darkened.

“Do you want me to take care of it for you?” he asked, his voice low.

The words hit me like a physical blow.

I blinked up at him, my mind scrambling, convinced for half a second that I must have imagined it. But his expression didn't change, as if he had asked me something simple, and ordinary.

Everyone knew what those words meant.

Why was he so blunt? And unapologetic? There was no teasing, or manipulation, just an offer. And that somehow made it worse. I told myself there was no way. Absolutely no way I would let him be the one.

As I argued with myself, Mira's voice echoed softly in my mind.

‘Why?’

I stiffened. ‘What?’

‘Why can't he be the one?’ She asked calmly.

I didn't have an answer.

Both Damien and Adrian were devils in their own ways. But at least Damien had never pretended to be anything else. He never hid his nature behind pretty promises or righteous excuses. And if I was being honest, I would rather burn once with a man who was honest about his darkness than be consumed slowly by someone who wore light like a mask.

Besides, it would only be once.

Damien's voice pulled me back.

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“If you want me to take care of it,” he said again, “I will. But there will be consequences.” His eyes locked onto mine. “So I'll ask you again. Do you want me to sleep with you?”

I searched his face. I didn't know what he wanted. I didn't know what consequences he was talking about. But I did know one thing.

Right now, he was the only option standing in front of me.

And I had learned long ago not to waste opportunities when they presented themselves.

I rose onto my toes, my hands lifting to cradle his face. For a split second, I expected him to pull away, and stop me.

He didn't. He just watched me.

"Fine," I whispered. "Sleep with me."

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Before he could respond, I leaned forward and pressed my lips to his.

The world seemed to tilt the moment our mouths met.

3/3

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Hope Is Not Optional — Manuel Flores 96

[1,127 words]

95 Tonight, I would let him satisfy me

95 Tonight, I would let him satisfy me

Selene

It didn't even take a second.

Alpha Damien deepened the kiss as though he'd been waiting for permission all along, and now that he had it, nothing could stop him. His grip tightened around my waist,

drawing me in until escape was impossible, even if I wanted it. His other hand slid up to cradle my head, fingers threading into my hair, holding me exactly where he wanted me. There was no hesitation in him as he took control, claiming the kiss completely.

I couldn't stop myself.

A shiver ran down my spine as my hands lifted and wrapped around him, clutching at his clothes as my head began to spin. My heart pounded wildly in my chest, far too fast for something as simple as a kiss, yet it felt as though that kiss was the only thing keeping me sane.

It was like being dragged underwater, my lungs burning, and his lips were the only air I needed.

Before I knew it, he bit my lower lip.

A soft, traitorous moan slipped out of me before I could stop it, and the moment my lips parted, he took advantage of it. His tongue slid into my mouth, slow at first, then deeper, and more demanding, stealing my breath and making the world tilt even further.

gods, how could a kiss alone feel like this? I couldn't tell if it was my heat amplifying every sensation or if my body had simply been waiting for him all along.

I didn't dare voice the thought.

Instead, I kissed him back, leaning fully into him, my body surrendering before my mind could catch up. He responded immediately, pressing closer until there was no space left between us, his solid frame forcing me to move as he suddenly stepped forward. I stumbled back, gasping, my grip tightening around him as he guided me away from the wall, never once breaking the kiss.

My thoughts scattered in panic.

What was he doing? Was he really about to drag me back into the banquet like this, where anyone could see us? I wanted to pull away, to ask him if he had lost his mind, but that would have required me to actually let go, and I couldn't.

I hated how much control he had over me with nothing more than his presence. had been a warrior once, a Luna who prided herself on discipline and restraint, yet here I was, unable to break free because my body wanted him far more than my pride ever could.

He kissed me again, and I closed my eyes despite myself, returning it just as fiercely. Just then my back hit something hard.

A door.

I froze, my eyes flying open.

Don't tell me he's about to-

Before I could finish the thought, his hand left my waist and reached past me. I felt the cool surface shift, heard the soft click of a latch, and the door behind me opened as he moved forward, guiding me with him. My eyes widened as he pulled me through, his arms still firm around me.

I broke the kiss at last, breathless and stunned, turning too quickly, half-expecting to find myself beneath the horrified stares of the entire hall.

Instead, I stood in a luxurious room.

Huh?

I blinked, my breathing still uneven, and took in my surroundings. This was nothing like the banquet hall. Soft candlelight glowed against dark, polished wood. A wide bed draped in fine sheets dominated the space, while heavy curtains were drawn tight, as though the room barely ever saw daylight.

My brows knitted as I muttered under my breath, "What is this...? How did we get here?"

Weren't we just in the middle of the banquet?

So many questions crowded my mind, and I turned to ask him, but the words died in my throat.

Alpha Damien stepped toward me unhurriedly.

My body reacted before my mind could catch up. I took a step back, my heart slamming violently against my ribs. The way

1/2

95 Tonight, I would let him satisfy me

he looked at me hungrily made my skin prickle. He looked like a predator who already knew the outcome, who had no need to rush because the prey was already cornered.

He took another step forward.

I took one back.

"W-what are you doing?" I asked, my voice betraying me.

He tilted his head slightly, crimson eyes fixed on mine. "What am I doing?" he echoed calmly, and stepped forward again.

I retreated without thinking, and this time my leg hit something solid.

The bed.

I fell back onto it with a soft groan, the mattress giving way beneath me, and before I could even push myself up, he was there in a blink. His weight pressed me down as his large hands caught mine, pinning them above my head with powerful strength. His other hand came up, fingers firm under my chin, forcing me to meet his gaze.

Those crimson eyes flashed as they roamed over my face, as if he were memorizing every detail.

My breathing quickened, my chest rising and falling against his as I stared back at him, trapped beneath his body.

"I should be asking you the same thing," he said, his voice low. "Why do you keep trying to run when you already know there's nowhere to go? Do you find it entertaining to test my patience or do you think you can still change your mind now that you're mine?"

Mine?

The word echoed in my head.

What did he mean by that?

>

I should have questioned him. I should have pushed back. Every instinct screamed that this man was dangerous, that running was the only sensible option. And yet, even knowing that, my body refused to cooperate. Running now would only make things worse. I had already made my choice, and I wasn't someone who turned back once her mind was set.

Even if everyone else feared this cold-blooded alpha, tonight, I would let him satisfy me.

Slowly, I reached down despite his grip and unfastened the pin at my collar. The white coat slipped from my shoulders and fell onto the bed, leaving me in the thin white dress beneath. I lifted my arms and wrapped them around his neck, pulling him closer instead of pushing him away, offering myself without another word.

For a moment, he didn't move, then I saw the faint curl of his lips. Without breaking eye contact, he leaned down and kissed me deeply, claiming my mouth with a certainty that made my thoughts scatter all over again.

2/2



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- Hope Is Not Optional — Manuel Flores 97

Hope Is Not Optional — Manuel Flores 97

[1,334 words]

96 What a bold little wolf

96 What a bold little wolf

Damien

What the hell was wrong with me?

This wasn't who I was. I wasn't the kind of man who noticed women. I wasn't the kind who lingered in another pack because of one. I wasn't the kind who would step out of the shadows and risk exposing himself just to pull someone out of danger. I wasn't the kind whose mind unraveled and whose body burned just because of a single woman.

And yet, right now, it felt like I was exactly that man.

My hand tightened around her waist, veins standing out beneath my skin as I fought for control. Her body was soft, pale, and fragile, and I didn't want to hurt her. The thought alone irritated me more than it should have.

I couldn't even remember the last time I'd been this close to a woman. Years, decades, maybe. And yet my body moved as if

it remembered everything, as if it had been waiting for this exact moment. It knew what it wanted, and it went for it with a hunger I couldn't control.

A soft sound slipped from her lips.

"Nngh."

The sound snapped me out of my thoughts.

I tilted her head with my other hand and deepened the kiss, pressing my weight into her without crushing her, my body caging hers against the bed. She clutched at my shoulder clumsily, as if my touch was affecting her far more than she wanted to admit.

For someone who carried herself with such confidence, who looked at the world like it owed her nothing and she owed it even less, she felt impossibly small and delicate beneath me.

When she struggled for air, I pulled away from her lips and lowered my mouth to her neck instead.

Her reaction was immediate.

A breathless moan escaped her, her body shuddering beneath mine.

Necks were sensitive. I knew that. Still, I watched her through my lashes as I brushed my lips there, unhurried, and attentive, learning her reactions as if they mattered. And they did, far more than I was willing to admit.

Just then, I caught two different male scents clinging to her skin.

Something dark stirred in me at that realization.

I wanted to erase them, to replace them, to mark her with my presence so thoroughly that no one else would ever dare claim what was mine.

And that was the unsettling part, it wasn't my wolf pushing me.

It was me.

I wanted her.

I didn't understand it. I didn't understand why I couldn't push her out of my mind, why she lingered there like a pull I couldn't

sever. Was it because she was different? Because she looked at me without fear, or worship? Because she had dared to sleep with the demons of the West? Or was it because she was one of the few I couldn't read as easily as the rest?

I didn't know.

What I did know was this, there was no turning back after tonight.

I brushed my teeth gently against her neck, not enough to mark her, then soothed the spot with my tongue. Her body trembled, breath uneven, heat radiating from her I could feel against my own skin.

I leaned up, letting my hair fall over my face, but I didn't bother brushing it aside. I was too distracted to care.

My gaze stayed locked on her, drinking her in. One hand slid under her back, lifting her slightly off the bed, while the other grabbed at her dress. My fingers found the thin fabric, pulling hard, and it tore. Her eyes snapped to me, cheeks flushed crimson, but she didn't say a word.

I wasn't a gentle man, never had been, never would be. And I didn't expect that to change now.

With a swift motion, I yanked the rest of her dress off and tossed it across the room. It landed in a heap on the floor, leaving her in only a short, white piece of clothing.

My fingers hooked into the edge of it, tugging it down easily, and just like that, she was completely naked before me.

1/2

961 What a bold little wolf

My jaw ticked, my eyes darkened, and I couldn't look away.

She lay on the bed, white-and-black hair fanned across the sheets, her body perfectly exposed, curves like a work of art, nipples hard and aching, legs long and slim. And her eyes, gods, her eyes.

Most people looked down, avoided my gaze, especially women in situations like this. They were always shy, hesitant, and submissive, but not her. She didn't look away. She held my gaze, steady, and unflinching, almost as if she was asking me, or worse, daring me to take what I wanted.

I couldn't help it, the corner of my lips quirked up.

What a bold little wolf.

I leaned fully down, our faces inches apart. I could feel her breath against my lips. She instinctively looked down at my mouth, licking her own lips without even realizing it, as though she thought I was going to kiss her, but I didn't.

I let the silence stretch between us, the heat almost suffocating. Every inch of her bare skin screamed for attention. Every shiver, every flash of her gaze, pulled at something inside me that I couldn't ignore. She wasn't just beautiful. She was fearless, bold, and dangerous in a way that made me want to dominate her completely.

My eyes flashed. One hand cupped her breast, holding her in place, and she flinched at my touch. Her sharp intake of breath was music to my ears, and before she could even protest, my mouth claimed her nipple, silencing her gasp with my groan.

"Oh gods" She moaned, wide-eyed and vulnerable. Her body was electric beneath me, every inch of her screaming for attention.

I wrapped my lips around her hardened nipple, sucking, biting lightly, flicking my tongue in ways that made her shiver and arch into me. Her hands clawed at the sheets, her thighs trembling, and I leaned in further, exploring every sensitive ridge of her skin. When it had turned a deep, needy red, I moved to the other side, my actions deliberate, making her writhe. The result was the same, perfectly flushed, and painfully sensitive. I looked up at her then, drinking in the sight of her trembling beneath me, chest heaving, lips parted, eyes dark with need.

I kissed my way down her chest, savoring each shiver that ran through her. My lips traced along her stomach, teasing, lingering over every twitch and gasp, until I was just above where she ached for me most.

I paused, looking up at her, catching the way her eyes darkened, glimmering with anticipation, and lust. My hand slid between her thighs, holding them apart, feeling her wetness soaking my fingers.

She was dripping for me.

Whether it was me or her heat, I didn't care. I wanted it all, and I always got what I wanted.

I leaned in closer, letting my tongue sweep over her clit in one long lick. Her moan was loud, and her head fell back, exposing her neck. The way her hips jerked into my mouth, the way she tried to pull herself closer, sent a hunger through

Her hands tangled in my hair, pulling me closer, and I bit down gently on her thigh to make her gasp again. I lapped at her, relentless, savoring how her hips jerked, how her body trembled against me.

When I finally drew back just a fraction, she was panting, her chest rising and falling too quickly. Her eyes were hooded, her lips swollen, and her body shivering from the intensity I had brought her to. I looked down at her dripping clit, her cunt slick and glistening, and a slow, satisfied grin spread across my face.

I was far from finished.

2/2

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Hope Is Not Optional — Manuel Flores 98

[2,476 words]

971 Can it even fit?

971 Can it even fit?

Selene

Most people would think that after ten lifetimes, I should know everything about sex. After all, I'd spent each lifetime with Adrian. I should know what pleasure felt like. I should be used to it, crave it, even expect it. But they were wrong. Even after ten different lives, sex had never felt like this. With Adrian, it had always been about him. I had always been the one giving, serving, making sure he felt every ounce of pleasure. And yes, he made me feel things too, but it was never enough. There was always something missing, a hollow space inside me that no climax ever quite filled. I had never been able to name it in any of my past lives.

I hadn't questioned it much. I had been taught that obedience was my duty, that contentment was something I should be grateful for, not something I was allowed to crave. I told myself that what I had was enough. That wanting more was selfish.

I was wrong.

Because now I knew, sex wasn't supposed to feel like sacrifice.

The man between my legs, the one the entire world feared, the same man who had looked me in the eye and ended my life in every lifetime, had me trembling in ways I never thought possible. His mouth was hot and relentless, claiming me without hesitation. Every flick of his tongue sent a shudder through my body, every slow curl stealing my breath until all I could do was gasp and moan.

He touched me like I mattered. Like I wasn't something to be endured or tolerated, but something to be devoured. He ate me as if I were the only thing that existed, as if my pleasure were the goal, not a byproduct. And with each wet, skillful movement of his mouth, with every helpless sound he dragged from me, the truth became clearer.

This was what had been missing all along.

And Alpha Damien was showing me exactly what that felt like.

My hips jerked, responding to him before my mind could even catch up, betraying just how much I wanted more. I clutched his hair, desperate, afraid he'd stop before I'd had enough, afraid he'd pull away and leave me burning. But he never pulled

away.

My entire body shook, my chest tight, my mind fogged with need. I had never been this consumed by anyone, and yet here I was, unraveling.

His hands gripped my thighs, spreading me wider. His tongue teased my clit first, circling, flicking, pressing, before sliding deeper, finding places I hadn't even known existed. My hips moved on their own, trying to grind against him, but he held me still, forcing me to feel everything, to take it all as he devoured me.

I gripped his hair tighter, tugging him even closer.

"God..." I gasped, head falling back, hair tangling against the sheets. "Oh... oh..." My words dissolved into moans.

He changed the rhythm without warning, sucking harder on my clit, swirling his tongue deeper inside me, and I cried out. My thighs shook, trembling against his hands, and I realized I was completely at his mercy.

"Fuck." He groaned low, the sound vibrating through me and stirring something primal in my chest. My body was alive with sensation, every nerve ending on edge. I couldn't stop trembling, needing more.

Before I could even process it, his hand moved, fingers sliding between my folds, pressing lightly as his tongue drove me insane. I arched into him, hips lifting, trying to

meet him, and steal more of his attention. He responded without breaking his rhythm, holding me firmly in place.

One finger slid inside me, curling just right, and I gasped, my hips lifting on instinct.

For a moment, I froze, eyes widening at the unexpected intrusion. A small gasp escaped before I could stop it, and his tongue never faltered. He pressed his finger a little deeper, just enough to make me shiver uncontrollably.

Then, without warning, his large finger slid fully inside, and I gasped again, the realization crashing over me.

Oh, shit. This body was still a virgin.

Heat pooled deep inside me, curling around my belly, twisting tight. My body trembled, quivering with shock and need, muscles clenching around him without control. The pressure made my thighs shake, and my breath hitch.

“Ahhh!” I moaned, helpless as the sound tore itself from my throat.

Why was his finger this big? And if this was just a finger, if he was this skilled, how much bigger was he?

The thought alone sent a shiver down my spine.

1/2

97 Can it even fit?

He didn't pause. He just curled, swirled, and pressed deeper, and my body betrayed me further.

I had lived ten lifetimes, had felt everything there was to feel, and yet this was new.

He added a second finger slowly, and the sensation made my body arch violently, desperate for more.

“Damn it, you're still so tight,” he groaned, his voice low and ragged, and something inside me snapped. His fingers pressed deeper, finding that spot that made my body writhe uncontrollably. I couldn't think, couldn't process anything except the consuming pleasure he was driving through me.

My nails clawed at his back, my legs trembled, my chest rose and fell, and every thought in my head dissolved into the wetness between my thighs.

He swirled his fingers with precision, and a shiver coiled deep in my belly. My mind spun, this feeling was achingly familiar.

I felt it building, my first real orgasm creeping up, igniting from deep inside. My hips jerked, toes curled, and a gasp tore from me, loud enough to startle even myself. My body shook, muscles clenching, and then my world shattered as I came, spilling hard over his face.

I trembled, shivering from the intensity, but he didn't stop. His tongue kept moving, licking, circling, pressing, while his fingers swirled inside me with precision. I lay there, whimpering, my body convulsing violently from the aftershocks.

When he finally pulled back, his lips glistening, a thin sheen of my release coating them, he licked them slowly, and I swallowed instinctively. My chest heaved, my thighs trembling, and I felt a strange, delicious heat flare in my stomach as my mind couldn't stop itself from thinking he just ate me out like it was nothing.

He leaned up, and I couldn't help myself, I looked down. My breath hitched, eyes widening. His pants were straining, the bulge beneath them even bigger than I had imagined. Bigger than what I'd seen in dreams, bigger than anything my body had prepared me for. My core tightened again at the sight.

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How... how is that even possible? Can it even fit?

4

I was completely screwed.

2/2

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98) What about now little wolfs

98| What about now, little wolf?

Selene

I stared at him, my mind freezing as I tried to calculate how he could possibly fit inside me without breaking me. I couldn't believe it, me, a woman who had faced pain worse than death, who had never flinched, who had never feared anything And now, here I was, worried that I might not even survive the first inch.

It didn't make sense. How could any woman take him fully? Wouldn't he get stuck? Even Adrian, who I had always thought was big, was nothing compared to this. At least with Adrian, I had managed. But this was on another level entirely. Who knew he could be bigger than Adrian? Bigger than anyone I had ever imagined?

My eyes betrayed me, drawn to the thick, hard length of him. I licked my lips without thinking, a low, instinctive hum slipping past me. And the worst part? Even though I was worried, even though every rational part of me screamed no, stop, it can't happen, my body betrayed me. I wanted him inside me.

I couldn't imagine how it would feel against me. My pulse spiked, a low heat pooling deep inside, making my thighs tremble. If his fingers and tongue could make me shiver like this, if they could bring me to the edge, what would it feel like to have him buried inside me, filling me completely?

My clit throbbed, still wet from the aftermath of what he had already done to me, still aching for more, still craving

something I hadn't yet fully tasted. And right now, he was the only one who could give it to me, the only one who could take me beyond everything I had ever felt before.

I was so lost in thought that I almost forgot someone else was in the room. My legs twitched, wanting to close instinctively. Even just a little, but before I could, his hands were on me, holding me in place. My fingers flexed, gripping the sheets beneath me, trying to hold myself together.

I looked up at Alpha Damien, his crimson eyes burning with a hunger I'd never seen before. In that instant, I snapped out of my lustful haze, suddenly aware of where I was, and who I was with, and how powerless I felt under him.

He ran a hand through his hair, took a deep breath, and I watched his Adam's apple bob under the taut skin of his throat. He was breathing hard, and, was it just me, or were his eyes redder than before? Something primal simmered behind that gaze, something that made my chest tighten, my body coil with need and fear all at once.

His voice rumbled low and deep, vibrating through me. "Even if you want to run, you can't run now."

I blinked at him, my heart hammering in my chest, but I met his gaze without flinching. "I'm not running,"

Damien tilted his head, and a slow, mocking smirk curved his lips. The kind that made my stomach twist. Without another word, he moved to the buttons of his shirt. He didn't bother gently undoing them; he yanked the fabric, and one by one, the buttons popped off, clattering onto the bed. He tossed the shirt aside like it was nothing.

I found myself staring at his chest, and damn, it looked good. I almost reached out to touch it, but I froze, caught between disbelief and desire. I had seen him half-naked in the hot spring before, yet seeing him like this felt far more intimate, and exposed.

This man was perfection.

I wasn't the type of woman to lust over men's bodies. I had seen countless subordinates stripped down in past lives, but there was something different about Alpha Damien. Something magnetic. His muscles were taut and strong, and flawless, every line and curve crafted in a way that made it impossible to look away. He was fit and commanding, and for reasons I couldn't explain, it drew me in.

Even as I studied him, he never broke eye contact. I forced myself to look away from the hard planes of his chest, to hide the flush creeping up my neck, and resist the pull in my body that screamed for him.

Without warning, Damien's hands moved to his pants. My eyes followed automatically, and my breath hitched. Slowly, he peeled them off. And when he did, the world seemed to stop.

My eyes widened, my mouth fell open, and for a moment, I couldn't even think.

What the hell was that?

Standing there, impossibly thick and tall, was Damien, completely exposed. And if I thought he looked impressive in pants, I was lying to myself. He was bigger, and more overwhelming than I had imagined. Veins pulsing along the length, demanding attention.

I swallowed hard at the sight.

Successfully unlocked!

Damien's eyes glistened as he caught my reaction. The caused. He stepped closer and lifted my chin with one hand, forcing me to face him fully.

1/3

981 What about now, little wolf?

His crimson eyes bore into mine. "What about now, little wolf?" he murmured, his voice thick with want. "Do you want to run?"

The words made me pause.

I didn't know whether to be offended, or to actually run. But right now, both my pride and my need were hanging by a thread. Especially with him looking at me like that, as if I were already caught in a trap. No matter what I did, there was no way out. I hated feeling like prey.

A smirk curled my lips before I could stop it. Without thinking, I leaned forward, hands braced on the bed, closing the space between us. My gaze flicked to his lips, then back up to his eyes. He raised an eyebrow, and I met it without hesitation.

"Why do you keep asking if I want to run? Or, do you want me to run? Because you know if I stay, you can't satisfy me." When the words left my mouth, my heart dropped immediately.

What the hell was I doing? I must have had a death wish, talking to him like that. I wanted to take back my words, but my smirk stayed firmly in place, refusing to back down.

He blinked slowly, crimson eyes glinting with amusement. Instead of anger, his smirk only widened.

"Interesting," he murmured.

I blinked.

Huh?

I opened my mouth to ask what he meant but before I could form a word, his hands were on my waist. And suddenly I was pulled closer, leaning down onto the bed under his control.

He moved his hands lower.

A shiver ran through me before he even touched me.

4

His hands found the backs of my thighs, spreading them apart. My core clenched instinctively, my pulse spiking as he pressed against me.

Heat pooled low, and my body betrayed me. My back arched slightly, pressing into his hands without even thinking, my thighs trembling under his grip. I bit my lip to hold back a whimper, but the sensation was almost unbearable.

To make it worse, he rubbed himself against me, and I gasped, a soft, helpless moan escaping before I could stop it. My body heated, trembling from the friction even without

him inside me yet. Every brush against my clit made my heart hammer and my thighs quiver in anticipation.

Damien tilted his head, watching me with that predatory gaze. The smirk on his lips widened, and my chest tightened in response. He was enjoying this. He was enjoying making me shiver, making me ache for him, even before he touched me fully.

“Let’s see about that,” he murmured, low and rough, and my stomach flipped, my core clenching around nothing, craving more. My breath hitched before I could think, and he shoved into me in a single, powerful motion.

2/3

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Hope Is Not Optional — Manuel Flores 99

[1,317 words]

991 You’re a virgin?

99 You’re a virgin?

Selene

A choked gasp tore from my throat.

My eyes flew open, widening as something inside me split open at the sudden intrusion. My body clenched around him instinctively, trembling from the sharp stretch that coursed through me.

“Nnggh...” The sound slipped out before I could stop it, and I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to steady myself.

The stretch, and the way he filled me, was overwhelming. Every nerve in my body screamed, a mix of sharp ache and discomfort, and I felt my core pulse tightly around him.

Above me, Alpha Damien froze. He stayed buried inside me, chest rising and falling with deep, measured breaths. I opened my eyes and met his gaze, he didn't move. He lingered there, as if trying to process the sensation for himself.

He tilted his head slightly, crimson eyes narrowing, a flicker of realization crossing his face. I raised an eyebrow, confused by his sudden stillness.

"...You're a virgin?" His voice was deep, husky, rough around the edges, like he was barely holding himself back.

I blinked, unsure how to respond.

Why was he asking that? What else would I be? I was unmarked barely eighteen.

Unlike Sienna, who cared about no one but herself, I had been obsessed with Adrian, wanting my first time to be only with him. Not that I blamed Sienna for her choices, her body, her life, her rules. The times she crossed the line were when she made everyone think she was a virgin and I was not, casting me as a stain in everyone's eyes. But I didn't care anymore. They could think whatever they wanted. After all, I was about to show them hell.

It was my body, and who I gave it to was no one's business. I just hadn't expected to give myself to anyone this soon. And yet, here I was, lying beneath Alpha Damien.

I looked back at him, meeting his gaze. "Yes, I am."

His eyes darkened instantly at my response, and he let out a low dangerous hum. "Why didn't you say anything?"

I blinked at him, genuinely confused. "Was I supposed to?" I asked.

I honestly didn't understand why he was acting like this. Or, did he not sleep with virgins?

He studied me like a predator examining prey, his crimson eyes never leaving mine. "What if I injured you?" His voice was husky, like he was testing me. "Are you fine with me being rough on your first time?"

I paused at his words. My heart skipped a beat.

He was right.

I had grown used to pain. Endured things no one else would consider tolerable. Even in my past lives, I had survived torture, betrayal, and endless suffering without flinching. But that didn't mean I should endure it now.

I wanted more than revenge, more than proving my strength. I wanted to live, to make choices for myself, to rewrite my own destiny. Pain wasn't something I needed to prove I could handle anymore. That thought had completely slipped my mind

until now.

In my past, Adrian had always taken my first time as if it were his duty, never considering me, never asking if it hurt. But this demon, this dangerous, merciless man, feared by everyone, paused because it was my first time. He was different from the rumors.

I didn't expect him to be the one to remind me of that fact.

Don't get me wrong, he was still lethal, still capable of destroying a pack with a flick of his wrist. But he paused for me.

He was more than the rumors said. Beneath it all, maybe, there was more to Alpha Damien than anyone knew.

I looked at him for a moment before quickly averting my gaze, suddenly feeling strange, and vulnerable. My chest tightened, and I couldn't stop the words from spilling out.

"N-no... be gentle," I whispered, my face flushing instantly.

The sound of my own voice made me cringe. I wasn't used to speaking like this anymore, and saying it to Alpha Damien felt strange, and foreign.

He paused, eyes lingering on me for a moment, and then he pulled out.

A sharp whine of **pain** escaped me as the sudden absence of he left a raw ache burning through me.

What the hell? He wasn't even all the way in, and I already felt so filled with him.

Before I could gather my scattered thoughts, he leaned in, his lips brushing mine. My eyes fluttered open just in time to catch him pressing fully against me. He didn't give me a moment to think. The kiss deepened, his scent and heat flooding

1/2

991 You're a virgin?

my senses, leaving me dizzy and breathless.

I instinctively leaned into him, arms wrapping around his neck, pressing myself against him, pouring everything I had into the kiss. His mouth claimed mine, and the world around us vanished.

I barely registered his hands on my thighs at first, spreading me opening me for him. He rubbed himself along my slick folds, teasing my clit with his **tip**, and I couldn't hold back the man that tore from me.

I clenched tightly around his tip, instinctively trying to pull him i but I didn't need to. In the next moment, he thrust slowly, halfway inside me.

"Ugh." A whine of pain escaped me as I struggled to catch my breath, my body shivering, but he didn't break the kiss. He let me writhe beneath him, lips locked to mine, every movement driving me wild.

Just when I thought I might survive another second, he thrust again, still claiming my mouth like he owned it, his tongue sliding over mine. My body shook, my cunt clenching and stretching, trembling from the overstimulation. Before I knew it, his hands captured mine, pinning them above my head, and my chest tightened even *more*. My heart hammered, every inch of me on fire.

He lingered, just at the edge, letting me feel the slow, torturous stretch before he surged forward. And then, he thrust fully, deep inside me.

"Ahhh!" I gasped directly into his mouth, teeth sinking into his lips in a rush of pain and pleasure. He didn't pull away. He let me bite him, a tiny trickle of blood sliding between us, while still fully seated inside me. I felt every inch of him, the full length of his thick cock stretching me, filling me so completely thought I might shatter, my pussy pulsing around him.

Still, he didn't break the kiss. My body bucked reflexively, trying to adjust, but his size was overwhelming, and impossible to fully accommodate.

When he finally pulled back just enough to let me inhale, his gaze locked with mine, half-lidded, burning with hunger. I stared back, panting. Every instinct screamed to look down, to see exactly how much of him was buried inside me, but I stopped myself. I couldn't risk losing my mind.

His lips moved to my neck, sucking and nipping in ways that made me whine uncontrollably. My hands twitched, desperate to touch him, and pull him closer, but he held me firmly in place. My body stretched and ached, still trying to adjust, and when the initial sting eased slightly, I couldn't help myself, I sank my teeth into his ear.

A low growl rumbled from him, and it made heat surge through the again.

“Move...please, move.” I gasped, trembling under him.

He kissed my neck once more, then pulled out, inch by inch, teasing me mercilessly. The tension coiling in my pussy tightened unbearably, making me whimper. And then... he slid back in.

This time, it was different.

Fuck. It felt so fucking good.



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2/2

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Hope Is Not Optional — Manuel Flores 100

[1,187 words]

1001 told you there's no place to run, little wo...

100 I told you there's no place to run, little wolf

Damien

Fuck. I was losing my mind. Absolutely losing it. I couldn't control myself anymore, and the thought made me feel foolish.

I was the type of person who always had everything under control, who never hesitated to take what he wanted, who never let anyone, or anything, unsettle him. And yet here I was. My cock buried deep inside her, hands gripping her, heat scorching through me,

my mind consumed by the feel of her clit tightening around me. And all of it was because of a woman beneath me.

Women had never been a weakness. Nothing had ever been a weakness for me. I'd ignored every attempt, every seduction, every push from anyone trying to tempt me. My pack members thought I was gay, because I preferred focusing on the pack rather than chasing women. And I didn't bother correcting them

They weren't wrong, I did prefer work over fleeting pleasure. But it turned out that wasn't entirely true.

Her body was tight and soft, yet ferociously alive beneath me. Her clit clenched around me with every thrust, and I found myself gritting my teeth at how good it felt. How desperately I wanted more. Her wetness dripped down my cock, pulling me in, stealing every last ounce of control.

My hands gripped her wrists, holding them above her head, while the other kept her thigh spread open for me. I thrust into her, letting instinct take over, claiming every part of her body with abandon.

"Ahhh." She whimpered as I pressed deeper, my cock sliding inside her like I was devouring every inch of her. The way she clenched around me made my jaw tighten, and my blood roar.

I didn't sleep with women. Much less a virgin. Who would have expected that she was one? Fierce, stubborn, sharp-tongued, I hadn't considered that she'd never been with a man before. And now here she was, trembling beneath me, clit pulsing around my cock, moaning, desperate for every inch I gave her. And I was the one taking that innocence.

Ah, fuck. Damien, you're screwed.

Each thrust drove her body into shivers, her muscles tightening. Her tight pussy clamped around me, and I felt the initial sting melt into a rising wave of pleasure that had her gasping and whining. Her face was flushed, lips parted, eyes rolling back as she surrendered completely, and the sight only made my cock throb harder, hungry for more.

She looked at me then. Her eyes were glassy, unfocused, breath coming in shallow pants as my cock slid in and out of her." Ah... p-please, faster. I want it faster."

"Fuck." I groaned low, rough in my throat, and kept my pace steady. The sight of someone like her begging me made something inside snap. Her hands clenched at the sheets, her thighs trembling. I removed my hand from hers and slid it down to her leg, **lifting** it with ease and draping it over my shoulder. She gasped, eyes widening, a small whimper escaping her lips.

Without a second wasted, I drove into her harder, snapping my hips with purpose, my cock sinking deep inside her. My thumb pressed against her clit, rubbing in rhythm with every thrust. Each movement was sharp, and punishing, forcing her open, and making her take me fully.

My balls ached with the relentless motion, my hips demanding more, my body alive with every tight squeeze of her clit. Every gasp, every shiver, every ragged moan she let slip made me pulse, and snap into her faster, and deeper, losing myself in her.

“Ah, yes!” Her clit tightened around me. She clutched at the sheets, her body trembling with each snap of my hips. I cursed under my breath.

I shifted slightly, holding her leg firmly against my shoulder, pressing her wide for me as my thumb continued to rub her clit in long circles. Her moans grew louder.

“I—I’m close...” she gasped, hips bucking against me, trembling beneath my grip. Her words should have made me pause, but I didn’t. I never eased up. Not when I was this close, not when she was tight, warm and desperate around me.

I drove into her harder, snapping my hips deep. Before I knew it, she was coming apart beneath me, her body quivering and trembling. I gritted *my* teeth, losing myself in the friction, in the lick, tight grip of her clit around my cock.

“Oh—ah, Oh gods!” she cried, voice broken, hips jerking uncontrollably as her climax ripped through her. Her muscles clamped around me violently, milking me with every pulse.

After calming down, she went still, laying against the bed hair claved across the sheets, her chest rising and falling in ragged gasps, but I didn’t stop even when she Successfully unlockedling in and out of her, deep and hard, letting her

clit stretch and pulse around me, taking every weekeshac

She gasped, her eyes going wide. “W—wait, you’re too fast. It’s too much...”

I ignored her. My hands gripped her hips tighter, holding her in place as I drove harder, snapping my hips, letting every inch

of me sink into her. Her muscles clenched around me violently gain, pulling me closer, and I felt her pulse wring through

1/2

100) I told you there’s no place to run, little wo....

1. me. My cock throbbed inside her, my body snapping in time with hers as I chased my own release, letting the friction, her tightness, and the sounds she made push me further.

Her hips jerked again, her body shivering violently beneath me. He came again, arching against me, crying out. I didn't stop, or give her a chance to recover.

My chest heaved, my vision narrowing. I gritted my teeth, letting every sensation amplify.

Before I knew it I snapped.

My hips slammed harder, jerking violently inside her as my release tore through me. My cock pulsed, shooting deep into her, each spasm stretching, and milking us both. My hands gripped her hips, holding on as my body convulsed, sweat coating

our skin.

"Fuck." I growled, losing myself completely.

Even as my climax subsided, my body still shuddered, cock still buried deep inside her. I stayed there, chest heaving.

I breathed hard, letting my eyes roam over her trembling form, she was flushed, slick, and utterly spent, yet still quivering at my touch.

She tried to shift, and pull away, but before she could move, I slid out slowly, letting the evidence of us coat the sheets. Her breath hitched at the sudden emptiness, body trembling against me. Then, without warning, I thrust back inside her.

"You-" she flinched, voice trembling, but I silenced her with a look.

I leaned closer, letting my forehead brush hers, my breath hot against her ear.

"I told you, there's no place to run, little wolf."



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