291 SUCKING HIS FINGER (R-18)

She gasped. 1

She wanted to bend down and pick it up, but Xaden still her hands held up against the wall in an X.

He looked down at her beautiful naked body and his eyes glinted.

She tried to break free from his head but he persisted and then forced her to remain against the wall.

"Where are you running to?" He asked her coyly.

And then his eyes hungrily scanned her body.

"I have seen all this before. Touched them." He remarked as he looked at her perky and full breasts that stood looking up at him . 6

Inviting him to touch and taste what he had once had.

He went down against her neck sniffing her lovely scent.

She was not like the other women he had been

with.

She used no oil perfumes but yet she smelled floral.

Divine.

As he gazed down on her, he realized that she was shivering with cold.

He cursed and then he let her hands free.

Then he bent down and picked up her towel from the floor before handing it to her.

She seemed genuinely surprised, but she accepted it and gave a small thanks.

Before wrapping it around her body.

She simply stood looking at him and then he realized that he was blocking her way so he stepped back.

She swallowed anxiously and stood away from him.

He started to go when she stopped him.

"Your cut." She said looking closely. "It is not healing."

He reached out to his cheek and touched the cut, it was still fresh and there was blood.

"Oh." He mumbled softly. "It is my

transformation. I used my wolf and it has made my healing delay. But by tomorrow it would be fine."

"No don't worry." She said knotting the towel securely by her chest and she walked well into the room and towards the bed. "I used to come in to this room and I remember always seeing wild herbs growing by the window."

He wanted to ask what she had been doing in the room but then she returned with the herbs. 2

"Sit." She instructed.

And he did just that.

He sat by the edge of the bed while she stood over him and began to peel off the herbs and align them on his cut.

"Ouch." He said feeling the burning sensation.

It felt like there were fire ants dancing on his cut. 1

"Sorry." She apologized as she placed each herb on the cut neatly. "It feel like fire ants doesn't it?"

He rose a brow. "Yes."

She smiled. "That is how they are. It burns and then instantly heals. After less than an minute

you would have no cut on your cheek. Do you feel any pains anymore?"

He was surprised to say that he felt nothing.

Then she gently took out the herbs from his cut and then stood facing him.

"There. See for yourself." She said.

He touched his cheek and to his amazement, there was no more line indicating the cut.

He looked at her in amusement.

"How did you do that?" He asked.

"Not me." She shrugged. "It is the herbs. They tend to do a lot more than we know."

And then she looked down at her hands. "I apologize for cutting you. It was my fault in the first place."

"No need for apologies." He shook his head. "I have never had a woman attack me and succeed. You are the first."

"You said you used to come into this room frequently what for?" He asked.

There was jealousy burning in his chest.

He knew that she had been a servant in the pack, and she should not be coming to such a

gracious chamber as this, unless there was a wolf she regularly offered her services.

The thought of her being with another wolf in this same room sent him to levels of jealous he never knew he had within him. 4

"I used to clean." She said innocently. "I cleaned this wing so this was one of the rooms I worked in daily."

He calmed down.

"How do you feel knowing that Anna is my sister?" He asked her.

She seemed confused. "Anna.... Do you mean Jessica?"

He breathed in heavily trying to suppress the name.

"Her name is Anna but yes, what the kidnappers had called her." He said.

She shrugged. "I have nothing to feel. It does not concern me."

"It does not bother you, that you are now the only moonlight pack bloodline alive?" He asked. "And that there are a lot of people who would hate you?"

She looked up at him and for the first time,

challenged him.

"You intend on killing me don't you?" She asked him. 1

He was turned on by how direct she was.

He had noticed that she had somehow stopped being that overly submissive girl he had first been forced to marry. 3

She was now beginning to have her own voice and even question him.

It had horrified him, and at the same time it had interested him.

He walked up to her and used his finger to gently touch her bottom lip and caressed it gently along her mouth.

"And why would I do that?" He asked her as he still used his finger to rummage through her lips.

He touched how soft they were and he hungered for her.

He gently pressed his finger down on her, to give her a bit of pain and what he knew was also pleasure because she moaned.

As if calling for more.

Then he set his finger on her tongue as if instantly knowing what to do, she sucked on his finger and moaned. 1

He looked down at her full breasts amd was hungry to pull down her towel and expose herself to him.

He saw how much she sucked with pleasure.

And then he withdrew his hand and she seemed shocked.

"Why would I kill you when I have barely used you for my pleasure?" He asked. "I do not need to be asked, I know you are dripping down there for m." 3

Her face went an instant red.

He gave a coy smile.

"Go to bed Jasmine. You are never escaping from me."

And with that he walked out of the room, leaving her hungry and needing him.

JASMINE'S RETURN/ NEW B... ›