



Chapter 124

“Such a f*cking tease. I want to know how wet you are for me.”

“You should look down. These lace panties are ruined because of you. Keep your hands on the mattress. Good Boy. Oh, F*UCK! YES! Ahhh!”

I dug my slit into him so hard that the lace started to cut in where it had shifted. I didn't stop until I rode the whole wave out though, this was too good. My p*ssy walls are still vibrating and pulsing, but I finally move to climb off of Ryker.

Copyright © 2024 Miss I.Writes and Ember Mantel Productions

“Wait! Where are you going?” He moves like he is going to stop me.

“I am a mess thanks to you. I'm going to shower, I want to be clean before I go to sleep.”

“Can I watch you?”

I pretend to think about it. Do I want him to watch me? Hell yes. Am I still in the mood to torture him? Also, hell yes. I nod once before walking away. “You are not allowed to touch yourself at all.” I throw over my shoulder.

“Can I watch you touch yourself? I know there's another org*sm in you. The night on the balcony I couldn't see you come and it is my only regret from that night.”

I move to the shower and the memory of him pressing me against the glass has my body revving again. I pull off the t-shirt, but leave everything else on as I open the glass door and step into the massive stall. The stone work in here matches every other rustic cabin feature in these rooms. The soft honed riverstone massages my feet as I turn on



the brushed nickel tap. 1

“Stand at the door. Hands on the top frame and don’t move.” I still have my back to him.

“I think I like the bossy version of you, Kennedy.” It’s a low, lustful murmur. Almost like he’s talking to himself more than me.

The steam is starting to fill up the air around us and I don’t know if I want to turn around. He’s showing me he wants to be here, but his eyes don’t lie and he has had trouble looking at me since I woke up. I’m not sure if I’m ready for any kind of disappointed look in them. I know what he said before, but his words and actions don’t always match. I’m not sure which to believe. To buy myself time, I pull my hair out of its messy ponytail and let it drape down my back. My dark blonde hair is long enough that it hits just below my bra strap. 2

I hear Ryker take a deep breath in. “F*ck me.”

“Not yet, Alpha.” He said I have only called his wolf alpha since I have been here, but I distinctly remember using the title that night on the balcony and getting a pleasant response. Maybe I will save Ryker’s title for moments like these. I can only hope we have more.

I stand under the stream of water letting my hair and lingerie become soaked. I can feel his lust for me in the air, it’s palpable. I could probably just stand here and focus on the feeling and come again. But, that isn’t nearly as much fun as torturing him. So I turn and lean back against the rough stone wall and stare right at him. He followed directions and is holding onto the metal frame for the door. Based on the color of his fingers, that frame may have dents from his grip. His basketball shorts are about to be ripped at the seams by his massive erection. I just stand there as he takes me in. He starts at my feet and painfully slowly works his eyes up. By the time he’s looking me in the eyes, I am panting. 3