

Chapter 169

90 - Ryker

I rest my forehead to hers, breathing heavily. I have no idea what just came over me and I am still shaking. Clearly my body understood what needed to be done because I'm pretty sure that my soul left my body.

"See, nothing to be afraid of." She whispers, playing with the hair at the nape of my neck. "That was amazing."

"There's still so much to be afraid of, but I don't want to talk about that right now. I want to savor this with you. It is still amazing." I haven't pulled out of her yet reveling in the feeling the tiny little flutters her body is giving me as we breathe together. I press her into the wall with most of my weight and I have no intention of moving anytime soon.

"The bathtub is about to overflow." She giggles and I groan. I guess I am moving.

"Fine." I mutter as I slowly slide out of her, loving the sensation. "Mmm, we are definitely not done tonight." My wolf is on board with trapping her in the bedroom for the foreseeable future. 🔒

"Absolutely not! Now that I broke you, I intend to break you in. But first you need the bath and we need to not destroy another room."

"I really don't care how many rooms we destroy as long as the result is like that every single time. How are you so calm and collected right now? My legs feel like jello, my brain feels like mush but my heart is still racing." She walks past me, dragging her nails on my chest and a little sway in her luscious hips. I groan again and follow closely behind her. She gives me another look as she returns to her bent over position to reach the taps and I'm about to throw her back against the wall. 🔒



"Come here." She steps in and turns towards me, waiting. "Just because I'm in control of myself doesn't mean that I am calm." She puts her hand out. I take it, following her in and letting her continue to lead the way. She opens the drain to let some of the scalding water out before she pushes me to sit down. Once the water is at an acceptable level, I expect her to sit in front of me, but she surprises me again by sliding out of the tub to rustle around in a cabinet then she moves to sit on the edge of the tub behind me. Her lean legs straddle my back as she slides them on either side of my body. She dips a cloth in the water in front of me then I smell my body wash as she gently scrubs my back and shoulders. 1

I'm still in heaven. This might be more intense than what we just did. Her hands are all over me paying attention to every inch of skin she can reach from her position. When she has gotten everything above the water coated in a layer of suds, she uses her hands to work the tension out of my neck and shoulders. I have never been taken care of like this, never allowed any woman to touch me this much and I love every second of it. I am glad we waited for our mate. When my brain starts functioning at normal speeds again I need to tell her what this means to me. 2

Just when I start to feel my eyelids go heavy, she moves and I grumble until she sits herself in my lap facing me, to work on my chest. I just sit still with my arms resting on the edge of the tub and watch her in fascination. Her concentration is adorable, but she looks lost in her own thoughts too. I have noticed she gets like this sometimes when she thinks no one is watching. I just hope I haven't done anything wrong to make her go quiet. I want to ask, but I don't want to break whatever little bubble we are in either. I tentatively rub my hands up and down her sides while she works, mostly because I can't not touch her, but also to remind her that she isn't alone. We sit like this for so long the silence almost gets to me. When I open my mouth to ask if she's okay, she beats me to it.