

A romantic close-up photograph of a man and a woman. The man is on the left, seen in profile, with a beard and short hair. The woman is on the right, looking down at him with her eyes closed. They are positioned as if about to kiss. The lighting is soft and intimate. The background is blurred, suggesting an outdoor setting.

CARTER

Kassandra Marie Lopez

Carter

Kassandra Marie Lopez



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Also By Cassandra Marie Lopez

To those who believed in me thank you.

I wouldn't be here without your support.

*"Supporting another person's success won't dampen your
own." - Unknown*

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Chapter One

Chapter One

Leandra



My best friend Jess Gallo was getting married today and to say I was happy for her was an understatement. Jess and I met when we were just babies still in diapers. Both our families are really good friends; the Russos and the Gallos go way back. Every holiday and life event has been shared with them. She's like another sister to me.

I don't know what I would do if I didn't have her in my life. She encourages me to follow my dreams and not give a shit about what others say. Jess Gallo saved my life when I was going through a difficult time. She was there for me when I needed saving.

It's why Jess deserved all the happiness in the world. I believed she would get that with Michael. Not only did Jess find love but she was glowing with Michael's adoration for her. Her love story gave me hope that one day I would find someone who would love me and treat me like a queen. It's funny though, I rarely admit or voice this thought out loud to anyone. Admittedly, I crave love and affection would be something out of my character. No, I'm sad over the thought of never getting to experience what I read in hundreds of romance books was not in the books for me, especially on Jess's big day.

In fact, this wedding gave me hope that age is just a number. You can love unexpectedly. Your other half might just be out there. Maybe soulmates do exist. There was a time in my life when I believed in soulmates and true love, but that fantasy was just that. An ugly lie that only intensified as years passed and as one's heart continued to get broken.

Stepping into the church in a black lace dress that hugged all my curves and wearing some Iriza Half-d' Orsay Red Sole Pumps from Christian Louboutin and with my hair curled reaching past my ass, I was ready to celebrate with Jess and Michael, but a part of me mourned what I would never get the chance to experience. I quickly shook that thought because I had a life plan. A plan that did not include a man in my life. A plan to become a lawyer, get my own law firm in place, and finally get pregnant to become a mother. Getting pregnant wasn't the hard part for me, nor was it the money I would spend to get pregnant artificially inseminated inside me. The hard part was deciding on a sperm donor! If my checklist wasn't already long enough, I fantasized about finding someone with blue or green eyes.

The ceremony was beautiful like no other I have been to. I look toward Jess, her best friend and her soon-to-be husband, and I can see the love and devotion those two have for each other. "I love you," Michael murmurs down to

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2. She

could quietly it was almost inaudible, but I caught it. Then he kisses her. He
from have to say the three words; anyone could see that he was deeply and t
I, too, love with her. I wish that someone could love me that much. Someone
funny cares about you would do anything for you and wants to show you they
ing I you.

being I never had this type of love, balanced love. All I've come to know a
reds of witness from others' relationships and *him* is manipulative love. The ty
ay. "love" that you don't know is bad for you until you leave the relationsl
in find I've never had an official boyfriend, let alone do I ever just talk to guy
lmates which will probably make me naive to love. But the one time I tried di
in true my toe to test the waters of love, I got pushed in, sank, and drowned. S
the I am naïve when it comes to love. I've had my heart broken over and o
and over again by the same guy. *Him*. A guy that never wanted to com
ves, a relationship with me. A guy that gave me attention and only made m
boutin, wanted when it was convenient for *him*. In the end, he tore me down...
Jess stupid for it. I was desperate for love and I hated myself for it. I pledge
nce to never fall for another guy again, as I have no more trust, little faith, an
an that love to give. But that's a story for another time, a part of my life I hate
wn law reliving. Right now though, I was still buzzing with joy for Jess.

ignant Realizing I have completely zoned out, I snap back into reality and
sperm around the church for my best friend. seeing her and her husband holdi
rm hands. I think... just maybe there could be someone out there for me.
having



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didn't All that changed the day I boarded Anderson's private jet to Australia. ruly in Stepping onto the private jet on my way to find a seat closest to the wi who my body collides with something incredibly hard. My eyes clamp shut y love second in shock, my book falling to the ground. I apologize to whoever just bumped into and reach down to grab my book when I look into the ind beautiful blue-green eyes I have ever seen in my life. My voice was tra pe of in my throat. I was in absolute awe. This guy could not be real.

hip. He's stupidly gorgeous; no, he's breathtakingly gorgeous. My hands s, to get clammy, and before I know it, my heart is racing, and my mind t pping that I still need to pick up my book off the airplane floor and get to my io yes, grab my book from his hands and apologize for my clumsiness. I quick ver walk over to my seat. I could still feel my heart racing and my face fee mit to hot to the touch. I hope he didn't notice how hot I was getting. Without e feel doubt, he was the sexiest man I've ever seen.

. I was I couldn't stop thinking about the gorgeous man who captured my id to thoughts. Looking around the plane, I see a small group of men gatheri d zero around the media room where a huge tv was set up. Wanting to forget d stop myself from overthinking, I open my book and start to read about four favorite Irish men. I suddenly hear a deep, husky voice talk to me glance was losing myself in my book.

ing "Are you okay?" he asks me. I snap out of my trance and quickly sh head. I blink a few times. "Huh?" I say. Then he smiles, showing off h dimples in a smirk that can wet your panties. Fuck me. "Are you okay? bumped into each other pretty hard back there," he says, and I nod at h words, assuring him that I am okay.

Then out of the corner of my eye, I notice his hand sticking out as he introduces himself as Carter. As I reach out to shake his hand, I feel a s

spread throughout my body, wondering if he felt it too. “Nice to meet you, Carter. I’m Leandra.” I reluctantly pulled away as Carter still had his grip on my hand. I clear my throat. “Are you okay?... I mean, I did run into you, but I’ve manage to say without completely fucking up or blushing.

Why did he make me so damn nervous? Maybe I was intimidated. Or maybe because I was ridiculously attracted to him, that was a first for me.

The latter made more sense, as I had not met someone who was able to begin intimidate me, but I wasn’t just attracted to him; no, I was *sexually* attracted to him, and that was a first for me.

While standing in front of me, he asks me if it’s okay to sit across from me. I nod yes, and I continue to stare. He’s wearing a black fitted dress shirt clinging to his impressively huge biceps. Looking at his muscles made me feel like a teenager admiring her crush. As his eyes flicker up to mine and a playful smile on his lips, he catches me gazing at him. “Like what you see, babe,” he asks as he quirks an eyebrow at me. Without thinking, I look up and say, “I have seen better, *babe*,” as I huff out. Then I look back at him and he’s grinning at me, showing his pearly white teeth. “I bet you have,” he breathes out. I realize I have no shame as my eyes continue to wander.

“Why do you keep looking at me like that?” Carter questions and my stomach runs cold. My face is on fire, and I already feel redder than a tomato. “What?” I shrug cluelessly as I avoid his gaze. I can see him smirk out of the corner of my eye. “You know what I’m talking about,” he leans close to me. He sits dangerously too close, and there is a glint of something in his eyes when he looks at me.

His arms then cross over his broad chest. I try my best not to look, so I look down at my head. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Well, you either find me so unbelievably attractive or—” I instantly

ou, him off. “Pffft, don’t flatter yourself,” I say quickly, noticing how dry
grip on mouth has become. I can feel my pulse in my throat. He laughs at my
u,” I his face full of amusement. “It’s a joke, Leandra,” he says.

Something about the way he says my name sends shivers down my
or Then I watch his eyes flick down my body and back up my face. Yep,
me. face is definitely on fire now. Carter was capable of changing my life f
o better with just one smile. I was happy looking into his deep turquoise
acted that remind me of the ocean water. I get lost with just one look at them

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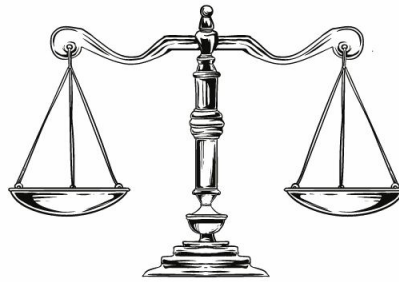
him off. “Pffft, don’t flatter yourself,” I say quickly, noticing how dry my mouth has become. I can feel my pulse in my throat. He laughs at my words, his face full of amusement. “It’s a joke, Leandra,” he says.

Something about the way he says my name sends shivers down my spine. Then I watch his eyes flick down my body and back up my face. Yep, my face is definitely on fire now. Carter was capable of changing my life for the better with just one smile. I was happy looking into his deep turquoise eyes that remind me of the ocean water. I get lost with just one look at them.

Chapter Two

Chapter Two

Leandra



Thank god for the flight attendant who came and asked if we wanted something to eat and drink because I was this close to wishing the earth swallows me. Without a second thought, I order a glass of red wine let the flight attendant know to keep them coming. I needed to forget the embarrassing moment of my life right now. I mean, come on, Leandra, even when I fell in high school in front of the entire class did I want the earth to swallow me.

I had drunk about three glasses of wine, and now I realize it wasn't a good idea. Considering this is my first time on a plane alone, I cannot

drunk. My head was spinning slightly. Asking the flight attendant for v reach for my book to continue reading, but my eyes flick to Carter, and some reason, he's staring at me too. He's full-on grinning, dimples on display for me. I have to avert my gaze because I found him so incredibly intimidating. Or maybe I was just tipsy?

Yeah, let's go with that.

Carter's eyes are on me like magnets. I cannot ignore his stare. It's a can read the thoughts inside my head. His gaze is both hypnotizing and intimidating. Carter reminds me of *him* in a way. *Him*, the one douchel that had brought me so much heartbreak. Something about those myste eyes started to bring back those memories of *him* . I could feel my eyes tearing up as memories of *him* came flooding back. I pull away and ge go to the restroom. I needed time alone to compose myself, but I also r to freshen up. I hated overthinking. I hated the past. I needed to stop th

"Hey," a soft hand grips my shoulder. Turning slightly, I force a smi "Hi," I say as I'm met with Carter's darkened eyes. I can't help but not he's looking at me with slight concern, his brows dipping. "Are you ok He asks as he removes his hand from my shoulder. He then presses his into his dress pants pockets. "Yeah, I'm fine. Just needed to freshen up nod as I wrap my arms around myself.

"Are you sure you're okay? You keep zoning out?" Carter questions stepping closer to me. His hands are now settling on both my shoulder I could smell his cologne, and it was making my mouth water. I could sexual tension between us, or was it just me? Maybe I needed to re-eval my plan. I mean, who in the hell decides to get artificially inseminated without even having a taste of what sex can be like? Who did I think I

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e earth
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water, I Jane the Virgin? Come on, Leandra, live a little. I force a smile. "I'm f
l for sorry. The alcohol has gotten to my head."

full The corners of his mouth twitch up, and yet again, I am mesmerized
bly down at his wet lips, wanting them to be pressed against my own. I qui
make eye contact again.

Great, I thought.

is if he He completely just saw me checking out his lips. They look plump,
l and incredibly kissable. His eyes hold my stare, and this whole situatio
bag so intense. I think I forgot to breathe. Carter does the same thing when
erious I couldn't be further away from a heart attack. His eyes slowly wander
s my lips and then back to my eyes. I pull away instantly and go to the
t up to restroom and lock the door. That was too close, and I had to get a hold
eeded myself.

inking. God help me.

ile.

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ay?"

hands

),” I I take my seat once again opening my book hoping this will distract m
what are you reading?” He questions, acting like what happened a few
minutes ago didn't happen. I bite my lip for a split second. "I'm readin
s again. Rule: New York Ruthless Series by Sadie Kincaid. Well, more like I'n
feel the rereading the series."

luate "What's it about?" He questions, moving closer to me again. Letting
hand rest where my arm was just resting a few seconds ago. Did he kn
was, he made me nervous or something? Was he doing this on purpose? He
towards me, his eyebrow-raising as if he knows. He didn't just hear my



ine, thoughts, did he? No, wait, that is impossible. You're drunk, Leandra. down.

. I look "It's a Reverse Harem about four Irish Mafia men," I say quickly. I ickly feel the heat rising towards my cheeks. "Damn, naughty," he comment are you into that sort of thing, men sharing you?" I scoff quietly. "I wo say that Carter. Trust me, I'd be too scared."

soft, "What about you, Carter? Are you into sharing?" I ask, genuinely n feels interested in what his answer would be. He looks at me with a smirk b I think leaning close to my ear and whispering, "I don't share what's mine, Pe down He pulls back, and I can swear that I can see the desire in his eyes at th moment. I roll my eyes. "So, you're a possessive, jealous alpha then?" of nods. "Yeah, I suppose, but I'm more like a possessive, jealous beta" I instantly laugh. "Excuse me?" Forcing myself not to let my cheeks bur "You sound like one of the many book husbands I have. Beta huh? Lik wolf pack."

Carter's face is full of amusement. "So, now you think I'm a shifter something?" He laughs. "You're too funny, Leandra."

"Well, if you're not a shifter, what do you do, Carter?" I ask sarcasti e. "So, "I have my own company in which I plan and design buildings," he letting a hand run through his blondish hair. I can't help but watch. He g Ryan everything seem so goddamn effortless.

1 "So, like an architectural firm?" I question.

"Oh, it's boring stuff. You wouldn't be interested," I frown at his w ; his "Can't be as boring as law, which is what I do, so do you have an ow that architectural firm?" I ask again.

smirks "Yes, my company deals with planning and designing buildings for y around the world," I look at him like he's crazy. "And you think that's

Calm boring?" I say, letting my eyebrow raise.

"Well, it's not quite as interesting as fighting for the law is," he says
can my eyes. "So, are you any good at designing then?" Carter nods. "I sup
s. "So, Carter speaks, his lips twitching up again. When I look at him, his eyes
ouldn't almost glisten at me. He's literally smiling with his eyes.

"What?" I question. "Nothing," he says, turning his attention to the f
attendant who has brought dessert for us both. Looking down at the ca
efore front of me, my mouth waters. It looks delicious. I thank Carter silently
ach." know he is the one who ordered this for me, seeing as he probably noti
at didn't eat anything earlier. When the first bite of chocolate cake touche
Carter lips, I let out a nearly audible moan of delight. The cake was incredibly
decadent and creamy, with layers of rich chocolate mousse, dark choco
n red. ganache, chocolate shavings, and a fresh raspberry compote.

ce in a "Wow, thank you, Carter" I say as I place my fork down. "Good?" C
says. His gaze drifts down to my lips as I stand there, causing me to fe
or momentarily paralyzed. His eyes then focus intently on the corner of m
mouth. "You got a bit on your mouth," he says, leaning closer to me. U
ically. the same thumb he just put into his mouth, he lightly grazes it across m
says, bottom lip.

makes Yep, I have officially stopped breathing. I gaze into his eyes as he m
at an excruciatingly slow pace. I feel a tremble start to course through
my blood rushes through my body with alarming intensity. My lips tin
ords. from his mere touch.

When he pulls his thumb away from me, I expect him to wipe it onto
napkin. But no, he puts it into his goddamn mouth and sucks. His eyes
people leave mine. Why was I so fucking turned on right now? It wasn't norm
be this sexually attracted to someone when I barely spent time with hir

he is amazing in bed. I mean, with that body and those hands. Okay, I
s. I roll timeout. I reach up to run a hand across my forehead. “Excuse me, “I r
ppose,” to say.

3 Making my way through the Boeing Business Jet, I locate the bathro
and make it in. My legs feel like jelly from his simple touch on my lip.
flight over to the sink and splash some cool water on my face, hoping to calm
ke in down. Leaning over the sink, I catch a glimpse of my reflection in the
y, as I and notice that my face has turned red like a tomato. I pray I didn't app
ced I this flushed in front of Carter; if I did, I just want to die.

ed my “Nothing will happen between you two. Nothing will happen,” I mu
y to myself.

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he is amazing in bed. I mean, with that body and those hands. Okay, I need a timeout. I reach up to run a hand across my forehead. “Excuse me, “I manage to say.

Making my way through the Boeing Business Jet, I locate the bathroom and make it in. My legs feel like jelly from his simple touch on my lip. I walk over to the sink and splash some cool water on my face, hoping to calm down. Leaning over the sink, I catch a glimpse of my reflection in the mirror and notice that my face has turned red like a tomato. I pray I didn't appear this flushed in front of Carter; if I did, I just want to die.

“Nothing will happen between you two. Nothing will happen,” I mumble to myself.

Chapter Three

Chapter Three

Carter



Lust is a dangerous feeling. Leandra was not only driving me wild by toying with my mind. I found her inexplicably fascinating. It's baffling that I can hear her thoughts. According to the werewolf code, we can only hear the thoughts of our pack members or mate, but Leandra is undoubtedly not my mate. I would know it if she was.

I couldn't comprehend how or why I could hear her thoughts so vividly. It wasn't just catching slight glimpses of her thoughts, what she was briefly thinking about. I could hear her whole thought process, especially when she was thinking about me. It was maddening, to say the least.

There was only so much of her naughty thoughts I could take. Her thoughts I would be good in bed and thinking about recreating some of the sex scenes from her books was driving me mad with hunger. What puzzled me though was that I couldn't hear her thoughts whenever she zoned out.

She had completely gone into her thoughts; it was like she was replaying something she remembered. But I couldn't hear a thing. My mind was in disarray, and I couldn't help but stare at her. Her vivid thoughts kept pouring into my mind, making it almost impossible not to look at her. Of course I was attracted to her. Who wouldn't be?

Her long, curly, brunette hair cascaded around her face gracefully. Whenever she gazed at you with her honey-colored eyes, they emitted an aura of curiosity and innocence that was hard to resist. Her adorable freckles adorned her nose and cheeks only added to her charm.

Her smile.

Her sense of humor.

Her laugh.

Her body.

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She wasn't my usual type, but she was drop-dead gorgeous. There wasn't a reason why I was this invested. But I knew that the attraction was much more than I heard that loud and clear. Because of this, I found it hard to stay away from her or avert my gaze. I could sense that I made her nervous, but for some reason, it only made me want to tease her even more. There was a certain way she looked at me with her innocent brown eyes, especially when I bit my lower lip, that just drew me in.

I could sense her breathing hitch, her heartbeat quickened, and her body trembled. It sent a rush of adrenaline through my veins, knowing that I

inking elicited that response from her. I undeniably affected her, and I wanted scenes nothing more than to make her feel that way repeatedly.

e most With only 12 hours remaining on this flight, I couldn't help but look forward to seeing her again. It was a mystery why Liam added an additional passenger, but I was grateful for it. Leandra had mentioned being on business and staying at the Park Hyatt Sydney, which my pack happened to own. I couldn't help but wonder what Liam's connection to her was.

e, I Flying on your own private jet has its perks, such as the convenience of having a bed on board for sleeping. However, despite the privacy that comes with the territory, my team and I are returning from a work trip, so there isn't as much privacy on the plane.

s that I can see Leandra coming back from the bathroom to her seat. I can't control the smile that stretches over my face when she comes to wish me goodnight before making her way to the primary bedroom, which happens to be next to the washroom. "Goodnight, Carter," she says, making my body tingle. "Goodnight, Leandra" I hear the door shut as I go to the guest room. Stripping off my shirt and remaining in my black trousers, I go to the washroom; as I turn the corner into the door, my body instantly collides with someone. Scared for a split second, I jump back in fright when I see the back of a brunette head of hair. Her body resting against the door hinge, I can't help but smile. "Sorry I didn't, I didn't—" she cuts herself off as her eyes wander down my bare chest.

grazed
Oh, my god. I can just lick my way down.

ody She gulps nervously, and I smirk as I move even closer. At six-foot-inches, I tower over her petite figure and take pleasure in how my body towers above hers. She's wearing an oversized t-shirt that reaches mid-

l and her back is pressed firmly against the doorway. Her eyes are fixed occasionally flicking down my chest and shoulders. She looks away, a with herself, which only amuses me further. I raise one arm above the tional hinge and rest it beside her, asserting dominance.

usiness **Calm down, Leandra, keep your cool now is not the time to be**
1. I **freaking out.**

Fuck me. She was adorable. I can hear her heart pounding. I challen e of with a question, "You didn't know what?" Her eyes dart back and forth comes quickly wets her lips with her tongue. She clears her throat and retreats re isn't further into the doorway with no escape. Her voice is barely audible as responds, "I didn't see you." As I lean towards her, I catch a whiff of h t cucumber green tea body wash, causing her to part her lips as she watc ne me.

ens to **Breathe, Leandra, in and out. Use your lungs for breathing!**

ody I can't help what I do next. My other hand gently claps the side of h oom. neck, my thumb resting on her cheek by her ear. As my skin touches h lets out a quivering breath. I release my arm from the door and gently c s with her skin and glide my lips down to her jawline. Leandra inhales sharpl at tilts her head to rest it in my hand, allowing me to touch her more intin help She smells divine, and her scent is completely swallowing me.

nder With firm but gentle pressure, I place my lips on her neck, eliciting a strained whimper from her. I trail more kisses down to her collarbone, it slow and savoring the moment.

four I press my lips against her throat and savor the heat of her skin for a moment, relishing the sensation. Leandra responds by gripping my bic y her arm, urging me on. I trace a path down her neck with my lips, elici thigh,

on me, quiet groan from her. "Carter..." she moans softly. I breathe against her annoyed and ask in a gravelly tone, "Do you want me to stop?"

door "No" Then I reach down to pick her up underneath her legs and take into the primary bedroom, kicking the door with my foot. Holding her the wall, I continue to kiss her soft skin. I feel her ankles cross at my a hands invade my body, and it feels amazing. They roam my stomach, l ge her fingers slowly tracing my abs. I shake the feeling and kiss her harder. I i as she need more. My hands moved down her body, slow enough for her to st s if she wanted me to. I was making it obvious where I was heading. But she doesn't say anything, still panting from the kisses. My hand pushes her er out of the way, and my fingers brush over her underwear.

hes Her hips buckle against the skin, grazing her core slightly. She then against my hand, putting pressure on herself. She was eager, and I love My fingers slide her underwear to the side, and I instantly feel her wet er She was soaking.

ers, she I rub her clit, and she throws her head back onto the wall as she moa caress name. Looking at her and watching as she closes her eyes. Her mouth y and slightly open as she pants out soft whimpers. I begin to pick up my pac nately. Then I slip my fingers inside her tight pussy as she grips my back, letti nails dig deep into my back. I curl them instantly, and Leandra bites her a and she moans harder. "Carter, fuck, fuck, fuck," I begin to kiss her jaw taking again as I feel her get closer and closer to the edge. I can tell she's clos the way her pussy is gripping my fingers, and her body starts to shake.

Pumping quicker and deeper into her. Her fingers lace into the back of ep with hair, and they grip tightly.

ting a "Oh God, I'm coming," she pants.

Her head hits the wall again, and her whole body begins to grind do

er neck onto my fingers. She rides out the hottest orgasm I have ever witnessed heard on my fingers. Leandra is mesmerizing. "Holy shit," she says, her mouth still firmly shut and her mouth slightly open. She catches her breath, and I pull my fingers out from her. Looking into her eyes, I bring my fingers to my mouth, tasting her arousal and sucking them clean. God damn, did she feel good.

But I feel so fucking sweet.

Unwrapping her legs from my waist, I set her down gently. Her hands slip from my body, and she pushes her dark brown hair away from her face. When she looks up at me, her eyes are full of lust. Her hand reached for my crotch to cup me through my trousers, and I was already hard watching her cheeks roll apart. I was aching to get my cock deep inside that tight little pussy of hers. She bites her lip as she pulls along my length. A groan comes from the back of my throat. She stops touching me and pulls me closer by my trunks. "Do you have a condom?" she asks. My dick twitches with excitement and grows even harder for her. I take her hand and take her to bed. The moment the back of my knees hit the mattress, she wrapped her hands around my neck and kisses me. Our mouths connect, and a shudder rolls down my spine. "Fuck me!"

She tasted sweet, like watermelon. My tongue slid between her lips, and she owned her mouth. Both of us fall back, the mattress bouncing our bodies together. My body is on top of hers. As she reaches for my belt to make work of removing my trousers along with my boxers, freeing my thick cock. I kiss her hair while moving along her neck where I suck slightly hard, earning a moan from her lips as I leave my mark. Reaching for the drawer, I pull out a condom. I open the packet and roll the condom onto my rock-hard cock.

I rub my cock against her wet panties and her back arches. Watching

and Leandra spread her legs open for me. I remove her t-shirt and her white panties, completely destroying them. Fuck she's fucking sexy, looking at me with those innocent brown eyes so full of desire. I can see her pussy, so close to my cock and moist.

I grab my thick cock and align myself to her entrance, and I push my cock slowly into her. "Fuck baby, you're tight." Then my hand finds her neck and I move deeper into her, meeting resistance. Holy shit, she's a virgin. We fucking slip more like she was a virgin. "Leandra, is there something you need to tell me?"

"Please, Carter. Don't stop," she says, looking up at me, her eyes full of lust, but there's also something else I can't figure out. "Are you sure?" I look down at her, biting her lower lip, and nodding. I bring her lips to my cock and kiss her furiously, putting all my desire into that kiss, letting her know I'll be gentle with her. As I continue to push into her slowly till I'm fully inside her, her pussy swallows my entire cock.

"Ohhh," she moans as I rest my forehead down onto hers. "Oh my god, I move at a strong, steady pace, our skin slapping onto each other. Kiss her chin and down her throat as her head looks up to the plane's ceiling. Every thrust earns a quiet moan from her. Every moan earns a quicker thrust from me. Before I know it, she's a moaning mess, and I'm pounding into her. My "Fuck, fuck, shit Carter" I hear her groan. "Harder, please," she said breathlessly, making it hard for me not to let go.

Our fingers intertwine as I continue to pound into her harder and harder. "You're gonna make me come" she says, and I can't help but smirk as my eyes close in ecstasy and her hand balls into my hair. "Yes, yes, yes," she moans as she comes all over my cock. Her body shakes violently for the

the second time tonight. Her breathing told me everything. She enjoyed it. I hope she doesn't come to regret it.

"Fuck baby, that's it cum all over my cock. God, you are beautiful." Watching her get off excited me. It didn't take me long to finish, especially since her pussy was clamping my cock. Groaning into her as I press my back as I down onto her neck. I feel my orgasm shoot through me like no other. Bodies grind together, and I come into the condom.

We are both sweaty messes. I rest my forehead down onto hers as we catch our breath. Holding her tightly against my chest, I watch as she g up at me, a confused look in her eyes. Her thoughts come flooding into I say, head.

What did I just do? I had my first one-night stand, and on top of her he's being all sweet. I had sex for the first time, and I don't regret

I try not to smile at her words.

"Are you okay?" I whisper to her.

She nods.

I take the condom off and dispose of it. I grab a towel and return to her. she sits against the headboard. I move between her legs and proceed to speed her, making sure not to hurt her in the process. Kissing her forehead, I nto her. away for a second to look at her.

I can't believe that just happened. He made me feel special. Oh my god, what if he thinks I'm easy?

My eyes lay firmly on hers, and I tried not to frown at her words. I don't think she's easy. She is anything but easy. I smile, this time pulling her against my chest. "Goodnight, Leandra," I say as I see her closing her eyes and snuggling against my chest. I knew that I couldn't get too involved with her. I had a mate somewhere out there. But there was something deep i

I just me telling me I wouldn't be able to keep away from her, and I one hundred percent believed it.

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Chapter Four

Chapter Four

Leandra



My mind had been wandering, and I barely caught a second of sleep we landed. My legs were still shaking from the monumental event that happened just a few hours ago. I'm a little sore, but I can't believe Car fucked me in the primary bedroom. Not only did I lose my freaking virginity but I joined the mile-high club all in just a few hours. Running my hands down my face as I think about it. I can't bear the thought of looking at him, and I'm glad we'll land soon.

As I step onto the steps of the stairs to leave the airplane, I can't help but wonder what happened to Carter, as I had woken up to an empty bed. I

was I letting that small detail affect me so much?

He left.

It was all just meaningless sex after all, right? I mean what did you expect Leandra, for him to cuddle with you or confess he has feelings? He was a distraction. I had to remind myself of why I came on that airplane in the first place. Remember Leandra, you are here to do two things: get inseminated and meet the architect that will be building and designing my law firm. Making my way through the airport, I can't help but feel a little shocked that I had sex.

Getting my luggage and heading out the double doors, I make my way to the SUV that has been sent to pick me up. Once inside, the driver confirms my destination. "Yes, the Park Hyatt Sydney, please," I told him as I pulled out my phone, checking some of the notifications and letting my family know I made it safe. I open up my messages, trying to decide how to tell my friend Jess I lost my virginity to a stranger on a plane. Knowing Jess, she wouldn't believe me no matter how hard I tried convincing her of last night's events.

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virginity, The Park Hyatt Sydney is beautiful. I cannot get over the views from the hotel and over Sydney Suite. It's a 350-square-meter suite with two bedrooms, an outdoor pool and I'm terrace with panoramic views of the Sydney Opera House and harbor, a separate sitting area, a full kitchen with a dining table for eight, and a private bathroom but bath with a sauna and spa tub. This truly is a specialty suite.

Why



It's about 7:00 pm, and I am getting ready to head to a business dinner where I'm supposed to meet the architect. I get into the bath, putting my hair in a messy bun so it doesn't get wet. As I'm laying there soaking up warm water and bubbles, my cheeks begin to burn when I remember how Carter made me climax twice. No man has ever done that. Hell, I have never even been able to do that to myself either. The things that man could do so effortlessly. I laugh to myself for a second as I realize this is some good that shit.

Oh god, what if someone heard us? I feel myself getting flustered. My hand lowers from my neck down to my breast, where I play with my nipples. Biting my lower lip to hold back my moans. My hand moves between my legs, and I'm aching for relief. Sliding a finger through my folds, I can tell I'm already soaking, and it isn't the water from the bath. I have two fingers rubbing small circles on my clit as my other hand continues to squeeze and play with my nipples. I begin to tease my opening as I slip two fingers into my channel, thrusting them in and out, curling them just like Carter has

I scream as my climax hits me, wishing it was Carter who was the one touching me. As I start to catch my breath, guilt, and shame start to hit me. Scrubbing my whole body, ridding myself of the smell of sex and all traces of Carter's hands and smell. I let my body soak under the hot water one last time. Letting out a relieved breath as I began to get myself ready. I let

my hair down and retouch my curls. Slipping into a black pencil skirt that covers my ass and a light cream shirt with a black blazer and my red bottoms.

I exit my suite and walk down the hall toward the elevators. Locking my phone before I get too distracted with my notifications or look through last-minute potential sperm donor candidates I glance up. Noticing the

er elevator doors closing, and before they close, I yell for them to please
y hair the door.

the Stepping into the elevator, a woman with the cutest baby I have ever
ow and a male who happens to be good-looking greet me. “Good evening,
n't both say as I step in, making sure to see if the button to the restaurant i
o and already lit up. “Good evening, “ I say back. I can’t help but smile when
erious baby starts babbling. Soon I too would be the mother to a cute babbling
I couldn't wait to be a mother.

ly I make my way toward the table where I am supposed to meet with
ipples. architect who will be planning the structure and design of the building
my my law firm will take place. As I get closer to the table, I can’t help but
tell notice the same woman and man from the elevator sitting there with ar
ngers man who has his back to me. I can't see who it is.

and It all makes perfect sense now. Liam and Isabella were the two peop
inside from the elevator. Liam has been my contact person for the architect I
d done. meeting since he was away on a business trip. Isabella must be the inte
ne designer Liam mentioned last time we talked who also happens to be h
me. girlfriend from what I can see.

aces of They look cute together.

ast “Sorry, I am late. I had to take an important last-minute call,” I say a
my start to greet the person whose back was facing me first. Holy shit, this
hugs cannot be happening. It's him. He’s here. I look down at Carter, who h
to be getting up from his seat to greet me. “Leandra, nice to see you ag
g my hear his deep voice. He introduces himself as Carter Grayson Anderson
some to focus on the woman before me and pretend there isn’t a mild panic a
happening in my head right now. She looks between Carter and me wi
confusion showing as to how it is that we have met before this.

hold “Nice to see you again, Carter. It’s a pleasure to meet you, Isabella and
Liam” I take a seat across from Carter between Isabella and Liam. “So
r seen Leandra, how did you come to meet Carter? It was my understanding a
” they communication has been with Liam,” Isabella says while trying to feed
s eight-month-old daughter. “We were actually on Mr. Anderson’s private
the together. Which I assume is Carter’s private jet.” I say all too calmly.
g baby. We enjoy dinner and order dessert as we finish talking about business
 what we have planned for the next few days. Isabella asks me how my
the was and I answer her as I recount some of the things when suddenly C
where decides to add his two cents.

it “That’s not all we did,” Carter says all too casually. My heart beats
mother too quickly for my liking. He shares glances with me, and his lips turn
 a smile that shows his teeth and those goddamn dimples. I look down a
le food before it’s too late. Isabella narrows her eyes towards him. “What
will be you mean?” she asks suspiciously. Then I flicked my eyes back to Carter
rior “We talked about the book she was reading and if she was into sharing
is says, his eyes glimmering mischievously as he smirks. I needed to play
off before my whole face rose up in flames. I clear my throat before sa
“I don’t like to share my books as most people can’t come to appreciate
as I them,” I snap back, my eyes challenging him.

; He keeps his eyes firmly on mine. Thankfully the waiter begins to p
appens our dessert on the table. I smile and thank him very enthusiastically be
ain.” I have been craving chocolate. We all sit and eat in comfortable silence.
n. I try the table has cleared, we continue our working conversation before bot
attack Isabella and Liam excuse themselves as their daughter is ready to sleep
th Leaving Carter and me alone at the table.

We don’t say anything to each other as we make our way to the lobby

and probably because there isn't anything to say. I felt my palms begin to sweat, hated feeling nervous around him. As I am about to leave and make my way toward the elevators, Carter's hand slightly grabs my wrist. "You look beautiful," he says, stepping closer so that our chest touches. I look up at him and force an awkward smile. "I had fun last night," he says quietly.

My lips part slightly, and I realize he hadn't let go of my wrist and continues to hold it while his thumb drew small circles across my skin. "I'm a flight attendant too," I say, eventually watching him smile at my words. He drops my wrist and walks towards the elevators. "Oh, by the way," he says as he enters the elevator. His eyes rest on mine. "You have a sexy ass moan. I can't wait to hear you have you screaming my name again."

My cheeks are completely on fire. Carter lets out a laugh as he watches my reaction. I couldn't help but stare back at him because I had no clue if I should lie or respond with the truth. He continues to speak. "Especially when you're moaning my name," his eyes dropped to my lips, smirking at my reaction. "That was a one-time thing not happening again," I mumble. He grins, getting the reaction he wanted out of me. "Wanna bet, baby?" he says, and the elevator doors close.

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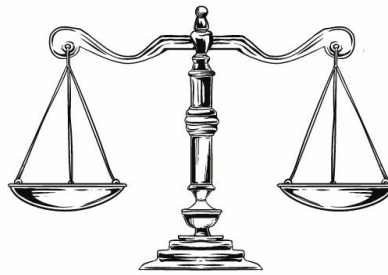
My lips part slightly, and I realize he hadn't let go of my wrist and continues to hold it while his thumb drew small circles across my skin. "Me too," I say, eventually watching him smile at my words. He drops my wrist and walks towards the elevators. "Oh, by the way," he says as he enters the elevator. His eyes rest on mine. "You have a sexy ass moan. I can't wait to have you screaming my name again."

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Chapter Five

Chapter Five

Leandra



It's officially been about two weeks since the lobby incident, and Cal has been on his best behavior. Getting ready to start my day, I step into the shower and scrub my entire body from head to toe. I still can't get over how big this shower is. Today's outfit will be my favorite, an Ivory tweed fuchsia contrast trim jacket and a mini skirt two-piece set paired with my black Christian Louboutin. Stepping out of the elevator, I see Liam and Isabelle. She happens to be carrying her daughter Eva. I can't help but think that she'll be me one day once I go through the insemination process.

“That’ll be us one day,” hearing Carter’s deep voice, I nearly jump in the air. “Holy shit, you scared me,” I press my hand firmly to my chest and look to see Carter standing towards the elevators, looking amused. Attempting to calm my breathing and mind, I compose myself because I hated how nervous I got around him. Carter chuckles at how startled I am.

“Don’t you ever creep up on me ever again, Carter? I mean it!” I say, instantly pointing my finger at him. He walks towards me and cracks a smile that makes me feel weak in the knees. “Did you hear what I said?” he asks me. I roll my eyes at his comment. “No, I’m not too sure I heard you. What did you say?” I say, looking amused.

His lips twitch into a smirk. Looking at Isabella and Liam, he turns to me and says, “That’ll be us one day.” I shake my head at him, confused. Is he referring to the family part, a baby with him, or the couple part? “What?”

“Going on a date!” I hold his stare for a few seconds, noticing his eyes gleaming with confidence as he can almost see it coming true. I let out a laugh. Honestly, it’s not that I wouldn’t want to go on a date, especially with Carter. It’s just I have never been on one before. Always making excuses to why I couldn’t accept. Always keeping myself busy with schooling and work, I haven’t had much time to consider dating.

“What’s so funny, Peach?” he says, narrowing his eyes at me. “Nothing except for the fact that I don’t date.” I quickly clarify as we make our way toward the hotel exit. He nods. I try to walk fast so that I can get ahead of him, but he grabs my wrist. I stop as our skin touches, sending sparks throughout my body. “This isn’t a joke, Leandra. I want to go on a date with you,” he says so seriously that in that second, I believe him.

My face falls into an expression of confusion as I have never had a guy pursue me like Carter. I pull away from his grip, trying to get to where

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into the SUVs are waiting. Attempting to move again, he stands in front of me, and turns pushing me against the wall, leaving no space between us. I can feel his breath on me as his lips reach my ears, and he whispers, "Why not?" Nervous "Excuse me?" I state as I stare into his eyes. "Why don't you date?" I challenge. I swallow, not knowing how I can explain to the sexiest man I have ever seen that I have never been on a date. Before this, I was a goddamn virgin. I'm scared to put myself out there because what if I get attached, fall in love, and then he leaves? "I just don't okay. Now can you please go? I don't want to be late for our location viewing." He narrows his eyes at me suspiciously. "There's a reason for your distrust, but don't tell me Peach, I won't give up." I let out a quiet scoff. "Well, see about that," as he walks past him and getting into the SUV.

"What will?" Arriving at the first potential location for my law firm, Carter and I make our way around the location. Looking to see if this location can be the address of R & K Law and Associates. As Carter speaks about the blueprint idea, I listen to what I envision. I can't help but feel happy that I'm sharing this with him. He takes his role so seriously that, for some odd reason, turns on.

As we both make our way toward the SUV, my stomach begins to growling. Looking at my watch as I sit in the passenger seat, I realize it is now 8:00 P.M. We haven't even eaten lunch. Gosh, time went by quickly. I didn't realize how late it was. "Do you wanna get dinner?" Carter says as he quickly turns to face me before returning his focus. His knuckles hold the steering wheel tight, making it easier for me to see the veins that run along his hand up his arms.

nan Making it through six different locations took all the energy out of me. On top of all that, I am starving, and my feet are killing me. Never again will

wearing heels when visiting potential locations in the future. Looking out the window as the music plays in the background, I can't stop thinking about Carter's conversation earlier.

A part of me would love to go on a date with him, but I just can't physically bring myself to do it. I don't want to get attached and then get heartbroken. I'm not too sure if I am even girlfriend material. For god's sake, I have never been in a relationship. I don't know if I'll be able to trust myself not to overthink and overanalyze everything Carter says to me.

Carter seems sweet, caring, charming, and funny but also dangerous and out of the bedroom. I can also try to pursue a friend-with-benefits relationship, but we all know that ends badly with me falling for him. I also know that is also not part of my plan. I was supposed to come here, get my business made and running, get inseminated, and return to New York.

I have never been good at showing or expressing my feelings and emotions. Still, my heart warms at the thought of us being something more than just sex partners. I cross my legs over each other and squeeze myself together as my mind plays back to the sex we had on the plane. Just thinking about it is getting me wet.

"Leandra. Do you want to get dinner with me?" Carter asks one morning.
It takes me a couple of seconds to answer him as I think of an excuse to not even his offer. I shake my head no. "It's late. Honestly, I would be bad company."
I say hoping he takes my answer.

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out the Hearing a knock on my door, I rush towards it with only my towel wrapped around my body. Getting excited about the room service I ordered. As I open the door, I come face to face with the person who had invaded my every thought. Carter is leaning against the door frame with a smirk plastered on his face with food containers.

for sake, I “Do you always open your door half naked?” he says, looking almost amused at the situation. “No, I thought you were room service, and I had to get excited about food,” I say with a hint of sarcasm. He watches me go in and go to the bedroom to change before I waltz over to the living room, where Carter has set down our dinner.

He’s As Carter is cleaning up, I glance over his body and face. Tension is clearly in the air. I don’t even realize that I’ve started biting my lower lip. I glance at him. “Don’t look at me like that,” he says, making my eyes snap back at him. His expression is hard and almost unreadable. “Like what I can’t say almost too casually.

thighs As I’m standing in front of him, he leans closer as his lips graze my neck, his earlobe whispering, “Like you want me to fuck you.” Too horny to even think straight, he pulls back, making eye contact. His eyes look lustful for the time. full of desire.

to reject “Maybe I do,” I say quietly but loud enough for him to hear.

pany.” Before I know it, Carter crushes his lips towards mine as we fight for dominance. His tongue moves against my lower lip as he starts to suck on them. His hands trail down my body before stopping at my ass and gripping the skin, bringing me closer to him. Lifting me so I can wrap my legs around his waist, he continues kissing me as we make our way toward my bedroom.

I let out a shaky breath as he makes his way down my body pulling down my silk pajama shorts with one hand, finding my core. His fingers stro

pped inner thighs as he spreads my legs wider. His fingers easily slipped into me. When I open through my slit, I was soaked.

ry I groan at the contact.

l on his “Is this what you want, baby? Want me to eat that pretty little pussy of yours?” He says deeply, and I can’t form a word. All I do is nod. Pushing his fingers deeper, he settles between my legs as his head drops and runs his tongue from my opening up to my clit, sending shockwaves of pleasure throughout my body. Sucking my clit lightly, running his tongue on my swollen clit as his fingers thrust in and out, hitting my G-spot.

“Fuck” I curse.

so “Please don’t stop, Carter,” I moan loudly as he continues to suck on my lip as I very swollen clit. Then he slides a third finger, and the burning stretch snaps me from falling off the edge. My walls begin to squeeze around his fingers. “?” I a sudden rush of wet heat coats his fingers and chin.

“Carter, please?” I groan.

en “I know, baby,” he soothes as his lips dance over my skin, and he works his fingers inside me harder until I’m on edge for the second time that day. and “Such a good girl, letting me stretch you wide open for me, aren’t you?”

“Oh, Carter!” I groan as my climax washes over me quickly and into my mouth. He runs his thumb through my dripping pussy, coating it in my cum before sucking it into his mouth. “Fuckin’ sweet,” he says with a wink kissing my lips. I taste myself all over his lips.

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“Carter, please? I groan.

“I know, baby, “he soothes as his lips dance over my skin, and he works his fingers inside me harder until I’m on edge for the second time that night. “Such a good girl, letting me stretch you wide open for me, aren’t you?”

“Oh, Carter!” I groan as my climax washes over me quickly and intensely. He runs his thumb through my dripping pussy, coating it in my cum before sucking it into his mouth. “Fuckin sweet,” he says with a wink kissing me as I taste myself all over his lips.

Chapter Six

Chapter Six

Carter



She's breathing heavily and unevenly as she lies there with her eyes and a satisfied smile on her face. I reach over to open the drawer to take a condom from the box all Sydney Suites have. Leandra turns to watch me open the drawer and retrieve the condom as her eyebrow rises in question. "I swear those condoms aren't mine Carter." She says, confused as to how the condoms got there. "I know, baby. All Sydney Suites provide them," I say. Her hand trails down my chest taking my cock in between her hands.

I roll the condom onto my throbbing cock before she has the chance to stroke it again. Fuck I won't last if she continues to touch me. I swear I

cock will explode if it gets any harder. I need to fuck her, but I can't help myself. I want to eat that delicious pussy of hers. I've been thinking about burying myself inside her from the moment I saw her in only a towel.

I love the way she moans my name as I'm teasing her. The way she moans makes me want to fuck her even harder. As I line myself to her entrance, I lean down to kiss her passionately, owning her mouth. Sucking and kissing my way down her throat as I get to her nipples and suck on them, lightly with my hand plays with the other. I drive inside, sinking deep into her smooth, silky heat. Her tight little pussy squeezes around me as she whimpers and moans,

"Fuck baby, you feel so fuckin' tight" I don't move, allowing her some time to adjust to my size. "I feel so full. Fuck you're so big," she says breathlessly. I pull out almost completely, leaving only the tip inside her before inserting myself back into her tight pussy. Her body trembles as goosebumps pepper her skin, and she whimpers.

"Oh. My. God," her moans are fuckin' music to my ears and my wolf cock slid in and out of her pussy, her juices smearing all over it. Her eyes closed lower, watching my shaft disappear into her pussy. Each time I pull out, I see a smeared in her creamy white cum. Watching that, along with her moans and whimpers, and screams, I'm getting closer to the edge. Hovering above her, my pubic bone grinds against her clit. Her eyelids flutter shut, and her hands claw my back.

"You feel fucking good milking my cock like that, baby. Such a good fuckin girl," I growl as I pick up my pace. "Yes," she moans. Each thrust harder and deeper than the one before. The wet sounds of our bodies, friction against flesh slapping, our moans and grunts filled the room. "God. Please," she screams.

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begs Pounding furiously into her. Her legs wrap around my waist, and he
rance, Ifingers scratch my back as she cries out. With one final thrust and hear
ssing cry out, I lost it. My balls draw into my stomach, and with a grunt, I cc
ly as inside the condom filling it with my seed. Her pussy clenches around r
oth, cock.

nd I shudder as my orgasm rattles through me, and I swear I saw lightn
behind my eyelids. "That was..." she mumbles but doesn't finish her
me sentence, her face pressed against the pillows. I pull out of her and gra
waist, bringing her against my chest. "Are you okay?" I say as my han
er circles on her back.

Her cheeks are flushed pink, her hair is messed up, and her pouty lip
slightly as she breathes hard and fast. "Yes," she says, looking at me th
lf. My her thick lashes. Looking at her as I continue to trace circles on her ski
yes can't help but feel happy. "I would say this was a good first date," I sa
t, I'm she stares at me in shock.

is, "This wasn't a date. Carter!" she says as my eyes look at her, slightl
e her, confused. Unable to understand why she must make everything so hard
fingers her so that her back is against the mattress, and she has nowhere to go.

"Are you seriously going to have sex with me and then not go on a c
od with me? I'm not asking for your hand in marriage, Leandra!"

st was I wish Leandra would give this a chance, but she has to make it diffi
lesh for me. Surprisingly, that's something I like about her. Her stubborn att
ease," is a turn-on to me.

"Yes," she screams, trying to push me off her.

I dip my head closer to hers, analyzing every inch of her face. “You both know there’s a connection between us and don’t even try to deny Leandra.” Before she can even try to deny it, I kiss her hard, owning her once more as I suck on her tongue. I pull back, looking at her now swinging her lips. “Let me take you out on one date,” my lips dangerously close to her. “And I can fuck you senseless after,” I say with a smirk as her throat hiccups slightly, and in that second, I know she couldn’t deny my offer.

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Laying in my bed, I couldn’t stop thinking about the events that had happened just a few hours ago. I didn’t want to leave her, but I knew she wasn’t comfortable with waking up next to a man she barely knew. I’ll struggle with the fact that she at least agreed to a date. I know we can’t be anything more, but I can’t stay away. I have my duties, and I have a mate out there who knows it’s wrong, but I lose control when I’m near her. After weeks of trying, Leandra finally agreed to go on a date with me. I don’t know why she denies this connection between us, but I want to find out why.

l. I flip

Even though I can hear her thoughts, there are instances when I can’t understand what she is thinking. Some of her thoughts are filtered, blocking me from understanding her. My mind is still baffled as to why I could hear them in the first place, as I know she is just a human, and she isn’t even my mate.

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titude

Leandra makes it hard not to like her. She’s funny, smart, independent, strong, and gorgeous. All I want is to get to know her better.

I know we weren’t just sex. We are so much more than that. We just have to give it a chance because what I feel for her is different from what I feel

and I never felt for any woman.

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itches I wake up feeling anxious for my date with Leandra, but I'm excited for today brings.



“Where are you going dressed like that?” Isabella questions me as she slaps her daughter's back. Looking down at myself, wearing a short-sleeved shirt that was open, a white t-shirt underneath, and black jeans with my Chelsea boots. “What’s wrong with this?” I ask almost instantly.

“For once in your life, you’re not wearing a suit or anything professional,” Isabella responds, a smile playing on her lips. I narrow my eyes at her. “I’m just going to take that as a compliment,” I say as she chuckles. “So what are you going to do?” she asks again as she sets her daughter down.

re.I “Out,”

rying, “With?” she questions, shaking her head slightly.

tries to “Leandra,” Isabella’s eyes study me for a second. Then she smiles. “I’ll be there for her. We have become really good friends, you know.” She says as if I don’t know that those two hang out almost every other weekend. “Well, you should go home and have fun and enjoy yourselves.”

1 in the “Oh, trust me, I plan on enjoying her,” I say, smirking. Isabella then makes a gagging noise and shows me a face of disgust. “You’re gross, Carter.” My laugh fills the air as I walk out the door and down to the lobby.

As soon as the doors open, I see her standing there, looking around as if she didn’t need to. She were looking for someone. Seeing her made my eyes light up, and I can’t help but feel it physically. Leandra wore a dark brown overall dress with a white

turtleneck long-sleeve shirt underneath. Making my way towards her, I see a gold pendant along with another gold chain. Her long hair was in but it hit her ass even then. Her ass was the perfect shape. Resembling peach. She had on boots that passed her ankle, but god damn, did she look beautiful. I couldn't take my eyes off her.

Her pink, plump lips, covered in lipstick, are stretched out into a smile as her eyes land on me. "Wow, you look beautiful--" "Don't," she says rather quickly as she puts a hand up and shakes her head slightly. I don't finish my comment, leaving my mouth half open. Meeting her face to face as our eyes meet, I can see her eyes hold this strange emotion, and I can't tell what

"I was going to say you look like shit," I say playfully, chuckling a little. Leandra smiles at my words and lets out a quiet laugh. God, this woman can't even take a compliment, but it makes me want to break down all those walls she has up so high surrounding her heart. "You look like shit, too," she says taking in my outfit as her eyes roam my body then her eyes settle on me

Fucking gorgeous more like it. God, how can he be so sexy?

She swallows harshly. I grin because I love this. How was I blessed with her honest thoughts? I stare for a few seconds too long before I have to turn myself away from her. She's one of those women whose beauty is so perfect you never get tired of looking at her.

"Are you ready to go," I question as I clear my throat. She nods. "Where are we going?"

"You'll see," I smile as I walk towards the front hotel entrance. Leandra follows behind me. Making our way toward my car. "You would drive a Bugatti," she says, looking all smug. I open her door as the gentleman As the radio is playing low but loud enough to hear the music play

e

I could throughout the car, I can see out of the corner of my eye that she begins to curl, play with her fingers. She's nervous, and it was so fucking adorable.

a ripe **It's just a date, Leandra. Calm down. OMG, I'm on my very first**

look The drive wasn't far as I pulled into a small dirt road leading to an open field where a hot air balloon awaited us. Leandra leans forward. "Where are we going?" She questions suspiciously. I drive a bit further, and we come into a row of hot air balloons. Her eyes scan the area. "I hope you're not ashamed of my eyes," I tease as I park in an empty space.

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Chapter Seven

Chapter Seven

Carter



She rolls her eyes and undoes her seatbelt. “Keep going like that, and you’ll end up pushing you out,” she says, laughing. Leandra opens the car door and steps out. I do the same and turn to face her over the car. “Feisty, I like that,” I comment, shutting the car door and locking it with my keys. She gives me a look that is telling me to shut up. We fall into a slow pace towards the balloon.

I take a step closer to her, our arms brushing slightly. We reach our destination, and we are greeted by the host, who goes into detail about the do’s and don’ts and the rules and safety. “Is this safe?” Leandra questions.

raising an eyebrow at me. I step closer to her, letting my eyes slowly rest on her face. “Trust me,” I say quietly.

She nods, and I place my hand out for her to take. She does and steps onto the balloon carefully.

This isn’t safe.

Her thoughts filtered through my head. “Don’t worry, baby, I’ve got you,” I say as I grip onto her. Her eyes look at me, and they’re heavy with worry. She settles down into the balloon, and I enter after her. She holds on to me tightly as the balloon starts to lift off the ground. Once up in the air, the view is beautiful. However, turning to face her, the view in front of me is even more beautiful. “So why didn’t you want to go on a date with me?” I find myself asking.

I can sense her body language stiffening at my words. She looks out at the sky. “I’ve never really umm...”, she swallows, “been a person to date,” she says rather nervously. “As in you never took a chance to date or you’ve never found anyone you wanted to date?” I question.

Watching carefully, she purses her lips and quickly looks down at her hands. She sighs. “It’s complicated,” I can hear the sadness and frustration in her voice. “Have you had past boyfriends?” Leandra runs a hand through her hair. “Define Boyfriend? Because I had friends that were boys,” she says, trying to avoid the conversation.

How pathetic can I be? Not only was I a virgin past tense, but I’ve even had a boyfriend.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable.” She forces a smile. “It’s fine. So, is this where you bring all your dates?” Her eyebrows flash at me as she subtly changes the subject. I chuckle at her statement internally.

she only knew. "I barely go on dates with women," I say, all serious so she can see I'm not joking.

"Why?" She asks quietly.

I shrug.

"I guess I've been too busy with work and other obligations. I haven't found the one." I respond and let my eyes rest on her. A smile lingers on her lips. She nods slowly at my words as if she's doubting what I said but I can hear a sense of playfulness in her voice.

I look at her, confused, and all I can think about is how she must have hurt in the past not to believe when a man says that he doesn't just fuck around. Someone has made her feel unworthy. "No bullshit, just the truth," I say with all the truthfulness in my voice.

Is he mocking me? That's something I would say.

I frown, hearing her thoughts. We look out into the sky as we watch the sky turn purple, taking in everything around us. It's so peaceful up here. Her dark brown eyes with golden specs are looking at me. The hot air balloon starts to descend, rocking the basket a little more in the process. She hugs me onto me tightly, afraid to let go as we exit the hot air balloon.

"How old are you?" She asks suddenly as we make our way back to the car.

"32"

She nods at my reply. "You're old," the corner of her lips twitches up into a smile. I know she is trying to tease me.

"If I was old, could I do this?" I question as I lift her into my arms and spin her around. As I spin her, she laughs and says, "I like older men, I find

o that more attractive, plus they have more experience,” almost as if she has realized what words just left her mouth.

“Carter!” Leandra yells as I continue to hold her in my arms, wanting to get down. “Put me down, please.”

’t I set her on the hood of my car as I leaned down, kissing her gently on my cheek as I continued to consume her mouth into a passionate kiss. Driving back to the Park Hyatt Sydney, I can see her staring out the window. Her thoughts start to flood my mind. She’s giving herself a hard time and feeling embarrassed about what she said, but I’m happy she likes older men. She’s been mine, and only I’ll be the one touching her.

k Arriving back at the hotel, I take her hand between mine and lead her to the elevator, “I’ll take you up to my penthouse. As she follows me inside, I give her a tour of my place. Entering my office, she lets go of my hand and heads to the bookshelves along the wall of my office. Her fingers trace the spine of the books of my favorites. She wanders over to my desk, her eyes taking in the details. Her drawings, designs, colors, and ideas I have for her firm.

on “These are amazing!” she says with a smile on her face.

olds “Thanks,” I whisper, leaning my lips dangerously close to her ear. “These are specifically designed for what you have in mind and what reminds me of you,” I say, spinning her around so that she can face me. Our eyes connect. She smiles as I pull her closer to my body.

“The picture on your desk is that of you,” she says, looking up at me and into those innocent brown eyes. Turning back to my desk, I grab the picture she refers to. I was about five when that picture was taken. Liam and I are laughing and spinning each other. The second picture on my desk shows them sitting on my dad's shoulders.

“Are they your parents?” She questions. I nod as she holds the picture.

it her hands. "You look so much like your father, but you have your mother's eyes and dimples." She says, looking at me in fascination. Her eyes trail down to my plump lips. She clears her throat and steps away. "Back to work, your drawings, they are impressive. Can you draw people as well?"

at first Pushing off my desk, I make my way toward her. Grabbing her by the waist, I lean down and whisper a yes. My lips hover over hers. Her face is completely flustered. I hoist her up, making my way back to my desk and placing her on the edge of my desk.

he's She lets out a shaky breath as she looks up at me. Her hands take hold of my shirt, removing it. I take off my undershirt as her hands reach for mine. A smirk then appears on my face as I take what's mine. Kissing her along her throat, sucking on the skin. I pull up the hem of her dress, revealing her lace panties. My eyes turn darker full of lust and desire for the woman in front of me.

ifferent Dropping to my knees, I leave soft, delicate kisses along her skin.

Goosebumps raise instantly as I push her thighs open. I can smell her as I lower my face between her sweet, creamy thighs. She's soaking through her panties. My fingertip begins to trace up her other thigh resting above her cloth-covered clit. She breathes harshly as I press down, pinching her clit softly.

Her mouth hangs open slightly as she closes her eyes in pleasure. I rip her panties off and grab them, shoving them into my pants pocket. She looks down at me in shock.

both Sweet fuck, she's gorgeous.

me My gaze is intense as I see lust and desire, and for a moment, my hands hold her prisoner before I dip my head between her creamy thighs and my tongue gives her slow, firm strokes against her.

her's She moans breathlessly, and I smile against her pussy as she grinds her hips to my face. Her hands grip the edge of the desk. Constantly licking her sweet spot. "Holy fuck," she pants out. "Carter," her thighs grip tight. I suck on her clit. I can feel her closer to the edge as I slide two fingers curling them slightly to hit her G spot. Her pussy is clamping my fingers like a vice as I continue to thrust in and out.

and "Yes," she breathes out. "Right there." Sucking harshly, I feel her climax as she moans, "Oh my God," breathing heavily. Her whole body shakes. "Fuck, baby, you taste so fuckin' sweet," licking her cum from her wet inner thigh. Still kissing her pussy and thighs, I wait for her to cool down before moving her my way up her mouth and kissing her so that she can taste herself on my tongue. "What the fuck..." she mumbles to herself. Smirking at her, I can't help but feel mesmerized by her. "Good?" Her eyes show mischief. "Good?" she repeats, looking at her smugly. "Better than good!" she says, looking all satisfied.

rousal "Better than good? Huh," she nods instantly with a look of triumph on her face. She stands, pulling the hem of her dress over her head and shirt. Exposing her lace-covered breast. A grunt leaves my mouth as I look at her. Her eyes find my bulge, and she leans forward to undo my pants and let me unzip. "Leandra," I say as I grab her wrist. Her innocent eyes look up at me as she lowers to her knees before me.

ks Slowly lowering my trousers, I tightly grip her hair into my fist, pulling her head back. Her hands slip into my boxers as she grips my hard cock. For the first time, I was I hard. I let out a throaty groan, sending her wild as she pulls my balls down, letting my dick spring free.

ain. My She places her hands on my thighs and licks me from base to tip. Kissing the head of my cock. Placing her mouth around my head, she begins to

her “Fuck,” I groan, pushing her head lower so that she can take all of me.
g over “Leandra,” I say breathlessly. “Fuck, that feels good. Baby, don’t stop.
ghter as dick reached the back of her throat, her eyes watering at how close she
s, gagging, but she carried on. I continue to grunt. Moaning her name as
rs like continues to suck harshly, playing with my balls.

“God, Leandra, you’re gonna make me come.” My words make her
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“God, Leandra, you’re gonna make me come.” My words make her suck harder, and I tighten my grip on her hair. She pulls back, taking me out of her mouth as she grips my cock stroking fast. My cum squirts over her chest as my eyes are dark and hooded as I grunt deeply, yelling her name.

I pull her up so that we are standing chest to chest as my cum drips down her chest. “Where the fuck did you learn to give head like that?” I question just above a whisper. “Touché,” she says with a satisfied smile. A smile plasters onto my lips as well. “Let’s get you cleaned up,” I say softly.

Chapter Eight

Chapter Eight

Leandra



It's been a few weeks since the day I went down on Carter and let me tell you, I love the control I had over him while doing it. I truly understand my best friend Jess was talking about when it comes to giving head. The past few weeks have consisted of mind-blowing sex almost every night.

I know we both have been busy these past few days, so we haven't had lunch or dinner, but it doesn't explain his lack of communication. I can't help myself from overthinking and coming up with a million different scenarios about why he hasn't answered any of my calls or text messages. I've b

busy finding potential lawyers for the firm here, and he's been busy overseeing the construction.

That day in his penthouse office, he showed me the designs, and we discussed his idea as well as my own. I love that he listened to what I v but he added to my vision, and honestly, once this is complete, the buil and the overall design will be well worth the wait and money I'm inves

These past few days alone have allowed me to think about my proce and if I will be going through with it. It's been about four months since first met, and I can't help but feel guilty that I have told him the secon reason why I am here. I know I have to be honest with him, especially because I feel that sometimes he wants more than just the no strings at sex.

Today I am meeting Isabella for lunch, and I can't wait to see her da Eva, the spitting image of Liam with her big gray eyes and blondish ha Isabella had become a very good friend over the past few months, espe since I had no family and friends when I first arrived in Australia.

As I approach the table, I see Isabella holding little Eva, who turned not long ago. Speaking of birthdays, that reminds me to get Eva a birth present for her party this Saturday. "Hey girl, how are you doing?" I sa I'm smiling at little Eva. "I'm fine, just busy planning the party. You're coming, right?" she questions, handing me her daughter. "Yes, of cour still going. I wouldn't miss it for the world."

Lunch was going well, and I enjoyed her company. We talked about party, my plans for the firm, and the interior design since she will be th taking over that aspect. Isabella is very talented when it comes to inter design. "So, how are you and Carter?" she says with a hint of concern voice.

I looked up at her in confusion as to why her voice would be concerned as I thought she was happy for us both. But looking at her eyes and face can't hide the worry that flashes through them. Honestly, I wouldn't know how to answer that, seeing as Carter and I have only been on one date technically, but we do meet for lunch every day, and we have had dinner almost every day since the day he showed up at my door with takeout.

"I enjoy his company and everything about him. He's different from other boys I have talked to or met in my life. I say boys because they were men", especially the one who played and used me. I smile at Isabella. "I have everything you want in a man. He's handsome, strong, hardworking, respectful, successful, honest, and honestly, he makes me feel wanted and dare I say, loved." I say as I continue to smile at her like a lovesick puppy.

Isabella reaches for my hands across the table, holding my hands. She looks at me with concern. She opens her mouth to talk and then closes it almost as if she doesn't know if she should say whatever she wants to say.

"Leandra, you have come to be a very good friend of mine in the past few months. My daughter loves you enough that she considers you an aunt," she says, laughing a little. "I can't tell you too much because Carter is my son and it's not my story to tell, but just be careful. Don't get too attached to him, I'm still in love with him. I can see it in your eyes, and it's probably already too late, I'm but I see how you look at him with hearts. Don't get me wrong, he also looks at you with the same heart eyes, but I don't want to see you get hurt."

You can see tears in Isabella's eyes, and I honestly don't know what to do. I mean, we all have secrets that we haven't shared, but what is it that makes her think Carter will hurt me? I'm not stupid. I know falling for Carter will bring me pain. Love hurts, right? "Hey, look at me, Isabella. I'm not going to lie and say that I'm not a little worried about what you just said."

ning, don't expect you to tell me his secret and betray his trust. Trust me. I know we are both your friends. You're right. I can't sit here and say I don't have feelings for Carter because I do. But I know I've never been in love, so I really don't know if what I feel for Carter is love or not." I say, trying to hide every sadness and worry I feel deep inside my chest.

We both say our goodbyes.

My drive back to the hotel is filled with possible scenarios of what Carter could be hiding from me. We've talked about his parents; I know he's the only child. I also know that, according to him, he's been married to the girl, therefore, he hasn't dated much or *found the one*. Carter has reassured me and that there's a connection that we can't deny, and we both feel the spark when we touch. It's more than just sex; I know it.

I walk towards the elevator, making my way up to my suite. On my way, I check my phone, and it's a little after ten, so I text Jess to see if she can tell me. I need someone to tell me to stop overthinking and reassure me that Carter isn't like *him*.

Leandra: Jess, can you talk?

Jess: Yes, call me.

I let her know what Isabella told me over lunch and how now I can't sleep, thinking that maybe I'm making a mistake. I don't want to regret everything we have done. Carter isn't the boy who used and played with my heart.

Carter isn't the book boyfriends I read about, nor is he the assholes in the books who cheat and lie. I call Carter after I finish talking to Jess, and I leave a voicemail. Frustrated with everything, I toss my phone on the bed and prepare to shop for Eva's present.

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Picking a little pink dress, a pair of ballet shoes, and a princess doll, I make my way to the cashier to pay for the stuff. As I get into the SUV, my phone rings with an incoming message from Carter asking me if I can meet him at his penthouse. Returning to my suite, I change into a flowery dress before walking to Carter's penthouse.

As I raise my hand to knock, the door flies open, revealing Carter's chest looking sinfully sexy in only his trousers.

"I've missed you, Peach," he says, pulling me into a hug. I can't help but smile, hugging him tighter, breathing in his scent.

"I've missed you."

Why haven't you texted or answered my calls? Stop, Leandra, you have no right. He's not *him*.

But we haven't had lunch or dinner together the last few days.

Pulling away, he looks at me with concern, almost as if he can read my mind. "Baby, hey, look at me. I've been busy, and I didn't want to bother you. I know you have been busy interviewing potential lawyers and going to your private appointments. I didn't want to annoy you since we have lunch and dinner every day. I thought you would get annoyed by spending time with me." he says, looking at me, his eyes begging me to believe him.

"I know we've been busy. Just promise me we'll communicate no matter how busy our schedule gets. I leave for New York on Sunday, and I will be back fo—," I don't even finish my sentence before he pulls me in for a

owning my mouth. I moan into his mouth as he sucks my tongue, nibbles my lower lip.

Later that night, as I lay in Carter's arms watching tv, I conclude that I need to be honest with him and tell him my story. I also need to let him know that these private appointments are why I'm here: to get artificially inseminated. I have realized that I was overthinking and getting into my head. He was ignoring me because he got what he wanted. I mean, come on, Leandra would have left you when you two had sex all those months ago. Plus, our second official date was everything I wanted, romantic and perfect.

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Chapter Nine

Chapter Nine

Carter



When I saw Leandra calling me, I wasn't sure how to feel after my conversation with Isabella. She came into my office demanding to talk. Isabella saw Leandra leave my penthouse the next day after our last sexual encounter, assuming we slept together in the same bed. We didn't sleep in the same bed. I took the guest room after we showered together, and I cleaned up after her.

Isabella's unsettling glare in her eyes lets me know that whatever I am about to hear, I won't like. "We need to talk now!" she states as her jaw clenches. "Are you forgetting something, Carter? How can you be so

heartless to want to play with her emotions and feelings for you? Because you haven't realized it, you both have feelings for each other. Her feelings won't change, but yours will be when you find a mate." Isabella questions me and she narrows her eyes at me. Her voice was harsh.

I felt beyond confusion and anger. How can she think I will play with her feelings as if I'm only with her for sex? I care about Leandra, and our relationship is more than just sex. We haven't made it official yet, but the last four months have been some of the happiest of my life. It's more than just sex; I haven't felt this way for anybody.

"What are you talking about?" I say as I throw my hands out, trying to control the volume of my voice. "You have a mate, Carter. Somewhere out there, you have a mate." She says, standing her ground. She scoffs at my words and walks around my desk so we are face to face. I continue to look at her before speaking. "Isabella, I don't know what you're talking about. I'm not playing with Leandra, and it hurts that you think I would do something so low like that. My feelings for Leandra are honest. Don't you think I know I can't get attached? I can't fall in love with her because I have a mate out there. Trust me, I know, and I hate that, even knowing I can't stay away from her. I care about her more than you know, and our relationship is more than just sex." I say, feeling hurt.

"I'm sorry I just don't want to see you or Leandra getting hurt. I know your relationship is more than just sex. I saw you two together at your penthouse after your date." Her voice is soft and sympathetic. Isabella is looking at me with sadness in her eyes. "We didn't sleep in the same bed," Isabella says. "I slept in the guest room. Isabella, you know I love you, but just because whoever I could be with isn't my mate doesn't mean I'm incapable of loving them."

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use if “Oh, I fucked up,” Isabella's voice goes quiet. I look at her with
ings anticipation as to what the hell she means she fucked up. “I might have
ons as Leandra to be careful and not to fall in love with you. I’m sorry, Carter
know it wasn’t my place. I’m sorry,” she says. “I know this is bad time
h her I have a meeting to get to, but we can talk later, and again I’m sorry for
saying something to Leandra. She’s my friend too, and I care about you
these but we can speak more about this later.” She says as she leaves my office
han hurry after what she confessed to doing.

After Isabella left my office, I got a call from Leandra, letting it go to
to voicemail. I was confused, hurt, and angry, and I didn’t know how to cope
e out with my emotions or what I felt for Leandra. I texted her later that evening
ny telling her to meet me in my penthouse. I had much to compensate for,
look at especially the lack of communication these past four days. The lack of
I’m communication was due to our work schedule. I didn’t want her to get
hing so annoyed by me since we met for lunch and dinner every day.

ow I My chest was hurting thinking about what could have been going through
ut Leandra’s mind. I know she overthinks everything, and from what I learned
y from these past four months is that. As I get dinner ready, I can’t help the smile
than that forms on my face when I think about this being our second date. I
red roses and sunflowers for her because I know she likes that combination.
ow also have white, red, and burgundy roses for her waiting in my bedroom.
White roses signify her innocence, red roses signify our love and admiration
is for her, and burgundy roses signify my devotion to her.

ed, I have never been in love in my 32 years, but what I feel for her is more
ist than a simple crush. My feelings for her run deeper than anything I have
pable felt or known. Getting the table set with flowers and candles, I make my way
to the door as I get the notification that the elevator to the penthouse has

arrived. Not having time to change into something more appropriate for a romantic date, I open the front door before Leandra can even knock we I just my trousers. I pull her into a tight hug whispering to her as I begin ng, but read her thoughts.

Fuck!

I knew she would have been overthinking our lack of communication in a past few days. I take her hand and intertwine our fingers, making our v our private balcony, reassuring her that I wasn't ignoring her. The look o face is worth all the trouble and hard work that went into this surprise. leal my God, Carter." She looks at me with her brown eyes, and I can see s ning, loves what she sees. "What is this?" Leandra questions looking at my l chest as her eyes roam my body up and down.

"This is our second date, Peach. That is if you accept my invitation t second date?" I question her with a smirk, pulling her in for another hu "Yes, I would love to go on another date with you," Leandra smiles, lo rough at me as I lean down to kiss her. Handing her the sunflower and rose b arned her thoughts came to me, and I could hear them all.

This is beautiful! Oh my God, he got me flowers. It's the first tin have have ever received flowers.

God, does he look delicious in just those trousers, and he isn't w a shirt. Fuck!

I smirk hearing her thoughts filter through my mind. I excuse myself quickly putting on a dress shirt.

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or our I pull her chair out for her as she goes to sit. I can't help but kiss the top of her head. Dinner was perfect, and the view in front of me was exquisite. I want to talk about the past few days as well as the progress in the construction.

Leandra lets me know when she'll be back from her trip to New York, and honestly, this conversation makes me feel unhappy and broken-hearted in these she's leaving. But she won't be leaving Australia as a single woman. She's going to be leaving Australia with a boyfriend and an official relationship.

on her The night isn't over, and I can't wait to see Leandra's reaction to her proposal. "Oh surprise. I want this relationship to move forward and make it official with you before she leaves. Having her laying on my chest, listening to her talk about her family, friends, and passions, I fall deeper for her. I chuckle, watching her try to hide her yawn as we watch TV on the living room TV." "Baby, are you ready for bed?" She nods her head while her hand goes to her face, covering another yawn.

oking Grabbing her hand as we walk towards my bedroom, I can't help but feel nervous about what is waiting for us behind that door. Not only will it be my first time sleeping in the same bed, but I wish upon my lucky stars that she says yes. As Leandra goes to open the door, she gasps, looking at my bedroom where there is a huge bouquet of white, red, and burgundy roses. Her eyes follow the rose-petal pathway from the door to the bed, where there is a rectangular box with a bow and her name inscribed on top of the box.

f really **HOLY SHIT! This is beautiful.**

Leandra looks back at me with so much affection and love I can see it in her eyes. "Carter, this is beautiful, and it's the most romantic gesture you could have done. My books aren't even like this and trust me, I have read over 500 books," she says, smiling from ear to ear. I chuckle at her comment. I make a silent vow to be better than any book boyfriend or husband she

p of ever come to know. I encourage her to make her way toward the bed, v
e. We the box awaits her.

“Open it, baby,” I say with a smirk on my face as I stare at her from
and door. I can tell Leandra is nervous as her hands shake a little trying to
l that the box. I included her favorite chocolate, wine, and a candle with my
he will inside the box so she would remember who she belonged to. The box a
contains a body wash and soap with my scent so she can smell like me
r next when I’m not there. I want everyone to know whose scent is on her ski
with She’s mine.

alk Lastly, there's a jewelry box. She takes out the box and turns around
face me. I make my way toward her, but not all the way. I leave a few
sofa. between us. “Open the box Love,” I say, trying out a new term of ende
; to as she looks at me confused. She gasps when she realizes that there is
important question inside the jewelry box.

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ever come to know. I encourage her to make her way toward the bed, where the box awaits her.

“Open it, baby,” I say with a smirk on my face as I stare at her from the door. I can tell Leandra is nervous as her hands shake a little trying to open the box. I included her favorite chocolate, wine, and a candle with my scent inside the box so she would remember who she belonged to. The box also contains a body wash and soap with my scent so she can smell like me even when I’m not there. I want everyone to know whose scent is on her skin... She’s mine.

Lastly, there's a jewelry box. She takes out the box and turns around to face me. I make my way toward her, but not all the way. I leave a few feet between us. “Open the box Love,” I say, trying out a new term of endearment as she looks at me confused. She gasps when she realizes that there is a very important question inside the jewelry box.

I’m his!

Chapter Ten

Chapter Ten

Leandra



Holy shit, I cannot believe what my eyes are seeing a huge bouquet white, red, and burgundy roses laying in the middle of his bed. The room gives me romantic vibes as the lights are dim, with a rose petal walkway starts from the door to the bed. Candles run along the walkway giving room enough light. Turning around to face Carter, I can see his eyes are full of emotion.

“Carter, this is beautiful and the most romantic gesture you could have made. My books aren’t even like this and trust me, I have read over 50 books.” He chuckles at my comment, but all I can do is smile up at him.

wanting to portray everything I am feeling with my eyes. My breathing heavy. I feel like I'm going to pass out any second now. Carter encourages me to make my way through the walkway toward the bed.

As I get closer, I see that the box has my name inscribed on the top. "It's all yours, baby," he says with a smirk as he looks from his place by the door. So many thoughts are running through my head right now. I'm nervous, and my hands shake as I open the box. My eyes widen as I come face to face with the contents inside. I immediately recognize the scent coming from the candle and bar soap. It's his scent. Carter made me a candle and bar soap that smelled just like him.

He's mine!

The box has the same color roses as the bouquet, but what catches my attention and makes my heart jump and stop simultaneously is the medium size jewelry box. I take the box out, holding it with both hands, afraid to drop it. I turn to face Carter. He makes his way over to me, leaving a few feet between us. "Open the box, Love," he says with so much emotion in his voice. I look at him, confused at the new term of endearment, but I love it. He says it with so much passion and fire.

As I open the box, I see my name is at the top, and in the center, the name Peach necklace. I gasp, reading what was at the bottom.

I THINK YOU'VE STOLEN MY HEART, BUT I'M
GONNA LET YOU KEEP IT, MY SWEET LITTLE
PEACH. WILL YOU BE MY GIRLFRIEND?

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I'm speechless, and the "yes" is stuck in my throat with no words coming out. He steps towards me, and I tremble with his closeness. His eyes caress my lips, boldly staking their claim, unwavering. He covers any distance between us as his large hand wraps around my neck. His thumb runs along my jaw, making my eyelids feel heavy as a tear escapes my eye. My breath comes out in soft pants as his other hand wraps around the other side of my neck, and I whimper, leaning into his touch.

"So," he whispers, his lips a mere inch from mine, "meeting you was becoming your friend was a choice. But falling for you was out of my control. If you could see yourself through my eyes, you would see how exceptional you are to me. I can't fucking breathe without you. I can't fucking breathe, Peach."

My hands wrap around his shoulders. "Then just breathe." Carter's fingers tighten slightly around my neck as his lips descend to mine. He takes my bottom lip between his before pulling it gently between his teeth. I moan as his tongue sweeps inside my mouth, and his arm darts around my waist, pulling me into him. I'm pressed to his chest, sliding my fingers around the back of his neck to play with the hair at his nape. My other hand holds tightly to the gift that contains everything I have ever wanted.

He sucks my tongue, groaning into my throat. I feel the vibration of his voice deep inside my stomach as butterflies erupt, sending heat coursing through my veins. I can feel his heart hammering against his chest, reverberating against my own. His hard-on, deliciously protruding through his dress pants, presses exquisitely against my stomach, and I can't help but rub myself shamelessly against him. My nipples ache painfully, begging to be touched and licked, pinched, and bitten.

Carter's hands tangle inside my long curls, and he wraps them around

oming fist. Neither of us has taken a breath in God knows how long, so I pull
ress slowly, leaving a lingering kiss on his lips. Both his hands slide to my
e left while I softly tug on his hair. We're both breathing hard, holding each
long up, and taking each other in. His eyes hold so much emotion as mine.
reaths Carter's forehead meets mine as we get lost in each other's eyes.

my I lay my head against his chest, listening to his heart beating as my h
wraps around him, pulling him closer to me. He kisses up the side of n
s fate; neck, inciting goosebumps all across my body and making me forget n
of getting my heart broken. My legs clench, begging for relief, and I'm
7 shamelessly aware that Carter can probably smell the desire pooled ins
panties.

"Are you scared," he says, lifting my chin to look at him.

"What? I look at him.

upon Seeing my questioning gaze, he continues, "Peach, you haven't ans
veen the question. I'm scared too. I don't want to hurt you, and I know that
rops to without you, I can't fucking breathe. Baby, I would die before I hurt yo
gers thumbs gently soothe my cheekbones. "Yes, a million times yes," I say
hand nibble on my bottom lip, tasting him on me.

his He takes the box from my hands, taking the necklace as he turns me
around. I can feel his hard-on touching my ass as he moves my hair to
1g side. Leaning down to kiss my neck and shoulder before he clasps the
necklace on me. He kisses me again, starting from my shoulders up to
ough neck, before turning me around once again so that I'm facing him.

p to He gently pushes down against the bed as he retakes my lips. His ha
1g to bestroll up the sides of my torso as his tongue once again finds mine. My
fingers skate along the hem of his shirt before I slowly dig them under
1d his feeling his warm and taut skin.

away He groans at my touch as the bulge inside his trousers thickens. He
waist into the spot I need him most between my legs before placing his hand
other me and flipping us.

I yelp into his mouth as my face heats up in embarrassment. I have r
been on top. Breaking our kiss, I pull away slowly, unsure of what to d
and this position. “We’ve never,” I lick my lips nervously. “Do you doubt :

ly His voice is low and gritty, making the throbbing between my legs
ly fear unmerciful. When I shake my head, he demands, “Then give me that n

I kiss him as his mouth covers mine as his mouth owns my mouth. I
side my erection digs into me, rubbing against my swollen clit, and I moan into
mouth. My nipples are hard against his chest as we continue to grind a
each other. His lips drop to my neck, sucking and coaxing the softest o
moans from me. I feel Carter’s tongue over my skin before he slides up
vered earlobe putting it between his teeth.

Oh God, I feel like I’m going to explode, and he’s not even inside m
ou” His Carter expertly sucks and pulls on my earlobe before moving to my jav
7 as I biting, licking, and sucking. “Carter more,” I moan breathlessly. “Fuck
Leandra.” His eyes are half-lidded. “Fuck, Peach. I want to fuck you ri
here, right now. I want to bury myself inside you until we can’t see str
the The images his filthy words paint in my mind have me aching further f
him, moaning a little louder. God, I want him inside me more than I w
my breathe.

“Carter,” I warn again, squeezing my eyes shut as I try to catch my l
nds Carter makes work of my dress, leaving me only in my lace bralette an
panties. I pull the hem of his shirt up as I straddle his waist leaving kis
neath, along his neck and moving down his chest. Getting to my knees in fron
the bed as my fingers work on pulling his trousers down, leaving him i

grinds boxers. Making my way back on top of him, I straddle his waist grinding
s on wet core against his bulge, making me moan louder. “Please, Carter, I
more,” I say breathlessly.

never Flipping us around, Carter kisses my neck, down to my breast, as he
lo in on the pebbled nipple into his mouth. My hand goes inside his boxers,
me?” gripping his stiff cock and stroking him. Carter hooks his fingers into the
band of my wet panties, pulling them down slowly. As he discards his
mouth.” boxers, freeing his thick cock, I go to stroke him before he leans over to
his a condom from his drawer. Teasing my entrance and rubbing the thick
his against my swollen clit. Aligning himself to my entrance he pushes in
against making us both gasp.

if “Oh. My. God!” I grind out the words as he pushes inside me, stretch
to my me wider than I have ever imagined possible. Carter is directly pressing
against my G-spot and my entire body trembles, and I whimper shame
ie yet. “That’s it, my Peach,” Carter soothes in my ear, and my eyes roll back
w— head. He continues to thrust slowly in and out of me, taking his time
s, worshiping my body. I moan into his neck.

ght This was more than just our usual rough fucks and sex encounters. I
aight.” this was more. We were more; this was everything. His lips seared my
for and neck, marking every place he touched while he began to thrust in and
ant to of me with more force. “Carter,” I murmur his name in between gasps.
hand grips his shoulders as I dig my fingers into his back, desperately trying
breath. to match his rhythm. Our skin slapping together with an echoing sound
id wet reverberating throughout the room.

ses “Make me yours, Carter,” I moan, biting onto his shoulder as he fucks
it of slowly. I feel myself close, reaching new heights, ready to combust and
n just drench his cock with my cum. “Fuck baby, you feel so good. Fuckin' ti

ng my Carter moans. "I'm so close, Carter," I whisper against his lips. Our ki
need passionate. I was sucking his tongue and nibbling his bottom lip.

Carter goes to rub my clit, thrusting into me as I feel his cock pulsin
sucks inside me. "Come all over my dick. Peach drench it. Let me feel your p
clench around my cock." Carter urges me.

he "I'm coming," I scream, my eyes rolling into the back of my head, f
him come undone inside the condom, rolling onto his back and bringin
o grab with him so I lay against his chest. I could hear his heartbeat beating, a
head knew this was more. This was love. We made love for the first time, a
slowly, knew we didn't have to say those three words to know that this was lo

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Carter moans. "I'm so close, Carter," I whisper against his lips. Our kiss is passionate. I was sucking his tongue and nibbling his bottom lip.

Carter goes to rub my clit, thrusting into me as I feel his cock pulsing inside me. "Come all over my dick. Peach drench it. Let me feel your pussy clench around my cock." Carter urges me.

"I'm coming," I scream, my eyes rolling into the back of my head, feeling him come undone inside the condom, rolling onto his back and bringing me with him so I lay against his chest. I could hear his heartbeat beating, and I knew this was more. This was love. We made love for the first time, and I knew we didn't have to say those three words to know that this was love.

Chapter Eleven

Chapter Eleven

Carter



Fuck me, she feels good, too damn good. I can never get enough of her. She gasps as I rock my hips and reach that spot deep inside her. Her whole body pulses around me, milking my cock with her hungry little squeezes. Her moans ripple through my body as waves of hot pleasure take over. I'm torn between my need to fuck her rough and hard, nailing her against this mattress, and wanting to draw this out for as long as possible, making her

I have never been so close to another person as I am to her. Our bodies couldn't be any more part of each other's than they are right now. "Mine yours, Carter," she moans, biting my shoulder while I continue to fuck

slowly, drawing out the pleasure for us for as long as possible. This was more, we were more, and I wanted to make love to her. I press my lips against hers, sliding my tongue into her mouth as my fingers rub her clit as I continue to thrust into her, slowly going deeper. "Come all over my dick."

She does what she's told.

"Let me feel your pussy clench around my cock." I urge her to let go.

"I'm coming," Leandra screams, and I follow after coming undone inside the condom. "Leandra, ahh, fuuuccckkkk." Holy Fuck, that was incredible. I know it's only been four months, almost five, but God, do I love this woman.

Rolling onto my back, bringing her with me so that her head rests against my chest. Rubbing small circles along her back and running my fingers against her back, I can't help but stare at her. Leandra has changed me in just a few months, and I know I shouldn't love her because I have a mother there, but I swear my heart and mind do not get the memo.

My Peach is my everything. I need her, and I would rather die than lose her heart. The heart doesn't wear a watch- it's timeless. It doesn't care how long you know someone. What it cares about is resonance. Resonance opens it, resonance that enlivens it, resonance that calls it home. And when it finds it, the transformation begins, and meeting my Peach, that transformation began on my jet.

"Baby, I have to dispose of the condom," she looks up at me with those innocent brown eyes as she bites her lower lip. As I slide myself out of her, she whimpers. "Peach, are you okay?" She nods. Entering the bathroom to dispose of the condom, I grab a warm towel to clean her up. Having Leandra in my arms makes me feel content. My fingers are playing with the ends of her hair as her head lays on my chest, listening to my heart beat for her. Her fingers trace patterns on my chest. "Leandra?"

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is “Hmm?”

over “I’m falling for you,” I say as Leandra lifts her head from my chest, continuing to make eye contact with me. “I fell a long time ago,” she whispers, leaning down and claiming my lips. The kiss is gentle and sweet as she claims my mouth after my heartfelt confession, in which I can only hope she knows I’m falling in love with her more than I already am.

inside Leandra moans as the kiss turns heated. She pulls away, and I can see lust in her eyes as she starts to kiss down my neck, sucking on my skin harshly to leave a mark. Her mark. Biting my earlobe and whispering promises, she makes her way down, leaving wet kisses along my chest, stomach, and pelvic bone. Her fingers hook the band of my boxers, pulling them ever so slowly, teasing me.

ate out Fuck I’m hard again!

Taking my cock into her hand Leandra strokes it as she leans down to lick the slit. Licking me from base to tip, she repeats her previous actions by taking the head of my cock inside her mouth. Her fingers are playing with my balls. I look down at Leandra, and the sight of her mouth full of my cock is superlative. My heart is about to explode, as is my hard dick.

“You’re so hard for me, Carter, and I’m dripping wet for you.”

Plus, there is that, the fucking dirty talk. My sweet-mouthed Peach Blossom becomes a dirty talker as she gets more confident and comfortable with me. On top of all that, she can learn fast, as it's only been a few weeks since I taught her how to suck my cock. And fuck can my girl suck. She’s the best of giving head. She is the best I’ve ever had because she fucking loves me.

Her lips cover my cock, taking me deeper into her mouth and touching the back of her throat as she deep throats like a fucken pro. My finger fists

hair as she continues her assault on my cock. It feels so good; I can feel myself pulsing inside her mouth as I'm on edge. I groan, and my hips jacking causing my dick to go deeper into her throat. "Fuck, Peach. I don't want my cum inside your mouth. I want to be inside you. Fuck!"

She lets go of my cock with a pop sound as she looks at my dick glistening. She kisses the head of my dick one last time, making me groan before she crawls her way over my body, leaning down to place a kiss on my mouth. Fuck I can taste myself on her lips. "Leandra, please need you. Ride my cock, baby," I pant fuckin, desperate to bury myself in her again. "Condom." She whispers.

She rolls the condom before I help her position herself as she takes my cock. Slowly lowering herself down inch by inch. She moans as she stretches her. "Carter," she moans breathlessly. Taking me to the hilt, she gasps, taking a moment to adjust to the new position. Her back arches before her hands find my chest for support as she moves her hips in a circular back and forth motion.

My hands are on her hips, guiding her as I move her up and down on my dick. She begins to grind herself as my hands move to her ass, grabbing a handful and helping her grind harder. Slapping her ass, Leandra moans getting wetter as I can feel her juices coating my cock in excitement.

"Fuck you feel so good. I love your pussy, baby," I moan as she moves slowly on top of me. Leaning down to kiss my lips, sucking on my tongue I feel her hands grabbing my wrist, pinning them above my head as she continues to ride my cock. "Oh, Carter, please don't stop." She mumbles against my neck.

"You're such a good girl," I growl. Rolling her hips in her circular motion and back and forth, Leandra starts to bounce up and down, letting go of

l wrists. I take the opportunity to grab her breast in my hand, taking the
erker up, my mouth. As I sit up, making sure she is still straddling, I take my oth
nt to hand and grab her neck and squeeze a little as I own her mouth. She gasps
I adjust myself a little to hit her G-spot. She is mumbling incoherently,
making me thrust a little harder from below.

oan “You feel amazing,” Leandra moans into my mouth as I thrust into her
harder and deeper.

ie, I “Whose dick are you riding right now?” I growl. She’s so far gone in
f insidepleasure that it’s hard for her to answer immediately. I lift my hand and
squeeze one of her breasts to get her to answer me. She yelps in pain and
ny in pleasure. Yours!” She yells. “I’m riding your cock, Carter!”

ad “That’s right! And make no mistake, Peach, this is the only cock you
she riding for the rest of your life!”

and her “Fuck! Yes! Yes! Yes! Fuck me harder, Carter!” I scream at him, and
:k-and- speeds up

Fuck I’m going to cum. I need Leandra to cum first before even think
n my about letting go. I take my thumb, pressing it into her clit, rubbing her
g a swollen clit in a circular motion fast and hard as I feel her pussy clench
s around me. “I love how you take my cock, Peach.” She bites my shoulder
thrust into her urging her to come. “Let go, baby, and come for me. No
ves growl.

gue as Her pussy clenches all around me as her inner walls milk my cock.

e Leandra cries into my mouth to fuck her through her orgasm. I keep pushing
es my hips into her, letting go with a growl, my cum filling the condom. I
when she runs her fingernails down my back in our moment of passion

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Chapter Twelve

Chapter Twelve

Carter



For the first time in my life, I wake up in the arms of a woman, my woman. My hand feels numb under her body. Our legs are a tangled mess between the sheets. I turn slightly to lie on my back without waking her. Blinking at the ceiling, I circle to what happened before sleep consumed me.

The memories flow like a river in my brain, overwhelming me for a second. Our date, proving my commitment to her, making it official, her amazing sex all night. No, it wasn't sex. I made love to her. We made love. Everything comes back to me in a quick wave, making me feel content. fuck am I fuckin' happy.

Looking at her lying in my bed, looking satisfied and happy as fuck with the biggest smile to my face. She looks adorable. All cuddled up on her stomach with her head against the pillow. After our love-making session talked before sleep took over our bodies. Leandra knows what type of boyfriend I plan on being with her.

I want to give her the world! I want to buy her gifts and spend time with her. I want to feed her. I want to spoil her. I know she's independent and can afford her own gifts and food, but that's my way of showing her I care for her and that I'm always thinking about her.

I make my way to the bathroom to shower before making breakfast. Locking my gaze in the mirror, I see the marks Leandra gave me last night. Showering gives me the time to think about the things I still need to do and clean about. Leandra deserves to know that I'm a shifter, which also opens up the possibility of a mate. Finding my mate won't change how I feel for Leandra. My love for her is sincere. The words I spoke last night hold true. She stole my heart, and I vow to be everything she has ever wanted and needed. I vow never to break her heart because fuck, I need her in my life. I need my last breath. Without her, I can't breathe.

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er up.
ed me.



Finishing breakfast, I hear Leandra making her way toward the kitchen to prepare the last batch of pancakes. Turning around before she can make her way over to where I am standing by the stove, I make my way over to her, pulling her close to me. I take hold of her lips, giving her a good morning kiss as I slide my hand down to her ass, grabbing it with one of my hands.

brings “Good Morning, Peach. How did you sleep?” I question, holding her
r as I bring my mouth to her neck, sucking on her skin slightly. “Like a lion,
on, we except I was cold when you left,” she says, teasing me. I let go giving
last peck on the mouth before making my way over to the stove again.
down, Peach. Breakfast is ready.” Glancing at her one last time before
with her plate with pancakes, bacon, egg, fruit, and hash brown.

and can Fuck!

about I never thought much about how good a crisp white shirt would look
Leandra wore mine. I must admit, I feel tempted to forget about breakfast
that I can take her over my shoulder back into bed. Setting her plate of
right. down and getting myself a cup of coffee on my way back to her, I can't
me but gawk at her, shamelessly admiring how she left the first buttons un-
tails Her generous cleavage tempts me to put aside food for the second time
Does it turn me into a pervert? Probably.

weight. “What time will you be attending Eva’s party today?” Leandra asks,
d pinching the fruit with her fork. We’re sitting on the floor between the
life like and the table, looking straight ahead at the turned-off television.

“Leandra, finish eating,” I ask. She arches her brow.

“Why?”

“Because I’m ready for my breakfast.” Leandra doesn’t even think a
She puts her fork down and crawls over to me, straddling my lap. When
kisses me, I can’t help but think about a future with her.

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r close I bite one of Leandra's butt cheeks before she finishes slipping some baby, sweatpants on. She wiggles away from me, but a devious glint in her eye tells me she enjoyed it. "I can pick you up at three, and we can head to the party together." I tilt my head to watch her face. Sitting on my bed with my stack unbuttoned shirt, she puts her hand on my neck, caressing the skin as I place my hands over her hips.

"Perfect, I will wait for you then, but I might have to leave early to pick up my flight back to the States." She reminds me as she leans down to kiss my mouth, sucking my tongue and pulling my lower lip.

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it help
done.



today.

We're driving through the back roads of Sydney, making our way to the house where Liam and Isabella are holding Eva's birthday party. Pulling the dirt road surrounded by trees, I turn to hold Leandra's hand, bringing her hand to my lips to kiss. I pull up to the front of the pack house, unbuckle myself as I approach the passenger side and open Leandra's door. "Remember to ask her as I intertwine our fingers together."

about it. The party has been going on for about two hours now, and the pack members have taken a liking to Leandra. Witnessing my Peach interact with the pack members gives me a sense of relief. The other pack members seem to enjoy her company as well as the children. Liam isn't just the alpha of this pack. He's my best friend, my brother.

When I walk in with Leandra, hand in hand, Liam pulls me aside. I tell him that things with Leandra are serious and that I plan on telling her about

the pack and my role as Beta. I also assure Liam that if I happen to find a mate someday, my feelings for Leandra wouldn't change.

Eva's Why?

You might ask, well, the answer is simple because I love her.

Isabella enters Liam's office looking suspiciously at both of us.

"Everything okay here?" She questions. "Yes, I just let Liam know that Leandra and I are official." Isabella gasps, hearing what I just said. I assure her that my feelings for Leandra are real no matter what happens. As we leave Liam's office, my eyes immediately search for Leandra. I spot her holding a sleeping Eva, and at that moment, I imagine what she would like with a pregnant belly carrying my child.

My pup.

I smile. Maybe someday.

The sound of tapping metal on a glass alerts everyone, and it brings attention back to the room. Liam and Isabella stand in front of the pack members, his arm wraps protectively around her waist. Liam clears his throat. "Good evening," he starts. "We wanted to thank you all for joining us in celebrating Eva's first birthday. Thank you for making it special for my daughter and showing your continued support and love." I look over at Leandra, who is still holding a sleeping Eva.

I close the distance between Leandra and me. Pulling her closer to my chest, I wrap my arm around her waist as my lips graze her own. "Baby, ready to go?" I ask, knowing full well that her answer will be a yes. She nods before giving me a quick kiss. "I just need to settle Eva in her crib and inform Isabella to thank her for the invite." She spots Isabella making her way about the pack house. Leandra follows, carrying a sleeping Eva. From where I'm standing, I can see Leandra give little Eva to Liam. She then thanks Isabella.

d my for the invitation and hugs her goodbye. “Goodnight, guys! I will see y
back when I return from the States.” They both wish her a goodnight a
travels.



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She lifts her head from the pillows. Her freshly fucked look is by far m
favorite. Her hair is a mess, but damn, she looks beautiful. Lifting the c
get under the covers pulling her close to me. She lays her head on my c
her arm is on my torso, and one of her legs is on top of my leg. “Carter
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kisses my chest as she cuddles even closer to me.

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“I’m going to miss you too, my Peach.”

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for the invitation and hugs her goodbye. “Goodnight, guys! I will see you all back when I return from the States.” They both wish her a goodnight and safe travels.



She lifts her head from the pillows. Her freshly fucked look is by far my favorite. Her hair is a mess, but damn, she looks beautiful. Lifting the duvet, I get under the covers pulling her close to me. She lays her head on my chest as her arm is on my torso, and one of her legs is on top of my leg. “Carter,” she whispers onto my chest. “I’m going to miss you these next few days.” She kisses my chest as she cuddles even closer to me.

“I’m going to miss you too, my Peach.”

Chapter Thirteen

Chapter Thirteen

Leandra



Is he getting bored of me? Do I need to put out?

“I’m so sick and tired of you acting like a psycho. You need to calm down. What did I say if I’m not texting you? It’s because I’m busy, so stop annoying me. You’re acting crazy again.”

My heart clenches in pain as I think about how much I have allowed myself to be humiliated. The amount of time I begged for his attention to just answer my message or to talk to me. The reason I felt so stupid was because he wasn’t special. He had done what he did with me with others.

And I was stupid enough to fall for his words and not do anything about it. I let him carry on and continue to use me and mess with my mental health. He got inside my head and made me believe that I was truly acting crazy, he said. He was a narcissist. He was manipulative. He was cruel.

“Leandra,” Jess whispers, tapping my shoulder and snapping me back to reality. I close my laptop in frustration, feeling irritated with myself. Finally, I was having a flashback. “Are you okay?” Jess whispers again. I turn to her and force a smile.

“Yes,” Jess’s eyes narrow at me, and a look of worry covers her face. I try to get back to work on my laptop, but my eyes get blurry with the tears I’m holding in. Jess breathes out as she looks at me. “You don’t need to lie to me. I’m your best friend. Talk to me.” Looking directly into Jess’s eyes, I can see her concern and worry. I can feel her looking at me even after I get up from my desk. “I’ve been having flashbacks, and it’s making me feel all the emotions I don’t want to feel. On the way here, I had one on the airplane, now I have another one. I don’t like it, Jess.” I mumble.

down.
noying I swallow harshly. “I haven’t thought about what happened in years, then all of a sudden, it’s all I can think about. And all I can think about is how stupid and used I feel.” I say angrily. Tears threaten my eyes, but I don’t let them fall. *He* doesn’t deserve them, especially after everything he did to me. I didn’t deserve to be played with like a puppet for enjoyment.

I myself
cause I “Leandra, look at me and listen very carefully. You are no one’s fucking puppet, you hear me?” I nod, letting her continue her speech. “You’re a strong independent woman. You accomplished your goals and dreams by owning your practice. You’re freaking beautiful, and you work hard for your body that was made to sin,” she says, giving me a wink. I laugh at her silliness.

about it.

11th. He

as he



click into I was feeling a lot better after I chatted with Jess. My thoughts were kicking
back! I me. Now, not so much as I thought about the reason for these sudden
to her flashbacks. I fear what Carter may think about me once I tell him the truth.
Exhaling a sigh, I get the courage to pick up my phone. Finding Carter's
contact info, I press his name. I hear my phone begin to ring. I hold the phone
to my ear, and anxiety bubbles inside me. He answers on the second ring
to me. "Hello sexy," he says.

can see Pausing for a brief second to listen to his voice sends a tingle down my
from spine.

se "Hey babe," I say confidently as if I didn't just have a mental breakdown
ne, and hours earlier.

"What's wrong, Peach?"

, and "Nothing, I just missed you. I wanted to let you know I got back safely."

is "I miss you too. Baby, talk to me. Get out of your head. I know you're
I don't overthinking, Peach." His voice is smooth and soft. Damn! He knows
lid. I overthinking something, therefore, getting into my head. I'm silent for
seconds taking in what Carter just said.

kin' "Carter? I need you," I release the breath I have been holding in.

a "Let me get the jet refueled, baby, and I promise you I'm coming."

of After getting off the phone, I make my way to my favorite spots. My
r that library is where I go to forget and get lost in my world of books. I have
thousand books and read almost all of them. I tend to collect books wh

to a different city, state, and or country. Finishing the first book of the series La Petite Mort by Kassandra Marie Lopez.

Reading only helps me so much because I can't stop thinking about conversation with Carter. He's coming to New York, and I can't help but love that man more. I'm excited to see him but also terrified because the day after tomorrow will either break or make our relationship stronger. He texted me that the jet was about to take off but to hold on because he's on his way.

Getting ready for bed, I call my parents to ensure everything is okay and check their well-being since I won't be home. I decided to stay in my condo instead of our family home in Granite Springs, New York. I love my home. Spending time with my parents and sisters is my favorite pastime, but unfortunately, I've been busy these past few years and haven't done much anything.

What I love about our home in Granite Springs is our equestrian facade on the seven-hundred-acre land. But what I love about my condo is the view from the terrace and bedroom. It's stunning when the sky turns a shade of purple, and you can see the Statue of Liberty.

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I'm
a few



Lying on the sofa reading through a case and my notes with the tv playing in the background, trying to forget that Carter won't be coming because of an emergency at work, the jet never took off. I was snuggled up with my legs tucked under me. I go in an oversized sweater I stole from Carter's closet. My hair was thrown up in a messy bun with a few strands sticking out left, right, and center.

new Getting lost in my workload, I almost don't hear the private elevator
letting me know someone is about to enter my condo, which makes me
my because my parents are in Granite Springs, along with my sisters. "Mo
out Dad!" I yell for them but hear nothing, meaning the elevator doors hav
know opened yet. Getting up from the sofa, I drag myself towards the elevato
ger. wondering who had just accessed my private elevator.

ie was Only six people can access my private elevator: my parents, sisters,
best friend. I know it's not Jess because she thinks I'm in Granite Sprin
and with my family. So that leaves my sisters. "Oh my God, I'm going to h
condo guys for not letting me know about you guys coming over," I shout thr
ome. the condo, walking towards the elevator. I swear they're trying to give
heart attack.

uch of Just as the doors to the elevator open, I stop talking because it isn't i
sisters, parents, or best friend in the elevator. I stop dead in my tracks,
ilities eyes completely in shock. My gaze settles on the beautiful turquoise ey
e view front of me. Swallowing harshly. "Carter," I managed to let out. My he
e of was beating rapidly in my chest, and it felt like it would jump out of m
throat.

Holy fuck! He's here. He came.

I run towards him and jump into his open arms, smelling his scent as
my face deeper into his neck. He stares into my soul. I'm confused but
he's here with me. "You came, but I thought you had an emergency?" I
ring in looking up at him. "I did, Baby. But I'd burn the world to ashes for you
of an asked Liam to resolve the emergency. I needed to be somewhere else."
blanket kisses the top of my forehead before pulling me closer to him. "What's
m into wrong?" He says his voice is softer and laced with concern.

I pull away from him and avert my gaze; tears now threaten my eyes

ding don't even blink, and a tear rolls down my face. His hands find my face
jump he tries to get me to look at him. "Peach, whatever it is, you can tell me
m! voice sounds worried. I pull away from his grip again and wipe my tears
en't away. "You want to know the reason why I never dated? Why I don't I
or, men?" I say harshly as my eyes meet Carter's.

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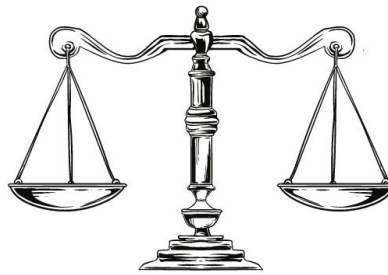
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don't even blink, and a tear rolls down my face. His hands find my face, and he tries to get me to look at him. "Peach, whatever it is, you can tell me." His voice sounds worried. I pull away from his grip again and wipe my tears away. "You want to know the reason why I never dated? Why I don't I trust men?" I say harshly as my eyes meet Carter's.

Chapter Fourteen

Chapter Fourteen

Leandra



He doesn't say or do anything. He just watches me. "I was in my first year of law school at Harvard. I was twenty, and *he* was 20 years older than me and my professor." I pause to think. "We started to get close as friends and he was someone I looked up to for guidance. During office hours and or a class, *he* would flirt with me. I started to feel special because his interactions were different compared to the other students." I frown, and Carter steps closer to me.

"I fell head over heels for *him*, or so I thought, but it wasn't love. I was captivated by the attention *he* gave me, and I ignored all the red flags that

were right in front of me. *He* started to treat me with disrespect and ignore me around campus. *He'd* make me feel special one day, and by the next I was nothing. *He* would call me crazy.” I wipe a tear from my cheek. I cross my arms over my chest and give myself a second to breathe.

“At first, *he* was sweet. We texted and hung out in *his* office. *He* would do things to make me feel guilty about not sleeping with *him*. *He* was a classic narcissist who would coerce others for not putting out for *him*. I wasn't. So, things changed. *He* would pressure me to send *him* pictures to show that I did care. *He* made me feel terrible about it, so I sent it. That would be enough for a few days, and *he* would return to being sweet and caring. I would swallow harshly before continuing.

“I was so desperate for *him*; I would carry on sending *him* pictures wherever *he* wanted me to. *He* would tell me everything I wanted to hear to make me feel like I mattered. But the second, I sent *him* what *he* wanted, *he* wouldn't talk to me and just left. I was going crazy trying to figure out where the hell went wrong. I led myself to believe that maybe I was just being paranoid and insecure. *He* made me feel terrible about it.” I sigh. My eyes dart to Carter's hand, and it twitches like he wants to comfort me but waits.

My throat closes up because I know the worst part is coming up. “The first time I discovered *he's* married and had a daughter my age.” My voice wobbles. *He* didn't realize how much *he* manipulated me. The second *he* got what *he* wanted from me, *he* would go back to ignoring me. *He* threatened to send my nudes to everyone in school if I ever exposed *him*. *He* said *he* would let everyone know I slept with *him* knowing *he* was a married man, just to ruin my classes. *He* would ensure everyone in Harvard knew the type of homewrecker I was.” Pausing to breathe again. Carter takes my fingers in his time with his.

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I purse my lips. I can't even bear to look at Carter. His thumb flicks the back of my hand softly. "By this point, I was a wreck. I had no idea I was doing with my life. *He* had completely broken and destroyed me pushed everyone away. I felt disgusted with myself, dirty, used." The t

"I was so fucking blindsided by *him*. I was stupid to believe every s t ready word that ever left *his* mouth. So, I left Harvard and transferred to Star *n him* California. I graduated two years later at the top of my class. After that ld be returned to New York, and now look at me, I'm successful." I cry " I uncontrollably, not being able to catch my breath.

"Leandra," Carter says quietly but in a soothing voice. He pulls me i chest instantly. I burst into a fit of endless tears. Carter's arms tighten v ear and he hears my distress. One hand cradled the back of my head, resting ag d. *He* his warm chest, and the other securely around my back.

"Shhhh," he mumbles into my hair, swaying us slightly. Having him g crazy close was comforting. I felt safe and protected in his arms. So, I let my o enjoy this moment and the warmth of his body. I pull away from him, staining my cheeks. "I- I swear I didn't know he was married. I focuse hen I my energy on graduating and opening my law firm. All these years, I c es. "I want to date nor get close to someone ever again, so I worked all the ti e mumble as Carter's hands push my hair out of my face and cradle my e and my Carter rests his forehead on mine, closing his eyes tightly as he hear t talk. No one says anything for a few moments. His forehead on mine is o pass replaced with his lips. "I am so fucking sorry, Leandra," he mumbles, I'm confused about why he is apologizing. His voice sounds strained. I s this my head. "You have nothing to be sorry for, Carter. I was stupid, naive fucking pathetic." I cry again. Carter grips my face again with his hand

over thumb wiping tears from my eyes. “You're not stupid, pathetic, or naive
a what Leandra.” My eyes dart to the floor. I feel so ashamed and vulnerable
. I this. “Look at me, Leandra,” Carter whispers to me. “You need to hear
ears have to say.” I look up at him with my tear-stained cheeks on display.

“You're beautiful, Leandra,” he tilts my head a fraction higher so he
weet looking at me. “Don't you ever for one second think that you aren't go
ford in enough. He's a fucking cunt for doing what he did. My Peach, you des
t, I much better than that piece of shit.”

I can see the truth in his eyes. He closes his eyes as he grits his teeth
I swear to God if I ever get to lay my hands on him.” I can sense his ar
into his “He's going to wish he never fucking messed with you.” My heart is r
when and my breathing is difficult.

against Carter then rests his head back down onto mine again and sighs deep
“I'm sorry, baby, for everything you went through.” His fingers intert
n this into my hair. “There is something about you, Leandra. I cannot stay av
self from you.” My fingers reach up to grab his wrists. “I understand you fi
tears hard to trust, but I promise I would never pressure you into doing some
d all you're uncomfortable with.” I look up at him through my dark lashes, r
lidn't damp from tears. “I know,” I smile as I nod up to him.

me.” I His hands are removed from my face, pulling me towards the elevat
cheeks. sniffle and wipe the last of my tears. “Where are we going?” My voice
s me croaks.

s “To get you some food,” he states. Grabbing my shoes as we leave.
and

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ls, his



e, As we headed towards Rubirosa for some pizza and pasta. I can't stop sharing thinking about what just happened. I still need to tell Carter about my job and what I appointments, which include going to the clinic. Carter calls the restaurant to order so we can pick up and go. "Thank you for calling Rubirosa Supreme. Would this be for carryout or delivery?"

od "Carry out," Carter says, keeping his eyes on the road.

erve so "What can I get started for you?"

"I'll get the Large Rubirosa Supreme and the Rubirosa Ragu. I'll also get a large Coke and a large root beer, please."

nger. "Perfect. Anything else?" The woman on the phone speaks.

acing, Carter turns to me for a split second. "Should we get dessert?" He asks while nodding. I don't even get the time to respond before he orders dessert. "Yes, please add an order of Nonna's Cannoli, Tiramisu, and Bread Pudding to go," The thought of food makes me hungry, and the pizza and dessert make my mouth watering.

ind it "Okay, your total will be \$116.48, and your order will be ready in 30 minutes. Can I get a name for the Order?"

now "Carter," he proceeded to pay for the order over the phone. I tried to ask him for his Venmo or Cash App username so that I could give him half. He just glared at me, letting me know that if I kept insisting, he'd just punish me later. I have to admit that the thought of him punishing me gets me excited and wet.

"Thank you for everything." Carter smiles, taking my hand and bringing it to his lips. He lays a kiss. "You're welcome, baby. I like taking care of all aspects and feeding you. You're not nice when you're hungry." He chuckles, and I can't help but laugh because it's true. We collect our food

op drive down the road. Carter parks the car on top of a hill that looks over private city.

rant to The view is breathtaking. Carter opens his car door and takes the food from my hands, leaving me with the drinks. He taps the hood of his car instructing me to sit. I quirk an eyebrow to let him know if he's serious. SUV is a Rolls-Royce Cullinan which starts at around \$350,000. "Are sure we can't eat inside the car? I don't want to dent it?"

so get a He shrugs and sits on it.

"You're worth it," he says before giving me his signature smirk that come to love. I can't help but stare at his beautiful face, and my heart skips clenches. "Come here," he says while tapping the spot beside him. Car assert. making my way onto his car hood, I hand him the drinks, and he thanks adding Carter digs through the bag and gets the container of pasta and two for rt have pizza box is on his left side, and we each have our drink in between our thighs.

0 "Did you get crushed pepper and parmesan?" I question as I dig through the bag. Carter hums as he stuffs his face with pizza. "It's in the small ask bag," he says, muffled. I grin. "Yes! Thank you," I breathe, leaning against his body. We sit and eat in silence for a few moments. The food was too much to talk, and the dessert was my favorite, especially Nonna's Cannoli. I take another sip from my Root Beer as Carter turns to face me, smiling at me. "You know you can talk to me about things, right?" Carter mentions as he reaches for my hand so that our fingers intertwine, his eyes showing so much love for you in emotion.

Watching his expressive eyes give me his full attention, I nod. "I know," I nod and say, letting the straw from my drink rest between my lips. I try not to notice how his eyes flick down to my lips, and I move to hold my straw between

er the teeth, taking a sip of my drink before I set it between my thighs. “What told me today took a lot of courage, and I never want you to think that I can’t talk to me, Peach,” his voice is full of honesty, and I smile at him. “I know, baby, thank you.” He holds my stare as I speak. His hand comes to my cheek, running his thumb against my lips. He kisses my forehead, and you can’t help but smile. I lean against his chest, and Carter plays with my hair. I guess I just get ashamed when I think about what I did. I’m no homewrecker and wasn’t having an affair with a married man. I didn’t know *he* was married. I have married. I’m not a slut either.” I let out an irritated sigh. “I was stupid.”

Carter takes my fingers between his as his other hand rubs circles over my back. “I’m not here to judge you, Leandra. We all have a past, and I know I hurt you. You aren’t a slut, nor are you a homewrecker. But we don’t have to talk about this if you don’t want to.” I can’t help the shiver that goes up my spine as he runs his hand through my hair, pulling it down so my head tilts.

“I guess it’s good to get this off my chest. I mean, I have been carrying this weight for years.” I bite my lower lip nervously.

His warm hand squeezes mine. “It’s not good to hold things in. Promise me that you’ll come to me if you need to talk. Whatever it is. Okay?” I look into his serious eyes and nod under his intense stare. “I promise.” The corners of my lips twitch up as I watch him. “You know, even you treated me with respect when we first met, and we didn’t even know each other. You still do.”

“It’s not hard to treat someone with respect. Plus, you deserve some respect a million times better.” Carter says as he picks up his drink to take a sip.

“Thank You,” I say as I lean my head to rest against his chest with his arms secured around me. “Besides, I bet he would have been nowhere near as good in bed as I am,” a glint of amusement sparks in his eyes, and his signature smirk is displayed on his face. I can’t help but laugh as I push his shoulder.

t you slightly. The slightest smirk makes its way onto my lips. He grins as he watches me smile. "I'm joking," he adds, but we both know he's right.

"Without a doubt, you have ruined me for all other men," I say, which catches him by surprise. He nods at me before taking another sip of his drink. "Is that so?" I nod, looking at him with a smirk because it's 100% true. "Grayson Anderson has ruined me for all other men. When we have sex, it's different. You care about my pleasure just as much as your own. Some guys tell me you're the type to send a video with audio instead of a lousy dick pic." I can feel my cheeks begin to redden just talking about this.

Carter chuckles. "I'm a video and audio kind of man, but only for you, baby." He smirks, knowing damn well what that smirk does to me—sick about deeply. "Yeah, well, *he* wasn't a video and audio type. *He* didn't even know how to sext, according to my best friend. And I have to admit, but *he* never could get me to cum. *He* wasn't dirty. And I just went along with it because I thought this was stupid and didn't know better."

"I'm glad he didn't get the chance to make you come and watch you orgasm. It's truly something exquisite." Carter states, which makes my back body go up in flames, and I feel myself getting wetter. How does he not feel the slightest bit embarrassed with the things that come out of that dirty mouth of his?

"You know, *he* would always say that if *his* partner didn't know how to suck dick or wasn't into sucking dick, *he* would show them the door."

as I roll my eyes. "Yet, *he* was the type of man that never went down on a woman, and if *he* did, *he* probably didn't even know where the clit was. There was a brief moment of silence before I spoke up again; "an old friend of mine has been to sit on someone's face." Carter looks at me and smirks.

e gets off the hood to stand before me, pulling me towards him and making me gasp.

ch “What?” I question nervously, swallowing harshly.

s drink. He pulls me closer, our foreheads touching as he caresses my lips with his Carter thumb. “You can sit on my face anytime,” he replies. His hands come to rest on my chest, it's as if he cup my cheek as his soft lips brush over mine ever so slightly. He does nothing but kiss me. He teases me, making it harder for me to breathe. “Carter,” I blurt out quietly. God, I wanted him to kiss me. His other hand is on my face and he crashes his lips to mine with full force.

ou, The kiss was slow and sweet. I got butterflies erupting in my stomach as his hands fumble their way to his shirt as I grip the fabric, trying to push him closer to me. His tongue slips into my mouth, and I moan. Kissing Carter is everything and more. He caresses my lips gently and passionately with his tongue because I kiss, his tongue brushing mine ever so slightly. His teeth graze my bottom lip, he nips gently, and I can't ignore the tingles it sends me. We break apart. Our breathing is all that can be heard on this cool New York night. His fingers run through my hair, his hand is running circles behind my ear as he grins.

ot get “You're so fucking beautiful.” He says quietly onto my lips. His lips press against my mouth mine again, and he knocks all the air out of my lungs, owning my mouth. One of his hands drops from my face and grips my waist, pressing me against his chest. I kiss him harder and suck on his bottom lip. Carter groans in my mouth and tightens his grip on me. We were both kissing each other as if we needed air. I could feel his bulge against my core as I started to grind against him. “Carter, please, I need you,” I moan.

fantasy I palm his cock as he kisses my neck, sucking on my skin. I unbuckle my belt. He belts reaching into his boxers to take hold of his cock as I stroke him a few

ing me times. “Fuck baby, I don’t have a condom.” He looks into my eyes, un
what to do next.

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times. “Fuck baby, I don’t have a condom.” He looks into my eyes, unsure of what to do next.

Chapter Fifteen

Chapter Fifteen

Carter



We arrive back at Leandra’s condo. I park the car and turn off the engine. My body turns to face her. A smile forms on her lips. “Do you want to be official?” She offers quietly, a glimmer of hope in her eyes. I know we just made it official, but I find it cute that she’s unsure about what a relationship should look like. We never stayed the night after our sexual encounters. Once, maybe twice, I stayed over, or she did, but I always gave her the primary bedroom while I took the guest room. There was only one time we were in each other’s arms, and that was when we made it official.

I mentally sigh. I wanted to stay with Leandra, but I had to call Liam that emergency at work. His texts stated that it was urgent and that I need to stop by our New York office to work. “I’m sorry, baby,” I say as I let my hand rest on the steering wheel. “I can’t, Peach. I have to go into the office and deal with the emergency. Liam says it’s urgent. Not sure if I’ll have you back tonight.”

“Oh, that’s okay.” I can hear the disappointment in Leandra’s voice. Her eyes look down to her hands in her lap before she takes off her seatbelt and goes to open her door before turning to face me. “Thanks for coming. I’ll see you when I get back,” she smiles.

She waits for a second, unsure whether I will kiss her goodbye. But she quickly slips out of the car without allowing me to do so. I can tell something is wrong by the look in her eyes.

“Goodnight, Carter. Have a safe flight back,” she says as her hand shuts my car door and she starts to walk inside her building. As I think about whether I will turn around to wave goodbye or do anything really, she doesn’t. Her thoughts come flooding into my head.

God, Leandra, he probably doesn’t want a girlfriend like you.

I can’t help but frown as I watch her shake her head to herself. Not fully understanding why she thinks I wouldn’t want a girlfriend like her. Fuck. She’s everything to me.

He probably thinks I’m so naive and easy. Why did you have to tell him everything?

A hand rakes its way through my hair. My eyes burn into the back of her head as I watch her every move.

He probably feels sorry for you. Come on, Leandra, he didn’t even want to have sex with you.

about She overthinks too much, and it kills me. Leandra reaches the building
needed Roberto, the doorman, opens the door for her. He greets her with a smile
at my then frowns as he stops her mid-stride and with that interrupts her thought
office I'm unsure what he is asking her, but she seems to smile at him and nod
e to fly "Fuck it," I mumble as I rip the keys from the ignition and run inside
her. She had shared something so incredibly personal and deep. What the
Her fuck is wrong with me? I know she overthinks, and this would have been
t. She something she would have had running through her mind all night, and
I guess would have left her all alone. Work wasn't important to me right now.

Leandra was my priority. I saw the doors to the private elevator close.
she I texted Liam letting him know a life-or-death situation had come up
nothing couldn't go into the office. Liam knows that I'm with Leandra, and it's
like me to bail on work, let alone not handle business, but he understands
lams she needs me, and I would do anything for her. I take the private elevator
she to her condo.

ler The elevator doors open, and I see her still wearing only my sweatshirt
which barely covers her thighs. Her head turns to me suddenly as she hears
the elevator's ding. She looks at me confused. "Did you forget something?"
fully She questions as she watches me take big strides to reach her. "Yeah, but
ck! breathe out.

"This," I say as I slowly push her up against the wall. My lips collide
tell hers as I kiss her mouth. She lets out a tiny gasp as my hands travel down
sides. I grip her ass as my other hand caresses her cheek. The kiss is hard
f her desperate. She exhales a moan into my mouth as I bite down on her bottom
lip. I remove my right hand from her cheek as I go down to grip her ankles
when lifting her. She wraps her legs around my waist as I move us through the
condo into her room.

ng, and Slamming the door shut, I reach for her sweatshirt and remove it, leaving her in her baby blue lace bra and panties. Her arms are now wrapped around my neck, and her fingers are tangled in my hair. “I’m sorry,” I mumble against her lips. Leandra kisses me again, and her tongue swipes mine. I shouldn’t have just left after what you told me. Peach, in no way, shape or form have my feelings for you changed. I don’t see you any different even for the fact that you’re strong and a fuckin fighter.” My lips are back on her the second I finish my speech.

I throw her down onto the bed, making my way down her body. I slowly kiss her calves towards her thighs, causing her to groan as her head falls against the mattress. Her breathing hitches as I reach her baby blue lace bra and panties. “I want to make you feel good, baby, so fuckin good.” I whisper those words against her core. Fuck! She smells good. “I want you to forget everything about him,” I say slowly as I reach for her nipples, taking one into my mouth and sucking it.

Leandra groans and reaches for my fingers. I intertwine our hands and force them up above her head. I swirl my tongue around her left nipple. “Do you want to feel better?” she arches her back, letting out the smallest of whimpers. My eyes peek at her face, and I watch as she clamps her eyes shut as I suck on her hard nipple. My teeth graze her softly, and she squeezes my hands. Her body is craving more of my touch.

I pull her legs together and flip her over so that she’s lying on her front and My hands find her ass, and I spread her legs and move her so she’s on all fours. “Carter,” she says quietly, but her voice sounds concerned. “Trust me, baby, “I mumble as I kiss down the back of her thighs. Her body shakes with each kiss. My fingers loop in her panties, and I slowly pull them down

aving legs. I push her further down the bed, and her legs spread wide. My lip round a soft trail up her spine, and a quiet moan escapes.

I can see her hands fist the bed sheets as she moans my name. I slide “I head underneath her sweet pussy and grip her thighs to pull her down c e, or my face. She groans when my tongue makes contact with her. I lick al xcept wet lips. I suck on her clit as she begins to grind on my face. “Fu — Fu n hers Carter,” she moans breathlessly. I tease her by licking around her clit. along her slit as I tease her opening before trusting my tongue inside h

owly Just hearing her moan my name is getting me harder. Leandra sits up ls back her knees, and the image I see makes my aching cock thump insistently e between my legs, begging for relief. Her mouth is parted, and her eyes er closed shut. Her right hand comes up to grab her breast pinching her ing hardened nipple. My grip tightens on her thighs, and I move my tongue mouth over her clit as I slide two fingers inside her curling them and hitting h spot. Leandra moans louder, grinding onto my tongue hard. “Oh God, nd Carter,” she curses, her hand grabbing the headboard. She was close. F ;, and whimpers were getting louder.

k up at “Fuck Carter,” she says, out of breath. “I’m going to come.”

ened I suck down on her clit and pump impossibly faster with my fingers. y was explodes and screams out my name coming all over my face and finge God, Carter!” She screams out, her body shaking in pure pleasure. I pu ont. fingers from her and let her juices flow into my mouth. She tasted fuck all sweet, and fuck was I happy to swallow. I give her a few moments to c st me, down as her breathing gets back to normal. Flipping her back over and s with pulling the sheet up over her body. I push her hair away and watch as l her chest heaves. Her eyes were still closed. I press my lips to hers, claimi mouth as she tastes herself on my lips. My tongue slides into her mout

is leave allowing her to taste herself even more. “You have no idea how hard I
when you taste yourself on my lips.”

She smiles against my lips, whispering, “You’re nasty.” I laugh, kiss
her lips once more. “You already knew that, Peach.” Leandra laughs so
ong her she wraps her arms around my neck and pulls me closer to her. Her fin
ck lightly graze the back of my neck. “Want to take a shower?” She quest
I lick my ear, biting my earlobe. I kiss her collarbone.

er. “Come on, let’s go.

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Leandra and I emerge from her ensuite into her bedroom, and the cold
er G- us instantly. She drops her towel to the floor, and her damp hair clings
bare back as she dresses in an oversized t-shirt and red panties. She tur
er around to look at me. “Do you need to go into the office? Or..” she cle
throat. “Do you want to stay with me?” I smile at her and grab a new p
boxers from my luggage. “I’m not going anywhere, Peach,” I say. We
She into bed, and I pull her closer so her head is on my chest. I kiss the top
rs. “Oh head as my fingers stroke her arms up and down. Our legs tangle bene
ill my sheets, and her arm rests across my waist as her fingers draw patterns c
in chest.

alm “God, I love you.”

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allowing her to taste herself even more. “You have no idea how hard I get when you taste yourself on my lips.”

She smiles against my lips, whispering, “You’re nasty.” I laugh, kissing her lips once more. “You already knew that, Peach.” Leandra laughs softly as she wraps her arms around my neck and pulls me closer to her. Her fingers lightly graze the back of my neck. “Want to take a shower?” She questions in my ear, biting my earlobe. I kiss her collarbone.

“Come on, let’s go.



Leandra and I emerge from her ensuite into her bedroom, and the cold air hits us instantly. She drops her towel to the floor, and her damp hair clings to her bare back as she dresses in an oversized t-shirt and red panties. She turns around to look at me. “Do you need to go into the office? Or..” she clears her throat. “Do you want to stay with me?” I smile at her and grab a new pair of boxers from my luggage. “I’m not going anywhere, Peach,” I say. We slip into bed, and I pull her closer so her head is on my chest. I kiss the top of her head as my fingers stroke her arms up and down. Our legs tangle beneath the sheets, and her arm rests across my waist as her fingers draw patterns on my chest.

“God, I love you.”

Chapter Sixteen

Chapter Sixteen

Leandra



“God, I love you”

It’s a whisper, but I hear it loud and clear, echoing in my mind with pound of my heart. I’m sure I’ve forgotten how to breathe. Speechless, glanced at him, finding his eyes wide open and lips parted. Carter didn’t say it at all. It just slipped.

I love you.

Those words aren’t ones that you accidentally say out loud, not unless you’re feeling them. They’re heavy, full of emotion, and not to be taken lightly.

lightly. I know he wouldn't take them lightly because Carter's not the
man who would tell someone he loves them without feeling it.

Carter loves me. Carter, the guy who didn't date because he was too
working, the same one who hadn't found the one, the same one who has
never said those words to any other woman, loves me? I don't know what
I did to cause an impact this monumental on him, but somehow, between
dirty sex, our dates, our casual hangouts, and our relationship, he fell for
I'd be lying if I said I didn't feel the same about him.

Because I do love him, even if we haven't been together that long. I
never felt love before, but I'm sure this feeling has to be what love feels like.
I'm in love with Carter Grayson Anderson. It's surreal, and I'm unsure if
I was falling asleep and dreaming it or if it's something he said out loud
what if I imagined it?

I gulp as I lift my head from his chest. "What did you just say?" I'm
fumbling over the words as I shuffle to take a better look at his face.
Insecurity stings in my stomach, making it constrict painfully. I don't know
what I'll do if Carter chooses not to repeat it.

Fuck! Carter releases a long breath, holding my gaze. He caresses my
jawline with the tip of his finger as he approaches my lips. Goosebumps
every over my body, and the waiting was killing me. Every second he didn't
, I to my question is another second closer to feeling a knife go through my
't plan chest. The silence was deafening, almost like it was waiting for the moment
my heart shatters.

ss "I'm falling in love with you."

n *Falling.*

A word he didn't use before. I inhale deeply, gathering my thoughts
"Falling, as in you're not in love with me yet?" I ask him. Carter's bro

kind of “I’m not falling in love with you, Peach.” Carter cups my face and kisses my forehead, pulling away to look into my eyes. He takes one of my hands and leads it to his chest, right over the spot where I can feel it pulsing harder than when I was laying on his chest.

“Peach, I’m not falling in love with you. Because I’m already in love with you. I’m yours. Always.” I can see the love shining through his eyes. “But.” He cuts me off before I can even finish my sentence.

“I’ve been yours since we first saw each other on my jet. I’m yours, and I love you. I’m in love with you.” Emotion overwhelms me, and I’m on the verge of tears, but I can’t help them. I cannot cry right now, but it’s not to let the tears run down my face because I don’t know how to process my feelings. This moment right now isn’t a love confession. No, it’s a confirmation because we both know this love has existed for a while now. I can tell he loves me. His actions have proven that to me time and time again. Carter wipes some of the tears that have stained my cheeks. “I know you, Carter,” I say, and a smile spreads across our faces. Carter pulls me close and kisses me. The kiss is sweet and gentle but soon turns passionately and hard. His tongue swipes my bottom lip asking for permission, and he erupts allowing him to explore. Our tongues fight for dominance which he wins. I don’t care because I’m over the moon. I moan into his mouth as he sucks my bottom lip. He kisses my neck, making his way to my earlobe. “Can I comment on how beautiful you are?” he asks, and I moan breathlessly. As he continues to suck and bite my sensitive skin, I straddle his waist as I lean down to kiss his neck. I lick, bite, and suck his skin, taking his earlobe as I bite it before whispering, “Make love to me, Carter.” I continue my assault on him, going down his neck to his shoulder where I suck and bite the skin leaving my mark. I lower the trail of kisses and lift.

ses my his chest, down his torso, making my way to his V line making sure to
s and and lick along those two lines that drive me crazy.

er, I hook my fingers inside his waistband and slowly lower his boxers
cock springs free. God, he's huge and oh so thick. I grab his dick, lowe
e with my mouth so that I can spit on it, stroking it as I spread my spit all ove
B- cock. I lower my lips taking his tip into my mouth as I suck and swirl i
tongue around the tip. "Yes, Peach, just like that," he mumbles. Swirlin
Peach, sucking, and licking his cock I hollow my cheeks taking him further as
m on continue to suck him harder. His hand grabs my hair, pushing my head
s hard further as I bob my head up and down.

cess
love "Such a good girl," he groans as I feel him get harder, and I know he
ow. close, and fuck, I can't wait to swallow his seed. I want to taste him. I
ime the head of his dick, swirling my tongue around and through his slit. I
ove and see Carter watching me. His jaw was slightly open, breaths coming
ie in chest rising and falling. "Baby, I'm coming," he rasped as I tasted him
nate tongue— salty and masculine.

I open, Carter lifts my head, letting me know to make my way over to him.
ins, but down to kiss him as he tastes himself on my lips and tongue. I grind or
icks on as I straddle him.

rter," I Slapping my ass, I can feel him getting hard again, and I love that he
I little recovery time. "Ride me," Carter grips his cock, rolling the cond
his as he aligns himself to my entrance. I lower myself inch by inch, maki
e, both moan from pleasure.

lders, I'm soaking wet, and I haven't even had an orgasm yet, but sucking
ses to cock gets me crazy horny, and I can feel my arousal running down the
of my thigh. Carter licks his thumb, gathering some of my juices as I f

kiss thumb pressed into that tight bundle of nerves in my ass. Lubricated with juices and his spit, it didn't hurt, but holy fuck did I feel every thrust with till his new intensity.

ering I move faster, fucking him harder as he pulls my hair tighter and cor r his to push his thumb in further with each thrust.

ny "Do you like this? You look so fucking good, taking my cock while ng, your ass with my thumb." Clenching tightly around him, I moan loudly ; I push my hips down and rotate them— bouncing on his dick.

l down "Shit, Peach, you're already creaming my cock, I can see it," he gro releasing my hair and removing his thumb; then his hand gripped my h he held me tightly and began to thrust faster and faster. "Fuckkkkkk," e's roared, "my cock is coated with your release, Leandra ... have you had suck enough?" I gasp as I let him know that I haven't. His hips flexed, "no," look up shook my head, and he flipped us over. My back hits the mattress with g fast, seconds. His cock stays inside me. He pulls out almost completely bef on my thrusting into me deeply, his eyes wild and lustful. "God, you take my so well. Such a good girl," Carter took in every detail of my naked bod I lean my breast bounced with each thrust moving to the rhythm he set with h i him cock.

Hitting my G-spot with every thrust, I can feel myself close to my se e needs orgasm. I claw his back, running my fingers along his shoulder and ba om on One of his goes to grip my throat as his other grips my thigh thrusting ng us and deeper. My pussy clenches his cock as I scream his name. Carter continues to fuck me through my orgasm, milking his cock as he roars his release.

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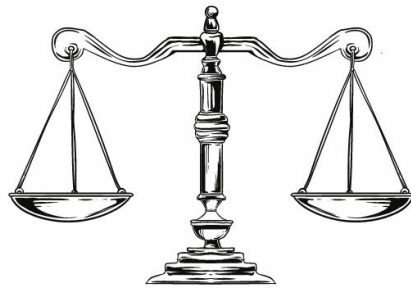
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Chapter Seventeen

Chapter Seventeen

Leandra




The next few days in New York go by quickly. I had won the case I was working on for a woman who was sexually harassed, and the company she worked for did nothing to stop it or help her—leaving the courthouse with a satisfied smile. This was another reason why I took my career so fucking seriously and why I wanted to expand my services around the country. I lived to help people and bring them justice when our justice system failed them.


Carter had texted me that we should celebrate the win. We would head over to my house in Granite Springs later to have dinner with my parents.


sisters. Arriving at Carter's office in New York, I make my way toward elevators hitting the 20th-floor button. As I make my way over to the receptionist, "Hi! How can I help you?" I let her know that I'm here to Mr. Anderson. "Go ahead and take a seat. I'll let him know you are here soon as he's out from his meeting," she says, giving me a fake smile. I move towards the chair as I wait for Carter. I know he was in a meeting when I talked, but that was about an hour and a half ago.

I looked at the receptionist, who was busy talking to another employee. I head to the restroom to pee and touch up. As I finish washing my hands, I decide to text Carter to see if he was still in his meeting. Searching for his name, I found it instantly. Smiling at the pet name I put for him, *Bambino* meaning "baby" in Italian.


Bambino C : Hey, baby, are you still in your meeting?


A reply comes back immediately.

Peach : Hello baby, I'm out. Are you almost here?

Bambino C : Wait... So, your receptionist didn't inform you I was here? I got here about 20 minutes ago.

A few seconds pass before I get a reply.

was Peach : No...she didn't. Interesting.

she Peach : Just come in Peach. I opened my office door, and I'm
that day waiting for you. So, get your ass in here.

o

world. What the actual fuck just happened. His receptionist didn't even inform
ailed him. She was too busy gossiping with that other employee to notice me
getting up. I wasn't going to let this ruin my day. My smile broadens as I
had make my way back toward his office. I pass the reception desk going
its and and I can hear her trying to stop me, telling me he's busy. I ignore her

ds the and keep walking. Carter is waiting for me by the door. I can see his ha
his pockets, and his eyes are currently giving his receptionist a dispara
see look, to which she responds with a withering smile. He shuts the door
e as him and pulls me to the wall adjacent so anyone peeking in won't be a
walk see us.

n we My back lands with a soft thud while he cages me in, and we devour
other's lips. My body arches into him while my hands fist his shirt. Ca
ree. I hands are roaming my body as one hand settles to grab my ass, and the
ls, I has fisted my hair. Groans fill the room as we continue to devour each
his His thickening erection pushes into the top of my thigh as his lips travel
ino, my mouth to my neck as I dig my fingernails into his shoulders. "I was
so fucking bad, Leandra," Carter growls into my ear, but a knock on the
has us jumping off each other. I run my hands through my hair, reining
heavy breaths. I take a seat in front of Carter's desk. "Come in."

vas The secretary walks in and looks at me, her face with disgust but
immediately smiles as she looks up at Carter. "Carter, Liam is on line 1
He's been trying to get a hold of you" she says. God, I don't like her. I
fake for my taste. Carter calls out to her before she can close the door.
"Candace, It's Mr. Anderson to you. Also, please ensure Leandra always
access to my office, whether I'm in a meeting or not. Lastly, I'd like to
with you in private when I get back."

orm Carter takes the call as I wait for him to finish so we can go to lunch
excited to spend these next few days in New York with Carter, away from
e everyone. Although I have to say, I do miss Australia and the friends I
s I made so far. Speaking of friends, Isabella texted me that she had some
traight, important to ask me about little Eva.
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Carter parks the car, and like the gentleman he is, he opens my door so I can get off. We make our way to the entrance. I see that Carter has decided to take me to La Masa. “Have you been here before?” I question as we get closer to the main entrance. Carter nods.

The restaurant doors open for us, and I politely thank the staff. My eyes roam the décor, and I’m impressed. It’s exquisite. I’ve never been here before, but I have heard that La Masa is the most expensive restaurant in New York City.

“Reservations?” A waiter asks from behind the marble stand. Carter nods. “Table for two under Anderson.”

The young waiter looks at the tablet below and types in Carter’s last name. He nods. “This way,” he says, showing us to our table. Carter places his hand on my lower back, allowing me to lead the way. I smile and follow the waiter through the tables of people.

“Here you are, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson,” the waiter says. As he pulls a chair out for me, I send Carter a look, but his face stays neutral except for the smallest hint of a smirk. I thank the waiter as I sit down. Carter sits down and I can’t help but admire the way his muscles flex. God, does he look delicious?

“What would you like to drink?” The waiter stands with one arm behind his back. Carter’s eyes immediately darted to the drinks on the menu behind him. “You like red wine, right?” Carter questions with a devilish grin but he already knows the answer to that question.

I nodded, letting him know my answer to his question. He smiles at then looks up at the waiter. “We’ll have a bottle of the Opus One Red Napa Valley 2019, please.” I glance down at the menu and find what I just ordered. “Right away, Sir.” My heart almost stopped when I saw how much a bottle was \$309.00.

The waiter was now gone. Holy Shit! I make good enough money doing what I do, and my family comes from money, but my dad worked hard. We grew up working for our things. Nothing was handed to us. With that mind, I always just buy Stella Rose wine and that’s like fifteen dollars.

“What’s wrong?” Carter questions snapping me back into reality. I know he can read me like no one else can. I also know that he knows that I live pretty simple lifestyle. I don't flaunt my money or wealth. Yes, I own designer clothes for work, but you will almost always see me in plain colored leggings and sweatshirts when I'm not working.

“Huh?” I say as my eyes find his. Carter takes my fingers between his hand. The waiter returns with the bottle of wine and starts pouring a glass for each of us. He then places the bottle on the table. I sigh because I know Carter isn't going to let this go, and I laugh internally.

Letting him know I've never bought a wine bottle over 30 dollars.

“Baby, I buy Stella Rose wine which happens to be less than 15 dollars a bottle,” I say with a hint of humor in my voice. His hand moves under the table and cups my knee. His touch has calmed me for some strange reason. I was feeling nervous. He chuckles. God, I love when he laughs.

“Don't worry about the price. You're worth only the finest, Peach”, I say with a wink.

We go about lunch, discussing work and the progress of the construction. We also discussed what he could expect with dinner at my family’s home.

me and Carter picks up his wine glass, and I do the same. “Cheers to winning y
Wine case, Peach. To many more,” he says as he clicks his glass against min
Carter us,” I say in return, and he grins. I press the edge of the glass to my nu
ow as I take a sip. Carter and I just stare at each other. Something about th
moment feels sensual and intimate.

oing We finish our lunch and prepare to leave, as Carter asks for the bill.
l for it. admit that even though I am well off and could afford to eat in a restau
hat in classy, elegant, and expensive, I prefer to live a simple and quiet life. N
tell you, I took a sneak peek at the bill which was over two thousand d
know I was speechless.

ve a HOLY FUCK!!!

old



is. The
h of us. Arriving back in his office walking hand in hand, I’m surprised to see
,t everyone staring at us. As the elevator door closes, I can’t help but loo
Carter, all confused as to what the hell just happened. He chuckles, loc
my confused face, and then smirks as he leans down to kiss me. “This
lars a funny,” I say as I smack his chest lightly. He grabs the back of my nec
the pulls me closer to him. Claiming my lips in a passionate kiss, I feel his
son. I tongue swipe over my bottom lip as he started to suck on it. “Carter.” I
breathlessly.

ie says His hand goes down my back towards my ass as he grabs a handful
smacking me on my right cheek. “That, my loving Leandra, was what
ction. happens when the boss walks hand in hand with a woman for the first t
me. He says as I process the words he just spoke. He leans to whisper some

your in my ear, as he bites down on my earlobe. “You must be pretty impor
e. “To something, huh?” He says, giving me a playful smirk.

de lips “Or something,” I say, smirking, but as much as I would love to jum
is bones right now, the elevator stops, and the doors ding open.

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in my ear, as he bites down on my earlobe. “You must be pretty important or something, huh?” He says, giving me a playful smirk.

“Or something,” I say, smirking, but as much as I would love to jump his bones right now, the elevator stops, and the doors ding open.

Chapter Eighteen

Chapter Eighteen

Carter



We arrive back at my office walking hand in hand, causing everyone to stare. Leandra looks at me all confused, and I can't help but chuckle at her reaction. I smirk at her before kissing her, causing her to moan my name. "Carter," Leandra moans breathlessly as my tongue continues its assault on her. My hand goes down her back, grabbing a handful of her delicious ass before I smack it.

My dirty girl loves when I smack her ass, leaving my handprint tattoo on both cheeks. "You must be pretty important or something, huh?" I lean in and whisper into her ear, biting down on her earlobe and teasing her.

“Or something.” She says, smirking. Her gaze shows desire, and from the look in her eyes and the smirk she is giving me, I know she wants to jump my bones just as much as I want to jump hers. The elevator door dings open before either of us can make a move.

Leandra sits across from me as I prepare for my Zoom meeting with our potential client, and his investors. The client would be interested in starting up early next year with a timeframe of two to three years to complete the casinos and hotels he wanted. If this deal goes through, I would ask Leandra to take us on as clients and have her law firm oversee all aspects of the contracts and negotiations.

The meeting will start in less than half an hour, and my secretary has already brought me all the necessary documentation. Leandra stands from her seat as she makes her way over to me. I push my chair out so she can sit between me and the desk. Leandra straddles me instead as her hands run over my chest and around my neck. Her gaze is full of mischief, and her voice is full of sultry.

“Baby, I have a meeting in less than 15 minutes,” I say with a hint of warning even though my actions show differently. My hands snake around her waist, pulling her closer. She kisses the side of my mouth, jaw, and neck, sucking on the spot that makes me go feral.

“Peach, please,” I beg, my voice hoarse. She continues to suck, leaving a red mark on me. She chuckles. “I only need five,” she whispers against my ear, feeling her nibble my earlobe. She pulls away to look into my eyes, and I don’t stop her, she claims my lips as she begins to roll her hips over my hard cock. I lift my wrist and see that the meeting will start in ten minutes. Leandra works to unbuckle my belt as we continue to kiss. My right-hand

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m the fists her hair, and my left-hand plays with her pussy. She moans into my
mp my mouth, and I swallow every last one.

en Her fingers wrap around my steel rod, squeezing and causing me to
She strokes me a few more times before getting on her knees before m
. Liam, Fuck me!

1 I'm going to come. She licks her lips, getting them wet. Her gaze is
mplete desire and lust. But before I can do anything, the meeting comes to life

κ Leandra takes me into her mouth when she hears the meeting has be
cts of She begins by placing open wet kisses on the head, sucking and licking
Playing with my balls as her other hand holds my cock. Her mouth low
s even further, this time as she hollows her cheeks moaning. I cover her
om her with a cough turning off the mic on my end. I look down at her, my ey
it communicating that she's okay to make noise.

in up "You taste so good," she says, licking more of the precum that leaks
ice is the head. My hand grabs her hair. She lets go of my cock with a pop sc
She looks up at me, smirking, holding my gaze as she licks my balls, t
f one into her mouth, sucking on it lightly as her hand strokes my cock f
ound pull her hair harder, and her eyes lock with mine, signaling her to be q
l neck, turn my mic on and answer the client's question. My voice sounds hus

Liam looks suspiciously at me. I turn it off just in time and let out a m
ing her She starts to deep-throat my cock, taking it back as I feel the head touc
/ ear, throat.

d when My dirty little porn star has no gag reflex. I'm close. I look up so my
ny is out of view as I groan. "Fuck, Leandra. You're such a good fuckin g
ites. say, pulling her hair harder as I pull her further down. My orgasm is cl
and feel my cock start to swell. Leandra works my cock faster and harder,

ly sucking it as her free hand caresses my balls rolling them between her fingers.

hiss. I let go with a roar painting her throat white with my cum. My head e. still thrown back, and my eyes close shut. “Leandraaa. Fuck, baby!” I breathelessly. She licks me clean, swallowing every last drop. I run my full of hand over my face, hoping they don’t know what just happened. I let go. Leandra’s hair as I caress her cheek. My fingers trace her lips as I clean cum from the side of her mouth with my index and middle fingers.

g. Looking directly into her eyes, I bring my two fingers that just clean cum off her, and I suck them clean. Her breath hitches, and her thighs moan squeeze together, and I know she’s trying to relieve some pressure. She es fucking soaked when she sucks my dick. The look on her face and the wetness between her legs lets me know that sucking my fingers has turned her on even more. I look back at the screen, and thankfully none of the round. realized what happened. Liam is busy looking at papers in front of him making the client and his investors are busy talking.

aster. I The meeting lasts for another ten minutes, and after we say our good quiet. I log out, ensuring the camera is off. The second that happens, I pull Leandra up, hoisting her up onto my desk. I spread her legs and return the favor ensuring she screams my name.

h her



y face

irl.” I

ose. I We leave the office a little early to stop by Leandra’s house before heading to her parent’s home in Granite Springs. Once we are both ready and fresh up, we head down to my car. The drive is just over an hour, depending

traffic. Leandra uses this time to catch up on emails from work since she starts her work day early.

The GPS indicates that we should arrive within the next five minutes. I say continue straight for about another mile when I'm indicated to turn left. Turning left, I'm met with a gated fence that opens to a gravel road leading to the home. I look around, taking in my surroundings. It's beautiful and green around.

I drive up the driveway leading to the main house and I come face to face with a gorgeously huge house. I park the car and walk around the other side to open Leandra's door. I take her hand and we walk up the stairs.

I swallow hard, and my heart starts to beat faster with every step I take. Never in my thirty-something years of life have I met the parents of an engaged woman. Leandra opens the door and calls out for her parents. Her mother informs her that she's in the kitchen. Taking my hand, Leandra leads me to the kitchen.

Her mother cooks and her father seems to be washing the dishes. She says, I go of my hand and approaches her parents, kissing them both on the cheek. Leandra "Mom. Dad. I want you to meet Carter." She says, returning to where I'm standing, retaking my hand, and squeezing it. I look down at her and smile at her. Her parents stop what they are doing to greet me.

"Well, nice to meet you, Carter. I'm Alessandra, and this is my husband Angelo" Leandra's mother greets me with a hug, and her father shakes my hand with a firm and strong handshake.

"Nice to meet you both. I'm Carter Anderson. Leandra's boyfriend." Alessandra smiles. Her eyes show happiness for her daughter, but Angelo's face is serious, and his face tells me that if I hurt his daughter, I'm a dead man on

he cut walking. I give Angelo a nod letting him know I understand, and hope he can see in my eyes that I love his daughter and don't plan on hurting

s. I Leandra talks with her parents for a few more minutes. I take this time to observe and see where Leandra's looks come from. Her mother is beautiful. Angelo informs us that dinner will be ready soon and that we'll wait for the other sisters to arrive. Leandra informs them that she'll be giving me a house

The house has eight bedrooms and eight bathrooms. Leandra shows me a face library, her favorite spot beside the equestrian facilities. The library is on the r side only place in the house where the color of the walls is almost black. It has a spiral staircase leading to the library's second floor. "Is this where you keep all your porn books," I whisper against her ear, sending a shiver down my spine. She smacks my chest playfully. "I plead the fifth," Leandra says laughing, walking ahead to show me the next part of the house.

ne to Alessandra informs us that dinner is ready, and we head to the outdoor patio, where a table is set up for us. Food is lined up all along the center of the table, and everyone is taking their seats. Leandra sits by her little sister and I take the seat next to Leandra. Leandra introduces me to her sister

I'm Dinner isn't how I pictured it would be with her family. Leandra's family talks about their day. They laugh and overall enjoy each other's time together. We finish our food and start on dessert.

and, Her sisters ask me questions about what I do, where I live, and how I met. I answer all of them. After that, they tell me some of Leandra's embarrassing childhood moments. I help clean the table and wash the dishes.

' Leandra showed me to the guest room because according to her, there is no way in hell we were having sex with her parents just down the hall. I chuckle at her response, knowing damn well one of us will eventually go our way over, and my bet's on her.

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Chapter Nineteen

Chapter Nineteen

Leandra



Returning to Australia has never been better. I moved in with Carter I'm no longer staying in a suite but in his penthouse. I have never been happier than I am today. Living with Carter isn't anything as I imagine go to bed together and wake up together. I enjoy our dinners together, alone times where we do nothing but spend time with each other. I enjoy waking up with him between my thighs and the morning sex sessions.

Today we are meeting Liam and Isabella for dinner with little Eva. I has something to do with the conversation I had with Isabella when I v New York. Isabella and Liam wanted to ask me something along with

and I can't help but wonder what it could be. The dinner will be at the restaurant, which brings back fond memories.

As we walk into the restaurant, hand in hand, we make our way toward them. Sitting down, we order wine, appetizers, and our main entrée.



I have little Eva sitting on my lap as I give her some food. We're talking and having a good time when Liam suddenly clears his throat, grabbing our attention. "I wanted to thank you both for joining us for dinner. Carter, you know you're more than my best friend. You're my brother. Leandra, I have known you for over six months. You're an amazing woman and I'll let Isabella take over now." He chuckles.

"Leandra, you have become a very good friend of mine, you're like a sister I never had, and I see how you adore Eva. Eva loves you. It's crazy how sometimes all she does is chant your name. Liam and I have been thinking, and we wanted to ask you and Carter," she pauses as she looks at Liam. "We would like you two to be Eva's Godparents." They both speak at the same time.

I'm speechless, absolutely speechless, but honored that she would come to me for this. Carter and I look at each other, and I can see the emotions in their eyes. He grabs my thigh, squeezing it, and I can't help but get a little emotional. I feel like they see me as part of their family in the long run. Regardless of what happens between Carter and me, I will always be happy to be that little girl.

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Carter drove us back to the house after dinner with Liam and Isabella. We celebrated our acceptance to be Eva's godparents.

I'm truly honored.

The ceremony will be taking place in two weeks. I had successfully downed four and a half glasses of sangria. I was tipsy, not drunk, but I was so fucking horny. Alcohol does crazy things to people and for me, it gave me the confidence to do something about my current situation.

Carter was focusing on the road as the music played. He talked about how we should get little Eva, but my mind was interested in something else. As his hand glides across his thigh gently, the fabric of his trousers against my skin, Carter's eyes immediately follow my next move as I move my hand closer to where his cock sits.

"Leandra," he says in a tone that tells me I should probably stop, but I don't care. His attention returns to the road as his fingers tightly grip the steering wheel. Resting my hand on his hard cock, I can feel Carter still brush my palm over his dick, and fuck does that bring a smile to my face. He's hard, rock hard, and I'm about to rock his world. I palm him again in his watch as Carter's lips part, and he exhales a jagged breath, his knuckle turning white as he grips the steering wheel tighter.

"Peach, I'm driving," he lets out as I continue to palm and tease him. I move closer to his ear and whisper, "Pull over," as I bite his lobe and suck on his neck. Taking a handful of his cock he groans softly. Then he does what I have been waiting for: he pulls the car over. He unbuckles his seat belt

grabs my face with his hands, claiming my lips. The kiss was desperate. I needed Carter like I needed oxygen. We pull away, and our breathing falters in the car. “Fuck, Peach, you will be the death of me.”

We I can't help the devilish grin on my face after hearing Carter say that. I undo his shirt buttons as I plaster soft kisses down his neck. A throaty groan leaves his lips. “Get in the back,” I say as I undo the last button from his shirt. “I want to ride your cock.” I say in between sweet sensual kisses. drunk Leaning back so the Carter can slide to the back, and fuck does that moaning alone make me want to come. I could not be any faster. As soon as he starts to suck me, I instantly climb on top of him. My legs are on either side as Carter's eyes watch me intently as I sit down on his hard-on. My hands roam his torso. it what chest and abs. I start my trail of kisses, starting with his lips and down my neck, where I lick, suck, and bite the skin. I move to his shoulders and collarbone. y skin.

oser to Damn, I enjoy biting his collarbone.

Carter's hands glide up the back of my dress and slip inside as he groans. t I ass. My hands make work of his belt, and I slowly begin to undo it. Carter groans, and I know he's desperate to be touched. ie

ffen. I Fuck, I enjoy having this power way too much.

ce. Slipping my hand into his boxers, I grip his cock, and he grunts. I kiss n and taking his bottom lip between my teeth, and suck gently as I stroke him up and down. s and down. He grew in my hand, which I didn't think was possible as he was already hard. I knew he was big and thick, but somehow, he was bigger. l. I lean of his hands comes up to grasp the back of my head. His fingers fist my hair. n his He moans against my lips and kisses me hard.

t I My lips find their way back to his collarbone as I slowly drag them across his skin and lick my earlier bite mark. Carter groans again as I grip him : and

e. I harder, keeping my pace. “You like that?” I question seductively as I n
fills the my face so that we are facing each other. His eyes are full of lust, adm
and love. He pulls my head to rest it down on his forehead. I flick my t
t. I over his tip, spreading his precum all over the head. His eyes clamp sh
groan “Ugh, fuck Peach,” he says quietly. His head rolls back, giving me mo
is access to his neck which my lips happily occupy.

. I grip harder, pumping him faster as I mumble into his skin, “I aske
ove question?” Carter moves my head back up to his lips and kisses me. “Y
sits, I he mumbles against me. Tonight is all about him and his pleasure. “Fu
es Fuck Peach, I’m going to come.” Suddenly, Carter throws me down or
ed seat with force and towers over me. My skin slaps the leather seats.

his His hands reach under my hips, and he pulls my dress off swiftly, le
me completely bare. A sexually frustrated sigh leaves his mouth as he
down at my body. “Fuck Peach, you’re not wearing panties?” Carter
questions, his voice deep and husky. A devilish grin covers my lips. “I
lips my not,” I whisper. Carter shakes his head at me like I’m some crazed anir
rter and I love it. He removes his trousers and leans down to kiss up my stc
As I look towards his car ceiling, my lips part, and my hands fist his ha
lips are on mine. The kiss is soft and slow.

ss him, “Damn, Peach, you have no idea how much I have been dying to ge
1 up bare,” he says against my lips. I close my eyes in satisfaction. “Then fu
e was Carter,” I swear I heard a growl leave his lips. I open my eyes to see hi
r. One remove his boxers as his dick springs free hard, thick, and leaking pre
y hair. Carter lines himself at my entrance as he teases me before thrusting his
inside me to the hilt. We both gasp as he enters me.

across Fuck, he feels good!

n He hoists my left leg over his shoulder and pins my right down by th

nove kneecap. He thrust inside me before I could grapple with the fact that I was in a state of total disorientation, bare, the reality of what he was doing not registering, at least not at this moment. It felt incredible. His impressive cock filled me with no barrier, nothing keeping us apart; that mixed with this dominant feral side of his nature, I was over the fuckin' edge. I moaned into his neck.

Fuck, he was going so deep, hitting the spot, that makes me go crazy. I let out a moan, my eyes rolling into the back of my head. "Carter. Carter. Carter. Please, harder. Fuck me!" I scream out breathlessly. My nails dig into his back, digging deeper as he thrusts harder and harder, going deeper each time. I wrap my legs around his waist, and he goes straight too fast and hard, missing out on going slow. He leans down to my face to look at me, and his eyes show lust and love. He claims my lips. Sucking on my tongue and taking my bottom lips between his teeth.

Holy shit, did I love kissing him during sex.

I guess The best fucking feeling.

His tongue strokes against mine slowly and makes me moan into his stomach. His skin slaps down onto mine, continuously hitting my G-spot. His damn time. "Oh, fuck Carter," I bite him. He smiles against my neck and slides a hand underneath my head and the seat. Carter grips my hair, eating a grunt from me. His lips brush my jaw and neck, marking every place I touch, touches burn with need while he thrusts in and out of me.

I feel myself getting close as my pussy starts to spasm. I throw my head back into his hand and whimper. His rhythmic thrust was enough to push his cock over the edge. I grip Carter's arm and moan out his name, biting into his shoulder to muffle my moans as the orgasm takes over my entire body. My legs shake violently, and I feel Carter's hand grip my thigh tighter to steady me. I

ie was brush over mine, whispering, “I love you, Peach, so fuckin much.” As
s orgasm passes and I feel extremely sensitive, Carter never slows down
er, I open my eyes. He watches me, placing a kiss on my lips. “You’re
im, and something, Leandra,” his husky voice sends tingles down my body. Th
pounds into me, his head buried into my neck. My fingernails claw his
y. I as he grunts into my shoulder. The SUV bounces to his thrusts. I’m go
arter. come again. “Oh God, Leandra,” he mumbles into my collarbone. I fee
his throb while he continues to grunt and thrust as I let go milking his cock
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and his cum paint my walls as I feel him fill my pussy.

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l down to kiss my lips and then kisses my forehead. “I love you,” I whis
“I’m gonna....” Carter swallows hard, still breathing heavily. “I’m gor
out now, okay?”

Carter reaches over to the side of his car and pulls a box of tissues o
; wipes between my legs and cleans me. And that’s when I realized that
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arning We didn't use protection. It’s then I figure out after he’s sliding out o
he and cleaning me that Carter was warning me about the mess.

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brush over mine, whispering, “I love you, Peach, so fuckin much.” As my orgasm passes and I feel extremely sensitive, Carter never slows down.

I open my eyes. He watches me, placing a kiss on my lips. “You’re fucking something, Leandra,” his husky voice sends tingles down my body. Then he pounds into me, his head buried into my neck. My fingernails claw his back as he grunts into my shoulder. The SUV bounces to his thrusts. I’m going to come again. “Oh God, Leandra,” he mumbles into my collarbone. I feel him throb while he continues to grunt and thrust as I let go milking his cock. I feel him get thicker and harder as he starts to pulse, coming inside me. Ropes of his cum paint my walls as I feel him fill my pussy.

His lips part, and he grunts heavily. Our eyes meet for a second as he leans down to kiss my lips and then kisses my forehead. “I love you,” I whisper. “I’m gonna....” Carter swallows hard, still breathing heavily. “I’m gonna pull out now, okay?”

Carter reaches over to the side of his car and pulls a box of tissues out. He wipes between my legs and cleans me. And that’s when I realized that we had forgotten the fuckin’ condom.

OH MY GOD!

We didn't use protection. It’s then I figure out after he’s sliding out of me and cleaning me that Carter was warning me about the mess.

Chapter Twenty

Chapter Twenty

Carter



Today was nothing as I expected. We have been back a few days, and Leandra is now living with me. I asked her to move in with me the same night I had dinner with her family. I was in one of the guest rooms, and she was in her own room.

Leandra entered the room, making her way toward me. I was lying in only my sweatpants when she entered the room with a devilish grin. We were texting each other the whole time Leandra was in her room and I was in the guest room down the hall. Our conversation was innocent until she started to provoke me by sending me a picture of her in only her lace p

with her left hand over her breast, covering that part of her. God, she's most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

I knew she was thinking about sneaking into my bedroom, but I didn't think she would do it since her parents were under the same roof. But no, my beautiful Peach surprised me, and God, do I love surprises, especially when they come from her. "Fuck, you're sexy, Peach," I say as she climbs up on all fours crawling her way toward me. I grab the back of her neck, pull her down to claim her lips. "Mmm, I love you," she says, her lips grazing mine.

Fuck, I love this girl!

I know my wolf craves and needs the mate connection, but I also know Leandra isn't indifferent to him. I would bet my left ball to say that he loves her too. "I love you too, Peach," I say as we cuddle together, talking for hours.

I played with her hair as my other hand rubbed circles on her back. Leandra was on my chest. "Move in with me," I gently kissed her forehead. "Go to bed with me every night, wake up with me every morning, move in with me, Peach?"

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Waking up next to Leandra every morning, breathing in her scent and feeling her warm body against mine, is an out-of-world experience. She's the first woman I have woken up next to and who has slept in my bed with me. I wasn't a man-whore back then, but if I had needs, I either satisfied them myself or found a willing companion, fucked them, and then left. I never brought a woman over to my penthouse. It was either their place or one of the hotel suites, but my house and the packhouse were always off-limits.

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when Sitting here in the restaurant listening to Liam and Isabella ask me and
ie bed Leandra to be the Godparents for little Eva, is a day that will never be
pulling forgotten. For many reasons, some that I will come to find out later on.
ing Isabella looks at Liam, and they pause before asking, “We would like y
two to be Eva’s Godparents.” They both speak at the same time. I feel
honored that Liam would ask me to be Eva’s Godfather.

ow that I look at Leandra, and I can see she’s getting a little emotional, so I
loves squeeze her thigh. This means so much because both Liam and Isabell
or Leandra as a permanent part of our lives, and for this reason alone, I’m
smiling like a goddamn fool.

head. I’m driving us back to the pack house, focusing on the road as I gen
her hand grazes across my thigh. My eyes immediately follow her next
e in as her hand moves closer to my cock. “Leandra,” I say, using a tone to
know that now is not the time to be teasing me or playing games becau
id can crash the car, or we can get caught.

e’s the I grip the steering, my knuckles turning white, “Peach, I’m driving,”
i me. I teases me. She leans over, whispering in my ear, “Pull over,” as she bi
m lobe and sucks on my neck. She doesn’t need to tell me twice. I’ve bee
er dying to get her out of that dress all night. I pull the car over and unb
e of the my seat belt, desperate to kiss her. I grab her face and claim her lips.

“Fuck, Peach, you will be the death of me.”

Before I know it, I’m in the back seat of the SUV, and she’s straddli
lap. Leandra strokes my dick, gripping me harder, and I feel myself ge

closer. “Fu — Fuck Peach, I’m going to come,” I say, but I don’t want cum all over her hand. No, I want to be inside her. I throw her down on seat and tower over her. My hands reach under her hips, and I pull her off, leaving her bare for me. She looks exquisite under me, all naked and flushed.

“Fuck Peach, you’re not wearing panties?” I question a devilish grin appearing on her beautiful lips. “I guess not,” she whispers. Shaking my head, I lift myself up to remove my trousers and lean down to kiss her stomach and lips. Her tight little pussy is glistening with her juices. Fuck, I want to taste her, but due to the time of things, I settle for sinking my cock into her. I swear hearing her give me permission to fuck her is all I need. I remove my boxers and align my dick to her entrance. I tease her folds by thrusting into her as we both gasp fuck she feels so damn good. Wet and warm.

When I’m planted all the way to the hilt, I hold perfectly still, allowing myself to adjust to my size while trying to control myself from busting. I start to thrust slowly at first as I pick up my pace hearing Leandra moan and beg for more. “Carter. Carter. Carter. Please, harder. Fuck me!” she screams out breathlessly. Her nails dig into my back as she wraps her legs around my waist, pushing me deeper into her. Oh, fuck Carter,” she bites me, and I know she does my wolf love it when she does that. I can’t wait for my wolf to mate with her as ours.

She’s mine already.

I smile against her neck and slide a hand underneath her head and then As I grip her hair, earning me a grunt from her swollen lips. I can feel her pussy clenching my dick, an indicator that she’s close, so I thrust harder.

to faster. As her legs shake violently, I grip her thigh tighter to steady her
to the lips brush over hers, whispering, "I love you, Peach, so fuckin much."

dress I continue to pound into her, my head buried in her neck; her fingers
nd claw my back as I feel my cock swell and get harder. "Oh God, Leandra
mumble into her collarbone. I feel myself throb as I thrust into her hard
mercilessly. Letting go, her pussy milks my cock as I feel ropes and ropes
y my seed coat her walls. Fuck, I came the hardest I ever had, and I know
fact that I filled her pussy with my cum.

ck do I Our eyes meet for a second. I lean down to claim her lips, placing a
ock my forehead. "I love you," she whispers. I warn her about the mess that
d to about to take place, but for some reason, it hasn't fully registered that I
before bare even when I pull out, and one of my fingers slides between her folds
id gathering some of my cum, and pushing it inside of her as I pump gently.

"Will you look at that?" I say in awe.

ing her I curl my finger and slowly drag it out from her center, and I can see
to of my seed spills some more. Leandra takes my finger, covered in both
eg for arousal, and brings it to her mouth, sucking it clean. She still has that h
ut her eyes, not fully coming down from her high.

ny I reach over to the side of the car and pull a box of tissues out. As the
fuck from the shattering orgasm slowly dissipates, my eyes lower to where
ark her bodies connected a few seconds ago. Seeing my seed spilling out of her
me realize we did not use protection.

"Never done that before," I say, my lips close to hers.

ie seat. "What?" she asks dazedly. "Kiss me when I've just had a mouthful
her you?" She almost wants to laugh at the absurdity. I shake my head, lift
er and chin so our eyes meet "cum inside anyone," I clarify. Her eyes are still

: My but there is a sharpness in our eyes returning to them, making us feel vulnerable. “Must be pretty important to me or something,” I muse plainly. Her whole body feels warm under my confession, her eyes go wide, “ra,” I can finally see that it’s sinking in that we just had unprotected sex. The and for both of us. Leandra smiles up at me biting her lower lip. “Maybe,” pes of says with a smirk tugging on her lips as I grin at her.
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it’s

[am When we arrive at the pack house, Leandra is the first to speak. “I—I’m going to shower,” she says, heading to the primary suite. The drive back lds our passionate encounter on the side of the road was interesting, but not ly. good way. The ride back was silent, with no talking whatsoever, just th e some music that played, but even that was almost too low. Leandra didn’t sa our anything. She only stared out the window and busied herself with her p haze in At one point, she even pretended to fall asleep.

A few minutes pass, and I head towards our bedroom to change into e haze clothes and check on Peach. I walk into our room, and the sound of the our shower running has my dick throbbing against my zipper. I’m tempted r made in there, but that is not why I came. I remove my shirt and trousers lea me in just my boxers.

The bathroom door opens, and she walks out. Wrapped in a towel ar of long hair dripping to her ass, she looks like seduction without even try ing her Leandra had no idea how fucking sexy she is, but damn, did she know foggy, work that body.

Eyes trail over me, lingering on my mouth and then lower to where I bulge. She stands for her attention. I smirk as she tries to hide what she wants and I know my tongue goes to lick her lips as she swallows, biting her bottom lip. I clear my throat loudly, trying not to laugh when she flushes red.

In three strides, I close the distance between us, wrapping one of my hands around her waist and pulling her closer to me. My other hand cups her breast. My lips graze hers. “Tell me how badly you want it, Peach?” I can tell her mood just by looking at her, and I know my good girl wants to suck me.

I remove the towel from her body, letting it drop to the floor. Her eyes are full of lust and mischief. Staring straight at me, she smirks before dropping her knees and reaching up to remove my boxers. She looks up at me one moment before her lips are on me, wrapping around my head in one hot, wet motion. Fuck! I suck a breath in and release it, letting myself relax and spreading my legs wider as I tilt my head back, savoring the way my good girl sucks me.

She keeps her eyes on mine as she sucks my full length down her throat and back out. My cock glistens with her saliva as she dips her head and runs her tongue over my aching balls. The sensation of her licking and sucking my balls makes my cock twitch in her hand.

Her eyes are full of desire.

“God Peach.” I squeeze my eyes shut as precum leaks from the end of my cock. Leandra licks the precum—tasting me.

“Mmm, so fuckin' good,” she moans.

Then she wraps the base of my cock in one hand and cups the other around my balls. Unable to look away from the sight before me, her mouth parts and she licks her lips, wetting them with her tongue and then taking me in her mouth.

my again. “Fuck yes,” I growl, sinking one hand into her hair and guiding its. Her mouth up and down my cock.

ear my “You suck my cock so well. Such a good girl.” I apply more pressure her head, encouraging her to increase her pace.

7 arms She sucks harder, swirling her tongue around my glistening cock. “F cheek. I’m going to come in your perfect mouth.” She moans around my length her hums, the vibrations sending me over the edge as I explode, shooting my cock. down her throat, which she swallows down like an expert. I pull her up es are claim her lips, tasting myself as I devour her mouth. She wraps her leg ping to around my waist as I carry her toward our bed.

ne last I throw her against the mattress and climb towards her. As she goes et me, I pin both her wrist above her head using one of my hands as the o l part one grips her thigh. I kiss her passionately, devouring her mouth and s icks on her tongue.

She moans into my mouth, and I proudly swallow them. I kiss her e: roat sucking on her lobe, moving along her neck kissing and sucking, leavi l runs mark. I push her thigh a little more toward her, letting go to tease her l ing my with my cock. She’s drenched. She was soaking the bed sheets with her juices. I align my cock at her entrance. I nearly lose it as we both gasp enter her, stretching her tight little pussy to accommodate my size.

of my I thrust my cock inch by inch, looking down to ensure she's adjusting my size without pain. I start to thrust in and out of her slowly. She lifts legs and wraps them around my waist.

ind my Fuck me!

is she This woman owns me.

mouth We find our rhythm. Her body was made for mine; there is no doubt that. She met me thrust for thrust. We were both covered in sweat. I re

her hands, and she nearly arches off the bed as my mouth sucks her nipple. She tugs at my hair, pulling my lips back to hers, and we move faster. Our breaths were the only audible sound in the room as she clamped my back. Her gaze locked with mine, and it was as if everything moved each, slow motion. Her dark brown eyes with flakes of gold were full of desire and lust, and love.

I thrust into her faster as I felt her pussy clench my cock, and I knew I was close to the edge. Her head fell back onto the pillow. I reached between us, circling her clit just the way I knew would put her over the edge. “When she groaned, her body started to shake, and she released, drenching my cock with her juices. I watched in awe for a few seconds, then drove into her with a need I had never experienced. For the first time, my wolf was taking over. My wolf was feral; we needed to claim and mark her as ours. I thrust harder and deeper once, twice, three times before we roared our release. I could feel my cock swell and pulse inside her as her pussy milked me, painting her walls with my cum for the second time tonight.

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as I



Laying in bed with Leandra curled up next to me is one of the best feelings in the world. She's sleeping peacefully after everything that happened today, from being asked to be Godparents to having sex without a condom. I know she's scared because kids aren't something we have talked about, and I know she isn't on birth control, at least not the pills because I have never seen her take any.

please

I'm not worried about the consequences this can have because, if I am honest, I have imagined Peach being pregnant with my baby. Seeing my seed spill out of the perfect pink pussy had my wolf going feral with a desire to fill her with my cum. Both of us wanted nothing more than to do it again and again and again.

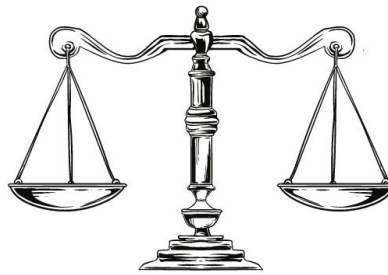
Leandra seemed off after the lovemaking in the car and at home. She wasn't herself. She blocked her thoughts, so I couldn't tell what she was thinking, as if she didn't want me to know what was happening inside her mind. A million scenarios are going through my mind, making my wolf feel uneasy, and he also worries that we could have screwed things up with Leandra. The condom was my responsibility, and I fucked up. I can admit that and acknowledge that I will take on full responsibility for the outcome.

Leandra snuggles closer to me, and I pull her so that she lays her head on my chest. She mumbles, "I love you, Carter", and I can't help but smile like a fool. "I love you too, Peach," I whisper, placing a kiss on top of her head. Looking at her peaceful state, I know she's hiding something, but I also can't judge her as I haven't been completely honest with her about who I am or what I am.

Chapter Twenty-One

Chapter Twenty-One

Leandra



It's been two weeks since Carter and I had unprotected sex twice in night. From the symptoms I have been feeling the past two days, I know I'm on PMS. This morning I woke up with sore breasts and I just knew I started my period. My emotions are all over the place. I was scared shitless when I realized that we could have created a baby since I'm not sure if I was in one of my fertile days since my period has been off the past two cycles due to stress.

Waking up today knowing I got my period made me sad. I know I should feel relief, but I also feel this sadness deep in my chest. I took a pregnancy test yesterday, and that was negative. But I guess I had hoped that I might

have been pregnant. That is not the case since I'm currently bleeding. The look on Carter's face, when he found the negative pregnancy test, is one I will never forget. I could tell that, just like me, he had also hoped for a different outcome.

Something in my gut tells me he was disappointed that I wasn't carrying his baby. For some reason, I guess we both wanted it without actually coming out and saying it. Carter hugged me that night tightly, never letting go. I was afraid I would go too.

I don't realize a tear has escaped my eye until Carter comes to my side. He wraps his arms around me, holding me tightly as one hand rubs circles on my back. He soothes me, whispering sweet words, and I can't help but cry more.

Stupid period hormones.

I pull away and wipe the last tears that escape my eyes. I see Carter's face full of love for me, but I can also see the hint of concern. I smile and squeeze his hand, reassuring him that I'm okay. "I'm sorry. I'm okay. It's just period hormones." I laugh as if I realized how emotionally unstable I was ten seconds ago.

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Carter disappears into the en suite. I hear the water running. He appears again in his boxers as he takes my hand, leading me into the en suite. He undresses me, leaving me in my panties as we both enter the hot water tub. Carter us immediately. Carter's hands run up my back causing goosebumps to appear. His right-hand grabs the back of my neck, pulling me closer to him. He wraps his left hand around my waist. Our foreheads touch as he kisses me softly, pulling away. "I love you so fucking much." He whispers. I can't but smile like a hopeless fool as I hug him tightly, resting my head on his chest.

The Carter and I take turns washing each other's bodies and hair, and I c
e I will help but moan when he washes my hair. His hands feel good. It's like l
erent releasing all that tension from thinking too hard about my job and life.
does an amazing job with the muscle knots in my back, shoulders, and
ying This shower has helped me relax as I feel Carter is finishing the last
coming knots. I can't help but get all giddy thinking about returning the favor.
as if he mind goes straight to the gutter, but before that, I can see him lying on
stomach with me, giving him the best massage he will ever get. I smirk
ide and myself as I can't wait for later tonight.

on my
even



s gaze The baptism is in full swing. The ceremony will start in exactly two ho
squeeze and be held outside the house by the lake. So, the view will be beautifu
period I can already see little Eva in her gorgeous white dress. I'm helping Isa
with last-minute touches on the decorations and getting the keepsake g
the guests ready.

ears Carter went to pick up the Saint Ann white gold pendant. I had orde
le Eva. I can't wait for Isabella to see it, especially the engraving it has. I
hitting continue to help Isabella with the decorations. As I inflate the last ball
o the arc, I see that Carter and Liam are back. Carter walks over to me an
him as me in for a kiss. I can't help the butterflies that appear when he does th
ses me front of his friends and family. It makes me feel special.

't help Forty-five minutes left for the ceremony to begin, and guests have st
his to arrive. I make my way up to Carter's bedroom inside the house to fi
myself up. Thirty minutes later, I feel a pair of hands wrap around me,

an't immediately lean against him, their strong body holding me. Carter kisses the side of my neck as he nibbles and bites the sensitive spot under my ear. He is leaving his mark.

neck. Over the past few days, I have learned that Carter loves to bite, especially on my neck, lips, and ass, but I can't blame him since I, too, love to bite on his neck and shoulder, especially when he forces me to be quiet. And as usual, it doesn't take long for me to get wet as Carter continues his assault on my neck, and my mind is still in the gutter. He places one last kiss as he goes to smack my ass, but before I can do anything, a knock sounds just outside the door.

"Come in," I yell as I finish fixing myself, and Carter readjusts himself. The door opens just a little as Isabella pops her head in. "Ready," she says. Eva is with her. "Yeah, let's go," Carter responds as I nod.

Sitting here with my fingers intertwined with Carter and listening to the minister, I can't help but feel happy. His friends have become my family. I enjoy spending time with them, especially little Eva.

The minister calls Carter, Liam, Isabella, and me up so that he can place the sign of the cross on Eva. Eva is in my arms as the minister signs the symbol of the Cross on Eva's forehead. We then gather around the baptismal font as we hold Eva over the font so that the minister can pour water on her head. Carter hands him the shell, gathering water and pouring it on her head.

The minister says a few more words. I give Eva to Carter as she makes hand motions that she wants to go to him. Carter hands me the candle before taking her from my arms. The image I see of both of them and how Carter looks at her makes my ovaries want to burst. The minister places the oil of chrism on Eva's forehead. I go to light the candle, going over to the Easter candle and I

ses the candle. I light the candle and make my way back to Eva to place the candle, next to her.

The candle symbolizes that the light of Christ will always be with her, especially guiding her in the way of goodness and holiness. The ceremony comes to his end in perfect time as Eva is currently sleeping in Carter's arms. The usual, it and I make our way over to where the celebration will take place. I head straight to our table, taking a seat and removing my damn heels that have killed my feet. I close my eyes feeling relaxed, opening them for a second just to witness Carter drop to his knees before me.

He reaches for my leg as his hands go to my feet, giving them a massage. "Carter, what are you doing?" I whisper through gritted teeth. He chuckles as he leans down to kiss my leg, resting my feet on his chest. "What does it feel like I'm doing? I'm giving my girl a foot massage." My face flushes as he brings my hands to cover my face. "Carter, people are staring," I say, trying to get him to stop.

He smirks, giving me a shit-eating grin as he massages my foot. Kisses his way up as he drops my leg from his chest. "Let them stare, baby. I'll give them a show." He says, looking up at me, and I can't help but giggle as he continues his assault, his hands slipping underneath my dress. I smack his hands away, giving him the *you better behave* look in which he just chuckles and walks away to where Liam had just called him.

I stand from my seat and go inside the house to get my present for Eva. I find the Saint Anne pendant necklace that Carter had the minister bless when I was getting ready. I open the drawer grabbing the gold box; I open the box, and make sure the pendant is there. Once I verify it's safe, I exit Carter's room and go up the stairs to the third floor, where Eva's room is.

I knock.

ndle “Come in,” I hear Isabella say, and I enter, closing the door once inside.
er “Oh goodness gracious, don’t you look pretty,” I say, approaching her as
she reaches out for me. “You look like a princess,” I say as I blow raspberries
to an on her chubby cheeks. “Look what I got you. Well, what Carter and I got
uests you.” I say, opening the box to reveal the 14kt white gold Saint Anne
id pendant. Showing her the back, I point out that it has her name and a small
ive Isabella reads it to her, and I can see her every emotion as her eyes start
ond water with each passing word.

It reads: *Eva, I didn’t give you life, but life gave me you. It’s a privilege
to watch you grow.*

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To Love You

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To Support You

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To Care For You

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To Keep You In My Heart Always

his Isabella hands it back to me and gives me the honor to put it around
uckles, neck. “It’s beautiful, Leandra. Thank you so much. We are lucky to have
in our lives.” She says as she hugs me tightly. With shaky hands, I look
va, the at that little girl who has also stolen my heart. She has her dad’s eyes, and
was can’t help but think what my kids would look like with Carter’s eyes. I
, check the necklace close and kiss her forehead.

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Dancing with Carter tonight has me feeling all kinds of things. I feel happy but also can't help but feel like this secret I'm keeping about the clinic my plan before meeting him, makes me feel guilty for not telling him the whole truth. Looking into his beautiful sapphire ocean-blue eyes, I know tonight's the night I tell him the truth. I hope this doesn't make him feel pressured or end our relationship. We continue to dance till my feet can no longer support me.

The party for Eva is almost coming to an end. We're currently at our house while Liam and Eva are front and center as we all watch Eva open her gift with Liam's help. My eyes focus on Eva as I can feel Carter's gaze on me from across. And at this moment, I don't want to look because I can't look into those ocean blue eyes that completely capture me every time. At this moment, I can't help but feel sad that I might never be able to give Carter a son or daughter. A family. I can't help but feel sad about that negative pregnancy test because even though we both deny it, we both lost a bit of our hearts that day.

Deep down, we both wish the result was different.

Liam jump-starts the process for Eva to tear off the CocoMelon wrapping paper currently covering a huge rectangular box. Eva giggles as her eyes focus on what's inside the box. "What is it?" Liam speaks to her in his baby voice.

"Coco-mel!" Eva claps her hands at the CocoMelon plush. Liam squishes her sides, and she squirms in his lap. Isabella reaches for Eva. "Aren't you a lucky little girl," she says softly and she reads who it's from. I can't help

finally make eye contact with Carter. He watches Eva with so much love and adoration. Both Liam and Isabella thank Carter and the rest of the guests for all the presents. Not even a second later, Eva bursts into hysterical tears. “Play. Play.” Eva whines through her crocodile tears as Isabella tries to soothe her since Liam took away her plush.

“You’re so silly, my sweet girl. It’s time for bed.” Isabella says as she gently wipes away her tears, staining her chubby cheeks. Her hand gently rubs up and down her back. She sets her down as she whispers. “Why don’t you go to bed and say goodnight to Uncle Carter, hmm?” Eva’s face lights up, and she makes a run for him. She grins as tears stain her cheek, and Carter bends over ready to catch her. “Come here, princess,” Carter says, opening his arms to catch her little body.

Eva’s laugh and giggles fill the air, her fingers lightly brush the stubble on his face, and damn, I love how he looks. God and the way he feels between my thighs has me clenching.

Wait! No sex!

Period. Remember, you’re on your period. Damn it, no sex!

“Play. Play.” She gives him puppy dog eyes, and Carter hums like he’s deep in thought. “How about I read you a story about the wolf and the princess?” She claps her hands and nods vigorously toward him, and I can’t help but chuckle. I watch the two of them leave as he makes her giggle all the way back inside, and it hurts my heart. Too busy watching them make their way inside and up the stairs, I don’t notice Isabella making her way next to me.

“She is completely in love with him. Carter’s her favorite,” Isabella says as she laughs. I can’t help but agree, he’s my favorite too. I giggle just then about it. We go inside the house, and my legs move me up the stairs with

ve and to see them. As I approach Eva's room, I hear Carter tell her the story I
its for promised her. I lean against the door frame, not wanting to interrupt as
s. in the scene before my eyes. I couldn't stop staring. He was so gentle and
o patient with her. His eyes showed so much adoration for her like she was
most precious thing to walk the earth.

ne My ovaries are going to explode any second now. "He's definitely daddy
s up material," Isabella says as she stands beside me, watching the scene be
u go them unfold. I make my way downstairs, replaying what Isabella just s
e Carter is daddy material. There was no denying that.

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ble on

ween Carter is leading me to his room as we will be staying the night instead
going to our home. He opens the door allowing me to enter first. I turn
around to face him, meeting his gaze full of desire and lust. I bite my lower
lip as I start to feel a flush around my cheeks and my neck.

e's Carter's looking at me like he wants to devour every inch of me. I clench
my thighs to relieve this ache I feel between my thighs.

can't My pussy aches for him.

all the Carter is the type of man who isn't afraid of a bit of blood, and in the
their I'm glad my period is as light as it has ever been. In just two strides, he
xt to the gap between us.

says as He places his hand on my throat, giving it a good squeeze putting the
inking amount of pressure to get me turned on and carving more as his thumb
anting strokes my lower lip. He pushes his thumb into my mouth as I swirl my
tongue around his finger and gently suck on it. I let go of his thumb with

he pop sound giving him my most seductive look, licking my lips. I want
I take lose control. I need him to go feral and lose himself inside me. I need h
and fuck me senseless, and looking into his eyes, I know he understands w
as the need and crave.

After the number of orgasms Carter has achieved to give me in the s
laddy and in the bedroom, I am now fully sated. Drawing circles on his chest
between currently lay on top of him with my leg draping over him and my head
aid. resting on his chest, I breathe in his scent. "Carter, babe," I say softly,
looking up at him.

"Hmmm," he says, keeping his eyes closed, not looking at me. I take
deep breath, ready to confess something I should have told him sooner
than later. Lifting my head from his chest, the words spill from my mo
"Baby, I have something to confess."

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pop sound giving him my most seductive look, licking my lips. I want him to lose control. I need him to go feral and lose himself inside me. I need him to fuck me senseless, and looking into his eyes, I know he understands what I need and crave.

After the number of orgasms Carter has achieved to give me in the shower and in the bedroom, I am now fully sated. Drawing circles on his chest as I currently lay on top of him with my leg draping over him and my head resting on his chest, I breathe in his scent. “Carter, babe,” I say softly, looking up at him.

“Hmmm,” he says, keeping his eyes closed, not looking at me. I take a deep breath, ready to confess something I should have told him sooner rather than later. Lifting my head from his chest, the words spill from my mouth. “Baby, I have something to confess.”

Chapter Twenty-Two

Chapter Twenty-Two

Carter



“Baby, I have something to confess,” she says, lifting her head from chest. I can see the concern and worry in her eyes. I urge her to continue. She lets out a big sigh before continuing, “Fuck! I don’t know where to start. Ummm, well...I...I came to Australia for two main things. Due to the proximity to Asian economies like China, Hong Kong, and Singapore, I decided to open up a law firm in Australia. And because I was already here, and this was before I met you and before you entered my life, the better, I had decided to check out the Addam Donor Bank for possible insemination. I wanted to be a mom...wait, I mean I *want* to be a mom

sometime soon. That dream of mine hasn't left. So I came to Australia up my business and to look at potential matches. The day I lost my virginity I said fuck it because I thought I would never meet someone. I thought I would be alone, so why not experience sex? But you turned out to be someone special Carter” She swallows harshly.

I didn't know what to think when she said she needed to confess something. My mind was playing games on me. I thought the worst possible thing, but hearing her say this broke my heart. She’s an amazing human being, and for her to believe that she would be alone is ludicrous. She is the whole package. Any man would be fuckin lucky to have her. I don’t blame her for wanting to be a mom, especially because fertility decreases as you age. She swallows harshly before she continues her confession.

“The private appointments I have been to have involved going over the IVF process and testing myself to ensure I’m not infertile. I’m not. I can have kids in the future if I want. But since I met you, everything has changed. I know we haven’t discussed a future, let alone babies, but I need you to tell me if you don’t see a future with me or see yourself starting a family with me sometime soon. Tell me so I can walk away before we both get more emotionally invested. I don’t want to hurt you, Carter, but if kids aren’t your thing, I will respect that. Just please tell me” I can see tears fall from her eyes, and her bottom lip trembles a little.

My hand instantly goes up to wipe her tears away. I caress her cheek with my thumb as I hold her face. “Shhh baby, don’t cry. Listen to me, Leah. I love you, Peach. I’m going to be 100 percent honest with you. I would not be a hypocrite if I said I haven’t thought about you having my baby. I have thought about filling you with cum and watching you get swollen with my baby. Peach, I want to see you happy, and I will support whatever you

to set to do, even if you continue to pursue this or not. Sleep on it, baby. Okay,
ginity, Leandra nods whispering an "okay" that is barely audible.

I "Goodnight, my Peach," I say softly as we continue to cuddle.

"Goodnight, Carter," she mumbles.



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is the "Carter," she says, folding her arms across her chest. "Are you sure it's
ame nothing bad?" Leandra questions, worry evident in her voice. It makes
women skin crawl because I hate hearing her sound this concerned. "It's nothing
I promise, baby." I reassure her, keeping my eyes firmly on the road as
the drive to the pack house. I regret not telling her sooner, but I am confident
ve kids our relationship is strong enough to survive this. I can still see the panic
now her eyes.

ie if "Are you sure? Because my head is thinking some crazy things right
e Is there someone else?" She says as she rests her head in her hands. I reach
over and gently squeeze her thigh. Her eyes turn to look at me, and I smile
I her. "Leandra, I swear to you, baby, I'm not seeing or sleeping with anyone
her else, okay?" She looks at me with a serious look on her face. "I know you
wouldn't do that. I'm just overthinking. I'm sorry." She says apologetically.

with She's been to the pack house before but only during special occasions
ndra. I when I stayed the night there which was rarely now. So, I know she's
be a probably wondering why we're going there. "Why are we heading toward
. I have the house?" She questions. "You'll find out why soon. But just trust me
my say to her, but her face doesn't look convinced. She nods and sits back
decide passenger seat. Looking out the window.

ly?" We eventually pull up outside the pack house. I can sense Leandra is nervous because she isn't talking, and I can't read her thoughts. Closing the front door behind us, I mind-link Liam and Isabella to find out where they are.

"I need to use the restroom really quick," she says before she disappears down the hall.

We need to talk. Where are you? I mind-link Isabella and Liam.

We're in the office. Isabella replies.

My feet make their way toward the office knocking before opening the door. My eyes settle on little Eva playing on the floor. I see Liam sitting behind the desk and Isabella sitting across from him as she has a clear view of her daughter.

"Hey," I smile.

"Hey man," Liam says.

"Hey, Carter," Isabella whispers.

I dip my head down towards Eva, grabbing her little hand. "Hello, niece Goddaughter," she giggles. She's adorable. I can't help but feel a little weird thinking about Leandra's negative pregnancy test. Deep down, I knew I was a little disappointed because I would have been the happiest man if she had carried my baby.

My pup.

I know my wolf would have been happy. In fact, that same night my wolf howled into the night sky almost as if it was mourning a loss. This was something I had not confessed to anyone. I clear my throat, focusing my attention back on Liam and Isabella.

"What's up, Carter?" Liam asks, focusing all his attention on me, and I see he's starting to worry.

s “I’ve decided to tell Leandra about our pack. I think this conversatio
g the long overdue,” I say, watching as their eyes both look at me, confused.

hey “What do you mean? You haven’t told her?” Isabella sits up and tur
full attention to me.

ears I shake my head no. Isabella’s eyes widen, and I know she’s probab
wondering why. But before I can even say anything, Isabella begins to

“Carter, you know we love you, and Leandra is part of this family. I
she is Eva’s Godmother, and we know how you must care about her, a
the would bet my life that you truly love her. We also understand that you
ig to tell her, and she should know about everything, including that you h
view mate out there. Because even though Liam and I know you love her, yo
wolf will always crave his mate. Carter, we support you and love you.
Whatever you decide to do, we have your back always.” She breathes
smiling at me.

“Carter,” Liam starts. “I support whatever you want, and you know
ly little for Leandra and her family. We can trust her. But I want to let you kno
sad there is no going back once you’ve told her.” He says as he puts his rig
she hand on my shoulder, showing his support.

live if “How do you think she’s going to react?” Isabella says, concerned.
runs over my face as I let out a frustrated sigh. “I don’t know, I jus —”
don’t finish my sentence because Leandra knocks on the door to the of
r wolf “Hi,” she smiles towards Liam and Isabella. Leandra’s eyes immediate
; to Eva after greeting them. She bends down to say hi to Eva kissing he
ly chubby cheek.

“She’s so cute,” Leandra says as she gently strokes her cheek with th
id I can of her index finger. Leandra looks up at me before she stands back up.

“Right, let me get Jenny to watch her, and then we can all talk,” Isabel

Isabella looks towards me, and I nod. Then she grabs Eva from the floor and take her to Jenny.

“Oh,” Leandra’s voice comes out surprised as she watches Isabella leave the office with Eva in her arms. “Is it something you need to tell me about Liam and Isabella?” Holding her gaze, I take her hand and bring it to my lips to place a kiss. “Yeah, but they're just here to help me explain.”

She nods slowly, unsure what I could tell her that would need Liam and Isabella here. “Sit down,” I motion towards the couch in the office.

When Isabella returns, we all share glances, and that’s when I really have a question how the fuck am I going to start this conversation. “Fuck, I don’t know how to tell you this, Peach. I haven’t been completely honest with you,” I ran my fingers through my hair. Blood drains from her face.

“Oh my God,” she whispers under her breath. “Carter, are you —” she pauses. I can see tears threatening her eyes. “Sick?” A tear rolls down her cheek. I instantly shake my head and step towards her. “No, oh God no, I’m not sick. I’m fine, baby.” Her chest heaves, and she nods at me, letting out a shaky sigh. “Then what?”

Pursing my lips, I decided to come out with it. There was no point in A hand dragging this out. I had tortured my girl enough. “Leandra, I’m a werewolf. Well, more like Liam, Isabella, and I are werewolves.” She stares back at me before she laughs, but there is no humor. “Excuse me?” She asks in disbelief. “I know it sounds crazy, and you probably don’t believe me, but we can prove it to you.” I nod at her trying to reach for her hand, but she flinches. Confusion covers her face, but I can see a hint of something else. “I’m unsure what. “Are you trying to fuck with me? Because this isn’t for Carter?” She says her voice is barely audible.

Her eyes move from mine to Isabella's. “Are you?” She asks Isabella.

floor to eyes begging her to tell her this is a joke, that we are trying to fuck with Isabella shuffles between her feet and shakes her head. “No, we aren’t.” she says eventually. “Carter is telling you the truth. We’re werewolves.”

“Show me, Carter. Prove it,” Leandra says harshly, standing up from my lips couch. She holds my gaze as we stand toe to toe. “Show me that you’re werewolves, then.” She air quotes the word werewolves with her fingers and then begins to walk out of the office laughing to herself, but again, the humor behind it. Storming out of the office, we all follow her toward the front door leading to the yard. “Werewolves,” she says quietly, shaking her head.

I don’t know how I expected this to go, but it wasn’t this. Her arms crossed across her chest, and her eyes stared me down. I don’t know what she’s thinking because it’s like she’s blocked me out of her mind. Knowing how insecure she gets, she probably thinks I’m using this as a reason to get things off. “Show me,” she demands, her eyes and face full of panic. Leandra and Isabella step back from me, and I focus on shifting. My clothes shift as my bones snap, and a growl escapes my lips. My gray wolf stands on four legs before Leandra. I hadn’t even noticed her falling onto the floor in shock.

Her eyes watch me with fear. Her little body shakes as she stares at me. Her eyes are brimming with tears. I try to approach her as she reaches for me in disbelief. I want to touch her but then her eyes go heavy and she collapses down onto her knees. I hear her whisper, “Fuck. What did I do?”

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eyes begging her to tell her this is a joke, that we are trying to fuck with her. Isabella shuffles between her feet and shakes her head. “No, we aren’t.” She says eventually. “Carter is telling you the truth. We’re werewolves.”

“Show me, Carter. Prove it,” Leandra says harshly, standing up from the couch. She holds my gaze as we stand toe to toe. “Show me that you three are werewolves, then.” She air quotes the word werewolves with her fingers, then begins to walk out of the office laughing to herself, but again, there is no humor behind it. Storming out of the office, we all follow her toward the front door leading to the yard. “Werewolves,” she says quietly, shaking her head.

I don’t know how I expected this to go, but it wasn’t this. Her arms folded across her chest, and her eyes stared me down. I don’t know what she’s thinking because it’s like she’s blocked me out of her mind. Knowing her and how insecure she gets, she probably thinks I’m using this as a reason to break things off. “Show me,” she demands, her eyes and face full of panic. Liam and Isabella step back from me, and I focus on shifting. My clothes shred, bones snap, and a growl escapes my lips. My gray wolf stands on four paws before Leandra. I hadn’t even noticed her falling onto the floor in shock.

Her eyes watch me with fear. Her little body shakes as she stares at me and her eyes are brimming with tears. I try to approach her as she reaches to touch me but then her eyes go heavy and she collapses down onto her back.

Fuck. What did I do?

Chapter Twenty-Three

Chapter Twenty-Three

Leandra



I feel something wet and cold pressed against my forehead. “She’s c
around,” I hear quietly. Fuck, the last thing I remember is trying to rea
to touch Carter, and then everything went black. Grunting, I shift on m
This must all be a crazy nightmare that I’ll wake up from and we’ll bot
laugh about.

“Hey...Leandra,” I think that’s Carter’s voice. I open my eyes slowl
closing them when the bright light from the ceiling hurts my eyes. Car
removes the damp cloth from my forehead. He wasn’t wearing a shirt,
pair of sweats.

What the fuck is going on?

“Peach. Are you okay?” I grunt again. “I didn’t mean to scare you, but Carter’s fingers trail down my cheek. Looking into his eyes, I notice how guilty he feels about what happened. Suddenly, everything that happened started coming back to me.

He’s a wolf. Carter shifted into a fucking wolf. My head starts to spin again.

“Here,” Isabella leans over as she hands Carter a water bottle. He snatches it gratefully and thanks her. “Can you sit up?” Carter questions, and I sit up slowly. He places one hand behind my neck and gently brings me up to my feet. The hand that was once on my neck is now on my back, rubbing circles. “Drink this.” He says as he brings the water bottle up to my lips. I let the liquid slip down my throat and soothe my dry mouth.

Carter holds my gaze once I’m done drinking. “Are you feeling better?” He questions as he lays down beside me, taking me into his embrace. “Yes, so,” I say quietly. It’s the truth. Even though I saw what I saw, I love Carter. I should probably be scared. Crazy enough, I’m not. Being in his arms right now, I feel safer now more than ever but I feel so damn confused.

Isabella kneels before me, her hand reaching out to grab mine. I look into her sympathetic eyes and see that she cares. “I know this is a lot to process.” I nod at her words, looking between the three. Shifting myself so that I can face Carter. I look right at him, taking my hands and cupping his face. “I want to know more,” I ask him. “I want to know everything there is to know about werewolves,” I say, looking at each of them. “But, I need time to process this Carter. This in no way changes my feelings for you but I’m confused. I know you won’t hurt me but—,” I s

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able to finish my sentence. “Carter. I’m sorry. I need time.” I say walk
baby,” feeling all sorts of things.

Later on that day I walk and walk until my brain feels numb from al
thinking.

in



files at

It’s been a few days since I learned that Carter, Liam, and Isabella are
werewolves. My mind is blown away. I was numb from all the thinkin
have been doing since finding out the truth. Werewolves are real and I
dating one.

My life has become a fiction shifter romance book. I always believe
only existed in books but I was wrong.

The grand opening for R & K Law and Associates is happening in a
days. I need to talk to Carter. We’ve texted and called but I haven’t see
since that day and to be honest, I have been miserable. The first few ho
after the initial shock and confusion wore off I was in fear of the unkn
and I had so many questions. I park the car and exit taking a deep brea
before I come face to face with Carter again.

The door opens before I can even knock revealing Carter.

“Can I touch you?” Carter questions hopefully. I can’t speak the wo
stuck in my throat. I just nod almost desperately. His arms snake aroun
body and he pulls me closer to him. I let out a deep sigh as soon as my
makes contact with him. My hands snake around his waist as I breathe
scent. Carter brushes his fingers up and down my spine. My grip aroun

ing out gets tighter as we stay like this for a while holding each other none of us uttering a word.

I the “How did you know it was me?” I croak, my tired eyes flicking between his. Carter stares at me for a few moments. “I can sometimes hear your thoughts baby. I can feel if you're in danger, and my wolf can feel your fears,” he says honestly.

“How is that possible?” I question.

g I “I don't know, but it's something werewolves can do with their pack with their—,” Carter stops talking almost like he catches himself from saying something.

'm “Their what?” I question. He doesn't answer and I choose to let it go now.

d they Carter slips his hand into mine and cups the side of my cheek. “Are you okay?” He questions me, and I shrug. “I'm okay for someone who was told their boyfriend and close friends are werewolves.” Carter sighs and leans closer to me. We walk inside the pack house and make our way inside our office where Liam and Isabella wait for us.

own Here goes nothing.

th



rds

id my Isabella sighs and then clears her throat. “Okay, well, Liam is the pack chest leader, so we call him ‘Alpha.’ He deals with all important pack business in his ensures peace between other packs.” My eyes land on Liam as he watches Isabella talk, and I can see he's proud.

us “Wait, so there's more werewolves out there? Other packs?” I questi
and all three of them nod.

veen Isabella continues to tell me all about packs. I stay quiet but listen to
everything she says. “Every pack has a Luna. Isabella is the Luna of The
Dark Blood Pack because she’s my mate,” Liam explains. Carter’s eye
to Liam instantly, a look on his face to tell him to shut up.

ks and “Mate? Wait that really does exist?” My voice is laced with confusi
aying “We’ll talk about that later,” Carter says softly, kissing my forehead
“Alone. Okay?” I purse my lips nodding. “Okay.”

o for For the next hour or so, they explain the werewolf world and everyth
there is to know about The Dark Blood Pack. Carter tells me about his
position as Beta for the pack and his duties to maintain. Hearing them
you especially Carter, was interesting and overwhelming at the same time.

o just My head hurts just processing all this information. By the time we fi
d leans it’s already dark outside. Carter tells Liam and Isabella to rest as we w
Liam’s the same. Carter takes me upstairs to his room in the pack house, wher
spent most of his time before he met me. I sit on the edge of the bed not
realizing this has finally hit me.

It’s not a dream. This is real. Werewolves were real. It's as if I were
reading one of my books.

“Come on, let's shower, and then we can continue talking.” He says,
standing up and dragging me to the en suite.

's

ess and

hes



on, I'm now laying on his bed with my head on his chest as he rubs circles against my back. Tracing patterns on his chest, Carter kisses my head, causing me to look up at him. "You know how Liam mentioned that Isabella is his Luna? She's his Luna which means she's his mate for life." I nod as snapping my fingers, urging him to continue. "Leandra, I've seen the way you observe their relationship. We both know Liam would give his life for her. Their love is deep." He says slowly.

"Well, they were chosen to be mates. It's not a coincidence." He swears under his breath. I get up a little, resting on my forearm.

"What do you mean? They were chosen mates? What are you trying to tell me?" My eyebrows furrow towards him. Carter stands up so that his back is to the wall, rests against the headboard then he proceeds to grab me so that I'm now straddling him. He never lets go of my hand. "Werewolves have what we call mates," he pauses. "Mates are two people the Moon Goddess has matched to spend the rest of their lives together. It's like a real-life soulmate."

I'm confused and worried because I know what a real-life soulmate implies. "I don't understand. So, the mate is the person you're destined to be with forever. Right?" I say, swallowing all the fear I have right now. Carter nods. "Why and how?"

"Liam and Isabella are mates because they were made for each other within the werewolf world. They make each other better and stronger. The werewolf calls her wolf." Carter flicks his thumb over my knuckles. "How do you know when they have found their mate?" I question as I look at him while holding his gaze. Carter closes his eyes and takes a deep breath before exhaling.

"All your senses are heightened, and your wolf can smell their scent. The scent is so intoxicating only you can smell it. Being around them feels euphoric."

Touching them feels like magic, and your wolf craves every inch of the
Your life comes together, and it makes sense.” His words sink in.

Isabella “Am I... Am I your mate?” I question Carter.

His gaze won't meet mine giving me the answer to my question. I swallow
hard and I can feel myself start to panic as I realize what this means.

“So yo—” My heart sank as I thought about those words. “So, you have
a mate?” I ask quietly. When Carter refuses to make eye contact with me
alone reply, I force myself to cup his face and make him look at me. The
lump that is currently in my throat is impossible to swallow. I knew this
was too good to be true. Love doesn't exist for people like me. I'm not stupid
I can see how Liam and Isabella looked at each other. They adore one another
and they are perfect for each other. Carter has someone out there that we
we call make him feel like that too.

Carter's sad eyes look into my own. “Hey,” he says softly as he cups
my face. “Don't get upset.” My brows furrow towards him. I didn't even realize
that my eyes had started to water. “So, that's a yes. You have someone
out there that was made for you?” My voice is just above a whisper. Carter
says nothing once again, “So what the fuck am I, Carter, huh?” I question with
much anger and venom in my voice. “Oh, I know, just some fun on the
side while you wait for this precious mate of yours!” The anger is getting the
best of me.

Carter holds me tighter, not allowing me to get off his lap. His eyes
show shock, and he instantly shakes his head. “Don't you ever fuckin' think
of me again!” He exclaims. “You know it was never like that. I fuckin' love you
and Peach.” His eyes show hurt and I can't look at them now. I know he loves
me. I just don't know if that's enough.

“Then what?” A tear rolls down my face, and Carter wipes it away with

em. than a second. His warm hand stays on my face for comfort as he pulls into his chest. I would be lying if I said that his action didn't comfort n because it did. "Regardless of whether I meet my mate or not, what yo vallow have, Leandra, is special. We have something between us that I know I never find with anybody else. I love you. Don't you ever doubt that?" I ave a voice is full of honesty, and I can see it in his eyes.

3, let "You can't say something like that. What if you change your mind, he I'm not enough for you and your wolf." I cut off his last few words as is was started to overthink. He cups my face with both his hands, leaning down; I gently kiss my lips.

another, "I won't," he says instantly. I try to argue with him, but he shuts me vill with another kiss. "I won't, Leandra," he rests his forehead on mine. "I promise you. I won't. I breathe for you, baby. This heart beats for you. s my says those last few words by placing my hand on his chest above his h realize feeling it beat. My eyes close shut, and I let a few tears free.

out "I may never meet her, and I hope she's out there meeting someone r says loves her just as much as I love you." I open my eyes and watch Carter with so watch me. I can't help but give him a little smile because God, I hope : e side It's selfish of me to think this, but I don't want him to find his mate. I l ie best she's already found someone who she loves enough to marry and have with.

turn to "Don't you want to know what it would feel like to find your mate? that and have what Liam and Isabella have?" I find myself asking because ou, though I'm selfish, I love him too much to see him hurt. Carter's eyes ves sad and reflect her once again.

"Having you with me is worth a million times more." His words ma n less heart clench. I couldn't help but feel sad. "You make me happy, Peach

me than anything. I look at you and picture a future together.”

ne My eyes dart down to my lap. Carter forces me to look back at him.

u and I can I do to prove I want to be with ONLY you?” He questions quietly.

I will shrug. Getting off him, I take the spot next to him, resting against the

His headboard. I don’t know how to answer him because we won’t know u

meets his mate. I let out a jagged sigh. “You can’t,” I say, looking at h

and “Then please just trust me. Please.” He pleads, and all I can do is no

I heart hurts, and my head is about to explode. I just want to sleep.

m to “This has taken a toll on you, hasn’t it?” Carter says softly. “Yes.”

“Why don’t we go to sleep, and we can talk more tomorrow mornin

up you’d like?” He suggests, and he pulls me into his arms. I inhale his sc

l that has swarmed me, and between his warm body and the sweatshirt I

” He on, I relax, closing my eyes. I hear him mumble *I love you* as he kisses

heart, back of my head, but I pretend to be asleep as I let a tear roll down my

What the hell was I going to do?

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than anything. I look at you and picture a future together.”

My eyes dart down to my lap. Carter forces me to look back at him. “What can I do to prove I want to be with ONLY you?” He questions quietly. I shrug. Getting off him, I take the spot next to him, resting against the headboard. I don’t know how to answer him because we won’t know until he meets his mate. I let out a jagged sigh. “You can’t,” I say, looking at him.

“Then please just trust me. Please.” He pleads, and all I can do is nod. My heart hurts, and my head is about to explode. I just want to sleep.

“This has taken a toll on you, hasn’t it?” Carter says softly. “Yes.”

“Why don’t we go to sleep, and we can talk more tomorrow morning if you’d like?” He suggests, and he pulls me into his arms. I inhale his scent that has swarmed me, and between his warm body and the sweatshirt I have on, I relax, closing my eyes. I hear him mumble *I love you* as he kisses the back of my head, but I pretend to be asleep as I let a tear roll down my face.

What the hell was I going to do?

Chapter Twenty-Four

Chapter Twenty-Four

Leandra



When I wake up, I see that Carter is fast asleep beside me, his messy brown hair covering the white pillowcase. I reach for my phone and tap the screen. The time reads 6:00 A.M. Damn. I slept for over eight hours. A chill runs over my face. I'm in desperate need of a shower. Pulling the coverlet over me in an attempt to not wake Carter, I make my way to his en suite.

Turning on the water to the hottest setting I can potentially withstand in the shower. Letting the water hit my skin, I let out the most satisfying sigh. Inhaling the thick steam. As I wash my hair and body with Carter's body wash, I can't help the smile on my face because I love smelling him or

Closing my eyes to wash the last of the shampoo, I don't hear or see what Carter opens the steamed-up shower door. I open my eyes and see Carter standing there naked.

I don't look. I swear my heart has officially stopped. The water hits the side of his head, letting his blond hair become wet. It sticks to his forehead and all I can do is stare. He steps closer to me until my back hits the wall. The cold tiles press into my skin, making me jump a little. Carter places his hand on my cheek, and his intense eyes observe me. God, the air in this shower is so thick everything feels so intense. His warm lips graze my neck. I could hear my own heartbeat pounding in my ears over the sound of the running water.

Carter's other hand trails soft, delicate shapes on my thigh, making me squirm. His lips are moving down and around my neck, agonizingly slowly, to my liking. I was on fire, but my whole body was covered in goosebumps. "Tell me," Carter whispers huskily against my skin before he places a hand on my throat. "Tell me you don't feel that. Huh?" My eyes screw shut as his hand drops from my cheek and laces through my hair, causing a soft whimper to escape my lips.

"Tell me that you don't feel anything when I touch you? Tell me, Pele," he says quietly before kissing below my earlobe. I couldn't take much more of this. I was far too frustrated.

I want him.

"Tell me that what we have isn't special," his lips moved away from my neck slightly, just enough for us to look into each other's eyes. He smirks at me because he knows how much this affects me. He can see the desire and longing in my eyes. He whispers into my skin, moving to the other side of my neck.

"Tell me, Leandra."

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p the
a hand
rs off

d, I get
ig sigh.
ly
me.

hen “I can’t,” I whisper barely.

ter “Hmmm?” His lips drag down my neck, giving me a lick before he
to suck the spot. I’m panting, wanting him to touch me where I need hi
the can’t,” I say louder this time.

ead, “Why?” He asks, sounding so fuckin' seductive. My thighs squeeze
all. together, trying to relieve some of the need. “Because I feel it.” I admi
s his Carter moves from my lips and places both of his palms flat on the wal
s behind me, trapping me between them. His nose is almost touching mi
jaw. I he comes parallel to my face. Then he smiles, and those gorgeous dimpl
e love so much appear. Carter takes my hand and pulls me away from th

Turning me around, my palms press against the white and black tile:
his waykisses every inch of my back, and it sends me wild. My skin feels like
r for fire, and it’s not from the hot water pouring down. No, it's from Carter
ps. I close my eyes and enjoy the feeling of Carter completely pleasuring
kiss on body in the most innocent ways. Caressing every inch as he washes my
his placing a kiss everywhere he goes.

himper Pulling me away from the wall again, he towers over my body, inch
closer to my face. His lips gently caress mine. I’m breathless by the tir
ach,” finally kisses me. I feel so loved and cared for at this very moment tha
more glad we didn’t have sex. This felt amazing and pure. He made me feel
cherished. “I don’t need a mate bond. Peach, because I feel so alive wi
you.” He whispers down onto my lips. My body was shivering, and my
ime was heaving. All I could do was stare into his gorgeous turquoise eyes
me he kisses me, claiming my lips once again.

I need
neck.

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im. “I



Carter and I lay together on the hammock that hangs between two of the largest trees I've ever seen. The view that surrounds the pack house is breathtaking. Laying here on the hammock gives me the perfect view of a crystal-clear lake. His fingers brush the skin of my back as I lay here listening to his heartbeat and breathing.

After our intimate session in the shower this morning, where he told me that he doesn't need a mate bond, I have come to my senses and believe it's on What we have is far too real. Carter was doing some of his beta duties, after, he showed me around. Now we're lying here enjoying the view and my company.

“I believe you,” I mumble into his chest.
“Hmmm?”

Lifting my head off his chest to look at him, gently placing my hand on his heart. “I believe you,” I repeat. “When you said you'd stay with me if you found your mate.” He smiles so genuinely at me that my heart starts to beat. “Good,” he breathes out as his eyes hold my gaze. I can't help but smile. I lay back down next to him, his fingers continuing to dance across my chest back.

. Then



Carter and I lay together on the hammock that hangs between two of the largest trees I've ever seen. The view that surrounds the pack house is breathtaking. Laying here on the hammock gives me the perfect view of the crystal-clear lake. His fingers brush the skin of my back as I lay here listening to his heartbeat and breathing.

After our intimate session in the shower this morning, where he told me that he doesn't need a mate bond, I have come to my senses and believe him. What we have is far too real. Carter was doing some of his beta duties, and after, he showed me around. Now we're lying here enjoying the view and the company.

"I believe you," I mumble into his chest.

"Hmmm?"

Lifting my head off his chest to look at him, gently placing my hand over his heart. "I believe you," I repeat. "When you said you'd stay with me even if you found your mate." He smiles so genuinely at me that my heart skips a beat. "Good," he breathes out as his eyes hold my gaze. I can't help but smile. I lay back down next to him, his fingers continuing to dance across my back.

Chapter Twenty-Five

Chapter Twenty-Five

Leandra



As I towel dry my wet hair, I stare out of Carter’s window. The view of his penthouse is beautiful. The sky was nice and clear, and I could just tell it would be a beautiful day. I felt relieved knowing that Carter and I were safe after everything that had happened so far. From finding out about my pregnancy to him being a werewolf to the negative pregnancy test.

A warm pair of lips leaves a kiss on my shoulder blade. My skin shivers at the feeling, and I turn my head to be met with Carter’s dark eyes. “You’ve got you so deep in thought, hmm?” He asks before kissing my skin again. Turning around to face him, I offer a gentle smile. “Nothing, just think

about today's event," I say. Carter cups my face with one hand and kisses my forehead before kissing me on my lips.

"I'm so proud of you, Peach. You accomplished your dream of opening your law firm here, and today is the grand opening." I lean against him, wrapping my arms around him. Inhaling his scent, I stay a little longer. My arm wraps around me as I hug him tighter than before. "Well, this would have been possible without your help and all the hard work you, your company, and everybody who worked on this project has done. Which I cannot wait for today's party to honor and celebrate all their hard work."



As I finish the last-minute touches on my hair, I can see Carter coming out of the en suite with just a towel wrapped around his waist. Holy shit, he looks delicious. This is bringing back memories of last night's love-making session. I pick up my dress from the bed and put it on, asking Carter to help me with the zipper. I can feel him tense up, seeing the marks he left behind.

Kissing them, I hear him mumble, "I wasn't too rough with you, was I?" I turn around to face him, and I can see the concern on his face. Cupping his face so I can stare into his eyes, I instantly shake my head. "No, what?" Carter kisses my forehead, pulling away to meet my gaze. He releases me, relaxing a bit more. "I sometimes feel that I get too rough, especially when my wolf takes over, and I worry that I've hurt you or pushed you too far."

When I think I can no longer fall hard for this man, he does this. "No, you've never pushed me too far," I say honestly. "I'd say something if I were, and besides, I like when you and your wolf go feral," I say, smiling.

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ses my at him. “And, I think we both know that rough is our thing,” I say, bitin
lower lip. Carter smirks, picking me up so my legs wrap around his wa
ing Grabbing my ass, he walks towards the wall pinning me. “You like it u
chest ass,” he whispers against my ear, his voice husky. “You dirty girl.”
, his I gawk at his words, and his chest vibrates from laughing at my reac
ldn’t “You’re nasty,” I say, but I love that he’s nasty and dirty. God, I love v
he talks dirty, and I like getting nasty with him, and even though I wor
is why admit it, I do love his fingers up my ass.

rk.” “What can I say?” He smirks. “I love a freaky girlfriend.” I find mys
blushing as I fix my dress. Carter walks into the closet to get his chang
clothes. Making his way back in just his trousers, I can’t help but stare
chest, snapping out of my fantasies with what comes out of his mouth :
“Baby, are you going to be a good girl and let me own every single hol
; out of your body?”

s he I feel hot, and I know my cheeks are now redder than a tomato. “I en
ing your fingers, but your cock will definitely destroy my asshole,” I say,
, help reaching him as he pulls me towards his chest. “But you can just buy n
hind. dildo and own me that way, huh.” I give him a devilish grin before I bi
?” laughing.

ping
y?”
a sigh



when
ar.” It’s our Australia office's grand opening event, and the ribbon cutting i
o, minutes. Everyone is here: Carter, Liam, Isabella, a few of the other pa
you members, the associates from this office, and the contractors that helpe
king upmake this a reality.

ng my I make my way to the podium, where I will give my speech and intr
ist. my partner and dear friend Ashton. Ashton will oversee the office as h
ip the soon have a few new associates we've just hired working under him.

“Good Afternoon. Thank you all for coming here today to celebrate
tion. grand opening of R & K Law and Associates. I've been looking forward
when this very moment for years. I want to thank Carter and his team for des
i't and building this beautiful building. I want to thank our associates for
hard work and dedication they will be contributing to this firm. I also v
self thank my dear friend Ashton Knight for believing in me and always tru
e of me as a partner. Lastly, I want to thank each and every one of you and
at his future clients for believing in and trusting us with your needs. I will ha
next. over to my partner and good friend Ashton, who will oversee this offic
le in today onward.”

Ashton takes the podium introducing himself and then the associates
njoy thanks everyone for their hard work and commitment to this job. As he
finishes his speech, I look up at Carter, kissing him on his cheek as I w
ne a how much I love him. As I get ready to cut the ribbon with Carter, Ash
irst out and a few other people, I get a hold of the big scissors. Ashton will be
the honor along with the associates since they will be the ones working
and day out for this firm. As we all gather around, I hand the scissors t
Ashton moving to the side where Carter, Liam, and Isabella are. I grab
of Carter's hand and intertwine our fingers.

Everyone that has taken part in this journey is lined up along the ribb
s in 30 We start the countdown from three. “Three, two, one,” we all shout, ar
ick next thing I know, the crowd is cheering. We take photos, tour the plac
:d prepare to head to the pack house to celebrate and thank them for their
work.

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e'll



the

d to The celebration is in full swing, with everyone dancing, talking, or eating.
igning few hours pass, and I see everyone enjoying themselves. It was heartwarming
the to see. I stand in the kitchen pouring myself a drink when a man I have never
want to around the pack house enters the kitchen. “Hey,” I smile at him. “Would you
isting like one? I ask, motioning towards the glass of Stella Rose Black I was
our pouring.

nd this “Um, sure,” he says as he nods at me timidly. I pour a glass and hand it
e from him. He thanks me quietly. “Are you Carter’s girlfriend?” He asks, and I
s. He at him instantly. “Yeah, I am,” I grin. He doesn’t look older than eighteen.
y now that I think about it, which is good since the drinking age is eighteen
hisper here. “Cute, you guys look good together.” He comments. I look at him with
iton, a stupid grin on my face, “Thanks. How do you guys know each other?” I ask
curiously.

doing “Liam took me in after he raided my brother's pack. I was fourteen and had
; day in nowhere else to go.” I was sad to hear that. Then his eyes widened as he
o realized what he had just said. “Wait, do you know about them?” I smile at
a hold him and nod. “Carter told me about the pack and everything else that it entails.”
Relief washes over his eyes, and I can’t help but giggle a little.
bon. what’s your name?” I find myself asking.

id the “Finn,” he says softly. “You?” I hold out my hand to him. “Leandra,
e and takes my hand and shakes it. “Nice to meet you.” His eyes flick down to the
hard floor and then up at me and to the floor again. “What are the requirements to
get an internship at the firm?” I cannot stop thinking about how sweet

looks, all nervous. He seems so innocent and pure. “Have a high school diploma, go through an interview, and have a love for the law. Are you interested?”

“I’ve always wanted to become a lawyer growing up, but after the racing. A lost that dream.” He tells me. “You should apply. You never know, plumbing internship will offer you the opportunity to attend school. We pay for your schooling, and in return, you work for us for at least three years.” I smile at you him, seeing the excitement in his eyes.

“Do you think you can review my application and essay before I submit everything.?” He asks with a hopeful look on his face.

I nod.

“Yeah, I can do that for you. Just make sure you give me everything at least two weeks beforehand so that we can correct anything that might need correction.” Finn’s eyes light up. “I just need to ask Liam for permission with I can’t wait.” I look at him in shock as to why he would need to ask Liam?” I ask permission.

“How come?” I question.

“I’m not sure he trusts me 100%, but I understand my old pack wasn’t that honorable, but I’m determined to show him my loyalty.” He shrugs softly. “Well, I won’t promise you anything, but I can always talk to him if anything, if I’m still here, I can always take you to the law firm and I’ll be here.” Finn smiles at me. “Really! You’ll do that for me?” Nodding to him. “Yeah.”

“That would be awesome! Thank you,” he tells me sincerely. He hugs me, taking me by surprise, but it only takes me a second to hug him back. As he lets go, I can see Carter making his way toward the kitchen from the corner of my eye. “What are you two talking about?” Carter says as he wraps an

around my waist and smiles at Finn. “Just that Finn is interested in law hopefully, he applies to the internship R & K Law and Associates offered.”

“That’s cool. You should go for it,” Carter nods toward us. “Let me use my phone so I can take your number,” Finn tells me as I nod toward him and he exits the kitchen running up the stairs. I turn to face Carter, wrapping my arms around him as I lay my cheek on his chest. “He’s cute,” I say, pulling away. Carter grins, pulling me back towards him. “He’s also gay,” he comments. I press my hands against his chest, giving him a smirk. “Okay, I need to get jealous, baby,” I tease him. He shakes his head at me as he leans in and pulls me in for a soft kiss.

“Leandra!” We hear Finn yell from outside the kitchen. “Duty calls, I’ll be kissing him one last time. “Hurry back,” Carter says. Just as I turn around, he slaps my ass. The sound echoes off the walls loudly, causing everyone in the room to look at us. I look back in embarrassment, but he just gives me a devilish grin, not giving a fuck what anyone else heard or saw. I can’t help but feel the feelings I get as I realize how possessive and happy he is to show everyone that I’m his and only his.

I fucking love it.

The celebration was going well, and everyone was having fun. The DJ had been hired, and Liam had bought everyone a little thank-you gift to show our appreciation. A table had been set up, and Liam was handing those out now. Liam seemed nervous and I have a feeling he was planning something. Liam walked over to where we had the gift boxes. They were octagon-shaped boxes that came in four different pastel colors. Each box had a ribbon that formed an elegant circle of petals on the top when the box was folded closed. As we looked at the boxes, Liam reaches for a white one which was strange as white was not one of the colors.

My gaze follows him as he heads to the gazebo. I love spending time

er, and gazebo as it overlooks the lake. It was pretty dark already, which helped me notice that the gazebo was decorated with lights hanging all around and a few candles. I walk closer without getting caught. I could see that the gazebo was lit with red petals scattered around the floor. It was truly a beautiful sight to see. Isabella starts walking towards the gazebo, where Liam stood with a white gift box in his hand. I was about fifteen to twenty feet away, hidden by the tree. I heard a noise. Turning around, I notice Carter heading my way with Liam and a few more pack members. The song "Just The Way You Are" by Bruno Mars is playing. Little Eva is wide awake now with big gray eyes staring at what was in front of her. Carter wraps his arm around my waist, pulling me closer and kissing me on the cheek.

"What's going on? Why are we hiding?" I say, looking up at what's in front of me. He leans down, whispering in my ear. "Liam mind linked with mine, we make our way to the gazebo but to stay out of sight and not to make a sound." He says, biting my ear lobe. "Sweetheart," Liam says. "Three years ago, you captured my heart by being exactly who you are. The sweetest, most loving, compassionate, and most sensitive person I have ever known. You have given me the most precious gift of all time, our daughter." He pauses.

They stare into each other's eyes like no one is watching. They are completely in their own space. Liam hands Isabella the white gift box. "You are the best mother, mate, and my best friend. I want to spend the rest of my life with you not because we are mates, but because I love you more than anything else." He pauses as he waits for her to process what's inside that box, then he gives her the perfect opportunity to get down on one knee without her even noticing. Isabella bites down on her bottom lip, and I can see her tears glistening in her eyes now that we moved closer. I don't know what's in the box, but whatever it is currently has her emotional.

ed me “Will you do me the honor of becoming my wife? Will you marry me?”
d He says, pulling out a small velvet ring box. Isabella drops the box as l
oo had hands are now clasping around her mouth. I gasp, squeezing Carter’s h
e. People around us gasp while others squeal. It doesn’t take long for her
he box frantically, nodding. “Yes. A million times YES!” She finally says, an
s when are the only words Liam needs to hear to place that ring on her finger.
Eva Everyone around us cheers and claps. Eva claps her tiny little hands
Bruno squeals her head off. Liam stands up, grabs Isabella’s face between his
ng at and kisses her as if his life depends on it. They pull away and rest their
g me foreheads together. Their eyes completely bore into each other’s as the
murmur ‘I love you’ to each other.

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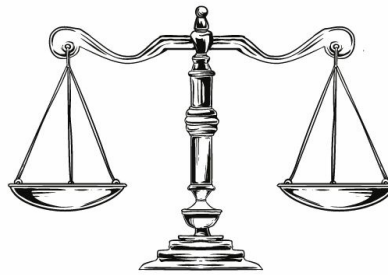
“Will you do me the honor of becoming my wife? Will you marry me?” He says, pulling out a small velvet ring box. Isabella drops the box as her hands are now clasping around her mouth. I gasp, squeezing Carter’s hand. People around us gasp while others squeal. It doesn’t take long for her to cry frantically, nodding. “Yes. A million times YES!” She finally says, and those are the only words Liam needs to hear to place that ring on her finger.

Everyone around us cheers and claps. Eva claps her tiny little hands as she squeals her head off. Liam stands up, grabs Isabella’s face between his hands, and kisses her as if his life depends on it. They pull away and rest their foreheads together. Their eyes completely bore into each other’s as they murmur ‘I love you’ to each other.

Chapter Twenty-Six

Chapter Twenty-Six

Leandra



I feel completely paralyzed as I watch them. I feel like I could physically see their mate bond. It was real. Seeing this firsthand and witnessing the force field of love around them shocked me. Hell, everyone could see how intense this was. The energy. The love. It was something really special. Something I wish we humans could have. Jealousy pangs inside me, but I wasn't jealous of their happiness; I was happy for them. I was jealous of their bond, of them being mates.

People began to surround them and murmur their congratulations. A group of girls rush to admire her ring. I, on the other hand, was completely rooted

my spot. A sense of sadness washes over me, making me feel selfish. I think about what Carter could have with his mate. I could never compete with someone so special and intense. People could physically see the power of what a mate bond does. Turning away from the scene before me, I make my escape by returning to the party.

I wipe the tear that has now stained my left cheek. I pass Ashton on my way to the kitchen. Grabbing a glass of water, I lean on the sink and fight the urge to cry. I would never stand a chance if Carter ever meets his mate because my heart aches inside my body. I clamp my eyes shut and drink more water to try to stop all the negative thoughts in my head.

“Peach,” I can hear Carter’s voice. He softly touches my arm. “What’s wrong, baby?” I shake my head, but I don’t look at him. I just stare ahead, wanting to forget all about what I’m feeling. “Don’t lie to me, Leandra. I can hear your thoughts.” He says as he turns me around to face him. Lifting my head to stare directly into his eyes, I give him the best smile. “I need to say congratulations to Isabella and Liam,” I say as I try to excuse myself.

Carter was too quick and he pulls me back toward him. Hugging me and placing a kiss on top of my head and then my forehead. “No,” he says, looking at me with worry and caressing my cheek with his thumb. “I know what you think when you see them together, but I need you to believe in me when I say I don’t care that you’re not my mate. I make my own destiny. I choose you. I just need you. Just you, Peach.”

I can’t look into his eyes because I don’t want to see the truth in them. I should feel relieved to hear that he wants me and only me, but I don’t.

Because even though I want to be selfish and keep him for myself, an opportunity for a love like that should never be taken for granted. “It’s

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This is to watch, knowing you could never have that with me,” I say, my voice something cracking. Carter’s face falls, and his eyes look sad.

“Leandra,” he whispers, holding me closer. “You know I love you. I know I want you. Peach, please just trust me. That’s all I’m asking.” His beautiful turquoise eyes plead with me, and I find myself nodding. I never learn to trust what he says is true. “I’m sorry I’m like this.” I sigh, pausing for a second or two. “I just overthink everything sometimes, and seeing this. My chest —” Carter wraps his arms around me, and my head leans against his chest. “Shhh,” he soothes me as he rubs my back.

With my head buried in his chest, I can’t help but still feel selfish. “It’s selfish,” I say as I pull away from him. “You’re not selfish, Peach. I know it’s hard seeing mates together. It’s intense. I know I’ve seen it my whole life. I can’t help it.” He continues to soothe me. Looking up at him, I hold his gaze. “Sucks, huh? I’m not your mate, huh?” I hang my head after, not wanting to see what flashes in his eyes. Carter tilts my head back up to him with his fingers underneath my chin. “You have no idea what I would give to have the chance to be tight, Goddess make you my mate.”

My heart warms at his words, and I can’t help but hug him tightly. We hold each other whispering I Love You. I’m not sure how much time passes between us. “I need to go congratulate them now,” I say, and Carter nods, and we both pull away.

m. I



hard Isabella cries, and I cry. She's getting married, and I'm happy for her. I'm happy for both of them. She deserves a happily ever after, especially a

everything they had to go through.

Almost everyone has gone home now. The only ones left are the pack members that sleep in the pack house. Liam and Isabella leave to go up claiming that they're exhausted. I laugh. We all know what that's code for but they need one-on-one time after today's events.

Finn was in the kitchen cleaning loads of plates and cups that had piled up. I decide to help him tidy up a bit. It's the least I could do for Isabella and Liam since they allowed me to throw the celebration here. As Finn and I make small talk, Carter waltzes into the kitchen in a pair of gray sweatpants. "Come on, Peach, come to bed," he says as he loops around on the kitchen island and stands behind me.

"Just after I finish these last few plates," I tell him. "Finn, go on, get that sleep. I'll help her. Don't forget training tomorrow at four." We all say good night, and Finn exits the kitchen heading upstairs. Carter groans behind me. His arm wraps around my waist, and his lips align with my ear. "Do you have any idea how fucking delicious you look in that dress?" He says huskily.

My skin shivers, but I continue finishing the last few plates. Carter's hands trail up the inside of my thigh before it rests on the outside of my lace panties. "I've been wanting to tear it off you all damn day." He presses his fingers against my clit through the fabric of my lace panties and I suppress a moan. His fingers push my panties to the side, and he rubs his fingers against my bare wet slit. I let out a shaky moan, embarrassed by how wet I am. "I want to fuck you against this counter." He says as he pushes two fingers into me. My fingers grip the counter. "Carter," I moan.

"Can I, huh?" His fingers pump in and out of me slowly. My legs tingle like jelly. "Yes," I grit out. As Carter begins to go faster, I hear someone coming down the stairs and approaching the kitchen. Finn stands in the doorway of

kitchen. Carter drops his arm from around my waist but still stays beside me, his hand firmly in my panties. “Oh hey, you’re still here,” he says. I drop the plate down into the sink, causing a loud thud.

Carter stops moving his fingers but keeps them inside me. My thighs clench around his fingers desperately. “Hey, yup, still here,” Carter says almost too confident. I look up at Carter, and his eyes are dark with desire. The corners of his lips twitch up, giving me a knowing smirk. Finn’s eyes flick to me, and I force a smile. “Hey,” I say hoarsely. Carter begins to pump his fingers inside me again. I almost let out a squeal, but I bite down on my tongue hard causing it to bleed.

Finn walks around to the fridge as he starts to talk to Carter about the training, but I couldn’t focus because Carter was still pumping his fingers good and out of me at an agonizingly slow pace. My mouth hangs open as I breathe deeply. Carter removes his fingers and pinches my clit, making me jump slightly. Finn turns his attention to me and furrows his eyebrows. “Okay, Leandra?” He questions. I purse my lips and nod. I can’t speak right now. Out the corner of my eye, I can see Carter’s smirk. He was killing me. “Well, I’m going to bed. I just came to get some water. I will see you in the morning.” He says before exiting the kitchen. “Night,” Carter calls after him. Removing his fingers from my panties. I wash and dry the plate against the sink, drying my hands with a towel. Grabbing Carter by the waistband, he slams me into the counter. His lips cover mine as he thrusts his fingers into me.

“There’s no way we’re doing it here if people are still awake,” I murmur against his lips. Carter kisses me forcefully again, reaching down to hook his arms around his waist. “Guess I’ll just fuck you on the couch.” He says gruffly which makes my core clench. Slapping my ass, I was soaking wet; I feel

de me, arousal dripping down my thighs. When we get to the living room, he
op the down on the couch, removes my dress and panties, and kisses my skin
goes.

s Then he bends me over the sofa and pushes me down onto all fours.
/s, thumb slips down my slit, and I instantly arch my back. Carter slides h
sire. fingers inside me and begins to move quickly. I cry out in pleasure, my
yes tightening around the fabric of the couch. “Come for me, Peach,” he sa
move he vigorously finger fucks me. His long fingers continuously touch my
n my spot, causing me to moan his name. His other hand smacks my ass, cau
my skin to burn up in pleasure. I begin to clench around his fingers lett
e I come all over his fingers, my body shaking against the couch, Cart
ers in me over on the couch so I’m looking up at him. He pulls my lips slight
his thumb.

g me “Open,” he demands roughly.

. “You My mouth immediately opens, and Carters slides his two fingers cov
ight in my cum into my mouth. I don’t even wait for his next command. I v
g me. my lips around his fingers as I suck and swirl my tongue cleaning then
u guys maintain eye contact with him.

lls One of his hands comes up to delicately rub my nipple. Carter watch
ist in awe before he rips his fingers from my mouth. “Fuck,” he grunts. I v
l, he as he pulls down his sweatpants and positions himself against me. Ente
in and me in one hard thrust. We moan at the feeling. He fucks me long and h
against the couch. Making me cry and scream out his name with every
rmur orgasm he gives me, not caring who can hear me. Carter thrusts into m
ist me last time as I feel his seed spill inside me, coating my walls with his cu
gruffly I was never going to forget this night.

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His

is As I enter the training facility with Isabella, we see our men doing God
/ hands work. Who knew working out could be so hot? I sit on the bleachers as
ys as watch him put on gloves making his way over to the bag. All I can do
/ G- at how his muscles flex, how the sweat rolls down his body.

ising Holy Fuck!

ting go. I'm getting wet just looking at him.

er flips **Damn, who would have thought I would be jealous of a boxing b**

ly with **But damn, do I want him to pound my pussy like that.**

I watch him hit the bag for another five minutes before he jumps into
ring. Liam is in the ring with him but has protective gear around his st
vered and hands. A group of warriors have started to make their way around
wrap outside of the ring to observe what's about to happen. Carter gets ready
1. I starts slowly showing the young warriors what a jab is. He then shows
what a cross and a hook are—followed by an uppercut and overhead. C
ies me then shows the warriors what a slip is and a weave. After doing them a
watch more times, he prepares to show them what it looks like when sparring
ering fighting.

iard He starts to get into position, giving Liam a smirk as he mouths, “Yo
ready big guy” Liam smirks and motions to bring it on. Carter starts w
e one uppercut combination. Jab-Cross-Right Hook-Slip-Uppercut. Followed
im. Jab-Cross-Hook-Body Shot -Uppercut. He continues with a Jab-Hook-U
Uppercut. He then shows the warriors a Jab-Right Hook-Left Hook-U
and does a Jab-Body Shot-Uppercut.

Fuck!

I want to claw his back and mark him as mine as he pounds me.

Throughout the entire time, I've been clenching my legs together to
some relief. Watching him perform all of these uppercut combinations
gotten me hot. Watching the sweat drip down his body, his muscles flex
with every move.

I love his back and can't wait to claw at it later. Carter looks at me and
gives me a knowing smirk, and I can tell from his gaze that he knows exactly
what I've been thinking.

And that brings a smile to my face because I know I'm going to get
what I have been craving for the past thirty minutes. The warriors practice
what Carter has shown them, and by the time I finish my filthy thoughts
everyone has already left. I follow Isabella outside, where they train for
another hour. The others have already left to hit the shower, and all who
left are Carter, Liam, and Finn.

Trying to keep my dirty thoughts from consuming me, I can feel my
panties drenched.

Walking and talking, we wait for Carter and Liam to finish cleaning
putting the equipment back. We wait for them in the locker room as everyone
has already left. I can see Carter and Liam approach us. I smile at them
“Well, I'm going to head to the main house and hit the shower. I'll see
you later, man.” Liam says as they both bump their fists. He takes Isabella's
hand and they walk away.

uppercut

Fuck!

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Throughout the entire time, I've been clenching my legs together to get some relief. Watching him perform all of these uppercut combinations has gotten me hot. Watching the sweat drip down his body, his muscles flexing with every move.

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Chapter Twenty-Seven

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Leandra



I lick my lips in anticipation. Turning around to face Carter, I can't help but look at him with lust and the desire that was consuming me. He grabs my waist, kissing me as I move my hand under his shirt, trying to touch every inch of his body, not caring that he's sweaty. He bites my lower lip as I moan when his other hand cups my pussy, and I know he can feel how drenched my panties are.

He pulls away, and I can see the lust and desire reflected in his own eyes. Then he picks me up, my legs going around his waist as we make our way to the locker room shower. Carter reaches for the shower handle and turns it

immediately get wet as the water hits us. Kissing each other like our lives depend on it. My fingers begin to fumble with the bottom of his shirt, and Carter pulls it over his head in one swift movement. Breaking the kiss mere second, my eyes completely roam his bare torso.

My hand roams his chest and back as I plant soft kisses against him. "I need to taste you, Carter," I whisper against him, grinding my pussy to relieve some of my ache. My hand palms him gently through his joggers, earning a grunt to escape his lips. "Leandra," he says almost breathlessly.

"Shhh," my lips graze his jaw as I watch him. The sexual tension is palpable. Biting my lower lip, I look at him for my answer and immediately see the need for my lips. He wants it just as much as I want it. I start to descend, making sure my lips brush against his neck, making my way down to his stomach, where I pepper kisses across it. Looking at me and holding his breath, I get on my knees. Yanking down his joggers and boxers together, his hardened cock springs free.

I take his dick in my hand and slowly begin to move my hand up his length. I lick the head while holding his gaze, and how his body responds makes me wetter and hornier. I start slow and gentle, keeping him on edge but not needing or wanting to go rough or hard. I want to enjoy sucking him, the taste of his cock in my mouth, and the feel of my tongue as I swirl around his thick cock.

I push his dick to the back of my throat as my other hand caresses his chest before I pull away, smiling at him. He pulls me up and kisses me. I hum in surprise. "I'm not done yet," I say against him, feeling his long thick cock against my stomach. "Don't worry, Peach, you'll get your taste," he says, taking my dress off as he rips my panties, leaving me completely bare.

ves cups my pussy feeling the wetness between my thighs, he leans in, his
and touching my ear as my back hits the shower wall.

for a “But first, I want to fuck you senseless,” he whispers, hoisting me up
lines himself with my entrance thrusting into me without warning. I feel
“I pain as he stretches me to accommodate his big size. His eyes are on me
, we hold each other’s gaze. He pulls out almost completely, thrusting back
rs, harder and deeper, reaching places that have me seeing stars. I grab onto
ily. shoulders, digging my fingernails, leaving crescents behind.

heavy. I moan his name. “Carter! Carter, yes, oh fuck yes!” I scream as he pumps
the my pussy fucking me senseless. My breathing is jagged, and my eyes are
d, closed as I lean my head against the cold shower wall holding him tight.
his he thrusts in and out of me. “Fuck, Leandra,” he grunts. “You feel so good
is gaze, good and tight.” He moans into my neck. I bite his shoulder to stop myself
from screaming.

We kiss, putting all of our passion and desire into that kiss. Carter
; swallows my moans as he continues to hit my G-spot. I’m moaning and
nds whimpering. His hand covers my mouth as we hear a noise coming from
:dge, other side of the locker room. “As much as I enjoy showing my pack, you
m off, mine. This pussy is for my eyes only.” He whispers in a deep raspy voice
it he continues to fuck me into oblivion with his hand over my mouth.

Carter rubs my clit as he says that. Pulling away and looking at me, he
is balls into my gaze, he says, “I need you to be a good girl and stay quiet until
n in finished.” I can’t even speak. All I can do is nod in understanding because
ock Carter is right about one thing only, he’s the only one who gets to see me
ys, much I love his cock inside me. God damn, I love all eight inches of his
As he He pounds into me with force as my hands move down his back. His tongue
caresses my lower lip before he pushes it inside my mouth as I suck to

lips quiet. I feel myself getting close. "Carter, please. Please," I moan breathlessly, trying to keep it down, but I can hear the shower and our p as he slapping from the force of his thrusts.

el the "Fuck, you're such a dirty girl. Tell me, baby, does the thought of g ie, and caught turn you on, huh?" He says, thrusting into me, knowing the ans ack in that question as I get wetter, just thinking about what would happen if to his caught. I can feel his cock swell, and I know he's close. His hand goes my clit in hard circles. "Come for me, Leandra," he says into my ear, r pounds faster and harder. I bite my lip to keep myself from screaming as my o are hits me, exploding around him. My body jitters from the pleasure. I pa itly as bury my head into the crook of his neck. "Oh my God, Carter. Fuck." I ucking mumble into his neck.

7self Carter pounds into me fucking me through my orgasm as he roars hi release spilling his cum as he paints my walls with his seed. I kiss him untangle my legs from his waist, and I get on my knees to clean him up d licking both our cum from his cock; making sure to get everything. He m the me up to kiss me tasting our cum on my lips. His forehead touches mi you're love you, Peach. Let's get you cleaned up before someone sees." He sa ice as stroking my cheek.

I nod. "I love you too."

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is cock. A week has passed since our rendezvous at the pack house. Just thinki numb about getting fucked raw and hard gets me extremely horny. I've been keep insatiable these past few days, more like weeks, but I can't help but ju



bones. Isabella and I were returning to the pack house after looking at skin potential venues for her wedding. “Oh my God, I cannot wait to try on dresses. This has been a dream of mine since I was a little wolf.” Isabella grins as she continues to drive.

“Well, now that you have potentially found a venue, you can start thinking about your dress. Plus, you have a year or two to plan your dream wedding to mean, you heard what she said. You need to book the venue at least a year in advance.”

“That’s true. I can’t wait though!” I laugh, smiling at her because she reminds me of a little girl in a toy store. We change the conversation as I ask her about training that Carter, Liam, and the warriors undergo. “God, I hope they are still out training. I could do with a quiet house for a bit.”

Carter mentioned the pack house was soon to be filled with wolves from another pack and it could get extremely rowdy. The Dark Blood Pack is training a pack that will stay at the house for a few weeks as they train before moving on to the next pack for additional training. “So, when does the pack arrive?” I ask.

“They arrived yesterday, but today’s their first training session since they could not attend till today. Liam didn’t want to start without him since he would lead the one-on-one combat.” I nod as my mind goes to the day I watched Carter train and what happened in the shower of the locker room. Isabella brings my attention back as we arrive. Walking towards the front door, Isabella tells me more about the color scheme the bridesmaids will wear. Shutting the front door behind me, we hear hurried footsteps towards us. Liam stands before us. His face is full of distress, but he masks it quickly.

Liam holds Isabella’s stare, and they stay silent for a moment. I can assume they’re mind-linking each other. I stand there feeling awkward

watching them. Isabella's face falls into pure shock and concern, and in that moment I know something is wrong.

Isabella My chest starts to ache as my gut tells me something is wrong. "What's going on?" I question as I step closer to them.

Thinking Isabella turns to me with wide eyes. "Leandra, I think maybe you should go home. I uh um..." she pauses, swallowing hard. "Shall we go to lunch?" She asks quickly and forces a smile. I furrow my eyebrows at her. "I thought we were going to order something and wait for Liam and Carter," I tell her. Liam and Isabella share a glance.

At the "What's going on?" I demand. Isabella covers her face with her hands and rubs her eyes. "Leandra, please. Let's go get some food from the Chinese restaurant downtown or something, and I'll explain." She says desperately. I instinctively shake my head. "Is it Carter? Is he okay?" I ask. Liam's body goes rigid and he says nothing. My whole body turns to stone. "Is he here?" I barely finish that question as I start to breathe heavily. They avoid eye contact and I feel sick.

"Where's Carter?"

I demand as I walk past them and towards the kitchen, checking their faces. "Leandra!" Liam yells after me, but I'm already storming away, determined to find him. "Leandra, wait!" Isabella says. But it's too late. The second I step foot into the kitchen, my eyes rest on Carter, who is holding his mate's face between his hands; their foreheads pressing against each other.

I could see the mate bond between them. That force I was afraid of. The same forcefield between Liam and Isabella. That real connection. I laugh mentally as my presence doesn't phase them as I watch them. They both only enjoy each other thoroughly. My heart shatters in my chest. An ache I've never felt before spreads throughout my body. A single tear slips down

t's at cheek. His mate has long red hair, she's slightly taller than me, and is c
all the right places. She's beautiful.

at's Quickly wiping my tears away, his mate turns her attention to me. S
smiles and pulls away from Carter. "Hi," she says sweetly as she steps
ould to me.

sks "I'm Sienna. Carter's mate."

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cheek. His mate has long red hair, she's slightly taller than me, and is curvy in all the right places. She's beautiful.

Quickly wiping my tears away, his mate turns her attention to me. She smiles and pulls away from Carter. "Hi," she says sweetly as she steps closer to me.

"I'm Sienna. Carter's mate."

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Leandra



I make a run for it in a flash. Endless tears are streaming down my face. Hurt is taking over and consuming every inch of my body. I couldn't bear to look at them anymore, afraid of what I would have done or said in a moment of hurt and anger. Isabella and Liam were arguing with each other in the hallway when I stormed by.

They became silent. "Leandra," Isabella reaches out for me, but I open the front door before she can touch me. "Leandra!" She yells again, follow out the door.

I turn around to look at her. Pointing at her as if I'm accusing her of something. "You know what a mate bond feels like. What having a mate to you!" I yell. "You should have warned me. Fuck Isabella! You could have told me what was going to happen. I cried and told you my worries. You could have told me." I say, defeated, remembering that night of her engagement when I cried on her shoulder, letting her know my fears and insecurities. Her face crumbles.

"I'm sorry, Leandra. Please just calm down. You're upset, and I don't want you driving in that state." Her voice laces with concern, but I don't care. I laugh without any humor. Shaking my head in disbelief, I return to my car. When I'm almost in my car, I hear Carter's deep voice behind me.

"Leandra!" He yells. "Peach, wait." His voice pleads with me. I'm full of tears, crying now. Trying my best to choke back my tears.

"Please hear me out," he begs, but I don't turn around.

His hand reaches for my wrist, and I retract my hand back like he was poisoning me. "Don't fucking touch me." I grit out, turning around. His eyes stare at me intently. A flash of sadness covers them when I pull away from his hand. But I don't believe anything he says anymore. "It's not what it looks like, I swear!" He yells. I shake my head. "Do you think I'm fucking stupid?" His voice is laced with anger.

Carter watches me as a sigh leaves his lips. He runs a hand through his hair. "God! You must have enjoyed playing me, huh? How stupid could I have been to fall for your lies." All I feel is anger towards him. He lied to me when he promised me I was enough. "I just need a few days to figure everything out." He murmurs. "I need my wolf—" I don't let him finish his sentence because I know what he's going to say. Lies!

"Need a few days to figure shit out? You mean to decide who you p

I spit out at him. My voice is laced with pure venom. “If you want to be the best, you do her or me? I won’t be second best to anyone and I won’t be your goddamn mistress.”

“You will never be second best. Let alone, my goddamn mistress.” I exclaim.

I let out a dry laugh. “So, what Carter, you expect me to sit at home and wait? You know you’re with her? You want me to wait while you fuck her brains out and take her on dates until you figure out who fucks you better.”

“It’s not like that at all,” Carter says slowly.

I can’t hold the tears off any longer as they roll down my cheeks. “You promised me, Carter, that if she came, you wouldn’t do this to me. You promised me that I was enough. You said you loved me.” I state harshly. “I do love you, Leandra. Fuck! Peach, you know I do.” He attempts to step closer to me, but I hold a hand out for him to stop coming closer to me. “I don’t think you do.” I challenge him. “If you loved me, you wouldn’t let her watch her over me.” Carter buries his head in his hands. I can see the tears in his eyes when he finally looks up at me again.

“What I don’t understand is why? If you had the slightest doubt that I would choose your mate, you should have told me!” I yell. “You should have led me on or assured me this connection was real and reciprocated. You made me fall in love with you, and for what? Huh, Carter. So that I can’t have you satisfied in the meantime!”

Carter’s eyes turn angry. “I never used you for anything.” His jaw tightens as he tries to calm himself down. “I don’t expect you to understand what the wolf and I are feeling right now.” That statement alone has me seeing red. “How could he say I don’t understand what he’s feeling? I sure as hell know what I’m feeling?” he doesn’t understand what I’m feeling. “No, you’re right. I don’t understand.”

with what you or your wolf are feeling. But I know if you couldn't keep your damn word, you should have just said nothing." I spit before opening my car door. Carter immediately rushes towards me, closing the door and preventing me from getting in. "Please, Peach, let's talk about this."

I stare at him in disbelief. "Talk about what?" I grit with venom. I stare at him while I stare at him. His eyes flick between mine as I watch tears roll down his cheeks. "You've chosen her. There's no point in talking." I try to open my door again, but his hand holds it down. "I haven't," he pleads with me to believe him.

"Stop. Just fuckin' stop!" I yell. "Stop fucking with my head and feet. You can't tell me you haven't chosen her when you've been begging me for a few days!" I've had enough of his lies. I'm done. I can't bear to look at him any longer.

"I choose Leandra."

I wipe the tears away with my hand. Looking up at him and holding his gaze. "I hate you," I cry out. "I hate that you could do this to me." Carter's face falls, his expression showing hurt. He lets out a shaky breath. "You don't mean that." He says with sadness in his voice. I swallow hard. "I wouldn't Carter. Look into my eyes and tell me what you see in them." I challenge him, and I knew he could because, at that very moment, he saw my hatred. I keep towards him. Placing my hands on his shirt, I push him away from my car and quickly get in before he can stop me. Carter pleads and begs me not to do this. "Peach, please don't do this."

Laughing to myself, I turned to look at him. "You've done it. We're married. I say before speeding out of there. I feel like I couldn't breathe. Everything I know, was getting too much.

I understand I hate this!

ir I pull over after driving for only a mile too frantic and scared of gett
door. into a car accident and killing myself or others. I take out my phone an
g me shaky fingers, I dial Ashton's number. He answers in the second ring.

"Hello," he says. I couldn't even respond. All I could do was cry. Th
are up I was feeling was unbearable when I was finally able to talk. I could or
k. out a few words before I sob again. "It hurts, Ash. Please come get me
r barely let out.

lieve "Leandra, listen to me, sweetheart. You need to calm down. Tell me
you are, and I promise I'll come get you." I calm myself just enough to
lings. him know where I am, and not even ten minutes later; I see his dark SU
ne for aup. Ashton gets out of the car and runs towards me, pulling me into his
t him and allowing me to cry again. We just stand there as tears are running
my face. He tries his best to comfort me. Rubbing my back up and dov
whispering that everything will be okay.

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ged Later that night, as I sit on Ashton's couch, I tell him my heart was bro
te into a million pieces. I didn't go into detail about the mate thing; instea
car him he found someone else who will make him happy. Ashton is a goc
ot to do friend, and even though I trust him, I would never betray Carter's trust
talk and Ashton asks me what I plan to do now. I guess the short answe
done." that question is I go back home.

hing "So, that's what you want to do?" He questions before taking a bite
pizza.

I nod.

ing “Yes, I’m returning to the States after I settle a few things. As I told
d with have this new business venture and I think we should open up a law firm
Italy. Seeing as my parents are from there and we go there often, it would
ne pain a great opportunity. I can run the office there, and you run the office here.
ly let we both manage the office in New York.”

.” I He nods, agreeing with me but I can see the concern in his eyes. “You
should eat, Lea. I heard you throwing up earlier. You need to eat.” He
where with concern on his face. He’s right. I should probably eat something soon
let as I emptied my stomach contents earlier. Before I can even think about
JV pull anything else, Ash continues. “You have my support in whatever you choose
; chest and I see the potential of hitting the Italian market. Even though I would
down for you to leave, being here won’t do you any good. Have you heard from
vn and him?” He questions, but we both know the answer to that since I had to
off my phone from the constant calls and text messages I was getting from
Carter, Isabella, and even Liam.

I let out a sigh before answering. “I don’t know. I turned my phone on
pause. “Ash, if he comes looking for me or anyone comes looking, can you
let them know that you haven’t heard or seen me, okay? Also, please don’t
ken kill him.” I say, giving him a warning look. He laughs, but I need to make
d, I tell sure he won’t go looking for Carter. “Ash, I’m serious, don’t do anything
d Remember, we are professionals, and I know you won’t do anything to
. We jeopardize our reputation. Plus, I want you to keep them as a client. It’s
er to help the firm seeing as they have hotels and other business in which our
will be the main point of contact regarding legal matters.”

of his He gives me a devilish grin, and I know that no matter what, he’ll be
professional inside the office, but he won’t make it easy on Carter. We
some more, eat and watch movies. When I look at my watch, it’s already

you, I three in the morning. I know we're both tired and ready to sleep, but I v
m in ask Ash for one last favor.

uld be “Ash, I need a favor. When you start interviewing potential candidat
ere and the internship, can you give Finn an opportunity? He seems like a grea

and something tells me he'll make it big one day.” I say with a smile

ou remembering our conversation. A pang of sadness hits me as I won't b

says to help him. He nods his head in agreement.

eeing “Goodnight, Ash. Thank you.” I say, hugging him as he squeezes m

it placing a kiss on the top of my head. Pulling away, he wishes me good

decide, and kisses my forehead. I head to the guest room and try to get some sl

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three in the morning. I know we're both tired and ready to sleep, but I want to ask Ash for one last favor.

“Ash, I need a favor. When you start interviewing potential candidates for the internship, can you give Finn an opportunity? He seems like a great kid, and something tells me he’ll make it big one day.” I say with a smile remembering our conversation. A pang of sadness hits me as I won’t be there to help him. He nods his head in agreement.

“Goodnight, Ash. Thank you.” I say, hugging him as he squeezes me tight, placing a kiss on the top of my head. Pulling away, he wishes me goodnight and kisses my forehead. I head to the guest room and try to get some sleep.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Carter



My head is a mess. Fuck! Everything was a complete fucking mess. Leandra has not answered any of my calls or messages. When I went to the penthouse two days later, all her clothes and personal belongings were gone. I couldn't even sleep in our bed, so I've been at the pack house since then. Isabella isn't even talking to me.

“Have you heard from her?” I ask her softly as she feeds Eva in the kitchen. She glances at me before she turns away and I know she's still pissed. Silence, that's all I've been getting from her. “Isabella please, I

you're mad at me, but it's killing me. I'm worried she won't answer my questions or messages." I say, begging her to answer my question.

She sighs. "I hate myself for not doing more. I should have warned Leandra more. I told her not to get attached, but I didn't insist. I only talked to her once. I asked you, Carter, I told you to be careful. Why didn't you talk to me, huh?" She's angry, but she's also hurting. I can see her eyes close with tears. She lost her best friend, and Eva lost her Godmother.

"It's not what you think. Sienna and I —"

Isabella doesn't let me finish my sentence when I see the death glare she's giving me. "I don't give a fu—" She stops herself from cussing in front of Eva. She pauses for a few more seconds to calm herself down. Breathing in and out. "Carter, I honestly don't care about you and Sienna's relationship. I can't even talk to my best friend and the Godmother of my daughter."

"So, you haven't heard from her?" I want to know the answer. She looks at me with pity as she answers. "No, Carter, I haven't." My heart sinks. There has been no word from her, and her firm won't give me any details. My eyes begin to tear up again. I've been a wreck these past few days. Fuck, my life doesn't even seem that happy that we found our mate. I can say he feels confused.

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ien.

"I miss her. I can't stop thinking about her." I admit. Isabella looks at me with disbelief as she laughs humorlessly at my words. "Tell me, Carter, is your mate not fulfilling your expectations? She's not what you wanted. Huh!" my hand balls into a fist at my side. I stare at her in disbelief that she could think that low of me like she hasn't known me for years. "You need to think that of me, Isabella, but I would never do that to Leandra." That's true. I couldn't even think about having sex with Sienna. My body didn't

I
know

y calls crave it or want it. The thought of giving my body to someone who isn't
makes me feel dirty.

her “Really? Because if I remember correctly, Carter, you chose Sienna
er than Leandra? And if I also remember correctly, you assured Liam and me
listen you loved her enough to choose her!” She spits as her eyes shoot me a
ud let my anger get the best of me as I can’t control my wolf any longer. I
pissed. “I didn’t choose anyone,” I grit out.

“My wolf needed time with Sienna. I wanted my wolf to have time
e she is her.” She stares at me with sadness in her eyes. She releases a sigh she
t of holding. “I understand that our wolves need and crave the mate bond. I
ng in imagine how that looks to Leandra. She doesn’t understand what your
ship. I feels. She has no idea what it’s like to have a wolf and a bond. Come on
Carter, how can you expect her to be okay with that?” She shakes her head
looks at disappointment.

There As if I didn’t feel guilty, now Isabella has me feeling even worse. “I
y eyes expect her to be okay with this,” I say as she leaves the kitchen with E
y wolf her arms, ignoring me.

Is Punching the wall angrily, I leave the kitchen and try to find Sienna.

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I find Sienna sitting on the dock, looking at the lake before her. Her feet
dangle as her red hair blows in the wind. She turns around as she hears
coming. “Hey,” she smiles warmly as I approach her.

“Hi,” I say, taking a seat next to her. “So, I —” We both try to talk
simultaneously. “You first,” I nod, letting her know to continue. She ta

She takes a deep breath and then lets it out. Her face moves to look at me. “I think I need to talk.” She tells me.

“This isn’t working out, is it? Us being mates.” She questions, but we both know the answer to that. Letting out a sigh, I nod, giving her my answer with a glare. “Honestly, Carter, the bond isn’t what I expected. Don’t get me wrong, he’s feels nice, but I feel like we’re missing something.” She explains, running her fingers through her hair in the process. “This is probably silly, but I always thought I would feel the Fourth of July fireworks when I met my mate. I’ve been would crave them like a kid craves chocolate on Halloween.”

I can’t help but laugh internally at her description, but I feel sadness wash over me too. “Yeah, I know what you mean,” I mumble out, remembering how I felt with Leandra. Being with her was like the Fourth of July fireworks. I had read in craved her more than damn chocolate, and I needed her just for me to be happy. I won’t lie and say that our mate connection wasn’t there because it wasn’t. I don’t first, Sienna and I were like magnets, and we physically couldn’t stay away from each other. Our wolves have spent time getting to know each other, and the closest they have gotten to physical contact is when she holds my hand, like right now. It’s when our hand's brush.

I needed to be by her side for the sake of my wolf, not dying from a heartbreak. Though as the days went by, I've been noticing our mate bond starting to weaken? Break? Was that even possible? I could still feel the want for the bond and the want, but it wasn’t enough. It didn’t feel right. I was missing something...

Or someone.

This wasn’t anything like what Liam and Isabella have. I was getting lost in my thoughts when she brought me back to reality with her next state. “No offense Carter. You're a handsome male, but you’re not my type.”

we smiles before she laughs. I can't help but laugh at her reaction. Now curious as to what her type is. "What's your type?" I question with a curious look on my face. She hums and wraps her arms around her knees. "Let's just say I don't have the correct equipment between your legs." She says her cheeks getting red in the process.

I stare at her briefly before it finally clicks inside my head. Holy shit, she likes women. "Oh," I say eventually. She laughs again before tucking her hair behind her ear. "Yeah, it's not something my pack knows about yet." Then she places her hand back down on the dock, brushing my fingers within process. Tiny sparks fly through my hand, but as nice as it might feel, now I feels wrong.

"I'm sorry," she says, moving her hand away. I let out a sigh I was holding in. Looking at the beautiful view in front of us, I start to see things for what they are. "Sienna," I pause for a moment trying to gather my thoughts away. "What I'm about to say doesn't hurt her wolf or mine. "Is it normal to feel that way?" I question.

"What way?"

"Not feeling anything special like you described earlier. Mates are not to be all over each other almost like you need them to live, to breathe. Without them, it's like you're dying." I say, looking directly into her eyes. "I need think that the Moon Goddess can get it wrong sometimes. I mean, she was be right all the time." Sienna smirks, rolling her eyes. "My mom and her never worked out." She says, suddenly catching me off guard.

"Why's that?" I ask curiously.

Sienna shrugs. "He wasn't right for her. They fought constantly, and the attraction for each other wasn't there. He cheated on her and in the end she couldn't forgive him. My mom wasn't in love with him, so she had me

rious another wolf." Sienna gives me a half smile. "What about your parents
ook on they mates?"

ay you "I barely see my parents. They're both retired; just enjoying life and
eks traveling the world. Their marriage has withstood a lot and they're still
together to this day." I say, remembering my parents' love and respect
t, she each other. "Are they mates?" She questions. My mind gets stunned be
her red even though I have witnessed their love for each other, they have neve
et." said if they were mates.

in the "I would have to assume that they are. Fuck, now that I think about
it also not too sure." I say because my parents never openly told me if they w
Thinking about it now, neither my mom nor my dad ever really discuss
olding concept of a mate with me. "You should probably find that out, Carter.
what raises her eyebrows at me. "You never know, you might be surprised."
so that I think about what she's telling me and I know I need to find out soc
el this rather than later. We stay silent for a few moments. Sienna's eyes stud
can feel her stare on me, but I'm too busy thinking about how much
groveling I must do to win Leandra back. "What's the matter?" She sa
neant bringing me back to reality. "Just thinking," I say, looking out into the
"About your parents?" She asks sincerely. I shake my head. "No, I f
yes. "I up one of the best things that has ever happened to me." I close my eye
can't tightly. "Leandra?" She says, and my attention is turned toward her. Sh
er matesmiles at me. "You love her, don't you, Carter?"

I nod my head answering her at the same time. "Yes," I say, my voi
cracking slightly. "She's my girlfriend." I pause, swallowing hard, thir
l the she isn't mine anymore. "Well, she was my girlfriend. She broke it off
l, she she found out I had met my mate. Meeting you, Sienna wasn't meant t
: with happen. I was adamant that I would never meet my mate. I've always l

? Are married to the job and never really found my person, so I never thought would happen.” My voice became quieter.

“I’m sorry. I know my Alpha put pressure on getting your pack to train yours. Your pack is one of the deadliest and most feared when it comes for defense, but it’s also the fairest.” She says, and I can see the sincerity of her words. “You have nothing to be sorry for. I would rather have you and your pack trained by us so that you and your pack are better equipped for future attacks.”

it, I’m “You should go get her, Carter,” she tells me supportively.

ere. I shake my head. “She hates me,” I sigh. “She’s human and doesn’t understand how my wolf wanted time with his mate. Plus, I promised her I would choose her, and I broke that promise when I allowed my wolf to mate with yours.”

ner “That shouldn’t stop you from going after her. You love her. So, fight for her, or trust me, Carter, you will come to regret it.”

I nod in reply. Sienna’s right and I know I have a lot of work to do. “I’m going after what’s mine and Leandra is mine. “She’s special, you know. I can hear her thoughts, and from the beginning, we had a connection that went beyond our physical attraction to each other. There’s a special connection between us, and not being with her right now is slowly destroying me.”

I look up to see Sienna’s eyes filled with sympathy. “You should look for that, Carter. Maybe talk to an Elder.” I pause for a moment letting her words sink in. I know she’s right. I need to talk to someone who knows what that connection between Leandra and me might be. “You’re right. I need to talk to an Elder.”

when She grins at me before she playfully shoves my shoulder. “I’m always right, Carter. But seriously, you should ask an elder. It sounds like it might be something rare. It’s interesting to hear what you’re telling me about being

it it to hear her thoughts. She's human after all. She could be your human
soulmate." She shrugs as if that's a possibility. I breathe out sharply th
ain my nose. God, I wish that were true. Sienna nudges my side and brings
to attention back to her and our conversation.

of her "Guess there's only one thing left to do." She says.

. your "What's that?" I ask her.

gue "We reject each other." She whispers the words and my wolf inside
sulks. It hurts, but it's for the best. There is absolutely no physical attra
chemistry, or connection between us. The only bond we ever felt was c
mate bond, which felt forced and fake. Sienna's a sweet girl and her w
ner that amazing. They deserve happiness with someone who wants and feels a
time connection with them.

"Sienna, did your wolf hurt when you said that?" I question with ger
ht for concern for her. She frowns as she nods at me. "There's no point in fo
something that isn't there or prolonging the inevitable. Who am I to sta
But, the way of true love?" She smiles at me, and I stare at her momentarily
know. I woman is truly amazing, and I will always be grateful that she underst
at went my feelings for Leandra.

ion
," "I wish you the best of luck Sienna, and I truly hope you find that
ok into connection with someone who can value you and your wolf. You dese
words find your happiness, and I hope you find the woman of your dreams."
this her a genuine smile, and she smiles back. We hug as this will probably
,." last time I see Sienna. "Okay, shall we get this over with so that you ca
ys find your woman?" Sienna suggests. I nod excitedly about the fact that
ight be minutes I'll be fighting for Leandra.

ng able

“I, Sienna Evans, reject Carter Grayson Anderson as my mate.” She
roughly winces inside, slightly letting go of my hand just for a second before
grabbing my hand once again. “I, Carter Grayson Anderson, reject you
Sienna Evans, as my mate.” My wolf whines inside me, and I feel our
breaking as if it’s getting pulled from my body, but the feeling quickly
disperses and when it’s gone, I don’t feel guilty.

I feel relief. Sienna pulls me into a hug as she whispers the following
words of encouragement.

“Go win her back and tell her I’m sorry if I got in the way.” Pulling
from our hug, I see her lips fall into a frown. “I will and Sienna, if you
need anything, don’t hesitate to reach out. Thank you for being so
understanding.” I give her one last hug kissing her on the cheek. Letting
have the biggest smile on my face. I know how happy I am that in the
ten minutes, I’ll be on my way to find Leandra.

I’m coming Peach.

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“I, Sienna Evans, reject Carter Grayson Anderson as my mate.” She winces inside, slightly letting go of my hand just for a second before grabbing my hand once again. “I, Carter Grayson Anderson, reject you, Sienna Evans, as my mate.” My wolf whines inside me, and I feel our bond breaking as if it’s getting pulled from my body, but the feeling quickly disperses and when it’s gone, I don’t feel guilty.

I feel relief. Sienna pulls me into a hug as she whispers the following words of encouragement.

“Go win her back and tell her I’m sorry if I got in the way.” Pulling away from our hug, I see her lips fall into a frown. “I will and Sienna, if you ever need anything, don’t hesitate to reach out. Thank you for being so understanding.” I give her one last hug kissing her on the cheek. Letting go, I have the biggest smile on my face. I know how happy I am that in the next ten minutes, I’ll be on my way to find Leandra.

I'm coming Peach.

Chapter Thirty

Chapter Thirty

Leandra



I couldn't sleep even though my body was begging me to rest. My n would not settle down. My conversation with Ash helped me clear my but that didn't stop me from overthinking. On top of everything else, I feeling good. Ash was right. I was throwing up earlier, and now I feel nauseous again. I was tossing and turning all night and couldn't get comfortable. Looking at my phone, I see it's now almost seven in the morning.

Giving up on sleep, I get ready to face the world. I shower, brush my and make breakfast for Ash and me. The shower helps me feel refresh

washing away the worry, pain, and hurt I felt in that moment. During my failed attempt to go to sleep, I remembered that I came to Australia for reasons. One was to set up the firm, which I already accomplished. Another was to get artificially inseminated, which I had put aside when I fell for Carter. I had to get back on track.

Before calling the clinic to schedule an appointment, I take out my phone to check my menstrual and ovulation app. As I put my password into the app that keeps track of when my period starts and ends and when I'm supposed to ovulate, I hear Ashton entering the kitchen. "Good Morning. How are you feeling?" he says, placing a kiss on top of my head. I close the app and turn my phone off before I can even look.

"Good Morning Ash," I say, smiling at him. "I'm feeling better, thank you. How are you doing?" He turns to me, taking a sip from his coffee. "I'm good. What time do you want me to head to the penthouse to pick up your stuff? I'll swallow my breakfast while drinking my orange juice. Cleaning my lips and mouth with a napkin." "Knowing Carter, he probably thinks I went to the penthouse because I have nowhere else to go. He doesn't know that we don't close. He's too busy entertaining his new girl, we have plenty of time to get my shit and go." I say, putting on a fake smile as my heart shatters third time about him and his mate.



On our way there, I was productive as can be. I scheduled my return to the States for Friday and scheduled my appointment for the clinic this afternoon. That gives me four days to settle everything here and close this chapter.

ny life. Making our way to Carter's penthouse, I can tell he's not here. The
two elevator door opens and the place is silent. I go to our bedroom and he
d two the closet to get my suitcase and duffle bag.

r Ashton takes the duffle bag from me and starts getting all my books
make-up, and small stuff. I start throwing clothes into the suitcase.

hone An hour and a half later, we were done packing everything I needed
he app Looking around the room, I see I got mostly everything. The only things
osed to were things Carter bought me. Picking up the picture that he has on his
you nightstand of the two of us from the baptism and one from when he ask
l shut to be his girlfriend, I sit on the edge of the bed. I admire them as I feel
run down my left cheek.

nk you. Putting the picture back on the nightstand face down, I wipe my tear
n good. go to the main living area, where Ashton is waiting for me. "Ready?" I
uff?" I I roll my suitcase behind me, passing Carter's office. I stop as I notice
ps and door is open, and I notice a canvas. Walking in, making my way toward
ie canvas, I face it and gasp when I realize what's on it. It's me completely
e're Holy shit Carter drew me. I ran my fingers up and down the drawing
o pack taking in all the details he put into this. For a moment, I'm taken back t
lking of our previous conversations.

*"Are they your parents?" I question. He nods as I hold the picture in
hands. "You look so much like your father, but you have your mother's
and dimples," I say, looking at him in fascination. My eyes travel down
plump lips. I clear my throat and step away. "Back to your drawings, they
are impressive. Can you draw people as well?"*

o the Pushing off his desk, he makes his way toward me. Grabbing me by
noon. waist, he leans down and whispers a yes. Carter's lips hovering over n
r of my My face is completely flustered.

My thoughts are interrupted when I hear a knock on the door. Looking at the clock, I realize I've been trying to forget the steamy sex we had here I look into Ashton's eyes. "Are you okay?" I feel my face burning, unable to talk. I just nod. Ashton steps into the office, making his way toward me. I swallow hard and clear my throat as he can reach me. "Yes, I'm fine. We should go." I say, trying to get him to stop coming any closer and see what's on the other side of this canvas. As we both leave the office, I close the door, and we make our way to the elevator. I notice that Ashton already has all the bags by the elevator door. We step inside, and I can't help but feel sadness take over me as the elevator doors shut, knowing this is the last time I will ever step foot in this place. I say goodbye to all the memories I shared with him and all the good times we had inside these walls.

I say as
the
doors the
ly bare.



I arrive at my scheduled appointment and walk into Addam Donor Bar where a receptionist greets me and checks me in for my appointment. Finally, on my personal phone, I start to receive all the notifications. I check to see if none are from my parents, sisters, or best friend. I see that I have over a dozen missed calls and many messages from both Carter and Isabella. Damn, I have a few from Liam.

"Leandra Russo." The nurse in black scrubs calls my name. I lock my phone and make my way toward her. "Hello, Leandra. Can you please confirm your date of birth for me?" She questions, smiling at me as we approach the room. "Yes, it's April 16, 1995," I say. She smiles at me and

ng up, make it into the examination room. She checks my vitals and weight and
“You’ll see the doctor will come in a few minutes.”

into the room. There’s a soft knock at the door, and a few seconds later the door opens
before and in comes Dr. Amber. “Hello, Leandra. How are you doing today?”

and I ask her questions taking a seat right in front of me. “I’m doing well. Thank you
are you?” I ask her. She smiles up at me before she answers. She’s typing

toward something on her laptop at the same time. She looks back up from the

doctor. “So, you are here today so we can finish the last set of bloodwork, correct?”

the doctor. “Yes.” I nod as well. “Okay, perfect, let me ask you a few questions
inside the room. Have you been sexually active recently?”

the doctor. “Yes.”

“Okay, any chance you are or can become pregnant?” I shake my head.

“No, we used protection, and when we didn’t I wasn’t ovulating.” Dr.

Amber types something into her computer. She asks me another question

about my cycle and when I plan to have the procedure done. “Okay, I’ll

do a quick pregnancy test just in case, and I will also make sure that the

bloodwork checks to see if you have any HCG hormone present. I want

to make sure you aren’t pregnant before we continue the process.” She says

to ensure she opens the cabinet and pulls out a cup for me to pee in.

80 I take the cup and head for the restroom down the hall. I can’t be prepared

I even For God's sake, I had my period and the only time we had unprotected

knew I wasn’t in the fertile stage of my cycle. I sigh as I open the restroom

100 door locking the door behind me. Taking a deep breath in and out, I pee

the cup, placing it inside the dispenser for the nurse to get. I wash my hands

and head back into the examination room.

as we The doctor enters the room five minutes later, holding a piece of paper and

smile at her, but once we make eye contact, something in my gut tells me

nd tells she's about to change my life forever. "Miss. Russo. Congratulations, you're pregnant!" She says, handing me the paper confirming what she had just printed for me. Right there in black bold letters, I read the word pregnant. My mind goes blank. She mess. There is no way this can be happening to me. I took test after test. How they were all negative. I got my fucking period, for God's sake.

ing The blood drains from my body. Currently, I'm in denial about this. "It can't be possible. You're wrong!" I say a little too loud. "Dr. Amber, I'm not pregnant. I took a pregnancy test, and they all came out negative. Are you sure?" I ask. Begging her to tell me this isn't true. "Those store-bought pregnancy tests can sometimes be wrong. We checked your urine twice and the same result appeared. I'll send you to the lab so they can take some blood, and we can confirm that way. I can also do an ultrasound and see if we can see any fetus. Though, it could still be too early." She says calmly as if she's trying to calm me down.

want to My eyes fill with tears. I don't want an ultrasound done on me because I'm pregnant, seeing that tiny dot on the machine will be confirmation that this is real. Wiping some of the tears that have escaped, I take a deep breath in and out. "Blood work should be fine. Thank you." Dr. Amber takes my hand and squeezes it. "Everything is going to be okay. Listen to me, you're pregnant. Leandra. You will be an excellent mother." She smiles at me, giving me one last squeeze.

oom "Go ahead and head to the lab, and I will send the order in. I will explain the results for you. We should get them in the next twenty-four hours." I nod and head down to the lab. As I go to the lab, I can't stop thinking about what I'll do if this is true, which I'm somehow starting to believe it is.

er. I I'm pregnant with Carter's baby. My hand automatically goes to my stomach making a vow to make my baby happy. Regardless of what happens,

you're my baby will never feel fatherless. At that very moment, I decided to tell Carter that he would be a father.

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t, and



“This
had The phlebotomist confirms my date of birth and proceeds to tie the blue
you tourniquet around my upper right arm. She fills the tubes as I stare at the
t tests wall, but my mind fills with thoughts of what Carter will say. Will he be
results happy? I laugh inside. How can he be happy with the news that he will
can father when he just found his mate, with whom he shares this incredible
/thing. bond? He deserves to know no matter what, but in the end, it will be his
o calm choice if he wants to be present.

After leaving the clinic, I visit the nearest store for several pregnancy
use if Now I’m waiting for my phone's timer to go off. Thirty seconds left. I
that out, hearing the timer go off, getting up off the ground. I stand and hear
reath the counter, where five pregnancy tests are laid out. Taking one, I turn
hold of to read the result. Positive. Two red lines are proudly displayed on most
e, one test. I clutch the pregnancy test against my chest. I knew Dr. Ambrose
y hand right. My gut told me she was, but I wanted to see it for myself and sure
enough, I have five tests proving to me and the world that I’m pregnant.

I hear Ashton calling my name and I hurry to get all the tests from the
pedite counter, disposing of them except for the one in my hands. I save that one
' I nod inside my purse and wash my hands before going to where Ashton is. ‘
t what Ash,’ I say, hoping he can’t see that I’ve been crying. If he does, he doesn’t
flat say anything. Instead, we sit and have dinner as he tells me about the five
appens, applicants who have applied to the internship we offer.

ell We finish dinner and I excuse myself as I start to feel nauseous. Mal
run for the guest room, I close the door and head for the toilet, where I
the contents of tonight's dinner.

e “Leandra. Lea. Are you okay? Do you need some water?” I can hear
he Ashton calling from the door, and I can also hear the concern in his vo
ne don’t want to tell him yet, but I probably won’t be able to hide this if I
be a already showing signs. “I’m okay, Ash. Yes, please, I’ll take some wat
e say so that he can leave while I finish emptying my stomach. As I hear
is knock on the door, I go to unlock it and head straight back into the en
e where I finish brushing my teeth. I notice him follow me all the way to
is suite, where I know he's seen the empty pregnancy boxes.

I turn around, and the look on his face is pure shock. He swallows h
he opens his mouth to talk, but closes it immediately.

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We finish dinner and I excuse myself as I start to feel nauseous. Making a run for the guest room, I close the door and head for the toilet, where I empty the contents of tonight's dinner.

“Leandra. Lea. Are you okay? Do you need some water?” I can hear Ashton calling from the door, and I can also hear the concern in his voice. I don’t want to tell him yet, but I probably won’t be able to hide this if I’m already showing signs. “I’m okay, Ash. Yes, please, I’ll take some water.” I say so that he can leave while I finish emptying my stomach. As I hear a knock on the door, I go to unlock it and head straight back into the en suite, where I finish brushing my teeth. I notice him follow me all the way to the en suite, where I know he's seen the empty pregnancy boxes.

I turn around, and the look on his face is pure shock. He swallows hard as he opens his mouth to talk, but closes it immediately.

Chapter Thirty-One

Chapter Thirty-One

Leandra



Ash embraces me and whispers encouraging words. He rubs my back letting me know everything will be okay. As I cry once again, stupid hormones have me getting all emotional, he reaches for a tissue. “Shh, Leandra. Everything’s going to be okay. You have many people that love you and will be here for you.” He says, pulling away as he wipes my tears from my stained cheeks. I look up and he’s all smiles. “Why are you smiling?” I say as I giggle a little.

“Because a child is a blessing and you, my friend, will be an excellent mother to that little boy or girl.” He says, smiling even bigger. I look at

and I can't help but smile back. Ash is right, a child is a blessing and I wanted to be a mom. He's right. I have a lot of people who love me and be in my corner. A few moments pass between us and I see his smile and he realizes who the father is after all. I know what he's about to ask without even asking. So, I nod, confirming his answer.

"I will tell him once I get the blood results back. Which hopefully within tomorrow at the latest." He nods and I know that regardless of whether I decided to keep it a secret, he would always support my decision, no matter the questions asked. As we say our good nights, I call my parents, letting them know I will be home either Friday or Saturday, depending on if I can leave a day earlier than expected.

As I end the call and look up at the ceiling, I can't help but think how things could have been so different if only he had kept his promise and chosen me over her. I place my hand on my stomach, rubbing gently. I fall into a deep slumber, hoping tomorrow goes well when I go to share the



ok

Waking up, I feel refreshed as I slept almost twelve hours, knowing my body needed the rest. I shower and brush my teeth. It's ten o'clock, and Ash has already left for the office. My phone rings as I walk into the kitchen to get some water. I look at the caller id and see it's Dr. Amber calling. "Hello?" I say nervously.

"Good Morning Leandra. This is Dr. Amber calling with the blood test results from yesterday afternoon." She pauses a few moments. "The test results are good. I will tell him once I get the blood results back. Which hopefully within tomorrow at the latest." He nods and I know that regardless of whether I decided to keep it a secret, he would always support my decision, no matter the questions asked. As we say our good nights, I call my parents, letting them know I will be home either Friday or Saturday, depending on if I can leave a day earlier than expected.

always bloodwork confirmed that you are indeed pregnant. Your HCG level is high, making me believe you are almost done with your first trimester.

“Wait, I’m sorry I’m not understanding.” I’m confused.

“HCG levels tend to be highest towards the end of the first trimester and gradually decline over the rest of your pregnancy. Currently, your level

will be around the tenth-week mark. Meaning you are about ten weeks pregnant.

The blood drains from my face as soon as those words come out of her mouth. Holy Shit. I’m ten weeks along, meaning my negative tests were

negatives. I conceived the first time we had unprotected sex, which is a rare event. I only have one ovulation cycle a year, which is why I was so sure I was not pregnant.

She continues to talk, but I zone her out as my thoughts go back to that night we conceived. “Leandra. Hello Leandra. Can you hear me? Are you still there?” She says, bringing me back. I clear my throat. “Yes, sorry,

please schedule an appointment with my OB-GYN when I return to the States next fall.”

“Thank you, Dr. Amber.” Before we hung up, she told me the results were ready if I wanted to pick up the hard copy, which I immediately did.



My body

Having the results in my hand, I open the envelope to read what Dr. Amber had told me this morning. I cry, knowing that things could have been

different. I know we were both disappointed that those tests came out negative. Now I know that what I had thought was my period was

implantation bleeding. I put the results back into the envelope. I take a breath in and out. Wiping the tears away, I start my drive to the pack house.

What’s inside that envelope will change Carter’s life.

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Making my way up the dirt road, my eyes scan the surrounding area and notice on the other side of the property, where the dock is, Carter and I. I swallow hard and try to control my breathing. Getting out of the car, I make my way towards the dock, but once I get closer, I stop as I witness my heart shatter once more, but this time there was no going back. At this very moment, I realize Carter kills something inside of me.

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I see them both kissing and when I can finally see his face, I see his smile and the way his eyes shine. He's happy and even though it breaks my heart, I can't be the one to get in between his happiness. I return to my car with an envelope in hand and say goodbye one last time, placing my hand on my chest and stomach.

mber

I apologize to my unborn child for not telling their father about them. “I’m sorry little one. I can’t get in between his mate bond. You didn’t know how his eyes shined and how he smiled at her.” I can’t be selfish. Plus, Carter made his choice. I just witnessed them kiss. And from where I’m standing, his eyes portray happiness and love. Getting back into the SUV, I practice deep breathing because I'm in no condition to drive. The drive back to the city is silent as I try to focus on the road and think positively so that tears don't threaten my eyes again.

deep

ouse.

“Hey, Lea. What’s up?”

Pulling on the side of the road, I give up, letting the tears take over. I'm trying to get words out, but I can't. I'm hurting not only for me but for my unborn child who never got the opportunity to get to know their daddy. “Ash,

in the office?" I say, and I can hear him close the door to his office. "Y
Lea, tell me what's wrong. Is it the baby?" He says, all concerned. "No
baby is fine." I pause, trying to breathe and stop my tears. "I need to ta
you in private."

id I
Sienna. "Lea. Sweetheart, you need to calm down and think about the baby.
to the office. I will send everybody home and it will be just us two. Ok

I make
heart "Okay. Can you let the pilot know that I will be leaving today and th
there's been a change in plans?" I sniffle, using my sleeve to wipe awa

tears and my nose. I drive towards the office, where Ashton waits for r
the parking garage. As I exited the car, I ran towards his embrace, feeli

smile safe. He tries his best to comfort me when I tell him that I couldn't tell
heart, I "I couldn't, Ash. He seemed so happy and in love that I couldn't be the
h the bearer of bad news and ruin his relationship. He'll marry her and she'll
ny flat pregnant by the time you know it. One big happy family." I say with a
reassuring smile. He looks at me with sympathy in his eyes, but I also

anger he feels toward Carter.

't see "You should have told him, Lea. He needs to be a man and step up.
, he new girlfriend has a problem, well, then guess what? Fuck them both."
ling, spits out with anger in his voice. I give him a look that tells him *I've de*
tice my and he will not speak of this again. "It's done, Ash. Not one word abou
ity is baby to anyone, especially not him." I look in his direction holding his
i't "Promise? Ash, promise me that you will not speak a word. This secre
to the grave." I'm begging him to agree. I know he will, but I need to h
him say it.

I'm He looks at me, slightly defeated. "I promise. I promise, Lea, I won't
my a word about this baby." He says, and I hug him, thanking him for eve
are you he's done for me these past few days. We hug one last time before he c

es. me to pick up my suitcases and from there, he takes me to the private
, the terminal where my flight awaits me. I release a sigh I've been holding
lk to takes my hand and kisses it. Our eyes share a silent goodbye, as this m
the last time he sees me in who knows how long.

Come "Goodbye, Ash. Thank you for being my friend and the best business
ay?" partner I could have. But most of all, thank you for everything you hav
iat for me in the past seventy-two hours." I say, giving him a genuine smi
y the pulls me into a hug as he rubs my back in a comforting way.

ne in "This isn't goodbye, Lea. For now, it is, but I'm always one call awa
ing matter what happens. If you need anything, you or that baby." He paus
him. smiling, looking down at my flat stomach. "Call me. No matter the tim
e hear me and best believe I will be calling to hear about my niece or ne
get After all, I will be that baby's Godfather." He says, all proud, chucklin
the end. I smile, giving him one last hug and kiss on the cheek. Steppin
see the the plane, I close my eyes as I seal this chapter.

If his

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ecided,

it this Once I return to the States, I head straight for my family home in Gran
gaze. Springs. My parents are waiting for me, as I had told them I had lande
t goes and was on my way home. On the car ride home, I smile, looking at th
near because, for the first time, I know everything will be okay. My baby w
loved.

't speak As the car pulls up in front of our main gate, I close my eyes and bre
rything and out. Opening the car door, I run straight for my mom and dad. I en
drives them as I hug them tightly, feeling safe and loved in their arms. I kiss l



their cheeks before going to my room to freshen up. As I turn the water on, I strip my clothes and enter the shower. The water feels good on my skin as it soothes my tired muscles.

I get my navy-blue loofah and pour some of my cucumber green tea body wash. I run the loofah up my neck, around the back of my neck, down my arms, down to my stomach, then make my way down my thighs. I reach between my thighs as I can feel the heat from my core, and for a second I think back to the locker room sex me and Carter had. Fuck! Now I'm horny and wet.

I rinse my body wash and finish washing my hair, turning off the water before doing something I might regret... touching myself.

Wearing a khaki turtleneck sweater dress with my hairstyle in a fishbowl braid, I make my way to my father's office, where I know my parents are waiting for me. I giggle inside because my parents aren't stupid. They know something is up. I knock before entering my eyes scan the office. My father is sitting in his chair, and my mother is behind him. My dad gestures for me to take a seat. "What's wrong, sweetie?" My mother says as she leaves my father's side to sit beside me, holding my hand. As I said, my parents aren't stupid, and coming back so suddenly with sadness in my eyes has then worried.

I clear my throat and breath, not wanting to cry in front of them, I have no tears left in me anyways. "Nothing. I've been thinking. I want to do a new business venture in our home country of Italy," I say, looking at my parents. "What's that new venture you're talking about?" My dad says, eyeing me to see if I'm lying, but I can see he's worried.

"Well, I want to expand our services. I mean we can help so many people there, it's like we're giving back to our home country. After all, I am Italian."

r on I I'm excited to have my parents' support in this new venture.

1 and "Okay, I believe in you, Leandra. Let's do it." My dad says with a smile and I know I have his full support in this. "Now, tell your mother and everybody the real reason behind the sadness." He says, looking all concerned. I hate my parents worry because of me. I release a sigh I'm holding.

h in My mom squeezes my hand, and I tell them it was time for me to return. I go and that Carter and I had broken up.

and I don't tell my parents that Carter is a wolf and that he chose his mate. I don't want my parents to hate the father of my child. So, instead, I tell them that we had broken up and it was time for me to return. We all knew Carter wasn't staying. That was never the plan. I look at them and I can't help but tell them that there's light behind this dark storm.

are I grab my mom's hand and place it on my stomach. She looks at me, confused, before realizing what I'm trying to say. I nod, and she starts crying as she hugs me. "Oh my God, I'm gonna be a nonna." She's happy and excited. My father gets out of his chair, making his way toward me. He hugs me tighter than ever, and I see his eyes water. I hug them both knowing everything is going to be alright.

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“Okay, I believe in you, Leandra. Let’s do it.” My dad says with a smile and I know I have his full support in this. “Now, tell your mother and me the real reason behind the sadness.” He says, looking all concerned. I hate seeing my parents worry because of me. I release a sigh I'm holding.

My mom squeezes my hand, and I tell them it was time for me to return and that Carter and I had broken up.

I don’t tell my parents that Carter is a wolf and that he chose his mate over me. I don’t want my parents to hate the father of my child. So, instead, I told them that we had broken up and it was time for me to return. We all knew I wasn’t staying. That was never the plan. I look at them and I can’t help but tell them that there's light behind this dark storm.

I grab my mom’s hand and place it on my stomach. She looks at me, all confused, before realizing what I’m trying to say. I nod, and she starts to cry as she hugs me. “Oh my God, I’m gonna be a nonna.” She’s happy and excited. My father gets out of his chair, making his way toward me. He hugs me tighter than ever, and I see his eyes water. I hug them both knowing everything is going to be alright.

Chapter Thirty-Two

Chapter Thirty-Two

Carter



It has been exactly four months, 12 weeks, 120 days, 2,920 hours, 175,200 minutes, and 10,512,000 seconds since I last heard from my Peach. I have texted and rang her both on more than one occasion. Hell, I even went to New York and talked to her parents and sisters. Not even her damn firm would give me something.

It wasn't even 48 hours after my rejection that my messages wouldn't deliver. The calls would instantly go to voicemail, and the number was disconnected after a while. I was broken and angry at her, but mostly, I

furious with myself because, to this day, I can still see the hurt and pain caused her in those dark brown eyes of hers.

I was in my home gym getting ready to exert some of this anger I had been building inside me these last 12 weeks. I'm in desperate need of a good workout session.

Isabella walks into the gym, and I watch her out of the corner of my eye. She looks at me, but her facial expression is unwelcoming, as it's been that way for the past four months. "You went to New York again, didn't you?" She asks in an accusing voice.

"I think you already know the answer to that question." I wasn't in the mood to talk to Isabella about what happened in New York. I clamp my mouth shut trying to control my emotions from getting the best of me.

I would never hurt Isabella physically, but I don't want to say something we both might regret later. I open my eyes and I can see Isabella staring at me with sadness and pity in her eyes now.

"Carter," Isabella's voice is soft and sympathetic.

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"You loved her that much?" Isabella asks, but her voice isn't judgmental. "No, loved would be past tense, and that's not the case. I still love her more than anything or anyone. I can't fuckin' breathe without Leandra dying a slow torturous death." I say, finally looking up at her.

"I was able to hear her thoughts. That wasn't normal," I find myself saying. "What?" Isabella questions as her eyes go wide at me in shock. "Were you able to hear her thoughts?" She repeats my words to make sure she heard right, needing confirmation. I nod as I look into her curious eyes.

"Holy shit, why didn't you tell me sooner, Carter? This is a big deal, right?"

"Yes," I sigh.

Fuck! I would have given everything for her to be my mate and not

n I the pain and hurt I saw in her eyes. Rejecting my mate didn't hurt as much as this. I felt relieved and content with my decision. My wolf was hurt, but I didn't feel losing Leandra was another type of pain. Losing her feels like I'm being suffocated.

I can't fuckin' breathe.

eye. "Carter, you should ask Liam about going to see the Elders. If anyone can answer why you could hear Leandra's thoughts, it's them," she says just before leaving me to my dismay.

I head over to the boxing bag as I finished wrapping my hands. The Elders? Hmm, it's probably nothing except maybe a mutation in my biology. I'm not willing to waste my time talking to the Elders. I need to find Leandra first. If I see them, I need her there with me.

Sometimes I let my hopes get way too high, like today when I asked her about going to the Elders at medinner after looking at potential locations for the construction, and she just brushed me off. She didn't even fuckin' answer the question. I shake my head at the thought.

Fuck!

I'm annoyed that her thoughts are blank whenever I want to get into her head the most and try to understand her. Why was everything I wanted to know blocked out? Like her whole life is just one big secret.

I knew she found me attractive and thought I was good in bed, but I didn't care about knowing any of those things. I wanted to know why she had built up so high? Why doesn't she date? I wanted to understand what she was going through and why I couldn't read her thoughts when she got defeated?" I was desperate for answers.

There was an undeniable connection between us. Making the brave and irrational decision to confront her, I make my way over to her suite with

such as *out because even though I'm pissed, I'm still a gentleman. Maybe I should have calmed down first.*

"Do you always open your door half naked?" I said, looking almost amused at the situation.

"No, I thought you were room service, and I happen to get excited a little can food," she said with a hint of sarcasm.

"Carter. Carter. Carter, man, are you okay?" Liam says, looking concerned.

"What?" I'm confused as to why he would be asking such a thing. I don't even hear him enter the gym.

"I saw you hunched over against the wall. I thought you were hurt. I called your name, and you didn't answer. Which makes me think you were the victim of something," he says, looking more relaxed since he can see that I'm hurt with an injury at least. He's not wrong, I was thinking. Thinking about the time our relationship changed when I went to her suite with take-out which ended with the best sex of my life, along with our first date.

"I'm good," I say, getting up from the wall as I prepare to spar with a warrior from the pack. Liam looks at me like he wants to say something but doesn't. Instead, he gets ready to take the warrior's place. It looks like I'm sparring with Liam, just like old times.

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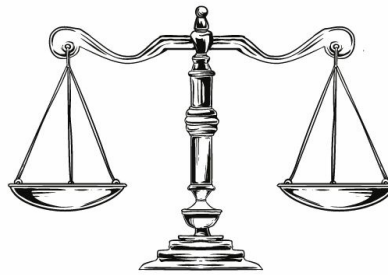
"I saw you hunched over against the wall. I thought you were hurt. I called your name, and you didn't answer. Which makes me think you were thinking of something," he says, looking more relaxed since he can see that I'm not hurt with an injury at least. He's not wrong, I was thinking. Thinking about the time our relationship changed when I went to her suite with take-out, which ended with the best sex of my life, along with our first date.

"I'm good," I say, getting up from the wall as I prepare to spar with a warrior from the pack. Liam looks at me like he wants to say something, but doesn't. Instead, he gets ready to take the warrior's place. It looks like I'll be sparring with Liam, just like old times.

Chapter Thirty-Three

Chapter Thirty-Three

Leandra



Why am I so nervous? He's seen you naked, Leandra. Come on, get together. He quirks an eyebrow at me and leans onto the door hinge. His tongue drags across his bottom lip slowly. "This isn't a booty call, is it?" A small laugh escapes my lips. "No, it's a dick appointment." I tease him. His eyes study me, but I notice a small smirk on his lips.

"I'm joking," I say, shutting the door behind him. "I didn't invite you to have sex, Carter." I clarify. He turns to me, his turquoise eyes full of amusement. "I know, Leandra," he says, smirking at me. He goes over

mountain of books I have on the table. I watch him intently as he runs his fingers against the spine of my books.

I close the distance between us, grabbing my book back from his hand. He slowly drags his fingertip across my skin. His touch was as light as a feather but enough to cause my breathing to increase and goosebumps to form all over my body away from Carter's touch. "I'm ready for the tour you promised me." I whisper at him.

"Sure, let's go," Carter responds by taking my hand as we walk toward the door. We exit the hotel and fall into a slow walk. It was warm today and the sun felt good on my skin. I definitely needed that vitamin D.



Our laughter filled my living room as we walked through my suite door. Making our way to the dining area, we place our takeout bags on the table. "Thank you for taking me to watch the comedy show. I needed the laughter after the crazy week I had."

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1. His
Carter places a delicate kiss below my earlobe. "Carter," I whisper. "I thought we said this wasn't a booty call."*

*you over
f
to the
Carter's lips part against my skin. "If I remember correctly, I did promise you I would hear you screaming my name again. But you're right, it's not a dick appointment," he mumbles against my skin, but I can feel him*

his smirking. My heart has officially stopped beating. “And I know you want my dick, baby. Are you wet for me?” He continues to pleasure me.

My core tightens at his words. Carter reaches down to hoist me up and onto the leather dining table, and he nudges his way between my legs. His hands trail down my body. I pull my body slowly, his fingers resting on the buttons of my jeans. He undoes them as his lips still kiss along my neck.

Fuck, Leandra, have some self-control! I said to myself no more sex scenes especially after the lobby incident. Why couldn't I do it?

“Because I've been thinking about how you sound,” his hand slips into my jeans, and I feel myself getting wetter. His other hand now clasps the back of my neck, his fingers fist my hair. His hand goes over my lace panties, whispering, “over and over,” as his fingers press down against my pussy. I let out a quite hitched breath.

I can feel Carter's smirk against my neck. He knew exactly what he was doing to me, driving me crazy. “Do you want me to stop?” He asks in a low voice; I can feel the corner of his teeth grazing my neck. “No,” I breathe. Then I roll my head into his shoulder as he rubs circles around my clit.

“You're so wet, Leandra,” he says deeply in my ear. I bite my lower lip to stop myself from moaning. My hands make their way up to Carter's shoulders. I throw my head back in pleasure. His fingers find the hem of my jeans, and he lifts my hips to take them off. His eyes are darker, full of lust and pure lust. He works quickly as he throws my jeans onto the floor.

Carter is on his knees in no time as he spreads me open, one foot secured on the dining chair. He grunts when he looks at my wet panties. Carter's lips are warm along the inside of my thighs, his lips are warm, and his kisses are soft. One of his fingers slips into the side of my panties, and he pulls them off, destroying them.

int this For fucks sake, at this rate, he will owe me a whole collection.

I grunt. "You've got to stop doing that," I say breathlessly as I feel i
nto the closer to my aching pussy. A low chuckle escaped his lips. "I'll buy yo
lown whole Victoria Secret collection." He says huskily. Carter then lowers
oes head sucking my clit. My hands grip his hair and try to pull him closer
Pressing two fingers inside of me slowly, his tongue licks my clit. I arc
, back as I feel his fingers thrusting in and out of me. "Oh God, Carter,
groan and grip his hair tighter.

inside He thrusts quicker, his fingers curling inside me, and I have to hold
he back edge of the table to steady myself. Carter hits my G-spot perfectly, sucki
s, my clit as I scream out my orgasm. My eyes well with tears, pleasure
ssy. I erupting in every inch of my body. Grinding my hips down onto Carter
mouth and fingers. Catching my breath, Carter slowly pulls away and
was up to my face pulling me in for a kiss tasting myself on his lips. "Bet yo
a low missed that," he mumbles, smiling at me.

he out. "I missed something else even more," I admit as I pull on his belt. F
: undoes his belt himself and strips himself of his jeans. Then he pulls hi
lip to up over his head, his muscles flexing, and I can't help but stare. Carter
me off the table and spins me around, hoisting one knee up onto the di
of my chair. He removes my shirt and bra and kisses up my spine slowly. His
desire find my ass, and he grips them harshly. I groan and push back onto his
hands.

ttling "Is this what you want?" I hear Carter behind me as he presses his
r kisses my entrance. I breathe out and look down at the table, nodding my head
: One hear the ripping of a foil packet. Carter slides his dick along my slit. "

"Yes," I say breathlessly. Carter smiles against my back, leaving ki
my shoulder, then pushes his way into me. "Ohhhh, Carter," I moaned

reaches around the front of my body and rests his hand just below the
his face my throat.

u the Fuck yes!

his He's going to choke me, and I'm going to come. Carter thrusts faster
to me. faster, going deeper than the previous thrust. "Oh fuck," I curse as I tilt
h my head back and rest it on Carter's shoulder.

"I Carter grunts in my ear, and I close my eyes at how good he feels in
me. His hand smooths over my ass and he lets his hand come down on
to the spark of pleasure and pain shoots through my skin. Fuck, he just spank
king "Carter..." I say breathlessly. "You like that?" He asks deeply in my
can't answer because it feels too good, so I nod. He spanked me again
's this time twice as hard, and I groan. I'm getting wetter with each spank
moves drenching his cock. His hand then claps my throat, and I let out a surpris
ou gasp. Oh God, I was going to come everywhere.

Just as I feel myself about to come, he stops, still inside me. My body
le shakes, and I push myself back onto him, gripping the table with every
s shirt have. "Carter, please," I pant. He moves agonizingly slow. "Please,"
r pulls begged again. Carter kisses my shoulder before grunting. "God, Leaning
ning He pulls out and slams back into me. The table is rattling. Carter move
: hands leg up further to go deeper as he pounds into me.

I cry out as I throw my head back, my orgasm completely consuming
"Fuck, don't stop," I moan. Carter slaps my ass again, which only adds
cock at my pleasure. It burns but in a good way, in a really good way. My knu
id. I turn white as I hold on for dear life. My body shakes uncontrollably as
Is it?" orgasm is intense. Just as I finish coming, I hear Carter begin to grunt
sses on heavily. His grip on me tightens, especially around my throat, and his
l. He are strong and hard.

base of “Fuck, you’re such a good girl,” he curses, and I love it when he gets vocal during sex. He pulls out, ripping off the condom, and lets his cum fall all over my ass.

er and Carter wipes his cum off my ass, kissing the back of my neck. “You can tilt my head,” he asks quietly, and I nod. “Just trying to catch my breath,” I breathe.

Carter turns me around and places his shirt over my head before sliding on his boxers. He then cups my face and smiles before kissing my lips tenderly. “I didn’t know you could be so dirty,” I admit, and Carter sneezed me!me.

my ear. I “I didn’t know you could be so sexy,” he replies gruffly.

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k

rised



my I wake up trying to catch my breath, as I have another wet dream. I lose track of how many it's been now. As my pregnancy progresses, the hornier I get, and let's just say my dildo isn't cutting it for me, especially when I'm coming. “The real thing but not just any dick will do. I need Carter’s cock. I place my palm against my baby bump rubbing small circles, feeling my little pump move.”

ing me. I’m five months along, and I just started to show a little more where it actually starts to see the bump with certain clothes I wear. I have my five-month check-up, and my parents flew in to be with me for the last four months of my pregnancy. My mother will join me on today's visit, and she cannot wait to see my baby. I get off the bed, making my way toward the suite to shower and prepare for the day ahead of me.

'ts

n squirt



okay?"

out. My appointment was soon, and I was feeling way too emotional from
pping these hormones, and being sex deprived wasn't helping the situation. I
these pregnancy hormones! This would be the first time someone is co
irks at with me to one of my visits. My parents and sisters joined each time vi
Facetime, but it wasn't the same as having my mom here with me. Ash
joined me on my last visit along with my parents and honestly, seeing
again took me back to memories of Carter and the pack.

We arrive at the clinic and make our way inside. I check in at the fro
desk, and the medical assistant tells me a nurse would be out shortly to
me back. I sit beside my mom, grabbing one of the baby books from th
t count coffee table. I only get to turn the page about five times before a nurse
get, scrubs comes out with a clipboard. "Leandra Russo?"

carving My mother and I stand and follow the nurse. She confirms my name
e my DOB and makes small talk as we head to the first room on the left. She
p me step on a scale, takes my blood pressure, and places a pulse oximet
my finger. She asks me general questions, and I answer them all, lettin
I can know that my morning sickness has improved. She then leads us to the
re- room.

"Dr. Ferrari will be in shortly." The nurse leaves, and the door click
I behind her. I sit at the exam table as my mom sits next to me. I reach n
he en hand out so that she can hold it. I need to feel her close. It's been hard
having anyone here with me these last few months, which is why I'm

thankful my parents are here, especially since this pregnancy takes a toll on my body daily.

There's a soft knock on the door, and my mom puts my dad on mute. I'm adorable seeing them both excited about their first grandchild. My father face-timed my mother the second she told him I was inside the exam room. "Come on in," I say before I see Dr. Ferrari pop his head in and then he proceeds to open the door fully. He has jet-black hair with some gray streaks and dark skin. His nose is long and straight, and his lips are full. His clean-cut beard and hazel eyes add to his overall handsomeness.

He's good-looking.

Dr. Ferrari examines me and asks me questions about my symptoms. He was sympathetic to my symptoms and gave me a few ideas to keep the morning sickness at bay when it gets too hard for me to keep anything down.

"Let's take a look and see how things are progressing," Dr. Ferrari says.

"Go ahead and lie down and pull up your shirt for me." I lay down and pull up my shirt as he pulls my leggings a little down so that my baby bump is exposed. He stands in front of the ultrasound machine, taking the hand on one hand and the gel with the other.

"This will be a little warm, okay?"

I nod as he squeezes some gel along my bump and uses the transducer to spread the gel, moving the transducer along my stomach. The screen lights up with my baby's outline, and my mother gasps.

"So Leandra, if you see right here, you can see that the baby is progressing just fine and measuring just about right." He keeps talking and taking more measurements and pictures for my mother and me since she has asked for copies.

I laugh.

Dr. Ferrari turned on the speakers, and for the first time, my mother listened to the heartbeat in person, seeing the outline of my baby's head on the screen. I stare in awe, never tired of seeing my pup on the screen. "Would you like to know the sex of the baby?"

"No," I shake my head. "I would like to be surprised at the time of birth," I say, smiling at him. He smiles back and continues to talk. "That's the baby's head which happens to be measuring just right for five months. And he can see the baby's hand and tiny little fingers." He moves the transducer slightly lower, pointing out the outline of the baby's legs and tiny toes. "Lastly, as you can see and hear, we have a very strong heartbeat. Congratulations, Leandra, your baby is perfectly healthy."

Dr. Ferrari cleaned the gel off me and helped me up. "Okay, I record your baby's heartbeat along with a video of today's ultrasound, and here are some pictures for Mom." He says, handing my mother the pictures and the video recording.

"Thank you," I said.

Walking out of the doctor's office after seeing my baby and listening to their heartbeat, I can't eliminate the guilt that consumes me. My pup deserves to know his daddy and Carter deserves to know about his existence. Since I'm sitting in my office debating on what I should do next, I feel my baby kick and that's the sign I was looking for. My pup has answered the question I've been pondering since I left the doctor's office. Carter needs to know. The ball is now in his court after that. I call him from my new number, hoping he will answer.

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baby,



The phone rings and rings but no one answers. I try again and by the fourth ring, Carter answers the phone. “Hello, Carter. It’s me, Leandra.” I say trying to calm my nervousness, but all I hear is breathing and rustling in the background. I check my phone to make sure the call is still connected but all of a sudden, it gets disconnected. My hand hovers over the call button again as I wait a couple of minutes to try again when a Facetime call from Carter suddenly appears on my screen. I hesitate to answer, feeling my heart rate going a hundred miles per hour. My pup kicks bring me back to reality and I slide my thumb across, answering his call. Taking a deep breath and closing my eyes, I wait for his voice to take over, but what happens next destroys my heart even more.

My eyes snap open once I realize the moaning is coming from the Facetime call. “Oh, Carter. Yes, baby, just like that.” The voice belongs to secretary Candace. The image in front of me fills my eyes with tears as I witness her riding him in his office. The same fuckin' office we had sex in. The same chair I rode him in. His shirt is unbuttoned, showcasing his cock and she's full-on naked as she bounces up and down. The bitch is making her breast are all over his face. Carter doesn't say anything. How could I when his face is buried deep between her fuckin' chest? “Fuck you, Carter” I spit out, but before I can end the fuckin' call, she turns around, giving me a devilish smirk before moaning out his name one last time. I end the call and throw my phone against the wall.

My heart has been shattered beyond repair, and any guilt I had is no there. Carter has killed the last piece I had alive.



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in the Four Months Later

when, I wake up feeling a sharp pain. Glancing at the clock on my bedside
on see it's only 4 A.M. As I make my way to the en suite, I feel liquid run
om my thigh. My hand automatically goes to check if I peed myself, but I
heart sudden gush of water before I can do that.

ality Fuck, my water broke!

and I swallow hard, panicking a little as I try to calm myself down, as I
xt that in just a few hours, I'll get to meet my baby. I turn on the shower,
turning the knob to the perfect temperature as I take my phone off the
and call my parents. My father answers. I breathe in as a contraction hi
gs to his "Sweetheart, are you okay?"

s I "Dad it's time you're going to be a nonno." I let my father know. A
x in. minutes later my mother walks in, letting me know she has the hospita
chest, ready and my change of clothes laid out for me. I finish washing gettin
ng sure of the shower. As I enter the room, I see my mother has finished cleani
l he mess and changed my sheets to fresh ones to prepare my room for whe
rter," I return with my baby. My mother helps me dress in a men's shirt that fi
ne a like a dress. I slip on my fluffy slippers, ready to go.

ll and "Ready?" My mother looks at me with the biggest smile on her face
tell she's excited to be a nonna. I nod and leave my room with my mot
my side, holding my hand. My father is waiting for us in the living roo

longer his phone in his hand when I suddenly get another contraction. I see my father quickly tap his phone as he approaches me when I notice that he is timing my contractions. I can't help but stare in awe at my father's gestures.

We arrive at the hospital, where I get checked in and taken into labor and delivery, all within minutes of arriving. Dressed in a hospital gown with an IV sticking out of my hand I'm ready to pop this sucker out. The pain starts to be getting more intense as the hours go by. The nurse walks in carrying a table, I what looks like a fetal heart monitor which I had read about them in my books. The nurse straps the monitor around my huge belly and then goes to feel a check how dilated I am.

She pushes her fingers inside me, sliding them out a minute later. After she disposes of the gloves, she turns back to face me with a smile. "Well, I realize sweetie, you're seven centimeters dilated. I'll come back in an hour to check on you." She smiles one last time and walks out the door. Both my parents are in the room, my father is sitting on the couch, timing my contractions and my mother is by my side feeding me ice cubes.

A few An hour goes by, and my contractions have gone from being ten minutes apart to now being five minutes apart and lasting a minute between each one. A contraction hits as I grip my father's hand with all the strength I can muster.

ing the Holy shit, this hurts.

in I The nurse waits for the contraction to pass before she pushes her fingers inside me. She pops her head up and tells the second nurse to call the doctor. I am now fully dilated to 10 cm. Dr. Ferrari walks in dressed in blue scrubs with the biggest grin on his face.

her by "How's my favorite patient, huh?" He says as he goes to check on me. I m with "I'm sure you say that to everyone, Doctor," I say, raising one of my

y eyebrows. He chuckles.

is “Okay, Leandra, I want you to start pushing when you feel the next
ture. contraction, okay?”

r and “Okay.”

th an When the next contraction hits, I push and continue to push with eve
seems contraction that hits me. My father brushes the hair back from my face
ing mother records the moment my life will change completely. My parent
y baby turns holding my hands through the next several pushes cleaning the s
es to off my face and whispering encouraging words.

“Ohhhh God, this hurts.” I moan out in pain, leaning my head back
s she the pillows. I’m tired, and it’s getting harder to push. During the next f
minutes, a sheen of sweat appears on my forehead my mother goes to v
check off with the washcloth.

ents “I know, sweetheart, but you're strong. You’ve got this!.” My mothe
ms, and “Great job, sweetie. You’re doing good.” My father says, taking my
as I prepare to push again.

utes Another contraction hits this one stronger and even more painful. I p
th one. and I hear Dr. Ferrari tell me he sees the head. “Keep pushing, Leandra
Ferrari encourages me, and that's precisely what I do.

I keep on pushing.

I pushed once, twice, and three times when I let out another yell, and
gers when the world seemed to have slowed down, and the sound of my hea
loctor. loud in my ears because, at that moment, I heard my baby wail.

rubs “It’s a boy,” Dr. Ferrari said as he held my baby, asking my parents
the cord. I see my baby boy's tiny fingers open and close. Dr. Ferrari p
ie. him on my chest as I look down at my little boy. He opens and closes l

eyes a few times. One look and I was in love. He opens his eyes, looks at me, and I see he has his father's eyes—a spitting image of his daddy.

The nurses cleaned him, wrapping him up and placing a blue hat on his head. Dr. Ferrari checks me over delivering the placenta and ensures everything is okay. He then checks on the baby as my eyes follow them as my mother moves. Both my parents continue to watch the nurses and doctors like ants taking care of their queen. Dr. Ferrari brings my baby boy back. I can't help but smile when I see his cute adorable little face. My parents look in awe seeing their first grandchild. "He's beautiful," both my parents say simultaneously. My mom asks to hold him against her nuptials, taking him from me. I close my eyes to get some rest.

give

wipe it



her says.

hand When I wake up, I see my mother has gone to take a shower and freshen up as my father holds my baby in his arms. I smile at the view in front of me.

push The nurse walks in a few minutes later.

a." Dr. "Hello, How are you doing?"

"I'm fine." She smiles. "That's good to hear. I wanted to see if we could fill out the birth certificate for this handsome little boy." I nod.

and that's I fill out the paperwork with my name and my baby's name. The nurse reviews the information and confirms the baby's name and spelling.

art was "Perfect, so this little guy will be named Luca Grayson Russo. Correct?" She questions.

to cut I nod. "That's correct."

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er every Motherhood was no joke. The first few weeks were challenging and ve
l hawk. tiring. Luca was sleeping as I sat on the couch surrounded by baby stuff
ee his everywhere. I look down, laughing to myself, as I see Luca's little mou
dchild. stained with milk. My handsome little boy loves my boobs more than I
to hold did. I look at his sweet little face and smile as I mentally thank Carter f
most precious gift he could have given me.

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Motherhood was no joke. The first few weeks were challenging and very tiring. Luca was sleeping as I sat on the couch surrounded by baby stuff everywhere. I look down, laughing to myself, as I see Luca's little mouth stained with milk. My handsome little boy loves my boobs more than his dad did. I look at his sweet little face and smile as I mentally thank Carter for the most precious gift he could have given me.

Chapter Thirty-Four

Chapter Thirty-Four

Candace

Carter had come in mid-afternoon looking like his handsome self there was something clearly wrong. He came and locked himself in his office drinking his sorrows away. I had taken in some files earlier and noticed the bottle of whisky was halfway gone. There's only one reason I can think of that will have Carter drinking all day every day and that's Leandra. The rumor going around was that Carter had met his mate Sienna causing a breakup between Leandra and Carter.

The rumor was later confirmed to be true but Carter and Sienna had agreed to reject each other. And from what I can see Carter hasn't been able to win back Leandra. In fact, the rumor is that she left Australia and no one knows where she could be.

The pleasure I get from knowing that bitch will no longer be an issue for me brings a devilish grin to my face. I make my way to Carter's office to predict he's now on bottle number two. This will be easier than I thought. I knock on the door but all I hear coming from inside his office is the sound of glass breaking and the ring of his phone. I open the door, seeing Carter slumped in his office chair and passed out drunk. His cell phone rings.

Walking towards his desk I pick up his phone and see the same number had just called. I answer the call on speaker phone when all of a sudden a voice is heard on the other end.

“Hello, Carter. It’s me, Leandra,” she says and I instantly recognize her voice before she says who she is. I don't give her a chance to hear anything I hang up the phone. I look at Carter as he mumbles her name which I barely hear coming out of his mouth before he passes out. I run toward the door to lock it and make my way over sitting on his lap.

My hand goes directly for his chest as I work fast to unbutton his dress shirt making him look like he just got fucked. I ruffle his hair making a mess with it. I then proceed to get myself naked from the waist up taking advantage that he’s totally drunk. I thank the moon Goddess for the opportunity of a lifetime as I straddle his lap. Not even five minutes later I make a Facetime call to the number Leandra had called from. I start to lean over his face making sure to hide his passed-out appearance with my breasts. I start to dry hump him.

I would have liked to actually ride his cock but he isn't even hard and no matter what I do he isn't even close to getting hard. The call rings and the universal sound indicating the call has connected is my cue to start moving.

“Oh, Carter. Yes, baby, just like that.” I moan out in my most sultry voice. As I start to bounce furiously up and down making it seem like I'm riding his cock. I continue to kiss all over his face bringing both my hands to cup his cheeks and attacking his lips, sliding my tongue inside his mouth. I let his head fall directly on my breast making it seem as if he was burying his face between my huge breasts. Carter doesn't say anything but I mean how could he if he's passed out and his face is buried between my breasts?

“Fuck you, Carter,” I hear Leandra spit out causing a devilish smirk

r that appear on my face as I turn around. The heartbreak I see brings me
n her satisfaction.

That's right I won bitch!

her I moan out his name one last time before I hear the call end. I contin
hing as take advantage of a few more minutes just to make sure before I turn a
ou can once more and make sure the call did in fact end. I get off his lap feelin
ls the disappointed as I grab his dick and it's soft as fuck.

Fuck!

ess He must really be far gone. I mean who doesn't get hard after every
sure to had just done to him? I put my clothes back on and button Carter's shir
ng full more. Cleaning his face from my lipstick, I hear Liam's voice come fro
other side of the door.

ter I "Carter. Carter open the fucking door!" Liam yells banging on the d
kiss all little harder. I fix my hair making sure I look presentable. I don't want
ody as anything away. I get the empty whiskey bottle and open the door. Lian
angry. "What the fuck are you doing in here? And why the fuck was th
d no locked?" He questions.

the I bring the empty bottle up, dangling it so that he can see that I'm ju
aning. doing my job. "I heard glass shatter and saw the empty bottle. I'm goin
voice. go get a broom and pan and be careful with the glass." I say answering
ing his first question and praying he doesn't notice that I didn't answer his sec
) his question. I walk out of Carter's office with a smirk plastered on my fac
go and knowing that bitch will never be a problem for me and Carter; especial
g his she witnessed what I wanted her to believe. Her precious Carter enjoyi
how ride of his life. Hearing me moan his name.

She's too fucking gullible.

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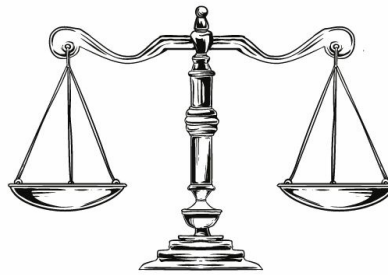
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Chapter Thirty-Five

Chapter Thirty-Five

Leandra



Two Years Later

I'm in my office finishing my last-minute case notes before I head back to the States. My parents will be leaving before me to ensure the house is ready for me and Luca to move into. I close my laptop, ready to take a break, when my door suddenly bursts open with my two-year-old screaming at the top of his lungs.

"Mamma! Mamma! Mamma!" Luca yells as he runs towards me, with the cutest thing I've ever seen. His chubby legs are so adorable I can ju

them. “Hi, baby! How's my handsome boy?” I ask him, blowing raspberries on his chubby rosy cheeks.

He giggles, thinking it's the funniest thing in the world. My son looks at me with those big turquoise eyes, just like his father. I swear my child is a mini Carter with looks and personality.

I admit that the first year was hard, seeing a reminder of the person who broke me, but I wouldn't change it for the world. Luca has helped me heal and seeing him makes me feel like I never lost Carter in some weird way. My mother comes in a few seconds later as she smiles, taking in the view before her. My mother has been an enormous help these past two years and I tell her everything.

“Hi, sweetie.” My mother greets me.

“Hi, mamma.” I kiss her cheek, giving her a side hug.

“Hi, Nonna,” My son greets my mom with a toothy grin. Greeting her with a kiss on the cheek and taking him in her arms. Luca loves being held by both his nonna and nonno. All three of us leave the office to meet my father for lunch.

We arrive at a little cafe with the most beautiful view of the Amalfi Coast. My father is already at the table with our drinks ready. Luca runs towards Nonno. My father picks him up, blowing raspberries and making him giggle. We all take a seat, Luca sitting on my father's lap. A waiter arrives with menus, and we order our food five minutes later.

I breathe in the fresh air that the Amalfi Coast offers its residents. Our house for the past three years has been smaller than the one we have in New York. Our home is located in Furore, known as the “town that does not exist.” What I love is the access we have to the sea and the breathtaking views reminding me of my son's eyes every day.

erries My parents will be leaving for the States tomorrow, leaving Luca an
alone for the first time in two years. These next few months will be cra
ks at hectic, but I am looking forward to being back.

is a Life has been great with my son.

who

deal,

ay. My

efore Six Months Later

owe Within the last year, I felt my whole life has finally settled down. I h
become a better person and was finally happy and moving on. I was ha
with my mental state as it declined after my pregnancy with postpartur
depression during the first couple of months. I was happy with myself
im fact that I had moved on in the sense that I held no resentment for Cart
with wished him all the happiness in the world.

lad for Motherhood is a very confusing place to be, especially as a single m
You're constantly surrounded by a sense of loneliness and unknowing.
Coast. Thinking if I could provide my child with enough love. Being both mo
rds his and father to him has been challenging, but I wouldn't change it for an
giggle. The emotional challenge I went through that first year was heartbreaki
h the me and those around me. The first year I felt overwhelmed, tired, and
stressed. I had just given birth and was opening up a new law firm with
ur different team.

l New I had worked extremely hard on myself and started talking to a
t professional about my postpartum depression and the overall stress I h
g view, my life. I learned that in order to take care of my baby, I needed to tak



id me of myself. The hard work definitely paid off as I saw the brighter side
azy and was finally happy with myself.

I had my parents' love and my sisters as well as my best friend, who
having her first child later this year, but most of all, I had Luca Grayso
Russo.

The last year was spent focusing on myself and my son, who will be
turning three soon. My parents left Italy six months ago to prepare eve
for my arrival with Luca. I was ready to get back to New York with my
family. Ashton took care of the business in Australia, my father handle
business in the States, and I took care of Italy, but it was time for me to
ppy home.

My therapy sessions helped me realize the meaningful relationships
and the established, and there was one relationship I was determined to keep—
er. I relationship with my Goddaughter, Eva. Ashton helped me maintain
communication with Eva through the gifts and letters I wrote to her for
other. birthday. I wanted to let her know that the promise I made on the day of
baptism was real and that I would keep my promise till my death.

Ashton never mentioned Carter and I never asked. All I could hope
ything. that Carter and his mate were happy. I hoped he was happy because the
ng for thought of him waiting or heartbroken kills me. The voice message I fi
got the courage to hear broke my heart. I wanted Carter to let me go so
1 a he could be happy with his mate. I still loved him and will always love
He gave me the greatest gift in my life. My son.

ad in
e care



of life We arrived safely back in New York. It was a long nonstop flight, alm
hours. Luca is awake and excited to see his grandparents and his aunts
is best friend is with me, as she has stayed with me for the past month. W
n disembark the private jet as we make our way inside the airport.

“Luca. Baby go with Jess, okay? I have to do something really quick
: say, letting go of Luca’s hand and ensuring he goes with Jess as they
rything disappear into the crowd. A few minutes later, I return, heading toward
y exit, when I see Luca bump into a little girl. Luca falls, but I can hear h
d the her sorry. She must be older than him since she seems taller. She reach
o come hand out and helps my son get up. I don’t see her face, but her dress is
adorable.

I had A few seconds later, Jess appears, picking Luca up. “Come on, buddy
-my Your mom is coming. It’s okay, Luca.” I can hear her tell him, and his
lights up. The little girl runs in the opposite direction. A few more stric
: her and I meet my son and best friend.

of her “Mommy, I fell,” Luca says, his eyes full of tears.

“I know, buddy. Let me make it better.” I say, grabbing him from Je
was wipe away the few tears that escaped his eyes. I rub his back in soothir
e circles as he lays his head on my shoulder.

nally

o that

: him.

We arrived safely back in New York. It was a long nonstop flight, almost ten hours. Luca is awake and excited to see his grandparents and his aunts. My best friend is with me, as she has stayed with me for the past month. We disembark the private jet as we make our way inside the airport.

“Luca. Baby go with Jess, okay? I have to do something really quick.” I say, letting go of Luca’s hand and ensuring he goes with Jess as they disappear into the crowd. A few minutes later, I return, heading towards the exit, when I see Luca bump into a little girl. Luca falls, but I can hear him tell her sorry. She must be older than him since she seems taller. She reaches her hand out and helps my son get up. I don’t see her face, but her dress is adorable.

A few seconds later, Jess appears, picking Luca up. “Come on, buddy. Your mom is coming. It’s okay, Luca.” I can hear her tell him, and his face lights up. The little girl runs in the opposite direction. A few more strides, and I meet my son and best friend.

“Mommy, I fell,” Luca says, his eyes full of tears.

“I know, buddy. Let me make it better.” I say, grabbing him from Jess. I wipe away the few tears that escaped his eyes. I rub his back in soothing circles as he lays his head on my shoulder.

Chapter Thirty-Six

Chapter Thirty-Six

Carter



We arrive in New York ready to start working on the new project. I'm here to see if we can expand the pack since we do have business here. It would be a great opportunity for other pack members. I watch Eva as she wanders, taking in her surroundings, when I spot a little boy who bumps her as he falls.

I can't see his face, but from what I can see, he has chubby rosy cheeks and blond hair. His voice sounds sweet as I hear him apologize, but he sounds sad like he's about to cry. I see a woman approaching them. I h

call out his name. My gaze is solely focused on Eva as she runs back to where we're at.

"Uncle Carter," she's out of breath from running. She gives me that look that tells me she wants to say something. Tugging on my arm so I could stop down so she could whisper something in my ear. I do just that.

"The little boy that bumped into me looks exactly like you, Uncle Carter. Like the picture you have when you were little," Eva said. I immediately stand up, my eyes searching for that little boy, and that's when I see her.

I'm numb. I don't know how to feel. My head is all fuzzy. I don't know what I just witnessed is real or if my mind is playing tricks on me. It has been three fucking years, and now I see her standing in front of me with a child who is the spitting image of myself at that age.

Is he my son, I thought. She swallows hard and tells Jess, the woman with, to take Luca outside that the car is waiting. I look at her and see she isn't the Leandra I knew. I'm angry at her for keeping this away from me. I'm angry at myself, and right now, my wolf is going feral knowing she has our pup away from us.

I watch my son walk away with Jess, and that's when I get ready to confront her for not telling me I have a fucking son, but before I can say anything, I see little Eva running towards Leandra screaming her head off. Leandra bends to meet her, embracing each other, both of them crying and Isabella make their way toward us, and I see the shock in their eyes. Leandra stands with Eva in her arms.

Isabella immediately hugs her, crying, and I know why we thought we would never see Leandra again. The past three years have been hell for us. I hired a private investigator. We never learned where she was. It was as if she fell off the face of the earth, except for when Eva received a birthday

from her or when Isabella and Liam received their wedding gift. All gift
no return address and no way to track her.

look “Holy Shit! It’s really you.” Isabella says as she wipes her tears away
and bend smiling at us all.

Leandra laughs at that comment. “The one and only in the flesh.” She
smiles with a smile, but I know her better than anyone that’s not a genuine smile.
She wants to get away and return to her son, our son. I can tell from the way
she keeps looking toward the exit.

Leandra looks at me before making eye contact with the rest of the group
as been She clears her throat. “I should get going, it's been a long day and my son
needs to get home.” She says, and my wolf is now feral and angry at her

using my son instead of ours. He’s our pup, not just hers. As she says
her goodbye and turns to leave, I grab her arm and whisper low enough so
only she and I can hear. “We’re not done here,” I say through gritted teeth

Leandra looks at me, warning me to let go of her or else. “Let go of
me. Her voice is full of warning, and if looks can kill, I would be dead. I let
go, not wanting to hurt her. “I’m not doing this right now in an airport,
Carter.” She says. Fuck I forgot where we were. I nod, letting her know

I agree, but we're doing this regardless of whether she wants to. “You know
where I live. I’ll see you at six.” Leandra says, and before I can get the
chance to respond, she walks away, making her way toward the exit and

getting into the SUV that was parked just outside that door.

we

for all of

was like

gift It’s thirty minutes before six, and I’m outside waiting.



fts had Fuck.

Time cannot go any faster. Fuck it! I enter the building and make my way toward the private elevator. Getting inside, I start to feel myself getting nervous. I'm anxious to see her again. It's been three years. I'm still upset she kept me from my son, but I agree with Isabella and Liam. I don't know her reasons behind that decision, and I can't blame her for running after the way I did. When she left that airport, I was fuming with anger. My wolf was and hurt, and he was trying to take over, but luckily, I had Liam there to group me aside and stop me from making this situation worse.

The elevator pings, and the doors open to her penthouse. Stepping in, I can see nothing has changed. It's as if time never passed. I see Leandra coming from the bedroom hall, and fuck does she look beautiful. She looks like she just got out of the shower. Her hair is damp, but she has it styled in a messy bun, and she's in an oversize sweater and leggings. "Of course, I'm here early. I'm surprised you didn't come earlier, although you would have found the house empty." She says with a smirk playing on her lips, but her voice is full of sarcasm.

She motions for me to follow her as she sits on the sofa. She looks at me, holding my gaze, and I can tell she is waiting for me to start. I sit before taking a deep breath before I start. "How old is he?" I say, my voice cracking. Leandra licks her lips before responding to my question. I can see her face soften. "He's two and a half." She smiles, and I can tell our son means the world to her. "Luca knows about you." She says barely above a whisper, which takes me by surprise. I try to touch her, but she flinches away from me. "Don't touch me," she says as her eyes stare back at me. "You have no right to try and touch me."

"I was worried about you. I called and texted to the point that my mind

and calls weren't going through." I hold her stare. She instantly scoffs
y way words. "Well, you don't need to worry. You have your mate, girlfriend
; or whatever the fuck she is to you." Leandra says sarcastically as she v
set that away the tears from her face.

now "I don't want her, Leandra. I want you and our son." I tell her. She l
r what me shaking her head as she stands from her spot. "He's mine! My son
s angry Carter." She yells. "Tell me, when did you realize you wanted me and
o pull her? Was it before or after the kiss." Her voice cracks as a single tear r
down her cheek. I'm stunned. Shocked, I have no idea what the fuck sl
side, I talking about. I never once kissed Sienna. We weren't physical. Not or
a I ever touch her. The most we ever did was hold hands, a hug here and
ooks and a kiss on the cheek when we said goodbye.

ed in a "No, I think it was after you found out she didn't want you anymore
you're because you cheated on her with your fucking secretary." I was left stu
found after she accused me of kissing Sienna.

oice is I'm left fucking speechless after what she just said. I never once che
her or Sienna, especially not with my fucking secretary.

t me, Leandra stares at me without blinking. Her eyes are cold. "Don't loo
re her, as if I'm crazy, Carter. I saw you and Sienna out in the dock and I saw
acking with your secretary." More tears escape her eyes. I want to comfort her
eyes touching her will worsen it. "Please. Please don't cry if I can't comfort
the Leandra." I beg. My throat is becoming dry. I can't handle this. I know
er exactly what moments she's talking about, but we did not kiss, at least
om me. how she thinks.

o right She wipes the tears off her cheek. "Do you know how I felt when I s
you two together? I get it with your mate that connection and bond are
essages undeniable but with your secretary Carter. You fucking disgust me."

at my Closing my eyes in frustration.

l, wife, I stay silent, “No, well then, let me tell you, Carter. I felt worthless. vipes Everything you told me was a lie. I felt dead inside. The only good thing came out of all of this was carrying our child inside me.” She whispers looks at tears leaking out of her eyes. “I told you everything about my life. My deepest darkest secrets and you broke my heart more than I ever did not “I don’t expect you to understand, but my wolf needed to be with he olls couldn’t deny the bond, but he needed her.” I try to explain. But I have ne is idea why she's talking about my secretary. I would never cheat on her. ice did looked at me. Her eyes were red and swollen from crying. “And don’t there, think that I needed you too!” She yells at me with anger in her eyes.

“Leandra, please.”

“Please, what? Carter!” She shouts. “You want me to take you back mned you spent three years with her while you forgot I existed. Who knows long you were with your secretary. The whole time we were together y ated on were fucking her too huh?”

I shake my head. Fuck, if only she had listened to the messages or re k at me fucking messages. “I never forgot about you, Leandra,” I say sternly. I you forward and cup her face in my hands. “Sienna and I don’t have a con r, but We rejected each other that day at the dock. I couldn’t stop thinking ab : you, you. I haven’t spoken to her since that day.”

7 She pulls out of my hold. “Don’t stand here and lie to me.” She spits

not “I want you. I want all of you. I love you, Peach,” My voice is despe for her to believe everything I'm telling her. I can see her shaking her h saw no. “How could I ever trust you again?” Her lips begin to wobble. “Ho I know that you won’t decide to return to her, leaving my son and me? will I ever know if your wolf can control himself and not crave that ma

connection? How will I know if instead of working, you're not fucking
secretary while your son waits for you at home."

ing that "I would never do that," I step closer to her again. "I never meant to
; more you or our son, you know, that right?" I can't believe she would think
low things of me. My wolf is hurt that she believes we can leave our pe
yself." behind. Leandra takes a deep breath releasing a sigh. "You said that be
r. I took you this long to realize that you want me. That day I saw you two
: no dock. I saw the love in your eyes.

She The way you were staring at Sienna. You're telling me you didn't ki
you but it looked like it from where I was standing. Maybe you did, maybe
didn't, but the happiness and love I saw in your eyes wasn't a lie Carte
once looked at me like that, or at least I hope you did."

after My heart aches, and tears threaten my own eyes listening to her wor
how She's wrong. I was happy, and my eyes were filled with love for her. I
you happy because I was going to go after her that day. My eyes were filled
love because I was talking about her. Not Sienna but her. My Peach. I
ad my explain and say that what she saw was not for the person standing bef
reach that day but for the person invading my mind.

nection. "Carter, what would have happened if you two had a genuine conne
out Would you be here right now trying to get me back, saying you chose
She questions. Her eyes beg me to say yes that I would still have chose
s at me. I stay silent for a few moments. "Exactly," she whispers. "You never c
erate for me. You just wanted something to entertain yourself with while yo
read waited for her. Now that she's not what your wolf wanted, you're com
w will back for second best."

How "That's not true, Leandra," I say as I grit my teeth. Tears have now l
ate from my own eyes. "I never saw you as something to entertain myself

and you are not second best. I see you as a strong, beautiful, independent hard-working woman. That's the woman I fell in love with. I thought about hurting you, but I don't want to hurt you. I thought about building a future with you, a family with you, Leandra."

"Well, you fucked up," she says as she averts her gaze away from me. "I really thought you were the one. You taught me what love really was, before. It then you just completely tore me down."

"Leandra, please," I plead. "Let me prove to you that you're all I want."

"We have too much against us. If not your mate, then your secretary is her, heart breaks, but I'm so damn angry that she thinks I had sex with Carter. You don't know what the fuck she is talking about."

"I can never trust you again," she says harshly.

My heart feels like a million needles are piercing it. "Please don't do this." I whisper as more tears escape my eyes. I step forward to cup her face, but she allows me to. I rest my forehead against her, breathing her scent into my face. "I know that you love me. I can see it in your eyes, Leandra."

"I won't stand here and lie to you, Carter. I do love you. How can I love you? You're the father of my child, but look how badly this has ended. It's a fucking mess." Her eyes hold mine, and it's so intense I thought I would have a heart attack. My head is spinning, and my heart rate is beating out of my chest.

"Leandra," I say breathlessly.

"I think you should go. I'll send my lawyer to figure out a custody agreement." She says as she pulls away from my embrace.

"Please."

"It's over, Carter. It's done. Get out, please!" She shouts angrily. My tears are the last thing she wants to see right now. The heartbreak was worse than when I rejected Sienna three years ago. Even worse than finding out Leandra

ent, Australia. Everything came crashing down on me like a ton of bricks. I
bout couldn't ignore the severe pain that covered my body. More tears fell f
my eyes as Leandra watched them fall from my face before looking aw
ie. "I "I'm not giving up on you, Peach. I'll wait." I say, my voice croaks.
and want you to know one thing and one thing only. I never nor will I ever
with my secretary," I say my voice a little harsher than I intended. Her
nt." flick between mine. "Then you'll be waiting forever." She says coldly
." My walks towards the elevator, hitting the button. The elevator doors open
dace. I "Then I guess I will be waiting forever. You're worth it." I say as I star
there looking at her. I'm going to break down any minute now.

o this," "Please go. I can't bear to look at you." She says, stepping away fro
and elevator so that I can get in. Feeling completely defeated, I walk toward
elevator and give her one last glance, but she doesn't look in my direct
." "I
"I'm always going to be here for you, Leandra. If you need me, I will be
not? here." I tell her, my eyes burning with sadness. Leandra doesn't reply,
before the door closes, I hear her burst into hysterical tears. "Fuck," I c
a myself as I slam my hand into the elevator wall.
ld have

my I pull out my cell phone calling the head of security for our New Yo
office—Connor answers on the second ring. "Connor, I need you to pu
surveillance video from my office from three years ago. Once you hav
videos send it to me and keep this between us, not a word to anyone."
him as I gave him the dates I wanted him to retrieve.

"You got it, Carter. Give me a few minutes and I'll send that over."
Connor says. I hang up the phone getting out of the elevator praying to
y face moon Goddess that this is all a misunderstanding.
than
left

I couldn't fix this situation, and I had completely fucked everything
between us. I hated myself. I felt like a wreck, and my heart had been
from my chest. My chest began to heave as my breathing became heavy.
"But I sit in my car and I punch the steering wheel repeatedly. I try to get as
much anger out of me as possible, but nothing works because I have lost her.
I'm scared that it was for good.

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I couldn't fix this situation, and I had completely fucked everything up between us. I hated myself. I felt like a wreck, and my heart had been ripped from my chest. My chest began to heave as my breathing became heavier. I sit in my car and I punch the steering wheel repeatedly. I try to get as much anger out of me as possible, but nothing works because I have lost her. I was scared that it was for good.

Chapter Thirty-Seven

Chapter Thirty-Seven

Leandra



After Carter left, I broke down crying. Nothing and no one could come to me except for one person, the person who had just left my home broke down and wanted Carter to embrace me and tell me everything would be okay, but I don't know what I saw three years ago, and now my brain has me feeling all sorts of things. I don't know what's true or not at this point. I don't question his love for me like I once did because I saw the pain and suffering in his eyes, he isn't the same Carter I met and left behind. There was a pain in his eyes, which he has never shown me before. I have prevented if everything he said was true.

I have calmed myself down enough to logically start to question everything over the past three years. Did Carter really reject his mate three years ago? Did my mind play tricks on me that day? Because I could have sworn I saw him kiss her. If it's true that the love I saw in his eyes that day was for her, then why did he kiss her? Why did he sleep with his secretary? All the questions have now plagued my mind. I felt dizzy and numb after hearing everything Carter had just said. I now feel emotional and guilty for the way Carter lost with his son.

"Carter. I'm sorry. Oh God, I'm so sorry, Carter. Please don't hate me anymore—" I'm crying hysterically, losing myself to my guilt. I don't even want to leave the arms that have embraced me until I hear the soft whispers of his voice against my hair.

Carter!

"Shh, Peach, everything will be okay. I don't hate you, baby. I love you too much to hate you." He says softly. His voice is laced with truth. I can't have the energy, nor do I even want to push him away. I don't want Carter to leave. I want him to stay. I wasn't sure how many hours I cried while he held me tightly, and he pulled me closer as I cried on his chest, apologizing for everything. I don't remember how I got into my bed, but I do remember that Carter cared for me and whispered his love when he thought I had finally gone to sleep. For the first time in years, I slept peacefully in Carter's arms, holding me tight throughout the night.

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rything I stretched my arm, reaching for Carter, but all I feel was a cold emptiness. I open my eyes, sighing and letting go of all the tension I was holding. I saw my hands down my face feeling silly that I thought Carter was here. It must be a dream, right? Getting off my bed, I make my way into the shower and start washing away the pain and tears that have stained my cheeks.

ing Too occupied in trying to figure out what was real and what was part of my imagination, I don't realize I'm not alone. I immediately recognize the person as I enter my bedroom, dressed in a simple black summer dress with my hair curled. I'm curled.

register "Leandra," he says softly, standing in front of me in all his glory. It's not a dream. He came back, and he stayed. I swallow hard as I take him in. I didn't pay much attention to him trying to avoid a scene at the airport and not running with our son, and then last night, I was too busy crying my eyes out to really notice him. He looks different. He's more handsome. A total transformation. His shoulders were broader and firmer. His arms are thick and even more muscular. I would bet anything he now had an eight-pack.

ie held My eyes shamelessly flick over his whole body, noticing how his white shirt looked like it was barely holding on for dear life and his sleeves were rolled up, showing how folded, showcasing the veins that ran up his forearm. My eyes follow his movements, his arms bulging against his shirt.

arms, "Oh. Hi," I eventually say after he clears his throat, obviously catching me checking him out. He gives me a panty-dropping grin as he watches me check him out, and now, he does the same. His eyes completely take me in as he looks at me from head to toe. "You look better," he comments as he approaches me. I can't help but feel my heart racing as he gets closer to me, making me nervous.

"Do I?" I question.

ness. I Our eyes never lose contact. My legs feel shaky, and I can almost feel
run them give away any second now. “Yeah,” he lets out as he stands directly
had to front of me. “You’re not crying anymore, and your eyes tell me you see
peace now.” He says. I nod at his words. Then his hand reaches to cup my
face, his thumb stroking my cheek. I can’t help but lean against his touch
of my missed him touching me, but it didn’t last long cause he immediately pulled
voice back as if I had just burned him. I hate that this feels awkward and tense
ly hair Carter and I were never awkward.

“Carter, about last night—,” I say at the same time he says my name and
wasn’t such emotion I shut my mouth faster than ever before.

. I “Leandra,” he breathes out. We stand a few moments in silence as we
and drink each other. I, for one, use this time to think about last night’s
as out conversation and the one voicemail that completely shattered my heart
tank as over again. Carter promised to wait for me and said the same thing last
night. And that’s when it hits me that what he said is true. He rejected his marriage
he can’t deny what happened with Candace. The Facetime call showed
white text everything I needed to see. But why does he swear nothing happened?
were I let that slip from my mouth his face had showed confusion and shock
his almost as if he had no fucking idea what I was talking about. My phone
to ring, interrupting our moment of silence. I make a run for my phone
ing me looking to find my mother calling me.

e “Hey, Mom,” I say into the phone, and my voice shakes. I can feel Carter’s
ie in as intense glare on me. I listen to my mom as she asks me if I’m okay and
: be going home today. I also listen as she asks me if she wants me to have
o me, watch Luca tonight or if she will bring him over.

“No, Mom, that’s okay. I’ll get Luca later today. There’s someone who
would like to meet him.” I say as I turn to face Carter, looking directly

el his gaze. He swallows hard as he just heard he will meet his son today.
tly in turquoise ocean-blue eyes hold me prisoner. My son gets on the phone
em at can hear Luca greet me. He sounds happy, letting me know how much
my had with Mama and Papa yesterday.

ch. I “Hi, baby,” I coo over the phone. Carter’s eyes show fire and desper
ulled He strides over, closing the gap between us. I can see the need to hear
se. son’s voice, and I can feel my chest tightening. Luca continues to blab
and Carter listens intently to his son’s words. “Luca, baby, pass me
with Mama. Bye, baby. I love you.” I hear him shuffling and my mom in the
background then she’s on the phone. I said goodbye and hang up.

re I don’t know how I’m going to get through this without breaking down.
Because every time I look at him, all I can see are his broken, tearful eyes
all that have haunted me for the last three years. And now, last night will
: night. haunt me, and that kills me.

te but

l me

When



e starts The drive to my parent’s house is full of tension. I can feel it in the air
, know he feels it too. The silence between us is killing me. Last night was
no chance to talk between the yelling and crying. I’m emotionally exhausted.

Carter’s I know we have to talk. A lot still needs to be said, but not today. I want
l if I’ll today to be about Carter getting to know his son and vice versa.

ive her As we pull up to the main gate, the doors open, and Carter drives forward
parking the car by the main door.

who Carter makes his way around to open my door. I smile and grab his hand
into we walk inside. “Mommy,” Luca says as he comes yelling and running

His fast as his little legs can take him. I let go of Carter's hand and crouch
, and I ready to catch him.

fun he “Hi, Mommy,” Luca gives me his signature grin, which is also his fi
I blow a raspberry on his chubby cheeks. “Hi, baby. I want you to mee
ation. someone.” I say softly, and Luca looks at Carter with big ocean-blue e
his Eyes that have reminded me of Carter every single day for the past thre
ber, years.

to Carter reaches out, and his thumb strokes his cheek. “Hi, buddy,” C
e whispers. Luca gives him a smile and a wave before he gets shy and tr
hide his little face.

wn. Carter chuckles, which makes me laugh at the antics of our son. We
yes our way to the den, where I set Luca down to play. I leave the room an
also my way to the kitchen, leaving them alone so that I can prepare Luca a
and get Carter something to drink. As I enter the kitchen, I see both my
parents drinking a cup of coffee.

and “Hi, Mommy. Hi Daddy,” I say, kissing them both. I can feel their g
re had me as I move around the kitchen, cutting and preparing. I look at them
usted. see they want to say something. My parents have always loved Carter.
really understanding why we broke up, as I never mentioned anything
specific. “What?” I question, placing my hands on my hips as I wait fo
they have to say.

vant My mom speaks first. “I love you and you know I love Luca as a son
nod. “Leandra, give him a chance. I can still see the love that man has
rward, you. Don’t hold on to that grudge of hurt you feel, and don’t hold on to
guilt. You both have made mistakes, but sweetheart, don’t deny both o
hand as the opportunity to live your love.” My mom takes my hand and pulls n
; as a hug. My father makes his way over to us and joins in on the hug as h

down, whispers, “but if he hurts you and Luca, I will make him howl.” I laugh hugging them tighter, and I use the sleeve to whip my tears and nose. Father’s. “Thanks, but that won’t be necessary. I love you both.”

I see Carter and Luca playing on the floor as I enter the den. Luca is blabbering about what color he wants to color the stick figure. I clear my throat, bringing both of their attentions to me. “Luca, time to eat, sweet I say, and what he does next surprises both Carter and I.

Luca stands to give Carter the picture he was drawing and hugs him moment catches Carter by surprise, but less than a second later, he’s wrapping his arms around Luca, hugging him tight against his chest, causing Luca to giggle.

d make

snack



As I finish changing Luca into his favorite pajamas, I get him ready for bed, and I'm waiting for Carter to return from taking a call he received during Luca's bath. Watching Carter wash his little body for the first time was sweet and funny. Watching him handle Luca with so much care because he was so worried about dropping him or getting soap in his eye had my chest in

I kiss Luca and let him know I'll be back. I'm going down the hall to see Carter when I hear his voice from one of the guest rooms. “Sienna, don't worry. I'm on the way. Go to the pack house. You're safe there, okay? Call Liam and let him know what's happening. I promised you that you can count on me. I'll see you soon, stay safe, okay?” I hear Carter hang up the rest of the conversation, my brain only focusing on who was on the other line: his mate, his ex-mate Sienna. I'm in shock.

h, I can feel myself breathing harder as I struggle to breathe. Carter opens the door, and the realization hits him instantly. “Leandra, it’s not what you think baby. I have to go. There’s been an emergency with Sienna and the pack. I swear it’s not what you think.”

ny “You promised Luca a story,” I whisper, as my only focus right now is the little boy waiting on his father to read him a bedtime story. I give Carter a look that tells him *you better not break that promise or else*. “I’ll go read to him,” he says, returning to Luca’s bedroom. I practice breathing in and out. I try to calm myself. Trust him, Leandra. It’s not what you’re thinking. Giving him a chance to explain.

I go back in the room and see Luca sleeping and Carter kissing his forehead, promising him that he’ll be back. “I love you, son. I promise to be back for you and your mother.” I knock on the door, trying to play it cool. “If I didn’t just hear what he had just said to our son. “I have to go. Leandra, please look at me. I’ll explain everything he said. “Peach, please trust me. It’s not what you think.” His voice sounds desperate.

uca’s “And what do I think, huh?” He steps closer, his hands cupping my face. Holding my gaze, he holds me, prisoner. “You think I lied to you? That’s not the first time I have spoken to her. You’re wrong. This is the first time I have spoken to Sienna since the day we rejected each other. I asked her to reach out if she ever needed anything baby, she’s in trouble. I have to go home, ensure she is okay, and prepare the pack for what might come.” I’ll stroke my cheek as I listen to what he’s saying. I nod in understanding. Luca kisses my forehead. “I love you, don’t ever doubt that again. Let me read to you. I zone out this, and I promise I’ll explain everything. Okay?”

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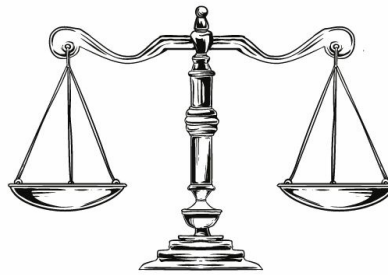
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Chapter Thirty-Eight

Chapter Thirty-Eight

Leandra



It's been two days since Carter and Liam left to handle pack business. Isabella stayed behind with Eva. And I offered my place instead of the one they were staying at. She had told me Liam is considering buying a place here in New York.

We catch up on what's been happening in each other's lives. She told me about the wedding and how they've been trying for baby number two. I told her about my stay in Italy and how I decided to do business in my parents' home country.

I'm sitting on the couch catching up on emails when Isabella sits beside me. We've avoided talking about Carter, but I know she wants to say something. Isabella clears her throat. "He wasn't good. He was unhappy living but not living, you know?" I close my laptop and turn to look at her. Her expression is sad.

"What do you mean by he wasn't good? "

"After you two broke up, he wasn't okay, and I don't think he still is. He kept to himself, focused on work, protecting the pack, and work. He would work out for hours to let his aggression out. I admit I gave him a hard time first, but then I saw his pain, and he was punishing himself. I didn't want to add to it. He hadn't been trying to find someone new or let alone speak to another woman until well two days ago. Fuck, Leandra, he hasn't even looked at another woman!" Isabella declares as she throws one hand in the air.

I stay silent, thinking over what she just said. I can't comprehend how much my heart is aching right now, knowing Carter wasn't good and probably still isn't. Isabella's eyes go soft, and my heart hammers in my chest. "He refuses to move on. Trust me, the guys from the pack have begged him to go out with them, and his answer is always no." I gulped silently and waited and will continue to wait.

I look at my son playing with Eva across from us, and when I look into those sapphire ocean-blue eyes giving me a grin, I know what I need to do. I get up quickly and go to my room to get the suitcase I haven't unpacked. I open it, add a few extra things, and close it when I see Isabella, speechless, leaning against the door frame.

"Wait, Leandra, where are you going?" I look at her smiling. "We're going back to Australia. I'm going to go get my man." I say with a smirk hoping she can move past everything.

side



oy, just

her.

As soon as the plane touches down, I make my way to the Park Hyatt Hotel and check into a Sydney suite. Then I head over to R & K Law Associates before heading to the pack house. I need to check in with Ashton and leave Luca with him so that I can talk with Carter. On the flight over here, Isabella told me on the flight over here that they have been busy setting up with a plan to protect the pack from an attack. Getting them trained and prepared for rogue attacks that have happened since I've been gone has been their priority.

I don't make it two feet from the car with Luca in my arms when I see Ashton running over to steal the little boy from me. "Holy shit, you're God, I've missed you and you," he says, kissing Luca. We hug for who knows how long, and when we both finally let go, our eyes are filled with begged tears, but their happy tears. We make our way inside, and once inside Luca's office, we catch up on everything. I ask him if he can watch Luca, which of course, he agrees since he loves that little rugrat. We say our goodbyes and kiss Luca.

The drive to the pack house is about thirty minutes of pure torture. My nerves are a wreck, and I don't know what the situation is currently. I know Carter has a lot on his plate as Beta for The Dark Blood pack. Isabella promises she wouldn't tell Carter. I park towards the side of the house, and go for a minute to observe my surroundings. Nothing has changed since the last time I was here.

Getting out of the car, I make my way to the front door, where it opens before I have the chance to knock. Carter is standing there, his expression unreadable. "Can I come in?" I say, biting my lower lip. Carter says no but moves to the side to let me pass through. The door closes, and I catch Sydney him behind me. I turn around to face him. My mouth opens and closes, unsure what to say, but we're interrupted before I can say anything.

Ashton "Carter! Car—" Sienna walks into the room, calling Carter's name. Her gaze immediately locks with hers, and I can see that she's surprised to be coming standing here. "I'm sorry I didn't mean to interrupt. I'll talk to you later and nice to see you again." She says, giving me a genuine smile.

It's been "You too," I say, returning the smile as she hurries past us out the door. "You're here," Isabella says, coming from the same direction Sienna came from. "Yeah, the drive wasn't so bad. I would have been here sooner, but I had to drop off Luca with Ashton." I can see from the corner of my eye that hearing Luca's name brings a smile to his face.

With Carter and Liam get pulled to handle pack business leaving me with Isabella and Eva. I was in the kitchen preparing dinner for everyone when I came face to face with Sienna and another woman who entered the kitchen, and I know Everyone can feel the tension in the air. Sienna and Violet set the table. Dinner will be served outside, with about twelve rectangular tables lined up. Liam is seated at the head of the table with Carter on his right and Isabella on his left.

I'm seated next to Carter, and Eva is next to Isabella. Then we have other officers around us, followed by the rest of the pack members and their families. Dinner goes well as everyone talks and mingles as they welcome two new members. Sienna and Violet. The pack also seems to be celebrat

ens that they're no longer in danger as the pack has come to an agreement
ion rogue attacks have stopped.

othing As dessert is served and making its way around the table, I get a text
n hear Ashton that he's here to drop off Luca. I excuse myself from the table
, walk around the front of the house, but I can feel all eyes on me. "Mor
Luca yells as he runs. I catch him placing a kiss on his forehead. "Hi b
My how was it with Uncle Ashton, huh?" Luca giggles before letting me k
see me had fun with Uncle Ashton.

r. It's "He wasn't too much trouble, right?" I question hoping everything v
well. Ashton smiles. "No, this little rugrat didn't give me any trouble.
oor. Everything okay with you?" He questions, but I can see the worry in h
ame "Everything is good. We were just about to have dessert. Would you li
out I join us?" I ask, hoping that he'll agree to it. I look up at him with pupp
e that eyes. He rolls his eyes but agrees to join us for dessert. We walk back
table while Luca continues to talk my ear off. As soon as we turn the c
can hear conversations flowing, but that all stops, and all eyes turn tow
hen I us. The look of shock everyone is currently expressing is due to a tiny
chen. pup who looks just like his daddy. Luca lets go of both our hands and
: a run for Carter, yelling his name.

ed up. "Carterrrrrrrrrr," Luca yells as he runs towards Carter, going as fast
ella on can. I stop to watch the scene unfold, and the smile currently taking ov
face is one of a kind. Everyone watches, and as soon as Carter catches
the and brings him up, spinning him around, the table erupts in claps and
l their whistles. The pack congratulates him for the pup, which Luca has no id
ome what that even means, but he has a grin on his face, just like his daddy.
rating

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omy,” I place my hand over my heart. “Holy shit! You scared me,” I say, tryi

aby, calm my racing heart. These past few hours have been uncomfortable a

now he awkward for everyone. I know he’s mad even though he says he has no

to forgive me for, but I don’t blame him if he’s angry. I’m angry with r

vent knowing I could have caused my son pain by preventing his relationsh

his father. Carter, more than anyone, adores him. I’ve seen it by the wa

is eyes. interacts with him, hugs and comforts him, and reads him stories.

ke to “Sorry. I didn’t mean to.” Carter says, bringing me back to reality.

y dog “Why are you awake?” His deep voice asks me. His attention is inst

to the turned to me as he studies me. Feeling almost too naked, I try pulling t

orner, I shirt down my thighs.

ards Fuck!

little I should have worn better pajamas. His eyes follow my actions, and

makes my whole body burn up.

“Couldn’t sleep,” I reply as I sit on the stool across from him. “You’

as he “Same,” Carter says almost too low, but I hear him loud and clear. F

er his shoulders sag a little. “Why?” I ask curiously as I grip the glass he set

Luca me. Taking a sip of my water, I wait for his answer. Carter’s eyes zero

mine. He leans over so that his face is closer to mine. “I can’t sleep kn

lea you’re under the same roof as me and I can’t be near you. I can’t touch

I swallow.

A chill runs down my spine at his honesty. “Why can’t you sleep?”

questions as his eyes fall back down on the counter. I don’t know why

sleep, but I guess it has to do with the fact that every single night I spent at the pack house, I spent it in Carter's bed. "Can't stop thinking," I breathe out. Carter looks up at me in a heartbeat, and how he looks at me makes me think he doesn't believe what I said.

ng to "It's weird being back here," I admit.

and "I didn't think you would ever be back," Carter tells me. My heart aches at his words because he's right. I vowed never to come back. His eyes show sadness as they fall. "I waited."

ip with "I know," I whisper. Knowing well what he means by that. He did what Isabella has told me he hasn't spoken to anyone or contacted his mate. They're friends from what she told me, but that's all. My therapist encouraged me to listen to his voice message and read the text messages. I truly wanted to start fresh with my life and be happy. It took almost two years after he left them for me to finally listen to the only one I didn't delete. I honestly don't know what stopped me from deleting this one in particular. I didn't. I couldn't.

I feel "Carter, why did you umm wh—" I pause for a moment, trying to find the correct words for the question I have been dying to know since I listened to that voicemail two years ago and since he said it the other night as well. "I released a breath I was holding, getting the courage I needed. I spit the words out. "Why did you reject your mate?"

in on Carter looks up at me, holding me prisoner once more as he swallows before answering. "She wasn't the one. Guess love is crazy, huh?"

you." "Guess so," I mumble quietly. The room falls into an awkward silence.

I hate this feeling. I feel like I am losing him and I don't want to lose him. I want him and it's now or never. "I hate this!" I say as my hand motions between us. Carter furrows his eyebrows at me. "I hate this awkwardness."

He I can't

nt here that's been going on between us. Carter, this isn't us, and I don't know
eathe else to do to fix this." My voice sounds almost desperate.

s me "You tell me what this 'us' is, Leandra?" Carter questions his eyes,
watching me directly.

"I want 'us' to be friends where we laugh and joke together. When v
ches at could hang out in silence and not have this awkwardness floating in the
ow Before we broke up with each other." My voice goes quiet. Carter's ey
study me for a few moments. "I don't want to be friends with you, Lea
wait. I don't reply. I can't. Hearing him tell me he doesn't want to be friends
Before I can leave the kitchen, he walks to where I stand and cups my
want you, Leandra. I don't want to be friends because I want to be so r
es if I more for you." He assures me, and his eyes look over my face curiosl
o yearshear what I have to say after his speech. "I don't want to be friends," I
. I him. I cup his face stroking his cheek. Our lips graze against each othe
lar, butI think we should keep things slow for now. Not rush into something w
might regret." I offer, and Carter nods at my words.

nd the "How about coffee or something? We can visit that bookstore they c
ed to up just outside of Sydney?" Carter suggests as his lips twitch up into a
l. I "I'd love that."

words "Then it's a date." I can't stop myself from beaming at him. We go l
our rooms and walk up the stairs, our fingers brushing lightly across ea
/s other and blood instantly rushes through my veins. Neither of us move
hands.

ce and His fingers wrap around mine gently, pulling me closer to him as my
im. I rests on his chest. His arms protectively hold me, one cupping the back
s head. He smells good, exactly like how I remember. I bury myself dee
ess

what inhaling more of his scent. He smells like home. Closing my eyes tight
feeling so content being back in his arms again.

still **I missed this. I missed being this close to him.**

“I missed this too,” he mumbles into my hair. My lungs let out a deep
content sigh. I could officially sleep in peace.

the air.

his

head,”

it hurts.

my face. “I

missed

you so

much

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me. “But

we both

missed

each other.

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inhaling more of his scent. He smells like home. Closing my eyes tightly, feeling so content being back in his arms again.

I missed this. I missed being this close to him.

“I missed this too,” he mumbles into my hair. My lungs let out a deep, content sigh. I could officially sleep in peace.

Chapter Thirty-Nine

Chapter Thirty-Nine

Carter



I'm a nervous wreck right now as I feel my hands start to sweat a little. The butterflies in my stomach dance as I pull up in front of the Park Hotel in Sydney. Taking a few deep breaths as I ride the elevator up.

As I raise my hand to knock, the door swings open, and I come face to face with Leandra. My mouth was wide open as I tried to speak, but nothing came out. Fuck! She looks gorgeous. She's wearing a white dress shirt with a beige sweater on. As my eyes make their way down her body, I see the cinched black skirt with a belt around her waist. She has her knee-high

on, and fuck me, do I wish she had nothing on except for those fuck m boots.

“You look beautiful,” I finally say as I hand her the roses I got for h thanks me and makes her way to the en suite. A few minutes later, she with a vase full of roses. She grabs her beige coat, and damn, does that seal the deal. She smiles as she passes me before opening the door; she around and gives me a sultry smile. “You look handsome.”

I lock her gaze as I smirk, showing her my dimples, knowing damn that they affect her. “Ready,” I say as I reach past her, opening the fron



We arrive at the bookstore that happens to have a cafe inside. Her eyes me carefully as I open my door and go around the front of the car so th can open her door. Her eyes go wide as we enter the bookstore.

She looks around, and I can't help but chuckle at her reaction to this I knew she would love it here. Leandra looks like a kid in a candy stor look around for a few minutes as she reads the back covers of some of books, putting some aside for purchase later. I make a mental note to b them for her before we leave.

We approach the cafe as she looks up at the menu. There are two pe ahead of us. As I read the menu, I can see that she's pulling out some c “Leandra,” I say, my voice smooth and soft as she looks up. “I invited a date. Let me get this, please, baby.” She nods, giving me her order as instruct her to find us a place where we can sit and talk.

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It doesn't take long for me to return with our drinks. "Here you go. Eiskaffee," I say as I hand her the plastic cup, which makes me regret referring to it as coffee. She gets one. The eiskaffee is an iced coffee with a scoop or two of vanilla cream.

"Thank you," she smiles as she receives the cup from me, taking a sip. She turns her straw. "So, I guess we should have that pending talk," I say, my eyes watching her as I awkwardly swallow.

"I guess," she pauses. "Carter," she says with so much emotion I can't breathe. The butterflies dancing, and my nervousness starts to kick in. "I went to your pack house when I found out I was pregnant. I swear I was going to tell Carter, but then I saw you out in the dock, and you looked happy, and I could see the love in your eyes." She pauses. I can see that she's trying to control her emotions.

"I didn't want to come between you two. Carter, she was your mate and I know your wolf craved that connection, and you did too. When I saw you and her, I decided to leave. I thought it would be for the best. You would have eventually started your own family with her. I didn't want my son to feel like he was a burden." She takes a deep breath in and out before she continues. "I was about five months pregnant when I had a doctor's visit in which I had to listen to our pup's heartbeat. I had this ache in my heart and the guilt was killing me. I spent hours in my office looking for a sign of what to do when suddenly our pup kicked me pretty freaking hard giving me the answer. So, I called Carter and the call was answered. I heard some breathing and rustling then the call ended. Not even five minutes later I get a Facetime call and the first thing I hear is moaning and then I see your secretary riding you."

"Peach. I didn't sleep with Candace," I swallow hard. "When you left, I was not okay. I focused on work and I resorted to drinking in order to cope."

Your my pain. When I went to New York I drank my sorrows away after talking to your sisters. They wouldn't give me information. I did some digging and finally reviewed CCTV video from my office. I passed out drunk, baby. She came into my office, opened up my shirt, and then got herself naked from the hip from up. Peach, that bitch planned that Facetime call. She wanted you to see. Baby, there's a video to prove what I'm telling you is true. Nothing happens except for the fact that she assaulted me while I was passed out. I had to feel send me the surveillance video from our archives. You don't have to worry about her, she's gone, baby."

When you, I can see the tears fill her eyes, and it breaks my heart that the I could misunderstand cost me so many precious moments I lost with Luca. I'm sorry for keeping our son away, and I understand why you're mad. I do please forgive me." I lean forward across the table, taking her hands beside, and I my own. "I don't need to see any video, I believe you. I trust what you what I true."

I have "Peach. Baby, look at me. Please don't cry." I say as one of my hands feel like her chin so that she can look at me. I wipe away the tears that have now eyes. "I stained her cheeks. "The love you saw that day reflecting in my eyes is heard will always be for you," I say as my thumb continues to trace circles on my soft skin. Her breath hitches, and I can tell that my words surprise her. Ily our "What you saw that day at the dock was our goodbye. The happiness you saw was because I was going to go after you, Leandra. The love you saw is for you. I swear to you, baby, nothing happened with Sienna and me. When I hugged goodbye, and I kissed her cheek. Peach, I promise you that my heart hurt more the day I lost you," I say holding her gaze as I watch her take every word I have just spoken, but I can see the guilt in her eyes. My closed eyes reflect the same guilt.

king to I can't help the tears that rim my eyes. "I shouldn't have made you find I you were just good enough to fuck. You weren't my entertainment. The same past three years. I have continued and will continue to love you, Leandra waist Russo. My wolf craves you and only you, baby. No one else can make that. feral, and no one else can own us as you do. I'm yours, baby, and trust happened when I say there is nothing to forgive. I meant what I said that day at your Connor house." I say, wiping away her tears and my own.

worry Leandra takes another sip from her drink, grabs the spoon, and starts eating some of the ice cream. Looking at her, I smile and mentally scold myself for getting hard as I see her lick the spoon clean. I reach down to adjust my pants. "I'm sorry, but it's too late cause her eyes follow me catching me in the act. I clear my throat, but my throat.

between "Tell me about the birth of our son. Your pregnancy? How was that? My question is question wanting to know everything. Did she have any cravings? Morning sickness? My mind is full of questions. I don't know where to start.

she lifts "My pregnancy was okay. I had the usual morning sickness and a few cravings here and there but nothing too crazy or weird." She giggles. "The birth of our son was natural. I was in labor for about twelve hours, and on May 25, 2026, Luca Greyson Russo was born. God, he had a pair of lungs. He screamed and cried, making his presence known." She pauses, taking a deep breath, and I can tell she hesitates to continue. Something tells me she won't like what I hear next.

she "It was after the birth of our son that I got postpartum depression. It helped help that he was the spitting image of his daddy, but through the years, we come to love and appreciate that. The depression got so bad that I stopped producing milk and lost significant weight. So, I started therapy which

feel like me get through some of my dark moments and the feelings about being these mother.” She explains my eyes never leave hers as she talks.

“I went to therapy for about a year in which I spoke about my past, our early years of law school, and our relationship. My therapist is the one who encouraged me to listen and read the messages I didn’t delete. It helped me understand that my feelings for you and the anger I felt diminished. Carter She pauses, reaching across the table to take hold of my hands. “Carter listening to your message about you waiting for me broke my heart because I wouldn’t want you to do that. You deserve to be happy, and when I listened to that, I was at a point in my life where I was working to better myself for the sake of my son. I love you and would have been truly happy for you if you moved on with your mate or someone else as long as you were happy.” I beam at her, and I can’t help but grin brightly at her words. She looks at me with such loving eyes full of hope, love, and passion.

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nings.



After finishing our drinks and purchasing a few books Leandra liked, we make our way up the block walking hand in hand. “What about you? What have you been up to?” She questions, but I can see the sadness in her eyes before she tries her best to mask it. I know Isabella told her something I’ve squeeze her hand, letting her know that I’m okay. “I wasn’t myself after I left. My wolf and I were going crazy without any answers about where we could be. So, I did what I did best and buried myself in work and training. I hit the ring almost every day and lifted heavier weights. My wolf and I

g a bad an outlet to release our anger.” She stops walking, and before I know v
happening, she studies me up and down as her eyes trace every inch of
my body.

who “I can tell. Have you seen the size of your body? God, you're hard!”
d me chuckle as she blushes, just realizing what she said. “I mean, your bod
rter—” hard because of your muscles.” She says, walking away but only walki
; few steps as I grab her arm. I lick my lips, her eyes focusing on every c
cause I my moves. I lean down close to her ear, breathing in her scent. “I’ve m
tened your honesty,” I whisper, sending chills down her spine as goosebump
f for I pull away, giving her my panty-dropping smirk.

u if We talked for about another hour or so and when it came time to say
ppy. goodbye, a part of me didn’t want to let her go. We hug each other, bu
yes of us wants to let go, but she pulls away. “ I have to go. Ashton will be
at me soon to drop off Luca.” She says, smiling at me. I nod. “Thank you for
on a date with me,” I say as I stand by my car. I want to walk her up, s
see my son but I also want to give her time.

“Walk me up?” She says with a smirk as if she can read my mind.

I pull her towards me one last time, pushing her against the wall by
door. Her breath hitches. Her eyes gently flick between mine. I lean my
ve forehead against hers as I allow the feeling of her body to take over mi
What “Tell me. Tel –” I pause, finding the courage to ask what I'm dying to l
yes “Tell me there’s a chance for us, Leandra?” I ask as my eyes show so r
s. I vulnerability and concern.

er you “There’s a chance,” she says, cupping my face as I close my eyes in
: you and gently press my forehead to hers. Sparks shoot through every inch
ing. I body, too busy savoring the moment, but what she does next takes me
: need surprise. She pulls me in for a passionate kiss full of urgency as her tor

what's dominates mine. My right-hand grabs a fistful of hair, pulling her close
my that I can deepen the kiss, causing her to groan into my mouth.

I hoist her up, her legs wrapping around my waist. Fuck! I need her.
I her as if this was our last kiss on earth. I pour my need for her showing
y is need her more than oxygen to breathe. She pulls away, biting my lower
ing a our noses still touching. My eyes are dark and clouded with lust as I w
one of her. Her eyes reflect desire and lust just as much as mine, maybe even
missed Our chests heave against each other. My lips brush hers teasingly. "Go
s arise. missed you more than you can imagine." I whisper against her lips as I
my erection toward her.

7 She leans her head back towards the wall as her body shudders. My
t none find their way down her neck as I gently kiss her jaw, heading lower. S
here on her sweet spot, I leave my mark. My wolf is begging to take over. I
going my way up her throat, biting her lower lip. I have craved this more than
taylor and anything in the world for the past three years

"I missed you too," she breathes out before kissing me again.

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I hoist her up, her legs wrapping around my waist. Fuck! I need her. I kiss her as if this was our last kiss on earth. I pour my need for her showing her I need her more than oxygen to breathe. She pulls away, biting my lower lip, our noses still touching. My eyes are dark and clouded with lust as I watch her. Her eyes reflect desire and lust just as much as mine, maybe even more. Our chests heave against each other. My lips brush hers teasingly. “God! I’ve missed you more than you can imagine.” I whisper against her lips as I push my erection toward her.

She leans her head back towards the wall as her body shudders. My lips find their way down her neck as I gently kiss her jaw, heading lower. Sucking on her sweet spot, I leave my mark. My wolf is begging to take over. I lick my way up her throat, biting her lower lip. I have craved this more than anything in the world for the past three years

“I missed you too,” she breathes out before kissing me again.

Chapter Forty

Chapter Forty

Carter



Leandra was snuggled so deeply into my chest, latching on to me as if she would disappear at any given moment. She slept like a log and I was hoping I can only imagine the nights she stayed up with my son, and on top of that she never stopped working. That first night I had her in my arms, I noticed her eyes were dark from her bags. She probably slept no more than a couple of hours every day. She wasn't taking care of herself, but she's still the most beautiful woman I've ever laid eyes on.

Looking at her, she looks better and less stressed, as if she's now at home. No matter how hard we tried to stay away from each other while we slept,

couldn't. Having her skin on mine, feeling her body heat warm me up, listening to her heartbeat brings me joy and happiness I haven't felt in a long time. I've wanted her for the past three years, and now that I have her I want to consume every inch of her.

Peach stirs in my arms and stretches out before cracking open her eyes. When I look at her, her brown eyes sparkle with gold flakes. I laugh. The hour sleep definitely did her good. "Hi," she says as she pushes her hair from her face. I help her push away her hair as I cup her face. "Hey," I

Our eyes lock for a few moments as our breathing hitches. I'm not sure who made the first move, but eventually, our lips pressed together in a soft and gentle kiss. The kiss is slow at first but picks up with urgency. I push down on her back and nudge my way between her thighs. She grips my shoulders as her fingers dig into me. My lips caress hers before I brush my tongue across her lower lips causing Leandra to groan.

I grind my hard cock against her core, causing her to gasp at the connection. "We should stop," she pants, her fingers scratching my back. Respecting her words, I nod as I hold her stare. Her big brown eyes waver before they flick down to my lips. She leans up and kisses me again, using the opportunity to roll us over, positioning herself on top. She lowers herself as she nibbles and licks my lips down to my neck as she sucks on it. She kisses my chest, making her way up once more as she licks my throat.

My hands wrap around her back lightly, one fisting in her hair as I bring her up so that we are now face to face again. She takes my mouth again kissing me deeply as she grinds her hips onto my dick. Fuck! My cock starts to throb at the sensation and I grip her hair tighter and kiss her roughly. A groan erupts from my chest, and I pull away. "Baby, we should stop,"

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and between breaths. There's a dangerous amount of sexual tension in the a
a long I am trying to do the right thing and respect her wishes.

back, I Her eyes are full of lust as she looks down at me. Fuck me! I'm about
lose every ounce of control I have left, and my wolf is about to take over
es. go feral. She continues to grind harder onto my cock. I take hold of her
that 12-stopping her movements as I flip her onto her back. I grab her wrists and
ir away them over her head as I press myself onto her. She moans into my mouth
smile. she grinds against my cock raising her hips off the bed to cause more fric
ure between us. She whimpers, and goddamn, did I miss those moans and
soft whimpers.

ish her "Please," she moans as I grind down onto her.

y bare "Fuck, I'm trying to be a gentleman. We have to stop." Our chests hit
my uncontrollably against each other. It takes every ounce of self-control I
left to control myself and my wolf. But fuck do I want to rip her clothes
right here, right now, and fuck her six ways to Sunday.

ck. "Let's get some breakfast, and then we can take Luca to the park," I
itch me kissing her lips quickly before I make my way out of bed. "I'm going to
sing check on Luca, and then I'm going to take a shower," Leandra groans.
herself forehead hits my chest. I chuckle. "Let me check on Luca. You go shower
ne Okay?" Peach retracted her head so quickly I'm surprised she didn't get
whiplash. She swallows hard. "Are you sure? I can do it."

ring I lean down to kiss her forehead. "I'm sure, Peach. Let me take care
n, son." I smile against her forehead. Fuck, she doesn't know how happy
starts fucking feel to know I have a son who's beautiful and healthy. I slip on
. A of sweats and walk towards Luca's room, I open the door to see that he
I say asleep. I close the door shut and walk back toward the primary bedroom
can hear the shower running.

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er and

er hips, We pull up to The Grounds City, the best breakfast place you can find.

d place unbuckle Luca from his car seat and take Leandra's hand as we walk in

th as The hostess takes us to an empty booth and seconds later brings us a hi

riktion chair for Luca. Leandra opens the menu as her eyes scan over the optio

can hear her internal struggle as she can't decide what to get. She crav

either the Brioche French Toast or the Summer Berry Pancakes. I chuc

hearing her thoughts about what she should get.

eave Leandra goes to the restroom to change Luca, and I take the time to

[have for us. I see her walking back as she sets Luca back onto his highchair

s off notices that our menus are nowhere to be seen. "Did she already come
our order?" I decide to mess with her a little.

say, I nod. "Yeah, I ordered eggs, bacon, sausage, and pancakes," I say.

o go She frowns. "But I finally decided what I wanted to—" I laughed at h

as her reaction, not letting her finish her sentence. "I'm kidding, baby. I order

wer. Brioche French Toast, Summer Berry Pancakes, and the Grounds Birci

at And for drinks, I ordered you a Morning Sunshine and me a Clean Gre

got Luca apple juice." I say as I wait for her reaction. She narrows her

of my me. "How did you know I wan—" she cut herself off as she realizes I h

I her thoughts. "That's cheating, mister," she says as she laughs.

a pair "You say cheating. I say resourceful," giving her a playful smirk. Sh

e's still narrows her eyes at me just for a second before a mischievous smirk ta

m. I place. She moves to sit next to me, placing her hand on my thigh. She

her hand up and down my thigh getting closer to my now rock-hard dick. She grabs it and squeezes a little too hard, enough to make my breath hitch.

“Fuck Peach.”

She turns to face me, still grabbing my cock a little too hard. “

Resourceful.” she scoffs. “You invaded my thoughts, and that sir is cheating.” She stops squeezing my cock, and fuck does my dick have a mind of its own as it's begging for her to touch it again. It throbs and gets harder almost as if she knows I desperately want her hands on me again. She leans in to rub my cock, soothing the pain she has caused.

“Peach, I’m sorry, but I don’t choose when I can hear your thoughts they just flood my head sometimes.” I grab her hand, stopping her momentarily before I bust a nut like a fucking teenager. “I promise, your thoughts are with me,” I smirk, letting her know that I plan to use her not-so-innocent thoughts against her in the most pleasurable way.

Our food arrives, and our mouths water at the smell. Leandra cuts a few small pieces of pancake for Luca and gives him some of the Grounds Bircher. As Luca eats, picking up small pieces, we use this time to scarf down our food as if it’s our last. Leandra goes between the Summer Berry Pancake and the Grounds Bircher. She doesn’t eat it all and offers me some as she sees I’m hungry. I steal some of my Brioche French Toast.

She finishes her drink and cleans herself up. She then proceeds to clear the table, giving Luca, giving him some of his juice. “Damn, that was good.” She says with a satisfied look on her face. “Delicious,” she says with a hint of seduction as she keeps her eyes on me.

“You can say that again,” I say, licking my index and middle fingers. I take a last sip of my drink, placing my knife and fork on my plate. I feel like I’m going to explode looking down at our empty plates. I end up finishing

ck. She plate and Leandra's leftovers. We take a few minutes to talk about wor
. what's going on, using this time to allow our food to settle.

After paying the bill and ensuring everyone is settled, I start the driv
Arriving in front of the Park Hyatt Sydney, I walk her up with my son
arms. I lead her inside her suite, placing Luca on the floor so he could
a mind I bring her into my arms. Leandra's hands press firmly against my b
rder, she settles against my chest. "Thank you for breakfast," she mumbles i
begins chest.

"You're welcome, baby. I enjoyed it." I pull away so that I can take
. Baby, face in between my hands. I caress her cheek with my thumb. "Baby, I
nents it's time we start looking for answers."

re safe "Answers?" She looks confused as to what answers I'm talking abo

nt "Answers as to why I can hear your thoughts. We deserve to know v
our connection to each other is so special. Peach, this isn't normal, and
few time we find out why."

3ircher. She nods. "Okay, let's do it." She says, looking excited to find out w

our "Be a good girl, baby, and pack your bags. We're going on a trip," I
kes whisper against her ear, giving her a hard smack on the ass. She squeal
she walking away with a smile and rubbing the cheek I smacked.

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plate and Leandra's leftovers. We take a few minutes to talk about work and what's going on, using this time to allow our food to settle.

After paying the bill and ensuring everyone is settled, I start the drive back. Arriving in front of the Park Hyatt Sydney, I walk her up with my son in my arms. I lead her inside her suite, placing Luca on the floor so he could walk.

I bring her into my arms. Leandra's hands press firmly against my back as she settles against my chest. "Thank you for breakfast," she mumbles into my chest.

"You're welcome, baby. I enjoyed it." I pull away so that I can take her face in between my hands. I caress her cheek with my thumb. "Baby, I think it's time we start looking for answers."

"Answers?" She looks confused as to what answers I'm talking about.

"Answers as to why I can hear your thoughts. We deserve to know why our connection to each other is so special. Peach, this isn't normal, and it's time we find out why."

She nods. "Okay, let's do it." She says, looking excited to find out why.

"Be a good girl, baby, and pack your bags. We're going on a trip," I whisper against her ear, giving her a hard smack on the ass. She squeals, walking away with a smile and rubbing the cheek I smacked.

Chapter Forty-One

Chapter Forty-One

Carter



Before we head up to the mountains to speak with the Elders, we drop Luca with Isabella and Liam. Liam gave us the address to the Elder I was supposed to talk to, along with a map of how to get there since only a wizard can set up a meeting with the Elders.

We've been on the road for about eight hours now, but I'm glad Leandra is enjoying the view as she stares out the window. I laugh as I take in the view in front of me. Leandra has given up on being my co-pilot for this trip. The map has been abandoned on top of my dashboard. "Are we almost there?" She says as her eyes flick to mine.

“I don’t know, sweetheart. What does the map say?” I question, trying to laugh. She narrows her eyes at me. “Really, I told you I suck at giving directions. I’m more of a landmark person. I know places. Buildings.” She says, taking the map and throwing it carelessly into the back seat. “Don’t blame me when we get lost. Mr. I know how to read a map.” She says, voice full of sarcasm, and I can’t help but chuckle.

“Something tells me we won’t get lost. Trust me, baby scouts honor guard,” she says, grabbing her hand and intertwining our fingers, lifting her hand so that I can kiss it. She stops looking outside, her new focus being my forearm. My view stands out as I grip the steering wheel. I smirk as I catch her looking at me. Her face getting red, but she continues to stare at me with no shame.

We make a quick stop at Burger Urge to get something to eat before heading back on the road for the last four hours. Leandra orders the cheesy thicc boi, which is a favorite of mine. Fried chicken breast, bacon, lettuce, pickles, special sauce, mayo, and swiss cheese toasties. She takes a bite of her burger, moaning. “Fuck do I miss that sound.” She grabs an onion ring from the bag, dips it in ranch, and takes a bite. I stare at her for a few seconds until my stomach growls with hunger, and I get pulled back to reality. I take a bite of my burger.

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re?”

Fuck, it’s spicy.

El diablo is a monster of a burger topped with bacon, onion rings, cheddar, jalapenos, tomato, lettuce, chili sauce, ranch, and aioli. But damn, it’s so fucking good I can’t help but moan at the goodness.

Hitting the road again, Leandra leans over to turn on the radio while I try to stay awake. She yawns, and I can tell she’s tired. We had hit the road in the morning before the sun even rose, but I’m thankful she’s kept me in company instead of sleeping, as I hate driving long distances by myself.

“Carter, the Elders, tell me about them. What should I know?” Leandra

ng not questions as she turns in her seat to look at me.

ng “Well, the Elders are a group of shifters who hold wisdom and know
She that most don’t know. They have been roaming the earth for longer than
n’t werewolves.”

her Leandra looks at me, showing full interest, and I can see the wheels
inside that head of hers. “How long have the Elders been roaming the e
.” I She’s fully interested in knowing the answer to her question. I chuckle

place a “Well, seeing as the Elders are over a hundred years old, then I would
reins about a long fucking time.”

me. “Smartass.” She mutters, slapping my arm.

“How’s that possible? I mean, over a hundred is a pretty long fucking
we hit to be alive.”

hich is I can’t help but stare at her. She surprises me every day. I can’t help
l sauce, love her more and more. She shows genuine interest and makes an effort
ing, and know more about my world as a werewolf shifter.

t in the “It’s possible.” I pause, ready to unload many more secrets no human
h roars knows.

“Elders are not only descendants of werewolves, but they’re also
descendants of witches and vampires.”

reese, “Wait, what!” She gawks at me, taking in every word I unloaded on
so She swallows.

“Do they really exist? Vampires and witches?”

trying “Peach, it’s possible that they can live among us. I mean, look at me
d early werewolf shifter. I’m sure they’re out there, but I haven’t had the opportunity
e to ever meet one in person. But don’t worry, baby, all these mythical
f. creatures won’t be dangerous to you or any other human. It’s not like the
dra movies or books.” I plant a kiss on her hand, giving it a good squeeze.

I turn my head to face Leandra, and her face shows confusion, concealment, and worry, but the second our gaze meets, I can almost see her relax. I almost lose her hand one last time as I focus on the road, our hands still intertwined.

“Besides being knowledgeable and having wisdom, what makes you so certain they'll know why you can hear my thoughts?” She becomes curious again. Her voice was laced with a hint of confusion. I can only imagine her facial expression is right now. I turn away from the road and can't help but chuckle when I see I'm right.

She's staring out the window, and the reflection shows her brows pressed down into a deep frown.

“Well, they have knowledge and wisdom and have seen a lot. Plus, I think we might not be the first to experience this.” I turn my attention back to the road. Leandra hums at my answer.

“Are we almost there?” She questions. Her body turns to face me once more, taking my free hand.

“We'll be there soon. It's not far from here.” I squeeze her hand and lead into a road leading up the mountain. The view is breathtaking. Trees can be seen all around us. She groans, throwing her head back against the headrest. Both her hands cover her face.

“Carter, baby, I need to pee,” she looks at me with puppy dog eyes and her hands come together, almost as if she's going to pray.

“You literally went thirty minutes ago,” I say with a raised eyebrow. “Yeah, well, my bladder hasn't been the same since I gave birth to your son. Plus, I drank three water bottles and the cookies and cream milkshake. Just stop right here, and I can pee right over there by the big oak tree.”

“Not happening,” I say quickly as I shake my head. She's not peeing in the wilderness where someone can fucking see her. She laughs at my r

ern, as I look at her, and that smile she gives me makes me feel high. I can't
kiss but smile back at her like a love-crazed teenager.

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Leandra convinces me to stop at the side of the road so that she could p
behind an oak tree. I wasn't going to argue when she said that she wou
in my car. To make her point across, she threatened to pee inside my c
she grabbed it from the cup holder, waved it around, and said she coul
and stay inside the car to pee.

She won, but so did I because I went with her and used a blanket she
brought with her this morning to cover her from any creeper that could
there. After that, the drive was only about ten miles down the road whe
came to a stop.

Getting out of the car, it was dead silent. Not a single noise could be
The cottage was breathtakingly beautiful. The path leading up to the co
were pieces that had been cut from an oak tree that must have fallen. T
cottage looks like it was built from the trees surrounding it. It had a ve
rustic look.

She grips the side of my arm. Leandra looks up at me, her fingers la
through mine as we walk hand in hand up the path. "Is this the place?"
whispers as she looks around her, taking in her surroundings.

"Yeah," I chuckle.

Fuck me. This is where we both get killed.

"Don't worry, baby. You're safe with me." She smiles softly as I kis
forehead. We reach the front door. I reach my hand out to knock as we

to help and wait patiently. When the wooden door swings open, a little frail old woman with short hair opens the door. She has an oak cane with the shape of a head in her right hand.

“Carter,” she beams as her eyes flick to Leandra and me.

“Hi, Sage,” I said brightly, happy to see her.

Her face lights up completely as I reach down to her small height and gently kiss her cheek. “And who might this beautiful young lady be?” she asks as her head turns towards Leandra. Her violet eyes glimmer brightly as she looks into Leandra’s brown eyes. I’m not sure what Sage sees, but she sees something by how she looks at Leandra.

I grin, pulling Leandra closer to me. “This is my girlfriend, Leandra,” I had looked down at Leandra, and the smile on her face after I claim her as my wife makes my heart stop. I kiss the top of her head as I whisper I love you. She smiles deeply as she greets Leandra. “How lovely to meet you, dear.”

“The pleasure is all mine,” Leandra says as she smiles at Sage.

“Oh, please come in, come in!” Sage beckons, moving out of the way to the cottage door to let us through. My eyes are immediately drawn to a picture of her parents and what seems to be a pack I have never seen before. As my eyes move around the room, I also notice wolf paintings and a shelf full of books from witchcraft spells to laws that govern mythical creatures. The living room has a few dream catchers as well as a few chimes and burning incense.

She We take a seat with Sage sitting across from us. “The last time I saw Carter, you were just a baby about this tall,” Sage says towards me holding her hand a few feet from the ground. “Now look at you all tall, muscular and handsome.”

I laugh at her comment. Sage has always been a flirt, according to some of the wolves, but she’s one of the most loyal women you will ever meet,

id lady she only has eyes for her husband. “Thank you. Sage, you look lovely.
i wolf’s She laughs as she settles into her chair, getting comfortable. “You’re
a flirt, just like your dad.” She says, smiling. “But don’t let my husband
you flirting with me.” She laughs, giving us a wink. I move closer to
Leandra, placing my palm flat against her thigh. “So, what can I do for
id dear?”

Sage Taking a deep breath and gripping Leandra’s thigh softly. “Leandra
tly as aren’t mates, as I’m sure you already knew.” Sage smiles and nods. “I
I know “Even though we aren’t mates, I can still hear her thoughts. Leandra
mythical creature, Sage. She’s human.” I say slowly as Leandra watches
.” I speak. I squeeze her thigh and offer her a supportive smile. Sage stays
mine for a moment as she takes everything I just said in. “Please, Sage, if an
Sage can help us understand why it's you. We deserve to know why we have
connection.” I plead my case as I move closer to the sofa's edge, leaning
Sage can see my desperation to know the truth.

iy of “Tell me, my sweet boy, have you met your mate?” She questions. I
of my feel Leandra stiffen beside me.

yes I nod.

ooks “Yes, but there was no connection, nothing special. I don't want to s
ig cruel, but what I felt was nothing compared to what I feel for Leandra.
cense. Leandra moves closer to me to rest her head on my shoulder.

r you, Sage moves closer to the edge of her chair as she leans in more. “Ca
ding what do you know about your parents?” My eyebrows knit together at
ar, and question. Confused as to why she would ask me about my parents. “W
you mean?”

ome of “Have your parents ever told you the story about how they met? Do
and know if your parents are mates?” My eyes widen, my heart beats harder

” my mind races through all my memories, trying to find out if my parents such did talk about it. Leandra’s head immediately whips towards me, and I d hear swallow harshly as I shake my head at her. “No. My... My parents never tell me. I don’t know if they are, but they were always so happy and love you, Sage gives me a sympathetic look. “Have you ever seen your parents to their wolf form?” I blink briefly as I think about what she just asked and I have memories of my father’s wolf, I’m sure of it, but I can’t remember did.” mother’s. I let go of Leandra’s thigh and run my hands down my face t isn’t a deep breath.

es me “Carter, my sweet boy, your mother isn’t a werewolf,” her voice is c quiet and careful as she delivers the words that have wounded me. I don’t say yone anything. My hand grips my hair as I run my fingers through it. Leandra e this takes ahold of my hand and squeezes it as she rubs my back up and do ig so calm me down.

“Your father is 100 percent werewolf, and your mother is human; can therefore, that makes you half wolf and half human.” I grit my teeth as listen to Sage speak. Chills run down my spine with so many other emotions I feel sadness and anger that my parents would keep this a secret. My v ound life has been a big fat lie.

“Why?” I whisper almost to myself.

“Why wouldn’t they tell me?” I grit out louder.

rter, “For your protection, my sweet boy. Your parents wanted to protect

her “From what?” I ask, wanting to clear some of the confusion I was feeling

hat do “Carter, your father has alpha blood, and as the alpha of The Bloody pack, he was the most feared and deadliest of alphas, making him a target

you Your father’s mate was killed during an attack which left your father w

er, and His wolf lost his mate, therefore, jeopardizing the bond. After her pass

its ever your father's wolf suffered a great deal of pain and suffering. The

Bloodvenom pack eventually disappeared without an alpha or a luna. I never did were lost. Liam's parents welcomed most of the Bloodvenom pack into their own. Your father was weak as his wolf was dying until he met your mate. The Moon Goddess gave your father a second chance, a mate. A human soulmate. Tell me, Carter, do you feel in touch with your wolf?"

My eyes gaze around the room as I clasp my hands together in front of me. "Yes, sometimes. I don't know." I grumble. Feeling even more confused, I lower my head between my thighs, breathing deeply.

"And how did you feel when you rejected your mate?"

I immediately look up, answering Sage's question. "My wolf was hurt after a few moments, the pain we both felt was gone. After that, everything was fine." My voice is lower than normal.

"How about your mate? Did she ever tell you about her parents?"

I think back to the conversation that Sienna and I had back in the dorms when she told me about her mother's mate cheating and her mother leaving him, having her with another wolf. As I swallow hard, nodding.

"Sienna's mom had her with another wolf. Her mate caused her too much pain, and she left. There was no love between them."

Sage gives me a sad smile. "I see. Well, that explains why this would have worked out. Even though your situations differ, the outcome is still the same."

"What do you mean? How so?" Leandra asks, leaning her body close to Sage.

"When werewolves go against the moon Goddess willingly or because of certain events we have no control over how the moon Goddess reacts. She can either get upset or encourage the change. Your father, Carter, was

second chance, a second mate, saving his wolf from dying an excruciating death. And your mate's mom deserved someone who loved and treated her well. Therefore in both these circumstances, the children from these bonds have a mutated mate gene." Sage pauses to catch her breath before she continues to speak.

"Your father's mate was a pure white wolf, a child of the Moon Goddess herself. When she died, the Moon Goddess matched your father with your mother giving him and his wolf a second chance. It was the least she could do to honor the memory of one of her children. Carter, your father being an alpha and having alpha blood has protected you. Giving you the strength to survive in the werewolf world. If you choose to have children, or should I say more children, they will carry the alpha blood, making them stronger. Since your mother does not carry a mating gene since she isn't a werewolf, it would be unfair for the Moon Goddess to pair you up with someone who would be carrying both dominant mating genes." Sage begins to cough from talking. Taking a few moments as she reaches over to drink a sip of water from her cup.

"You see, my child, a wolf carrying both mating genes would feel much stronger than with someone half wolf and half human or with someone whose parents went against the Moon Goddess. So, you and your mate aren't ill the way you are for each other as she's limited to who she can mate with, and you, my son, only carry half the mate gene. Which is why the attraction and the connection weren't there." Sage begins to cough a little more as she presses her hand to her chest.

"Sage, are you okay? Do you need me to get you more water?" Lear asks, her voice full of concern.

Sage nods. "Yes, my dear, I'm okay, just a little—" she coughs again.

ting taking another sip of water. “I just haven’t spoken this much in a while
l her grins.

onds “So, what does this mean for Leandra and me? Why can I hear her
thoughts?” I don't take my eyes off Sage. I lace my fingers with Leand
we hold each other waiting for Sage to answer.

ldess “Just because you are mates does not mean you are soulmates, and i
our Moon Goddess cannot match you properly, fate takes over.”

ould do “Fate? I’m not understanding.” I whisper, squeezing Leandra’s hand
alpha locks her gaze with mine as she speaks the following words. “ You, Ca
urvive have been blessed with a human soulmate. Your mother passed on a si
re mating gene but for humans instead. There are probably a handful of p
your that would have been right for you, Carter, but when you find the one,
ld be twin flame, that’s the one and only. That’s it. You are together for life.
be is only one.”

ing. My heart stammers at the word soulmate, causing goosebumps all al
i her my arms. “Soulmates? How? Why?” Leandra whispers, and when I tu
see her, I notice tears have brimmed her eyes.

ie bond “Fate, sweetheart.” Leandra’s hand shakes in mine as her other hand
: whoseaway the tears that have escaped. “Sweetheart, don’t question fate and
meant Moon Goddess because there are things we will never know. Finding y
sweet human soulmate is extremely rare, and you're fortunate if you do.”

: “How do you know?” I question.

esses a Sage smiles. “I had seen it before with your parents and a few other
many years ago. Your father came to me and explained that he could h
idra thoughts, feel if she was in danger, and his wolf could feel her fears. T
together like a yin and yang. There was no explanation for what they b
n whilefelt.”

.” She “We’re soulmates?” I repeat, still in disbelief.

Sage grins happily, nodding. “Yes!”

Leandra and I look at each other simultaneously, our gaze holding e
ra's as other prisoner. I take her face between my hands and lean down, restin
forehead against hers. Our noses touch as we hold each other, breathin
f the other in, savoring the news. Closing my eyes, I inhale her scent, gratef
this moment. I savor the feeling.

l. Sage Fuck!

arter, I'm fucking happy.

milar I mouth “I love you” as my lips brush against hers. I take her lips ge
eople between mine. Leandra mumbles an “I love you” against my lips befor
your claims them. She kisses me gently. She then proceeds to kiss the side c
There mouth, my jaw, my cheek, my nose, and then my forehead. Her hands
me tightly, almost like she can’t believe this is real.

long She pulls away, and when I tilt her head up so that her eyes can mee
n to I see the tears in her eyes. I cup her face as my thumbs wipe away the t
that have escaped. “Shhh, Peach, don’t cry, baby,” I whisper as I pull h
l wipes against my chest. Her head settles against my chest, and my chin rests
the of her head as I rub my hand up and down her back.

our “We’re soulmates, Carter. You and me. Soulmates.” she mumbles a
my chest. She pulls away from me and smiles at me, her eyes twinklin
grin like a Cheshire cat.

wolves “I told you, baby, we have something special. You are so fucking sp
ear her Leandra smiles even bigger, and damn, do I love this girl.

hey fit My girl. My love. My soulmate.

oth I hold her close, not wanting to let go as I enjoy the feeling of her or
again in my arms, but this time it’s forever. She’s mine, and she will al

be mine.

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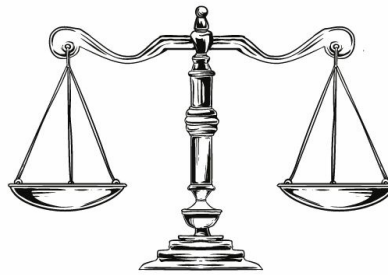
lways

be mine.

Chapter Forty-Two

Chapter Forty-Two

Leandra



Hearing Sage tell us that we're soulmates has left me speechless. We're still both in shock as to what happened minutes ago. Sage has changed our lives, and I will always be grateful for her and the knowledge she has bestowed upon us. Carter was and still is my soulmate in every sense that matters. Our connection is special. It's forever.

Thinking about us being soulmates has me feeling lightheaded. Just thinking about what this means has me grinning like a fucking Cheshire cat. We're connected in more ways than one. This connection we feel has l

more than just lust and physical attraction. My heart swells with love for my man.

We stay for dinner with Sage and her husband. We wanted to make sure she was okay after hearing her cough the way she did. She assured us that she was more than well and not to worry about “this old wolf”. We said our goodbyes, promising Sage that we would return with Luca so that she could meet our son.

We drove about two hours before coming to a stop at one of the hotels we passed as we made our way up. The hotel’s view was breathtaking as the resort was surrounded by beautiful mountains. We were able to get a room at the last minute as we were far too exhausted to drive back home.



I take in my surroundings one last time as I walk back inside the hotel to meet Carter. Carter stands in front of the reception desk, retrieving the key from the bimbo in front of him. I can see that she tries to flirt with me once again as she touches his arm for the fifth time since I stepped back inside.

I close the distance between us, grabbing Carter’s waist with one hand while my other hand touches the arm she was touching a few seconds ago.

“Did you get us a room, husband?” I make sure to emphasize the word husband. Carter looks down at me and smirks as he kisses my mouth and mumbles a yes against my lips. The woman behind the desk looks shocked and annoyed at the display of affection between my husband and me.

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e cat.
been

or this We continue to glance at each other from the moment we left the de
made our way up to our room, holding each other prisoner as we both
sure to understand that these glances meant more than just a glance. There v
hat she double meaning behind them all. I use this time to let him know Luca i
ir and is already asleep.

could I count the seconds to be behind closed doors anticipating what we l
have been craving since the moment we found out we were soulmates.
als we opens the door allowing me to enter first, closing the door behind him.
he towards Carter, and his eyes burn into mine. I lick my lips as I take in t
oom view before me. He closes the space. My hands automatically go up to
unbutton his shirt. His eyes follow my every move making me burn wi
desire.

“I know I said we should take it slow,” I whisper, running my hands
chest to remove his shirt. “But I need you to fu—” But before I can fin
sentence, Carter crashes his lips on mine, devouring my mouth. His toi
to explores my mouth, sucking on it one last time, pulling away, and taki
room bite of my lower lip.

him Carter pushes his bulge against my core, making me want him more
k grind against him. “Damn baby, I just found out you’re my soulmate,”
mumbles against my lips as he kisses the side of my mouth, jaw, and n
nd as think we can make an exception this one time, don’t you think?” He w
against my ear, nibbling on my earlobe.

rd I nod. Carter continues his assault on my neck, sucking and licking t
nd mark he just made. I moan at the pleasure he’s delivering, and he hasn
cked touched me down there. Carter takes my lips again, but there's nothing
about this kiss or man. His teeth graze my bottom lip. His hands wand
down my body taking a handful of my ass and smacking it.

sk and Carter's hands knead my ass for a minute or two as we kiss, forgetting everything and everyone. He leans down, lifting me as I wrap my legs around his waist. Setting me down on the bed, Carter crawls over my body. His fingers trace up my thigh, reaching past my pussy up towards my shirt. Tracing the skin underneath my shirt, he squeezes my breast, and I moan, arching my back.

Carter My hands fumble with his belt as I kiss along his toned muscular chest. I turn his neck sucking on his sensitive skin. I unbuckle his belt and work his zipper. My fingers reach inside his boxers and wrap around his stiff cock, stroking his hard cock feeling him getting harder under my touch.

He "Fuck, baby, it's only been you," he groans in my ear. It doesn't take long to realize what Carter is telling me. He hasn't had sex with anyone else. It's only been me and only me. "It's only been you, Carter." I rasp as I position my face in front of his, our lips brushing against each other.

"Always," I whisper.

I squeeze his cock once, twice, and three times before I tug on his belt and trousers. Carter rips my shirt leaving me in my back lace bra, squeezing both my breasts. "Fuck, Peach, your soaking," he hisses as his fingers play with my pussy. Pulling my black lace down just enough to reveal my left nipple Carter places his mouth over it, sucking on it. Giving my right breast equal attention.

As he continues to lick, suck and bite both my breasts, his left hand continues to trace my clit, rubbing circles over my lace panties. I'm sure the wet patch on my panties continues to grow. "Did you touch yourself there about me?" He questions before pushing two fingers inside me and hitting my G-spot. I moan, arching my back and riding his fingers. "Yes, I did."

ng moan breathlessly, not able to finish as he inserts a third finger stretching around feeling the burn.

is “You did what, baby?” He questions, thrusting faster and harder bringing me to the edge. His voice is deep and husky. Thrusting in and out, his fingers rubbing circles against my clit. Oh my God, I’m going to come. His fingers slid out, taking this opportunity to share exactly what I did. “I stuck the best up you got me and put in my headboard, and I fucked it while I thought about you.”

ck. I “Oh God, I’m gonna come.” I moan out just in time before my orgasm takes over, and I cum all over his fingers. The last thing I see and hear beside the wet sounds is his jaw clenched tightly, a low growl erupting from his chest.

my I open my eyes, my chest heaving as I come down from such an intense orgasm. I smirk up at him, but before I can do anything else, his lips come to mine in a possessive and demanding kiss.

boxers “Fuck Leandra,” he hisses, pushing his bulge against my core. I bite my lip, loving the way it turns me on, knowing I got him this hard. “You’ll play to show me.” His gaze shows me so much desire and lust that I can feel myself burn with need. “I can show you right now,” I say against his lips and left Carter groans again, which sends me off into a frenzy. He rips the jeans from my legs along with my soaking panties. His mouth instantly on my clit licking and sucking me clean. “Taste just like I remember. Taste like never the Fuck, he isn’t playing around. I throw my head back onto the sheets moaning as he continues his assault on my pussy.

ting “Carter,” I whimper, pulling on his hair. He pulls back just enough to discard his trousers and boxers, leaving him completely bare in front of me. He crawls back up, ripping the lace off my chest. I gasp. His mouth lovingly

ng me, taking my nipple into his mouth, sucking on it as his hand squeezes an
with the other. I grab the bed sheets fisting them at the amount of pleas
nging that's currently overtaking my body. Carter's free hand grabs his cock,
thumb stroking himself, aligning himself to my entrance.

ngers I groan at the friction as he slides his cock down my glistening pussy
at dildo Teasing me painfully slow, his cock traces my folds as he paints them
out his pre-cum that's leaking from his cock. "Please, Carter."

"Fuck me!" I hiss out, begging him to thrust his fat cock inside me.
sm chuckles. "God, Peach, I've missed hearing you beg me to touch you,"
cock eases into him, and I arch my back off the bed. "But first, I want
g from show me," he grunts.

"Show me how you fucked that dildo, baby."

nse Rolling us over so that I straddle him, my hand pumps him up and d
apture Carter groans, closing his eyes. I align his cock at my entrance as I slic
down inch by inch. "Fuck, baby, open up for me. You're so fucking tight
my hisses as I get the tip inside me.

I have Carter places his hands on my hips, holding me in place as I take him
l little further, allowing him to stretch me. Thrusting hard into me, he se
ips. himself inside me, filling me to the hilt. We both gasp at the feeling. I
ans off down just enough to whisper the following words. "I started slow," my
; hitches as I begin to move at a gentle pace. Placing my hands on his ch
aine." support, Carter grips my ass cheeks, giving one of them a slap. I move
oaning and forth, grinding a little faster, pleasure taking over my movements.

"Then I went a little faster," I pant as I start to bounce up and down
o him, quickly grinding myself and hitting his pubic bone every single ti
f me. sending tingles straight to my clit. Carter groans, his hands kneading m
wers, gripping it harder. "Oh God, Carter," I moan. I lean forward slightly sc

d plays can extend my arms out so that I can hold onto the headboard as I continue to ride him. “That’s it, Peach. Ride me. Ride my fucking cock like you were born to do it.”

“Oh, my God.” I throw my head back in pleasure. Letting go of the headboard, I drop my hands onto Carter’s shoulders, my nails digging into his skin as I slide my fingers down to his chest. “I’d think—” I don’t finish the thought as a moan takes over my body. “I’d think about your big thick cock pounding into me. Whispering filthy things—,” my eyes close tightly, feeling his cock hit my G-spot with so much force. I’m gonna come. “and dirty things like you to Moaning out your name over and over again,” I’m breathless by now, consumed by pleasure. “The entire country of Italy knew who owned that pussy.” I smirk down at him.

Leaning down so we’re face to face, I brush my lips against his. “Fuck me,” I whisper before claiming his lips, kissing him roughly, fueling the fire inside me. “Goddamn,” Carter curses as he takes my hair in his fist, holding me down as he thrusts into me, taking over.

My pussy clenches around his dick, choking his cock. Getting wetter than ever before as I hear the wet sounds take over. “Did you imagine this? Him fucking you so hard, baby, that you don’t walk for a straight week. His voice asks, his voice gruff as he grips my hair tighter. Our gaze holds us captive for but I can’t respond, too busy focusing on enjoying the feeling, the only indicator being my clenching pussy. “Answer,” Carter demands, slapping my ass hard as I feel the sting from the slap.

“Yes, Oh God, yes,” I moan out. He smacks my ass again, and I know damn sure it's red as I feel the burn and the heat from the slaps. I whimper as I feel myself getting close. Fuck, did I miss this? His cock stretches me so that I have no other. Every time he hits my G-spot, I gasp. “Carter. Harder.” I cry

inue to begging him to pound harder and faster. He does exactly what I want.

ere Pounding into me mercilessly, my whole body explodes. Unable to wa
I come as I gush my release onto him and the bedsheets.

Carter doesn't give me a chance to calm down from the high before
into manhandles me. On my hands and knees, he thrust into me without wa
my making me gasp. His thumb spreads my come all over my puckered ho
cock pushing his thumb inside; his other hand caresses my ass as he continu
ing his thrust harder and deeper. Without warning, he smacks my ass cheek. T
ings. sting heightens every other sensation in my body, and I beg for more.

"Carter, please," I say breathlessly. He smacks it a second time and
his third time in the same spot leaving his handprint tattooed on my ass.

Holy shit, I'm going to come again.

ck Carter pulls my hair, pulling me up so my back is against his chest. (r
ie fire hand goes around my waist to hold me in place, and the other one goes
lding around my throat. My head turns so that his lips can touch mine slowly
passionately. "You're mine. Say it?" he growls onto my lips, his eyes c
r than than the ocean.

Me I can't articulate a single word, let alone two. His possessiveness, hi
h?" He merciful thrusting, and the choking have all clouded my senses. " Say
tive, demands against my ear biting my earlobe.

7 "Yours," I cry out. "Fuck, I'm yours, Carter. All yours."

ing my "I love you, Leandra Russo," he whispers as he begins to slow down
pace. His pace is slow, making me feel dizzy as the tip of his cock graz
ow for G-spot every single time causing me to shudder with pleasure. Our bre
iper as is heavy and irregular. "I love you too," I pant as his lips caress mine. I
e like hips move faster again, picking up pace and going deeper. "I'm close."
out, grunts

“Me too,” I moan. His hand drops from my waist to my clit, rubbing
rn him, circles against my swollen clit. “Yes. Ohhh, right there. Carter, don't st

My hand grips the back of his neck, my orgasm taking over as I feel m
he pussy clench rapidly, milking his cock. He drove in and out, holding m
rning, tight grip, growling as he fucked me.

le, “Fuck Leandra,” Carter moans. Feeling his cock swell and throb ins
es to Carter roars his release painting my walls white.

he I’m sated and holy shit if Carter wasn’t holding me up against him, I
be lost. Our foreheads press against each other as we stare into each ot
then a eyes.

He’s mine. And always will be.

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“Me too,” I moan. His hand drops from my waist to my clit, rubbing circles against my swollen clit. “Yes. Ohhh, right there. Carter, don't stop!” My hand grips the back of his neck, my orgasm taking over as I feel my pussy clench rapidly, milking his cock. He drove in and out, holding me in a tight grip, growling as he fucked me.

“Fuck Leandra,” Carter moans. Feeling his cock swell and throb inside me, Carter roars his release painting my walls white.

I'm sated and holy shit if Carter wasn't holding me up against him, I would be lost. Our foreheads press against each other as we stare into each other's eyes.

He's mine. And always will be.

Chapter Forty-Three

Chapter Forty-Three

Carter



This past week has been the best week of my life or one of the best of my life. Leandra and I went on a cute little date in which we both healed our wounds and opened ourselves up to the idea of a future together. Finding out she is and will always be my soulmate was life-changing. We returned home in the afternoon yesterday, in which we picked up Luca, and I took her to the hotel suite where she was staying.

I plan on asking her and Luca to move in with me. I haven't returned to the penthouse since she left three years ago. I've been staying at the pack house because I couldn't bear sleeping, let alone being there where everything

reminded me of her. Plus, her scent still lingered there even to this day is why I have spent the last four hours cleaning the entire penthouse so can be ready for them both.

I cleaned the kitchen, the living room, the dining room, the primary bedroom, the guest rooms, the en-suites, and lastly, my office. As I open the door to my office and walk towards my desk, I come face to face with a painting of Leandra. The painting I did with just my memory of her bare skin inch by inch. Remembering every scar, freckle, and curve. I grab the painting with one hand as my other hand runs all over her bare skin, caressing it. I walk back behind my desk to hang it for now as I come up with a better place to put this.

I smile as I step back to admire the painting once more before leaving. Fuck! She is beautiful.



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ng out
later
to the

I park the car making my way up toward Leandra's suite with breakfast in my hand. I pull out the room key she gave me and open the door. It's silent. I look around. Pulling my phone out of my pants pocket, I notice two things: my battery is dying, and two, it's eight o'clock which is still pretty early since I know she likes to sleep in on her days off.

to the
d to the
house
g

Setting the bags down on the counter, I walk towards Leandra's room. Before that, I pop my head into my son's room. Luca sleeps peacefully with his bum in the air. I chuckle. As I enter, I hear the shower running. I smile. I think about surprising her in the shower, but I first have to charge my phone.

. This before it dies on me. Looking around to see if I could see her phone charger that it notice it was not in its usual spot.

Shit! I have to ask her.

“Peach?” I say a little louder so that she can hear from where I stand in the doorway.

a bare “Carter?” She yells back.

re skin “Yeah, baby, it’s me. Can I use your phone charger to charge my painting Please.” She replies that it’s in the drawer next to where she sleeps. I begin to rummaging through the stuff in her drawer. My hand touches a black bag and I drag it out to look inside. My eyes go wide when I look down at its contents. A blue vibrating wand is staring back at me. Taking it out of the bag, I hear the shower turn off. I can’t help the devilish grin that appears on my face.

Damn, I'm going to tease the shit out of her. The ensuite door opens and I watch as she holds up a towel with one hand. Her damp hair is up in a messy bun. Her eyes dart to the blue wand in my hand.

Her lips part in shock.

“Last time I checked, that is definitely not a phone charger,” she says with a hint of amusement. I stifle a laugh. “I can see that,” I flex an eyebrow at her. “What are you doing with that?” She swallows nervously, then bites her lower lip. I decide to mess with her a little bit. “When was the last time you used this? Huh, Peach.” I challenge her.

She looks away and shrugs. “I honestly can’t remember, ages ago.”

Hours before our date. So, last week.

I have to stop the smile forming on my lips as I read her thoughts. “(really? You don’t say Peach.” I question. I walk towards her, but I don’t

arge, I the distance between us as she walks back towards the en suite. I smirk
play with the wand in my hands. “What do you think about when you
Or should I say who?” A grin appears on my face, and her cheeks turn
l in the shade of pink. “I don’t think about anything or anyone.” She scoffs.

You. It’s always you.

I slowly make my way toward her, and her curious brown eyes follo
one? every move. She backs up until her back hits the en suite door, her han
egin clutching onto her towel for dear life. I push the door open. “You shou
ag, me the truth,” I whisper as I tower over her body. She blushes so deep
the it's driving me feral. I reach down to the extension cable on the floor a
the the wand.

rs on “Wh—What are you doing?” She questions as she watches me. I pla
down on the counter and reach down under her legs, and lift her up on
s. ledge. A shriek leaves her lips. I cage her in between my arms and lear
her, so my face is level with hers.

o in a “I want you to use it on yourself. Show me, Peach,” I smirk.

“Carter” I fall onto my knees and slowly begin to kiss the insides of
thighs. Her skin was soft against my lips.

s with My head moves closer and closer to her pussy. Only the corner of he
v at towel covers her most sensitive spot, which I’m sure is already wet. I h
es her let out a jagged breath. Her fingers lace into my hair, and she pulls me
e you up to her.

I place a delicate kiss on the corner of her mouth, and my fingers fin
wet pussy. I can’t help the smile on my face as my earlier prediction se
be true. Her whole-body jolts as I circle my hand against her clit, and s
Oh groans quietly. Her eyes find mine, our foreheads rest against each oth
’t close

as I move quickly. She pants and closes her eyes. Fuck! She truly is a masterpiece.

I pull away, and her eyes open instantly before she can say something. I kiss her mouth again as I grab the wand and smirk. "Use it, Peach," I graze her lips with mine. Her big brown eyes study me for a few moments before she slowly places them on her soaked slit. Leandra's delicate fingers turn it on, and she instantly throws her head back in pleasure. Her other hand drops the towel exposing her body. My lips trace her flushed skin starting at her neck, down to her nipples, and then to her legs.

She whimpers as I push one of her legs wider. "Sh— Shit," she murmurs to herself. Her eyes are clamped shut, head firmly against the mirror. I begin to shake. "Are you going to come?" I ask her in my husky voice while kissing her lips. She grunts. "Yes," she moans aloud. "Be quiet, Baby. I don't want to wake up Luca." I whisper against her ear, my hand going up to her mouth as my other hand snatches the wand from her hand and turns it to the highest level.

My left hand, which has been covering her mouth, is now gripping the side of her throat, and I push her into the mirror. Her dark brown eyes, full of lust and desire, watch me for a second before she closes them shut and screams. Her body releases.

"Carter. Oh, Carter," she pants, her fingers curling around the edge of the counter tightly. Her whole body rattles. Her legs are still shaking violently, and she has never moaned so loud ever before.

Watching her in awe is a sight I will never get tired of seeing. Everything about her is beautiful, and I craved seeing her so raw again. She calms down from her orgasm, and I release her throat. I turn down the vibrator level but keep the wand firmly in her. Leandra's dazed eyes look at me.

“Carter,” she pants against my lips. I take her chin between my thumb and index finger, looking straight at her. “I want you to come again for me,” I say. I grin gruffly before devouring her lips. Leandra squirms beneath me and groans as I begin again. Her body begins to move against the wand closing her eyes in pleasure. I increase the speed. “Uh-uh, I want you to look at me when my fingers come,” I tell her, lowering the speed back to the level it was before. Her brown eyes snap open, staring back at me as she tilts her head back, hitting the mirror. Her eyes clamp shut again. I know she’s close. She comes on them instantly as she grits her teeth and grunts. “Fu — Fuck Carter,” she murmurs, holding my graze. “I’m going to come.” Smiling down against her lips, I take her leg, her bottom lip between my teeth. She does exactly as I say and looks at me before in the eye as she moans out my name repeatedly.

Turning off the wand and placing it down on the counter, I let Leandra catch her breath. She looks up at me and chuckles, getting the wand off the counter. “I might not spend hundreds of dollars on wine, but I will spend a few dollars on a wand. A very good wand that offers a —” I laugh at her statement, but I don’t let her finish that sentence as I kiss her passionately. I take the wand from her hand and place it on the counter. Her hands make a mess of my sweats and boxers. My cock springs free. “I want you to fuck me,” she says breathlessly.

Her hands grab onto my shoulder, pulling me closer as I tease her erotically with my fingers. “Fuck, you’re so wet,” I say into her mouth as my fingers work in and out of her. Curling them to reach that special spot that drives a girl feral. She breaks our kiss to gasp for air. “Please, Carter. I need you to fill me up,” she whispers against my lips. I press my forehead against her forehead but the wolf inside me snapping making us both feral for her. I pull my fingers

ab and out, licking her juices off them. With my hand on my cock, I work the
y up and down her slit, making her gasp when it slips over her clit.

ans As I pass over her entrance, I penetrate her just an inch; holding her
I whisper, "I love you." Thrusting into her hard and fast. Leandra wrap
you legs around my waist, pulling me deeper with each thrust her fingers d
my back. "You're so fucking tight, Peach," I hiss as I push into her dee
ack, She moans, the sound filling the en suite as I continue to pound into he
opens furiously.

er eyes "Such a good girl, the way you take my cock," I growl, feeling her p
ake squeeze my cock. "Yes," she moans, her face digging into my neck. H
ne deadfingers claw at my back as I pump into her repeatedly. Each thrust was
and deeper than the one before. The wet sounds of our bodies echo. Fu
lra she's wet, her pussy making slurping noises as I thrust into her soaking
f the She throws her head back as I wrap my left hand around her neck ar
nd 128 bring my fingers from my right hand close to her mouth. Taking my ri
finger and middle finger into her mouth, she sucks on them, swirling h
ely. I tongue like she would my cock. She's close as I feel her pussy clench i
ke a fuckin' vice. I urge her to come and bring my left hand between us so
ick can rub circles on her clit. That's all the motivation she needs to let go
release, drenching my cock with her cum. "Carter," she screams her re
trance "That's right, baby drench my cock," I praise, feeling a rush of wetn
gers and her insides clenching around my cock. Her pussy is milking me so
ves my that my cock swells, and I know I'm pulsing as I roar my release comi
u to inside of her spilling my seed into her. "Leandraaaaa!" My heart was
ners, pounding in my ears, and both our breathing heavy. I pull out, lowerin
gers eyes to where our bodies were joined, and fuck. I'm in awe. The sight
cum spilling out of her is fucking something.

head I clean her up, giving her the aftercare she deserves. I kiss her forehead
letting go as I pull my boxers and sweats back on, just in time to hear I
graze, cry. "I'll get him. You rest, Peach." I assure her.

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I clean her up, giving her the aftercare she deserves. I kiss her forehead letting go as I pull my boxers and sweats back on, just in time to hear Luca cry. “I’ll get him. You rest, Peach.” I assure her.

Epilogue



Six Months Later.

After Carter and I discovered we were soulmates, life was bliss. In fact, life was perfect. We spent an entire week together. We didn't leave each other's side. I stretch my arm, searching for Carter, but the side of his bed is empty and cold. I get off the bed and make my way into the ensuite. I brush my teeth and wash my hands before I go on my search for Carter and Luca.

Walking towards the kitchen, I pass Luca's empty room, so I know the two must be together. I see them both in the kitchen. Carter is shirtless and a pair of gray sweatpants on, and damn, does he look edible. His back muscles

flex as he continues to flip the pancakes, and let me tell you, his back is a goddamn turn-on for me. Luca stands beside his dad on a stool, pouring chocolate chips inside the pancake batter. I lean against the doorway, admiring the view in front of me.

We celebrated Luca's birthday yesterday, but my little guy has been officially three years old as of two months ago. The party was an intimate affair since we celebrated back at home in Granite Springs, New York. My family, Carter's parents, Liam, Isabella, Eva, Ash, and Finn, were all present. Meeting his parents for the first time was nerve-racking, but his mom is the sweetest person you will ever meet. She's beautiful, and his dad is definitely a fox. I can see his looks come from both of them; honestly, that picture has doesn't do them justice.

We decided to stay at the house I built over a year and a half ago using a quarter land my parents gave each of us. The home was precisely what I had discussed during our many pillow talks all those years ago.

"Daddy," Luca tells him, and I know Carter loves hearing his son call him daddy. When Luca first called him daddy, Carter cried. My heart melts every time I hear him say that.

"Yes, buddy," Carter answers, giving his son his full attention.

"Can you add more chocolate chips to my pancakes? Please." Luca looks at his daddy with his puppy dog eyes that always get me to say yes to that little request, so I know he will agree.

"Sure, buddy. We won't tell Mommy," he says, adding more chocolate chips as his other hand ruffles Luca's hair. I clear my throat as both my boys turn to me. I pin them with the *you're busted look*. Carter helps Luca get off the stool as he runs to me.

"Mommy, you're awake." My handsome boy says as he kisses me on the

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mpty
ny
l.
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with a
uscles

s a cheek giving me one of his tight hugs. I greet my son, blowing raspber
g causing him to giggle. Placing him inside his high chair so that he coul
his pancake. Carter greets me with a kiss, and one of his arms snakes a
my waist, pulling me closer to him.

“Good Morning Peach,” he whispers against my lips. I kiss him one
te time, my hands taking advantage as they run up and down his back, gr
. My onto his shoulders.

resent. “Good Morning, baby,” I whisper.

s the
initely
e he



ing the Carter and Luca had a whole surprise planned for me. Since this morni
: Carter breakfast, those two had something up their sleeve. Carter and Luca in
we leave the house for a couple of hours. Luca wanted to visit the zoo
ill him aquarium.

; every We went to the Bronx Zoo, and Luca loved it. Not only is it one of t
largest zoos in the United States, but it has over 10,000 animals and 65
species, many of which are endangered or threatened.

gives “Look, Daddy, the monkey,” Luca says, his voice full of excitement
e boy, wonder. He was amazed looking at all the different wildlife. His favori
far were the monkeys and the Madagascar exhibit. Carter and Luca bot
ate the giraffes. Luca laughed his head off when the giraffe almost took C
y boys hand. Luca also visited the sloth encounter, his second favorite, becaus
the from Ice Age is his favorite.

I’m waiting outside the gift shop for Carter and Luca since I have to
n the the restroom. As I’m about to go in, Luca comes running to show me t

ries sloth plush that Carter bought him. I have to say it's adorable.
ld eat "Mommy!" Luca runs to me. "Look what Daddy bought me," he say
round pushing the sloth plush so that I can get a good look at it. His eyes are
adoration and love. I ruffle his hair giving him back his sloth."Wow, b
last he looks really cute. That was nice of Daddy. " Luca takes it immediat
abbing hugging his sloth close to his chest. I look up at Carter as I mouth a tha
giving him a quick kiss on the lips.

We spend a few more hours, and when the clock hits four, Carter inti
us it's time to go. We drive back to our home, just about a 40-minute d
back, depending on traffic.



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sisted

and the We arrive home, and Carter informs me to get ready since he's taking
and me out to eat. I walk into the en suite to get ready.

he Once I'm done showering, shaving, and blow drying my hair, I walk
io plus into the bedroom when I notice a black rectangular box with an emeral
green bow on top of it laying on top of our bed.

and I pick up the note reading it.

ites by
th fed
arter's
se Sid

*Leandra, I chose this dress because I'm sure it will look
amazing on you. I can't wait to see it on you and off you.*

Love, Carter.

go to
he

I can't help but feel myself flush at the thought of Carter taking it of tonight. I open the box to reveal a black ruched satin cami dress with a full of down your left thigh. The dress is classy and elegant but sexy all in one. I cannot wait for Carter to see it.

An hour later, I'm all ready to go. The dress fits me like a glove and is showcasing my curves. My hair is curled, and my makeup is flawless.

I wanted to go all out. I had a full glam look, ombre eyeshadow with a heavy eye, and gold glitter.

Carter knocks on the bedroom door before entering. When I make eye contact, his breath hitches. "Wow, you...you look beautiful," his voice is full of awe. His eyes roam my body, taking in every inch of me. Carter is so sinfully delicious. He has on a black dress shirt and black slacks. What makes him even more delicious is the fact that Carter has a few of the top buttons undone, revealing his toned chest.

Luca came running dressed in a white dress shirt with a black bow tie and black trousers, and suspenders over his shoulders. Looking very fuckin' adorable, but little did I know what was hiding underneath his outfit.

Carter and Luca thought it would be best if I were blindfolded so the surprise didn't get ruined. The drive wasn't very far. In fact, I would say we are still inside the property. Carter parks the car, coming around to my door with Luca by his side. My son takes my hand while Carter takes the other, leading me down the path. We come to a stop. I can feel the sun hitting my skin and the breeze from the wind.

"Are you ready, Mommy," Luca said with so much excitement in his voice.

"Yes, baby. I'm ready." I say, swallowing hard as I can feel my heart beating faster and harder. I can feel Carter in front of me as his hands grip

of later to touch the blindfold. His fingers caress my cheek. He leans his forehead
slit against my nose, touching it as he whispers against me. “Ready, Peach
e. I can’t respond too nervous. All I can do is nod.

Carter removes the blindfold, I open my eyes, and immediately I’m
with his intense gaze. I smile, feeling happy and content, Carter gives me
I a quick kiss, and before I know it, he motions for me to turn around. I do
int of I’m told and my body turns. I gasp when I see my family and friends have
gathered. The backyard is beautifully decorated.

ye I saw my family – my parents, my sisters, Jess and her husband, Ash
e was Finn, Liam, Isabella, Eva, his parents, and a few other people from the
e looks They were all gathered in the center of the tile dance floor we have on
e makes lawn. My eyes scan a second time as I take in the tables outside the dance
tons floor on the grass. There's also a bar set up and a food table with caterers.
Each table has a stunning flower arrangement. The pillars around the area
ie, all decorated with lights.

ing It's elegant and stunning.

I walk over to my friends and family, hugging each of them. I’m still
air shocked that Carter planned all this for me, and I have no idea why but
y that enjoying every minute.

open We talked for a little bit as everyone enjoyed the food, the music, and
es the overall party. The caterers have left, and now it's just close family and
's heat friends. Luca seems to be having fun playing with Eva. Carter gets up
our table and makes his way over to Luca, whispering something in his ear
s before they both disappear inside the main house.

As I’m about to get up and make my way inside, my sisters intercept
rt We talk for a few minutes before my little sister excuses herself and goes
go up inside. As I’m about to excuse myself, Liam and Isabella intercept me.

head chat for a few minutes about everything that has happened since we left
?” I Australia and how the pack is doing.

I see Carter coming back outside, and I excuse myself. He smiles at
met our gaze meets from across, and I can't help but smile back. I'm current
me a cloud nine. I walk a few more feet to where he is, but he seems nervous
) as something.

ave all “Hey, baby. Everything okay?” I ask. Kissing him on the cheek quick
I interlace our fingers together. I lean my head against his shoulder, taking
ton, this all in as I sigh. Carter kisses the top of my head as he mumbles a yes
pack. Carter pulls me to the dance floor so that we can dance “All of Me”
our John Legend when, suddenly, Carter whispers that Luca wants to dance
nce me. I crouch down to pick him up, not even realizing what his onesie says
ers. until I hear the people in the back gasp, and it hits me.

rea are I stand up, holding Luca's little hand, turning around and seeing Carter
his knee. I lick my lips and then look behind me, then at the small velvet
in his hand, and finally, his turquoise eyes settle on me.

I I want to scream my answer, but nothing comes out. My gaze lands
t I'm ring in front of me.

It's stunning!

id the It's a rose gold morganite floral engagement ring. The sides have round
a huge diamond.

from

s ear

t me.

oes

We

chat for a few minutes about everything that has happened since we left Australia and how the pack is doing.

I see Carter coming back outside, and I excuse myself. He smiles at me as our gaze meets from across, and I can't help but smile back. I'm currently on cloud nine. I walk a few more feet to where he is, but he seems nervous about something.

"Hey, baby. Everything okay?" I ask. Kissing him on the cheek quickly as I interlace our fingers together. I lean my head against his shoulder, taking this all in as I sigh. Carter kisses the top of my head as he mumbles a yes.

Carter pulls me to the dance floor so that we can dance "All of Me" by John Legend when, suddenly, Carter whispers that Luca wants to dance with me. I crouch down to pick him up, not even realizing what his onesie says until I hear the people in the back gasp, and it hits me.

I stand up, holding Luca's little hand, turning around and seeing Carter on his knee. I lick my lips and then look behind me, then at the small velvet box in his hand, and finally, his turquoise eyes settle on me.

I want to scream my answer, but nothing comes out. My gaze lands on the ring in front of me.

It's stunning!

It's a rose gold morganite floral engagement ring. The sides have roses and a huge diamond.

Bonus Epilogue



Today, I will be asking Leandra to be my wife. She doesn't know what we have planned for tonight. The velvet box in my pocket was getting heated the hour. I make my way inside the main house with Luca so we could proceed with part two of the surprise. Leandra has no idea that I would be asking her to be my wife in less than an hour. Her sisters helped me plan the surprise for her. I asked her father for permission to marry his daughter; both Alessandra and Angelo gave me their blessing.

Luca was ready to go with a white onesie that read:

Mommy, will you MARRY Daddy? ♥

He looked adorable, and I know Leandra loves when Luca wears on because he looks super cute, and his chubby legs look adorable. Leandra's little sister walks in to help me finish changing Luca, kissing him on his cheek. I walk back outside, ready to ask her to be my wife. I see Leandra talking to Liam and Isabella, and as soon as our gazes meet. She excuses herself.

She strides towards me, kissing me on the cheek as our fingers interlock. Leandra leans her head against my shoulder, and we both take in the wonderful feeling happy and content.

From the corner of my eyes, I can see Leandra's little sister give me a signal that everything is good to go. The lights from the pillars and the chandelier give just the right amount of light. I pull Leandra towards the floor as "All of Me" by John Legend plays. We dance, pulling her close to me as everyone watches us. I whisper against Leandra's ear, signaling that Luca wants to dance.

"Peach, Luca would like to dance with you," I whisper against her back, pulling away so that Leandra can turn around. Luca runs over to his mother as Leandra crouches down to pick up our son, not even realizing what his onesie says until the last minute when he reaches her. She gasps as she reads in what his onesie says in big black letters. She takes his hand, standing slowly as she turns to face me, only to see I'm on one knee. My eyes follow her every move as I take her in.

"Mommy, will you marry Daddy?" I hear her whisper the words to Luca, repeating the question that Luca currently wears proudly. "Peach, baby, I would have thought that the stranger before me that day on the plane would be the person I won't last a day without?"

From the very moment I laid eyes on you, I knew that my life was a

that I
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r, and

esies change. The connection is special. You're special." I pause for a second
ra's gathering my thoughts. Leandra's eyes start to water.

is "My whole life was dedicated to work and my pack, but that all changed
lra when I met you. Now my whole life will be dedicated to you and our son
s from this moment on. It fascinates me how far we have come. From all the
difficult situations we've been through, now we're here. With all the
twine. times and hardships we've been through, one thing remains the same –
iew are the person I want to spend the rest of my life with...will you marry
me?"

I popped open the lid of the little velvet box. The diamond ring sparkled
the Tears escape her eyes. Her body is in full shock as she processes every
ones word I have just spoken.

dance "Leandra?" My eyes were searching hers as if she had forgotten how
er to speak. She opens her mouth once more, but nothing comes out. All she
to her do was nod her head furiously.

"Peach, I need verbal confirmation," I said, reaching for her left hand
efore gasps, finally swallowing the lump in her throat, and she says 'yes'. The
ommy crowd screams. She said yes as they all cheered.

his "Yes! A million times, yes. I'll marry you, Carter." Breathing a sigh
takes relief, I slip the ring onto her finger. It fits perfectly like it was made for
g up and only her. She throws herself at me, her arms coming around my neck
ocus onI claim her lips, everything else fades. I pull away, bringing Luca into
hug. He giggles as we both kiss him.

herself, Leandra looks down at her ring, admiring the ring itself, then her gaze
7, who on me and then at our son. I wipe away the tears that escaped her eyes.
ould Leaning my forehead against hers, I whisper, "I love you. Forever and
always."

bout to "I love you. Always and forever." She whispers against my lips.

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Later that night, we make love as I worship her body all night long. As rest before we start round three, Leandra has her head on my chest, listening to my heartbeat as her left-hand draws patterns. Leandra settles her hair on my heart, admiring her ring that shines. "I bought it three years ago," I fill the silence in the room. She snaps her gaze to me. "Three...three years ago, but we—"

"I know, baby," I say, interrupting her.

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"Was it for someone else?" I scoff. "No. I saw it, Peach, and knew it meant to be on your finger. I bought it a little while after Liam bought a ring for Isabella. I went with him to look at rings, and I just knew you'd be the one for me. My heart and my love were always yours, Leandra. You know me, baby."

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"I love you," she says before kissing me passionately, putting all her energy into this one kiss. "Carter, I have something for you." She said, biting her lower lip and looking nervous. She lifts her head, reaches into her drawer, opens it, and retrieves a white envelope. She hands it to me.

"Open it."

ze is

I take the envelope from her hands as I sit up, resting against the headboard. Leandra pulls the sheet against her chest to cover herself as she watches me closely. I open the envelope taking out the sheets of paper. The first paper reads *Application to Amend Birth Certificate*. My eyes scan through the documents reading the name of the child as Luca Greyson

Anderson. The father section has me listed as Luca's father. The next paper is the actual birth certificate making it official.

I swallow the lump stuck in my throat as my eyes brim with tears. I thought I couldn't love her more, but damn, I fuckin love her. "I want Luca to have your last name like he should have had from the very beginning. He's an Anderson through and through." She said, taking my hand and smiling at me. I pull her towards me, causing her to giggle. "I love you. Thank you." I kiss her lips as I can still taste ourselves, making my way over her neck and sucking on the skin, causing her to whimper.

"Carter," Leandra moans out.

"Mmm-hmm," I said, too busy marking her.

"There's more inside the envelope." She says, causing me to halt my actions, scanning her face for any indication. I reach for the envelope again, and my hand reaches inside. I pull out a book reading it *When We Became Three*. It's a memory book. I look at Leandra, and she looks at me attentively, biting her lower lip. I open the book reading all of Luca's first love. From his first breath out of his mother's womb to his first crawl, to his first step, to his first word, to his first birthday, and so on.

The book was filled with milestones and memories of my son's life over the past three years. The last picture was of us celebrating his third birthday. Tears have started to brim my eyes by the last page. Leandra is holding back tears as well.

As I turn the page, I read *Now We Become Four* and a picture of a tiny white dot is all I see before I lose it and let the tears escape. Leandra's pregnant with my baby. "You're pregnant?" I ask her, wanting confirmation. "This isn't a dream." I look up to see her holding a positive pregnancy test.

sheet of which I have no idea where that came from. Confirming that she is indeed pregnant, Leandra nods her head yes. “I’m pregnant.”

“I love you, baby,” I say before taking her in my arms. “Thank you. Thank you for this. Witnessing our baby growing in your belly, swelling with pregnancy, is the best gift you could have given me.” Emotions take over, and our lips crash together, and when we pull away, I can see Leandra’s tears coming down her face. I run my finger through her hair and kiss her again. “We’re having another baby,” I say, almost to myself.



“Carter, please,” Leandra begs. I chuckle. She’s been insatiable since her first month of pregnancy, always wanting my cock, which by no means was going to complain about that. I thrust my cock inside her pussy and we both moan at the feeling. She looks fucking beautiful on all fours, my hand caressing her belly. I continue to thrust into her, wrapping her hair around my hand and pulling her up so she’s kneeling on the bed. “I want to take your ass,” I whisper against her ear. She pants.

Her eyes widen, searching my face for any sign of humor. I wasn’t joking. Far from it, I want to own every single hole. This is the only thing I have taken from her, and I want all of her first.

They were mine. She’s mine.

My index and middle finger move quickly against her clit feeling her clench tighten around my cock. “Fuckin hell... Carter,” she moans, moving from her belly up to her hardened, dusky pink nipple pinching it, causing me to shatter all over my cock. I slow my movements pulling out slowly. I

eed spread her wetness, lubricating her puckered hole. We lock eyes as she breathes heavily. “I was your first fuck, your first love, your first every Thank You’re mine, and I want to own every single hole.” She nods.

my *Her body.*

d our *Her soul.*

of joy. I *Her heart.*

ier *They're mine, and I'm her's.*

“Peach, I need—” I don’t finish my statement because Leandra vocal her consent.

“I want that, Carter.” Leandra gets on all fours once again. Once her covered in her wetness, I gently tease her with my thumb sliding in and till she starts to relax, adding a second finger and then a third. “Relax,” er third as I start to slide my cock inch by inch slowly into her hole. She pants s I heady tone, arching her back, feeling more pleasure than ever before. I h gasp watching her stretch around my cock. I’m not even fully inside her yet ing her work my fingers over her sensitive clit, thrusting two of my fingers in and out. I finger fuck her pussy as my cock goes a little deeper with each th

l “Fuck,” I rasp, fully seated completely inside her. “Damn, baby, you absolutely gorgeous with my dick up your ass. You dirty girl.” I hiss, f oking. the tightness around my dick. Her body relaxed, getting used to my siz ven’t “Move,” she pants, letting me know she’s ready. I thrust in and out of more rigorous pace as my fingers fuck that tight little pussy.

“Ohhh. My. God. Carterrr,” Leandra screams out as I feel her juices r pussy out, coating my fingers. Her pussy tightens around my fingers as her ay hand swallows my cock feeling her pulse around me, causing me to release. ng her I roar her name, filling her ass with my cum.

[Six Months Later

I move closer to the head of the bed, holding her hand as another contraction hits her. She was currently nine centimeters dilated which is another contraction or two. Leandra moaned in pain, closing her eyes as another contraction swept through her. The doctor and two nurses rush inside the room, preparing everything.

“Oh, Godddd. It hurts.” Leandra whimpers in pain and squeezes my hand. The doctor gets between her legs, indicating for her to push on her next contraction, and she does just that. Leandra pushes. I use my free hand to hold her leg up. One of the nurses does the same thing taking one leg across her back, giving her leverage against her foot. Leandra gritted her teeth and pushed out.

“You’re doing good,” Dr. Vierra said. “On this next contraction, I want you to push harder, okay.” I wipe the sweat off her forehead with a cold washcloth. Leandra nods, understanding Dr. Vierra’s request. “Great job, groan, baby. You’re doing so good, Peach.” I say, placing a kiss on her forehead.

After a few more seconds, the next contraction hits her, causing her to push harder, and she groaned through the pain. I watch in awe, amazed at her strength. For the next hour, I watch as she pushed. And pushed. And pushed. I could see she was getting tired, but she didn’t give up, especially when I heard our baby’s first cry.

“It’s a girl,” Dr. Vierra said. He held the most beautiful little girl I have ever seen. Her tiny fingers opened and closed as she cried her head off. “Do you want to cut the umbilical cord?” Dr. Vierra asked. I nodded my head furiously as my hand reached for the scissors.

I cut the cord, and the nurse placed her on Leandra’s chest just for a moment before taking her off and getting her cleaned up. The doctor instructs Leandra to push again as the second baby is making its way into this world.

“Keep pushing. You’re almost there. Push Leandra. You can do this.”

push, push. That's it." Leandra gives one last push squeezing my hand
meant giving it all that's left. "You can do it, Peach," I said just before we he
is another cry fill the room. "It's a girl." Dr. Vierra announces.

ed A few minutes pass, and they have Leandra and the babies cleaned a
checked. The nurses pass me baby girl number one, and baby girl num
and. two is given to Leandra. Both babies are wrapped in a little pink blank
t a knit hat on their heads. Leandra cradles our little girl, gazing at her. I
to chair up beside the bed and sit down with Shelia in my arms as Angeli
nd sucks on her mommy's boob. The most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

ied. Watching the woman I love give birth to our children is a moment I
ant you cherish forever, especially because I wasn't there for Luca's birth. Lear
was a champ, and even when she was exhausted, she continued to push
ob, through until our beautiful Sheila and Angelica were born.

ead. Twins!

to push When I first learned we were having twins, it was a total shock to us
er except for Luca, who wanted two sisters. That's what he wished for wh
ushed. blew out the candles on his birthday all those months ago. It's crazy ho
en we little guy knew he was getting two sisters. Two new pups were definite
blessing, almost like fate was making up for what I missed out on.

ave Luca walks into the room with our family as they each take turns vis
. "Dad, and holding both babies for the next several hours. Leandra's parents a
head own soak up as much time as they can, taking a handful of pictures. Lu
in awe seeing his sisters, watching over them, and I just know in my he
minute he's going to be a very protective older brother.

.eandra Sitting here next to my wife, holding our two little girls and our littl
sitting on my lap, I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that this was the

. Push,

and thing that has ever happened to me. They were my world, now and for
ard will protect my pack...

My family.

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My family.

The End

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About Author

Kassandra Marie Lopez is a steamy romance author who lives in the U States with her family. She loves to write and read about hot alpha males who are the perfect book boyfriends and husbands.

Follow me on my social media pages:

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My Readers Group: KML'S FILTHY QUEENS READER GRC

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