



THE WOLF

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

SARA FIELDS

THE WOLF



SARA FIELDS

CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)
[Chapter 2](#)
[Chapter 3](#)
[Chapter 4](#)
[Chapter 5](#)
[Chapter 6](#)
[Chapter 7](#)
[Chapter 8](#)
[Chapter 9](#)
[Chapter 10](#)
[Chapter 11](#)
[Chapter 12](#)
[Chapter 13](#)
[Chapter 14](#)
[Chapter 15](#)
[Chapter 16](#)
[Chapter 17](#)
[Chapter 18](#)
[Chapter 19](#)
[Chapter 20](#)
[Chapter 21](#)
[Chapter 22](#)
[Epilogue](#)

[Afterword](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Books of the Dragonborne Kings Series](#)

[Books of the Alpha Brotherhood Series](#)

[Books of the Omegaborn Trilogy](#)

[Books of the Wolf Kings Series](#)

[Books of the Vakarran Captives Series](#)

[Sci-Fi and Paranormal Romances by Sara Fields](#)

[Books of the Boston Kings Series](#)

[Books of the Kept as His Series](#)

[Mafia and Billionaire Romances by Sara Fields](#)

[Books of the Captive Brides Series](#)

[Books of the Terranovum Brides Series](#)

[More Stormy Night Books by Sara Fields](#)

Copyright © 2023 by Stormy Night Publications and Sara Fields

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published by Stormy Night Publications and Design, LLC.
www.StormyNightPublications.com

Fields, Sara
The Wolf

Cover Design by Korey Mae Johnson

This book is intended for *adults only*. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults.

CHAPTER 1



*L*exie Monroe

“He’s here again tonight,” Darien stated, looking down at me through hooded eyes. His eyebrows lifted up and down suggestively, and I couldn’t help but blush a little at his blatant insinuation.

“I should have never told you I had a crush on him,” I scoffed with a playful eyeroll, my embarrassment at his teasing obvious.

Darien laughed under his breath. He shook his head, his smirk growing to epic proportions, and I couldn’t help but smile along with him. His good mood was always contagious.

“Pffft. I would have found out anyway. If not from you, someone else would have spilled the tea,” he winked, flicking a makeup brush against my cheek. He stood in front of me, scrutinizing my makeup before he nodded and returned to working on blending in my contouring. He loved making me and the rest of the girls the wet dream version of us that Las Vegas demanded.

The men here would accept nothing less.

“Yeah, you’re probably right,” I sighed. A pause hung heavy in the air before his tone shifted.

“He hasn’t asked for a dance with anyone else. Me thinks he’s waiting for

you,” Darien remarked, his tone holding a touch of hopeful promise that I didn’t want to look into too much. It was possible that he was right, but then again maybe he wasn’t.

“Maybe,” I murmured with a blush, and my voice was breathy in a way that revealed my fluttering heart. Darien looked into my eyes knowingly and I only flushed that much hotter.

The image of Kane Lockhart loomed in my mind’s eye. He was the kind of man that women dreamed about.

Big. Broody. An absolute beast of a man...

I closed my eyes, imagining his dark gaze boring into mine. He was the perfect image of rugged masculinity. Dark, tousled hair framed his face while a thick beard covered his jawline. A scar slashed across his right eyebrow, giving him a tough exterior, while his eyes, deep and intense like pools of dark chocolate, seemed to tell a thousand stories with a single look.

He wasn’t a small man by any means. On the exterior, he was built like a body builder, massive, toned, and powerful. I could tell each and every muscle in his body was sculpted, even beneath the expensive Tom Ford suits he wore whenever he came to the strip club I worked at.

I bet he could pick you up and toss you around like a ragdoll while he bounces you up and down on his cock.

I shook my head. He didn’t think of me that way. It just wasn’t possible. I was just some girl at a strip club to him. I danced and that was it. It never went beyond that.

Even though you want it to...

He came often enough that I considered him a regular at the club, but he always followed the rules, which was frustrating to the thousandth degree. Not only that, but he only sought me out. He never asked any of the other girls to dance for him, and I didn’t know if that meant something.

I wanted it to mean something.

You want him to pick you up, carry you into a private room, and fuck your

brains out until you pass out from the countless orgasms he forces from your quivering body.

“Stop fantasizing about his big dick, you little hussy,” Darien teased, and I sat back with a pout, embarrassed that he was absolutely one hundred percent right. He chuckled, his gaze sparkling with amusement. He punctuated his words with a smirk and a quick flick of the brush against my other cheek, blending out the pink blush with expert hands.

“It’s funny how you’re the one to mention his dick first,” I scoffed, and his smirk grew wider. A heated flush rose up my neck and my cheeks, likely fucking up his makeup job, but I didn’t care. Darien knew how to work with it. That’s what made him so good at his job.

“I just want you to experience what a nice... thick... juicy... co...”

“Dare! You’re so bad,” I said, cutting him off while blushing even hotter.

“You love me,” he said with a wink.

“I know,” I grinned.

Darien had been my best friend for as long as I could remember. We’d known each other since elementary school. We’d grown apart for a little while when our school districts put us in different middle schools, but we’d come back together in high school. Now we both worked at Lunar Elegance, a high-end gentleman’s club in the center of the upscale Henderson district in Las Vegas.

We thirsted after men together, and on more than one occasion, we’d played the field beside one another just to get the other a date with their current crush, but it had been a while since I’d had the energy to date anyone here in this city.

Las Vegas, while a mecca for tourists and gamblers alike, didn’t exactly present many opportunities for the kind of man that you would bring home to mom for Thanksgiving dinner. In retrospect, that wasn’t really important because I didn’t exactly have anywhere to go other than Darien’s house when that particular holiday came around anyway.

I sighed.

My parents had died five years ago in a car accident. No one really knew what had happened, but the evidence suggested that someone had run them off the highway and forced them to crash head on into a tree at seventy miles per hour. The cops didn't put many man hours into it, and no one was ever found. They'd never even brought in a single suspect. Eventually, the case grew cold, and it was filed away and never touched again.

As an only daughter over the age of eighteen at the time, there was nothing to do but pick my life up and try to put the pieces back together myself. Darien had been there through it all along with me. I'd even moved in with him for a while so I could get all the bills and things in order and hopefully save up enough to rent my own place and have a home of my own.

Life always went on living all around you, even after tragedies like that.

"Well... What do you think?" Darien asked, breaking me out of my sad reverie and bringing me back to the present. He'd spun me around to face the mirror, wanting to show off his work. I held my breath and glanced up.

As I gazed at my reflection, I scarcely recognized the woman who stared back at me. The dim light played with the contours of my features, casting a soft, sultry glow that seemed to dance upon my dewy skin. The makeup he'd applied accentuated my eyes, his expert smokey look making them practically smolder with heat. The shadows and highlights blended seamlessly, sculpting my cheekbones, and making me feel more radiant than ever. My lips, painted with a shade that matched the flush on my cheeks, seemed fuller and even more tantalizing than I remembered them ever being.

Practically kissable even...

"You've outdone yourself," I whispered.

"I know. You give me a pretty gorgeous canvas to work with, though," he said with an exaggerated wink.

"You flatter me," I scoffed, feeling a little self-conscious.

"You deserve it," he grinned.

"Do you really think I'll ever have a chance with this guy?" I asked, biting my lip nervously.

“That’s up to you. Show him how much you want him, and maybe he’ll take the bait tonight. If that doesn’t work, try something different next time. He keeps coming back to see you, and only you, so that has to mean something,” Darien remarked, his tone taking on a more serious note. He squeezed my shoulders in solidarity and smiled, his face warm and hopeful.

“You’ve got this. Now get dressed, go out there, and seduce your man,” he said, his grin growing wider.

“Okay,” I whispered with audible nervousness. My heart echoed the rhythm of my breaths, each inhalation in concert with the pounding energy that thrummed beneath my skin. I could feel my anxiety building, and I quickly shook it off as best I could.

I didn’t know why I was so tense. It was just another night at the strip club. I’d take off my clothes, dance until the wee hours of the morning, and then I’d go home, sleep for a few hours and head to Nevada State to attend the business classes that my tips paid for.

I took a deep breath and calmed myself.

I could do this. It was nothing more than a few dances. I looked hot as fuck tonight, and if Kane wanted nothing to do with me, then screw him.

I’d still take his tips, though. Instead of one or five dollar bills, Kane always tipped with twenties, fifties, or most often hundreds. Lunar Elegance had an upscale client base, which was one of the reasons I’d wanted to work here in the first place, but Kane was something else entirely.

I knew he was rich to have spending money like that. He didn’t seem like the type of man that just wanted to show off.

He was something real.

I stood up, walking over to my rack of costumes and perusing the various options hanging before me. There was the typical schoolgirl uniform, but that didn’t feel right tonight. I could go extra slutty and wear my red lingerie set, but that didn’t feel right either.

I traced my fingers along the various soft fabrics until I settled on a lacy pink number that both hinted at vulnerable innocence and blatant seduction. I

changed into the matching rose colored bra and panty set and slipped the mostly sheer lace dress over my body. With one final breath, I pulled my shoulders back and lifted my chin, trying to appear as brave as possible.

I could do this. I *would* do this.

You just want that cock.

I bristled at my inner voice, trying not to overthink. I liked this man and that was it. It was a simple crush, one that left me feeling giddy like a teenager whenever I saw him, but it was nothing more than that.

Keep telling yourself that...

All around me, girls dressed and got ready for the night. Darien mouthed “good luck” in my direction before moving on to the next girl. He readied his brushes and perused her pretty face, mumbling to himself as he planned out his masterpiece in his head.

It was nice to have him here. It made this kind of work easier to bear.

I strode out of the dressing room into the hallway, walking the length of it before I reached the big, open central room. The dim, seductive lighting shrouded the interior in an alluring mystique, casting every corner into tantalizing shadows of obscurity. The air was alive with a soft clammer of hushed murmurs, laughter, and the pulsating beat of music that vibrated through my whole body.

It made me feel alive.

The interior was a tapestry of temptation and fantasy woven together with silvery threads of moonlight. Plush, dark blue seating lined the edges of the main floor, offering a vantage point from which the club members could drink in the performances from wherever their heart’s desired. At the back of the room was a massive wooden bar, complete with every liquor under the sun. Backlighting showcased some of the more expensive bottles, casting the room in the glow of soft blue light. On the ceiling, little white lights glimmered like stars looking down on us from above.

In the center of the room was the stage. It was simple in design. Bathed in a solitary spotlight, a single lit pole stood like a silent dance partner, a steadfast

witness to my every sultry sway and graceful spin.

A stage you've made a lot of money on...

I stepped onto the polished platform and the world beyond faded away. With the pole as my guide, I began to dance in the spotlight's warm embrace. I lost myself in the gentle beat of the music, telling a story of innocence and seduction with every sway of my body. The pole became an extension of my very being, every arch and contraction weaving an intimate dance that lured in everyone watching.

I knew that I was only dancing for one man, though.

It was difficult to see out into the crowd because of the bright spotlight, but that made it easier to dance to my heart's content. I swept my leg outwards, spinning around the pole and using it to arch backwards into a long, thin line. My body stretched out all the way before I pivoted and swung myself down to the floor, sweeping my hands up the length of my body to casually brush against my breasts before I rolled to my stomach and arched back to grab the pole.

I always danced like only he was watching. It was easier that way.

When the song ended, I elegantly crawled around the stage, collecting my tips and heading to the back to stuff them in my locker. After I was done, I made my way back to the floor to the dark VIP booth where I knew he would be.

I slipped between customers in silence. Many of them were watching the next girl dance across the stage. I glanced up to see Serena, a beautiful, leggy Greek goddess with a body to die for. She glided around the pole like it was made for her, and I had to turn away before I started comparing my rudimentary skills to hers.

With a hesitant breath, I lifted my eyes and glanced towards the dim corner, only just catching the dark glint of Kane's gaze. Even with nothing more than a glance, he exuded a commanding presence that seemed to silence the world around me, leaving only the two of us.

His eyes, dark like the richest cocoa, held a seductive glint that seemed to beckon me to come closer. The dim lighting cast the tousled waves of his

dark hair in even darker shadow, each strand mussed yet somehow still perfect. The sharp angles of his cheekbones framed his features, adding an aristocratic air to his masculinity. His beard, a rugged contrast to the refinement of his Tom Ford suit, framed lips that could pull me into a kiss that would most certainly sweep me off my feet.

As he moved, the fabric of his suit clung to his physique, hinting at the strength and muscles that lay beneath. His gaze held mine as I moved closer, and I lifted my chin, feeling a sudden wave of boldness hit me.

This is it. This is your chance.

“It’s nice to see you, Lexie,” he rumbled, his voice a gravelly melody that resonated deep within my core. Each word he uttered carried a weight of authority and raw animal magnetism that was hard to ignore. The timbre was a mixture of velvet and smoke, a texture that brushed against my senses like the softest caress and left a lasting imprint that lingered long after he stopped speaking.

A shiver cascaded down my spine. The combination of that voice and the intense gaze of his dark chocolate eyes cast a spell over me that I was powerless to resist.

I leaned towards him, the draw he created inescapable.

His cologne was an essence of seduction, a blend of musk and dark spices that carried with it the promise of nights filled with untamed passion. Notes of rare wood and saffron intertwined, creating a rich, intoxicating base that spoke of luxury beyond measure. A hint of aged leather and velvety vanilla lingered beneath, adding a tactile depth that seemed to caress every single one of my senses.

As the scent wafted towards me, it wrapped around me like an invisible embrace, leaving me breathless and lightheaded. With each inhalation, my blood heated with desire, blazing through my veins and setting every nerve aflame. I tried to shake it off, but it was useless.

Whenever I was around him, my body turned into a molten inferno of need.

“It’s nice to see you too, Kane,” I breathed, my voice a husky mixture of trepidation and arousal. There was no hiding it, and his brow lifted with a

knowing gaze. Those dark irises bored into me as he leaned in closer.

Did he know what he was doing to me?

“I’d like to ask you to dance for me tonight,” he suggested politely, his eyes feasting on the sight of my body before him. I wanted him to reach out and touch me, but he kept his hands to himself.

Fuck these stupid club rules.

“What kind of dance would you like?” I whispered.

My heart raced as the tension between us thickened, each passing second charged with anticipation. The dim, sultry ambiance of the club only seemed to amplify the electricity in the air that much further.

“I’m curious to see a dance that matches the fire in those pretty blue eyes,” he murmured, his voice a silky caress. His lips curled into a slow, seductive smile, revealing a hint of the rogue that lay beneath his composed exterior. His fingers brushed my forearm, sending threads of pleasure straight to my core.

My pulse quickened as I met his gaze, feeling his unwavering attention on me. I knew that this moment held the potential to turn into something unforgettable. Drawing on a courage I hadn’t known I possessed, I slid closer to him, closing the distance between our bodies.

Leaning in, I let my lips brush against his earlobe, my breath hitching in the back of my throat the moment we made contact.

“I think you’ll enjoy the kind of dance I have in mind.”

His sharp inhale signaled his reaction, a mixture of mystery and desire that mirrored my own. Slowly, he tilted his glass and took a long sip of bourbon before he placed it down on the table beside him. Then, I stood up and moved in front of him, staring down into those rich chocolate eyes and losing myself in them.

This is it. Show him what you’re made of.

With a delicate sway of my hips, I began to move to the beat of a melody playing over the speakers. The soft, sultry notes enveloped us, setting the

pace for a dance that was slow and seductive. My fingers trailed lightly over the fabric of my lacey dress, skimming the curves of my body, and leaving a trail of heated sensations in their wake.

Kane's eyes remained locked on me, a combination of intensity and raw longing swirling within their depths.

The club's ambiance seemed to fade into the background, leaving only the two of us in a world of smoldering tension. With a coy smile, I reached out, my fingers grazing his chest, tracing the contours of his muscles. His controlled façade faltered for a moment, revealing a hunger that matched my own.

Now you're getting somewhere...

As the music reached its crescendo, so did my building desire. My body moved in harmony with the beat of the music, a silent plea for him to reach out and touch me, to take me in the back and claim me as his. The air was thick with a sensual pull, drawing us closer until there was no space left between us.

With a final, lingering gaze, I brought the dance to a slow and deliberate end, our proximity and shared energy hanging in the air like an unspoken promise. The applause from the surrounding patrons brought us back to reality, and Kane's fingers brushed lightly against my hip. I sucked in a breath, heated spirals of sensation coursing across my skin with his not-so-innocent touch. My nerves fired all at once, and a jolt of fire blazed right to my core.

But was it enough?

"That was exquisite," he whispered, his voice a low murmur that only I could hear.

"Thank you," I whispered. I waited with bated breath. Would he make a move? Did he know how much I wanted him to?

His words hung in the air like a sweet promise, but then he slowly pulled away, and a hint of disappointment flickered across my features. He held my gaze for a moment longer, his eyes holding a mixture of regret and restraint.

A heavy sigh escaped me as I watched him sit back, his fingers slipping away

from me. The heat of our connection lingered, an invisible thread between us that tugged at my heart. I offered him a wistful smile, masking the yearning that swirled within me, and he returned it with a subtle nod, a silent understanding passing between us.

He wasn't going to break the rules, at least *not for me*.

He reached into his pocket and pulled his wallet out. He tugged a few bills out of the leather folds and slid them into my hands.

“Have a wonderful rest of your night, Lexie. Until next time,” he rumbled. His words swept over me like a cold shower before he stood and made his way out of the booth. It wasn't until after he was gone that I looked down at the money he'd given me.

It was ten one-hundred-dollar bills.

He'd paid me a thousand dollars for that single dance.

CHAPTER 2



*L*exie

For the next two weeks, I worked at the gentleman's club nearly every night. I made a decent amount of money, but it was Kane that truly lined my pockets whenever he was there. Each time he came, he requested a lap dance from me and me alone. With every single one, he overpaid, and I stashed it away, knowing my next tuition payment was due at the end of the month. At this rate, I might actually get ahead, pay all of my bills, and eat something other than Ramen for dinner for once. Maybe I'd even go out to eat at my favorite sushi place.

A girl could hope, right?

Night after night, he'd request lap dances from me, each encounter a tango of seduction that left me yearning for something more. Yet, despite the palpable chemistry that crackled in the air, he remained maddeningly restrained. Each time his fingers brushed against my skin, I could feel the promise of something electric hovering just out of reach. Frustration knotted within me, a mix of longing and exasperation, my body a taut cord of desire and need.

Some nights it was almost more than I could bear.

One night after he'd already left, I stole back into the dressing room, seeking out Darien. Having finished getting the girls ready for the night, he was

working on his own makeup. I knew he had a drag show tonight. I was a little sad I couldn't go. I'd forgotten to request the night off, but I'd vowed that I wouldn't for the next one.

Darien was one of the most charismatic and talented drag queens in the city. His radiant energy and captivating presence made him a true icon, and his outfit that night was nothing short of a masterpiece. His makeup was a work of art, with expertly contoured cheekbones and eyes that sparkled like stars. The way his eyes were adorned with glittering eyeshadow made him look like some otherworldly celestial being when it caught the light just right. His lips were painted in a bold as hell shade that blew me away.

His makeup only added to the grandeur of the rest of him. His outfit was a stunning sequined 1950's pin-up dress that exuded elegance and confidence. The dress, with its flattering hourglass silhouette, was a vibrant burst of bright pink, adorned with silver polka dots that seemed to dance with each step he took. The sweetheart neckline softened his image, and I smiled, knowing how much time and effort he'd put into his costume and makeup. It was Darien's attention to detail that truly set him apart.

I sighed, feeling down and trying to put a little pep in my step to encourage him to have a good night while I languished in a melancholy of my own making.

"Lexie, honey..."

"Yes, Dare?"

"No, no, no. None of that," he chided.

"None of what?" I pouted.

"Are we having a pity party, or are we gonna grab life by its sequined skirt and dance like no one is watching, or maybe like a particular someone is watching...?" Darien quipped with his signature sassy grin and a bold, knowing wink.

"Kane might as well be off-limits. Darien, you know the rules." I sighed, watching his reflection in the mirror as I fidgeted with my own lacey see-through costume.

He rolled his eyes dramatically. “Rules, rules, rules. Sweetie, let’s talk about what those rules have ever done for us, besides being a buzzkill. We’re here to provide a fantasy, and your dancing makes every dick in this place rock-hard, *especially* his, and you know it.”

I chuckled despite myself, his energy infectious even in my moments of doubt. Even though I didn’t want to, I found myself smiling and laughing along with him.

“You’re one-of-a-kind, Dare.”

“Damn right, and so are you,” he shot back, his voice dripping with sincerity. “Kane Lockhart may look like he stepped out of a billboard, but he’s nothing more than a puzzle, babe. And you, my dear, have the power to completely unravel him.”

“But what if I’m just another dancer to him?” I glanced at my reflection, meeting my own eyes in the mirror.

“Oh, Lexie, you sweet, *sweet* summer child. You’re not just ‘another dancer.’ You’re a temptress, a seductress, an absolute goddess of desire. And honey, I’ve seen the way he looks at you. He wants that sweet little ass of yours, and he couldn’t hide it even if he tried.” Darien said, his laughter tinkling like a melody.

“You always know how to boost my ego, don’t you?” I sighed again.

“Someone’s gotta remind you that you’re fierce as hell, bitch,” he said, a touch of seriousness in his voice. “Now, go dance your little heart out. Show him that Lexie fire, and let the rules be damned. Go get that dick.”

“Thanks, Darien. I needed that pep talk.”

“Anytime, hun. Now, go work your magic out there,” he said with a grin.

“Break a leg tonight, superstar. Wish I could be there with you,” I exclaimed. We shared a smile, a silent exchange of support and friendship. He was my best friend, and I would always be there for him in the same way he was for me.

“Later, babe,” he smirked, winking with our little inside joke.

“Later,” I replied.

Leaving the dressing room, I stepped into the dimly lit corridor that led to the stage. The energy that radiated within the club was electric tonight. With each step, my heart quickened, echoing the cadence of the music that thrummed beyond the curtain.

As the spotlight’s glow washed over me, I stood at the precipice of the stage, feeling the familiar shiver of excitement and nerves cascade down my spine. With Darien’s words echoing in my mind, I took that first step, embracing the role of the temptress, the storyteller, and the sheer embodiment of the male fantasy just like he had suggested. The music began to cast its spell over me, and I moved to its rhythm, throwing aside the rules and restrictions, and allowing my body to express the unspoken desires that pulsed through the air.

The desire for that single man waiting for you in the corner.

I met the gazes of all the men, and somewhere in the dimly lit room, I caught a flash of Kane’s dark gaze. His eyes held a mixture of intrigue and restraint, as if he battled his own desires while watching me dance.

Using my body, I sent him my own message through the unspoken language of dance, daring him to step into my world, where fantasies intertwined, and rules were meant to be broken.

After my stage dance, I took to the floor, making my rounds and attending to some of the other regulars within the club first. I didn’t go to him right away, instead choosing to prolong the night and build the tension between us that much more.

You want him to watch you.

I couldn’t shake the sensation of his gaze upon me. It was as if an invisible thread connected us, drawing his eyes to every twist of my body, every arch of my back as I danced for other men right in front of him. With each moment I delayed going to him, I felt an undercurrent of desire that flowed between us like the rising tide.

It was undeniable.

When I finally made my way over to him at last, the hunger in his eyes was

unquestionable. In that moment, the room around us seemed to fade, leaving only him and me in a world where anticipation crackled like static in the air.

The moment hung suspended between us as his hungry gaze met mine. The music's sultry beat pulsed through the air, and without a word, he extended his hand, a silent request that I felt in the depths of my being. With a breathless nod, I accepted his unspoken invitation, and his fingers closed around mine, sending a jolt of anticipation up my arm.

He didn't need to ask me to dance. I knew what he wanted.

As I started to move for him, the world around us seemed to narrow. The seductive sway of my hips, the fluidity of my movements—it was a performance meant for his eyes alone. With every look he bestowed upon me, the ravenous glint in his gaze intensified, a flame that ignited my own longing and made it so overwhelming that I was soon breathless with it.

The climax of the dance drew near, the charged air heavy with the unspoken tension between us. He leaned in, his lips tantalizingly close to mine.

You finally got to him.

Then I saw a flicker in his eyes, a moment of hesitation. Just as our lips were about to brush against each other, he pulled away, as if remembering himself at the last possible second.

The world seemed to snap back into place. He met my gaze, a mix of reluctance and restraint clouding his features, and for a moment we stood suspended in a dance of emotions too powerful to put into words. It left me both exhilarated and aching, as if I had touched the edge of something profound and untamed, only for it to slip through my fingers like grains of sand.

My core throbbed greedily, almost like it hadn't gotten the memo that the night was already over before it had even really started.

He shook his head as if to clear his thoughts, his chest rising and falling with an unsteady beat. With a deep breath, he stood up abruptly, his movements a mix of determination and inner conflict. In his hand, he held a wad of cash.

"Here," he said, his voice raspy with a mixture of desire and frustration, as he

pressed the roll of bills into my hand. I glanced down, my heart quickening before I looked back up. I stood there, watching him walk out of the club.

I wanted him to look back, but he never did.

This time, he'd paid me two thousand dollars.

* * *

That night I went home, and the only thing on my mind was where that kiss could have led. I tried to distract myself by washing my face and getting ready for bed, but as much as I tried, I couldn't stop imagining what it would feel like to have his lips against mine. Would he be a good kisser? Would he keep his hands to himself? Would his cock get hard just from that?

Fuck. You're absolutely hopeless.

With a sigh, I tried to push aside the images of his dark eyes and the weight of his gaze that seemed to linger on my skin. I changed into my favorite pajamas, the soft fabric a soothing touch against my sensitive flesh. The moonlight filtered through the curtains that covered my window, casting a gentle glow that painted everything in my room a muted silver. I slid under the covers, the cool sheets a soothing balm to my heated thoughts, and closed my eyes, willing myself to fall asleep quickly.

It didn't work.

The more I tried to banish every waking thought of him, the more they seemed to bounce around in my mind, each memory a seductive thread that pulled me deeper into a web of longing. The heat of desire built within me like an ember that refused to be extinguished. His presence lingered in every shadow, igniting a fire that blazed beneath my skin. The echo of his voice, every instance of his heated touch—each sensation was etched into my senses, and as the moon traced its path across the night sky, my yearning for him only grew stronger.

Overcome with need, I drew my hands up my body, sliding my fingers beneath my button up shirt and lightly brushing my skin. I bit my bottom lip, dragging it through my teeth and sighing softly as tendrils of fiery sensation

cascaded over my skin.

I imagined my fingers were his exploring my body for the very first time. Instinctually, I knew he wouldn't be particularly gentle, but I didn't want that. He was the type of man that fucked rough and hard, so much so that you couldn't help but come over and over again all over his cock.

My God. I was *positively* hopeless.

One by one, I slowly undid the buttons of my nightshirt, baring my breasts and then my stomach. With every instance of flesh exposed, the electricity within me flickered to life, liquid heat spiraling through my veins with increasing speed. Nothing quelled the growing lust in my core, and I knew that I was lost.

I was going to touch myself tonight, my wicked fantasy lush with thoughts of him and only him.

It's awfully naughty of you to touch yourself. What would Kane do if he knew?

I dragged my bottom lip between my teeth again, imagining him barreling through my door, catching me with one hand on my breast and the other pressed into my panties.

What would he do? Would he punish me? If so, how would he do it?

Lying back on the bed, I sighed and lost myself in the fantasy of him, one where he couldn't say no, and one where I'd get everything I needed and more.

"My, my... Lexie, look at you with your hand in your panties. Did I give you permission to touch that needy little pussy?"

"No," I breathed, my breath hitching in the back of my throat as I grappled with the surging nerves inside of me.

"What did I tell you would happen if you disobeyed me?" he asked, his sultry voice sending shivers racing through me with wild abandon. My clit pulsed underneath my fingertips. His stern scrutiny left me feeling adrift, lost in an

ocean of desire as I slowly pulled my hand out of my panties.

He'd never seen me fully naked before. The club I worked at was topless only, never full nude, which was one of the reasons I'd chosen to work there in the first place. A girl needed to keep her secrets from time to time, and the place between my thighs was one of them.

Quickly, I tried to cover myself, like I could hide what I'd been doing after the fact. He'd already seen what I'd been doing.

Slowly, he closed the door behind him and walked over to the side of the bed closest to me.

"What should I do with a naughty girl like you?" he asked again, his voice carrying a clear vein of firmness that hadn't been there before.

"You should punish me," I finally whispered. Saying the words out loud sounded even more shameful than I had imagined. Would he think something was wrong with me?

"How?" he growled, his tone inquisitive and endlessly seductive. This time, the rumble of his tone reverberated down my spine, casting a web of desire and catching me within it without warning. I drew in a heated breath, feeling my arousal grow hotter and hotter, and it took everything within me to stay still. His fingers reached out to brush against the sensitive skin of my throat. A spiral of desire tightened within me, connecting straight to my clit and driving me wild with need.

I said the words I'd been both dreading and wanting to say ever since I'd laid eyes on the man.

"With your cock," I whispered, my voice a soft hush.

"Hmmm. Is that what you need?"

He reached out to brush a strand of hair out of my face, his thumb gently caressing my cheek.

"Yes," I whispered.

"I think you need far more than just a fucking, naughty girl," he added darkly, his eyes glimmering with sordid intent. I bit the inside of my cheek,

wanting to ask what he was going to do and how he was going to do it, but I stayed quiet, instead choosing to go along with the mystery of it all.

I looked up into his eyes, seeing the dark waves of seduction roll through them, growing darker until they bordered on pitch black. His smoldering gaze made me question everything.

Was I ready for this?

“I think you need a spanking to remind you of your place,” he mused.

My eyes opened wide, and there was little time to scramble backwards on the bed before he was there straddling me. He held his body around me like a prison, holding his weight off me and caging it around me. I drew in a deep breath, trying to quell the rampaging fearful need brewing inside me.

A spanking?

I started, breaking out of my fantasy for a moment. Where had that come from? I'd never imagined myself bare bottomed over a man's knee before. Sure, I'd read about it in a few books and seen it in the movies, *Fifty Shades of Grey* immediately coming to mind, but I'd never let my mind run wild with such a shameful thought. Spankings were a childish punishment, meant to deter and teach, not to put a grown woman like me in her place.

Your pussy doesn't agree.

Even now, my fingers slid between my thighs with embarrassing ease. I was wetter than I'd ever been. Was this a simple crush, a passing fascination that would eventually fade over time, or was this something bigger than that?

Sure, I'd had sex before. I was twenty-six years old, and I'd lost my virginity at the age of eighteen. I'd dated some, but work kept me busy these days, so it had been a good, long while, maybe even a year now since I'd fucked anyone. I wasn't well-versed in bed, but I'd been with a few men. Only one had actually made me come, but he'd been too much of a low life to even consider taking things further than a first date.

Kane was different, though. He was an entirely different breed of man.

Hesitantly, I closed my eyes and let my mind wander once again. Hell, if my pussy wanted to think about getting a spanking from big, bad Kane Lockhart, then fuck it. It would probably make my inevitable orgasm that much better.

He won't ever know anyway.

I scoffed at my inner voice. Who was she to tell me that I'd never succeed with Kane? Maybe it was more of a slow burn with him. Maybe I just had to catch him at the right time for him to make a move? Maybe I had to be the one to do it first?

Despite his rough exterior, Kane was every part the gentleman. In a world where desire often blurred lines, he had maintained a respectful distance, his gaze a sordid caress that set my skin ablaze without ever crossing boundaries. He had listened, truly listened, when I spoke, his attention a rare gift amidst the madness of the club. There were the times when, between dances, his eyes would find mine from across the room, a silent reassurance that he was there, watching over me.

Almost like he was my protector...

It was the smallest gestures that spoke volumes, though, like the way he always ensured a glass of water, or on one occasion even a glass of wine, was waiting for me after a performance, or the time he discreetly handed me a scarf to ward off the chill in the night air so I wouldn't be cold when I went home that night.

I laid there, trying to grapple with the dichotomy of the two sides of him. I reached up and took my left nipple in between my fingers, pinching it lightly at first, and then harder like I knew he would do. I cried out, dull pain lancing across my breast, yet I continued. I twisted as hard as I dared, my back fully lifting off the bed as I arched into the pain.

I released my stiff, punished bud and gasped when a secondary wave of pain followed. I suffered within those few moments until at long last, it faded, and I dared to slip my fingers between my thighs once more.

I bit my lip, realizing at that moment that I was much wetter than I had been before.

Pain gets you off, apparently. Nice one, you little slut.

I ignored my inner voice, choosing instead to lightly circle my clit. My whole body trembled, and I closed my eyes again.

Fuck it. It was time to see how this fantasy played out.

“You’d spank me?” I whispered.

“I’d do more than spank you, naughty girl,” he purred, and a shiver coursed down my spine. My muscles tightened with anxious arousal, and it took everything in me to remain still beneath him.

He moved backwards, his knees to either side of my legs. Partially released from the cage of his body, my self-preservation finally kicked in and I tried to squirm away. With his massive hands, he immediately gripped underneath my thighs and yanked me backwards, pinning me to the bed as effectively as a length of rope.

“There’s no getting away from me, Lexie,” he growled, and my core collapsed in on itself. I licked my lips, and he watched the traveling journey of my tongue, like the little movement had enraptured his every waking thought until I tucked it back inside my mouth.

Truthfully, I didn’t actually want to get away from him. I wanted to find out where this would go.

With an unexpected gentleness, he reared up and slowly peeled the fabric of my nightshirt away from my body, exposing my breasts to his view. He’d seen them before, but I usually wore pasties under my bra to hide my nipples. Now, he was staring right at the hard little rosebuds with a dark, ravenous expression that turned my insides into molten ash.

“Kane,” I whispered, my voice hoarse with need. I trembled beneath him as his finger grazed my hip, trailing upwards to caress the underside of my breast with a reverence that bordered on worship. His gaze followed the line of his touch, igniting every inch of me with heat that only seemed to grow hotter the more time went on.

“You’re wearing far too many clothes for the punishment I have in mind,” he mused, taking his time and glancing down at the panties that still covered me.

My nightshirt was spread wide open, revealing everything else.

“I am, aren’t I?”

My voice carried with it an air of challenge, almost as if I was daring him to bare me. What had gotten into me? Why was I pressing him further into this? With a boldness I didn’t know I was capable of; I lifted my knee up slightly and dragged it against the rock-hard line of his cock.

He was enjoying this just as much as I was.

“We’re going to have to rectify that,” he growled. Gradually, he drifted backwards as his fingers trailed down the length of my torso. Electric tingles cascaded over my bare flesh, and then my breath caught in my throat the moment his fingers collided with the waistband of my panties.

I held my breath. I’m not sure why.

With a meticulous gentleness, his fingers curled underneath the lacey hem, grazing against my naked skin, and my heart pounded like a drum in my chest. I tried to draw in a breath, but it was as if the air in the room had vanished. The heat between us stole every bit of it away, and I bit my lip, trying to grapple with the raging storm of arousal in my core. If this went on much longer, it was going to turn into a category five hurricane of uncontrollable lust.

He was careful as he dragged my panties down my hips, inch by slow inch until the fabric caressed the top of my mound. Only a little more and he’d see every last bit of my pussy. The thought of that made my body shake with desire and a soft moan escaped me. I clamped my lips shut, vowing to keep quiet, but nothing I did made the desire surging in my core quell.

That had a life of its own.

My breath quivered as he jerked my panties down a bit more roughly now, almost as if he needed to see me and couldn’t wait any longer. I hesitantly lifted my eyes to meet his darkening ones, and I saw the same storm that was raging inside me within his tumultuous gaze.

He wanted me. Badly.

Carefully, he threaded my panties down far enough, and then seemingly without any effort at all, he tore them right off. He met my eyes pointedly and then knowingly dropped them to the cusp of my thighs, truly looking at me for the very first time.

“You’re nervous, naughty girl, but your pussy is soaking wet knowing you’re about to be punished,” he taunted, his seductive teasing driving me wild with need.

I blushed, the heat reigning over my face with vivid intensity.

He was looking at me, really looking at me, and there was nothing I could do about it. The thought only caused a blistering jolt of heat to surge straight down to my core.

Without a word, he grasped me around the waist and flipped me over onto my belly. Immediately, his hands moved down to my hips, and he hiked them up, exposing me in an entirely different way.

Could he see all of me?

His broad palm settled on my backside, and I stiffened, remembering his threat as if I was hearing it for the first time.

He’d said he was going to punish me, both with a spanking and then with his cock.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

Fuck me.

The shrill sound of my alarm sliced through my fantasy. I jolted awake, disoriented by the abrupt transition from the world of desire to the mundane reality of my bedroom. It had all been a dream, a vivid fantasy that now slipped through my fingers like smoke. Frustration mingled with disappointment as I silenced my alarm, realizing that the day ahead beckoned with responsibilities beyond just lying here and touching my pussy until I came a thousand times.

Reluctantly dragging myself out of bed, I fought the urge to sink back into

the sheets. It was time to get ready to head to school. I had an exam this afternoon, and I needed to get to the library to cram a little bit before then.

Despite my better judgement, Kane surrounded my every waking thought and when the professor announced that the exam was open book the moment I walked into class, I was overjoyed with my small stroke of luck.

I'd take care of my needy pussy later tonight.

CHAPTER 3



*K*ane Lockhart

I remembered the first time I caught Lexie's scent like it was yesterday. I sat back in my seat and took a sip of my bourbon, watching her move across the stage and reminiscing about that fateful day when I'd first found her.

The first day that I'd known she was mine.

My cock hardened at the thought.

My Lexie. Mine.

Like it always did, the Las Vegas strip blazed with fluorescent lights, a cacophony of colors and noise that went into all hours of the night and even into the early hours of the morning. I moved through the throngs of people like a phantom, my senses attuned to the slightest sound or movement that didn't belong among them.

Couples in elegant nightclub attire strolled hand in hand, their laughter and whispered promises blending with the city's ceaseless hum. The clinking of coins and the electronic symphony of slot machines provided a constant backdrop, the ever-running soundtrack of a city built on dreams, sin, and illusions of grandeur.

The scent of alcohol and perfumes intermingled in the air, a heady mix that

spoke of celebration and overwhelming excess. Laughter and animated conversations filled the night with a sense of euphoria, while the occasional hushed exchange in dark corners carried hidden secrets and the hint of sex.

It was like this every night, no matter the day of the week. It was always busier on the weekends, and especially so tonight.

Today was Saturday around midnight, and the city was bursting with life.

Oftentimes, predators would stalk their unwitting victims among the overwhelming crowds. The place was littered with crime, but the Vegas police did a fairly good job of keeping it under wraps. Rape, burglaries, murder, kidnapping, and trafficking happened here at a higher rate because of the sheer number of tourists, but that wasn't publicized anywhere unless you knew where to look.

I did.

In the dark shadows of night, I patrolled these streets and did away with those that meant to do others harm.

That night, it didn't take long for my instincts to draw my attention to a young woman. She stumbled along the sidewalk, her high-heeled shoes in one hand and a phone in the other, fumbling to order an Uber, or so I presumed. Her movements were unsteady, likely the result of one drink too many. It wasn't an uncommon sight.

She was pretty by conventional means, which meant that she'd likely garner attention by being alone here in the back alleys along the strip. I tailed her for a moment, watching from the shadows as she staggered along and tried to find the ride share section outside the Luxor casino.

Just as I'd suspected would happen, I soon spotted a man following her. He slinked in the shadows, his attire a mismatched array of leather and tattoos that screamed trouble. I could smell the alcohol on his breath, and I could see the predatory intent written all over his face. This wasn't a chance encounter. This man meant her harm.

I moved closer, shadows swirling around me like a protective cloak. My heart thundered in my chest, not from fear, but from anticipation. I couldn't let anything happen to this young woman, not when I could do something about

it.

She finally managed to order the Uber, her phone's screen casting a faint glow on her face. The man's steps quickened as he raised his right arm, his intentions clear. He was going to knock her out.

I couldn't allow that.

In an instant, I was upon him. I caught his wrist mid-swing, the blow intended for her never finding its mark. He stared at me, his eyes widening in shock as he realized he was no longer in control of the situation.

With a swift and practiced motion, I snapped his neck, killing him with almost no effort at all. He crumpled to the ground without a sound. Hurriedly, I gripped under his arms and dragged him back into an alley before creeping forward and checking on the young woman once again.

Seemingly unaware of the close call, she glanced up from her phone. Her eyes, wide with a mixture of fear and surprise, met mine. In the dim glow of the streetlight, I saw her mouth part, as if she wanted to say something, but no words came out.

I melted back into the shadows, and her eyes searched for me. She blinked a few times and shook her head, likely thinking that she was seeing things. With a nervous quiver, she looked down the road and then back at her phone. A white escalade turned the corner and came to a stop in front of her. She sighed in relief, pulling her shoulders back as she approached the vehicle.

She hurriedly climbed into the car, her trembling hands fumbling to close the door. The driver, oblivious to the drama that had unfolded just moments ago, pulled away from the curb and drove down the side street before it turned around the corner.

As the taillights of the car disappeared out of sight, I felt a strange sense of relief. The danger had passed, and the woman was safe for the night. She'd go home, stumble into her bed and wake up in the morning with a nasty hangover, but at least she would be alive.

My relief soared through me as I turned to head back towards the strip. That woman was likely not the only one I'd rescue tonight.

But then, a scent wafted toward me on the night breeze, delicate and intoxicating, and I stopped in my tracks. It was an addictive aroma, a unique blend of floral notes and a hint of something sweet, like vanilla and cinnamon. It hung in the air, drawing me in like a moth to a flame.

I turned my head and sniffed the air, my inner beast bristling with need.

Mine.

In an instant, I felt like I had come alive. Every nerve crackled with energy, and my cock had turned as hard as a rock. My senses were on the brink of overload. It was as though a fire had been lit inside of me, and it roared to life with an intensity that threatened to consume me whole.

My body burned with a sudden and searing heat, coursing through me like molten lava. It was a primal sensation, an undeniable surge of raw desire and blatant lust.

My heart thundered in my chest, its tempo matching the rapid pace of my thoughts. My blood sang with a feral need. Never in my life had I felt this way. Basic animal instinct reared to life inside of me, and at once, I knew what this was.

I'd found my mate, the one and *only* woman for me.

With her scent beckoning me towards her, I followed it, my senses aflame while my instincts remained on high alert.

With every step, my heart pounded a little faster as I moved closer to her. I strode along the strip for a ways before I turned off of it and journeyed several miles before I found myself standing in front of a gentleman's club that went by the name *Lunar Elegance*.

With rapt attention, my gaze swept over the sophisticated exterior. The entrance was guarded by two imposing bouncers, their expressions impassive as they allowed a man in an expensive suit to enter after a cursory inspection. The building was adorned in sleek, obsidian-colored panels that reflected the city's dazzling lights like liquid onyx. Tall, ornate columns framed the entrance while frosted glass doors beckoned me inside.

The guards at the door gave me a quick glance before I narrowed my eyes. I

wasn't wearing a suit, but my clothes were expensive. With a curt nod, they opened the door and let me in without a fight. Stepping inside, I was met with a sensory overload. The club was a masterpiece of design, bathed in soft, moody lighting that cast an air of mystery over everything.

And then, I saw her. *My mate.*

She was on the stage, bathed in a spotlight that seemed to have been crafted for her alone. Her blonde hair cascaded like liquid gold, framing her face in a halo of radiant temptation. Her blue eyes were like twin sapphires, sparkling with an ethereal beauty that defied human nature. She moved with a grace and sensuality that held the entire room captive.

My gaze flowed down the gorgeous curves of her body, taking in the fullness of her perfect breasts, the luscious curves of her hips and the rounded globes of her ass, all set off by a pair of long, lean legs. Every muscle of her physique was perfectly toned.

In that moment, everything else faded into insignificance. She was the embodiment of perfection, the muse of every artist, and the dream of every poet. It was as if she had been crafted by the heavens themselves, a masterpiece of allure, temptation, and grace. I couldn't tear my gaze away from her.

It was as if I had finally found the last missing piece of my soul.

She moved with a grace that defied gravity, her every step and sway of her hips a hypnotic rhythm that held me captive. The soft, dim lights played upon her like a celestial halo, illuminating her blonde hair and making her blue eyes sparkle. Each delicate curve of her body seemed to beckon me closer. My heart raced as I watched her, feeling as though she danced for me and only for me.

As the song ended, she descended from the stage, gracefully moving through the crowd like a goddess among mortals. It was then that our eyes locked, and in that instant, the world around us ceased to exist.

I couldn't help but be captivated by the way her lips curved into a smile as she approached me, a smile that held a hint of mischief and a promise of something more.

“What’s your name?” I asked, my voice barely above a whisper, as if I was afraid to break the spell that had woven itself between us.

“Lexie,” she breathed, and in that single word, I found my salvation and my purpose.

After hundreds of years alone, I’d finally found my mate.

CHAPTER 4



*L*exie

The next time that I saw Kane, his presence was like a magnetic force that drew my gaze even as I tried to avoid it. I could feel him watching me, and my heart quickened with a mix of anticipation and abject shame. I couldn't help but remember the fantasy that had held me captive earlier—a dream that now seemed to taint my cheeks with a rosy blush whenever his eyes met mine.

My initial instinct was to evade him, to lose myself in the whirlwind of the club and distract myself from the tangle of emotions that threatened to ensnare me, but with each passing glance, the pull grew stronger. I tried to ignore it, dancing a few times on stage, and then making my way around the room to give a few more intimate lap dances as I tried to reign in my shame.

Eventually, unable to resist him any longer, I made my way over to his booth, my steps a mixture of hesitation and embarrassment. It was time to face him and see if the storm of desire that raged within him was as powerful as the one that had consumed me in the dead of night.

“Kane,” I whispered.

“Lexie, care to dance for me again?” he asked, his voice a rich cadence that sent a shiver down my spine.

“ I... I’m not sure.” I bit my lip, my heart racing as I glanced around the club, as if searching for an escape route from the turmoil of desire that stirred within me. I’d never openly rejected a paying member of the club before. It wasn’t really allowed either, not if I wanted to keep my job.

“You danced so beautifully the last time,” he murmured, leaning back slightly, his expression a mix of intrigue and restraint.

“Thanks,” I said before a nervous laugh escaped me. A beat of silence hung between us, pregnant with unspoken words.

“I’ve been watching you,” he admitted, his gaze holding mine as if daring me to reveal the thoughts I tried to keep hidden.

My cheeks warmed, and I took a small sip of my drink to gather my thoughts. “Is that so?”

“It’s hard not to,” he said with a nod, a wry smile playing on his lips.

I leaned against the booth’s edge, the pounding music and dim lights creating a cocoon around us. I stared into his eyes and tried to figure out the enigma that was him.

Not knowing how to respond, I started to dance for him.

The music pulsed through my veins, a rhythm that matched the frantic beat of my heart. Then, as the melody reached its crescendo, I found myself drawn closer to him. With a grace that was both deliberate and effortless, I straddled his lap.

In an instant, our eyes were locked in a silent tension that spoke of everything we dared not say.

Time seemed to slow as I leaned forward, the temptation that soared between us too strong to resist. Our lips brushed against each other, a light, fleeting touch that sent shockwaves of electricity through my entire being. The rules, the boundaries—they all faded into oblivion as I surrendered to the intoxicating taste of his lips against mine. It was a kiss that kindled a wildfire that burned down to the darkest depths of my soul.

That first kiss was heaven. The second sent a message.

Our lips met with a hunger that had been building for far too long, and this time, there was no holding back. As the intensity grew, he pulled me closer, his hands sliding to my waist, a possessive hold that sent shivers down my spine. And then, with a sudden surge of raw passion, he bit down on my lower lip, hard enough to draw blood. The metallic tang blossomed across my tongue, and then all at once, the pain hit me.

The sharp blade of agony pierced into my lip, and I couldn't help but scream.

With an even sharper cry, I pulled back and met his dark gaze. In an instant, I saw a flash of golden yellow in his eyes, and then it was gone.

It hurt, but desire pooled deep in my belly anyway. I should be angry, but my fury was virtually nonexistent. Instead, I was unequivocally, shamefully aroused. I shouldn't be, but there was no denying the fact that my lavender lacey panties were soaking wet, nor could he hide the rock-hard shaft of his cock beneath me.

I noticed the bouncers at the door growing restless. The security guard usually tasked with watching over me, Rocco, stiffened. His eyes flashed angrily, and he approached our booth with a cool and collected expression, but his presence demanded attention.

"Excuse me, sir, I'm afraid we have a strict policy against touching the girls, especially if it results in an altercation," he addressed Kane, his tone firm yet respectful.

"I assure you, there was no altercation. It won't happen again," Kane replied, all while keeping his gaze firmly on me. It was like he was assessing me. Did he know how aroused his bite had made me? Did he realize that his kiss had ignited something primal within me?

"I appreciate your cooperation, but we must prioritize the safety and comfort of all our dancers," Rocco's stern expression softened slightly.

"Rocco, it's fine. There was no harm done," I said, trying to communicate to him that I was alright, and that I really didn't want Kane to go when the two of us had finally gotten somewhere. Even as I spoke, I still tasted my own blood on my tongue, metallic and bitter.

"I'm going to have to ask you to leave, sir. Please do not return," Rocco

demanded, and my heart dropped.

“You don’t have to do this,” I tried again. I couldn’t remain silent, my voice tinged with a hint of frustration. My anger billowed up from my toes. It should be my decision to ask him to leave, not the bouncers, especially not in this case. I didn’t want him to go, and I opened my mouth again to protest when Kane placed a hand on mine, the contact between us a reassuring anchor. His touch seemed to calm me in an instant. I didn’t understand it, but the urge to speak up and fight against his dismissal quieted within me at once.

“Lexie, it’s alright. I’ll keep watch over you,” Kane coaxed. His hand fell away from me, and Rocco didn’t say anything. Small touches were generally allowed, like the brush of fingers against my hip or my hand as long as they didn’t grope at me.

As Kane stood and exchanged a nod with Rocco, I watched him walk away, a bittersweet ache in my chest. The club’s energy continued around me, the music and laughter blending into a backdrop for the whirlwind of emotions that churned within me. I watched Kane retreat all the way until he reached the door.

This time, he turned back and met my gaze. A soft, wistful smile graced his lips, and my heart fluttered in my chest.

Somehow, I got the feeling that tonight wouldn’t be the last time I saw Kane Lockhart.

CHAPTER 5



*L*exie

I missed him.

The days that followed Kane's departure felt like a slow descent into a sea of melancholy. The vibrant colors of Lunar Elegance seemed to lose their luster, the music no longer holding its entrancing sway over me like it used to. His absence was like a void that echoed in every corner of the club, a haunting reminder of something that could have been.

The ache refused to subside.

Each dance I performed lacked the spark that had once fueled my every move. The club goers' admiring gazes felt like distant echoes, their forced cheers and applause mere reminders of a time when my heart had danced alongside my body. The whispers of my fellow dancers, the laughter that once echoed through the dressing room—it all seemed to fade into the background as the ache of loss consumed me.

It didn't take long for Darien to notice. In order to try to cheer me up, he made me go out to my favorite champagne piano bar for bubbly and girl talk and it had gone about as well as a funeral. Mostly, I just drank a few cocktails to make him happy and then I went home and collapsed into bed.

And then, about two weeks later, my manager called me into his office, his

expression a mix of sympathy and tired resolve.

“Lexie, I’m sorry, but we have to let you go.”

The words hung in the air like a sentence I had feared but couldn’t escape. My heart sank, the weight of the world pressing down upon me. I didn’t blame him. When I danced now, people started to look away. I wasn’t bringing in the money I used to.

This was a business, and I was replaceable.

I nodded and he showed me to the door.

I walked out of Lunar Elegance, my heart heavy, but I didn’t look back. I drove home and walked through the door, slumping onto my couch. The silence seemed loud, and I sighed, just to hear something different than the melancholy thrumming through me.

Uncertainty gnawed at me as I stared at the closed door, wondering where to go from here. I had enough saved up to get by for the next few months, but that wouldn’t last forever. Thankfully, my college had been paid up for the semester, so I didn’t need to worry about that until the fall. Eventually though, I was going to need to get another job, sooner rather than later.

Tonight though, I didn’t really care.

I glanced into my kitchen and a bottle of cabernet caught my eye, a silent invitation to drown my sorrows and numb the ache that seemed to have taken up permanent residence in my chest.

I uncorked the bottle with a mixture of resignation and defiance, the rich aroma of dark berries filling the air as I poured myself a glass. As the velvety liquid touched my lips, the flavors danced on my tongue. It was a bold and full-bodied wine, with notes of blackcurrant and hints of oak. It was delicious.

I took another sip, the warmth of the wine seeping into my veins, dulling the edges of my sadness. My gaze drifted to the window, the city lights casting a muted glow against the darkness.

My mind drifted back to Kane—his enigmatic eyes, his touch, his lips on

mine. I couldn't help but wonder where he was now, if he was out there, thinking of me as I was of him. As I swirled the wine in my glass, I grappled with the bittersweet ache of what could have been.

I touched my lip where he had nipped me. I should hate that he had done that, but a part of me had liked feeling the pain of his teeth for the days following his bite. It had healed now, which was sad in a twisted sort of way, because I could no longer feel his mark.

My phone's ring shattered the melancholy that had settled over my apartment. I looked at the screen to see Darien's face and sighed, picking it up. If it had been anyone else, I would have ignored it.

"Hey," I said, my voice reflecting the heaviness in my heart.

"I heard about Lunar Elegance."

"Yeah," I said quietly.

"I know it's tough, Lexie. But you can't stay in that gloomy house all night," he murmured quietly.

"Yes, I can," I moped.

"Lexie..." he scolded, his response swift and full of understanding, but firm all the same.

I let out a resigned sigh.

"Don't be so dramatic. You're young, you're beautiful, and you've got an ass to die for," he added. "We'll find another place for you to work before you know it, but there's no use wallowing away by yourself when you could come out with me and my girls."

"You're right. Being alone tonight isn't going to help," I said, but the sound of my voice was lame even to my own ears.

"That's the spirit. Get dressed in something that makes you feel fucking unforgettable, Lexie. I'll be there in an hour, and we'll take the town by storm," Darien exclaimed, his upbeat mood just a little infectious.

I washed my face, but the cool water couldn't wash away the heaviness that

seemed etched into my very being. Applying makeup felt like a mechanical task, each brushstroke and layer of foundation applied with a sense of detachment. The shimmery black dress I chose was one of my favorites. I slipped it on, but the elegance of the fabric did little to lift my spirits. My black heels felt hefty as I fastened them, and I pondered my need to even wear them at all.

What the hell was I doing?

I poured myself another glass of wine and slumped back onto my couch, waiting as the seconds ticked by. If it was anyone else, I probably would have cancelled by now, but Darien was my best friend. Maybe he was right and a night out on the town was what I really needed. Tonight, I would let loose, at least I would try, and I would pick myself back up in the morning.

When Darien finally arrived, his dazzling presence brought a glimmer of light to my otherwise dim evening. He swept into my home with his usual flamboyance, his laughter and excitement contagious.

“Bitch, you look like you need some fun tonight! Now let me fix your face,” he exclaimed, his eyes kind and full of warmth.

A reluctant smile tugged at my lips as I glanced at my reflection in the mirror. With Darien’s guidance, we transformed my gloomy facade into something that resembled the Lexie who used to light up the Vegas nights. While he fixed my makeup, he told me that we were heading to the ritzy gay club “Stardust,” nestled within the opulent confines of the Bellagio. I’d never been there before, but I’d heard nothing but good things about it.

When he was finished, we hopped into an Uber and made our way to the strip. Once we walked through the doors of the casino, a bunch of Darien’s friends rushed towards us, and I couldn’t help but feel their excitement.

It was Friday night. It had been a long week. It was time to let it all go on the dance floor.

As we entered the glittering world of the nightclub, the thumping bass and dazzling lights enveloped us in a whirlwind of energy. Darien led me to the dance floor, and as the music pulsed through my veins, I began to feel alive again. The rhythm of the crowd, the laughter, and the clinking of glasses—it

all became a soothing symphony, drowning out the discordant notes of my recent sorrows.

Hours slipped away as we danced and laughed, and the weight that had pressed upon my shoulders began to lift. The drinks flowed freely, and with each sip, the darkness that had clung to me seemed to recede, but it didn't go away completely. Instead, it lay in wait, hidden within the shadows. Eventually, it pounced on me, and I wanted nothing more than some peace and quiet.

"I think I'll catch an Uber home," I lied.

"Alright, babe. Make sure you get home safe," Darien said, though still vibrant and full of energy. With a soft smile, he nodded with understanding. I hugged him tightly, grateful for the respite he had given me from my heavy thoughts.

"Let's do this again soon," I murmured, and he nodded against my shoulder.

"Definitely," he winked.

I waved at his friends, and they said their goodbyes. I slowly made my way off the dance floor into the casino.

The truth was that I really wasn't ready to go home, I just didn't want to be in the club anymore. Instead, I wandered around the casino, the faint scent of cigarette smoke and the low murmur of conversations enveloping me like a familiar shroud. Bright lights flashed overhead, casting kaleidoscopic patterns on the opulent carpeting below. The clinking of slot machines and the occasional burst of celebratory laughter echoed through the cavernous space, reminders of the endless pursuit of luck and fortune in the City of Sin.

This didn't feel right either. Eventually, I made my way outside and breathed in, feeling a bit freer now that I wasn't in the confines of the casino. It was well past midnight, and the Strip was still alive with the remnants of nightlife. Without really thinking about what I was doing, I found myself wandering, lost in thought as my steps echoed in the quiet of the city's outskirts.

The weight of recent events pressed upon me once more, and I couldn't help but reflect on how my life had taken a turn so different from what I had hoped for. Instead of going to college and finding my dream career, I was a

stripper taking off my clothes to get by and pay my bills. My parents were dead, and I was alone without an eligible man in sight.

As I walked, I really started to feel all the cocktails I'd drunk, a gentle buzz that wrapped around me like a warm embrace. It dulled the edges of my melancholy, at least a little bit.

Even now, I still had a frozen cocktail in my hands as I wandered the dark streets. My eyes scrutinized the shadows as if I was searching for something, but I didn't know what. I started when a stray dog ran across the street right in front of me, its eyes reflecting the light from the streetlamps overhead. The yowling clamor of a cat fight echoed from somewhere not far off in the distance, and I hurried my steps, the sound making my heartbeat quicken for some reason.

When I peered down an unassuming alleyway, I saw a couple locked in an intimate embrace, her dress pulled up around her waist and his dick deep in her pussy. I looked away quickly, feeling as though I was seeing something that I shouldn't.

As I journeyed further away from the strip, a group of rebellious teenagers gathered and shared a joint on a dimly lit street corner. A couple of them whistled as I walked by, but I ignored them, and they quickly went back to focusing on the joint at hand.

I didn't really have a destination in mind. Truthfully, it just felt good to wander. My gaze glanced to the shadows once more, and I stopped cold.

It was *him*.

Kane emerged from the darkness, his silhouette seeming to materialize like a phantom in the night. He was dressed in a black suit, his form looming in the darkness of night. The shadows played across his face in sharp contrast, casting a mysterious glow about him that simply drew me in.

My heart quickened, and I blinked, wondering if my eyes were playing tricks on me. It couldn't be him, *right?*

Yet, there he stood, watching me with those dark, inscrutable eyes. A shiver coursed through me, and I opened and close my mouth, wanting to call out and not knowing if I should.

His gaze locked onto me with an intensity that seemed to penetrate the very core of my being. His eyes, those same eyes that had ignited a tempestuous storm of longing within me not so long ago, held an almost supernatural quality. In the dim light, they flashed a golden yellow, and I took a step back, fear and desire at war inside of me.

What was he doing out here?

Once more, I opened my mouth to say anything really at all, and nothing came out. As I continued to stare, frozen by the sight of him, a curious sensation swept over me. It began as a gentle, almost hypnotic sway, drawing me closer to him like a moth to a flame. The world around me began to blur, the sounds of the city fading into a distant hum. My vision narrowed until all I could see were those golden-yellow eyes, their unearthly radiance ensnaring my every waking thought.

What was happening?

And then, with a profound sense of surrender, the world went dark, my senses slipping away into the shadowy abyss.

CHAPTER 6



*L*exie

Fuck. What happened last night?

I opened my eyes the next morning to find myself in my bedroom, a slight hangover clouding my thoughts as I tried to piece together the events of the previous night. My memory was an unsettling, hazy void.

I sighed, pressing my palm to my forehead. How did I even get here? Did I pass out last night? It didn't seem possible. I'd been tipsy, but not wasted. Plus, I'd walked a lot of it off, so that didn't seem likely. I remembered the stray cats fighting, the dog running across the street, even the catcalls from the guys sitting on the corner. Finally, the memory of Kane's face staring back into mine washed over me, and I closed my eyes.

What the fuck happened? How did I get home?

I took stock of my body. Other than a raging hangover, everything felt normal. My muscles ached, likely the results of my lengthy walk along the outskirts of the strip, but nothing else seemed out of the ordinary. My fingers slipped in between my legs, tracing along the fabric of my panties. He didn't fuck me, right?

You're a hot mess, bitch.

I looked down to see one of my favorite nightshirts covering my body. Had he carried me home and dressed me for bed? My cheeks flushed as I thought about the fact that he'd likely stripped me of my party dress and my bra, then put me to bed. Somehow, that seemed more shameful than all the times I'd danced for him before. As my cheeks heated, I tried to rack my mind for answers and came up with nothing.

Why had he been out there? What was he doing all alone in the dark?

Then, something else occurred to me. Maybe he was following me and watching over me from afar.

Maybe he missed you, too.

My fingers trembled just thinking about it. I laid back and stared at the ceiling for a moment before I turned towards the window.

The soft, golden glow of morning light filtered through my curtains, casting a slightly comforting warmth over the room. I looked around, nothing seeming out of place, at least until I glanced to my right.

On my bedside table, bathed in the light of the sun, lay a substantial sum of cash. I swallowed hard, trying to understand where it might have come from. I reached out to touch it, thinking maybe I might be dreaming. When my fingers brushed against the bills, I started, almost like I expected it not to be real.

Beside the money, there was a note, written in an elegant, flowing script. My breathing quickened as I reached for it and took it in my hands. My heart hammered as I read the words, a mixture of gratitude and uncertainty washing over me.

Lexie,

The money is for you, no strings attached. This should be more than enough to cover a year's rent and then some. I know you've faced an overwhelming share of challenges in your life, and perhaps I can't mend them all, but hopefully this will help a little bit.

Yet, let this also serve as a reminder—a gentle warning. If you ever find yourself wandering down those darkened streets again, know that I will be watching.

Take this gift with an open heart and an open mind. Fate has its own plans, and our story is far from over.

The message was clear: the money was mine, and he didn't expect anything from me for it. It wasn't signed, but there really wasn't any question in my mind as to who it was from.

Kane was watching over me after all.

With my worries over money fully settled, I laid back in bed. Closing my eyes, I allowed myself to drift back to sleep.

I dreamed of him.

* * *

Over the next few days, I couldn't stop thinking about him. With my every move around the city, I could feel the heaviness of his gaze upon me, but anytime I looked for him, he wasn't there. My eyes searched every shadow, every corner, every window, but I didn't see him again, not even once.

When I couldn't stand it anymore, I went out again, only this time I didn't drink a single drop. I wanted to be certain I was of sound mind this time. I'd never been able to figure out how I'd gotten home or why I'd passed out in the first place, but it didn't really matter. It was all wrapped up in the mystery of Kane. Eventually, I was going to figure him out.

Lost in the labyrinth of my own emotions, I found myself hoping, even yearning, to catch another glimpse of him, to feel the intensity of his dark gaze once more, to feel his lips on mine and the touch of his fingers on my skin.

The night had taken on a supernatural quality, and as I walked the streets, the full moon hung low in the sky, casting its radiant glow over the city. Its light

spilled across the asphalt and sidewalks, transforming the familiar streets into something otherworldly. Everything seemed sharper and more vivid.

The buildings, normally veiled in shadows, stood tall and resolute, their architectural details etched in delicate moonlight. Even the florescent signs and city lights paled in comparison to the moon's majestic radiance. It was as if the entire world had been dipped in liquid silver, each surface glistening with a spectral sheen.

I stared up at it in wonder for a moment before I started down the strip. I walked without any direction, and before I knew what I was doing, I'd wandered into a truly seedy part of town.

As I ventured deeper into the grisly underbelly of Las Vegas, the glitz and glamour of the Strip gave way to a stark, gritty reality that lay steeped in shadow. The bright neon lights grew dimmer, replaced by the flickering, uncertain glow of aging streetlamps that fought valiantly against the encroaching darkness.

The buildings here bore the scars of time, their faded facades telling stories of a different era that was well past its prime. Tattered posters adorned crumbling walls, advertising shows and events long gone, relics of a bygone era. I passed by boarded-up storefronts and alleys. The scent of desperation hung heavy in the air, intermingling with the acrid tang of stale cigarettes, and the sour odor of urine.

Groups of men congregated on street corners, exchanging hushed conversations. Some of them exchanged money. Others smoked together in silence, sitting on the curb and talking in low tones to themselves, but I could feel their eyes on me as I wandered further, trying to figure out how to backtrack when I hadn't really paid attention to the route I'd taken in the first place.

They knew I didn't belong here.

I passed a dimly lit dive bar that went by the name Serpent's Den. The exterior was as unassuming as it was foreboding. Weathered bricks, once a vibrant red, had succumbed to years of neglect, their surfaces now worn and cracked. A flickering sign cast a sickly green pallor over the entrance. It was missing a letter or two.

I walked a bit faster, reaching into my pocket and pulling out my phone. Maybe this was a bad idea. I could use my maps app to find my way out, or I could call an Uber, but either option meant I was in this part of town for far longer than I wanted to be.

I decided against the latter, so I plugged in one of the casinos at the north end of the strip.

It was then that a group of men spotted me, much to my dismay. Their boisterous laughter echoed through the streets.

“Hey there, beautiful!” one of them called out, his words dripping with crude familiarity. “Why don’t you come over here and show us a good time?”

“Sorry, not interested,” I replied tersely, my voice laced with a mix of irritation and defiance. I quickened my pace, my footsteps echoing in the stillness of the night. Their laughter persisted, taunting me as I walked away.

“Come on, sweetheart,” one of them slurred, his voice laced with an unsettling mix of arrogance and insinuation. “Bring those pretty tits over here!”

I clenched my jaw, trying to ignore their vulgar advances and maintain my determined stride.

“I have better things to do,” I retorted, my voice carrying a tone of disgust as I sought to distance myself from their predatory advances.

As I continued to walk, their crude catcalls faded into the distance, and I thought I had escaped their clutches. However, it soon became evident that one of them had other intentions. I sensed a shadow lurking behind me, its presence far too close for comfort. The footsteps grew closer, quicker, and my heart began to race.

I looked back over my shoulder and gulped when I saw the man following me. What met my gaze was a disheveled figure, his unkempt appearance sending shivers down my spine. His clothes were tattered and dirty, clinging to his slightly overweight frame, and a greasy sheen glistened on his unwashed face. His eyes, filled with a disturbing mixture of desperation and malevolence, bored into mine with a predatory intensity that sent a surge of fear coursing through me.

I started to run, but despite everything I tried, he closed the gap between us in an embarrassingly short amount of time. I ran harder and faster than I ever had in my life, yet he still caught up to me in minutes.

Without warning, the man lunged towards me, grabbing my arm in a vice-like grip and pulling me into a nearby dark alley. His fingers dug into me so roughly that I was certain he'd leave a bruise, and I cried out, pulling away from him as desperately as I could.

Panic surged through me as I struggled to break free, but my assailant was so much stronger that it was like fighting a bear. His hand gripped even tighter, and I bit my lip, trying to quiet my cry as he slammed me against the brick wall of an abandoned building. The air burst free of my lungs, and I whimpered. It felt like the rough stone had torn through my shirt. He pushed me against the brick, a sinister smile gracing his lips as he exposed his tarter ridden teeth.

My insides quivered with fear.

"I called you beautiful. You should say thank you," he snarled, and small droplets of spittle splashed across my face. I had to stop myself from recoiling in disgust, but only just. His foul odor, a pungent blend of dirt, sweat, and cheap cologne, filled my senses, causing bile to rise in my throat. The rancid smell of his breath was nauseating, a noxious mixture of stale alcohol and rotten food that made my stomach churn.

My heart pounded in terror as he pawed at me, his grimy hands leaving a trail of revulsion in their wake. I attempted to pacify him, my voice shaking with desperation.

"Please, just let me go," I pleaded, my words a trembling plea for mercy.

"You walked into the wrong part of town, sweetheart," he leered, his grip tightening. "And now you're gonna pay for it."

"I won't tell anyone, I promise. Just... just let me leave, and you'll never see me again," I pleaded, my voice quivering, but my words fell on deaf ears, and his intentions grew more menacing with every passing moment.

His body caged me in against the wall as his hand wrapped around my throat, squeezing so tight that there was sure to be marks left behind. He leaned in

close, assaulting me with the rancid scent of his breath. As his grip tightened, the sensation became increasingly suffocating, a cold, relentless pressure that threatened to cut off my ability to breathe.

“You’re not going anywhere, darlin, not dressed like that,” he sneered. His gaze dipped down to explore the rest of me, ogling my breasts and the swell of my hips.

I was wearing a simple black V-neck T-shirt and a pair of well-worn denim jeans. The V-neck of the shirt revealed a hint of my cleavage, a detail I hadn’t given much thought to when I dressed for the evening. The jeans, faded with age and molded to the curves of my body, clung to my legs.

“You’re far too pretty for this side of town,” he mused, and I was forced to swallow the bile that rose unbidden at the back of my throat.

He reached for my collarbone, trailing his fingers along the neckline of my shirt. The feel of his grimy fingers against my skin was a horrifying sensation that sent shivers of revulsion through me. The pads of his fingers were rough and calloused, feeling like a cat’s tongue against my flesh.

Stupid. Now you’re either going to get robbed or raped because you were dumb enough to walk straight into the most dangerous part of town.

I swallowed heavily, trembling in the man’s grasp. In a desperate bid for freedom, I brought my knee up hard and fast, driving it with all the force I could muster straight between his legs. The sudden, excruciating pain caused him to recoil in agony, his grip on my throat loosening.

My attacker crumpled with a guttural, agonized cry, clutching himself in a desperate attempt to alleviate the searing pain that radiated from his groin. His once-menacing posture crumbled, and he sank down to his knees, his face contorted in an anguished grimace.

I seized my chance, breaking free from his grasp and stumbling to the side, gasping for precious air. I bolted from the dark alley, my heart racing and the adrenaline pumping through my veins as I sprinted down the dimly lit streets. Fear fueled each step, propelling me forward towards the distant glow of the strip. My breath came in ragged gasps as I pushed myself to the limits, determined to escape.

Behind me, the eerie howl of a wolf sounded in the night, breaking the silence and making my heart leap into my throat.

There shouldn't be any wolves here in the city. Maybe I was losing my mind.

With every ounce of remaining strength, I reached the main road and frantically flagged down a passing car. It screeched to a halt, and a concerned-looking man behind the wheel quickly rolled down the window.

"Are you okay?" he asked with genuine concern, his voice carrying the warmth of someone that meant no harm.

I hesitated for a moment, my suspicion warring with my desperation. But the genuine worry in his eyes and the urgency of the situation made me decide to trust him.

"Please, just get me out of here," I implored, my voice quivering.

Without further hesitation, he unlocked the doors, and I jumped into the car. I slid across the backseat and looked back over my shoulder. Quickly, I buckled my seatbelt and released a long breath, relieved to have made it out of there.

"I'm Mark," he said, his voice calm and comforting.

I nodded in gratitude, finally feeling a measure of safety.

"I'm Lexie," I replied, my voice trembling as I began to recount the terrifying encounter in the dark alleyway.

Mark listened intently as I recounted the ordeal, his expression a mix of sympathy and concern. His gentle demeanor made it easier to open up. Finally, when I was completely comfortable, I provided him with my address, trusting him to take me home safely.

"Thank you, Mark," I said, my voice filled with appreciation. "I don't know what I would have done without your help tonight."

With a genuine smile, Mark continued to drive me until we reached my house. He pulled up in front of the entrance, and I turned to him, gratitude shining in my eyes.

“Thank you so much for everything,” I said, my voice filled with heartfelt appreciation. “You truly saved me tonight.”

“Take care, Lexie. Stay safe,” he said, nodding. His expression remained kind and understanding.

As I stepped out of the car and closed the door, I watched Mark drive away into the night. With a shaky breath, I walked into my house, closing the door behind me, grateful for the kindness of a stranger who had come to my aid when I needed it most.

CHAPTER 7



*K*ane

I was going to kill him.

I'd been watching her that night. Truthfully, I'd been watching her every night since I'd first caught her scent. Her presence had become my entire world, and everything else had ceased to exist. If she left her house, I followed her. If she stayed home, I patrolled the area around her, guarding her so that she remained safe, sound, and protected.

Tonight, though, was the full moon.

It was nights like these that I didn't have a choice except to change. The magic within me forced my transformation whether I wanted to or not.

That night as the full moon rose, I could feel the bones in my body shifting, rearranging themselves into a new shape. My skin rippled as fur sprouted across it, and my limbs elongated into powerful, sinewy forms. The world took on a different hue, and my senses sharpened to an almost painful degree. In the grip of the moon's command, I transformed into a wolf and my instincts took over.

Even in my beast form, my focus was still entirely on her.

It had taken centuries for me to develop this kind of control. It hadn't always

been that way. I swallowed hard and pushed the terrible memories away, choosing instead to zero in on Lexie and whatever she had planned for the night. When her driver dropped her off at the strip and she wandered away to the seedier part of town, her intentions soon became clear.

She was searching for me.

I hadn't expected her to come out looking for me again. For days, I worried that I'd been far too rough with her, that I'd taken too much, too quickly and scared her off with that biting kiss.

Now, though, I knew deep in my heart that it hadn't been enough. My mate needed more, *much, much more*, to thoroughly satisfy her.

In an instant, the memory of her soft kiss washed over me. Her lips had fit perfectly against mine, molding to me, and I hadn't been able to resist. I'd allowed the kiss to start off gentle, but the beast inside me had won out for the briefest of seconds. The taste of her blood on my tongue had been the sweetest of sins.

One day soon, I'd bite her again.

My restraint was tenuous for several long moments before I forced my arousal back into place. There wasn't time for that, not when Lexie was wandering like this.

She needed me, and I wasn't about to let her down.

As she walked, I trailed her from a distance, my ears perking up to catch the faint cadence of her footsteps on the pavement. Her scent was a delicate thread that led me through the labyrinthine alleyways and bustling streets, letting me know exactly where she was at any given moment should I lose sight of her.

Briefly, I focused on the world around her. The distant hum of traffic on the Vegas strip was punctuated by the occasional blast of horns and the revving of engines. Laughter and conversations spilled out from bars and clubs, mingling with the pulsing beats of music that echoed through the streets.

Men catcalled from street corners, and a screeching cat fight echoed in the distance. A dog howled somewhere close by, and off to the right, a man

staggered along with a liquor bottle in his hand.

But amidst the cacophony of city sounds, it was Lexie's footsteps that resonated most in my ears. Each step she took was a melodic rhythm, a cadence that drew me closer to her. The soft rustle of her clothing, the subtle intake of breath as she navigated the night, all of it was a siren's call that I couldn't resist.

As she strode along the sidewalk, a man emerged from the shadows. His eyes gleamed with malice, and I recognized the malevolent intent in his movements. He closed in on my Lexie, who remained blissfully unaware of the danger lurking behind her. The fur on the back of my neck rose, and I had to quiet a growl lest I give myself away.

I couldn't allow him to reach her, not when she was so vulnerable. With a silent surge of strength, I lunged from the darkness, my teeth bared with a silent snarl. The man had barely registered my presence before I pounced, my jaws clamping down on his throat. A guttural gurgle escaped him as I silenced him with my teeth. The bitter taste of his blood was stark on my tongue as my jaws sunk into his flesh. He didn't have time to even make a sound. Keeping as quiet as I could, I dragged him into a nearby alleyway, all while keeping an eye on her to make sure she didn't get into any more trouble.

With the immediate threat neutralized, I continued to shadow her, keeping at a distance. The primal wolf that resided within my soul was ready to leap out, to reveal my true nature to her and claim her as my mate, but the human part of me, the part that had lived among humans for centuries, understood the delicate balance of their world.

She wasn't ready to see me, not like this.

From experience, I knew that revealing my true nature might be too much for her too soon. It could shatter her sense of reality, leaving her vulnerable and frightened. In the past, I'd revealed my identity to society, and it had only ended in bloodshed. I knew the myths and the stories that surrounded my existence. Humans were afraid of what they didn't understand, and she would be, too.

For the time being, I would keep my distance. I would bide my time, and

when she was ready, I would tell her everything.

I glanced up at the full moon, cursing its existence for the thousandth time. Any other night, I could choose when I transformed, but not tonight. I wished she'd chosen a different night to come looking for me.

Then I could have gone to her and given her what she needed.

Hanging back, I slunk back into the shadows and let them conceal me, allowing me to blend seamlessly into the night. With a soft growl, I padded along after her, keeping her none the wiser.

I knew what she was doing. She was trying to force me out of hiding by choosing to walk along the worst part of town. It was remarkably dangerous, or at least it would be if I wasn't protecting her, but she didn't know what I was. She didn't know I was a powerful beast, that I had no equal save for one man on this earth.

My paw twitched. Once she was mine, she would never wander like this again.

Her eyes wove this way and that, searching the shadows for me, but I wouldn't let her see me, not yet at least.

It wasn't long before another man made a move towards her, his intentions as sinister as the first. I tailed him as he slunk along a side alleyway. He grabbed his cock and adjusted himself, a malicious sneer crossing his features. Just as he made a move to step out into the light of the dim street, I leapt at him and used the force of my body to launch his body right into a brick wall. His head bounced off the hard surface, and his eyes rolled back in his head. In an instant, he crumpled to the ground, knocked out cold.

I hadn't killed him. This time he got lucky.

I moved on quickly, wasting no time as I followed my mate through the streets. There were several groups of men congregated outside of a derelict seedy bar that catcalled her. I could practically taste the tension in the air. They knew she didn't belong in this dangerous part of town, and it made my fur bristle with unease.

"Hey there, beautiful! Why don't you come over here and show us a good

time?”

I could smell her fear. Her footsteps quickened, but the lecherous group of men kept at it, leering at her with dangerous intent now.

“Sorry, not interested,” she called out.

They laughed at her, and I wanted nothing more than to show them what happened to men that threatened my mate.

“Come on, sweetheart. Bring those pretty tits over here!”

The fur on the back of my neck rose with fury. How dare they?

I loped in their direction, fully intending to silence them for good when her musical voice rang out all around me. I clenched my teeth, my wolf instincts urging me to pounce and defend her. The words they shouted at her were laced with disrespect and menace, and I could see the frustration playing out over her face as she attempted to escape their unwelcome attention.

“I have better things to do,” she snapped, and I stopped at once, remembering myself. I slunk back into the darkness, observing her with increased interest.

Despite the danger, she stood her ground with a mix of irritation and defiance. She quickened her pace, trying to put distance between herself and the group of men, but they persisted, their taunts haunting her every step.

My hackles raised once I realized that one of the men had decided to follow her. I followed as well, maintaining a much smaller distance now just in case I needed to intervene. Lexie looked over her shoulder, catching sight of the man, and she broke out into a run.

The man closed the distance between them in a harrowingly short amount of time. Sticking to the shadows, I sprinted across the pavement, but it was too late. He lunged at her and grabbed her arm. She cried out in pain, and I saw red.

“I called you beautiful. You should say thank you,” he snarled.

I wanted to rip his throat out with my teeth.

“Please, just let me go,” she pleaded, her voice trembling with fear.

Something stopped me from interfering though. Maybe it was the flash of determination in her eyes or the way her body tensed, but I held back.

“You walked into the wrong part of town, sweetheart, and now you’re gonna pay for it,” he sneered, leering over her as she openly flinched.

“I won’t tell anyone, I promise. Just... just let me leave, and you’ll never see me again,” she pleaded.

A low growl rumbled in the back of my throat.

“You’re not going anywhere, darlin, not dressed like that. You’re far too pretty for this side of town,” he leered.

As the man’s fingers brushed against her collarbone, Lexie reacted with a speed and ferocity I hadn’t anticipated. She twisted away from his grasp, delivering a swift, well-aimed knee to his groin. The man staggered back, clutching his cock as he yowled with pain. He sank down to his knees and didn’t get back up.

Lexie stood there for the briefest of seconds, breathing heavily, and I could hear her heart pounding in her chest. I remained still, concealed from her view.

As if she remembered herself, Lexie bolted out of the alley. I followed after her, running through the shadows behind her until she reached a main road. I waited until she flagged down a passing car and climbed in, and then I turned back to deal with the man who had dared to touch her.

He wasn’t going to survive the night.

CHAPTER 8



*L*exie

The next morning was rough. After I brushed my teeth, I decided to take a shower, fully intending on spending the whole day focusing on self-care. It was only when I slipped my pajama top over my head that I noticed the disconcerting sight of my neck in the mirror.

Turning to face my reflection, I gasped at the sight of the dark, angry bruise that marred my throat, a stark reminder of my attacker's brutal grip around my neck. My heart sank as I examined the discoloration, feeling a shiver of dread wash over me. My arm, too, bore the painful remnants of the struggle, with vivid bruises that told a silent but painful story. The reality of the attack hit me anew, and I couldn't help but tremble as I thought about what could have happened.

I took a deep breath and focused on the fact that I was back at home and that I was safe. I stripped the rest of my clothing off and stepped into the soothing spray of the shower, the warm water cascading over me.

Fuck that guy. Focus on self-care, right?

The spacious shower stall boasted a rainfall showerhead, which released a cascade of warm water that enveloped me in a comforting embrace.

I reached for my favorite shower gel, its scent a soothing blend of lavender

and vanilla, and the rich lather it created was a decadent treat for my senses. As I closed my eyes and let the fragrant steam envelop me, I allowed myself to luxuriate in the tranquility of the moment, the stresses of everything that had happened momentarily forgotten.

The water, with its perfect temperature, flowed over my skin, washing away not just the physical remnants of the previous night's ordeal but also the emotional weight that had settled upon me. I shampooed and conditioned my hair, and when I was done, the water rinsed away everything about last night.

I dried myself with a towel and strode into my closet, dressing in a simple pair of yoga pants, a tank top, and a billowy shirt that would hide at least some of the bruising. The only thing that would cover up the ones around my throat was a scarf, and it was already too warm in Nevada to even consider it.

I headed into the kitchen next, fully intent on making a fresh coffee.

As it slowly brewed, the rich aroma filled the air, awakening my senses with its comforting scent. When it was ready, I poured myself a mug. My first sip of that delicious hot brew was a delightful indulgence, the deep, robust flavor coursing through me with a familiar warmth.

With the heat of the coffee cup in my hands, I settled onto the couch and switched on the television. The morning news played out before me, a mix of headlines and stories that I mostly tuned out. Then, the news anchor's voice, calm and professional, filled the room.

“In an unusual incident last night, authorities responded to an animal attack in a deserted alley not far from the Las Vegas Strip. The victim, a local resident, was found with fatal injuries, and preliminary investigations have yet to determine the nature of the creature responsible,” he reported.

At first, the report seemed like another grim piece of news from the city's usual crime, something to be quickly forgotten. But then, as the camera panned to show the location, I froze. The alley they displayed was the very same spot where I'd encountered the asshole from last night.

Maybe the howl you heard was real.

My heart pounded as I stared at the image on the screen, and the shock intensified as they revealed the face of the deceased man. I recognized that

face. It was the same bastard that had attacked me.

The world seemed to blur as the realization washed over me. The man who had pursued me with such malice last night had been murdered, and I couldn't help but feel a complex mix of emotions—relief, fear, and a gnawing sense of unease.

As I sat there, staring at the television screen, a chilling notion began to take hold—could it be that Kane had played a role in this gruesome turn of events?

It was a terrifying possibility that I couldn't ignore. The complexity of his presence in my life deepened, and the fear that had once been directed at my nameless assailant now shifted to the enigmatic figure who had vowed to watch over me.

Now, the line between protector and predator seemed dangerously thin.

With a hard swallow, I got up and walked over to the table and opened my laptop. I quickly googled the news story, needing to know more. I found multiple news articles about it, and I dove in.

As I delved into the details, my fingers trembling on the keyboard, I scoured the article for any clues that might reveal the truth.

Was it possible that Kane could possess such primal and violent tendencies, or was I just being paranoid, and this was all just a massive coincidence? Maybe a bear or even a wolf had escaped from the zoo or something. I didn't know. Questions swirled in my mind, doubts and fears intermingling with an unsettling fascination.

When the sun finally set, I knew what I was going to do. I needed answers, and I was going to get them.

I cast caution aside, took an uber to the strip, and ventured out into the night with reckless abandon. I made no pretense of avoiding danger, not even a little bit. Instead, I sought out the darkest, grittiest corners of the city, navigating a maze of shadows with a singular goal—to force my mysterious protector out of hiding.

I was ready.

The city's seedy underbelly had never felt so menacing, yet I welcomed the unease that coursed through me. Every alley I walked down, every shadow I moved through, was a calculated gamble, a daring invitation for Kane to step out of the shadows and into the light. My pulse quickened with every step, the thrill of the hunt intermingling with the dread of what I might uncover.

The news story kept playing over and over in my head. My attacker's face flashed before my eyes, only to be replaced by Kane's over and over again.

Had he killed him? Or was it truly like the news story had said, that it was an animal attack?

In this treacherous game of cat and mouse, I was no longer content to be the prey. Tonight, I was the hunter, determined to uncover the truth about Kane, even if it meant dancing with danger in the heart of Las Vegas.

As I navigated deeper into the labyrinth of the city's underworld, my determination was met with a palpable sense of danger. The air grew thick with tension, and every corner I turned seemed to conceal shadows darker and more menacing than the last. It wasn't long before I found myself on a desolate, dimly lit street, the ominous atmosphere practically seeping from the cracked pavement.

And then, it happened.

A seedy-looking figure started to follow me, and when I looked back over my shoulder, I saw a man whose unkempt appearance and sinister gaze made my skin crawl. He was disheveled, with wild, greasy hair and a predatory gleam in his eyes. His tattered clothing seemed to mirror the depths of his malevolence, and as he approached, I felt a shiver of fear wash over me. His gaunt figure looked like something that had crawled out from the darkest recesses of the city's nightmares. His wild eyes bored into me with a menacing intent.

"You shouldn't have come here, sweetheart," he rasped.

I started to run, and he sprinted after me.

Fear coiled in my chest, and just as his menacing hand reached out to grab me, a bone-chilling growl erupted from the shadows, a sound that reverberated through the very marrow of my bones. The man paused mid-

motion, his hand hovering inches from my trembling form.

What the fuck was that?

Kane stepped out from the shadows of the nearby alley. His very presence sent a shockwave of intimidation through the seedy criminal, who faltered for a moment. His power was undeniable, a dark force that commanded attention, so much so that it even caused a shiver of fear to coil deep in my belly.

With a swift, decisive motion, Kane advanced towards the would-be attacker, his dark figure radiating an aura of authority that left no room for defeat. The seedy criminal, realizing he had crossed paths with a force far greater than himself, made a hasty retreat into the shadows, disappearing into the night as quickly as he had emerged. I stood there, a mix of fear and relief coursing through me as Kane's enigmatic presence enveloped me once more, leaving me with more questions than answers.

What was that growl? It didn't exactly sound human.

The world around us seemed to blur into insignificance as Kane's strong arms encircled me, pulling me gently but firmly into the shadowed confines of the nearby alley.

With a fervent intensity, Kane pressed me against the rough, brick wall, his lips descending upon mine in a savage, electrifying kiss. It was a kiss born of undeniable desire. His mouth moved with a searing hunger, our lips locking in a passionate entanglement that left no room for hesitation or restraint.

The taste of him was intoxicating and heady. The scent of his cologne enveloped me like a thick fog. The world seemed to fade away as the kiss deepened. The gritty surface of the wall seemed to heighten the sensual tension between us, adding an edge of raw urgency to the encounter, as if the very wall itself were a silent witness to our untamed desires.

His kiss was a fire that consumed us both, a primal force that ignited a blaze of desire deep within me. In that stolen moment, it was as if the boundaries of time and space had dissolved, leaving us entwined in a passionate embrace that defied the very fabric of reality.

When he finally pulled away, I was left reeling from the intensity of our kiss.

My heart thundered in my chest, a relentless percussion of desire that seemed to echo in the silence of the alley. Every nerve in my body hummed with a fervent need, and my skin felt as if it had caught flame. I found it hard to draw in a breath. It was as if the heat between us had evaporated the very air around us.

As he loomed over me, his towering presence enveloping me within the circle of his large frame, I couldn't help but feel small and vulnerable. His muscular form radiated strength and power, and as his proximity grew even closer, I could feel the warmth of his body, the contours of his muscles pressing against me with a thrilling insistence.

I drew my lower lip back between my teeth. If I bit down hard enough, I could still feel the lingering ache of his teeth.

"Well, it seems you've decided to take a break from biting my lip this time," I quipped, a mischievous grin playing across my features. I dared to trace my lips with the tip my tongue as his eyes followed, and a dark glint glimmered in his gaze.

A low, dangerous chuckle rumbled from deep within Kane's chest. His eyes gleamed with a mixture of desire and the unknown. I trembled, nervous jitters flaring up and down my spine.

"You should know something, little one," he rumbled, and a thrill coursed through my veins straight to my clit. I got the sudden feeling that I was playing with fire, and I was about to get burned. I lifted my chin and stared into those dark, mysterious eyes, trying to figure him out.

"What's that?" I finally whispered, unable to come up with anything on my own.

With a gentle, possessive touch, his hand reached for my chin, his thumb tracing the curve of my mouth with a tantalizing tenderness. A shiver of desire rippled through me, intensifying the moment between us. The contact was both tender and electrifying, igniting a simmering longing deep within me that threatened to consume my every rational thought.

"These pretty lips aren't going to be the only thing I'm going to bite tonight," he growled.

CHAPTER 9



*L*exie

You're in way over your head.

I stiffened, the full meaning of his words finally hitting me. Fear waged a fierce battle with desire inside me as Kane's touch continued to send shivers of longing through my body, yet a nagging voice of caution whispered in the recesses of my mind. There was a shadow of uncertainty that hung over him, and that made my terror rise tenfold.

"Did you wear this pretty outfit for me, Lexie?" he questioned, his voice a husky rumble that sent heat barreling through my veins.

My pussy clenched hard, mostly because he was right. I had deliberately chosen an outfit that I knew would tantalize him, a skirt that clung to my curves, accentuating every sway of my hips, and a top that left just enough to the imagination. The skirt was a deep shade of midnight blue, its fabric flowing with each step, inviting his gaze to linger on the smooth expanse of my legs. The top was a delicate lace creation, its intricate patterns revealing hints of skin beneath it.

"Yes," I breathed.

"It's a shame that I'm going to ruin it," he warned darkly.

I stood there for a long moment, dumbfounded, before my self-preservation finally kicked in. In an effort to defend myself, I pushed against his chest, but it was like trying to push through a brick wall.

“Please *let me go*,” I whispered, my fear getting the best of me.

“You came out looking for me, Lexie,” he answered, the sound reverberating down to the very pit of my bones.

His voice, a deep and gravely rumble that sent shivers cascading down my spine, had an effect on me that bordered on the supernatural. The resonance of his voice carried with it an irresistible raw power. It seemed to reverberate into the very core of my being.

It left me breathless with want.

“I didn’t...” I began and he shook his head.

“You *wanted* me to catch you, little one,” he declared, and my legs turned to molten lava at the sound. His words, delivered with a predatory purr, sent waves of heat coursing through my veins.

The sizzling tension between us escalated with each word he uttered, and I couldn’t help but grapple with the realization that he might be right. My breaths grew shallower, my heart pounding erratically in my chest as my desire for more blazed hotter than ever.

“No,” I whispered, lying straight through my teeth.

He chuckled again, the sound just as perilous, and my stomach coiled with my intensifying nerves. What was he going to do to me?

You went out asking for trouble, and that’s exactly what you found.

Maybe he wasn’t my protector after all. Maybe he was somehow worse than all the other criminals combined? What if they were afraid of *him*?

“You can deny it all you want, but I can smell your arousal through those pretty clothes. I know what you want, what you *need*,” he purred, and a quiet squeak of shock and arousal escaped my lips.

That wasn’t possible, right?

I swallowed hard, trying to take stock of my body. Hidden beneath my bra, my nipples were rock hard and extra sensitive, rubbing against the fabric relentlessly. I wanted nothing more than to take it off, but then the lacey fabric of my top would scrape against them instead. My pussy pulsed, the fabric of my panties soaking wet as if to spite myself. I didn't know what to do.

His gaze stayed locked on mine, holding me captive as I struggled before him to truly take in the full gravity of my situation. For all of my bravado, a part of me felt foolish for testing the dangers of the seedy parts of town, for putting myself at risk just to see him again.

Curiosity kills the cat, they always say.

"You don't know me," I scoffed, trying to take the attention off the needlessly throbbing place between my legs.

"I'm *going* to."

The sudden need to defend myself billowed through me.

I rounded my hands into fists and punched at his chest, while at the same time lifting my knee up firmly between his legs. As if he had seen the whole thing before it happened, he shifted his hips to the side, avoiding the blow with frustrating ease. His hands wrapped around my wrists, lifting them and pressing them firmly over my head against the brick.

In that moment, his presence overwhelmed me, and I couldn't help but feel utterly helpless. I wasn't big enough to fight him. I wasn't strong enough, either. I was just a small slip of a woman compared to his towering frame. I didn't know how tall he stood, but I was only five foot four inches, and he loomed over me. My guess was that he was at least six foot and a half.

You're not going to win this fight, and because of that, you're going to get exactly what you deserve.

"Kane, please," I tried.

Instead of responding, he leaned in, his breath ghosting against the sensitive little hairs that lined my ear. With an almost feral intensity, he sniffed at the delicate curve of my throat, as if inhaling the very essence of my scent. I

trembled in his arms, not sure what he wanted. Would he bite my throat next?

His lips pressed lightly against my neck, his warm kiss sending a jolt of electricity straight down to my clit. Every part of me felt alive against him, each nerve in my body ready to fire at any given moment.

It was as if my body was betraying me more and more with every passing second.

He trailed sweet kisses down the length of my neck, descending further until his mouth grazed against my collar bone. Gooseflesh popped up all over my skin, and I shivered, unintentionally pulling away from the wall and seeking his warmth.

“Your body knows that you belong to me,” he growled.

“It doesn’t,” I pleaded, denying the truth even as my pussy throbbed for him.

“Don’t lie to me. I’m going to show you,” he declared.

He started kissing me again.

His lips blazed a fiery trail down my body, igniting my flesh with every soft caress. His hands, strong and sure, explored my every curve, leaving me trembling with anticipation. The sensation was electric, each brush of his fingertips against my bare skin sending shockwaves of desire rippling through me. As his touch neared the sensitive skin of my thigh, my breathing hitched, and I couldn’t help but arch into his embrace, surrendering to the intoxication of my ever-building desire.

He kissed all the way down to the waistband of my skirt, lifting it to brush his warm mouth directly against my skin. Then, he let go of my wrists and knelt before me, taking my skintight skirt and hiking it all the way up to my waist.

I cried out, shock and embarrassment coursing through me at being handled in such rough a manner, yet my pussy seemingly received a different message. Spiraling threads of arousal coursed straight down my spine and settled deep in my core. The fierce pressure of desire pooled there, and I let out a long breath, trying to grapple with the building intensity of my passionate need.

He glanced up at me and caught my gaze. His smoldered back at me and then, a wicked smirk turned up at the corners of his lips. In the soft light of the moon, the light caught his eyes just so. Up close like this, they were a vivid and mesmerizing dark chocolate shade that glimmered with flecks of gold, and I found myself drowning within their dark, mysterious depths.

“And these panties, did you wear them for me, too?”

“No,” I scoffed, not wanting to admit that I’d done that very thing.

They were a pretty tangerine orange and had been an impulse buy, one of the most expensive pairs that I owned. I’d jumped at the chance to wear them for someone for the first time. I’d even needed to cut the tags off because I’d been saving them for a special occasion. Made completely of lace, the gauzy cloth covered all my naughty bits, but I knew well enough that he could see right through them.

“That’s the second time you’ve lied to me,” he scolded, and my heart dropped to the tips of my toes. His fingers flitted along the top of the lacey waistband, kindling fiery trails of desire to course along my bare flesh.

“I didn’t lie,” I tried.

“Three times,” he said, effectively cutting me off, and I immediately snapped my lips together, although I’m not sure why. Maybe it was the way he’d said it, how he’d implied there would be consequences for lying to him without explicitly saying there would be.

Maybe what happened in your dream will happen in real life. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?

His eyes, dark and smoldering, held a weight of promise that left me both curious and exceedingly wary. I didn’t know what he was going to do, but I couldn’t deny that I was willingly following him into the shadows of the unknown. That being said, somewhere deep down, I knew I was safe.

His strength, both physical and emotional, offered a sanctuary that I hadn’t known I needed, and for the moment, I was willing to overlook the darker truths for the security he provided.

He might have killed my attacker, but he would never hurt me, not like that.

Without warning, his fingers curled around the hem of my panties, and he tore them right off, the delicate fabric catching the folds of my pussy. A quick flash of pain lanced through my sensitive flesh, and I cried out, much louder this time. My thighs tensed, pressing together as if that would alleviate the pain, but it did nothing. Slowly, I let out a soft, whimpering breath as the stinging ache faded, and I slumped forward the tiniest bit.

His devious smirk grew even larger as he leaned in towards me, his breath hot on my thigh. Pain and desire warred within me, and I no longer knew which one was going to win out.

“You can scream as loud as you want, little one. No one is going to come and save you,” he warned.

He was right. There was no one coming to save me from him, especially not here, and the reality of that knowledge ignited a fierce conflict within me. Desire and fear waged a relentless war, each vying for dominance over my mind. I had bitten off more than I could chew, yet even as trepidation gnawed at my resolve, an insatiable curiosity compelled me to continue down this perilous path, no matter where it led.

“Do your worst,” I challenged him, and his savage grin grew that much wider.

I drew upon a hidden well of inner strength, determined to face whatever he might throw my way, whether he brought pleasure or pain. In that moment, I depended on a reservoir of courage I hadn't even known existed.

I couldn't have prepared for what came next. He'd even warned me, and still I wasn't ready.

He tilted his head up and kissed the top of my mound with exceeding gentleness, right before he took the lips of my pussy in between his lips and bit them.

I screamed, the pain lancing through me with fiercely savage abandon. I tried to push his head away, but that only made him latch on that much tighter and bite me harder. The fiery agony radiated through my pussy, making my inner walls flutter at the same time that I struggled before him.

My screams reverberated off the brick wall surrounding me, and he did

nothing to stop me. He simply let me scream. Just like he'd said, there was no one that came. In this area of town, people ran away from danger, not toward it.

My pussy clenched down hard as his hands wound around my waist, pinning me against the wall so I couldn't escape. Burning agony seared across the folds of my pussy, and when he finally let go, my body pitched forward as a secondary wave of pain followed. The agony crested and ebbed away, leaving my sensitive folds feeling more than a little achy.

He stood up and reached for my top, tearing through it in a matter of seconds like it was nothing more than a sheet of paper. His body caged me against the wall as he ripped it to shreds. I yelped when the fabric gave way, feeling the breeze of night against every inch of my exposed skin.

He pressed a single finger beneath the front clasp of my bra, and I shivered, waiting for the inevitable. With a casual smirk, he flicked his finger upward and unsnapped my bra with ease. The cups popped open, and my breasts jostled, no longer supported. They felt extremely heavy with desire, the hard points of my nipples giving everything away.

I chewed my lower lip and met his heated gaze. He stared into my eyes for a long moment before he looked down.

"You're so much prettier up close like this, afraid and aroused, little one," he murmured, and the building pressure in my core almost boiled over.

His fingers reached up to take my left breast in his palm. Gently, he took my nipple in between his thumb and his pointer finger, rolling it back and forth and sending fiery tendrils of desire straight down to my core.

My pussy still ached from the bite of his teeth, but the pain had been quickly replaced with fervent need. The residual sting only added to my desire, making it spiral up into the clouds.

He continued rolling my nipple in his fingers before he replaced it with his mouth. His kisses were gentle at first, but then they turned rougher, causing little blossoms of pain to radiate off my breast.

I should have taken heed of his warning. Instead, I allowed myself to enjoy the feeling of his mouth on me. Arching into him, I moaned.

Then he bit down, and in an instant, my world of pleasure exploded with pain. Agony radiated in tight circles across my breast, all centering around my tortured nipple. Caught in his teeth, my erect bud only grew harder and more sensitive. I screamed again, and he bit down harder, until at long last, he released my nipple and took the other into his fingers.

The second wave of pain rolled through me, and I snapped my eyes shut, arching up on my toes and trying to take it while also feeling like I was going to fall apart at any given moment. My clit pulsed hard, and I whimpered as he rolled my right nipple in between his fingers.

I knew he was going to bite me again, and deep down, a part of me wanted him to.

“Kane, please,” I begged.

He was silent as he replaced his fingers with his mouth, kissing me gently. Only this time, I knew what was coming. My body trembled, as though I knew a predator was lying in wait to pounce on me at any given moment.

And he did.

When his teeth clamped down on my right nipple, I was fully prepared for it, yet the pain still caught me by surprise. I rose up onto my toes, trying to pull away and escape his bite. Pain surged up and down my spine, cascading over my breasts and settling down in the depths of my core.

My clit pulsed greedily, like it was demanding more.

I squeaked, trying to fight against the idea that a part of me wanted this, and I didn't know if that part was bigger than the one that didn't want this. Indecision played out in my head, but it was my body that made the choice for me.

My pussy clenched hard as he let go, and for the first time, I didn't fight the pain that followed. I just let it sweep me away. I rode the wave with wild abandon, unsure of where it would take me.

“Kane...” I moaned.

“That's it, little one. You liked that, didn't you,” he mused.

I didn't answer, not wanting to admit he was right while also not wanting to chance lying to him now that I'd had at least a semblance of an idea of what he might do to punish me.

Three lies. Three bites.

He leaned forward, and I could feel the hard line of his cock against my hip. He was aroused by this. I licked my lips, taking in the fact that he'd enjoyed hurting me, and trying to deny that I'd liked it too.

I shouldn't have liked it, but I did.

His fingers trailed down the bare skin of my side as he knelt back down.

"This pretty pussy is practically weeping for me," he declared boldly, and a heated flush rushed up to my face. To make matters worse, he placed a kiss directly on top of my clit, causing a zing of pleasure to race straight through me. I whimpered, trying to keep quiet, but it was useless.

I'd bitten off more than I could chew, and I knew it.

His tongue peeked out from between his lips, and he leaned forward, swiping it once through my wet folds.

His eyes held mine, ravenous and possessive and a tiny bit unhinged. His irises flashed yellow once again, and I cried out in fearful arousal. What did that mean?

"You taste even more delicious than I'd imagined, little one," he mused, cocking his head as a dangerous expression flitted over his features. A nervous shiver rolled down my spine as he pressed gentle kisses to either side of my thighs, his hands pinning my waist in place once again. I stared down at him, my chest heaving up and down while my heart hammered away inside of it.

"You can't mean to," I whispered.

"I do. I'm going to make you scream until you're hoarse tonight," he vowed.

A jolt of pleasure pierced through me, causing me to nearly pitch forward, but he held me safely in place.

I wouldn't be able to escape what was coming, and a part of me didn't want to.

His tongue drew along my pussy, warm and wet and as delicious as I'd imagined it would be. He bared his teeth and dragged them down the top of my mound, causing shivers of fearful delight to race through me. I had difficulty keeping still, but it didn't matter because soon he hefted me off the ground and placed my legs over his shoulder.

"You're not going to escape me now that I've caught you, little one," he warned, and his threat vibrated down into the deepest parts of my soul. I shivered, trying to hold myself together, but when his mouth descended onto my clit again, I knew I was lost.

With a sort of reverence that I thought didn't exist anymore, he kissed my clit. He worshipped my pussy, using his tongue and his teeth to slowly draw me to the brink of orgasm and then back again. I fought that first orgasm as hard as I could, trying to tell myself I wasn't going to come for him in the middle of a dark alley, but his tongue was relentless and far more experienced than any other man I'd ever been with.

With expert skill, he circled my clit with his tongue, slowly building up pressure and drawing out my needy little bud until it was as hard and sensitive as it had ever been.

Desire, like an unrelenting storm, seized control of my every waking thought. It was an insatiable hunger that consumed me, an all-encompassing yearning that left no room for rationality or caution. He had become an addiction, a fire that burned within me day and night, blazing through my senses with an unquenchable need.

In the midst of this passionate storm, I found myself forced to surrender to the depths of pleasure and darkness that he offered.

I let myself be consumed by it.

Over and over again, he pushed me to the edge and pulled me back, dragging out my pleasure and making my entire body quake with it. With my back firmly against the wall and my legs over his shoulders, there was nothing I could do to escape. I had to take it.

Then, without warning, his lips latched onto my clit, and he sucked inward, teasing the tip of it with his tongue. The pressure of his mouth was just right, and my eyes rolled back in my head as my back arched off the wall.

I screamed, coming hard. I could feel my arousal dripping down my thighs, but I didn't care. My climax was hard enough to make me see stars, and I had trouble keeping still. My thighs quaked as waves of pleasure took me by storm, catching me up like a riptide and refusing to let me go. Every muscle in my body seized, and my head swirled with it. Up on his shoulders, I felt small and weightless and entirely vulnerable as I flew apart on his tongue.

He laved my clit, forcing my pleasure that much higher, and I came that much harder. I struggled to take it, but he didn't let me go, making me writhe through every last second of my pleasure before it crested at long last. I screamed once more, rocking my hips back and forth as much as I was able before my release finally ebbed and I slumped back against the wall.

With my head in the clouds, I sighed happily, enjoying the tiny quivers of pleasure that raced through me after my climax had ended. Fully satiated, I cocked my head and met his eyes. I couldn't help but glimpse the unfathomable darkness that resided within them.

In that moment, a shiver of realization coursed through me, and I understood that he was far from finished with me. There was an abyss of experiences, pleasures, and mysteries waiting to be unveiled, each more intense than the last. It was as if I had crossed a threshold into a world where the rules of desire had been redefined, and the journey ahead promised to be more perilous and intoxicating than anything I had ever imagined.

His mouth centered on top of my clit, and while he steadily held my gaze, he sucked inwards, taking my sensitive bud captive once again. A smirk glimmered on his lips as my mouth opened with a shocked gasp, seemingly unable to comprehend what was happening.

"You can't mean to... not so soon..." I exclaimed, my desperation clear from the trembling of my voice.

I'd never come more than once in my life. I didn't even know if I was capable of it, but somehow Kane had hit something deep inside me that made my passionate need rear its head once again. That now familiar, deep pressure

began to build in my core, churning and tightening with every passing second.

He didn't listen.

I cried out as he drew me a little farther into his mouth. Without meaning to, I bucked my hips, unintentionally grinding my needy little bud on his tongue. His rough flesh made a moan escape my lips unexpectedly, and I snapped my mouth shut, trying not to let him know just how much of an effect he was having on me.

I fought a valiant battle against the relentless tide of desire that threatened to overwhelm me, but my inevitable loss chewed at my insides. The inner conflict raged within me, urging me to resist, but the wet warmth of his mouth was too tempting. Unable to withstand the fight against my building pleasure, I was forced to give into the irresistible pull.

I came for a second time—for the first time in my life.

With a scream of surrender and my heart pounding in my chest, a spider web of desire blossomed in my core, sending fiery threads up and down my limbs, making my toes curl and my fingers tighten into fists in the fabric of his blazer. My hips rocked back and forth, scraping my clit against the rough surface of his tongue over and over again, dragging my pleasure up into the stars and refusing to let me go.

Then, my orgasm drew higher, and I was falling into the dark abyss of desire. There was nothing for me to do but writhe and quiver and moan and take the pleasure he forced on me. The rough pads of his fingers dug into my hips, and I knew they'd likely bruise, but I kind of liked the idea of wearing his marks.

With that second orgasm, there was a tiny glimmer of pain along with the pleasure. It only heightened my release, making it that much harder than the first. Every nerve in my body fired, and I screamed again, writhing through every last second as my pleasure consumed me.

When my climax finally crested and began to fade, my heart was hammering in my chest and my skin felt flushed with fever. I expected his mouth to pull away from my pussy, to give me the briefest of seconds of recovery, but he

didn't give me that.

He feasted on my pussy like I was his first sip of water after being lost in the desert for days. His fingers dug into me possessively, and I screamed, fearful of what came next but also wanting to know what it felt like. Could I come for a third time? Was it even possible?

The answer was yes.

I very much could.

He forced my climax to a head in an embarrassingly short amount of time. Droplets of sweat barreled down my spine, cool against the heated surface of my flesh. More sweat beaded at my brow.

For the first time, pain edged forward before the pleasure swept me away. It was as if my core had been stabbed with a knife, my sensitive little clit throbbing against his tongue. The passionate need turned vicious, like a turbulent storm gearing up to hit the coast. Lost in the unending waves of desire, I bucked on his shoulders, but he held me firmly in place.

"Kane, please," I breathed.

I suffered through that orgasm, every muscle in my body tightening for what felt like forever until it finally let me go. When I came down, he finally pulled his mouth away from my pussy, and I sighed in relief.

"I'm not through with you yet," he warned, and my stomach flip flopped inside of me. I drew in a breath, nervous, but still unabashedly aroused. Slowly, he put me down on the ground, and I stood on unsteady legs as he took a small step back.

My gaze was fixated on Kane as he leisurely unbuttoned his blazer, each movement deliberate and tantalizing. The soft rustle of fabric filled the charged air, creating an almost hypnotic beat that drew me even deeper into his spell. My breath hitched as my eyes followed the path of his hands, trailing down to where he expertly unbuckled his belt.

The leather slipped free from its confines like a soft whisper, revealing the sculpted lines of his body beneath. The low hum of desire that permeated the air intensified, making my heart race as I watched him, acutely aware of his

every move as he slowly freed his cock.

I gulped when I laid eyes on it for the first time.

It was a monstrosity. It was thicker than a soda can and far longer than anyone I'd ever taken before. It was a deep tan, with veins throbbing with blood on either side. The head was thicker than the rest, and there was already a drop of precum dribbling out from the slit on top.

My mouth watered, and my pussy practically quivered at the sight of it. I wanted to reach out and touch him, but when I realized I was staring, I quickly jerked my eyes up to meet his. A telltale blush bloomed across my cheeks, the heat giving away my shame in spades.

“Now, little one, are you ready for your fucking?”

CHAPTER 10



*L*exie

The air between us evaporated, and it suddenly became impossible for me to draw in a breath. My frantic heartbeat only pounded that much faster as my breathing turned ragged. I stared into those dark chocolate depths, trying to figure out if he was truly going to take me right here and now.

A part of me wanted it.

Another part of me *didn't*.

My pussy clenched, seemingly excited at the prospect of taking something so big, but my mind felt a growing sense of trepidation.

Would it even fit?

Suddenly his body caged around me, lifting me up so that I was situated on top of his thighs. His cock brushed against my soaking wet heat, and I pitched forward, thankful for his towering form surrounding me and keeping me from falling.

“You’re soaking wet, little one. Your body knows its mate,” he growled. The rich baritone of his voice caused me to shiver with need.

I couldn’t believe it. Despite all my attempts to resist, my desire was once again rearing its head, fierce and insatiable. It was a force beyond my control,

a whirlwind of arousal that defied reason and logic. In his presence, every rational thought was drowned out by the primal pull of attraction and lust. I trembled with a hunger I couldn't deny, that begged to be satiated, consequences be damned.

"Kane," I breathed.

"What is it, Lexie?" he responded, his head cocking to the side with curiosity and reigning darkness.

"Will you be gentle with me?" I asked.

"No," he replied, his answer simple.

I didn't know why I'd asked. I didn't want gentle. I wanted everything he was offering and then some. My body was demanding it even as my mind fought it.

His lips brushed against the side of my throat, tickling the tiny hairs along my flesh and making me gasp.

"Do you know why, little one?"

"No," I whispered, drawing my lower lip between my teeth.

"Because that isn't what you need, is it?" he murmured, the husky heat in his voice obvious. I whimpered as his length speared through my wet folds. The hard surface dragged over my sensitive clit, making me shiver with pain and pleasure all at the same time.

"No," I replied, without even thinking. The moment that single syllable slipped free from my lips, I pressed my hand over my mouth, silencing myself.

The needs of my body had taken over my mouth.

"Wrap those beautiful arms around me, Lexie. Hold onto me," he dictated.

Slowly, I dropped my hand from my mouth and did as he asked, digging my nails into the silky soft fabric of his blazer. His pelvis rocked, dragging his cock back and forth until it was poised at my entrance.

"This is going to be rough, little one, because you need it to be," he declared,

his voice a rumble of desire and need all of his own.

That was all the warning he gave me before he thrust hard and sank his entire length into my body.

My mouth opened in a silent scream, my body feeling as though it had been split in two. My pussy burned, stretched wide open by the massive girth of his cock. I keened, unable to take the burning pain for several long moments, but I didn't have a choice. His cock was inside of me, and there was nothing I could do about it.

Fully impaled on every inch of his thick length, I grappled with the terrible agony that jolted through me again and again, until at long last, it began to fade at least a bit. The ache never truly went away, but I had a feeling it wouldn't.

What did change, though, was the mind-bending need roiling deep in my core. I almost didn't believe it. I'd already come three times. I didn't know my body had even been capable of such a feat before today and now a fourth was already brewing, just from a single thrust of his cock.

He hadn't even begun to fuck me yet.

Slowly, he pulled his cock out until just the head was inside me. Then, he plunged back into me with a ferocious thrust. I cried out, the pain renewing for a terrible long second before the aching bliss of need soon followed. His pelvis scraped against my clit, and a vicious thread of pleasure tightened within my belly with every long stroke. My bare nipples brushed against the fabric of his blazer.

I needed to touch his skin. I needed to know this was real.

I pulled at his blazer as he pistoned his hips forward, forcing me to sit on his cock. I moaned quietly, my desire no longer hidden as I pushed his blazer down past his shoulders.

"I want..." I began.

"Hush now, little one," he answered, and then he adjusted his shoulders, so the blazer fell to the ground. My inner walls tightened around him as he slowly brought his fingers down the line of buttons of his dark grey shirt,

undoing them one by one and baring his chest to my view.

His chest, seemingly carved from stone, rippled with sculpted muscles that seemed to defy mortal boundaries. His massive form, shaped like a bodybuilder's, dominated the space around me, an imposing presence that exuded both power and temptation.

Coarse hair adorned his chest, and I couldn't help but be captivated by the way it accentuated his masculinity. He was a man built like a beast, an enigmatic blend of godlike beauty and dark temptation that left me utterly entranced.

I reached out to touch him, marveling at him like he wasn't real. Just as I brushed my fingers against him, he pistoned forward with brutal force, and all the air escaped my lungs in a single loud whoosh.

"All I want to hear now are those pretty screams," he demanded.

"Yes, sir," I breathed, not knowing why I said the words. They just came out, and something about them felt right.

He didn't wait any longer.

My fucking began hard and fast. He thrust into me with brutally vicious force each and every time, the head of his cock bouncing off my cervix over and over again.

My orgasm came just as quickly.

Before I knew what was happening, it hit me, and suddenly I was sailing over a cliff into a wild landscape of exquisite ecstasy and breathtaking agony. Pain and pleasure became one and the same, no longer discernible from the other. Ruthlessly, he fucked me, grinding his pelvis against mine and forcing my pleasure that much higher.

I took it all.

I screamed, thrashing against him. My nails dug into the beautifully sculpted muscles of his back, holding on for dear life as he took what was his.

What had maybe always been his, ever since he'd first laid eyes on me in the club.

He was a gentleman on the outside, but he fucked like a beast.

Every thrust was just as savagely hard as the last. I came again on his cock, my pleasure exploding deep in my belly and holding me captive as I screamed for more. He fucked my pussy so hard that I knew I'd likely feel it for days, but I wanted that. I wanted the reminder of him, that this was *real*.

My eyes rolled back in my head, and my toes curled as yet another orgasm ripped through me. I had no idea what number it was anymore, just that every one that followed was just as violently hard as the last. I stopped trying to count, instead losing myself in the pleasure he took from me. Delicious agony burned through me, searing into me and leaving me lost in a fiery haze of absolute bliss.

I moaned. I screamed. I writhed and I fell apart on his cock over and over again, until my vision went hazy.

“Please,” I begged.

To be honest, I didn't know what I was pleading for anymore. Did I want to come again? Did I want him to stop?

His cock speared into me, the girth endlessly splitting me open and tearing me in two. I tightened my thighs around his waist, holding on as I felt the next inkling of an orgasm beginning to develop. The pressure deep in my core grew to an overwhelming intensity, tightening more and more until I thought my insides would explode.

Like a storm brewing over the ocean, I could feel my body begin to catch in the surge, and then before I realized what was happening, waves of pleasure were coursing through me with feral abandon.

White hot euphoria blinded me, and I shut my eyes, squeezing them shut as spirals of pleasure seared through my veins. My eyes rolled back in my head as another scream bellowed from my throat.

It was like I'd left my body on that final climax and maybe a little part of me had.

Every part of me sizzled with scorching bliss, taking me over by storm. He roared, and that's when his cock erupted inside me, searing me from the

inside out. Every spurt of his seed blazed against my inner walls, driving my release that much higher, and I didn't know if I would survive the fall back down.

As the overwhelming sensations of desire and intensity coursed through me, I felt my senses gradually succumbing to the potent cocktail of emotions that swirled inside of me. It was as though every nerve ending in my body had ignited in a symphony of ecstasy and agony. The world around me blurred and shimmered as my vision dimmed, my consciousness slipping away like a dream into the depths of darkness. The last thing I felt was the warmth of his arms around me before everything faded into a blissful, intoxicating oblivion.

I came so hard I passed out.

* * *

I stirred in the darkness, my senses slowly returning to me, and realized that I was being cradled and carried in Kane's strong arms.

The question escaped my lips in a hushed, trembling whisper, "What are you?"

"You know what I am," he responded, his voice low and enigmatic as it reached my ears.

The words hung in the air, laden with a profound meaning that I couldn't quite grasp in my drowsy state. The world around me blurred, and with a sense of both trepidation and curiosity, I succumbed once more to the comforting darkness.

I began to dream.

* * *

I awoke in my bed, bathed in the soft morning light that filtered through the curtains. The events of the previous night swirled in my mind, and for a fleeting moment, I wondered if it had all been a dream, a phantom conjured by the depths of my desire.

Deep within my heart, though, I knew the truth. It hadn't been a dream; it had been very real.

The memory of Kane's body filling mine lingered like a lasting imprint on my soul, leaving me with a sense of both elation and fear. Soreness coursed through my muscles, especially in my core and legs, as if I had run a marathon and pushed far past my physical limits. Every movement served as vivid proof of what had occurred last night. Even my pussy was sore, a persistent reminder of the otherworldly fucking he'd given me before he'd carried me safely back home.

I reluctantly pushed aside the covers and rose from my bed, my movements somewhat hesitant due to the lingering soreness. My reflection in the mirror drew my attention, and as I gazed upon it, my heart skipped a beat. There, on my hips, were faint but unmistakable bruises, like delicate watercolor strokes painted onto my skin. It was both beautiful and slightly unsettling, but in the end, I decided that I enjoyed his marks on my flesh.

It had been real after all.

CHAPTER 11



*K*ane

After I'd carried her back home that night, I stayed with her for far longer than I should have. I tucked her into bed and watched her sleeping form, taken by every single thing about her.

I was a man utterly obsessed.

Her serene expression, the gentle rise and fall of her chest with each peaceful breath, and the way her tousled hair framed her face made my heart swell with adoration. Moonlight filtered through the curtains, casting a soft, ethereal glow on her delicate features. In that tranquil moment, I couldn't help but be captivated by every detail of her sleeping form, from the faint flutter of her eyelashes to the way her lips formed a contented smile while she slept.

She was perfect.

When the first glimmers of sunlight passed through the curtains, I finally took my leave and returned to the penthouse suite in the Bellagio. My home in the Spring Mountains was too far away from her for me to return every night, so I'd use a small portion of my fortune to stay close by on the strip.

The spacious living area was ornamented with plush furnishings, rich fabrics, and tasteful art, all bathed in soft, ambient lighting. Floor-to-ceiling windows

offered breathtaking views of the Las Vegas Strip.

My thoughts, however, were far from my lavish surroundings. They were firmly fixed on Lexie, her image imprinted on my mind. The way her eyes sparkled with curiosity, the warmth of her smile, the softness of her skin beneath my touch—everything about her consumed my every waking thought.

As I undressed, my fingers fumbled with the buttons and zippers, my anticipation building with each layer of clothing I shed. The spacious walk-in shower beckoned, a sanctuary where I could wash away the stresses of the night and lose myself in thoughts of her. Steam soon filled the marble-clad chamber as I stepped beneath the cascading water.

The sensation of the warm water against my skin was soothing, but it couldn't wash away the intense desire I felt for Lexie. My mind replayed every moment we had shared together, from the delicate moans to the absolutely frantic screams of desire that had escaped her lips as she came over and over again for me. As the water enveloped me, I couldn't help but yearn for her, my heart and body aching to be near her again. I hadn't had enough of her.

I wanted *more*.

My cock hardened once again. A fierce surge of desire billowed up from the base of my spine, and I groaned, slamming my hand against the marble wall as I tried to get a hold of myself. With a soft grunt, my fingers slipped down to brush against my cock, and I leaned back, the water falling on my heated flesh as the world faded away.

My mind wandered without my permission.

“You shouldn't be wandering alone in the dark, little one,” I whispered, and she stopped cold.

My gaze drew up and down her delicious form, from the swell of her hips to the seductive curves of her ass, all the way up to the roundness of her breasts. Everything about her called to me to reach out and take her as mine, to pin

her to the ground and remind her that she was my mate in every possible way.

“I knew you would be watching,” she whispered.

“Naughty girl, putting yourself in danger,” I scolded.

“What of it? What are you going to do? Punish me?” she sassed, and my cock ached with need. There was nothing more that I wanted to do than exactly that.

I couldn't help but notice her lean in towards me, and I closed the distance between us in three large strides. I wrapped my fingers around her arms and pulled her to me. With her body flush against mine, I could feel her chest rising and falling with her desire.

“I should punish you, shouldn't I?” I growled.

She shivered in my arms, and her eyes lifted up to meet mine. Hidden within the depths of her ocean eyes was a molten heat, and I couldn't resist any longer.

I kissed her.

The taste of her was so sweet and intoxicating that it filled my senses. I deepened the kiss, letting our desire consume us both.

Her response was immediate and fervent. Her mouth moved against mine with an urgency that matched my own, and she pressed herself closer, her body molding to mine as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Her fingers tangled in my hair, and she pulled me closer, intensifying the kiss even further.

I couldn't get enough of her. My hands roamed her body, tracing the curves I had been longing to touch since the moment I laid eyes on her. She moaned softly into my mouth, the sound igniting a fire within me.

I trailed hot, open-mouthed kisses along her jawline and down the slender column of her neck. Her pulse quickened beneath my lips. I nipped at her skin, and she arched her neck, granting me better access, and I adored her for it.

The scent of her arousal filled the air, making my own desire surge. I wanted her—needed her—more than I had ever wanted anything in my life.

My hands slipped beneath the fabric of her dress, gliding up her thighs, causing her to gasp in pleasure. She clung to me, her body trembling with anticipation.

I pushed her down to her knees.

I reached down and unbuckled my belt, freeing my cock as her innocent eyes stared up at me. I wrapped my fingers around my cock. It was rock hard.

“You look so beautiful down on your knees, little one. It’s a shame I have to punish that pretty little mouth,” I murmured.

Without pause, I grabbed her head, digging my fingers into the hair at the back of her scalp and fisted it hard. She cried out, her mouth opening wide with agony before I forced my cock inside it all the way to the hilt. She choked at first, but I didn’t relent.

I was punishing her with my cock. It was meant to hurt.

I thrust into the wet warmth of her mouth as she struggled. She bared her teeth, and I stared down at her in warning.

“Bite my cock, little one, and I’ll take off my belt. I don’t care if anyone hears your scream as I whip that defiant little ass,” I warned.

She whimpered around my cock, but she pulled back her teeth. I grinned, enjoying the glimmer of fearful arousal in her soft gaze.

“Now, suck my cock like a good girl, and I just might decide to let you come,” I continued.

Her delightful little tongue swirled around my cock. I groaned, thrusting inside her mouth just enough to brush against the back of her throat. I was only using enough force to send her a message, not to truly hurt her. By the time I was through with her pretty mouth, she’d have learned her lesson.

She pursed her lips and sucked inwards, her mouth curving up in a slight smile as I pressed inside her a bit deeper. She choked and I pulled back just a bit, allowing her to recover before I thrust back inside again.

The longer I fucked her mouth, the deeper she took me until I felt the ring of her throat open for me. I used her mouth a bit faster, enjoying the wet sounds of her suckling and the warm channel that was her throat. Slowly, I fucked her even more quickly, and she struggled, but I didn't release the hair at the back of her head. If anything, my hold tightened on her, causing her to whimper around my cock.

It was glorious.

Soon enough, her desperation was written all over her face. Her eyes watered with the exertion of her face fucking. Her cheeks would ache from suckling my hard length. Her throat would be sore from the constant pounding of my cock. Her lips were stretched around my thick girth, far more than she was used to. She would be truly sore when I was done with her.

Good.

I thrust into her mouth a bit harder, a bit faster until I looked down to see tears dripping down her cheeks. I grinned. Holding back for a bit longer, I made certain she was good and sore when I allowed my pleasure to surge up through my cock from the base of my spine.

My seed spurted up and splashed down on my hand. My pleasure swelled, and I let out a savage roar. I looked down at the evidence of my climax and growled.

It belonged deep in her belly, not rinsing down the drain of my shower.

I'd fix that soon enough.

CHAPTER 12



A week later...

Lexie

Despite the money that Kane had given me, I had taken up a job as a cocktail waitress, hoping that the distraction of work would quell the storm of thoughts and emotions that he'd awakened within me, but as I moved through the crowded, dimly lit casino floor, balancing trays of drinks and flashing forced smiles, my concentration eluded me.

"You know what I am."

Kane's words echoed in my mind like a haunting melody, each syllable carrying the weight of a promise and a warning that I couldn't ignore.

Worse still, another word kept creeping into my thoughts, an absurd notion that I scolded myself for even entertaining.

Werewolf.

It was ridiculous, childish even, to let such fantastical thoughts infiltrate my mind. I was a rational person, and I knew that such creatures didn't exist in the real world. Yet, despite my best efforts to dismiss it as pure fantasy, the word persisted, insinuating itself into my consciousness like a hushed whisper in the dead of night.

The eerie persistence of the word “werewolf” in my thoughts was abruptly interrupted by a commotion that echoed through the casino. People began to murmur, their voices tinged with fear and disbelief, and I followed their alarmed gazes towards the entrance.

There, right outside the very casino where I worked, chaos had erupted. Shouts and screams filled the air as partygoers and passersby scattered, their panicked footsteps echoing through the night. I felt a knot of dread tighten in my stomach as I looked out the front door, witnessing the aftermath of what appeared to be another vicious animal attack.

The scene was harrowing—a group of men lay on the ground, bloodied and unconscious, surrounded by a small crowd of onlookers. The authorities arrived swiftly, trying to restore order and piece together the puzzle before them, but the chaos that followed was anything but organized.

“What kind of animal could do that?” someone muttered beside me, and I swallowed hard.

You know what kind.

My heart raced as I watched, torn between the urge to flee and the inexplicable draw toward telling the truth of what I knew. A shiver of unease coursed through me.

Casino security personnel acted quickly, ushering patrons toward the exits as an eerie tension hung in the air. The casino’s management, not wanting to risk the safety of their guests and staff, made the decision to shut down the operation for the night.

The announcement came over the intercom, urging everyone to leave calmly. The police needed space to conduct their investigation, and it was clear that the circumstances were far from ordinary. The once-bustling casino quickly became a sea of hurried footsteps and nervous chatter as people filed out, their faces etched with a mixture of fear and curiosity.

As I joined the throng of departing employees and patrons, my mind raced with questions and doubts.

Had Kane done this?

I didn't really even need to ask. Somewhere, deep down, I knew the answer, and I just wasn't ready to accept it.

* * *

The next morning, after a fitful night of sleep filled with fragmented dreams and lingering unease, I found myself sitting on my living room couch with a cup of steaming coffee in hand. The television murmured in the background, and I sighed softly.

Suddenly, the news anchor's voice on the television grew urgent, causing me to spill a little coffee as I set the cup down.

"Breaking news: another gruesome animal attack took place last night, this time outside the Tropicana casino," the anchor reported. "A known mobster and a couple of his men were found dead at the scene, their bodies showing signs of a savage assault. The survivor, barely clinging to life, mentioned seeing what he described as a massive, wolf-like creature before passing out."

My heart raced as the anchor continued.

"Authorities are baffled by the incident, and they've launched an investigation into what they're now calling a series of bizarre animal attacks. The motive behind these attacks remains unclear, but residents are urged to exercise caution while outdoors."

Chills ran down my spine as I listened to the report. Uncertain of what to do next, I stared at the television screen, my mind consumed by a growing sense of dread and unease.

His voice played over and over in my mind.

"You know what I am."

A knock on my apartment door pulled me away from my thoughts, and my heart leaped into my throat. I wasn't expecting any visitors at this early hour. With cautious steps, I approached the door and hesitated before unlocking it.

Two uniformed police officers stood in the hallway, their expressions a mix

of professionalism and concern. The grizzly-looking older officer spoke first.

“Good morning, ma’am. I’m Officer Rodriguez, and this is Officer Stevens. We’re here to ask you a few questions about last night’s incident near the Tropicana casino.”

I nodded, trying to remain composed even as my heart pounded in my chest. “I was working there late last night and only got home in the early hours of the morning after the casino shut down. I didn’t hear or see anything that would help you, though.”

“We understand, ma’am. We’re investigating a series of unusual incidents, and we’re trying to gather information from anyone who might have witnessed anything, no matter how small. If you would just answer some questions, we’ll be on our way,” Officer Stevens said, nodding with understanding.

“Okay,” I replied, letting myself smile despite my nerves.

I answered their questions truthfully, explaining that I had been busy with work and only found out about the attack when I saw the commotion outside after they were already dead. I made no mention of my suspicions about Kane, keeping that knowledge to myself.

About ten minutes later, the officers thanked me for my cooperation and left, assuring me that they would be in touch if they needed any further information. As the door closed behind them, I let out a shaky breath, relieved that they hadn’t pressed me for more details. They didn’t know the connection I had to both attacks—that I’d been in the vicinity of each one.

“You know what I am.”

I couldn’t shake the feeling of apprehension that had settled over me. I sat down at my laptop and began to research werewolves, hoping to find some answers or explanations for the inexplicable events I had witnessed, especially Kane’s mysterious behavior. The legends I came across were both fascinating and chilling, and they seemed to resonate with some of the things I had noticed about him.

One legend spoke of ancient curses, passed down through generations, that could transform a person into a fearsome wolf-like creature. These creatures

were said to possess incredible strength and agility, and they often lurked in the shadows, waiting for the right moment to strike. It sent shivers down my spine as I recalled Kane's sudden appearances in my life.

Another tale told of the intense allure of a werewolf's gaze. It was said that their eyes could captivate and enthrall their victims, making it nearly impossible to resist their seductive pull. I remembered how I had felt when Kane's dark, mesmerizing eyes locked onto mine, how I had been unable to tear my gaze away.

As I delved deeper into the lore, I couldn't help but wonder if there was more to Kane than meets the eye.

My research into the world of werewolves led me down a fascinating path, revealing that tales of shape-shifting creatures exist in various cultures across history. In ancient Greece, the term "lycanthropy" originally referred to a form of madness in which people believed they transformed into wolves, afflicted with uncontrollable rage. In Norse mythology, there were tales of warriors known as the Ulfhednar, who donned wolf pelts and gained the strength and ferocity of wolves in battle. Among Native American tribes, legends of "Skinwalkers" existed—individuals with the power to transform into animals, including wolves, and were often associated with dark magic and malevolence. In Eastern European folklore, the Volkolak was a creature that combined traits of both wolf and human, with the ability to shift between forms at will.

As I delved deeper into these myths and legends, the similarities between them and Kane became more apparent. It was as though he embodied the essence of these age-old stories, walking a fine line between humanity and something more primal and dangerous.

Instead of shying away from him and the potentially terrifying truths that surrounded him, I felt an unquenchable thirst for more.

I couldn't deny the unease that occasionally crept in, the nagging doubts about the risks involved in pursuing the truth about a man who might be more than human. Yet, the desire to know him, to understand what lay beneath his rugged exterior, didn't go away no matter how hard I tried to extinguish it.

My mind kept returning to the moments when he had shown a gentler side.

Those instances when his touch had been soft and tender, when his voice had held a soothing cadence, and his eyes had gazed at me with a warmth that transcended the darkness all played over and over in my mind.

What did he want with me? Was I going crazy, or were my suspicions real?

I shook my head. I needed to get out for a little while. Quickly, I downed the rest of my coffee and headed into my bedroom. I slipped into a simple yet comfortable outfit, a worn pair of jeans and a cozy t-shirt that provided a sense of normalcy amid the chaos of my thoughts.

When I was ready, I locked up and walked down the block to *Vegas Delight*, a local diner that was well off the beaten path, so it wasn't usually mobbed by tourists. It had good coffee and a delicious breakfast, which was more than enough for me.

When I walked inside, the nostalgic chime of the bell above the door rang in my ears. The place had an unmistakable charm, with its checkered floor and cozy booths full of locals. I chose one near the window, allowing the soft morning sunlight to wash over me.

A friendly waitress approached with a warm smile. Her name tag said Becky.

"Morning, hon. What can I get you today?"

I already knew what I wanted. Whenever I came here, I got the same thing because it was just that good.

"Just a cup of coffee, please, and your specialty pancake breakfast with triple berries and whipped cream," I said, returning her smile.

She scribbled onto her notepad with efficiency and nodded.

"One pancake breakfast coming right up. Coffee will be here in a jiffy. Just give me a holler if you need anything else," she offered, her smile never wavering. With a curt nod, she walked off and delivered my order to the kitchen. She grabbed a coffee pot and poured a big helping into a mug, before dropping it off at my table. I fixed it to my liking, adding the perfect amount of creamer and a spoonful of sugar.

I relaxed and looked around. A group of friends at the counter laughed over

their coffee mugs, and a couple in the corner booth shared a hushed conversation, their heads bent close. My gaze glanced over a pair of police detectives, their badges partially visible on their belts as they occupied the booth across from me. An older gentleman caught my gaze and smiled in my direction. I returned the gesture before taking a sip of my coffee.

About fifteen minutes passed, and then my breakfast arrived. My eyes widened as Becky slid the heaping plate of pancakes in front of me. Strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, and a huge dollop of whipped cream topped the short stack. It was a generous plate, just like it always was.

The scent of warm maple syrup wafted up to greet me, and I couldn't help but smile at the delicious sight before me. As I picked up my fork and dug into my meal, savoring the sweet and tangy burst of berries in every bite, I couldn't help but eavesdrop on the conversations happening around me. I wasn't being nosy; I just wanted a sense of normalcy amidst the chaos my life had become.

Glancing to my left, I couldn't help but overhear the detectives talking in low tones, their voices tinged with concern.

"I've got a buddy with Interpol. He mentioned something strange happening in town," the older detective murmured, leaning in close so that he could speak in a hushed tone.

"What's going on?" the younger one asked, seemingly eager to hear whatever was on his partner's mind.

"There have been hits on some mafia guys, and they're not just your usual hits. They're brutal, savage. And now, there's this animal attack in the city. My buddy mentioned that they've called in a top-notch hitman to clean up this mess, someone they're saying is lethal," the older detective continued.

"A hitman for animal attacks? That doesn't make sense," the younger one replied, furrowing his brow.

"You and I both know it's not about animal attacks, kid. They want someone to cover it up, make it look like something else. But what are they hiding, and who are they trying to protect?" the older detective shrugged, lowering his voice even further.

“Do we have any details about this hitman?” The younger detective asked, leaning in closer, his eyes wide with curiosity.

The older detective hesitated for a moment before responding. “Yeah, there’s one thing that’s come through the grapevine. They say he’s got a scar, a gnarly one across his left eye. No one knows how he got it, but someone had to get close enough to give it to him,” he replied.

I couldn’t help but feel a chill run down my spine as I returned to my breakfast, trying to keep my expression blank and my thoughts to myself.

Kane could be in trouble.

Worry gnawed at me as I listened to the detectives continue to discuss the lethal hitman. I couldn’t help but connect the dots, fearing for Kane’s safety. I had no way to contact him. The thought of him facing such peril weighed heavily on my mind. How could I let him know what was happening when I didn’t even know how to reach him?

Despite my worry, I finished my breakfast, savoring every last bite of the delightfully delicious pancakes, and left a generous twenty-dollar tip for the waitress. As I stepped out of the diner, the city seemed to hum with its usual chaotic energy. The sun was climbing higher in the sky, casting long shadows that danced across the streets. I couldn’t shake the concern for Kane that had taken root in my mind, and the weight of my worry followed me all the way back to my apartment. I worried my lip between my teeth, trying to figure out how to reach him without putting myself in danger again.

Unlocking my apartment door, I entered cautiously, my heart pounding in my chest with the uncertainty of what I was to do. Then I started, realizing I wasn’t alone. Kane was sitting at my small kitchen table, sipping a mug of black coffee all by himself.

His dark eyes bored into mine, smoldering with intensity as he gazed back at me. I froze in my tracks, the door falling shut behind me, the click echoing in the silence. For a moment, neither of us spoke, the tension in the room palpable, until I finally mustered the words, my voice barely above a whisper.

“Kane... You’re here.”

My eyes feasted on the sight of him. He was dressed in an impeccably

tailored Tom Ford suit. The fabric was a deep shade of charcoal, accentuating his broad shoulders and commanding presence. The jacket clung to his muscular frame, while the trousers fell crisply, perfectly creased. The silk tie, a shade of midnight black, was fastened with a sleek silver tie bar, completing the ensemble with a touch of sophistication and an air of raw power.

“I wanted to check in on you,” he replied, his gaze softening with concern.

I licked my lips, my pussy clenching as I thought about our last encounter, and immediately, I felt heat rise to my face.

“The cops came here,” I said lamely, trying to change the subject and turn it away from the arousal brewing deep in my belly.

“What did you tell them, Lexie?” he asked in a low, gravelly voice, his gaze remaining fixed on me, his expression unreadable.

“I told them I didn’t see anything, that I was too busy working.”

“You didn’t tell them about me, then,” he pressed, and I shook my head. His head cocked to the side, the interest in his gaze brewing with curiosity.

“No. I didn’t,” I whispered.

“Why?”

“I don’t know,” I answered. Truthfully, I didn’t know why I’d protected him. Maybe it was just my fascination with something supernatural, or maybe it was because I didn’t know what he was capable of.

Or maybe because a part of you still really likes him despite his potential wolfy status.

His mouth tightened as he appraised me, a glimmer of curiosity sparkling in his gaze. Subtly, his eyes narrowed as he cocked his head. He didn’t say anything, but I knew he was at least a little surprised by my decision to keep his presence in my life a secret.

“There’s something else,” I began.

“What is it, little one?” he said, his voice warm, soft, and surprisingly

soothing.

“I overheard something at the diner. There were two detectives there, and they were talking about the mafia hit, the one they’re calling an animal attack... They think there’s a professional hitman who’s coming after whoever killed those men, who’s coming after you,” I continued.

My words hung in the air between us, and I watched as Kane’s dark eyes narrowed with a sense of foreboding. I didn’t ask him who’d killed those men. I knew it was him. There was no denial in his eyes either, only calm acceptance that I’d figured it out on my own.

“Why did you kill them?”

“They were going into that casino to hurt you,” he answered, his voice weighted with the heaviness of that statement. “I did it to protect you.”

“Thank you,” I whispered, not knowing what else to say.

“Did they mention anything specific about the hitman?” he asked, his voice strangely calm.

“They mentioned a scar across his left eye,” I added.

His face hardened, and a flash of fear crossed it that was gone almost as quickly as it had come.

What if he truly was what I thought he was?

I gulped down my sudden batch of nerves. Instinctively, I knew he wouldn’t hurt me, but it was difficult to feel completely at ease when you knew you had something that was supposed to be a mythical creature sitting right there in your kitchen.

“You’re not safe here, Lexie. The man with the scar, he’s dangerous. He’s the one that sent the mafia to take care of you, and they failed, so now he’s coming for you himself. Now, this is how this is going to go. You’re going to come with me and live with me at my estate for your protection, at least for the time being.”

“I’m not coming with you unless you give me some answers,” I protested, and a flash of frustration crossed his rugged features. His strong jaw tensed,

and his dark eyes held a hint of exasperation, but then, just as quickly, a sense of calm and unwavering patience settled over him. His features smoothed, and his gaze locked onto mine with a reassuring steadiness, as if to convey that he had everything under control.

“I promise to tell you everything once we are safely within the walls of my home,” he murmured, his voice gentle and comforting.

“I’m not going anywhere with you!” I exclaimed.

“Don’t make me tell you again, little one,” he warned. His voice was laced with a silent threat, and the memory of his teeth on my nipples flashed before my eyes. As though they were in danger of his bite once again, I crossed my arms over my chest. He glanced downwards knowingly and then back up to my eyes again, as if to make a point, and I felt my face heat in an instant.

Despite the simmering rage welling up inside me, my desire for him continued to smolder, an insistent ember that refused to be extinguished no matter how hard I tried to ignore it. It was a maddening conflict, my body and mind at odds with each other. The intense desire tugged at my every thought, tempting me to surrender to it, but my anger still pulsed through me, a fierce reminder that I needed answers, that I couldn’t let myself be swept away without understanding the truth.

“I have a life here. I have friends, a job, a home. I can’t just uproot my life and go with you. I know hardly anything about you,” I countered, my voice trembling with the emotions coursing through me.

“It’s not an option, Lexie. You’re coming with me, and you’re going to do it without a fight,” he warned, the husky sound of his voice rumbling with silent threat.

I swallowed hard, trying with all my might to maintain my bravado, but then he stood up and I had to contend once again with the difference in size between us.

His towering figure cast a shadow over the room. His features turned dark. With deliberate, unhurried steps, he closed the distance between us, his presence looming larger with each passing moment. He moved in such a way that I had to take several retreating steps until my back bumped against the

wall, leaving me with nowhere to go. The air between us crackled with tension, his chocolate eyes drilling into mine, his imposing frame crowding me until there was barely room to breathe.

My gaze had to travel upwards, tracing the lines of his strong jaw and the planes of his chest, lifting my face to meet his dark, intense eyes. His presence seemed to engulf me, every inch of my personal space filled by his formidable frame. I felt the heat of his proximity, the faint scent of his cologne that clung to him, and the sensation of his warm breath brushing against my skin. His hand reached out to rest on my hip, somehow both threatening and comforting at the same time. I waited with bated breath as my core swirled with needy desire.

One of his rough fingers brushed back and forth against the bare skin beneath the hem of my t-shirt.

That single finger was enough to make my heart pound in my chest. I tried to ignore it, but its incessant tracing was making a deep pressure build down in the pit of my belly, and I knew enough about myself to identify it as raw need.

Just being around Kane was enough to make my body catch on fire.

“I won’t go with you,” I whispered, but my voice revealed just how much I was struggling there in front of him.

Instead of responding right away, he reached down and deftly popped open the button of my jeans with one hand, which was somehow more alarming than if he’d ripped them open. His fingers grazed against my bare flesh again, causing a shiver to race down my spine. I chewed the inside of my cheek, my ragged breath another indication of my spiraling desire.

My clit pulsed, and I had trouble keeping still. I wanted to reach out and touch him, but I was also more than a little tentative based off what I knew about him now.

“You’re going to come with me, little one. That isn’t up to you,” he growled. A shiver of need coursed up and down my spine, and I lifted my head so that I could look in his eyes. He leaned down and slowly wound his hands around my waist.

With a quick motion, he spun me around and pinned me to the wall. My cheek pressed against the wallpaper, an old, faded design that I'd wanted to rip out ever since I'd move into my apartment, but I'd never had the extra cash or time to do it. The texture was slightly rough against my cheek, a reminder of its age and neglect. One day, I'd get around to it, but it definitely wasn't going to be today.

"Kane," I shrieked.

"Hush, Lexie. You and I are going to have a quick discussion about the hierarchy between us. When I say jump, you're going to jump. You don't ask how high; you just do it. You're not safe here, and the longer I linger here with you, the more danger you're in," he rumbled, and I snarled, pushing my hands against the wall and trying to escape his solid hold.

I used all my strength, but I didn't budge a single inch. It was like trying to use my hands to break through a brick wall or stop an incoming train, completely hopeless. Despite my failure, I kept trying, even using my feet to stomp on his toes and kick his shins. I tried bucking my hips backwards, but that only rubbed my jean-clad bottom against the rock-hard spike of his cock.

Slowly, his hands dipped lower to the tops of my unbuttoned jeans.

"Fuck right off, Kane. I'm not a doormat. I'm not just going to obey you simply because you say it," I spat, my frustration quickly reaching a breaking point. What right did this man have to insert himself in my life like that?

I wasn't just going to move in simply because he said it. I wasn't going to let him take me wherever he wanted, no matter if his touch was making my clit pulse right now.

Without another word, Kane gripped my jeans and my panties and pulled them right down past my bottom. I shrieked, renewing my fight against him, but he easily overpowered me and pinned me in place.

With my cheek pressed against the wall and my jeans pooled around the middle of my thighs, I was keenly aware of my bareness. I could feel the cool breeze from the overhead fan on my naked skin, and something else hit me. I wasn't exactly in a position conducive to fucking if that's what he meant to do. There was nothing sexy about this, yet my body was reacting like there

was.

Anger, frustration, and a burning desire waged a fierce battle within the confines of my being. His nearness was a storm of contradictions, like fire and ice, danger and allure all stoking the flames of my arousal. I couldn't escape the bottomless pool of desire that his presence invoked as my senses ignited with a fervor that I couldn't deny.

"What are you doing?" I snarled.

"We're going to have a discussion," he repeated, his tone dangerously low.

"Let me go," I demanded.

Kane's low, dangerous chuckle reverberated in the small kitchen, sending shivers down my spine. His dark amusement in the face of my anger left me feeling out of my element, like a mere pawn in a game in which I didn't know the rules. The way his deep, rumbling laughter contrasted with my frustration heightened the intensity of the moment, further entangling me in the mystery that was him.

He brushed my hair over one shoulder, baring the delicate curve of the back of my neck. His lips, warm and soft, pressed against my skin in a gentle, lingering kiss. It was a caress so tender, so unexpected, that it sent shockwaves of desire cascading through my body. The contrast between his powerful presence and the gentle intimacy of that kiss left me feeling vulnerable, yet achingly alive. My anger seemed to melt away, replaced by a longing that was as undeniable as it was irresistible.

Then, he replaced his kiss with the firmness of his hand, holding me in place as his other dropped to my ass. I stiffened as his fingers glanced over the tops of my cheeks, stopping only when they approached the crack of my ass.

"Kane," I warned him.

Carefully, he used the fingers of one hand to spread my cheeks, and once the realization of what he was doing hit me, I tried to fight with everything I was worth. He waited patiently as I slowly realized I wasn't going anywhere. His hold was too firm, his strength too strong. I was no match for him. A strangled cry escaped me, and he did nothing for a long time, just simply holding me in place as if he wanted to make a point.

Then, when I had exhausted myself fighting him, he slid a single finger in between my bottom cheeks, the tip of it just resting on my bottom hole.

He left it there for a long moment as I waited, trying to call up another store of adrenaline so I could overpower him and escape, yet nothing came. Instead, his fingertip managed to ignite a ferocious surge of desire within me.

He shouldn't be touching me there, but he was, and I couldn't do a single damn thing about it.

No man had ever dared to touch my asshole. I hadn't even touched it myself. In my mind, it wasn't a sexual place. It was something dirty and wicked and terrible. It was a place where bad girls were fucked.

Right now, though, it was setting my body alight. My skin tingled against his touch, and the heat of his presence seemed to set every nerve on fire. The world around us faded, leaving only the charged atmosphere between us, thick with tension and longing. Each breath I took seemed to sync with the cadence of my racing pulse, and I couldn't help but be drawn deeper into the turbulent desire that he effortlessly stirred within me.

I shouldn't be enjoying this. I should fight harder. I shouldn't let him do this.

You're just mad it's making your pussy wet.

I closed my eyes, only just now taking stock of the rest of my body. My every waking thought was centered on my asshole, but when a single drop of arousal rolled down my left thigh, I couldn't help but cry out in shame.

This was wrong, right? I needed to deny it. He couldn't know that there was a deep part of me that wanted him to continue, just to see where it would lead.

"You can't," I breathed.

"I can and I will, bad girl," he answered, and the air rushed out of my lungs in a single heated whoosh. My desire whirled around in my body, a heady mixture of taboo and wrong that held me completely captivated. I tried to tell myself that I didn't like it, but nothing I did would really chase those wicked thoughts of desire away.

His hand slowly worked its way down to my pussy, and I hesitantly breathed

a sigh of relief, at least until I figured out that he was covering the same finger that had touched my asshole with a little bit of my arousal. Then with a soft cry, I stilled as he brought that same finger back up to where it had been just moments before.

Without another word, he roughly forced his finger into my bottom hole. A hard pinch of burning pain followed, surging up and down my spine with wild abandon. I clenched hard around him, trying to fight off his unexpected assault, but that only made the pain that much worse. I arched my hips forward until they pressed against the wall, but still he forced his finger inside me. First one knuckle and then two.

He hadn't used any lubricant other than my own arousal, and the pain didn't lesson. The friction of his skin against mine was like fire, and I cried out, my eyes watering as pain radiated around my asshole.

"Now, do I have your attention, babygirl?"

I tried to push against the wall once more, fighting against him for what felt like the thousandth time unsuccessfully, and he pumped his finger roughly in and out of me. It hurt so much that my eyes watered, and I finally settled down. As my body stilled, I tentatively placed my hands to either side of my head.

His finger remained inside my bottom, and I chewed the inside of my cheek, squeezing my eyes shut as I slowly nodded.

"Yes, sir," I breathed.

"Good. Now, you're going to come along with me like a good girl, or you'll be getting my cock in this tight little hole with even less lube," he warned.

My body clenched around him, and a fresh wave of pain rolled through me as I imagined exactly what he had threatened. His cock was massive, and right now, I only had a single digit of his inside of me.

"Do we have an understanding?" he asked.

"Yes. We have an understanding," I answered, my voice a husky mixture of lustful desire, overwhelming need, and abject shame. I closed my eyes, trying to put myself somewhere else, but my pussy didn't let me. Instead, my clit

throbbed, and my inner walls fluttered despite the soreness reigning all around my bottom hole.

He pumped his finger in and out of me several more times, almost as if he needed to take his point and drive it home. I whimpered, each thrust more painful than the last, until he finally pulled his finger free.

I expected the pain to fade right away, but it didn't. Instead, my bottom hole was very sore, every clench reminding me exactly where his finger had been only moments before.

As Kane's hand lightly brushed against my ass cheek, there was an overwhelming sensation of shame that crept over my heated skin. My cheeks blazed crimson with embarrassment, my body betraying my inner turmoil. It was as if my innermost secrets had been exposed, and I couldn't help but feel vulnerable and raw. The fierce desire warred with my self-consciousness, leaving me feeling exposed and helpless. It was a battle between my desires and my sense of propriety, and in that moment, desire held the upper hand.

My bottom hole clenched, and a wave of soreness swept through me.

Meticulously, he reached down and took hold of my panties, gently pulling them up and back into place. He did the same with my jeans, and I blushed harder as he reached around my waist and pulled the zipper into place. When he buttoned them for me, the warmth in my cheeks turned searing hot, and I could do nothing but stare at the floor, so I didn't have to look him in the eye.

"Remember my warning, little one," he said softly, and I nodded quickly, keeping my eyes down. He placed one finger beneath my chin and lifted my eyes to face him, and I struggled intensely, embarrassed, ashamed, and impossibly aroused.

"I'll remember," I whispered, unsure if he was waiting for a response.

His dark, smoldering eyes seemed to burn with an intensity that sent a thick thread of arousal straight to my core. They bored into mine with a hunger that was impossible to ignore. His lips, slightly parted, revealed a hint of his own internal struggle.

His rugged features, normally stern and enigmatic, were softened by the heat of the moment, and I could see the raw, untamed longing that pulsed beneath

his exterior. It was a look that promised both danger and ecstasy, and it held me captive. I couldn't look away.

"Come with me now, Lexie. It's time to go," he murmured.

Kane took my hand, his touch sending a jolt of electricity through me, and led me outside to a black, expensive car. The sleek vehicle gleamed under the light of the sun. I didn't recognize the model, but it was the embodiment of luxury. A suited driver stood at the ready, opening the door for me. I slid inside, the plush leather seats cool against my skin, and Kane followed suit, settling in beside me. As I sat down, I was instantly reminded of exactly where his finger had just been. The reigniting soreness made me bite back a yelp, and Kane smirked knowingly.

The driver closed the door behind us and climbed back into the car, turning the key in the ignition. The engine purred to life, and the car pulled away from the curb. I looked back forlornly at my apartment building, wondering if I would ever see it again.

I didn't know what Kane's intentions were, nor did I know the full story. For all I knew, he could keep me his prisoner forever.

For some reason, there was a part of me that didn't hate the idea.

You just want more of his cock, you little slut.

"Where are we going?" I asked tentatively, and Kane reached for me, pulling me into his lap and wrapping his arms around me.

As I settled against him, there was an undeniable sense of comfort that washed over me, despite the underlying unease about his true identity and where he was taking me. His strong, protective arms encircled me, holding me close as I listened to the steady rhythm of his heart beneath my ear, nestling against his chest. There was a primal, reassuring quality in his embrace that made me feel safe, even as my fear about the mystery surrounding him loomed.

"I'm taking you to my home in the Spring Mountains," he answered quietly.

The Spring Mountains were a rugged and majestic range just northwest of Vegas. Covered in dense forests and crowned with peaks, they offered a stark

contrast to the desert landscape that surrounded Las Vegas. I'd visited them once as a child, hiking and playing in the forest along with my parents. I hadn't been there since.

His honesty made me feel a little better.

As we left the city lights of Las Vegas behind, the landscape began to change. The drive to the Spring Mountains was a winding journey through the vast Nevada desert. The desert stretched out on either side of the road, bathed in the warm, golden hues of the sun. The distant silhouette of rocky outcrops and mesas rose like ancient sentinels against the horizon.

We passed by Joshua trees, their spiky branches reaching skyward, and the occasional tumbleweed rolled lazily across the road. The air was dry and tinged with the scent of dust and sagebrush. As we climbed higher into the Spring Mountains, the desert landscape gradually gave way to a forested terrain.

The road twisted and turned, leading us deeper into the mountains. Towering pine trees lined the route, their branches swaying gently in the afternoon breeze. Shafts of sunlight filtered through the dense canopy, casting dappled shadows on the road.

About forty-five minutes later, we arrived at Kane's private estate, a secluded and expansive property nestled among towering pines. The grand entrance was marked by imposing wrought-iron gates that swung open with a soft hum as we approached. The estate itself was a sprawling mansion, an architectural marvel blending modern luxury with the natural beauty of the surroundings.

The mansion itself was an imposing structure, built from cream-colored stone and adorned with intricate wrought-iron details. It boasted an impressive combination of classical and contemporary design elements, with tall, arched windows that offered sweeping views of the surrounding forest. Ivy vines clung to its walls, adding a touch of timeless elegance to the facade. The front entrance featured a grand portico supported by towering columns, beneath which a stately double door of rich mahogany stood resolute.

I couldn't help but feel reluctant to leave the comfort of his lap. I glanced back at Kane, his dark gaze holding mine for a moment longer than necessary, a seductive promise hidden in his eyes. With a hint of hesitation, I

finally left his lap, my heart pounding as I stepped out of the car and took my first steps onto his estate.

Kane led me inside, and the moment I stepped through the ornate double doors, I was greeted by the opulence of the mansion's first floor.

Sweeping marble floors took over the entryway, and a crystal chandelier hung from the high ceiling, casting a warm, inviting glow. To my left, a wooden grand staircase led to the upper levels, its intricately carved banister a thing of beauty.

To the right, there was a spacious living area. Plush, cream-colored sofas and chairs were arranged around a stunning stone fireplace, its mantelpiece adorned with an elegant painting of a pack of wolves. A large, wall-to-wall window offered a breathtaking view of the surrounding trees and greenery.

The open-concept layout seamlessly transitioned into a dining area, where a grand table with ornate detailing sat beneath a second crystal chandelier. The table was set with fine porcelain dishes and silverware.

As I took in the extravagance of the estate, a sense of unease still lingered beneath the surface. I had so many questions, and I couldn't shake the feeling that Kane held all the answers.

Why had he brought me here? What did he want from me?

CHAPTER 13



*L*exie

Summoning my courage, I cleared my throat, pulled my shoulders back, and lifted my chin high as I stood as tall as I possibly could.

“I’m leaving unless you tell me the whole truth right now. You can’t keep me in the dark. Why am I here? What’s happening? Who and what are you, and who is this man with the scar?” I demanded.

Kane’s eyes bored into mine, his expression stern and unyielding. I couldn’t quite read his thoughts, and it sent a shiver down my spine. The silence stretched between us, heavy with unspoken implications. I knew that pushing him might come with consequences, but I couldn’t continue in ignorance. My resolve wavered, but I held my ground, determined to get some answers.

He took a step towards me, and I took one back, wary of him now. His expression was eerily calm, and there was something within it that made my stomach twist with nervousness. I moved backwards into the living area, and he followed. My mind raced with a flurry of thoughts, wondering if I had made a grave mistake by confronting him.

Maybe I shouldn’t have pushed him. Maybe I shouldn’t even have gone with him to his mansion in the woods.

Maybe I was about to get murdered.

Even as the thoughts reigned free in my mind, I knew they were foolish. As terrifying as he could be, whatever he was, he'd always made sure to protect me.

"I was already planning on sharing the truth with you, little one, but you need to learn about the consequences of giving me an ultimatum first," he growled, and I took another step back. I prepared myself to run, but he moved so quickly that I couldn't even get one full stride in before his hand closed around my upper arm.

His grip was gentle, but firm, ensuring that I didn't go anywhere.

What did he mean by consequences?

The pit of my belly twisted with sudden anxiety as I continued my stand off with this dangerous man, his eyes flashing with a bit of gold.

"What are you talking about?" I blurted out, trying to sound brave, but my voice trembled with the tiniest amount of fear. I stared into his gaze, trying to call on some hidden well of courage, but finding nothing. He jerked me closer to him so that my chest was flush against his.

My heart hammered in my chest, pounding like a trapped bird desperate to escape, and my breaths quickened in response to the sudden proximity of his body against mine. His chest, sculpted and unyielding, pressed firmly against me, the warmth of his skin seeping through the thin barrier of our clothing. Every nerve seemed to come alive in that electrifying moment, desire and trepidation dancing in a perilous waltz within me. I was trapped in his embrace, unable to look away from the depths of his dark gaze.

"What are you doing?" I tried again, but my voice wavered that much more.

Forcefully, he grabbed the hem of my t-shirt and pulled it over my head. I tried to fight him off, but I only succeeded in helping him strip me that much faster.

"Kane!" I cried out.

With deliberate intent, he spun me around and easily unclipped the clasp of my bra. His deft hands quickly pulled the straps down my shoulders, baring my breasts in one quick motion. In my rush to cover my chest, he swiftly

unbuttoned my jeans.

I tried to push him off, but that meant uncovering my breasts. They bounced, making me feel obscene, and I quickly rushed to put my hands back into place. In that time, he'd unzipped my pants and pushed them past my waist, taking my panties along with them. I yelped out loud in alarm, trying to cover my naked body as much as I could, but I only had two hands. With terrifying ease, he threw me over his shoulder and removed my sneakers. He pulled my clothes off the rest of the way, stripping me entirely bare.

"Please!" I cried out.

He set me down on my feet and sat down on the couch, roughly pulling me in between his thighs. I did my best to use my arm to cover my chest and one hand to block my pussy, but he quickly knocked them both away.

"Hands on your head," he demanded.

Something about his tone made my stomach twist tighter, and instead of slapping him across the face like I wanted to, I obeyed him. With as much defiance as I could muster, I lifted my chin and refused to meet his gaze. My fingers dug into the back of my scalp, and I hated myself just a little bit for doing what he'd asked without so much as a fight, but the brush of his hands along my hips made my pussy clench at the same time that my nerves dropped from my belly to the tips of my toes.

He took hold of my waist and pulled me facedown over his lap. I stiffened, not really sure what was happening until my belly pressed against his knees. I went to push myself back up, but his leg locked over the back of mine and his arm wound around my waist, holding me firmly in place.

My bottom felt so bare and vulnerable as he hiked one leg up higher and angled my hips as if he wanted to make it more of a target. I reached back, spreading my fingers wide and covering my ass as much as I could, but the same hand that was holding my hips in place wound around my wrists and pinned them behind my back.

"You can't mean to do this," I began.

"What am I about to do, little one?" he mused, and I hated how the low rumble of his voice made my body ignite with desire. My clit throbbed with

greedy need, and I did my best to push it aside, but it grew increasingly difficult.

When I didn't respond right away, he repeated the question. His palm settled on my left bottom cheek pointedly, and the air rushed out of my lungs with a heated flush. My face pinkened, and I closed my eyes, chewing the inside of my cheek as my body tightened.

My muscles clenched, and the memory of this morning washed over me. My bottom hole tightened instinctively, and there was the slightest aching twinge that went along with it. His fingers squeezed my cheek roughly, and I cleared my throat, rushing to respond before he decided to do something rash.

"Punish me?" I tried, my voice coming out sounding small and innocent, rather than strong and brave like I would have preferred.

"Be more specific, babygirl," he scolded.

I felt a complex surge of emotions coursing through my veins. His authority over me, his demanding presence, it all stirred a potent mixture of desire and defiance within. I couldn't deny the electric charge that pulsed through me, the way my heart raced as he asserted his dominance over me. It was infuriating and intoxicating all at the same time. My desire, like an ever-smoldering ember, flared to life under the weight of his firm tone.

"You can't *sp...* *spa...* *spank* me," I stammered, having extreme difficulty getting the word out of my mouth. That single syllable felt like pulling teeth to get out, and once it was, my stomach was a whirlwind of twisting anxiety and nerves that I could hardly get control of.

"Consequences, little one," he mused.

"I'm a grown woman," I tried.

"Indeed, you are, Lexie. That's why your bottom is about to be bright, *bright* red," he warned.

I renewed my fight, trying to pull my wrists free from his hands, but it was useless. I kicked my toes against the floor, but his leg held mine firmly in place. I even tried to roll right off his lap to the carpet. Nothing I did was enough to allow me even an inch of escape. He was too big, too strong, and I

was at such a distinct disadvantage that nothing I did seemed to matter.

“Did I tell you I wasn’t going to tell you the truth, *little one*?”

His voice pointedly dropped lower with those last two words, making me feel even more small and exposed than I already was. This man had fucked me and had a finger in my bottom, and now he was going to punish me like a naughty little girl. That only made it that much worse.

He’d recognized me as a woman first.

“Kane, please,” I tried.

A ringing slap echoed loudly in the open space, and it took several long seconds for both the booming sound to fade and for me to realize that he’d actually smacked my left bottom cheek. The sting was slow to rise at first, but then it intensified as though my bottom had caught fire and the flames were beginning to build.

I pressed my legs together, trying to take stock of my body. Already, my inner thighs were drenched with my wetness, sliding embarrassingly easily against one another. My face heated with shame. I shouldn’t be turned on by this. I should be angry. I should be fighting harder.

Immediately, another strategy came to mind. Maybe this was all a ploy. Maybe he just wanted to arouse me before he took me to the other room and fucked me until I passed out.

I could look past the slap on my ass if he made me come really hard in his bed.

“Can’t you please just fuck me already?” I asked, trying to lift my bottom and show him the desire between my legs. Could he smell my arousal? Was that one of his supernatural abilities? My clit pulsed at the thought, and a part of me hoped that he could, especially if it would prevent this punishment from happening in the first place.

“In time, babygirl. We have a few things to take care of first,” he warned, and I whined, instantly realizing that my ploy to seduce him had fizzled before it had even begun.

“Please? I’ll suck your cock if you don’t do this,” I tried again, unwilling to give up just yet. He was a man, and he had needs.

Needs you can feel right now against your belly.

His cock was rock hard. He was just as aroused as I was, and that made my desire spiral on its head. My skin felt feverish, and my core squeezed tight. With deliberate intention, I rolled my body and rubbed myself against him, trying to entice him.

“If I tell you to suck my cock, babygirl, you’re going to get down on your knees like a good girl, unless you want this bare little ass spanked just like its about to be,” he warned.

His threat made my stomach pitch forward with nervous arousal, and a quiet squeak of shock escaped me. I wanted to hate it, but the idea of him forcing me to open my mouth and do exactly that made my desire rise unabated. The anger I should have felt at his expectation was nonexistent, extinguished before it even had a chance to flare to life, all by the passionate need surging in my core.

His hard cock throbbed beneath me, and it took everything in me to suppress a moan of desire. My inner walls fluttered greedily, and I wanted nothing more than for him to carry me into the other room and take what was his, long and hard enough to make me scream.

“Please fuck me, sir,” I whispered, trying a meeker, more obedient strategy.

Another loud smack echoed off the walls as he slapped my right cheek. The sound reverberated off the furniture and the ceiling and bounced all around me, making the spank seem even more ominous than it already was. It was as if someone had shot a gun inside, and when the sting of the hard slap finally hit me, a quiet cry of shock escaped me.

“I know you’re soaking wet, little one. I’ve been able to smell every drop of it ever since I shoved my finger into your sweet little virgin asshole.”

My mouth snapped shut, and I knew he was right. Even now, the memory of that single digit inside of me only made my pussy clench hard. His palm settled back on my naked cheeks, and I had difficulty not tightening them underneath his touch.

“This isn’t just to turn me on?” I asked, my voice quivering with sudden anxious arousal.

“No, little one. This is to teach you a lesson,” he answered.

“I don’t want you to spank me,” I tried.

“I know, little one. That’s what’s making my cock so hard right now,” he answered, and my breath caught in the back of my throat. My hands tightened into tiny fists as I struggled to keep a lid on my rising desire. If it went on much longer, it would boil over, and I wasn’t sure if I could get a hold of myself after that. It would overtake me like ivy on a brick wall, and I would be powerless against it.

Even now, my clit was throbbing as if it had a heartbeat of its own. It would only take a few soft touches to send me over the edge into heated bliss.

I didn’t want to accept the fact that I was aroused by the idea of him punishing me like this, spanked like a naughty little girl over her daddy’s knee. I tried to pull in a ragged breath, hoping it would help calm my frantic heart, but it didn’t do a damn thing. Instead, it only seemed to beat that much faster.

His hand squeezed my left cheek and then my right painfully hard, and a quiet gasp flew free from my mouth.

I could do this. It was a spanking, nothing more than that. It was probably just meant to remind me of his power over me. I’d given him an ultimatum, which was something he apparently didn’t like, and this punishment would make me think twice before giving him another.

It probably wouldn’t even really hurt. Hell, I’d even read about it in some of the spicy books I’d picked up from time to time.

“Whatever then. Do your *worst*,” I scoffed.

I didn’t even know where those words had come from. They just burst from me without thought or reason. The instant they fell off my lips, I knew I had made a mistake because his hand tightened firmly on the right cheek of my ass, so hard that the pain burned red hot. He did the same to the other side just as hard.

I was going to regret that.

“Don’t worry, babygirl. You’re going to be begging for mercy long before I’m through with you,” he growled. The sudden rumble sent a shiver down my spine, and my desire surged to heights I hadn’t thought possible. It was a primal sound, a warning, and yet it awakened something instinctual within me, too.

His hand patted my bottom lightly, as if warning me what was about to begin. My heart fluttered in my chest, nervous butterflies bounced around in my belly, and my core spiraled with heat. I readied myself as best as I could, steeling my body against the firmness of his palm. I could do this. It was nothing more than a spanking. He’d redden my bottom, and then maybe he’d fuck it all away before he told me everything.

But I couldn’t have prepared myself for this. It was so much worse than I could have ever imagined.

The spanking began slowly, each smack firm enough to jostle my bottom cheeks but not enough to really sting. Instead, the burn began slowly, a slow simmer radiating across my ass like a summer rain wetting the pavement.

Each smack reverberated deep into my core, causing a tangle of desire to tighten inside of me. My pussy clenched with every single one, and the ceaseless pulse of my clit kept my attention no matter how hard I tried to ignore it.

This shouldn’t arouse me. This was wrong, right?

Another smack made my bottom bounce, and a fierce jolt of need surged right down to my clit. A quiet moan escaped my mouth, and I snapped it shut. Immediately, I bit my lip, vowing to keep quiet through this whole thing.

The smacks were just beginning to sting a little more than I thought they would, causing my anxiety to spiral along with my escalating need.

I wouldn’t let him know he was getting to me, no matter how much this hurt and no matter how long it went on.

This was a childish punishment, and I would survive it.

As if he could read my mind, his hand peppered my backside that much harder, and it took me by surprise. Suddenly, the gentle burn ignited into a full-blown blaze, and I had to bite my lip even harder to keep quiet.

With my hands pinned behind my back and his leg over mine, I was completely helpless. There was nothing I could do to escape him. He was so much stronger, so much bigger than me that if he wanted to spank me, I could do nothing about it.

I realized something else in that moment.

I wasn't going to be the one to decide when to end this. He would, and that was a dangerous thing. I squirmed as much as I was able, hoping to make him miss the mark, but his aim was true each and every time.

His hand smacked the tops of my cheeks, then the middle and even the lower curve where my ass met my thighs. He didn't miss a single inch in between, scalding every bit of my exposed skin that he could. My nipples pebbled against the leather sofa, and I could feel my wetness even more than I had before.

My core clenched tightly, but then the spanking got harder, and the only things I could focus on were his hand and my bare bottom.

“Wait, please! It *hurts!!!*”

“It's supposed to, little one,” he scolded. Using his hand, he punctuated each word with a hard smack to the tops of my thighs.

Those stung far more than all the rest. I yelped and tried to bite my lips shut once more, but I couldn't hold my cries in as the spanking intensified. I pummeled my toes against the floor as I tried to escape, even though I knew it was useless.

Soon enough, I couldn't stop whimpering, the scalding pain more than anything I ever imagined. I gasped when a particularly hard strike caught the middle of my left thigh. Then, he started spanking them exclusively.

The scalding burn was almost more than I could bear, or at least I thought so until they kept coming and I kept taking them. The sizzling sting built and built until it was the only thing I could focus on. Even though my clit kept

throbbing, there was nothing I could do to keep my mind off the vicious burn of his palm as he spanked me harder than I ever thought he would.

This wasn't as easy as I thought it would be. It was a real spanking and it hurt. Knowing that I could do nothing to stop it made it that much worse, that much more real, and I cried out.

“Please, sir!” I tried.

I'm not sure why I called him that. In this instance, it felt like it fit, like I was giving him the respect he deserved when I was face down over his knee.

His hand continued to fall, and I tightened my bottom, hoping it would make it hurt less, but it did nothing. My mouth opened with a soft cry when his palm punished the tops of my thighs and when my breathing hitched in the back of my throat, I knew I was close to tears.

With each passing moment, the stinging burn intensified, morphing into a searing sensation that tore through my every nerve. It felt like fire, a blistering torment that consumed my senses, drowning out everything else except for my scalded bottom and his unforgiving hand. The pain grew sharper with every searing spank, and I was left gasping for air as it spread like wildfire throughout my body.

I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to get ahold of myself, but as the sizzling burn seared even hotter, I cried out and my eyes watered.

“Please, sir. I'm sorry! No more ultimatums,” I wailed, yet the spanking didn't stop. It seemed to get that much firmer.

His broad hand painted over every inch of my bare ass, again and again as I cried out, struggling to take every last smack until at last, a single tear rolled down my cheek.

My breathing hitched, and my body slumped over his knee, no longer fighting against the punishment that I so richly deserved. I shouldn't have threatened to leave. I shouldn't have goaded him into this.

Another tear rolled down my cheek, and I unconsciously lifted my hips, seeking out his firm punishment without even realizing it.

When the spanking finally ended, my bottom stung like it had been burned in a fire. The pain didn't fade right away when his palm stopped falling. Instead, it continued to burn long after, and I bit my lip.

Carefully, he released my wrist and with hesitation, I reached back and cupped my cheeks lightly with my fingers. The heat radiating off my sore ass was like touching the stovetop, sizzling hot. I whimpered quietly, the soft brush of my own hands enough to sting, too. Tentatively, I pulled my hands back around to wipe the tears from my face.

He made no move to let me up, but he did lift his leg off of mine and resituate me so that I was lying over both knees.

“Did you learn your lesson, little one, or do I need to spank you harder?” he asked.

“Yes. I learned my lesson. Please don't spank me anymore,” I whispered, my voice thick with emotion. Even as I said the words though, my clit pulsed so hard that I was thankful for the fact that I was lying down, or I would have pitched forward. Despite that, my pelvis still arched forward, rubbing myself obscenely against the rock-hard surface of his cock right beneath me.

During my spanking, I'd felt him get even harder. He'd enjoyed punishing me.

His hand brushed lightly over my bare, punished cheeks, moving in slow circles. His touch was like a slow, deliberate dance across my skin, a tantalizing caress that sent shivers racing down my spine. The gentle circles he traced seemed to stoke the embers of desire within me, igniting a fervor that had been smoldering just beneath the surface.

My breath hitched, and my heart quickened its pace as his fingers moved with a deliberate, intoxicating rhythm. The desire within me surged back to life, a wild and uncontrollable force that threatened to consume my every rational thought.

His touch drove me wild with need, and soon enough, I was practically quivering with desire. The longer I lay there with my burning bottom in the air, the stronger my arousal spiraled. My thighs rubbed against one another, my skin slick with my wetness.

I was soaked. There wasn't a single instance in my life where I could remember ever being wetter than I was at that moment, and it shocked me.

I'd gotten a real spanking, and it had aroused me more than it had hurt. Sure, my bottom stung, but the need swirling in my core was stronger than it had ever been.

I closed my eyes and imagined the scene that had just played out, which only made a cord of arousal surge straight down to my clit. I rocked my hips, trying to rub myself off on him, but none of the angles were right.

Then it hit me.

Kane had punished me, and I wanted nothing more than to have an orgasm right there over his knee.

My desire spun out of control, a whirlwind of emotions and sensations that threatened to consume me. It was as if the world around us had blurred into insignificance, leaving only him and the pulsing need between us. Every inch of my body craved his touch, my skin tingling with anticipation. I was teetering on the edge of surrender, torn between fear and longing, and it was clear that this man held the power to push me over the edge into a world of irresistible desire.

Overwhelmed with my need, I pushed myself up off his lap. This time, he let me, and I stood up on shaky legs. I pressed my thighs together and wrapped my arms around my waist, trying to grapple with all the heat simmering in my body.

"Kane," I whispered.

"What is it, little one?" he murmured, his gaze dark and promising, and my pussy clenched hard.

"I need..." I began, but then my voice trailed off, and I couldn't bring myself to say anything more at all. Every nerve in my body was ready to ignite all at once. When I unconsciously reached for my pussy, his hand shot out and caught my wrist.

"Bad girls only get to come with a bright red bottom and a very sore bottom hole, so if you want to come, you're going to need to ask me to put my finger

in your tight little asshole,” he said darkly.

As Kane’s smoldering gaze locked onto mine, I felt an intense jolt of desire and shame coursing through me all at once. His eyes held a dark, predatory hunger that sent a shiver down my spine. My desire waged a fierce battle with my inner turmoil, the intensity of his stare slowly chipping away at my defenses.

He pulled me towards him and steered me between his thighs, placing his hands on either side of my hips while his thumbs circled my sensitive naked flesh. My pussy pulsed with need, and I shivered with it, trying to contend with the confusing mixture of pain, pleasure, and sensation coursing through me.

In that moment, as his presence enveloped me and his fingers continued their maddening exploration, I couldn’t contain myself any longer.

“I can’t...” I began.

“You will, bad girl. If you don’t, you won’t get to come today at all,” he threatened.

I stood there, feeling sulkier than ever. I didn’t want his finger in my bottom again. It had hurt the first time, and I had no doubt it would hurt again.

“Please. Can’t you just fuck me instead?” I tried.

He shook his head, and I knew I wouldn’t be able to seduce my way out of this, just like I hadn’t been able to get out of the spanking I’d just received.

A pout tugged at my lips, my stubbornness warring with the overwhelming need building inside me. It was so hard to ask for what I craved, to admit to myself and to him that I wanted more, that I needed more. The tumultuous dance of desire and reluctance played out within me, but as the yearning surged higher, I couldn’t deny that a part of me desperately longed for the very thing I was so hesitant to ask for.

I didn’t just want it. I *wanted* it.

My inner turmoil reached a breaking point, and finally, the words tumbled out of me in a hushed, trembling voice.

“Kane, please... I need you.”

“You will tell me what you really need, bad girl. You won’t get another chance. If you don’t ask me now and try again later, I’m going to put you back over my knee and paddle your bare bottom with a wooden spoon,” he warned.

“Yes sir,” I blanched. His hand had hurt enough. I had no doubt a spoon would hurt far more. A drop of arousal rolled down my thigh, and I closed my eyes, trying to draw in an encouraging breath while my body burned with terrible, insistent need.

“Please... please put your fi... finger in my bot... bottom hole and make me come, sir,” I finally managed to stammer, and his wicked grin made a jolt of arousal rush straight to my core.

“Come here, bad girl, and let me give you that orgasm,” he purred.

I shivered as the sound rolled down my spine, settling deep in my belly. Kane reached out, his fingers brushing mine, and an electric tingle set my every nerve ablaze. His hand closed around mine and his grip tightened.

With a slow, deliberate motion, he pulled me closer until I was once again lying face down over his lap. My body trembled with a mix of desire and anticipation as his hand grazed over my sore bottom cheeks.

As I settled over Kane’s thighs, I could feel the heat emanating from his body, seeping through the fabric of his clothing, and sinking into my bare skin. His muscular thighs provided a firm, yet surprisingly comfortable support beneath me. His hands rested on my hips, their touch both possessive and reassuring, anchoring me to him.

The tension in the room was palpable. The air seemed thick with desire, and I could sense Kane’s own longing, his breaths deep and measured.

“Please,” I murmured, my voice low and husky with need.

His fingers roved over my scalded skin, exploring my naked flesh as though he owned it. With one hand, he spread open my bottom cheeks, and I keened, feeling his gaze on my dark hole for a second time that day. I couldn’t see him looking at me, but I could feel him, and as much as it filled me with

shame, it inspired my desire that much further.

His thumb glided even lower, swirling through my wetness a little before he brought it back up to my asshole. I tensed, unable to relax as he circled on top of it. Even though he'd done this to me once only a short time ago, it felt like the first time all over again. Would it hurt as much as last time, especially since I was still a little sore? Would it arouse me again? Could I really come with his finger in my bottom?

Questions swirled in my mind, whirling like mad until I was lost within them. The only thing that broke me out of my reverie was a slight increase in pressure on top of my tight rim.

His thumb was that much thicker than his pointer finger.

My ass clenched hard, trying to keep him out even though I knew it was useless. I whimpered, but the pressure increased, and with a painful pop, the tip of his thumb breached my bottom hole. A flash of pain radiated through me, and a low moan escaped my throat, but he didn't slow down. He pushed in even more roughly than the first time, making my muscles tighten with panic over and over again. Burning hot agony blossomed around my bottom hole, cascading up and down my spine with wild abandon.

Even as I tried to relax, my body betrayed me, clenching again and again as I suffered through the scorching pain. Then, when it finally began to fade, I was left with a harrowingly shameful discovery.

My pussy was even wetter than it had been before. My desire had reached a whole new level, reaching high up into the clouds and beyond the stars. I couldn't keep my body still. Instead, my hips moved of their own accord, rolling, and taking each knuckle of his thumb that much deeper. I bit my lip as my pleasure billowed up inside of me like a storm cloud.

"Kane," I breathed.

"Where is my thumb, bad girl?" he whispered.

"In my ass," I answered, unable to stop myself from grinding against him. I could feel the hard bulge of his cock beneath me, pulsing with his own desire. I drew my bottom lip between my teeth, my thighs pressing together. My thighs were so slick that they slid against one another with ease. I tried to bite

back another moan, but it came out more like a strangled cry of desperation instead.

You're enjoying this, you dirty little slut.

I hated the fact that my desire had only escalated when his thumb pressed inside of me, and I loathed myself as another realization passed over me.

You're going to come long and hard with his thumb all the way in your ass.

He reached forward with two fingers, brushing them against my clit, and the moan I'd just bit back escaped me, loud and needy and full of desperate desire.

He didn't need to say anything. I knew what was going to happen, and the worst part of all was that I actually wanted to come like this.

Two fingers lightly circled my clit, and then he pulled his hand back, just enough to thrust his thumb into my bottom. Back and forth he moved, and an electric jolt of pleasure surged through my every limb. My toes curled and I slowly lost control of my body. My hips ground against his finger, seeking out his touch as my desperate need spiraled higher than I ever thought it could.

My core ached, pleasure spiraling hot inside me with reckless abandon. When the pads of his fingers pressed a little harder against my clit, I knew I was going to lose control, and soon.

A surge of desire washed over me like a tidal wave colliding against the shore. It was as if every nerve in my body had awakened, sparking with an intensity I couldn't contain. My breaths came in shallow gasps, and my heart pounded so loudly that I was sure he could hear it. It was as though I had been thrust into a storm of passion that threatened to consume me.

As I sailed towards the edge of orgasm, I tried to fight it, reluctant to come with his thumb deep inside my ass even though a part of me knew it was inevitable. I drew it out as long as I could, clenching around him until at long last, my climax crashed over me.

Vivid, agonizing ecstasy poured over me, rolling over me with wave after wave of heated bliss. My core contracted with pleasure, again and again as I

writhed over his lap. I moaned, screaming with my absolute euphoria until I was trembling. Hard quakes of passion tore through me as I reached back and held onto his leg, seeking his support. His other arm wound around my waist, grounding me as I lost control.

I came so hard that my head whirled, a heady sensation so intense that I was grateful that I was lying down or else I was certain I would have fallen.

When my orgasm finally crested and started to fade, I was breathless. My chest rose and fell with the all-consuming aftershocks as I struggled to get ahold of my ragged panting. I slumped over his lap, thoroughly sated as he pulled his hand away from my molten core. His thumb pulled out of my bottom last, and I sighed in relief.

It was far sorer because I'd come, as if my pleasure had masked the pain, and now, I could feel every aching sensation spiral through me.

"We're not done, bad girl," he murmured, and my belly twisted hard with anxious arousal.

Kane effortlessly lifted me from his lap, and it was as if I weighed no more than a feather. With a firm but gentle hand, he guided me to bend over the back of the plush couch. My body obeyed his every command, responding to his strength and determination without a fight. As I draped over the luxurious fabric, I couldn't help but feel vulnerable and exposed, yet an electrifying anticipation coursed through me, driving my desire to dizzying heights.

I didn't see it, but I heard him unbuckle his belt behind me. I knew he was freeing his cock, and like an insatiable siren, my body swirled with need once again.

His hand splayed over my bottom as the heat of his cock brushed up against my center. I sucked in a deep breath, expecting him to slam right into me, but I was surprised by what happened next.

His thumb forced its way into my bottom hole once again, and I cried out at the unexpectedly painful intrusion.

"I told you your bottom hole was going to be very sore when you came for me, didn't I, bad girl?"

My core clenched hard.

He had said that.

CHAPTER 14



*L*exie

When his thumb forced itself the rest of the way inside my bottom hole, I keened, the aching soreness burning with a sharp bite once again. I tried to swallow back my sounds, but suddenly the head of his cock was brushing against my entrance, and my breath seized in the back of my throat. There was no preparing for his cock. I'd learned that the last time, but when he slammed into me with a single hard thrust, I screamed at the top of my lungs.

With both holes full, my body wasn't prepared to take him by any means. My pussy burned as it tried to accommodate his monstrous size. Little by little, the pain began to dissipate as he thrust inside me, slowly but surely spiraling my desire up into the clouds once again.

My pussy practically convulsed around him.

Our bodies came together in a firestorm of passionate need. Once my pussy had at least partially opened for him, he pounded into me with a ferocity that I'd come to expect from him. His thrusts were fast and hard, so much so that the wet sounds of our fucking echoed loudly around us. I would have blushed with my shame, but I was too caught up in the hurricane of pleasure he was stoking inside of me.

Every inch of my body burned with heat. My fingers curled into the couch,

trying to hold on as he fucked me from behind. I couldn't stop thinking about his thumb pressed deep inside my bottom, no matter how hard I tried. I felt full in a way that I'd never experienced before, and I hated that I loved it.

He fucked me harder and faster, pistoning his hips punishingly into mine as I moaned and screamed for him. Both of my holes were well past sore, but that didn't matter. I knew this was only going to end when I was fucked raw, and his seed was dripping down my thighs.

"Oh," I moaned.

"That's it, babygirl. You're taking my cock like such a good girl. It's a shame I have to fuck you like a bad one," he growled.

His words ignited a firestorm within me, and just as I thought it was going to consume me whole, my hips bucked back, and my entire body seized.

My whole world burned white-hot, and I closed my eyes, screaming through an orgasm even harder than the first. He continued fucking me through every last moment of that screaming climax, thrusting his thumb and his cock in and out of me with a frenzied fervor.

He pounded into me so deeply that the head of his cock slammed into my cervix. A strong pressure built in the bottom of my belly, and just as that second orgasm began to quell, a third came just as swiftly.

I screamed, exquisite euphoria racing through my every nerve. My blood surged with heat and sweat beaded at my brow as his free hand wrapped around my waist, holding me in place for my fucking. My nipples scraped against the leather of the couch, and I couldn't help myself as my fingers wrapped around them. I squeezed them tight, my orgasm surging inside of me with feral intensity.

I pinched my nipples hard, and I came harder.

In that moment, all my resistance crumbled like a sandcastle before a crashing wave. Every ounce of my being surrendered to the fierce and primal desire that pulsed between us. I had fought it, denied it, but now, I yielded completely. Kane's mastery over me was undeniable, and the surrender was intoxicating.

My heart raced, my breath quickened, and my skin tingled. I was his, body and soul, ready to be consumed by the flames of our forbidden passion.

In that moment, every part of me belonged to him.

I came again, and he roared, the sound captivating and arousing all in the same breath.

Passionate need and utter satisfaction surged through me, giving way to an absolute euphoria. My entire world tilted on its edge and forced me along for the ride. A heady wave of agonizing bliss ripped through me, pain and pleasure becoming one with each subsequent orgasm. Soon enough, I couldn't tell one from the next, and all of it wound up into one dizzying sensation that would have swept my legs right out from under me if not for the couch.

I screamed until my throat went hoarse, and then I screamed some more.

Then he roared again, the sound visceral and feral, and it tore through me, once again forcing my head up into the clouds as my pleasure devastated me time and time again. His growls rolled down my spine, making my core seize.

He fucked me so hard that I lost complete and utter control. Feeling fuller than I'd ever felt in my life, I could do nothing but take the endless pleasure he was raining down upon me. His strokes quickened, and his cock erupted inside of me.

One fiery hot spurt of his come after another seared at my insides, but he didn't stop fucking me. Instead, he pumped into me, again and again as if he was pushing his come deeper inside me with every stroke.

I lost control one final time, my eyes rolling back in my head as my agony tore through me with one vicious wave after the next. I screamed, passion and pain coming together in a haze of white-hot bliss.

My entire body quaked with it.

When my orgasm finally came to an end, I could hardly draw in a breath. My heartbeat was a frantic drumbeat, and I whimpered, overcome with one aftershock after the next quaking through me.

With a tenderness I hadn't expected, he slowly pulled his thumb and his cock out of me. He tucked his spent length back into his slacks before his hand splayed across my lower back. My inner walls fluttered endlessly, and I felt his seed seeping from me and marking my thighs.

I didn't have the energy to reach between them and wipe myself clean.

Kane's strong arms enveloped me as he effortlessly lifted me from my vulnerable position over the back of the couch. I felt weightless in his grasp, my body molded against his with an intimacy that sent shivers through me. He settled onto the couch, and I naturally curled into him, my head resting against the solid warmth of his chest.

The steady rhythm of his heartbeat resonated through me, a reassuring cadence that grounded me back to Earth. His cologne, a rich and exotic blend, filled my senses, and the warmth of his presence wrapped around me like a protective cocoon. In that moment, I felt safe and cherished, my desire tempered by the comforting embrace of the man who held me so tenderly.

Time seemed to stop as I lay against him, my heartbeat eventually decelerating to a normal pace. My ragged breathing gradually slowed, and my body temperature cooled until I felt like myself once again.

He didn't rush me. He just held me for as long as I needed.

When my head had come down from the clouds of mind-reeling pleasure, I blushed as I felt his seed dripping down my thighs. He must have noticed because he used his fingers to push it back inside of me.

"My seed belongs inside this perfect little pussy," he mused, and I languished in the feeling of his fingers pumping inside of me.

"I'm not on birth control," I murmured.

"Good, because one day, I'm going to put a baby in your belly," he growled, and my breathing hitched at the sound. I shivered at the thought, surprised that my pussy clenched along with it.

For the first time in a long time, everything felt right.

He lifted me effortlessly into his arms, and I couldn't help but feel a sense of

trust as he carried me upstairs into the master bathroom. His strength was both comforting and addictive. He placed me gently on the edge of the large, luxurious bathtub and started running the water. Steam began to fill the room, and I watched him with interest.

He poured a fragrant bath oil into the water, and the scent of lavender and roses filled the air. He offered me his hand and I took it. The warm water felt like a gentle caress as he helped me into the tub. Once I'd stepped inside, he picked up a soft sponge and started washing me, his touch tender and caring.

He cleansed every inch of me, taking his time to wash my breasts and between my thighs, even though it made me gasp from the sensitivity. Next, he shampooed and conditioned my hair with just as much care as he had taken with my body. Finally, it was time to rinse, and he stayed there with me the whole time as I dipped my head and my body beneath the surface.

Once I was done, he helped me out of the tub and wrapped me in a plush, fluffy towel. I shivered slightly as he dried me off with a gentleness that left my heart racing.

He handed me a soft, wrap-style dress, and I slipped it on, feeling the smooth fabric against my skin. Then he took a brush and gently ran it through my hair, untangling the knots with infinite patience. The sensation was oddly intimate, and I couldn't help but meet his eyes in the mirror.

As he finished brushing my hair, he smiled softly, and I couldn't help but return the gesture.

"Come. Let's head downstairs, and I will give you the answers you seek, Lexie," he stated, and I nodded quickly, taking his hand when he offered it. The two of us headed back downstairs. He brought me into the living room before he pulled me into his lap. I went willingly, eager to have his arms around me once again, but I flinched for a second when my burning bottom pressed against his thighs.

"I know what you are," I breathed.

"Tell me, little one," he coaxed.

"You're a werewolf," I whispered, my voice trembling almost as if the word itself was forbidden.

“Are you afraid?” he asked, his voice strangely soothing, and I shook my head.

Truthfully, I didn’t fear him. Instead, there was an inexplicable trust that had developed between us, a connection that ran deeper than the mysteries and dangers that surrounded him, one that might even dip down into the recesses of my heart.

“No, I’m not afraid of you,” I murmured, and I felt him sigh in relief.

“Good.”

“Are there others like you?” I asked.

“I’m the only one of my kind that I know about,” he said. “Truthfully, my story begins even before my existence, so I’ll start there. Long ago, there was a hunter, a man who went by the name Aric, who heard a legend that spoke of immortality. To achieve it, the legend said he had to kill a beast so terrifying that no other man could slay it.”

“How old are you?” I questioned tentatively.

“I’ve walked this earth for more than a millennium, ever since a time when the world was a very different place. I’ve lost track of the exact number of years long ago.”

The realization that the man before me had walked through countless lifetimes, witnessed history’s most pivotal moments, and carried the weight of centuries on his shoulders left me in awe. His ageless eyes held a depth of knowledge and experience that was both intriguing and humbling, and I couldn’t help but marvel at the ancient soul wrapped up within his caring form.

“You’ll have to tell me about some of the things you’ve seen,” I whispered.

“I’ll look forward to it,” he said, pressing his lips lightly against my forehead. His tenderness sent a shiver of heat down my spine, and I curled up against him.

“Tell me the rest, please,” I whispered, and he nodded, his arms squeezing around me a bit tighter.

“Aric the hunter spent decades trying to fulfill the legend, but he never found a suitable beast. He killed lions, bears, great wolves, and a wide range of other creatures, but none of them ever granted him the power he sought. As the years passed with no success in sight, Aric decided to take matters into his own hands.”

“What did he do?” I asked breathlessly.

“Aric enlisted the aid of an alchemist, one rumored to dabble in dark magic. After months of research, the alchemist developed a very particular poison, one that would turn a human man into a beast more terrifying than the world has ever known,” he continued.

I sucked in a breath, but I didn’t say anything.

“Then, Aric dipped an arrowhead in that poison, and he went out hunting.”

I felt his body tremble just the slightest bit, and I pressed my cheek against his chest.

“I can barely remember my life before the day I was hit by the poisoned arrow. I know I had a family, a wife, and a son, but I don’t recall their names. I know I was out walking. I don’t know if I was hunting or farming or what I was doing, but I remember being alone and the moments before I was hit rather vividly.”

I waited, my heart pounding in my chest.

“It was a day like any other,” he continued, his voice laden with nostalgia. “The sun hung low on the horizon, casting dappled shadows on the forest floor. It was a summer’s day, the warm temperature wrapping around me like a cloak. A twig cracked behind me, and I looked back over my shoulder, seeing nothing. I assumed it was a creature in the woods, maybe a rabbit or a fox, and I kept going. I shouldn’t have,” he murmured.

He paused for a moment, and I didn’t rush him, letting him gather his thoughts at his own pace.

“I felt it before I heard it,” he began, his eyes distant as he delved into the past. “The whisper of death, the eerie silence of the forest as if nature itself held its breath.”

I could almost sense the weight of the forest's silence, the tension building in the air.

"I looked over my shoulder as the gentle creak of a bowstring pulled taut echoed in the forest, my heart pounding in my chest," Kane continued. "In that brief, heart-stopping moment, I heard the swish of the arrow as it cut through the air."

The tension in his voice was palpable, and I moved as close to him as I could, wrapping my arms around his throat as though I could comfort him.

"The arrow struck true," Kane said, his voice lowering. "It pierced my flesh, and in that instant, I felt a searing pain, unlike anything I had ever known. But it wasn't just pain; it was an agonizing transformation. I tore the arrowhead free from my body, but it didn't stop what was coming."

His words sent a shiver down my spine, and I could almost feel the agony, the horror of that moment before he began again.

"My body contorted, bones cracking and reshaping," Kane described, his gaze locked on a distant memory. "My skin split as fur sprouted, and my senses sharpened. The pain was excruciating, but eventually it ended, and I became a creature of nightmare, something the likes of which the world has never seen before."

"Does it still hurt?" I asked.

"Yes, but less so than that first time. After that day, it took me months to regain my human form. I had to claw my way back to humanity, piece by agonizing piece."

I was quiet, my heart heavy with sorrow for his struggle.

"But with time," he went on, "I learned to control it, to shift back and forth between man and beast at will. It became a part of me, a cursed gift that allowed me to move through the shadows, to hunt those who would harm the innocent."

"Like you did with me," I murmured, and he nodded.

"Yet," Kane added, his tone growing somber, "on the night of the full moon,

I lose that control. No matter how hard I try, I cannot stop the transformation.”

“What about Aric?” I wondered aloud, and he cleared his throat.

“While I struggled to regain control over my newfound abilities, Aric recovered the cursed arrowhead that had brought about my transformation. He returned it to the alchemist who concocted an elixir using the blood of the very beast he had created, my blood.”

“What did the elixir do?”

“The legend dictated that Aric had to kill the beast to gain immortality,” Kane explained, his voice tinged with a sense of irony. “But the alchemist found a way to bypass that requirement. His elixir slowed Aric’s aging to a crawl. He became virtually immortal, and over the centuries, he’s continued his relentless hunt for me.”

“If his aging has slowed to practically make him immortal, why does he continue to hunt you?”

“It’s not enough for him. The elixir he created with my blood only grants him extended life, slowing his aging. But it’s not true immortality. He needs more of my blood, every hundred years or so, to concoct a new elixir.”

“So, he keeps coming after you,” I whispered, piecing together the grim puzzle.

“Exactly. He tracks me down when the time comes, and we clash in a battle that’s been replayed over and over for centuries. I’ve managed to evade him most times, but he’s relentless. He’ll stop at nothing to achieve his goal.”

“The scar over his left eye?”

“I gave that to him,” Kane answered, his voice dark and proud.

“Tell me about that,” I said quietly.

“We fought fiercely that day. Aric is a skilled hunter, and his talent for battle is unmatched. But I had something he didn’t—an intimate knowledge of my own transformation,” he explained.

“Were you in your wolf form for it?” I asked, and he shook his head.

“Not at first. I had learned to fight over the centuries, training under many world-renowned fighters so that I could protect myself against his relentless pursuit. I was a master with a sword, but Aric was stronger, so I threw it aside and let myself transform to a wolf right before his eyes. At the time, he didn’t know that I’d learned to control my transformation at will, so it took him by surprise. I took advantage of his momentary lapse and leapt at his face, swiping him with my claws. He recovered quickly, but eventually I was able to escape with my life.”

“And he keeps coming, no matter how many times you fight him,” I murmured.

“Yes,” he replied.

“Where does that leave me?”

“I’ve never shown an interest in a woman before you, Lexie. He could take you and hurt you, use you against me so that I would be forced to give my life for yours. He could kill you,” he said simply.

“So that’s why I’m here with you,” I whispered.

“You’re here so I can keep you safe, little one,” he replied.

I gazed into his eyes, seeing the years of struggle and sacrifice etched into their depths, and I knew that he had done it out of love and a fierce determination to protect me.

With a newfound clarity, I settled into his embrace, feeling the strength of his arms around me and the pulse of his heartbeat beneath my ear.

“Kane,” I began softly, “I understand now. I understand why you brought me here, why you’ve watched over me and kept me close.”

His dark eyes softened as he met my gaze, a mixture of relief and gratitude flickering across his face.

“Lexie,” he murmured, his voice filled with emotion, “I never wanted to involve you in this dangerous world, but I had no choice. Aric’s hunt for me has spanned centuries, and I couldn’t bear the thought of him harming you,

not when I've finally found you.”

“I know,” I whispered softly.

He gently lifted my chin with his finger, his touch both tender and commanding. Our lips met in a soulful, breathtaking kiss, a fusion of desire and longing that left no doubt in my heart—I was irrevocably his, bound by a love that defied the ages.

“You're mine, Lexie, and I protect what's mine.”

CHAPTER 15



*T*wo days later...
Kane

I would never tire of the sight of my mate.

Even now, her beauty was ethereal.

The room was bathed in a soft, ambient light, and Lexie stood in the center, her eyes focused and determined.

It was hard to keep my eyes off of her. Her hair was pulled back into a ponytail, revealing her strong, elegant neck. The way she tied it spoke of practicality but also hinted at a playful spirit, strands of hair framing her face in a way that softened her features. She was dressed in a fitted black tank top that showcased her toned arms and a pair of snug-fitting leggings that accentuated her athletic figure.

Every curve of her body was visible, and I just wanted to throw her down onto the mat and fuck her senseless, to make her scream my name while she came over and over again until her throat was hoarse and she was close to passing out. I wanted to taste her sweet arousal on my tongue, lap at that sweet little pussy until she begged me for release, and then force her over the edge into a soul-shattering climax that made her legs quake.

But I didn't. Not *this* time.

I made myself focus on the task at hand by sheer force of will.

The basement of my estate had a large gym, and I was using it to train her in the basics of self-defense. If Aric showed his face here, I at least wanted her to have the confidence to fight him off before I could end him myself.

The mats beneath our feet provided a cushioning that would make this process a bit more forgiving, especially when we progressed into harder movements.

“Alright, Lexie,” I began, my voice calm but firm, “let’s start with the basics. The first thing you need to understand is awareness. Always be aware of your surroundings. Look for escape routes and potential obstacles wherever you are. Use everything around you to your advantage. Aric will undoubtedly underestimate you, and you are going to need to use that.”

Lexie nodded, her attention fully riveted on me.

Fuck. I wanted to see that same look on her when I put her down on her knees. I cleared my throat, remembering myself.

“Good,” I continued. “Now, let’s talk about posture. Stand with your feet shoulder-width apart, knees slightly bent. Keep your weight centered and your hands up to protect your face.”

She mirrored my stance, her movements slightly hesitant, but showing she was eager to learn.

“Perfect,” I praised. “Now, let’s practice the jab. It’s a quick, straight punch with your lead hand, like this.” I demonstrated the movement, my fist shooting out and then retracting swiftly. “Try it.”

Lexie hesitated for a moment but then threw a jab, her fist extending forward.

“Great,” I said with encouragement. “Now, the cross. Pivot your back foot, rotate your hips and shoulders, and punch with your rear hand. This one packs much more power.”

Again, I showed her the movement, and she followed suit, her cross a bit unsteady but improving. We spent time perfecting these fundamental punches, working on hooks, uppercuts, and combinations. When I was

satisfied, I moved on to the next series of drills I wanted to teach her.

“Now, let’s move to defense,” I said. “Imagine Aric’s coming at you. Your first line of defense is to block or parry his attacks.”

I demonstrated blocking, showing her how to use her forearms to shield against strikes. Lexie practiced these movements as I came at her, her motions gradually becoming smoother and more controlled as time went on.

“Remember,” I emphasized, “your goal is not to engage in a prolonged fight but to create an opportunity to escape. That’s all I need you to do. Use your environment to your advantage.”

We continued to practice, with Lexie growing more confident with each passing minute. I couldn’t help but admire the long, lean form of her body with her every move. Sweat glistened around the edges of her brow, and when a single droplet rolled down the side of her face, I had to stop myself from pulling her close and licking it off with the tip my tongue.

When we finally wrapped up the session, I could see the fatigue in Lexie’s eyes, but there was also a sense of accomplishment.

“Great job, little one,” I purred, genuinely proud of her progress.

“I had a good teacher,” she said with a nod, a smile of satisfaction spreading across her features. Just then, her stomach growled loudly, and her cheeks flushed a beautiful bright pink at the sound. Her hands moved to cover her belly, and she glanced down at the floor with her embarrassment.

“Sounds like someone’s hungry,” I said with a soft chuckle.

“Guess it’s been a while since lunch,” she giggled, a faint blush still coloring her cheeks. I decided it was the perfect moment to surprise her with a romantic meal.

“How about I cook you something special?” I offered, watching as her gorgeous features twisted with a sense of stunned curiosity. We’d ordered take-out the last couple of days, so I understood her surprise.

“I didn’t know you knew how to cook. What are you going to make?” she asked, her face lighting up with excitement.

“How about a creamy chicken alfredo with garlic bread and a nice bottle of wine to go with it?” I suggested.

“That sounds incredible. I’d love that,” she replied.

I took her hand in mine and guided her upstairs to the kitchen. She took a seat at the large marble island, and I set to work, the rhythmic clinking of pots and pans filling the air as I chopped vegetables and sautéed garlic. The aroma of baking chicken and buttery garlic filled the room, creating an ambiance that was both cozy and intimate.

When it was ready, we sat at the dining table, soft candlelight casting a warm glow over the room. I poured us each a glass of wine and took a sip of the rich, full-bodied red.

We enjoyed our meal in companionable silence for a while, savoring the flavors and the simple joy of being together. As the evening wore on, Lexie leaned back in her chair, her expression one of contentment as she chewed another bite of her dinner and sipped her wine.

“There are many ancient myths and legends that have been passed down through generations about me. Some of them are true, while others are not,” I began, deciding it was the right moment to share something personal, something that had shaped my life in more ways than one.

“Tell me more,” she looked intrigued, setting down her fork.

I took a sip of wine, enjoying the glint of curiosity in her eyes.

“One of the most enduring legends is the idea that a werewolf can communicate with wolves. Not just during a transformation, but even in human form. The truth is, I *do* have a unique connection to them.”

Her eyes widened with fascination. “Really? How does that work?”

“In my early days after that first transformation, I ventured into the woods before the full moon rose in hopes of steering far away from people, so I didn’t hurt anyone. I heard the howling of a wolf pack in the distance and decided to follow it. As I got closer, something incredible happened. They accepted me as one of their own while in my human form and then ultimately in my wolf form as well,” I smiled, reminiscing about how it felt to run along

with them as part of their pack.

Lexie leaned forward, hanging on to my every word. “What did you do?” she asked, her eyes wide and round.

“I joined their hunt,” I said, my voice filled with wonder. “Running through the forest, feeling the wind in my fur, and hunting alongside them. It was like a primal, ancient connection that transcended time and species. For those hours, I wasn’t just a man or a wolf; I was both.”

“That sounds incredible. Are there other things that are true from the ancient stories?” she asked, her captivating smile lighting up the room.

“Well, there’s one more thing that’s partially true, though it’s not as mystical as the legends make it out to be.”

“Tell me,” Lexie bent in closer, her curiosity unabated.

I leaned forward, meeting her gaze with a hint of seriousness. “Silver. It’s often portrayed as a werewolf’s weakness in folklore, and to some extent, that’s accurate. Silver can cause us harm, but it’s not as dramatic as instant death upon contact.”

Her eyes widened with intrigue, and I continued, “Silver can slow down our healing ability. If a silver weapon pierces our flesh, it can take longer for us to recover. It’s not a pleasant experience, but it won’t kill us outright. However, silver bullets or blades can be particularly effective if used strategically.”

“So, if someone knew you were a werewolf and wanted to harm you, they’d use silver?” Lexie absorbed this information, her mind clearly racing with questions.

“Yes, that’s a possibility. It’s why I’ve always been cautious about revealing my true nature to anyone. There are those who would see it as an opportunity to exploit or harm me,” I answered with a nod.

“Thank you for trusting me enough to share these things,” she said, reaching across the table, placing her hand gently on mine.

“Come here,” I beckoned her.

Her eyes met mine, and there was a flicker of surprise before she offered a warm smile. Without hesitation, she rose from her chair and gracefully moved to sit on my lap, her presence a comforting weight against my body.

As she settled into my embrace, I gently wrapped my arms around her, holding her close. The subtle scent of her hair and the warmth of her body against mine were both intoxicating and grounding. In that moment, I felt an inexplicable connection to her, a deep sense of trust that I had never experienced with anyone else.

“I’ve never told anyone about these things, little one. You’re the first person I’ve ever shared this with,” I whispered, leaning my head down to rest against hers.

“I’m honored that you trust me enough to share your secrets, Kane,” she whispered as she turned her head to look up at me, her eyes filled with understanding and tenderness.

I brushed a strand of hair away from her face, my thumb gently caressing her cheek. She leaned into my touch, and I forced myself to suppress the claiming growl that went along with it. “You’re not just special to me. You’re my one true mate.”

CHAPTER 16



*L*exie

“My one true mate.”

As Kane’s words hung in the air, I felt an overwhelming rush of emotions. My heart swelled with an unexpected feeling that I couldn’t push away and ignore any longer. It was as if something deep within me had been waiting for him to say those words all my life.

His declaration filled me with a warmth that seemed to radiate from deep within my chest. The fear that had lingered within me dissipated like a mist before the morning sun, leaving only a profound sense of belonging as I sat there in his arms.

I glanced up, my eyes meeting his. I couldn’t help but feel the intensity of his gaze. It was like staring into a fire, a deep and dark heat that seemed to smolder just beneath the surface. In those depths, I saw desire so potent it made my heart race. It was a look that sent shivers down my spine and made my pulse quicken. I drew in a ragged breath, my gaze dipping down to his lips.

I wanted to kiss him.

As if he could read my mind, his lips met mine in a tender, passionate kiss that spoke volumes. His arms wrapped around me, pulling me close, and in

that embrace, I felt safe, cherished, and truly loved for the first time in my life. The kiss deepened, and I felt my love for him blossom like a rare and beautiful flower, fragile yet resilient, ready to face any storm that came our way.

It had only been a few days, but I was feeling more comfortable with him than I'd ever been with any other man. He'd answered every question I asked, helping me to understand everything about him without complaint.

Over the past few days, he had seemed to anticipate my needs before I even had to ask. When I was feeling tired, he'd surprise me with a perfectly brewed cup of my favorite tea, the steam rising from the cup in delicate tendrils that seemed to embrace me in warmth. If I mentioned a book I wanted to read, I'd find it waiting for me on the bedside table.

But it wasn't just the material things. Kane knew when I needed a reassuring touch or a comforting embrace. His presence alone was a source of solace, and he'd often hold me close, letting the world fade away as we lost ourselves in each other's arms.

Just like you're losing yourself again, you little slut.

My pussy clenched, achingly sore from the sheer number of times that Kane had taken what he wanted from me. Willingly, I'd spread my legs for him each and every time. Even though we'd fucked last night and this morning, I could feel that all too familiar needy pressure building in my core, and there was little I could do to fight it.

I resituated myself so that I was straddling him, the heat of his cock pressing up against my center.

As our lips met in a searing kiss, the intensity of my desire and love for him surged to new heights. It was as if he held the key to my very existence, and in that moment, I kissed him back as though he was my last breath of air. The world around us ceased to exist; there was only us.

"Kane," I breathed.

"My Lexie," he purred, and his hands trailed up the length of my spine before his fingers dug into the hair at the back of my scalp. Pain radiated across my skull, yet a desire more intense than I'd ever known jolted through me. A soft

moan escaped my lips as he lightened the pressure just a little bit, and without meaning to, I rolled my hips against the hard length of steel beneath me.

“I need you,” I whispered.

“You’re insatiable, little one,” he murmured.

“Please,” I begged, my desperation blatant in my voice. We’d spent hours training together, and I’d had the hardest time keeping my hands off him. I’d seen his heated gaze dragging up and down my body, enjoying the sight of my curves beneath the skintight fabric of my black tank top and leggings.

He’d given me a credit card to use the night we arrived with explicit instructions to fill my wardrobe here with anything I wanted. I’d chosen several stretchy pieces that would show off my body and be comfortable at the same time.

He seemed to especially like this outfit.

Throughout our training and the intimate dinner that followed, I couldn’t shake the feeling of Kane’s eyes on me. It was as if his gaze held a sheer magnetism, drawing me in with an intensity that left me feeling like I hadn’t had a sip of water in days, and he was the last drop of water in a desert. Every glance, every touch, every word exchanged between us seemed to carry an undercurrent of desire and affection that left me yearning for more.

Even now, his hands ran over my body, exploring my every curve. Tiny tendrils of desire flared through me with increasing ferocity, burning red hot before I could think to push them away. My breathing quickened, coming out in tiny little ragged breaths that revealed just how needy I had become.

Slowly, I rolled my hips against him, feeling his cock harden into steel beneath me.

Seems like you’re not the only needy one.

My fingers flitted over the smooth cotton fabric of his black t-shirt. I followed the ridges and contours of every muscle that seemed as though they were carved out of a masterpiece of marble. Desperate to see him, I drove my hands down and gripped the hem of his shirt.

I glanced up, silently looking for permission, and he nodded once, the movement so subtle I would have missed it if I hadn't been looking for it.

Feeling a rush of heat to my core, I pulled his shirt up and over his head. Without a care in the world, I tossed the shirt aside and allowed myself to feast on the bare flesh of his torso.

His chest was broad with taut muscles that flexed and relaxed with each breath. It was as if I had stumbled upon a rugged god of perfection. The play of light and shadow over his chiseled form emphasized every ridge and valley, making him appear like a living work of art. I couldn't help but admire the way his skin seemed to glow, kissed by the sun's warmth, and how his powerful physique hinted at a strength that made me nervous and reassured me at the exact same time.

That's just because you know he could take you whenever he wants, and you couldn't do a damn thing about it.

I blushed at the direction of my inner thoughts.

The truth was I didn't just like that about him. I loved it. In just the few days that we had been together, Kane had overpowered me again and again. He'd bent me over the bed and held me down for a brutal fucking, and then later that same day, he'd put me flat on my back and took me again just as hard.

He didn't care that I was sore. He gave me what I needed anyway.

Just like he was going to do right now...

With bated breath, I took a single finger and trailed it down the center of his chest, holding it as I crested over each ridge of his abs until I reached the beginnings of the deep v that was hidden by his grey sweatpants.

I didn't have to look for the bulge of his erection. I could feel it.

"Stand up and take off every stich of fabric covering that beautiful body. I want to see what's mine," he demanded.

He offered me a hand and I took it, hesitantly placing one foot and then the other onto the floor until I was standing there in front of him.

"Everything?" I asked.

“Everything,” he answered, his tone darkly resolute.

With a hard swallow, I pulled my tank top over my head. In an instant, a rush of warmth surged to my cheeks, my shameful arousal on full display. I decided to take off my leggings next, peeling the fabric down my legs and stepping out of them as they pooled around my ankles. I stood up in my bra and panties.

I didn't know why I felt shy all of a sudden. I shouldn't have.

He'd seen me naked on more than one occasion, several times in these last few days, in fact, but it felt very different to be made to strip right in front of him knowing that he was watching every second as I bared myself to his heated gaze.

As if he sensed my shy hesitation, he raised a single eyebrow and my stomach pitched forwards with nervous butterflies. Quickly, I reached behind my back and unclasped my sports bra, gasping as my breasts jolted downward, heavy and sensitive with desire. I took even longer to pull it away from my body to reveal myself, looking anywhere but at the heat that was blazing back at me through his eyes.

I used my hand to cover my fully erect nipples, wanting to prolong my aroused shame a little bit longer. He cleared his throat, and I instantly dropped it, letting him see me in the full light of the kitchen.

“Panties too, little one.”

With a nervously aroused swallow, I dropped my hands to my hips and slipped my fingers beneath the waistband of my white lacey panties. They were slightly sheer, revealing a hint of my pussy through the fabric, but it was another thing altogether to be standing in front of him entirely bare.

I pushed them down anyway.

“Come here. Climb on top of me just like before,” he demanded gently.

I obeyed him, straddling him. His cock seemed even harder now, and I gulped as my clit pulsed steadily against it.

“Now, ride me, little one. Let me watch as you fall apart on top of my cock

before I fill you with it,” he warned, his voice a husky rumble of desperate desire all of his own. The sound of it sent a shiver racing down my spine and a soft gasp fell off my lips.

“I can’t,” I breathed.

“You will, pretty girl, unless you want me to fetch the wooden spoon right there on the counter,” he warned.

I glanced over at the kitchen island, seeing an oversized wooden spoon lying on top of the marble surface. Its presence seemed ominous. Usually, it would symbolize the making of a delicious meal, or a simple kitchen utensil, but now it had taken on a menacing undertone with nothing more than a few words from him.

His sinister threat made my pussy clench hard, and my hips involuntarily rocked forward as if my body was making the choice for me.

“Not like that, naughty girl. Ride me like you don’t want a bright red bottom,” he coaxed me, and the warm flush across my face only grew hotter. His hands grasped my hips, holding me in place as I tentatively rolled them once more.

A flash of passionate heat jolted through me, and I couldn’t help but move my hips a bit faster. When another surge followed, I bit my lip. Wrapping my arms around his neck, I readied myself to do exactly as he’d demanded because deep down, I needed it, no matter if it felt shameful to ride his cock this way, to have him see every second of my passion up close.

I met his eyes, and I could see his arousal staring back at me.

With increasing fervor, I moved my hips, rocking them back and forth and grinding my clit along the hard plane of his cock. Fiery bursts of pleasure soared through me, and soon enough, I forgot my shame and just gave in to what my body was demanding.

I needed to come, and it was going to be hard.

His fingers squeezed the sides of my waist, helping me move faster and faster as my core spiraled with need. My clit pulsed against his thick length. Before I was ready, my orgasm crashed over me, and a scream ripped free from my

throat. I held onto him more tightly, using my hold on him as leverage to grind against him harder and faster, driving my orgasm high up into the stars until I worried I might never come back down again.

As my climax crested and finally began to fade, I sighed, my hips slowing their movements, but Kane's hands on me didn't allow that. He rocked me back and forth, faster and faster, until I could feel myself approaching the edge again. I cried out, digging my fingers into his back, but he didn't let me slow down. With a soft whimper, I felt my imminent release taking over me like a sudden rainstorm, building and building until at long last, I shattered right there on top of him.

My nipples pebbled. With every aching throb of my pussy, my blood surged through me with a raging river of pleasure, and I lost myself amongst the rapids. I threw my head back and screamed, grinding hard against him until at long last, I trembled with aftershocks of passionate desire.

His arm wound around my waist as I quaked, lifting me easily so that he could free his cock. The moment it came into view, I sucked in a breath, but there was no time to prepare for it because he put me down straight on top of it.

With a keening cry, I took every last inch of him far more quickly than I was prepared to. His thick girth stretched me wide open, and it hurt. The burning pain seared at my insides for several long seconds before it finally began to quell.

I breathed a sigh of relief, but then his hands wound around my hips and started rocking me back and forth again. Soon enough, my body took over for him and his right hand slid forward so that his thumb grazed over my clit.

I shuddered hard as a fierce jolt of pleasure raced through me.

"Kane! Please," I begged.

"You're going to come for me, sweet mate. You're going to keep coming for me until I'm satisfied, and I promise you, that's going to be a long time," he growled.

My passionate need built like a quiet, simmering storm as I met his heated gaze. It was a desire that transcended physical reality, weaving itself into the

very fabric of my being. It was a hunger for his presence, for his touch, for his love, a craving that consumed me in a way I had never experienced before.

My hips bucked hard, and my inner walls fluttered around his cock, desperate to take him deeper while at the same time they tried to push him out.

“It’s too much,” I breathed. I didn’t even realize I’d spoken aloud until the corners of his mouth turned up in a knowing smirk.

“It’s never enough for you, little one. You and I both know that you need much, *much*, more,” he answered, his voice dark and hoarse with his own desire.

His cock throbbed inside of me, and he thrust upwards, filling me deeper than ever. I could feel every thick inch inside of me, and then he flicked his thumb over my clit. As I gazed into his eyes, I knew that I was on the precipice of something extraordinary, something that would consume us both in the most beautiful and powerful way imaginable.

“Now come for me,” he demanded.

My body was primed for his command, and in an instant, every nerve inside me came alive all at once. Electricity surged through my fingers and my toes, making them curl with pleasure as agonizing ecstasy overtook me. My orgasm was like a freight train running off its tracks. I hadn’t meant to come, but once it started, there was no stopping it.

I writhed.

I screamed.

I lost total control.

The world around me dimmed out of existence. The only thing left was me and him, his cock deep in my pussy, and his thumb rubbing over my clit. I broke apart into a million pieces of glass, and I knew there would be no putting me back together again.

I was forever changed. I loved this man, and I would give up the world for him.

My hips rocked back and forth, and I cried out. I was sure my nails were digging into his back, but he said nothing. Instead, he just forced me past the dark chasm in between orgasms and into another.

I don't know how many times he made me come. It truly didn't matter. By the time he was through with me, beads of sweat were rolling down my spine and the wet sounds of him fucking me echoed throughout the room. Every muscle in my body ached, but still he tore one orgasm after another from me until I thought I was going to pass out.

"Please come, sir. Please," I begged him. I wasn't sure how much more I could take.

"I'm enjoying myself, my sweet mate," he purred.

"Please!" I pleaded louder, my voice carrying a blatant twinge of desperation.

"Do you want me to fill this tight little pussy with my come, little one?"

I moaned, my hips bucking hard of their own accord.

"Answer me, Lexie," he warned. He didn't have to threaten me with a punishment. He'd implied it just with those three words alone.

"Yes, sir," I whispered, unable to keep myself still any longer. I was on the cusp of a truly brutal orgasm, and I feared it. I tried to hold it off as long as possible, but it was as if I were standing on a beach waiting for a tidal wave to hit, with nothing more than an umbrella to protect me.

I knew it was going to consume me whole.

"Not yet, babygirl," he chided.

I cried out, and my entire body quaked hard before a vicious riptide of pleasure took ahold of me. I tried to fight it, but it was useless.

"Now," he demanded.

I came and I came hard.

With a savage roar, Kane thrust up hard, and several searing threads of his come pierced into my core. Each blazing spurt marked me from within as my eyes rolled back in my head, my climax taking over my entire being.

Exquisite, painful euphoria sizzled red-hot through every inch of me, building and burning until a scream escaped my throat.

When it was finally over, my entire body was shaking.

He held me close, his strong arms wrapped securely around me. My heart still raced, and my body trembled with the lingering sensations of ecstasy that had surged through every fiber of my being. His embrace was a sanctuary, a place where I could catch my breath and find my bearings once again. As I nestled against him, I felt the steady rhythm of his heartbeat, a comforting lullaby that soothed my racing thoughts. It was in those moments, in the warmth of his embrace, that I knew I was exactly where I was meant to be.

I could feel his cock softening inside of me, and I sighed, my inner walls clenching around him. When he groaned, I nestled in closer against him.

This was perfect.

When I was ready, he lifted me gently off his lap, his strong arms cradling me with a tenderness that sent a shiver down my spine. Without a word, he gently carried me up the stairs to our bedroom, but once he passed through the threshold, he stopped short. I stiffened in his arms, immediately sensing that something was wrong.

The cool night air brushed against my skin, and I shivered, turning my head to look around the room. With a start, I realized that the master bedroom window was wide open, and the curtains were billowing with the fresh mountain breeze. Goosebumps prickled along my arms, and I couldn't help but glance around. Something about the room seemed different tonight.

Moonlight filtered through the open window, casting silvery shadows on the plush grey carpet. The large bed dominated the room, its pristine white sheets and fluffy pillows inviting us to relax, yet as I glanced around, I couldn't help but notice that a few small details were out of place.

Someone had been in here.

My brush, usually neatly set on the nightstand, lay askew, its bristles lying against the smooth wood. A few trinkets on the shelves had been shifted from their usual spots, and the room, despite its dimly lit serenity, carried an undercurrent of unease that made my heart race. It was as if an intruder had

tiptoed through the room, leaving behind subtle signs of his presence that sent shivers down my spine.

With a wariness that matched my own, Kane lowered me onto the bed with the utmost care, his eyes narrowing as he took in the disarray of the room. I grabbed the blanket at the end of the bed and covered myself as best I could.

My heart raced as he spotted a folded piece of paper resting on the pristine white pillow. His expression grew grave, and my fear intensified. I shifted closer to him, my eyes glued to the mysterious letter.

“I take it you didn’t write that for me,” I murmured. I worried my bottom lip with my teeth and clutched the blanket even tighter around me, imagining it was a shield that would protect me from whatever this was.

“No. I didn’t,” he answered, his voice strained with concern.

With deliberate caution, Kane picked up the letter, and my breath caught in my throat. The fear in my chest swelled, and I held onto him tightly, seeking comfort in his strength. His gaze never left the paper, and as he began to read, his brows furrowed with concern.

“It’s from Aric,” he said, his voice steady but laced with tension. “He’s willing to leave you alone, Lexie, forever, if I agree to meet him face to face.”

I couldn’t hold back a gasp, my heart pounding in my chest. The thought of Kane confronting Aric filled me with dread, and I shook my head.

He couldn’t.

“Kane, you can’t go,” I urged, my voice quivering. “He’s dangerous, and we don’t know what he’s planning. It’s a trap, I’m sure of it.”

Kane’s eyes met mine, a deep conflict etched across his rugged features. He understood the dangers as well as I did, but he also knew the threat Aric posed to both of us.

“I know it’s risky,” he admitted, his voice heavy with concern. “But if I don’t go, he’ll keep coming after us, and I can’t let that happen. I won’t put you in danger anymore, Lexie.”

Tears welled up in my eyes as I realized the depth of Kane's determination. He was willing to face this perilous challenge to protect me, even if it meant risking his own life.

"Kane, I'm scared," I whispered, my voice breaking. "I can't bear the thought of losing you."

He reached out and gently cradled my face in his hands, his touch reassuring and tender.

"I promise you, Lexie," he said, his gaze locked with mine, "I'll do everything in my power to come back to you, but I can't let this threat linger over our heads any longer. I love you too much to see you hurt. It is a nightmare to imagine anything worse."

I stopped short, opening my mouth in shock. The weight of Kane's words, the depth of his love, settled over me like a warm, comforting blanket. To hear him declare his love first, to witness the sincerity in his eyes as he uttered those three powerful words, filled me with an overwhelming sense of joy and relief. It was as if he had peeled away the layers of uncertainty that had shrouded our relationship, exposing the raw, vulnerable truth that bound us together.

"I love you too," I breathed.

"You're my mate, my moon, my stars, my everything," he murmured. "I can't allow Aric to continue to exist now that I found you, not if it puts you in danger. Do you understand me, little one?"

"I understand," I whispered.

"Good."

CHAPTER 17



*T*wo days later...
Kane

Kane,

I've grown tired of the shadows. It's time we settle this once and for all. I challenge you to a duel, a man-to-man confrontation. If you win, I'll leave you and your mate in peace forever. But if I win, well, we both know what is going to happen after that.

Meet me at the old clearing near the river where it all began, three days from now, at midnight. Come alone. This is a matter between you and me.

Aric.

I'd read the letter a thousand times.

The gauntlet had been thrown, and there was no turning back now. I should know better than to fall prey to his games, but with Lexie on the line, I had to. It was a reckless move, but I had no choice.

I couldn't shake the feeling that it was a trap. Aric was cunning, and I knew he wouldn't play fair. He'd done so in the past, time and time again.

And then there was Lexie, my precious mate, who had become my entire world. I couldn't risk her safety. She was everything to me, and the thought of losing her sent a sick feeling down into the pit of my stomach. Deep down, I couldn't shake the feral need to protect her, the possessiveness that had taken root in my heart since the moment I'd found her. I vowed to do whatever it took to keep her safe, even if it meant facing Aric's trap head-on.

I wasn't going to put her in danger ever again, which meant I couldn't leave her alone unprotected, even in the highly secure walls of my mansion. I was afraid that Aric might send his men after her, to either kill her or use her as leverage against me. I couldn't allow that.

Instead, I decided to hide her away in my cabin deep in the woods.

This morning, we'd set out together. I'd take her there and spend the night, and then I'd leave the next morning to go meet Aric.

The path we followed was a hidden trail, known only to me. It wound its way through the dense woods, occasionally obscured by undergrowth that we had to carefully navigate.

"I come here sometimes to clear my mind," I explained to Lexie as we walked, my voice a soft, low murmur. "It's a place where I can truly be myself, where the world can't touch me."

"I'm glad you're sharing it with me, but I wish it was under different circumstances," she said, her voice carrying a warmth that touched my soul.

As we continued our journey, the surroundings gradually changed. The forest seemed to thin out, and we emerged into a small clearing, bathed in dappled sunlight. At the edge of this clearing stood a rustic cabin, its timeworn logs exuding a sense of history and solitude.

I'd built it several hundred years ago.

"This is it," I said, my voice tinged with a small sense of pride and an even bigger sense of nostalgia.

"It's beautiful," she remarked, her eyes widening as she took in the rugged beauty of the small clearing.

We approached the cabin, and I produced a key from my pocket, unlocking the door. The scent of aged wood greeted us as we stepped inside, the interior cozy and welcoming. A large stone fireplace dominated one wall, while a pair of comfortable brown leather armchairs faced it, inviting us to sit and unwind.

A large, comfortable-looking bed dominated one corner, adorned with rustic, plaid blankets that added a touch of warmth to the space. A pair of nightstands with dim, antique-style lanterns sat on either side of the bed, casting a soft, ambient glow when evening fell.

The kitchen area, nestled against the far wall, was equipped with the essentials. A vintage wood-burning stove stood proudly, a kettle resting on top as if waiting to be used for a cup of tea. Wooden shelves held an assortment of mismatched dishes, and a small round table sat nearby, accompanied by two wooden chairs.

Lexie put down her backpack and turned back to me.

Her blonde hair, tousled from our hike, framed her face like a shimmering halo. Her eyes, a mesmerizing shade of blue, held depths of intelligence and passion that drew me in with an irresistible magnetic pull.

What captivated me most were her delicate features, a perfect blend of strength and vulnerability. Her lips, softly parted as she looked back at me, seemed like an invitation to explore the depths of her soul. She was the embodiment of everything I had ever longed for.

I would never want any woman ever again. I had her and she was everything I'd ever needed. She would be safe here. No one knew about this place but me.

The cabin was cloaked in the stillness of the remote woods, the only sounds the soft rustling of leaves and the distant chirping of birds. We settled in, and I could sense Lexie's growing unease. She fidgeted with her fingers, her eyes occasionally darting to the cabin's small, curtained window.

"Kane, I appreciate everything you're doing to keep me safe, but I can't help but feel vulnerable out here. I think I should have a gun to protect myself if something were to happen," she began, her voice hesitant.

I considered her request carefully. I understood her fear. Aric was a skilled hunter. I used to fear him for his skill with a bow and arrow, but his ability to operate a gun far outweighed that.

Finally, I nodded, my expression solemn. “Do you know how to use one?” I asked.

“You just pull the trigger,” she quipped, but her expression was grim.

With a sigh, I reached into the waistband of my jeans, revealing a compact semi-automatic pistol. I handed it to her with a stern look.

“There’s so much more to it than that, little one,” I murmured, and the resulting blush that painted her cheeks was adorably tempting.

“Teach me,” she said quietly, and I nodded once.

I couldn’t deny the sincerity in Lexie’s eyes, and her determination to protect herself only deepened my admiration for her.

Fucking perfect.

I led her outside the cabin, into a small clearing nestled among the towering trees. The late afternoon sun filtered through the leaves, casting dappled shadows on the forest floor.

“All right,” I began, my voice steady. “Safety first. The most important thing is to always treat the gun as if it’s loaded, even if you know it’s not.”

Lexie nodded, her gaze focused on the gun in her hands.

I stepped closer, our bodies almost touching. “Grip it firmly, but not too tight. You want to have control, but not so much that your hand shakes.”

She adjusted her grip, and I couldn’t help but notice the way her fingers wrapped around the handle.

I bet that grip would feel incredible if it was wrapped around your cock.

The air between us felt charged with tension, desire simmering just beneath the surface.

“Good,” I continued, trying to ignore the way her proximity affected me.

“Now, align your sights with the target. Take a deep breath, and as you exhale, squeeze the trigger gently.”

Lexie followed my instructions, her concentration evident. The shot echoed through the forest, and her target, a tin can I had set up on a tree stump, rocked back before falling to the ground.

She looked at me with a mixture of excitement and accomplishment, her eyes shining brightly.

She was the most beautiful thing I’d ever seen.

“I did it!” she exclaimed, and a surge of pride welled up inside me.

“You did. You’ve got a natural talent for this.”

As we continued with the lesson, our bodies brushed against each other more often than necessary. My hands found their way to her waist as I adjusted her stance, and her laughter, sweet and melodious, filled the forest as I teased her about her “killer aim.”

With every touch and every shared laugh, the tension between us grew. I couldn’t help but steal glances at her lips, temptation pulling at the edges of my restraint. But I knew I had to maintain control, at least until we were certain the threat had passed.

As the sun dipped lower in the sky, we finished the lesson. Then we walked back to the cabin, our shoulders brushing, and I couldn’t resist the urge any longer. I turned to face her, my hands gently cupping her cheeks, and I kissed her, my lips meeting hers with a hunger that had been building all day.

Our lips joined like two lost souls finding home in each other’s warmth, a kiss born not just of desire but of an unspoken promise. It was a slow, tender exploration, a dance of lips and breath, where time seemed to stand still. It was a kiss that held the universe in suspension, where the world outside faded into obscurity, and all that remained was the exquisite sensation of our love, blazing like a comet in the vast expanse of the night sky.

Gently, I took the gun from her grasp, wrapping my fingers around the grip. She gave it to me readily, and I pushed it back into the waistband of my slacks, keeping it close. The barrel of the gun was still warm.

Good.

Impatiently, I stripped her of every piece of clothing that covered her body, needing to look at her, needing to show her with every last moment we had together how important she was to me.

The gravity of the situation bore down on me like a heavy mantle. I couldn't make the mistake of underestimating Aric. He was a formidable adversary, a complete mirror image of myself in terms of skill and strength.

The thought of leaving Lexie behind weighed heavily on my heart, but I couldn't ignore the harsh reality. The odds of my return were uncertain at best. The knowledge that I might not come back from this encounter, that our time together could be cut short, filled me with a fierce determination to protect Lexie at all costs. She was my heart, my soul, and I couldn't let anything happen to her.

I needed to show that to her with everything I had in me.

I trailed fervent kisses down the line of her collarbone, tasting the sweet saltiness of her sweat-slickened flesh.

My desire for Lexie was a relentless force, a primal hunger that consumed my every waking thought. Her scent lingered in the air, a captivating perfume that drove me wild with need every moment that I was in her presence. The way her eyes sparkled with life, the curve of her lips that invited my touch, and the warmth of her skin that I yearned to feel against mine—they were constant temptations. I was utterly obsessed, my very existence entwined with hers, and the need to claim her as mine burned hotter with every heartbeat.

So, I took what belonged to me.

I pushed her down on the bed and claimed every inch of her body with my mouth, tasting the swell of her breasts and the taut buds of her nipples. I continued down the long, lean line of her belly, smirking as her hips rose to meet my sultry kiss.

Her pussy was still covered by a pair of sky-blue lacey panties. They were thin and gauzy, just see-through enough to hint at the delicious folds that lay beneath them. I slipped my fingers underneath the lacey edge, sliding my

fingertips back and forth, eliciting the most delicious little shivers from her body.

“Kane,” she breathed.

“Hush, my sweet mate. I’m enjoying this beautiful body,” I scolded.

Nothing would ever compare to her lovely form quivering beneath me, needy and wanting and altogether mine.

Nothing.

CHAPTER 18



*L*exie

With a soft exhale, I shivered. Kane trailed tender, sweet kisses down the length of my body. My core squeezed tight with my desire. Fiery tendrils surged through me like an electric shock. I drew in a shaky breath, trying to hold onto the sheets beneath me.

I could never prepare for Kane though. He was a firestorm all on his own.

With meticulous care, he pulled my panties down, baring the rest of my body to his view. I couldn't help but let out a moan, a bolt of thunderous pleasure racing straight to my clit. I drew my lip in between my teeth as my hips bucked and my stomach muscles tightened.

Gently, he pulled my underwear down past my calves, tossing them aside with the rest of my discarded clothing on the chair beside the fireplace.

The small one-room cabin was divine.

I looked around, able to see the marks of his craftsmanship all over the cabin, from the handmade nightstands to the meticulously carved headboard, to the hefty hewn logs that made up the walls. Even the leather chairs looked as though they had been crafted by hand.

It felt special for him to have brought me here, even if it was for a terrible

reason.

Just the thought of him facing Aric in battle caused an overwhelming sense of anxiety to wash over me. Worry gnawed at my heart, making my fingers tremble and my emotions surge like a turbulent sea.

As if he could read my mind, he slapped my inner thigh lightly, but the sting was enough to break me free from my anxiety, rippling through me like a shockwave of aching heat.

“No, little one. Stay with me,” he whispered.

I focused on his lips as they dragged up the length of my thigh, drawing closer to my center with each passing second. My whole body trembled with heat as my heart quickened in my chest.

“Kane,” I breathed.

“That’s my good girl,” he purred.

His breath was hot against my bare skin.

“I don’t want you to go,” I whispered.

His kisses trailed closer to my center, and my hips rose of their own accord, seeking out the wet warmth of his tongue as it dragged along my flesh.

Then, his kiss trailed dangerously close to my slit and my mind short circuited.

“I’m going to take your mind off it for a little while.”

I looked down into the molten volcano of his gaze, and my arousal suddenly rushed at me like a stampede of wild horses. My heart pounded like a drum in my chest, descending all the way down to my clit with wild abandon.

With a nervous swallow, I watched his face, noticing the hard glint of something in his eyes, the way his brow furrowed, the upturned corners of his mouth as he smirked with some dark, nefariously twisted intent. I stiffened as he reached behind his back and pulled out the gun. He pulled his shirt over his head and used it to clean it off as thoroughly as he could.

A shiver of mixed emotions coursed through me. The long, black barrel of

the weapon gleamed faintly in the dim light of the cabin, its metallic parts catching the glint like a guardian's armor. The cold steel trigger, the textured grip, all of the intricate components suddenly felt more real than ever, especially when he was looking at me like that.

I'd held it in my own hands not long ago.

I whimpered, trying to figure out what he was doing, but then his hand splayed over my belly, holding me in place.

"What are you doing?"

"Forcing you to focus on me, babygirl. You need far more than just my tongue tonight," he chided, and I felt a rush of heat flush over my cheeks. I glanced from him down to the gun and a nervous feeling fluttered in the pit of my tummy.

The next few seconds happened very slowly.

First, he grabbed my hips and flipped me over on my stomach.

Then he wrapped his fingers around my hips and hiked them up.

Lastly, the barrel of the gun pressed against my soaked slit.

The rest of the world faded away.

I started and tried to pull away, but his hand twisted around my left shoulder, holding me in place without much effort. My anxiety evaporated and every part of my being was centered on the fact that there was a gun pressed against my pussy and nothing else. In addition, the stark realization that I was on complete display for him like this truly hit me.

I should be terrified. The gun should have sent shivers of fear down my spine the moment the metal touched my flesh.

But it didn't.

Instead, I was deeply aroused. I knew Kane would never truly hurt me. My mind was screaming at me to escape, but I did nothing of the sort. My body held me firmly in place, as if I wanted to find out what he had in mind despite the danger wrapped up in it.

I recognized something else then. The gun was still warm.

He started to move it. My arousal quickly soaked the metal as he glided it back and forth through my wet slit, and a strangled moan escaped my lips.

And then something alarming happened.

My clit throbbed against the cold hard steel, like I was enjoying this.

I shouldn't. This was wicked and wrong and terribly dangerous, at least that's what I kept telling myself as the gun stroked my needy little bud.

I cried out, finally remembering myself. I tried to crawl away, but he held me in place. My fear finally reared its head, but it twisted with my arousal and turned my passionate need into something terrifyingly intense.

My desire swept through me like a tornado, tingles centering deep in my core before I could even think to stop it. I closed my eyes, overtaken in an instant. Completely engulfed within the swarm of my own passionate need, I was helpless against it.

Every limb of my body tingled with sensation, and before I realized what was happening, I was approaching the edge of climax. Pleasure billowed up from my core, overwhelming me in a fit of tingling fire before I realized that I was coming.

There was no stopping it. It was as though I'd been hit by a freight train of searing desire all at once. I threw my head back and arched my spine, pressing against the warm metal as I sought out my own pleasure. With bold intention, I ground myself against the barrel of the weapon as white-hot bliss raced through me like a burst of sunlight breaking through the clouds.

By the time my orgasm ended, I was fraught with anxious arousal, and I realized that one release hadn't been enough. It was just the tip of the iceberg, and I wanted so much more.

He seemed to read my mind.

With a harsh grab, he flipped me over on my back. I looked up at him, staring into the dark chocolate pools of his gaze. I saw an intensity that sent shivers down my spine. It was a raw, primal hunger, a burning desire that seemed to

consume him entirely.

His chiseled jawline bore a hint of savagery beneath that hunger. His lips, so often curved into a confident and reassuring grin, were slightly parted, revealing a trace of his own anticipation. His beard added to the rugged allure of his appearance, making him appear even more irresistibly masculine. But it was his eyes, those intense pools of desire, that held me captive, making it impossible to look away. His thumb grazed across my clit, and I shuddered with pleasure.

Then, his other hand dropped, and the round barrel of the gun pressed against my entrance, threatening and promising all in the same breath.

My heartbeat quickened and my breathing came in rapid, shallow gasps. My muscles tensed and I felt a bead of sweat drip down between my breasts. With a soft whimper, I realized my body had begun to tremble and that my mouth had gone dry.

“You can’t mean to...” I whispered, and the dark sound of his chuckle echoed throughout the cabin.

Slowly, he pushed the gun forward and I keened, but some invisible force held me in place. My fear spiraled up into the clouds, twisting and turning with my desire until it turned into something I hardly recognized.

Raw animalistic pleasure reigned free inside of me as the metal began to stretch me open.

“You’re going to come for me, nice and hard, sweet mate. If you don’t, you’re not going to earn my cock,” he declared. His thumb rolled over my clit, and a shiver of raw ecstasy pulsed through me.

This was beyond dangerous, but there was something about it that drove me crazy with need. I cried out as the gun sank deeper and deeper inside of me. It wasn’t as thick as his cock, but it burned going inside all the same. My inner walls fluttered around the foreign object, but there was little I could do other than take it.

When it had sunk all the way inside me, he paused.

“Where is my gun, little one?”

“In my pussy,” I whispered, my face heating with shameful arousal. Unconsciously, I bucked my hips and the gun moved inside of me.

“Naughty girl. You want me to fuck you with my gun, don’t you?”

My cheeks burned red-hot, but I didn’t dignify him with an answer, mostly because I was fairly certain I wasn’t able to speak. Instead, I just rolled my hips, and he chuckled knowingly.

When he pulled the gun most of the way out and then thrust it back inside of me, I keened. The metal was smooth, but there were several places where it was a little rough. With his thumb rolling over my clit, my eyes rolled back in my head as he pumped the perilous weapon in and out of me. I keened. I tried to fight it, but my body was already sensitive, and it responded to him as if he knew it better than I did.

I thrashed and bucked, but the weapon pumped into me again and again, forcing me closer towards orgasm.

I wanted it.

I didn’t want it.

I didn’t have a choice.

My climax crashed down on me like a raging avalanche. Before I knew what was happening, I was screaming as his thumb worried my clit, my orgasm burning through me with a sizzling sensation that seared me from the inside out. Exquisitely painful euphoria tore through every limb of my body, surging with electric tingles that made my eyes roll back in my head.

“That’s it. There’s my good girl,” he murmured, and I moaned, rocking my hips back and forth as my inner walls clutched at the gun, pulling the weapon in at the same time that my body was trying to force it out.

It didn’t belong inside of me.

Why were you coming so hard then, you little slut?

I tried to crawl away, but my body didn’t move. Instead, it stayed in place and forced me to experience every soul-shattering moment of that orgasm.

By the time I came down from that deliciously dangerous climax, my head was spinning, and not a single part of me could remember why I'd been so worried in the first place.

“You came hard for me, didn't you?”

“Yes, sir,” I breathed.

“Good. You're going to come even harder on my cock.”

CHAPTER 19



*K*ane

As the first rays of dawn pierced through the cabin's window, I awoke with a heavy heart. The warmth of Lexie beside me, her body molded to mine, was a comfort I knew I'd miss desperately today.

I sighed.

I couldn't linger here much longer. I'd already stayed longer than I should. Tonight, I would meet Aric face-to-face, and only one of us would emerge the victor.

Gently, I disentangled myself from Lexie's embrace, careful not to wake her. She looked so peaceful in slumber, her chest rising and falling with each breath, the soft morning light casting a golden glow on her features.

I dressed in silence, the weight of my decision pressing on me. My footsteps were soft as I crossed the cabin's creaky wooden floor. I paused by the open door, taking one last, lingering look at my sleeping mate. Lexie deserved happiness and safety, and today, I'd do everything in my power to ensure she had both.

I protect what's mine.

The hike down the mountain felt longer and more arduous than usual. With

each step, my thoughts returned to her. Her smile, her laughter, the warmth of her touch—all of it filled my mind. The memory of her kisses lingered on my lips, making my journey down the rugged terrain bittersweet.

Once I reached the mansion, I knew I couldn't linger. I got into my car and drove farther away, deeper into the wilderness.

I parked the car just as the sun began to set.

The sky transformed, fading from vibrant oranges and pinks to deep blues and purples. The rhythmic rush of the river served as a soothing backdrop, its gentle whispers mingling with the sounds of the forest. With a heavy swallow, I stepped out of the car, my senses acutely attuned to the wild beauty around me.

The anticipation of the impending confrontation with Aric weighed heavily on my shoulders, but in this moment, I allowed myself a brief respite. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, the scent of the pine trees and the cool, crisp air filling my lungs. It was moments like these that reminded me of the world's beauty, its vastness, and the complexities of life.

My reprieve didn't last long.

The stillness of the clearing by the river was broken by the soft rustling of leaves in the gentle breeze. I stood there, my senses alert, anticipating his arrival at any given moment. A twig cracked in the distance, and I stilled, listening resolutely for any more signs of approach.

I was alone, and right now, I was at a distinct disadvantage. He could attack from any direction, and I needed to be ready.

The first sign of his approach came as a distant rustling, faint and almost imperceptible. I listened more closely, realized that it was the subtle sound of leaves crunching underfoot and sticks snapping beneath the weight of his relentless advance. My heart pounded in my chest as I braced myself for the inevitable fight, but then a stark realization came over me.

Aric wouldn't approach like this. He was a skilled hunter. He knew how to mask his steps, to walk through a forest in total silence until he happened upon his prey. He'd done it to me time and time again.

My instincts flared, and I tensed, my muscles coiling in readiness.

I paid keener attention, realizing that there was more than one set of footsteps coming for me. I closed my eyes, recognizing that I was surrounded on all sides.

There was at least six of them and there was nothing I could do but prepare myself for the fight of my life.

As the approaching men drew nearer, I stood tall, my posture unwavering and imposing. I squared my shoulders, and every muscle in my body tensed with a feral readiness.

When they finally emerged from the shadows of the forest, my heart dropped.

There was no sign of Aric among them.

Instead, a group of eight battle-hardened fighters, their faces etched with grim determination, stepped into the moonlit clearing. Confusion and realization crashed together in my mind.

Aric had played me. I hadn't anticipated this.

I gritted my teeth, cursing myself for not seeing his true agenda sooner. Aric had always been cunning, and I had underestimated his ruthlessness. Lexie was alone and vulnerable, and I was stuck here, facing these men in Aric's absence.

She could be in danger.

The fighters formed a semi-circle around me, their weapons glinting in the moonlight. I ground my teeth together, my fists clenching.

In the distance, the river murmured softly, a reminder of precious time slipping away. With grim determination, I raised my fists, ready to face these fighters and buy myself the time I needed to reach Lexie before it was too late.

Glancing quickly around the circle of men, I took a moment to study my competition.

They wore dark, camouflaged clothing that blended seamlessly with the

shadows of the night. Each of them was armed, their weapons gleaming ominously in the moon's silver glow. Some held rifles, their barrels glinting coldly in the night, while others carried handguns holstered at their sides. The moonlight caught the metallic sheen of knives strapped to their belts.

Their faces were obscured by masks, making it impossible to discern their expressions, but the confident set of their shoulders told me that they would be formidable opponents. They moved as a unit, closing the distance around me with a calculated precision that spoke of their experience.

I tensed, fully ready for battle.

My instincts took over, and I felt my transformation begin. My muscles coiled and shifted, my bones rearranging themselves with a series of satisfying cracks. Fur sprouted across my body, and my senses sharpened. In the blink of an eye, I was a wolf, sleek and powerful, ready to defend what was mine.

The forest erupted into chaos as the eight fighters closed in on me. I prowled on all fours, my hackles raised and fangs bared.

My instincts were on high alert, every sense finely tuned to their movements. The leader of the pack lunged at me first, his roar reverberating through the night. With a lightning-quick motion, I dodged his attack, my claws grazing his arm as he sailed past. Blood spurted, and he howled in pain. I jumped at him and slammed my paws right into his breastbone, and he fell, knocking his head on a rock.

He didn't get back up again.

Around me, the other fighters encircled, their weapons trained on my form. Bullets tore through the air, but I was a blur of fur and muscle, evading them with an animalistic grace. The scent of blood hung heavy in the air, but none of it was mine.

A bullet whizzed past my ear, sinking into the tree beside me. I froze for a moment, realizing the stakes had just been raised. They were using silver bullets. They knew my weakness, and they were exploiting it.

I needed to be careful.

With a growl that reverberated through the forest, I lunged at the nearest assailant. My jaws closed around his arm, and he cried out in agony, dropping his weapon. The metallic tang of blood filled my mouth, but I didn't release my grip. He thrashed and struggled, but I held fast until I felt the bones snap beneath my powerful jaws.

My wolf became a blur of primal fury.

One by one, the attackers fell, their cries and pleas for mercy drowned out by the fiery wrath surging through me. The battle was fierce, and it seemed as though the odds were stacked against me, but I fought with every ounce of my being.

Finally, only one man remained, injured and trembling. He held a silver-coated knife, his knuckles white with determination.

I stalked towards him, my eyes locked on his.

In the eerie silence of the forest, we circled each other, predator and prey. He made the first move, lunging at me with the knife. I sidestepped his attack with ease, then lunged, knocking the weapon from his hand. He stumbled backwards, a quick glimmer of fear etched across his exposed eyes.

I leapt at him, my paws slamming into his chest. As he fell to the ground, I clamped my teeth down on his arm, sinking deep into his flesh. His guttural scream echoed throughout the forest. With a fierce shake of my head, I tore a chunk from his arm. He fell to the forest floor, writhing in pain.

My only priority was Lexie's safety. With a low growl, I bared my teeth, warning him to stay down. He scrambled to his feet, his breathing ragged.

I knew I needed answers, and I needed them now.

I shifted back into my human form and picked up a gun from one of the fallen men. I aimed it at his head. He stopped short.

"Tell me where Aric is," I growled, my voice a low, menacing rumble that echoed through the trees.

The man coughed, blood trickling from his mouth, but he managed to muster a defiant glare. "You won't find him."

“You’re not leaving this forest until you tell me everything,” I clenched my jaw.

He laughed, a harsh, bitter sound. “You think you can make me talk?”

I leaned closer, my eyes narrowing as I lowered my voice to a dangerous whisper. “You’re injured, bleeding out in the middle of nowhere. I can make your suffering last a very long time, or you can save yourself and give me the information I need,” I threatened. I wasn’t above torture, I just preferred not to use it.

“You can’t protect her. Aric will find her, and he’ll end her,” he replied.

I growled and his bravado wavered, fear flickering in his eyes.

My patience wore thin, and I moved closer, pressing the muzzle of the gun against his temple.

“I’ll ask you one more time. Where is Aric?”

He hesitated, staring down the barrel of the gun into my eyes, and then with a defeated sigh, he finally spoke.

“He followed you yesterday. He’s been camped outside the cabin about a mile away. It’ll be too late. He’ll have already taken her,” he said.

I gritted my teeth.

“Please, spare me,” he begged, his voice shaking.

I hesitated for a moment, torn between the desire to protect Lexie and the instinct to show mercy, but I couldn’t risk it. With a swift motion, I pulled the trigger, delivering a lethal blow that sent him sprawling to the ground.

I stared down at him for a long moment before I turned around.

Another gunshot rang out in the forest, and a searing pain ripped through my body. I collapsed to the ground, my vision swimming with darkness.

I turned my head. The same man that I had presumed was the leader that had hit his head against a rock had risen to his feet. In his hand was a sleek black handgun.

The pain blazed through me like wildfire.

He'd used a silver bullet.

CHAPTER 20



*L*exie

I woke with a start in the middle of the night, the darkness of the cabin pressing in on me like a heavy shroud.

The faint rustling sound outside the window had pierced the veil of my dreams, dragging me back to consciousness. Panic, like icy tendrils, crept up my spine as my heart raced in my chest. Was it Aric? Or was it Kane, finally coming back from his confrontation with the skillful hunter?

I hoped it was the latter.

I strained my ears, trying to discern the source of the sound, but the silence of the forest seemed to mock my fear. The cabin, once a sanctuary, now felt like a flimsy refuge. The walls, made of weathered wood, seemed too thin, too fragile to protect me from whatever lurked outside.

Carefully, I pushed myself up onto my elbows and scanned the dimly lit room. Moonlight filtered through the curtains, casting eerie shadows across the rustic furniture. The thought of hiding crossed my mind, but the cabin held no secrets. There was nowhere to conceal myself.

My eyes darted to the handgun that Kane had shown me how to use. It lay on the nightstand, glinting slightly in the pale light. My trembling fingers reached for it, and I grasped it tightly, my knuckles white. I knew I had to be

ready to protect myself if it came to that.

Every creak of the cabin's old wooden boards magnified my fear, and I held my breath, straining to hear any movement outside. The forest seemed to be holding its breath with me, as if the very trees were watching and waiting for me outside.

The minutes dragged on, stretching into an agonizing eternity. I couldn't stay hidden in the bedroom forever, and the decision weighed heavily on me. Should I venture outside and risk the unknown, or should I wait, hoping for the sound to reveal itself?

Summoning every ounce of courage, I carefully swung my legs over the edge of the bed. The wooden floor felt cold beneath my bare feet. My trembling fingers fumbled with the weapon, and I brought it close to my chest.

With my heart pounding in my ears, I checked the handgun to see if it was loaded. The slide was back, indicating a chambered round. I let out a shaky breath, grateful that Kane had taught me well. I at least had a means to defend myself.

Gritting my teeth, I moved towards the window, my steps slow and deliberate. Moonlight filtered through the curtains, casting a pale glow that hauntingly illuminated the room. I peered outside, my eyes scanning the shadows for any sign of movement.

The forest beyond was a labyrinth of twisted branches and swaying leaves. Each rustle of the wind sounded like a sinister whisper, and every snapped twig seemed to echo through the stillness of the night. I tensed, listening intently for any clue about what might be lurking out there.

A flicker of movement caught my attention, and I tightened my grip on the gun. My breath caught in my throat as I watched a shadowy figure move through the trees. Panic surged through me, but I forced myself to stay still, to wait and watch.

The figure drew closer, and my heart raced even faster. I couldn't make out any details in the darkness, but the sense of dread intensified.

Who was it?

The uncertainty was maddening. With a hard swallow, I moved away from the window, a bad feeling swirling in the pit of my belly.

As my fear intensified, I frantically scanned the dimly lit cabin for a place to hide. The options were limited, and each one seemed less promising than the last. The corners of the room held only shadows, not safety. The furniture was too bulky to conceal me effectively. Desperation clawed at my chest as I contemplated the options laying in front of me.

Then my gaze landed on the closet, its slightly ajar door beckoning me like a lifeline in the storm. With no other choice, I tiptoed towards it and opened the door.

It was a small, cramped space, filled with old coats and forgotten belongings, but in that moment, it was all I had. I eased myself inside, heart pounding, and gently pushed the door closed just enough to leave a crack for observation. It wasn't much, but it was the closest thing to safety I could find.

I huddled in the closet, clutching the gun tightly as I strained to hear any sound beyond its narrow confines. Fear coiled within me like a viper, its venomous fangs ready to strike. The minutes stretched into an eternity as I listened to the night's eerie symphony, every rustle and creak amplifying my anxiety.

I knew at once that this wasn't Kane. He would have announced himself by now, which left only one other possibility.

Aric.

Suddenly, the door to the cabin creaked open with agonizing slowness. I clenched the gun, my knuckles white with tension as I strained to hear any movement. The floorboards groaned softly underfoot, and I imagined Aric prowling through the cabin, a predator seeking its prey.

The footsteps drew nearer, and my pulse quickened. I couldn't see anything in the closet's darkness, but I sensed his presence, an oppressive force that seemed to smother the air. My fingers trembled around the gun's grip as I waited, praying that he wouldn't discover my hiding place.

Then the floorboards creaked just in front of the closet door, and terror clenched my heart in a vice-like grip. My breath caught in my throat as I held

perfectly still, the seconds ticking away like an eternity. I hid the gun behind my back, stuffing it in the waistband of my jeans.

I hadn't slept in my pajamas. I'd chosen a stretchy pair of jeans and a long sleeve black shirt, just in case I needed to stumble around in the dead of night just like this.

My breath caught in my chest as the closet door creaked open. As soon as it swung all the way, I got my first look at the man that had caused so much upheaval in my life.

Aric's long, dirty blonde hair hung loosely around his shoulders, tousled and unkempt, lending him a wild and dangerous air. The dark blonde five o'clock shadow on his chiseled jaw accentuated the rugged contours of his face, while a cruel scar slashed across one eye, giving him a sinister edge. His massive form, rivaling even Kane's in sheer size and power, filled the doorway with an imposing presence.

In that chilling moment, his eyes, a stormy gray, met mine, and I saw a malevolent gleam within them that sent shivers down my spine.

"Well, well, what do we have here?"

I gritted my teeth, not wanting to say a word that might put myself or Kane in even more danger than we already were.

"Kane's woman, I take it?" he tried next.

"I don't know who you're talking about," I answered, careful to keep my voice steady and calm.

"You're in his cabin..." he said, raising a single eyebrow, an incredulous expression crossing his rugged features.

"I just stumbled on this place after getting lost in the woods. I needed somewhere to stay," I tried.

"You're a terrible liar, sweetheart," he murmured, his lips curling into an evil smile. His tone chilled me as though someone had dumped a bucket of ice over my head.

"What do you want?" I spat.

He stepped closer, his presence almost suffocating, and I moved as far back as I could. When my back brushed against the wall, I scoffed with fear. I shouldn't have hidden here. Now I was trapped.

"I've been chasing Kane for a long time now. I often wondered when the magic that birthed him would seek out a balance. You're his one true mate, aren't you?"

I swallowed hard, my fingers tightening around the grip of the gun in my trembling hand. "I don't know what you're talking about."

He took a step closer, his tall form casting a shadow over me.

"I don't know what you want from me, but I have nothing to do with Kane," I lied.

"Do you think you can protect him? Do you truly believe you can stand against me?" Aric's voice turned dark and mocking.

"I won't let you harm anyone," I snarled as my heart raced, but I held my ground.

He chuckled, a sinister sound that sent shivers down my spine. "Sweetheart, you don't even know what you're protecting."

"I know exactly who I'm protecting," I growled, and his wickedly malicious grin grew tenfold. A bad feeling roiled in my belly, and I couldn't help but swallow back a fresh wave of fear.

"You know, there's an old legend. If I kill the great beast, I will be granted true immortality. But there is another. It speaks of the beast finding his one true mate. But it also says that this mate will be my downfall. An ironic twist of fate, don't you think?"

"And you think I'm that mate?"

His smile was cruel as he leaned in closer, his dark blonde hair falling over one eye, emphasizing the scar that marred his rugged features.

"Oh, I'm certain of it. The prophecy is quite clear. The mate will bring about my destruction. I fully intend to prevent it."

We circled each other in the dimly lit cabin, the tension between us palpable.

“You underestimate Kane. He’s stronger than you think,” I countered, my voice trembling but determined.

“Strong, yes, but not invincible. And neither are you,” Aric scoffed, his arrogance unyielding.

Aric’s sinister smile widened as he withdrew a gun from its holster, pointing it directly at me. The cold metal of the barrel gleamed ominously in the dim light, and I knew I was standing on the precipice of something that could shatter my world completely.

“Come out, sweetheart,” he taunted, his eyes devouring my body with a predatory hunger. “I want a good, long look at you. After all, I should enjoy the view before I end your existence.”

I clenched my teeth to suppress the fear bubbling up within me. Slowly, I stepped out of the closet, my fingers trembling as I pulled the gun out of my waistband and held it steady, its weight both reassuring and terrifying in my grip.

“You’re a beauty, aren’t you? It’s a shame I have to kill you.” Aric’s gaze roamed over me with a sickening hunger, his words dripping with malice.

He moved closer, almost as if he intended to touch me. In that moment, I seized the opportunity. With a quick, determined motion, I pulled the gun from behind my back and aimed it squarely at him.

The power shifted in an instant, and his smile faltered, replaced by shock and a flicker of fear.

“You won’t be ending anything today, Aric. Now, tell me where Kane is,” I proclaimed, my voice steady but laced with resolve.

“You think you’ve got this all figured out, don’t you?”

“Fuck you, Aric,” I spat. He wasn’t going to win.

My hands trembled as I squeezed the trigger, and the recoil sent a searing pain through my wrist. The deafening bang of the gunshot reverberated through the cabin, shattering the stillness of the night. The bullet found its

mark, striking Aric squarely in the chest. I watched in disbelief as he staggered backward, a look of shock crossing his face. For a moment, it seemed like I might have gained the upper hand.

But victory was fleeting. He had fired his weapon too.

A sharp, burning pain erupted in my side as Aric's bullet struck me. I gasped, collapsing to the floor, clutching the wound. Blood seeped between my fingers, staining the wooden floorboards beneath me. My vision blurred, and the room spun as agony coursed through my body. I was certain I was about to die.

As I lay there, struggling to stay conscious, the sound of Aric's pained groan reached my ears. Through a haze of pain and dizziness, I watched in shock as he pushed himself to his feet. His movements were unsteady, his body trembling with the effort, but somehow, he was still able to move.

"What you don't know, sweetheart, is that I kept a vial of the same poison I used to create Kane centuries ago. And I laced my bullets with it."

My shock turned to horror as I realized the truth—his bullets were coated with a deadly toxin that was coursing through my veins. I was going to turn into a beast, same as Kane.

My strength waned with each passing second, and I could feel the poison working its way through my system, weakening me further. Aric's smile widened, his triumph evident in his cold, calculating eyes. He seemed to relish my suffering, savoring his twisted victory.

"I'll be coming back for you, Lexie," he hissed, his voice dripping with menace. "Enjoy what little time you have left," he threatened as he leaned in close, his breath chilling against my ear.

With a mocking bow, he turned and walked toward the cabin door, his movements slow and deliberate.

He left me there to die.

CHAPTER 21



*K*ane

I needed to get back to her.

Now.

My thoughts were consumed by my Lexie. Every fiber of my being screamed at me to get back to her side, to protect her, to ensure her safety. With every ounce of my strength, I had to find a way to escape, to return to her, and to keep her out of harm's way. She was my mate, my love, and my reason for living.

I pushed against the ground, trying to force myself to my feet.

Pain radiated through my body from the silver bullet lodged in my chest. I couldn't shift, couldn't tap into the power of my wolf form to heal myself. I was vulnerable, wounded, and unable to defend myself.

Fuck.

I watched with bated breath as the trees at the edge of the forest rustled, and then, like a dark omen, Aric emerged from the shadows into the moonlit clearing. His long, dirty blonde hair framed his menacingly familiar face. His massive form, rivaling my own in sheer strength, sent a shiver down my spine as I lay there injured on the ground.

But the thing was, he was injured too.

Aric's gaze locked onto me, and a cruel smile curved his lips.

"Kane, my old friend," he sneered, his voice dripping with contempt. "I see you're in quite a predicament."

I clenched my jaw, my muscles tensing in frustration. "Aric, you always were a coward. Sending your lackeys to do your dirty work," I growled, my voice laced with anger and resentment.

"Coward? No, Kane. I'm a survivor. Unlike you, I adapt to the changing world."

My eyes flicked to the scar over Aric's eye. "Like you adapted to that, huh?" I taunted.

"Ah, yes. You were always good at inflicting pain, weren't you? But I've learned to appreciate pain, to use it as a source of power." Aric's fingers traced the scar, a cruel smile playing on his lips. The threat in his gaze sent a shiver of fear shooting through me.

"What did you do with Lexie? Did you hurt her?" I snarled.

"What do you care?" he grinned, but his gaze held something dangerous. He knew something I didn't.

Aric had been human once. For the first time in our history, I tried to appeal to his humanity, hoping that he might think twice about hurting her.

Even if it was a fool's hope.

"You'll never understand what it means to love, to have a mate. That's a strength you'll never possess," I growled, my muscles tensing.

"Love is a weakness, Kane. It blinds you, makes you vulnerable. Your precious mate will be your downfall." Aric's laughter echoed through the forest.

"You won't lay a finger on her." My eyes blazed with fury.

"We'll see about that, old friend. We'll see." Aric's smile widened.

I gritted my teeth. My fingers itched to reach for the gun that lay just out of my grasp, but my wounded body refused to obey. Every movement sent an agonizing wave of pain through me, and Aric knew it. He took a step closer, his expression cruel.

“You see, Kane,” he continued, his tone low and dangerous, “I’ve been waiting for this moment for centuries. The moment when I finally rid the world of your wretched existence.”

“You won’t defeat me, Aric,” I declared, my voice steady. “I’ll find a way to stop you.”

He laughed, a cold, hollow sound that sent shivers down my spine.

“You’re in no position to make threats, Kane. I have the upper hand now.” Aric raised his gun, pointing it directly at me.

“You don’t have to do this,” I said, my jaw clenching with anger.

“You see, Kane, I’m not entirely convinced that this prophecy is true. So, instead of simply killing you, I think I’ll opt for a more... satisfying approach.”

His words sent shivers down my spine, my helplessness echoing in my inability to shift or reach for the gun on the forest floor. Aric’s malevolence was palpable, and he seemed hell-bent on making every moment count.

“I’ve seen firsthand the potency of your blood,” he continued, his eyes gleaming with a wicked fascination. “It works wonders at keeping me alive. And since I have you at my mercy, I think I’ll indulge myself, slowly draining your lifeblood away, savoring every drop, and relishing the exquisite agony it brings you.”

“You’re a monster,” I whispered hoarsely.

As if summoned by some dark sorcery, several more men began to materialize from the shadows of the forest. They emerged one by one, their silhouettes growing clearer as they entered the moonlit clearing. Aric’s grin, cold and wicked, sliced through the tension in the clearing. It was a grin that chilled me to the core.

With a cruel, twisted expression, he lifted his gun, the cool steel barrel aligning with deadly accuracy directly at my head.

Just as Aric's finger tightened on the trigger, a wild and electrifying force burst into the scene.

It was another wolf.

Its fur was a lustrous coat of midnight black, shimmering with an otherworldly sheen under the moonlight. Each muscle beneath that obsidian pelt rippled with frenzied strength. Its eyes, sharp and golden like twin flames, burned with a ferocious intelligence and a feral, unrestrained rage. The creature was a whirlwind of fur and fangs, a primal force unleashed.

What had Aric done?

Even in the midst of that chaos, I recognized my Lexie. She was unmistakable in the fierce gaze of those eyes. In her wolf form, she embodied a breathtaking mix of strength and beauty, and I knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that it was her.

Aric's gun barked, but Lexie moved with a supernatural speed and agility that defied reality. Her powerful jaws clamped onto Aric's wrist, causing him to scream in agony as the weapon discharged harmlessly into the night. With a swift, brutal twist of her jaws, Lexie broke his arm and sent the gun flying.

The other men, taken aback by the sudden and ferocious appearance of this new adversary, fumbled to react. Lexie didn't give them a chance. She lunged at one of Aric's henchmen, her jaws closing around his throat with a sickening crunch. His lifeless body crumpled to the ground, blood gushing from the fatal wound.

The remaining men, now terrified and disoriented, opened fire. But Lexie was a blur of motion, darting between the trees, dodging bullets with uncanny grace. Her attacks were swift and lethal, her wolf instincts honed to a deadly edge.

I watched in awe and fear as Lexie tore through Aric's men like a vengeful spirit. In a matter of minutes, it was over. The clearing was littered with lifeless bodies, and Lexie stood triumphant, her chest heaving with exertion.

She turned her piercing gaze on Aric, who lay crumpled and broken on the forest floor. There was no mercy in her eyes, only the primal instincts of a predator who had just defended her territory. He'd grabbed another firearm from one of the fallen men, clutching it in bloody fingers as he stared her down. With a final, haunting howl, she lunged at him.

Aric attempted to strike Lexie with the butt of his gun, but she was quick, dodging his attack with a graceful sidestep. She snapped at his wounded wrist, making him yelp in agony. He retaliated with a wild punch, grazing Lexie's flank. She let out a growl of pain but didn't relent.

She lunged at his throat, teeth bared, but Aric managed to dodge just in time. He aimed a desperate kick at her, striking her shoulder.

Lexie staggered but recovered, her determination burning brighter. She circled Aric once more, watching for any weakness. Aric, on the other hand, clutched his injured wrist, blood dripping between his fingers.

With a final, powerful pounce, Lexie tackled Aric to the ground. Her jaws clamped down on his throat, causing him to scream in pain, but the sound abruptly cut off.

It was over.

As her eyes locked onto me, I could see no trace of recognition, only the wild instincts of a wolf ready to attack. She lunged at me with a snarl, her teeth bared.

In that moment, I knew there was no other way.

I knew what was happening to her. She'd lost control, just as I had when I'd first turned. I'd been in the middle of nowhere, so my initial killing spree had been an overwhelming number of deer and rabbits. Lexie wouldn't stop killing until she gained control of herself.

I was going to have to force her.

I grabbed one of the guns, my hands trembling with the weight of the decision I was about to make. I aimed carefully, my heart heavy with regret, and squeezed the trigger. The shot rang out, and the silver-tipped bullet grazed Lexie's leg. It wasn't a fatal shot, just enough to force her back into

her human form, or at least I hoped it would.

Her once sleek, fur-covered form began to ripple and shift, like a chrysalis breaking open to reveal a butterfly. The process was not without pain, and I could see the discomfort etched across her features.

Her limbs elongated, and her fur receded, leaving behind smooth, pale skin. Tufts of fur transformed into cascading waves of golden blonde hair that tumbled down her back. Her ears, which had once been pointed and covered in fur, became delicate and human. Her sharp, wolfish snout softened into a graceful nose, and her jaws, which had once held fearsome teeth, now formed delicate lips. Her slender fingers flexed and clenched as if discovering their new dexterity. Lexie's legs, once built for swift running, now extended into graceful limbs that ended in human feet. Her tail, a remnant of her wolf form, disappeared entirely.

The transformation was agonizing to watch as her body contorted and shifted, and then she collapsed onto the forest floor, her human form trembling with exhaustion. Her breath came in ragged gasps, her strength visibly waning. I rushed over to her as her eyelids drooped and took her into my arms, holding her close.

Lexie was mine now.

Forever.

CHAPTER 22



Lexie

What the fuck had happened?

I blinked my eyes open, the world swimming into focus as I tried to piece together where I was. Everything felt hazy, like I was trying to recall a dream that kept slipping through my fingers. There was pain, a dull ache that pulsed through my body, but it was muted, as if I were viewing it from a distance.

As my vision cleared, I realized I was lying in a large, luxurious bed in a room that felt both familiar and foreign. It took me a moment to remember—I was back at Kane’s estate. How had I ended up here?

“Lexie, you’re awake,” Kane’s voice cut through the fog in my mind, and I turned my head to see him sitting in a chair beside the bed. His eyes were filled with a mix of relief and concern.

“Kane?” I croaked, my voice scratchy. I tried to sit up, but a sharp pain shot through my side, and I winced, sinking back into the pillows.

“Easy, don’t push yourself,” he said, reaching out to gently place a hand on my arm. His touch was warm and comforting. “Do you remember what happened?”

I furrowed my brow, trying to grasp the fragments of memory that flitted

through my mind.

“There was a fight... Aric,” I muttered, the name coming to me like a distant echo. “I was a wolf, and...”

“Aric had managed to find you and shoot you with a poisoned bullet. You were in your wolf form and somehow made it to the clearing where he was about to kill me,” Kane said as he nodded solemnly.

I shivered at the implication, my memories slowly starting to coalesce into a clearer picture.

“What happened? How did we...?”

His expression tightened, and he sighed, his gaze never leaving mine.

“I had to shoot you with a silver bullet. I only grazed your leg, but it was the only way to stop you without causing permanent harm,” he explained.

“You shot me,” I said flatly, and he nodded, his eyes full of regret.

“I had no choice. You would have kept on killing if I didn’t. It forced you back into your human form, and you passed out from exhaustion and the shock of the transformation. But you’re going to be okay. You’re healing now.”

I couldn’t help but feel a jumble of emotions—confusion, gratitude, and a lingering fear of what had transpired.

“I don’t remember all of it,” I admitted, my voice trembling.

He leaned in closer, his eyes softening as he took my hand in his. “Your memory will come back with time. The important thing is that you’re safe now,” he mused.

“And Aric?” I pressed.

“He’s dead. You killed him.”

A massive wave of relief rolled over me, and I sighed, closing my eyes. As I lay in the soft comfort of our bed, the aftermath of my transformation still coursing through my veins, I couldn’t help but notice the profound changes within me. It was as if a dormant power had been awakened. My senses felt

sharper, more attuned to the world around me. I could hear the faintest sounds outside, the rustling leaves, the distant howling of a coyote. My skin tingled with newfound sensitivity, and I could feel my body healing, mending the wounds I had sustained.

“You’re healing faster. Just a few more days and you’ll be right as rain,” he murmured, but I could see the sorrow in his eyes all the same.

“Thank you for taking care of me,” I whispered.

“Always, my sweet mate.”

* * *

One week later...

“I can’t believe you shot me,” I sassed, my gaze sparkling with playfulness.

I wasn’t actually angry about it. I understood his reasoning, the necessity of tending to my wounds and ensuring a full recovery. However, as the days passed, my desire grew, fanning the flames of impatience within me. My injuries had faded to nothing more than pink scars thanks to my new-found abilities.

I was starting to grow impatient.

It was as if the wolf within me had awakened a primal need that simmered beneath the surface of my skin, and I was going to go into heat if he didn’t do anything about it.

“That I did, didn’t I?” Kane replied, his eyes glinting with knowing intent.

“You did,” I pouted, sitting up in bed. I brushed my fingers along the very light scar on my leg. Honestly, I had to look pretty hard to find it. It was hardly even a scratch now. It had completely healed long before the wound from Aric’s gun had.

His rough hands surrounded my left foot, massaging gently. Fierce tendrils of sensation ricocheted up the length of my leg until I was practically shivering

with it.

“And how would you like me to make it up to you?” he whispered, his voice a husky mix of ravenous hunger and a building need all of his own. It was deep and gravelly, washing over me like a tidal wave of desire. The undercurrent of longing set my heart racing with need. I sank my teeth into the inside of my cheek, trying to keep quiet the rising swell of a moan that begged to be set free.

I was successful, at least for a little while.

When he started trailing sensual kisses up the length of my calf, I sucked in a breath. Unable to help myself, I left out a soft, strangled cry before I bit my lip and cut it off. His mouth curved up in a knowing smirk and a rush of heat painted my cheeks as his journey of kisses crossed the expanse of my thighs.

“I’m waiting, my sweet mate,” he purred.

His mouth glanced daringly close to my slit, and I could feel my legs begin to tremble with the rising swell of desire coursing through my veins. I was utterly helpless against it, my body responding to his touch with a fierce hunger I couldn’t even begin to fight. Every brush of his fingertips sent electric shivers down my spine, fierce jolts that threaded straight down to my core. Without conscious thought, my hips bucked the tiniest bit, almost like my body was offering itself to him and that delicious mouth of his.

He trailed more gentle kisses along my inner thigh, and my legs opened for him. I was wearing nothing more than a pair of panties and a thin white nightshirt. My nipples pebbled beneath the fabric. They would be completely visible to anyone looking, and when he glanced up at them, his gaze darkened considerably. The heat rushing to my face took me by storm, and there was nothing I could do to stop it.

Then the tip of his tongue snaked out from his lips, licking dangerously close to my sensitive folds. My entire body tensed up with fervent need, and I couldn’t stop the words from tumbling out of my mouth.

Fuck.

He had me at his mercy.

“Your tongue,” I finally managed to whisper. I took a deep breath, trying to quell the rising tide of arousal. Nothing I did or thought managed to take the edge off. If anything, my passionate need simply grew stronger the more I tried to fight it.

It swirled within me like a tornado, slowly growing in strength and whirling faster as the seconds ticked by.

“Then we’ll have to do something about these panties being in the way, won’t we?” he murmured. His kisses never stopped, trailing up and down my flesh with increasing recklessness. He kissed the side of my knee, my calves, and all over my thighs before he paused. I drew in as much air as I could, gulping it down like it was the last bite of food on a deserted island.

His fingers laced under the waistband of my panties. He took his time pulling them down, instead choosing to graze his rough fingertips back and forth across my bare flesh. Kane’s rough fingertips danced across my skin, igniting trails of sensation like sparks on a dark canvas. Each touch left a tingling imprint, setting my nerves alight with an electric pulse that sent shivers down my spine. His hands, though calloused, held a tenderness that stirred a deep ache within me, a yearning for more that I could not contain no matter how hard I tried.

When he finally started to pull them down, I couldn’t help but raise my hips to help him. He growled, the sound roughly grating as it rolled down my spine. Raw animal desire squeezed tight in the pit of my belly. Aching pressure continued to build, and I knew that I needed release soon.

It felt like I was going to burst.

Fretfully slowly, he dragged my panties down my legs. The moment the chill air of the room brushed against my bare pussy, I stiffened. There was a soft, gentle breeze from the overhead fan. As the air glided over my sensitive folds, I came to a startling realization.

I was already soaking wet, and he hadn’t even started. My wetness chilled under the movement of air, making me achingly aware of every single drop as it seeped down onto my inner thighs. There was plenty of sun streaming in through the windows. He’d be able to see every shameful bead as it rolled down the expanse of my naked skin.

A part of me liked that.

He dragged the delicate lace of my panties down the length of my calves and slowly threaded each foot out of them. When he had them in his hands, he held them out, displaying the gusset to me as if it was a precious work of art.

“You left these soaking wet, my sweet mate. Have you been thinking about me?” he asked, and the heat flushing my cheeks only grew hotter. His gaze dipped back down to the soaked fabric, and a knowing smirk grazed his lips.

“Yes,” I whispered, not wanting to say anything more. I had been thinking about him taking me in every way, with his mouth and then with his cock.

“I’ve been thinking about you too, my little wolf, about the sweet haven of my mouth between these pretty legs, about the taste of you on my tongue. I need you like the desert thirsts for rain. I ache for you like the earth hungers for dawn, and I long for you like the night yearns for the stars. You’re my everything, Lexie, and I intend to prove that to you each and every day,” he declared.

His words poured over me like the warmth of the rising sun. His love was palpable, and I felt it with every fiber of my being. I basked in the glow of his affection, and I couldn’t help but feel my own heart open for him.

“I love you, Lexie,” he murmured.

“I love you too, Kane,” I answered, my voice steady and true.

In that moment, I couldn’t help but marvel at how deeply I loved him in return. His presence in my life had become my anchor, and the thought of ever being apart from him was unimaginable.

Ever since the first day my eyes had met his, my love for him had only grown stronger, like a river that swelled with the weight of rain, unstoppable and unyielding.

My desire for him surged like a wildfire unleashed, its fierce flames licking at the corners of my soul. It was an unquenchable thirst. Every glance, every touch, every whispered word between us added fuel to this burning need, intensifying the inferno that raged within me.

It was as if my body and heart were locked in a relentless dance, a primal rhythm that echoed with the urgency of two souls longing to become one. Struggling to keep still, I drew in a ragged breath as the very blood in my veins turned to molten lava. Heat flowed through every inch of my body as my spine arched off the bed and sweat beaded at my brow.

He hadn't even kissed between my legs yet.

"You're a wolf now, little mate. Everything is going to be heightened, your senses, your emotions, your ability to orgasm," he explained darkly, and I felt myself blush all the harder.

I could feel every nerve ready to fire, every drop of arousal stringing between my thighs, every rough brush of his fingers against my naked skin.

It was driving me wild with need.

None too gently, he spread my thighs wide and looked down, taking a long moment to feast on the sight of me. His expression was ravenous, like a starving beast about to ambush its prey, and it set my soul ablaze with passionate need.

"Please, have mercy on your little wolf," I begged, opening my thighs just a bit wider to show him how much I needed him.

Teasing me, he pressed his lips to the top of my mound, only just missing the persistent needy little bud hidden among my sensitive folds. A hint of pleasure coursed through me, and I shivered, needing more, *wanting more*.

"I just want to ensure that I *thoroughly* make it up to you, little wolf," he mused, kissing all around my pussy while avoiding where I wanted him the most.

My desire, an inferno of longing, blazed within me, fierce and unrelenting. It was as if I stood at the edge of a precipice, teetering on the brink of something wild and untamed. Each touch, each glance from him fueled the flames, and I could feel the scorching heat surging through every fiber of my being.

When his kiss finally pressed down over my clit, I was already a shivering mess of arousal. Nothing I could do would quell the quaking in my limbs and

the way my body was writhing beneath his.

I reached for him, not to push him away, but simply because I wanted to touch him, almost as if I was afraid that he was a figment of my imagination and that he would disappear at any second. I slid my fingertips along the line of his shoulder until they slid through the soft mane of his hair. I couldn't help but marvel at the silky texture that contrasted so beautifully with the rugged strength of the man beneath it. Each strand felt like a whisper against my skin, and without thought, I dug my nails into his scalp.

My hips lifted for him as the wet warmth of his tongue settled against my clit. He slowly lapped at my pussy, teasing me with long, gentle strokes that drove me wild with need.

Soon, I was writhing beneath him, trying to lift my pussy to his mouth as he drew away from my needy bud, again and again as he taunted me with pleasure that was just out of reach.

I shivered.

I moaned.

I begged, but still he didn't relent. Instead, he kept teasing me, suckling me in and laving my clit with the tip of his tongue. He drove me right to the edge, then he would maddeningly pull away, leaving me on the precipice of orgasm. He did that over and over again until the pain of denial was cutting deep into my core, like a fiery whiplash that left me aching and longing for so much more.

"Please, sir," I tried.

"That's what I want to hear, my beautiful girl," he murmured, the breathy air of his words teasing my soaked flesh.

When his mouth finally locked onto my clit with a telling firmness, I knew the time had come for him to finally push me over the edge into the searing hot abyss.

I drew my lip into my mouth, feeling the current sweep me up and take me along for a ride. There was no preparing for that orgasm. It just came and it came hard. It was like a supernova of passion, exploding with intensity and

brilliance, leaving no part of me untouched.

My climax hit me as hard as a meteor crashing into the Earth.

In an instant, the impact collided with an unstoppable force that left me breathless and trembling. It was as though a blazing fire had ignited within me, consuming every rational thought, and leaving only the raw need for him in its wake. I cried out, immediately overwhelmed, but there was no choice but to lie back and take it.

My fingers dug into his scalp, holding on for dear life as I rode wave after wave of exquisite ecstasy. My orgasm came hard and fast, sweeping me up in the riptide and refusing to let go. My passionate bliss took over my every waking thought, and when it eventually crested and ebbed, I was left a breathless, sweaty mess of needy desire.

I knew he wasn't going to stop at one. This was only the first in a long string of many that he was going to rip from my body before he was through.

I laid back and waited for the next.

He drew back, kissing my clit lightly as I flinched from oversensitivity. He guided me through every quaking aftershock, and before I knew what was happening, I was already on the brink of another earth-shattering climax that threatened to break me.

“Keep your hands where they are, little wolf, or else I will bind them,” he warned.

My inner walls clenched hard. His heated gaze held mine as he lowered himself between my legs, and I shivered hard. I watched the tip of his tongue peek out from between his lips before it slid through the length of my slit, starting at my entrance and journeying up to my clit. My needy ball of nerves pulsed under the rough surface of his tongue, and my breathing hitched at the same time my hips bucked.

“You're a needy mate today, aren't you?” he murmured, and I blushed, unable to stop my emotions from playing out all over my face. His dark stare was like a fire that held me captive, a burning desire that enveloped my very soul. His eyes, intense and passionate, bored into mine with an unwavering intensity, igniting a hunger that pulsed through my veins.

“Yes, sir,” I breathed, my voice trembling with an intense, desperate desire.

When his mouth finally descended back between my legs, my head was a whirlwind of need. It was so intense that it was as if I’d never come at all.

It took an embarrassingly short amount of time for me to feel my second orgasm looming on the horizon. I keened, writhing and bucking under him. My fingers dug into his scalp, and as much as I tried not to, I pulled him harder against me.

He growled and I loosened my grip, but I could only do so much.

“I need,” I begged.

His teeth nipped at my clit.

“I know what you need.”

His voice echoed in my mind, speaking directly to my soul. It was as if he was inside my head, his words resonating with an intimate familiarity that sent shivers down my spine. With each syllable, my desire surged.

“You hear me, don’t you?”

“Yes, sir,” I whispered.

“I have something to tell you.”

I stilled, tensing slightly as I recognized that tiny glimmer of darkness in his tone. He had something up his sleeve, and I couldn’t guess at what it was, only that it would probably hurt. Without pause, he dragged his teeth over my engorged clit, and I cried out, the painful admonishment both familiar and new all in the same breath.

“What’s that?” I asked, my voice trembling with the unknown.

“When I’m through tasting this sweet little pussy, you and I are going to have a long discussion about what happens to naughty little wolves who try to eat their mates,” he threatened, and a cold chill raced down my spine.

“But I…”

“Shhh, little mate. Now come for me while you think about the spanking you

have coming next.”

His tongue pressed firmly against my clit, teasing and taunting me with more pleasure. There was nothing I could do to stop myself from sailing over the edge into a red-hot realm of searing pleasure. It cut through me with wild abandon, surging like the tumultuous waves of the sea in the middle of a hurricane.

The sheer intensity drew me under, and my breath stuck in my lungs. It was as if I was drowning in the rolling waves of my own desire.

I came so hard it was as if my head was reeling alongside the stars in the sky. My mouth opened and a scream tore free. Agonizing bliss cut through me, and when it finally came time for my orgasm to quell, another one followed in its wake.

The current drew me along, my desire raging within me like the frothy white-water rapids of a wild river. The ecstasy ripping through me felt like a relentless current, sweeping me away from the shores of reason and drowning me in a sea of unquenchable need. My passionate need carved a path through my soul like a river cuts through stone, leaving me entirely helpless within its searing hot embrace.

He didn't stop at two orgasms.

He forced me into a third.

I screamed and writhed through that third orgasm, the painful dregs of the first two combining with the third. It was as though I was balanced on the edge of a knife, pain and pleasure at war inside of me.

I knew which one was going to win.

I rode the rolling waves of pleasure until they were nothing more than water lapping at a sandy shore. By the time I came down, my body was shaking, and my breath was ragged, my heart beating as though it was in the back of my throat.

“That’s only the beginning, little wolf.”

He drew backwards, and I could see the sheen of my wetness on his lips. He

leaned in closer, and I held my breath. The anticipation hung in the air, a charged energy that sent shivers down my spine. His lips brushed against mine, and I lost myself in his kiss. It felt as if time itself had slowed, granting us the gift of an eternal moment in which our souls intertwined as one.

The taste of myself was stark on my tongue.

The flavor of my arousal was sweet. It reminded me of ripened berries on a clear summer's day, fresh and potent and altogether me. There was the slightest hint of salt as his tongue pressed into my mouth and danced with mine.

When he eventually drew away, I released a tiny sound of disappointment. The wicked grin that graced his face erased it at once, and I shivered.

“I think it’s time I put you over my knee, my sweet mate.”

I trembled, opening and closing my mouth to protest his pronouncement, but nothing came out. It was as if my words had all but disappeared.

I knew why, too.

I wanted him to spank me.

Then I wanted him to punish me with his cock.

When he sat down, my body started moving of its own accord. I didn’t think as I slid off the bed and pressed my feet to the floor. Each step towards him made my heart thrum with nervous energy, and when he reached his hand out towards mine, my arm lifted to meet his. When my fingers brushed against his, an electric bolt of pleasure surged straight down to my clit.

“I think you should take your nightshirt off for me, little one,” he ordered, the cadence of his voice hard yet somehow still tender. My nipples hardened underneath the fabric, and a shiver raced down my spine. He looked back at me expectantly, his hard gaze meeting mine with firm intent.

With a slow, deliberate movement, I reached down and grasped the hem of my nightshirt, feeling the fabric slide against my skin as I pulled it up and over my head. I cast it aside, my breath catching, and I couldn’t help but glance down at him. His eyes were locked on me, dark and hungry, his desire

evident in every heated gaze, making every nerve in my body come alive.

He reached out for my hand again, and I took it.

Gently, he pulled me forward so that I lay over his lap, his hard muscled thighs firm beneath my belly. Carefully, he edged me forward so that my bottom was arched upwards at an angle, leaving me vulnerable to his firm hand. My pussy clenched and I sighed, every inch of my body buzzing with fiery heat.

My pussy throbbed, but all of my attention was focused on my naked globes, waiting for him to begin. When his fingers brushed against my skin, I stiffened for the briefest of seconds before I relaxed.

I knew I was safe with him. I always had been.

When his fingers gripped my left cheek a little roughly, a soft gasp escaped my lips. When he let it go and smoothed his hand over my bare flesh, goosebumps broke out all over, visible evidence of just how much of an effect he was having on me. An involuntary, breathy moan sounded all around me, and I was so much in my head that I eventually realized that it had been me.

“I’m going to show you what it means to be a wolf,” he declared, and I shivered hard. His fingers slid down the length of my thigh, just briefly glancing against the back of my knee. I pressed my thighs together, trying to maintain control while knowing he would ultimately take it for himself.

The sound of his hand cracking against my bottom for the first time was jarring. It was almost like I wasn’t in my own body, that I was somehow watching from the sidelines. The hard clap echoed throughout the room, and I briefly wondered if anyone was near, but when the second hit, the sting took me back in an instant.

“Oh!” I cried out.

“It was awfully naughty for you to try to eat me,” he chided, and I couldn’t help but swallow back a giggle.

“Yes, sir,” I replied, playing into his game.

“I should spank this gorgeous little ass bright, *bright*, red,” he mused, and I didn’t reply, at least not with words. Instead, I arched my back, lifting my bottom a little as his palm smoothed over it. He trailed his fingers along the curve of my cheeks before he slapped them once again.

The sting was so much fiercer that it took my breath away.

After that, the spanking began in earnest. Suddenly, the world around me evaporated, leaving only my bare bottom and his hard hand. He peppered my cheeks with hard smacks, starting at the very tops of my cheeks all the way down to mid-thigh.

The initial sting escalated into a searing, scalding burn that radiated through every fiber of my being, leaving me achingly aware of every sensation, every touch, and every hard slap. My gasps turned breathy. A blush warmed my cheeks, spreading like wildfire across dry brush. My heart raced in my chest, a wild, erratic drumbeat echoing the frantic pace of my desires.

His other hand wound around my hip, pinning me in place. My hips bucked a little, and I couldn’t help but feel the hard line of his cock beneath my belly. I adored the feeling of it.

“Kane,” I breathed.

He was just as aroused as I was. His every touch sent electric sparks through my body, setting my skin ablaze with a delicious mix of pleasure and longing. The pain twisted with the pleasure radiating through my body, transforming into a heady sensation that left my head reeling.

His palm continued to sear into my naked cheeks, the infernal sting feeling as though I’d been stabbed with a thousand needles. I cried out as it grew fiercer than ever, especially when he focused on the lower curve where my ass met my thighs. My hips lifted off his lap and he pushed me back down, carefully pinning me back into place for the rest of my spanking.

My core throbbed with need.

Desire surged within me, an all-encompassing force that seemed to radiate from every inch of my being. It started as a mere flicker, a spark ignited by his touch, but it soon grew into an inferno that consumed me entirely. My skin tingled with anticipation, each caress from his fingertips sending waves

of longing through my body. Every nerve ending in my body seemed attuned to his presence, and I knew with certainty that there was no escaping the blazing path of desire that threatened to overwhelm me at any given moment.

With ruthless intent, he started spanking me more firmly. Each hard smack jostled my bare cheeks, causing heated sensation to radiate through my core. My clit pulsed so hard that my hips bucked against him.

“Kane,” I breathed.

“Your bottom is barely even pink, little wolf,” he warned, and my heart blossomed in my chest. I was loving every minute of this, even if it hurt, especially because it hurt. Every spank caused the fire to flare anew, and when he smacked directly over my pussy, it was enough to send my body into overdrive.

“Oh, please,” I begged. As if he could read my mind, he spanked me in the same spot several more times.

I was so close to orgasm that I could practically taste it.

Every nerve in my body crackled with energy, ready to burst at any given moment.

“Not yet, my sweet mate. You do not have permission to come yet,” he growled. The sound reverberated straight down into the depths of my soul, and my entire body shuddered with pleasure.

“Please,” I pleaded, but when he smacked directly in the middle of my ass several more times, I knew I wasn’t going to be able to stop what was coming.

Like a freight train careening off its tracks, my orgasm crashed into me with savage force. One moment, I was focusing on each stinging smack, and the next, I was soaring with the exquisite euphoria of my own release. With my bottom burning and his hand still falling, I came so hard that a scream ripped free from my throat.

White hot pleasure burned through every limb, and it wasn’t until I came down from that vividly hard climax that I realized that I had defied him. Nervous butterflies fluttered in my belly as he cleared his throat, and my

bottom clenched knowingly, as if I knew I was in trouble before he even said a word.

“I didn’t give you permission to come, did I?” he said quietly, his tone dangerously dark and painfully ominous.

“No sir,” I whispered, my voice breaking a little with anxious arousal.

“We’re going to have to deal with that now, aren’t we?”

“But…” I began, but there was nothing to say, no arguments to save me from whatever was about to come. I wanted to beg, but I didn’t even know what I was begging for.

With embarrassing ease, he lifted me up off his lap and deposited me over the side of the bed. I looked back over my shoulder, and my heart stopped as his hands dropped to his waist.

My breath caught in my throat as he slowly slid his belt from the loops of his jeans. The soft rattle of the buckle echoed in the quiet, a subtle threat that sent shivers down my spine. Every deliberate movement, every tug and pull of leather, heightened the tension in the room, and I could feel the desire building between us like a steadily rising tide.

I should have been scared, but I wasn’t.

He folded the leather in half, holding it in one hand while the other pressed down on my lower back.

“I’m going to welt your bottom with my belt, little wolf, but your punishment isn’t going to end when I’m through with that,” he warned.

“Sir?”

“After this pretty little ass is thoroughly marked, I’m going to fuck it,” he murmured.

He didn’t shout, but there was no need to. The room was tense with anticipation, and I found it difficult to draw enough air into my lungs. Every inch of my body was pulsing with heat.

The sound of the belt cutting through the air was like a gentle swish, but

when it connected with my bare cheeks, it was like a line of liquid fire. My muscles tightened as pain arced across my cheeks, hot and heavy and all-consuming.

His hand had stung.

His belt was that much worse.

He used the belt to whip my bottom in earnest, taking care not to miss a single inch, from the middles of my thighs all the way up the upper crests of my cheeks. I keened as one cut right across the lower curve where my ass met my thighs, the sting more than enough to make me scream out loud.

His pace was slow and steady, allowing each welt to rise like the swelling tide. I rolled up on the tips of my toes as the waves of pain swept through me. I wanted to reach back to block the belt from hitting, but I knew he would simply pin my wrists out of the way, so I grabbed a pillow instead.

Liquid fire scalded across my bottom, over and over again until my eyes started to water and my breath hitched in my throat.

“Please,” I begged.

“You’re being punished, naughty little wolf.”

The belt whipped through the air, lashing across my cheeks five times in quick succession. My cries became more and more desperate.

“Oh, please! Please!” I pleaded. My toes hammered into the floor, and I had difficulty keeping still, each rising welt searing into my flesh with vivid intensity.

The belting didn’t end there. It kept going.

He’d taken me long past the point of control, taking it for himself just like I’d known he would, to the place that was terrifying each and every time he forced me there, and I loved every moment of it.

When he finally tossed the belt aside, my entire ass was blazing like it had caught fire. I breathed through the pain, enjoying the tremors that cascaded throughout my body.

Nothing would ever compare to this. This was perfect. This was us.

As the seconds ticked by, I slowly caught my breath. My heartbeat slowed down, at least for a few moments until his hands gripped my bottom and spread me wide open. I keened, shameful arousal washing over me in an instant. I bit my lip as my muscles tensed. My bottom cheeks clenched as I tried to hide my dark hole, but he pulled them apart anyway.

I could practically feel his dark gaze on my bare flesh.

“Such a naughty little hole,” he mused. Without another word, he released my bottom and reached to the nightstand, pulling the drawer open. When he reached inside, I blushed to see lubricant in his grasp.

This was really happening.

Suddenly, the idea of him taking my ass turned from a deep, dark fantasy to an actual reality. His one hand never left my lower back, as if he knew I would try to flee at any given moment.

A part of me wanted to, but an even bigger, much darker part of me needed to stay, to satisfy my curiosity and know what it was like.

“Sir,” I whispered.

“You’re going to be a good girl and take your fucking, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” I whimpered.

With that, he used one hand to spread my cheeks. He squirted a copious amount of lubricant onto my asshole before his fingers swirled within it. I tensed, anticipating his finger plunging inside of me.

Instead, he circled his fingertip around my tight rim, and eventually I relaxed. He took advantage of that momentary lapse and thrust his thick finger roughly inside my bottom hole.

In an instant, my world blossomed with pain. Burning agony radiated up and down my spine, centering deep in my core. I keened, unable to fathom that this was only one finger and that his cock was so much larger. My muscles tensed harder, my mind locked in a momentary panic while the pain intensified until I was finally able to force my body to relax.

When the burning, stretching agony eventually relented, I breathed a sigh of relief. My head dropped, and my body slumped over the bed as I simply focused on putting myself back together.

Then he added a second finger, and the cycle started all over again. I whimpered, the pain scalding hot. I struggled against the bed, but his hand settled on my lower back, holding me in place once again.

There was comfort in that touch.

Safety.

Protection.

Love.

I lost myself in the feeling of his palm on my back as he added a third finger, welcoming the pain and letting it wash over me like a summer rain. Once the initial burn passed, pleasure rolled over me, and I moaned, the sound viscerally desperate.

Desire surged within me like a wildfire, a relentless force consuming every thought, every inhibition. It was as if the very air around us crackled with an electric charge, drawing me closer to him like a moth to a flame. Every heartbeat echoed with a need that threatened to overpower reason, and in that moment, I was utterly and helplessly consumed by a ravenous hunger for more.

He pumped those three digits in and out of me slowly, stretching me open before he pulled them free. I cried out at the sudden emptiness, but when I heard the telltale rustle of fabric behind me, I knew that he was going to replace them with his cock. When the heat of his hard shaft brushed against my bottom cheek, I whimpered.

It was so much thicker than three of his fingers.

My entire world centered on the head of his cock as it pressed against my very reluctant hole. With a hard gulp, I closed my eyes. Unconsciously, my hips arched, almost as if my body was seeking him out, and I groaned with shame.

Deep down, a part of me wanted him to take me like this, craved it even, but I couldn't admit that to myself.

Instead, he just took it for himself.

With a firm thrust, he forced just the head of his cock inside of me. I squeezed my eyes shut, white hot blistering pain pulsing through me with ruthless intensity. My bottom hole felt like it was stretched as far as it could go. Feeling like I was about to be split in half, my panic rushed in, and my muscles tensed, which only caused the searing agony to grow that much more.

I screamed as he pushed the rest of his cock inside of me. He'd prepared me with his fingers, but that had only done so much. As he sunk each inch into me, I whimpered and suffered through the pain until at long last, his length had fully speared into me.

My ass was full of his cock, and there was nothing I could do except take it.

"Where is my cock, little wolf?"

"In my ass, sir," I whispered, afraid to speak too loudly for fear of revealing just how much I was enjoying myself.

"Such a tight little hole. It's a shame I need to be so rough with it," he purred.

His low, rumbling purr vibrated through my body like a soothing melody, sending shivers of pleasure cascading down my spine. It was a primal, possessive sound, a declaration of desire that spoke to the very core of my being. It sent a rush of heat surging through my veins and left me yearning for more.

And he gave it to me.

As my heart pounded in my chest, he pulled out his cock until the head was just inside of my asshole before he thrust back inside *hard*.

Just like you need, you little slut.

There was no stopping the pleasure from blazing through my body.

His cock pistoned into me, again and again, filling me in the place that it

shouldn't, yet somehow it all made sense. The wickedly taboo nature of it only sought to intensify my desires, and before I knew it, I found myself on the brink of climax once again.

Pleasure surged through me like a relentless tide. I felt like a spectator to my own desires, as if I were floating on the edge of ecstasy. Every thrust sent electric waves of pleasure rippling through me, and I surrendered to the heady sensation of my insatiable desire.

It was as though I was caught in a wild, intoxicating storm that threatened to sweep me away into the realm of pure, unbridled ecstasy.

I couldn't fight it.

So I gave in.

I came so hard that my vision blackened at the edges, and I almost passed out.

I screamed through every second of that raw pleasure as it tore through me, fraying me at the seams. I shattered into a billion tiny pieces of glass.

My body writhed beneath him as I took every last inch of his cock in my bottom. With every thrust, it felt like he speared into me deeper and deeper. My orgasm burned on and on, rolling through me in endless waves that threatened to consume me.

I didn't know where that first climax ended and the next one began.

My whole world became a blurry haze of ceaseless pleasure, tearing through me like a tornado ripping through the forest and whipping me back and forth like white water rapids racing down a river.

I broke, and I broke hard.

Time ceased to exist. The only thing that mattered was the two of us, here right now, in this moment.

It was absolute perfection.

EPILOGUE



I took a deep breath. The time had finally come to tell my best friend the big news, and I had to admit, I was a little nervous about it.

“Darien, there’s something big I need to tell you,” I began, my voice tinged with anxious excitement.

Darien raised one perfectly sculpted eyebrow, always ready for a bit of drama. We had come to my favorite piano bar, and unlike last time, I was definitely in the mood for a stiff drink. Soft strains of a grand piano filled the dimly lit room, casting shadows on the plush crimson velvet stools, and a handsome bartender served drinks, his expression holding an air of elegant mystery.

“Darling, don’t keep me in suspense. Spill the tea.”

I chuckled, well aware of Darien’s penchant for theatrics. For a moment, I stirred the straw in my drink, a watermelon champagne cocktail that was to die for, just to torture him a little bit.

“It’s not exactly a scandal, but it’s pretty life changing. I’m moving in with Kane, into his estate in the Spring Mountains. I’m going to finish my classes virtually,” I explained.

Darien’s eyes widened, and he nearly spilled his martini. “Lexie, honey, to think just a couple weeks ago you were stripping for money, and now you’re moving into the lap of luxury!” he exclaimed.

“It’s not about the money, Dare, and you know it,” I said, my laughter

bubbling up from inside me. His eyes glimmered with amusement as he wiggled his eyebrows up and down.

“I know. It’s really about that *dick*, isn’t it?” he declared, his knowing smirk lighting up his face.

“Dare! Well, maybe... it’s pretty good...” I admitted. The telltale hint of a blush started to creep up my neck, and I quickly looked down, trying to keep my thoughts innocent even though they were definitely not.

“I knew it! Does he fuck as good as he looks?” he asked, his grin growing even wider.

My face turned as red as a cherry tomato. Darien set his martini glass down and regarded me with a mix of concern and curiosity.

“In all seriousness, are you sure about this?” he asked, his expression turning somber.

“Darien, he’s incredible. He’s caring, protective, and he makes me feel like I’m the only woman in the world. I can’t imagine my life without him,” I assured him.

Darien sighed dramatically, placing a hand over his heart. “Well, if it’s true love, who am I to stand in your way? But darling, you better introduce me to this hunky man of yours soon, and don’t be a spoilsport. I want to know every steamy detail.”

“You’ll be the first to meet him, and I’ll spill all the juicy details. I promise,” I grinned, grateful for Darien’s understanding.

“Lexie, I just want you to be happy. If Kane is the one who sets both your heart and that sweet little ass of yours on fire, then I’m all in,” he said, leaning closer, his eyes sincere.

Little does he know...

Blushing furiously, I reached across the polished counter to squeeze Darien’s hand.

I knew he’d understand.

“Promise me one other thing,” he added.

“What’s that?” I asked.

“Promise me that you won’t let anyone else do your makeup for the wedding,” he said with a wink.

“Deal,” I grinned.

Don't want it to be over? Need more?

Join my newsletter for an exclusive scene where Darien visits Lexie in her new home. What is he going to think of Kane? Will he approve of Mr. Tall, Dark, and Commanding?

<https://BookHip.com/DWVNNRC>

AFTERWORD

Stormy Night Publications would like to thank you for your interest in our books.

If you liked this book (or even if you didn't), we would really appreciate you leaving a review on the site where you purchased it. Reviews provide useful feedback for us and our authors, and this feedback (both positive comments and constructive criticism) allows us to work even harder to make sure we provide the content our customers want to read.

If you would like to check out more books from Stormy Night Publications, if you want to learn more about our company, or if you would like to join our mailing list, please visit our website at:

<http://www.stormynightpublications.com>

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Do you want to read a FREE book?

Sign up for Sara's newsletter and get a FREE copy of Sold to the Enemy!

<https://www.sarafieldsromance.com/newsletter>

About Sara Fields

Sara is a USA Today bestselling romance author with a proclivity for dirty things, especially those centered in DARK, FANTASY, and ROMANCE. If you like science fiction, fantasy, reverse harem, menage, pet play and other kinky filthy things, all complete with happily-ever-afters, then you will enjoy her books.

Email: otkdesire@gmail.com



BOOKS OF THE DRAGONBORNE KINGS SERIES

Dragon King

For centuries, every woman in my family has vanished on the night of her twenty-first birthday, then returned telling tales of being shamefully ravaged by a man who could turn into a dragon.

Tonight he came for me.

I fought, but he just tore off my clothes and spanked me until I was wet and ready for him.

The brute didn't take me right then and there. He made me beg for it first. But even before he marked me as his, I knew he wasn't going to send me home after he mounted and claimed me.

The dragon king is never going to let me go.

Because I'm his mate.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Ice King

When I snuck out of the house on my twenty-first birthday, I didn't expect to be struck by a bolt of lightning... or to wake up in a strange land and be saved from freezing to death by a dragon.

Then the beast shifted before my eyes into a man more regal than any king and hotter than dragon fire.

A man who didn't hesitate to bare and spank me for daring to resist his rescue.

I knew in that moment not just that I would be his one day, but that I was his already.

The way he held me in his lap and caressed my burning bottom while my arousal soaked his massive thighs told me he knew it too, and that it was all he could do not to claim me right then.

But pain has left his heart as frozen as his realm, and it will take more than pure lust to melt it.

It will take the touch of his mate.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Feral King

When the king of this realm saw me bathing in a stream, he did his best to warn me. Keep my distance or the curse upon him would set his blood on fire and he would ravage me brutally.

I didn't, and he did.

But he did more than just pin me to the forest floor and mount me like a feral beast.

He made me his, and no matter how savagely he ruts me or how thoroughly he blisters my bare backside while trying to scare me away, I'll never stop being what I was always destined to be.

His mate.

Buy on Amazon

BOOKS OF THE ALPHA BROTHERHOOD SERIES

Savage

I thought no alpha could tame me. I was wrong.

Many men have tried to master me, but never one like Aric. He is not just an alpha, he is a fearsome beast, and he means to take for himself what warriors and kings could not conquer.

I thought I could fight him, but his mere presence forced overwhelming, unimaginable need upon me and now it is too late. I'm about to go into heat, and what comes next will be truly shameful.

He's going to ravage me, ruthlessly laying claim to every single inch of me, and it's going to hurt. But no matter how desperately I plead as he wrenches one screaming climax after another from my helplessly willing body, he will not stop until I'm sore, spent, and marked as his.

It will be nothing short of savage.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Primal

I escaped the chains of a king. Now a far more fearsome brute has claimed me.

The Brotherhood gave him the right to breed me, but that is not why I am naked, wet, and sore.

My bottom bears the marks of his hard, punishing hand because I defied my alpha.

My body is slick with his seed and my own arousal because he took me anyway.

He didn't use me like a king enjoying a subject. He took me the way a beast claims his mate.

It was long, hard, and painfully intense, but it was much more than that.

It was primal.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Rough

I came here as a spy. I ended up as the king's property.

I was captured and locked in a dungeon, but it was only when I saw Magnar that I felt real fear.

He is a warrior and a king, but that is not why my virgin body quivers as I stand bare before him.

He is not merely an alpha. He is my alpha.

The one who will punish and master me.

The one who will claim and ravage me.

The one who will break me, but only after he's made me beg for it.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Wild

She's going to scream for me and I don't care who hears it.

I traveled to this city to disrupt the plans of the Brotherhood's enemies, not tame a defiant omega, but the moment Revna challenged me I knew punishing her would not be enough.

Despite her blushing protests, I'm going to bare her beautiful body and mark her quivering bottom with my belt, but she won't be truly put in her place until I put her flat on her back.

I'm her alpha and I will use her as I please.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Enigma

An alpha could not tame her. Now she will kneel before a god.

For endless ages I've kept this world in balance, and over the centuries countless women have writhed and screamed and climaxed beneath me. But I've never felt the need for a mate.

Until today. Until her.

When I touch her, she trembles.

When I mark her defiant little bottom with my belt, her bare thighs glisten with helpless arousal.

When she lies next to me blushing, sore, and spent, my lust for her only grows stronger.

The world be damned. I'm going to claim her for myself.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

BOOKS OF THE OMEGABORN TRILOGY

Frenzy

Inside the walls I was a respected scientist. Out here I'm vulnerable, desperate, and soon to be at the mercy of the beasts and barbarians who rule these harsh lands. But that is not the worst of it.

When the suppressants that keep my shameful secret wear off, overwhelming, unimaginable need will take hold of me completely. I'm about to go into heat, and I know what comes next...

But I'm not the only one with instincts far beyond my control. Savage men roam this wilderness, driven by their very nature to claim a female like me more fiercely than I can imagine, paying no heed to my screams as one brutal climax after another is ripped from my helplessly willing body.

It won't be long now, and when the mating starts, it will be nothing short of a frenzy.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Frantic

Naked, bound, and helplessly on display, my arousal drips down my bare thighs and pools at my feet as the entire city watches, waiting for the inevitable. I'm going into heat, and they know it.

When the feral beasts who live outside the walls find me, they will show my virgin body no mercy. With my need growing more desperate by the second, I'm not sure I'll want them to...

By the time the brutes arrive to claim and ravage me, I'm going to be absolutely frantic.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Fever

I've led the Omegaborn for years, but the moment these brutes arrived from beyond the wall I knew everything was about to change. These beasts aren't here to take orders from me, they're here to take me the way I was meant to be taken, no matter how desperately I resist what I need.

Naked, punished, and sore, all I can do is scream out one savage, shameful climax after another as my body is claimed, used, and mastered. I'm about to learn what it means to be an omega...

[Buy on Amazon](#)

BOOKS OF THE WOLF KINGS SERIES

Alpha King

I thought I could defy the most powerful mafia boss in the city, but as Lawson Clearwater rips off my nightgown and pins me to the bed I'm certain he can smell more than just my fear.

This beast isn't just here to punish me. He's here to mount me, rut me, and mark me as his.

Forever.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Alpha Boss

She came here to find her sister. Her mate found her instead.

When she blew off my offer to help rescue her sister, Natalia Kotova learned the hard way that defying an alpha shifter will get you spanked until you are sobbing, then mounted and rutted.

But she's not bound to my bed with her dress and panties in shreds and every hole sore just because she needed a shameful lesson in manners from the most powerful mob boss in the city.

She's here because she's my mate.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Alpha Brute

I knew Elijah Baumann was a brute before he ripped off my clothes and blistered my bare backside with his belt. I knew it even before he mounted and rutted me with that same belt pulled tight around my throat to hold me helplessly in place for every desperate, shattering climax.

It was the way he looked at me.

Not like he hoped he might have me one day. Like I already belonged to him.

Like I was his mate.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

BOOKS OF THE VAKARRAN CAPTIVES SERIES

Conquered

I've lived in hiding since the Vakarrans arrived, helping my band of human survivors evade the aliens who now rule our world with an iron fist. But my luck ran out.

Captured by four of their fiercest warriors, I know what comes next. They'll make an example of me, to show how even the most defiant human can be broken, trained, and mastered.

I promise myself that I'll prove them wrong, that I'll never yield, even when I'm stripped bare, publicly shamed, and used in the most humiliating way possible.

But my body betrays me.

My will to resist falters as these brutes share me between the four of them and I can't help but wonder if soon, they will conquer my heart...

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Mastered

First the Vakarrans took my home. Then they took my sister. Now, they have taken me.

As a prisoner of four of their fiercest warriors, I know what fate awaits me. Humans who dare to fight back the way I did are not just punished, they are taught their place in ways so shameful I shudder to think about them.

The four huge, intimidating alien brutes who took me captive are going to claim me in every way possible, using me more thoroughly than I can imagine. I despise them, yet as they force one savage, shattering climax after another from my naked, quivering body, I cannot help but wonder if soon I will beg for them to master me completely.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Ravaged

Though the aliens were the ones I always feared, it was my own kind who hurt me. Men took me captive, and it was four Vakarran warriors who saved me. But they don't plan to set me free...

I belong to them now, and they intend to make me theirs more thoroughly than I can imagine.

They are the enemy, and first I try to fight, then I try to run. But as they punish me, claim me, and share me between them, it isn't long before I am begging them to ravage me completely.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Subdued

The resistance sent them, but that's not really why these four battle-hardened Vakarrans are here. They came for me. To conquer me. To master me. To ravage me. To strip me bare, punish me for the slightest hint of defiance, and use my quivering virgin body in ways far beyond anything in even the very darkest of my dreams, until I've been utterly, completely, and shamefully subdued. I vow never to beg for mercy, but I can't help wondering how long it will be until I beg for more.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Abducted

When I left Earth behind to become a Celestial Mate, I was promised a perfect match. But four Vakarrans decided they wanted me, and Vakarrans don't ask for what they want, they take it. These fearsome, savagely sexy alien warriors don't care what some computer program thinks would be best for me. They've claimed me as their mate, and soon they will claim my body. I planned to resist, but after I was stripped bare and shamefully punished, they teased me until at last I pleaded for the climax I'd been so cruelly denied. When I broke, I broke completely. Now they are going to do absolutely anything they please with me, and I'm going to beg for all of it.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

SCI-FI AND PARANORMAL ROMANCES BY SARA FIELDS

Feral

He told me to stay away from him, that if I got too close he would not be able to stop himself. He would pin me down and take me so fiercely my throat would be sore from screaming before he finished wringing one savage, desperate climax after another from my helpless, quivering body.

Part of me was terrified, but another part needed to know if he would truly throw me to the ground, mount me, and rut me like a wild animal, longer and harder than any human ever could.

Now, as the feral beast flips me over to claim me even more shamefully when I've already been used more thoroughly than I imagined possible, I wonder if I should have listened to him...

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Inferno

I thought I knew how to handle a man like him, but there are no men like him. Though he is a billionaire, when he desired me he did not try to buy me, and when he wanted me bared and bound he didn't call his bodyguards. He did it himself, even as I fought him, because he could.

He told me soon I would beg him to ravage me... and I did. But it wasn't the pain of his belt searing my naked backside that drove me to plead with him to use me so shamefully I might never stop blushing. I begged because my body knew its master, and it didn't give me a choice.

But my body is not all he plans to claim. He wants my mind and my soul too, and he will have them. He's going to take so much of me there will be nothing left. He's going to consume me.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Manhandled

Two hours ago, my ship reached the docks at Dryac.

An hour ago, a slaver tried to drag me into an alley.

Fifty-nine minutes ago, a beast of a man knocked him out cold.

Fifty-eight minutes ago, I told my rescuer to screw off, I could take care of myself.

Fifty-five minutes ago, I felt a thick leather belt on my bare backside for the first time.

Forty-five minutes ago, I started begging.

Thirty minutes ago, he bent me over a crate and claimed me in the most shameful way possible.

Twenty-nine minutes ago, I started screaming.

Twenty-five minutes ago, I climaxed with a crowd watching and my bottom sore inside and out.

Twenty-four minutes ago, I realized he was nowhere near done with me.

One minute ago, he finally decided I'd learned my lesson, for the moment at least.

As he leads me away, naked, well-punished, and very thoroughly used, he tells me I work for him now, I'll have to earn the privilege of clothing, and I'm his to enjoy as often as he pleases.

Buy on Amazon

Marked

I know how to handle men who won't take no for an answer, but Silas isn't a man. He's a beast who takes what he wants, as long and hard and savagely as he pleases, and tonight he wants me.

He's not even pretending he's going to be gentle. He's going to ravage me, and it's going to hurt.

I'll be spanked into quivering submission and used thoroughly and shamefully, but even when the endless series of helpless, screaming climaxes is finally over, I won't just be sore and spent.

I will be marked.

My body will no longer be mine. It will be his to use, his to enjoy, and his to breed, and no matter how desperate my need might grow in his absence, it will respond to his touch alone.

Forever.

Buy on Amazon

Prize

Exiled from Earth by a tyrannical government, I was meant to be sold for use on a distant world. But Vane doesn't buy things. When he wants something, he takes it, and I was no different.

This alien brute didn't just strip me, punish me, and claim me with his whole crew watching. He broke me, making me beg for mercy and then for far more shameful things. Perhaps he would've been gentle if I hadn't defied him in front of his men, but I doubt it. He's not the gentle type.

When he carried me aboard his ship naked, blushing, and sore, I thought I would be no more than a trophy to be shown off or a plaything to amuse him until he tired of me, but I was wrong.

He took me as a prize, but he's keeping me as his mate.

Buy on Amazon

Alpha

I used to believe beasts like him were nothing but legends and folklore. Then he came for me.

He is no mere alpha wolf. He is the fearsome expression of the virility of the Earth itself, come into the world for the first time in centuries to claim a human female fated to be his mate.

That human female is me.

When I ran, he caught me. When I fought him, he punished me.

I begged for mercy, but mercy isn't what he has in mind for me.

He's going to force one brutal climax after another from my naked, quivering body until my throat is sore from screaming and he's not going to stop until he is certain I know I am his.

Then he's going to breed me.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Thirst

Cain came for me today. Even before he spoke his name his power all but drove me to my knees. Power that can pin me against a wall with just a thought and hold me there as he slowly cuts my clothes from my quivering body, making sure I know he is enjoying every blushing moment. Power that will punish me until I plead for mercy, tease and torment me until I beg for release, and then ravage me brutally over and over again until I'm utterly spent and shamefully broken.

Power that will claim me as his forever.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Alien Conqueror

He's going to take me the same way they took our planet. Without gentleness or remorse. I dared to defy him, but as this alien brute rips my clothes off and mounts me with my bottom still burning from his punishing hand it is clear what is in store for me isn't mere vengeance. It is conquest. Soon I will know what it means to be utterly and shamefully broken, my helpless body ravaged and plundered in every way imaginable, and when he is done I won't just be sore and spent. I will be his.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Guardian

After watching over this world for millennia, a woman wandering in the woods should have been of no interest to me. But the moment I saw her bathing in a stream, only raw instinct mattered. I was able to keep my lust at bay for a little while... until the scent of her helpless arousal as I reddened her bare bottom for putting herself in danger told me she was ready to be claimed. But even if she'd been less reckless it would have made no difference in the end. Sooner or later, she was always going to be mine.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Dark Beast

Many a blushing lass has screamed my name in bed over the long years I've walked this land, watching over humanity even after they turned their backs on me. But I've never claimed a mate.

Until Layna.

When I first set eyes on this beautiful creature she was fighting for her life against more men than I could count, and at that very moment I vowed to protect her... and to make her mine.

That is a promise I plan to keep, even if it means stripping her bare, marking her bottom with my belt, and forcing her to one heart-stopping climax after another until she surrenders completely.

I'm not just going to keep her safe. I'm going to keep her forever.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Blushing Bride

No man had taken a woman as his and his alone for centuries... and he hadn't even asked.

He'd just told her she was to be his bride, watched her blush at the shameful term, then fisted her hair and pulled her in for a brutal, possessive kiss the moment she opened her mouth to protest.

A kiss that made clear this wasn't up to her, and that even if it were they both knew she would choose to wear his ring, share his bed, and one day bear his children. A kiss that said she was his already, and there was so much more to come as he taught her what that meant in every way.

She climaxed then and there as his tongue claimed her mouth.

She didn't say yes, because she didn't need to. Her body said it for her.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

BOOKS OF THE BOSTON KINGS SERIES

Take Me, Daddy

Kieran Murphy is an Irish mob boss and one of the most powerful men in Boston, and when he walks me home people step aside out of respect for him. He could have any woman he wants.

So why does he have eyes only for me?

Is it how he has to lift my chin with his fingers to keep my eyes level with his when he scolds me, and how I cover my bottom instinctively when he tells me that I've earned a spanking?

Or is it how I quiver at the thought of everything I'm too ashamed to beg him to do to me, and how hard I come for him when he does all of it and more without me even having to ask?

Maybe it's all of those, but I'm pretty sure there's something else too.

I think he loves how I blush when he makes me call him daddy.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Make Me, Daddy

Caitlin McCormick is used to doing as she pleases, but that's about to change.

She's sitting on a bright red bottom because I promised her father I would look out for her, but she's in my private jet on her way back to Boston with me because she needs something more.

A daddy.

One who will spank her when she's been naughty, then pin her to the wall and take what is his.

But what really makes her blush isn't that I didn't give her a choice.

It's that we both know she didn't want one.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Break Me, Daddy

When Shane Kavanagh waltzed into the Murphy pub as if he owned the place, what set my heart racing wasn't his brash arrogance, his obnoxiously gorgeous eyes, or his scoldy yet sexy tone. It wasn't even him promising to spank me and then ravage me the way no man has ever dared.

It was how he made me feel like a naughty little girl and a blushing virgin when I'm neither.

I'm the daughter of a powerful Irish mafia family and he's the boss of a rival organization, but when he rides me with his belt tight around my throat it doesn't make me want to call a hitman.

It makes me want to call him daddy.

Buy on Amazon

Watch Me, Daddy

When I threw Irina Morozov over my shoulder and carried her off, it was to rescue her from a brutal bastard who didn't deserve her... but I could smell her arousal as she kicked and fought.

She would have been wet and ready for me that night, but I didn't take her. I made her wait.

I made her beg.

When I pin her to the bed, rip her panties off, and claim her virgin body the way it was always meant to be claimed, she won't just be screaming my name with every desperate climax.

She'll be calling me daddy.

Buy on Amazon

BOOKS OF THE KEPT AS HIS SERIES

Mine to Keep

I can still remember the moment I first heard Cyrus Holt's deep, commanding voice. I didn't know who he was or about the life he'd left behind. I was just a trembling orphan on the run from a monster, and he was the man offering me shelter and not giving me a choice about it. This boss of bosses didn't assign someone else to watch over me. He slept on the floor next to my bed when I woke up scared, then spanked me like a naughty little girl when I lied to him.

He could have claimed me that night, ravaging me without mercy or remorse.

But he didn't.

He made me beg for it first.

Because he didn't just want me as his for a night. He wanted me as his to keep.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Mine to Hold

Baby girl.

The man whispering those words in my ear isn't just a powerful mob boss. He's the brute who stripped me bare, whipped me with his belt, and claimed my virgin body roughly and shamefully in front of his men as I screamed and begged and came for him until I collapsed in his arms.

I should hate it when he calls me that.

But all I do is blush as I wait for him to make me his all over again.

Because I'm his to hold.

Forever.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Mine to Take

After escaping both my father's plans to marry me off and the Russian mafia, I woke up this morning thinking I was a free woman... until I saw the man sipping coffee in my hotel room.

He's a billionaire as powerful as any mob boss, yet even as he spans me into soaking wet, shameful surrender I can't help begging him to ravage my virgin body right then and there.

I can run, but I know soon I'll be kneeling at his feet, bare, blushing, and ready to be claimed.

Because I'm his to take.

Buy on Amazon

MAFIA AND BILLIONAIRE ROMANCES BY SARA FIELDS

Fear

She wasn't supposed to be there tonight. I took her because I had no other choice, but as I carried her from her home dripping wet and wearing nothing but a towel, I knew I would be keeping her.

I'm going to make her tell me everything I need to know. Then I'm going to make her mine.

She'll sob as my belt lashes her bottom and she'll scream as climax after savage climax is forced from her naked, quivering body, but there will be no mercy no matter how shamefully she begs.

She's not just going to learn to obey me. She's going to learn to fear me.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

On Her Knees

Blaire Conrad isn't just the most popular girl at Stonewall Academy. She's a queen who reigns over her subjects with an iron fist. But she's made me an enemy, and I don't play by her rules.

I make the rules, and I punish my enemies.

She'll scream and beg as I strip her, spank her, and force one brutal climax after another from her beautiful little body, but before I'm done with her she'll beg me shamefully for so much more.

It's time for the king to teach his queen her place.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Boss

The moment Brooke Mikaelis walked into my office, I knew she was mine. She needed my help and thought she could use her sweet little body to get it, but she learned a hard lesson instead.

I don't make deals with silly little girls. I spank them.

She'll get what she needs, but first she'll moan and beg and scream with each brutal climax as she takes everything I give her. She belongs to me now, and soon she'll know what that means.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

His Majesty

Maximo Giovanni Santaro is a king. A real king, like in the old days. The kind I didn't know still existed. The kind who commands obedience and punishes any hint of defiance from his subjects.

His Majesty doesn't take no for an answer, and refusing his royal command has earned me not just a

spanking that will leave me sobbing, but a lesson so utterly shameful that it will serve as an example for anyone else who might dare to disobey him. I will beg and plead as one brutal, screaming climax after another ravages my quivering body, but there will be no mercy for me.

He's not going to stop until he's taught me that my rightful place is at his feet, blushing and sore.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Pet

Even before Chloe Banks threw a drink in my face in front of a room full of powerful men who know better than to cross me, her fate was sealed. I had already decided to make her my pet.

I would have taught her to obey in the privacy of my penthouse, but her little stunt changed that. My pet learned her place in public instead, blushing as she was bared, sobbing as she was spanked, and screaming as she was brought to one brutal, humiliating climax after another.

But she has so many more lessons to learn. Lessons more shameful than she can imagine.

She will plead for mercy as she is broken, but before long she will purr like a kitten.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Blush for Daddy

“Please spank me, Daddy. Please make it hurt.”

Only a ruthless bastard would make an innocent virgin say those words when she came to him desperate for help, then savor every quiver of her voice as she begs for something so shameful.

I didn't even hesitate.

I made Keri Esposito's problems go away. Then I made her call me daddy.

The image of that little bottom bare over my lap was more than I could resist, and the thought of her kneeling naked at my feet to thank me properly afterwards left me as hard as I've ever been.

Maybe I'm a monster, but I saw the wet spot on her panties before I pulled them down.

She didn't come to my door just for the kind of help only a powerful billionaire could offer.

She came because she needed me to make her blush for daddy.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Reckoning

Dean Waterhouse was supposed to be a job. Get in. Get married. Take his money and get out.

But he came after me.

Now I'm bound to his bed, about to learn what happens to naughty girls who play games.

The man who put his ring on my finger was gentle. The man who tracked me down is not.

He's going to make me blush, beg, and scream for him.

Then he's going to make me call him daddy.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Bride

This morning I was a businesswoman with no plans to marry, but that didn't matter to him. He decided tonight was my wedding night, so it was. All he let me choose was the dress he would tear off me later.

When I told him I wanted him to be gentle, he laughed at me, then ripped off my panties.

I shouldn't have been wet. I shouldn't have moaned. But I was, and I did.

When he threw me on the bed, I told him I'd never be his no matter how he made me scream.

He just smiled. The kind of smile that said this was going to hurt and he was going to enjoy every moment of it. Then he bent down and whispered something in my ear that shook me to my core.

"You're already mine. You always have been."

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Daddy's Property

As Cami Davis stands in front of me in her nightgown, cheeks blushing and voice quavering, I know what she's come to ask me even before she can muster the courage to speak the words.

Did I really mean what I said to her earlier tonight?

Would I really take her over my knee and spank her like a naughty little girl?

She's a nineteen-year-old orphan and I'm a billionaire with plans to run for mayor. I shouldn't even be thinking about pulling down her panties and turning that cute little bottom bright red, let alone bending her over the dining room table and claiming her roughly right then and there.

But the moment I found her squatting in my newly purchased estate I knew what I needed.

Her.

Calling me daddy.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

The Count

Jasmina Harker is an innocent virgin, but it doesn't matter.

I want her.

No, I need her.

From the very first moment I laid eyes on her, I knew she was the one. I craved nothing more than to tear the clothes right off her and force one screaming climax after the next from her quivering body until she admits that she needs me too.

I may be the worst kind of monster, but she will still be mine.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Stolen Vows

The moment I saw Natasha Page standing at the altar, waiting for a fiancé whose lies had already cost him his life and put hers in danger, I knew she would be speaking her vows today after all.

To me.

I could have claimed her that night, ravaging her quivering virgin body as brutally as my lust demanded. But I made her beg before I tore off that beautiful dress and took what belongs to me.

Because I don't just want her vows. I want her heart.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

BOOKS OF THE CAPTIVE BRIDES SERIES

Wedded to the Warriors

As an unauthorized third child, nineteen-year-old Aimee Harrington has spent her life avoiding discovery by government authorities, but her world comes crashing down around her after she is caught stealing a vehicle in an act of petulant rebellion. Within hours of her arrest, she is escorted onto a ship bound for a detention center in the far reaches of the solar system.

This facility is no ordinary prison, however. It is a training center for future brides, and once Aimee has been properly prepared, she will be intimately, shamefully examined and then sold to an alien male in need of a mate. Worse still, Aimee's defiant attitude quickly earns her the wrath of the strict warden, and to make an example of her, Aimee is offered as a wife not to a sophisticated gentleman but to three huge, fiercely dominant warriors of the planet Ollorin.

Though Ollorin males are considered savages on Earth, Aimee soon realizes that while her new mates will demand her obedience and will not hesitate to spank her soundly if her behavior warrants it, they will also cherish and protect her in a way she has never experienced before. But when the time comes for her men to master her completely, will she find herself begging for more as her beautiful body is claimed hard and thoroughly by all three of them at once?

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Her Alien Doctors

After nineteen-year-old Jenny Monroe is caught stealing from the home of a powerful politician, she is sent to a special prison in deep space to be trained for her future role as an alien's bride.

Despite the public bare-bottom spanking she receives upon her arrival at the detention center, Jenny remains defiant, and before long she earns herself a trip to the notorious medical wing of the facility. Once there, Jenny quickly discovers that a sore bottom will now be the least of her worries, and soon enough she is naked, restrained, and shamefully on display as three stern, handsome alien doctors examine and correct her in the most humiliating ways imaginable.

The doctors are experts in the treatment of naughty young women, and as Jenny is brought ever closer to the edge of a shattering climax only to be denied again and again, she finds herself begging to be taken in any way they please. But will her captors be content to give Jenny up once her punishment is over, or will they decide to make her their own and master her completely?

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Taming Their Pet

When the scheming of her father's political enemies makes it impossible to continue hiding the fact that she is an unauthorized third child, twenty-year-old Isabella Bedard is sent to a detainment facility in deep space where she will be prepared for her new life as an alien's bride.

Her situation is made far worse after some ill-advised mischief forces the strict warden to ensure that

she is sold as quickly as possible, and before she knows it, Isabella is standing naked before two huge, roughly handsome alien men, helpless and utterly on display for their inspection. More disturbing still, the men make it clear that they are buying her not as a bride, but as a pet.

Zack and Noah have made a career of taming even the most headstrong of females, and they waste no time in teaching their new pet that her absolute obedience will be expected and even the slightest defiance will earn her a painful, embarrassing bare-bottom spanking, along with far more humiliating punishments if her behavior makes it necessary.

Over the coming weeks, Isabella is trained as a pony and as a kitten, and she learns what it means to fully surrender her body to the bold dominance of two men who will not hesitate to claim her in any way they please. But though she cannot deny her helpless arousal at being so thoroughly mastered, can she truly allow herself to fall in love with men who keep her as a pet?

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Sold to the Beasts

As an unauthorized third child with parents who were more interested in their various criminal enterprises than they were in her, Michelle Carter is used to feeling unloved, but it still hurts when she is brought to another world as a bride for two men who turn out not to even want one.

After Roan and Dane lost the woman they loved, they swore there would never be anyone else, and when their closest friend purchases a beautiful human he hopes will become their wife, they reject the match. Though they are cursed to live as outcasts who shift into terrible beasts, they are not heartless, so they offer Michelle a place in their home alongside the other servants. She will have food, shelter, and all she needs, but discipline will be strict and their word will be law.

Michelle soon puts Roan and Dane to the test, and when she disobeys them her bottom is bared for a deeply humiliating public spanking. Despite her situation, the punishment leaves her shamefully aroused and longing for her new masters to make her theirs, and as the days pass they find that she has claimed a place in their hearts as well. But when the same enemy who took their first love threatens to tear Roan and Dane away from her, will Michele risk her life to intervene?

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Mated to the Dragons

After she uncovers evidence of a treasonous conspiracy by the most powerful man on Earth, Jada Rivers ends up framed for a terrible crime, shipped off to a detention facility in deep space, and kept in solitary confinement until she can be sold as a bride. But the men who purchase her are no ordinary aliens. They are dragons, the kings of Draegira, and she will be their shared mate.

Bruddis and Draego are captivated by Jada, but before she can become their queen the beautiful, feisty little human will need to be publicly claimed, thoroughly trained, and put to the test in the most shameful manner imaginable. If she will not yield her body and her heart to them completely, the fire in their blood will burn out of control until it destroys the brotherly bond between them, putting their entire world at risk of a cataclysmic war.

Though Jada is shocked by the demands of her dragon kings, she is left helplessly aroused by their stern dominance. With her virgin body quivering with need, she cannot bring herself to resist as they take her hard and savagely in any way they please. But can she endure the trials before her and claim

her place at their side, or will her stubborn defiance bring Draegira to ruin?

[Buy on Amazon](#)

BOOKS OF THE TERRANOVUM BRIDES SERIES

A Gift for the King

For an ordinary twenty-two-year-old college student like Lana, the idea of being kidnapped from Earth by aliens would have sounded absurd... until the day it happened. As Lana quickly discovers, however, her abduction is not even the most alarming part of her situation. To her shock, she soon learns that she is to be stripped naked and sold as a slave to the highest bidder.

When she resists the intimate, deeply humiliating procedures necessary to prepare her for the auction, Lana merely earns herself a long, hard, bare-bottom spanking, but her passionate defiance catches the attention of her captor and results in a change in his plans. Instead of being sold, Lana will be given as a gift to Dante, the region's powerful king.

Dante makes it abundantly clear that he will expect absolute obedience and that any misbehavior will be dealt with sternly, yet in spite of everything Lana cannot help feeling safe and cared for in the handsome ruler's arms. Even when Dante's punishments leave her with flaming cheeks and a bottom sore from more than just a spanking, it only sets her desire for him burning hotter.

But though Dante's dominant lovemaking brings her pleasure beyond anything she ever imagined, Lana fears she may never be more than a plaything to him, and her fears soon lead to rebellion. When an escape attempt goes awry and she is captured by Dante's most dangerous enemy, she is left to wonder if her master cares for her enough to come to her rescue. Will the king risk everything to reclaim what is his, and if he does bring his human girl home safe and sound, can he find a way to teach Lana once and for all that she belongs to him completely?

[Buy on Amazon](#)

A Gift for the Doctor

After allowing herself to be taken captive in order to save her friends, Morgana awakens to find herself naked, bound, and at the mercy of a handsome doctor named Kade. She cannot hide her helpless arousal as her captor takes his time thoroughly examining her bare body, but when she disobeys him she quickly discovers that defiance will earn her a sound spanking.

His stern chastisement and bold dominance awaken desires within her that she never knew existed, but Morgana is shocked when she learns the truth about Kade. As a powerful shifter and the alpha of his pack, he has been ordered by the evil lord who took Morgana prisoner to claim her and sire children with her in order to combine the strength of their two bloodlines.

Kade's true loyalties lie with the rebels seeking to overthrow the tyrant, however, and he has his own reasons for desiring Morgana as his mate. Though submitting to a dominant alpha does not come easily to a woman who was once her kingdom's most powerful sorceress, Kade's masterful lovemaking is unlike anything she has experienced before, and soon enough she is aching for his touch. But with civil war on the verge of engulfing the capital, will Morgana be torn from the arms of the man she loves or will she stand and fight at his side no matter the cost?

[Buy on Amazon](#)

A Gift for the Commander

After she is rescued from a cruel tyrant and brought to the planet Terranovum, Olivia soon discovers that she is to be auctioned to the highest bidder. But before she can be sold, she must be trained, and the man who will train her is none other than the commander of the king's army.

Wes has tamed many human females, and when Olivia resists his efforts to bathe her in preparation for her initial inspection, he strips the beautiful, feisty girl bare and spansks her soundly. His stern chastisement leaves Olivia tearful and repentant yet undeniably aroused, and after the punishment she cannot resist begging for her new master's touch.

Once she has been examined Olivia's training begins in earnest, and Wes takes her to his bed to teach her what it means to belong to a dominant man. But try as he might, he cannot bring himself to see Olivia as just another slave. She touches his heart in a way he thought nothing could, and with each passing day he grows more certain that he must claim her as his own. But with war breaking out across Terranovum, can Wes protect both his world and his woman?

[Buy on Amazon](#)

MORE STORMY NIGHT BOOKS BY SARA FIELDS

Claimed by the General

When Ayala intervenes to protect a fellow slave-girl from a cruel man's unwanted attentions, she catches the eye of the powerful general Lord Eiotan. Impressed with both her boldness and her beauty, the handsome warrior takes Ayala into his home and makes her his personal servant.

Though Eiotan promises that Ayala will be treated well, he makes it clear that he expects his orders to be followed and he warns her that any disobedience will be sternly punished. Lord Eiotan is a man of his word, and when Ayala misbehaves she quickly finds herself over his knee for a long, hard spanking on her bare bottom. Being punished in such a humiliating manner leaves her blushing, but it is her body's response to his chastisement which truly shames her.

Ayala does her best to ignore the intense desire his firm-handed dominance kindles within her, but when her new master takes her in his arms she cannot help longing for him to claim her, and when he makes her his own at last, his masterful lovemaking introduces her to heights of pleasure she never thought possible.

But as news of the arrival of an invader from across the sea reaches the city and a ruthless conqueror sets his eyes on Ayala, her entire world is thrown into turmoil. Will she be torn from Lord Eiotan's loving arms, or will the general do whatever it takes to keep her as his own?

[Buy on Amazon](#)

Kept for Christmas

After Raina LeBlanc shows up for a meeting unprepared because she was watching naughty videos late at night instead of working, she finds herself in trouble with Dr. Eliot Knight, her stern, handsome boss. He makes it clear that she is in need of strict discipline, and soon she is lying over his knee for a painful, embarrassing bare-bottom spanking.

Though her helpless display of arousal during the punishment fills Raina with shame, she is both excited and comforted when Eliot takes her in his arms after it is over, and when he invites her to spend the upcoming Christmas holiday with him she happily agrees. But is she prepared to offer him the complete submission he demands?

[Buy on Amazon](#)

The Warrior's Little Princess

Irena cannot remember who she is, where she came from, or how she ended up alone in a dark forest wearing only a nightgown, but none of that matters as much as the fact that the vile creatures holding her captive seem intent on having her for dinner. Fate intervenes, however, when a mysterious, handsome warrior arrives in the nick of time to save her.

Darrius has always known that one day he would be forced by the power within him to claim a woman, and after he rescues the beautiful, innocent Irena he decides to make her his own. But the feisty girl will

require more than just the protection Darrius can offer. She will need both his gentle, loving care and his firm hand applied to her bare bottom whenever she is naughty.

Irena soon finds herself quivering with desire as Darrius masters her virgin body completely, and she delights in her new life as his little girl. But Darrius is much more than an ordinary sellsword, and being his wife will mean belonging to him utterly, to be taken hard and often in even the most shameful of ways. When the truth of her own identity is revealed at last, will she still choose to remain by his side?

[Buy on Amazon](#)