

Chapter 13 Mark You

Mia

The two of us continued struggling on the bed and I paled as I saw him staring at my lips. All the blood ran dry on my face as I realized what he was thinking. No, I thought as my struggling got intense. I couldn't let this to happen.

"Quinn has already kissed you. I want to kiss you too."

I was glad that he had pulled me to the edge of the bed where I could easily reach out to the drawer beside the bed. I used his attention on my lips as a distraction to cover for what I was doing. Slowly so as not to alert him, I reached forward, grinning as my hands clasped on the gun. I waited for him to lean closer and then pressed down hard on the trigger.

I smiled as he winced and pulled back in pain, rubbing at his cheek. I knew he was already feeling the stinging sensation that had been said he would. I was glad it had worked, my hidden card and weapon against my beastly enemies.

"What did you do?" He growled at me, his eyes widening in surprise and disbelief as he saw the silver bullet in my hand. "You shot at me?"

"Yes. Touch me one more time, wolf." I dared him, loving the bloodstain on his face. "I will pop more silver bullets into you faster than you can blink."

I arched my eyebrows at him, smiling with wickedness. "You have fast reflexes, right? Let's see how fast you can escape the rain of silver bullets. Do you now believe that I don't feel anything for you other than hatred, player?"

His eyes emitted a dangerous glint as he glared back at me but I wasn't afraid. Two could play game. I knew the battle line had been drawn between us and I was ready for it.

Jack

I sat back down on the bed with a growl rumbling from my chest. I was in pain and I hated it. I always loved keeping my pride in front of women and it hurt my pride that I had howled like a wounded wolf - just what I was at the moment - in her presence.

I still held her clamped down with my hand though so she wouldn't run out of the room but I didn't think she was going to do that. She wouldn't want the attention and moreover, she was busy gloating in what she had done that she would run away.

She believed that she had shown me the boss. She was glad that the table had changed and was too happy to rub that in my face. I could see the challenge, pride and excitement in her face. She was proud of what she had done and I was proud of her though I hated it and my cheek smarted with pain like crazy.

She was every inch the fighter that I remembered her to be and I was proud she still had that fire I loved her for in her. This was getting interesting, I thought to myself though I didn't let my eyes betray my thoughts. I had no doubt that she was going to pop me full of silver bullets till my body was weak and I wouldn't be able to move for years if she knew that what she had done wasn't going to discourage me from chasing after her.

Damn, it only made me want her more. I groaned as my groin thickened, filling with blood as I craved her. I wanted to fling that gun off her hand and kiss off that smirk off her face till she was moaning and twirling under me. I wanted to spank her so hard till she knew that it was wrong to shoot at a wolf with silver bullets. I wanted to thrust so hard into her sweet little cunt till she was screaming my name and begging me for more.

Did she say she hated me? I wanted to take her right that instant and make her regret those words. I groaned again, this time harder as my groin swelled up in pain. She thought I was still in pain from the silver darts and smirked at me.

I growled at her but she didn't budge. Fuck, she was exactly the kind of woman I thought of getting mated to, the one I wanted to mark, the one I wanted to make mine.

I wanted to pull her down and fuck her mouth, fuck her so hard, push my aching groin into her mouth and make her take me all at once. I wanted to punish her and love her at the same time. I wanted to have her.

But I knew I couldn't. I no longer wanted women who didn't want me just to stroke my ego. Moreover, I wanted Mia to want me. I wanted her to want me the same way and with the same intensity that I wanted her, but with the gun in her hand, that didn't seem like a possible dream at the moment.

I stared at the gun in her hand for a while to get over my erection and was glad when the big always active demon went into resting phase. I breathed in relief as my erection subsided. It was nice that I could finally think again with my brain instead of my dick.