

## Chapter 86: Trena

Bradley

I've been taking advantage of my rehabilitation to get to know Trena. Maybe some days I make it seem like I'm weaker than I am, but I don't do that a lot. Trena has already been manipulated by Simon, lied to, mistreated, you name it. So I don't want her to ever think I'm that kind of man. But, if I'm struggling to breathe, maybe I didn't need to sit down for quite so long. I just wanted to so I could spend more time with my mate.

At first, she only let me touch her when she was helping me to walk. She was great about making sure she didn't wrap her arms around my waist until we were away from the packhouse. I hate feeling weak and she seems to understand that I don't want others seeing me weak either. So she waits to assist me until we're away from the pack. That's also been a good excuse to separate ourselves so I can have some private time with her.

It was a couple of days after I left the hospital, when I'd been able to walk her to a place where we have a small pond on our pack lands. No one has really ever been able to enjoy this spot, since we've all been at war most of our lives. But I knew it was here and I wanted to show Trena. It's a quiet area where the sun comes through trees and if she ever needs space or to get away, this is a place she can go that's safe.

"It's really pretty," she'd said, looking out over the water.

"Yes, you are." I'd been looking at her, unable to take my eyes off of

her. She is beautiful. I have no doubt that this is why Simon chose her. She's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen in my life with long, thick brown hair that gets wavy at the ends, and soft brown eyes that are still haunted by what Simon did to her.

She looked up and saw me looking at her and she'd blushed and stepped away from me. I let her go, never wanting to force her into any physical contact.

I'd chosen honesty, since I know that's the only path that will ever lead us to a relationship.

"I'm sorry. I'm practically desperate to kiss you. Your lips are pink and perfect, and I know you don't realize it, but when you're talking to me, you frequently lick them which makes me REALLY want to kiss you."

She'd looked out over the water. I could see her mind turning a mile a minute, her eyes looking all around as she thought through my words, and I could practically see the steam coming out of her ears at my comment. I had no idea if I'd completely offended her, scared her, impressed her, or anything else until she'd finally turned to me and smiled shyly.

"I've never been kissed."

I frowned at that. How is that possible? "You've never...but..." How do you ask someone who's been raped why they've never been kissed.

"Simon didn't kiss me. He did things to me, or he told me what to do to him, but he never kissed me."

My anger at Simon had flared, but right behind that had been a deep,

powerful possessiveness. I want this woman's kisses, all of them, every last one, for the rest of my life.

"Can I kiss you?" I asked gently.

She had nodded and I'd had to hold back the urge to pull her into my arms and kiss her the way I've been wanting to since I first saw her, passionately and desperately. Instead, I stepped up to her, stroking my fingers over her cheek. "At any time, if it becomes too much, pull back. You don't have to kiss me if you don't like it or if it scares you."

She had nodded, and I had smelled the slight scent of her fear, but she agreed. So I slowly moved in, watching her as I did, until I gently pressed my lips against hers. I had slowly and softly deepened the kiss until she had started to lean against me, her hands fisting in my shirt. I carefully slid my hand into her hair, holding her head as I tilted mine, deepening the kiss even more.

When I'd slid my tongue over her lips, she'd gasped and pulled back. I waited to see if she'd pull away, and when she didn't, I gently slid my tongue over her lips until she opened them. Her scent of fear changed to a scent of arousal, her spiced cider taste mixing with her scent and making me groan with the pleasure of it.

When I'd finally pulled away, I pressed my forehead against hers as we caught our breath.

"I hope you liked that, because I would love to do that again."

"I did like it," she said shyly. She bit her lower lip as she said it. I know it's not meant to be sexy, but with her, she's sexy without even trying.

I reached up, using my thumb to gently pull her lip from her teeth. "I should be the only one allowed to bite that lip," I said, making her smile.

After that, I've been stealing kisses as often as she'll let me. I never do it in public. Based on what she's told me, Simon never cared who saw them and, in some instances, it seemed that maybe he preferred it, getting off on her embarrassment and humiliation. So, I know that's a trigger for her. Since we walk in the forest multiple times a day to help strengthen my lungs, it works that I can sneak kisses then.

It was a couple of days later, while we were resting under a tree that I noticed that she was nodding off. She has dark circles under her eyes most of the time and when I asked her about it, she shrugged and said she has nightmares, so she doesn't sleep well.

I had pulled her against me, being careful when she went rigid in my arms to just massage her head and rub my fingers over her back. I made sure it was loving, and not sexual in any way, and it hadn't taken her long to fall asleep. She'd slept for hours while I'd held her.

I've offered to have her sleep with me at night and last night, for the first time, she finally agreed. It took her longer to fall asleep, being in a bed made her uncomfortable at first. But Declan had started purring softly and I'd massaged her head, letting my fingers slide through her soft hair. We'd waited until she'd fallen asleep, and then Declan and I had fallen into the deepest sleep I can ever remember having.

When I woke up this morning, I had the most painful erection I've

ever had in my life. I moaned, shifting and when Trena yelped, my eyes had flashed open. Somehow, overnight, she had moved so she is laying on top of me, her head nestled against my chest.

Her eyes are wide. "I'm so sorry, I don't know..." she says, scrambling off of me.

"It's okay, Trena. I'm sure your wolf felt comfortable and wanted to be closer to me. I know mine wants to be closer to you. And..." I gesture to my hard length standing at attention under my shorts. "I can't exactly do anything about that. You're beautiful, you're my mate, and you were laying on top of me. But you don't have to be afraid of me. I won't do anything. I won't hurt you, ever."

"I should...go," she says, quickly getting off the bed.

"Can we go for a walk after breakfast?" I ask, wanting to know that we're okay.

She's already at the door, practically running to get away from me. But she stops and turns to look at me and nods.

"I'll meet you downstairs."

"Good. I'll see you there," I say, sighing as she leaves like she can't get out of my room fast enough. Maybe this was a bad idea.

I get up and shower, dealing with my hard on while I take a cold shower. The cold does nothing to help me when I remember the feeling of my mate lying on top of me and I have to take care of things again before I finally finish my shower.