

# Sleep Marked

Zane:

“None of this adds up,” I mutter to Rufus, my steps echoing in the hall.

The reality of being a werewolf still feels like a dream, and knowing that Kiara is my mate only complicates things. A long-term relationship isn’t on my agenda, especially when all I can think of is making her pay for her father’s sins against my family.

“What do I do?” I ask, my hand resting on Rufus’s shoulder.

He starts to respond, but I silence him with a hand.

“That’s it!” I shout, a brilliant idea forming in my mind.

“The full moon is tonight, and mating with her will be simple. Then I’ll hold the threat of rejection over her if she tries to run,” I explain, noticing Rufus’s furrowed brow.

His disapproval is evident, but it’s irrelevant to me. I’ve never been one to care much about others’ opinions.

“The beauty of this plan is its foolproof nature. She’s experienced rejection before, so all I need to do is leave my mark, and we’re set,” I say, patting his back before walking the stairs.

I walk to Kiara’s room, and I open the door to see her fast asleep. I shut the door, and I walk to her bed. Then I sit close to her, and I pat her hair, looking at her beautiful face. The memories of that night replay in my mind, and the way I escaped from being consumed with my parents and all the workers in our house. She was only a kid then, but I couldn’t throw away the fact that her whole family put me in misery.

“Do it now,” urges my wolf, and I release a deep sigh. I push out my fangs and settle next to her.

An odd sensation courses through me as my wolf’s howl of anticipation nearly drowns out my seething resentment towards her. I brush her hair aside, exposing her elegant neck, which I graze with my teeth. A soft current pulses through my veins, causing my eyes to flicker momentarily as our souls become entwined. The gravity of the situation hits me, but I’m resolved to see my vengeance through, no matter the cost.

The instant I withdraw, Kiara springs up, gasping heavily. She fixes her gaze on me, silent and questioning.

‘What just happened? Why am I hearing voices? Why is he here? I need to get out of this territory.’

Her subconscious thoughts echo in my mind, but before I can respond, she cries out, “What did you do?”

A smirk tugs at the corners of my mouth as I rise to my feet, casually sliding my hands into my pockets.

“The voices I am hearing... they’re not mine. If it’s what I suspect, then...”

“Hello, mate,” I greet her, watching as her brows furrow in confusion.

“Do you not understand the rules? You can’t just go around marking people while they sleep.”

“I’m aware, Kiara. But I don’t care about you. I didn’t mark you because I wanted to be your mate. My hatred for you is too much that I’ll stop at nothing to see you suffer,” I retort, my gaze locked on hers, waiting as a flicker of fear crosses her eyes.

She blinks and swallows hard, and I chuckle.

“The mate bond is a leash. We both understand the consequences of rejection, and this is your second chance granted by the moon goddess. If you try to run and I reject you, survival might not be in your cards.”

“I’d rather die than be mated to a monster like you!” she retorts, rising to her feet and attempting to leave. But I catch her, pulling her back and tossing her onto the bed with a single tug.

Kiara recoils, her back meeting the softness of the bed. I stand still, my jaw clenched tight.

“Empty words, Kiara!” I spit out, the bitterness in my voice palpable.

“You’re seeking approval, a love that will never be returned from your husband. You’re not ready for death’s stiff embrace, are you? Behave, and perhaps, just perhaps, I’ll let you live.”

With those words hanging heavy in the air, I turn, my hand reaching for the door handle. But then I hear a murmur from her wolf about bonding and mating. I pause, turning back to her.

“Remember this, Kiara,” I say, my voice a low growl. “You can’t mate with anyone but me. We are bound together.”

With that, I stride out; the door slamming shut behind me.

The moment I leave the room, a huge sigh escapes my lips. I navigate the hallway, my mind deliberately avoiding the recent events. My focus sharpens on the hatred I harbor for her, fueling my thirst for revenge.

“Sir,” Rufus’s voice echoes as I reach the bottom of the stairs. I choose to ignore him.

“Natalie is here to see you,” he announces, causing my brows to furrow instantly.

Natalie and I share a casual relationship, yet she harbors the belief that something serious might blossom between us one day.

“Tell her that...” My words trail off as I enter the living room, finding her comfortably seated with a glass of wine in her hands.

Our eyes meet, and a smile graces her lips. She places the wineglass on the table and rises, her short gown barely reaching her buttocks. With a slow, deliberate sway of her hips, she begins to approach me.

“Zane,” she says, running her hands over my crotch area.

“Leave!” I tell Rufus, and he scurries away as I face Natalie.

“I want you now,” she says, a smirk forming on my lips.

Beyond Natalie’s desire for something more, she understands my preferences, and without hesitation, she fulfills them whenever I crave. With Rufus shutting the doors to the living room, I seize Natalie, pressing her back against my chest.

My hand trails along her thighs to the base of her pussy.

“I’ve had a terrible day, so I won’t go easy on you. I’ll fuck you like my private whore,” I whisper.

“Yes, please,” she gasps, as my fingers slide into her pants...



Gigi

Hello there, to my old readers (You all are my VIP's), and to my new readers, you re welcome. I will try my possible best to give at least 5- 6 chapter update in a week

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