

Celeste José: "Turn around," I mumbled, and he complied. He had his hands braced against the window, supporting his body while he breathed heavily. I couldn't resist gently pressing my finger against the little bloody feather tattoo on his skin. Ever since he had stepped into the car with me, I had been feeling these weird urges that I was too ashamed to speak out louder about. It had never happened before, but I seemed to be going in heat. I began the delicate task of removing the silver splinters from his skin, and once I had finished, I pulled myself away from him. "What were you doing out here by yourself?" he inquired, his voice hoarse and deep. "I was feeling lonely tonight," I replied, not entirely dishonest. He turned to face me, his grey eyes narrowing as he scrutinized my face. His very existence seemed like evidence of a higher force. "Are you still feeling lonely?" he whispered under his breath. "I don't know," I gulped, feeling a sensational wave between my legs. "Don't force close them. We both want it, don't deny it," his bold response had only made my eyes to widen when he grasped the back of my neck with his other hand and pulled me closer. His lips swiftly captured mine, and I remained frozen in surprise. The memories of Casey and Calix flooded my mind once more, and in a desperate attempt to regain some control and perhaps get back at him, I kissed the man back. It was time for Calix to experience the same pain I had endured for months. As I gently kissed his lower lip, his hand pushed my bra up, revealing my naked breasts for him to grasp and fondle. I took off the scarf covering his groin and sat in his lap. His tongue tasted like cherries as he passionately kissed me. His strong, large hands pulled down my pants, and without hesitation, he tore off my panties. "I will f**k you like you have never been f**k*d," he whispered, breaking the kiss when he aggressively rubbed his two fingers between my labia lips, moistening my p**y. I broke the kiss when he lifted my shirt, exposing my erect n****s. I bit my bottom lip, feeling a bit shy while his lips sucked my erect n****s. I couldn't believe how turned on I was. "Ahh!" a shameless moan slipped through my lips when feeling my p**y being penetrated by his finger. He made sure to insert it entirely inside, moving it around with much aggression. He then guided me onto the seat and positioned himself between my legs, entering me with one forceful thrust. His d**k was rigid and too big for my tiny p**y. As it stabbed me deeper and deeper, he carried my legs and spread them wide and then bent them over to reach my head. Now he had a full view of me. My p**y couldn't hide the excitement, and it twitched right before his eyes. I noticed a smirk on his lips before he shoved his c**k inside again, this time with a much rough thrust. "Arghhhh!" I screamed into the air, feeling my boobs bouncing up and down as he sped up. "Your ass wants me, doesn't it?" I heard the taunting tone he used at my squelching ass hole. "Huh? you want me to f**k your both holes, don't you?" I was stunned by his dirty talk. I was pretty vanilla my entire life, so the more he talked, the more I realized I was having s*x with a devil. "You are embarrassed, but your body knows what it wants. It wants to be f**k*d like a little thirsty b**h," with that, he shoved his d**k inside me so hard that I screamed at the top of my lungs. The night ended with a steamy encounter and us falling asleep in the car. "Celeste!" I felt a strong grip around my arm, jolting me awake. "Mallory?" I whispered, my voice heavy with sleep. I have met Mallory years ago, and since then; we have been friends. Mallory was a gamma reporter, working closely under the only news bureau of the pack-The Shade News. She was peering through the car door behind me, her black hair very messy with wind, her face filled with concern as she woke me up. "Celeste! Get up," she finally pinched my shoulder a little too forcefully, causing me to wince in pain. As I sat upright and realized I was in the backseat of my car, memories of the previous night's incident flooded back. "What's wrong? Why are you sleeping here?" Mallory appeared just as concerned as I was. "Naked!" she added, and I lowered my head to realize my state of undress. Quickly, I grabbed the white shirt and used it to cover my chest. As I hurriedly got dressed, I couldn't help but feel a pang of regret for the rough encounter with the man who had left without even waking me up. "Mallory! I did something really big last night," I confessed, my voice trembling with fear for her reaction. "You're naked in your car. It doesn't take a genius to figure out what you did," she remarked, clearly disappointed in me. But the genuine shock was yet to come. "

I slept with someone from the woods," I continued, and as soon as I uttered those words, she turned around to face me, her jaw hanging low. "Celeste! You slept with a rogue?" The shock was evident in her expression as she held onto my arms, desperate for answers. "I did, but before you judge me," I paused, "I caught Calix in bed with Casey!" "Oh My Goddess! I can't believe they put you through so much stress," thankfully, she didn't judge me and pulled me into a warm hug before she pulled back and frowned. "Did you use protection?" she asked, and her tone shifted again. "No," I murmured, "I'll take contraceptives," still unsure if it would change anything since I was known as the infertile Luna. For the next few minutes, I poured my heart out to Mallory, recounting the events of the night. She vented her frustration at him before we drove back to her home, where we discussed everything with her mate, Walsh. Walsh, Mallory, and I were best friends. As the leader of the werewolf scouts, Walsh was responsible for monitoring the pack's safety and alerting the Royal Gamma to potential threats. "Alpha Calix has been calling and asking about you. He is demanding your presence at the welcome event of the Alpha King," Walsh said, sitting in front of me, empathizing with my situation. "I'm not pretending I didn't see him with my maid last night," I refused, shaking my head. "That's where my plan comes in. There are cameras in your mansion, so his infidelity must have been recorded," Walsh explained confidently. "I'll sneak into the mansion, retrieve all such footage, gather evidence, and then Mallory will swap the USB from today's Alpha King welcome celebration with the one containing proof of your alpha mate's infidelity." His plan seemed flawless. "And that's why you must attend the party as if nothing happened and leave the rest to us," he said, offering a comforting smile as he held my hand. I hurriedly showered, donning a red dress, curling my hair, and enhancing the green in my eyes with eyeliner. Upon reaching the royal garden, I discovered that the Alpha King, Klaus Guzman, had already arrived. I rushed to join Calix, who was standing with him. "Welcome, Alpha King Klaus Guzman!" Calix declared, and I joined him. As I fixed my eyes on the man's face, fear dawned on me. He was strikingly noticeable across the crowded space—an enigmatic figure in a sleek black suit. His piercing grey eyes held untold secrets, and the play of shadows on his tousled black hair added to his allure. His lips, slightly red, reminded me of their taste. He had a unique way of glancing around, fixing his Rolex in his hand, almost as if judging everyone. The crowd behaved impeccably, not wanting to upset the Alpha King. It was then that I realized none other than the Alpha King himself had f****d me in the backseat of my car.