

Chapter 4

Madeline's POV

"Oh, yes... f**k, yeah... Oh, Goddess...Yes, Logan!" I screamed as he slammed into me repeatedly from behind. He was rampant, f*****g me like there was no tomorrow, chasing his climax. I could feel the pressure building but I wasn't there yet. As he picked up the pace, I breathed, "Don't c*m yet!"

I reached between my legs to bring me closer to my orgasm.

"Urghhgggh!" He growled as I felt him come to a shuddering halt and then do one nal thrust into me.

"Logan!" I cried in frustration.

"Sorry, love. I couldn't help it," was his reply as he pulled out of me swiftly and walked into the bathroom to dispose of the condom.

I huffed in annoyance. Our s*x life never used to be like this. He always used to put my pleasure before his own needs, at least making me c*m twice before he got his release. Now, it was like he couldn't get it over with fast enough; that is, when we did it at all!

And the condom thing, that was new. It's not like I want to get pregnant or anything, but we'd been having unprotected s*x for years and then, all of a sudden, he started wearing one. When I questioned him, he raised his eyebrows and said, "Don't you think we've taken enough chances in the past? Better to be safe than sorry" and closed the discussion.

Now watching him foaming and rinsing his athletic and muscular body in the shower, I contemplated joining him and seeing if he would go again or at least nish me off, but I couldn't face the rejection I'd feel if he said no.

Logan was still being his tentative and thoughtful self in every other aspect of our lives. He always kissed me before he left for work and made me breakfast and coffee every morning as he was an early riser (and I'm not). However, over the last few months, something has felt 'off' with us. Or him, I should say. And I can't put my nger on what it is.

We are not like humans in the way that our senses are heightened. Our smell, sight and hearing are advanced, and not to mention our ability to feel when danger or uncertainty is looming. That's how I knew something was wrong.

Logan and I are part of the last group left of our kind. As werewolves, we grew up together in a pack and were always the best of friends. Logan's father was the leader of our pack, the Alpha of Blood Moon, one of the largest werewolf packs in America and my father was his second in command, the Beta. We ourished growing up on the territory's estate, causing mischief and mayhem daily. We were forever laughing. Until that dreadful day.

When we were seventeen, our pack was brutally attacked by the King of Vampires, Lucius. Everyone was being slaughtered mercilessly; the elderly, the warriors, the defenceless women and children. No one was spared. Alpha James forced me, Logan, and as many of the others our age as he could save into the secret tunnels of our pack house and told us to run. Logan and many of the other males who had already been training to be warriors tried to refuse. They wanted to stay and ght for their pack but Alpha James was insistent. He used his Alpha tone to command us to leave. Before we did, he told Logan and I that our generation was the only chance of protecting our species and restoring the future of our pack. That Logan and I would be the new Alpha and Luna and when the time was right, we would have our revenge. We could not disobey his command, as all pack members cannot help but respect and honour the Alpha's authority.

That was eight years ago now. Logan and I were sure that we would end up being destined mates by the Moon Goddess. Mates are soul mates for werewolves. The love and connection between mates are beyond anything you could imagine. My parents were true mates and I remember the unconditional love they shared for each other. They were two bodies, sharing one soul.

So, you can imagine how excited I was for mine and Logan's eighteenth birthdays when we would feel the mate bond appear between us. But it never happened. I couldn't fathom why the Moon Goddess would not make me his one true mate. I loved him more than life itself, I still do. Logan was also upset, especially as he took his father's nal words to heart. We will be the next Alpha and Luna of the Blood Moon Pack once we destroy the Vampire King. So, we made a promise to each other. We would take each other as our chosen mates and if our true mates came along, we would reject them. It was the only way.

Luckily, they never have. I suppose with there being only a few hundred of our species left in existence, it makes our chances of ever meeting our true mates very slim. Werewolves' mates can be of other species as well, such as humans, witches, or even, goddess forbid, vampires. But it is less common and we would prefer to have a strong, pure bloodline than be with them. Don't get me wrong, I like humans. They are fun to play with but they are weak.

After the attack, we laid low and all the surviving pack members decided to go their separate ways to make it harder for the vampires to track us. Logan and I, as well as a few of our close friends, moved to England and have been living low key among the humans to hide our identities and blend in. We are still in touch with all the wolves who escaped our pack's slaughter and they accept and respect Logan as their next Alpha, even though we are not currently considered a pack. Once we can gather enough strength and resources to take down the vampires, I will become his Queen and during the Luna Ceremony, he will nally mark me, forging a bond forever. I can't wait!

Even in hiding, we are sociable creatures and have many human friends too, although they do not know our truth. I love the way humans swoon over our good looks and charisma (perks of being a supernatural being), but what I love the most is how they all think we are the perfect couple. Untouchable.

But recently, I have felt Logan slipping away. Becoming distant. It wasn't just the s*x, but he never cuddled me to sleep anymore. He gives me a peck on the forehead and says 'goodnight, my love' before rolling over! It's like I'm his 75-year-old wife! In the past, when I felt him withdrawing, I would entice him back with a s****I desire like some b**m or a threesome with a human. He seemed to like those and especially watching me with another woman.

Suddenly, an idea popped into my head. That was exactly what I would do tonight. I would surprise him after the party with another girl waiting in our bed. I will admit, I don't like seeing him with another girl (werewolves are known for being very jealous and possessive creatures), but at least I was always there, too. And knowing it turns him on makes it worth it.

Instantly, the image of that cute, timid blonde from yesterday entered my mind. She would be perfect. What was her name? Alaya?

Alina!

I quickly grabbed my phone and it didn't take long to track her down on ** as she was friends with Chloe. I typed out a message and sent it with a cheeky grin. I need her to come to the party tonight.

"What are you smirking at?" Logan asked as he walked into the bedroom with only a towel around his neck. What a sight!

"I have a surprise for you."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yep, and I think you are going to love it... Or should I say her?"

He raised his eyebrows at me in that seductive manner that he had down to perfection.

"Where did you nd this one?"

"At the mall. I think you will really enjoy watching what I do to her later," I said in my most sultry voice.

"Can't wait," is all he replied as he chucked on a pair of shorts and strolled out of the bedroom.

Tonight needed to go without a hiccup so we could get back on track. The only problem is, I don't think that girl is the type to just hop into bed with a couple. I will have to play this carefully.