

Alpha Asher By Jane Doe

Chapter 215

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There's nothing soft about the way his lips claim mine. His kisses embody who he is down to his core. They're all consuming, a

raging inferno that devours and destroys everything it touches. The way his hand rises to snare my throat claiming everything,

even the air I breathe, as his own.

My body ached, throbbing with the desperate need to be filled, to be as close to our mate as humanly possible.

"Asher, you're killing me. I can't wait any longer." I whimpered, lifting my hips until the firmness of his cock rubbed against my

opening, grinding into the little bundle of nerves that had me seeing stars. "Please...please fuck me."

With one last resounding snarl, Asher complied.

The lake, the beach, even the gorgeous waterfall in the distance faded into nothingness. We could've been in a piss poor tent in

the middle of the woods, and it wouldn't have mattered.

Every touch dragged me further into his depths, while every seductive

word he whispered pulled me under, the currents so strong that I didn't bother to fight.

I'd lost count of how many times I'd plummeted off the edge, but before long Asher took the fall right by my side. 1

We laid next to each other on the blanket, both of us sopping wet from wrapping up in the lake. He pushed himself into a sitting position and opened the picnic basket. Water dribbled from the longest parts of his hair down his sloped jawline, all the way down to his muscular chest. I followed a few droplets with my eyes as they traveled down the grooves of his abs, lost to the trimmed hair above his cock.

"If you keep looking at me like that, I'm going to flip you over and fuck you again." He said darkly, making me realize he wasn't rummaging through the basket like I'd thought.

"I wouldn't complain." I smirked.

"I'm sure you wouldn't, but then you wouldn't be able to drink these..." He teased, pulling not one, but two blood bags from the basket.

I gasped. "You really did think of everything."

Asher looked in the basket a second time and frowned. "Actually, I didn't think of everything. I must've left the water in the car.

There's some sandwiches and bags of chips in there. Go ahead and eat, I'll be right back."

"Oh, okay." I shrugged.

Pulling out the sandwiches and chips from the basket, I set them aside along with the blood bag's he'd handed me. I wasn't

going to start eating until he came back, but when I finished laying everything out, I had the distinct feeling there was someone behind me.

The breeze shifted directions, sending Asher's spicy sent billowing over my head.

"I thought you went back to the car?" I said confused.

"Actually, I just remembered I had what I needed." He replied instantly.

A whisper of nervousness vibrated down the bond, drawing my concern. I twisted around to look back at him, and what I saw made my mouth go dry.

Asher was right behind me, so close he could reach out and touch me if he wanted to, but it would've been hard to do

considering he was currently down on one knee, a small velvet box in his open. hand.

"Lola..." His deep, gravelly voice came out hoarse. "I knew from the moment I first saw you, when you showed up late to your first

day of training, that you were different than anyone I'd ever met. I'd spent my life surrounded by people that feared me or would

bend over backwards to please me. None of it was genuine, and I hated every second of it. You refused to submit-you tested me,

challenged me at every turn and no matter how much I tried to hate you, I couldn't stop myself from falling." 2

The world melted away again, leaving only Asher and the little box in his hand. Even the heavy thud of my heart faded into the

background, taking with it every frantic, hair brained thought that squealed in my head. Marriage wasn't something all

werewolves did, but there were a few that indulged in the human tradition. I'd never truly thought about it, but seeing Asher bare

his soul and hearing him pledge his love, it was well worth it. 1

He went to open the box and as his fingers trembled, I sank my teeth into my lip to keep from crying out a resounding,

"Yes!"

I was lost the second I laid eyes on the ring inside. The delicate band was made of tiny golden threads that wrapped around one

another, all circling a gemstone the same warm amber as Asher's eyes. It twinkled in the sunlight as though it were winking at

me. I

“This ring belonged to my mother and her mother before. Some...someday it'll be passed down to our daughter. I've already asked your father for his permission, so it's up to you now.” Asher said gently, his eyes so warm and unbearably soft as they scoured my face.” Lola, I promise to stand by your side through every storm. There isn't a future. for me without you in it, not in this life or the next. This pack-this world, is better with you in it and I want nothing more than to be by your side, watching you do these incredible things. You're going to change everything, and my only hope is that I'll be there to see it myself. Will you do me the honor of marrying me? Will you be my wife?” s I didn't realize I was crying until Asher reached out and gently swiped at my cheeks with his thumb. My lip trembled as I fought to speak. There was so much, so many things I wanted to say to this man- the one that claimed every piece of my imperfect heart

and filled the cracks left behind by others. Every word swirled in my head, bubbling on the tip of my tongue, but only one managed to escape.

“Yes.”

With that one word, I was tackled to the sand.

An unhinged laugh exploded from my mouth but was swallowed when Asher’s lips fell on my own. This time they were soft, moving slowly with the flow of our desire and melting into my own with a sweetness that left me feeling buzzed.

“Thank you, Lola.” Asher exhaled, his chest heaving, and lips swollen. “Thank you for coming into my life.” Nothing in my short life had ever felt as right as Asher sliding that ring onto my finger. In that moment, there wasn’t a witch alive that could touch us. We were riding the high of our love, and it was one I never wanted to come down from. 1

We spent the next couple hours at the lake, flitting between swimming in the water, hiding beneath the waterfall, and lounging on the blanket. With each one we remained wrapped around one another, touching and tasting like it was our last day on this earth.

Only when the sun began to set, turning the horizon into a watercolor painting of oranges and pinks, did we finally pack up and venture back to the car.

Nothing changed when we made the short trip home. The moment we crossed the threshold into the foyer, we were a mess of limbs, lips, and teeth. There was a soreness between my legs that demanded more, begging for every shred of energy Asher could give.

We barely made it into the living room before clothes started being torn off, and that was only the first round. The second was in our bedroom with me perched on top of Asher, my hands tangled in his hair as I lowered myself onto his cock.

His fingers left tiny bruises on my hips where he was holding on so tightly, clinging to the last threads of his restraint that kept him from flipping us over and devouring me. 1

The heat of his eyes was latched onto where we were joined, savoring the sight of my swollen pussy grinding on his cock.

Lost in the moment, I went to nip at the mark I'd long ago left on his neck and accidentally bit too hard. A wave of rich, mouthwatering

blood flowed into my mouth and exploded across my taste buds. Asher's blood was easily the most intoxicating I'd ever tasted. It felt like my Vampire side was sharing in the mate-bond in the only way it could.

His head fell back and as a long, unhinged moan left him, I knew he was lost.

"Can I?" I panted, almost begging him for a taste.

"Yes. Fuck, yes." He hissed. "Take what you need from me, baby."

I glided my tongue along the wound I'd made, latching my lips onto his supple skin, and pulling until his blood filled my mouth.

With every swallow my head began to swim, inching me closer and closer to the edge until my back arched and I began to freefall.

Asher grunted, snarling his release into the hollow of my throat as his cock twitched and spilled its warmth into the deepest parts of my body.

Rolling off of him, I sank into the bed. While mourning the loss of feeling so unfathomably full, I basked in the afterglow of an incredible orgasm and waited for the stars to fade from my eyes. Seconds passed in rapid succession, but my vision wasn't

clearing.

The euphoric haze vanished the second I pushed myself into a sitting position.

I groaned as our bedroom began to tilt, perched on an axis that began to spin. There weren't stars in my eyes anymore, only

chilling splotches of darkness that made it hard to see.

Even my limbs were acting up, growing heavy and sluggish no matter

how much energy I put into making them move.

"Asher, I think something's wrong." I tried to speak, but my tongue felt impossibly thick, and the words came out a slurred mess.

Panic began to take over and I quickly got to my feet.

The floor seemed to shift, and

I went tumbling backwards, landing on my ass but the pain barely registered. It quickly became too hard to keep myself upright

and soon I fell back against the carpet, my head hitting the floor.

I knew without questionable doubt that something had gone horribly wrong when my eyes settled on Asher.

Through cloudy

vision, I could make out his face and eyes—both of which were entirely blank. They were void of emotion, staring down at me

like he didn't even know who I was. 3

Those haunting eyes followed me into the darkness
that painted my vision and turned my entire world ice
cold.

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