

## Chapter 27 Sketch My Wolf

Liana POV

"Well, I can't accept," I shrug nonchalantly. "I have no experience and won't be able to do the work."

Of course, I want the job! Not only would Silver Enterprises look great on my resume I would also acquire new skills and much-needed experience for the future. But the fact that he told me and not offered me the job, irritates me.

"That's why you're starting on Monday," he says with his back towards me. "So that she can teach you."

"And if I cannot learn everything in time?" I ask.

"Then I'll re you," he growls and turns around to face me. "Goddess, Liana, must you be so stubborn about everything?"

"Only when it's justified," I smile sarcastically.

"Please, in the name of everything holy, will you please turn off the light so that I can go to sleep," he moans. "I'll argue with you for as long as you want about whatever you want tomorrow."

I turn off the light and take off my pants before I climb into bed. I make myself comfortable and stare at the ceiling in the dark. I have so many questions about the job, but I do not want to bug him further. He is the one that must get up early in the morning for work, not me.

I turn on my side to face him. I wish there were more light so that I can see his contours better. I have never seen him sleep before and would love to sketch it.

"Stop staring at me," he grunts as he reaches for me and pulls me closer.

"Why are you wearing a shirt?" He moans.

"Because ..."

"I don't care," he interrupts me. "Take it off."

"So, am I supposed to sleep naked every time you're here?" I ask as I take off the shirt and toss it aside.

"Yes," he sighs contently as he pulls me against his chest.

"Do you always sleep naked?" I whisper as I nestle closer to him. "Even when you're alone?"

"Yes, always," he chuckles.

"I didn't know that," I close my eyes and enjoy his closeness. Now that I am laying in his arms, I realize how much I missed him when he was gone for a week. And it is a startling thought. My nights are going to be terribly lonely and cold once this contract expires.

"Why didn't you tell me you were leaving last week?" I cannot help but wonder. I know it is none of my business and I have no right to ask. I would much rather ask him where he has been and with who.

"It was a last-minute thing," he murmurs. "And then I misplaced my phone, and I didn't have your number. Why? Did you miss me?"

"No," I reply indignantly, and I am glad he cannot see the blush creeping from my neck to my ears. "I was only curious."

"Admit it," I can hear in his voice he is enjoying the moment. "You missed me."

"You're dilutional," I scoff. "Go to sleep."

"My turn," he laughs softly. "Why did you cancel your studies?"

"Because it was an impulsive and stupid idea," I sigh. I cannot avoid the topic forever. "It's a hobby, not a career, and you shouldn't waste your money on that."

"I can spend my money any way I see t," he says rmly. "And the agreement is in writing and signed. You have no choice but to go."

"Oh, please," I chuckle. "Leave the tycoon-talk at the oce. We might have a legitimate agreement, but what we agreed upon is illegal. Besides, I'm saving you money, you should be happy."

"I'll make you a deal," he lifts his upper body and looks down at me. "I'll let it go on condition that you show me some of your work. If it's terrible, you don't do it. But if it's good, I'm going to nag you until you go."

"That's just silly," I laugh. "Besides, isn't it beneath an alpha to nag?"

"Oh, very much," he leans over and kisses me on my shoulder. "That must tell you how much I want to see it."

"I'll think about it," I reply but secretly pray that he will forget about this conversation.

"Nope," he crushes all my hope. "Or the deal is off."

"Aren't you tired?" I try again. "You were so eager to sleep a minute ago."

"That was before you started with your twenty questions about my business," he takes my hand and presses it against his lips. "Now it's my turn."

"Only one," I decide and get out of bed.

"One album," he says, and I roll my eyes in defeat. If that is what it takes to shut him up and let go of this, that is what I will do.

I put on my robe before I turn on the light and walk to my closet. I pick out an old sketchpad and hand it to him before I go sit on the bed. I avoid looking at him as he pages through it. Showing off my work is not a habit of mine, and I am nervous.

"You love your father," he observes. "It's all of him."

"He's a great man," I smile sadly as I look at the drawing on Axel's lap. "All the good in me comes from him. There's nothing I would not do for him."

"Liana," Axel's voice is low and deep. "These aren't doodles or a hobby. You must pursue this."

"Yeah, well, some things just aren't meant to be," I smile sadly as I take the sketchpad and put it away.

"Why are you giving up on this?" Axel asks urgently as I turn off the light.

"I simply don't have the time," I sigh as I take off the robe and get back into bed. We had just put our argument about money to rest, explaining to him that my family counts on me nancially, will only ignite the conversation again. "Dreams constantly get crushed by reality. It's not the end of the world."

"Plenty of students work part-time and study," he says eagerly as he carefully pulls my back to his chest, without hurting me. "You can too."

"I need a full-time salary," I say harshly. This conversation really must come to an end now. "My family needs my support."

"Liana ..."

"Can we please drop it," I say on the verge of tears. "It is what it is. Now you know the truth, end of discussion."

"One last question," Axel's voice is lled with authority.

"What?" I sigh despondently.

"Have you received any money from Wyatt?"

"Axel, even if he wanted to repay me, he couldn't," I laugh softly and lace my ngers through his before I pull our hands up to my chest. "I blocked his number ages ago, and he has no idea where I live or work."

"Are you covering for him?" Axel growls in my neck, and it sends a shiver up my spine.

"No," I reply. "It's the truth. He has no way of contacting me."

"It both pleases and angers me," his lips trail from my neck to my shoulder. "He should've made more of an effort, but I'm delighted he can't get to you."

The butteries in my stomach go haywire when I feel him grow hard against me. He removes his hand from my hold and starts caressing my stomach and hips.

"I want you," I whisper and push my body closer to him as my need for him intensifies.

"I don't want to take the chance and hurt you," he murmurs against my skin.

"Please," I moan and start moving my hips against his groin. "I'll say stop if needed."

"You sure?" His voice is hoarse as his hand slips in between my legs.

"Yes," I gasp in delight when he gently starts stroking me.

His lips are warm and intense as he kisses and sucks on my neck while his ngers continue their magic.

"Why are you stopping?" My breathing is rapid as he pulls away from me.

"I'm not," his voice is sultry as he sits up and rolls me onto my stomach.

He settles behind me and pulls my hips upwards. I support my upper body with my hands, and he glides his hands over my hips and thighs.

I close my eyes in delight when he enters me. I am not sure if it is because we were apart for a week or if it is the new position, but I feel him deep and everywhere. Anticipation builds as he rhythmically thrusts. My ngers curl into the linen and my breathing becomes louder the closer I get. I tumble forward as my arms give in when I reach my c\*\*\*x a second before him.

Gently he picks me up and cradles me in his arms before he pulls the covers over us.

"I've been wanting to do that for more than a week," he kisses me on the forehead. "And now I cannot even kiss you properly."

"Kissing you is nice," I stretch my neck and gently peck him on the lips without hurting my nose.

"I have a favour to ask," he says softly. "I want you to sketch my wolf."

"Why?" My stomach turns by the thought of seeing his wolf again.

"Because you're talented and I want a drawing of my wolf," he explains.

"Okay," I agree after a moment. My rst choice would be to say no. His wolf is scary, but Axel has been nothing but kind and supportive. This is the least I can do – even though the idea is scary.