

A. Nocturne's 22

Chapter 22 I Want This, Adam

Ann's eyes stared fixedly ahead as she tried desperately to process what was happening to her at this moment.

Adam's kiss was intense and try as she might, she couldn't remember a time that Brad had ever kissed her with such a need. She could feel the passion and primal hunger that burned within him, just from the sensual yet fierce way his lips fought with her own.

His hands were tangled in her hair and Ann could feel herself begin to relax into the kiss. Maeve was right. Adam was a good candidate for a chosen mate.

As she let go of her doubts and hesitance, she brought her arms around his neck, pulling his head closer to her, suddenly filled with an aching desire to be as close to him as possible.

Adam growled lightly, almost possessively as he felt her reciprocate in the lust he felt at that moment and he allowed his hands to roam lower, sliding them along the lines of her body, sending pleasurable shivers along her skin.

He worked them around her back and found the zip on her dress, fiddling with it briefly before dragging it down slowly. The thought of rejecting his advances at this point didn't even cross Ann's mind as the embers of her own, unsatisfied passion began to burn wildly beneath her.

The silken dress slipped from her shoulders and fell to the floor, a waterfall of fabric cascading along her skin and pooling at her feet elegantly. Ann stood pressed against him in nothing but her underwear and a pair of heels.

her body in this way in front of others, but in front of Adam,

advantage of her. Her body trembled in excitement as his hands caressed her skin whilst his lips moved to her neck, trailing

every exposed piece of skin on

their way to the back of her bra and Ann felt him smile slightly against her skin as his fingers made short work of

worked their way slowly around her sides to begin their a*s*sault on

her nipple and he

Ann murmured as the sensations erupting inside her

eyes as he pulled and tweaked her nipples,

murmured huskily as he pressed his lower body against her, pushing

her head of him filling the void between her legs and satisfying

paused momentarily as his face took on a serious expression, her nipples held between his fingers

one, not even

embarra*s*sment at

whispered softly as she looked up at him through her

didn't want to hurt Ann. With his size, and the fact that she hadn't even been broken in down there, chances were that this was going to be

He had consoled himself with the fact that his mate was his perfect other half, and he would save himself for that woman. But now, with the witches' curse destroying the chance of that, he had waited long enough.

Ann was his Luna now. If she provided heirs as well as fulfilling her contractual obligations then it would only benefit him and his pack.

Adam growled softly at the vulnerable innocence that was stamped across her face. He had every intention to destroy that innocence one way or another and satisfy her as much as she would satisfy him.

"I can't promise that this won't hurt Ann," he murmured softly in her ear as he pinched her nipples between his thumb and forefingers.

She m*oa*ned, loudly at the sensation and it was like music to his soul.

Adam could feel his wolf strain take over as his c*oc*k bulged painfully, begging for the sweet release that the place between her legs would provide.

"Ann, you need to tell me if you want this or not... but once you do... there's no backing out. I cannot promise that I can control my wolf's urges. He has waited long enough for this." He growled into her ear.

Ann shuddered and moved her hands down to where his c*oc*k strained desperately against his trousers for release.

"I want this, Adam." She purred seductively between m*oa*ns as she began to run her fingers across the material of the trousers above his c*oc*k.