

Chapter 134: Mating....

Tereshan

I take a split second while I'm walking Claire up to our bedroom to mind link Dane.

"You're in charge. Short of another pack war, don't bother me."

"Happy marking, Alpha," he says, before I cut the mind link and return my focus to my mate. This time, I intend to make sure that it's good for her.

I walk us into our room, still kissing her, still dominating her mouth with my tongue. I've explored every inch of this body over the past few weeks. I know what makes my little mate, shiver, what makes her moan and tonight, I plan to find out what makes her scream in pleasure.

I walk into the bathroom, turning on the water in the shower before setting her on the counter. Still, I don't release her mouth, ripping her clothes off her body before extending my claws and slicing through the shorts I put on earlier before going into the cells.

When Claire pulls away, gasping for air, I move to her neck, kissing, licking and nipping my way down her throat. She lifts her chin, giving me full access to her soft, sensitive throat. When I get to her marking spot, I lick and suck on it until she's moaning, her legs tightening around me, pulling me even closer to her.

I flick my tongue over her sensitive marking spot once more before pulling back.

"Time to wash the smell of blood and war off of us. When I make you mine, I only want the scent of lemons in my nose, and for you, only blueberries." I say, licking the seam of her lips and taking another taste of her sweet lemony flavor.

"Yes," she says on a breathy sigh.

I carry her to the shower, her legs still wrapped around me. While she holds on to me, I let the water run over her hair before pouring shampoo into my hands and massaging it into her hair and onto her scalp. When I'm done, I lean her head back, rinsing all the shampoo out before grabbing conditioner and running my fingers through her hair, pulling the conditioner through it.

As I do, she leans forward, kissing my shoulder, moving toward my throat before licking her mark on my neck. The sensation makes my already hard cock twitch and throb even harder. I know she can feel it pressing up against her. Thankfully, she doesn't seem frightened of it or me anymore.

I step under the water, rinsing her hair as she continues her assault on my neck. When I'm done, I put my hands on her hips and lift my chin, exposing my throat to her, just as she did to me. She's my mate and she is the only person in the world that I will be vulnerable for.

I moan loudly as she nips and lick her way up my throat before biting my chin.

"You're turn," she says, looking at me.

I turn, putting my hair under the water and grabbing the shampoo for her. She takes it in her hand and washes all the caked-on blood out before grabbing more shampoo and washing it again.

When she's done, I set her on her feet and in what has become a more normal routine, we begin to wash each other. Her greedy hands are everywhere, and as the soap rinses off of me, her mouth replaces her hands on my chest and my stomach, moving lower.

"Claire, tonight is about you," I say, wrapping my hand in her hair.

She looks up at me before flicking her tongue over the tip of my cock. "Tonight is about us," she says before taking me in her mouth.

I slap my hand on the wall of the shower. "Fuck, Claire."

I look down at my sweet little mate, whose eyes are looking back up at me.

"You are so fucking sexy."

I gently grab onto her hair, holding her head as I slide myself inside her warm mouth until I hit the back of her throat. Instantly she moans, nearly making me blow my load right there.

"Claire..." I growl warningly at her.

Instead of heeding my warning, she sucks on me, taking me in until I hit the back of her throat again and then in a surprise move, she pushes forward, taking me into her

throat.

"Oh, fuck, Claire."

I can feel her gagging around me, the sensation making my cock throb even harder. She pulls off of me, gasping for air.

"Come here," I growl at her.

She shakes her head. "I want your blueberry taste in my mouth."

This time, she doesn't hesitate, she sucks me in, sliding me down her throat.

"Claire!" It's all the warning I can give her before my orgasm rips through me, my cum shooting into her mouth, while she sucks on me, her tongue pressing against the underside of my cock while she continues to suck me off.

When I finally come down, my body drained, I look down and see a very self-satisfied look on her face. She takes her thumb and wipes the side of mouth, licking it clean as she looks up at me.

"Yum."

I scoop her up into my arms, shutting off the shower.

"My turn," I say, carrying her into the bedroom and laying her on the bed.

I take her mouth in a possessive kiss, tasting myself on her tongue. I kiss her until she begins to moan. Then I start to make my way down her throat. I lick and suck on her marking spot, feeling her pushing her hips against mine. My

canines come out and I scrap them over her mark, but I'm not rushing this. I have all night and I intend to take my time.

I move down her body, cupping her breast and sucking her nipple into my mouth. My canines are still out and they slice into her breast making her gasp, but as I suck on her nipple, she arches up into my mouth. I move my hand to her other breast, plucking her already hardened nipple as I swirl my tongue around the one in my mouth.

"Tereshan," she whimpers softly, her hands in my hair.

I pull off her nipple with a soft 'pop'. "Mmmm, I love when you say my name like that."

I move over to the other nipple, my canines having retracted so I can really suck her nipple into my mouth.

One hand moves to her other still-wet nipple as my other hand moves between us, sliding over her clit, making her jerk before moving between her thighs. She's soaking wet for me, and I need to taste her.

I begin kissing my way down her body before pulling one leg over my shoulder. I look up and see her desire-filled eyes looking back at me.

As I watch her, I slide a finger inside her. She gasps, her eyes nearly rolling back into her head, but she forces herself to stay focused on me. I begin sliding my finger slowly in and out, watching her reaction, wanting to make sure that my sweet mate never forgets our marking night.

I hold her gaze as I slide the second finger inside her,

beginning to stroke her a bit faster as her hips begin to push against me, wanting more.

"Faster, Tereshan," she begs.

"Is this what you want?" I ask, moving my fingers faster and harder inside her before adding a third finger. She arches even more, breaking eyes contact, and I dive between her thighs, sucking her clit in my mouth and tasting her sweet lemon taste.

"TERESHAN!" She screams as her body begins bucking against me. I use my free arm to pin one leg against the bed and I lick and suck her sweet lemon flavor like a man possessed. Fuck she tastes so good.

I feel her body clamp down on my fingers, but I don't stop, I don't want too. I'm overcome with desire for my mate, drowning in the taste of her, a taste that I will never, ever get enough of.

I bring her up and over three more times before I finally pull off of her. My face is slick with her sweet juices as I move over her. She's panting as she looks up at me.

"Are you ready, my mate? Ready to be mine forever?"

"Yes, yes I want to be yours."

I line myself up at her entrance and only now do I truly understand her fear. Even though I've stretched her out more than I ever have, she's still so small. I'll never fit, not without tearing her.

I feel a wave of fear go through me. I don't want to hurt her.

I don't want her to think that I don't love her, that I don't care.

She takes my face in her hands. "I was made for you, remember?"

"You were right, Claire, I'm too big for you."

"You were made for me, Tereshan. We both know this first time will hurt. I'm ready for that. I want you inside me. I want to feel you stretching me."

Fuck I want it too, so desperately.

"Make me yours, Tereshan," she says, lifting her hips and just pushing the head of my cock inside her.

"Make me yours," she whispers again.

I grab hold of the headboard, holding tightly so I don't push too hard or too fast and I slowly begin to push inside her.

I feel the headboard give way under my grasp and I grab another part of it, forcing myself to go slowly, my claws coming out and puncturing the bed as I use every ounce of strength I have not to bury myself inside of her and tear her.

When I reach a thin barrier, I look at her, she already has tears running down her face.

I lean down, kissing her cheek. "I have to thrust hard. Once, until I'm all the way in and then I'll let you adjust. I have to break your hymen."

"Do it," she says tearfully.