

Chapter 154: Rut Part II

Bryson

"Everyone out of the packhouse! NOW! Luna is in heat! Luna is in heat!"

Dane's voice shouts through the group mind link a moment before I feel it, the wave of desire that comes from a very strong she-wolf in heat. Being that she's now our Luna, her heat is going to affect everyone in the pack if Alpha Tereshan doesn't get her out of the packhouse quickly.

Because I've been mated in the past, I'm not as affected as the unmated wolves will be. So, I begin rushing to the packhouse, making sure that people are getting out and that they are leaving a path for Alpha to get Luna to the mating house.

I can hear Luna's keening sound, her desperate need to mate, as he races past me, rushing her to the mating house. Once he's gone, it's a bit better, but I soon realize that Luna Claire has put the pack in the beginnings of a rut.

For those that have mates, it's simple, they just rip each other's clothes off and begin mating wherever they are. They might be embarrassed later, but right now, no one really cares. It's the unmated she-wolves and the young she-wolves that I'm most worried about.

I can see some of the rogues struggling to maintain control. Their mates have been through a lot and while they may

both be feeling the pull to mate, it's not the best timing. I pass a rogue looking panicked. His mate just got out of the hospital and she's rubbing against him like, well, like a bitch in heat.

"You can take care of your mate without having sex with her." I yell at him as I pass, rushing inside.

I see two young, unmated omegas rubbing against each other. He has her pressed against the wall. I snarl at him. He turns, baring his teeth at me before shaking his head and turning back to the girl.

"Oh goddess."

"Go to your room, lock the door and stay there. It will wear off soon." I tell him.

I find a couple more, dragging girls to their room and having to punch one warrior who won't listen, knocking him out.

I turn, ready to go back inside when my nose is flooded with the scent of passionfruit.

"Hello, mate," Nita purrs, her hands running up my chest. She and I have been talking, slowly making inroads in our relationship. I had finally come clean about my relationship with Ivy and how she had cheated on our mate bond constantly, causing me to have a fear of trusting a mate again. Nita had told me about being in the brothel, her fear, the pain and overall being treated as if she was expendable, which, to them, I'm sure she was.

"Nita, the pack's in a rut. You don't want this."

She leans against me. "Yes, I do. You're my mate, don't you want me?"

"Nita, we talked about this, we wanted to take it slow, remember? I don't want to do anything that you'll regret once you're back to yourself."

"Is it because I'm not her?" she asks me, her voice sad.

"What? No! I told you, she was a terrible mate."

"I could be good to you, I could make you feel good," she purrs.

"I have no doubt that you could, Nita. None at all, but not like this, not when your body and mind are in a haze." I say, taking her face in my hands.

I see sadness overshadow the haze in her eyes. "Do you not want me because of what happened to me, because of...."

It's the tears in her eyes and does me in. I was holding on, trying to be the good guy, trying to not touch her even though her scent, her arousal is so thick in the air that I can taste it on my tongue.

I grab her hand, pulling her into a bathroom, before closing and locking the door.

I press her against the wall, my hand in her hair, forcing her to look up at me. "I want you so badly it hurts. I just don't want you to hate me when this is over. I want a chance with you, a chance for a better relationship for both of us. Remember that."

I step back, looking at her. "If you want me, strip for me."

She doesn't hesitate and her clothes are on the floor in an instant. I kneel in front of her, pulling one of her legs over my shoulder, her scent is so strong that I have fight the rut that threatens to overcome me.

"I need you inside me, Bryson."

"Not like this, Nita. Later today, tomorrow, or whenever you're ready for me to mark you, then I'll be inside you, but not right now. Instead," I lean forward and slowly lick from her sweet entrance to her clit. "I'm going to taste you," I say, as she presses her hips against my face.

I dive in, sucking on her clit and licking the passionfruit flavor that is soaking her thighs and pussy lips. Her body responds instantly as she screams, her body jerking against my face. Her response only makes me want more as her wetness drips on my tongue.

"Fuck you taste good," I say, sliding a hand up her stomach and massaging her breast in my hand before teasing her nipple into a hard peak.

"Bryson," she whimpers.

"Look at me," I growl.

She does as I say, her fingers going into my hair. I hold her gaze as I slide two fingers inside her, watching her mouth fall open.

"Bryson," she says, and I suck harder on her clit, encouraging her, without words, to say my name again.

"Oh fuck, Bryson," she says louder, my tongue moving in faster circles on her clit as my fingers begin pumping in and out of her.

"Bryson!" she says even louder, and I suck down hard, pumping my fingers in and out until I feel her inner walls begin to contract. Just as they start, I crook my fingers, hitting her perfect spot and I suck down hard on her clit.

"BRYSON!" She screams, her body jerking hard against my mouth, her leg wrapping tightly around me, pulling me against her.

When she comes down, she slides her leg off my shoulder. I don't move, slowly licking her and still watching her.

"How do you feel?" I ask her.

"Better, back to myself."

"Good, because I want to taste you again," I say, licking her clit.

Her body jerks on an aftershock. "You do?"

"I do. Can I taste you again?"

She looks at me a moment before nodding. "Yes."

I growl, diving back in, watching my mate come undone several more times before I'm done.

Jesiah POV

When the warning comes that Luna Claire is in heat, something in me snaps. I need to find my mate and I need to

find her now.

I lift my nose in the air, catching her scent and hunting her until I find her. When I walk into the kitchen where she's standing, I growl a low, possessive growl.

She whips around to me, her back arching. "Mate," she purrs.

"Mine!" I snarl, snapping at anyone that gets too close to her.

When I get to her, I yank her to me, holding her as I pull her from the room. Somewhere, deep in my mind, I know this is a rut, but I can't stop it. I want her, I need her, desperately, instinctively and she wants me too.

I pull her into my office, closing and locking the door before ripping her clothes off of her. My growl of pleasure makes her body shiver as I reach out, stroking my hand over her breasts, swiping my thumb over her nipples, watching as they harden for me.

"Mine!" I say again, needing to claim this woman, my mate, my perfect mate.

Her claws come out and she shreds my shirt. "Mine," she says, looking at me before leaning forward and licking the wounds she just made on my chest.

I pull her to me, then step forward, swiping everything off my desk before lifting her up and laying her on it.

She props her feet on the edge of the desk, giving me a perfect view of her pretty, pink pussy. I stroke my fingers over her, feeling how soaking wet she is, then taking my hands and sliding them over her body, loving how she

arches for me.

Her moans fill the space in my office, making my desire filled brain overwhelmed with the scent and sounds of her. I slide my fingers inside her, watching her ride my fingers, pumping them into her until I can't hold out any longer.

I rip my jeans off and slide my hard length inside her. She's so soaking wet, I slide all the way in, smacking into her without the slightest resistance.

"Mine." I growl again, grabbing her hips and beginning to pump into her, watching as she arches and writhes in pleasure.

"Jesiah."

"You are mine, Lucy. Say it."

"Yes, yes, I'm yours, Jesiah. I'm yours."

I begin pumping harder, faster as we both get close to our release. The moment I feel her walls clamp down on me, I'm shooting off inside her, continuing to pump as we both come together.

When we're done, I slump over, putting my head on her chest. Her fingers go into my hair.

It takes a minute for the haze to wear off, but then I look up at her.

"Lucy, oh goddess."

"It's okay. It's okay, really."

"I'm so sorry, I didn't mean for it to happen this way." /

She chuckles, still stroking my hair. "You didn't mean for our first time to be when the whole pack was in a rut?"

I relax a bit, frowning at her. "You're not angry? You don't hate me?"

"I'm angry about one thing," she says and I go still.

"What's that?"

"You told me over and over that I was yours, but I still don't have your mark on my neck."

I'm instantly hard again, still insider her so I begin slowly stroking in and out, loving how her eyes roll back into her head.

"Let's rectify that right now, shall we?"