

Sweet Release

Grant POV

"Ah, ah, ah" she whimpered, her long brown hair over her shoulder, her eyes wide, biting her lip as I gripped her hips and helped her move.

"f**k yeah" I growled, "take all of me you slut" I hissed, my fingers digging into her flesh.

She moaned in reply, moving back and forth on top of me, while I was buried inside of her. Her body was slick with sweat, her body bouncing on my c**k. I reached up and grabbed her breasts, squeezing them roughly as she gasped out loud.

"Grant" she moaned, as I grabbed her buttocks and squeezed them "Oh god" she panted "Oh fuck."

I smirked. She was so damn responsive. My wolf Hades however was not pleased with me. He was beyond pissed. His revulsion could be clearly felt through our bond.

I can't believe you are sleeping with this no-good w***e, instead of waiting for our mate. She's repulsive. You're being nothing more than a man w***e he growled.

Hades, you might as well accept the fact that we're not going to find our mate. Besides Sarah is gorgeous. Stop spoiling the moment I hissed.

Our mate will never forgive us for this he snarled I hate you for turning your back on them. To be this selfish he huffed when you could have waited for the love of our lives.

Don't be so dramatic Hades. Besides, it's not as if our mate is in the pack.

They haven't turned eighteen yet, but they are in the pack growled Hades You'll feel the mate bond when they do. You're going to be sorry for f****g Sarah. Don't say I didn't warn you.

Why don't you tell me who it is then? I don't want it to be a complete f****g surprise Hades.

No. You can find out for yourself. I'm putting a block up so I don't need to keep seeing this. It makes me want to vomit or shred her to bits.

Suit yourself Hades I shrugged. But don't be surprised if I reject this mate of ours, because they aren't good enough. Unless they hold a candle to Sarah, I doubt I'll want them.

You're a complete moron. If anything, our mate will probably reject us, because you couldn't keep it in your pants!

He put the block up. I sighed and then lifted Sarah off my lap. She looked worried, but then I placed her on her hands and feet, her ass tilted invitingly towards me. She looked over her shoulder and gave me a wicked grin as I lined up at her entrance and pushed in all the way in one hard thrust. I gave a loud groan as I stayed still, relishing the feel of her p**y.

Fuck. She was tight. I slapped her ass and she gave a small squeal. Music to my ears. I grabbed her ass and squeezed both butt cheeks. I could see my c**k buried inside of her and it was a huge turn on. I gave an appreciative growl and began to thrust back and forth.

She rocked back and forth, encouraging me to go as deep as possible. She arched her back and ipped her hair over her shoulder.

"It's so good" she whimpered "You're so big, I can feel every inch of you" she mewled. I'm not going to lie, it stoked my ego to hear that.

I gave a grunt, pushing in harder and faster. She clenched her walls around my c**k and I swore silently under my breath. Was she trying to get me to c*m? I slapped her on the ass again, viewing the red handprint on her pale skin with satisfaction.

"f****g slut" I hissed, pounding away. "How does it feel having me f**k you so hard?" I challenged.

"I like it" she moaned "I want more" she begged unashamedly as I raised an eyebrow. She was insatiable.

God, she was f****g begging for it. I reached down and began to circle her clit with my fingers as she hissed in surprise.

"c*m for me" I snarled "c*m for me you bitch."

Her body was quivering in pleasure. She was moaning loudly. Thank God my room was soundproof. My parents would be barging in otherwise and demanding answers.

"Oh, oh, oh" she chanted, her head banging back. My c**k continued to slide in and out of her, my fingers strumming her little nub. She tensed and her walls clenched hard around me as she orgasmed. She screamed my name, before collapsing face down onto the bed. I raised her hips and began to take her roughly, knowing she'd reached her satisfaction first.

"Take it" I barked, as she trembled all over "Take it all bitch."

Her mouth gaped open as I thrust into her as hard as I could, seeking my own release. I grabbed her hair and pulled her head back, "You're my slut" I snarled.

"I'm yours" she whimpered "all yours Grant."

I gave a ferocious growl and slammed into her. She let out a small cry. I grunted. I was so damn close. I felt my breathing become shallow. My heart began to race. My body began to tense and then I came, thrusting into her once, twice, thrice, before stopping with a shudder. I leaned on her back as she lay there silently, giving a groan. f**k that had been good. I slid out, causing her to mewl, and went to the bathroom, disposing of the condom, before coming back out. Sarah had turned and was lying on her back, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction, a small smile on her face.

"That was fantastic" she breathed, propping herself up on one elbow and staring at me "No, it was mind-blowing" she corrected herself.

It had been but I wasn't such a wimp that I was going to admit it to her. I was covered in sweat. I grimaced and headed to the bathroom. Sarah got up and followed me.

"Can I use your tub?" she asked, and I gave a nonchalant shrug.

"Sure." It would give me the chance to continue looking at her naked body. My c**k twitched. I hastily showered and then let her turn the water on for the bathtub. I sat on the toilet, my towel wrapped around my waist, and studied her.

She climbed into the tub without any inhibitions and sank down into it. She turned the water off and leaned back against it.

"Ah," she murmured, "much better."

I raised an eyebrow. "Sore are we?" I asked, a knowing grin on my face.

She blushed. I chuckled. "When are you expected home?" I asked "If your father finds out about this" I added delicately. The last thing I wanted to do was piss off the current Gamma. Sure I could beat him in a fight but that wasn't the point. Not to mention my mother and father would be disappointed to find I'd been screwing Sarah right under their noses.

"Oh father won't find out. He's much too busy with his work" she said dismissively, crinkling her nose and looking contemptuous "not to mention when he's home, he's constantly having to discipline Jordan. She's so hopeless. No doubt father is teaching her to take training more seriously as we speak."

She sounded happy about it. I c****d my head at her. "Do you hate your sister?" I asked curious. I mean she was so derogatory towards Jordan and mean. I felt a small splash of guilt as I remembered I wasn't any better. I tried to tell myself it was because she'd allowed herself to get so big but it didn't really resonate.

"She's so embarrassing," Sarah said earnestly, sitting up and splashing water everywhere "I hate being seen with her. She's the reason my mother was killed" she added narrowing her eyes.

I felt a bit of disconcertment. I remembered the day that Jordan's mother had died. We had both been young kids back then. The attack of rogues had come as a shock and we had been in the ring line. Jordan's mother had rushed to save us both. I still remembered dragging Jordan away as she screamed for her mother. It had been tragic, but an accident. It wasn't like Jordan had purposely lured her mother into a trap or something. Did Sarah honestly blame her sister for something she couldn't control? I had been there too, did she blame me? Nah, if she did she wouldn't be sleeping with me I mused.

I kept silent. It wasn't my business what Sarah thought. She exhaled and then climbed up out of the tub. I handed her a towel. We both headed back into the bedroom. I put on a pair of sweatpants and watched with appreciative eyes as she got dressed in front of me.

"Mother is going to hold a ball in a few weeks," I told her, running a hand through my hair "She wants me to find my mate."

She looked at me "Mate or chosen mate?" she asked quietly.

"Either," I said bluntly.

She winced. "I didn't make you any promises," I said grimly "but if my true mate isn't there, then I'll be taking a chosen mate."

Her eyes lit up with understanding. She ran her tongue over her lips. "Well then, I guess I have to hope you don't find your true mate" she sniffed, putting her hands on her hips "Because I intend to be your mate and I always get what I want" she warned me.

I gave her a smirk. "Is that so?" I growled, moving closer to her "Then I guess I better be careful" I said evenly.

She laughed and grabbed her bag. I gave her a kiss on the cheek. We weren't exclusive, hell I didn't know what we were, but essentially I'd just given her the assumption of being my chosen mate. There was a skip in her step as I opened the door and walked her out.

In the distance I could make out Jordan and Maxwell in the sprinkling rain, Jordan looking miserable as she was forced to jog in place. She was covered in mud. Her face was a bright red and her hair was disheveled. She looked like she was going to collapse right then and there. I winced, feeling a spurt of sympathy for her. She also looked completely miserable. Maxwell was always so much harder on Jordan than Sarah, I thought, even though both of them are his daughters. It was a little sad. I looked away, unable to bear to watch anymore. She must be so humiliated, having to do this in front of the other pack members who made fun of her.

Sarah on the other hand pointed at her sister and laughed. "She's still going. Look at her breasts jiggling up and down" she sneered "She looks like a pig that's rolled in the mud."

I nodded, my jaw clenching as Maxwell looked over and saw us.

"Sarah" he boomed, making her inch "Where on earth have you been" he snarled.

She sighed. "Guess this is my cue to leave" she murmured, "I'll sneak out to see you again when I can" she promised giving me a cheeky wink.

I grinned and then gave a small wave as she headed toward her father. I didn't know what lie she was about to tell her father, but I sure as hell didn't want to be there when she told him. I didn't want to give away our secret. I turned on my heel and left quickly, the image of Jordan forced to train in the rain with her father yelling at her, haunting me for some strange reason. Why did I care so much about someone who meant nothing to me?