

# The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 188

Twelve: Damien

Damien's P.O.V.

I never expected that I would enjoy having someone at my home. Specifically, I made a point of keeping people away from my house. But each day that she showed up and worked alongside me, the more I wanted to keep her here.

She never once pushed me to go inside. Charlotte simply helped me stock up on firewood and assisted in caring for the garden and pulling the ripe vegetables.

The best part was that every time we spoke, I learned something new about her. There hadn't been a single thing that I hadn't liked.

I watched as she carried the buckets of water with me from the river to the tank I had in the back of the house. I usually would catch rainwater in it, but we hadn't had rain in a while, and filling it up from the fresh water in the running river was my only option if I wanted to keep the limited amount of running water I had in my cabin.

I had tried to get them to run something from town, but you had to have money for that. A lot of it. Living in the forest and off the land my entire life, I had little need for money. I would do odd jobs here and there, enough to live comfortably and buy what I needed from town, but spending my life working for someone was not how I wanted to live.

It sounded miserable, especially if I had to deal with others while working.

Charlotte seemed like she would be good with people, and I hated the idea of her working and hunting down other creatures for money. She could take care of herself, but the potential for her to get hurt was still there.

I felt overprotective of her to an unhealthy degree.

I was torn between wanting to throw away my reservations and make her mine or stepping back and putting some distance between us to gain my bearings.

It had been several days of getting to know one another with innocent flirting. As nice as it was, the tension between us was getting thicker by the day, and I was about to snap.

Whenever I looked at her, I thought about how incredible it had been to have her straddling me. Whenever she let out a deep breath after completing a task, I remembered how she moaned when she tasted my pre-cum.

I knew her favorite food was steak cooked medium rare with buttery mashed potatoes. I knew her favorite color was green. I knew her parents weren't around anymore, even though she wouldn't explain. It was just her and her brother, and they didn't get along. She had told me most of her likes and dislikes but not much about her childhood or life outside the forest.

That had been next on my list to talk to her about.

I would ask her everything I could think of, wanting to learn every detail about her. The more she told me, the more compatible we seemed, and I was starting to think that maybe a relationship with her wouldn't be so bad.

But the one thing I didn't know was how she tasted, and I was almost desperate to find out.

I dreamed about her, thought about her when she wasn't here, and when she was, I was constantly stealing any touch I could get.

We stopped by the water reservoir, and I placed my buckets down first, rushing to grab the ones in her hands to dump them for her. Charlotte laughed as I did so, trying to refuse my help. It was adorable.

"I got it!" Her front pressed against mine as she stepped forward to try and take the bucket back from me.

"Charlotte, let me be a gentleman, damn it!" I said as I tried to lift the bucket over our heads to dump it in the tank. Her laughter was infectious, and I couldn't stop laughing as we struggled for control.

Charlotte pulled on the handle in a swift tug, trying to get it out of my hand, subsequently sending a wave of water over the lip of the pale. The cool liquid splashed between us, and we both froze.

Her emerald eyes burned brightly with shock and amusement as she stared at me. Her wet chest was pressed against mine and rose and fell quickly.

It was then that my restraint cracked. "What are you doing to me?"

I didn't give her the chance to answer my question. My lips crashed down on hers just as the bucket in her other hand dropped to the ground, water splattering over our legs. She released the handle we had been fighting over, and I groaned as her hand gripped the back of my head, holding me to her.

I had lowered the bucket that had been above us in seconds, dropped it down safely, and spun her around to have her back against the water tank. Charlotte moaned loudly in my mouth, spurring me on as I grabbed her ass, lifting her until she had wrapped her legs around my waist.

"Damien," Her cry of my name as I began kissing and licking down her neck, wanting to mark her with my scent, had me hard in my shorts. Her legs were locked around me as she used the leverage to rub herself against my shaft, breathy moans leaving her as I matched her pace. "More."

One word. That one fucking word had me storming through the back door of my home and lowering her to the couch. She gasped as I tore her shorts and underwear down her legs, but my temptress didn't shy away.

I had to stop, to pull away for a moment as she sat before me in her flimsy little tank top, one she had been torturing me in with her legs spread. I could see her glistening with arousal and her nipples pebbling beneath the fabric of her top. That had to go too.

Dropping to my knees, I reached up and pulled the shirt off, my eyes almost rolling to the back of my head at how perfect her breasts were. Fucking beautiful.

I didn't realize how fast I had been breathing, how desperately I needed her until that moment. I was torn between shoving my face between her legs and bending her over the arm of the couch so I could be inside her.

My hands slid up her thighs, over her sides to play with her breasts, my gaze returning to her perfect pussy as I watched her grow more aroused. Each pinch and roll of her nipple had her pushing her hips forward toward me, welcoming me in.

Her hand cupped the side of my head, her fingers pressing on the back of it, guiding my face between her legs as she whispered again. "More."

That's my girl.

I didn't waste any more time. I would be seeing a lot more of her naked after this. There was no way I could keep my hands off her after knowing if she tasted as good as she looked and smelled.

I kissed right above her slit, my arms going under her thighs, pulling her closer to the edge of the couch. Charlotte fell back, and as my mouth closed around her clit, I looked up at her. She was magnificent.

Her hands cupped her breasts. Her nipples pinched between her knuckles as I sucked on her clit. Her eyes were open, locked on mine as she cried in pleasure, "Oh! Oh! Yes!"

My tongue moved down to her entrance, and I groaned at how sweet she tasted. It was better than I had hoped, and undoubtedly, it was my new favorite flavor.

Her hips began grinding against my face, and I returned to her clit. I wanted her to come undone for me and on me. As I licked, sucked, and even nibbled on her clit, her hips and thighs began to tremble. Her moaning became louder, and her back arched as she came undone.

Her cry of my name as she orgasmed burned into my memory, and I continued to eat her out like it was my last meal, letting her enjoy every last wave of pleasure that came with her release.

"That... that was incredible." Charlotte panted as I turned my head and licked and kissed her thigh. She didn't move as I worked my way up her stomach, capturing her nipple in my mouth before eventually returning to her lips.

"You taste so fucking good." I swiped my tongue against hers, wanting her to understand exactly how maddening her cum tasted. It could bring a grown man to tears.

"Damien," Her body writhed beneath me, her eyelid lowered with desire. Her beast had come forward. Her emerald green eyes had turned black, making me want her even more.

"Yes, baby?" The name slipped from my lips before I could think to stop myself, and I loved that she shivered in response. "Tell me what you need."

"More."

I stood up, stepping out of my shorts as she turned on the couch, laying her head on the cushion next to the armrest. She looked so dainty and so damn beautiful in my home.

A smile graced Charlotte's lips as I climbed over her, settling between her legs. She looked nervous and excited but wasted no time leaning up to kiss me, rubbing her wet pussy on my hard cock.

I wanted to remind her that this was just sex. It didn't mean anything and wouldn't change anything between us, but I knew that was a lie. Reaching

between us, I lined myself up with her entrance before pushing inside her slowly.

She was so tight that my jaw clenched, and I groaned in pleasure.

"Yes," Charlotte cried out, and I pulled back before slamming into her as deep as I could go. Her back arched, and her body pressed against mine as she lifted her hips with each thrust. The black of her beast's eyes melted away, and she stared up at me with the bright green eyes I adored.

My arm wrapped under her knee, pulling it up to my shoulder as I leaned down for her lips.

"Damien, yes!"

I tilted my hips forward, the angle allowing me to rub against her clit with each thrust, and my head dropped into her neck as I felt her walls tighten around me. "Fuck, baby."

I couldn't hold it anymore, and as soon as she came, I pulled out and did the same, right on her pussy.

The possessive side of me took over, and I slipped my hand between us, rubbing my cum against her clit. Her pelvis trembled as I did so, and I continued to play with her until her body had relaxed.

With one last kiss, I got up, reaching out to help her, but the sight of blood on my fingers made me pause.

"Mh, I think we should do that again," Charlotte said as she sat up, but she paused when she saw my hand between us and the evidence of what just happened on it. "Damien, it's not a big deal."

But it was a big deal. I could feel my heart slamming into my ribs. My brain couldn't focus on anything besides the blood on my hand. I hadn't hurt her, but I had taken her virginity. On a fucking couch.

I wasn't sure how long she had been talking to me that I didn't hear her. I was focused on the horror of taking a woman's virginity when she had clearly been saving it for her soulmate. Wolves didn't usually wait, but she did. It made me both proud and anxious at the same time.

My mind kept repeating the same line over and over again. 'Bears don't have mates.'

When she finally caught my attention by throwing my kitchen towel over my hand and wiping off the blood and cum, I blinked into focus as her lips pressed against mine.

"I'm going to head home and give you some time alone, but don't make this into something more than it is. I'll be back soon."

Charlotte strolled to the door with her head held high as I stood there with a dish towel over my hand like an asshole. "Don't shut down on me, Damien. I need you, and I plan on fucking you again very soon."