

The Beast And The Blessed

Chapter 192

Sixteen: Charlie

Charlie's P.O.V.

Adrenaline coursed through my blood. I could feel every inch of Damien as he held me to his chest, and I was sure he could feel just how fast my heart was beating. Any second, he would be able to smell how turned on I was, too.

After taking down a bounty, the men used to go to town to celebrate. The adrenaline and excitement fueled their desire to drink, gamble, and find a partner for the night. I always returned to the camp to relieve whoever had stayed behind so they could enjoy themselves too.

I never understood the rush they got after killing. Not until now.

Now, I was so hyper-aware of Damien that I wanted nothing more than to wrap myself around him and claim my prize. As soon as my men left, I turned to face him, breathing deeply. He had awoken something in me that I didn't know was there, and all I could think about was having him inside me again.

Damien's black eyes scanned over my face, and I licked my lips, wanting to encourage him to take what was his.

"I don't want to argue with you right now, Charlie," The sound of my name leaving his lips was exciting and heartbreaking simultaneously. I liked being his Charlotte. Charlotte was a person I had never met or known before him. I had always been Princess Charlotte, and I hated her. Being just Charlotte was new to me. It had felt so good like it was who I was supposed to be this whole time.

"Good. I don't want to fight, either. I want to celebrate," I said, tightening my hold around Damien's neck. It was evident the second he smelled my desire. I watched his eyelids lower and his jaw clenched.

"How do you want to celebrate, baby?" His arms loosened around my waist, and his hands landed on my hips. A shiver went down my spine as his fingers worked their way under my shirt and brushed against my skin.

"I want you inside me." My request felt more like a demand as it crossed my lips, and I stared at him, praying he felt the same way.

"I told myself it would be different the next time I was in you. You didn't deserve to have your first time be the way it was, and I want to make it up to you." Damien's voice was deeper than normal, and while his words were nice, I knew he was feeling the same way I was. Energized. Excited. Horny.

"I thought it was perfect. What did you want to change? We can make a list, and then we'll fuck until we have checked off every want and desire you have right here and now. Was it the position? Did you want me bent over or maybe on top?" My fingers trailed down his neck, drawing small circles where my mark would one day lay.

He shivered but shook his head at me. "You deserve romance, baby. I would have wined and dined you if I had known that was your first time. We would have fucked in my bed, not on the couch. I would have taken my time and made love to you all night instead of fucking you in my living room."

My mouth went dry at his words, and I was sure a small moan left me, but I couldn't stop it.

"In your bed?"

Damien nodded, leaning forward to place his mouth on my neck. The open-mouthed kisses and small nibbles had my knees feeling weak, and I pushed my hips against his for support, feeling his hardness against my stomach.

"Yes. In. My. Bed. All fucking night." His teeth gently pulled on my earlobe, and he slipped his thigh between my legs, allowing us to get closer.

"What about up against a tree?" I moaned, rubbing my hips against him.

Damien's head dropped back as he looked up at the sky and deeply breathed. "I'm trying to be a gentleman again, Charlie. Work with me here."

I laughed, making him look down at me with a heated gaze as I spoke. "But you're not just a gentleman, are you? I thought you were also an animal. You can wine and dine me later. Right now, I want to celebrate with you. Right now, I want to be fucked."

My lips connected with his bare chest. My tongue slid up the skin there and pulled a moan from him. His hands tightened on my hips, and I knew he was giving in.

"Most women want romance. I'm just trying to give you what you deserve." I cringed, bothered that he had brought up other women right now. He noticed and pulled back to look deep into my eyes. "I only want to make you happy."

"I don't want you to romance me right now, Damien. I want you to use me." I couldn't even blame him for unleashing this side of me. It wasn't his doing. As amazing as it was to be with him, I had been ready for this for years. There was only so much one could do by themselves.

I had my own list of things I had heard about, read, or even seen that I wanted to try. Having adrenaline rushing through my system only heightened what I was feeling.

"Why are you making this so difficult?" Damien smiled as he asked me the question. I laughed, reaching down and gently tugging on the waistband of his shorts. He didn't pull away, and I took that as a sign that he was willing to continue.

"I'm actually making this very, very easy." My hands moved back to my body, unclipping the sheath and dagger from my thigh before removing my sword and sheath over my head. They dropped to the ground, and he grabbed the bottom of my shirt, pulling it up slowly.

It was torturous, but I allowed him to take control. When my shirt was gone, I reached up and pulled my thin bralette off.

The growl he let out made me tremble with excitement, and my pants and thong were around my ankles before I could blink.

Damien grabbed the back of my thighs, picking me up and capturing my lips in a punishing kiss. The heat between us was enough to start a fire, and I couldn't help myself as I began to grind against his cock over his shorts. I knew my wetness was soaking through the fabric, but I didn't care.

I reached down between us, trusting him to hold me up as I worked his shorts down and freed him. "Mm," I licked my lips, excited to wrap my hand around him again, to feel him against me and hear his groans of pleasure as I played with him.

But just as my back pressed against a tree trunk, Damien grabbed my wrists and pulled my hands away from him, locking them above my head. "Is this how you wanted me, baby? You want me to fuck you up against this tree?"

His cock lay pressed between the wet lips of my pussy, and he rocked against me as he held me against the tree. My back arched off the rough bark as I let out a moan of pleasure. It was uncomfortable, and I knew it would leave scratches, but the pain also added an unexpected pleasure.

"Yes!" My cry for him had him grinding against me harder and faster. My clit throbbed with ecstasy, and he pulled back, lining his tip up with my entrance before thrusting into me slowly. I had expected hard and fast, wanting him to match my rush after taking down the troll.

Yet, he pleasantly surprised me. Damien's slow and deep thrusts into me had me crying out in pleasure. He was stretching me and being patient as I adjusted around his size, something we hadn't done the first time.

"Does this feel good for you, baby?"

My eyes opened, and I met his stare. His jaw ticked, and I could see he was holding himself back.

But he wanted more, and I wanted more.

"Yes." I gasped, my nails digging into my palms, puncturing the skin as I tried to pull my hands free from his grip instinctively. I didn't want him to release me, but I wanted to move freely to take what I wanted. "Harder. Fuck me, Damien."

His restraint snapped, and with his other hand holding me from under my ass, he thrust in harder and faster. I could feel Damien hitting something inside me that made my eyes roll to the back of my head, and I gasped out a breathy moan each time.

"Yes! Just like that!" His mouth swallowed my cry, covering mine for only a moment. But the new angle caused him not to move as freely. Damien pulled away after our kiss, pumping into me again with a newfound determination.

"You feel so fucking good." Damien groaned, his hand moving further under me. His fingers unintentionally spread my ass cheeks, allowing him to go even deeper.

"Damien!" The gasp of his name leaving my lips was a desperate plea for more. I didn't know what I needed but I knew I needed something. Once I had more experience, I was sure our sex would be Earth-shattering.

"I know, baby. I've got you." He said, pulling me away from the tree and making me lose the high I had just been chasing but failing to reach.

With a laugh, I let out a gust of air as he spun us around and lowered me to the ground, never taking himself out of me. He released my wrists, and my hands immediately found their way to the back of his neck, pulling him down for another kiss as he held himself deep inside me.

"You're so tight, baby." Damien slipped his fingers between us, spreading my lips before pressing forward. When he pulled his hand away, each movement caused his body to rub against my clit, and I found myself quickly growing toward the climax that I had been so desperate for.

"You feel so fucking good." A thrust followed each word, and my head tilted back as I moaned loudly. Waves of pleasure shot through me, and I moaned out his name as I came around him.

He thrust into me several more times, his lips parted, and his eyes locked on mine before he pulled out and came on my stomach.

Each time he called me baby, I felt my heart grow bigger until I was sure it would burst. I had never known how good it could feel to belong to someone, but I was his. Everything about me was his, and I knew it always would be.

I couldn't help myself as I leaned up and kissed him, cupping his cheek and pouring all my love and want for him into the kiss.

Damien groaned and kissed me back, holding his body against mine. It was so gentle and loving that I felt hopeful. I could see the future for us, and it was beautiful.

"I'm so happy that you're mine," I whispered against his lips as he pulled away. His body tensed momentarily, and I was flooded with regret that I had opened my mouth until he relaxed again, kissing me once more before smiling at me.

"Come on, beautiful. I'm sure your men are eager to turn in for the bounty." Damien stood up, eyeing my body as he did so. It was empowering to see how much he enjoyed what he saw... or it would have been if he hadn't just dismissed what I said.

I sent him a weak smile as I gathered my clothes and dressed. Damien looked torn, almost in pain, staring off into the trees. I knew he wasn't entirely mine yet, and I had put my foot in my mouth by saying anything. But knowing he was still resisting the mate bond hurt.