Chapter 20 Mutual Pleasure

I scurried away, heading straight to the dresser where I knew they had stocked the lingerie. I pulled out a cherry red gauze teddy with matching lace thong. This should do the trick.

moving around in the bedroom and the butterflies in my stomach took flight. I was suddenly nervous, but not in a bad way.

I opened the door to find Arthur already in the bed, the lights dimmed. It gave the room a

I took a quick shower to rinse off any stray paint and put on the lingerie. I could hear Arthur

romantic golden glow. Arthur's eyes roved over my body appreciatively that made things lower than my stomach clench.

on the bed toward him.

"You look beautiful," he growled and my face flushed. I'm sure he was just saying it because I

Arthur took in a deep breath and his pupils dilated. A shiver went through my body as I crawled

was an ugly duckling next to Sofia, but the compliment still made my heart flutter.

"Come here," he demanded and I settled on top of him, my knees on either side of his waist. His

hands came automatically to rest on my hips, thumbs making circles over my skin.

him. I had no idea what I liked. Robert had never asked.

I stared at him through half-lidded eyes, my lips swollen.

taking my nipple into his mouth and swirling his tongue around it.

the friction making me moan.

said, his voice holding dark promises.

"Tell me what you like," Arthur whispered and I stared down at him. I didn't know how to answer

Seeing my confusion, Arthur growled and flipped us so that he was on top. His weight settled between my legs, putting a delicious pressure on my most sensitive spot. I wiggled beneath him,

"Don't worry, little wolf. I'll figure it out all on my own. By the time I'm done, you won't remember your own name. Much less that whelp who had no idea what he was doing," Arthur

barely a barrier.

I moaned as he twirled and pinched the sensitive nipple and he broke the kiss to look down at me.

trailed from my face, down my neck, until he was cupping my breast. The thin material was

He gave me a gentle kiss, propping himself on one arm so that he could cup my face. His hand

"You like that, huh? Then you'll probably like this, too," he said before wrenching the fabric

down my arm, uncovering the breast that he'd just been working on. He bent his head over me,

I arched into him, the feeling going straight down my body. Arthur made an appreciative sound before switching to the other side, giving it the same amount of attention.

But that's not where I wanted him. My little bundle of nerves was aching for release and as much as I enjoyed what he was currently doing, it wasn't enough. I wanted more.

"Please, what?" he asked, giving me a look that meant he knew exactly what I was talking about.

"Arthur, please," I rasped out, my voice coming out whiny. I didn't care though.

I curled my hands into fists. I stared at his mouth and looked down the length of our bodies,

hoping he would get the message.

"Now, now, Almara. You have to use your words."

I groaned. "I...I want...your mouth."

coming close to where I wanted him to be, but never quite reaching.

"You want my mouth where?" Arthur asked lazily, trailing his hand up and down my stomach,

"Down there," I whispered, slightly mortified.

"Down where, Almara?" He moved down, planting soft kisses along the way, but he skipped over my aching heat and went for my inner thigh instead. "Here?"

"No," I gasped.

pillow, screaming his name.

and I let out a strangled gasp.

my way up until I was hovering just above him.

I cried out in frustration, grabbing the back of his head and pushing him down to where I needed him to be. My hips bucked up to meet his mouth and I nearly passed out from the contact.

Arthur gave me a wicked smile. "Here?" He switched to my other leg, going slightly higher.

Arthur chuckled, the vibrations almost too much at this point. "One day you'll be able to tell me exactly what you want, but I'll be nice."

even voice a complaint. His tongue rolled over the center of me and my body went still, sensations I'd never felt before threatening to overwhelm me.

Pressure began to build as his tongue continued to dance across me. My hips began to move on

their own accord. My grip in his hair tightened. I was so close.

He ripped my panties away, immediately putting his mouth back where it had been before I could

Arthur circled a finger around my opening, wetting it with my arousal. He slowly pushed it into

me and I moaned loudly. He curled his finger and I came apart. I threw my head back against the

He climbed up my body, my arousal shining on his chin. He kissed me and I could taste myself on him. I reached down, stroking him through his pants.

"Oh no you don't. I'm not finished with you yet."

"What about you?" I asked as he began to nibble on my neck. It raised goosebumps on my arms

Arthur chuckled darkly and removed my hand, putting it over my head, interlacing our fingers.

"Tonight is going to be all about you. I can wait." He rolled off of me, pulling me with him. We were back in our original position. He tugged on my thighs and I gave him a questioning look.

"Sit on my face," he growled and it felt like every nerve-ending was on fire. I awkwardly shuffled

"Now sit."

I slowly lowered myself, my hands tightening on the headboard as he met me halfway with his

"You have to move," Arthur murmured from below me and I squeezed my eyes shut. I didn't

tongue. However, with me on top, there wasn't enough pressure to get me to that heavenly place.

"Grab the headboard with both hands," Arthur commanded and I did what I was told.

know how to move. I had never been on top. I had never been in this position. I honestly had no idea what I was doing.

muscle jelly.

"I said move, Almara," he growled and gently nipped my sensitive bud. My hips rocked against him of their own accord. I could feel Arthur's smile against my skin. He wrapped his arms over my thighs, cupping my rear.

With a soft pressure, he encouraged me to keep moving and so I did. I shoved all my insecurities away and found an easy rhythm. Arthur had said this was all about me. So I would chase my pleasure in whatever way felt good.

My hips rocked faster and faster. Arthur plunged two fingers inside me, groaning as I tightened

around him. The added pressure was everything I needed to explode.

I rested my head against the headboard as I came down from heights I never knew I could reach.

My body shook with the effort of keeping myself up so I let myself collapse to the side, every

I could see Arthur's straining erection through his pants and my mouth watered. I wanted to give him every ounce of pleasure he had given me. With renewed energy, I reached down and began to undo his buttons.

"What are you doing, little wolf? I thought I made myself clear."

"I want to," I whispered and moved myself in between his legs. Arthur's eyes darkened, watching

me with an almost wild look.

I finally got his pants undone and pulled them down low enough to free him from its constraints.

It sprung forth and my eyes widened slightly. He was huge. Not just in length, but in girth as well.

"Will you be able to handle all of me, little wolf?" he asked, reaching down to caress my face.

In response, I bent down and licked the tip. Arthur's hand fell away, his eyes closing. A drop of

pearl liquid formed and I licked that away too. It tasted salty, but not in a bad way. I wanted more.

I wrapped my lips over the head, rolling my tongue over it. Arthur groaned and his hips bucked

the base and using my saliva as a lube, I found a rhythm that Arthur seemed to like.

up. I suppressed a smile as I took him into my mouth as far as I could. Wrapping my hand around

While I was bobbing up and down, Arthur's hand had cupped the back of my head, tightening in my hair every now and again. I could tell he was restraining himself from thrusting into me, which I appreciated since this was my first time. But the next time I wanted him to let loose.

control, he spilled himself into me. I swallowed him up, waiting until I was sure he was one before taking my lips off of him.

Arthur tugged me up to him and I laid my head on his shoulder, listening to his rapid heartbeat. I

could feel myself being pulled under and I struggled against it. I didn't want to miss a single

"Almara..." my name left his lips like a prayer and with a thrust of his hips that he couldn't

moment of this.

"Go to sleep, Almara. I promise there will be plenty more nights like this. You're mine, after all."