

Chapter 49 - Denying the Alpha

“What movie did you put on,” Kyle asks as he climbs awkwardly into bed, balancing a bowl in each hand. I reach over and take the bowls from him to make things a little easier.

“Fast and the furious. The first one is the best,” I answered, although to be honest, it wasn't the cars that did it for me. I am excited to see vanilla ice cream and brownies with chocolate drizzle spread generously across the top. I hand his bowl back to him and excitedly take a scoop of mine and moan in delight. It was still warm, yum!

“Well, look at you, you found the way to my heart”, I joke. I wonder if he knew how much I loved brownies or if it was just a guess.

“It's what they were serving for dessert down at the kitchen. I'm just glad I made it down in time before it was all gone. Good to know I got something right.” he smiles brightly in return.

“Can you hold this for a moment” he offers me the bowl, and I happily take it from him. I am even happier when he strips down to boxers and slides back under the covers. He looked Devine.

“Thanks, sweetheart.” he takes the bowl and places a kiss on my cheek. I press play on the movie and then settle into his side. It wasn't until I was about halfway done with my bowl before I realized that he hadn't even touched his.

“Why aren't you eating.” I glance up at him. My head was tilted back, and I was basically looking at him from the chin up. How did anyone look that good from such a horrid angle?

“I'll just make a mess with one arm.” he shrugs the arm that I'm laying on to prove his point.

“Oh, I am so sorry”, I gasp as I quickly sit up so that he can eat. He chuckles at me and kisses my cheek.

“It's okay. I enjoy the company more than the brownie and sludge”, he's referring to his half-melted ice cream. I blush a little. I can't help it.

He picks up his bowl and scoops mine out of my hand, and places them both on the bedside.

“Come here” he lays back and pulls me against his chest. His skin is so warm and comforting.

I am cuddled happily into his side, and his fingers trail delicately over my skin.

“Why fast and the furious,” he asks, “I thought you said you weren't really into cars.”

“Oh, I'm not. I mean, I like this movie enough to watch it, but I also don't mind missing it” I shrug and cuddle in a little deeper. I place a soft kiss under his chin.

“Oh, so you were planning on not actually watching this movie,” he asks me devilishly.

“Well, I was hoping” I kiss his chest “that we” another kiss “might find” I prop myself up just enough to place a quick one on his lips. “Something better to do” I finish it with one last deeper, longer kiss, he tries to follow me, but I pull away from him a little and smile.

He quickly flips me over so that I'm underneath him. A lot of his weight was on me, but I could tell he was holding a lot of it back so that I wasn't uncomfortable.

“Is that so” but I don't get the chance to respond. His lips have already found mine. His tongue slips in. I love the way this man tastes.

I place my hands at the back of his shoulders and scratch all the way down his back.

He moans seductively into my mouth and started to grind on me a little

“Fuck”, he groans. I smile against his lips, proud of myself for eliciting such sounds. I open my legs wider, and he settles himself instinctually between them.

“If at any point you want to stop, just say it,” he mumbles against my lips.

“I don't want you to stop”. I reply breathlessly.

I knew what I was coming here for tonight, even if he didn't. I wanted this.

“I want you to mark me,” I say boldly,

He pulls back a little, his green eyes sparkle with his surprise.

“Are you sure” he swallows,

“Yes,” I loop my fingers behind his head and pull him back towards me.

His lips meet mine again, but this time his hands begin to wander.

He pushes one hand eagerly under my top and squeezes my boob. His mouth travels down from my lips to the base of my neck, where he begins to suck on my marking spot. I feel the teasing graze of his teeth on my skin, and it floods my panties. I buck my hips against him, and I feel his erection through his boxers.

“Slow down, baby. We're going to take our time” he nips at my spot again.

I nod. I can't speak; I'm lost for words.

His hands grab my top and rip the shirt I'm wearing off. I find myself lying bare-chested in front of my mate. My breathing quickens, and although I'm nervous and excited, I notice it does great things for my breasts.

“Take it off” he leans back to watch me.

I sit up just enough to unclip my bra. My eyes never stray from his as I undo the back and toss the Lacey black material aside.

He bit his bottom lip as he watched me, and it was incredibly seductive.

“Now the pants”, he bosses me.

I undo the button and begin to shimmy them down when he grabs the bottoms and rips them down.

“That's so much better.” He crawls slowly forward.

He sucks in my nipples, and his tongue begins to tease the tip, why did this feel so good, I thought to myself as his hand gently squeezes the other boob, his thumbs rub circles across my other nipple, and now both of my boobs are tingly.

Is this what I have been missing out on? I haven't even gotten to the good part yet, but this already felt so good.

I looped my fingers through his hair and pulled him against me as I raised my chest a little higher, desperate for more. His hands slip beneath me and rest on my lower back.

I let go of his hair and let my hands hurriedly find what I really wanted.

I stuck my hands in the front of his boxers and began stroking his large cock.

“I thought I told you to slow down.” His hand slides out from underneath me and rests on my hip.

“I don’t want slow. I want it all. I want it all right now. I have the rest of my life for slow,” I groan at him. “I’m already wet, isn’t that what foreplay is for anyway” I reason, but he looks pretty offended.

“Hell no. This is what it’s for” he tugs me, and I fall flat on my back. He stands from the bed pulls me down so that I’m at the end with my legs hanging over but my butts still firmly on the bed.

He pushes on my legs so that my heels are now tethering on the edge of the bed, and my legs fall open.

He isn’t careful about ripping my panties off my body. It stings a little where the material snatches at the side of my hip before it pulls away, but it oddly turns me on a little more.

He kneels down at the foot of the bed between my open legs.

“This is what foreplay is all about.” He sucks on the clit, and I feel his tongue swirl and flick against it.

“Oh, my goddess”, I moan. I feel a finger slide inside me. It is a little uncomfortable at first, but it doesn’t last more than a fleeting second, and I instantly want more.

“Oh my, Kyle”, I thrust a little, but he holds my hips down. A second finger slides inside. I expected a lot of pumping but instead his doing this thing with his fingers where he slowly pushes them in deep and then curls them again and again, only to slide out slowly and then back in and curl again. The pleasure is so good. I can’t believe I had begged him to skip this part.

“Please”, I beg, but I don’t know what I was begging for exactly, just more, of this, of him. I never felt so attractive before, and it was almost as good of a feeling as Kyle’s fingers inside me.

“Not yet, baby”, he blows against my clit as he looks up at me before sucking it back into his mouth.

“Please”, I beg again.

“You’re an impatient little thing, aren't you” he chuckles.

“Yes.” I moan.

He stands and drops his boxers.

“Oh my”, I stare at his cock. It was huge, but it didn’t worry me.

“Turn around”, he demands and rolls on my stomach. He grabs me by the hips and pulls my ass in the air.

“Keep your ass up like this, but dip down, so your boobs are touching the sheets”, he instructs.

I haven’t seen a lot, but I have watched a little porn and arched my back the same way I had seen those ladies do.

I gasp when I feel his tongue slip back in, and he pinches my clit in between his fingers.

“You ready, baby,” he asks.

I nod eagerly.

“Words love”, his voice rumbles lowly.

“Fuck me already”, I beg impatiently. I’m an 18-year-old virgin. I thought I’d lose it the night I first met my mate. I have waited long enough.

“Okay, just this might be a little uncomfortable at first, again if you want me to stop, just”

“Less talk”

He chuckles at my impatience, and I feel the tip of his erection slowly poke at me.

I grip the bedsheets and try not to tense as he slides inside of me. He's right. It's uncomfortable, and it hurts a little, but it isn't bad.

“Keep going,” I say

He pushed in deeper, and, in no time at all, he was pounding into me.

I moan at the sensation of his length inside me.

“Harder”, I beg, and I feel him pick up the pace.

I’m so close to coming already I can feel it.

“Mark me”, I cry in delight.

“Turn over” he flips me back around and instantly pushes himself back inside me.

It's uncomfortable again for the first thrust or two but not as much as the first time, and I'm quickly right back at the point of coming.

“Mark me”, I beg again. His teeth sink into the side of my neck, and it pushes me over the edge. I come all over his manhood and feel it under the sheets beneath me.

His thrusting doesn't stop. I reach up and grab him and sink my teeth into the side of his neck at his marking spot.

“Fuck”, he groans, he slips out from me, and I feel his warm cum squirt over my belly. He drops down to the mattress beside me, and we both lay there a little sweetly but satisfied.

I grab my ripped shirt and rub away the cum and toss it to the floor again.

I cuddle in beside him and stare at his mark with pride. It hadn't fully formed yet and looked like a bite mark, but still, I had done it. I had finally marked my mate.

“Next time, don't be so impatient” he fakes scolds me, but the chuckle makes the threat non-existent.

“No promises”, I smile up at him, but I know next time, I'll defiantly be putting him to a little more work.