

## Fierce Wolf Chapter 17 - Tips

Heather looked up into Thorne's eyes and caressed his cheek. She felt desire well up inside her. Now was the time. She wanted him. She wanted him to claim her. She wanted them to be bonded together forever.

"I'm ready," she said in a whisper.

She took his hand and led him down the hall into her bedroom. She had washed her sheets and dressed in a sexy new pair of lingerie for the evening.

She closed the door behind her, and he stood in the dim light of her room before her, his eyes dark and staring into her soul. She locked the door and walked toward him, slowly meeting his gaze.

He was so beautiful. So unbelievably desirable. She ran her hands over his broad shoulders, and he caught her mouth in a passionate kiss. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her against him.

He was already hard and throbbing for her. She sucked in a ragged breath and began to unbutton his shirt. She pulled it off his body and ran her hands over his broad chest. Everything about him turned her on. She needed him—she needed to be with him. She needed to be his mate.

He tugged her out of her shirt and bra, then pulled her back to the bed. He sat with her standing between his legs, while he licked at her breasts and caressed her body.

Heather threw her head back, running her hands through his hair and enjoying the feeling of him worshiping her body. He pulled her out of her pants and underwear and looked at her naked body standing before him.

"I'll never get over how beautiful you are."

Heather laughed and kissed him slowly, sinking to her knees. She unbuckled his belt and pulled out his cock, gripping him in her hands.

"You're beautiful too," she said, licking the tip.

He growled and ran his hands through her hair as she took him in her mouth. She loved the feeling of him inside her, the smell of his musk and the heat and firmness of his cock in her hands. She slid down his length, wetting him with her saliva. She began to stroke and suck more vigorously, and he gasped and growled, pulling her up towards him.

"Come to me," he said, tipping her over on the bed. He pulled off his pants and sank between her legs.

He lapped at her pussy and wagged his tongue over her clit. She was soaking wet and throbbing for him, and she came with a gasp, arching her back and gripping the sheets.

He moved up her body and pressed the tip of his cock against her entrance. But before he sank inside her, he flipped her up onto his lap, so she sat astride him.

“I want to watch you,” he said with a growl.

Heather slid over his cock, wetting him thoroughly before slipping his bare cock inside her. Her mouth dropped open as she took his length inch by inch into her soft core.

She groaned loudly and tossed her head back, coming wildly as he filled her. He ran his hands over her body, gripping her flesh and feeling her skin. He held her hips in his big hands and thrust into her.

She gasped and collapsed against him, kissing him hard and holding him in her arms. Thorne moved inside her, directing her orgasms to flow one after the next. Heather sat back up, tossing her hair back.

He ran his hand over her chest and down her belly to rub her clit as he thrust into her in slow, rocking waves. Heather rode the waves of pleasure like a champion surfer who was more at home on water than on the land. When she realized they hadn't used protection, her mouth widened with happiness.

She wanted him to come inside her. She wanted him to plant new life in her womb. She wanted to give Maggie the baby brother she desired. Thorne flipped her over again and Heather collapsed on her back in the sheets. She gasped as his length pressed deeper and harder into her core.

“I love you, Heather. I need to make you mine.”

“Yes, Thorne. Claim me. I want to be your mate now and forever.”

He growled and licked her neck before the sharp points of his teeth pressed against her skin. She gasped and leaned back, feeling a massive orgasm barreling toward her. It hit her with full force as his fangs punctured her flesh. He erupted inside her as he bit down hard, cutting off her breath.

Their bodies throbbed around each other in their erotic embrace, and the room went black and faded away. Heather thought she was suffocating. But when she became aware again, she was floating in the dark night sky, surrounded by galaxies of stars spilling into themselves.

She and Thorne stood together wearing white, holding hands as the astral wind blew through her hair. She felt so free and so alive, completely connected to Thorne in every

way. He was her mate, the love of her life, the person she was meant to be with now and forever.

“What is this place?” she asked, feeling the desire to run; to feel her legs pumping and the blood running through her heart and veins.

“This is the place of our connection. Where we are always together. Where you can always find me.”

She felt everything that was Thorne rushing into her. Every hope, every fear, every dream, all his memories, wants, desires. His vast, unending love for her filled her up to the brim and she knew the same thing was happening to him. She gripped her chest, feeling it overflowing.

“I feel so much, I don’t know how to contain it all.”

“That’s why there’s two of us. So we can hold it together.”

He kissed her forehead and took her hand, pulling her into a run. They ran together in the weightless night, dancing through the stars, the galaxies, and over the moon. It was the most beautiful, perfect, breathless experience of her life.

And then a moment later, they were together again in her bed, his teeth pulling from her neck. She gasped for air, taking a sweet breath. She knew that they were bonded and that her life would never be the same.

She could still feel him deep inside and all around her, and she knew that she had made the best choice of her life. Thorne was her mate too. The perfect man for her in every way. He would fiercely love and protect her no matter what. He would never leave her side. Together they would be a family.

She leaned against his chest, listening to his heartbeat frantically under his skin. He caressed her back and kissed her head.

“You’re beautiful inside and out. You are so much more than I could’ve ever imagined,” he said in a soft whisper.

She pulled the blankets over them, and they dozed together in bed, wrapped in the beauty of the moment. And as Heather drifted off to sleep, she cupped her belly in her hand, knowing that Maggie’s baby brother would soon be on the way.