Chapter 48

Sebastian was steady and gentle with me. There was no teasing, no playful nibbles, no hair pulling. He eased me closer to him and breathed in the scent of my skin. Then he whispered, "I've waited so long for this, Char. I've waited so long for you"

As I gasped at his words his teeth sank into my neck, slow and steady with control and patience like he was terrified that I was change my mind, that I jerk away from him and reject his advances or scream in pain.

But I just melted into him. It felt like the world around me was spinning, twirling away as Sebastian and I became the only two people in existence. All I could feel was his tongue sweeping across my skin and the thick muscles of his arms tightening around my waist, keeping me locked to him.

It was complete heaven. I wanted to stay in this moment forever, in his arms, wearing his shirt, just completely accepting my mate for everything he was and all that he wasn't.

But Sebastian pulled away, breathing hard with a little bit of blood on his lips.

"Are you alright, Charlotte?" he asked.

"God yes," I breathed with my head still tipped back.

"You know," Sebastian began, his voice shaking a little bit. "It might be beneficial if our wolves were bond to each other completely"

I said nothing, still trying to catch my breath.

"We know that your wolf isn't trying to hurt me. If we strengthen the bond between us she can help fight a whatever is happening to you. It only makes the most sense that-"

"Are you talking about using sex as a strategy?" I questioned, quirking an eyebrow at him. But there was no denying that the marking had filled my head with lust, that my wolf was pacing wet for him, and feeling his erection push up against my shorts was only making it worse.

"No, I mean, it could sound like that but... Charlotte, I just want you so badly. I can't even think straight. I feel like every time I see you I fall more in love with you and I want you more and more. It's torture to stay away from you this long."

"Love?" I repeated, locking my eyes with his.

Sebastian just stared up at me with those amber eyes that I had come to adore. The corner of his mouth turned upwards. "You have to know that I love you. I have loved you for so long already. I want to show you, I want you to feel how much I love you."

"I don't know what I'm doing," I confessed, suddenly stricken by how unskilled I would be.

"It's alright, I'll show you," he assured eagerly. "All you have to do is what feels right. We can go as fast or as slow as you need, if you want it."

"I do," I admitted, my cheeks such a bright shade of red.

Sebastian simply smiled then pulled me down for a kiss. Wanting to be all kinds of confident, I grabbed at his shirt immediately and tried to tug it over his head. He pulled back slightly, his eyes twinkling with a hint of mischief. He tugs of mine, keeping them still. And he kissed me, slipping his tongue into my mouth, brushing it against mine until I was a breathy panting mess. When he pulled back I followed him, letting my needs guide me instead of my insecurity.

I ran my fingers through his sc , dark hair, tugging just enough to make him groan. A or that they explored down his neck, brushing against his mark, settling on his shoulders. I continued to kiss him as I traded my fingers over his muscular arms and hard abdomen. When I grabbed the hem of his shirt again he didn't stop me.

I had seen him shirtless more than once, but being able to touch it freely was another thing. I stroked my hands over his collarbones, watched his chest heave as my hands descended. When I grabbed at the waist band of his shorts he stopped me. One hand retrieved a foil packet from his pocket.

"Were you planning on this happening?" I asked, pulling away ever so slightly.

"I was hoping," he confessed shamelessly. "God I was hoping. Now stand up, it's your turn."

I did as he asked, embarrassed but not surprised that my legs were shaking and I didn't know what to do with my hands. Sebastian either didn't notice or didn't care. He stood up with me and didn't waste any time taking his shirt o my body. His eyes roved over my plain bra and exposed skin hungrily. Large hands soon followed. They swept over my shoulders, carefully moving my bra straps down my arm before sliding around me and unhooking the tight band. The bra was discarded in seconds.

"Perfect," Sebastian murmured, letting his eyes drink me in. But, he narrowed his gaze on my shorts. "Almost perfect."

there was no hesitation or hurry as he fell to his knees in front of me. Thumbs were under the top of my shorts and they were shimmied down my legs until I was le wearing nothing but panties, trembling with anticipation in front of my mate.

"Much better," Sebastian murmured. He was so close to me that I could feel the warmth of his breath through my panties. I shivered.

He started by placing kisses on my thighs, glancing up at me every so o en. I think he was trying to make sure that I was okay, and every time he saw me all frazzled and panting he would smirk and continue his work, dragging slow long kisses up each of my thighs. When his lips hit the seam of my panties I had to place my hands on his shoulders to keep myself from toppling over. He took at as encouragement and placed a sn . open mouthed kiss right on my pussy, only a thin layer of fabric between us.

"Oh," I squeaked, digging my nails into his back.

"You like that?" he whispered. Then, the next time it was a slow stroke from only his tongue.

I could only whimper.

But when his fingers curled around my panties and pulled them down I suddenly felt too overwhelmed. He was so skilled, so confident, and so experienced. Here I was a heaving mess for a couple well placed kisses. I didn't think I could handle much more.

So when Sebastian leaned in again, this time with nothing to protect me, I spoke. "No."

Sebastian rocked his body away from his intensity. Amber flashed to my face and his hands were dropped neatly into his lap. "Are you alright?" he asked, searching for distress or harm.

"I'm fine," I assured, but my voice quivered. "I ..I just can't take it right now."

"It's alright if you want to stop," he promised, tracing his fingers up the outside of my thigh. The gesture was more soothing than sexual.

"No, I don't want to stop. I'm just not ready for that right now."

"Tell me what you would like then," he encouraged.

I swallowed hard and willed all of my strength to come forward before I met his powerful gaze once more. "I want you to put on that condom and sit on that couch."

His mouth twisted into a devious smirk. "As you wish."

I thought I was ready for it. But when Sebastian pushed down his shorts and briefs I could only stare. He pretended not to notice as he rolled on a condom. But when he sat down there was no pretending anymore.

"It's so big-" I stated, like something out of a cheap porno.

"You say it like it's a bad thing," Sebastian teased. When he noticed I wasn't moving he smiled again. "Come on, just come kiss me and we can do as much or as little as you feel comfortable with."

I slowly ambled over to him and tried to get back into the position we had been in before, but having his cock unrestrained, pushing up against my exposed pussy was enough to make me whine and curl into him. He didn't say anything, just drew my lips up to his and began kissing me again, so ly and tenderly.

Then, as I rotated against him, he used one hand to adjust himself at my entrance. I pulled my mouth from his, gasping as I felt the pressure building, his thick girth trying to push inside of me. When I felt a twinge of pain at the tightness I began panicking and my first instinct was to get it over with as soon as possible.

Sebastian, as attentive as ever, anticipated this and held onto one of my hips.

"Slowly," he whispered, peering at me.

I did as he asked and sank slowly, letting out small noises I had never heard from myself as I went. And when I finally rested with all of his length inside me I stilled, embracing the feeling of fullness, having his chest rise and fall against my own as he traced shapes on my back to keep me grounded.

I rose and descended three times before my speed quickened.

"God," Sebastian hissed, sensing the shi . "You're so perfect. Just like that, Char."

I did as he asked. Sometimes it was verbal and he would suggest di erent angles that would feel better or tell me where to put my wandering hands. Other times it would be physical. He would steer my hips a certain way or stroke my back gently to slow me down when I became more reckless.

It was a delicate balance of trust, desire, and need. Sometimes my head would fill with so much noise and mean out loud. Other times I would sit in complete against him as my nails dug int the exposed skin on his back. When he reached down between my thighs and pressed on my clit I did both at once.

"Sebastian," I cried.

He didn't reply. His gaze stayed trained on my face as I picked up the pace, rising and dropping faster. As my intensity increased so did the pressure his finger provided. My breathing rate increased and I felt like my heart beat was kicking against my ribs.

Then Sebastian captured one of my nipples in his mouth, sucking.

And I broke, gasping so loud I was nearly screaming. I felt like I was being struck by pleasure and warmth. My legs trembled. My hands flexed against his back as I heard him take a shuddering breath. My eyes rolled back and then closed.

We both still for a moment, the only sound was our ragged breathing.

"God, Charlotte," he moaned when I finally gained enough function in my legs to slide o of him.

I said nothing, just curled against his side, still reeling and floating through some kind of a daze.

We stayed like that for what felt like hours of bliss but was probably closer to a few minutes. My head was nestled against his side, one arm draped over my shoulders and a light sheen of sweat on both of us. Every now and then he would run his fingers through my hair and I would make a happy noise in response.

I would've stayed like that forever.

But Sebastian's cell phone rang, vibrating on the couch cushion.

"Leave it, I get one night with you and I'm going to enjoy it," he mumbled, not even flinching.

But curiosity got the better of me and when I saw the name on the screen I couldn't be silent. "It's Ajax."

"Fuck," he hissed, carefully untangling himself. "Sorry Charlotte, I have to take this, it's kind of an emergency," he explained while pulling on his boxers and discarded shorts. He quickly discarded the condom.

I nodded, knowing that I couldn't be selfish now. Still, sitting by myself completely naked in that big room certainly made me feel dejected.

---Distraction Section---

Hello everyone and welcome to your first update this week. I know some of you wanted heat and I do heat in all of my other books, but Sebastian and Charlotte weren't characters I wanted to do that to. They needed to come together on their own. Hope you liked it anyway.

Question of the Day: What is a relationship deal breaker for you?

Aside from the obvious things like cheating, secret kids, toxic behavior, I couldn't be with someone who didn't respect other's mental health. I understand that not everyone has mental health issues, but I think people who don't believe things they can't see are just the worst!