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Read Alpha Leo and the Heart of Fire Chapter 4 – Out of Control

AZURA.

We had taken a back exit where a sleek black car had been waiting for us, I didn't see the driver, my focus on the man before me. The moment we were in the car, he pulled me on top of him. I straddled him, welcoming the feeling of intoxication he brought.

I didn't need ten bottles of whiskey or several glasses of absinthe to forget everything, this worked...

He pulled my jacket off me, and I helped, reaching behind and pulling it down from my wrists, tossing it to the ground. His eyes were on my b****s, his hand running down my arms. I locked them around his neck, tangling one hand through his delicious chocolate locks.

Oh f**k, he was so handsome.

Our lips met once more in a sinful kiss. I gyrated my hips against his crotch, his grip tightened on my waist, the other squeezing my a*s.

"F**k." He growled, sucking on my neck.

I tilted my head back, my eyes fluttering shut as rivers of pleasure rocked through me. His hand twisted in my hair as his lips trailed down my collarbone; kissing, sucking, nipping at my smooth skin.

He grabbed my breast, making me swear in pleasure. I didn't want any items of clothing between us, but just when I thought he'd yank my top down, the car came to a stop.

The door was opened for us and I realised we were in an underground car park. His hands never left me, and I was not bothered that the suited man who had opened the door was right there. Instead, he carried on kissing my shoulders and neck roughly as he guided me to the lift. The moment his thumbprint was scanned, the doors opened and he pushed me up against the wall of the lift, pressing a button before he had my wrists pinned against the wall, his lips meeting mine once more.

I moaned into his mouth, feeling his hard shaft against me.

Oh f**k.

When the doors opened, we carried on making out passionately as he guided us down the hall and through to a bedroom.

The feeling of his hands on me was like a slice of heaven itself, any logic or sense of self was gone. All I wanted was him, it was all I craved.

The bedroom door opened and the cool air-conditioning touched our heated skin. I pulled open the buttons of his shirt, wanting him naked.

This place smelled of him and I loved it.

For a moment, I pulled away, staring down at the fully tatted body of the god before me.

Oh f**k, he was totally drool-worthy, the type of guy me and my girls would strip for any day.

Every ridge and curve of his body was chiselled to perfect, his Adonis belt dipped into his belt and my hands instantly went there, raking down his abs. With the other I pulled his shirt off completely, just as he grabbed my neck, pulling me closer and kissing me once more whilst I began working to take his belt off.

His hands reached for the hooks on my top and undid them swiftly.

Someone was an expert.

His eyes raked over me as he grabbed my b****s, squeezing them as he kissed me harder. The moment I had his zip down, I pulled away from his perfect lips. As much as I wanted to keep on kissing him, I wanted something else between my lips...

I crouched down sexily, keeping my eyes locked with his steely blue ones and undid his pants, yanking them down. My long black nails grazed his hips, my core throbbing when I looked at the sight before me. Ink covered his V cut and thighs, spreading over his hips. There were words and quotes alongside the images that I was curious to learn about, but not as much as I wanted to see the monster of a c**k that he was packing. I pulled his boxers down his muscular thighs.

He was perfectly groomed, just the way I liked it, with just a sprinkle of trimmed hair. His b***s were hard, and as for his c**k... not only was it f*****g huge, putting any that I had seen to shame, but there was also a ladder of piercings running along the entire underside of the shaft right up to the mushroom tip. Ten perfect parallel bars.

Oh, Goddess.

“What’s the matter? Never see a Jacobs ladder before?”

“No.” I found myself saying as I wrapped my hands around it and began stroking it.

His head tilted back slightly, but his eyes still held mine as I stuck my tongue out, licking the tip where a pearly white drop of pre-c*m sat, begging to be sucked off.

“F**k.” He swore the moment I wrapped my lips around him and began sucking him harder.

I had never seen a man look hotter while in the throes of pleasure than the one above me.

His hair wasn't as slick as it had been when I first saw him, thanks to me running my fingers through it on the way here. It was now a hot, smoking mess, one that only made me want to yank it even more.

His eyes found mine, his hand pulling my hair as he began thrusting into my mouth faster.

I almost gagged, breathing through my nose and relaxing as his d**k hit the back of my throat. My lips fully stretched around him burning at the friction, he was huge, and this felt so good. His body tensed as he began thrusting harder, shoving his d**k fully down my throat roughly. I choked as he pulled out, making me gasp for air, only for him to ram it down my throat again.

I moaned against him, my own p***y aching for more.

He swore pulling out and, with a few swift strokes, came all over my b*****s. I stuck my tongue out, making it obvious what I wanted, and he tapped his c**k on it, making me whimper as I tasted his salted caramel-like c*m.

Oh, I wouldn't mind making this my favourite dessert.

A s**y smirk crossed his lips, and he yanked me up, kissing my neck as he quickly unzipped my pants, pulling them down in one swift movement. Crouching down, he peeled my panties off, taking a moment to admire me down there before his tongue flicked between my p***y lips.

“Oh f**k!” My head hit the wall behind me and my entire body shook with electrifying bolts of pleasure as his tongue flicked my c**t, his ball piercing only adding to the sensation.

Oh goddess, this was...

He lifted my leg and unashamedly I draped it over his shoulder, threading my fingers through his hair as I became lost in the pleasure of his touch. I wish I didn't come this fast, I wanted to revel in this pleasure for so much longer....

The moment my release hit me, he pulled away, standing and yanking me into his arms as he shoved his tongue into my mouth, allowing me to taste myself as my body convulsed in pleasure. I could barely focus, the aftermath of that sizzling o****m rocking me.

I gasped for air as I clung to him.

His hands cupped my a*s, squeezing hard as he lifted me up. I locked my legs around his waist, feeling his c**k brush against my p***y, sending a dangerous jolt through me.

He pushed me up against the wall just as he thrust into me.

I gasped, feeling the pressure of having something so f*****g big in me.

D**n, my d***o did not compare.

“F**k.” I groaned, burying my head into his neck.

“Good thing you’re not a virgin.” He whispered huskily, as he began f*****g me hard and fast.

He kissed and nibbled on my neck, sucking hard and adding to the euphoria I was feeling. I couldn’t respond, even when we somehow ended on the bed, his hands all over me as he f****d me senseless. I couldn’t focus on anything but the sheer bliss of the moment.

This was heaven.

“F**k.” He growled.

Was he trying to pull away?

I wasn’t sure but I didn’t want him to move away.

My hand intertwined in his hair as I met his powerful brutal thrusts with my own, each time burying him deep within me. His piercings only heightened the pleasure that he was inflicting me with.

“Harder, I can take it. Don’t hold back.” I moaned, feeling the pressure reaching biting point.

He obliged, f*****g me harder and faster than I thought possible. I screamed in pleasure, unable to stop myself.

A moan of pure ecstasy escaped me and I felt something pierce my neck, sending another bolt of pleasure and pain through me.

He was... marking me...

I didn't care, this pleasure... another moan left my lips as I arched my neck, allowing him better access.

He growled as he f****d me roughly, his teeth sank into me completely, triggering my release and I cried out hornily, my back arching off the bed.

My eyes rolled and my vision darkened, as the most intense mind-blowing o****m consumed me. The bond strengthened and it felt like I was about to faint.

I heard his grunt as he finished with a few rough thrusts, our juices mixing and our bodies coming down from their highs.

"F**k."

Was that anger?

I was too lightheaded to focus but I turned my head to look at him.

He was looking at my neck and the sudden realisation that I was marked hit me.

Goddess, I was marked.

"It's fine." I murmured breathlessly, wondering if it was the fact that he had marked me without even telling me that was making him react like that.

His ice-blue eyes seemed to hold some conflict, but I was too tired... Letting the darkness welcome me, I felt him pull out, and I thought I felt his lips brush the mark on my neck, sending a shiver through me before getting off the bed, but I wasn't sure... I just wanted to sleep...

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I wasn't out for long; I opened my eyes, feeling refreshed despite the ache that now remained between my legs. I looked around, realising he was still in the bathroom; I could hear the shower was on.

I needed to get his name. Goddess that had been... perfect.

I had forgotten all about Judah and now it all returned, but somehow it didn't take away from the s*x I had just had.

I sat up, pulling the bed sheet to my chest as I looked around for something to put on, although my body just wanted to succumb to the darkness once more. The bathroom

door opened, and I saw the inked god step out, wearing nothing but a pair of pants and a cigarette between two fingers as he took a drag on it.

For a moment he reminded me of Alejandro Rossi, the Lycan king, who was also my brother-in-law.

Weird.

I shook my head, pushing the thought away, why the hell did he even come to my mind?

“Are you just going to stare?” He asked, tossing the towel he had been holding onto the bed.

“Well I was thinking we just f****d but I still don’t know your name.” I remarked, about to get off the bed, but the moment my feet hit the floor I realised they felt like lead, and I was forced to sit there.

Ok, I needed to stay put for a bit.

“You still don’t know who I am?” He said, taking out a grey T-shirt.

I looked at him curiously, only for those icy blue eyes to meet mine.

“No, I just know you’re an Alpha.”

His aura seemed to change, and I could feel his anger through the bond.

“Soon to be Alpha.” His voice was filled with venom, and I looked at him in complete shock.

His aura was impressive, how the hell was he not an Alpha yet?

“Soon to be?” I asked curiously.

“What’s your name?” He asked instead, bringing me out of my thoughts.

“I still didn’t get yours...”

“Leo. Leo Rossi.” He replied coldly, making me freeze.

My eyes widened in shock as my head snapped to the man before me.

No f*****g way...

“Leo Rossi?!” I jumped off the bed, almost falling to the floor. Grabbing the towel and wrapped it around myself as I stumbled over to him. “How did I not see it?!”

He frowned, stepping back just as I cupped his face, feeling his stubble graze my fingertips.

“Oh, Dante is never going to let me live this down! Oh my god, a Rossi? What will Dad think?!” My head was spinning, but I couldn’t deny the sliver of excitement that rushed through me at the thought of being mated to him.

Me and Kiara would be mated into the same family! I was mated to Sky’s cousin! Oh goddess, she definitely won’t be jealous, yup definitely not. And Dad! What would Dad think realising that both of his daughters are mated to tatted, pierced Rossis? My poor dad! And then-

“Who are you?” His voice was quiet yet deadly, and I froze mid-thought, glancing back at him.

“You don’t recognise me?”

“Should I?”

My smile faltered at the hostility in his tone.

I knew Leo had distanced himself from the Rossi’s, to the point he was never around. Marcel, his father, still held the Alpha title although Leo ran the pack, refusing to allow Leo to take over. The feud between Leo and the rest of the Rossi’s was from years ago, and it was obvious it still remained.

“Azura, Azura Rayne Westwood.” I stated, no longer smiling as I looked at him seriously.

His eyes flashed dangerously as they ran over me, his heart was thudding, and when his eyes returned to mine, I only saw blinding rage in them.

“Westwood. Is Selene for f*****g real.” He almost spat. “I knew it was too f*****g ideal.”

“What’s wrong with be-”

“Being a Westwood? Sure, one of the Elite Packs right? Entitled bastards who are free to do whatever the f**k they want.” He stepped back, eyes that had held desire and interest now held nothing more than hatred.

“Hey, that’s not fair-”

“I Leo Rossi, future Alpha of the Sanguine pack, reject you Azura Rayne Westwood as my mate and Luna.”

I froze as the violent ripping pain tore through me and a scream left my lips. Burning pain gripped my neck and I fell to my knees. He mated with me, marked me, and then rejected me, causing the pain to be even worse than an instant rejection...

I couldn't breathe, the intensity of the pain in my neck killing me. I clawed at my neck, my heart beating harshly.

“I will never accept the daughter of an Elite as my mate.” His cruel words were faint and far, my vision darkening slightly. I looked ahead, seeing him walking away.

Only one truth screamed in my head leaving me completely devastated.

Rejected.

He had rejected me.

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