

Chapter 50

In the bedroom of the diplomatic residence, Greg pushed her up against a wall, mouth sucking and teeth nibbling on her cheek, her jaw, her neck as his hands roamed her body, bolder than before. Her moans came out louder as he trailed down her cleavage, mouth snuck underneath the garment and the padding stitched to it before his tongue greeted her peak with a wet, seductive stroke.

She groaned, eyes rolling back and hands clinging onto his hair for support when her legs gave way. Her underwear was already drenched as heat radiated in waves from her body, need coursing through her veins and making her lower region throb.

"You should know," he began in a low rumble, kissed her breast, and continued, "I'm anything but gentle when it comes to this." With that, he took a nipple between his teeth and bit, letting a precious whimper escape her lips. "It won't be an amateur performance of sucking and kissing. And there won't be whispers of sweet nothings." He went to her other breast, making her back arch before he proceeded to utter, "You'll be bitten, slammed, spanked, and you will scream."

The visual sent Sush on an all-time high. Her arousal filling the room beseeched his animal to pounce, but his human preferred dragging this out, wanting her to hear her beg before giving himself to her.

Leaving a wet trail all the way up to her neck, he bit on her earlobe and said, "I won't go slow once we start. And you won't get the respect you got from me in the trenches. I may be at your mercy out there, but here - within these walls - " He scoffed, darkly and alluringly. "I will make you submit. I will make you bend. And I will make you beg."

Sush sighed, already surrendering. Submission had always seemed daunting. It meant giving in, relinquishing all control, trusting the one leading completely. Since Sush had never managed to trust anyone fully, she'd never relinquished control, never given in. It never felt safe to submit.

With Greg, though. It was different. Especially after the way he shielded her in the elevator that almost crashed, especially after witnessing the lengths he'd go to protect his family, especially after their heated stares and conversations in recent weeks. Submitting to him didn't just feel right, it made her feel safe, and it made her feel free.

An arrogant smirk tipped the corners of Greg's lips when he peeled the thin straps off her arms, letting the dress pool around her legs before creating a small space between them, hands on both sides of her bare waist as he admired the feast before his darkening eyes. The delicious view got his animal even more impatient, wanting nothing more than to lunge, to bury deep inside her at that very second. But his human remained adamant about savoring every moment, his lustful eyes trailed to the set of breasts, the bare skin that made his chest rise and fall.

In the midst of his heaving, her hands trailed to her underwear, slowly tugging at the waistband. She enjoyed the way his eyes darkened further as she slid the last garment down inch by torturous inch. A growl left Greg's lips when the masterpiece of brown flesh was now bare and in all its glory before him once the last impediment was on the floor.

Peeling her off the wall, he took his time circling her like a predator would its prey, the features of her body imprinted in his mind. Her skin glowed beneath the dim lights. Her perky ass was a real tease, and those long legs...Goddess, he could picture himself licking the mile. And those rising and falling bosoms would fit perfectly into his mouth, hardened nipples that he was going to enjoy nibbling and pulling.

He paused behind Sush, one hand spread on her abdomen as the other reached for her hand, guiding the slender fingers to his zipper, making her breathing hitch. They pulled it down together and Greg unbuckled his belt before his pants joined her dress on the floor. She felt him through his underwear. Stiff. Hot. Large.

As his hand found her breast once more, he brought her face to the side and took her lips with his in a devouring kiss, tongue invading her mouth so fervently like he was determined to leave his mark in there. Her fingers sneakily trailed up his waistband, giving it a tug, trying to pull down the garment until she figured it was easier to pull him out.

The moment her hand snuck in, a low, alluring growl echoed from his mouth into hers as he gave her breast a merciless

squeeze before pinching the nipple and hearing her moan. Her hand found what she was groping for and gently brought it out. But before she could go any further, he held her wrist, bringing her hand away, pressing his steel hard-on against the arc of her butt and hearing her sigh.

His lips came to her neck, relishing in the rapid flutter of her pulse beneath his mouth. His deep voice penetrated through the small space between them, "I don't know how you did this in the past, but here's how I'm going to do it." His fingertips trailed down her bare arm, leaving hundreds of goosebumps in their wake. "First, I'm going to choke you with my cock. Then, I'm going to eat out of you. After that, I'm going to pound into you so hard that you come out shattered and nothing less than a mess. And we're not leaving this room until you can't remember your name." He circled back around, coming back to face her. His hand ventured to her ass, cupping it and gripping it fiercely, bringing her close as she gasped when he asked, "Are you amenable to that, my octopus?"

The lust in his eyes, possessiveness in his words, and dominance of his aura sent her further to the edge. Another sigh left her when she leaned into him, pressing herself into his erection when she breathlessly replied, "Yes."

In a more serious tone by her ear, with his nose buried in her curls, he murmured, "At any time any of it gets too much, double tap me anywhere. Is that understood?" 1

She mm-ed, no longer able to speak.

Holding her by her abdomen and gluing her back to his front,

he parted her thighs, sliding his fingers through her slippery folds as he hummed in approval of her wetness. Her body quivered, and his fingers were drenched, her cunt clenched around them as his other hand held her up by her throat.

Slipping his fingers out of her folds, eventually getting her whimpers of protests that sent more blood to his groin, he brought the wetness to his mouth, licking the taste off his fingers and humming by her ear. "I hope you know what you've just agreed to, my huntress. You've awakened this beast before today and you've baited it tonight. Now, there's no turning back. Get on your knees."

She sank to the floor, so willingly that his chest constricted as his cock throbbed. Her hands worked fast in pulling his underwear all the way down. His hand fisted her hair and tugged it back. Her eyes bulged at his upright shaft, mesmerized by its length and girth. Before he could instruct her to open her mouth, she brought herself to the tip, her tongue toying with the fluid there, the sensation making him groan as a hot shudder rippled through him.

After her first, leisure lick of his length from the base to the tip, he slipped the head into her waiting mouth, letting her push herself deeper until he was completely buried. "Holy fuck," he cursed, not recalling being this responsive this soon, not even when he had his first blowjob. Either he was slipping, or his octopus knew how to take him in a way that no other woman ever did.

She started slow, then gradually increased her pace, building up a rhythm that had her head bobbing in enthusiasm. The vibrations from her ensuing moans shot up

his spine and he thrust into her until the only sounds in the room were his ragged breaths and the gurgles leaving her throat.

He pounded into her so forcefully that he'd expected her to double tap, but she never did, not even when her eyes watered. In fact, when he slowed down out of concern for her, her moans almost sounded like protests as her head bobbed more fervently to keep their pace, and he was more than happy to cooperate, speeding up from there.

At his climax, his body stilled as his viselike grip on her hair locked her head to his cock, shooting his load into her mouth, hearing her moan in satisfaction as his orgasm burned through him, feral and heated. The sensation coursed through her as if his pleasure was her own, and she sucked him gently to the end of it.

"Open your mouth," he orders, lifting her chin. "I want to see it."

She complied, and his primitive snarl that followed traveled through her like a pleasurable wave. Strong fingerpads massaged the back of her neck as she swallowed. His thumb captured her jaw, not roughly like she expected, but carefully, gingerly, affectionately. His eyes stayed on her, gazing at her like she'd just given him the world.

This part of the experience was new to him. He couldn't for the life of him remember wanting to see his own cum in a woman's mouth, and he'd never massaged any of their necks to ease the downflow or pausing to caress a face.

So much for not being gentle.

Hoisting Sush up when he met her lust-filled eyes, he tossed her on the bed face-up and instructed, "Legs. Spread. Now."

She complied, her legs parted to reveal the throbbing region as the scent of her arousal saturated the air while Greg removed his shirt. Her body heated further at the sight of his sculpted physique, one that would put models to shame. Each block of muscle was as distinct as it was symmetrical with their counterpart, their allure only shadowed by the chest hair that mostly gathered on the upper area. Forget models, Greg's body would even make Greek Gods envious. 1

Greg's smirk boasted how much he was enjoying the attention - her attention. And the scent of her intensifying arousal was as intoxicating as it was consuming.

Spreading her thighs even further to an angle Sush didn't think she was capable of reaching, his face buried itself at the source of her arousal and she moaned the loudest that night when his hot tongue flicked through her folds. Her legs weakened from his toying around with the layers and the bump of her clit. And that was just the test run, a taste of what he could give her.

As his tongue left and she desperately tried to find it again, he held her by her thighs, leaving wet kisses along the valley between her legs and cunt, then asking in a voice thick as gravel, "Do you want me to eat out of you, my octopus?"

"Yes," came her breathless answer, fingers digging into his hair, more than ready to take whatever he was about to give her.

He rewarded her with two fingers plunged in, getting her first of many screams for the night.

As he worked up a rhythm, he asked, "Do you want me to make you cum?"

"Yes."

Rewarding her with an increased pacing as a steady stream of moans echoed off the walls, he questioned in warning, "Will you let anyone else eat out of you? Will you let someone other than me make you moan and scream?"

"N-No."

"Is that hesitance I hear, my huntress?" Greg's fingers continued at a punishing pace, eliciting more screams and moans that it was making it hard for her to speak, to think. "Answer me," he demanded, knowing full well that what he termed as hesitance was nothing more than a temporary impairment of her speech as she writhed in pleasure under his control.

"No. I...oh...mm...I won't."

"You won't what?" he pressed without compunction.

"I won't let...ohh...I won't let anyone else do this. Mmm. Only you. Please." The last word came out so labored with the torture of waiting that Greg gave into his urge to bring ecstasy to her.

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His mouth went back to her clit, alternating between torturously slow licks and exhilarating fast ones. He and his animal were starving for her, feasting on her like a man possessed. His fingers dug into her flesh to hold her still. When his mouth found the spot that had her pushing herself against him, he held her in place and gently took her clit between his teeth, his tongue flicked over the sensitive nub and her screams echoed off the walls when she exploded.

Greg groaned, savoring her taste, lapping up every drop as she trembled beneath his touch. When the last of the delectable fluid was gone, he licked the area like he was asking for more, though he was forced to come to terms

that he'd devoured it all a little too quickly. "That was one fantastic appetizer, my love."

When she caught her breath, her head lifted to look at him, her face flushed from her orgasm as euphoric eyes shone when she said, "Glad to hear this isn't the end. I was beginning to grow concerned with your stamina when you stop doing anything." 2

He flipped her over with an enticing growl, turned on by the challenge as he spanked her left butt, then her right, drawing out her screams before the yelps melted into moans as she brought herself up by pushing her knees into the mattress, inching her butt closer to him.

As his hands grip the reddened flesh, he uttered, "Trust me, baby. I'm not the one you should be worried about."

He grabbed a silver-foiled packet from the drawer - a supply he just stocked up after meeting this delicious thing - slid the rubber on and glided his shaft into her without warning, stretching her walls as she released another scream at his sheer size while he grunted at her tightness.

She felt him in her stomach and, for a moment, wondered if she'd be able to breathe. But the pain, as Sush discovered, was brief. The following sensation was one of fullness, completeness. She'd admit, when she sucked on him, she didn't know if he'd fit. But now, she smiled to herself that he did. He fitted perfectly.

Greg pulled out a little only to begin pounding into her hard and fast, riding her like he was in a race, and he was determined to come out a champion.

Conversation and verbal teasing ceased. More moans and grunts followed as he slammed into her with a pace that Sush wasn't familiar with because this was her first experience with a lycan, and not just any lycan, but one of the fastest of their kind. She should be worried for herself but she didn't have the mental space for that at the moment.

True to his word, she couldn't even remember her name. She was riding her waves of pleasure that were at an all-time high, knowing that she'd give anything to make it go on forever, resisting the urge to explode - twice - just so she could make it last.

"You sly creature." Greg caught her resistance and she could almost picture him smirking, which he was - in amusement and a determination that accepted her challenge. Hands cupping her breasts and toying with her nipples, he uttered, "Two can play at this game. Let's see if you'll be able to do that one more time."

And she tried to, very hard. But between his quickened pounding, breast-kneading, nipple-pinching and alluring voice whispering the way he was devouring her into her ear - how bare she was beneath him, how she was at his mercy, how his cock was buried deep within her, and how he was stretching her over and over - his hand fisted her hair and

tugged, and she crumbled within seconds, clenching around him as he stiffened in her, grunting as their orgasms ripped through them like a raging cyclone.

His body fell next to hers. Their eyes locked as labored breaths slowed, coming down from their high. Her hand reached for his face, which softened under her touch. Her fingers traced his brows, the area under his eyes, the crook of his nose and the curve of his lips, where his mouth snatched her thumb, savoring her taste on the small structure, drawing out her beatific smile.

Letting go of her thumb and kissing it lightly, he pushed himself up, hovering over her, and declared, "Looks like I'll have to get you extra coffee tomorrow if you plan on getting through the day."

"It sounds like you're suggesting I won't be able to make it through the day." With a smirk that attempted to match his cockiness, she questioned, "Do you think this is the most vigorous exercise I've done on a weeknight?"

Greg's lilac eyes turned a deep onyx as his growl reverberated through her ears, jostling her heart that didn't just beat for her anymore - it beat for him too. Smiling broadly and leaving a light kiss on his lips, she confessed, "I was going to say this has been the most vigorous exercise I've done on any night, not just a weeknight." Another kiss on his chin before she whispered, "Thank you."

The onyx faded as his fading scowl and brightening face



promised something - punishment. Reaching for another silver-foiled pack, he tore it off and slid on the next condom, snarling, "You're going to regret pulling my leg."

"Am I?" she challenged with a gleam in her eye.

He thrust into her in one fell swoop, making her back arch toward him as she gasped, eyes rolling back. He smirked at how powerful she made him feel by her reaction, leaning by her ear and whispered, "I guess we'll see."

It was a long night, different from all his others, different from all of hers too. She moaned at the building pressure, squirmed when he identified her sensitive regions, and begged when he slowed down just to hear her breathless plea.


This time, it wasn't her who was holding back. It was him, letting her teeter on the edge for too long before the final plea tore him from within, and his animal made him cave, giving their all to watch her shatter beneath him as he shot hot liquid into the rubber buried deep inside her, the surge of electrifying pleasure coursed through him and left a mark on his soul. There was no way he'd be able to give her up now even if he wanted to.

Why he settled performing intercourse with anyone else before Sush, he didn't know. Sex with this gorgeous, ravishing octopus was beyond perfection.

Their lips met and they devoured each other until they were

 +15 BONUS

ready for the next round, working their way around and learning each other's bodies deep into the night, falling asleep only when Sush could no longer move.

As Greg held her in his chest, his hand went for her thighs, massaging them to ease the soreness that he hoped - for her sake - wouldn't affect her in the morning. But the thought of her walking or looking different the next day because of him, because of everything they'd done tonight, tipped his lips, and he planted a kiss on her forehead, letting her soft breathing guide him to his own slumber. 

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