

## Chapter 68

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 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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