

## Chapter 86

Back in the diplomatic residence, Greg parked in his usual lot and they unbuckled their seatbelts. He had already detected a faint whiff of her arousal on their way back, and smiled to himself knowing that - despite the hours at work and at the range - his octopus still had energy for an eventful night.

Placing a quick kiss on Sush's hand before letting it go, he was about to turn off the ignition - at which time the doors would automatically open - when Sush lunged at him from her seat and crashed her lips onto his before he could take out the key.

Shocked and disorientated, it took him a moment before he began properly savoring the feeling of her tongue in his mouth as he brought her onto his lap, letting her legs spread across his waist as he held her by her hips. When he got his vehicle fully-tinted windows, the consideration was one of privacy for himself and safety for his nieces and nephew, not pleasure. In this moment, having her devouring him like a starved animal, he knew he got a great return on his investment.

When she had to let go for air, her fingers worked quickly down the buttons of his shirt and he asked in concern, "Would you prefer a bed?"

He could carry her if she didn't want to walk. He wasn't exactly skilled at maneuvering around in a car for this particular activity, wasn't sure if he'd be able to satiate her by doing it here.

Sush pulled his shirt open and ran a hand up his torso, hearing him groan as he hardened beneath her, and she leaned her forehead against his, uttering in a seductive whisper, "I'd prefer you in me, filling me up, making me scream."

Those words painted a visual that had Greg tossing out the last shred

of logic and rationality left in him as he emitted a growl of hunger before his hand came down hard on her ass, earning her scream before whimpers took over when he gave the heated flesh a merciless squeeze and brought their mouths back together. His hands trailed up her body and paused at her sides, thumbs grazing over her breasts and toying with her hardened nipples beneath her shirt and bra, earning her moans as his hands snuck down to the hem of her blouse, fingers sneaking underneath, relishing in the heat of her skin as her butt moved in a way that further stimulated his groin.

He pulled the blouse over her head, dropped it on the side somewhere as his darkened eyes feasted on her bosoms held by a navy blue bra and a low rumble reverberated from the depths of his lungs. Eyes trained on her, he ordered, "Take it off."

Her lips tipped as her hands worked its way around the clasp, releasing it as Greg watched the way the garment loosened and fell off her shoulders. The strap only came off one arm before Greg's mouth latched onto her left breast, one hand held her in place and the other yanked the bra off her other arm and tossed it aside, letting her moans and whimpers consume his mind as he took the other breast and worked his way around the button of her pants. He jabbed a button to give them more leg room and the last of her clothes were slowly peeled away as he rid himself of his shirt and undid his pants for her to bring out his shaft that stood in attention to her command.

Grinning at his tool as he slid on a condom, she then leaned over his shoulder and grazed her lower region along his shaft, and Greg moaned at the moistness coating his length. She continued stroking him like this, never making a move to put him into herself - teasing him.

Upon that realization, a snarl left him and he held her bum in place, muttering, "Enough games, my octopus."

He slid himself into her and got her second scream of the night,

pumping violently to get the continuous stream of moans and pleas that got him feral and drove him insane. The way she said his name - out of breath and with undeniable need - got him spanking her rounded ass and driving into her harder and faster. At their climax, they jerked and could see nothing but stars for the next few seconds, hearing each other's ragged breaths, euphoria washing over them like a city-clearing tsunami.

Concerned that they wouldn't be satiated? What was he thinking, Greg thought. That was fucking perfect. He used to think car sex was not what it was made out to be, having tried it twice in his much younger days and called it quits when both ended up unsatisfying. It was never the issue with the setting, it was always the creature he did it with. How could he have not known?

She was nibbling his neck in a way that got his lycan rolling over and cooing, then made her way to his chin and lips, where they shared a few quick, brief kisses before he pulled her body back to admire her disheveled hair, the orgasmic glow on her face and shine in her eyes that reflected his own, and his hand trailed up her front, feeling her bareness - the smoothness of her skin, the small globes of her breasts, then reaching for her face, where he pulled her in for another kiss before asking, "Shall we continue here or make our way inside, my love?"

There was a consensus in the way they locked eyes, the urge to explore, so they did another round in the driver's seat, with her back against his front as he pounded forcefully while his fingers swirled mercilessly around her folds that got her screaming and him grunting in no time at all.

Only after that did they dress each other and make their way inside, continuing their fun in the bedroom. They tried their hand in slow and gentle sex before deciding the style and pace didn't suit them and went on their usual wild and fast rides again to hit the intensities of their

passion multiple times over before calling it a night.

There on the bed, lying in each other's arms, there was an unspoken understanding, an undoubtable fire of hope, that tomorrow would be better, that they'd get up the next day, make love, go to work and deal with anything that came their way. Together.


But optimism could only take one so far, and it wasn't enough to prepare them for the news that hit the hunters the next day.



Send Gift



Comments

 Watch Ads to Get 8 Vouchers