

Chapter 203 Promise Me

Alexander

“I look...?” Fiona probed tauntingly.

“Gorgeous,” I breathed. “Seriously, your body looks amazing, baby... that dress, wow.” I had to pause to swallow all the saliva that had just filled my mouth. I’d been thinking about Fiona all day and now here she was, waiting for me in our little hideaway looking like sex on legs.

“Thank you, my love.” Fiona took a teasing step backward, pacing toward the bed. “You look very handsome, yourself.”

“I feel like a mess,” I grumbled, running a hand through my mane. It was the truth. I hardly felt like a match for my beautiful Luna right now. I’d been grappling with some big decisions over the past few hours, thinking about some terrible things, and the only refresh I’d given myself was splashing some water on my face and combing my hair roughly into place before I came up here.

Fiona, on the other hand, looked squeaky clean and silky smooth under a teeny, unbelievably sexy blue dress I couldn’t wait to get my hands on. Her long, shiny silver hair was tied up in a high ponytail that was giving me some dirty ideas. Her lips were painted deep fuchsia, and I saw a slight iridescent shimmer under her clavicle and between the pillowy mounds of her round breasts. And she was wearing long, dangly white gold earrings studded with aquamarine crystals that matched her eyes.

She licked her lips and gave me a seductive smile. I caught up with her in a few quickened strides and captured her waist in my hands. The crushed velvet dress was even softer than I’d expected. My throat rumbled with a low growl as I felt up Fiona’s curves. They felt intoxicatingly smooth under the thin, stretchy and super-soft fabric.

“You feel so good,” I whispered, letting my face fall down to my Luna’s neck and taking a big inhale of her sweet scent.

“So do you,” she muttered, running her hands over my chest.

I captured her mouth next, kissing her passionately. The relief of all-consuming pleasure was immediate. Fiona breathed a sweet little moan into my mouth and I swallowed it down. I pushed the straps of her dress down her shoulders, loving and toying with the little strips of soft fabric as I dragged them down her arms.

“Oh, fuck, Fiona,” I grumbled as I peeled the tight dress down to free her breasts and got a look at the sheer, lacy navy blue bra she was wearing. She smiled, looking smug. I gazed down into her eyes and shook my head. “You are pushing me, sweetheart,” I muttered, noting a change in my voice that let me know I was slipping under a little of my wolf’s control.

“Pushing you? To do what?” Fiona sat on the bed and scooted back, stopping when she reached the pillows. Slowly, she started inching her legs apart.

I breathed deeply, etching this sight into my permanent memory while shrugging off my jacket and untying my tie. “To lose all control,” I answered.

“Maybe that’s what I was going for,” she teased.

I tore my shirt and pants off as fast as I could. Fiona watched me hungrily, her open mouth and flushing cheeks betraying how very much she enjoyed the sight of me in a state of arousal. She stretched in the bed, shuffling the hem of her already short dress up higher and higher on her hips until I had full view of her tiny lace panties. They matched the sheer blue bra.

Then I was on top of her, my hard cock finding some pleasure already in grazing the cool, soft skin of her inner thighs.

“Fuck me Alex,” she whispered, grasping my neck and pulling my face down to hers. “I need you inside me.”

I went to kiss her lips but she teased me, turning away and fixing her mouth on my neck instead. She kissed me there, then sucked on my flesh and bit into it, making me shiver and stiffen with the most delicious little rush of erotic pain. She kept sucking, trying to give me a hickey apparently, till I grabbed her ponytail and used it to wrench her head away.

She looked up at me with a wicked grin and dreamy lust in her blue eyes.

I took hold of one side of her lace panties in my fingers and tore them away from her body fast. The fabric pulled hard against her other hip and she let out a quiet yelp. I crumpled the torn undergarment in my hand and pressed it to my nose, huffing in Fiona’s sweet smell. She watched me with her jaw agape.

“I’m gonna fuck you till you cry tonight, sweetheart,” I growled, hardly able to hold back for another second. I dropped the panties and covered Fiona’s body with my own, letting my cock twitch against her slick wet lips while she whimpered and squirmed her hips downward, trying to coax it inside her.

She groaned. “Please, Alex.”

“I love to hear you beg me, though. Give me a little more.” I pressed my tongue to the bottom of her throat and licked all the way up it, making her shiver and gasp again. Then I licked the edge of her ear. I couldn’t help but start playing with her long, pretty earring with my tongue, too.

Fiona’s chest was heaving, her heart beating wildly. “Put your big dick inside me, please, Alex,” she breathed. “I need it now. I need it so badly.”

“Yeah,” I grumbled approvingly, teasing her clit with my tip and gently grazing the palm of my hand over her hardening nipples. “More.”

She groaned. “Fuck me, Alex. Make me come and come with me. I want to feel you coming inside me.”

She’d said the magic words. A couple quick, hard thrusts and I was deep inside her, making her choke on her words. And then I started in on what I’d just promised her I would do.

“Feels so good,” she moaned, lifting her hips and arching her back deeply to give me a better angle to fuck her from. And those were the last coherent words, besides my name, that Fiona managed to utter for next couple hours.

“When you are finally ready for the attack,” Fiona asked, “what will this trip look like? How long will you be gone?”

I’d just finished catching her up on all that had been discussed and planned during today’s meeting. “We will be traveling for one day and attacking the next. I’ll return to you as soon as possible after it is over.”

She sighed heavily, sending a cool, tickling breeze skittering across my chest. I stroked her soft hair, tucking a lock of it behind her ear, and brought my hand to rest cradling her cheek. “I hate to think about leaving you and Lexi for even one night. I’m so sorry, Fi—”

“But you must,” she finished for me. “You must go. And as soon as possible.”

I stroked her face with my thumb softly, hugging her body in tighter to mine with my other arm wrapped around her waist. “Yes.”

“Before they figure out that you are onto them. You need to strike before they move.”

“Yes.”

She turned, shifting her weight so she could look me in the eye. Fiona’s facial expressions were not always easy to read, and though she held her face mostly neutral right now, there was an unmistakable sadness in her blue eyes. “I will be so worried when you are out there,” she confessed.

“I will be okay, Fi. We will be prepared.”

She leaned in and kissed me lightly. Her body was trembling. Whether it was worry making her weak, or just the continued aftereffects of our strenuous lovemaking, I couldn’t say. I rolled her onto her back, lying her head comfortably on a pillow, and laced one of my legs between hers, coming to rest with my body half on top of her.

“I know. But I will still worry.” She stroked my face with her soft hands, then slid them behind my neck and pulled my face to hers.

Every kiss Fiona gave me was a gift, a special kind of pleasure that I cherished. But this kiss was especially powerful, with a desperately passionate soul. She sighed when I pulled back a little to breathe, and I looked down to find her eyes sparkling with moisture. “Baby...”

She shook her head, pressing her eyes closed as if to deny the tears exit. “Promise me something,” she whispered, blinking her eyes back open and locking them onto mine. “Before you leave for this journey. You must promise me you will return to us.”

“I will.” I swallowed heavily, feeling the pressure of Fiona’s intense gaze. “I promise. I will always come back to you.”