

## Chapter 261

Lord, her vampire was a true artiste at pleasuring a woman with his mouth. He left no area untouched, his tongue rough and then soft as he gave her pleasure. He danced into her body, plunging and then retreating, attacking the little bundle of nerves that threatened to push her over the edge into sweet bliss. But he never quite took her there, pulling back at the last moment to nip gently at her swollen lips.

"Your taste is the sweetest aphrodisiac in the world, Kitty. I can't get enough of it. I may have to tie you down one night so I can spend hours licking at your beautiful body until you lie exhausted beneath me."

There was a hot promise in his guttural words and she moaned loudly because she knew he would deliver on it and that she would let him. Just the erotic image of it was enough to send her crashing into climax, a hoarse scream escaping her as his hands finally moved to grip her hips to keep her standing.

He licked and suckled, groaning as she bathed his mouth with her release. He was almost at the point of releasing himself into his pants such was the pleasure he took from knowing she was flying because of his touch.

Rayne's heart finally started to settle down into a more even rhythm. Gard's lips were caressing her thigh as he rested his head against her, his fingers trailing down the backs of her legs.

"You're overdressed."

He laughed softly, moving away swiftly and returning an instant later to resume his position at her feet. He was gloriously naked, his body pulsing to the beat of his heart. "I am yours to command." There was amusement dancing across his face as well as an aching need that took her breath away.

Rayne lowered herself astride him once more, rubbing against his thickness until he groaned so hoarsely she was sure he was going to take the control away from her. But he didn't, merely promised her with a look so hotly sensual that she would pay for her teasing when it was his turn.

Her hand slipped between them, wrapped around the silken steel of a cock so hard it was ready to burst. His loud roar sent liquid heat rushing sharply between her thighs. She moved her hand fisting him hard. One, two, three firm strokes to hear him roar again then she positioned him at her entrance and held still.

"Decide," she ordered, her cat glittering in her eyes. "If I take you now you are mine forever. I will bite you. I will mate with you. I need your consent."

Gard's heart fluttered wildly as he stared into her eyes. They were more silver than green, as mesmerising as her wonderful words. "Take me, Sarayne. Make me yours."<sup>(w)</sup>Ŵ.novēℓwo©m.c©m

They cried out together as she sank down hard onto his shaft, spearing herself onto him almost aggressively. And then she began to dance on his body, confidently, intimately, possessively.<sup>w</sup>(<sup>w</sup>)ŵ.novēℓ(<sup>w</sup>)σRm.coM

Gard had never felt as utterly possessed as he did at that moment. No woman had ever claimed him with her body and soul as his Sarayne was now doing. It was sweet pleasure and painfully erotic.

He thrust up to meet her downward movements, his hands on her waist helping her to take him as she needed to. He was amazed he didn't want to take control from her. It should have been hard to surrender to her and yet it was the easiest thing in the world to do.

The sight of her passion filled face stole his breath away. The vision of her breasts bouncing as she rode him fiercely so erotic. He knew he would allow her to take him any time she wanted to because it was so delicious to watch her do so.

Her mouth attacked his viciously, her claws coming out to rake across his shoulders and down his back. The slight pain ignited his feral side and he heard himself growling continuously as she indulged her own animal side with abandon.<sup>www.noσℓ1©ôrm.co©</sup>

A sharp nip at his neck almost sent him over the edge. His breath caught and his hands tightened on her body. His next thrust was purely primal as she nipped at him again. "If you fucking tease me, Kitty, I'm going to make you pay," he rasped out hoarsely. He needed her to bite him, craved it as he'd never craved anything before.

"Impatient," she laughed huskily, her next movement a hard slamming of her body onto his.

His head fell back, his roar almost the scream he'd challenge her to drag from him. Sharp teeth pierced his skin where his neck and shoulder joined. He did scream then, his body flooded with so much sensation it made his head spin. He surged deep within her, their sweat slickened bodies grinding hard against each other as she marked him hers for eternity.

Rayne was screaming her own bliss against his neck, tears and laughter bubbling out of her as she violently climaxed against him, her entire body shuddering as wave after wave of pleasure consumed her. She urgently pulled his mouth to her neck. "Bite me!"

"No!" Gard fought her even as his fangs elongated and his blood boiled inside him.

"Now!" Rayne demanded hoarsely. "It must be now. Gard! Bite me. Please bite me! I'm immune to your venom. Trust me."

He tried to control himself, tried to fight his feral nature which demanded he drink from her pleasure laden blood but he failed. With a roar he bit deep into her fragile skin and began to pump his hot seed inside her body. Her sweet blood filled his mouth and he drank deeply, shuddering as he gave her his seed in hard, deep pulses.

He was beyond thought now, a creature of his dual lusts. She asked him to trust her and he couldn't refuse her. He fed from his mate ravenously, knowing her blood would be the only thing that would keep him alive for eternity.

It was hard to release his fangs, to stop drinking her wonderful essence but he knew he had to. Her heart was fluttering wildly against him confirming she'd spoken the truth about being immune to his venom. How she had known that he had no idea but he would be having a very intense conversation with her about it shortly.

For the moment all he could do was hold his mate in his arms and soothe her down from the intense pleasure they'd both just ridden through. Their joining had been so intense that he was struggling to catch his breath but was pleasantly sated.

"I can't move," Rayne sighed against his neck, her body so languid it felt as if all her bones had melted.

"Luckily one of us has more stamina," Gard chuckled softly, rising gracefully with her still firmly enclosing his body as she wrapped her legs around him. It was a pleasant sensation as he carried his mate through to his bed and crawled under the thick covers with her.

<sup>w</sup>Ŵ<sup>w</sup>.<sup>(n)</sup>ovēℓ<sup>w</sup>ôrm.CoM