

Chapter 277

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Rational thought faded until all she could feel were the sensations running rampant through her. She couldn't breathe, couldn't speak, she could only feel her body go up in flames as it had never done before.

"Freya!" Her name was in her head, Dayton's voice crying out mentally to her. He was slowly lowering them down to the floor, their bodies joined by his knot, his arms so tight that if she'd been a Were she was sure some bones would have snapped. "Are you okay, honey?"

The surprise of being able to speak mentally with him had her silent for a moment. She did wonder why he was doing so then she took in his harsh breathing and realised that he couldn't speak at the moment. The fact his pleasure had been as mind-blowing as hers brought a satisfied smile to her face.

"That was intense," she laughed softly, delighting in their new, close contact.

A low, deep chuckle escaped Dayton as his breathing finally started to regulate itself. Intense wasn't the word for it. His wolf was content as was the man. They had finally claimed their mate when he'd least expected it. Now he just needed his knot to subside and quickly.

His lips brushed Freya's neck and his hands cupped her breasts and stroked leisurely. "You know, if anyone had told me three months ago I'd be mating again I would have told them they were crazy. If they'd followed that up with I'd been doing it on the bathroom floor I would have died laughing." He was slightly embarrassed about his shocking lack of restraint.

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"Wolves are impulsive," Freya sighed softly, leaning back to steal a quick kiss. "Thankfully, vampires

Her tone was arrogant though laughter danced within it too. She liked the fact he'd wanted to mate with her so badly he couldn't contain himself.

Dayton tweaked her nipple hard and bit the side of her neck. "Laugh all you want, vampire. We still need to get cleaned up and downstairs for the meeting. And our time is most definitely up."

She groaned loudly rolling her eyes at the thought of the meeting. Not only would they be late but she was now fully mated with her wolf. Which meant the next time Rafe Hanlon yelled at her; she would be expected to take it. She had no doubt that there would be a next time; she just wasn't sure how she was going to react to it.

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Rayne sighed and cuddled deeper against Gard's warm chest. His lips sleepily brushed the top of her head as his arms hugged her tightly for a moment and then relaxed as he drifted off again. She felt such a feeling of peace and contentment that she just lay basking in it, finally feeling at home. She belonged.

It was hard not to wonder if fate had planned her meeting with Dayton. If she hadn't sensed him all those years ago, felt compelled to help him; then she'd never have found her way to the Armand-Hanlon pack and ultimately her mate. It was strange how life turned out sometimes.

Hands stroking down her back had her arching into the hardness of her vampire, a soft purr erupting from her throat spontaneously.

"Sexy." Gard's sleepy tone was full of warmth as he stroked her again and then suddenly moved, flipping her onto her stomach as he straddled her lower half and began to slowly massage her back.

A long, deep moan escaped her lips as she sighed in pleasure. "I could get used to this."

He leaned down, soft laughter whispering across her ear as he licked slowly up her neck before nibbling at her earlobe. "I expect my fair share of stroking, Kitty, but for now I want to indulge myself."

Rayne purred again, struggling to catch her breath as his large hands brushed every inch of her back before sliding down and playfully kneading her bottom. She couldn't stop herself from rising up, hoping he'd go lower and use his wicked fingers on her again. It only served to make him laugh again.*www.novelhor(m).com*

"Does Kitty want to be played with again?" he chuckled lightly, the heavy heat of his erection pressed against her thigh. "Tell me what you want and I'll give it to you."

She growled softly though she was trying not to laugh. She loved the way he knew how to tempt and tease her, how to draw her cat out to play. "You know what I want. I suggest you quit teasing and pleasure me properly or I may have to return the favour at a later date."

That earned her a playful spank on her left cheek before he leaned down and kissed it better. She growled louder, twisting onto her back so his next kiss landed on the delicate skin of her hip.

Eyes flashing at her challenge, Gard smiled slowly and lick across her hip, biting gently at the tender flesh of her stomach as he slid his arms beneath her thighs raising her up from the bed. He rose to his knees and thrust hard inside her, holding her still so he could sink deep within her.

Her head dropped back and a sweet moan of ecstasy slipped past her lips as he claimed her with little fanfare. He held still within her, staring down at the exotic creature that was his mate, marvelling at how precious she was to him and the need she instilled within him.

He was unable to sate himself with her body. A few moments sleep and he was desperate to join with her again, to love her until she screamed her release loudly and he followed her into his own climax. She was an addiction he couldn't get enough of. "Mine," he breathed softly, a wave of possessiveness overtaking him.

His whispered word had her eyes opening, the thin band of silver appearing more pronounced than before. His eyes widened slightly as the lighter colour appeared to eclipse the deep green of her iris before she gave him a lazy feline smile that took his breath away.

"Prove it."

It was a challenge he had no intention of declining. He flexed his hips and stroked deeply back inside her, holding her captive as he used his body to stake his claim, proving that she belonged to him and no one else. He kept his movements slow but deep, growing softly as she began to writhe against his hold. Pleasure danced across her face with each thrust into her velvet heat.

She was beautiful in her passion. She surrendered to her sensuality with no inhibitions, making his heart soar that he was the one giving her this pleasure even as he took his own from her. She was his mate, his woman, his heart's desire.

Her eyes fluttered open again and he couldn't resist leaning down to kiss her. "Sarayne," he whispered against her mouth before he plundered her lips in a hot kiss, wrapping his arms around her as she held on tightly and moved to the hard beat he set with his body.

Rayne was burning up inside, overcome with the sensations flooding her body as Gard took her hard and fast, then slowed down to tease her with gentle strokes of his thick length inside her. She didn't know which she loved more, his tenderness or his unrelenting hunger. All she knew was he was hers forever, that she would love with him like this endlessly.