

Chapter 363

Mac slid down her body, his hair trailing over her sensitive breasts making Lily catch her breath and moan again. He dipped down for another taste of her abdomen, flicked his tongue around her piercing once more because it was sexy as sin and he loved seeing the tiny jewel on her body.

Then he slid his mouth lower, teasing the edge of her panties with his tongue as he gently forced her thighs apart with his hands. He splayed her luscious body open to his greedy gaze, staring at the damp fabric covering the very heart of her.*wWw.NoVelwoRm.c(©)M*

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With a loud growl Mac gave into his hunger, pressing his tongue against her panties so he could taste her damp heat for the first time. Lily screamed hoarsely and bucked up into his mouth as he tongued her again, slow and languid, teasing her relentlessly.

He nuzzled at the wet material making it wetter with each flick of his tongue, drawing out the moment when the flimsy barrier would no longer be an erotic torture for both of them and instead become an unwelcome restriction.

The scent of her, the taste of her arousal was an aphrodisiac which heated his blood to boiling point. He licked harder, flicked just beneath the elastic to drive them both insane. "So wet, sugar. So fucking tasty I feel like I'm losing my mind." His hands were suddenly hard on her hips dragging the panties down and over her feet so fast they were gone and she was lying bare to him before she'd even managed to whimper.

It had taken every single bit of iron self-control not to rip the delicate fabric. He liked her lingerie and wanted to see her wear it for him again. But he needed more now; he needed to taste her straight from the core of her body. His fingers brushed the damp brown curls trimmed so neatly, then slid slowly downwards opening her up like a present.

"So fucking beautiful," Mac groaned hoarsely sliding his fingers gently against her searing hot flesh, stroking and caressing until she writhed against his hand wantonly.

He flicked his gaze up to watch the pleasure dance across her face. "That's it, sugar, let yourself go," he instructed lost in the sight of his mate surrendering to his touch with such abandon.

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He pressed against the tiny bundle of nerves that brought her most pleasure, growling as she cried out once more and pushed hard into his hand. He was going to stroke her like this all night long, tempting her, teasing her body until she was mindless with pleasure, working only on instincts.

He flicked against her again, hard and relentless, picking up a steady rhythm which made her body dance but kept her from reaching the point of orgasm. He needed her to be wet for him, so wet that when he took her it would ease his entrance, bringing her pleasure and not pain from their first joining.

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Mac had to taste her, couldn't resist the urge to suck on his fingers before bending his head and running his tongue along her wet heat. She had the sweetest taste, her musky, sensual flavour a deep honey he would never tire of tasting. He was ravenous for her running his tongue over every delicious inch.

Lily screamed as Mac used his mouth on her. It was wicked and delicious and so intense she felt as if she was about to fracture into a million pieces. Nothing had prepared her for being loved like this. No amount of reading books, frank conversations with female Weres, nothing could adequately describe the sheer beauty of having her mate lick her so intimately.

"Mac, please," she whispered pushed to sensory overload, desperate for the tight pressure within her body to be released before she died. She surely was close to dying because nothing good could come from the unrelenting strain within her body. Everything was coiled so tightly her body was bowing up, perspiration covering her, every nerve ending so sensitive they hurt.

The pressure eased as Mac's mouth slid from between her thighs, travelled over her stomach and up her rib cage. Her bra was suddenly gone and his wicked mouth was fastening onto her aching nipples tugging hard as his fingers slid between her legs and the torture began anew.

"No more," she pleaded her voice frantic. She pulled at Mac's hair trying to dislodge him from her nipple even as she arched into his hand. "Mackenzie, it's too much. I can't stand it!"

"We've barely started, Lily mine," he growled, licking up to her throat, laving against her pulse before nipping hard at the fragile skin. "I want everything, sugar. Every last moan and cry of pleasure -- your wet heat accepting my body eagerly -- the sweet essence of your blood sliding down my throat. We've started this tonight and we will end it as full mates. I will accept nothing less."

He dropped his body down on top of her, his thick erection resting at the juncture of her thighs. He pressed against her in slow strokes coating himself with her slickness, preparing their bodies to be joined. His gaze slid to hers and he fisted a hand in her hair.

"Claim me, Lily," he urged. "I'm yours as you are mine. Accept me with your body and your soul. It's the only way it can be between us."

She rubbed against him, ached for his hardness to slide deep within her. Lily met Mac's gaze, gasped as she saw a streak of silver rim the blackness of his pupils. It was the first hint of colour in his eyes and she wondered where it had come from. Was it a sign of his arousal?

She didn't get the opportunity to ask because the thick head of his erection was pressing against the entrance to her body. She instinctively pushed up to meet his intrusion, frantic to be joined fully with him.

Mac wrapped his arms tightly around Lily's back, fighting to keep control when everything in him wanted to push deep, to claim as only a male could claim his female. He hoped she was ready enough, ached that he might hurt her but nothing could stop him taking her.

He sank his fangs into the side of her neck as he surged forward hard. Her body tensed at the dual penetration, a startled gasp escaping her lips as he pressed through the evidence of her purity, pushed on relentlessly into her slick heat until he was buried to the very hilt.

Only then did he swallow her precious life giving fluid. Her hot blood slid down his throat, invading his body internally as her moist heat wrapped around his cock and gripped it like a velvet glove. Mac moaned, swallowing hard, holding still to give her body time to adjust to his intrusion.

He could feel Lily shaking in his arms, hear her deep cries of pleasure and knew the venom from his bite was focusing her pleasure and taking away any discomfort she might have felt as he took her innocence. He fed slowly, taking his time, finally moving his hips to slide out of her and then pushing back in.