

## Chapter 364

Mac's thrust into her body was a pleasure pain like nothing she could ever have imagined. The brief burst of pain was quickly overcome by the sheer erotic pleasure of his bite and the feeling of being stretched so full. The tightness she'd been experiencing suddenly shattered and she was floating on a wave of ecstasy, her body pulsing with each wave until she couldn't remember how to breathe.

Mac began to move, in and out, slow and torturous until she thought she would fragment at his slow pace. She knew he was being gentle with her but she didn't want gentle. She was aching again, desperate to feel the heady release she'd experienced only moments ago.

Lily wrapped her arms tightly around Mac's neck, hooked her legs around his and pushed up hard impaling herself on his body. Her mouth found his neck the moment he released his bite, her teeth scraping the chorded muscles she found there.

"More," she ground out biting at his pulse hard. "I won't break, Mac. Take me the way you want to. I can feel the tension in your body."

He surged in deep and hard and she threw her head back and screamed up to the ceiling. "Yes, more!"

He obliged her by losing all control and taking her hard and fast. He plunged into her relentlessly, recklessly and she revelled in the wildness of his claim grinding back eagerly claiming him just as frantically.

Her claws came out and she raked them down his back, crying out as he hissed and gritted his teeth pounding harder into her body with each score she put on his flesh. His eyes were black and silver, flashing sparks as he arched over her, his face a picture of male passion in all its beauty, his muscles standing rigid as he gave himself over to her completely.

Lily reared up, gripping his hair hard so she could have unobstructed access to what she wanted. Her wolf howled within her demanding she take what was theirs. He was their mate and they had to claim him to ensure no other female took him from them. He had already proven his worth, dominated the wolf in the library, and shown his strength and his ability to protect them.  
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He had taken her body, claimed her with his bite. Now it was her turn to take what belonged to her. "Mine," she cried a low growl escaping her throat as he reacted to the possession in her voice surging deep within her and allowing her to bare his neck trustingly.

"Forever, Lily mine," he answered, his eyes flashing silver and black, his body hard and unyielding against her. He ached for her claim, was desperate for her to complete their mating fully. He would accept nothing less because she was already his.

Mac ground into her hard, surged so deep she gasped loudly and then she sank her teeth into the place where his shoulder met his neck, piercing his skin, drinking down his blood as her wolf claimed her mate.

Mac roared, his cock pulsing deeply as Lily bit him. He thrust into her once, twice, three times more and then his world disintegrated and he erupted deep inside her, bathing her with his seed as she threw her head back and screamed his name into the air.  
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Her body shuddered wildly, milking his cock so tightly it bordered on pain but stayed just the right side of pleasure. She took everything from him, his seed, his heart, his very soul as he continued to pulse inside her, the pleasure lasting so long he didn't think he could bear it.

He collapsed wearily, falling onto his elbows instinctively so he didn't hurt her, his body so drained he didn't think he would be able to move for hours. He worked on trying to remember how to breathe, on trying to stop his heart from climbing out of his chest.

Mac had known they would be good together but nothing had prepared him for just how intense loving his Lily would be. Who was the winner of their little game? He had sneaking suspicion it was his beautiful mate because he would always be putty in her hands after the kind of loving she'd just given him.

"Did I hurt you?" he finally managed to get out raising his head to look down into her flushed face. Amusement danced in her eyes as well as a sleepy satisfaction which brought a smile to his face.

"I was about to ask you the same thing," Lily murmured huskily, trailing a hand down his back. "I got a little carried away with the claws there."  
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Mac started to laugh, kissing her between chuckles as he framed her face in his big hands. "God, I love you, Lily," he whispered deepening his kiss into something hot and yet tender, full of the emotions threatening to explode from his chest.

Only his Lily would worry that she had hurt him after he'd just lost control and taken her harder than he'd wanted to for her first time. She was so perfect for him it was downright scary. He could feel her smiling against his mouth and he let her up for air and lowered his forehead to hers.

"I love you too, Mac," she sighed sleepily. "I really like this lovemaking stuff. Can you give me ten minutes and then we can do it again?" She was drifting off before Mac had finished laughing.

He curled up beside her, pulling a comforter over them as he pulled her into his arms tenderly. His woman was the most amazing creature he'd ever met. He knew his life was about to be turned upside down but he'd never felt as alive as he did in that moment. He was up for the challenge of taming his wolf and of convincing her father that he had the right to do so.

Kissing Lily's hair, Mac curled his body protectively around hers and allowed himself the luxury of dozing for a little while. It would just be a little while though. He had plenty of loving to show his mate for the rest of the night.

As his eyes fluttered closed Lily's voice whispered inside his head. "So glad we can talk like this now, Mac."

His eyes opened and he stared into her face but she appeared to be sleeping. The Vârcolac had always been able to speak telepathically with anyone unlike being restricted to a mate or family bond as was the case for Weres and vampires.

It suddenly occurred to him that Lily had never once spoken with him like this though she surely must have spoken to Annie and Kallum since she'd been with the Praetorians and most certainly her father. He hadn't stopped to think now they were bonded they could speak telepathically too.

"Why did you never do so before?" He tested the strength of their new mate bond.

A sleepy giggle sounded in his head, so soft and refreshing it made him tightened his hold on his woman.

"That would have been rude, Mac. It's unfair to talk to someone this way when they can't talk back to us. Now shhh...I'm sleeping here."

Mac laughed softly, brushing his lips against Lily's forehead gently. "Sleep then, sugar, because I'll be waking you up soon to love you some more." He closed his eyes once more and let sleep claim him.

To be continued...

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