

Chapter 672

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Her wicked mouth worshipped every inch of his throbbing cock, sliding smoothly up and down in a slow rhythm that had his heart pounding so wildly he could hear the echo in his ears. Soft hands travelled up his thighs, coming to cup his heavy sacs, squeezing them in tandem with her suckling.

Dear Lord, he was ready to blow, helpless against her dual assault. She took him completely into her mouth, pressing her wet heat down until he slid down her throat and she massaged his balls firmly. Pietro roared loudly, the sinewy muscles in his neck straining as he threw his head back and exploded. She sucked and squeezed, swallowing down his essence greedily, humming with pleasure as he emptied himself into her willing mouth.

It was the most amazing thing he had ever experienced. He had heard tales before of how being in love totally changed lovemaking, how that emotional bond heightened the pleasure, made each orgasm so much more intense. He'd never believed it, always having been satisfied with his previous sexual experiences. Now he knew the truth of it. Now his climax was both a physical and emotional release, and he had eternity to lay with his wolf like this.

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Cassia crawled back up his body, one small hand stroking his semi-hard cock back to full hardness as she kissed him deeply. He could taste himself on her lips but he didn't care. It was so erotic to know that the mouth he was devouring had loved him so intimately, that allowing her to pleasure him that way had brought her as much pleasure as it had him. "You're so wicked," he chuckled against her lips.

"I'm about to get a whole load wickeder," she laughed, sitting up and pulling her shirt off in one move, freeing her breasts to his greedy gaze.

His hands rose to cup them and she slapped them away playfully. "You don't get to touch unless I give you permission. Now be a good boy and put those hands behind your head." She was rising as she spoke, snapping the button of her jeans, and slowly lowering the zipper as he obeyed her.

Lust and laughter danced in her eyes as she wiggled the denim down her hips, taking her panties with it. The bed shook precariously but she managed to keep her balance as she undressed. When she was finished, she stood above him, her heart beating a wild tattoo as she watched the naked lust in his eyes roaming over her body.

"Come here," he growled and she wagged her finger at him as she laughed again.

"This is my party, remember. We play my way or not at all."

"Seriously?" Pietro let out a pained groan, frustration building up inside. "You're killing me here, Cassia. Let me love you."

Slowly sinking to her knees, she straddled his body, pressing her wet heat against his hard length. They groaned in unison, Cassia's hands coming to rest on his chest as she teased him with her body, slow languid strokes against his cock imitating what was to come.

"I can't stand much more of this," he warned, his nostrils flaring at the heavenly aroma of her arousal. He meant it too. If she didn't slide herself onto his cock right now he would roll her over and take her hard and fast as he craved to do.

Cassia delighted in teasing him, thrilled at seeing the hint of desperation beginning to shine in his eyes. This is what he did to her, how he made her feel when he loved her so dominantly. She knew the torturous build up only heightened the sexual experience, so she continued to grind herself against his cock with deliberate movements.

A scant second before he lost all patience with her, she rose above him that tiny bit higher and slowly slid his cock into her hot core. Oh god, he felt so hard, so thick and strong within her body. It was as if this was the first time they had lain together. The feel of him filling her so completely was the most erotic thing in the world.
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Pietro kept his hands behind his head though she could tell from the corded muscles in his neck that she probably didn't have too much time left to enjoy her position of dominance. It didn't matter if he failed her demands. What mattered was that he was willing to give her this moment. That he was willing to acknowledge that though he may control their sexual play, he still respected her as his equal.

Rising slowly up and down, she enjoyed her moment, riding his body in a dance older than time, and more beautiful than the most exotic work of art. Cassia made love to her vampire with her heart, body, and soul, showing him what he meant to her, what would always be his for eternity.

He couldn't take it anymore, he just couldn't. Cassia was sheathing his cock so erotically, her breast swaying with each movement that it was inciting his blood lust to rise. He needed to taste her. He had to touch her soft skin and lick her all over before suckling her life's essence into his eager mouth.

Pietro raised his upper body up, his arms snaking around her back as his lips zeroed in on one hard nipple and he sucked it deep into his mouth, flexing his hips at the same time to drive himself in deep. He couldn't get a good angle in this position so he lifted her off him, moving to rest on his knees.