

Chapter 72

Aislinn's hand came up to his face and she traced his features. Where Aislinn's face was more human than beast Cullen's was just the opposite. His nose and mouth protruded from his face too far to make kissing as Aislinn knew it possible. She was considering how to go about it when he leaned in and licked her lips. His voice was a grumble monotone not meant for speaking, "Mmmm, I coulldn't lleet mmy betterr halif haavve all the funn," he said.

Aislinn could see the pleasure in his eyes as he began pulling at her clothes. She was amused at his impatience. He may have been big and strong in this form but he didn't have any dexterity, finger-wise. He ended up ripping her bra off when he couldn't get the clasp. From the tone of his growl she knew the he wasn't finding the clothing dilemma at all amusing. He ripped at his own shirt and then his jeans getting them off. Considering how tightly he had grown into them there really wasn't any other way.

His gaze on her was intense. Aislinn felt drawn to him in a way she couldn't express. She knew she was about to find out what he had been holding back from her before. Her body trembled with anticipation. He growled at her and she felt his voice in her mind. On your hands and knees, came the insistent, needy, order.

She looked at him in surprised confusion.

You didn't think we relied on voices in other forms did you? He growled again. On your hands and knees.

"I've still got a lot to learn," Aislinn grinned as she obediently turned away from him and knelt on the grass next to the fallen stone. She looked back over her shoulder at him as he watched her. He was growling nearly continually. A soft insistent rumble deep in his chest with each breath. His member stood out in front of him proudly. It was a good inch or more longer than he was in his human form and it was as thick as her wrist. She wiggled her butt anxiously. She wanted to feel him insider her so badly. Then she noticed the thick knot growing at the base of his shaft. That concerned her a bit. She remembered what Rissa had said. She suddenly realized that the differences here might be more than she was necessarily prepared for.

Cullen saw some doubt filter across her face, but it had gone too far for him to stop now. The most he could do was try and temper the beast. But he was afraid his wolf was going to win this time. As she wiggled deliciously in front of him he fell to his knees behind her. Reaching out he ran a clawed hand down her striped back before taking her by the spotted hip. He reached out with his other hand and held her hips still in front of him. The only thing keeping him from letting loose all his pent up need for her was the promise to his wolf that he would get what he wanted. He didn't need to rush. Cullen leaned down to take in the scent of her sex. His tongue dove into her glistening slit to lap at the juices spilling from her. She moaned and wiggled some more, trying to back herself onto his tongue.

Aislinn's growing need for him far outweighed any fear she may have felt about his massive erection or what he intended to do to her with it. She felt a beast inside her fighting against her human common sense. And she suddenly understood what he meant when he referred to his wolf. She felt his tongue driving into her. He licked the walls inside her in a way that no human tongue could possibly do. She writhed in ecstasy as he managed to bury his tongue all the way back to her cervix and continue the onslaught on her senses. She moaned again, the sound increasing in intensity. "Cullen please," she begged when he pulled his tongue out of her and began circling her clit deftly with it. "Ahh," she cried breathlessly.

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You keep making sounds like that and this is going to be much shorter than I intend, came the growl in her mind.

"mmmm," she whined and wiggled her sex against his face. She couldn't help it. He growled out loud again and sat back to regain some control. She looked back over her shoulder with a wicked grin and watched him lick her juices off his muzzle.

Her eyes flashed feral as her cat growled at him. He couldn't help but give in to that. He straightened up where he knelt behind her, grabbed hold of her hips with a strength that would leave hand print bruises on both hips. He slipped the head of his cock up and down her slit, feeling her try to push onto it, and coating the head in her slick wet heat. Aislinn fought his grip on her hips trying to push back, but he was too strong for her. He groaned his pleasure at her desire for him.

"Stop teasing," she demanded as she fought his grip.*Ŵww.ñóɿ@1wo℞m.com*

As you wish, he said to her. His claws dug into her hips and he drove himself into her. He wasn't capable of being slow or gentle at this point. Aislinn cried out as pain and pleasure seared through her as she stretched around him. Once he was completely inside her he bent over her and wrapped his arm around her while the other arm braced him so that he wouldn't put all his weight on her.. One clawed hand gripped and dug into the flesh of her breast. Her cunt rippled and gripped at his huge cock. She couldn't believe how intense it was. Suddenly he began thrusting into her. Long hard strokes. He withdrew so far he nearly pulled out then slammed back into her with furious need. Each thrust wrenched an exquisite moan from her mouth. Cullen found himself grateful to Rafe for having managed a hybrid form that allowed for such music.

Aislinn's claws dug into the ground to hold her in one place throughout the intense punishment her body was taking. She had never thought to find pain so exquisite. Between the claws, his size, and the strength of each thrust she was tortuously coming to her climax. Cullen felt her pushing back against him as her cunt squeezed and rippled against his shaft. His cock began to swell inside her, locking them together for the rest of the duration of their coupling. He growled loudly, knowing that he was nearing his limit and trying desperately to hold out for her.

After what seemed like forever he felt her body tense and the cries of pleasure she had been serenading him with changed to be louder and higher in pitch. The strange growling moans that had so intrigued him before were stronger, louder and strangely fitting coming from her now. Cullen grabbed her roughly by the shoulder. He pulled her up and back, so that she was on her knees with her back to his chest. He rammed up into her grunting with each thrust. Aislinn let out a cry of pleasure that Cullen thought must be echoing through the woods all the way to the cabin. Pushing her hair to the side he bent to place his mouth on the join between her neck and shoulder. She let her head fall to the side, anticipating his bite. Cullen gave a few final quick thrusts and bit down on her shoulder hard as he released into her. He held her there, one arm wrapped around her waist and the other around her chest. Her hands gripped the arm across her chest, holding on as he pumped into her. Her claws pierced his flesh and caused blood to drip from her fingertips. His mouth sucking at the wound he had created as he emptied his seed into her.*w@Ŵ.(n)0v©0Ŵ@℞m.c0m*

Aislinn felt a strange energy filtering up through her hands on the ground. It was as though she could feel everything. She knew how many birds and squirrels had been witness to their coupling. She could feel sadness and concern for what had happened the night before coming from the cabin. When she closed her eyes it was as though she could see everything all at once. She could feel the sunlight beating down on herself and Cullen. I can feel Cullen, she thought in awe. She could feel everything that had brought him to this point: what he had felt for her from the first day, his fight with himself ever since, how angry and hurt and worried he had been, how much he loved her. She could even feel the pleasure he was getting from making love to her. She let herself bask in his orgasm, amazed. It all soaked into her. She felt like she was swimming in his emotions. Then just as suddenly as it had all come to her it retreated back to a corner of her mind. It was still there just softer, like he was whispering to her how much he cared for her. Aislinn started breathing again. She hadn't realized that she was holding it all in.

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Cullen felt the bond take hold. Somewhere in the back of his mind he could feel Aislinn's love for him. He had been told long ago about what it felt like to bond with someone. He knew that once the bond was formed he should be able to sense her moods. That was the easy explanation. But there was more here than that. He could feel Aislinn's amazement at what was happening and the pleasure she was getting from it. But he could feel why as well. It wasn't as detailed as reading her mind. But there was more than just the surface emotions she was feeling.

Cullen let his head fall back on his shoulders. He took a long deep breath as he came back to earth. He felt his wolf retreat, sated. His wolf didn't care about the emotional side of things. He had gotten what he wanted and was pleased. Cullen wrapped his arms around her waist and drug her off onto her side as he collapsed to the ground, her bottom tucked tightly against him and her head coming to rest on his shoulder.

Aislinn felt his body change, returning to his human state, with the exception of the swollen member lodged inside her. He kissed her back of her head, amused when she tried to pull away from him to turn around. "You'll have to wait a bit," he said. He grinned as he felt her arousal at the idea that he was stuck inside her like that.

Aislinn could hear the grin that she couldn't see and feel his amusement. "So why didn't this ever happen before," she asked, cuddling back against him. There was something about the idea of his penis swollen inside her that pleased her a great deal.

Cullen felt her walls squeeze down on his shaft. He chuckled. "You keep that up it'll take longer," he warned. "I never let my wolf get that involved before," he said as if that was enough explanation.

Aislinn could feel that he had been trying to protect her. "It seems as though your wolf has retreated and you're still, well..." she wiggled against him in lieu of saying that he was stuck inside her.

He laughed and hugged her to hold her still. "Don't like it?" he asked but already knew that she liked it very much.

"I didn't say that," she said and blushed. "And you are finding this way too funny."

Cullen stopped and just lay there feeling her and finding himself more content than he had ever been. But he couldn't help the curiosity about why the bond seemed so strong. "Do druids bond when they marry or whatever?"

"Huh? I don't really know about druids. That would have been something to ask my grandmother."

Cullen instantly regretted asking. He could feel her sadness welling up. He wrapped himself around her and changed the subject. "I'm in a lot of trouble you know?"