

Chapter 17

Anaiah's POV

King Leondre grabs one of my breasts, his lips still against my skin and I feel wet between my core.

'Ah, ah,' An embarrassing moan leaves my mouth. I can feel his smirk against my soft skin.

'Baby,' He says huskily in my ear. He appears in front of me, grabbing gently and putting me on the border. I bite my bottom lips and stare at this heavenly man, as he takes me in, he doesn't smile but I see approval in his intimidating gaze. He parts my legs and dives in to suck my pussy

'Oh... my,' My breath hitches as he thrust in me with his tongue. I grab hold of his hair and concentrate on the pleasure I'm feeling. I'm breathing heavily as his thrusts are deeper, I call his name as I cum all over him. He looks up at me and kisses my lips.

'You're so delicious,' He mutters and lifts me, we share a deep kiss. I'm eager to have him in me, to bury himself in me.

'I want you,' Within seconds, he takes me to the bedroom. I don't let go until I feel the sheets against my back. He hovers over me and takes off his shirt, showing me his eight-pack. I caress his chest with my fingers and he brings them to his lips, kissing each one of the sensually. I look deep into his eyes and thank the Moon Goddess for this man, for wanting me the way he does, and for accepting me as his mate.

I chew on my lips as I appreciate him and that's it, all self-control leaves him and he crashes his lips against mine, he somehow pulls down his boxers without detaching himself from me. He enters me slowly and I hiss in pain as he is met with a block. He seals my cry with a kiss.

'Breath, love,' He instructs. I nod and close my eyes. He continues to try until he buries himself fully within my pussy. He stays still, I'm panting hard and a few tears escape my eyes.

He slowly pulls out and in, I grip his back tightly, my nails digging in his skin and I smell blood. As he moves, the pain is replaced by pleasure and slowly and shyly I rotate my hips, meeting his pace.

Our voices of pleasure fill the room as the Lycan King pounds in me like a man possessed. His lips brush against my marking spot and I moan.

'Ah! Baby,' he moans.

'More, more!' I beg and he obliges, moving in and out faster, at this point, the pack house can hear us but we don't give a damn.

'Leon,' I scream as I reach my orgasm.

He continues to thrust in me relentlessly until he releases in me with a groan. He stays in me for a long time, kissing my collarbone and then my neck. I caress the back of his hair and kiss his chest. We are panting and trying to get back to reality after our wild and passionate sex.

'I love you,' He whispers, caressing my face with his fingers. I stiffen at his words, is this a dream? Did he just say that to me? He sounded so sure. Do I love him? I don't know but my feelings for him are profound and I'm fond of him.

He accepted me when no one could, he picked me up when I was broken. While in my thoughts, I feel his breath even, he's sleeping. I kiss his nose and sleep next to him. I had a good sleep, I dreamt about my mate, and the wonderful life we'll have together.