

Chapter 53

Lola

His eyes never leave mine as I speak, holding a soft submission that sends a shiver through me. He nods slightly in understanding, and I feel the muscles beneath my touch start to ripple, growing larger and firmer with every word I speak. His stature expands, becoming taller and broader.

“I want you to look like an Alpha werewolf,”

And he listens. His chest swells and hardens beneath my fingers, his shoulders widen, and his biceps bulge against the restraints. The ropes struggle and graze against his skin to hold him back. His gasps echo around us, and a low groan escapes his lips, making heat pool between my legs.

Barely able to contain my excitement, I run my hands down from his broad shoulders to his stomach, which ripples under my touch. He has abs, but I want them larger.

“And your abs...I want them hard enough to grind on.”

There’s a sharp intake of breath from him as I say this. He shifts beneath me, causing a delicious friction that makes me bite my

lip. I watch as his once lean stomach becomes a chiseled canvas of defined muscles. The transformation is rapid but incredibly alluring, sparking an eagerness within me that's impossible to ignore.

"God, you look so I trail off, lust thick in my voice. His body has transformed into exactly what I'd asked for almost impossibly muscled and well-defined, just how I like them in my fantasies.

My hands roam freely over his impressive form, savoring the feel of him and the helpless noises he makes when my fingers graze his most sensitive areas.

With the heightened anticipation and excitement of having him exactly how I wanted, I can't help but be overwhelmed by a sense of power.

"And now the final touch..." My gaze roves over him once more before settling on his cock. It's veiny and angry and already glistening with pre-cum. Interesting. Is it turning him on to be bossed around?

Regardless, of which I will suck his cock soon enough. I just need it bigger...

"A little more here," I add, tracing a finger down his shaft. He gulps, his breath hitching when my hand brushes "Just a little..."

His erection twitches at my touch, and I see him clench his jaw—perhaps in anticipation or simply in an attempt to control his arousal. With widened eyes and a tense breath, he nods.

“As you wish,” he murmurs, his voice hoarse and filled with longing that mirrors mine.

Tension coils within me as his cock starts to grow, engorged beyond its normal size under my gentle touch. He gasps, teeth gritting as the transformation occurs. His body is straining against the restraints now, his muscles bulging and twitching, the ropes creaking under the strain.

I pull away and sit up, leaving him exposed and vulnerable in all his glorious transformation. The sight of him helplessly tied to my mattress sends a shiver of excitement across my skin, sparking a primal desire that throbs within me.

It’s time to make him cum.

I turn around so my ass and wet cunt is right above his face, just out of reach, as I grip his cock. Fuck, it’s big. I’m not sure if I will be able to take it all, but I can’t wait to try.

My lips part with anticipation, and my tongue peeks out, gliding tentatively along the underside of his shaft. His body jerks in response, a low groan rumbling from his chest as his muscles flex and strain against the restraints.

I tease him a bit more, hearing the familiar gasps escaping from his lips making me feel like ne in control.

The taste of him sharp on my tongue sends a thrill through me. Finally, I take him in my mouth, sliding down inch by inch until I reach the base. His taste is intoxicating.

His legs start to shake as he tries to lift them higher. “Fuck, Lola are you trying to kill me?”

He moans my name and pulls at his restraints helplessly, bringing an amused smile to my face. My heart thrums in my chest, buzzing with excitement and power that is intensifying with every passing second.

Meanwhile, my free hand explores his defined abs and chest, skin so firm that it feels like I’m touching a sculpture made of hot, breathing marble.

Gosh, I love being in control. I’m so wet that my arousal slowly trickles down my thighs, the sensation making me shudder with anticipation. I can feel his eyes on me, watching my wet pussy and probably wishing he could lick it.

But he can’t.

I moan at that and bob my head in rhythm with his low grunts of pleasure. The lewd noises fill the room, creating an erotic symphony that has my blood humming in my veins.

I am about to speed up my pace when I feel him harden even more in the palm of my hand, and I know he's close.

"Not yet." I sigh, pulling away and leaving him throbbing and aching for release. I cast a glance over my shoulder to see his eyes clouded with desire and frustration at the delay, but he doesn't protest, too lost in the sensations to resist.

My eyes wander down from his strained face to the bulging muscles of his chest, shiny with perspiration.

It's a sight that takes my breath away, and I find myself lowering myself onto him, teasingly grinding against his hard abs.

Caleb groans, and I evilly lift my ass and back towards his face until my wet, slick pussy is just out of reach from his mouth.

"I want you to beg." I command, looking over my shoulder to see the lust and desperation etched on his face.

He groans in protest, but strangely, he complies.

"Please..." His voice is low and pleading choked with desire.

I can tell by the tone of his voice that he's close to the edge, every muscle in his body taut with restraint.

“That’s a good boy,” I say in a low purr and back further to shamelessly straddle his face.

My hands wind up on his ridiculously large pectoral muscles, and I suck in a deep breath when his tongue eagerly meets me, lapping hungrily at my moisture. He’s attentive and relentless, exploring me with a fervor that has me reeling with pleasure.

My hips roll in rhythm with his tongue, pleasure-prickled goosebumps breaking out across my skin as a deep moan slips from my lips. His hands strain against the ropes that bind him, the veins on his arms standing out in stark relief as he strains to touch me. Every part of him is hard and ready, awaiting my command.

“Oh god,” I gasp out, breathless and on the brink of a mind-blowing orgasm. My fingers trace over his sculpted abs again, a silent appreciation for the work of art beneath me. The heat between us is unbearable, our bodies slick with sweat and arousal.

His tongue continues to work its magic on me, and I’m almost there... However, I don’t want this delicious torture to end just

“Stop,” I pant out, “It’s your turn now.”

But he doesn’t listen.

Caleb is too strong for the chains and the rope-his arms easily break free to lock me into place while he relentlessly pushes. his tongue inside of me.

He's not stopping, and I can feel myself spiraling closer to the edge.

A moan rips through me, the erotic sensation making my body shudder. The room fills with our frenzied breathing, the smell of sex heavy in the air. His hands are on my hips now, moving me closer and closer towards him.

"No... not yet," I gasp, trying to crawl away, but his grip is too strong, and there are slurping sounds as his mouth works over me in a dizzying rhythm. His tongue dips inside, then laves my clit, and I am teetering on the precipice of ecstasy.

"Caleb..." My voice trails off into a moan as my body shudders against him. "I'm going to...fuck. I'm going to...cum!"

My nails turn into claws when the pleasure grows, and I dig them into his pectoral muscles, but he doesn't seem to feel it. He continues to eat me out like I'm the most delicious dish he has had in ages, and that's when I lose all sense of control. The orgasm hits me hard, like a wave crashing over me, and I scream in pleasure, my body convulsing in his grip.

My heart feels like it will burst out of my chest as my vision blurs with the intensity of it all. My cries echo in the everything

else is dim, but a distance haze around the epicenter of our shared pleasure room.

His tongue slows down as I come back to reality, gasping for air can feel his chuckle rumble through me –

Calebs's self- satisfied grin hidden between my thighs.

He gives my dripping cunt one last lick before he lifts me off him easily, flipping us around so that now I am beneath him. panting and spent on my bed. His eyes glint dangerously as he takes in the sight of me sprawled out under him, just how he likes sated and breathless.

“Your turn,” he grins, using his powerful thighs to push mine apart and position himself between them.

“Unless you want me smaller?”

“Not a chance.”

He grins and continues what he is doing. His hardness rubs against my oversensitive slit, making me gasp at the contact. He's still rock hard, pre-cum leaking from his tip to coat my already slick folds.

With one hand, he grabs his shaft, positioning it at my entrance, while his other hand finds purchase on the bed beside my head.

He looks deeply into my eyes as if seeking permission. I nod, biting my lower lip in anticipation.

Slowly, he pushes into me, his size stretching me deliciously tight around him. The feeling is intense, and I can't help but whimper at the intrusion. Inch by agonizing inch, he fills me up until he's fully sheathed inside me.

He grunts at the sensation, his eyes closing for a moment to savor the feel of me around him. I wrap my legs around his waist, pulling him closer and eliciting a low moan from him.

"God, Lola..." he breathes out my name, his voice thick with desire. "You feel so fucking good," he admits, his words sending a rush of heat through me.

I want to respond, but all that escapes my lips are breathy moans as he begins to move within me. Each thrust is calculated. and deep, making me whimper and arch beneath him. The way he grinds into me is maddening, purposefully slow, and tantalizing.

I can't believe it, but I'm close to having a second orgasm. Everything is just so perfect. The bed creaking underneath Caleb's increased weight, my pussy stretched to its limit from his cock, and fuck, even his smell is driving me wild. The scent of Caleb, of musk and male heat, is a heady perfume that only serves to stoke the flames of my desire.

I can see his control is waning just by the way his breathing is coming out in harsh pants now. He's trying to pace himself-goodness, he's always so considerate-but I don't want slow and steady anymore.

There'll be time for that later.

"I need more, Caleb," I moan, abandoning any semblance of control. "Fuck me harder."

"As you wish," he growls, his voice deeper than usual, nearly unrecognizable.

With a sudden burst of energy, he pulls out and drives back into me, hammering into my softness with an enthusiasm that has me gasping with shock and pleasure. The bed creaks violently under the force of his thrusts, each one driving me further into the mattress as he takes what I've willingly offered.

"Yes! Like that!" I cry out, clinging onto his solid frame as though it were my lifeline. My body is on fire, every nerve ending screaming for release as he hammers into me without mercy.

Caleb doesn't hold back. He thrusts into me repeatedly, his pace relentless and punishing. The room fills with the sound of our bodies slapping together, his grunts, and my cries of pleasure

“Lola...” he groans, his voice thick as honey. His rhythm falters for a moment, then he’s back to pounding into me again. I can feel his cock twitching inside of me a clear indication that he’s close.

“Come for me, Caleb.” I plead, digging my claws into his impressive chest.

His eyes snap open at my words, filled with an intensity that leaves me breathless. With one final thrust, he buries himself deep within me. I can feel the pulsating release of his seed, and it sends a shockwave of pleasure through my body. An overwhelming force that triggers my own climax.

“Fuck!” I scream out as waves of intense satisfaction roll through me- each one more powerful than the last.

My muscles clench tightly around him, milking his orgasm as my own rips through me. I can feel every pulse, every twitch, of his length as he rides out his orgasm inside me, delivering pleasure that sends me spiraling into bliss.

That was the best orgasm I’ve ever had.