

Chapter 25

Violet

When I woke up, I immediately had the sensation of being too hot. In those few seconds it took my brain to catch up to my memory, I panicked. Reacting on instinct, I rolled to my side, throwing the heavy thing on my torso off. At the same time, I aimed a sharp kick, propelling myself up and out of the bed.

"Ow! What the fuck?"

As fast as I had attacked, my hands flew up to cover my mouth, my eyes wide in horror.

"Oh shit! I'm so sorry!"

Jasper was sitting on the floor on the opposite side of the bed, rubbing his back, a confused and dazed look on his face.

"Damn Vie, what the Hell?" He grouched.

"I... I'm sorry! I'm not use to having someone sleep in bed with me and I- I panicked and..." I stared at his grumpy face, still half-asleep, and I started giggling uncontrollably.

"This is funny to you?"

"S-sorry. I-I can't h-help it." I stuttered while giggling.

"Can't say I've ever been woken up quite like that."

Unable to talk, my giggles turned into laughter. He gave me a dirty look, only adding to my amusement. Standing up, Jasper crawled back into bed, face planting into the pillow.

"Awe. Don't be mad, please."

"No. You're mean." His voice was muffled.

I climbed in beside him, resting my head beside his. A goofy smile was still on my face.

"What would make you feel better?" I teased.

"Nothing. I am utterly heartbroken!" He said dramatically.

I giggled again, but leaned my head over to kiss his shoulder. He didn't say anything, so I gave him another kiss further up. I kept going, planting light kisses over his shoulder, his neck, and his hair. Sparks danced across my lips, turning my previous fun into a more sensual atmosphere. I kissed his ear and below his short sideburn. Then I tapped his head.

"If you don't turn over, I can't give you a proper kiss."

Jasper didn't move, and I sighed.

"Fine then."

I flopped back onto my side of the bed. As soon as my head landed on my pillow, Jasper struck. In the blink of an eye, he was on top of me, his legs pinning my arms to my sides, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

"Payback time!" He exclaimed, and then he starting tickling me. I squirmed, and writhed under him, breathless gasps and laughs coming from me. If there was one thing I didn't want him to know, it was how ticklish I was.

"Stop! Please!" I half laughed. "Jasper stop! I give, I give! You're going to make me pee!" I squealed.

"Say Uncle!"

"Uncle! Uncle!"

Laughing with me, he finally released me from the tickle torture, though he didn't move from his position. I mock glared at him, pouting.

"Now who's the mean one?"

"Awe, don't be mad." He quoted me. "What would make you feel better?"

He leaned down, hovering over me before I answered. His silver-grey eyes were shining, I could easily get lost in them. Hala purred in my head. Slowly, I raised one hand from my side, brushing some of his hair off his forehead. Our surroundings melted away; I was only focused on my mate above me right now. Jasper's gaze dropped to my lips briefly, before meeting my eyes again. I could read the unspoken question, but it didn't feel like words needed to be spoken at this moment.

Grabbing the back of his neck, I pulled him down to me, our lips meeting in a passionate kiss. Jasper was holding himself over me carefully, putting none of his weight on me, yet I could feel all of him. His scent was overpowering, drowning me, and I was happy to die like this if I had to. The sparks from our bond were stronger, radiating from my lips into my throat, down to my stomach and spreading throughout my body. The hand on his neck moved to his shoulder, down his arm, until he entwined our fingers on the bed. Out of breath, I pulled away, but Jasper's lips simply moved to my cheek, my neck, my collarbone and back up again.

He repeated the circuit three times, my breathing becoming more and more erratic with each pass. The fourth time, he went even lower, his lips grazing the top of my breast. A shiver ran through me, an unfamiliar feeling starting in my lower abdomen. Just because I was a virgin, didn't mean I was a nun; I'd masturbated plenty of times before. However, this felt different. I wasn't simply horny; I felt like I needed him. It felt like I had an itch I couldn't scratch, and I wiggled my hips under him.

"You can tell me to stop." He whispered. His voice had changed, it was rougher than I'd ever heard it before. The sound only turned me on more.

"No... No, don't stop."

Contrary to my words, he paused, looking back at my face. I had no idea what my face portrayed right then, but whatever he saw there gave him the courage to keep going. Tentatively, he brought his free hand to my waist, softly tracing his fingers over the exposed skin there. I tried to focus on my breathing as he made his way up my torso, slipping under my top. I hadn't worn a bra to bed, and now his hand was inches away...

A small gasp escaped me as Jasper cupped my breast. His hand was warm, the skin rough from years of training so hard. Bringing his lips back to mine, he took my nipple in his grasp, pinching and tugging it lightly. It was such an odd feeling, someone else doing it. Odd, but so good. His hand slid over my skin to my other breast, finding the sweet spot. I could feel he was being careful, trying not to push me too far. But I wanted more.

Releasing his hand, I pulled away from our kiss. Instantly, his hand left my skin, a worried expression taking his features. I kept our eye contact while I moved my hands to the hem of my shirt, pulling it up and over my head. Now, Jasper looked at me with a renewed heat in his eyes, his breath hitching.

"Vie..."

"I'm fine. I don't want you to stop, not yet."

"Well, if that's what my girl wants..."

He grinned, sitting up again. His eyes didn't leave mine as both his hands went to my breasts, starting to play, pinch, and arouse. Butterflies were crowding my stomach, but lower felt hot. Hotter than ever before. I didn't know how to express what I wanted, and I didn't know how to ask. Was it okay to just ask? I was new to all of this... would he think I was stupid?

"What's wrong?"

I hadn't realized I'd been biting my lip until he pulled it away from my teeth.

"Uh... How do I... Can I..." I blew out a frustrated breath. "I'm not sure how to..."

"Vie." He bent down to give me a kiss. "Is this making you uncomfortable?"

"No." Exactly the opposite actually.

"Okay. Just tell me what you're thinking." He cupped my cheek.

"I... Can I tell you what I want?" I asked quickly. I could feel my cheeks burning from embarrassment, but Jasper smiled.

"Of course. We may be mates, but I can't read your mind; You can tell me what you like, and what you don't like, and if at any point you say stop, I will. That's how this works, by communicating with each other." He caressed my face softly. "Besides that, you won't know what you like unless you try new things. All you have to do is ask."

"...Okay." I returned his smile.

"So, what do you want?"

"I want you... to use your mouth." I whispered the last part.

"As you wish, m'lady."

His words were playful, but his eyes sparked. He started out by kissing my mouth again, repeating his previous actions of slowly moving down. When he got to my breast, I closed my eyes. His tongue flicked out, licking my bud before taking it in his mouth. To my surprise, a soft moan came from my lips. This felt better than his hands. Now he was using his teeth to tug on me gently, his hot breath on my skin. Just as I was getting use to the feeling, he moved to my other breast, renewing the pleasure.

"Vie?"

"Hmmm?"

"Can I touch you?"

It took me a second to grasp his meaning, but not long to decide my answer. I wanted more of what he was making me feel.

"Yes." I breathed.

Jasper didn't let up with his mouth, just moving his hand to my shorts. His fingers slipped under the waist, and I was so grateful I'd shaved last night in the shower. When he gently ran over my clit, my hips bucked a little, my lips parting. He ran his fingers down my slit, already unbelievably wet, and I moaned again, louder than before.

"Feel good?" He mumbled against my chest.

"Yes..."

He repeated the action several times, until I spread my legs wider. It was a silent invitation to keep going, and he did. His lips had moved to my neck, kissing and sucking on a sensitive spot under my ear. My head fell to the side to give him better access. Finding my clit again, he began to rub in slow circles and my mind went hazy.

"Oh..."

His movements sped up a little, his mouth finding mine again. I continuously moaned into his mouth, his tongue slipping in and caressing mine. A small voice in my mind told me I was right to wait for this; I couldn't imagine this with anyone else. Jasper was making me come apart, slowly, but kindly, going at my speed. And I knew how excited he was, I could feel it. His excitement was rubbing against my hip through his pants.

"Can I go further?" He asked.

"Yes."

A second later, his finger slipped inside me. My lashes fluttered at the intrusion, my head tilting back. He started slow, picking up the pace in time with the sounds coming from me. He added a second finger, stretching me. It felt so good, if maybe a little awkward.

"Oh... Goddess..."

"Tell me if you want me to stop." He reminded me.

But I didn't want him to. This felt so amazing, so right. It may not have been how I imagined my first time, but did it matter? I'd promised myself to wait for my mate, for him. And I had. He was the only person in the world I wanted, the only one who could make me feel like this. And clearly, he wanted me too. So why wait any longer? I wanted to give him as much pleasure he was giving me. I was ready.

"Jasper."

He halted, my tone different from before. I smiled up at him, assuring him I was fine.

"I want more." I told him.

His eyebrows furrowed. "Vie, this is already-"

I stopped him with a kiss. "I'm ready Jasper."

"A-are you sure?"

"Yes. I want you."

Instead of eagerly jumping into it like I expected, he took several minutes searching my face, trying to find any hint that I didn't want this like I said. Finally, he leaned in to kiss my forehead.

"I'll take it slow. I promise."

"Okay."

I didn't know want to get ahead of myself, but now that we were on the same page, I let him take the lead. His fingers started moving again, faster this time. Jaspers lips were at my ear, his breath tickling.

"I need to make sure your ready babe. This is the easiest way."

"F-fine...by...me."

He chuckled, his movements increasing again. My hands gripped the bedsheets as I moaned, my hips beginning to move, trying to match his rhythm. Surprising me, Jasper moved his head down, kissing both of my breasts before moving between my legs. He never stopped his hand, but he added his tongue, rolling it over my clit while he was inside me. The combination drove me crazy, my knees bending off the bed while my head fell back. His mouth assaulted me in the best way possible, sending delicious tingles from my clit directly to my core.

"Oh, oh... Jasper... Keep going..."

He groaned against me, the sound almost animalistic. My legs began to shake, my muscles tightening. I was lost in a wave of pleasure that I hoped never ended. Helpless moans escaped me, I was completely at his mercy right now, and I loved it. I was so close... and then I did. It was better than anytime by myself before, so much more intense. It was great... and yet, I wasn't fully satisfied.

After coming down from my orgasm, I looked to see Jasper standing at the end of the bed. His shirt hit the floor. And then his pants. When he discarded his boxers, I gulped. Loudly.

"Oh."

I was sure my anxiety was clear on my face. Jasper only smiled at me, crawling back into bed.

"Still want to?" He asked.

I set my expression. I wanted him, I wanted this. Mom had prepared me a long time ago; My sex talk was more than where babies come from. She made sure I knew what to expect my first time, she gave me all the information on consent and respecting your body. Sexually transmitted diseases weren't an issue for werewolves, they didn't affect us thanks to our incredible immune systems, but she still made sure I was educated on that too. Still, I honestly never imagined my first time would be with

someone so... big. Even though Jaspers size was intimidating, I pushed my worry aside and nodded. He wouldn't hurt me, not on purpose. I trusted him.

Joining me again, he slid my bottoms off, tossing them to the floor, and positioned himself over me, kissing me slowly. I felt him rubbing against my entrance, and that alone pushed most of the nerves down. My chest moved up and down, our chests brushing against each other.

"It's going to hurt." He said. "I can't help that."

"I know."

"I'm not an expert, but I heard that breathing helps. Deep breaths."

"Okay."

"Ready?"

"Yes."

He began to push in. He only got the tip in when I winced, stopping. It wasn't so bad, but it stung a bit. Following his advice, I took a deep breath. It did help a little.

"I'm good." I whispered.

We repeated this several times. He would push, I would grimace, and he would stop. Eventually, I started to get frustrated. My insecurities were starting to get the better of me right now, and I felt angry tears brim my eyes.

"Vie?"

"I'm sorry." I groaned.

"Do you want to stop?"

"No... No. I just feel so... dumb right now. This is probably the worst for you."

His eyes softened. "This is far from the worst. I promised you I would go slow; I know it hurts. I wish it didn't hurt for you. But already, you feel amazing. I just want you to get past the pain, so I can show you the pleasure."

His words made me a thousand times better. "Okay... You can keep going."

A few tries later, I felt him hit the resistance. He must have felt it too, because he rested his forehead against mine, his hand coming up to cup my cheek again.

"Remember to breath." He whispered. And then he pushed through.

A short scream sounded, before I gulped in a breath, holding it. My eyes were squeezed shut; my hands clenched in fists above my head.

"Fuck."

"Breath Violet."

I did, taking deep breaths, letting them out against his cheek.

"I'm going to start moving; It will help the pain, okay?"

"Kay." I grunted.

The stinging was worse as he moved, my insides throbbing.

"Open your eyes Vie."

I did as he asked. Jasper was moving slowly back and forth, his hand now at the back of my neck. I whimpered slightly, and he planted a kiss on the tip of my nose.

"Focus on me babe. Just me. I'm here with you, right here..."

Jasper continued to talk to me, kissing away my silent tears. As he was talking, the pain changed. It dulled, becoming easier to bear. Now that it wasn't clouding my mind, I began to feel a little bit of pleasure.

"Oh...My..." I breathed.

"Better?"

"Mhmm.."

He grinned. The sight added to the rising enjoyment, my heart squeezing. The man above me was dazzling. My eyes travelled down his torso, mesmerized by the sight of our bodies connected as one. The sight made me even more aroused, and made it even easier for him. The more he moved inside me, the more the pain dissipated, until it was gone. All that was left was the euphoria I'd heard so much about. Jasper felt incredible inside me, filling me, even though I wasn't sure how. Part of me still thought he was too big, but our mixed breaths, quick kisses and bodies moving together were proof we fit together perfectly.

"I-it feels... good..." I whispered. "Faster. Please."

My hands clenched again as he willingly obliged my request. My body was shattering from the inside out, owned by my mate, and the way he claimed me. I gripped his shoulder, unintelligible sounds dripping from my lips. All I felt was pure bliss.

"Fuck..." Jasper groaned.

"J-jasper... Oh... fuck... hmm..."

"I love it when you say my name."

"I... I want..."

"What babe?"

"Faster... Jasper, faster." Using my grip on his shoulder, I pulled myself up, my lips at his ear. "Faster, harder. I want to feel you Jasper, I want to feel what you can give me."

My words triggered something in him. He sat up, taking my knees and bending them towards my chest. Then he started thrusting, pounding into me without mercy. My moans turned into screams, and I thanked the Goddess the walls were soundproof.

"Oh fuck!... Yes... Yes... Oh Goddess..."

My core tightened, my toes curling. My voice was raspy, breathless. When my orgasm hit, spots danced in front of vision. It was unimaginable, out of this world.

"Jasper!"

His name echoed around the room a second before he found his own release, emptying inside me. The feeling prolonged my orgasm, producing a half moan scream out of me. We were both breathing heavily when he finally pulled out of me, the stain of my virginity on the sheets. Lying beside me, my mate pulled me into his arms.

"Wow." I mumbled.

"Yeah. No kidding."

"So that's what they call sex."

"No." Jasper tilted my chin up, kissing me heartily. "That's what they call making love."