

Owned by the Alphas | The Virgin

The Virgin

Nikolai gave me everything I wanted.

Every noise I made, he made me louder, every pleasure place I knew on my body, he found, and he wasn't even inside me yet. Just his finger, just a single finger that somehow knew every single nerve that needed to be touched.

I was a writhing, panting mess beneath him, and when his mouth licked up my damp seam, I cried out, pleasure exploding inside like nothing I'd ever experienced before.

I had no idea the fire could burn so bright, the height be so high, or the edge be so sharp. It was so much more than when I touched myself, and now I knew what I had been missing: a werewolf.

I came down from the high and he smirked at me, climbing over my body. "Better?"

I scoffed; he knew it was better. He could probably smell the arousal all over me, the desire, the need for him. So there was no point denying it.

I nodded and pulled him in, kissing him, holding the side of his face as he dragged his hand over my body, which was still sensitive as hell.

Nikolai kissed my mouth with passion I had only ever read about, his tongue caressing mine, moving down my neck, over my collarbone, a place I had never considered as somewhere to draw pleasure from, but the way he tasted me had me changing my mind.

I reached down between us, wanting to feel him too. I'd never touched a man before, let alone a wolf, and if this was what set the precedent for my sex life, then I wanted to experience it all.

He growled as my hand closed around his thick length. "Tell no one," he breathed, kissing over my mouth, toying with my nipple again as I stroked him. He shuddered, and I smirked.

“I’m not meant to touch you either?” I assumed, and he shook his head.

“No.”

But he didn’t stop me, so I kept going. Nikolai suckled on my neck as I arched into him, still touching him.

I pushed him back, forcing him onto his back so I could straddle him. I looked down, letting out a nervous breath as I took in his girth.

He was huge. I had expected that, he was a werewolf, everything about him was huge, but I knew where it had to fit, and that had me breathing a little harder.

I wrapped my hand around him again, licking my lips as the tip leaked.

He watched, his chest rising and falling, his jaw clenched, his eyes narrowed. I shuffled down and put my face by his length that stood so tall and so straight, the veins pulsing against my grasp.

“I’ve never done this before,” I admitted.

“Obviously.” He smirked.

I rolled my eyes, then looked back down at him. “Tell me if I’m doing anything wrong, okay?”

He gave a single, strained nod before I wrapped my lips around him. He let out a long sigh, his eyes closing as the ball in his throat moved with a deep swallow.

I took that as a good sign and slid him to the back of my throat, sucking as I drew him back out. He groaned, his hand going to the back of my head, fisting in my hair.

I moaned as I took him back in, my stomach curling as the sounds he made had the heat in my own body growing.

I’d never understood the want to put a dick in my mouth, but now I did.

Hearing him find pleasure because of what I was doing to him made me want to keep going, made my own pussy slick. It was a revelation, and one that I intended to exploit.

I sucked, licked, and bobbed, fast then slow, caressing him with my tongue as I made my cheeks hollow to pull my lips tight around him.

His fist got tighter in my hair, the sounds of my sucking with his moaning got louder, and when the salty taste got more potent, he pulled my head back.

His dick popped from my mouth, and I looked up at him, wiping along my lips. He watched the movement with hungry eyes and I smirked, climbing back over him.

“Did you read how to do that in one of those books your mother mentioned?” he breathed, a side smile growing.

I laughed and nodded, hiding my surprise that he had even heard that conversation. “Mostly.”

Nikolai grinned and nodded, sitting up and rolling me under him. He leaned down to kiss me over my neck down to my nipple, yanking the silk down and teasing it.

Pleasure suffocated my mind as I tried to talk. Sparks flew in my nerves, igniting the embers burning low in my stomach, making my breaths stubborn through my chest.

He kissed down my body, teasing my nipples, my navel, and lower, to the bite. He dragged his tongue over it again and it had me arching, sucking in a breath, an immediate need throbbing in my core.

“It’s time, Lorelai,” he breathed against the bite, and a streak of anxiety broke through the pleasure.

I shook a little as he came over me, leaning down to press his lips against mine, soft and tender in a way that stole the nerves.

“I’m ready,” I whispered back, hugging his waist with my thighs as he brushed my hair back.

His fingers moved between us, slipping inside, teasing my clit as I moaned, writhing at the touch, letting the fire he stoked burn away the fear, burn away the hesitation.

I closed off my thoughts—my mind—to everything but what I could feel, and that was enough to have me reaching for him.

Nikolai wrapped his arm under me, gripping my shoulder from underneath as he pushed his tip against my entrance. I sucked in a breath and held his biceps, strong and tattooed, like I actually meant something, like he cared.

I knew he didn't though. I was a means to an end, a transaction, but while I was in the moment with him, I could pretend that wasn't true and sink into the fantasy of being with something so powerful, so primal, and taming him.

Making him gentle.

He grabbed my thigh with his other hand, holding it up before leaning down and kissing me. Slow and passionate, with a tongue that danced with mine. I kissed him back, meeting his lips with just as much heat.

I wanted him just as much, maybe more, and my tight core was proof of that. It was greedy for him and had me lifting my hips as he pushed into me.

Nikolai moved slow, still kissing me as I stretched to accommodate him, the burn making me tense. His fingers dug into my thigh, pressing into the bite, the sharp pleasure stealing the pain.

I gasped against the kiss, and he sank all the way in with a low groan. I cried out as a sharp pain resounded in my core, making me uncomfortably sore. I was already so stretched, and so confused.

I knew my body was in pain but his mouth was covering my skin in sweet kisses, his fingers running over my thigh, over the bite, his other hand holding me against him.

The hot skin of his body brushing the crumpled silk across my stomach, half on my breasts, had me whimpering, a tear escaping my eye. He kissed it away.

Nikolai started moving, stretching me with slow thrusts as I clenched my jaw against the burn. It felt good, but it still hurt. I was still confused.

He kissed me harder, more desperate, and I let him set the pace, relaxing a little with every stroke until my body got used to being filled.

And it was. So fucking full.

I wasn't sure when it turned from an annoying burn with a slight ache to an intense pleasure that tightened my entire body like a jack-in-the-box waiting to spring, but I welcomed it.

I pulled him tighter, moving my hips against him, panting as he went deeper and deeper, the pleasure building and building. I moaned as the pang of it in my stomach had me clawing at him.

I wanted him closer. I wanted to feel more—I needed it.

I bucked against him as he fell into me, his jaw clenched, his nostrils flaring as he moved.

And then he was the carnal beast I knew was in him, pounding against me with a desperation that had me crying out over and over. The ache it brought didn't matter, the sting didn't matter, but the tension? That was unbearable.

It was so intense, a fire that I couldn't breathe through.

I gasped as he ripped my nightie off, throwing it to the side before lifting me onto his waist, thrusting up as I wrapped my arms around his neck, my head falling back as I panted in time with his strokes.

It was all I could do to stop myself coming undone.

Nikolai filled me over and over again, replacing every sore part of my body with an unmatched pleasure that I couldn't escape until it was too much.

He pushed me back on the bed, hitting the spot so far inside me that I cried out again and again, each stroke another match to the inferno that burned through me. A blaze that consumed me just like I wanted it to.

I dug my nails in, scraping down his back as he growled, thrusting faster, my core exploding with pulse after pulse of pleasure, unraveling the tightness in my core until I was just a sweating, panting mess beneath him.

Nikolai found my mouth and kissed me, tasting my tongue with his before he let himself go, his cock throbbing out his release as my walls greedily sucked him in, clenching around him.

“Fuck!” Nikolai ground out, a burst of uncontrolled thrusts slamming against me as I held him, moaning and gasping as he finished.

Breathing hard, he held himself over me, and I stared up at him. I had expected it to be cold and awkward the entire time, me lying there with my legs open as he took something from me, but it had been anything but that.

It was still burning between us, and I knew I wasn’t the only one who felt it. The desire still swam in his eyes, and I didn’t expect it to go anytime soon, not after feeling what I felt when he was inside me.

He slipped out and lay on his back next to me, closing his eyes. I looked down at his pulsing cock, tinged with blood, some of it on the sheets, some on my thighs. Drops of evidence from what I had given him.

“Thanks,” I breathed, “for breaking the rules with me.” I turned to him, and he smirked.

“Worth it,” he said, then leaned in to break the rules again, finding my lips once more.