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I grin at Crew knowing he had a wet dream, his eyes were wide when he saw that I was staring at him. It was the morning after the full moon and I understood how his wolf felt. They are often very sensitive during full moon so I slowly slide down his legs.

His c**k is jutting out, hard and ready for action so I smiled and took him in my mouth watching his lips part in amazement. He groaned, taking ahold of my head from behind to hold me in place quickly making my p***y wet. I grinned, taking him deeper inside my mouth.

"Yeah, mate." He moaned, his head thrown back and we kept going at it until he pushed me away and drag my body over his.

I know he is almost there and he wants to spill his c*m inside of me so I let him, grinning when he touched my p***y and found it wet. His mouth went to my n****e and he sucked hard, almost taking half the breast inside his mouth while I moan like a darn rabbit in heat.

"Good girl," he hums, touching my body so reverently that I squirm.

He doesn't rush, he doesn't slam into me. His

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movements are languid as he wrings every ounce of pleasure from every corner of my body, and I've felt nothing like it before. It feels like he is way more sensual right now at the way he feels. Like it is something new.

"Now you're going to come for me, baby."

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The way Crew's fingers move, his intense stare while he plays with my pretty p***y-his words, not mine-causes everything to build. The sensations. The way the shadows play across his handsome face and chiseled shoulders.

The way they flex when he moves his arm. The

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feel of his fingertips pushing into the soft flesh of my leg. The sudden way he's sucking at my clit while lazily pushing his fingers into me. His finger grazed my asshole for a second then it disappeared. I almost screamed.

He's got the whole movement down pat. The curling and pressing rhythm. He plays my body like it's an instrument he knows inside and out.

And when the pressure winds through my hip, wrapping around the base of my spine, I grip his head and pull his face tight against my p***y, grinding against him as I topple.

"Crew!" I call out, just like I promised him I would, as I come apart.

My legs are shaking. Toes curling. The arches of my feet cramp, and his movements just continue. He doesn't stop too soon, like so many men do. He's not eager to be done with the foreplay. This isn't a chore for him, and I think that might be the sexiest thing about it. My Crew is different.

He moves around me, and I turn to check out his round muscled ass-Wranglers hold nothing to the real thing. Every part of his body is bound with strength, and not the type you get from too many hours in the gym. His muscles are real, thick and hard but not overly defined.

With one hand propped on his round shoulder, I

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reach down between us, wrapping my fingers around his throbbing length. When I notch the head of him against my entrance, we groan in unison.

It's this moment where everything feels inevitable. It's the anticipation that's almost as good as the real thing. I can feel the dome of his head, just slightly inside of me. It's going to be a tight fit, so before I let go, I run him against my wetness, swiping up and down, pressing him against my aching clit.

My eyes shoot up to his, but that's right when his hips thrust up and he's sinking into me right as I'm sliding down on him. I grip his forearms desperately. The feeling of fullness and not knowing how to respond to that comment draw my eyes back down, and we watch as my body stretches to take him.

"Look at you, mate. You take me so well," he grits out, voice sounding strained and gravelly.

I moan, feeling the way our bodies throb together. Skin on skin. My hands slide up to his shoulders as I push down the last couple of inches, taking his full length inside of me.

Crew sits up taller to press a kiss to the center of my chest, hands moving around my body to grip the globes of my ass. "f**k, you feel like heaven. So hot and tight. Just for me."

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I lift and drop down, taking his full length in one go and hissing against his cheek at the slight burn.

"Just for you," I whisper again.

Who the f**k knows what I'm doing? I'm positive that I don't. Or I don't most days. I go with the flow. I take my opportunities.

And Goddess, an opportunity has never felt this right, so I don't question it. I don't overthink it. I give myself over to it.

I pull his head up to me and kiss him like it's our last moment on earth. The energy in the small bedroom changes. What started off as rough and turned playful, has morphed into something more sensitive. But now we're more frantic.

Our hands roam. He grips my ass, lifting me and pushing me back down. My legs shake and my head tips back. His beard scrapes across my chest. His lips work my n****s. My hands tug his hair.

But we don't need to. Our bodies do the talking. Our kisses are wet, and messy, and perfectly imperfect.

"Crew," I whimper, as wet slapping noises fill the room, followed by his animalistic grunts. My t**s are bouncing.

His eyes are glassy. "I think I'm going to . . ." I trail off, hot and breathless and totally out of control.

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Utterly consumed. But he knows what I'm trying to say. He knows what I need. What I want. One hand splays over my stomach, and his fingers swipe over my bud. "Come for me, baby," he pants.

"Yes," I hissed. "Please don't stop."

"Never," is his response. And it sets me off, the surety of it striking something in me that causes an eruption.

"Crew!" I scream his name this time. I don't just call it. I let loose, and god, it feels incredible.

We're a tangle of moans and taut muscles. His fingers keep moving, but his hand lands on my shoulder and clamps me onto his body as his c**k surges, twitching and throbbing.

He spills himself inside me as he whispers my name against my lips, and there's something intensely personal about it. I'm trying to catch my breath. I told him I'd say thank you, and I want to keep all my promises to him. He's seen too many broken ones in his life.

He crushes me to him in the wake of our orgasms. It feels like he wraps his entire body around me. I nuzzle in closer, with him still inside me, damp chest against my cheek, steely arms clutching me around my back. Something felt different though.

Crew's mind was far away and I could tell by the way he was quiet when he would have teased me.

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Before I could ask, something interrupted.

A knock came on the door a few minutes later after we had caught our breaths, I quickly got down from the bed and wore the night dress I tossed away. Crew groaned but stood up and wore his boxers too then sat on the bed looking too tired to move.

Selene walked into the room with a girl I have never met before, my attention bounced from her to the girl beside her and they looked freaking similar to a frown that came between my brows. Are they sisters?

Selene is still in the dress from the night before while Crew and I have already changed much like everybody. We were too drunk to check out whether she was in the room or not but she looked alright, her stomach the way it was the last time I saw it. Just one more month to go.

She looked from Crew to me then her eyes widened and she blushed, looking solely at her bare feet. I grinned at the innocence then went closer to her feeling my pebbled n****s standing upright at the scent of her sweet and honey smell.

"What is it, Sel? Who is she?" I ask, my attention falling on the girl behind who looks too fearful to fully enter the room.

"I-I" Selene stuttered then took a deep breath and

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said. "Her name is Lilith and I found her in the woods. She is a rogue but would like to join this pack if you and Crew have no objections?"

I turned to look at Crew who stood up from the bed with furrowed brows. When Lilith saw him,

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she gaped at him just like everyone does. One can tell he was the Lycan King with the way he moves, acts and talks but they don't fear him at the same time. It is all the rumors that made him into a man he isn't.

"Where are you from Lilith?" He asked in that deep and commanding voice that made me instantly wet again.

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"From the Whispering Shadows Pack." She said, her head bowed in submission showing her neck.

He assessed her for a bit then turned to me, I nod my head, Selene did also then he said. "You can join our kingdom Lilith. Welcome to the Lycan Kingdom."



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