

## CHAPTER 144

Drake POV

I look around Langdon's house in awe. It's large, to me it's like a mansion, but he assures me that it's quite small compared to the pack house and I believe him, but it's still impressive none the less. Damien has gone to secure us all drinks and Langdon is busy showing me the 'tour' of his place, stopping tracks in the bedroom. I stare at the bed. We're definitely going to need a bigger one, if all three of us are going to share it. Langdon sees where I'm looking "I'll get a larger one" he tells me firmly, a small smile on his face "if you're anything like Damien you probably take up half of it as well."

I shrug. Truth be told, I can't wait to feel him next to me, listening to his snores as he sleeps. The big man blinks at me, and goes to turn away, when I stop him.

My hand snakes out and I grip his hand, pulling him towards me. He doesn't resist and I press my lips to his, moaning as he takes charge, plundering it, his mouth becoming rough and possessive, his hand gripping the back of my hair tightly. He delves inside and begins to dance with my tongue, his arms beginning to trail down my arms and feel beneath my shirt, my heart hammering wildly in my chest as tingles run down my body. "You taste so good" he murmurs, his hand lightly trailing across my abdomen as I suck in a breath "I think I might want to taste something else as well."

This time I gasp at the implication, but he just smirks, roughly pulling my shirt up and over my head, his eyes gazing down into mine.

"Take your pants off" he instructs, his voice hoarse, eyes full of lust and something more, something primal.

I hurry to obey, kicking them off rather awkwardly. He drinks in his fill. I'm not wearing any underwear and it's painfully obvious, my cock standing erect and hard as a rock. I blush, but he just looks at me greedily.

He goes to bend down but I stop him. I would much rather have my taste of him. I reach out with trembling hands and grip the sides of his sweatpants, gingerly pulling them down, and off, his own impressive and rather large member standing to attention in front of my wide eyes. I lick my lips in anticipation. I slowly kneel as he rips off his shirt, my eyes drifting past his taut abdomen and straight to his cock. I sniff. He smells so good. Gently, I begin to lick the tip of his cock as he stiffens, his large hands on my shoulders, gripping them tightly. He makes a strangled noise. I grin.

Slowly, inch by inch, I take him inside my mouth, loving the velvet smoothness of his cock, tasting the bitter sweetness as I begin to bob my head up and down, enjoying myself immensely. His fingers dig into my flesh, my hands gripping his waist and behind the buttocks, keeping him firmly in place, his body trembling. I move one hand to cup his balls, and increase the intensity and pressure, hearing him moan and cry out. It's like music to my ears. I don't let up, even though I wince as his fingers continue to dig in, feeling the way his body is reacting and knowing instinctively, that he's close, from the way his breathing coming in short spurts, to the way his body is stiffening.

"Stop" he says in a strangled voice.

I halt, disappointed and a bit reluctant, staring up into his eyes, which have turned pitch black.

"I'm not ready to cum just yet" he murmurs, helping me back up to my feet. I look back towards the doorway, but there's no sign of Damien just yet. I guess he had to make a trip to the liquor store, in order to get enough beers for everyone. Langdon doesn't appear to be too concerned, not just yet.

Langdon reaches down and lightly touches my cock, making it twitch in response. He licks his lips as I gulp, suddenly extremely nervous.

"Get on the bed" Langdon says quietly.

I move, my feet walking on their own, trembling in anticipation, slowly climbing onto the bed.

"Lie down" he says, walking towards me.

I lie down, face up, watching his every move. He stalks to the bedside table, rifling through its drawers and then pulling something out, I don't quite see what it is, and sitting beside me on the bed.

"Relax" he growls.

He puts something on his fingers, but stops, bending down to plant his lips on mine, before slowly kissing the nape of my neck. God, it feels incredible, turning me on, my own moans filling the air. My hands caress the back of him, my body writhing in pleasure. I almost can't keep my eyes open, but I want to look at Langdon, his gorgeous body there for me to view and appreciate. He gives a noise, almost purring in my ear.

"God, you're so damn hot right now" he mutters "just touching you is making me go wild and crazy. My wolf wants you bad. Just wait until I take you" he growls. Another nervous swallow.

He trails kisses down my body, sucking lightly on my nipples as I gasp in shock. He blows air on them, making them even more sensitive, a wicked grin on his face. My hands begin to grip the bedsheets. He continues

downwards, sometimes licking me along with his kiss, down my thighs and lower legs and then slowly, devastatingly slowly, moves upwards towards my cock. He pauses and glances at me, something indecipherable on my face.

"Relax" he orders.

I try my best, not easy when you're horny as fuck and he won't stop touching me. Christ, my whole body is tingling and feels like it's on fire. I'm in sheer heaven and we haven't even gotten to the best part! At this rate, I'm certain he's going to kill me.

I flinch as I feel something near my entrance. It doesn't hurt, was just not expected. Then Langdon gingerly and carefully pushes a finger inside of me. He begins to wiggle it as I moan. "Let's get you stretched out" he pants, his own breathing becoming quite labored and panting. I can't say a word, feeling the pleasure wash over me as he inserts a second finger and continues to gently stretch me out so that it doesn't hurt as much when he takes me. I can feel the cold lubrication on his fingers and they feel slippery and slick inside of me.

"Langdon" I moan. My body wiggles as he chuckles, enjoying my reactions to him. "Please" I choke out, "I can't take any more."

He laughs but stops, methodically pulling his fingers back out, making sure not to go too fast.

"I want you" I pant at him, trying to move, Langdon reaching out and stopping me. There's a look of concentration etched on his face as well as a possessive one. I feel him at my entrance as he moves and lines himself up, holding himself in check, but looking like he's in pain. "Are you ready for me" he grunts and I nod my head eagerly, bracing myself.

He pushes the tip in and stops as I pant. "Keep going" I cry out and he pushes a little further, being incredibly patient as I feel a slight sting of pain. He hesitates.

"More" I demand, the pain fading, "god please, just push all the way in" I moan.

He thrusts in and my head falls back, my mouth open in a scream of ecstasy as I begin to feel stuffed. It's incredible and I can feel every single inch of him. He waits and then, seeing that I'm in no pain, begins to slowly thrust back and forth. It's heaven and it's hell. It's delicious torture as he moves inside of me, holding himself above me, my legs spread wide to allow him to go even deeper.

I can't breathe; I'm in that much pleasure. All my inhibitions have fallen by the wayside, and all I can do is stare up in a haze of delirium while he increases the intensity and the pace, slamming all the way in and pulling all the way out. My legs quiver, my body trembles, I shriek his name again and again, completely lost in the throes of our love making. My heart is hammering so loudly, I'm sure it could be heard for miles, as silly as that sounds. He stops and then stares down at me, while I blink up at him in confusion.

"Get on your hands and knees" he growls and I move to obey, peering over my shoulder in uncertainty. His eyes are such a piercing black, that it takes me a moment to realize that his wolf has taken control.

Without hesitation or warning, he thrusts inside of me, hard, ramming into me as a yelp escapes my lips. This is so much different to Langdon, even at his hardest. It's raw, primal and brutal, but exhilarating at the same time. He's no longer gentle, taking me to new heights of pleasure as I rock back and forth, meeting him, feeling the power behind his thrusts. His hand slaps me on the buttock, a sharp sting that only adds to the pleasure.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god" I moan, thrusting back just as hard, my cock starting to tingle. I'm damn close, but I don't want it to end. Not when I'm having so much fun.

"You like that" Langdon, or rather his wolf growls, "good."

He goes even harder, one of his hands reaching out to grip my cock, which is painfully hard. I cry out, but his touch, despite his hard hammering of me, is gentle and firm, slowly pumping up and down, as I groan. His hand moves faster; his thrusts begin to slow but continue to be hard and waves of pleasure continue to wash over me. Fuck, I just can't take any more. It's too much, between him using his hand and thrusting away inside me. My body stiffens and with a jolt, my seed comes spilling out, all over his hand and trickling onto the bed sheets as I give a wild shout.

I feel Langdon or his wolf, move behind me, his head close to my ear and then a sharp sting as something sharp pierces my skin. It takes me a moment to realize that he's marked me as his, claimed me just like he claimed Damien. He withdraws his canines and licks the wound, licking away the blood, his own body stiffening as he cums, deep inside me, at the same time. I collapse onto the bed, panting heavily, drenched in sweat, the same as him, as he too lies beside me. To my utter surprise though, he's not panting anywhere near as hard, and merely looks as though he went for a quick run. I feel like I've run a marathon, my legs feeling like complete and utter jelly. I'm not even sure I could walk to the bathroom right now without toppling over. My muscles are stiff and sore, but I'm absolutely ecstatic at being marked and at the awesome and mind-blowing sex I just had with my mate. I feel a bit more comfortable with the dynamics of the relationship now.

I glance down at Langdon who gives me a peck on the cheek. To my astonishment, as I stare, wide eyed, I see that his huge cock is already erect again and I swallow hard. There's no way that I can take another round, not when this was my first time. My body just couldn't take it.

"Um, Langdon" I breathe, "I don't think. . ." I trail off, not sure how to phrase it.

He sees where I'm looking and smirks. "Don't worry" he grins "this time it's not for you."

Damien walks in and smirks as he looks at the both of us, not upset in the slightest over what's occurred while he's been gone. "No" he growls "I think that might just be for me this time."