

## Chapter Four

### Garrett

I'm not thinking clearly as I lead Ava up the stairs to my room. The sweet scent of her arousal fills my nostrils, and it's making me drunk with desire.

Running into her at the club was a gift, and I'm going to make tonight count.

Ava is mine, and seeing her in that sexy red dress surrounded by all those other males awoke my restless wolf. He wants me to mark her and claim her as my mate, which is just crazy.

I'm Garrett Von Fucking Horton. I don't do relationships. I certainly never planned on mating.

And yet, here she is. Listening to the sounds Ava made as she came all over my hand is enough to make me want to sink my fangs into her flesh and give her my mark for life. I should drive her home and stay away until I've come to my fucking senses, but my wolf won't let her go.

Bursting into my bedroom, I have to resist the urge to throw her down on top of the covers and rip off her clothes like an animal. My cock has been rock-hard since we shared a dance at the club, and it's digging painfully into my fly.

I need to taste my angel's sweetness and sink my erection into her soft little cunt. I need to claim every inch of her gorgeous body, but I don't want to scare her away.

I watch patiently as Ava takes in every detail of my giant king bed — the minimalist dark-wood headboard, the light-gray duvet, the plush pillows. The drab accouterments were carefully selected by our in-house designer. They aren't really me, but I suppose the effect is pleasing.

Then her gaze settles on the one thing in here I actually like — an original oil painting of the seaside. The water is a placid silvery-blue, and the sky is a deep tumultuous gray. The calm before the storm.

Once she's taken in my room and decided I'm probably not a serial killer, that smoldering look returns to her eyes, and I can't hold back any longer.

We spring together like two magnets, my hands getting lost in her long dark hair. I lay her down on my bed, dragging her dress up around her waist. She's got on a pair of black lace panties, and that little detail nearly makes me lose it in my pants like a teenager.

Everything from the way she kisses to the shy way she undid my shirt in the back of the car tells me that my sweet Ava doesn't have much experience with men, but the sexy black panties say that my mate has a naughty side.

I rip the fabric in my haste to get them off her and stare down at her delectable pussy. She's got a neat line of dark hair trailing down her center, and her blushing pink folds are dripping with need.

Ava's whole body flushes under my gaze, and for the first time, it hits me.

Ava is a virgin.

That's why her kisses seemed so tentative at first — why her pussy was like a vise around my fingers. My angel has never been with another man.

The thought floods my whole body with a territorial pride and longing.

I get to be her first. Her only. Her last. I'm going to claim her sweet virgin cunt. Then I'm going to claim her as my mate.

In the back of my mind, I know it's crazy to be having these thoughts, but I'm too drunk to care.

Spreading her soft thighs, I drop down between her legs and lick her all the way up her center. Ava's whole body quivers as I reach her most sensitive spot — the glistening pink pearl peeking out from between her delicate wet folds.

Capturing the nub between my lips, I take my time licking and sucking. My mate moans as she writhes on the bed, letting her knees fall open to give me better access to her clit.

I respond with an animalistic fervor. Ava whimpers and grinds her mound into my face, her needy little sounds making my dick almost painfully hard.

A fresh bead of cream gushes out of her, and I lap it up — savoring her sweetness.

Releasing her nub, I plant a trail of soft kisses down her folds, spreading her apart to give myself better access to her slippery pink entrance. It's not my best work — the Long Island iced teas are making me a little sloppy — but I'm determined to make her first time good.

I flick my tongue into her tight virgin hole, imagining what it's going to feel like to sink into her and pop that sweet cherry. Ava's soft moans are like music to my ears. I continue to lick and kiss and worship her until her thighs clench around my head and her cream drips onto my tongue.

I work my fingers in light circles over her clit to ease her through the orgasm. She is so wet for me. I can't wait any longer.

Reaching up, I slide the thin straps of her dress over her shoulders and tug the red silk down to her ribs. She isn't wearing a bra underneath, and her perfect round breasts spring out.

I groan and take one hard pink nipple into my mouth, sucking it hard as I knead the other with my hand. Goosebumps spring up all over Ava's skin, and I tweak her nipple between my fingers. She shrieks and trembles as I play with her tits, and I know my angel is ready.

I rip her dress off in one smooth tug and stare down at my gorgeous mate. Her long dark hair is pooled on the bed around her, her golden skin glowing in the soft lamp light.

My mind gets hazy as I undo my belt and kick off my jeans. My aching cock tents my boxer briefs, but I tear them off just as fast.

Ava's eyes go wide as she takes in my full proud length standing at attention for her. My head is purple — about to burst — and the tip is slick with precum.

"I, uh . . ." she begins, self-consciously draping an arm around herself to hide her full breasts.

"It's all for you, angel," I whisper, bending down to plant a soft kiss on her lips and gently moving her arm to the side.

"It's just . . . I-I've never —"

"I know," I whisper. "And I'm clean. I don't want anything between us when I take that sweet cherry."

Spreading her arms out on the bed, I tease her with a long kiss. Ava moans against my mouth, and the sound makes my cock twitch impatiently. She kisses me with all the passion and intensity that is burning inside my own soul, her fingers raking through my hair as she winds her legs around me.

Pulling back, Ava meets my gaze with a concerned look in her eyes. "I don't know what — what to do."

"You don't have to do anything, angel," I say, smiling down at her as I squeeze her left breast. "I'm going to take care of you. Promise."

Ava gives a shaky nod, and I feel her watching my cock with bated breath as I line myself up at her entrance. Her body tenses as I press my tip against her center, and I lean forward to plant a reassuring kiss on her temple. "Try to relax, angel. It'll only hurt for a second. I promise I'll make this good for you."

Ava gives a shaky nod and releases a slow, uneven breath. I press myself into her channel, my arms shaking with the force of my restraint. I pause when I hit her cherry, pulling back to look her in the eye.

My angel is staring up at me with a mix of anticipation and nerves, but there's also a deep trust in her eyes — heated by her own desire. I thrust past her virgin barrier, and Ava cries out in pain.

That sound feels like a dagger to the chest, but I hold her gaze and stroke her hair, whispering all sorts of things that I've never said in my life. I slide in a bit more, and she bites her lip, so I reach down to stroke her swollen clit.

I feel her open a bit more for me, and I sink in the rest of the way.

Fuck, she feels good — all wet and tight and all for me. My cock throbs insistently inside her walls, but I give her a moment to adjust to my length.

Once I feel Ava relax, I start to pump in and out. Eventually, I see the little crease between her brows ease away, and her cheeks turn a delicate shade of pink as she starts to move with me.

Her breathy moans fill the room, and my balls draw up tight to my body. I won't last much longer.

I feel the telltale tingle at the base of my spine, but I want to make every second count. Everything about this feels so right. I never want it to end.

I clench every muscle in my body, but I can't hold back. I pull out as ropes of cum shoot out of me, aiming downward and painting her belly with my seed.

Ava's whole body is flushed and glistening, and the bitter taste of venom coats the back of my tongue. Everything inside me is screaming to sink my fangs into her delicate flesh and claim her the way all shifters do — with the mating bite.

I give myself a shake to clear my head. I've had too much to drink. Ava can't really be my mate. She's human, for crying out loud.

But as I flop down on the covers and pull my angel tight against me, one word keeps ping-ponging around in my head.

Mine.