

Chapter 66

I Want You

I groan when another cramp hits me. I hold on to the chair with so much force that I don't realize when my claws pierce the leather.

Whoever said ridding out your heat alone was painful was a damn liar because this was complete torture.

I felt as if my whole body was burning from the inside out, and then there was the pain. Pain that felt like every inch of my body was being sliced.

'We need our mate,' Blue says. Her voice desperate.

'No,' I all but growl the word out.

My heat started the day before. Sebastian has been trying to reach me through our bond since the day I left. I kept my blocks up. Seeing no reason to communicate with him because he wouldn't help me with this little predicament.

'But Ren, he's the only one that can ease the pain.' Midnight whines.

They have been crying for Fang and Sebastian since the heat started. It was getting on my nerves that they had to mention him every second of

the day instead of helping me to deal with the pain in a different way. A way that didn't involve begging Sebastian to fuck us.

'You know very well he can't help us. How many times will I tell you that he said he will never sleep with us?'

'He did say that but one sniff of your scent now will be enough to make him change his mind about his stupid rule.' Blue states, pacing around in my head. Giving me a headache.

'That's manipulation and I will be damned if we do that to him. I maybe be in heat but I am not desperate.'

Why couldn't they make this easy for me? They keep calling out to Fang and I hate that. The only good thing is that my mental blocks prevent them from actually reaching him.

'But he is our mate,' Midnight whines.

'In contract.' I snarl at them 'Will you just give this fucking issue a rest? The man doesn't want us and there is nothing we can do about it.'

With those words I shut them out. Gritting my teeth against the pain, I walk slowly towards the sofa and gently lie down.

The friction from just walking was enough to send me into overdrive. My skin felt sensitive so I only had a skimpy satin night gown. My thighs were coated in my juices. My vagina feeling like an open tap.

Taking my vibrator, I spread my legs and run it through my folds. I had forgotten to pack the one back at home, so I had to buy another one. It wasn't much help and the relief only lasted for a few minutes, but it was better than repeatedly soaking my body in ice cold water which by the way didn't do a fucking thing.

I moan when the vibrator hits my clit. Sending delicious waves of pleasure. I run it one more time through my slit before plunging it inside me. My toes curl in the sofa as fantasies of Sebastian begin forming in my mind.

I imagine he's pounding into me. Over and over again bringing me closer to my climax. I physically feel his finger circling my clit while he has my nipple in his hot mouth. My hands are clutching onto him for dear life while his hardened body moves in me and on me.

We're both covered in sweat while his hardened member is slick with my juices. I moan as I continue climbing higher and higher. My body is begging for release.

I was just about to finally fall over the edge when I feel it. Someone is watching me. I quickly open my eyes in panic only to find Sebastian watching me with an unreadable expression on his face.

Shit! What the hell is he doing here? And how did he find me?

I scramble to get up. Throwing the vibrator in my rush to cover up, as if he hasn't already seen me trying to bring myself to pleasure.

"You shouldn't be here Bash," I state, getting up.

We face each other. There's something burning in his eyes. Something raw and untamed. I don't want to pay attention to it knowing that it's just his reaction to my heat.

He clears his throat. "You left with no explanation. I had to find you and make sure you're fine."

I see the struggle behind his eyes. The need to mate me. The fight for dominance between him and his wolf. I had to make him leave. Him being here especially knowing that he won't touch me wasn't making things easier for me.

"Well, I'm okay you can leave now," I tell him, folding my hands across my chest when I notice his eyes on my breasts.

He still doesn't leave though. I see him lick his lips and it nearly makes me jump him. I unfold my hands and fist them. My nails digging in my flesh, keeping me grounded.

I walk to the kitchen. "Do you want some coffee?"

"Yeah," he replies following me.

I start preparing it. Hoping that he will leave once he drinks his. I hold on to the counter and grit my teeth when a bout of pain rocks me.

"You need to leave Bash, before one of us does something that we can't take back. If you stay my heat will override your senses and you will cross that invisible line you drew. I know you don't want me and that I am not

your type, so please make this easier for me,” I honestly tell him once the pain passes.

I see his nostrils flare. His hands fisted into tight fists. He's trying to control himself, trying to keep himself in check but he is fighting a losing battle. If he doesn't leave, he is going to lose that tightly gripped control.

“Just give me a moment,” he says through clenched jaws.

He shifts. I realize he is trying to adjust himself. I ignore that little detail. Pouring his coffee into a mug, I hand it over to him. I take mine and lean against the counter.

His eyes are on mine. Even when he's drinking from his cup. His eyes keep shifting color, showing his struggle. He finishes his coffee in minutes and stands up. Making me breathe in relief.

“I'll be going now.” he says softly and I nod my head.

I slump against the counter when he turns to leave but then he stiffens. Standing still like a statue.

My brows furrow in confusion and I wonder why he isn't leaving yet.

“Sebastian?” I call him.

I see his muscles tense.

“Fuck it,” he grumbles low before turning.

In two quick strides he is before me. Taking my mouth in a scorching heat. Without breaking the kiss, he takes the cup from my hand and sets it aside.

His mouth sends pleasure down my spine. I rub myself against him, needing to feel every inch of him. I want him but I also have to make sure that this is what he wants.

I break the kiss and stare at him. Both of us breathing heavily.

“What are you doing Sebastian?” I ask him softly.

“I don’t fucking know. All I’m sure is that I want you,” he replies in a hoarse voice.

“It’s my heat affecting you. You have to step away from me or Fang will end up winning . He’s the one that wants me. Not you.”

“That’s where you’re fucking wrong. I want you and if you let me, I will ease the pain we’re both feeling right now.” he counters, running his lips on my neck making it hard for me to focus.

A moan slips past my lips before I can stop it, making him groan and thrust his already hardened cock against my stomach.

“I should be the one asking you if this is what you want Red. Because when I start, I won’t be able to stop until none of us can walk straight.”

Can I take the risk? I want him badly but I’m afraid that it’s just the influence of my heat talking. Either way what do I have to lose? We were doomed the moment I saw him watching me while I pleased myself, we

might as while enjoy the ride then forget that it ever happened when we're done.

"I want you," I tell him, making my final decision.

The moment I finish saying those words, his lips are on mine. My hands circle his neck and I press myself against him. His palms glide over to my ass before he hikes me up. I wrap my legs around him, locking my ankles behind his back.

I expected him to fuck me on the counter but he spins around and walks inside the tiny bedroom. In three short strides he reaches the bed. I groan in protest when he drops me.

I watch him as he throws his t-shirt on the floor, allowing me to see his gorgeous hard and rigid body.

His hard on bulges behind the zipper and my pussy clenches in anticipation.

A moan escapes my lips when he removes his belt before he lowers his zipper and takes out his cock.

I've never seen Sebastian when he's hard and it's truly a magnificent sight.

I bite my lips when I see his hard on. I moan when I imagine the thick, long, angry flesh inside me. I also can't help but imagine what he would taste like.

As if sensing or maybe it's the mate bond, his eyes darken at my trail of thought.

"Come here Red," he demands.

I crawl close to him until his dick is right in my face.

He strokes his cock, rubbing his thumb on his precum, spreading it over his head. He steps closer to me.

"The way you watch me makes me think you need my dick in your mouth." he's eyes flashes possessively. "Do you want a taste of my cock Red?" he groans, dragging the tip over my lips.

Fuck! Who knew Sebastian Ashford, the crème de la crème of both human and werewolf societies was dirty in the bedroom. I liked that a lot.

"Answer me." he demands.

"Yes."

I place my hands on his hips. Then suck on the head, moaning when his taste hits my mouth. He tastes salty, musky and pure sin. I lean back and lick his length, enjoying the pulse under my tongue. He threads his fingers in my hair, pulling me closer while his breathing speeds up.

I close my mouth around him. Sucking him deep and putting my hand on the root of his cock.

Squeezing him. My pussy is dripping and clenching with each swipe of my tongue. My free hand slides down my stomach to cup my core before I push two fingers inside me. Making me moan around his girth.

“Do you like those fingers on your pussy Red? Or would you rather feel me inside you?” his thumb skims over my cheek.

He pushes back a little before thrusting back inside my mouth.

“Show me that you’re dripping wet for me,” he demands in that husky voice I love.

With a tortured moan I take my fingers from my core and lift my hands to his mouth. He licks the wetness from them. Then he sucks them into his mouth, making me groan.

He wraps his arm around me. Bringing me up on my knees. He drops his mouth on mine, deep kissing me. The combination of both our tastes almost sends me over the edge. Before that can happen, he pushes me back on the bed.

“I’m hungry darling and I want to feast.”

He fully gets out of his jeans. He leans forward, his lips leaving feather-like touches as he skims from my neck, to the underside of my breast.

He flicks his tongue over my nipples. Tugging on it a little and then sucking on it before moving to the other one. I arch my back, pushing my nipple further into his mouth. He chuckles and trails lower.

I lace my fingers in his silky dark hair as he showers my body with kisses until he pushes my thighs further apart with his shoulders. His hot breath on my flesh makes me exhale heavily as he swipes his tongue, scooping up my wetness. Driving me completely insane.

My loud whimper fills the room when he slips his tongues inside me. Pushing deeper and deeper. My toes curl into the bed. His fingers slide into me, one, two, then three. I cry when I feel like I have been zapped by live wire.

“Please,” I beg “Bash please.”

“What do you want Red?” his deep voice rumbles against my clit. Sending shock waves.

“You,” I moan “I want you.”

I’m so wet, wanting my orgasm so hard. I feel my core clench and I dig my nails to the back of his head. Just a little bit more, one more swipe...

I gasp in irritation when his mouth leaves me. I snap open my eyes to see him licking my wetness from his lips, before he leans forward settling between my legs. He drags the tip of his cock over me, earning a cry of frustration from me.

“Bash,” I plead and warn at the same time.

“I know darling. But if you’re going to come, it’ll be on my dick on not on my tongue.” he enters me with just the tip and my core clenches around him. He groans above me.

Before I have time to think about how sexy his words are, he drives into me with one swift move. I cry out as my walls clamp around him and the headboard hits the wall.

Goddess, he feels good. Better than good.

I wrap my legs around him and moan when he agonizingly pulls back only to drive into me again.

“Fuck, you’re tight.”

I rake my nails over his back. Needing more.

“It’s been a while,” I gasp “Now could you please fuck me so hard I’ll feel nothing but your cock or get off me so that I can finish the job myself.”

He growls. The dominant alpha in him not liking the threat. All thoughts fly out when he grips my hips hard and slams into me so hard, I cry out. I moan when he pushes back only to have him pound into me over and over again. Thrusting in deeper and deeper.

I am hot and wet as his cock stretches me with each thrust as if claiming its territory.

I connect our mouths and we lose ourselves in the kiss. His movement speeds up, the pace pushing me to the brink. Sensing my impending orgasm, he extracts his fangs and bites down on the same spot he marked me, finally sending me over the edge. My core spasms around him, sucking him deeper like a vortex while I cry out his name.

Three strokes and then he roars above me. His cock stiffening before he spills inside me.

Our heavy breathing is the only sound in the room.

He lands on top of me. Both of us spent, trying to come back from the raw session we just had. My eyes flutter closed, feeling like myself for the first time in days, maybe years. I feel him move off me. I think that he's leaving but he surprises me when he pulls me to him. Holding me as I drift to sleep.