

Chapter 51

My scarred Luna~

Erin gasped, eyes wide, she scrambled up to her knees, hands shaking. "You felt it, right?" She asks, voice shaky. Derrick doesn't reply, instead he slowly brings his hand, slowly clasping his hand over hers. A tinge of electricity jolting through the both of them. Erin jumps back, panicked.

Her eyes begins to blur with unshed tears, she swallows harshly, every nerve in her body begging to be held by him. Her wolf was restless, incessant and most of all demanding. Demanding to be nearer to him. She slowly looks up and sees Derrick much closer than before, his eyes on hers.

"You-" he trails off, his Adam apple throttling up. Erin looks at him intently, pushing all of her emotions inside her, she looks deep into his eyes. A smile slowly making its way to her lips. She brings her hand up-to his cheeks, cradling his face in her hands, a tear falling to her cheeks.

"You-" she hiccups, the tears seeping out of her eyes.

"You are-" she doesn't get to complete her words. Derrick slots his lips against hers, silencing every train of thought in her head. Her wolf howled inside of her. It's funny how this is the first time in years she would feel her wolf this contented. This excited and happy.

Derrick leans back, his thumb wiping her tears away. "You're mine." He says before slamming his lips against hers again. She doesn't fight it, she opens her mouth, allowing him.

Never in her life did she think this would ever happen. She's always thought Liam would be it for her. When Liam broke off the mating bond, she felt half of her existence slip away with the bond. A hollow

and broken version of herald remained. It never crossed her mind that the moon hooded might make her a part of the minority to be blessed with a second mate but here she is.

She smiled into the kiss, pulling back slowly to look at him. Her mate. Her second chance.

"No crying except it's tears of joy." Derrick croaks out, clearly as affected as she is. Why wouldn't he be? He's been alone ever since the death of Cecilia years ago, resigned his fate to spending his life without a mate while watching his friends move on, everyone move on but there he was, still stuck in the past, unable to get out.

"It's tears of joy." Erin whispered after a beat. "I'm feeling so many things at once I cannot say it." She says.

"Then show me. Show me how you're feeling." This time Erin takes the lead, she slots herself between his legs, placing her lips against his. Just them, not heat brain, no lust filled brain, just two people who has been through hell and back and finally paired together. Two people who were looked down and smiled upon today.

Derrick's hand trails her skin, slowly pulling the shirt off, as they both deepened the kiss, it's slow and calm. Something they didn't have before. This time they would use to know themselves.

Erin gasped as Derrick lifts her, changing their position so she's laying on her back, her leans back, eyes on her.

He kisses her neck, a moan leaving her lips. He finally unbuttoned the shirt, his mouth leaving a trail of kisses down her chest to her stomach. Erin squirmed, eyes squeezed close.

"I want you." He whispers.

"Have me."

Derrick doesn't waste anymore time, he slowly works her open, his fingers moving down her clit. He continues to work her, having two fingers sliding in and out of her. He stops to pull of his joggers but Erin had a better idea.

She gets off the bed, allowing him lay down instead and pulls off the joggers, his cock springing up, hard, thick and veiny. Her tongue runs dry at the sight.

Derrick watched her through hooded eyes, he watches as she crawls over to him, Erin starts to press his cock inside, whimpers turning into moans.

She sinks down noted basking in the burning pleasure of being opened by his cock in this position.

"Fuck. You're going to ride me, baby?"

Erin places her hand on his chest, lower lips caught between her teeth, she nods, sinking all the way down. A high pitched loan escaped her lips at the feeling of being full.

"W-watch me." She mutters, hips stuttering just a bit.

"Always watching." He murmurs, hands gliding over her skin.

Erin swivels her hips, grinding down. Derrick's cock hitting deep inside of her. She draws out a moan, beginning to work her hips, setting a pace that leaves her and Derrick panting loudly.

"That's it, baby. That's good" Derrick says through clenched teeth. If possible, Erin gets wetter at the sound of his voice. She felt crazed with need, even in her fantasies and dreams, she's never let it get to this level. Couldn't conjure such image but here she is.

She leans up, hips stuttering, about to loose her rhythm. Derrick doesn't allow, he holds her waist, setting the pace himself. Erin moans loudly,

the sound of skin slapping echoed through the room.

"D-Derrick." She moans loudly, clenching down on him, she leans down, her face tucked beside his neck, eyes squeezed close.

"You're mine. My mate." Derrick says through clenched teeth, orgasm building up. Their scent seemed to erupt even more in that moment, mixing together unbelievably well it made Erin dizzy.

"Yours, yours, yours." Erin chants, she leans back up to look at him, their eyes filled with so much they couldn't say earlier but now.

He switches their position again so she's laying on her back while he hovered against her, their eyes stuck on each other without wavering.

Derricks hips stutters "I'm going to claim you now,"

"Claim me. Mark me as yours. Have me." She says, shutting her eyes close, reading and waiting to revive his mark. Derrick doesn't waste anymore time than they've wasted all these years. His fangs peeks out and he lowers his head to her neck, his tongue darting out to lick a stripe on her scent gland before sinking his fangs into her scent glands drawing out blood.

Finally marking her as his.

Authors note; I know how much we've been anticipating them coming together and here it is. The next chapter would be more intense so tune in. I'll be updating in some few hours again.



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