

Traded To The Lycan King

by MG Wattsons

Chapter 33

“Colette”

My body hums and my stomach is full of butterflies as Merikh kisses me, his body pressing into me from above as I snake my hands up his neck and into his hair. Our tongues tangle **in** a glorious battle for the control we both lack. I have wanted more from him, all of **him** for what feels like so damn long, and now that I am getting more from him. I fear I may die if I don't get every piece..

His hand roams to my waistline, teasing the hem of my top with his thumb before it slips under and his palm slides up my skin, teasing the bottom of my bralette. I roll my hips, trying to encourage him, making him touch me more, explore more. He smiles against my lips, and I **break** away, pressing my head back and looking up at him, making sure he is here, that he isn't going to tear away from me.

“I'm not going anywhere,” he whispers, his lips finding my ear lobe before he **kisses** my neck, slowly peppering my **skin** with his lips. **His** thumb slips under my bra, brushing over my **sensitive skin**, and I shiver under his touch, my eyes closing **as I gasp**.

His weight shifts **and** his body moves from me as he goes up on his knees and reaches down, tugging my shirt up. I arch my back, giving him the wiggle room as he pulls it up over my head. Merikh bites his lip, his green eyes flickering with hints of black **as** he drinks me in and as if moving **in slow** motion he reaches for his shirt and shucks it off in one fell swoop.

His hands fan out over my stomach, feeling my skin as he moves them up, and then he lifts the base of my bralette and shimmies it up over my head. He twists it tight, capturing my wrists as my eyes grow wide in shock and he presses them into the bed above my head.

“Better than I could **have** ever imagined.” He groans. His words make me feel sexy and wanted for the first time in my life, and I smile, happy to have pleased **him**.

Then he leans down, his mouth at my throat as he nips and kisses down to my collar bone before moving to my right breast. He captures me in pleasure with his warm mouth, drawing out a moan while

his other hand holds my **arms** still. He moves his legs one at a time between my thighs without so much as releasing me from his glorious onslaught of torture to my body

“Merikh,” I whine, needing something more, anything more than this..

He chuckles, releasing me and moving to my other breast **again**, making me whimper as I roll my hips, looking for him. I need the friction to satiate the burning growing between my legs where I know I need him. Too many times he has started something and then pulled away and that fear is heavy in my stomach,

“Mmm?” he hums, the vibration from his voice making my mouth fall open with a needy cry for more.

“I want to touch you.” I murmur, my eyes closed, my body shivering with need.

I have to feel his chest, his stomach, his back as it flexes **while** he explores me. I want to explore him. Hell, I need to learn. every sound I can elicit from him. He moves from my body, his lips finding mine as he presses down on me, untwisting my bralette from my hands and like a magnet I find his bare back, my hands running along him committing to memory every groove of muscle, every dip where he flexes and strains to hold himself back

This is my first time. My first make-**out** session, first time anyone has **touched** me like this and if I have my way, my first.. everything. I slip my hands down his back, dragging them around to the front of his pants. My fingers shake, trying to undo his belt buckle, and he reaches down stopping me.

“Colette...” His voice is a warning and a question, daring me to keep going, telling me exactly what will happen if I don’t stop. There **is a** glint of danger in his eyes, a **feral** side of him I want to see...no need to experience, and I **want** it now.

I smirk, tilting my head to the side as I use my free hand to grip his and remove it from my other. Then, without breaking eye contact. I undo his belt buckle and slide it out, tossing it to the side. His lips twitch, a flurry of excitement taking over **his** reservations, and he returns the favor, reaching down and sliding the yoga pants down and under my ass before he moves off of me and takes them with him.

Once again, his eyes scan me as he sighs, content. His deft hands finish what I had started, unbuttoning his pants as he watches me with **a** glimmer. He slides them down his legs and I bite **back a moan** when he stands, completely nude before me. Old Colette would panic now. She would hide away and close her eyes. But not the new me. Not Luna Colette.

Instead, I push myself up, inching to the edge of the bed where he stands, and I take hold of him as he shivers in my grip. Then I slide my hand down, **quick** and gently, before doing it again, faster and harder. He reaches out, playing with my breast, twisting **and** pulling until he has me in his grip

I let go of him, inching backward, my **eyes** flickering between his eyes and the part of him I am both nervous and excited for. He licks his lips like he is chasing down his prey as he crawls onto the bed, pressing my knees apart as he stares down and groans.

“I couldn’t have **dreamed up a** more beautiful sight, my little luna.” He growls. My heart **soars** at the knowledge he has dreamed of this moment like I have. Merikh then leans over me, his hand coming to my throat, making my heart race and my mind run all sorts of places from **panic to** need.

Then he drags it down, stopping between my legs as he presses his lips to mine, Merikh rubs his finger over me and my nerve endings explode, my mouth falling **open** in surprise as he chuckles and does it again. My **body** jolts in delight as I roll against him, seeking more, needing more.

“I want you,” I whisper. “I’m ready”

He tuts, shaking his head.

“Not yet. I don’t want to hurt you. I have done so much of that already.” he presses his lips to mine, his fingers moving in a pattern, more regularly.

He consumes my moans as I buck and writhe against him, looking for more as my body craves something while simultaneously feeling like I can’t handle a single moment more. Then a finger enters me and I cease breathing. His thumb circles the outside while he gently removes his finger, only to plunge it in **again** and again.

Pleasure mounts **and** I can no longer even remember how to kiss him back **as** my head presses **into** the mattress, my breathing erratic and breathy,

“Shit. Merikh. P-p-please. I am ready.”

He gently removes his **hand**, rising onto his **knees** with a pleased grin on his lips. Then he grips my hips and drags my ass flush to him. When he leans down, his full erection presses against my swollen and throbbing middle, and I can feel his blood pulsing through it. He is just as turned **on** and needy as I am.

He settles back a little, moving over me and lining us up as he presses his elbows to the side of me and kisses my

lips. **When** he pulls back, his eyes meet mine and I feel him pressing at my entrance. I thrust my hips, unable to wait a second longer, and gasp as he **glides** in. He groans, his mouth finding **mine** as he presses in slowly.

There is a slight sting, and I wince as he tears away from my lips, worry dotting his brow. My hands fly out in a panic, fearing he will stop.

“No, no, no! I am fine.” I rasp out.

He presses **in** deeper and my eyes close, relishing every second, trying to be sure I remember this moment. Once I feel his pelvis pressed to **mine**, he waits for a moment, then he draws back and slowly he does it **again**.

Each time, his movements are faster, a little harder, and I roll my hips, meeting his every thrust. He grunts, his mouth finding me as I rub my sensitive parts against him every time he pushes in fully

The fire builds, my eyes growing starry as I stutter in my breathing. My **body** feels like it is spiraling out of control as I dig **my nails** into his back, need him closer, needing something more. He pulls back, his hips still driving into me as he looks down at me, captivating me and making it impossible to **look** away from him.

He reaches down between us, using his thumb as he rubs over my little nub and I explode. My hands and feet tingle, my body convulsing against him as warmth fills me from within and I cry out. He rubs me, making me feel everything with more intensity as my vision dots

“Merikh,” I gasp. As my body finally calms down, he stops, **reaching** down **and** lifting me onto him. He doesn’t pull out of me, instead he holds me close to him on his knees and me straddling him **as** he comes down from his moment too.

He peppers me with kisses, along my neck, across my shoulder and down again to my breast, suckling on them for a moment as my head rolls back, riding the little waves of pleasure before the exhaustion settles in. Then he grips my legs, keeping me where I am as he crawls to the edge of the bed and carries me to the bathroom.

I watch in awe as He places me on the counter, grabbing a towel as he cleans me up, then himself.

“I’m going to draw us a **bath**,” he says, turning on the water and pouring in a concoction of items before he scoops me up and settles into the bath with my back pressed against his chest.

“do I need a bath?” I ask, my head falling to his shoulder, my eyes **grow** heavy.

“You are going to be sore otherwise. He whispers into my **ear.**”

“**Mmm**, Merikh?” I **ask** him, trying like hell to stay awake.

“Yeah?”

“Why didn’t you mark me?” I **ask**, feeling **a** little disheartened that he didn’t **think** to mark me. I feel his body tense **and** he releases a heavy sigh.

“Shhh, rest,” he murmurs. “We can talk about that when you wake up

It may be the exhaustion speaking, but it feels like **he** is trying to avoid the subject. Instead. I choose to relish this moment. We can **dissect** his **reasoning another** day, I suppose.