

CHAPTER 115

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115 Ava: Fate's Urging He ki*ses me again, his lips moving against mine with a hunger that consumes me. I lose myself in the taste of him, the feel of his body pressed against mine." Ava, Selene warns in my mind, her voice a distant echo. Remember what you need. I try to focus on her words, but it's hard when Lucas is ki*sing me like this, like I'm the only thing that matters in the world. His hands slide under my shirt, his calloused fingers skimming over my sensitive skin. I arch into his touch, a soft moan escaping my lips. "Lucas," I breathe, my voice barely recognizable to my own ears. "We have to stop." He pulls back, his golden eyes blazing with desire. "I know. I'm sorry. I just can't control myself around you." But his hands are still seeking, and I'm still arching into their touch. Rough fingers pull the cup of my bra low, and his thumb flicks over my nipple. I take a shaky breath, trying to clear my head. "I need 1/8 115 Ava: Fate's Urging time, Lucas. Space. I can't do this right now." But I step closer, trying to yank his shirt out of his waistband. I should push him away, remind him of the boundaries I've fought so hard to establish, but my traitorous body melts into his embrace, craving his touch like a parched flower thirsts for rain. The way my name lingers on his lips, the way he breathes it like reverent prayer against my ears as his fingers continue to tug and twist in a sensual dance against my breast? I'm lost. Drowning beneath. sensation. The very core of me throbs with a need so basic, so simple, and so consuming. "Lucas," I whisper, my voice a breathless plea. "We can't..." But even as the words leave my lips, I'm pulling him closer, my fingers tangling in his dark hair, my mouth seeking his with a desperation that frightens me. He meets me halfway, his ki*s searing and possessive, claiming me as his own. The bond between us has flared to life, a pulsing, living 2/8 115 Ava: Fate's Urging thing that demands to be acknowledged. It's a force beyond our control, a need that overrides all reason and logic. At this moment, we're not Ava and Lucas, two individuals with complicated pasts and uncertain futures. We're simply two halves of a whole, drawn together by a power greater than ourselves. His hands, strong and sure, squeeze both breasts in a way that drags a moan out of me. His answering growl sends another throbbing pulse of desire straight to my clit in a way that has my thighs clenching. Sliding his hands down my ribs, he settles them against my hips and walks me backward, guiding me until I feel the edge of the hospital bed pressing against the backs of my thighs. Selene's saying something, but I don't pay any attention. She's probably telling me to stop, and there's no way I can. The way Lucas' eyes flash and glow, I can tell his wolf is here with us, part of the moment. When I fall back onto the bed, he kneels between my legs. It takes only moments for him to unbutton my jeans 115 Ava: Fate's Urging and yank them over my hips and down my legs, tossing them somewhere behind him to land in a haphazard pile on the floor. Something about that smooth motion drives me mad. My heart races as I take in the hunger in his golden eyes. He looks at me like I'm the most precious thing in the world, like he would lay down his life to protect me. It's a heady feeling, one that makes me feel cherished and desired in a way I've never experienced before. He trails ki*s along my legs, drifting toward my inner thighs, and my hips buck in frustration, seeking more. More friction, more heat, more touch, more. My panties have disappeared with my jeans and his mouth settles there, right at the core of me, in the most intimate ki*s. "Please," I beg, gripping his hair with such force that my knuckles ache. "More." No matter how I try to shove my hips forward, his hands hold me down, both wrapped around my thighs as he feasts on the warmth of me, on the wetness I can feel. 115 Ava: Fate's Urging f@ck. I'm going crazy as his tongue show

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es inside, as his teeth scr@pe against my clit, as he sucks and nibbles and licks and loves at different moments, driving what little thought I have straight out of my brain. My first orgasm catches me by surprise, having gone from a dark throb to over the cliff without warning, and I gasp and buck beneath his hands. "That's it, baby. Just like that." His growls, the approval in his words, sends fresh desire through my veins. One isn't enough. Not even close. Before I can whine or beg, he shifts position, ki*sing his way up my belly as one of his hands settles between my thighs. His middle finger sinks inside, accompanying stars behind my eyelids as I moan and writhe beneath his touch. "More," I beg, and that animalistic growl that comes out of his throat tells me that his wolf likes my submission. Another finger. The stretch burns and I shove my hips 15:33 5/8 115 Ava: Fate's Urging toward his hand eagerly as he thrusts, his rhythm too slow. Too gentle. "More," I insist, as another finger slides in. "You like that, love?" he asks, his words hot against my ear, sending shivers through my body. I nod, frantic as I grab onto his shoulders and try to ride his hand. "Please, Lucas, I need more." My body burns with need, with urgency. Our bond screams between us, ecstatic and frustrated in turn. "More fingers?" he asks, and his fourth slides in with a little more difficulty, stretching me as he flexes and spreads them inside, never stopping his thrusts. "Faster," I pant, trying to keep my lungs filled with air. It's impossible. It's too hard to breathe and enjoy this at the same time. "As you wish," he murmurs, and but his hand disappears from between my thighs. Aching, sore, and wanting, I struggle onto my to stare at him in disbelief. "Why did you-" Oh. Oh elbows 115 Ava: Fato's Urging Those strong hands unbuttoning his pants? That's s@xy. Arousal slams home, crashing straight into my core as he unzips, the full length of him springing free from the confines of his jeans. "Ava," he grits out, even as he steps between my legs once again, falling onto his hands above me. "This is your chance to tell me to stop." I shake my head, opening my legs wider. Didn't I ask for space? I did. But that deep part of me, that instinctual bond that begs for him, won't let me out of its clutches. I need him like I need the air I breathe. "Hurry up, alpha," I murmur, wrapping both arms around his neck. "I need you inside." "f@ck," he mutters, grabbing both legs and yanking me closer. The hospital bed isn't at the best height, so my hips lift off the bed as he settles the warm head of his cock against the core of me.e