

CHAPTER 40

40 Ava: Make Your Decision Selene's words echo in my mind for a long time. 41 Ava: Virgin Heat (1) 41 Ava: Virgin Heat (1) I brace myself against the slick tiles, my chest heaving with harsh, ragged breaths as Clayton's eyes blaze into mine. The heat between us is a living, breathing thing, a palpable force that crackles in the air like an electric current. "Clayton," I manage, my voice a breathless rasp. "We need to... call the guards." My words would probably have a little more punch if I wasn't still working my fingers between my thighs. His eyes fall from my face to my hands, and he steps forward. A thrill rushes through me, and I spread my legs a little farther. "The guards," I prompt, even as I bring myself to yet another orgasm, panting as my face flushes with its heat. I want his fingers, not mine. I want his tongue, not his fingers. I want his cock, not his tongue. I want... 14:50 1177 41 Ava: Virgin Heat (1) f@ck, I can't handle this. His nostrils flare at the sound of my voice, his jaw clenching as a muscle ticks in his chiseled cheek. I can see the war raging within him, the primal alpha instincts battling against his ironclad control. "Ava," he growls, and the sound of my name on his lips sends a fresh wave of desire crashing through me. I whimper, my thighs clenching tight as I struggle to stay standing. Clayton's eyes zero in on the motion, darkening to smoky jade as a low rumble builds in his chest. He takes a step forward, his movements slow and deliberate, like a predator stalking its prey. "You're playing with fire, little one," he warns, his voice a low, gravelly purr that sends shivers racing down my spine. "I can smell your need from here. It's taking everything I have not to take you right now." A whine escapes me at his words, my body arching helplessly towards him. The heat is a living inferno now, an all-consuming blaze that threatens to reduce me to ashes if I don't find release soon. "Please," I beg, the word torn from my lips in a 14:50 217 41 Ava: Virgin Heat (1) desperate, keening cry. "I need..." I can't bring myself to say it, to voice the craving that consumes me from the inside out. But Clayton seems to understand, his eyes glittering with a feral light as he takes another step forward. "You need your alpha," he finishes, his tone a dark promise that has my core clenching with fresh need. "You need to be claimed, don't you, little one? Filled and bred until that delicious heat of yours is sated at last." A broken moan spills from my lips as images explode behind my eyes—Clayton pinning me down, spearing into me over and over as he takes me with brutal, claiming force. His knot swelling inside me, locking us together as he floods me with his seed, branding me as his mate from the inside out. It's everything my body craves, everything this maddening heat demands. But some small, rational part of me knows that it isn't right, that Clayton isn't my fated mate, no matter how badly my instincts are screaming for me to let him claim me. No claiming. 3/7 41 Ava: Virgin Heat (1) Just s@x. Just relief from all this. But- "Guards," I force out, my voice cracking with strain. "We need... the guards." I'm trying to maintain rationality, and yet I hold out my hand, beckoning him closer. A low, rumbling snarl builds in Clayton's chest as he prowls closer, his eyes blazing like twin emerald flames. "No guards, little one," he counters, his tone laced with steel. "Just you... and me." He closes the distance between us in two long strides, his hands slamming against the tile on either side of my head as he cages me in. I can feel the scorching heat of his body, can smell the heady, musky scent of his arousal mingling with mine in the steamy air. He's soaked from the water, and I struggle with the urge to lick every drop off his skin. "Let me take care of you, Ava," he murmurs, his breath fanning hot across my lips. "Let me claim what's mine." His mouth crashes down on mine, swallowing my whimper of unrice as he kinnon me with a murarica na ha 14:56 foracious 417 41 Ava: Virgin Heat (1) all-consuming hunger. His tongue plunges past my lips, stroking against mine in a blatant possession that has me arching into him with a desperate mewl. I'm drowning in the taste of him, in the blazing heat of his ki*s and the hard planes of his body pressed against mine. My fingers tangle in his hair, clutching him closer as the fire rages hotter, burning away the last vestiges of my control. One of his hands curls into my hair, yanking my head back as he plunders my mouth. The other slides down, pressing against my lower abdomen in a way that makes my hips buck. He slides one jean-clad leg between mine, and I grind down immediately, groaning at the feel of rough, wet denim against my core. The friction is maddeningly delicious and I can't quite get the angle for my clit, frustrating me to no end. But his fingers dive there, twisting, pinching, rubbing in turns until I'm writhing and riding his leg in a way I never knew I could, exploding from that little touch alone. "You're perfect," he whispers, biting at my lips. "f@ck. 14:50 5/7 41 Avar Virgin Heat (1) We need—the bed. We need to get to the bed." But we don't move anywhere as his fingers take the place of his leg. They plunge inside without any foreplay, and pain blossoms into the greatest pleasure. f@ck. f@ck me. Oh, my God. There's nothing gentle about his movements as his fingers curl, abusing that spot just inside that I can never touch quite right. I think I might be screaming, because I can't handle the pleasure. A part of me knows that this is wrong, that I shouldn't be letting this happen. But that voice is a mere whisper against the roar of instinct, against the primal cravings that consume me from the inside out. All I can think about is how badly I need this, how badly I need my alpha to claim me and sate this maddening blaze. Clayton's tongue strokes against mine in a heated promise, and I shudder against him with a low, keening moan, bucking my hips against his < 41 Ava: Virgin Heat (1) hand as I beg for more. Mine. He'll be mine, if only for this moment. 66 Hello, lovely readers. Future chapters will be locked from here on out! So if you're interested in Ava and her journey to find herself (it's there in the plot somewhere between all the smoo smooth), or if you shamelessly are just here for the spice (TOTALLY OKAY, girl, I get Lenaleia Creator's Thought Comment 12 She sighs. It was a consideration, she says, and leaves it at that. For the first time, I think I'm truly grateful that I was a defect. If I'd had Selene—if I'd gone into heat like this in the pack... The life I would lead makes me shudder. Thankfully, thinking about it helps with the symptoms of heat, too. Nothing like an instant turn-off even in the face of Lycan reproductive urges. Wait a second. Why aren't you affected by my heat, if it's because of the Lycan part of me? Selene's silence has me narrowing my eyes at the empty air. Selene! I am not as young or as inexperienced as you, child. A heat does not overcome me in that way. So, I'm young and inexperienced, and therefore I 14:50 110 40 Ava: Make Your Decision become a slutty ball of desire when I go through heat? Not fair. Be careful, Selene says out of nowhere. I look around, but I'm alone. My heat isn't out of control. What? He's going to come through the window. Your guards are unaware. Shit. What do I do? I need to tell the nurse. Mating with an alpha would help your heat. You can do it without a claiming, if you want. You don't have to be fully mated just because you mate once or twice. Um. What?! I wish Selene was here so I could stare at her. I thought you didn't want me to mate with Clayton. He's not our fated. Selene huffs. You can mate with whoever you choose. I don't think you need to be loyal to a fate who didn't recognize what he had. I just think you should choose 2/10 40 Ava: Make Your Decision it when you're more clear-minded." Oh. I guess that makes sense. But do I want that? Clayton has been nothing but kind and respectful. He's provided me with care in the form of an entire hospital. Even now, with my heat driving us both to the brink of insanity, he's doing everything in his power to protect me. Guards stand outside my door, ready to intervene if he loses control. He's prioritizing my safety and well-being, even at the cost of his own comfort. It's a stark contrast to Lucas. Lucas, who rejected me so callously after our moment in the garden. Lucas, who made mé feel like I was nothing. Lucas, who shattered my heart and left me questioning my own worth. And yet... Lucas has been trying to make amends, hasn't he? The notes, the apologies, the meals left at my door. Is it possible that he regrets his actions? That he wants to 14:50 3.10 40 Ava: Make Your Decision atone for the pain he caused me? I don't know what to think anymore. My heart yearns for Lucas, for the connection we shared, for the way he made me feel alive and whole. But my mind reminds me of the agony that followed, of the shame and humiliation I endured in the aftermath of his rejection. It would be so easy to give in to the temptation, to give in to my heat and do what my body's urging me to do. To mate with a near-stranger. To let Clayton soothe the desperate, aching need that courses through my veins. But is that what I truly want? Or is it just the heat talking, clouding my judgment and obscuring the deeper truths of my heart? I don't know. I don't know what to do. I don't have to be bound by fate or by the expectations of others. I can choose my own path, my own destiny. But now that I have a choice, it feels impossible to make it. 40 Ava: Make Your Decision' You need to make a choice, Ava. Alert your nurses or choose Clayton. Hurry. He's almost there. If you can't make a decision, your heat will make it for you. I grit my teeth, bracing myself against the frigid tiles of the shower stall. The icy water cascades over my body, but it does nothing to quell the searing flames that lick at my insides. I'm already struggling to think, going in circles, and I can't leave the water to warn the nursing station of what's about to come through my window. I can't do this. Why does this stupid heat come on so can't do this. Why suddenly? The alpha brings it out, Selene says. He's almost there. Choose, Ava! A tremor wracks my frame as another wave of heat crashes over me, scorching every inch of my skin. I feel like I'm being consumed from the inside out, my body a raging inferno that no amount of water can douse. Focus on my voice, Selene says, her tone steady and reassuring. Breathe through it. Don't let the heat overwhelm you. 5/10 40 Ava: Make Your Decision I suck in a ragged breath, trying to ground myself in Selene's words. But it's a losing battle. The fire within me rages on, unrelenting, unforgiving. Desire thunders through me, painful in its insistence of release. My body craves it, craves the touch of my alpha, craves a claiming that will sate this all-consuming need. I press my forehead against the cool tiles, willing the chill to seep into my scorched skin. But it's no use. The heat is unrelenting, a raging inferno that burns hotter with every passing second. Lucas, I whimper, my mind conjuring his image unbidden. I need... I can almost feel his hands on me, his touch like a brand against my feverish flesh. The memory of our encounter in the garden flashes !WwW.n0v(©)W0Rm.C0m

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rough my mind, vivid and torturous. The way he held me, the way he ki*sed me, the way he made me feel like I was the only thing that mattered in the world. A desperate, keening sound escapes my lips as the need intensifies, coiling tight in my core. I crave his touch, his scent, his claiming. Every fiber of my being 40 Ava: Make Your Decision yearns for him, craves the completion that only he can provide. But he isn't here. My hands slide down my body, my fingers diving between my legs. There. It throbs. Ava, listen to me, Selene's voice cuts through the haze of desire, sharp and insistent. You have to fight this. This is your last chance. But her words are lost in the maelstrom of want that consumes me. I'm drowning in it, suffocating under the weight of this primal need. The moment I touch my clit, I explode beneath the water with a harsh cry. My legs tremble. It's hard to continue standing. I weep beneath the spray of water, unable to fight anymore. The heat has consumed me, burned away every last shred of resistance until all that remains is an insatiable, primal need. My fingers work furiously between my legs, seeking a relief that remains ever elusive, each wave of pleasure crashing over me only to be swept away by the next 7/10 40 Ava: Make Your Decision punishing surge of desire. Selene's voice echoes in my mind, but her words are garbled, lost in the haze of lust that clouds my every thought. I can't focus on anything except the aching emptiness inside me, the desperate yearning for a claiming that will finally quench these scorching flames. Ava, you have to try. Don't give in. But I'm powerless against the force of my heat, against the instincts that demand to be sated. My hips rock against my hand, chasing that elusive release, that fleeting moment of reprieve before the inferno rages anew. The water does nothing to cool my fevered skin. If anything, it seems to stoke the flames higher, every droplet a torturous caress that sends fresh waves of want spiraling through me. I'm drowning in it, suffocating beneath the weight of this all-consuming need. Lucas... His name is a breathless plea on my lips, a desperate invocation for the one my body craves above all else. I can almost feel him here, almost taste 8.10 40 Ava: Make Your Decision the heat of his skin, the salt of his sweat. Almost feel the hard planes of his body against me, pinning me, claiming me as his own. A ragged sob tears from my throat as another climax washes over me, as hollow and unsatisfying as the ones before it. The pleasure is fleeting, a mere ripple against the tidal wave of desire that batters me relentlessly. He's here, Selene warns, her voice cutting through the fog. I sag against the tiles, boneless and trembling, my fingers still buried deep as the aftershocks roll through me. But even as the last vestiges of my orgasm fade, the heat flares brighter, hotter, more insistent than ever. It's never going to end. A low, rumbling growl reaches my ears, cutting through the haze of lust like a bolt of lightning. My head snaps up, my gaze locking onto the figure stepping into the bathroom, his eyes blazing with a feral hunger that mirrors my own. Clayton. 9/10 40 Ava: Make Your Decision He's here, just like Selene said. And he's already shirtless, his bronzed skin glistening with sweat, the hard planes of his abdomen rippling with each harsh breath he takes. Our eyes meet, and the world seems to grind to a halt. Comment 4

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