

CHAPTER 41

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 *yww(w).nðveLwo(r)mm.coM*

Updates...

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ou, 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 smoot smoot), or if you shamelessly are just here for the spice (TOTALLY OKAY, girl, I get Lenaleia Creator's Thought Comment 12

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