

CHAPTER 42

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de is worth every bit of it. I can feel his teeth, but there's something different. Shit. Wait. "No, Clayton, you can't-" But he bites hard, his fangs piercing my skin, and I scream. I scream in a pain worse than anything I've ever felt before. It feels like my entire body is tearing apart. I scream in pleasure that has my entire body exploding beneath him. For a second, I can feel Clayton in my mind, forceful and demanding. His wolf growls at Selene, demanding that she submit. 14:57 YE 42 Ava: Virgin Heat (11) I beg for more. "Please, please, harder," I whimper, grabbing his hair and shoving him further into my neck. It's brutal. This isn't the romantic stories I've heard of a claiming between mates. This is something primal and terrible. I can hear Selene snarling and fighting their presence in my mind. My mind and body are dominated by Clayton's brutal pace. I realize that I'm still screaming. I can feel his knot swelling, locking him inside of me. Clayton's voice in my mind whispers mate, demanding me to acknowledge. Selene and his wolf are snapping at each other. My mind is overcome with the cacophony as my body just- Goes. And goes. And goes. Orgasm. Release. Tighten again. Orgasm again. Release the tension, only to coil right back up. Clayton's chanting, "Mine, mine, my mate, mine," against my neck. biting again and again. Pain every 14:57 5:6 42 Ava: Virgin Heat (II) time, and pleasure that sends me to the moon. I can sense his anger and frustration when I don't accept him, don't call him my mate. Every bite is another claiming bite, and I know my neck is going to be scarred. He yanks my head back farther, and I beg for more. "I'm your mate," he says on a snarl that changes his face entirely. I say nothing, but I shove his face back into my neck. Every bite is delicious torture, and I never want it to end. "Harder," I demand, and he does. It's a punishment that he forces on me, and I grind down on the knot that's swollen right at my entrance, on the pleasure that sparks with every movement. "I'm going to breed you, mate," he growls against my neck, and f@ck, yes, please do. Please breed me. I arch my hips. "Clayton, please-" He's slamming into me so hard that I'm bruised, and 42 Ava: Virgin Heat (1) it's not enough. Not until he comes with a roar, and my core tightens around him to milk every last drop as he bites me again, so hard that I think for a second he's gone too far. But his rough tongue licks at my neck, and I know he's wounded and healed me more times than I can possibly count. The scars are going to be atrocious. He takes a moment to breathe, and I relax against him, closing my eyes. I don't open them when he turns off the water-I'd barely even noticed it-and carries me to the bed, staying inside of me. He's gentle as he lays with me, tossing a blanket over me. I kick it off, and he groans, bucking his hips into mine. "Shit. You need to stop moving before we go for round two." Then he wraps his arms around me and pulls me close. "I'm so sorry, Ava."

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