

CHAPTER SIX— A TORTUROUS DESIRE

Celeste woke up, wholly covered in sweat. Her body, her clothes, the sheets, every single thing was wet. The breeze that floated inside through the windows was cool, yet she felt as though she was living in a furnace.

Her skin burnt, but nothing could equate to the heat between her legs. It felt as though she was standing over high, blue flames that licked at her thighs, and at her most private possession.

In the pit of her stomach was a need, a certain desperation that called for Zillon, for his touch, for his warmth...

But every time she moved to go to him, the heat between her legs would increase.

She felt as if she should touch it, or rather he should, and somehow she couldn't come to understand that feeling at all.

Twisting on the bed, Celeste trembled when the heat augmented again, it was painful, so much so that she now felt the need to cry, to scream...

But with willpower, she withheld, and continued to

twist and turn, desperately hoping Zillon would come to her aid.

Hours passed and not a sign of him Celeste saw. She felt like she was dying now, even the touch of her clothes scorched her skin which was why she had torn them off. Tears now ran down her cheeks, and little grunts floated from her lips, especially when the sheets brushed against her hard nipple.

She didn't understand the sensation she got from it, but she could feel as something wet soaked the panties she wore, feel as it drained like water down her thighs. The nub between her warmth wouldn't stop convulsing. It was begging for something, something that her instincts told her she probably couldn't fulfill.

There was this feeling, or rather this voice in her head telling her to slide her panty aside and touch herself, to twirl her nipples with her finger and squeeze them until they softened. But should she?

Wasn't that wrong?

Twisting in what seemed to be desperation, she shook her head. Other girl's from her class boldly said they did, why couldn't she?

Slipping her panty aside, she finally decided to give in

to the need that bothered her. Perhaps if she touched it, did just what her body wanted, this torture would end.

Her fingers found her convulsing clit first, and as soon as she touched it, her legs shook and pleasure like no other coursed through her veins.

A scream, a gut wrenching scream left her lips when she twirled her finger...the pleasure was too much, but even as she touched herself, the heat rose.

Sweat still floated down her neck and between her beautiful fully ripened breast. The need, the crave for her alpha, for Zillon was still embedded in the pit of her stomach. Perhaps he was the one who should be doing this, perhaps only his touch could stop this since it seemed like hers couldn't. 1

No matter how hard she rubbed, no matter how much pleasure ran through her, she still felt like she was chasing something she can't possibly reach, and more tears drained from her eyes as she shrivelled up, deeply buried in torment. 1

More hours passed, and the flames within her had ignited to a point where she couldn't stop screaming, stop twisting, stop turning. She couldn't smell the fresh scent of Zillon, couldn't hear his voice, or any

other sound but her grunts, her screams.

Soon, night came down, and she became even more restless. She didn't know what was happening to her, and her mate wasn't even here to help, to t—

The sound of the front door slamming open greeted her ears, and the scent of her alpha flooded her nostrils. Wood, lotus flower, but there was something that tainted it...

The scent of mint leaves that smelled so similar to hers...her sister.

Celeste wasn't sure how she did it, but she weakly staggered out of bed, and despite the potent heat that ran through her body, she walked through her door and padded downstairs. ①

As she walked, his scent got stronger, making her legs even more shakier. Her eyes searched for him, and as soon as they found him, more slick pooled down her legs, and the heat rose an octave.

She grunted, leaning against the wall so she could keep herself up. "Please...I...I..."

Zillon's eyes shifted to orange, and then back to black, then orange again. His steps were steady when he walked over to her, and his hands that came

forward to cage her seemed sturdy as well.

He sniffed the air, his eyes fixated on her naked form as he did so. "F*ck! You smell so good, the sweat, the slick...even your tears smell like heaven."

One of his hands fell from the wall, groping her ridiculously stiff breast. "Smooth, perfect..."

Celeste moaned desperately at his touch, arching her back, leaning even closer to him. "Please Zillon, please..."

Zillon, or rather his wolf chuckled. "What are you begging for, Kitten?"

Celeste shook her head, almost crumbling even though she was leant against the wall. "I...I don't...I don't know."

"What if I told you that I know just what you're begging for? That I could give it to you, would you believe?" 2

Celeste nodded, her weak shaky hands gripping his shirt as she tried to pull him closer. "Gi...give it to me, please."

"Are you sure?"

Celeste nodded again. "Please..."

Without further questioning, his other hand fell from against the wall as he buried his head between her neck. His hand, the now free one crept like a spider up her thighs, then lodge itself between just what her panty was trying to protect. 1

Celeste screamed out, her hands gripping his shirt tighter as pleasure ran straight through her.

"Feels good?"

She nodded, being as honest as she could. It seemed that it was really him that could stop whatever it was that was happening to her, every single place he touched was free of scorch except for the warmth between her legs. Perhaps he needed to touch her more, perhaps he needed more access.

Spreading her legs a little, she moaned. "Please...I want...I want more."

The beast raised his head to look at her, a smirk on his lips. "I know kitten, but the only way it'd go away is if I f*ck you into oblivion, do you want that?"

Celeste nodded dumbly, clumsily, not quite hearing or understanding his words. She was in desperation, she was in desperate need of him, how could she focus on anything else but his touch?

+20 BONUS

"Alright then, Kitte—"

"Zillon!"

Both Zillon and Celeste turned in the direction of the door, spotting Celia standing right between it.



Gaydar Author

"*A/N// And Celia made a grand entrance. Grand entrance my ass, this b*tch interrupted an intimate moment between my babies. Why won't she get a damn life?*

Anyways, what do you think about this chapter?

As the author, I deserve to know.

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👍 64

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