

Buried in her whole night

Evelyn's POV.

I was angry. Very, very angry. How could Dylan forget to wish me on our anniversary? He left before I woke up and didn't bother to call me throughout the whole day. Yeah, I could call him, but why should I? He was the one who left early, and he didn't get me any gifts.

Was he seeing someone else cheating on me? My heart thumped louder in my chest with the thought. No, he could not cheat on me. He was my fated mate, and he loved me, I know.

But I couldn't help but feel insecure when he stopped giving me attention. My husband was so fuc.ing handsome that every girl wanted him.

I couldn't be with him 24/7 to protect my handsome husband from the evil eye of every she-wolf.

I knew I was behaving like a jealous and possessive wife, but I couldn't help it. I was lost in my thoughts when I smelled the most enchanting scent of my mate. I knew instantly when he arrived.

My body reacted to recognize his scent. But I was not going to give in so easily. I would not forgive him for leaving me alone in our bed.

I turned to see him smiling at me and, Goddess, I was really going to lose my resistance the next moment after seeing his so sexy smile. I couldn't control myself when he was around.

I faked anger, and he tried to please me. He gave me a gift when I opened it and saw that it had a red halter neck mini dress. I was so surprised because, after our marriage, I was not allowed to wear any short dress or mini-dress. My husband, my mate, was a very possessive wolf.

So I had to give up on my dressing style. I was only allowed to wear short dresses when going out with my husband or family. No one dared to look at me.

I quickly went into the bathroom and wore that dress. When I came out in that red dress, Dylan could not take his eyes off for a second. I resisted the urge to giggle at his reaction.

I curled the end of my long blonde hair and left it open. I put on light makeup and bright red lipstick to match my dress. I wore black stilettos and was ready to go on a date with my husband. He said he had a surprise for me. Let's see.

He took my hand in his and gently placed a kiss on the back of my palm. Then, he led me to the parking lot and opened the door of his Porsche. When I settled down, he closed the door and, rounding the car, he went, sat behind the wheel, and started the ignition.

Within a few minutes, we reached a luxury restaurant. He led me inside, and the whole restaurant was vacant. I turned towards Dylan in confusion. He smirked as if he had read my mind.

"I booked the whole restaurant for our anniversary date, baby girl." He stated.

I felt shy whenever he calls me baby girl. But, come on, we had been married for ve years, and I was the mother of his son. So how could he still call me baby girl?

I was pleasantly surprised that he thought so much about spending the evening together. He led me towards a table.

Some guitarists and violinists were standing beside our table. He pulled out the chair for me, and the musicians started playing music when I settled on it.

Everything was so romantic.

I couldn't believe my husband was still excited about making me happy by doing these minor things. A waiter brought a huge cake placed on the trolley. I gaped at looking at the cake and covered my mouth with my palm. He remembered.

It was my favorite heart-shaped red velvet cake. Oh, my Goddess! He was becoming more romantic day by day. I was wondering what more he had in his mind.

The guitarists and violinists started playing my favorite track. I looked at Dylan. He picked up a knife and nodded to me to join him. I covered his hand with mine, and we both cut the cake. Everyone present there clapped and wished us a happy anniversary.

A waiter came with a bottle of champagne. Dylan opened the bottle and raised the toast for our marriage and eternal love.

"You know, you don't have to do all these things. I would be happy only to have dinner with you." So I said we were alone sitting at the table, sipping our champagne, when everyone left.

"I know, baby. But I want to make this evening special so that you will remember it until our next anniversary, and we will make a new memory next year." He said, smiling and slightly squeezing my hand. Then he took out a box and handed it to me.

"Now, what is this?" I asked, furrowing.

"You see it yourself." He said, grinning.

I opened the box and was stunned to see a beautiful diamond necklace.

"O, my Goddess! Dylan, this is...." I was speechless as I choked on my emotions. Then, nally, I licked my lips and tried to speak again, "...this is beautiful. But you don't need to give me those expensive gifts. You know, for me, you are the most precious gift the Moon Goddess has given me, and I want nothing other than you."

"I know that, princess. You surely don't need these expensive gifts. But I want to show my love for you, pamper you. Nothing is more precious than you, and when you wear this necklace, my wolf will be satised and roar in happiness to see this smile on your face." He said, looking into my eyes with so much love.

Dinner had been served, and he had already ordered all my favorite food. We ate and talked about normal stuff. It had become late at night when we were done eating. We headed directly home. When we reached the pack house, I found it was strangely silent.

"I should check on Rolan and Asher," I said as I wanted to check on my babies before going to my room.

Asher was Roseline and Hunter's son, but I brought him up as my own. I treated him as my own son. After Roseline, my mother and I tried to ensure he wouldn't miss his mother.

"Don't worry, babe. Hunter and mother will be taking care of them for tonight." He came dangerously close and whispered into my ear, "You are all mine for tonight."

He licked and nipped the edge of my ear lobe. I closed my eyes, and an involuntary moan escaped my mouth.

I opened my eyes and saw his grey orbs had turned dark. Before I could react, he held my hand and dragged me towards our room.

When I reached our room, I found it was decorated with heart-shaped balloons and rose petals. Scented candles were lit everywhere to give it a warm and romantic feel. I turned to look at Dylan; he was watching my face with so many emotions in his eyes.

"I want to recreate our wedding night, my love. But I have a surprise for you. I will make it so good for you." He said and pulled me closer. His hand crawls over my back and unzips my dress, tugging at it. It fell to the ground on a hump. I was not wearing a bra. He ripped my panties into pieces. He was always impatient.

He led me to the bed and made me lay on my back. Then, bending down, he took my breast in his palms.

Hell!

I became wet instantly. He started kneading my globes, and I closed my eyes and rolled my head back. He took my nip.ple in his mouth and started sucking and nipping my soft bud, making it hard and swollen in his mouth. He moved up only to switch on another nip.ple, making it hard and red. He kept sucking and kneading, and I became a moaning mess under him. He crawled down all the way, trailing his tongue on my body, licking his way towards between my legs.

He dug his face between my legs and began to pleasure me. He trails his ngers on my soft folds. He parted them with ngers and swiped his tongue along the length of my pu.ssy, licking my wetness. Fu.ck. He sucked my clit between his lips, and I cried aloud.

"Uh...Oh, Dylan..."

Dylan's POV.

I smirked at thinking she was close to her climax. I ickered my teeth on her clit, and she grabbed my hair. She started grinding her hips on my face. I smiled.

"Please... Please..." She cried.

"Please what, princess?" I teased her and traced the seam of her vagi.na with my tongue. Then, I collected her cream on my nger and dragged it towards her back hole, slightly massaged her dark hole, manipulating it.

Her breathing became labored. She shivered as she begged for more. I knew what she wanted, but I would not give it to her quickly.

'Oh, my brat princess, you must beg me for it.' I smirked to think.

"What do you want, baby girl? Hmmml!" I asked.

"I want you inside me." She whispered as her voice was laden with desire. She bucked up her hips and pulled me down in desperation. But I held her hips and set her down on the bed.

I chuckled, "Where do you want me to enter?"

Asking, I pinched her nip.ples, and she cried again.

"Please, Dylan, make me come, Ah..." She screamed as I took one of her pebbled nip.ples in my mouth.

I sucked hard on her sensitive bud and grazed my teeth. I bit slightly. I swirled my tongue on it and then nipped to make it swollen and stiff. I pinched the other nip.ple, and her breathing increased as her chest heaved continuously. After nishing one nip.ple I took another in my mouth to make it sore and red from my assault.

I pushed a nger in her tight hole and began pumping it in and out of her vag.ina, while my thumb caressed her back hole.

"Oh... Yes .. don't stop.. please..." She was moaning.

I added one more nger and curled it to hit her G spot. She exploded instantly on my nger while her pebbled nip.ple was in my mouth.

I pulled out my ngers when she calmed down from her mind-blowing orgasm. She whimpered and begged, "Ah... No...Please ll me with your co.ck."

I smirked at my little vixen.

"With pleasure, princess. My di.ck is always ready to serve you. But today, you will be double fucked." I crawled up and took her lips in a long and deep smooch.

I moved up and sat down to remove my clothes for a second. Then, I took out a butt plug from my pants pocket. Evelyn's eyes ared with surprise.

"What's this?" She asked.

"This is the anniversary surprise for you, Goddess. I told you I would make it very good for you." I replied as I picked up the lube from the bedside table and began to coat the plug. I spread some on her dark hole and let it slip inside as my nger began to stretch her back hole to make it ready for the plug.

"Just relax, princess. You're going to enjoy this. I promise." I cooed to her as I felt her stiffen.

I slowly eased the plug into her back hole and gently stroked it in and out as I pushed it inch by inch inside her. She takes this well. She moaned as the plug went in entirely.

Dragging her over me, I made her straddle and sit on my pelvis.

"Ride me, baby," I commanded, and she immediately obeyed. She grabbed my shaft and pointed it towards her warm and wet center. She slowly descended on my di.ck taking it entirely into her warm and damp vag.ina.

We both groaned when I entered her tight hole. It was like home.

I grabbed her hips tightly and made her move up and down on me. She held my shoulder tightly and tried to match my speed.

"How are you feeling, sweetheart?" I needed to hear, though I knew from her face that she was enjoying being double fu.cked simultaneously.

"Oh, Goddess! Dylan, it's like being fu.cked by two co.cks." She moaned and panted.

"You are never going to get two coc.ks, Goddess. You will only get mine." I declared, gritting my teeth.

"Yes. Yes, I want only you, my mate. Only you." She cried as I sped up, thrusting.

She and I both reached our climax together. She fell on me when her orgasm hit hard and drained all her energy, making her body limp on me. I wrapped my arms around her, and I kissed her hair.

"This was so fuc.ing good, my love. I can never gett enough of you. I want to be buried in you with more passion and love. I want to fu.ck you until the morning, deep and rough; slow and gentle. In every way, I want to claim you. You are MINE..." I growled and ipped her, making her lie under me while I was still buried in her. I pulled out and pulled the plug out of her ass.hole. I pushed my di.CK into her dark hole while plunging my nger in her pu.ssy and started thrusting into her, making her scream my name because I was not going to stop tonight.