

Chapter 9 Fire, Madness, Rage, Hunger, Desire

'Fuck it,' he hissed.

With one grip, he pulled her to himself and crashed his lips on hers.

If he had thought he felt fire burn through him the first time her hands brushed against his, then this right now was hell itself.

His lips were tangled with hers. He kissed, sucked on her lower lip, bit it occasionally. Every time Roxanne moaned against his lips, Lancelot felt a new wave of madness sprout up from his belly. He had kissed women, a whole lot of them. But none had ever consumed him like she did, no woman's lips had ever left him aching for more, praying for more.

Their hands were on each other. Roxanne's polished fingers dug into his blonde hair, making a mess of the gelled strands.

He lowered himself; his kisses traveled from her lips down to her left ear. He lingered there, kissed, licked, and sucked the lobe of her ear softly.

Roxanne moaned, with every stroke his fingers drew across her spine, every kiss he planted on her neck, she felt her panties dampen. She ached for his lips on hers, but not the ones on her face.

Lancelot's hands cupped the curve of her butt as he dug his teeth into the nape of her neck.

"Lance," she whispered against his left ear. On hearing his name escape her lips, Lancelot's eyes darkened. A new wave of hunger rushed through him.

He was mad-mad with desire, mad with hunger, mad with need. And she was the cause of it.

Never-never had Lancelot Dankworth wanted a woman as bad as he wanted her.

Exasperated, Roxanne held on to the hem of his black shirt. Lancelot leaned away from her, looking down at the place her hands clung to his shirt.

When he looked up at her face, her eyes were fixed on the part of his chest the opened buttons exposed. Her eyes were dark with need. She stared at the beauty of his body, his dark chest hairs slipped down his chest, Roxanne wanted to run her hands through them, she wanted to touch, feel and taste every inch of him.

She placed her fingers on the fourth button, she took it off. Lancelot's dark eyes continued to watch her as she worked her way through all the remaining buttons.

He stood still, he would let her have a way with him. He was helpless against her sensual hold. He wanted her as badly-no-he wanted her more than she wanted him, but he would let her take her time.

Her hands danced up to his shoulders as her violet eyes met his sea-blue ones. She bit her lower lip softly; a gesture that caused Lancelot to grow hard in his pants.

She took off his shirt, pulling the sleeves down his arms. He continued to watch her take control. He was enjoying it, every bit of it.

She tossed the shirt away from his body, ignoring the very expensive piece of fabric as it touched the marble floor.

Roxanne crashed her lips on his again, leaning into him. His naked chest brushed her aching breasts. Mad with hunger, she took his left hand and pressed it on her breast. Lancelot's eyes widened against her face. She was

taking from him and more than eager to give to him. He would give all he had, and take all she was willing to offer.

Roxanne broke their kiss and looked up at him. With a smirk on her face, she pushed him by his chest, right until his back crashed with the hard brick wall polished red.

How was one woman so submissive and still so dominant at the same time? He didn't know. Frankly, he didn't care. With every passing second, he was eager to see what she was willing to give to him, and what she was hungry to take.

Roxanne lowered her gaze from his face and dropped to his well chiseled chest. Her eyes danced around his eight well defined abs. Sweat caused his hair to slip down and cling to his skin.

He was a walking Greek god. A living, breathing and walking sculpture of Artemis.

How could one man be so incredibly beautiful?

She didn't know, but she was going to have the best of his body tonight. She would touch every inch of him like it was the last time; it would actually be the last time.

The thought of it caused Roxanne's eyes to soften. She leaned down and flicked a tongue over his left nipple.

Fire. Madness. Rage. Hunger. Desire.

He felt all five at once when she softly bit his left nipple and flicked her thumb over the right.

She was pushing all his buttons, taking charge of all his weak spots. Before now, Lancelot had not realized how sensitive his nipples were. No woman had ever paid so much attention to him before. He was enjoying it, she knew from the way he groaned above her. Good, very good. She lowered herself and planted kisses down his chest, stopping above his

waistline. Just once, she risked a glance at him and his eyes gave her the go ahead she needed.

Her gaze returned to his waistline as she knelt before him. While planting kisses below his belly button, she freed his trousers of the belt that held them to his waist, before freeing him of his trousers' zippers.

Aching with desire, she pulled his trouser down to his knees exposing his hard cock straining against his black briefs. Roxanne was briefly overwhelmed and impressed by his length.

When his trouser fell to his ankles, he stepped out of them and kicked it away from them. He would bother about where they ended up later. Right now, there were more important things in his mind.

His thighs were thick and adorned with the dark hairs Roxanne had come to love. She gently pulled his briefs down to his knees; she made sure to leave kisses down the road the briefs traveled to his ankles. When he stepped out of the boxer briefs, Roxanne drank in the sight of his full length, calling out to her, beckoning to her.

Her gaze flicked up again.

She took deep a deep breath in before running her hands down his length. As she stroked his cock firmly, Lancelot taugt he saw the stars. This was heaven, it just had to be.

It could have been Ziko letting out the animalistic groan that escaped his lips when he felt her tongue on the tip. He couldn't control himself anymore, as she pumped his dick in and out of her mouth, Lancelot held the part of her hair that fell down her shoulders. He guided her in and out of him, she sucked, kissed, and teased.

Fuck.

She skillfully fucked his mouth. She was warm yet cold, slow yet fast. He couldn't make sense of anything at all.

When he felt himself about to come in her mouth, he stepped away from her.

Not yet, he wouldn't let himself go just yet.

Before Roxanne could say anything, Lancelot lowered himself to pick her up from the floor.

She giggled in his arms as he led her to the king-sized bed. He placed her on it and flipped her over immediately.

He wanted to tear the dress off her, but there was no time for that. He took down the zipper and got rid of the dress immediately.

His eyes scanned through her body. Her breasts and aching nipples beckoned on him for his touch, they were bare and fair, just like the rest of her body.

Below her waistline was a red lace pant. His eyes flickered up to her face.

Roxanne saw the look in his eyes, he was asking her for a go ahead.

Antsy, she nodded. And that was all he needed to dig his teeth into her neck.

"Fuck!" she screamed aloud when his fingers came in contact with her aching pussy.

It was wet, slippery, and warm. And it was all for him.

He wanted to take it slow with her, but was finding it difficult to. He needed her, he needed her now.

"Please. Don't think twice," Roxanne spoke, almost out of breath.

As he pumped his fingers in and out of her pussy, Roxanne clung to the sheets. Her lower lip buried under her sharp incisors, she was trying not to scream too loud.

Lancelot pulled her panties down her legs, leaving kisses on the trail.

When he spread her legs apart, joy filled his eyes. And Ziko's as well.

He lowered his face to hers, crossed his hand to the lamp and put it off. The room fell into total darkness.

He didn't want her to see his face when he lost control inside her.

With that, he slid his length into her. Roxanne let out a wild scream.

It hurt at first, but after the hurt came pleasure beyond anything she had ever experienced.

His strokes were rhythmical. Inside her was warm, wet, sleek.

Within him, he saw the golden ring around Ziko's eyes widen. Damn! Even his wolf was impressed. Not only impressed, but he was drooling as well.

"Mate!" Ziko growled, growing impatient with Lancelot.

"Not now Ziko, not now," he said within him.

"Mark mate!"

No.

"Mark mate!" Ziko cried out again.

Roxanne threw her head up and cursed out, right after screaming his name.

That was the last straw for Lancelot.

He didn't know when he lost control and dug his teeth into her neck again, this time, Ziko wasted no time in marking his territory.

His eyes widened at the effect of what he had done. His teeth marks sparkled on her neck. Ziko smiled within him.

He had marked her, she was his now.

Fuck.

He wanted to think, but he couldn't stop himself.

He continued to go in and out of her. Slowly, until they grew eager for more and he increased his pace.

He was mad for her, and her for him as well.

Roxanne crossed her legs above his hips, allowing him deeper access.

Lancelot moaned, he loved that she was willing to accept him. He had never been with any woman like this before.

He felt a current, much more than electricity surge through his veins. Quickly, he pulled out of her, spilling his seed on the sheets.

Roxanne giggled, in between her panting. She laughed as he fell to her side with deep and heavy breaths.

In silence, they listened to the sound of each other's breathing as they slowly drifted off to sleep...