

Defy 491

Chapter 491: Runaway Mate

LYCANTHROPIC MEDICAL ARCHIVES, VOL. III

"Bondfire Fever: Understanding and Surviving the Mating Fever"

Filed under: Mating Bonds, Instinctual Disorders, Pack Reproductive Health

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There were stages to the mating fever—or the Bondfire as some called it—the best cruel gift from the goddess.

The first was the Spark, also referred to as the initial trigger. It begins the moment fated mates come into proximity or lock eyes.

Then their heart races, and the scent of the other becomes intoxicating. Mates could literally feel each other like a low hum across their skin, as though their nerves were reaching out.

This particular stage is quite seductive but easy to ignore until it isn't anymore.

The second stage becomes the Pull, or heightened craving. It is the point where the fever begins to settle beneath your skin, and every thought becomes obsessive.

At this point, there's the deep, relentless throb between your thighs. It's as if your body is starving for one specific touch—and not just any—but your mate's. Nothing else will do.

This is usually followed by the Scent Madness, where everything smells like him even when he's clearly not around. Then there's the trembling hands, hypersensitivity, and the possessive instinct that starts to form.

Many people fold at the second stage. It is resistible with discipline, but difficult if emotionally vulnerable.

Do note: The intensity of the mating fever differs from person to person. Hence, some might experience the first and second stages instantly, or one at a time.

The third becomes the Burn, or Physical Onset, and ninety percent give up at this point. It is due to the fact that the body begins to overheat, and the need for physical contact becomes near unbearable.

At this point, it's no longer just attraction but raging need. The wolf in her whines for release, desperate to be filled, marked, and bred.

There's body sensitivity such that a simple shirt brushing across the nipples is enough to cause tremors of desire, or actual pain from resisting. Then fever cramps in the gut or between the legs, involuntary slickness, mental fog, and enhanced aggression.

The danger level is high at this stage, as forced separation may cause emotional outbursts or physical breakdown.

The fourth stage is popularly known as the Frenzy, or Instinct Override. It is the peak of the Bondfire when reason becomes non-existent. The wolf completely takes over. They hunt, bite, rut, claim—and would not be stopped. It is a primal, desperate, and dangerous stage that only mating and marking can cure completely.

Symptoms associated with this stage are possessive mania, loss of control, full-body tremors, near-constant arousal, and hallucinations of the mate.

At this stage, unmated wolves have been known to go feral, or worse, die from the stress if rejected for too long. No one has been known to overcome this stage.

Then the last and final stage is the Crash, or Post-Frenzy Collapse.

Since no one escapes the Frenzy stage, this is considered the successful stage when mating is completed and the fever melts into euphoric calm. At this point, the wolves are settled, and the bond seals.

The symptoms of this stage are weakness, soreness, confusion, and intense emotional vulnerability.

There's no known danger level with this, as no wolf has been recorded to have reached this point without completing the bond.

However, in some rare cases where the bond is partially activated but not fulfilled, the fever may recede temporarily. But it always comes back stronger and more violent.

Note: There have been no recorded cases of a wolf riding out a mating fever. You don't. You only crawl through it, clawing your sanity back inch by inch—and pray you don't fuck around and beg for the very mate you ran from.

It was safe to conclude that Adele was in the fourth stage. The only reason she hadn't gone feral was the Suppressor pills she'd taken—they had dampened her connection to her wolf, giving her more control. But that didn't mean she wasn't feeling the effects physically.

Adele looked like a wreck even while fast asleep. She was drenched in sweat, burning from the inside out, her hair clinging to her flushed face. She gripped the sheets in clenched fists, grinding her teeth as if in pain even in unconsciousness.

The dreaming began...

Adele found herself wading through darkness so thick she couldn't even see her own hands. She didn't know why, but the hairs on her arms stood on edge, and her instincts screamed for her to get away.

But where could she go? There was nothing but darkness.

Then, as if someone had been in control of this play all along, the light suddenly came alive and Adele winced, shielding her face.

When Adele finally opened her eyes, she found herself standing beneath a single beam of golden light, the spotlight illuminating the round circus stage in pale gold. The rest of the sagging circus tent remained drowned in darkness. Not just that, the wooden bleachers stretched outward into the darkness, the audience seats eerily empty.

A tangle of tightropes crisscrossed above the stage, and the rusting frame of a wire cage hung just beyond the spotlight's edge. Adele stood barefoot in the center of the ring, her breath catching in her throat. She did not like this.

Then a voice broke the stillness.

"I knew you would eventually fall asleep."

Adele whirled around.

That voice.

Micah stood just outside the circle of light, his silhouette barely visible.

Of course. She should have known. Incubi were famous for their manipulation of dreams. It just hadn't crossed her mind. She was so hell-bent on sleeping through the mating fever, she had practically delivered herself to him on a platter of gold.

She had to leave. Now.

Adele had no idea how his powers worked, but something deep inside warned her that if he could find her through a dream, then he could very well track her in reality.

She tried to wake up, but how?

"Going somewhere?"

Micah finally stepped into view.

The moment Adele's eyes landed on him, the breath fled her lungs in a single, aching rush.

Chapter 492: The Exhibit

Micah was naked on stage and unashamedly so from the way he stood tall and proud, flashing everything to her without so much as a blink.

Adele swallowed. Goddess help her.

For a demon, Micah looked like he had been carved by God himself. He was sinfully beautiful, the kind of handsome that was dangerous. He had a strong jaw, and lips that she couldn't help but want to kiss.

He was well muscled, favored with broad shoulders, sculpted arms and her eyes couldn't help but drift lower, devouring the ridges of his abdomen. His six-pack looked hard enough to break bones on and to the side, just above his hips was the clean, brutal ink of a serpent. It was so detailed that it looked ready to slither off his skin.

Her greedy gaze trailed the deep V of his hips, leading straight to his— Holy mother of God.

Adele's eyes widened at the sheer size of him.

How... how could that possibly fit inside her?

Micah's lips curved to the side like a predator enjoying the cornered flutter of its prey. He could already tell where her thoughts had wandered.

Like what you see? That smug mouth seemed to say without a single word.

Adele scowled at him even though every muscle in her body was wound tight and begging her to go to him. No, she would not fall for this. She had to wake up and run before —

She gasped suddenly, bending over as a fever cramp knotted savagely in her gut, followed by a rush of wetness that flooded between her thighs.

Gods, she was soaked.

"What are you doing to me?" Adele rasped, her breath catching like a jagged hook in her chest.

Micah's eyes darkened. "Oh, honey," he drawled, voice so rich and sexy she could've climaxed just from that alone. "I think the real question is—what's happening to us?"

Then he stepped forward, hunger gleaming in every inch of his gaze. His voice dropped to a growl.

"But I'm sure you already know the answer."

Then he was right in front of her without even moving.

Adele gasped, startled, nearly stumbling backward, but Micah caught her. His hands wrapped around her like bands of fire, and she nearly melted into him, every cell in her body leaning closer, and craving more even as the sensible part of her screamed don't succumb.

Micah's eyes were so dark now she could no longer tell where his iris ended and his pupil began. The air around him simmered with sexual tension.

He hissed, "You desire me and yet you run from me."

Adele clenched her jaw, forcing the words through gritted teeth. "We are not a perfect match."

For a dream, this felt shockingly real. The weight of his body, the heat of his hands, and the way her own thighs clenched just from his nearness was all too real. She fought the instinct to close the space between them and grind herself against him until she reached that glorious end.

Adele was so damn horny, she would've taken any form of relief at this point.

"Why? Because I'm a demon?" Micah's voice held a dangerous edge now, anger in his tone.

"I don't hold what you are against you," Adele shot back. "But I can't deal with it. You're too much trouble, Micah, and I can't just pretend you haven't slept with half the girls in Lunaris Academy."

Micah growled low in his throat. "You're my mate. What makes you think I'd want anyone else after we're bonded?"

"That doesn't erase your past!" Adele's voice cracked with frustration. "You want me to just live with the fact that nearly every girl I work with knows what you look like naked? That they know how you taste? How do you expect me to deal with that?"

"Then what would you have had me do?!" Micah's voice rose this time. "I need sexual energy to survive. I'm an incubus! It's my nature! If you're so against me, then why don't you just reject me?"

His chest was heaving now, his eyes boring into her with raw intensity. "Why don't you reject me now and save us both the misery? I'd rather deal with the pain than live with a mate who loathes me. That never ends well."

Adele swallowed hard, then shook her head. "I'm sorry. I can't."

Micah pulled her closer until their bodies touched, heat searing between them. "You can't, or you don't want to?"

"I don't want to go through the pain of rejection. I just want to survive the Matebond and make my decision with a clear mind. I don't want the mating fever clouding my choice."

Micah let out a low, mocking laugh. Then he said quietly, "You can't escape the mating fever."

"I can," Adele said, her voice firm with determination.

"I can't." Micah's voice dropped, hoarse with restraint. "Even now, you don't know how much I burn for you."

The next thing Adele knew, her clothes vanished. It was not removed, but was gone, as if they'd never existed in the first place.

Adele gasped, her arms instinctively flying up to cover herself only to feel cold metal snap around her wrists and ankles. Her breath hitched.

What the hell was going on right now.

She was bound midair, naked and sprawled out like an offering beneath the harsh circus spotlight. A rush of cold air licked over her feverish skin, but it was the voices that made her stiffen.

Cheers, whistles, and applause came from an invisible audience drunk with anticipation, their voices echoing through the empty tent as if this was the main event.

"Micah?" Adele was scared now. "What are you doing?" Panic slithered up her spine like ice.

"Showing you what an incubus is truly capable of," his voice purred, dark and honeyed. "Perhaps this performance will change your mind."

Micah eyes darkened and lips curved into a smile that promised wickedness. He didn't even touch her but Adele felt a heated caress ghost up her thigh, between her legs, and she let out a moan.

The crowd roared at once.

The show had just begun.

Chapter 493: Supernatural Tongue

An Incubus could pretty much seduce anyone because all they needed was a single touch to read what their target liked and craved. And right now, Micah's eyes gleamed with wicked anticipation, already savoring what he was about to do to her.

Adele was still suspended mid-motion, and though he could see confusion in those terrified eyes, there was desire too. She could hide it all she wanted, but he was about to draw it out.

She thought they weren't a perfect match? He'd make her take back those words by the time he was done with her.

Adele had no idea how Micah manipulated all this, but the chains began to lift her and she made the mistake of looking down into Micah's leering gaze. He looked like he was about to devour her whole.

No, no, no. She didn't want the chains to lift her further, but she couldn't go lower either. That demon would capture her. But when she reached a sudden height, Micah reached for her. He threw her legs over his shoulders, his face pressed directly to her center, his breath sending tingles across her flesh.

Adele tried to wriggle free, but he grabbed her ass hard enough to bruise.

"Micah..." Adele warned him, even though she was panting now, her body wound tight with anticipation.

"I'm going to enjoy this," Micah said to her with a cruel smile.

Then his eyes turned completely black just as he dived in, taking her entirely into his mouth. He sucked her as if she was a rare delicacy, savoring every trembling reaction he coaxed from her body.

"Ahh," Adele moaned, her back arching instinctively as pleasure jolted through her spine. She reached for him, unsure if she meant to pull him closer or shove him away. But there was nothing to grasp—no ground beneath her, no wall at her back—just air and helpless need.

She was entirely at his mercy. And mercy, Micah did not give.

He devoured her like it was his right.

Adele had no idea how he did it with his tongue, but it flicked around her sensitive buds in patterns that left her breathless. Beyond the stage, the faceless audience still cheered them on.

She wasn't an exhibitionist, not even close, but damn if this fever didn't mess with her head. The thought of being on display, even in a dream, sent a twisted, depraved thrill crawling up her spine. The audience wasn't real, and yet her arousal very much was.

Micah kept lapping at her like he could go all day—and she had a sick feeling he absolutely could. Sometimes, he went painfully slow, swirling and dancing with his tongue, bringing her to heights she didn't think were possible.

Then sometimes, he'd flick at her so fast the pleasure would spike only to stop just before it tipped over, switching rhythm like a devil with a sadistic streak. It made her weep in both frustration and pleasure.

God, when did she start to like this?

"I—I think I'm going to come!" Adele cried out, her voice shaking with urgency. At some point, her hands had found the chains, clutching them tight as she arched and rocked against Micah's face, chasing the climax coiling viciously inside her.

Her body moved on instinct now, wild and desperate, every nerve ending lit with raw, feral need. The orgasm hovered just out of reach and she was ready to shatter to get there.

Micah gripped her ass tighter, his claws digging into her skin enough to draw blood. But Adele didn't care. The sting only heightened the rush coursing through her, a wicked blend of pain and pleasure that made her head spin.

He moved faster now, his tongue relentless, and when he rolled it around her sensitive bud and gave a teasing, barely-there nip, Adele detonated.

Adele cried out as ecstasy ripped through her, her entire body convulsing with the force of it, trembling uncontrollably above him. But Micah didn't let up and devoured her through the aftershocks until her breath hitched and her legs began to quake again.

Then, just like that, another orgasm slammed into her, fiercer than the last.

"Oh fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" she gasped, her voice hoarse and breaking, lost in the raw, endless pleasure.

Adele had had lovers before, but most men never prioritized a woman's pleasure like this. They all assumed the big D in the hole was the ultimate prize. Sure, Adele liked penetration, but being eaten out was the real prize for her.

And now, Micah was giving it to her exactly the way she liked it. Even more.

Goddess, she could die peacefully.

The man was wicked with his tongue. Maybe... maybe giving in to the mating fever wouldn't be so bad after all.

No! Adele jerked her head, as if shaking the thought loose. This was a dream. Just a fever dream.

But as if he'd read her mind, Micah suddenly switched his game.

"Oh my God! Micah!" Adele screamed.

Somehow, his tongue hardened and slid deep inside her.

Goddess help her. That was pure diabolical. And yet, it felt so damn good.

Micah thrust his tongue in and out, slow at first, then deeper, dragging and licking along her slick channel.

"Micah... please..." Adele whimpered, shaking. She was so sensitive now it bordered on pain, but it was the kind she craved.

But he didn't stop. Not until her body couldn't take it anymore and she shattered, white-hot ecstasy exploding behind her eyes.

Then Micah slowly withdrew his tongue, only to drag it back up her slick folds, savoring every trace of her release like a man starved. He didn't waste a drop.

Above him, Adele could only mewl and shudder, her body limp and trembling, utterly wrecked and wholly satisfied.

Then the chains vanished, and she fell straight into his arms. Micah caught her effortlessly. Adele's eyes were heavy-lidded, while he grinned down at her like the devil who'd just won.

Micah purred, his voice a low vibration against her skin, "You taste like dark honey laced with spiced cinnamon. Sweet, heated, and dangerous."

Then his eyes turned darker, almost gleaming. "You should run now."

"What?" Adele was in a daze.

But before she could get an answer, darkness fell over her like a curtain.

And she woke up to reality.

Chapter 494: Finally Choose Him

Reality was jarring.

Adele jolted awake to find her hands buried between her legs. Wait a minute, had she been touching herself this whole time?

There was no time to process that as panic took over.

With no hesitation, Adele threw the door open and ran.

Micah had found her. That was the only thought screaming through her mind.

"Hey! Where are you —" The clerk shouted when she zoomed past her.

But Adele did not look back and kept running to God knows where.

Where was Micah? Where was she running to? Why was she running? The questions pricked at the edges of her mind, but panic had already drowned out reasoning, silencing everything else.

Adele made it off the main road, crashing blindly through the underbrush until the motel lights were swallowed by trees. She didn't stop running until her legs gave out and the crushing silence of the forest pressed in around her.

Only then did she realize that she had isolated herself.

The woods were eerily still, save for the occasional rustle of leaves and the distant hoot of an owl. Moonlight bled through the canopy in broken shards, casting long shadows.

What now?

She was exhausted, barely standing. With her wolf suppressed, her strength had drained away, leaving her no better than a vulnerable human. Maybe adrenaline had carried her this far, but now, the mating fever struck with full vengeance like a tidal wave slamming into her gut.

"Ugh," Adele groaned, collapsing to the forest floor, her fingers clawing at the damp earth as pain scorched through her like wildfire.

Tears blurred her vision.

How had she ever believed she could survive the Bondfire alone? It was burning her alive from the inside.

She rolled over, panting, and writhing. Desperation took over and she squeezed her breast, pressing her thighs together in a useless effort to extinguish the ache.

But it only made it worse.

She slid her hands lower, touching herself desperately—and even though she finished off, quite quickly—it was still not enough. It wasn't the real thing.

She wanted her mate.

"Micah." Adele choked out his name, tears streaming freely down her cheeks now. She had been stupid. It was impossible to ride this out. God, she was in torment.

And while she lay on the ground, trembling and soaked with sweat, the air suddenly shifted, carrying with it a fresh, electric scent. At the same time, the Matebond flared alive.

Micah.

Adele's eyes snapped open, and the next, she was up on her feet. She stumbled at first but didn't stop running towards him. Although she couldn't see him, but she felt him. Every part of her did. The Matebond throbbed like a live wire under her skin, and tugged at her soul, leading her through the dark like a beacon.

The branches scratched at her arms, and the wind tore through her hair, but nothing could stop her now.

Then Micah broke through the treeline just as she did, his chest heaving, eyes wild. The second their eyes locked, they both surged forward, faster than before.

When they were close enough, Adele didn't hesitate and leapt. Micah caught her effortlessly, as if her body belonged in his arms. Her legs instinctively wrapped around his waist, while his arms locked around her, and then their mouths collided.

They kissed like they would die without it. Because they would.

It was raw and frantic; their mouths devouring, and claiming; their tongues tangling and tasting each other.

But the fever between them howled louder, their bond now a raging wildfire, burning for release.

"I want you," Adele gasped. "Now."

Micah answered with a deep, rumbling growl. Without hesitation, he lowered her to the ground, shredding her clothes without a single care.

Then he rose, stripping off his own with savage speed, his body haloed by the moonlight.

On the floor writhing with need, Adele bent her legs, spreading them wider as an invitation.

From that angle, his sharp wolf vision took in her glistening slit. She was so soaked, the wetness trailed down her thigh, the result of holding back the mating fever for far too long. It was always going to snap back hard.

Then he found her cunt. Though, he'd tasted her in the dream realm, but here, in the flesh, Micah was certain she'd be even sweeter.

Micah groaned, his body strung tight with need, balls aching with the kind of pressure that bordered on pain. If he didn't have her now, he might just lose his mind.

"Now, Micah." Adele demanded, thrusting her hips forward, anticipating to be filled.

For a moment, Micah was tempted to deny her, and punish her the way she had punished him. But it was pointless. He wouldn't last either. They had to do this, or this torment would never end.

Micah positioned himself between her legs, the head of his cock pressing at her entrance. There was no need for foreplay, they had already gone far beyond that. With a hard thrust of his hips, he drove into her, burying himself to the hilt.

Adele gasped, her back arching as he stretched her perfectly, exactly what her body had been begging for.

Micah groaned, her inner walls gripping him like a vice. It was like being plunged into a burning furnace—scorching, tight, and maddeningly sweet.

There was no time to let out her adjust to him, Micah pump in and out of her and there was nothing gentle about it. Adele wrapped her legs around his waist, holding him tighter, her nails raking down his back as cries of pleasure tore from her lips, echoing through the forest.

Right now, they were nothing but animals, driven by instinct and fire. Micah thrust into her with absolute ferocity, and it wasn't long before her body was shaking with release.

"Micah! Oh God!"

Micah ruthlessly fucked her through the climax, and soon she was screaming again, the fever burning even hotter. They could go at this all night.

They went at it again and again until she felt Micah tighten above her. With a guttural growl, he dove down and sank his teeth into her neck, and Adele screamed as a wave of blinding pleasure coursed through her.

Instinct took over. Her fangs erupted, and she bit into his neck in return. They both groaned, bodies shuddering as ecstasy poured through them, sealing their bond.

Adele looked at him with wide eyes. "That was —"

She suddenly went still.

Micah blinked. "Adele?"

He gave her a light shake, then a harder one. Her head lolled to the side. Nothing.

"Adele?" His voice rose, panic crashing over him.

Goddess, no. Not after all this.

Not after she finally chose him.

Chapter 495: The Mates In Paradise

"You're finally awake," Roman said as soon as Violet stirred. Her eyes had always been pretty, but now they shone like spun gold and were absolutely bewitching. Even a blind man could sense from her presence alone that something about her had changed.

The others would probably say he was lucky to be her mate. Hell, some might even envy him. But to Roman, it felt like the goddess had used the opportunity to punish him in the most exquisite, agonizing way.

Violet had slept like a baby through the night meaning the mating fever had chosen him to deal with instead.

He'd had a raging case of blue balls, and he'd alleviated himself so many times his hand actually ached. But it hadn't been enough.

The only saving grace was that Violet slept beside him. Maybe it was her scent, maybe just her nearness, but it had kept him from completely losing his mind, something not uncommon when the fever took over.

So yeah, it had been a long, torturous night.

And now she was finally awake, her skin glowing with the softness of a child, looking more beautiful than ever, even if it was in an otherworldly way. Violet was like a phoenix reborn from ash.

For a moment, Violet looked dazed, as if she didn't recognize him. Then her eyes flashed gold, glowing with wild intensity, and she growled, "Mate!"

Hell yeah. Roman nearly barked out a laugh. He was two seconds away from tattooing that word across his forehead just to make it official he was property of Violet Purple.

But that smug thought flew right out the window when she suddenly shoved him flat onto the bed with lightning-fast strength.

"Whoa, easy there," Roman muttered startled, trying to sit up but he couldn't.

Violet had pinned both of his wrists to the mattress, and to his complete shock he couldn't move at all. She was quite strong.

"Okay," Roman surrendered when it became obvious he wasn't getting free anytime soon. "I usually prefer calling the shots, but for once I don't mind—oh sweet lord," he choked out as Violet slowly ground down against his painfully hard length.

And did he forget to mention they were completely naked? Yeah. Skin to skin.

Last night, the very idea of clothes between them had felt wrong. The fabric had irritated him so much he'd yanked it off halfway through the night. But once he'd felt her bare body pressed against his, warm and soft and real, it had felt like home.

Hence, in one word, there was nothing between them.

Roman groaned, caught between torment and bliss, as Violet rocked against him with slow, deliberate friction. He was so hard it hurt, so close he could've come just from that. But not yet. Goddess, not yet. He needed to be inside her when he shattered.

Roman tried to move, to grab her waist and flip her beneath him, to finally sink into the heat he'd fantasized about for what felt like forever. Not that he'd last—hell, one thrust and he might be done. That was how badly he needed her. How badly he had needed her last night, lying next to her, skin to skin, with nothing but willpower holding him back. But she'd been unconscious. And as desperate as he'd been, he wasn't that kind of monster.

And Goddess knew how many times he had joked about this moment with the other boys. Now it was finally within reach. Well, almost.

Violet still didn't release him. Her slick heat rubbed against his length, her entrance teasing the head of his cock but never letting him in. God. Was this how Griffin's mating fever with her had gone? If so, how the hell had he not lost his mind because he was damn close.

She was enjoying this. Roman could tell from the cruel glint in her eyes, from the way she rolled her hips with delicious intent—taking pleasure, holding control, and driving him insane.

In that moment, she didn't look like the Violet he knew as if something else had taken over. Then suddenly, Violet was shuddering on top of him, her release gushing onto his length. And when she looked down at him, she was smirking like a satisfied predator who'd just claimed her prey.

"Mine." She declared possessively.

The mating fever blazed through Roman, fierce and unbearable. He bared his teeth, eyes glowing with authority. She was going to give him what he wanted!

But Violet met his challenge with a growl of her own. The warning in her voice was clear, she was in control here.

Without breaking eye contact, Violet shifted her hips into position and slowly sank down onto him.

"Fuck," Roman growled, his voice ragged, as her tight, slick walls welcomed him inch by aching inch until she was seated fully, her hips flush against his, locking him in with unbearable heat.

So this was what it felt like being inside of her? Goddess help him! It was the best feeling ever! At that moment, Roman had gone to heaven and back.

Then Violet began moving up and down on him, letting him fill up completely.

"Yes, baby, just like that," Roman groaned, his voice strained with pleasure as each jolt of sensation ripped through him.

At some point, lost in the haze of need, Violet had released his hands. They immediately found their way to her ass, gripping the soft flesh tightly as she ground down on him, harder and more desperate with each movement.

Roman let out another low sound from deep in his throat. Violet was going to be the death of him.

Right now, she was a vision with her long hair cascading over her shoulder like a waterfall, wild and untamed. And her breasts... God, her breasts. They bounced in rhythm with every move, and he swore there could be no sight more sinfully arousing than that.

As a certified boobs man, Roman couldn't help himself as he reached up and grabbed not just one, but both of her breasts. They filled his palms perfectly, like they'd been molded just for him, and he squeezed with shameless tenacity. Violet let out a loud moan, her back arching as the sharp pressure only aroused her further.

Then Violet leaned forward, offering him one of her breasts and Roman didn't need to be told twice. He latched onto her, sucking her peaked nipple with eager hunger. Violet cried out, the sensation shooting straight to her core. She mewled, hips never slowing, still grinding on him like she needed him deeper than he was already.

Violet trembled around him. She was close now and he could feel it because he was too. Roman slid his other hand around her, pulling her even closer, until there was no space left between them. Then he began thrusting up into her, matching her rhythm with his own. Incoherent sounds spilled from Violet's lips as the familiar rush built inside her.

As if he couldn't get enough, Roman released her breast and grabbed her ass instead, his grip rough and possessive. Then he began thrusting into her with raw intensity. Violet screamed, her body shattering into pure, blinding pleasure. At the same time, Roman groaned, stiffening beneath her as he spilled deep inside.

In that moment, the instinct to mark her rose in him but he didn't mark her. Not because he didn't want to, but because he wasn't done yet.

Roman flipped her over, pressing her back to the bed, his cock still painfully hard and nowhere near satisfied. Then he slammed into her with one brutal thrust, and Violet's breath hitched from the force.

He didn't pause. Roman began pounding into her with wild, riotous force, each stroke dragging her deeper into a spiral of overwhelming pleasure.

The room filled with the sound of flesh slapping against flesh, the bed thudding against the wall, and the raw, guttural moans of two people consumed by the bonfire.

Violet's legs began to tremble uncontrollably, her head thrown back, hair wild against the sheets.

"I'm going to come!" she cried out, voice ragged with need.

But Roman didn't slow. He kept pounding into her with relentless force, eyes locked on her as her body arched beneath him, hips jerking helplessly.

Then she fell apart.

A scream ripped from Violet's throat as she convulsed around him, her walls clenching tight. Roman groaned low in his throat, the sound primal and deep.

He leaned down, pressing his mouth to her neck and sank his fangs in.

Violet's eyes flared, glowing like molten gold, and without hesitation, she bit him back. They groaned in unison as the bond came alive and the rune sealed on their skin.

Roman gave one final thrust as she milked him dry, spilling every last drop until he collapsed on top of her, completely spent.

Violet lay breathless, her body still twitching from the aftershocks. Her legs refused to move, her lungs begged for air, and she felt euphoric. Not to mention, Roman's weight felt so good and she didn't want him to move. Ever.

Chapter 496: Always War

No one in their right mind would ever pray to be in Griffin's shoes. He stood stiffly outside the chamber door with his arms crossed and his jaw clenched so tight it might crack while Violet's moans reverberated through the corridor.

"Oh goddess... Oh yes...!"

Just his luck as the moaning hit its breathy crescendo, a group of Novas—young trainees in pale robes—rounded the corner with scrolls in hand and curiosity in their eyes.

Perfect.

"It's uh... an intense prayer session going on in there," Griffin said dryly, catching the mix of curiosity and awkwardness on their faces.

Then, as if the moon goddess herself had a twisted sense of humor, Violet mewled again.

"Roman... mmh... yes... fuck—!"

Griffin saw the realization dawn on the Novas like a bolt of lightning. Faces flushed, they exchanged wide-eyed looks and scurried off, whispering furiously among themselves.

Griffin dragged a hand over his face and muttered under his breath, "Blessed be the holy fuckery of my life."

At this rate, their cover was going to be blown soon.

And yes, they were hiding in a temple dedicated to Selene, goddess of the moon, tucked deep in the outskirts of Aster City, the last place anyone would think to look.

Not in a place filled with incense, meditating priestesses, and chants for purity.

Which, clearly, they were ruining loudly.

Although that seemed contradictory since werewolves were, after all, deeply carnal creatures. But even so, the Moon Mother, head priestess of the temple, could not turn them away. Not when mates were involved.

Selene herself, the goddess of the moon, had forged the bond that tied them. It was sacred. It was eternal and demanded to be honored even in the most unlikely of sanctuaries.

Still, some boundaries had to be kept. A temple was a temple. A pleasure house was a pleasure house. And the two were not meant to blur.

Aside from that, Griffin's influence had done the rest. The East pack was home to the most devout temples, and the moment the Moon Mother laid eyes on him, the decision was as good as made.

As if summoned by his thoughts, Mother Thessara walked in.

"Holy Mother," Griffin greeted, placing one hand to his forehead and the other over his chest as he bowed respectfully.

Moonmother was the title bestowed upon the high priestess of each individual temple. The supreme leader of all Selene's priestesses, however, was known as the High Mother. Though the seers and healers served distinct functions within the temple hierarchy, they were all sacred servants of Selene—each equally honored within their own domains.

The woman's gaze shifted to the sealed door, behind which the unmistakable sounds of passion grew louder.

"Yes, baby... just like that."

"Mmh... you're so deep. So full."

"You love being stretched by your Alpha, don't you?"

"Yes.. Oh goddess..."

"Say my name. Let the whole temple know who's fucking you."

Hearing those obscene, graphic words while standing in front of the priestess herself, Griffin wished the ground would split open and swallow him whole. Goddess, couldn't they at least keep it down?

His face turned a furious shade of red, like he was about to combust. Mother Thessara, however, didn't so much as blink. Her expression remained serene, as though this was nothing new.

Her eyes drifted to the mating rune etched into his neck. "The fever rages strong with them, don't you think?" she remarked, almost amused.

It was probably her calm indifference, but

Griffin managed a tight-lipped nod, grateful for her composure.

"Come," she said, turning gracefully. "Walk with me."

Together, the both of them moved through the corridor, the moans and obscene declarations slowly fading, though not nearly fast enough for Griffin's liking.

Mother Thessara walked with grace beside him, her red robes flowing around her.

"I'll seal off this wing," she said with a voice as calm as water. "No one will disturb them until the fever has passed."

Griffin nearly sagged with relief. "Thank you, Holy Mother. Truly," he murmured in gratitude.

She gave the smallest nod, then continued on.

The corridor opened up into a wide courtyard, and the morning greeted them with its shining rays. The temple's garden stretched out before them, wild and reverent in its beauty. The air smelled of morning dew and crushed sage, rich and clean while birds chirped softly from the branches of trees close by. Somewhere close, a bell chimed lazily, marking the first hour of morning prayer.

Statues of Selene stood tall throughout the grounds, carved from moonstone and white quartz, each bathed in golden sunlight. In one, she was depicted with her hands around a full moon, and her eyes closed as if in deep knowing. While in another, she cradled a wolf pup in her arms with a triumphant look.

Griffin was the religious one, hence he felt conscious under the watchful eyes of the status. Perhaps, he should not have brought Roman and Violet here. But then, it was done already.

Thessara finally stopped and spoke. "The seer Alice called me this morning."

"She did?" Griffin asked, surprised.

These days, Alice was starting to get involved in their affairs more than usual. But then again, bringing Micah and Adele to the Ridge had saved their lives, so Griffin wasn't exactly complaining.

Still, it wasn't like Alice acted of her own volition. She only moved when the goddess commanded her to.

And that was what left Griffin unsettled.

The Moon Goddess had taken an interest in them. That was never casual.

The prophecy said Violet would unite the realm. With Roman now mated, it gave Griffin a dangerous kind of hope that all four of them would eventually bond with her. That they would stand beside Violet not just as mates, but as rulers. The unification the prophecy spoke of would fall into place, like it was fated.

But nothing fated ever came without a price. And that price was almost always war.

Griffin didn't like that. Not one bit.

Beside him, Mother Thessara spoke, drawing him from his thoughts. "Yes, Alice told me to meet you. She said you have something desperate to ask of me."

Griffin's brows furrowed. "Desperate?" he said, confused.

Then it hit him.

Oh. So that was it.

Chapter 497: Find A Witch

Griffin swallowed hard. "She's right. I have something desperate to ask of you and you might not approve of it."

Mother Thessara didn't blink. "What is it?"

For a moment, Griffin's lips parted, but no words came out. He sucked in his bottom lip, hesitated, then finally said it.

"I need a witch."

The shift in Thessara's expression was instant. Whatever peace had rested on her face vanished.

And for good reason.

Yes, the wolves believed Selene created them just as she created most of the supernaturals walking the realm. But witches? That was where things got messy. Most wolves didn't believe witches came from Selene. Witches, with their grimoires and circles and ancient chants, were often lumped in with demons.

Their history didn't help either. Witches had spilled a lot of blood. They'd cursed packs, bent laws of life and death, and nearly brought down kingdoms. Even though some wolves acknowledged rare seers and healers in their own ranks, they refused to admit witches might share the same source of power. A werewolf's magic was their wolf. Period.

Sure, the same wolves secretly used witches when it benefited them like the Alpha King, who had a custom-made necklace from a witch to shield his mind from mental attacks. But publicly Witches were still outcasts.

And that was the problem.

To a werewolf, they were the chosen ones while witches were mistakes.

That was why no one would ever support Micah as heir, not while he had demon blood.

It was ironic, really.

Because to humans, werewolves were demonic, animalistic creatures that belonged nowhere near the divine. Every species seemed to think themselves the favored child. Yeah. The madness never ended.

Thessara's face twisted. "You want me to bring a witch within the sacred grounds of Selene?"

"It's not the main temple..." Griffin shook his head, trying to clarify. "It's not even near it. My mate needs her."

Violet had been covered when they arrived. No one saw the faint point of her ears or the strange shimmer in her eyes. But they couldn't keep her hidden forever. If they planned to leave without alerting anyone, she needed a glamour. Griffin figured the fever would break within a day or two. They didn't have more time than that.

Thessara's tone turned sharp. "Do you even hear yourself? All the land here is sacred. Main building or not, it doesn't matter."

Griffin lowered his voice. "No one has to know. I just need you to sneak her in. She'll be gone the moment she's done."

But Thessara didn't budge. "I will not commit such blasphemy." Her chin lifted. "If I had known this was the kind of request Alice wanted me to hear, I would've turned her away on the spot."

"And yet you claim to serve the goddess," Griffin said, his voice now tight.

Thessara narrowed her eyes. "What?"

"You say you serve Selene, but we both know the seers are her voice. Her eyes. Her mouthpiece. Ignoring Alice isn't just disobedience, it's defiance."

That hit her. The arrogance slipped for just a second. She didn't speak, but the way her lips twitched and her eyes darted said enough that she was flustered. If not embarrassed at being called out.

She muttered, "Alice's words were vague. For all we know, this might not be what she meant."

Griffin didn't answer. He just stared, giving her a look that said, Really?

Thessara's shoulders stiffened. Her pride was still there, but it had taken a hit.

"What do you need a witch for?" she asked finally, changing the subject.

"That is not for you to know," Griffin said firmly.

Thessara's brows rose in clear offense, but he didn't care. "However," he continued, "if it helps your conscience, know what you're doing will never be forgotten. The East pack will owe you deeply. You'll have our favor."

That made her pause.

Griffin could see the calculation in her eyes. Because even in a temple where everyone claimed to serve Selene equally, there was still politics just like every other damn organization.

Every Moonmother in each temple had the same ambition, even if they never said it aloud, and it was to be chosen as the next Supreme Mother when the current one stepped down. It was the highest rank a priestess of Selene could reach, a lifetime of prestige and authority. And whether they liked to admit it or not, backing from the East Pack—a religious hotsoot—was no small deal. Especially with Griffin Hale standing as one of the future Cardinal Alphas.

It was leverage. And Mother Thessara knew it.

Her lips thinned while her gaze dropped to the floor for a second, then she looked back at him.

"Fine," she said at last. "Tonight. Just ensure everything is taken care of once and for all. I won't have a witch stepping into this temple again."

Griffin nodded. "You won't regret this."

"I honestly hope so," she muttered, but the edge in her voice had dulled.

And just like that, the deal was struck.

"Take care of the others," Thessara said, her voice calm but final.

Griffin knew she meant Roman and Violet.

"It's a rare thing," she added, eyes steady on him. "To be mated to not just one, but two. A huge privilege in fact, albeit one that comes with responsibility."

Griffin nodded once, silent.

"We'll meet again," she said, then turned sharply, her robe swirling behind her as she walked away.

Griffin exhaled and made his way back to the quarters, settling into his usual spot by the door. He could stay inside but he didn't want to invade their space. Roman and Violet needed to mate without any interference. And there was no guarantee he wouldn't lose control. Yeah, he'd rather stay here.

It didn't take long before a young Nova arrived, handing him a wooden tray filled with steaming food and scurried off without a word.

Thessara had sent her. No doubt about that.

Griffin stepped into the room, nearly knocked back by the wall of heat and scent. The thick smell of sex hung heavy in the air and it made his head reel, but he kept his composure.

Roman and Violet were sprawled on the bed, naked and tangled in each other's limbs, dead asleep. They looked peaceful in each other's arms, and the mate bond in his chest hummed in quiet satisfaction. As the first, and ultimately the leader, it was his job to make sure everyone in this harem was comfortable.

And right now, the room was a mess. Clothes were scattered, the sheets half-off the mattress and there was a broken cup on the floor. It wasn't the best space—small and plain—but they had no choice. This was where they had to hide, for now.

Griffin quietly set the tray down on the small table and began putting things back in order. It was the least he could do for them while they recovered their energy.

Chapter 498: Three Way Bond

Griffin cleaned up the whole place until it was spotless, and decided Roman would pay for the broken item later. Not just that, he took the time to clean Violet up as well. She had stirred in the process and looked at him with those beautiful eyes, only to smile and fall back asleep.

The goddess had etched her mating rune by the side of her belly, and it was no surprise the rune shone in Roman's signature color, green. It seemed the goddess had decided to do a color upgrade when it came to their turn.

The average rune was black. Simple and functional. After all, it wasn't for aesthetics. The rune was a sacred symbol of the bond between mates. Still, lucky mates might as well take the chance to flaunt it.

Her own rune featured a central vertical line with two diagonal strokes gently angling to the right, forming a graceful, flowing shape that resembled stylized wings or open arms. It was beautiful.

But just like his, Roman's rune was etched in the color purple. His was a bold and striking shape of a diamond perched at the top, neatly split down the center by a vertical line that ran through its core and continued downward. Beneath it, two diagonal lines flared outward, forming a powerful "Y" shape.

Two down, two to go.

Griffin couldn't wait for the others to be mated too so their harem would be complete.

Unable to help himself, he cleaned Roman too. But unlike Violet, that one had slept like a log of wood. Sometimes, Griffin genuinely feared for the future of the South Pack with an Alpha like him.

Then again, he knew Roman only ever slept that deeply in places that felt secure. In places that felt like home. So, he couldn't really blame him.

Once he was done, Griffin headed to the small but functional bathroom and took a quick bath. He emerged minutes later wearing only a pair of trousers—far too tight for his liking—that Mother Thessara had provided. He hadn't expected to find his exact size here anyway, so he would simply make do with this one.

Griffin was towel-drying his hair when he turned and nearly jumped out of his skin. Violet was standing right in front of him, silently staring with that strange, unblinking intensity in her eyes.

Startled by her sudden appearance, Griffin froze mid-motion, the towel falling slack in his hands. A few stray droplets slipped from his damp hair, trailing down the ridges of his toned chest. Violet's gaze followed the path of the water, watching it curve along the sculpted lines of his abs, gliding over the deep V carved into his hips, and disappeared into the waistband of his trousers.

Then she looked up, biting her bottom lip.

Griffin recognized that look. Hunger.

He took a cautious step back. He should have apologized, should have excused himself for invading her mating space and left quietly.

But before he could utter a single word, Violet closed the distance, wrapped her arms around his neck, and kissed the living breath out of him.

Holy God.

Griffin groaned as her tongue slid into his mouth, dancing with his in a rhythm that left no space for restraint. She sucked on his tongue, traced the roof of his mouth, then latched onto his bottom lip, tugging it between hers, teasingly.

He was done for, and he knew it.

When her lips left his mouth and began trailing down his neck, Griffin didn't even try to stop her. She found his mating rune and dragged her wicked tongue along the mark slowly and deliberately.

A deep groan escaped him, the sensation shooting straight to his groin.

He twitched in reaction.

They should stop now before things went too far. Griffin reached for her hair, intending to gently pull her away. But that's when she dipped lower and latched onto his nipple.

"Goddess save!" he gasped, the words torn from him as her mouth worked its wicked magic.

Violet flicked her tongue over the sensitive bud, licking and sucking, then biting between intervals. Griffin was drowning in sensations. His head lolled back, dazed from the pleasure, but when he managed to open his eyes, he froze.

Roman was awake.

Lying beside them with his arms folded beneath his head, he watched with an unreadable expression. Still, Griffin could swear there was the ghost of a smirk on his lips as if he was enjoying every second of the show they were putting on for him.

Violet didn't stop. She moved to his other nipple and tortured him with the same pattern.

But Griffin knew this wasn't right.

This was their mating fever. He had no place here. He needed to give them space to let them enjoy each other fully.

Ever since Roman and Violet had marked one another, Griffin could feel Roman's presence like a hum under his skin, constant and alive.

That's how he had known they were having a good time in that room, even when their screams sounded like they were hurting each other.

He'd learned how to manage the three-way bond that had formed between them. It took time—and time was all he had—but eventually, he figured out how to tune into it like it was a corridor with three doors. Each one belonged to one of them. It was instinctive now. And when it became too much, he simply closed the door on whoever he needed to shut out.

It was the only way to avoid being overwhelmed by their emotions.

Well, more precisely, their need.

And right now, the door was wide open, and Roman's emotions were flooding through intensely and impossible to ignore. That bastard wanted them together.

It shouldn't have made sense. Mates were naturally territorial, possessive. But nothing about their bond had ever been normal.

Not with all five of them.

And somehow, this was what Roman wanted and Violet was actively responding to it already.

So Griffin stopped resisting and let go.

After hours of waiting outside, listening to their moans and cries behind that door, it was safe to say he was wound so tight he could snap.

Chapter 499: In Control

Violet was slowly kissing his abs now. The lingering scent of sandalwood from his soap mixed with his scent was driving her insane. Her libido was at an all-time high and all she could think about was him. Them. Him. She wanted them all.

Her mouth kept trailing lower, lips brushing the ridges of his toned stomach until they reached the sharp V-lines carved into his abdomen. She paused there, kissing the spot intentionally, then looked up at Griffin with that naughty smile on her face that spelt trouble. She planned to ruin him.

Griffin breath stuttered. His chest was rising too fast now, like he'd been caught in a sprint. His eyes were locked on hers and he could already tell where this was headed. He swallowed hard, heat pulsing through him.

Yeah. He was in trouble. The good kind.

Then Violet leaned in and dragged her tongue along the deep grooves of his V-line. She did it slowly as if tasting ice cream, savoring every sculpted dip and ridge.

Griffin cursed under his breath, fists clenching at his sides. His jaw tightened, and he fought the urge to grab her right then. She was playing with fire, and she knew it. His abs flexed involuntarily, the heat pooling fast in his groin. One more second of this and he wouldn't be able to hold back.

"Violet..." His voice came out hoarse, strained. "You do that one more time, and I swear..."

But Roman, still watching from the bed, said with a smirk, "Go on, baby girl. Don't stop now."

This time, Violet went lower, her lips brushing along the thick outline of his cock, hard and straining against his pants.

"Dear God," Griffin hissed through his teeth, his hips twitching beneath her.

But Violet showed no mercy. She kept tracing every curve like she owned it, her tongue teasing him until the front of his pants turned damp. He wasn't going to last at this rate and if he was going to come, it would be in her mouth—Violet wasn't in the mood to waste a single drop.

Violet might be on her knees, but there was nothing submissive about the way she looked up at him.

Her eyes burned with desire as she pressed her palm against his bulge, rubbing with slow, calculated pressure.

She purred, "Do you want me, mate?"

"F-fuck, I do," Griffin breathed, his voice strained. "More than anything you can imagine."

"Then take it off," she ordered.

Griffin didn't need to be told twice. He stripped in seconds, and Violet's eyes gleamed when his cock sprang free—thick, hard, and already leaking. He looked so damn beautiful.

"Good boy," Violet praised, grabbing his hips and pulling him closer until his cock hovered right in front of her lips. Her breath ghosted over the tip, but she didn't take him in. Not yet.

This wasn't like Violet, but damn, her being in control was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen.

Roman let out a low whistle from where he lounged. "Fuck, if that's how our queen claims her throne, I'll kneel anytime."

The sight of Violet bending Griffin to her will was just so damn arousing. And he couldn't just be in the sidelines anymore.

"Let me help," Roman growled, rising to his feet. His voice was rough, and hungry. "You shouldn't have all the fun alone, dear mate."

Violet said. "Fine, but you follow my lead. Touch me only when I say so."

Roman smirked. "As you wish, princess."

Griffin, the victim groaned as Roman stepped in behind Violet, lowering himself to his knees. His hands skimmed her thighs while she still had her lips brushing against Griffin's cock, torturing him with heat and denial.

"You want to fuck my mouth, don't you?" Violet asked, licking her lips slowly. "Too bad you'll only take what I give."

In that split second, Griffin wondered who the hell had possessed Violet. Then all thought escaped his head as she wrapped her mouth around him—just the tip—and drew him in, inch by inch, at her own pace until her nose was nearly buried against his lower abs.

Holy God almighty.

Griffin jerked, eyes rolling back. If this was how he died, so be it.

Violet sucked him slowly with no rush at all. Her tongue circled the sensitive underside, her nails biting into his thighs just enough to anchor him in place, to remind him who was in charge

"Damn," Roman muttered behind her, voice hoarse. "You look so fucking good with your mouth full, baby girl."

Violet didn't look at him. She didn't need to. Her hand reached back between her thighs, found Roman's, and guided his fingers exactly where she wanted them. Right on her clit.

Her hips bucked slightly as he caught the rhythm, her slick folds coating his fingers. Roman grabbed her hip with his other hand, grounding himself, while she carried on controlling the scene. Right now, Violet had them both—one in her hands, and the other on his knees.

Still sucking Griffin at her wicked pace, Violet ground her hips backward into Roman's touch, the pressure firm and her message saying: Keep going. Do better.

Griffin in question couldn't form a coherent thought. His knuckles had turned white and he was tempted to grab Violet by the hair and take control of the pleasure. But he was not in control. Violet was working him like she knew every nerve ending and owned him in that moment, completely.

Roman growled in his throat. "So greedy tonight, little mate." he muttered, fingers slipping between her folds, then circling her clit harder this time, exactly how she'd shown him.

Violet moaned around Griffin's cock, the vibration making him twitch violently in her mouth.

"Fuck... Violet," he hissed through clenched teeth.

But she didn't stop and kept going.

The wet suck of Violet's lips, her ragged breaths, and the obscene sound of Roman's fingers flicking her slick clit, all blended into one filthy, perfect symphony that shattered Griffin's control.

Chapter 500: Most Girls' Wet Dream

Or tried to shatter.

Griffin was seconds away from tipping over that glorious cliff when without warning Violet pulled off him with a wet pop. Her lips glistened with his release as she spoke, voice hoarse with control. "Don't come yet. You'll do that when I sit on you."

Roman halted as well, catching the shift in command. He drew his wet hand back from between her thighs and brought it to his mouth, licking his fingers clean like a cat savoring cream.

Griffin looked wrecked with his chest heaving, but he nodded like an obedient soldier.

Violet turned her head toward the bed. "Go lie down."

Then her gaze flicked to Roman. "And you," she said, voice rough with command, "I want your mouth on my tits while he fucks me."

Roman's lips curved into that familiar slow, wicked smile. "In your service, ma'am," he said, giving her a mock salute.

Their mate was in charge now, and he damn loved it.

Griffin climbed onto the poor bed, which creaked under his weight, and lay back. Violet followed, but she didn't face him. Instead, she straddled him in reverse, planting her knees on either side of his hips. Yes, she was riding him reverse cowgirl style.

Violet reached between her thighs and grabbed Griffin's cock, positioning it right at her entrance. And then she sank down slowly, inch by devastating inch, until he was buried fully inside her.

Griffin's head fell back, a ragged curse escaping through gritted teeth. "Gods, you're tight..."

Violet slammed her hips down hard, making him choke on his next breath. "I didn't ask for your commentary."

"Yes, ma'am." He bit back a groan, chest rising fast.

Roman moved into place in front of her, eyes burning with desire. Violet looked up at him, still moving her hips with slow, punishing control.

"I want you to kiss me like you mean it," she ordered, her breath catching as Griffin twitched inside her.

Roman smirked, as if she just handed him a treat instead of a chore.

He bent down, cupped her face and kissed her deeply, slowly and possessively. His tongue tangled with hers as Griffin groaned beneath her, his hands gripping her hips as she rode him.

Violet broke the kiss first, breathless, her voice rough as silk. "Lower."

Roman obeyed, trailing kisses down her throat, over her collarbone, until his mouth found the soft swell of her breast. He licked over the curve first, then latched onto her nipple and suckled.

"Yes...." Violet gasped.

Her spine arched, pressing into Roman's mouth while her hips ground harder onto Griffin.

Griffin growled beneath her, hands tightening on her waist as he bucked upward to meet her rhythm. "Fuck, Violet..."

"Don't come yet," She said through a moan. "You don't come until I do."

Griffin's entire body was tense, sweat beading on his forehead as he gasped, "I'm trying, Violet. Fuck—I'm trying."

But Violet did not care, chasing her own pleasure. Her head was tipped back between them, caught in the blissful war.

Roman's tongue was merciless, switching from one breast to the other while Griffin filled her again and again, his thighs shaking from restraint.

"Don't stop," Violet moaned, her voice breaking. "Just like that."

Roman's hands slid behind her, one gripping her lower back with the other buried in her hair as he looked down at her face flushed with pleasure. "You like being worshipped, don't you, my Queen?"

"Isn't that what I deserve?" she shot back with a breathless smirk.

Griffin thrust up hard in response, and Violet let out a cry, one that had Roman groaning low against her chest.

"You're going to kill us both," Griffin rasped.

Roman chuckled, still suckling her as he looked up through half-lidded eyes. "Then what a glorious death."

But Violet couldn't respond. Not when pleasure was rolling through her in crashing waves. Her movements were

desperate now, chasing the edge. Griffin felt her tightening around him, and it drove him insane. His jaw clenched, muscles locked, and he slammed his hips upward to meet every roll of her hips.

Roman didn't stop. His mouth worshipped her with reverence and hunger, as if she were the goddess herself. He bit softly, and licked her nipple as if she was his last taste of heaven. Violet trembled, fingers buried in his green hair, and held him there, refusing to let him go.

Then she cried out. It was raw and loud and perfect.

Violet's entire body convulsed as she came, stars exploding behind her eyes, and heat ripping through her in torrents. Griffin followed a second later, his hands bruising her hips as he groaned her name through clenched teeth, spilling deep inside her.

Roman pulled back just enough to watch the way her face twisted in pleasure, his lips swollen and wet from her skin. "Beautiful," he whispered, his voice hoarse.

Violet collapsed forward, falling against Roman's chest as her body trembled, still strung out from the high. Griffin was panting beneath her, his chest slick with sweat, his hands stroking her thighs as if trying to calm the aftershocks.

For a few seconds, the room was quiet with only the sound of their breathing, and the distant chirping of birds.

Then it was Roman's turn.

He grabbed Violet without warning and guided her down onto all fours, lifting her until her ass was high in the air, and on full display. Between her thighs, her dripping heat gleamed with Griffin's release.

Roman's green eyes darkened as he stood behind her, slowly stroking himself. He had waited for the moment Griffin would be done so he could have his turn.

Griffin, in question, had moved aside to give them space and now sat with his eyes locked on the scene unfolding before him.

Then Roman drove into her with one hard thrust, her slick heat offering no resistance. Violet's scream echoed off the walls as he filled her to the hilt with no mercy. It was a raw, dominant possession.

Immediately, Roman set a brutal pace, pounding into her so hard her moans turned into cries, the bed creaking beneath them. He grabbed her hair, yanking her back so her spine curved perfectly against his chest, his other hand slapping her ass, watching the skin bloom red.

"My queen loves getting fucked like this, don't you?"

"Yes! Please, don't stop—"

"I wasn't planning to."

Roman grunted, slamming into her harder such that one leg of the bed snapped.

But he didn't stop. He drove into her deep and unrelenting, until Violet's mind was in a haze. At that moment, her body was nothing but a vessel for his pleasure.

The bed finally gave out, collapsing beneath them with a loud crack, not that it stopped them. Not even for a second. They didn't miss a beat, too far gone in the throes of pleasure to care.

Even Griffin couldn't help but begin to touch himself, the scene so damn arousing.

He matched the pace of the couples, faster now, his muscles tensed, and his jaw tight. He was so damn close.

"Roman—oh my God!" she screamed.

Violet's walls clenched hard, her body shuddering as the orgasm ripped through her with the force of a violent wave. She cried out, shaking uncontrollably, but Roman didn't stop. He kept thrusting, chasing his own high, until his groan broke through the air and he spilled deep inside her, every last drop.

Beside them, Griffin broke too. He grunted like an animal, jerking hard as he came all over himself, thick spurts painting his abs. It was messy, rough, and fucking perfect.

Violet had never seen a sexier sight.

Then she collapsed onto the bed, boneless, with Roman slipping out of her. He followed right after, pulling her into his arms and it felt damn good. He was so warm and cuddly.

There would be no more fucking though because she couldn't feel her legs, and her whole body was so sensitive it actually hurt. Maybe when she woke up, they could try some other wild position. But not now.

Griffin quickly cleaned himself up, then joined them. The bed was small, which meant Violet ended up sandwiched between both men. Not that she was complaining. Their heat, scent and weight soothed the bond in her chest.

Violet was living most girls' wet dream, and she damn well knew it.