

Regaining Control

"I'm sorry, Heather. Are you alright?" Michael asked.

"I'm ne, Michael. I always wanted my rst time to be special. This is a beautiful place on a beautiful night, and you're my mate. I couldn't possibly ask for more." I replied.

He looked down and back up at me. "Your... your rst time?"

"Yes."

Michael rubbed a hand over his face. Was he disappointed I was still a virgin? I thought he would want to be the only man who touched me. Maybe he just felt bad because he didn't make it more special. That had to be it. Michael was thoughtful, he wouldn't have done this if he had known. It wasn't something we really talked about.

"I shouldn't have done that. You just looked so... and my wolf took over. You deserved better for your rst time."

"It's okay. I didn't exactly ght back."

He took off his shirt and started cleaning me up with it. I felt so cared for and loved. His touch was gentle and tender. The Michael I knew was far sweeter than the passionate beast his wolf was.

"I don't know that it would've mattered if you did. I wanted you so bad, I'm pretty sure I wouldn't have noticed if you fought back or said no. I should have better control." He shook his head disappointedly.

"Is that why you didn't nish in me? Because you got your control back?" I asked.

Michael held out his hand and I took it. He pulled me up to sit and started straightening out my clothes. I could tell he was thinking of how he wanted to answer.

"Heather, you're not eighteen yet. I don't want to get you pregnant. When it's time, I'm sure you'll be a great mom, but that's a while off. I can't have a pup with a high school student. When my mate gets pregnant, she will be marked, living in my home, and dedicated only to me, our family, and our pack. Not school or other teenager-y things." Michael replied.

My heart swelled when he talked about our future. His plan was good. I was a November baby, so my senior year would start in the fall. By this time next year, I would be graduating from high school, marked by Michael, and, hopefully, planning our rst pup.

Once I was all cleaned up and straightened out, he helped me stand, collected the blanket and guided me back to the car. I got in and buckled up while he stashed his shirt with the blanket in the trunk. Michael got in and put his seatbelt on before starting the car. He was quiet.

"Next time we can use a condom and it won't be as messy." I suggested.

He turned and stared at me. His eyes roamed my body and I could see the stiffening in his lap. His Adam's apple bobbed in his throat.

"Next time? What makes you think there will be a next time?" He asked.

"Because we're mates. It's hard to resist your mate before you ever do anything. Afterward, the urge gets more intense. According to people I know." I explained.

"I want you to take the week off from your lessons with my mom. Just hang out with your friends and relax. I'll take you out again next Friday. We'll really talk this time. I just need a little more space so I can work on controlling myself, okay?" Michael told me as he turned the car around and headed back down the dirt road.

"Whatever you need, Michael. I'm not going anywhere." I smiled.

He took my hand and squeezed it. That made me happy. I pulled his hand up to my face and rubbed my cheek against it.

We arrived back at my house a little after midnight. The house was dark. I knew everyone was in bed. They trusted Michael to bring me home safely.

I said goodbye and went to the front door. He waited until I closed the door before he left, like always. I smiled to myself. He was so cute and sweet. It would be nice to have a week off. I'd see if Lyd wanted to do something or if I could stay over with her for a couple days.

Though I was still a little mad at Wendy for ruining the skirt I planned, it seemed that her skirt got me a lot further than my original plan. Michael couldn't resist me. I giggled quietly and went up to my room, grabbing my shower stuff, and heading to the bathroom.

Even though I didn't want to wash Michael's scent off me, I knew it would be unnecessarily cruel to Wendy if she knew I didn't just have a mate, I had a mate and had s*x with him. She was a selsh brat sometimes, but no one deserved to have a relationship rubbed in their face. I really hoped she'd nd her mate at the next regional or national gathering.

-

The week was quiet. I went to Lyd's house for a couple of nights. We had a lot of fun and made plans for when I got back from my family's camping trip. I kept feeling like I was forgetting something important, but I gured it was probably just the phantom panic that came with not attending my lessons with Michael's mother.

It was understandable. I always had the same feeling in the rst week of summer break. Lyd never felt stuff like that. All she felt was happy to have more time to sleep in the morning.

When Friday came around, I decided not to test my luck by wearing something revealing. I picked a nice, long dress that t loosely and had ow sleeves made of sheer cloth. It was pretty, not too sexy, and respectable.

Michael looked relieved when he picked me up. Wendy kept herself in her room when he came. It was strange because she always liked to come out and chat. I didn't let it bother me too much. Soon, I would be Gamma female and my life wouldn't be ruled by my big sister's moods and desires.

He took me to a nice restaurant in the nearby human city. It was really pretty and kind of expensive, but I gured he was trying to make up for what happened last week. He told me to order whatever I wanted, but I decided to keep my order under a certain amount. I wasn't going to make him literally pay for something I kind of wanted.

After our dinner, Michael took me to a theater for a movie I'd told him I was interested in a couple of months ago. It wasn't the opening weekend, so it wasn't too busy. He bought a jumbo popcorn, several candies, and large sodas.

The movie was amazing. It was so sweet and romantic, but also pretty funny and not that stupid cringe humor either. The characters were genuinely witty and hilarious. I loved their banter.

Ever since I found Michael, I started liking human romance movies again. They worked so hard to nd love. Halfway through the movie, Michael took my hand and placed it on his groin. I could feel his hardened length twitching under my palm.

"I don't know how you do this to me, Heather. I've never been like this before." He whispered.

I blushed. I always wanted someone to think I was sexy and attractive, even when I was dressed in normal clothes. Quietly, he pulled himself out of his pants and guided my hand to stroke him while I watched the movie. He told me to keep my eyes forward.

It was hot. Being naughty in a room with so many humans and chances to get caught. He breathed softly, yet heavily, as I slowly stroked him. When the end credits rolled, Michael tucked himself away and grabbed my hand, pulling me out of the theater.

We got in the car and he drove like a mad man. I was a little scared and gripped the door. He was mumbling something under his breath as he drove.

Michael turned off on a familiar dirt road. It was the one we took last week to the spot where we made love for the rst time. I bit my lips together.

He couldn't control himself again. I thought this could happen. I was starting to get even more turned on at the idea of Michael needing me so badly.

When he got to the clearing, he slammed on the breaks and got out quickly. I heard him get the blanket from the trunk and my door ew open just as I was reaching for the handle. He grabbed my hand and hauled me out of the car.

Instead of spreading the blanket out, he rolled it into a ball and pressed it to my chest. I wrapped my arms around it and stared at him in confusion. What did he want me to do?

"I want you on your knees. Hold on to that blanket to keep from sliding forward. I want your face in the grass and your ass in the air." Michael ordered with a growl.

Gwyn balked at his command, but he was our mate and our Gamma. I did what he said, pulling the skirt of my dress up so I wouldn't pin it beneath my knees and get grass stains on it. Michael ipped my skirt up over my hips and growled again before ripping another pair of my panties off. I mued my yip in the bundled blanket.

Michael probed and massaged me until I forgot the embarrassment of having my bottom bared out in the open. I tried to stay quiet. I knew he didn't want me to be loud and attract attention.

Once he seemed to be happy with how ready I was, I heard a foil wrapper being opened. I could smell the latex and the lubricant of the condom. He took my advice.

There was a pause, then Michael slipped into me in one quick, hard thrust. I cried out as my body protested his intrusion. He was rough and urgent as he pushed into me again and again. I could feel myself getting sore, but he wasn't stopping.

I panted and took him, afraid to move and ruin our time together.

"You feel so good, baby." Michael groaned. "Goddess, why can't I resist you?"

He reached around and started playing with my clit, adding to my pleasure. I whimpered, unable to do anything else. His thrusts grew faster and harder. I started panting and moaning. It was agonizing, but I could feel my muscles clenching his c**k.

I cried out as I came. I felt the warmth spread over my lower body as Michael pounded into me, pushing me even harder against the ground. I had only barely caught my breath when he tensed and growled loudly. He came inside me, lling the condom.

This was my passionate, animalistic mate. Michael pulled me up and I released the blanket. He turned me around and kissed me deeply. I responded passionately. He pushed me back until my hips were up on the rolled blanket and my shoulders were on the ground.

"That wasn't good enough." Michael growled.

He was hard again and positioned his tip against me. It felt different. I realized he didn't have a condom on as he pushed into me. I was still a little raw from the rough way he'd taken me before.

With a groan, he started thrusting in and out again. I loved the feeling of him inside me without anything separating us. I didn't care how rough he was or how hard he was taking me. I loved it all. I was panting, sobbing, and clawing at the ground. I was a mess and he was a beast, but it was all I ever wanted. I was his in every way.

My legs trembled. The different position had him rubbing on different places inside of me. I kept my lips together so I wouldn't cry out as an orgasm shook me.

Michael grunted and groaned as he pushed through my clenching muscles. It was like stars exploding behind my eyelids as another spike hit me suddenly. He growled with pleasure as I gasped for air. He wasn't done yet, just basking in the feeling of my body milking his.

"Mine." He growled as he pushed again.

I gasped. I couldn't believe how long he was going. Michael was commanding and a little overwhelming. He was everywhere and nowhere at once, until he reached the end.

Again, his strokes became erratic. I knew that meant he was getting close. He paused for a little bit and took some deep, calming breaths. I ached for him to move again. Soon, he started thrusting.

I needed more. I didn't want it to ever end. This was so much better than the last couple of times. My body was getting used to the power of his desire.

After a little bit longer, Michael groaned in frustration. He pulled out and reached down, gripping the back of my neck. Michael pulled me up to my knees and stood over me.

"Open." He ordered, pushing down on my chin with his thumb.

I opened my mouth and he thrust into it. Michael pushed all the way to the back of my throat. He gripped my hair and stroked in and out, making me choke on him.

He pushed a little harder and I gagged again, but he kept pushing. I started to choke, but he didn't stop. I panted and gasped desperately when he pulled back. I could feel him getting even harder.

Even as I was sucking him, he was pushing me to the edge of my endurance. I felt his c**k twitch, then throb.

It was the most wonderful feeling. I could feel him start to pulse deep inside my throat and I swallowed as much as I could. Some spilled out from the corners of my mouth.

Michael pulled out slowly. I was coughing from the thick liquid that had made its way down my throat. I opened my eyes and smiled, leaning my forehead against his thigh.

He stroked my hair as he recovered, then helped me up and gently wiped his seed from where it trailed from the corners of my mouth. There was a look in his eyes, like he'd come to a decision of some sort.

"I should get you home." He smiled.

"I thought you wanted to talk about something." I said, with a slightly raspy voice.

"Shh, Heather. Don't worry about it. I'll take care of everything." Michael told me as he pulled me to standing and kissed me sweetly. "You're mine." He murmured against my lips.

"And you're mine." I sighed.

Michael hummed a little and kissed me some more. It was nice to have him treat me gently again. He grabbed the blanket and led me back to the car. It was a much calmer drive than the one that brought us out to the clearing. I liked it. We were nding a new level to our relationship.