

Chapter 111

The moment he pinched her nipple with just the right amount of pressure, making her back arch, she whispered, "I need you. In me. Now. Please."

Leaning close to her mouth, the tip of his tongue glazed over her lips, and he pulled back right before she took his lips. Confusion entered her need-filled eyes and he placed a kiss on her nose, declaring, "I need to be in you too, my love. But I want to feel you when I do it this time. It's either we both feel each other or nothing at all. So how about you rethink y—"

Before Greg finished, the binds on her wrists were ripped apart as she flipped them over with a strength and speed acquired overnight, taking his breath away and he didn't even have time to process the change in position before felt her head buried at the crook of his neck with relentless strokes from her tongue and suction from her mouth, emanating a hunger that had him moaning as his hands on her hips kneaded her flesh.

Sush didn't know who wrote the books on marking but the authors were right. There really wasn't a need to think. Her body just knew. She knew instinctively where her mark was supposed to go, the way she should tenderize the area, and when she was ready, her mouth closed in, making Greg hold his breath, his hands kneading her hips came to an anxious pause.

The moment her canines sunk into his flesh, he released a loud groan of satisfaction like he'd just overcome an insurmountable challenge.

When the new set of canines retracted and Sush licked away the excess blood, Greg was bombarded with an intensity of desire that rivaled his

own, a level of certainty that he easily matched, a degree of hope and happiness that brought moisture into his own eyes, and a vigor of love that he could never imagine receiving in this lifetime or the next.

Sush sealed her work with a kiss the same way he did the previous night. Hovering above his face, her lips stretched broadly as she followed the mild animal instincts now within her, proclaiming, "Mine."

One of his hands glided up her back and rested at her nape, bringing her down for their lips to crash, repeating whispers of "I love you" between each brush.

Thinking to herself that she'd let him stall them long enough, she worked her way to his jaw, then his neck, quickly learning that the fresh mark was now the most sensitive region. As she peppered kisses down his chest. Sitting on her knees, she got rid of his pants, finally getting to see his erection.

Bringing her mouth to the tip, her tongue glazed the surface as he grunted, and she slipped him into her mouth so swiftly that he moaned, "Fuck."

He reached over to take her hair and held it to the side as her head bobbed up and down his length. The sight was breathtaking, the pace was perfect and it didn't take long before he came in her mouth with a grunt, shooting down her throat as she moaned with him, her mouth easing on the strokes, guiding him back from his high.

He pulled her next to him, bringing her face-down on the bed as he climbed behind her, hands prompting her to support herself by her knees. Slipping a condom on, he then thrust into her all at once, and moans of pleasure escaped filled the space at her finally being filled and him being the one to fill it. He went harder and faster than he did in all their previous times now that he had acquired a new level of speed from being marked and she had the traits of a lycan to cope with the

pressure and pace.  1

Any thorns of concern that grew were brusquely plucked away by her moaning and repeated urging for him to go even harder and faster in a manner that even challenged his own speed and strength.

Moments away from her peak, she whimpered and muttered, "Please, please, please."

With a resounding growl, his hand on her waist moved to her abdomen as he gradually angled her upward while he continued pumping, holding her flush against his chest while he bit on her mark, feeling her core clench around him as she screamed when he grunted and stiffened. Their orgasms rippled through their bond as Sush melted into his embrace while they took bated breaths, feeling light. Satiated. Happy.

While they were enjoying the nice, quiet moment together, his animal just had to ruin things by demanding his human ask their mate whether he could have a go with her. His human refused, saying she was worn out as it was, and they regulated their time for sex in the morning because they still had to work throughout the day. But his starved animal insisted he ask, wanting to hear the refusal from her lips before agreeing to drop the matter.

Clearing his throat, he began, "Sush... forgive the excessive entitlement of what I'm about to say but my lycan is asking... if he can fuck you."

Her relaxed posture turned frigid, and his animal braced himself for a no, already swallowing a sad whimper and turning away with slumped shoulders. But when Sush turned to his human with shining eyes, the beast held on to a modicum of hope. And when she asked, "Is he as good as you are?", he howled. Insanely loudly, almost deafening his own human and breaking their shared eardrums.

An amused but arrogant smile tipped Greg's lips. "I doubt it." His answer drew an instant growl of protest from the animal as he

continued, "He'll try, but don't be too hard on him if he doesn't meet your expectations, hm?"

His beast was going berserk in anger now, fighting for dominance, trying to push his human to the back.

Sush reached for his cheek, gazing into his eyes that were in alternating shades now, and she knew she was seeing his beast at the flickering intervals. Bringing their lips close, her lids fell halfway when she whispered, "I just need him to be hard on me."

Those words gave his animal all the motivation it needed to push his human away and come forward. The straighter posture, sudden flexing of his shoulders, the way his hands on her abdomen and shoulder now gripped her firmer and tighter, told her she was now in the presence of his beast, who emitted a low snarl as his dark, hungry eyes zoned in on her like a predator to a prey.

Not knowing where to begin when it came to making love with his animal, she let her instincts guide her, leaning into his hold as her voice came out in a submissive purr, "Your Grace."

The erotic ring she brought to his title boosted his already inflated ego, and he flipped her around, pressing her back-down against the mattress and pinned her wrists to the headboard, plunging into her and snarled in satisfaction when she gasped and moaned in ecstasy. His prolonged starvation and thirst for her had him going all out, getting her core to tense around him as he stiffened and grunted from his release.

The animal rested his forehead on hers as they came down from their high, cooing to her, not knowing another way to express how much he loved her, a gesture that she understood, seeing it from the affection in his eyes, feeling him through their bond. Her lips touched his in a quick peck and his mouth took hers in a greedy kiss.

Even after the kiss, the beast refused to return control, savoring the

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moment with his mate. Head on her chest, he listened to the thumping cadence of her heart. So beautiful. So perfect. And all his.

It took some time before his human regained control, at which time he pushed himself up and prompted, "Well?"

Knowing exactly what he wanted to ask, Sush's eyes narrowed. "Really?"

"I want to know, and I have a feeling he does too."

"It's not a competition, and you're both equally good."

"You're worried about hurting his feelings, aren't you?" Greg mused, ignoring the pouncing animal in his head.

"I'll say this," Sush began, putting his animal's protest to a stop. "He may look more egotistical, but I have a feeling you're the one with the greater ego."

As his animal celebrated the win, his human cut the victory short by uttering, "If a greater ego equates to better performance, I'll happily take it."

"You and your need to win," she reprimanded, brows arching as annoyance set in.

He grinned, gently nudging the tip of her nose, confessing, "Me and my need to please. To please you. I love you."

Those words softened her entirely, vaporizing the annoyance, and she didn't even need to think before responding, "I love you, too."

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