

Chapter 598

Pietro stroked his fingers lightly down her side, before bunching up the material of her shirt in order to touch her skin. Cassia shuddered at the first touch of his fingers, as an electrifying tremor coursed through her body. How could something so delicate cause such an instant reaction? Her arousal was almost at fever pitch already, and he'd barely touched her.

"I lied when I said I wasn't hungry, Cassia. I'm ravenous—not only to taste your blood once more—but to taste all of you. I yearn for the touch of your skin, for the taste of you in my mouth and the feel of you wrapped around my cock. If you don't want this, then say so now; it will be too late if you allow me to proceed further."

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Was he really asking her if she wanted this? Every nerve ending in her body was on fire from a simple touch. He had to be able to scent her instant arousal and know what he was doing to her. She opened her mouth to say something, but no words came out; her answer, instead, was to wriggle her bottom against his erection. The movement dragged a harsh hiss from his lips and a nip of his teeth against her earlobe.

"So be it, Niña," he growled, as his tongue snaked down her neck. His teeth snapped the fragile strap which held her top to her shoulder. Hot lips travelled to the end of her shoulder and then back again, until he was at the sweet juncture of her neck. Pietro licked the spot roughly, eliciting a deep moan. His hand slid under her body to yank at the button on her jeans.

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The zip rasped down and his large hand burrowed under her panties to cup her mound at the same moment his fangs sliced the delicate skin of her neck. Cassia cried out, her body arching helplessly into his hand. He was pulling deeply at her life's essence, the incessant tugging sensation causing an answering spasm between her thighs. Three thick fingers found her opening and plunged deep into her body, the heel of his hand massaging the tiny bundle of nerves, intensifying her pleasure.

Pietro stoked into her in time to his suckling at her neck, rubbing against her relentlessly as he savoured the sweetness of her blood as well as her sexual hunger. Sensations overwhelmed Cassia, her need so hot and heavy she was crying out incoherently, her hips grinding as she tried to force the pace of his movements.

Her abandonment made his cock pulse with a heady desire, as his fingers demanded access, demanded the wanton response she seemed unable to control. Pietro took his time, refusing to give in to her muttered pleas for more, teasing her with slow, hard thrusts, taking a moment to graze her sweet spot and make her cry out.

It was the sexiest sound he'd ever heard and the sexist sight he had ever seen. A sense of male pride flushed through him as his beautiful blonde wolf gave her body to him to do with as he pleased. Cassia shuddered wildly as she pulsed with pure pleasure, liquid fire running through her veins. It was enough to fracture Pietro's tenuous control. He pressed into her hard, sending her tumbling over into her climax, continuing to suckle at her neck as she shuddered in his arms.

Reluctantly, Pietro eased his fangs from Cassia's flesh and lapped at the stray rivulets of blood that covered her sweet skin. His fingers remained buried inside her body, her scalding heat embracing his hand. He didn't ever want to move his hand from her. She felt so perfect gripping him.

As had happened when he'd lain with women in the past, a sense of possessiveness welled up within him. Only this time, it was stronger than anything he had ever experienced before. This time he wanted to beat his chest and scream MINE so everyone knew that this exquisite creature belonged to him. She was his—to touch, tease and make love to—whenever he so desired.

His body ached to be inside her, to be buried in the wet heat that bathed his fingers. He had sated a hunger he hadn't even known he was feeling. Now he wanted to satisfy the hunger that had compelled him to leave Andrei's home and seek out the stunning blonde wolf lying beneath him.

He knew he shouldn't touch her. He'd tried to resist her charms, but that fateful moment by the lake had rendered his defeat inevitable. Since the moment he'd first tasted her sweet essence, when she'd shattered so beautifully for him, his cock had been rock hard. He wanted—no, needed—to be sheathed as deeply as possible within her. His lust dominated everything. He would take her here and now, riding her beautiful body hard as he tasted her sweetness. He would worry about the consequences of their actions later. For the moment, all that mattered was claiming Cassia, and loving her so thoroughly that any other man would pale in comparison to what he could give her.

"Stay there," he growled, taking his time to slide his fingers from her body, giving in to the need to suck on them and flood his mouth with the flavour of her passion. She tasted so good, sweet and musky at the same time. Licking his fingers clean, Pietro stood up, a half smile on his lips as Cassia obeyed his command. He had no doubt this was a strange experience for her, but one she seemed willing to try.

There was too much spark to the wolf to be a true submissive. While compassion and maternal emotions ran deep in Cassia, there was a soldier within too; a warrior who would go toe to toe with any threat to her pack. No, she wasn't submissive, but she acquiesced because she knew it would bring him pleasure.

That realization made his heart thump hard in his chest and his body pulse with a deep need, something he couldn't ever remember experiencing before. He had to have her and it had to be now. Stripping off his clothes quickly, he knelt back down and lengthened his talons so he could cut the denim from her body. Salvaging her clothing was irrelevant; his impatience wouldn't allow for it, and he knew she could summon new clothes if needed.

Pietro ached to touch every inch of her perfect skin and he did just that, slowly tracing the back of her calves all the way up to her inner thighs. His mouth followed his fingers, licking and tasting each savoury inch. A low rumble resonated from his chest as his ministrations encouraged the sexist of sounds from Cassia's lips. He glanced up to see her fingers buried in the grass beneath them, as if she was holding on for dear life. Despite having come once already, there was no mistaking her body's responses; she was ready for more.