

Chapter 599

He was ready, as well: ready to sheathe himself deep within her, to stroke her to another mind-numbing orgasm, and to join her in her ecstasy. Yet, he wanted so much more than just a quick fuck; she was worth so much more. Sitting back on his heels, Pietro pulled at Cassia's hips until she was on her hands and knees. A long, black tendril of his hair tickled her skin as he leaned forward and ran his tongue slowly up her spine.

She shivered and moaned, making his cock flex at the sound. He licked up her spine again and again, taking a moment to nip with his teeth, which sent her into a frenzy of movement. Her skin looked so delicate, but he knew her heritage made her a thousand times stronger than he was, even when he was in full health. Cassia was Vârcolac: both vampire and wolf. She had a feisty lust that made her the most alluring woman he had ever lain with.

"Stand up, Niña, I want to see you."

Cassia rose to his bidding, turning around slowly to give him a complete view of her naked form. Pietro gulped through the pain in his chest, a pain that was there because he quite literally couldn't breathe for a moment. She was truly exquisite, standing before him in all of her nakedness. Her swollen breasts and dusky pink nipples, now hardened with desire, begged for his touch. She had beautiful curves in all the right places, her hips rounding into sleek, muscled thighs that rippled with strength—the power of her wolf clearly evident.

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His gaze travelled to the juncture of her thighs, to that hot, tight place where his fingers had been buried only a short while ago. She trimmed her sex until there was but a whisper of downy blonde curls covering her secrets, curls that were damp and glistening from her earlier climax.

Glancing up, he met her gaze and saw the smokiness of desire in her light blue eyes. Her unruly locks were a tumbling mass of disarray framing her face, and her lips were so pouty, as if he'd kissed her senseless. He didn't know which turned him on the most; the sight of her naked form or the passion still lingering on her beautiful face. All he knew was he had to taste her, had to feel her gripping his cock as he rode them both to completion. WwW.novèlw.com ©

Pietro push her back a few steps until she was pinned against a large Ash tree. Moving on his knees, he slid his hands slowly up her legs until his thumbs rested a bare inch from her sex. He inhaled deeply, breathing in her heady scent; it was a perfect blend of raw desire and that unique scent that was Cassia Romanov. Silently, he eased apart her legs, baring her most vulnerable area to his gaze.

She was simply stunning; her body hot and wet, so eager for his touch. He couldn't deny himself any longer. He buried his head between her thighs and laved his tongue roughly against her sex to drink in the sweet nectar she offered. Her juices were even sweeter when he drank directly from her body than when he'd licked them from his fingers. As he lapped against her, her shrill cries stoked his own need, and his touch grew increasingly wild.

Pietro feasted on her body like a starving man, as he fought to keep his fangs from elongating. He wanted to taste her blood again, to nip at her delicate skin, to feed from the very heart of what made her a woman. He struggled for control, and concentrated all of his energy on giving her the pleasure she deserved. Her hands fisted tightly in his hair and she held him to her aching core, grinding herself against his mouth and tongue.

"Please, Pietro..."

He had no idea what she was asking for but the sound of her voice and the feel of her hands shattered the last ounce of his self-control. His fangs dropped and he pierced her most vulnerable place, pulling and licking ravenously as her blood and juices flowed into his eager mouth. Cassia screamed as tremors of another climax coursed through her, flooding his mouth with her pleasure. He suckled even harder as she shuddered wildly, his mind consumed by a burning haze. It took all of his control to remove his fangs from her body, his tongue refusing to stop its broad sweeps against her succulent flesh as he drank in everything she had to give him.

His vampiric nature wrested control from him as he rose up sharply; his human half was forgotten as he hooked his arms beneath Cassia's thighs and lifted her from the forest floor. With a loud roar, Pietro buried his cock deep into her waiting body. Pressing her against the tree trunk, he allowed his own beast to answer the blonde wolf's challenge and stamp his dominance upon her.

Her hot, tight sheathe gripped him like a glove, squeezing him painfully hard despite the juices he had tempted from her body on two occasions already. He was impressively endowed; his cock long and thick, and sometimes, a bit much for human women to withstand. Cassia accepted all of him, crying out as he rolled his hips to thrust back inside her again.

She was perfection, her body made for his, her lust matching his as no other woman ever had. Pietro took her hard and fast, watching the pleasure ripple across her exquisite features, his gaze drawn to her beautiful breasts bouncing as he rocked into her. He had to claim that flesh too, had to know every delicious inch of his woman and her wolf. He thrust in deeply and held himself rigid inside her as he sucked a hardened peak into his eager mouth.

He suckled, his touch rough and demanding. There was no gentleness in this coming together; there was only wild passion and deep need. He was ruthless as his teeth scraped her nipple, and she cried out loudly. "More!"

He bit gently and then a little harder, laving her nipple with his tongue to soothe the ache he'd caused. She whimpered and begged him for more, her cries breathy as she bathed his cock with her juices. Pietro kissed across her chest, rolling his hips into her as he did, catching the other nipple and biting and suckling it as he had the first. Each time he thrust deep and used his teeth on her, his wolf raked her nails down his back, inciting him for more.

No woman had ever called out his beast the way Cassia did. Usually he had to rein in that part of himself with most of his female partners; with Cassia he knew he could let go—give in to the searing passion within—and he did. Pietro was relentless as he slammed into her repeatedly, his hands hard against her back, his mouth rough against her skin. He was out of control, and he knew it. He also knew he couldn't hurt her, that her passion, her desires mirrored his one hundred percent.

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"Oh God, Pietro. I'm going to come again." Cassia cried out the words in a hoarse voice and it was enough to snap the last of his self-control. Thrusting hard and fast, he ground his lips against hers, their tongues duelling as he pushed her that last distance. She was crying out into his mouth, her body rippling around his rock hard cock, pushing him over the edge too.

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Pietro threw his head back and bellowed into the morning air as every nerve ending in his body danced with fire and he emptied his seed into Cassia's hot body. She was still crying out, still shuddering and bathing his cock with her come as another rope of his seed pulsed within her, and another and another. He thought it would never end, the wonderful euphoria of being in her arms, his body shaking with each powerful eruption. His knees trembled and gave way, and he sank to the forest floor with Cassia still firmly embedded on his cock, her arms thrown around his neck.