

The Luna and her Quadruplet Pups by Jane Above Story

Chapter 222

Jane

"Not want you?" Ethan snarls furiously, seeming angrier about that suggestion than my words about Devon. "Not want you? That has never been the problem!"

His hands are so fierce on my body, and I can see a wild sort of desperation in his handsome features.

His eyes are glowing and his fangs extended -I know his wolf is right on the edge.

"Then show me." I demand. Sliding my hand down between our flush bodies. "Let me feel your desire, Ethan."

"Why are you doing this?" He groans, burying his head in my neck.

"Because you're punishing yourself for something that isn't your fault." I murmur in reply, my lips brushing against his ear as I speak. "And it's gone on long enough."

"But it is my fault, Janey. Everything I do backfires, every time I try to do the right thing for you, I fuck up." He confesses, sounding so vulnerable I ache.

"Then maybe you should stop trying to figure out the answer for me, and start working with me. Ask me what I want and give it to me, don't try to do it all alone." I suggest, making my frustration with this impossible man clear in my voice. "You might be the Alpha, but we're in this together."

"I feel so lost." He whispers then. "I haven't been myself these last months. I don't know how I even managed to stay sane. I don't trust my instincts."

"I know." I confirm, encouraging him to lift his head and look me in the eye. "I know how that feels. But when I was lost you found me and led me back to myself, so please let me do the same for you. This is what mates do.. everybody falls down every now and then, what matters is how you get back up."

"How can you still want me after what I did to you?" He inquires, his hand sliding up around my nape.

"Because you're the only one there's ever been for me. You're the only one there will ever be." I profess, praying to the Goddess that he'll believe me.

"What about Nina?" He asks hoarsely, and I'm amazed to see how vulnerable he seems after all his anger and stern words.

"We can figure the rest out later, Ethan." I assure him. "For now, just be with me." I plead, writhing against him again.

He swears dropping his head back to my throat. At first I think he's going to refuse me, so I'm shocked to feel his fangs digging into my shoulder, holding me in place, but not breaking the skin. "It's been too long, Jane. I don't think I can be gentle."

"I don't want you to be gentle." I whimper, needing him to claim me every bit as roughly as he probably needs to take me. "Let me feel your power. Make me forget these last few months." I beg, nipping the shell of his ear.

That was all it took. Ethan lifts his head and slams his mouth into mine, making my heart soar with stunning relief. Oh goddess, how I've needed this.

How I've missed this. His lips move over mine with effortless skill – he's always known exactly how to make my blood sing, and this is no different. It feels like coming home.

His thumb is ruthlessly circling the bundle of nerves at the apex of my thighs, fingers already delving into the pool of wetness gathered at the entrance of my sheath. My hips are feverishly rising to meet Ethan's hand, as if the movement might pull his fingers inside me. My wolf is out of her mind with lust, and there's a steady rumble vibrating in Ethan's chest that I think must be his own wolf at work. I'm already so close to coming, and he's barely touched me. He finally slides two fingers into my sex and my tight inner muscles begin to clench and contract, squeezing the digits like a vice.

He lifts me out of the water until my breasts are level with his mouth. He laves and suckles my breasts, sending jolts of electricity straight to my clit. His fingers crook inside me, massaging that spot that only he can find. Riding the wave of pleasure higher and higher, it crashes over me much too soon and I shudder and shake in my mate's strong arms.

With a sultry growl, Ethan claims my lips once more, extracting long, deep kisses while his fingers continue to gently rub my folds, helping me come down from the high. Only instead of coming down, the continued attention just begins driving me to another peak, and I whimper into his mouth.

Ethan hooks his arms beneath my knees, lifting my hips and lining up his huge cock with my tight sheath. I wait for the glorious stretch, but it doesn't come.

I squirm as my inner muscles clench and spasm, furious that he isn't already inside me, and Ethan's deep voice breaks through my rapture. 'Look at me, Jane.' I can't, I'm too busy staring at the point where our bodies connect, where he remains poised outside my sheath. I watch my hips rock unsuccessfully against his head, frustration at being pulled back from the edge fraying at my senses. 'Ethan, please.'

'Goddess,' He growls triumphantly. 'I've missed hearing you like this – all feverish and needy.' His nose nuzzles mine, coaxing. 'Give me your eyes, baby.'

The message is clear, I'm not going to get what I need, until I give him what he wants. I truly poked the bear when I challenged him tonight, and he's going to let me feel every ounce of his dominance.

The moment I look up at him, he thrusts into my tight channel, watching my eyes widen and dilate with the intense pleasure of being completely filled. He wrenches the pleasure out of me with a merciless determination that would have brought me to my knees if the pool wasn't holding me up.

At first he just rocks into me, moving so deliciously slowly that I can feel every ridge of his flesh dragging over my insides. He slowly pulls back, entering me again at the same measured pace, but with such force that it steals my breath.

His flared tip rubs into my g-spot with perfect precision, and a cry bursts from my lips and I finally crest the tidal wave of pleasure Ethan created, shuddering and shaking in his arms. Still he does not let up, continuing to taunt and tease me until I've all but forgotten my own name.

I brace one arm against the pool, aggressively dragging Ethan's mouth down to mine and immediately opening for his tongue. I kiss him with every ounce of pent-up passion I've carried since we parted- and he kisses me back every bit as desperate to reaffirm our bond.

This is the way it's supposed to be. We should be like this always, joined as mates and never parted.

Ethan's deep, languid thrusts speed up to a relentless pace, taking me without restraint as the delicious friction builds inside me. I'm still propping myself up partway, meeting him thrust for thrust with my long legs wrapped around his back. He finds a handhold in my long hair and tugs my head back so that I can see his fangs extend, dark hunger filling his eyes. I rake my nails down his back as our tongues tangle, and a guttural moan leaves Ethan's mouth as he pounds into my heat.

He begins kissing his way towards my neck, scraping his jaw over my tender skin. Yes, yes, yes!

My wolf chants as he teases the junction of my neck and shoulder with his talented tongue. He's going to reclaim me!

His hands are everywhere, drawing out my bliss in any way he can. Ethan watches my glazed expression like a starving man, drinking in my pleasure as if it's his own. I toss my head back and forth, feeling near tears as I realize I'm spiraling towards another climax.

"Ethan -" I whimper, trying to squirm away. The pleasure is suddenly too much. I'm too sensitive, and this orgasm feels different somehow, terrifying in its intensity. I can only think to flee, nevermind that Ethan is more than twice my size.

I whine when he doesn't give me an inch, "It's too much!"

"Don't fight it," He croons, taking long, deep strokes while he cradles my body. Just let go."

I opens my mouth as if I might respond, but no sound comes out. Instead I clamp my eyes shut, my sheath clenching desperately around Ethan.

"That's it," He praises me tenderly, filling me with a sense of such safety and love that I let myself fall. "Just like that, fuck.'

Just as I detonate, he returns his mouth to my throat, sinking his fangs into my shoulder, slicing deep and letting the magic of our bond flow through my body. Fireworks burst in my vision, and as my mate reclaims me at long last, I pass out from sheer – overwhelming pleasure.