

Chapter Five

Start from the beginning □

"I'm not at work until this afternoon. I was planning to go the gym, but we can do something else if you want" I said, the words slipping out of my mouth before I could stop them.

"The Pack gym?" he questioned.

"No, the cheer gym. The squad won't be around so it'll be empty, I usually get my workouts and choreography in. But I can leave that if you want".

"No, no, no" he shook his head quickly. "I wouldn't want to mess with your plans".

I wanted to tell him that I wanted him to change my plans, mess them up as much as he wanted. But that seemed too desperate. So, I simply agreed – despite the fact I wanted to grab him around the waist and tell him to stay with me all day.

There were a few minutes of awkward silence before Quinn made his move to leave. Begrudgingly, I walked him to my door. But before he could open it to leave, my stupid mouth opened instead. "Don't go" I blurted out. Quinn glanced back at me, eyebrow raised in confusion that urged me to explain. I blushed brightly as I looked him over.

"What I mean is...I would really like it if you took the morning off".

Quinn grinned brightly – like a kid on Christmas morning who'd just seen the pile of presents under the tree. I awkwardly shifted from one foot to the other, trying to find more words, as he watched me.

"Ruth" he said softly, making me look up at him. He was closer than I expected, making me stretch more to look into his eyes.

And then, he was kissing me.

It took me a few seconds to work out what was happening, as his arms came around me and his lips came down onto mine. It wasn't that I didn't want him to kiss me – I'd been the one who asked him to stay, well aware of what would happen – it was just a shock that I actually allowed it. I expected my body to coil away in disgust, at kissing someone who wasn't my mate, but I didn't.

I threw my arms around his neck as I leant up to deepen the kiss. His lips were so soft and delicate but with the strength and passion I expected. My body shuddered in pleasure that I had not experienced in years. A simple kiss that had my entire nervous system sparking and jumping in desire.

Quinn was patient with me, kissing with determination but not taking it any further. He knew how delicate I was, and he was proceeding with caution. Part of me was grateful for his considering, the other half of me balked at it. I didn't need him to baby me and look after me, if I didn't want him to take it further I wouldn't let him – I wasn't a broken china doll. So I made sure he knew just that.

I pressed my chest up against his, deepening the kiss, as his hands settled on my hips. His scent surrounded me, igniting a fire within, as his body pushed me back until I was pressed against the front door – nowhere to go but to press tighter against his large, muscled, body. There was that saying; naught to sixty. But that wasn't what it was like in that moment, it started at sixty and just kept speeding up.

Reaching down, Quinn's hands ran over my hips before curling around to rest on my rear. His hands groped and felt before he picked me up. My legs wrapped themselves around his waist before I could instruct them to – my body in full control and my brain letting it be.

Somehow we made our way to the bedroom, hands groping and feeling and exploring as we moved. I barely felt my back touch the bed, as my hands knitted into Quinn's dark hair. Every part of my body was on fire. He was beautiful and strong and passionate, nothing but sexual attraction mattered in that moment.

I had no thoughts of Drew, no thoughts of mates, no thoughts of consequences. I was letting my mind take a break, letting my body give in to its cardinal desires. I kissed him and touched him and felt him; marvelling in him as much as he marvelled in me.

With only wearing my pyjamas, it didn't take us long to undress. His skin glistened in the early morning light; abs pronounced and obvious, body long and lean, arms strong and stable. He was every bit beautiful as I imagined.

"You alright?" he whispered, as he lay over me – intimately holding me as I looked up into those large brown eyes of his.

"I'd tell you if I wasn't" I replied, breathless as he grinned down at me. He nodded, offering me sweet kiss on my forehead, before his lips returned back to mine. My hands slipped onto his large shoulders as his hands teased my breasts – kneading and feeling them before moving on to my stomach. His hands ran over my stomach, feeling my defined muscles, before they slid down to my thighs.

His lips moved to neck, then my chest, then my stomach – following the line he'd just made with his hands. I moaned as his tongue licked at my skin, leaving a hot wet pathway over my tingling skin. My body a slave to his, and with the smirk he shot me as he pulled my thighs apart, he damn well knew it too.

He kissed over my inner thighs, making me squirm, before his teeth nipped at the skin – pulling it slightly. I squeaked as I tried to close my legs automatically. Quinn let out a deep laugh as he held my thighs open – the noise deep and throaty, sexy in all the right ways.

When he stopped teasing me, and moved in to press his lips over my core, I almost sighed in satisfaction. His lips and tongue kissed and licked at my intimate folds, making my body shake and moans fly from my mouth. My hands gripped his hair, holding on for dear life, as his mouth brought me to orgasm.

My core tightened and my stomach spasmed, as the orgasm ripped through my body like a tidal wave – unexpected and sooner than I thought. My toes instantly bunched up as I arched back with a yell that didn't come out. My thighs shook as the orgasm slowed to an end, and Quinn pulled back to look at me.

He gave me a look, silently asking if I was alright, and I nodded in reply. He offered me a soft smile, before leaning back over and me and kissing me once more. I wrapped my arms around his neck, pressing harder into him as I felt his hard erection pressing into my thigh. Quinn pulled back, looking into my eyes, before he finally pushed his hardness into me.

He muttered out a soft cuss, as he filled me with his member – which was felt thicker than I expected. He paused for a moment, revealing in the feel of me, before he pulled back slightly. I moaned as he began to thrust in and out of me.

I held onto him tightly, legs and arms wrapped around him with all my strength, as our hips moved together in harsh jerky rhythm. I pressed my face into his neck, inhaling the slight hint of perspiration on his skin, as I bite into his skin to stop myself from screaming out. Quinn just let him moans and soft words out, eyes closing and mouth opened in a continued 'O' of pleasure.

When my second orgasm hit, not as intense as the first but equally as enjoyable, my fingers gripped into his back – no doubt my nails would leave imprints in his skin. I rode my orgasm out, stretching out every wave, every spasm and every electric shock to my nerves. As I was coming down, Quinn hit his own orgasm – groaning heavily as he twitched on top of me, spilling into me.

There was a moment of pause, before Quinn pulled out of me with a wet slippery pop. He rolled onto the bed next to me, as we both caught our breaths for a moment. Then I turned to look at Alpha

Quinn Danvers and I realised what the fuck we'd just done.