Chapter 10: Cedric

I'm basking in my mate's scent and the feel of her legs wrapped around my body. I've waited my entire life to find my mate, twenty-six long years. Who would have guessed that I would find her in the arena. Even more surprising, who would have guessed that both of us would have survived to be here today. The Moon Goddess knew what she was doing when she found this powerful she-wolf for me.

I continue kissing her, dominating her mouth. I know she is strong, but tonight, I will make her mine and she will see what I am an not just an Alpha male, but an Alpha of Alphas, a royal Lycan. She will see that I am the mate she deserves.

Keeping her legs wrapped around me, I begin walking us out of the water.

"Cedric, what are you doing?" She asks, pulling away from me and looking around.

"Tonight, I'm going to make you mine. I've waited to find you for years. I've known for months that you were my mate, I just couldn't feel it until now. Your delicious scent is so much stronger now. Isn't it the same for you?" I ask her.

"Yes. Your scent is much stronger now that you are awake."

I stop, looking at her. "Do you like my scent?"

I watch as she takes a deep breath. "Oh yes." Her response if a rumbling purr of pleasure.

I smile so wide I feel like my face is going to crack. That's exactly how I feel. Her scent of campfire and roasted marshmallows is mouthwatering. If everything that I've heard is true, her body will taste even better than she smells, and I have every intention of tasting every inch of her, hearing her screaming my name, feeling her body pulsing around me as she cums, before I sink my canines into her neck, marking her as mine

forever.

When we get back to the cave, I lay her down. "Stay here, I'll be right back." I say, using her words back at her.

She watches me as I go out to the fire and throw more wood on it. I want to be able to see my mate, but I also want to make sure she stays warm. I plan to keep her naked all night while I take her as many times as she can handle. Then I'll curl up around her and we'll sleep before I wake her up again, so I can hear her scream my name in pleasure again.

When I return to the cave, she looks up at me. "What's on your mind, gorgeous?"

"You. You and this beautiful body that I intend to make mine tonight." I tell her.

I watch as she arches an eyebrow. "And how do you plan to do that?" She asks.

"How about, rather than me telling you, I show you."

She's still wearing the leather pants and the ripped top from when she fought the bear. I reach out tearing what's left of the top open. Her emerald-green eyes are wide as I take my time, looking at her body.

"You're beautiful." I say reverently. Her body is covered in scars. They criss-cross and line her body everywhere I look, a reminder that she's had to fight for her life in the arena and won every time.

I lean over her, watching her as I lick from her stomach to her chin. Goddess, it's true. She does taste better than she smells. As I watch, her eyes drift close and her hand comes into my hair. "Cedric."

"Mmmm, that's right little mate. Before the night is over, you'll be screaming my name."

Her eyes open and as she looks at me, I move to her perky breast and lick her nipple, loving how it hardens against my tongue. She sucks in her breath, her back arching, giving me better access to her hardened nipple. I suck it into my mouth, swirling my tongue around it as I feel her hand tightening in my hair, holding my head against her breast.

I pull off her nipple with a soft pop before moving over to the other, giving it equal attention. As I'm sucking on one nipple, I take the other in my fingers, gently tugging on it until I have her moaning loudly.

When I finally release her, I begin kissing my way down her stomach. I can tell that she's too thin, but now that we're free, I can make sure she never goes hungry again. When I get to the edge of her leather pants, I slide my fingers under the hem on either side and begin pulling them down.

"Cedric." Her voice is breathy, needy and it makes my dick twitch in my pants.

"Yes, little wolf?"

As I watch, her eyes fly open. She looks at me with something that looks like panic. That was not my intention at all. "Shhhh, it's okay baby. I've got you." I tell her.

I begin pulling her pants down and I can't help but run my nose over her sweet slit. She smells delicious, like nothing I've ever smelled in my life. I have to taste her, so I slide my tongue over her lips, pushing in between them until I get to her sweet nectar that tastes so much like roasted marshmallows that I can't help the moan that escapes my lips. She's so perfect.

As I taste her, I continue to pull her pants off, tossing them aside. My mouth latches on to her clit, licking and tasting her sweetness. I feel like I'm a starving man and she's the feast that has been laid out in front of me. Her whimpers are making my dick harder than it's ever been before.

I'm not inexperienced but my body has never wanted anyone like I want my mate. It's a basic need, almost savage in nature. She's mine and I want her, every part of her. Before this night is over, I'll leave my mark so everyone knows that she's mine.

As my inner wolf starts to push forward, I slide a finger inside her. While she's tight, I can tell I won't be her first. Part of me mourns at not being the only one to touch and taste my mate, but another part of me revels that I won't have to be gentle. I can take my mate in the way she was meant to be taken, rough, hard and unreservedly.

I slide another finger inside her, feeling how wet she is for me. Her moans are getting louder, and as I suck on her clit, running my tongue in circles, her sexy voice begins calling my name. I begin to move my fingers faster. I want my mate to cum before I take her. I want to feel her body contract on my fingers before I slide my hardened length inside her and drive into her with every ounce of desire I have for her.

Just as I feel her getting close, I suck down hard on her clit, sending her over the edge. Her scream of please, my name echoing off the walls of the cave, almost pushes me over the edge, but I hold out, barely.

I slide up her body, flicking my tongue over her nipples, feeling her body jerk at the extra sensation. I pull one of her legs up, over my shoulder.

"You are mine!" I tell her. "Say it!"

She looks at me, and I can see the desire and the pleasure I've just given her in her eyes. "Yes, I'm yours Cedric."

That's all I need to hear and I'm plunging into her. Maybe I should have been gentler our first time, but I need to be inside her. Her body arching against mine lets me know that she's not in pain, but I give her a moment to adjust to my size. I'm large, even by Alpha standards.

When her eyes open, and I see them filled with lust, I begin to move inside her. It's the most pleasurable feeling I've ever had in my life.

Nothing and no one has ever made me feel like this. I can't believe that I get to be inside this woman, my mate, for the rest of my life. She is mine. Mine!

I begin pounding into her at a punishing pace. My eyes are locked onto her face, not only to make sure she's okay, but also to watch her as she falls apart for me. I want to see her face when she lets go, see the look on her face when she realizes that there is no one but me in her future.

Her eyes lock onto mine. "Cedric." Her voice is pleading, begging me to give her the release she is desperately craving. I'm right there with her. I increase my speed, moving impossibly fast, tilting so I hit her at just the right angle that has her inner walls clamping down on my dick like a fucking vice grip.

Her scream of pleasure pushes me to the brink but her walls gripping me almost to the point that I can't move has me slamming over the edge of ecstasy. I roar my release, feeling myself empty into my mate, as my canines elongate, and I sink my teeth into her neck.

As soon as I taste her blood, I know something is wrong. Power, like nothing I have ever felt before floods through my system. Even if I wanted to pull my canines out of her neck, I can't. The feeling of power has me shooting off again in an orgasm even stronger than the first. I snarl and growl as I pump my venom into her neck. 2

When I'm finally able to pull my teeth from her neck, I lick the wound closed, laying my head against her forehead. Once I catch my breath, I pull out of her, but I stay on top of her.

She lied to me. She's not a she-wolf. I have no idea what she is, but she's no wolf.

I lift my head and look at her.

"What the fuck are you?" I snarl at her. 1