



Chapter 13

10 - Ryker

I finally get in as the dawn is starting to break. The warrior leaves me at the packhouse front door before heading to his own home. My wolf shifts back to human. We are exhausted, covered in dirt and blood. But it is worth it to have only had a few fights and less than a dozen casualties and most of the pack is none the wiser. I head up towards the largest guest suite next to Edward's. I won't kick him out of his space because I have now taken possession of his pack. I have my own home and my own space. He can live out his days in his rightful place in the main rooms of his packhouse.

I shower all the grime off and let the water sluice over my body. The hot water feels amazing against my muscles after so much time in the car and the late night run. Just as I was starting to really relax and my mind began making the mental list of things that I need to do, I felt a cool breeze and the scent of fake roses filled my nostrils and I grimaced. I turn around and grasp the girl around the throat after I let her get close. Had it been a male he would already be dead. I know that makes me some kind of chauvinist, shoot me, I'm not perfect. Her eyes are wide, but not afraid. She was sent here and was given some kind of idea what to expect. 1

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"Alpha Edward thought you might want help winding down." Her high nasally voice is a little irritating, but her naked body makes up for it. Dark hair falls to the middle of her back. Huge t*ts that would bounce wonderfully, and curves in all the right places. "I can help if you would like, sir." She isn't shy or hesitant, but I also don't get the feeling she is chasing power either. This is something she does, part of her role here in

the pack. The idea that there is a pack harem for visitors leaves a sour taste. But, I shut down that train of thought and go with it. It's been a while, I nod my head and guide her to her knees in front of me while I block the stream of water with my back.

I look at her expectantly. I'm not a complete asshole. If this is something she doesn't want to do, I won't force it, but she came to me and knows what I want her to do. She grips my now hard c*ck and strokes, alternating her grip strength and speed, never breaking eye contact with me. I take a deep shuddering breath in and enjoy the contact of a hand that isn't my own. When I am over that, I gently thread my fingers through her hair and guide her face forward, again I won't force it, but I want to be perfectly clear what I want. I don't say anything, because I don't want to have a conversation. It's always better if they don't talk. Just talking starts an attachment that will never go anywhere.

She opens wide, flattening her tongue so I can slowly slide in. I rock in and out until I finally hit the back of her throat and she moaned. The vibrations make me harder. I'm too long to fit completely in her mouth so she uses her hand to wrap around my base. I release her hair and brace my hands on the walls on either side of me letting her take control, licking, sucking and swirling her tongue along my shaft. She clearly knows what she is doing and it feels amazing. Eventually she pulls me out, never breaking contact with her hand. "I want you to f*ck my face, sir. As hard and as deep as you want." Her high pitched voice is grating, but her invitation is enough to persuade me to keep me going.

That was all the permission I needed. I wrapped one of my hands tight in her hair and slammed into her over and over again. Hitting the back of her throat, causing her to gag, taking what I need. She grabs my thighs, but doesn't slow me down or stop me.



"Rub your cl*t, I want to feel your moans. Don't come until I tell you too."

She's good with instructions and the extra purring and vibrations are getting me close, but it's not enough. I closed my eyes. She is not my type, at all, but I have a great imagination. I continue to slam my hips into her face as I picture perfect pouty lips, light blue eyes looking right at me and dark blonde hair tangled in my hands. I have had a vision of my perfect woman in my head for as long as I can remember and I have no idea why, but no one compares. I only let brunettes pleasure me because the only blonde I want is my dream girl. I can't get off until I picture her, no matter how attractive or talented the woman I am with is.

Speaking of, the one with me now is close. Her moans are becoming higher pitched and erratic. She hollows out her cheeks sucking harder so I will give her the command to shatter. It takes a few more thrusts and I am groaning my org*sm down her throat. "Come hard for me." I growl out. She vibrates and screams around me as she takes herself over the edge and swallows every last drop from me. I didn't give her an option. I learned the hard way after getting blown and coming all over a she wolf, she tried to collect and insert my semen herself when I refused to have sex with her. I'm not sure what she was thinking would happen, not being in heat she wouldn't get pregnant, but I learned my lesson and won't take any chances. Some of these girls are crazy.

When I am done with her, I help her stand and turn back to my shower to finish soaping off. She leaves with no other words, understanding the dismissal. I don't reciprocate. There is no kissing, staying, cuddling or any of that sh*t. I take what I need and what women are willing to give. It never goes beyond that.

I try to go back to my list, but something is buzzing under my skin that



has nothing to do with Edward's pack or even the girl who just went down on me. I have been feeling it for a few days now and I can't decide if it is good or bad, but it isn't anxiety or danger either. I can't place the feeling, all I know is it's distracting. It's a distraction I can't afford to have right now. I hope a couple hours sleep will settle it.



Miss L  Author

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