

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter

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Posted by Admin1, 63 Views, Released on June 2, 2023

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The snarl escaping him tells us he wanted more.

More blood.

More pain.

Just more.

His given title no longer seems so farfetched. The thirst for blood when pushed to the limit rivals one of a demon. Like a spawn of hell that sought to spill as much blood as he could. Claws that drug his body up the gates of unadulterated sin. The need for the red liquid straining any other function of his mind.

He was so enwrapped with bloodlust.

“Stop!”

Benicio was the first and only wolf to try and interfere. He moved toward Raizel, trying to reach out for Landon with the arm I didn't break but fell short when Raizel plunged his claws into his side. Benicio's jaw goes slack when Raizel pulls his claws out of his flesh. No hint of remorse or care could be traced in his expression.

From the distance we heard Sophie scream. She's hurrying over to her mate as he fell back. Hestia could only watch in utter horror as she glances over to me.

The area where Raizel struck him was nowhere near any vital organs to cause death but enough to draw a considerable amount of blood to soak into his shirt. Crying and choking out tears, mother tears the hem of her dress to push down on the wound. She's screaming for the wolves to help but everyone was too focused on Raizel's storming ferocity to move. Too afraid to be the one on the receiving end of his wrath.

Snapping myself out of my trance, I step forward to try and stop him but someone's hand wraps around me. I look up, seeing Emerson standing by and shaking his head in a firm but silent 'no'. I can't help the confused look on my face. Drawing my brows together, I part my lips in question.

“What are you doing?”

I ask him, trying to pull my hand back. Emerson keeps his hold and warily glances over to where Raizel was digging his nails into Landon's skin.

“You'll get hurt.”

Is the only thing he says. It wasn't a warning of 'if' it happens, he knows it will. Chewing on my bottom lip, I give him one final persistent shake of my head. If there was anyone who shouldn't be afraid of him, it'd be me.

“I won't.”

Pressing his lips in a thin line, he reluctantly lets go and watches as I make my way to Raizel's heaving form. His back is turned to me, head turned in Landon's direction.

Landon, who was laying on the ground, blinks slowly when he sees me approaching. A spark of hope in those diminishing green eyes but I simply look away. My wolf not wanting to give him any other reason for his crazy delusions only whines at the look on Raizel's face.

I take in a breath, warily lifting my hand up and gently touched the side of his face. His

hand quickly wraps around my wrist in a tight, bruise-inducing hold and I wince from the contact. He wasn't in complete control. Still hazy from the anger rushing through his veins to see clearly. Isaac steps forward, and shoots me a look. His bluish green eyes brimming with concern.

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"Don't."

I tell him. My voice soft but strong. Still looking a bit perplexed, Isaac hangs back for a few seconds in case I changed my mind and gives me a curt nod when I don't.

I turn my attention back at Raizel, his hold still tight around my wrist but not enough to break it. I move closer and almost immediately felt the radiating warmth he gives out. His dark eyes finally leave Landon to fix on me.

Lifting my other hand, I place my palm at the other side of his face. Both hands now cradling his head. Raizel relaxes, dark eyes softening just a bit before he nuzzles his face on my fingers. A soft purr rumbling from the back of his throat as he breathes me in. He slowly removes his hand from my wrist, opting to press his large hands on my hips. His thick arms encircling around me as he buries the tip of his nose in the crook of my neck.

His soft hair tickles the side of my face. The string scent of rosewood and pine filling my nostrils. I feel him calming, his wolf slowly giving up the reins of control as he holds me tighter against him. The strong beating of his heart thundering against my chest and very well matches mine. Our hearts beating as one when I run my fingers through his thick hair. Stroking his scalp as gently as I could, he groans and licks at the junction connecting my neck and shoulder.

"My Selene..."

He mumbles.

"Mine."

His fingers press into my side, but I don't flinch away from his hold.

"Only mine."

He adds. His wolf pulls from my neck and presses his forehead against mine. Such darkness embedded in his gaze with a small flame of fire lighting up when he looks at me.

"Mine?"

He asks softly. There's uncertainty in his eyes. The slight tremor in his voice coaxing a frown to mar my face. I nod against him, running the pads of my thumb over his cheekbones. A gesture I had hoped would calm him enough.

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"Yours."

Forcibly trying to calm himself, Raizel shuts his eyes tight before sighing out. He wants

to leave. I can feel his growing outrage beginning to spike again. He wants to kill Landon but knows he shouldn't. Sliding a hand down to his, I lace our fingers together and tug him in the direction of the van. I turn my attention to the other wolves, "We're leaving with the Gamma."

This time, no protests come. Everyone merely splits apart to allow us through. Chamberlain's unconscious body being dragged to the detainment van coated in hard metals with inner silver walls. The gazes of wolves following us as Raizel and I wordlessly enter the van. Isaac and Emerson choosing to stay on guard with Chamberlain but before we enter, I can see an awestruck look on Emerson's face. A small smile gracing his features as he looks to me and mouths a soft, 'thank you'. Raizel was quiet. A hard look set in his expression but never letting go of my hand. His fingers curled around mine as he stares out the window. The drive out quiet but when I look behind us, the wolves are all fussing around Landon and my father. For a second, Landon's eyes catch mine. A look of overwhelming sadness washing over him as he watches our van pull out from the driveway.

Alpha, where are we going?

I look to Raizel. My eyes skim down his body, noting how he'd gotten scratches from Landon but nothing too concerning. He was bleeding, covered in blood that was 95% not his with a look of complete disarray. Dark hair messy and tousled, body glistening with sweat, shirt torn at the sleeves and the hem. I lay my head against his shoulder, closing my eyes for a brief moment as I listened to his heartbeats.

Ignis Red. Take us to Ignis Red.

"Welcome back Alph- what the fuck."

Weston stops short when he sees Raizel and I. He takes a moment processing our ragged state before freezing in his step. His eyes are wide open as he looks to Emerson for an explanation who instead sends him a warning shake of the head.

The two seem to be communicating through mind link when understanding crosses his features. A semblance of pity wallows in his expression. Whether if it was for me or Raizel, I wasn't so sure of. Williams' unit carries Chamberlain down to the cells, Isaac following them close behind for safety measures leaving Raizel, Weston, Emerson and I in front of the pack house porch. It's silent. Tense and unbelievably uncomfortable.

Weston looks ready to say something, but Raizel tugs me behind him as he walks into the pack house. His hand still holding mine tightly as he leads us to the living room. He takes a few long, quick strides toward the stairs when we pass by some of his pack members. Their expressions morphing from confusion to joy when they see our locked hands.

The feeling I get from Ignis Red territory was very similar to the feeling I first got at Greyhound territory-home.

My wolf marvels at the sight. She doesn't hide her peaking interest in the interior designs, feel and decorations on the walls and floors. Her favorite being the smell of the place, Raizel's scent is thick around the pack house, all over the furniture and halls. She got excited when he led us to the room at the very top floor where his scent lingers the most

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His room.

He yanks the door open, pulling me inside with him before slamming it shut and pushing me against the wood. My heart was beating out of my chest. Adrenaline, excitement, nervousness all pooling in the pit of my stomach when he drops his head to my shoulder.

Raizel is still far too tense. The blood splattered all over his heaving form dried up and stained him for all to see. The cold, distant look in his eyes is so different from when he looks at me. Maybe that's why he didn't. Not once has he met my eyes since we left Nightwake. From the way Emerson kept glancing over to our clasped hands earlier before, I could guess that these 'episodes' of his happen a lot. Or rather, that these episodes are hard to contain.

I wrap my arms around his torso, carefully making sure not to press on any of his scratches. I doubt he would've even noticed. He barely winced when Landon scratched him- possibly because he didn't even realize.

We stood there for what seemed like an eternity. Just holding each other without a word. His scent mixing with mine, his heartbeat falling into pace with mine, his breathing slowing down like mine. Touches for more than the sake of it. My fingers glide down his back, tracing the lines and curves of his muscles.

He shivers against me. A ripple of pleasure passing between us. I pull back, staring down at his body and take his hand. He doesn't say anything, but he arches an eyebrow at me, I simple smile, clasping my fingers around his and pull him to the direction of the bathroom. The door was wide open, a large bath at the wall and a shower at the corner. Flicking the light open, I lead him inside. I push him to the shower until he's standing right under the shower head.

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Raizel tilts his head to the side, confusion inscribed with a tormented frown. The creases on his forehead displaying his slight displeasure at the loss of contact. The desire to trace every dip and curve of his form grips my heart in my chest. Swallowing, I run my hands over his shoulder-blades, enjoying the ridges of his muscles tensing. He's watching silently, bright eyes taking in my every move. He's alert but calm. Excited but nervous. Then slowly, ever so slowly, I drag my hands down his chest before settling in the center.

I stare up at him, keeping our eye contact and found the first stud of his shirt and unbuttoned it.

!!!! smirky smirk smirk !!!!

There's no need for any exchange of words.

No need to clarify anything when I continue my work.

Button after button, his shirt opens to reveal a strip of his toned chest. I had to keep my eyes from lingering, trying hard to focus at the task of taking his shirt off. Gawking at his figure was something I planned to do later. Heat bubbled in the pit of my stomach, forcing a blush over my skin. My cheeks, my neck, my ears, I felt hot everywhere. His

perfectly proportioned body staying still as he waits.

Gently, my nails graze against his abs when I unbutton the last one.

He groans, body flinching when I let my hands rest at his hips. The pleasurable tingles run through me when I glide my hands over his abdomen, up his chest and to his shoulders. Our eyes connect, his breathing going hard when I slip my fingers under the fabric of shirt and unhurriedly brush the clothing off his shoulders and arms until it fell to the floor.

He's quick to understand where this is going. We both hurriedly take our shoes off and by the time I bend back up, I'm caught at a stand still.

I suck in a sharp breath, unable to resist the urge to run my eyes down his bare upper body. His sculpted torso teasing me to the point of desperation. I bite back a moan, chewing on my lips at the delicious sight of him. The pants he wore stuck snug at his hips to which I could see the beginnings of his happy trail leading the area below his belt. I force my eyes up, leaning toward him and twisting the shower knob to the right. Water sprinkles over his head, drenching him and I completely but we never take our eyes off each other. The blood that dried on his skin washing away to reveal slight marks of which the scratches were. It was only now that I realized he had a small tattoo on his chest in the shape of a crescent moon.

Without thinking, I reach out. The tips of my fingers tracing around the ink when his hand gently holds mine to stop it. I look up to him, slightly afraid he didn't like it when he pulls my hand to his face. He presses a firm kiss on my wrist, sticking the tip of his tongue out to trail up and over the heel of my hand, to my palm and finally to my fingers.

My breath catches in my throat. The heat burning between my legs runs rampant. No matter how cool the water was set, we were burning hot. We were soaked. My shirt clinging onto the shape of my body like my pants were. My hair was in a similar state, sticking onto my skin as his did.

We shamelessly drank in the other's bodies; loving the sight of each other dripping wet. Hands twitch to touch, squeeze, hold and caress. The atmosphere sexual and strained. It was a waiting

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game. Both of us waiting for the trigger. Waiting to unleash the neediness we both suffered.

It's almost too much.

A startled noise came from the back of my throat when he drops my hand to lay both of his on my waist. He looks at me, eyes questioning as he curls his fingers around the hem of my shirt. He doesn't move until I respond. I can barely feel myself nod when he lifts the now skin tight fabric up and over my chest until it's completely discarded.

He drops my shirt to the floor. His hands wandering at my waist as he breathes in deeply. Heated dark eyes raking down the swell of my chest only covered by a black bra. He swallows thickly, eyes meeting mine when he slowly dips his head down. The hooded look in his grey orbs so enticingly seductive I have to force myself from acting out.

I follow his lead mindlessly. There's no room for doubt, second guessing or even

thinking of the aftermath. Allowing myself this one moment to be led by this trance and sexual tension. Goddess it felt like forever. Inch by inch the space between us is erased until our lips touch.

The way his lips mold against mine is heavenly. Hands reach out to grasp onto each other in desperation. They run down his back, nails digging into his skin as he lets out a low moan.

His own hands find their way back to my waist until one of them disappears into my hair. He pulls at the hair-tie, releasing my hair from a ponytail so he could twist his fingers around them. The water raining over us do nothing to extinguish the ever-growing flame holding us together.

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Posted by **Admin1**, 70 Views, Released on June 2, 2023

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Our eyes flutter shut. Groans and moans with the sound of water pattering against the shower floor engulfing us both. The tip of his tongue swipes at the seam of my lips. A bold move that I eagerly welcome.

What started out slow and sensual quickly growing hungry with the intention to sate the thirst.

Raizel's hands wander against my skin. Pushing me to the shower wall as he deepens our kiss, he cages me. I shiver when the cool shower wall touches my back. Tongue against tongue, a battle for dominance is ensued. Dominance I was almost all too

no to give up for when his hand reached

between us to tug at my pants button. He tugged, drawing my attention to my pants and hastily unbuttoned it myself. Raizel stops me, his hands curled around my wrists and pulled it away from my jeans. He used one hand to push my arms above my head, angling his head down to my shoulder.

I groaned, throwing my head back until it rested against the shower wall. Raizel's lips trailing down my neck with wet, open-mouthed kisses. Every little peck igniting all new sorts of sensations across my body. He glides his tongue over my collarbone, licking a line down between my breasts and over my bra to my navel.

I stop breathing, watching him through my lashes as he kneels before me. He looks up once and licks his lips,

"Do you want this?"

Goddess, he sounded so sexy.

The husky deep undertone just bleeding with seduction was enough to rake another ripple of bliss through my spine. I nod, raising a hand to my mouth and bit at my bottom lip.

"Yes."

Breathless. I was so breathless.

Raizel looks back to my pants, hooking his fingers around my belt loops before pulling down. I can feel a rumble of satisfaction from my wolf. She was enjoying every second of what was going on. But me? It was pure torture. His fingers grazing against my thighs when he made the move to get my pants off.

So. Painstakingly. Slow.

The heat of the moment going passed boiling point when he slides my pants off my legs to toss over his shoulders. He holds my leg up, hooking it over his shoulder as I stood pressed against the wall. My heart ready to jump out of my chest as when he pushes himself between my legs.

~~~~~

He looks at me one last time,

"Are you sure?"

"Very fucking sure."

His lips twitch into a small smirk from the desperation in my voice. The shakiness, the sound of it almost like a whine— I would've found it mortifying but in this moment, I could hardly care. All I could think about was his damn tongue and just what he could do with it.

(Damn okay Selly you horny af)

He carefully slid his fingers over my underwear. A whimper pulling from my lips when he begins to rub the base of his fingers over my clit. He rolls his fingers over the bud, teasing, when he slides his fingers in my underwear to touch me directly.

I suck in a breath, shutting my eyes when he suddenly stops. The beginnings of a whine nearly tears

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from inside me.

I peel my eyes open, staring down at him curiously.

“Eyes on me, love.”

He licks my inner thigh,

“Eyes on me.”

My legs clench together, the dampness in my underwear growing and not because of the water spilling over our heads. Raizel grips down on my thigh, spreading my legs open for him. I feel his hands crimp against the thin material of the waistband. Without pausing, he rips the cloth apart, effectively ridding me of my underwear with an aggressive growl from his wolf.

I gape at him, blinking rapidly at his sudden roughness. I was silently thanking the Goddess above I wasn't wearing one of my favorites. The sudden goosebumps his action caused though... there was no denying I enjoyed the rougher side of him.

He stuck out his tongue, licking down my wet slit before lapping at my clit. The pleasure beaming throughout my senses unlike anything I felt before. I watch with half-lidded eyes, remembering his order to watch him, and moaned when he sucked at my bud. My pussy pulsing with desire when he swirls the flat of his tongue around my swollen bud. I feel my stomach coiling, more moans echoing off the walls of the bathroom when he slides a finger down my folds. He hesitates, waiting to see if I liked what he was doing before sliding his finger inside me.

“Fuck.”

I groan, running my fingers through his hair. I tug at his locks, moaning when he begins to pump his finger in and out. So slow but so good. Pushing me to the brim of my climax after he added another digit. It's so odd. The intrusion slightly weird just because I was n't accustomed to it done by someone else. Someone with longer, bigger fingers than mine.

My fingers curl around his damp hair harder. It's almost impossible to keep my eyes open but I manage. That is, until he starts to curve his fingers. My mouth falls open and his name is the first thing I manage to say.

I whine, biting down on my lip when he fastens his pace. His dark eyes zeroing on my lips as doesn't slow down his pace. He moves his thumb to my clit, rubbing in circles while pumping in and out of me. My walls clamp around his digits in greed to which he groans out his appreciation.

## **The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 165**

Posted by **Admin1**, 73 Views, Released on June 2, 2023

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The desire pent up inside him guides his actions. His arousal evident from the bulge in his pants.

"So wet."

He mumbles, taking his fingers out and sucking my warmth off his fingers. I hold back a plea for him to take me. The annoying voice telling me to take initiative and take what I want ringing in the back of my head. I had no desire to stop. I wanted to go even further. He abruptly stands in front of me, pressing close until both of his arms are at my sides. Raizel flattens his palms against the wall. I open my mouth to ask him what he's doing but nothing comes out. The words are drowned out by how his mouth catches mine. I sigh against his lips, wrapping my arms around his neck to pull him even closer. My breasts press against his chest in a snug fit. Raizel makes quick work of his pants, yanking the belt off and unzipping his trousers before it pooled around his ankles. He kicks his pants to the side, angling his head over when he feels my lips attach to the sensitive skin of his neck.

Licking down the nape and over his collarbone, I reveled in the moan he lets out. I'm not even fazed when I feel him reach over my back to unclip my bra. I let it fall just as easily as everything else I wore before.

I felt a smile inch over my face when I catch sight of the bar of soap behind him. I untangle my arms around his neck, reaching for the soap and rub it over his chest. Cleaning every inch of his torso clean of blood while shaping his structure in my mind. Memorizing the way his body was created and feeling tremendously blessed that this man was mine.

Raizel groans when I bend down, running the soap bar over his abdomen and down to his thighs. I kneel, taking in the sight of his hardened length curving over his stomach

with the tip touching his belly button. He was., intimidating. Goddess above, was this man blessed. I lick my lips without thinking, acting on raw instinct to wrap my hand around his co ck.

It was a curious thing. To feel the weight of him in my hand. Hot, thick and unsurprisingly hard.

I feel him flinch in surprise, jolting in my hold when his bright grey eyes stare down at me with unmasked amazement. Having no experience in this whatsoever, I experimentally pump my hand, taking in consideration the way his eyes rolled to the back his head.

That had to be a good sign, right?

“F uck, that’s good-”

he groans, running his hand through my hair. I feel pride swell inside me, using his encouragement as motivation to keep going. I may be a virgin but I wasn’t ignorant to sex. I’ve had my fair share of stories and the many retellings of Noah’s adventurous sex life with Mailia. Granted, I’ve never asked for those details she was so insistent on telling me.

I swept the pads of my fingers over the veins on his c ock before going over the tip oozing with pre-cu m. Hearing him moan and feeling it in my hand managed to turn me on more.

I clench my legs together,

I want to taste him, to feel my tongue tracing his veins, to feel my cheeks hollow around his length, to feel him thrust into my mouth.

I want it so bad my mouth waters.

I peer up to Raizel, noting that his head was tossed back with his eyes shut tight. I wanted to do it... and there’s nothing really stopping me, is there?

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Breathing out over his co ck, my heart raced when he began thrusting into my hand. I glanced at him one last time, held onto the drop of confidence left in me and licked the tip of his length.

He startles so hard he nearly stumbles. He snaps his eyes on me and with a parted mouth watched as I did it again.

Salty, bitter but unreasonable addicting, I lick from the base of his co ck and over. He cursed, fis ting a hand in my hair. The look of predatory possessiveness he gives me urges me to do more. I want him to moan because of me. I want him to feel good because of me. With this mindset, I open my mouth, sliding his length down my tongue and moaned when the tip touched the back of my throat.

The urge to gag is there but I steadily ignore it. I want to do this. Even if I don’t do it right, I want to get him in my mouth.

“You’re so good to me.”

He praises, thrusting into my mouth at a very slow pace. I’m intoxicated with lust. The hazy yearning for him overpowering everything. I scratch at his thighs, telling him to go harder and he nods, his thrusts getting a little faster. He’s making sure not to choke me, only thrusting bit by bit at a time.

His muscles tighten, breathing hard and heavy when he throws his head back. His other hand gently holding my jaw affectionately while running his thumb over my jawline.

Hollowing my cheeks, he hisses out. His cock pulsing in my mouth with a want to release.

## The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 166

Posted by Admin1, 63 Views, Released on June 2, 2023

### Chapter 166

I want to take him in even deeper but before I could, Raizel suddenly lifts me up and hooks my legs around his waist.

He kisses me, a ferocious clashing of our teeth and wet muscle. As much as I want to be annoyed with how he interrupted me, I can't. I can't deny him of this. Not when I want this just as bad.

A strong arm wraps around my waist to steady me while he turns off the shower with the other. The soap suds long gone from his form.

"I always knew you'd be the death of me,"

He mumbled against my lips,

"But at the same time, I live for you too."

He rolls his hips into mine. His cock sliding against my wet folds teasingly. His length rubbing my clit back and forth. Goddess I wanted him so bad. The ache between my legs calling desperately for him. I feel myself leaking, an embarrassing amount of arousal coating his cock. Every brush of the tip only adding more heat to the fire.

I reach out between us, taking hold of his cock as I suck on his bottom lip.

"Please."

I whimper.

"I'll give you everything. My heart, body, soul. Anything."

He tells me. He lays another heart stopping kiss to my lips.

"Just tell me you're mine."

He begs. He nips at my neck, teeth taking a soft patch of flesh in between. Arching my back into him, I press my warmth further on his cock. Encasing his avid body part between my slit. His jaw ticks with wearing self control. His grinds going harder as his hold becomes increasingly aggressive.

"Please."

It's that last word that gets to me. I feel his sorrow pouring into my heart, his desperation for confirmation. But I already did. He had everything. He just didn't realize it yet.

"Yes. Yours. All yours."

His canines ascend, his want to mark me written on his face but he holds himself back. He gets hold of himself, pumping his cock a few times before lining himself at my entrance. Then slowly, he plunges his length inside of me. A slight sting of pain making me shudder but he stops from the second he realizes my discomfort.

He kisses my temple, groaning when my walls tighten around him.

"I'll wait."

He mutters,

"I don't want to hurt you."

The slight pain washes away after a few seconds and I pull him closer against me. He

doesn't try to resist, allowing me to pull our bodies tight together. Leaning down to his ear, I whisper softly,  
"I know you won't."

The look in his eyes make me melt. The smile gracing his face that radiated with pure innocence at my words warm my heart. He knew I wasn't just talking about sexually.

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Tightening his hold around my waist, he pushes my back against the wall and slowly seats himself fully inside of me. I involuntarily gasp out, my nails digging into his shoulders. His thickness filling me so good I could feel my peak just over my reach. I moan, rolling my hips into his to get him to start moving.

He takes the hint, pulling himself out of me before gradually pushing back in. The feeling of his veiny cock pounding into my tightness calls forth the kind of ecstasy I could see stars in. he's getting comfortable but so am I. My hand flies to the shower wall, wrapping to the wet tiles as he fucks into me. The earlier delicacy completely forgotten about as we ravage each other like animals. His pace going faster and harder that I could feel my him pounding me into the wall.

I'm babbling nonsense. I'm sure I've said his name and begged him to go harder all in one breath. The wanton need to get him deeper is the only thing on my mind. Not the rogues, not the pack, not Landon-  
Nothing but him.

I shut my eyes, tears spilling from my eyelids at how good he felt.

His hips grinds against mine wildly, the sound of skin slapping skin bouncing off the walls and back to my ears. I was drowning in pleasure, my toes curling from the way his cock fit perfectly inside of me. Rough, relentless thrusts one after the other forcing out a string of moans out of me. The animalistic way he was pleasing me a major turn on that I had no hope of hiding.

Somehow the sound of our copulating makes it even hotter.

"You're so fucking good."

He hums, biting down on his bottom lip when he bucks his hips, his cock twitching inside as he suddenly pulled out. I whined, forcing my head in his direction when he suddenly slammed back in. His balls hitting my ass and my pussy tightening around his length even more from the abruptness. The stinging mixture of pain and pleasure clouding everything else except for him. The heat his body gave me, the pain, the pleasure. Every single thought of mine revolved around him and getting him closer. My back arched in response when he rubbed my clit. The tingly feeling in my legs returning.

My legs are trembling, shaking from the gratification of sex. I couldn't help but twitch. The tight coil in my stomach getting closer and closer to unwinding with my hand clawing at his back. He moaned louder, seemingly pleased with the way I was drawing blood with my nails.

## **The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter**

**167**

Posted by Admin1, 69 Views, Released on June 2, 2023

## Chapter 167

Water rolled down his chest, I wasn't sure if it was from the shower or if it was sweat but either way he looked so damn good. His damp hair sticking onto his skin like glue on paper. Dark eyes intense and smoldering. I spread my legs wider for him, loving the way he took my legs with both hands to help me up. I was certain I going to bruise, possibly be rendered immobile from how rough he was going but I knew I wouldn't have any regrets. I didn't mind the bruises.

I wanted this just as bad as he did.

Slamming into me, he throws his head back, letting out a string of profanities under his breath. His grip was tight, fingers curving over my thighs as he stiffened. The pulsing of his cock and the convulsing my body warning us of our peaks. He works his way down to my clit, lips still attached to my neck as his hand squeezes my breast.

"I'm going to cum."

He warned, grinding down on his teeth with a look of euphoria washing over him. I nod, shutting my eyes tight when I finally feel myself release. My pussy gripping down on him greedily when he spills himself inside. Long ropes of his warm cum coating my walls as he gave me three more languid thrusts. He doesn't remove himself, not even when his cum was starting to drip from inside me. He rests his forehead on mine, our breathing meshed together haphazardly.

Kissing the corner of his mouth, I take his hand and lead it to my chest. He stares at me silently trying to catch his breath. His warm palm is flat against my chest.

"Yours,"

I tell him softly. Leading his hand back to his chest, I press my palm on him and stare him straight in the eyes before leaning in for one last kiss after muttering,

"Mine."

He couldn't help but watch the blonde laying beside him.

Her golden locks sprawled over his chest and bedsheets, arms wrapped around his waist, bare chest pressed against his sides and the soft, satisfied look on her face as she breathed steadily in her sleep. He'd move the two of them from the shower to his bed. The water rolling down their skin soaking into his sheets. Raizel could spend hours of his day just watching her lay there. The shock that this beautiful woman is here, by his side, could ever find some form of solace in the monster he'd become never fully fading. To think that she could ever feel for him, half the affection he felt for her. He'd always thought it would never be possible for him but Goddess was he falling in love her. Barely knowing her for a month and yet he could no longer picture the life he had before her. He simply didn't want to.

Why would he ever want to return to a life where she wasn't there?

Raizel angled his head down to get a better look at her. Her soft plump pink lips parted—a little swollen from the previous lip locking they'd done, but still so inexplicably seductive. Marble blue eyes shut and hidden away from the world that he couldn't repress the slight dismay he felt from being unable to see them. Strands of her hair falling over her face and yet somehow looking so endearing from the vulnerability he felt from it.

By Goddess, did he feel blessed.

Raising a hand, he lightly brushed the hair out of her face with his knuckles. He felt his skin graze against her cheek and winced from the shocks he felt. Like sparks from



ignition, he felt his own body heat rising when those gorgeous blues made their appearance. She was drowsy, sleep written on her face as she blinked ever so slowly and just stared.

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Then, almost like the Goddess above felt the need to push him further down the road of love, a smile spread across her face.

That earth-shattering, picture perfect, beaming, all teeth smile.

The kind that had his heart jumping out his chest.

“Hi.”

She whispered quietly. Her thin fingers reached out to brush away locks of his hair. The slight sparkle in her eyes coming into life when she ran them through his scalp. He hummed in response, unable to form any coherent words or thoughts as he found his place between the crook of her neck. He nuzzled his nose there, breathing her in and smiling against her skin when he felt her body shake when a laugh passed through her. He loved it when she laughed.

He loved it a lot.

He tightened his arms around her, pulling her as close to him as possible but at the same time not so tight it would hurt. His wolf was just oozing with contentment. He still felt the undying need to march back to Nightwake and just rip that pathetic ex-mate of hers into shreds. His wolf sharing his own thoughts of agreement. Neither one of them wanted that f u c k e r anywhere near their Selene. He'd lost any right to even breathe the same air the moment he'd decided to reject her.

Raizel mentally cussed in his mind, pushing away any thoughts of the brunette and instead press

his himself harder into her. He would much rather give her all his attention now than to spare limited time with her on the man he would undoubtedly deal with one way or another. Alpha title be damned if anyone thought he'd let Landon Walker be.

## **The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 168**

Posted by Admin1, 74 Views, Released on June 2, 2023

Chapter 168

But for now, in this moment, he'd devote all his time and attention on the woman who so tightly held his heart.

“What are you thinking of?”

She asked softly. Raizel meets her questioning gaze, and pulled away from her neck to see that she wasn't rushing to cover herself. She was in complete sync with him.

Comfortable and confident with him as she should always be. She had nothing to be ashamed of- especially not with him.

“Just how lucky I am.”

He'd admitted. He could hardly care how soft he sounded. He would only ever be like this with Selene. He didn't have any reason to put up some hard-ass Alpha facade with her when she was the one only thing that gave him hope. Hope for his future and hope

that one day he too, can have a family of his own. He could be as sweet as she wanted; nice, caring, affectionate. Anything and everything he would do to keep her happy. Being able to love her properly was more than a honor. Why should he be embarrassed or ashamed of that?

He'd do just about anything she'd ask of him.

All to keep that dazzling smile on her face.

If there was one thing he knew, it was that no matter how strong a mate bond was, a mate bond should never be an excuse to treat your partner any less than when you first find them. As his father once told him, 'You never truly stop courting your mate. Even after you get into a relationship, you treat them as if you're still trying to win them over. You give them the best you can do. And everything the best is still lacking when its for someone you love.'

Selene smiled as she shook her head. She wasn't looking at him anymore but at his hair. Her growing fascination for every little curl she found showing through her expression.

"I'm pretty sure that's what I'm supposed to say."

Raizel raises a brow, slightly amused at the beauty in his arms.

"Oh? Do tell."

Selene rolls her eyes. The smile still on her face betraying her feigned annoyance at the man who was at fault for the endless butterflies fluttering around her stomach.

"You just want me to praise you."

she deadpans.

"You're right."

Raizel trails his fingers over her naked skin. The tips of his digits roaming down her hip and coaxing a shiver to come out of her. Selene bit her lip, watching Raizel with bright eyes as he leans toward her face to leave a chaste kiss on her lips.

"I'm sorry."

He said suddenly. The dance of his fingers coming to a stop as he looks at her with a slight frown. Selene furrows her brows, puling away from the warm embrace his body and sit up using her elbows.

"About?"

"Not making our first special enough."

The pull on her heartstrings is almost unbearable. The measly six worded response deepening the

frown on her face. She shook her head, giving him a half smile with adoration firmly rooted in her eyes. The man who'd been the picture perfect definition of a prince charming -minus the bloodlust, ruthlessness, gore, bulging muscles- was laying there concerned about the 'specialness' of their union. Goddess, she wanted to tell him. To tell him that it was special. That anything and everything he does with her is special. How can it not be when she's experienced her firsts with him?

Her first time holding hands.

Her first caress.

Her first kiss.

Her first pet name.

Her first time.

All of her firsts with the first man she found herself falling in love with.

How can she ever think that none of that was special? Surely she knew all about the whole 'gentle, slow, passionate' cliché. She'd seen and read enough romance movies and books (all supplied by Noah) to know that was the 'standard'.

But they weren't like those people in those books. They were Selene and Raizel. Two people going at their own pace and didn't care enough to slow down just to fit people's criteria. There was nothing wrong with slow, gentle and passionate. Every couple had their own pace, and this was theirs. There was more than enough passion behind their actions. The way they'd call each others name so sweetly. The way his kiss always left lingering sensations behind. The way their lips barely parts for a millisecond before swooping back in for another. The way Raizel savors the grind of his hips to fully express his need for her. The way Selene would always caress the side of his face and stare so lovingly into this eyes. The way the two would join together and simply soak in the other's presence. They were slow, gentle and passionate. Just in a different sense. And honestly, the two wouldn't have it any other way. "It is special." She tells him. "You make me feel special." She can't help the warm smile on her face as he stares at her. She feels the thickness of her emotions get caught up in her throat. The overwhelming emotion she feels for him beyond anything she'd ever felt before. Since the very beginning, he made her feel special. Every second they'd spent with each other, Raizel had done nothing but treat her like she was the single most important thing in life. Since the very moment they'd met, he held her captive with time being a nonexistent reminder that one way or another, the two would find themselves in each others arms. Something neither of them would object to.

## The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 169

Posted by Admin1, 154 Views, Released on June 2, 2023

Chapter 169

"Since day one, you always made me feel loved."

Raizel feels his chest tighten. He felt so much all at the same time. So much love that he couldn't help but utter the three words he never thought he could ever say.

"I love you."

He laughs a little. The three words that made him feel so light and free.

"Since day one, I loved you."

Selene's lips part and she has to force back the mist in her eyes. When was the last time someone had said that to her? When did anyone ever love her? Did she even deserve it? After everything? She stops questioning herself. She doesn't know whether

or not she deserves it, but all be dam ned if she didn't selfishly take that love for herself.  
"I love you."

She smiles.

"Since day one."

That's how Selene found herself withering under Raizel once more.

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She stared up at him, eyes bright and ablaze when his large hands moved down to mold her body. Firm, sure fingers slim down her sides. Hard calloused skin against her soft ones, she ignored the tension building up in her lower abdomen and watched him. The tightening coil of arousal almost too much for her when she whines. The way his eyes narrowed down at her body to take in every little detail and engrave it in his mind. Or the way his lips part so he could mumble out a cuss during his little sightseeing. He understood that Selene was more than okay with how things turned out but he wanted more for her. He thought she deserved more and more was something he was keen on giving her.

He breathed in, letting a small groan rumble from his chest when she ran her hands up his chest. Her nails grazing over the curves of his hard muscles; appreciating and soaking in the dips of his body. She feels his pulse under his fingertips. The rapid beating of his heart solely for her. He made it his mission to memorize every part of her. To imprint every little freckle and scar in the depths of his mind. To sculpt his image of her in the darkness of his soul so that when the situation calls for it, he'll have something- someone he can think of to lead him back to the light. She was his guide. The only thing that makes sense in his world. So when he needs to remember himself, he'll think of her.

So that when he thinks back to how it all truly began, he'll remember this.

His firm hands went to cup her breasts, eliciting a surprised gasp from the woman beneath him. He waist a second to make sure she's alright and with a shy nod, he continues. He's careful in the way he treats her. Determined to show her how special she was through actions just as much as he tells her through words.

He dips his head down to her chest, the crown of his head the only thing the blonde can see when she feels something wet slide over her hardened buds. Her teeth pulled in her bottom lip. Raizel's hot, wet mouth takes in her nipple. Sucking and nipping at the bud so teasingly she needs to clench her legs together.

The area between her legs growing wetter and hotter when he swirls his tongue around the pebble. She feels exhilaration shoot down her spine, hands grasping onto the bed sheets when he moves his thigh between her legs. Raizel feels her eagerness and can't help but smile in content. Her slick folds

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dripping with her desire for him rubs against him. She doesn't care much about the embarrassment. They were passed the stage of being shy about it.

He has to withhold a groan when she grinds herself. Her lithe body moving and using him for her own pleasure. Her hips move back and forth- slow and torturous. He enjoys

the way he manages to make his little wildflower fidget and desperate for him. The way those blazing blue eyes hold him tightly. He rolls her nipple around with his thumb, tweaking and pinching the bud.

Selene arches her back, legs spreading wide for him when he moves closer between her thighs. Replacing his thigh was his hips, his erection pressed snug against her folds. Selene sucks in a shuddered breath, mind blank and numb to anything but him. His scent driving her crazy and pushing her further into the lust induced cloud enwrapped around her mind.

The same cloud driving Raizel.

He brings his hand to her face, her eyes looking at him questioningly. Her chest moves up and down rapidly, heavy breathing the cause of such a reaction.

“Suck.”

Her eyes widen by a fraction but experimentally does what he says. She takes his fingers in her mouth, swirling her tongue around his long digits. Right between his fingers, over and around, she sucks in him like she’d done before. She knows with the darkened look on his face, that she’s just provoking him into losing control. And frankly, that was the plan. Her lips pucker around him, tongue flattening at the pads of his fingers before slight sounds of her lips smacking resonate in the room. Raizel feels his hardness twitch, eyebrows drawn together in concentration as he forces himself to be patient.

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## The Female Alpha’s Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 170

Posted by Admin1, 21 Views, Released on June 3, 2023

### Chapter 170

But how long can he hold onto that patience when her tongue was doing all sorts of tricks around him. He can’t help but think about the way her lips had been wrapped around his c ock. Or the way he was thrusting in and out of those plump red lips just earlier before. The way her tongue flicked around his fingers like how it flicked around his length. Goddess, he wanted to plunge into her right then and there.

To f uck her into the mattress and make her wild with desire. To make her scream out his name until she lost her voice. To fill her mind with nothing but him.

“I love you.”

He whispers, pulling his hand away with a pop of her lips. He glides his hand from her lips, to her neck, down to the valley of her chest, to her abdomen and right between her legs.

She has to grind her teeth together, swallowing harshly when his fingers meet her swollen c lit. The sweet taste of his fingers still at the tip of her tongue. The wetness dripping down her thighs coats his fingers. He smiles, loving the expression on her face. Her eyes dropping halfway, glazed over with lust and her pretty full lips parted as she

whisked in a few breaths. Flushed red cheeks and wet hair clinging onto her skin. Raizel bends down to nuzzle himself at her neck.

“You’re so beautiful.”

He murmurs against her skin. He could feel the heat circulating through her body and the wild pulsing of her heart. All of this caused by him. Boldly, the tip of his tongue slides passed the seam of his lips. He licks a long strip down her neck, envisioning where his mark would be placed. Not now, but in the future. He was certain to make that a reality.

“Your eyes.”

He slides a finger inside her.

“Your lips.”

He begins to pump his digit, pulling a soft moan from the woman he loved. No words could describe how much he loved the sounds she made. From her soft moans to her sharp cussing, the man was a goner for the blue eyed female.

“Your laugh.”

Raizel smiles when he feels her twitch. Her desperation for him seeping through her actions. She’s grinding her hips against his fingers, hungry for more and everything he can offer. He doesn’t hesitate to add in another finger. Her walls clamping down on his digits greedily. He whines in want, his cock swelling with the thought of her wrapped around him snugly. To feel her velvety walls encase his length as he plunges in and out of her.

“Your smile.”

Selene abandons the torn sheets bundled in her fists and grabs onto his back like a life preserver. Her nails dig into him, breaking skin, but he doesn’t mind. The pain only a slight pinch and really having no effect except to spur him on.

“You.”

He finishes, curving his fingers. Her eyes shoot open, mouth hanging open from the overwhelming pleasure washing over her. She could only see stars, his face blacking out for a second as she’s brought closer and closer to her second orgasm. He feels the way her core was swelling around his fingers, alarming him of her finish and he begins to fasten the pace.

He moves in and out of her steadily, prolonging her orgasm before abruptly pulling away. Selene-

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pouts, looking down at him with furrowed brows but doesn’t have the time to question him when he starts trailing kisses on her stomach.

“Raizel, what are you-”

“It’s about you, darling.”

He tells her, kissing down her abdomen until he reaches her wet cunt.

“This is all about you.”

She can’t utter another word, her hand flying to her mouth when he licks at her clit.

Swirling his tongue around the nub before lapping at her wetness. He licks his lips, sliding his tongue inside her before pulling away and then repeating the motion. She’s so close to the brim of release. She could practically feel it.

Raising her chest higher, her back lifts from the bed when he plunged his tongue

deeper. She could hear the dirty sounds of him licking at her folds. His hot breath fanning over her inner thighs as he left his keys near her center. She wanted him now. No more teasing, no more games.

“Raizel-”

She gasped, throwing her head back when his thumb rolled her clit.

“More. I want more.”

He raises his eyes to meet hers and nods. Kneeling up, she watches him stroke himself a few times. His thick, hard veiny cock the only thing she can focus her gaze on. Her mouth watered at the sight. The head bulbous and swollen, his girth thick and coated with the precum dripping from his tip.

She could feel him on her tongue.

His bitter but addictive taste on her tastebuds.

Her cunt convulsed with desire. Body twitching as she spreads her legs for him.

“Want you.”

Sweat rolls down his skin, but he keeps his eyes on her.

“What was that, love?”

She bites her lip,

“Want you.”

Then, he smiles. Leaning down, he takes her thighs in both hands and align himself at her entrance. She moans at the feel of his tip rubbing at her entrance,