

## Chapter 38

*\*Warning: This chapter contains mostly mature content. Reader discretion is advised.\**

His lips moved roughly against mine, and as much as his touch and taste were familiar, there was something else about this kiss. It was more primal.

I snaked my arms around his shoulders and wrapped my feet around his waist as he skillfully flipped up around so that I was straddling him. I ran my fingers through his hair. My heart slammed against my chest like a drum in a marching band. A moan rumbled from my chest as she used his strong arms to push me back and forth against his already eager member, evoking a fresh set of tingles erupting through my chest.

His lips left mine and found my neck soon after, where he left a trail of hot, wet kisses all the way down to my breast. I gasped in both shock and delight as he tore the fabric from my body, revealing my naked breast.

I suddenly felt self-conscious about my body, remembering all the weight I lost due to sickness. Maxim caught onto my arm as I tried to cover my body and met my eyes again with his demanding ones.

"You're beautiful, Melissa. So fucking perfect," he mumbled, and as if it weren't even there, all my doubt instantly vanished.

I smiled down at him as he slowly lowered his head between my cleavage again, leaving gentler kisses along the corners of my breast. I moaned again, this time in admiration, as he made me feel beautiful.

He made me feel special.

My breath hitched as he took a nipple between his lips, slowly and teasingly sucking and nipping as my body went crazy for him. My grip on his shoulder tightened, which he approved with a growl. As if I weighed nothing. He spun us around again and dropped me on the bed, where he hovered over me with dilated pupils that were now dark as night.

My chest heaved up and down as I felt my moisture seeping through my panties.

Maxim kissed me again, this time much slower as if he was cherishing the moment, and I enjoyed it. I loved the way his lips felt against mine, and every time we kissed, it felt like the first.

Each time he swept his tongue over my lower lip and thrust his tongue inside my mouth, giving himself perfect access, it drove me insane. It was all so easy with him. His kisses, his touch, his words. They were all so utterly perfect that sometimes I felt like I was floating.

I've literally been to the moon and back, and no matter how high I went, it has never felt like how Maxim makes me feel. It was unexplainable, and I loved that. I loved that there were no words that I could find to limit him. Because what I felt for him and what he made me feel was limitless.

And I just knew that it would always be like that.

He stopped again, this time to look at me. His eyes were saying so much, yet he didn't speak his mind out loud. I knew what he was thinking. I knew what he was longing for. He

wanted to mark me. He wanted me to have his claim, and I agreed a hundred per cent.

It was unfair what happened to us. The moment was stolen, and even though we keep making new ones, this will always linger over our heads.

He knew that he couldn't mark me again. If he did, I'd die from having two marks of an Alpha. No one, not even celestial beings, can survive that. Plenty has thought that their love for each other would cancel out the forced mark, but it always ended in heartbreak, death and loss.

Until we find a way to get rid of the mark, he won't be able to mark me, and that made him sad.

"It's okay," I whispered, cupping his cheeks in my hand. "Just kiss me."

And that he did.

He took my bottom lip first and sucked on it for a while, and I wrapped my arms around him again and pulled him closer to me. He rubbed himself against me, allowing me the whole feeling of everything that he had in store for me. But I was in no rush. I wanted to cherish and enjoy every second with him.

He trailed his hand along my arm, over my stomach and towards my breast, where he cupped it. He kneaded it slowly, causing me to moan in the kiss. Then, he found the waistband of my shorts and gently tugged at it.

I eased myself from the bed a bit so he could get rid of it smoother. He never broke the kiss until I was completely naked underneath him, and that was when he pulled away to look at me.

He had seen me naked numerous times. He had given me baths and showers for two whole weeks while I was sick, and he always looked at me. But this-the way his eyes drank in my entire form sparked another blaze in my stomach. From the crown of my head to my painted toenails, he took in every curve and crevice with his admiring eyes.

As if that wasn't pleasuring enough, he went ahead and left warm kisses on every corner of my body. He started with my face, where he kissed my lips, then my cheeks, forehead and nose. Then, he trailed kisses down my neck and my breast, to my stomach and down my legs.

But then he did something that I completely wasn't expecting, but I loved. With his tongue, he left a wet trail up my thigh until he stopped at the spot where I ached the most for him.

I could feel his hot breath against me, and I met his exciting teasing eyes as he hovered in front of me.

"Please," I whimpered as my thighs trembled in excessive want. I didn't know what I was asking for. Release, maybe? But I needed something.

I caught his sly smile as he gripped my thighs, and before I knew it, his tongue was grazing over my sensitive folds. I gasped in delight as pleasure wracked my body. He kissed the area slowly, and with each stroke of his tongue, I moaned his name.

My fingers and toes were planted in the sheets as Maxim slipped his tongue up and down my folds. My legs shook violently, but he held them in place.

"Fuck," I cursed through a hiss as he flickered his tongue over my moisture, only causing it to become wetter and wetter in desperate want for him.

My body felt like it was being pushed over a cliff of euphoria, but I had a feeling that he wasn't quite through with me just yet.

Then suddenly, he stopped. Just as I felt myself being pushed towards my climax, he stopped. Confused and flustered, I glared at him as he stared up at me. His lips glistened with my wetness, which impossibly turned me on even more.

"Maxim," I mumbled through heavy breaths.

"Yes, Melissa?" he asked. His voice was husky and dripped with desire. It was good to know that I wasn't the only one affected.

"Please," I begged, throwing my head back with a moan as he rubbed his thumb over my clit. It was exhilarating and exciting, yet torturous at the same time.

I didn't want it to end, but I still wanted release. I didn't understand what I felt, but I was obsessed with the feeling. My legs shook as he increased speed, doing precisely what he did with his tongue, except now with his finger.

"You're so beautiful," he whispered, but it was just loud enough for me to hear. I moaned in acknowledgement, but this time it was throatier and louder.

Maxim sucked in a sharp breath at the sound, and I realised he liked it. So, I did it again and again, but it was never forced.

Each time he teased me with his fingers caused a feeling that evoked the sound of pleasure. Luckily, these walls were soundproof.

"This might hurt a little," Maxim suddenly said out of the blue.

For a minute, I was confused until I felt it. His fingers, ever so gently and slowly, slipped inside me. I gasped in ecstasy at the immense pleasure I felt that overpowered the slight sting I felt.

He filled me with his finger until he hit a spot that sent shivers through my spine.

"Oh my gosh, Maxim," I cried in euphoria as he used the tip of his finger to rub against the throbbing spot. I felt myself losing. I knew I would break any second as the build-up in my stomach grew. But he didn't start driving me crazy until he started pumping his fingers slowly, up and down, causing little but needed friction.

I grabbed a pillow and threw it over my face to stifle my moans as he pumped his fingers faster. But as if that wasn't enough, his lips found my clit again, where he gently sucked on it while he slid his finger in and out in the most maddening way.

And that was all it took. My body shook violently as every nerve in my body soared above where I even believed it could go, and I knew that I had just experienced my very first climax.

I felt an excessive amount of liquid pooling at my centre and at the base of my thighs as Maxim slipped his finger free. He climbed back onto the bed as I caught my breath and propped himself up on his elbow as he watched me recover from my high with a genuinely pleased smile on his face.

I glanced down at his pants, where I could see the evident erection he had, yet he seemed

so unbothered.

"I thought... Didn't you want to..." I tried to speak through my recovering breaths, and luckily, he heard.

"I'm pleased, trust me," he whispered. "Watching you ride your climax and come down from it is the most wonderful sight in the world."

I dropped his gaze as I felt my cheeks blazing. "But I thought we were going to...." I didn't finish my statement. I didn't need to because he knew exactly what I meant.

His face fell a bit as his eyes darted to my neck, and my heart sank.

"When it happens, I want it to be special, I want our wolves to connect completely, and your wolf is not well at the moment," he explained as he traced the outline of my face with his finger. "I want you to be mine completely, not just in body, but soul too."

"I understated," I muttered. As disappointed as I was, I understood completely what he meant. Many mates have sex before the whole marking step, and sometimes it happens while it is actually happening.

But with Lukas's mark on me, it wouldn't be right. It wouldn't be the same.

And I got that.

"We can do this again, though," he interrupted my thought by saying, and his smile was back. "Over, and over, and over until we find a way to get rid of that mark."

I smiled too. "I would like that," I told him genuinely. "But only if you make me pleasure you too."

"You do-"

"I mean, in a way that brings you to a climax, too," I blurted out boldly. I had no idea where this boldness came from, but Maxim seemed to like it.

"Oh, yes? Well, I like that idea."

"I do too," I giggled as I snuggled against him. I was still naked, but I didn't feel exposed or ashamed. I felt oddly comfortable. "What about we start now?" I mumbled against his lips.

It was evident that I threw him off a bit by the apparent shock on his face. I didn't give him a chance to reply because my lips were already on his, devouring them without mercy. He matched my energy just the same, and I loved it.

I climbed on top of him again. He laid flat against the bed this time, so my bottom was hoisted upwards. He gripped it in his large hands and massaged it until I was once again moaning. It was his time to be pleased, and here I was, taking all of it for myself. Not that I was complaining.

I didn't know the first thing about pleasuring a man, but I knew I could try. I've seen enough movies and read enough books to understand. However, I wanted to cherish each moment and each touch, just as he did me.

I pulled away from the kiss for a while to look at him. He seemed at peace, and I took a while to simply stare at him. He was perfect. Even with all our imperfections, he was the ideal man for me, and I knew this now.

I ducked my head in the crook of his neck and mimicked his earlier teasing tricks. His skin was sweet and smelled of apple shower gel and his natural manly husk. But most of all, there was the intoxicating scent that almost knocked me over on that first day that I went to the Primal Pack. His scent.

It did something to me. They always say that you get the strongest whiff of your mate's scent at the crook of their necks, which is why I think our marks go there. And being there, taking in everything he could give me, somehow woke the wolf within me.

I panicked for a while as I felt my fangs emerging, and I swiftly jumped up away from his neck with my breathing heavy, except this time it wasn't because of my desire, but because of fear.

"Melissa, what's wrong?" Maxim was just as alert as he jumped up to hold my hand.

I tried to contain my fangs as confusion dawned on me. My wolf was wide awake, and my biggest fear was that she was angry.

Really angry.



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