

Werewolf's Heartsong by Dizzy izzy

Chapter 67

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Chapter 67

Master Brock's POV con'd

She could very easily defeat him, and he knew it, but they were having fun, neither trying to really defeat the other, they were just happy to have an opponent like them. They were both the same type of Hybrid. The joy I could feel radiate off the battle field was amazing, the smiles on their faces bright. They were each enduring a test of stamina, her, in holding back, him, at keeping up.

They made a magical sight, both had their hair unbound. Their hair, one a midnight black with stars, the other all white, seemed to be alive, moving in either a shadow or light vapor. Selena's Lunar Princess regalia in place and visible.

Serenity's POV

Watching my mate break the counter with his fists this morning while feeling his emotional turmoil through our bond, had been heart wrenching. After this mornings debacle, Darien had held on to my hand and had Matt follow us, we had gone back to our room. Once there he had Matt sit, Matt did, I stood by one of the book shelves, watching. My mate paced around for a bit. 2

Finally he spoke "How long ago did Sarah give you that sachet?" he asked him.

"Remember that fight we had, how I said I couldn't be your friend and Beta if you were friends with Alora?" Matt asked him

Darien nods and said "Yeah, why?"

"It was about a month before that. I had been wanting to break up with Sarah, I hadn't liked how she treated Alora." Darien looks at him in surprise, Matt nods then continued "She was complaining how you all were fooled by Alora, that she was just a mistake her mother wasn't able to abort, despite trying."

That struck me with horror, that horribly evil bitch tried to kill Alora from the moment she was conceived.

"She gave me the herbs as a gift saying they would ward of evil." Matt scoffed "Ward of evil my ass, it invited evil." He said with a growl.

"So this whole time, it's been Sarah, that's why it didn't make sense." Says Darien

They talk a little while longer, looking at the past, then putting it away. They were rebuilding their connection as Alpha and Beta. That bitch had hurt my mate, I didn't feel smashing her face in once was enough of a punishment. The lives she had destroyed. There were three others who needed their lives rebuilt as well.

"Matt." I startled him when I called out his name, he looked at me surprised, I smiled gently. "Can you call the girls and get them over here now?" I ask him he looks confused, so I explained "I think they need to tell Alora their stories, each of those girls has been a prisoner of Sarah's for years."

My mate is nodding "Alora will want to know." He says "I don't exactly know what she'll do, but she won't be cruel or heartless."

Matt nods then he sends out a mass text to all three, telling them to come to the Pack house. None of them were that far away from here, so it was only thirty minutes later when we were all gathered, in the main common area of the Alpha wing. Matt is talking to the girls, telling them what I had said and that Darien had agreed. The girls agreed to. They looked very different than before, each a beauty without all the gaudy clothes, jewelry and make up.

We all head down to the training arena, because that's where Alora, Jaxon her new Gamma and my brothers were. The sight we're met with is pure magic, like something out of a Japanese fantasy movie. The jumping, the flips, turns, sweep, and the clash and sparks of the swords. A beautiful, deadly, magical dance of grace and power. I was confused as to who Selena's opponent was, before I saw that the only one missing in the line up, was Victor.²

That must be Victor's Sprite form. From the smiles on Selena and Victor's Sprite faces, they were having fun. I went up to Jaxon, he was staring transfixed, so I nudge him. He looks down at me, surprised I was there, confusion on his face a question in his eyes. "What's the name of Victor's Sprite?" I ask him.

"Nicholas." He said "Why are you here?" he asks. He looks up and sees the others are there. The she wolves had looks of awe on their faces, totally entranced by the fight. Darien was talking to Master Brock, probably telling him why we were here. I turn back to the battle and tell him about everything. He listens as we watch the fight. They're just playing, I suddenly realize, not just training.

I'd never thought of training as playing, but that's what they were doing. Selena and Nicholas look so happy. "He's really happy she's accepted him, he's enjoying himself greatly." Jaxon tells me.

Confused "Why would he worry about Alora accepting him?" I ask.

"Sarah and her parents." He says, which really is all that's needed. Those people needed to be put down like the rabid dogs they were.

Alora's POV

It was the whistle that got my attention. Master's distinctive call to halt Selena also knowing this signal from years of being an inside witness, jumped back away from her opponent, landing in a relaxed standing position. Feet apart swords out, we look at Master, he signals to sheath the swords. Selena does so, then fades back, while I come forward.

Out of the corner of my eye I've seen Nicholas has done the same, as Victor is now standing next to me. I notice the others now in the training arena. Matt and Sarah's three former friends, Darien and Serenity are now there. They are all staring at us, each wearing a different version of amazement on their faces. I guess we did put on a show.

I look at Darien, he walks forward now that he has my attention. I know he's got something to tell me that he thinks I'm not going to like. But Darien is my best friend, I'll always at least listen to him, and support him, even when I don't always agree, then I get vocal, but I still help. The only other one, who

was there for me like this, was Damien.

I was in the sixth grade when I was being bussed from the middle school to the high school, five of my classes being at the high school, only two in middle school. During those three years, I shared a lot of classes with Damien. He would always look out for me, the big protective Alpha wolf protected me, making sure I was safe there.

That safe feeling vanished the day he graduated, worse, he was going away for five years. But with Darien's friendship and the training I got from Master Brock, I rebuilt it. At school...at work...at the Lab...I had been safe. It was only in those people's house, where the never ending nightmares had been. Damien's the one who had taken me to Master Brock. 2

Already having approval from the Alpha, Damien had picked me up the day after his graduation, and taken me to the training arena. There he had introduced me to Master Brock. At the time of the meeting my world was crumbling and I was losing my will to keep going. Damien was leaving, and it would be five years, was all I could focus on at the moment, plus Allister had just tried to rape me not long before that.

Master Brock had stared down at the scared broken pup that I was, and had immediately agreed to train me. Under his tutelage I grew in strength, and I discovered a fierce will to live. I'm so grateful for what Damien had done for me. I missed him so much my heart ached. He was coming home soon, maybe tonight. Goddess I hoped it was tonight. Would he be proud of the person I've become?

Darien stood in front of me, making me refocus on the here and now. I look up into his eyes, I smile and raise an eyebrow in question. I don't know if it was that he was nervous, or if my face was really that funny, but he laughed a moment before finally speaking. "I had a long talk with Matt, and I've taken him back as my Beta." His look nervous.

I smile though, Matt's change in his attitude, and his reasons for his fight with Darien, never made sense. "That's great, I knew it always bothered you."

He looks confused for a moment, then decides not to question it, instead "So Serenity had this idea, and I agreed with it." He says.

"Okay, and what idea is it?" I ask after a moment of silence.

"I think you should hear their stories." He says

I'd already planned to, I'm glad he agreed. "I was going too, it's why I told Matt to have them meet with me today." I told him still smiling 2

He seems surprised and relieved at the same time "I was worried how you would take this, after everything that's happened." He said

I tell him the truth "Being controlled by a spell for years of their lives, make them as much her victims, as I was." My voice solemn.

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Chapter 68

Alora's POV con'd

Daren nods and leads the way over to Matt and the girls. The girls all look apprehensive at first. Then as I told them my story, they listened. They're were tears as they listened to some of the more gruesome parts.

They all looked happy that my real father was not Allister. After I gave them my story, each girl gave me theirs. I decided I would talk to the Luna about Agatha and her dream, It might happen later, but I would make sure it happened.

For Beatrice, I don't think she'll have to worry for to much longer. Xander refused her rejection, a wolf doesn't do that without every intention of claiming their mate, but I don't think she can see that in her current grief.

For Lauren, she's going to go to counseling, having been forced to sleep with wolves against her will, not even being able to protest, had broken her inside. I hoped that, whoever her mate was, could help put her back together.

Matt, his destiny was basically stolen from him, Darien is helping him get a part of it back. Whoever his next mate was going to be, will have to be special, he'll need her to heal the damage to his soul.

Damien's POV

Somewhere out there, fate is laughing at me. It had to be. All I want to do is get home to Alora, and I get pulled over. Fucking fate was laughing her ass off at me, and the bitch needed to kiss my furry ass! I'm growling continuously I'm so pissed. I'm having to concentrate on not ripping my steering wheel off. The flashing lights in my rearview mirror blinding and irritating. @

I see the male officer approaching my car, another is going to Xander's, I don't imagine he's any happier than I for this delay. My growling louder now, a constant rumble, I guess the officer could hear it, because his walk became really cautious, and wider around the car. The officer got close enough to the window he could clearly see my wolf's glowing eyes, the officer pales. He's sweating.

Good, the fucker is keeping me from Alora. The officer is shaking now, I smell that he's a wolf. Well now, he should know better than to pull me over. Still growling, the Officer wolf at the window opened his mouth, nothing came out at first. "Dddd...yyou...knknknow...hhha....hhha...." he's practically hyperventilating now, no longer able to even stutter.

He takes a deep breath in as the wind changes and blows my scent his direction, his eyes widen and he immediately drops to a knee, head bowed. "Alpha Damien Moonstar I'm so sorry, please forgive me." He begs me. Good, he realizes what he's done. I let out a snarl and he whimpers. "You and your other Officer will let me and my Beta be on our way this instant, and you'll leave without seeing my wrath." I snarl out.

The wolf, looking like he was about to piss himself hopped to his feet "Yes Alpha, right now Alpha" he

practically ran, waving to get his fellow Officers attention, but that Officer was already running towards him. Xander must have scared the shit out of him as well, wanting to be with his mate as well." The Officers jumped into their cars, turning off their lights, finally, and peeled off. If they'd been in wolf form running, their tails would be between their legs. TO

Two more hours. Just two more hours of driving and I would be home.

Alora's POV

Talking to the Luna about Agatha had gone smoothly, she had agreed to talk to Agatha and her parents, to work out something so she'll be able to get the education she wants and her dream. The Luna knew a really good victim's councilor and referred Lauren to her. As for Beatrice, she was invited to stay the night in the Beta wing with Matt and his parents. If Damien is followed by Xander, hopefully they will be able to settle things soon.

Charges were being filed with the Pack Council first, but they said as serious as her crimes were, they were almost willing to pass judgement right then. But

werewolves have become a civilized lot, most of our laws simple and common sense laws. Some slightly complicated, but only because of what they dealt with. But they were not bad laws. A large number of Frost and Northmountains are being charged with aligning themselves with Black Magic.

Helping the Frost's and Northmountain Clan's become the controlling Clans of the Pack, all Packs of the Northern Continental Werewolves, could not be all they wanted. There is no way this was their only plan. This made me wonder what it is they got planned. Whatever it was it definitely was not good. There was nothing I could do about it for now, so I decided to wash my hair and have a bath. 2

Soaking in a bath after dinner, after training, in this steamy hot water was amazing. All my muscles relaxed, after the training session, this felt so good. Its not long before I start to hum, then eventually I sing. Not something I made but a song I liked and at the moment seemed a bit appropriate. Spellbound by Lacuna Coil.

Burning here, in the room

Feeling that the walls are moving closer

Silent scene the dark takes me

Leads me to the ending of another day

I'm haunted

Tell me who you are. I am spellbound

You cannot have this control on me

Everywhere I go I am spellbound

I will break the spell you put on me

Velvet drapes, glowing candles

Silent whispers of words inside of my head

The night that comes, it waits for me

Lift me to the ending of another day

I'm haunted

Tell me who you are. I am spellbound

You cannot have this control on me

Everywhere I go I am spellbound

I will break the spell you put on me

After I finish singing, I feel freed. Like singing cleansed me in a way nothing else could. I knew why I didn't sing in front of others, why I would bottle my voice. It was there fault. 2

The spell they had on me was broken, I broke it. I would not allow them to cage this part of me anymore. I loved to sing, and I was good at it. Damien loved to hear me sing, he told me so every time he caught me.

me

I stay in the bath till the water starts to cool. My legs and under arms already shaved. I towel my skin dry and use lotion. Then I take my hair out of its top knot, I put some leave -in on my ends.

I have to admit, I spend money on good hair products, and skin care. It was a guilty luxury. But I loved the Shea Moisture Products. I chose to use my Jamaican Castrol Oil collection with my Dragons Blood and Coffee Cherry lotion, and the African Black Soap face lotion. 13

I left my hair to hang free, letting it air dry. I put on my favorite purple wireless bra and panty set. A pair of short blue denim shorts, and a low cut, round neck, plain black tank top. Feet bare I head into my room, leaving the lights off, enjoying the moonlight. I open my doors to the balcony and stepped

out, crossing to the railway directly in front of the open doors.

I lean against the rails, feeling the wind rush around me, bringing me the scents from the garden. Blowing my hair gently behind me. Laying a forearm and my elbow on the rail I lean over with my chin on my fist. I smile enjoying the peace I was feeling. I hadn't felt this much peace for this amount of time ever. So I would enjoy it while it lasted.

as

I stood like that for I don't know how long. I heard the foot steps behind me, then someone leaning against the wall. At first I assumed It was one of the twins, till I realized I didn't feel the bonds I'd made with them coming from the person. The winds change, bringing me this persons scent. I freeze,

I know this scent, this Sandalwood and Summer Storm scent. 10

Xena perks up as does Selena, this scent used to comfort me like nothing else, now, now it hypnotized me, intoxicated me. 'Mate! they said together. What? But? That would mean my mate was....

"Hello Starlight." That deep, rumbly, seductive voice, coming from behind me had me spinning around leaning back against the rail. There he was.... In the Flesh. The wolf I've missed so much,

smelling so good, sounding so good, and looking every inch the Alpha he was meant to be and was.

He was six foot seven now. His broad shoulders and chest filling out with heavy packed muscle, his biceps stretching the tight black t-shirt. He had a pair of form fitting, straight legged black jeans on, and black Skechers on his feet.

His eyes were glowing, Zane looking out at me. Breathless I gasp out "Damien." Almost in disbelief. Was he really standing there, or was he a figment of my imagination. 'Mate!' Xena and Selena shouted again in unison. So this was definitely real I gasp out another "Damien."

"I've missed you Starlight....my mate." ®

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Chapter 69

Alora's POV Cont'd

I don't know why, but the tears started to fall. He was here....he was finally here. A small sob left me, I had tried to hold it back but I couldn't. He opens his arms, and that's all it took. I was running that short distance to him, throwing myself in his arms. He wraps me up tightly, one arm around my waist, an unbreakable bar. The other along my spine his palm on the back of my head. I wrap my legs tightly around his hips.

He lifts me up bringing his broad full lipped mouth down on mine. Kissing me deeply holding me so close, my arms around his neck holding on just as tight, tears slowly dripping down my face. I'm so happy he's back.

He pulls away, were both gasping for air, he looks me in the eyes "I'm home mate, I'll never leave your side for so long again, I'll always be here for you, my Starlight." His had cupping my cheek, his eyes blazing with his promise, and a determination. "I claim you as my mate."

"I accept your claim and claim you as my mate" I reply in a breathless rush, he pulls me back into a fierce kiss, setting me on fire. 2

I hadn't even needed time to contemplate, this had to be the male the Goddess had truly intended me to be with. If I hadn't been rejected by Matt, the chains that had bound me, would still be there. By rejecting Matt, I broke the spell that was on him, and he was able to break the spells holding those three girls hostage.

Now Damien was here, claiming me, his mate. Pulling back from the kiss to look into his eyes I touch his face. Still trying to make sure this wasn't a dream. That I hadn't fallen asleep in the bathtub and drowned myself. Now that would be embarrassing to say the least.²

I run my fingers of one hand through his shoulder length midnight locks. He looks at me, he must have felt my turmoil. Because he asked "Is it so hard for you to believe I'm here now my Starlight?" his voice a low rumble.

Still running my fingers through his hair, I look in his eyes "Honestly I'm almost afraid this is a dream." My voice breaks, I swallow "I'm afraid I'll wake up and you'll be gone, all of this will be gone." I start shaking. I feel it...I've reached my final emotional breaking point.

My body starts to tremble. "I'm afraid that finally being free is just a figment of my imagination, that they still have me locked away in that basement." The last was said on a sob. He crushes me to him, his arms wrapped tightly around me holding me close.

"I'm afraid that maybe my mind has finally snapped and all of this is just a dream my mind made up to protect me." I didn't realize how much fear and doubt I had been holding back until now. No....no that's not true, I knew, but I'm a Clan Alpha now. I couldn't fall apart, I needed to be strong.

"Oh my Starlight, I'll make them pay for this." He growls. He walks with me back into my room, he sits

down on the edge of the bed, still crushing me close. "I'm here mate, I'm real your free." He says his voice rough, he gently starts to pet my hair. "It's ok Starlight, let yourself break, I'll put every piece back together mate." He promised me. 13

I broke, I shattered into a thousand pieces and sobbed. Not just me, Selena, and Xena were too. Having to relive so much of my nightmare over and over, had opened up the thick steel gates I had holding back my deeper emotions. At first being cracked, now they were blasted open and obliterated. My emotions spilling forward. Like a release of a poison I didn't know was slowly eating me alive.

Damien was right, I needed to break. And just like he promised, he was here for me. He would put me back together. With my head on his shoulder, my nose buried in his neck. Allowing his scent to keep me grounded as I broke, and then was put back together by my mate.

Damian's POV

He was no longer the teenage wolf taking care of a poor abused, and broken pup. He was an Alpha male taking care of his abused and broken mate. Holding her together, gathering her pieces as she broke apart. Her body shaking in my arms. 2

I clutched her close, my heart breaking over her pain and sorrow. I never should have stayed away. But I knew why I had. I'd loved her, even back then. And when she turned seventeen, she had blossomed into a temptation, I wasn't sure I'd have been able to resist.

But I wasn't here! All they've done to my Starlight! Goddess why did she have to suffer so! I wanted to rend and tear those people to pieces this moment. Zane wanted to tear into them with his fangs.

If I hadn't been so anxious to get home to Alora I would have gone straight there and killed them all without warning. But they will know what they did. They will pay for what they've done to MY mate.

Feeling the storm inside Alora calm I set my nose against her neck. Rubbing my cheek against hers, taking in her scent. Letting it wrap around me, letting it soothe me and Zane. We were here now, It would take something extreme for me to ever have to leave her side longer than a day or two ever again.

I pet her hair. It's so beautiful with the stars twinkling throughout the lengths. She always had so much hair, I loved it. I knew she spent money on good hair product. I would send her collections of her favorite brand, it was a small way I could pamper her, while keeping my distance.

Under the scent of her hair and skin products was that tasty sent. That hot caramel and cinnamon apple scent. The one that made me want to taste her all over. But she needed my comfort more then my lust at the moment. And I will put her needs first, I can control myself for her. 3

I felt it the moment she had released everything she had shoved back and bottled up. I felt it in the way she relaxed in my arms. I just kept holding her tight to me. Unable to release her after being away from her for so long.

I felt guilty for being glad Matt rejected her, because his rejection had hurt her. But I don't know how I would have lived with it, if he had accepted her. I don't know how I would have kept the jealousy from eating me alive, till I did something monstrous to him. But he had, and she was mine.

She must have felt my internal war, because she sat up. I rest my hands on her waist, below her magnificent breasts. Her beautiful violet, silver rimmed eyes met my blue, gray rimmed gaze. Her plump red tinted mouth turned down in a worried frown. A question in her eyes.

I sigh, she'd always been able to tell when I was troubled. And had always been able to get me to talk. I should have known then, she had already captured my soul. I felt it every time she would sing for me after I would badger her. For a

while if she spotted me catching her sing she would stop, and it would take much cajoling to get her to sing again.

After a while instead of stopping when she saw me catching her sing. Instead she would sing to me, for me, and I could feel it with every note. That connection had gotten deeper, one more thread had bound me to her.

"I know I shouldn't be...because I know it hurt you...but I'm glad your not Matt's mate." I tell her. I look at her, waiting to see how she would take that.

She relaxed, the tension leaving, a soft smile on her mouth and understanding in her eye. "You're not alone in that." She says to me. That was not what I had expected. But then there was a lot about Alora that was unexpected at the moment.

Her hair matching the nick name I gave her so many years ago, being one of those unexpected things. Seeing my obvious confusion, she continued "I don't believe the Goddess ever really meant for me to be with Matt, and neither does Matt."

This only confused me a bit more, before I can get my question out she explains further "if Matt hadn't rejected me, the chains binding my power would never had been broken. My rejecting Matt back is what broke this spell, Sarah had on him through a sachet. This led to him breaking the same type of spell on Beatrice, Lauren and Agatha, freeing them from Sarah." She tells me.

I'm so impressed by her reasoning. "That is a very surprising way to look at that." I tell her softly, smiling at her.

She shrugs, then says "Another reason I'm glad it was him to reject me, even though it hurt, was if you where the one destined to reject me, that would have killed me." She says, the feeling of devastation that thought brought her filling her eyes for a moment. She shakes her head as if to shake it away, then she smiles at me again. "So don't feel guilty for something I'm grateful for." She says.
A

Then our conversation is forgotten as she wraps her arms around my neck, and pulls me into a fierce demanding kiss. My mate has needs, and she's demanding I meet them. I was not a stupid enough wolf to deny my mate. 2

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Chapter 70

Alora's POV

After that release of emotion, I was finally able to feel it, the mating fever. New mates get it, when they first meet and accept each other. It wasn't a heat, which I honestly thought was a good thing at the moment.

My heat would come anywhere in the next three weeks though, this first mating would spark it. My thoughts start fading to dust when he breaks our kiss and starts to nibble and suck on that spot between my neck and shoulder, where he would mark me.

What would it look like? Each mates mark, was unique to the mated pair. (This novel will be daily updated at)The bite injects your essence into your mate, the mark left behind, was a large tattoo of sorts. His nibbling and sucking sent electricity into my nipples, making them tingle in arousal. 2

My core was heating hotter and hotter by the second. My blood was singing through my veins. Goddess, was this what it was to be with your mate? I feel my panties dampen more when he bunches his fist in my hair at the back of my neck.

It sent an electrical shot down my spine, causing my core to pulse. My clit was throbbing, I was getting slicker by the second. I grind my hips against his lap, feeling my core rub against the enormous erection in his pants.

The friction only driving me higher instead of giving relief. I moan and he growls against my neck, it vibrates his chest pressed against my breasts. I rub them against his chest, then grinding down on his cock again, causing another rumble.

He pulls back just enough to meet my gaze with the glowing eyes of a fully aroused Alpha. Locking my gaze to his, he grabs my shirt, then whips it up and over my head, tossing it across the room. I start tugging at his shirt and he whips it off as well, sending it in another direction.

I look down at his chest. Oh....my....Goddess! My jaw drops, his chest is perfection. Wide, broad shoulders, he could set me on one shoulder they were so wide. His muscles large, packed and cut. His biceps large and packed too, he's cut like a Greek statue.

His torso was long and narrowed at his hips, his abs a very defined twelve pack. (This novel will be daily updated at)The muscle leading to his pelvis a very pronounced V shape. I was practically drooling. 'Goddess' I thought breathlessly 'He's a God among wolves' and he was ALL mine. 2

A chuckle runs through his chest, making me snap my mouth closed, my gaze shooting to his. His eyes are filled with amusement. I feel my cheeks heat. "I take it you like what you see?" he asks, with another chuckle.

I narrow my gaze, sitting up straight as an arrow, I reach back, and undo the clasps of my bra. Then with a smirk of challenge on my face, I toss my bra to the side. I watch in pleasure as his eyes drop to

my breasts. His gaze blazes to life with his lust. His cock jumps against my core, and he lets out a deep low growl of arousal, making me shiver in anticipation.

I believe I have properly poked the beast...and I couldn't wait for him to take me.

Damien's POV

I couldn't take my eyes off of them, they were large and perky, the areola a dark rose. Her nipples hard and begging for attention. When I had chuckled at her expression upon seeing me without a shirt. Her look had stroked my ego, my laugh had made her gaze narrow. Then that challenging smirk on her face as she tossed her bra, greeting me with this magnificent sight.

I couldn't hold back the growl I let out, anymore than I could resist putting my mouth on her nipple, and try to swallow as much of her breast as possible, into my mouth, sucking hard on her nipple, biting down a bit.

She cried out and arched her breast higher up into my mouth, her hips bucking and grinding against my cock. My jeans have become extremely tight and uncomfortable. If I didn't get them off, I'd probably wind up with a permanent imprint of my zipper along my cock.

I reach between us, undo my button and zipper, letting my cock spring out. I was so hard it was almost purple, the tip leaking. I hadn't bothered with my boxers when I got dressed after my last shower earlier. And at the moment, I was glad.

I undo her button and fly, then I switch breasts, sucking that one in and making her cry out again, as I stand her up long enough to get her shorts and panties off. Then I pull her back onto my lap.

Her core was now grinding against my cock, so hot it almost burned me, so wet she was slicking me up. It felt so good, but she was a virgin, and I would make her come first, before taking her.

I was not small, I was rather large, and that was not ego talking, just an awareness that I could seriously hurt her. And that's the last thing I want to do while making love to my mate for the first time.

Standing up with her in my arms I turn around, laying her upper half on the bed. Kneeling down on the floor, her legs over my shoulders, her luscious bottom in my hands, I breath in her scent.

That hot caramel and cinnamon apple scent. It was stronger here, intoxicating. I gave her one long lick up her slit, and she cries out as I moan in pleasure at her sweet, hot caramel, cinnamon apple pie taste. So sweet, I needed more.

I started to suck on her clit, her hips bucked and she cried out. Her moan long and drawn out as I stick one finger slowly in to her hot, wet core. Her hips buck again, urging me on as I alternate licking and sucking her clit, sliding my finger in and out of her core.

When I added a second finger she cried out and put her hands in my hair, pulling, making me growl at the shiver it sent down my spine to my leaking cock, making my balls jerk.

As I added a third finger, opening her more, her cries and moans got more wild, her breath coming in pants. (This novel will be daily updated at) I felt it build, the walls of her core fluttering, then pulsing, her walls becoming even slicker.

Then her whole body bows and shakes, she screams my name as her orgasm rips through her. I don't wait, I jump up onto my feet and I thrust inside, her slick, hot walls as she continues to pulse with her

orgasm. The pain of her hymen breaking lost as her body shook in pleasure.

I start pumping, thrusting in and out. Her core so scorching hot and tight around me. It felt so good, she came again, almost immediately. I had to concentrate, to hold back my own release as she came, her fluids pouring over me in a hot rush.

I thrust harder, faster, working her up again, her cries and moans combining with my moans and growls. Finally, when we're at the precipice together, I lean over, and with my fangs out, I bite down into her spot as her fangs sink into mine.

The explosion roared through me, her walls clamp down so hard and tight, milking me, jets and jets of come came out, splashing her walls, filling her up. I can feel her scream against my neck, where her fangs were buried, as she comes repeatedly from the pleasure. 2

My own roar lost in her neck, then I feel a pull that sends another shock down my spine, into my balls, making me come impossibly more, another pull at my neck, another jet. Till finally she lets go, finished.

I feel the bonds slam into place. *We* are now bound three fold, spirit, blood, and soul. Goddess it felt so good, I love her so much. Stumbling back a bit, I manage to get her legs onto the bed, her eyes are fluttering. She's exhausted. 2

I stumble into the bathroom, my legs weak at the moment, from the best sex of my life. I cleaned myself off with a wash cloth real quick. Grabbing another and wetting it with warm water, I go back out to Alora.

She barely stirs as I clean her, once done I take the cloth back into the bathroom and toss it in the dirty laundry basket. I go back into the room, I pick Alora up in my arms and move aside the blankets and sheet, putting Alora in the bed.

I climb in next to her, pulling the cover over us. Lying on my back, I pull her into my side, her head on my shoulder. She puts her arm across my chest and a leg over my thigh, squishing her breasts into my side. Cuddling close, my arm wrapped around her waist clutching her tightly to me.

I place a kiss on her forehead, then take another deep breath, drawing her scent into my lungs. (This novel will be daily updated at)As I drift off to sleep, I can't help but think, this is how I wanted to go to sleep for the rest of my life.