

# Encounter: Werewolf's Sacrifice

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### Werewolf's Sacrifice

Caleb eyed the pale goddess in front of him, circling her. She was perfection! He'd stripped her bare the moment he'd walked into the room. Her black hair curled seductively across the tops of full, lush breasts. Her waist was slim and led to full hips and slender legs. On the short side, she barely came to his chest, making him feel primal and all male.

"Why are you here?" he asked, his voice a soft rumble in the dimly lit room.

"My father sacrificed me to your..." she halted, not sure what to call his people.

"To my pack?" he asked.

Elise nodded.

"Why were you chosen?"

"My father is the head of the Paranormal Council. He thought one of his daughters would please you."

A blush stained her cheeks, alerting him of her innocence.

"You're a virgin?"

She nodded again.

Something primal surged within him, knowing he would be her first, and her last. He'd never taken one of the sacrifices for himself, but something about this young

woman had called to him. Just the thought of another man touching her made him snarl.

He nodded toward the bed in the corner. "Lie down."

Shaking, she complied, but her nervousness wasn't lost on Caleb.

Following her down to the mattress, he nuzzled her neck and whispered in her ear, "You have nothing to fear. The first time hurts, but I would never willingly cause you pain."

Her body marginally relaxed and she stared up at him with eyes the color of an iris.

Trailing kisses down her neck, across her collarbone, and down to her breasts, he took one nipple in his mouth, gently sucking on the hardening tip. A gasp from the delectable morsel beneath him made him smile.

He slipped a hand between her legs, pleased that she was already growing wet and hot with need, need for him. With a soft growl, he kissed his way down her belly, and shoving her legs wide he buried his face in her pussy, swiping her with his tongue. Teasing and tormenting her, he lapped at her clit until she was writhing on the bed beneath him.

"Caleb, please... I... I want..."

"What do you want, sweet?" he asked, pausing long enough to look up at her.

"I want you," she answered breathlessly.

Rising over her body, his cock poised at the entrance of her pussy, he stared into her eyes as he buried himself in her body with one long thrust. When she cried out in pain, he kissed her, wanting to take away the hurt.

Giving her time to adjust to the hard, long cock buried inside of her, he slowly began to move, using long, gentle thrusts until she began to respond. As her hips rose to meet his, he braced his weight on his hands and began to thrust in earnest, long and hard, making sure to bring her as much pleasure as he was getting from her sweet body.

The feel of her hot, wet pussy gripping his cock had him clenching his jaw. When she came, she cried out his name and gripped his shoulders tight, making it difficult for him to keep control of his desire. After the tremors had subsided, he slid from her body and flipped her onto her stomach.

Using the juices from her body, he trailed his fingers between the cheeks of her ass, gently spreading them before working a finger inside of her anus. She gasped in surprise, but didn't pull away, turning him on even more.

"Do you know what I'm going to do now?" he asked, working another finger into her.

"No," she whispered.

"I'm going to fuck you here."

A shiver ran through her body, but the heated look in her eyes told him it was from pleasure and not fear.

Removing his fingers, he placed the head of his cock between her ass cheeks and slowly slid into her tight passage, groaning from the sheer bliss of it. Burying himself deeply within in, he slowly withdrew before burying himself again. Thrusting into her from tip to base, fully embedding himself within her, a fine sheen of sweat covered his body. When Elise began pushing back against him, panting with need, he gripped her hips and began pounding into her, shoving them both over the edge.

Throwing his head back, he howled as he came with a ferocity he'd never before experienced.

Collapsing onto his side, he remained firmly entrenched in her body. As she stirred in his arms, he felt his cock twitch and knew he wanted her again.

Sliding from her body, he rolled her to her stomach again, spreading her legs as far as they would go. She was still wet and he slid into her pussy easily.

"Again?" she asked in surprise.

He gave her a wicked grin. "Yes, again. I can't seem to get enough of you."

With an answering grin, she pushed back against him, tilting her pelvis he slid deeper.

Thrusting with powerful strokes, hard enough that she had to brace her hands on the headboard, he took her roughly, taking everything she had to give. The walls of her pussy clenched around him as she found her release, driving him mad with need. As she convulsed around his cock, he thrust harder and faster until he came, filling her with his seed.

He rolled off her and pulled her into his arms, her head resting against his chest.

When she reached for the rag on the nightstand, he stopped her. He knew her pussy and ass were soaked from him, could feel it dripping down her legs, but it marked her as his.

“You’re mine,” he said fiercely. “Never wipe my scent from your body unless I give you leave to do so.”

She nodded and gave him a sleepy smile.

“Caleb?”

“What is it, sweet?”

“I’m glad my father gave me to you.”

He chuckled. “I am too.”

“When we can do this again?”

With a bark of laughter, he hugged her tight. “Give me fifteen minutes and then we’ll see if you like being tied up.”

She looked at him in surprise and curiosity, and Caleb knew he’d found his perfect match.

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