

Claiming Olivia

Northern Rockies Pack

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Encounter: Claiming Olivia (Northern Rockies Pack)

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Olivia is hardly a blushing virgin, but this time is different. This time sex is about more than having a good time. She really cares about Ethan, cares about what he thinks of her. And that makes things a whole lot more complicated.

Ethan knew Olivia belonged to him the moment he set eyes on her. The last thing he wants is to scare her off before he can claim her as his mate in front of the entire pack. But when she accepts his sexy gift of sexy lingerie and agrees to model for him back at his hotel room, he can't resist the chance to make her truly his.

Claiming Olivia

Olivia took a deep breath and eyed her reflection in the mirror. She could hear Ethan moving restlessly in the next room, no doubt picturing her in the outfit he'd bought for her.

She had to admit the black lace bra and matching scrap of fabric that passed as panties made her look sexy as hell. That was the problem. She wasn't used to looking sexy as hell. She was used to looking like the girl who took your order at the takeout window or cleaned the bleachers after a football game. Having someone care enough to buy her expensive sexy lingerie was so far outside her comfort zone, she wasn't sure how to handle it.

"Waiting is killing me. You didn't climb out the window on me did you?"

Ethan's voice held just a hint of uncertainty. His gentle sense of humor banished her tension. She grinned. "You know I did. We're only twenty-three stories up. I lowered myself to the ground by tying four dozen of these fluffy bath towels together."

An exaggerated sigh penetrated the door. "That's too bad. I guess I'll just have to finish this myself."

Finish by himself? He was going to have a wild night of uninhibited sex by himself? All kinds of naughty pictures raced through her mind, sending flickers of heat curling through her.

She took another deep breath and reached for the door handle. She could do this. She certainly wasn't a blushing virgin. Far from it. Problem was, this wasn't some one night stand she could forget about in the morning. For the first time in her life, she cared about more than just having a good time.

She took one last glance at the sexy woman in the mirror and opened the door.

"Damn woman, you look good enough to eat!" Ethan sprawled naked on the king size bed, one hand wrapped around his cock. The man was ridiculously well endowed. As she watched, he slowly stoked his fist over the length of his impressive

erection. A single drop of precum glistened on the head, and she licked her lips as she imagined what it would taste like.

“You can nibble, but you’d better not bite!” She suddenly felt a whole lot more confident. If imagining what she looked like in this outfit caused that big a hard on, what did she have to feel nervous about?

“And if I do?” Another slow stroke of his hand drew her attention back to his massive cock.

She took one step into the room and did a slow pirouette to show off the skimpy outfit. “I’ll just have to bite you back.”

“Darling, that is the sexiest thing I have ever heard. Get that gorgeous butt of yours over here.”

She batted her eyelids at him, all her former nervousness evaporating. “Tut. Tut. Have a little patience. Didn’t anyone ever tell you anticipation is the greatest aphrodisiac?”

Ethan surged to his feet, crossing the space between them in the blink of an eye and wrapping his arms around her. “Nope. They told me to take what I want and hold it tight, and that’s exactly what I intend to do.”

Olivia’s breath caught as she looked into his eyes and saw the naked desire there. No one had ever looked at her like that before. Like she was someone special.

Ethan twined his fingers through her hair, tilting her head back as he took her lips in a kiss that sent heat blazing down every nerve ending. His tongue tangled with hers, exploring and claiming. He kissed her repeatedly, his lips trailing up to her ear or down to her throat only to return to plunder her lips yet again.

He pressed against her, his hard cock pushing into her. She might as well be naked. She could feel every long hard inch of his desire.

She took a step backwards.

One step. Two. Three.

The edge of the bed pressed against the back of her legs. Still kissing her, Ethan lowered her gently to the mattress and followed her down, his hands roaming her

body. They were rough, the hands of a man who didn't spend his day behind a desk. She found the coarse texture incredibly sexy. Her chosen mate was big, and rough and impatient, and she loved it. She loved him, although she hadn't quite got up the nerve to tell him yet.

Olivia let out a low cry as he closed his mouth over one lace-covered nipple. Suckling hard, he used his hand to pluck and tease the other nipple through the lacy bra. She arched up against him, wanting more.

He slid one hand down across her belly, stopping at the lacey edge of the panties. "I love these on you. You looked so damn sexy standing in that doorway, I just wanted to rip it off and take you right there against the wall."

Before she could reply, he slipped his hand under the lace and slid one finger into her slick pussy. Olivia whimpered softly, thrusting her hips up to impale herself on his finger. She could barely breathe, she wanted him so bad.

His finger withdrew, and she whimpered in protest. Bunching the expensive scrap of lace protecting her pussy, he ripped it off with a quick twist of his wrist and tossed it to the floor.

The smile on his face was wickedly sexy, sending shivers of anticipation coursing through Olivia. He reared up over her, grabbing her wrists and trapping them above her head. A quick shift of his hips, and his cock bumped teasingly against her pussy lips.

God almighty! If he didn't stop teasing and get down to business, she might just have to remind him he wasn't the only one in the room with werewolf enhanced strength. She doubted he'd been sexually assaulted by a frustrated female before, but there was a first time for everything!

The head of his cock rubbed across her clit, and she growled in frustration.

"Look at me."

Olivia raised her head to stare at the brutally sexy male holding her still.

Ethan locked his gaze on her, entering her with one powerful thrust of his hips. She let out an excited whimper, squirming beneath him as she took every last, lusciously hard inch of him deep inside.

He kept his gaze on her, watching her reaction as he shafted her with long swift strokes of his massive cock. Olivia let out a low moan, wanting more. Her body was on fire, lust and want, need and instinct all warring for control.

In. Out. In. Out. Faster, harder, more.

Olivia rode the crest of blazing desire. Operating purely on instinct, her reactions were as old as the werewolf packs themselves. She bucked and twisted, taking everything Ethan gave her and asking for more. Begging for it. Her nails drew deep furrows down his back as he pistoned in and out of her.

The most amazing orgasm she'd ever experienced exploded through her. Not a slow fiery build to a climax but a roaring, thunderous explosion of pleasure so intense it was almost painful. Her pussy clamped down hard on his cock, and she howled in ecstasy as she rode the fiery wave of exquisite heat that sent surge after surge of pleasure through her.

Ethan let out a shout of triumph as his orgasm merged with hers. For an endless moment nothing else existed but the two of them. Two joined as one single, inseparable entity.

Ethan collapsed beside her, still holding onto her, still buried inside her. He wrapped his arm around her, rolling her onto her side so that they faced each other as they gasped for air. His eyes slowly lost their piercing focus, and his smile gentled to an appreciative grin. "The pack is going to be so pissed at me."

She tilted her head. "Why?"

His grin widened. "Because you are the most beautiful, sexy she-wolf in the entire Rocky Mountain range, and you're all mine."

That sounded just fine to her.

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