

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 53

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"You must learn to let go. Release the stress. You were never in control anyway."

Steve Mariboli

When Griffin said the night would end with me begging, he'd meant it. After what felt like several agonizing moments of him licking and biting every inch of my exposed inner thighs, he'd finally worked up to my panties. Beneath my blue dress, I wasn't wearing anything particularly sexy — just a pair of blue cotton panties that matched the rest of the outfit. Had I known where his mouth would end up, I might've chosen differently.

"God, I love your scent," Griffin sighed, pressing his nose against the front of my panties. "It's just...you."

My cheeks flushed. A part of me wanted to hide this part of myself, stop this sensual act before it had begun. It wasn't because I didn't want it to happen. No, now more than ever, all I wanted to feel was Griffin's tongue.

Really, my embarrassment was fueled by a fear of rejection. What if Griffin started and then didn't like it? What if there was something wrong with me?

As if he could sense my inner monologue, Griffin paused and looked at me, dark eyes shining. "Little fox," he said, "There is absolutely nothing more that I want at this moment than to taste you. All of you."

The sheer devotion in his voice was enough to quell any anxiety or uneasiness I felt. With a soft nod, I watched Griffin pull down my panties, taking his time. "Look at you, little fox," he grinned, "Already wet for me." I knew it was true. I could feel my own wetness, feel it in the panties he peeled off me. I'd been wet since the moment I started grinding on him in the dining room.

"You're so beautiful," Griffin stared at me - more namely, that part of me. "Every inch of you. I knew you would be." I'd never thought that part of me, or anyone, could be beautiful but I didn't doubt Griffin's words. He wasn't giving me lip service. He meant it.

Then, before I could register it, he began lapping at my folds. Almost immediately, my head fell back and my eyes fluttered shut. God, why did nobody tell me that head felt this good?

Griffin's tongue was soft, warm, and used just the right amount of pressure. He started at my lips, and even there, my body felt sensitive and tingly. I wanted more, but when I bucked my hips, Griffin's hands settled firmly on my thighs and pressed them into the bed.

"Now, now," he said, "Did I tell you that you could move?"

With my eyes still shut, I managed to shake my head. God, please just put your tongue back on me. That's all I want.

But instead of moving his head back down, Griffin's fingers just dug into my thighs. "Use your words, little fox."

I couldn't even bare to look at him. "No, you didn't say I could move." "No, what?"

Is he really going to make me say it?

His fingers digging more sharply into my thighs was my answer.

"No, Daddy. You didn't say I could move."

"Good girl."

Texpected the phrase to embarrass me ~ and it did — but it did something else too. It turned me on. I could feel the heat in between my legs.

Please don't tell me his daddy kink is rubbing off on me. That's humiliating.

Griffin dove his head back between my thighs, his warm tongue pressing gently and firmly on my clit. I knew I was wet ~ soaking, really ~ but at this point, I didn't know what was me and what was Griffin's saliva. He hadn't been shy about tasting everything.

'What was the most surprising part is how good he was at it. Once again, there was no learning curve, no trying to guess what I already liked. He already knew. If my body was an instrument, Griffin was an expert musician. |

Is this the mate bond too? Nobody ever told me the sex was this good! I might've come around sooner if I knew it was going to be this great.

To no surprise, it only took a few minutes for Griffin to get me all worked up. My entire body was warm and flushed, my lower belly a bundle of hot nerves. Sometimes, he'd brush directly over the most sensitive part of my clit and I'd have to stop myself from bucking my hips. I so desperately wanted to move my hips in tandem with him, but I knew he'd stop if I did.

The bundle of hot nerves in my stomach felt like it was unraveling. I could feel myself on the edge, I was close, just a little more -

Suddenly, the pressure stopped. Griffin pulled back.

My eyes flashed open, staring at him. His head was just inches away from my thighs and he was looking at me with a shit-eating grin on his face.

"Why did you stop?" My voice was quiet and raspy, most likely because I'd spent the past several minutes moaning. "I-I was close." I'm not sure

why I felt shy about saying that last part, but I did.

"Oh, I know," Griffin smiled sardonically, "But did I say you could come,

little fox?"

This time, I didn't bother shaking my head. I knew he'd want a verbal answer.

"No, Daddy."

"Good girl."

"Good girl," Griffin rasped, a pleased glint in his eyes, "You catch on fast, little fox."

As if my clit was already aching enough from the loss of pressure, that only seemed to make it worse.

He said he wanted me to beg, right? As humiliating as that is, I'm desperate enough at this point. Anything that gets his tongue back on me.

"Please, Daddy," I said, and I knew my entire face was beat red. "Please touch me again. I want to feel you." [?]

Griffin's eyes lit up but that same sadistic smile remained. "Do you? I don't think you're begging hard enough, little fox. You were such a little brat earlier tonight. Telling me you didn't have to ask permission for anything. Is that still true?"

Of course, he has to bring that up. What a dick!

Averting my eyes, I managed to whisper, "No."

That must've been good enough for Griffin because he gave a pleased

hum and began moving his tongue back over my clit. Immediately, | let out a loud moan. As turned on as I was, every brush, every movement of his soft tongue felt like he was lighting my nerves on fire.

"Keep making those noises, little fox," he ground out, "I want the entire castle to hear you." (2)

Another time, that thought might've sent me down a rabbit hole of wondering if the entire castle really could hear me, but right now, all I could think about was reaching my climax. So, he didn't have to tell me twice. Loud moans escaped my throat before I could even think about reeling them back in.

This second time, it took even less time for Griffin to bring me to my edge. I tried to be quieter this time, less obvious about the fact that I was close. If I could just get a little more pressure, then

He stopped. I couldn't suppress the whine as he left me aching again.

"I told you," he said, "I'm the one who controls when you get to come. Don't think you can get away with being sneaky like that. I sense everything, little fox — the way your breathing picks up when you're close, how your heart speeds up." (1)

Damn werewolf senses.

"Please," my back was arching off the bed, but there was no way for me t

o get friction. "Please. Please. Please, Daddy." That last part slipped out, but I was far too desperate to feel embarrassed about it. I was already begging him.

Griffin hummed again like he was thinking it over. I didn't need to have my eyes open to know he had that same sadistic grin on his face. This

bastard was loving every second of this.')

He didn't answer verbally, but his tongue started running stripes down my clit and lips again. The third time, it barely took a minute for him to work me close to the edge. My skin felt hot and sticky and my back felt strained from the way I'd been arching off the bed. This time, I didn't even bother trying to bypass his rules. This was Griffin's game, and he'd already proven twice that he could outmatch me every time.

"Please, Daddy," my voice was a mixture between some sort of whine and a moan, "Can I come?" (")

'There was silence for a moment, and I wondered if he was really going to deny me a third time - I wasn't sure I could handle the aching pain of denial again.

"You can come, little fox," he finally said, and then he continued swirling his tongue in just the right spot. I came undone almost immediately. The tangled knot in my lower belly uncurled, my breaths were nothing more than quiet moans, and I only felt rippling pleasure between my legs.

Whatever orgasm I'd ever had on my own didn't compare to this one.

Those had been sad excuses for an orgasm ~ nothing like the continuous pleasure I was experiencing now.

As I rode out the last of my orgasm, Griffin continued to lick every inch of exposed skin. It wasn't like he was just sampling me - there was nothing hesitant about the way he lapped at my folds. No, he tasted me like he couldn't get enough of me.

As soon as he'd had his fill of me, he moved up to cradle me against his chest, his gaze fixed on mine. Part of me wanted to hide my face from him. I knew I must've looked like a sticky, sweaty mess embedded into his sheets. I knew my hair was wild with frizz and the blue dress would need to be peeled off me.

But Griffin didn't shy away from me. His gaze was full of something I'd rarely seen directed at me — pure, unadulterated admiration.

"You're so beautiful when you come undone for me, little fox," Griffin reached forward to cup my jaw with his hand, "The way you look, the sounds you make - I don't think I'll ever be able to get enough of you."

I was still trying to recover from the aftershocks of my orgasm, so I didn't have the energy to drum up any kind of intelligent response to his sweet words.

Luckily, he didn't seem to need verbal answers this time. "Do you know what happens now?" he asked, and I felt his fingers stray down from my jaw.

Even the lightest touch of his fingertips seemed to leave my skin on fire, and when they reached the junction between my neck and shoulder, my skin practically sizzled. That particular area felt sensitive and even more attuned to his touch, like my body was trying to call out to his.

"Now, I leave my mark on you," Griffin answered, his dark eyes brimming with some sort of emotion I couldn't recognize. Something primal.

As if to drive his point home, his fingers tapped the sensitive area between my neck and shoulder - the traditional spot of a claiming bite.

"And when I've done that," he continued, "I'm going to make you my Queen. Officially."