

Little Red

By Sandra Fowke

Up in Luke's room, the werewolf slammed his door and shoved Alice against it, hard so that her head banged against the hard wood. His mouth took hers in a rough, animalistic kiss. His hands were on her breasts, her waist, her arms, her thighs, anywhere he could reach and touch, he did. Like a starving man, he drank from her and she gave all she had to give, moaning his name over and over.

"Want you ... need you ..." he muttered against her mouth, "Need you, now ... Fuck, Alice, now."

She pushed him back with a sly smile and commanded, "Strip."

That single word made his eyes flash and he bared his teeth as he ripped his shirt apart and let it drop from his shoulders, revealing a long, fatal looking claw scar that ran across his broad chest and toned stomach. Her body burned as she looked him over.

His eyes darkened as he pulled at his belt and opened his pants, letting them drop to his feet and stepping towards her to free himself from their tedious bindings. His legs were long and lithe and covered in a light brown hair that reminded her of the ravenous beast he became once a month. Slowly but surely she let her eyes raise up his legs to his firm, muscular thighs and hips, and her mouth watered at the sight of his long, hard cock standing proudly and weeping for her attention.

Dear God! He was bigger than she had remembered, bigger than Sean and much bigger than Jake. Her inner muscles clenched in anticipation and her body caught fire all over again.

"Being a lycan does have its advantages, Alice," he grinned widely as her eyes widened in shock at being caught so blatantly ogling his offerings.

He sat on the bed and used his strong arms to hoist himself back onto his pillows, his eyes never leaving hers. "Take that blouse off, Little Red. You won't be needing it," he said, his voice gruff.

"Yes Luke," she replied, her voice meek as she pulled the blouse over her head to reveal her burgundy lace bra. She fingered the bra and looked at him questioningly. He shook his head and she left it on.

"Take that Skirt off, Little Red. You won't be needing it, either."

"Yes, Luke." She unzipped the skirt and let it puddle around her feet.

Luke's eyes swept over the garter and sheer stockings, and he bared his teeth. "I was going to instruct you to remove your knickers, but you seemed to have pre-empted me

there.”

She looked down in mock shame. “I’m sorry Sir.”

He pursed his lips and gave her a stern and very professor-like look. “Can’t be helped, I suppose,” he grinned dangerously, this role play was turning him on in a whole new way. She really wanted him; he could smell her arousal and see it in her eyes. And she wanted all of him, man and wolf and he fully intended to show her what that meant.

“Come here.” It was not a request, and he saw the shudder of lust that shook through her as she climbed onto the bed. She was so damn bossy all the time. But he knew her secret. The deep darkness in her soul and he knew that Severus smelt it too. She wanted to be dominated, to have someone else take control and be strong for her for a change, and force her to enjoy what she so wanted to have, but was afraid to embrace.

Alice loved this new, demanding side to Luke and the role play was affecting her as much as it was him. His scent was intoxicating, the musky spice of his aftershave mixed with the smell of his primal beast beneath.

She kneeled on the bed and he lifted up to kneel with her. Luke enjoyed her delighted sighs as he caressed his hands over her soft, creamy body. He ran a single finger over the lines of the lingerie she wore. In all his forty years, he swore that he had never seen anything so sexy as this nineteen year old vixen with her long curly hair falling over her soft shoulders and her head falling back to reveal the column of her throat. He saw her pulse jump when he touched her jaw and felt the wolf in him bay.

Alice cried out and burned when her wolf flicked his tongue into the hollow at the base of her throat, then continued to lap upwards to her jaw, face and mouth. He nipped at her full lips and groaned when she did the same. Their tongues met and danced as they attacked each other’s lips, hands grasping and gripping. She felt herself being pushed down onto the bed and felt her breath leave her body at the feel of his hot panting at her core.

“Luke?” she cried out, questioning his lack of contact but was answered when his rough hands shoved her thighs wider.

“Gonna eat you all up, Little Red.”

With that he assaulted her with his wickedly long tongue, laving her silky inner thighs and enjoying her moans and shivers as he slowly drew higher to where he knew she wanted him.

He slipped his exceptionally long tongue inside her tight slit and moaned when she contracted around it. Alice arched and cried out. She had never felt anything so perfect, so erotic, and so damn good. She moaned his name and shuddered in sweet excitement when he growled at her and demanded that she address him as “Sir.”

“Yes, Sir,” she moaned then screamed as his tongue flicked over her swollen clit and sent blazing hot pleasure flooding her trembling body. For a moment it was almost too intense as her body shook. “Luke,” her voice cracked as she cried his name.

His eyes watched as her orgasm shuddered through her. He held her hips in place as he lapped up her last blissful shudders. Groaning and growling like a starving dog as he lapped at her.

The deep primal sounds he was making and the sight of her wolf between her thighs sent her over the edge again, head flicking back and knees curling around his shoulders.

Luke crawled slowly up her body, almost cat-like, his eyes hungry and burning into her own. “Gonna fuck you, Alice,” he growled and licked his lips as he loomed over her, “I’ve been waiting years to slam my cock into your tight, little body.”

“Oh, Sir, yes!” she moaned and arched when she felt the tip of his thick cock at her drenched opening, “Please ... please, Professor, I want you.”

“I’m going to make you my Bitch tonight, Alice,” he murmured against her lips and gave her a wide, toothy grin. “Do you want that?”

“Oh, God, yes!”

“Get on all fours for me.”

She did as instructed and moaned in equal parts of fear and excitement as he maneuvered himself behind her and rubbed his girth against her tight slit again. He delivered a firm, sharp slap to her arse and chuckled at her gasp of shock and sniffed her heightened arousal.

He ran his finger over the tattoo at her lower back. “Pretty,” he murmured his voice thick.

Alice wriggled impatiently, “Long story,” she moaned, “Surprisingly, dark.”

He ran a single hand down her spine then gripped her hips and thrust home in one fluid movement. He forced his thickness all the way to her hilt.

Alice felt torn by his thickness and length. He held fast and deep as her inner muscles relaxed around him and her mind came to terms with the delicious mixture of pleasure and pain. His movements were slow at first. He took her with long, slow, strong strokes, both soothing and thrilling.

“Alice,” he groaned as he thrust inside only to pull all the way back and thrust again. “So, fucking tight ... so sweet ... so hot... my little Red.”

She tightened around him and arched her back as he took her. Never had sex been so primal, bestial, and now that she was here in his dark world she knew that no man would be able to satisfy her quite the same again.

“Oh, Luke, harder ... take me!”

“As you wish, my sweet, little bitch,” he growled, and then slammed into her with a force that rocked the bed, and again he pulled back only to slam home with a loud, brutish grunt.

Alice screamed his name as he took her impossibly fast with his ramming cock. She would be bruised and sore in the morning, but she didn't care as she felt her body rushing towards another climax.

He grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her back so that her spine was flush against his chest and he continued to thrust. Hard and fast, he fucked her and forced her head back to his shoulder and claimed her lips in a violent, hungry kiss.

A sound seemed to draw his attention but he wouldn't let her look. He gripped her hair and her hip and thrust harder. “You belong to me,” he growled into her ear, “Say it!”

“I do,” she whimpered and gasped in pleasure as he slammed into her again. “I belong to you,” she cried out when he bit down hard on her shoulder and shuddered as her orgasm ripped through her in molten waves, “Luke!”

“Your mine now,” he whispered against her ear and with one more deep thrust he let out a deep guttural groan and emptied his release in a series of cracked shuddering moans as he held himself inside her pulsing body.

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