

Chapter 93

~KANE~

Sweet.

Divine.

Heavenly.

f*****g mine.

I've lost all f*****g control. All. My body has all of the power over me at this time, and I can do nothing about it. It's taking the lead and giving us what we've wanted for a long time now. I'm not sure what had taken over me. One minute I was in the room, and the next, I was in front of her door. I wasn't even aware of how I'd gotten there. I remember just standing there, listening to her heartbeat, slow breaths, and light shuffle on the bed. I don't know how long I was standing there before she finally came out. I remember fighting for control, telling myself that I had finally f*****g lost it. Telling myself that it was time to leave before she found me there waiting for her like a bloody stalker. But the desire was too strong for me to ignore; I couldn't fight it any longer. I had kept away for far too long, and it was finally tearing me apart for denying it what it wanted all along. After the taste I had of her in the forest, my body was desperate for more. I wanted her blood. Lord knows I wanted more than just her f*****g blood, but right now, it was what I wanted most. Just that one taste in the woods was enough to fuel the desire. It was too late to turn back now. Too damn late. I couldn't stop even if I wanted to. I tried to warn her. I wanted to frighten her to get her inside and lock her doors. I was using every last bit of self-control I had left to get her to do that for me, but she hadn't listened. I'd practically begged her to get her pretty little ass inside. But did she listen? Of course, she didn't. When does she ever?

She never f*****g listens to me. It's why we are in this position right now. She's beneath me. Her soft, luscious body is beneath mine. My hands are intertwined with hers as I trapped them above us on the pillows. My mouth is pressed against her neck as my teeth pierce her skin; I'm sucking on her, taking her blood, feeding my body what it needs.

Our bodies are pressed tightly together, and I could feel every part of her curves against my body. And f**k me. That and the taste of her blood had me harder than I'd ever been in my f*****g life. I wouldn't be able to hide my arousal from her. I was hard as stone; I was sure she could feel me against her. I wanted to suck on her neck as I f*****d her hard against this bed. I wanted to f**k her on the ground, against the wall; on top the desk. I wanted her on every inch of this blasted room. The fact that I hadn't done that already told me that I still had some control left. I didn't think I had any. Not with the way I was acting. But it was the only explanation I had for why I wasn't stripping her bare and burying my d**k in her p**y when it was what I was dying to do. The hopelessness was real; it was very much alive. The last bit of control that I was trying to hold onto, the one that prevented me from getting inside of her, it was barely visible.

This happens when you don't feed the hunger inside of you. You eventually snap and lose control. I promised myself that I would never drink another woman's blood after losing Maya. I didn't want anyone else's taste in my mouth but hers. I felt like she also deserved that from me. I wanted to punish myself for losing her, and I was getting good at that punishment. I was getting good at making myself suffer for failing her. And it was working. My plan was working. I hadn't drank blood from anyone else after she went missing. . . Until now.

After getting a taste of the girl's blood earlier, it was over for me. I thought that I was stronger than this. I knew that I wanted more of her, but I didn't think that I would snap the way that I did. I was able to ignore the need to take more of her earlier today; I had managed to put it behind me and focus on other things than tasting her again. But tonight, something snapped within me. All control had left me. And when she didn't lock herself inside like I'd asked her to do for me. When she'd purposefully taken a step toward me and when she'd willingly offered to do anything I wanted, I was happy to take her up on that offer. I knew that her words would have shattered the last bit of self-control I had. How could I ignore her when she offered to give me anything I wanted from her? What f*****g man in his right mind would say no to an offer like that from her? Not this selfish man. Selfish was all I was from the beginning. I was greedy when it came to her. I would drop every damn thing just to keep coming back to her, to get more of her, to taste her. To get everything my body was dying for.

My body begins to tremble with the need for more of her. Like I said, greedy, it was f*****g greedy for her. And it was going to take all that she was offering and more. I was past the point of stopping, I just couldn't stop myself anymore. And I wasn't planning on stopping either. Not after her taste filled my mouth.

Eventually, sucking on her neck wasn't enough for me. I was craving more of her sweet blood, and I wanted to take it from more than one part of her body.

"MORE!" I growl as I suck the last bit of blood from her neck. I watch as some of the blood trails down to her chest. I tightened my whole on her hands above her head as I licked the blood off her soft skin, not stopping until it was all gone.

I grab her hair and pull her head back so that I can easily access her mouth. She doesn't have time to prepare as I crush our lips together. Biting down on her lips just like I'd done earlier today. Taking more of her. Taking what I f*****g craved.

Tasting her. Kissing her. Touching her.

And even that wasn't enough for me. I was dying for every part of her beautiful body.

All because of you.

Her words.

But they felt like mine.

I was losing control. And it was all because of her—no one else. She was the one that made me do things that I had no excuses for. She made me feel things I knew that I shouldn't. She made me want things that were forbidden. She did this to me. She made me want to have all of her. She made me want to do things with her that could possibly make me lose everything that I had, yet she somehow made it feel all worth it. She made me believe that it would be okay as long as I had her. Nothing else would matter. She made me think all of these crazy thoughts. And whenever I was like this with her, those thoughts became more believable. I became blind. I dreamed of the chance for those thoughts to be a reality. That's the power this woman has on me. So much damn power. More power than I wanted ever to admit.

"You." I whisper as I suck on her lip, "you make me do this. You. No one else but f*****g you."

She doesn't say anything. She lets me have my way with her without protesting, not even once. Why did she always f*****g do this? Why didn't she put up a fight? Why did she make it so easy for me to get caught up in her? She just had to say no to me once, just f*****g once. Why couldn't she do that for me?

She gasps when I spread her legs and push her dress upwards so that I can get access to her thighs.

I drag my body down hers, kissing every inch of her, nibbling on her skin, teasing her, making her think that I'm about to suck but never actually doing it. I keep it up until my lips are above where I wanted them to be. With one hand on her breast, and another squeezing her waist, I sink my teeth into her inner thigh. I am taking more of her. I wanted to sink my teeth into every inch of her beautiful body. I wanted to leave my mark on every part of her. I wanted everyone to know that this woman was f*****g mine.

She should have never offered herself as she did to me. Now I wouldn't stop taking. I was too greedy, too selfish, not to take what she was offering. And now that I knew that she meant every word, it awoke the desire more than ever. She would give me everything I wanted. And she had it all. She had everything that I desired right now. No one else but her could give me what I wanted. And I don't think she knows that. If she did, she would have power over me. She would know how weak she could make me with just one simple word from her pretty mouth.

"KANE!" she cries out as I deepen my sucking motion. It still doesn't feel like enough. I know what my body wants, and I have to find the control to stop it.

A whimper leaves her mouth, and she surprises me yet again by burying her hands in my hair and pulling me tighter against her. A low growl escapes my mouth, and I tighten my hold on her body as the blood continues to fill my mouth.

Her blood is the purest, sweetest. . . I pause as a distant memory invades my mind.

Maya.

I remember doing this to her. I remember her blood tasting precisely like this. And I did the same to her. Taking too much of her, slamming her against the wall. Sucking more of her than I deserved.

And here I was doing the same thing to the girl within my grasp. If I kept this up, I might do to her exactly what I did to Maya at one point. And it's the last thing I wanted to do. I had to learn from my mistakes; I couldn't repeat them repeatedly. I didn't want to take so much blood from her that she would become weak in front of me. And I had to remember that she'd been through plenty today already. I was not helping the situation. I was making it worse. I was hurting her.

It's enough for me to rip my body away from her and scramble right out of there.

I got as far away from her as I possibly could. I couldn't stay in that house for the night again. If I did, she would tempt me too much; I would end up straight back in her bedroom, ready to finish what I started. And f**k, I couldn't do it. I couldn't do it to her, and I couldn't do it to Maya.

I'd seen how weak Maya was today. She'd fainted in front of me. And at that time, I promised myself to stay away from the girl for her sake. A promise that I'd broken multiple times already. I couldn't even last a few hours. I had already broken it once more.

I run a hand down my face in frustration.

What had I done? What the f**k was wrong with me? Why couldn't I have any sort of control? When would I stop being so f*****g weak?

