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She should have kept walking. She should have ignored him as she had always done in the past, but his words echoed in her like an annoying buzzing.

“I will fight for what is mine...”

Who did he think he was?! She didn’t belong to anyone, least of all him! All her fear melted away to outrage. It was time to end this once and for all! Spinning around, she quickly stalked towards him; each slow, menacing step may as well have left a trail of roaring flames behind her.

“What’s yours?” In anger she slammed the flat of her palms against his chest, barely moving him beyond a step back. “I am not your anything! Nor will I ever be. Take my advice and get over yourself, asshole!” She yelled, turning to walk away from him once again.

“Fuck it.” Was all she heard uttered from his lips before his heavy footfalls coming up behind her.

Striding up behind Rebecca, he spun her around into his arms, His hands reaching up to clasp tightly on either side of her face. Pulling her to him, his lips came crashing down on hers. His lips felt like a hot fierily brand burning into her skin. At the touch of his lips, Rebecca felt her womb spasm and inner muscles pulsing with desire. Everything in her was reaching, aching, needing for Eric.

Still kissing her, Eric backed her against an adjacent building, effectively trapping her between a brick wall and his hard body. Rebecca broke away, gasping for air as her heart beat thundered in her ears.

“Eric...” She paused, taking in deep gulps of sweet air. “I don’t think—” His hands tightened on the sides of her face, his thumbs sliding soothingly along her high cheekbones. His heated glazed eyes bore down into her soft, yielding ones.

“Don’t think, just feel. Our bodies communicate far better than our words ever do.” His lips covered her once again, moving with heated urgency. “For once; just once, Rebecca, don’t think. Just feel what your body is so desperately trying to tell you.” He breathed out against her skin.

Sliding his hands down the soft slope of her neck, over her arching breasts and down her hip to grip the firm globes of her ass. His hands molded and squeezed, causing her

to gasp with pleasure at against his lips. She arched her body against his as she wrapped her arms around his neck, holding him as close as she could.

Bending his knees, Eric's hands drifted down to the back of her bare thighs. Lifting her high against his body, he wrapped her legs around his waist as he grinded his hard length into her weeping center. A thin layer of clothes was the only barrier she had between herself and Eric. She felt safe with that barrier, but at the same time she wanted him to remove that same barrier from her.

Her heels dug into the muscles of his ass as Rebecca thrust her pulsing center, causing chills of delight to rush up her back and through the tips of her breasts. Burying her hands into Eric's long hair, she dug her nails into his scalp while she tugged him closer to her lips. Sweeping her tongue into the warmth of his mouth; pulling a deep groan from his throat as his tongue tangled with hers in an intimate caress.

Shoving her short skirt up, until it fluttered around her hips; uncovering her enough to where he could see her black silk thong, making his hard length pulse with need. The bottom of her skirt glided against their grinding pelvises, forming a curtain over their thrusting groins. Eric thrust up against her pulsing center and began a slow grinding motion against the thin barrier of her silk black thong, causing a warm rush of liquid to flow from her undulating center and wetting the sinful looking silk further.

"Eric...I need you." She breathed out, lustfully breathless as his lips trailed a path away from her lips to her chin, down her swan throat. His lips were loving, teasing, punishing, giving her everything and yet it wasn't enough.

Her womb clenched, her body tightly twisted, squeezing in demand to be filled. Filled with Eric, the way only he could.

"Please..." She begged with an edge of need as his hands left their caressing position at the back of her thighs, roaming upward to her throbbing breasts; tugging and teasing her nipples through the soft fabric of her silk blouse and bra.

Bending down further, Eric latched onto one of her hard nipples, pulling it into the hot, cavern of his mouth. His tongue circled and fluttered against the tempting bud in between his strong suckling pulls at her breast.

"Eric, I need you, now." Her words came out between heavy pants. She was so turned on right now, if he looked at her at certain way and she'd explode.

Slowly releasing the swollen nipple, he raised his head, his breath coming out in heavy pants. “Don’t say that. I’m holding on by a thread as it is. I’m not going to take you like an over eager teenager. Whenever I’m around you my control goes right out the window.”

“What part of I need you, are you not getting? This is what you wanted, right?”

“Right here?” he questioned with a raised eyebrow.

“Right here, right now. Hurry, I can’t stand it anymore.” She answered hastily, panting heavily.

Eric made no move to comply with her demand, burying his face in between her neck and shoulder; he planted small, chaste kisses as he went. He didn’t dare take her right here in the middle of a dark parking lot against the side of a rough building. She already mistrusted him enough as it was; no matter how much he’d want to. Rebecca began to desperately grind her wet mound against his hidden cock in search of relief, almost undoing his good intentions.

The sound of a car door slamming was like a bucket of cold water being thrown over her heated body. What was she doing? She usually had more control over herself than this. What was wrong with her? Just a moment ago this was the man that beat up a guy for just dancing with her. Granted; it was leading to more than just dancing, but that didn’t mean he was right in what he did, did it? For God’s sake; he was a werewolf. For all she knew he was just as dangerous as the man that had attacked her all those years ago and here she was dry humping him? She must be insane—clinical-deranged-out of her mind-insane!

“Let me go.” She whispered, pushing away from him. She had to get away from him before she made a big mistake.

“Why?” He mumbled as he kissed and sucked at the soft skin below her ear lobe. Rebecca was thinking too much again and when that happened; she fled. This time, he wasn’t letting her run, this time she wasn’t going to run from him.

“You weren’t complaining a moment ago.” He pointed out, thrusting his covered cock up against her pulsing clit; a satisfied smile curved on his face when she emitted a small, breathless moan.

Digging her nails into his shoulders, she glared at him, her teeth clenching in anger. “I’m drunk, Eric.” She latched onto the excuse like a lifeline. She wasn’t necessarily drunk in the way she implied. But whether it was Eric’s kisses and his

hands on her or the one drink she'd had inside, she was left feeling dizzy and highly aroused all at once.

Part of her didn't want Eric to put her down on her feet, but she was silently grateful when his expression changed from teasing to concern. Lowering her to her feet, Eric held onto her arms as she found her footing on her shaking legs. Once she was in no danger of falling, he transferred his grip to her wrist and began pulling her back toward his black hummer. Shaking her head, Rebecca weakly beat against Eric's tugging arm

"What the hell are you doing now?"

Coming to a stop beside the passenger door, Eric pulled out his keys to press a button on a small keypad. With a low beeping, the door unlocked. Shoving his keys away, he jerked the large door open before tugging her further.

Letting go of her wrist, Eric took a step back from her, his hand motioning toward the hummer. "Get in." he said roughly.

Taking unsteady step back, Rebecca groaned and rubbed at her head. How was she ever going to get away from him? "No. I'm not going anywhere with you." She stated, stubbornly shaking her head.

Dropping his arm behind her like a road block when she would have turned away, Eric stepped closer to her. His expression told her that he wasn't in the mood to listen to her. "Get the fuck in the car." He whispered firmly.

She shook her head. A faint smirk played upon her lips. "You want to talk about my language? I'm not inebriated, Eric. I can take myself home. I don't need your help." Shoving at him to make him move out of her way didn't do her any good but pissed her off when he simply watched her.

"I know that." he slowly bit out. "But I am not going to worry about you getting into an accident because you are being too stubborn. Now; get in that damn seat and buckle up before I do it for you."

For a moment, Rebecca paused. He wouldn't really do that, would he? "You can't do that." she argued with disbelief.

Without another word, Eric made good on his threat. Crowding into her space, he bent down; his strong arms scooped her up like she was no more than a child's doll. Before she could release the cry of outrage that swelled in her throat, Eric had dumped her

roughly on the high passenger seat. When she attempted to push out of the seat, she gasped when Eric laid a heavy hand over the swell of her breast, pinning her back against the seat as he jerked the seat belt over her. Making sure she was buckled in, Eric stepped back, slamming the door shut before striding around to his side.

Once he settled in the driver's seat, the close proximity between them had her mouth going dry and her heart thundering painfully in her chest. It would appear she'd pushed Eric too far this time. She just worried what price she'd be paying in the end.

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So much for my grand plan...

Rebecca slouched in her seat with a fallen look. With a faint pout, her arms crossed over chest as she looked over at Eric. His face was set in stone, his expression dark. She knew it was her fault, not that she fully understood why. What right did he have to be so upset with her? She was nothing to him.

He knew she was human and if her past experience with his kind was any clue; they hated humans. Damon was the one of a few shifters that she felt safe around. She didn't feel safe around Eric. She felt hunted and constantly pursued, but at the same time she felt a pull between them, a pull that she was firm on fighting.

Bossy flea brains!

She glared at him, taking notice of how his fingers gripped the steering so tightly that his knuckles turned white. She had no doubt he could have crushed the black leather covered steel without much effort. Would he turn that same strength on her once he knew her secret?

Abruptly, Eric's breath huffed out between his lips with a near snarl. "Stop glaring at me."

Startled, Rebecca turned to face the window so quickly she nearly knocked her forehead against the glass. She watched as they turned away from the main street and down a dark, curved road. The road was bracketed by tall pine trees as they made their way around the high incline. Brow knitting with confusion, Rebecca slowly looked away from her window to face the windshield. Where was he taking her? One thing was for certain, he had no intention of taking her to her apartment.

"Where are we going?" she asked hesitantly, before casting him a fleeting glance.

Eric sat stiff in his seat, his eyes glued on the dark road ahead and as he maneuvered the hummer around the sharp turns. His lips were pressed in their usual thin line, attesting that he wasn't in the best of moods for a chit-chat.

Much to her surprise, he replied. "I'm taking you back to my house tonight."

Rebecca didn't know what she should say first. Why was he taking her back to his home? Why was he taking some dark road that she'd never seen before? And why in all that was holy was he acting angry with her? She shook her head before slamming it back against the seat with frustration. Squeezing her eyes closed she was beginning to regret her earlier actions –or at least she regretted that he'd caught her.

"I'm not going to your house, Eric. Take me back." she ordered with a surprisingly firm tone.

He didn't reply. Opening her eyes, she looked back over at him. He looked as if she hadn't even said a word. Perhaps he didn't hear her? "Did you hear me? Do I need to speak louder for you?" she bit out sarcastically.

The corner of his lips curled slightly. "I have perfect hearing, Rebecca."

"Then take me back." again, he didn't respond. His cold shoulder routine was really getting old. "Are you listening to me?"

"Yes. I'm just not replying to you."

"Why not?"

"Cause I am sick to death of fighting with you. As I said earlier, we are going to have a long, drawn out discussion about us and I won't let you run and hide from it anymore."

She rolled her eyes at his explanation. This again? She was really getting sick of repeating herself to him over and over. She wasn't a playing-hard-to-get girl, she was a not-interested; good-bye girl. Why couldn't he simply understand that?

Before she could toss her rehearsed retort at him, Eric glanced at her before speaking once more. "How much did you drink tonight?"

"What do you care?" she bit out turning away from him.

"I care because you aren't going to use that excuse that you are drunk on me again."

Sighing, she tossed her hands up in the air. “I had one drink. Aside from a bit of a buzz; I am fine.”

“Good. Once we get at my house, I’ll get you some coffee and food and then we’re going to talk about your actions tonight.”

Her actions? What was she? A child?

“Can’t you see how ridiculous you are acting?” she scoffed.

Out of nowhere, Eric jerked sharply on the steering wheel, pulling the hummer off of the dark road and into a flat dirt patch. At the abrupt movement, Rebecca pressed herself against her seat, her eyes going wide with shock. Dropping his hands from the wheel, Eric turned to glare at her. Maybe glare was too mild of a term for the way he looked at her now. If it were possible his look could have fried her on the spot.

I’ve really stepped in it this time, Rebecca thought.

Holding up a finger at her while the rest of his hand clenched tightly, Eric bit out. “What was ridiculous was your stupid stunt tonight. There is nothing ridiculous about what I am feeling right now. There certainly wouldn’t have been anything ridiculous about what happened in the bar if I hadn’t had control over myself.”

She shook her head at him. “Cut the ego-macho bull shit.”

“You’re getting quite a mouth on you, Rebecca.” He mused with a scowl. “What happened to the woman that was too afraid to look at me? Let alone argue with me just months ago?”

Rebecca clenched her hands into fists in her lap to prevent herself from giving in to the urge to attack him. “She finally realized what a prick you are. You’re just acting this way because I want nothing to do with you. Well, damn your stupid ego! I want nothing to do with you—get over it. You and I both know that you wouldn’t have actually attacked Josh over me.”

Pressing his lips into a hard line, Eric regarded her with a hard look. He seemed to be breaking down what she’d said to him before he would choose whether to say anything to her or not. With a shift of hard muscle, his arm lifted toward her. She flinched back out of fear of what he was. Seeing her reaction, he paused before his hand gripped her flowing locks, pulling her close to him. Her hands flew out, pressing against his hard chest in attempt to ward him off.

Her arms trembled as despite her effort to hold him away from her, Eric pulled her face closer to his. With just a few inches separating their lips, he smirked down at her with some sort of victory.

“As you’ve said before, you don’t know me and you certainly don’t know what I am or am not capable of doing when it comes to you. Don’t tempt fate with me any more than you already have.” He warned. Taking in her wide eyed look, his smirk widened. “Fear?” he scoffed with amusement. “Good. I won’t tolerate what happened tonight again.” without kissing her as she’d been preparing herself for; half scared and half thrilled, Rebecca found his hands falling away from her. Turning away from her, Eric pulled the hummer back onto the dark road without a further word.

Her stubbornness may have been made of iron against his words, but the look she’d just seen in his eyes left her shivering with fear. Trying to wipe the memory of Eric’s hands and mouth on her would never be good enough to free her from what was between them.

She was left with only one choice now. She would have to leave.