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With a heavy sigh, Rebecca forced herself to remain sitting on the couch as Eric spoke softly to Sarah as he escorted his mother to the door. It wasn't hard to miss the look that had crossed Sarah's aged face as she watched Eric towing Rebecca inside that house like she was a disobedient child. Sarah had eyed her short skirt and seducing makeup with confusion. It was only after she noticed Eric's possessive hand clutching over Rebecca's that Sarah's look of confusion quickly changed to disapproval.

That makes two of us.

When Sarah's lips had parted to question Eric's actions, but when Eric gave her a quelling look, she remained silent. After tugging her through the dining room and into the dark living room, Eric wiped at a nearby light switch. Rebecca blinked as the living room was suddenly flooded with light. Loosening his hold on her hand, he led her to the couch.

"Sit down." He grumbled while gently pushing her onto the worn cushion.

Glaring at his tone, she jerked her hand free from his grasp before taking her time to settle onto the seat. From her seat she could hear the hushed voices of Eric and Sarah in the next room. Though she couldn't discern what was being said, she suspected that they must be discussing her. When Sarah had first approached her about becoming Emma and Travis's nanny, she'd firmly told Rebecca that her son was not a man that she could get involved with. With her current appearance, with no doubt; Sarah must think she was attempting to move herself into Eric's bed.

Quite the opposite, Rebecca was desperately trying to stay away from him, not that he was making it easy. If she couldn't fight this intense attraction she had for Eric, she would have to force herself to leave and find a new home. The thought was painful. But then so would death if Eric discovered her secret.

Without even hearing a creaking floor board, Rebecca glanced up to see Eric regarding her with a calculating expression. Jumping with fright, she pressed a hand to her racing heart. Sharpening her gaze at him, she sniped. "You should wear a bell." As before in the hummer, he didn't respond. Instead he merely looked at her. After a moment, his nose twitched slightly. The innocent twitch suddenly turned to a full on nose curl with a look of distaste.

Sighing heavily, he approached her. “Come with me.” It wasn’t a request, nor were his words spoken gently. With Eric everything he said to her always seemed to be like he was ordering his dog to follow him. That reference had her frowning with anger.

“Stop ordering me around.” She bit out between clenched teeth. Again the jerk didn’t respond, instead he took possession of her hand once more and tugged her to her feet. Forcibly, he tugged her across the room to the stairs before leading her upward.

“Eric, what do you think you are doing?” she practically hissed out as they reached the top of the landing. She found herself glancing toward the twin’s bedroom with apprehension. She didn’t want them to see her like this. She still had time to get away from him before this went any further. “Eric—” before she could say another word to him, she abruptly found herself being tugged through the dark doorway of his bedroom. Her mouth was dry and her stomach clenched. She highly doubted his intention was to take her to his room to talk.

Navigating through the dark room without difficulty, Eric pulled her with him into the connecting master bathroom. His hand angrily swiping against the wall until his hand hit the light switch. Allowing her to jerk her hand from his possession, Eric motioned to the glass enclosed shower stall. “Get cleaned up.”

Had she heard him right? This night was going from bad to very, very dangerous right before her eyes. “W-Why?” for a moment he seemed to struggle with his answer before settling to wave a frustrated hand at her.

“I will not be able to talk to you like this.”

“Like what?”

“Like a temptress attempting to lure a male to her.” taking a breath, he released it with a moan of appreciation. “And you tempt me very much, Rebecca.”

“It was never meant to tempt you.” She bit out in anger. Instantly his eyes went hard at her words. She couldn’t help her instinct to retreat from him until her back was pressed firmly against the bare wall beside the sink as he moved further into her personal space. When would she learn to just shut up?

“It should have been.” Allowing his gaze to travel down the length of her, his jaw clenched tightly. “I’ll find you some clothes of mine to wear for the time being, but I plan on burning those clothes so that no other will ever see you in it again.” he stated with a menacing tone.

Why was he acting so...possessive? It made no sense to her. Anger and jealousy she understood coming from Eric, but this possessiveness that he was showing scared her. If she blindly followed his orders, she would be discovered. She'd been lucky to wear a blouse that covered her scars but combined with the short skirt had given her a sexy appeal. If Eric saw her scars—he would know what had caused them. In a flash her fists shot to the smooth labels of her blouse, her fingers clenched in the material as if to hold it in place against his eyes.

When he turned to leave the bathroom, she called after him in haste. "Don't bother; I'm not staying to talk to you. I'm leaving right now." she said with a stubborn lift of her chin. Pausing just outside the bathroom, Eric turned at the waist to look back at her. To her astonishment, he was chuckling with amusement; his head shook gently at her words. When his amused expression didn't waver, she glared back at him in response; crossing her arms over her breasts.

When his laughter dwindled, he sighed, rubbing a large hand over his jaw. "How do you think you can go home? It's at least a two hour walk back to town."

"I don't care. I'll walk all night if I have to. Maybe I will get lucky and someone will see me in my streetwalker clothes and will give me a lift." She didn't know what possessed her to say the last of her words, but it gave her a small thrill to see Eric's eyes flash with anger.

"Don't put that image in my head, Rebecca." He warned. His voice hard and tight as every ounce of his previous amusement was gone. "Why were you in that bar like this?" he asked taking a step closer to her.

Knowing that Eric's question that would lead her down a long road that she didn't want to travel, she bit her tongue to prevent from speaking. Pressing her lips together stubbornly, she moved toward the door. Moving to walk past him, she prayed that he would do what he normally did when he became frustrated with her stubbornness and just storm off.

Instead of doing as she'd hoped, his hand reached out and gripped her arm, jerking her to a halt. Turning her to face him, Eric pressed her against the doorway of the bathroom, his eyes burning over her face. Rebecca found her body trembling and her mouth going dry as he pressing into her personal space. He was so close to her that the flavor of his skin was practically on her tongue.

"Answer me." He bit out slowly. "Did you really go there looking for a lover? Were you on the hunt for someone to give you what only I can and will?"

“Don’t flatter yourself.” She hissed out, pushing at his chest in effort to put some space between them. “My personal life is none of your business.”

Not acknowledging her words, he went on. “Do you really think that you can erase what happened between us by taking someone else to your bed?”

“If I’m lucky.” She whispered musingly looking away from him. Shaking his head, he tucked a finger beneath her chin, forcing her eyes to meet him.

“This between us will not go away, and certainly not with another touching you. Why do you fight this?” he asked perplexed.

“Let me leave, Eric.” She whispered, refusing to acknowledge his question.

His gaze softened, his hand falling away from her face. “Why do you fear this or is it me you fear?”

“Because you’re a ticking time bomb.” He visibly flinched at her words, but she forced herself to ignore it. “If I let my guard down with you, one day; whatever this attraction thing is, it will destroy everything. There are things about me that you don’t know, Eric and I want to keep it that way. What is between us is a simple addiction and addictions can be beaten if the will is strong enough.”

“I don’t want to beat it.” he growled out. “I want you, Rebecca.” He breathed against her lips just before he covered her parted ones. At the brush of his lips, heat instantly bloomed in her stomach, spreading like licking flames to her womanhood. She fought against melting against his seducing mouth, but with a small moan, Rebecca found herself leaning against his mouth, begging for more. Her hands tightened on his bare chest, clutching him tighter to her.

Spearing his hand through her hair, pulling the silky strands free from their confines, Eric held her immobile as his lips slid from her lips to trail to her jaw. His lips parted and caressed the underside of her jaw. Nipping and sucking, he moved further down her neck as his free hand slid up her skirt from behind. Her channel clenched with delight as his hand brushed against the curve of her buttocks before his hand gripped her ass tightly.

Unwillingly her hips bucked against him with need. Desire heating her blood, she found it impossible not to touch him, not to need him. She wanted him inside her, his body covering hers, possessing hers. But could she withstand the price that she would be paying? At the thought, dazed eyes opened as she panted with need. Inwardly she

cried with despair that she couldn't give up her control to him. Even for just a short time, it would lead to disaster if she didn't do something. She had to stop him.

"Eric..." she began in effort to stop him. The unspoken words in Rebecca's mind vanished as Eric's hand beneath her skirt was ripped away. Before disappointment could settle over her, his hand returned only to move between their bodies and slid into the front of her panties. Gasping, her head fell back against the door jamb as his calloused fingers stroked over her clit and slid through the folds of her sex. All rational thought left her in that moment, leaving only him and the hunger that only he could sate.

Panting heavily, Eric lifted his face from her neck to press his forehead against hers; never did his stroking fingers slow their delicious movements. "Tonight," he began in a husky voice. "Give me tonight. I promise that nothing will harm you afterwards. I will be here with you. Let me show you how it can be between us." He pleaded with heavy pants.

Fighting against the desire coursing through her body, she comprehended his words. A pang of realization hit her like a punch to the gut. Any hope and certainty that she'd had that she could keep Eric at bay fell. Eric would never leave her alone and in that moment, she was done fighting. Either way, she would have to leave Ravenwillow. Eric was too stubborn not to leave her alone and if Damon could discover her secret, how long would it be before Eric did as well?

Like a steel door of a bank vault slamming shut, her decision was made. She would give this one night to herself. She would claim this moment with Eric for herself to remember in the years to come. She would hold him to her and give her body over to this insatiable need. But tomorrow she would leave and forever vanish from his life.

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Eric's wolf growled with victory the moment he saw acceptance fill Rebecca's gaze. But it wasn't enough. He had to hear her say it. Swirling his thumb around her swollen clit, his growl vibrated his chest against hers as a gasp of pleasure escaped her.

Teasing her bottom lip with his teeth, he whispered against her lips. "What's your answer?" Her nails bit into his arms as she gripped him tightly in effort to anchor herself to something as her climax began to build. Gasping for air, her eyes closed as she nodded her head quickly. When she didn't open her eyes to look at him; let alone voice her answer, Eric's stroking fingers slowed along her dewy petals, barely moving

at all. Her eyes flashed open; her expression was one of need, a need that he was holding out of reach for her.

Satisfaction filled him. Good. He liked that only he was able to give her this, but he wanted her to finally acknowledge it. Because after tonight, there would be no going back to the way things were. Eric didn't full accept what Rebecca may or may not be to him, but he would be damned if he let her slip through his fingers.

"Eric..." she groaned out almost in pain.

"Say it. Tell me you want me, want this." his tone was firm, giving her no room to deny what was happening. She would tell him and when she did, there would be no way for her to pretend that nothing happened.

"I do. I want this and I want you, just don't stop." She moaned, driving against his fingers in effort to seek release.

The words had barely left her lips before Eric was jerking his hands from her. Bending, he swept her up into his arms like she was a precious possession of his. Never taking his eyes from hers, he walked to the bed, gently lowering her onto the wrinkled comforter. Immediately, his body blanketed hers, his hips settling into the warm cradle of her thighs as they fell open on either side of him. Bracing his weight on his arms that he rested on either side of her head, he leaned closer; the sight of her parted lips was too much of a temptation to ignore. With his movement, Rebecca seemed to attempt to sink further into the mattress beneath her the closer his lips came. Slowing his decent, he smirked at her.

The action was both laughable and adorable. How had he not noticed this about her before? That was the past. From this moment, he vowed to discover all that he could about his human. He would protect her from his pack and keep her away from the eager eyes of others—including Damon. Choosing to ignore the wave of jealousy that rose up in him, he shifted his focus back to tasting her tempting lips.

Descending once more until his nose brushed hers, a tremble danced through her body as he threaded his hand in her waves of hair. He'd yet to kiss her and already she was trembling with need. Her eyes were on his, watching him with...fear? Reaching his senses out to her, he scented her desire for him, but beneath her heady scent calling to him was something he'd not noticed before. Fear. Fear of him?

His wolf whined at this realization. Unsure how to get rid of the bitter scent of fear that distracted him from everything else, he withdrew his clutching fingers from her tresses to stroke the back of his fingers down her cheek.

“What is wrong, Rebecca?” He asked softly. Closing the small space between their faces, he brushed his lips against hers. His kiss was gentle, coaxing and calming. Beneath him he felt her tense and gasp against his mouth.

His hardened cock pulsed through his pants with need. Her scent was affecting him more every second that passed. He had to have her. He would have her, but first he felt a stronger need rise up in him; the need to protect and reassure her. Easing back, he felt pride fill his chest as some of her apprehension in her eyes had faded in response to his kiss. The warm brown color now shimmered with a glazed look of desire—only desire.

Breathing heavily, Rebecca’s hands rose to touch him, but at the last instant her delicate hands curled into small fists before lowering to her sides at the bed. Was she afraid to touch him? Closing her eyes, she appeared to be gathering courage to say something to him. He waited until her eyes slowly lifted to his again and she spoke.

“I’ve...never...I mean...” with a groan she covered her face with her hands. Eric concentrated on following and deciphering what she was trying to say to him. With realization, he felt his beast grow ten times stronger within his chest. She was...a virgin?

Only ours! We are her first and last forever. Claim her now!

Shaking off the possessive thoughts of his wolf, he shared down at her uncertain gaze. “You’ve never been with anybody? Even at your age?” Eric didn’t really know how old Rebecca was in fact, but he knew enough to know that she was old enough to have had several lovers. So why hadn’t she?

Shaking her head as heat flooded her face; Rebecca’s next words answered his unspoken question. “I never really wanted to, until tonight or...” her words trailed off as her cheeks heated further.

“Until me.” Eric finished, pride filling his voice.

Biting down on her bottom lip, Rebecca nodded slowly. “I want to know what I have been missing out on, Eric. Will you show me?”

Eric nearly groaned aloud at her sweet, innocent plea. It was all he could do to not fall upon her, shredding the offending skirt and blouse and claim her body for his own. At the thought, his wolf rose up faster and stronger than ever before. Grappling for control, his eyes squeezed closed as his hands curled tightly into the bedspread at the sides of her face.

“Eric?” Rebecca’s soft voice echoed in his ears as he fought against not only his need of her, but his wolf’s as well.

Snarling with defeat once Eric’s strong will overcame his inner beast, Eric felt his wolf sink back into the dark corners of his mind, relinquishing control. Once he was certain that his wolf was contained, his eyes snapped open. Not about to give her an opportunity to change her mind, his lips covered hers so abruptly that he stole the air from her lungs.

Groaning against her lips, he hands dipped beneath her skirt, following the warm skin of her thighs until her firm buttocks filled his hands. Squeezing the globes in his hands, he lifted her off the mattress to hold her loins against his throbbing shaft. The material of his pants did nothing to hide his need of her, but only served to irritate him that he couldn’t feel her skin against his own.

Almost against his will, his hips bucked, thrusting his shaft against the soft apex of her thighs. With this action, Rebecca gasped against his lips, her hands rising up to clutch at the back of his neck. The moment her lips parted beneath his, he took advantage. Sweeping his tongue forward, he explored her mouth. The taste of her exploded among all his sense, nearly taking him over the edge. Everything that he’d denied himself of her no longer mattered. He couldn’t—he wouldn’t wait for her a second longer.

Breaking the kiss, they both stared at each other, both of them struggling to draw in enough air for a single breath. Unable to stand not feeling her soft skin against his own, Eric swiftly ripped his shirt over his head before tossing it across the room. “I can’t decide what to do to you first.” He breathed out roughly against her lips. Moving his hands from their possessive hold of her buttocks, he slid them down to cover her outer thighs, smoothing and shaping the warm, silky skin with reverent strokes.

“My mouth waters with the thought of putting my mouth here.” His hand cupped her sex causing Rebecca to arch into his hand. “You want me to taste you, don’t you? You want to feel my mouth on there; sucking and licking you until you can’t stand it. But your sweet sex isn’t the only place I plan on tasting tonight. There is so much I want

and plan to do to you tonight.” Leaning back, he grinned wickedly down at her. If it were possible, her delicious scent intensified and filled the air everywhere. Closing his eyes with pleasure, he deeply inhaled. Gods, she was like a fucking drug. He wanted to be surrounded by that scent every damn day.

Still clutching at his neck, Rebecca’s small nails dug into his skin at his words. “Eric...” she gasped as his hand between her thighs began to slide back and forth against the front of her panties. “Please...”

“But first,” he began, pulling his hand from beneath her skirt. “I want to see you—all of you.” With those whispered words, Eric slid his hands from her thighs to her hips and to her blouse. Starting from the bottom, he slipped one black button free at a time. The silky material of her blouse parted to reveal her the curve of her stomach and more creamy skin as he went.