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Fear crept over her chest like a spear of ice at Eric's whispered words. Her wide eyes watched with tribulation as his hands began flicking each button of her blouse open from the bottom. Already the labels of her scarlet blouse had fallen open to display the plump flesh of her stomach. If he undid two more buttons he would see her scars. If Eric saw her scars he would know the truth. This couldn't be happen! She had to stop him.

Fighting against the delicious heat that pooled in her loins, her hands gripped his wrists with surprising speed, attempting to halt his movements. Eric's eyes leapt to hers with surprise.

She shook her head. "Stop..." the single word emerged with a soft gasp. "Not that."

Confused, Eric quirked an eyebrow at her as his hands stilled on the fourth button. "Why not?" Releasing his wrists, Rebecca's hands lifted to the top of her blouse, fisting the material over her heaving breasts almost protectively.

"I'm not comfortable..." her words trailed off when Eric's weight shifted away from her as he suddenly moved to lie beside her. With his large, powerful arm curling around the top of her head on the mattress, he leaned closer. His expression wasn't angry or even put out like she'd expected. Instead he looked down at her with a soft expression.

"I want you to be comfortable, Rebecca. With me and with what's about to happen between us. I've wanted this too badly to fuck it up now. But you have to trust me at some point."

Biting her lip, Rebecca looked away from him, before reluctantly nodding. "Just...not tonight?" she pleaded. It wouldn't matter anyway. There would be no other time after tonight. But she didn't want to worry about her secretive scars or fear of discovery. She wasn't to be blinded to everything around her tonight except for Eric.

Nodding, Eric reached up to cover one of her heavy breasts in his large palm, instantly her nipples hardened, pushing at the thin material of her bra and blouse to stab at his hand. Finding the hard bud straining forward, he flicked the hard nub with his thumb as he covered her lips with a gentle touch. His lips, tongue and teeth lavished attention on her mouth as his hand slid from her breast to slide along the warm slope of her stomach before traveling upward and disappearing beneath her blouse.

At the feel of his hot hand against her stomach, Rebecca jumped, startled; she broke away from his lips. “Eric! You agreed—”

“I agreed to keep it on and I agree not to look. I never said that I wouldn’t get your soft breasts into my hands though.” To prove his point, Eric’s hands slid up further. The closer his hand moved toward her breasts, she shivered as gooseflesh with heated awareness slid over her skin following the trail of his burning hand. Air left her lungs the moment that Eric’s hand met the thin material of her bra. Shoving the lacy cups out of his way, Rebecca found herself engulfed by his scorching hands. The moment his hand closed over her uncovered breast, her womb clenched and her hips flexed beneath him at his touch.

“Eric...” she gasped as he kneaded her soft flesh before his touch became teasing and his attention turned on her aroused nipple.

Using his thumb as forefinger, he teased the hard peak with plucking strokes. Without warning, his head lowered toward her covered chest. Before she could guess his intent, his hot mouth found her other breast through the thin material of her blouse. Finding her nipple straining against the silk fabric, he drew it into the burning cavern of his mouth, silk and all. Flames licked at her insides at the feel of his mouth on her breast as his hand and fingers caressed and teased her other. The wet silk of her blouse slid back and forth over her nipple like a teasing caress while Eric mouth began drawing hard.

Closing her eyes, she moaned at the feeling. Her hands reached up to fist tightly in the turfs of his hair, holding him to her as he lavished attention upon her heavy aching breast. Her eyes jumped open as his teeth nipped and pulled at her pulsing nipple. Who would have thought that such a simple act would feel so good? Rebecca panted as a rush of liquid heat rushed between her thighs as every muscle in her body coiled tighter and tighter. Before the flames of her desire could completely consume her, Eric’s face lifted away from her breast as his hand beneath her blouse pulled away. Lifting her dazed gaze to his, she saw that his eyes glowed as he appeared nearly frenzied.

Moving quickly, his hands shot down to her skirt, frantically searching for a zipper before he gave up and simply began tugging the soft material down her thighs. “I have to taste you.” He growled out. “Now.” His heavy breaths coming out more harsh and rough than ever before.

Startled, Rebecca looked at him with wide eyes. Surely he didn’t mean that he intended to...no it wasn’t possible, people didn’t do that...did they? Heart pounding faster and mouth going dry; she gulped past the nervous lump that formed in her

throat. “Eric? I don’t think...” her words died on her lips as her shirt was jerked free and flung away.

Smoothing his hands over her hips, Eric’s fingers hooked in her lacy boy thong before tossing those across the room as well. Sliding down the bed, Eric’s hands cupped her trembling legs from behind her knees, spreading her for his gaze. Instantly, Rebecca rushed to cover herself, her face becoming so hot that she would have thought it was on fire. Chuckling at her attempt, his hands took possession of her wrists, pulling them up before pinning them at either side of her head as he rose over her. A spark of pleasure shot through her as his concealed shaft slid against her thigh with his movement.

“Don’t do that.” he whispered gently.

Her heart pounded so hard she could practically feel the heavy beats in her throat. “What?” she breathed out.

“Cover yourself. Don’t do that again. I want to see, taste and touch all of you and eventually I will.” He whispered firmly, his eyes sweeping over her whole body in indication.

Swallowing, Rebecca squirmed beneath him. “But...I...why would you...?” Lord, what was wrong with her? She couldn’t even say it. Though the mere thought of Eric’s mouth on her sex, make her practically climax on the spot, she never actually thought he would do such a thing. That was just something people did in books...wasn’t it?

Smirking at her discomfort, Eric pressed an open kiss to the underside of her chin and then down her neck, nipping with his teeth at the soft skin over her pounding pulse, he lifted his head. “Did you really think this sweet place between your hot thighs was safe from me?” Rebecca felt her womb clench at his words.

Oh God, I’m so done for...

Shaking his head, Eric’s grin widened and nearly turned sinister. “I plan on thoroughly tasting you there, until you never know what it was like before I did.” Pausing he let go of her wrists as he slid down the bed back to his previous spot between her spread legs. “Don’t move your hands; keep them right where I left them.” He ordered with a grin.

Unable to control herself, she fisted her hands in the comforter beneath her as her whole body seemed to tremble with anxiety and anticipation. As her thighs were

spread wider when his shoulders pressed between them, Rebecca felt she would jump out of her skin with waiting. She was both terrified and excited. It was an exhilarating combination. When his mouth settled over her aching clit, she jumped. “Eric!”

Briefly, he lifted his mouth from her sex, his hands gripping the back of her thighs tightly. “Shh.” He hushed slowly. “You cannot be too loud or else you’ll wake Emma and Travis.” The image he invoked nearly had Rebecca scrambling away from him. Why hadn’t she thought of that? just when she was about to call the all thing off, Eric’s lips settled over her clit once more, sucking and nipping at the aching flesh.

“Oh...shit.” she moaned, her hips arching upward toward his mouth in reaction.

Eric chuckled against her clit as he briefly lifted his lips off her to swipe at the small, swollen bud of nerves with his tongue. “Such language. Tisk, tisk.” He teased, his teasing tongue slipping lower along her sex. The sensations building at each flick and swipe of his tongue and caress of his lips were maddening her. The pressure that coiled tighter and tighter within her was too much to bear.

“Eric,” she gasped out helplessly. “Stop, I can’t do this. It’s too much.”

Not answering her, Eric flicked his tongue against the entrance of her sex before slowly drawing it back up to the top of her clit. Back and forth his tongue went, up and down always ending with his lips wrapped around the top of her clit. Just when she thought she would go crazy with what was being done to her, she felt something else touch her sex. It was his hand. His seeking fingers explored her wet petals with slow strokes.

“Damn, I knew you would feel like this. Perfect and mine.”

“I’m not—” she was about to tell him that she wasn’t his when one of his fingers gently penetrated her channel, cutting off her words. It was strange having his finger inside her; she didn’t know how to react. His finger began to move, retreating only to return, pushing through her soft passage. His mouth began drawing and his tongue flicking against her clit as he began to move his finger faster.

Her hips bucked as the inferno inside her had grown out of control. Much to her confusion she felt her inner wall flex over and over, gripping his thrusting finger tightly. “Eric—!” she cried out as she felt the tight pressure within her explode. Struggling for air, her body thrown into wave after wave of desire. Barely having enough time to censor her reaction, her hands shot up, clamping over her mouth as she cried out. She moaned behind her hands as pleasure shot through her over and over again like arcs of lightening as Eric’s mouth continued to drive her higher.

“That’s it.” he cooed rising up on his knees, his hand planted on the mattress beside her left hip as his other hand was still buried between her thighs continued to move back and forth as his thumb stroked her clit in fast circular strokes. “Fuck, you’re sexier than ever like this.” with those husky words whispered above her a second finger joined his first, continuing their thrusting dance within her silken channel. The small bite of pain at being stretched by his fingers was barely noticeable as the tsunami of desire continued to overtake her.

When the raging waves of her orgasm began to dwindle, Rebecca felt her body fall into a nearly drugged state. Her hands limply fell from her mouth to fall at her sides. Panting, her dazed eyes met his. “So that’s what I’ve been missing out on all this time.” She remarked with a faint smile.

“Not so fast,” Eric said with a smile. “It’s not over yet.”

Earlier she’d debated whether having sex with Eric was a wise decision. Now she knew.

I am so done for...

* ~ * ~ *

Deep inside himself, Eric’s wolf was in frenzy. The taste of her had been divine and had nearly driven him to pin her down as he took her like his beast demanded. Watching as Rebecca came apart in his arms was almost enough to make him explode. Once her eyes became glazed with the aftermath of her orgasm, Eric felt his balls tighten as his shaft pulsed with painful need. There was no way that he couldn’t wait a second longer.

With fumbling hands, he shoved his pants and boxers down his legs, allowing his straining hard length to spring free. Grasping the back of her bent knees, he pulled her legs up around his hips as he moved over her. Breath exploded out of his lungs as the tip of his shaft brushed against the wet petals of her sex briefly. Wrapping his hand around the base, he trailed the head of his cock up and down the length of her dewy sex. Beneath him, Rebecca gasped and writhed at the feel of his hard length.

“Eric...” she moaned softly. Though there was need in her voice, looking down he could see uncertainty in her eyes. This was her first time and he would need to remain in control for as long as he could.

Good luck with that. His wolf scoffed.

Gritting his teeth against the feel of her soft skin sliding against him, he attempted to sooth her. "I'll be gentle, Rebecca." When the uncertainty in her gaze didn't fade, he pressed his forehead against hers before brushing a gentle kiss over her parted lips. "Trust me." He whispered against her lips.

He felt her inhale deeply before she nodded. "Alright."

Sighing at her acceptance, Eric continued to kiss her as he positioned himself at her entrance. Slowly his hips pressed forward. Barely breaching her entrance, he felt his wolf howling with joy and pleasure. Fuck, she was tight, tighter than she'd been around his fingers as he'd pleased her. Panting heavily, he moved further into her. Rebecca's eyes were squeezed shut as her breathing was just as harsh as his own. His claws shot from his fingertips as her squeezing inner walls fluttered around his shaft. Moving another few inches deeper, he felt his spine tingle with painful need as the tip of his cock nudged her maidenhead.

His mind was swimming with pleasure of having her wet warmth wrapped around his aching cock. He couldn't remember the last time he'd felt such pure, raw pleasure with another. It was too much and his constant self control was running out quickly. He wouldn't be able to go slow this time, not even for his virgin partner. With a groan of regret he fisted his claws in the bedspread beside her shoulders as he lowered his mouth to hers. Covering her panting lips, he lovingly took her lips, easing the tension from her at his invasion. Pulling back, barely separating their lips he met her dazed eyes.

"Forgive me, Rebecca." Before she had a chance to question what he'd meant, his teeth grinded together as he lunged forward, fully burying himself within her. The moment he ripped through her barrier, he covered her lips as she cried out into his lips. With great pain, he forced himself to remain still, allowing her to accept the pain he'd unfortunately brought her and preparing her for the pleasure he'd soon give her.

Gasping at the feel of her hot depths, he moved one of his clenching hands from the bedspread to cover her dewy clit. Instantly he felt her passage clench and flutter around him as he awakened more need within her. Within seconds her soft cries of need began filling his ears, her body growing more relaxed.

"Eric..." she moaned softly, her soft body writhing beneath him restlessly. "Please move."

Pressing his forehead against hers, sweat beaded down his brow as he slowly pulled from her tight body only for his hips to slowly surge back against her. He had to have more of her. With a hissing breath, he lowered his mouth to her arching neck. His lips

covered her flushed skin, kissing, licking and nipping. Each action caused her to flex around him like a fist.

“Next time I promise to be better.” He vowed against her neck. Ignoring the way she stiffened beneath him at his words, he began to move urgently into her. Sliding his hands down to her hips, his fingers dug into the curvy flesh there, no doubt leaving marks upon her pale skin.

If he’d known when he’d first met Rebecca that having her in his bed would be this glorious, he would have jumped her the first day; human or not. Over and over he drove into her. Each moan and cry that she tried to prevent from escaping her lips was like music to his ears. Every time he pulled from her, his hands on her hips would clench tighter before jerking her to meet his next driving thrust.

With his heart pounding in his ears and his wolf fighting to break free of his precarious hold on it, he felt his climax drawing closer and closer with every thrust inside her. Arching up against his thrusting hips, Rebecca cried out as she was thrown into a second climax. With her body tightening further around him, his balls tightened and pain shot through him as he thrust one last time into her. Burying himself to the hilt, he made her take all of him, so that there was no doubt that he had taken her and that she was now his.

He shuttered, clenching his aching fangs as his seed shot into her. He’d never known it could be like this before and now that he had experienced this; he’d never let her go. Strength sapped from him, he debated whether he should move from the welcoming heat of her or remain buried in her until he was ready to have her again. He scoffed silently within his mind. Like there was any question of whether he’d be having her again after this. She’d be lucky if he let her wear clothes or ever leave his bed again. Gazing down at her, he smirked to see that her eyes were closed and her chest rising and falling with heavy pants.

Pushing up on his hands he was just about to pull free of her, he gasped in near pain as his chest began to ache as nothing he’d ever felt. Stealing his breath from him, his chest—his heart felt like a fire had been lit within it. Lowering his head, he reached for his wolf. He was surprised to find that his wolf as in a mad frenzy. What was happening to draw this kind of response from him? Pressing a hand to his chest, his eyes snapped open when he felt heat radiate from his heart.

Looking down, nothing could have prepared him for the shock that shot through him at what he saw. Emerging from the center of his chest was a ghostly ribbon that swirled and danced in the air, floating like it was seeking something. Instantly, his eyes fell on Rebecca’s relaxed face. It couldn’t be! Jerking back, he pulled from her

body before tumbling back on his bare ass. With his sudden movement the ghostly thread was pulled further from the sleeping human on his bed.

Pain like never before assailed him, it was like something was being torn from him. How was this possible? Rebecca was his...mate. His true mate. It wasn't possible—it couldn't be! He'd already had a mate. Though with Emma and Travis's mother; Beth, his binding thread had never emerged when he'd taken her, but he'd still claimed her. He'd long given up hope of finding his true mate and now fate had delivered her to him—as a human.

As his heart raced with the speed of a runaway train, the pain and burning heat in his chest grew. Lowering his gaze to the ribbon of white mist extending from his heart began to fade away to nothing. Within his mind he howled with pain as he'd lost the precious moment to claim her as his. Almost instantly his wolf's angered thoughts bombarded his mind.

You denied us our mate! After so long! I want her! Whether she is human or shifter, I do not care! Claim her now! Make the binding thread return!

What was he to do now? His chest ached with incompleteness, with the lack of the bond that should have been cemented in that precarious moment. He had to be the first shifter to deny the call of the Binding Thread, to deny himself the one woman meant solely for him.

Rising to his unsteady legs, Eric stumbled into the bathroom, gripping the edge of the sink, he stared at his reflection. He looked pale and shaken. Eric Daniels wasn't a man to be shaken! He was an Alpha, a ruler over hundreds of wolf shifters. Nothing could ever rattle his control, until now.

Thinking back, he was finally seeing everything that he'd questioned over the past three months since meeting Rebecca fall into place. This explained his wolf emerging, his unexplainable jealousy at seeing Damon near her and not to mention his intense desire for her. All the signs had been there. How was it possible for him to ignore them all this time? Deep down his wolf had known, but not him. Had what Beth done to him nearly blinded him to his true mate?

The need within him to return to her and fully claim her overtook his mind like an addict's next fix. Claiming her fully wouldn't be easy. Unlike Doyle Mackenzie and his brother Robert who had both taken human mates, with wolves it simply wasn't done. Wolf shifters were traditional and their hate for humans ran deep. Eric had never thought that he would have to face this when claiming his mate. He'd always assumed she'd be a shifter or that he'd have no one at all.

When it came to claiming humans as true mates, it was a double edged sword for many shifters. Just because the person was their true mate didn't guarantee that the mating bite would turn their human mate. Doyle's mate; Aria, was living proof of that fact. Also in some isolated cases, the transformation from human to shifter proved to be too much for the fragile human body to withstand and had resulted in many shifters losing their mates forever.

Was that the fate that awaited him with Rebecca? Had he found his true mate only to lose her to a painful death? Even if he didn't give her his mating bite, he couldn't keep her a secret from his pack for long. The Act of Revealment would be issued and then it would be too late to woo her into the idea. Either way he looked at it; he may have only discovered his true mate to kill her. The only other option would be to let her go.

Glancing down at his shaft that already was growing hard once more, Eric grimaced at the sight of his spent seed mixed with Rebecca's virginal blood. Was it even possible for him to let her go now? Claws slicing against the polished wood of the sink counter, he shook his head. Looking at his reflection, he watched as his blue eyes glowed dangerously and his fangs grew. Rebecca was his! He may not have fully claimed her as a shifter, but he had claimed her as a man. It was enough for tonight. He would deal with the consequences later.

Grabbing a wash cloth, he quickly cleaned away the evidence that lingered on his hard length. Running the cloth under the hot water, he returned to the bedroom only to pause beside the bed. Rebecca had rolled onto her side in her sleep. Staring at the wrinkled scarlet blouse that brushed against the top curve of her round ass, he licked his lips.

Damn it all if he didn't already need her again.

Claim our mate! His wolf snarled loudly.

Frowning Eric struggled to keep himself in check. He couldn't take her again, not this soon anyway. With his aching chest full of regret he moved forward. Kneeling on the bed behind her, he gently used the cloth to cleanse her between her closed thighs. In her sleep, Rebecca flinched from his gentle ministrations, her face deepening into a frown.

Bending to brush his lips against her brow, his nose nuzzling against the softness of her hair, he whispered softly to her. "Shh. I have you. Sleep for now, angel. Tomorrow everything changes for you...and for me."

Tossing the cloth over his shoulder once he'd cleaned away the evidence of their lovemaking, Eric tugged the soiled blanket out from underneath her to toss next to his closet. With care he pulled out the top sheet from beneath her. Settling on the bed behind her, he drew the thin sheet over the both of them as he pulled her closer to him. Even as close as she was to his bare skin, it didn't feel close enough and he knew it never would.

Ignoring the aching in his chest, he pressed his face into the soft waves of her hair as his eyes drew closed. Before sleep claimed him, he couldn't fight the waves of joy that echoed from his heart through his mind. Fate had given him another chance! He had a true mate now and by God he was going to keep her this time.