

18

Looking around the room that Eric had just pushed her into, Rebecca took note of her surroundings. The room was nearly the size of her whole small apartment. In the center of the room against the wall was a four poster bed, king size if she had to guess. The frame was made of artistically carved wood. The heavy headboard against the wall held detailed carvings of trees with a full moon rising behind, three wolves running free. Jerking her eyes from the beautiful masterpiece, she also took note of a wide six drawer dresser to against the opposite wall. To the right of the enormous bed was three floor-to-ceiling windows covered by a heavy blue curtain.

Stepping further into the room, she noticed another door to the left of the bed. Walking over to it, she turned the polished silver knob and shoved the door open. The open doorway opened up into a deluxe bathroom. Her eyes widened as she took in the amazing sight of a gray and white covered tub that seemed to be built into the wall. Beside the tub/pool was a glass enclosed shower. Of course the bathroom also held a toilet and a large sink area; she had to admit her attention kept returning to that large bath tub or whatever it was.

At the sound of the bedroom door closing gently, she turned to step out of the bathroom to see if Eric had left her alone finally. Not surprised she watched as he leaned carelessly against her only way out of the room she was in. His arms crossed over his chest almost in a challenging fashion. Did he think she would attempt to escape from him again? Shaking her head, she thought back to moments ago.

After he discovered Damon and her in the storage room, Eric had started up on his possessive bullshit once more. It was strange that he hadn't actually attacked Damon this time though. Instead he'd shoved Damon up against a shelf, pinning him in place with just a hand to his throat. Smirking, Damon had just stood there unafraid of Eric's show of dominance, which only served to piss Eric off all the more.

With words force through clenching teeth, Eric had said. "Stay away from her. This is your last warning."

Jerking his hand away from Damon's throat, Eric had turned to face her. At that moment she'd felt her heart race as he'd strode back towards her. She had to wonder what all he'd actually over heard and she'd made a mental note to find out. Without another word to her or Damon, Eric had done what he usually did with her; shackled her wrist with his hand and preceded to drag her to where ever he wanted. Not keen on ending up thrown over his shoulder for the second time that day, she'd furiously bit

her tongue as he'd dragged her past people like she was a suitcase. He'd led her through the main lobby and up a flight of wooden steps to the second level.

After being towed down a long hall, he'd jerked to a stop outside the room she was now in. Was this to be her bedroom while she was here? How long would she be here? As the thought occurred, she felt doubt fill her mind. If she was in fact Eric's true mate or whatever Damon had called it, she doubted he would just let her go.

Despite Damon's advice that she tell Eric the truth, she found herself hesitant to do so. It wasn't something that she could just come out and say. What would his reaction be to having been lied to, to being fooled all this time? She doubted he would take it well. She scoffed mocking her own thoughts. He'd probably gift wrap her for his pack. Serve her up on a silver platter and all.

"Do you like it?" Eric's voice cut through the air with an almost impatient tone.

Jerking her head up to look at him, she casted a final look around. "It will do." She finally answered with a lift of her shoulders. She bit her lip to prevent from smiling as his expression tightened at her answer. Apparently her answer mattered to him. Shoving her hands in the pockets of her borrowed sweats, she walked toward the bed, taking a seat on the firm mattress, she met his eyes.

"It's nice—more than nice actually. Is this to be my room?" she asked, smoothing her hand over the soft comforter.

"In a way." He agreed with a nod. "You'll be sharing it with me."

Her hand froze against the comforter. "What?"

Shoving back from the door, Eric's face grew serious. "Why did you need to talk with Damon without me there?"

Rising from the bed, Rebecca did her best not to appear unnerved by his question. "That's between us. It's none of your business."

Like flipping a light switch, Eric's expression turned from stern to mocking. "None of my business?" he laughed before his words turned serious. "Everything to do with you is my business." Spinning away from her to pace a few steps he turned back to her. "Do...you love him?" he asked not meeting her gaze.

Rebecca felt herself go still at the question. She was used to Eric's jealous behavior. It was absurd to her the idea that she was meant to be his, but she'd been around shifters

enough to know how mate bonds worked. If Eric saw Damon as a threat, it was possible that Eric would kill him. She had to put Damon out of the equation. Until she was certain that she could trust Eric fully, she had to keep her only lifeline hidden.

She shook her head. “No.” she answered softly.

Instantly Eric’s head jerked up towards her. “You-You don’t?” the knowledge seemed to confuse and gladden him. “Then why the hell did you kiss him?” he bit out, clearly remembering what he’d seen.

Sighing, Rebecca took a step towards him. “What’s it matter? All you need to know is that Damon is a friend—a friend only.”

“A friend that keeps your secrets, Secrets you have yet to tell me.” He stated accusingly.

And just with those words, Rebecca felt the crushing weight choking her lessen. Eric hadn’t heard everything. If he had; he would know what Damon and she had been talking about. He didn’t know. She sighed with relief.

“Yes.” She answered. Turning away from Eric, she pretended to study the bed once more as her chaotic thoughts turned inward. She had to get some space from him to think. Where did she go from here with Eric? Her eyes turned toward the bathroom with a thought. Latching onto the excuse for all she could use it for, Rebecca turned back to look at Eric. He seemed to be studying her. “I’m going to take a shower. Do you have anything I can change into?”

Raising a brow at her, he smirked. “Are you running again?” slowly stalking across the room to her, he chuckled low. “I would have thought you learned that I won’t let you do that anymore.”

“I’m just taking a shower, Eric.”

Why did he have to smile at her like that? Already she would feel her body quaking and shivering with need to touch him, to kiss him. She was done for, absolutely done for. How in the world would she be able to share a room with him and not want to climb into that ridiculously big bed with him?

Stepping in front of the path to the bathroom door, she found all amusement had fled Eric’s expression. With a pensive tone, he asked. “Why did you think you couldn’t trust me with your secrets, yet you told Damon?” pausing, he took in an unsteady breath as his eyes hardened. “Did last night mean nothing to you?”

Heart stilling at his words, she resisted the urge to go to him, to wrap her arms around him and tell him everything. The truth was; last night had meant everything to her. Last night, she'd allowed herself to be held, loved and in the process; she'd allowed herself to forget about the ghosts that haunted her every waking minute. Since the attack, she couldn't remember a single time when she'd allowed herself that simple luxury.

Biting down on her lip, she paused to consider her words before answering. "It didn't mean nothing, Eric." when hope seemed to light his eyes, she quickly added. "I don't know what it meant to me. I want to trust you. I want to know that no matter what happens I can count on you to be beside me."

Reaching out to cup her face, he stepped closer, his thumbs moving in smoothing circles over her cheekbones. "Then trust me." He said, his eyes pleading.

Reaching up, her shaking hands wrapped around his wrists. "How can I? I don't even know what is going on. Why can't I go home? Why were we attacked this morning?" after taking a shaky breath, she then asked. "What is this scheme that Jason and Chris said you were involved in?"

Slowly and reluctantly, his hands slid from her face to drop to his sides. His eyes looked almost pained. His mouth opened to say something; whatever he intended to say, she'd never know. With his eyes growing cold and distant as they normally did when he was about to shut her out, he said, "I am taking care of the situation."

It surprised her when a wave of disappointment hit her at his refusal to tell her anything. Deep down, she'd hoped that he'd confide in her. If he told her something that would show her that he trusted her completely, maybe then she wouldn't feel like she was walking through a field of explosive mines when it came to telling him the truth. But he didn't even trust her to answer a single question she'd asked of him.

"Why would I trust you when you won't even trust me with your own secrets?"

With a scowling look at her, Eric jerked his eyes from hers before weaving around her to go to the covered window. "You need to trust that I know what the right decision is.

Heaving out a heavy sigh, Rebecca turned from him and disappeared into the spacious bathroom. Closing the door behind her, she leaned her weight against it.

She couldn't explain the hurt that assailed her at his refusal to talk to her, to confide in her. If this is what Eric would feel when she told him, she knew now that he would never choose her. She was a fool to think that she could ever trust him. There

was nothing between them to ensure her that he would choose her. Even if she was his fated mate, the one meant for only him and him for her, if he didn't trust her, what hope did they have at a future?

What hope do I have that he will choose me?

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When the door closed softly behind her, Eric flinched, his eyes sliding closed with regret. He was just an idiot! She'd looked at him with such urging, such need. Not a sexual or sensual need, but an emotional one. She'd wanted him to confide in her. He had wanted to tell her about him, what he was and why they had been attacked. He wanted to tell her that he feared for her safety and the need to keep her close to him was undeniable. That she was quickly becoming everything to him. He had wanted to tell her everything, but he hadn't.

He knew that if he unloaded the weight of the knowledge that he carried held upon Rebecca, she could collapse. He wanted them to get past the secrets they both held. He longed to be mated to her, to belong to her. Had he blown his chances with his brash words?

Lowering his large body to the edge of the bed, he dropped his head into his left hand with a silent groan. He had to fix this. He had to show her that she could trust him with her secrets, but to do that, he would need to do some digging into his own vault of them.

Remembering Damon's words from earlier only confirmed to him that he was running out of time with Rebecca. In just two days, the pack would gather. He would stand before every wolf shifter under his rule and beside him would be his mate; Rebecca. He would have to tell her before then what he was or it would mean her death.

Never before had he wished to be something other than what the creator had made him, but now he wished with his entire being that he was different, that he was just a normal human man. Would she still wish to be around him when she found out that he was a monster, a man that could change from man to beast in a blink of an eye? No. he couldn't risk telling her too soon or he would lose her.

Never before had he wished to ask that stupid bear, Doyle for advice when it came to human mates. However after his last conversation with Doyle, he doubted the bear would even take his call.

Note to self: Apologize to the bear for snarling at his mate before I have a very big, grizzly problem to contend with.

Back to the problem at hand, he knew what needed to be done. He had to win her. Show her that he needed her in his life and that he had fallen for her. Lifting his head from his hands, a smile lit his face as an idea formed in his mind. Of course; why hadn't he thought of it before? His solution was simple. He had to get Rebecca to trust him in order to ensure that she wouldn't run in fear from him once he revealed his beast.

He needed to woo his mate.

Jumping to his feet he moved rushed from the room to find her clothes as she'd requested. With the help of his mother and after talking to pack members that lived in several of the cabins at the lodge, he had secured her enough clothing to satisfy her until he could make the trip to town and retrieve her own. His heart had warmed when everyone he'd spoke to was more than helpful and didn't ask too many questions.

Returning to the room not fifteen minutes later, he stepped into his room to the sound of the shower running. His lips curled into a smirk at knowing she was in his shower, naked and wet, completely exposed for him. Shoving the pile of clothes in his arms into some random drawer, he pulled off each piece of his clothing as he strode toward the closed door.

Turning the knob, he grinned confidently when he found it unlocked. Clearly she didn't want him to stay away, did she? Nudging the bathroom door open with the edge of his shoulder, he stepped into the steam filled room. His bare foot stepped down on a soft pile of discarded clothing, the same clothing that Rebecca had been in moments ago. Through the heavy cloud of steam he saw Rebecca clearly through the glass shower door. Breath slammed out of his lungs at the sight of her curvy form. His hands itched to slide over the swell of her waist and the flare of her shapely hips and grasp her perfect ass.

Unable to wait a second longer, he shoved down his boxers; the last barrier on his body, before making his way towards her. Without making a sound Eric carefully slipped behind the nearly transparent shower curtain and behind unsuspecting Rebecca.

"Want some help?" He asked teasingly, causing Rebecca to jump, emitting a small squeal of surprise.

“What the hell are you doing?! Get out!” she cried, her arms quickly crossing over her chest to cover her full breasts from him. Licking his lips he smirked at her antics. “Damn you, Eric!” She yelled. Wiping furiously at her irritated eyes, Rebecca positioned her face under the spray of hot water; in effort to rinse out the shampoo that had spilled into her vulnerable eyes when he had surprised her.

“What do you want?” She bit out, still attempting to cover her soapy breasts from his eyes.

Chuckling at her reaction, he was surprised when his eyes slid down her body; he saw something that he’d never seen on her before. Across her back he spied a thin patch of white skin, lighter than her normal pale coloring. It was a scar. Four long scars stretched from the top of her right shoulder down across her spine and down to her left hip. He would guess each slashing mark was an inch in width. His teasing demeanor vanished as he thought of how she could have possibly gotten such marks and how she’d survived.

As if feeling his eyes on her scars, Rebecca glared at him over her shoulder. “I said get out!”

Ignoring her, he moved forward, his large hands cupping a shoulder and a hip to hold her still as he studied the marks closer. “What in the hell are these, Rebecca?” He asked in a hushed voice.

Already he could feel her body trembling under his palms. She was afraid. Was this the secret she’d been so adamant about keeping from him. Studying the marks, Eric struggled to think where he’d seen such marks before. It seemed so familiar but so distant in memory.

“Was this the reason why you didn’t want me to look at your breasts last night? Why you insisted on keeping your shirt on?” when his fingers began to trace one long raised white scar, he felt her flinch from his touch. What was the story behind them? Could this be the colossal secret she kept from him?

“...Yes.” She hesitantly answered. “Now get out.”

“Is this your big secret? Why didn’t you tell me and what happened?”

Still holding her arms crossed over her chest, she turned to face him, positioning herself behind the reach of the shower head. Her eyes looked so haunted, so frightful. His chest ached to see so much lingering in her eyes like that. Squeezing his lifted hand into a fist, he lowered it to give her some measure of space.

“It's not something I like to talk about.” She whispered, averting her eyes from him.

Stepping closer until the hot water rained down over his head and down his back, he cupped her chin, forcing her to look at him once more. “Talk to me. You can trust me. What happened?”

He watched as her throat worked as if she had to swallow back a large amount of fear to answer him. “I was attacked years ago and nearly died.”

Air rushed out of his lungs at her admission. His mate—his true mate had nearly died before he'd been given the opportunity to find her? The thought angered his wolf and made his chest ache. “Who was it?”

Her gaze flinched away from his momentarily before they settled on the floor of the shower. Why was this so hard for her to tell him? What was she really hiding?

“I-I don't know.” She shrugged her shoulders while pursing her lips, eyes still downcast. “I didn't see them—it. More than likely it was a dog or some escaped animal.”

The foul scent of a lie hit him in the face like a slap. Why would she lie to him? This was the secret she had confided in Damon about. But if she'd just been attacked by a simple animal, why would she hide it and her scars from him? Something wasn't adding up here and the wolf in him was curious to discover what else his mate was hiding.

Forcing himself to let it go for the time being, he slid his hands down her slick shoulders to clasp her arms gently. Smirking down at her, he pulled her arms apart, revealing her full breasts. He frowned again as he saw another set of scars leading across one of her perfect breasts. He vowed to himself to ask her more about them later. For now, he didn't plan to participate in an interrogation with his mate, but a seduction.

“I have waited so long to see these beauties that you've hidden from me. I can't wait to wrap my lips around these and suckle them.”

Scowling at him, she gave him an exasperated look. “Is your mind always on sex? Is that why you came in here, to get a bit of a shower quickie?”

Chuckling at her, he planted one of his hands against the glass shower wall at her back. “First off; I have not experience anything like I did with you last night. So; yes, I do always have sex on my mind when—” he paused, giving her a pointed look. “—I

am around you. Secondly; with me; it will be anything but some three minute quickie.”

Scoffing, she shifted against the wall, rolling her eyes. “So, what's a minute longer then?”

Raising a brow at her, he found he was liking her teasing, but it was going to get her in trouble soon. “Do I sense a challenge?” He said teasingly as his hard cock absently rubbed against her slick stomach.

“Of course not,” She waved a dismissing hand at him. “I’ll be out in a bit and then you can get in if you still need to.” She stated matter-of-factly. Shoving him back, she turned her back towards him, her hands beginning to work the shampoo into her wet locks.

Reaching around her, Eric’s warm hands reached up, cupping the slick, soft mounds of her breasts, causing Rebecca to rise up on her tip toes in surprise.

“What are you doing? I said to get out!” she gasped as his hands massaged both breasts, bringing moans from her lips a moment later.

“I don’t remember you saying that. We should bath together to conserve water. I’m feeling a little dirty myself.” He whispered against the back of her neck as one of his hand slid down her wet body to cup her slick sex. His fingers slipping between the dewy folds and into her hot core; moving in enticing strokes.

Heated chills raced up Rebecca’s spine, causing her vaginal center to tremble and clutching around his fingers with pleasure. “Eric...” She moaned out.

His fingers picked up their pace, continuing to bury deep into her silken depths. The heel of his hand rolling and brushing against her pulsing clit as his other hand squeezed and molded a full breast. His straining cock pulsed and stabbed at her tempting buttocks as she pressed back against him.

Her inner muscles rippled and clenched around his thrusting fingers as her body shuttered with ecstasy. Pulling his hands from their deep caressing against her flushed skin, gripping her by her shoulder, Eric swiftly turned her around to face him. Bending; lifting her legs over his powerful arms, he lifted her, pinning her body between his hard, unyielding one and the cool, slick glass wall at her back.

“Eric!” she cried out as his hard shaft nudged against her clit causing a jolt of pleasure to sweep through her.

Breathing heavy, Eric fought against the driving need to bury himself to deep inside her that she'd never get him out. Groaning against her throat, he breathed out, "It's been more than three minutes, angel. Should I stop?"

"No." she moaned in denial. "Don't you dare."

"I want to hear you say it." Again he thrust his aching cock against her warm flesh. Crying in reaction as sparks of need stabbed through her, Rebecca moaned. "Don't stop. Please, I need you."

Smirking, he bent to capture her mouth in a searing kiss. In one aggressive movement, he drove forward, completely burying himself inside her pulsing sheath. His hands tightening around her hips, he held her against the shower wall while his body lunged into hers with an animalistic passion. Over and over, he sunk into her.

Nothing in the world could stop him from claiming her body in moment, his beast over taking his thoughts as he squeezed her tightly. Being with Rebecca; this was more than just sex, she claimed his heart and now he would claim her until he possessed every part of her. He couldn't think about the secrets between them, or the obstacles of their future. With wave after wave of ecstasy that had Rebecca's body clamping around his thrusting body, they gave themselves over the unending pleasure that consumed them both.

"Oh God!" Rebecca cried out with pleasure, her tight channel squeezed around his cock as he drove into her like a battering ram. He continued to sink deeper and quicker into her without a hint of mercy in his movements.

His chest echoing with a beastly rumble of need, Eric buried his face against her neck, preventing her from seeing his beast rising as his climax drew closer. He wouldn't be able to last much longer. "Come with me, now!" He yelled out, breathlessly.

Throwing back his head with gratification, a deep groan poured out of his throat as Rebecca's tight muscles milked his release from his pulsating length. With a strangled cry, Rebecca buried her face against the warm skin of his neck as her body was thrown into another earth shattering climax, leaving both of them panting for precious air. Over and over his cock pulsed deep inside her, his orgasm marking her in the most primal way that a man could. Her wet flesh squeezed him, refusing to let him go even at the very end.

Coming down from the haze of her climax, they both became aware that the temperature of the water had turned to freezing. He didn't fight the prideful smile as

Rebecca cuddled close into his chest, desperately trying to soak up the heat of his body.

Moving quick, Eric pulled his now semi-hard cock from her clenching muscles and gently lowered Rebecca onto her shaking legs. Snatching up a bar of soap, Eric worked up a quick lather and begun to wash both himself and trembling Rebecca. When he was satisfied that both of them were clean, he reached around Rebecca's huddled form; turning off the ice cold spray of water. Lifting her dripping wet form into his arms, Eric carried Rebecca into the bed room where he carefully settled her down onto the bed. He wasn't surprised when Rebecca fought against him as he began lowering her wet body onto the warm comforter.

"Eric! Stop,"

Freezing at the sound of the frantic tone in her voice, he did. "What's wrong? Are you hurt? Did I hurt you?" He asked, his voice filled with worry.

Narrowing her eyes at him, she arched a thin eyebrow at him. "What? No. Wait! Don't to put me on the bed!" She scolded as if the idea of being laid on the bed was the most unreasonable idea he'd ever had.

"Why?" He asked clearly confused.

"Because I'm wet and I'll get the covers and pillows wet too." Without another word he simple let go of her, causing her to land on the bedspread with a small bounce.

"It'll dry." Settling down next to her, he lounged on his side, facing her. Reaching out, his fingers arranged her wet hair across the bedspread, the dark wet strands darkening the material beneath them. His eyes focused on the sight of her breast rising and falling with her heavy breaths. Already he wanted her again. When he would have reached for her to drag her beneath him, he reminded himself that this had only been her second time. She wasn't a shifter and didn't heal as quickly as they did. He grimaced at that particular thought. He would have to change her to completely bond with her. Would she welcome the claiming bite or would she fight it?

"Wow..." Rebecca breathed out with an awed tone.

Jerked away from his thoughts, he shifted closer to her, curling his naked body closer to her shivering one. "I didn't hurt you did I?" he asked, smoothing a hand through the wet strands above her forehead. "I know you're still new at this."

She giggled. “Not for long if I stick around you.” Turning toward him, she sighed contently into the damp comforter. “And to answer your question; no, I’m fine. Way more than fine, actually.”

Eric chuckled deeply as his chest swelled with pride. “You are very good for my ego. Be warned, I plan on keeping you around for a long time.” As soon as the words left his lips, he winced.

Lifting her head, Rebecca turned over onto her stomach. Reaching out with her index finger, she began drawing teasing circles against his chest as she spoke. “Don’t worry; I’m not going to run because you admit you want me around, Eric. Though; I will admit this is moving very fast for me.” Her eyes met his with a meaningful look.

He shrugged. “I don’t know how else to be, Rebecca. Can you accept it? I want to win you as you deserve, but I can’t promise to stay away from your bed or let you set one toe out of mine.”

Pressing a finger to her chin as though in thought, she flashed him a mocking look of consideration. “I don’t know. It may take some convincing...”

With a groan at her word, he buried his hand through her wet strands, jerking her over his chest as his mouth took hers. If his mate needed convincing, he was just the wolf to give it to her.