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Rebecca's body shuttered as her words came to an end. Damon walked silently beside her down the sidewalk towards her apartment. Not once did he interrupt her or urge her on, he simply waited; allowing her to finish in her own time. Shoving his hands in his pockets, Damon tried his best to appear nonthreatening as possible.

"Did you ever figure out who he was or is?" he asked carefully as they passed under a street lamp. His eyes shifting over her averted face and her nervously, wringing hands.

"No. After lying in a hospital bed for days on end, I feared I had imagined everything. When the police came to question me, I didn't know what to tell them. I told them what I could, anything that sounded plausible."

"You didn't tell them the truth?"

Turning to face him, her arms folded across her chest defensively. "You mean; did I tell anyone that I saw werewolf viciously murder my parents and try to rip me into pieces of human confetti?" she sighed, wearily. "No, I did not. Even I knew that all that would earn me is a one way ticket to nearest insane asylum. There were times that I thought that it had all been a dream... or nightmare. There were times I feared if I closed my eyes he would be in the room with me, waiting to finish what he had started."

Damon's gaze softened, "It must have been hard, finding that such frightening creatures existed."

Rebecca solemnly shrugged her shoulders, "At times, but then I saw that your kind; aside from a few incredible gifts, aren't all that different from mine."

"And how did you become so enlightened?" he asked with a teasing smile.

"After I took a job as a nanny for the Morvelt family. They belonged to a pack in Canada." She explained, as she began walking again, Damon mirroring her steps right next to her.

"Morvelt? You worked for the most formidable bear-shifters within Doyle Mackenzie?"

Nodding with a slight smile, she continued. "I came to live with them not long after the attack. At first, there was no great connection between the three children I helped

care for and myself. But one night, in the midst of a strong thunderstorm, I was awoken by the sound of the frightened moaning of a bear cub.”

“One of the Morvelt’s?” he asked curiously.

“Yes. At first I was too surprised to move and then this small black bear cub leapt into bed with me and straight into my lap. As it curled against my stomach, I could feel it trembling; it was then I realized this small child was just as afraid of the unknown as I was. I wrapped my arms around that small fuzzy creature, the fur and everything else melted away until I held little Anna, the youngest.”

“Did her parents; your employers ever find out that you knew?”

Letting out a held breathe, she shook her head, “No, at the time; Anna was only four years old. I doubt she even remembers. My guess is; during the worst of the storm, when she couldn’t find her mother; her terror caused her to seek me out.” Turning to face him, her arms fell to her sides, “Now, your turn.”

Damon’s blonde eyebrows rose. “My turn?”

“I’ve told you everything you wanted to know. It’s your turn to explain, why are you offering to keep my secret?”

“I’m offering to do a lot more than that, Rebecca.” Looking up at her red brick apartment building, Damon released a light hearted sigh. “I’m offering to not only be your friend, but your protector. That is; until my friend Eric, comes to his senses.”

“First off; if you wanted to be my friend, what was that display at Eric’s house the other night then?”

“Eric is stubborn and too set in his own ways, but; of course you knew that didn’t you?”

Chuckling softly, she nodded. Absently, Damon’s eyes swept over top of her head to stare across the dark, empty street and into a dark alley. His sharp gaze collided with a pair of trained, green glowing eyes from a lurking figure in the dark. It was the same dark figure that had been following a small distance behind them ever since they left the restaurant.

Flicking his tongue over his bottom lip, he smirked down at her. “So I intend to playfully nudge Eric's head out of his own ass. Help him see the light, in more ways than one.”

Raising a skeptic eyebrow, Rebecca looked up at him; not fully understanding where his meaning was. Get Eric to see what? “And how do you intend to do that?”

Sweeping his eyes over her head one last time, before his eyes returned to hers, he shrugged casually. “Easy and simply like so,”

Without a second thought or an ounce of hesitation, both of Damon’s hands gripped the sides of her face, jerking her face to his. His lips settled over hers in a stilling kiss, cutting off her squeal of surprise. Too surprised to move, Rebecca held her body stiffly away from Damon’s; her hands held up in defense.

A loud beastly snarl erupted behind them, with an unseen force; Damon and more importantly his lips were suddenly thrown away from Rebecca. The sound of Damon’s surprised grunt as the air was shoved out of his lungs was quickly followed by the sound of an enraged fist hitting flesh. A short distance away, a dark figure was crouched over Damon, their fist tightly fisted at the front of his shirt.

“You conceited, bombastic son of a bitch!” a deep, yet familiar voice snarled out, before drawing back his fist again and smashing it into Damon’s face as he did nothing to prevent it. “Touch her again and I’ll wear your intestines as a necktie!”

Sprinting forward as fast as her high heels would allow, burning her hands in the soft dark locks she gave Eric’s hair a sharp jerk. Caught off guard, Eric lost his balance and falling off of Damon and tumbling back on top Rebecca.

“Ow!” she cried out, as all of Eric’s weight abruptly fell on top of her, sending the both of them roughly into the sidewalk. “Get off me!” she yelled in frustration as the sidewalk bit into her ankle. With a combination of shoving roughly at his back and Eric’s effort to roll off her, she was able to crawl out from underneath him.

Glaring murderously at Eric’s anger filled face, Rebecca walked over to Damon as he quickly stumbled to his feet. His left cheek, already swelled as both his nose and lip bled.

Running his arm against his bleeding nose, Damon absently waved at the fuming Alpha, “Good evening to you too, Eric.”

“You will address me by my rank, beta” Eric’s lips lifting in a snarl.

“Oh, now that was just hurtful, my friend.”

Eric took a threatening step toward him, only to be stopped as Rebecca stepped between them, both of her hands pushing against the solid muscles of his chest. “You dare call me your friend, after what you did?” his voice whispered dangerously.

“I’m confused. Did or did you not say that you had no attachment toward her?” Damon asked coyly, flinching as his lips curled into a smile. “I was under the impression that Rebecca’s heart was free game and free to claim.”

“It is not! Make that mistake a second time; I will make you wish you’d never laid eyes upon her.” His words hissed out as he tried; unsuccessfully, to side step Rebecca’s blocking form.

“Stop it both of you!” Rebecca yelled over top of their arguing voices. Hitting Eric square against his bare chest, she turned her venomous gaze fully on him. “How dare you go around attacking people? If I don’t want Damon kissing me, I will handle it myself. You’re my boss, Eric and I don’t answer to you outside of work.”

Walking over to Damon, grabbing a hold of his hand she firmly tugged him up the cement steps to her apartment. Eric quickly followed, with his shoulders and hands tightening in aggression.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Eric demanded as she led Damon through the main entrance and up another flight of stairs.

“Not that it’s any of your business, but I’m going to patch up the mess that you made of his face. Now, go home.”

“I will not go home. You’re insane if you think I’m going to leave you alone with that backstabbing traitor.”

“Do whatever you want.” Her words tossed callously down the stairwell as Damon and she reached their destination.

Pulling her keys out of her purse, she quickly let Damon inside just as Eric reached the top of the landing. Before he could step through the open door, using her high heeled foot, Rebecca shut the door in his face so hard that it actually wacked him on his nose. Biting back a growl, Eric was forced to open the door himself.

The door opened into a small, simply decorated living room. A small beat up green sofa sat near the door, a black coffee table in front and small TV sitting on top of a worn desk against the opposite wall. Leading out of the living room to the left was a

small doorway into the kitchen and a short hall beyond that, more than likely leading to her bedroom.

In the kitchen, Damon sat too comfortable at a small table as sounds of Rebecca moving down the dark hallway. Damon looked up and smiled as Eric entered the kitchen.

“I’d like to thank you, Eric. If you had not nearly beaten my face into the pavement, I likely wouldn’t have gotten invited into Rebecca’s home,” If possible his smug smile grew wider, despite his split lip. “And who knows, maybe even her bed.”

Taking an aggressive step forward, Eric found his hands clenching so tightly that his bones popped. “You even fantasize about her bed and I promise you, I will—”

“You’ll what?” Rebecca’s soft, but sharp voice cut in from across the room.

Walking back into the kitchen, her arms filled with bandages and a tall bottle of peroxide. Dropping everything on the small kitchen table, her eyes raised to Eric’s. There was nothing neither soft nor gentle about her gaze. Averting her eyes, she pulled the spare chair in front of slightly amused Damon, trying to ignore the small thrill that raced through her being at the knowledge that Eric stood, hovering behind her. His very presence made heated chills race over her skin. Ripping open a gauze pad and dousing it with peroxide, she tried to focus on cleaning up Damon’s cut up face. An uneasy task, if not an impossible one.

Pausing; she focused on Damon’s amused face, “This may hurt.”

Damon smirked and then winced at the pain from his spilt lip, “Love hurts, baby. I’ll take anything you can give me.” The sound of Eric’s pacing and aggression seems to grow tenfold.

Glaring at his flirtatious filled words, she went to cleaning his spilt bottom lip and a small cut over his left eyebrow, with more force than necessary for good measure.

“Ouch! Easy!” Damon gasped out in defense against her rough handling. “Aren’t you women supposed to be gentle and tender at moment like this?”

Reaching for a dry bandage, Rebecca shrugged her shoulders, indifferently. “I warned you.” Reaching out for his bloody nose she began to stop the slow bleeding, after wiping away the majority of the blood, she tossed the damp gauze on the table.

Gently; she reached toward his swollen nose, smirking slightly when he flinched away from her hands. Slowly her fingers brushed the sides of his nose with calculation. “Does that hurt?” at his slow head shake, her fingers trailed to the tip of his nose and gave a sharp squeeze.

“OW! Damn it, woman!” jerking away from her hands, Damon glared at her while cupping his pulsing injury.

Turning away, Rebecca went to the task of ripping open a wide butterfly bandage and leaning closer to the flinching and skeptic patient. She wasted no time pressing the wide edges of the bandage over his split eyebrow. Rising and disposing of the bloody gauze, she went to her freezer. Wrapping a small dish towel around a cluster of ice cubes, she returned to Damon’s side, not missing the angry looks that Eric was shooting both of them as he leaned against her counter with crossed arms.

Pressing the ice pack to his nose, she waited until Damon replaced her hand with his. “You got lucky; it’s not broken, just a bit swollen. The ice should help with that and with your lip.”

Flashing his heart stopping smile, he pulled the ice pack away from his face. “I can think about something else I’d like to feel against my lips...”

Before she could tell him where he could put his good for nothing lips, Eric lunged forward. Jerking Damon out of his chair by the labels of his dress shirt, Eric jerked him roughly through the kitchen door way. Forcibly pulling Damon across the small living room, Eric violently wrenched the front door open and shoved Damon out into the dimly lit hallway. As Damon smirked and began to retort to Eric’s rough handling, the door was slammed coldly in his face.

With a satisfied smile on his face, Eric turned the dead bolt into place. Turning; he faced Rebecca with a look of shock and irritation, her jaw hanging open. Eric and his wolf couldn’t help but feel pleased. No man or wolf’s scent would ever caress the air around his mate again; he’d make sure of it. Doing his best to ignore Damon’s lingering scent, he looked around the meager room his eyes scanned the famed photos on the book shelf and on the walls.

“I’ve always wondered what your apartment looked like,”

Finally finding her words, she exploded. “What the hell was that about?!” turning to face her, he lazily crossed his arms over his bare chest.

“Do I really need to explain it to you? Don’t you feel even a tiny bit ashamed of yourself?”

“Ashamed? Ashamed of what?” she scoffed, “How I conduct my personal life is my business, Eric. I don’t need your permission to go out on dates. Damon asked me out and I accepted, what’s there to be ashamed of?”

“That you lead one man along, while courting the attention of another.” He stated simply as his hands closed over a porcelain frame that had been shoved between a few hardcover novels. Flipping the frame over, he paused as he recognized the picture before him. “Where’d you get this?”

Stomping up to him; Rebecca jerked the frame from his hands, hugging it protectively to her chest. She had no need to see which photograph it was; she knew it was her most treasured one.

“It’s my copy. I didn’t steal it from your house, if that’s what you think.”
“Then; why hide it? I remember the day you took that picture, the picnic at the park. Do you remember?” He smiled fondly, remembering how Travis and Emma had playfully attacked him in a tag team mock-wrestling match.

Walking past him, she replaced it between her small collections of novels. “I remember you threatening to fire me if I didn’t delete this picture from Sarah’s camera.”

His eyes sweeping tenderly over her, a soft smile curled his lips as he moved closer, crowding her against the bookshelf. “I’m glad that you didn’t listen to me. That silly photo means more to me than you know.” Reaching forward his rough fingers; gently, brushed her fallen hair behind her ear.

“Sometimes; Eric I think you’re like a rubiks cube, just when I think I’ve figured you out, you surprises me.” Inhaling sharply; she focused back to their previous argument, a much safer topic than their present. “What did you mean by leading on?”

He shrugged casually, “I must admit it was an ingenious plan. Accepting a date with Damon to get at me, especially after the kiss we shared.”

“What?” she responded bewildered, “You mean the kiss you had no idea why it happened, much less with me. Come on, Eric; there is no way you would be jealous. It’s not as if we’re lovers or whatever. You’re my boss, plain and simple.”

Crowding closer to her, his hand cupped her chin carefully as if he were holding a precious piece of crystal. “Then maybe it’s time I should do something to change that.”

Bending down, his hard lips covered hers. This time the kiss was gentle, a slow dance between his urgent lips and her slightly resistant ones. As he felt the last of her body’s resistance diminish, his animal nature rushed to the surface at her surrender. Wrapping his strong arms around her, he pulled her soft body against his hard one, rocking his hard, pulsing erection against the soft swell of her stomach. Moaning against his lips with need, her hands fisted in his dark hair, holding his face to hers as she began to kiss him back.

Sliding one hand down her back, over her firm buttocks, his hand gripped the back of her thigh, forcing her to lift it around his hip and bringing her throbbing center in direct contact with his hard, jean covered bulge.

Moving his lips from hers, trailing down the column of her nearly exposed throat, a satisfied growl surfaced from within. For a second, Eric felt his wolf take over, allowing a partial shift of his face. Elongating his jaw, allowing him to give her a mating bite and to show all, including Damon; that she was his. As his sharpened teeth playfully nipped at her neck, he felt Rebecca stiffen in his arms.

It was easy to for her to ignore Eric's beastly growl of desire, she was used to hearing him growl. But she couldn’t ignore the feel of his teeth, nor could she ignore the flashes of past images and fear that it induced. Did she want him so much that she’d endanger her life?

Fearful, her arms slid down to his naked chest, intent on pushing him away. “Eric. Please stop.”

His lust filled eyes bore into her frightened ones. Taken aback, his hand released her anchored leg, allowing her to stand on both of her feet. He didn’t like seeing the fear and uncertainty in her eyes. His beast was too close and whatever had been set in motion between them; he couldn’t stop it. Deep down he wasn’t certain he even wanted to.

His logical brain told him that he should back away from her and leave but his beast couldn’t tolerate the idea of leaving her. He couldn’t put the beast back; not now, not when his mate was finally in his arms. It somehow felt right.

Reaching out, his large hand cupped the side of her face as she attempted to avert her gaze. “Talk to me. Tell me what you want, what you need.”

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His gently spoken words had Rebecca's eyes jerking up to his face. Who the hell was this man that wore Eric's face? Because it certainly wasn't him, Eric never acted this way; at least not to her anyway. The Eric she knew was rude, abrupt, and didn't care about her. Why should he? In his eyes she was a beneath him as he must view all humans. Regardless why he was acting the way he was she had to stop this. It was true that she felt a pull toward Eric and it had only gotten stronger over the past few months. But having him in her home, kissing her; was asking for trouble that she didn't need.

"Rebecca?" his voice was gentle, caring and it confused her. Slowly his thumb rubbed along her cheekbone, silently willing her to answer him.

"I want you to leave. It's not appropriate for you to be here."

His gaze hardened. "But it was for Damon?"

She didn't miss the flash of anger that swept across his face. She really poked the tiger; or in this case, wolf, when she'd accepted her date with Damon. It made no sense why he was acting like this. Why should she care what he thought anyway?

"Who I date and who I invite into my apartment is my business." She stated stubbornly. Shoving past him, she walked to the front door to open it, giving him an expecting look. "I think it would be better if you would leave."

In that moment; Eric looked every bit the predator that she knew lurked beneath the surface. His expression grew hard as he slowly approached the open doorway. Rebecca held her breath as he drew closer, her heart pounding. Without breaking a strike, Eric reached out to gently, but firmly, pulled the door knob from her grasp to shut it. Once the door was closed, he turned back and centered his attention back on her. She stood frozen, not with fear but with confusion.

"I don't want you bringing men here, Rebecca. I want you to promise me that what happened tonight won't happen again." he said with a hard tone as though he was reprimanding a child for breaking a house rule. The thought made her blood boil. He couldn't tell her what to do!

"As long as you don't come back here; I don't see this night repeating." She said with a glaring look. "However I don't have to promise you anything beyond that."

His eyes narrowed, causing a sense of foreboding to slip down her spine like cold trails of ice. His lips pressed together firmly as his bare muscular chest rose and fell with harsh breaths. He was angry. Witnessing Eric's temper in the past; she knew that it was only a matter of time before he started yelling at her.

"You damn well will promise it. I don't want anyone else here with you."

She didn't know what she had expected him to say; but that certainly hadn't been it. "What's wrong with you?" she scowled pacing away from him. She didn't get very far as his hand reached out and clasped her wrist. Jerking her to a stop, she found herself staring up at his cool blue eyes as he stepped in front of her; still maintaining possession of her wrist.

"I don't want anyone else here with you." He repeated in a low voice. Each word was bit out between his teeth as the control of his temper seemed to be holding on by a thread. "I cannot explain it, but the thought of another man near you makes me..." he trailed off, shaking his head. "Do not test me on this, Rebecca. I don't share well and I have no intention of sharing you with another man. I am it."

Rebecca blinked up at him with utter confusion. "What are you talking about? You're not making any sense!" she said waving her hand at him. "I had a date. One date and now your acting like you own me? I am nothing to you but an employee and you have no say in what I do."

He watched her during her ranting, completely unaffected. She may as well have been conversing about the weather with the expression he held. Slowly he moved closer to her, his hand releasing her wrist as both hands slid up her arm to cup her shoulders.

"Tell me you don't feel it, Rebecca. This need I have for you. Tell me you don't feel it clawing at you in your dreams and every waking second."

"It's called lust, Eric. It's no different than walking down the street and noticing anyone else."

"It's different for me." He admitted softly his eyes boring into hers with a beseeching light. "If it were simple lust, that would be easy for me to ignore; but it's not."

"Then that is your problem." She bit out. With a glare she shoved out from beneath his hands before pacing away. "I want no part of you other than my paycheck. Now for the final time, I want you to leave. I think you've done enough damage for the night."

Crossing her arms, she glared at him as she pointed to the door like he was a dog. She almost laughed at the irony. Dropping her indicating finger, she waited. Eric stood still as a statue, his arms hanging limply at his sides as he studied her. His eyes narrowed slightly as though he was perplexed at her for some unknown reason. She attempted not to feel the edge of discomfort at his close scrutiny.

Unwilling, her eyes fell from his scowling face to his bare chest. Eric didn't look like a model in the least. He possessed a strong physic; it was true. But he possessed a man's body. His shoulders were broad and his arms were comprised of roped muscles that flexed beneath his skin with each movement. His muscled chest was dusted with dark hair that led her gaze down over his hard abs and down further to the gray sweats that he wore.

Flush tore up her face as her eyes lingered on the tell tale bulge that pressed from beneath the sweats. Her womanly channel clenched in response to what her eyes had beheld. This was too much for her. Being this close to him, surrounded by his rough scent; it was maddening. A part of her wanted to tackle him and just forget every sensible thought in her head. She hungered to feel his strong, hot hands on her skin. More than anything she wanted to press herself against the hard plane of his body and drown in his embrace.

"Maybe I should make it your problem as well." Eric's sudden rough voice cut through her chaotic thoughts in an instant.

Raising her questioning gaze to his, she had no time to react as he ate up the distance between them in two quick strides. Startled, she jumped back, stumbling on her heels; she fell backward onto her couch. Eric had followed every terrified step of hers with confident movements. Looming over her, he followed her down onto the worn cushions. Struggling to rise up, Rebecca pushed up with her arms, half dragging and crawling backward along the couch in an effort to escape his predatory gaze. With a slow movement, Eric's hand encircled her ankle with a gentle touch, slowly pulling her back to him.

Falling onto her back as he pulled her closer, Rebecca pushed up on her elbows, gazing up at him uncertain. "Eric, what are you doing?" she gasped out.

He didn't answer. His eyes flashed at her briefly until they lowered to her captured ankle. With a gentle and slow action, he slipped her heels from her feet to carefully set them in the floor beside the couch. Her womb tightened with awareness as his hand cupped her foot tenderly in his hands. His fingers dug into the bottom of her bare foot, slowly kneading the soft flesh. Almost as quick as he had begun, he lowered her foot to do the same to the other.

Rebecca's chest ached with how hard her heart was pounding. What was he doing? Somehow she knew this went far beyond him simply touching her. At the feel of his hands on her bare skin, a pulse of need grew between her legs. She

had to push away this need if she had any hope of getting rid of him before she did something stupid.

"Eric—" she began, but ended with a gasp of surprise as he moved closer to her with a hard look.

Lifting her legs, Eric settled between them, his unrelenting hands smoothed up from her trembling knees and over her thighs until his strong fingers closed around the button of her dress slacks. Her stomach muscles bunched and tightened with desire and apprehension. Her hands quickly covered his and interrupting his task.

Seeing her nervous eyes flicker uncertainly over his face, Eric slowly crawled over her shivering body. Gently laying a kiss over her left eye and then the right, as her breath calmed; his lips covered hers in a soft kiss. His lips moved over hers seeking for the response that he wanted from her. Without realizing it, Rebecca found herself arching into his kiss, pleading for more.

Pulling back, he studied her flushed face. She lay under him; still as stone, staring at up at him with her frightened doe eyes. "Tell me you don't feel anything with me this close to you." He demanded in a harsh tone.

Panting, she shook her head mutely. Her lips felt bruised from his kiss and God help her; she wanted more of his rough kisses. Curling her fingers into the cushions beneath her, she forced her hands not to move and definitely not to reach for him and pull him to her as she ached to do.

Holding her gaze, his hands moved back to the clasp of her slacks with nimble fingers. At the brush of his fingers against her lower stomach, she was jerked out of her trance. Before she could react to what he was doing, Eric moved higher up her body, giving himself room.

Covering her lips with aggressive possession, planting one hand up near her head, Eric's other hand slid beneath the front of her open slacks. At the touch of his hand slipping beneath the armor of her clothing, Rebecca jumped, yelping fearfully against his pressing lips. Jerking his mouth from hers, he pressed his forehead against hers as his fingers slid between the folds of her sex.

Gasping, Rebecca eyes widened as her hands shot from their position to grip his wrist in a vain hope to restrain him. “W-What are you doing?” she nearly shrieked.

His fingers moved with confident strokes, first beginning at the bottom of her folds at her entrance, before sliding up to her clit to slide firmly around her swollen bud. Crying low against the sensations that had her belly growing hot with need, Rebecca fought for the strength to tug on his wrist that she held.

She would fight him. In...just..one...minute.

His fingers continued to slide her wet sex, coaxing a forbidden response from her as he bent to trail soft nips along her jaw to her ear. Licking at her lobe, he drew the soft flesh between his lips before biting it softly. Her gasp of pleasure was his reward.

“Tell me you don’t want me now and I will leave without a backward glance.” He breathed out against her ear.

Gooseflesh erupted down her neck and down her spine as his words flowed over her skin. She wanted to tell him to leave, to pull his hand from between her spread legs and cease his addictive touch, but she couldn’t find the will to speak.

Alternating between licking and nipping at the skin of her neck below her ear, Eric’s stroking hand began to become more demanding. His fingers moved quicker against her clit with devious strokes. The heat in her belly spread like raging flames, consuming everything it touched. Her inner muscles squeezed with need at each quickened stroke of his hand. God; she loved his hand. How had she not known that a single touch like this could inspire such a reaction within her?

In that moment; her body didn’t belong to her, but to Eric. Drugged on the sensations that kept building stronger and stronger, she found she was more than willing to let him have whatever he wanted from her as long as his fingers kept moving against her.

“Let go. I’m right here. Let go.” He whispered against the skin of her neck as his fingers pressed harder against her clit with quick movements. Before she could fight it, the fire inside her exploded into an atomic bomb of sensations, obliterating every thought she possessed. Eyes wide, her back arched off the couch as she cried out. Over and over, her sex clenched so hard that her legs shook. Waves of pleasure shook her, flooding her veins with fire that she never knew existed.

Falling back onto the cushions, her hands falling away from his wrist, Rebecca’s breath escaped in ragged pants. Dazed, she barely felt Eric pull his hand from her

spasming sex as he moved to cage her with both his arms. Smirking down at her, he smoothed her hair away from her face with his fingers.

“This is the part where I say I told you so.”

Coming out from the drugging cloud that he'd created within her, Rebecca felt her horror at what had just happened flood her. Refusing to meet his eyes, Rebecca turned her face away, her teeth biting down into her bottom lip as she tried to block out the silent screams that echoed in her mind. What had she done? She couldn't do this with Eric. She couldn't allow herself to get involved with him. The distance that had remained between them before tonight was necessary. It was her only protection.

“Please. Please let me up.” A sigh of relief escaped her lips as Eric moved to sit next to her hip on the edge of the sofa. Not bothering to mess with her slacks, she pulled herself into sitting position, moving to the opposite side of the couch out of self-preservation. Her sex still hummed with the lingering tingles of desire. She had to get away from him and what he'd done to her.

“Rebecca.” At the soft tone, she forced her eyes to remain averted. She couldn't face this right now. She couldn't face him. When she didn't look his way, Eric's voice grew firmer. “What you're feeling will not go away. That hunger—is for me, for what only I can give you.”

Shaking her head, her hands lifted to rub over her face. She couldn't deal with this. The feelings that he was bringing to the surface within her were too confusing to think about. “I want you to leave.” She whispered, keeping her face turned away from him. She didn't trust herself to look at him. If she did...she didn't know what would happen.

The cushion beside her abruptly shifted as Eric rose to his feet. “Fine.” he bit out.

She closed her eyes, praying that the next sound she would hear would be the slamming of her front door. She nearly jumped out of her skin as Eric's hand cupped her chin firmly, tilting her face to look up at him.

“Look at me.” He ordered when she attempted to avert her gaze once more. Knowing there was no fighting him in that instant, she looked up at him. “Take tomorrow off and think about what happened here tonight. When you come back to work, we will talk about this; about us.” His hand fell away from her. Stepping back, his gaze lingered on her face a moment longer before he turned and started for the door.

She frowned at his commanding tone. “There is no us, Eric.” She called at his back firmly.

He didn’t bother to turn to face her as he responded. “There is and you better get used to it. Don’t be late.”

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Closing the door behind him, Eric felt his air explode out of his lungs. Forcing himself to step away from her closed door, it took every ounce of discipline he possessed to not storm back inside and finish what he’d started. He had been holding on by a thread as Rebecca had shattered against his hand. The scent of her orgasm filled his nostrils. He very much doubted he would ever be able to forget that scent and he wasn’t the only one. His wolf reacted to her scent and her presence with uncontrollable need. There would be no staying away from his little human now. He’d known that when she’d cried out her pleasure with his name on her lips.

Though she’d fallen to pieces in his arms, from the stubborn look in her eyes when he’d forced her to look at him, he could see that there was a fight looming ahead of him. Rebecca wouldn’t be an easy woman to woo to his bed. Eric could help but smile as he sprinted down the steps. Rebecca would be his; he would just have to be sneaky about it.