

Chapter 193

Her smile widened as she slowly approached him until there were barely a handful of inches between them. "You," she answered very softly, reaching a finger up to trace his clenched jaw in a light caress. He stiffened instantly and backed away from her, a low growl coming from his lips.

"Don't touch me." It was uttered in such a harsh, deadly tone that her eyebrows rose in surprise, though the smile didn't leave her lips.

"You didn't have any objections to your cat touching you," she remarked coldly, as her anger was reignited by the memory of the other woman touching him. She knew there was something unusual in her reaction but was too engrossed in her current game to examine it.

"Such a pretty kitty cat," she mused softly, her gaze boring into his for any sign of reaction. "They say cats have nine lives," she laughed softly. "Obviously, whoever came up with that little saying wasn't aware that vampires walk the world. I've found they truly only have one."

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Dayton caught the implied threat in her tone and his fury ignited like a hot furnace. The moment she touched him, rage began riding him hard. When she threatened Rayne the rage soared and his control snapped. He was moving without even thinking about it, wrapping his big hand around her throat and pressing her hard against the wall.

"Go near her and I will kill you," he ground out through clenched teeth, his eyes blazing as they bored into her. "Come near me again and I will kill you."

Freya laughed loudly, letting him have the upper hand, delighting in his show of male dominance even though they both knew the only reason he had her pinned was because she allowed it. His empty threats of death were precisely that. She could kill him a thousand times over before he even got close to hurting her.

She felt her lust flare deep within her as he tried to cut off her laughter by crushing her throat. This wolf was just utterly divine and she had to have a taste of him, just a little, tiny taste. She could control her natural instincts enough--she was almost certain of that.

With the speed only an Ancient was capable of, she reversed their positions in less that a heartbeat, pinning the furious male to the wall with one hand around his throat. His own hand still gripped hers tightly but she liked that so she allowed him to do so. Very carefully she elongated a talon and brought it to his neck. He froze instantly, his hand dropping away from her.

"Naughty doggie," she sighed softly, leaning forward to inhale his scent deeply. He smelled of the forest, rich and earthy and oh so masculine. Her fangs threatened to come out and she wondered just how much control she really had over her feral side at the moment. Even as she wondered she shifted her grip on his neck and ran a talon ever so lightly against the side.

He kicked out at her as she opened up his flesh but she pressed her body hard against his, ignoring his struggles as the scent of his blood filled the room and her mouth watered at the heavenly fragrance. His hands went to her hair and he pulled hard to stop her from leaning forward but it was a futile gesture. One taste: that was all she wanted.

Freya leaned forward and ran her tongue slowly along the long thin cut in his neck. A deep moan escaped her lips as his succulent essence exploded in her mouth causing her fangs to drop instinctively. He tasted so good, so thick, so rich and heady that it took everything in her not to bite down on his flesh and drink deeply. Instead she sipped slowly, allowing the wound to heal as she licked at him.

It had been a mere sip, but it sparked another hunger deep within her as she pulled her head back and licked her lips slowly. Her gaze focused on his lips, lust spiralling through her body. He had other delicious attributes she wanted to taste and she knew he wouldn't give those up any more freely than he had just given up his blood.

Dayton's heart was pounding wildly, loud growls coming from his chest as he struggled against the vampire. If he hadn't been fighting so hard he probably would have been amazed that he was actually fighting at all for his life. But he was.

When Freya cut his neck and he realised she intended to drink from him, the need to survive suddenly kicked in and he reacted instinctively. Despite everything he had long believed he realised that he wasn't ready to die. And he sure as hell wasn't going to spend his last moments being a meal to a fucking bitch of a vampire.

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He could feel his blood flowing down his neck; could see the feral gleam in Freya's eyes. She was going to bite him and when she did her venom would kill him instantly. He thought of Faith... then he thought of his family, to whom he hadn't spoken for so long. They would be devastated. His heart twisted painfully and a deep well of pain rose up inside of him. He would never have the chance to return home, to talk with Cedar and Aaron, his parents, Connor, Willow and Brody. Their last memories of him would be of how he had rejected them.

Freya's tongue licked his neck and he froze instantly. Holding his breath he waited for the inevitable, for her fangs to sink deep and take his life. They didn't though; instead the rasp of her tongue lapping slowly against his skin provoked a fury such as he'd never experienced in all his life. She had no right to take what he didn't give freely. She had no right to breathe against his skin, to cause a shiver of something he didn't want to examine to run through his body.

His eyes were full of hate as he stared down at the vampire and watched her lick his blood from her lips as if it was the sweetest thing she had ever tasted. "Get your hands off of me," he bit out furiously.

"I'm not finished playing yet, Dayton," she laughed softly running her talon slowly against his neck once more, though being careful not to cut him once more. She didn't trust herself to stay in control a second time if she tasted him again. "You taste delicious. Maybe I want some more?"

She arched a perfect eyebrow at him, cold hard amusement dancing across her exquisite face and he hated her a little bit more. She was playing with him just because she could. She had no morals, no decency; she was a vampire in every sense of the word. "You disgust me," he finally said, cold fury holding him still as rigidly as she was.Ŵ(w)w.(n)ovelWorm.c(o)m

Freya smiled slowly. "Seeing as I'm damned in your eyes anyway," she laughed again.

He had no chance to try and move away as her mouth covered his. His entire body went rigid with shock when she kissed him. His soul screamed his denial; the wall around his heart came tumbling down and every emotion he'd ever contained rose up and overwhelmed him.w(w)W.Overlworm.com