

Chapter 218

Memories of their last meeting crossed her mind and she flushed at the thoughts. She'd never allowed a total stranger to pleasure her before but then, her cat recognised him even if he was reticent at introducing himself.

He moved when she was half way towards him, so blindly fast that even to her enhanced sight he was a blur. The speed at which he moved spoke of an age that far surpassed hers and she once more wondered how old he was and just who was he.

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When he was once more leaning against the trunk of the tree in his previous position, she was astounded to see that he'd removed all the branches between them, effectively cutting off her climb because the next closest branch was beyond her reach, even with her agile skills.

Frustrated, she frowned, wondering what game he was up to. "Not nice to damage a tree so unnecessarily," she scolded gently, her love of the forest kicking in. If she thought he would be chagrined at her mild reproof she was wrong. His lips curled in a slow, sensual smile.

"I want to see how desperate you are to reach me, Kitty," he drawled softly, his gaze intent as he watched her consider her options.

Rayne let out a slow breath, her cat purring at the tantalising male who knew how to play with a cat in all the right ways. A cat never liked being balked when it was hunting its prey and her cat had tagged the vampire as most definitely hers.

She pondered her options carefully. She could shift to her panther. She would most probably be able to make the jump then. Or she could reveal another secret, one that she hadn't ever shown anyone before though she knew she would need to tell her new Alpha at some point.

Her smile turned wicked and she carefully performed the slightest of shifts deep within herself. Her cat roared at being allowed to come out to play even just a little bit. Her claws broke through her skin, the only part of her that shifted into cat form. She saw the vampire's eyes widen almost imperceptively as she dug her claws into the bark of the tree and climbed effortlessly until she reached the branch he was sitting on.

Rayne straddled the branch directly facing him conscious of the fact that she looked like a miniature version of him, with her own black jeans, black tank top and black ankle boots. The only difference between them, apart from the obvious gender difference, was the colours of their hair and eyes. She sat before him waiting for him to speak as his eyes bored into her intently.

"Interesting," he finally said, the rich, deep timber of his voice sending a shiver down her spine. He picked up her right hand in his left one, pressing their palms together between them. Her claws were still unsheathed resting lightly against his thick fingers.

In a slow caress he slid his hand down a little until his fingertips were aligned with hers, then he elongated his razor sharp talons until they rested against her claws. The entire time his eyes never left hers, taking in every flicker of emotion that crossed her face, listening to her heart speed up, the ragged sound of her breathing.

"Exquisite and so very, very intriguing," Gard murmured softly, his own heart racing at the touch of her delicate, yet deadly hand against his. "You fascinate me as no woman has ever done before." He said it almost as if he were talking to himself rather than to her, his gaze dropping to their joined hands.

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He shifted slightly, his fingers slotting in between hers, his talons resting on the back of her hand. He heard her breath catch at the touch and curled his talons, scraping lightly against her fragile skin. The tantalising scent of her blood filled the air as three light grazes marred her hand, tiny little droplets of blood pooling in the shallow cuts.

His eyes met hers again and he saw no sign of fear, no sign of pain from the light scores he'd given her. Instead he saw something very intriguing, concern.

Rayne sat stock still, her heart skipping wildly as she looked at him. She wasn't concerned about the scratches, she liked to scratch too while at play. What did concern her was she would start healing instantly and he would notice that.

Were healing abilities were not as instantaneous as vampires. He would know something was wrong the instant she healed. While the pack now knew her secrets she had the distinct impression that this male would not react very well to them.

Her tension was replaced by a completely different kind when he raised her hand to his mouth and his tongue snaked out to flick against it, laving the scratches gently. Her heart somersaulted as he effectively solved her problem while at the same time sent a liquid heat coursing through her body to settle firmly between her thighs.

This male was oh so dangerous it was almost frightening.

Gard knew he was tempting fate, knew it was so incredibly reckless to taste her and yet he couldn't stop himself from doing so. All his senses craved the intoxicating cat perched on the branch with him. Her sweet blood filled his mouth as he healed her scratches, her flavour hot and heavy causing his blood to boil and his cock to become so hard he thought it would burst.

He had no idea why she tempted him, why everything about her teased him mercilessly. He'd had to fight to stay away from her room since their last meeting. Her feminine essence had stayed with him for hours after he'd indulged his first taste of her. Her sweet moans had filled his dreams, her wet heat overwhelming him until he woke up hard and heavy, aching to sink himself into her delectable body.

He licked his lips, a slow sensual smile curving them as he watched her pulse beat wildly at the side of her neck. "Are you ready to scream now, little cat?" he asked huskily.

Oh God, he was as tempting as sin. Rayne could barely catch her breath at the sheer eroticism of his tongue lapping up her blood as if she was the tastiest morsel he'd ever experienced. The hard, sexual promise of his words had her all but quivering as she remembered the heated expression on his face when he'd left her the other night.

Her claws curled, raking the back of his hand hard, fiercer and more feral than he had done to her. "And bring the pack down on us?" she asked, her tone as husky as his as she bent her head and ran her tongue over the cuts she'd caused on his hand.

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The instant he filled her mouth, fire washed through her, heady, intoxicating bliss consuming her in a hard, fast burn. He tasted wonderful, a heavenly blend of hot male sexuality and sweet, sweet blood trickling down her throat.

Rayne had always been concerned about her liking for the taste of blood. She didn't indulge it often, believing it made her abnormal somehow. Now she was closer to learning her true heritage she could understand it a bit better. She didn't need blood to live but she did find it the most heavenly experience in the right setting.

Her vampire growled a truly feral sound and she found herself sitting astride him, the heavy heat of his erection pressing against her moist centre so deliciously that she couldn't help but squirm against the thick muscle she craved to have deep inside her.

Another loud growl and then a hand closed over the nape out her neck hard and her head was tilted back to look into lavender eyes which were glowing brightly. So she hadn't imagined it before. His eyes really did glow when he was in the grip of intense emotions.

"Keep moving like that and you'll have to suffer the indignity of your pack finding you on all fours with my cock slamming deep and hard within you," he warned softly, his words sending more fire shuddering through her body.

Her cat purred in pure unadulterated sexual pleasure, luxuriating in the way this vampire controlled it, teased it, promise it bliss like never before. The female part of her liked it too. She was used to being stronger than most men. It was hard finding a man who could satisfy both parts of her nature. She knew she had found just such a man in the beautiful vampire who held her rigid against his hard body.

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Rayne wrapped her arms around his neck, leaning in to scent the side of his throat, amazed that he'd dropped his cloaking abilities and allowed her to scent what he truly was. Rich, dark chocolate came to mind, the hint of a summer breeze rustling across it. It was a strange scent, extremely sensual, a mix of the elements as well as the more earthy delights of food. It suited him perfectly.

She released her own masking abilities, allowed him to scent her while praying he didn't scan too deeply. If he scented she was part vampire she wasn't sure how he would react. His breath whispered across the side of her neck and then he stiffened, his talons piercing the side of her neck and drawing blood.

Gard was lost in the scent of wildflowers and sunshine, orange blossoms and sun-kissed skin. She was so intoxicating it was all he could do not to sink his fangs into the side of her neck and drink deeply of her sweet, hot blood. It was an exercise in restraint keeping his fangs at bay.

No one had ever tempted him so badly before. His lips were a hairsbreadth away from her soft skin when he sensed something that shouldn't be there. His hand tightened reactively and he scented her blood a second before she froze in his arms.

He released his grip marginally, retracting his talons as he pulled his head back to look into her face. "Explain." It was an order, there was no getting away from that fact, or the hard expression on his face as his eyes blazed down at her.

It took a moment for Rayne to realise what was causing his sudden tension and she couldn't stop the surprise that crossed her face as she met his gaze unflinchingly. "It's an Alpha bond," she answered, watching his expression mirror hers with his own surprise.