

Chapter 234

Magic? She realised he meant it, that he wasn't yanking her chain. This vampire of indeterminate age was telling her that he could perform magic. She should have laughed at the very notion but for some reason she didn't. Something in his very stillness, the way he was watching her so intently suddenly had her looking around the cave system, noticing what she had missed.

Little glass bowls flickered with light in various nooks and crannies but didn't give off any smoke. They weren't filled with a smokeless gel either, they were simply full of a single flame, suspended in nothing but air, like magic.

Her eyes swung disbelievingly to his as he removed the pipe from the now filled tub and returned it to its place on the wall, gravity keeping the water from flowing out.

Lavender eyes met hers, mysterious, intent as he approached the tub again. "How hot do you like it?" His voice was low, sensual, and full of innuendo.

"Very hot," she whispered; her voice catching breathlessly as she drowned in his gaze.

"Ashspiri," he said quietly, his hand in the water as he kept her gaze fixed with his, searching for any sign of panic or fear. Her lips parted in a started gasp as steam suddenly rose between them.

"Hot enough?" he asked lightly, his lips curving at the stunned expression on her face as she tentatively touched the now heated water.

"How?" she gasped, shaking her head in disbelief. The water was at a perfect temperature and all he'd done was whisper a foreign word. $\mathbb{W}\hat{W}\mathbf{W}.\textcolor{red}{n}\mathbf{o}(\textcolor{blue}{v})\textcolor{teal}{e}\mathbb{L}\hat{W}\mathbf{o}\textcolor{brown}{r}^{(m)}.\check{\mathcal{O}}\mathcal{M}$

"Magic," he said again, his smile broadening as he headed around the partition to retrieve some thick towels from a large wooden chest on the other side. He had just revealed a secret to her that no one else apart from his sister and her mate knew. He should have felt some trepidation about doing so but he didn't. The expression of wonder on her exquisite face had been worth it.

"You're sweaty from your run," he told her, pulling a small table close to the tub, full of the necessary items required for bathing. He made room for the towels and dropped them onto the table. "Why don't you freshen up and I'll arrange some food for you? I have no kitchen here, not a requirement I need but it will only take me five minutes to get you something. Relax. Enjoy your bath."

He headed out again leaving Rayne staring mutely after him. He had heated water with his bare hands; his illumination of the cave was most definitely not conventional. He said it was magic and it certainly appeared to be. Just who was her vampire? What was he?

She found it didn't matter to her, her need to know only because she wanted to know more about him. If he could do magic tricks then fine, it would make playing with him much more interesting. Stripping off her clothes, she secured her hair on top of her head and slid into the bath. A long sigh of bliss escaped her as the hot water took the chill of the cave off her skin.

She rested for a moment and just soaked it in. Then she grabbed some liquid soap from the table and a sponge and began to leisurely wash away the effects of her run. The water was so soothing she rested back again and closed her eyes, luxuriating in its warmth.

Big, male hands brushing her shoulders had her eyes opening to see Gard standing above her his eyes lazily roaming her naked body beneath the water. His expression was full of hunger, a faint glow coming into his lavender eyes. She realised what that glow meant now. It was his power. His inner magic.

"Water's getting cold," she said softly breaking his perusal and drawing those amazing eyes to hers. He dipped his hand into the water and whispered that magical word again and she felt heat surround her and her skin tingled ever so slightly.

Her lips quirked in a little smile as her heart kick up a beat. "Bet you'd make a great hot water bottle," she quipped lightly and the intensity of his stare softened and he smiled sensually at her.

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"I guess you'll find out soon enough," he answered huskily and her heart skipped in her chest.

"More empty promises, Gard?"

He stood up straight, his eyes darkening as his hands went to his shirt and he started to unbutton it. "No, you get to scream now, Kitty," he whispered softly. "Nice and loud, over and over again until you're hoarse."

Rayne's stomach fluttered wildly at the heated promise in his words and his eyes as he slowly bared his chest for her eager perusal. She sucked in a sharp breath as he revealed a wall of pure, hard muscle, his skin glowing in the flickering lights, steam moving to cling to his taut physique.

He was beautiful clothed but he was a God in his naked skin. Liquid heat pulsed between her thighs and she had to force herself to take each breath as he watched her enjoy his body with a pleased, sensual smile on his lips.

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His boots thudded to the floor and then he was peeling off his jeans revealing thick, muscled thighs, lean sculpted hips and the most impressive erection she had ever laid eyes on before. He stood proud and unashamed of his body letting her look her fill as she licked her lips in a very catlike way.

A deep growl rumbled from his chest drawing her eyes reluctantly back to his. "Somebody looks hungry," he drawled softly, his voice husky and $\textcolor{teal}{l}\mathbf{o}\textcolor{red}{w}\textcolor{teal}{u}\textcolor{brown}{w}.\mathbf{N}\mathbb{O}\textcolor{teal}{v}\hat{\mathcal{e}}\mathbb{O}(\textcolor{blue}{w})\textcolor{brown}{o}\textcolor{red}{r}\mathbf{M}.\mathbf{c}\mathbf{o}\mathbf{m}$

Rayne came to her knees in the tub, her arms braced on the cold edge. "Somebody's ravenous," she breathed softly, her eyes dancing with anticipation as she reached out and tried to close her hand around the thick length of him. He let out another loud growl that sent shivers down her spine as she tugged gently, pulling him closer.

"I like to lick too, vampire. All cats do. But sucking is also a very great pleasure of mine," she smiled a second before her tongue snaked out and lightly traced the vein running the length of his erection.

His hips jerked, his breath caught and his hand fisted tightly in her bound hair. "Then suck, little kitty. Nice and hard. Show me how you play." It was an order but one she was happy to obey.

She teased him with little flicks of her tongue, feeling his hands tighten in her hair as he became impatient. She savoured his taste, luxuriating in the feel of hard steel wrapped in a core of hot silk. Then her hunger got the better of her as she took him deep into her mouth sucking hard as he wanted.

The loud roar that erupted from his lips was music to her ears, the way his hips flexed reflexively trying to drive himself completely into her mouth, an aphrodisiac like no other. Rayne had had three thousand years to perfect her skills of oral loving and she was thankful for them because she wanted to give this male pleasure as he'd never received before.