

Chapter 308

When she'd made the decision to join the Praetorians, she'd researched its leader carefully and had been intrigued by what she'd discovered. He was an Elder just past fifteen hundred years old and he was the perfect vampire. Unlike most of their kind who had some affiliation to at least one or more people, Mac appeared to have none.

There was no family lurking in the background, no friends or acquaintances he aligned himself with. He appeared completely alone though she wasn't fooled by the knowledge she'd unearthed about him.*www.nOveLWorm.com*

Yes, the man was cold and remote, ruthless in his dealings with everyone but she'd managed to ferret out that he classed Demetri as his friend. As her adopted uncle had impeccable taste and didn't give his friendship lightly, that spoke volumes about just what kind of man Mac was.

That information earned him her respect and she'd delved deeper, loving everything she'd managed to uncover about Mackenzie. She was very good at ferreting out things, which was how she'd come to discover the shadowy world of the Praetorians in the first place.

She was eighteen the first time she'd become aware of something not quite right around the compound. Her inquisitive nature had kicked in and instead of telling anyone she'd began working harder on her shadowing technique until she could shift to her wolf form and shadow herself deep within the forest.*©WV.n@V.lwôR.M.COm*

She'd caught her very first glimpse of Mac that day. Her heart had faltered as he'd stridden into a clearing obviously meeting up with his soldiers. He'd reminded her of some great general from the past commanding his people with short clipped sentences. He'd been nothing short of a God in her eyes, the first unattached male to catch her inexperienced eye.*Ww(w).NoveLwOr(m).coM*

~~She'd had an ill-advised crush on Aaron the month before but Jen had sat her down and been very kind even as she'd politely advised her she'd kick her ass all over the compound if she came anywhere near her mate. Lily had wanted to die of embarrassment but Jen had finished her warning with her customary warm hug and a promise that one day she'd find her soul mate so she should practice patience until that happened.~~

The problem was Lily had a bit of an issue with patience sometimes, which was how she'd found herself deep in the forest, listening to Mac talk with his people, learning all about the Praetorians and their mission. She was amazed and pleased to discover that Jen had been proven right and she'd had barely a month to wait.

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As her eyes had feasted on the delicious male in front of her, the need to growl loudly had almost overcome her and given away her presence, but she'd managed to contain her wolf as the stupid thing had started screaming mine at the top of its lungs.

She hadn't needed her wolf to tell her that, she'd known the instant she'd seen him that Mackenzie belonged to her. It was then she understood Jen's words of wisdom about having patience.

A man like Mac needed a strong woman and she was barely into maturity. She'd need a little more time to grow up and work on becoming the kind of woman Mac would find irresistible.

Today, the final phase of Operation Mackenzie would begin. Lily didn't even entertain the possibility that she would fail to win this proud warrior's heart. Failure was just not an option. He belonged to her; it was as simple as that. She was everything he desired even if he didn't know it yet.

Lily continued watching him as he kept his back to the waiting candidates. Everything about him screamed danger; the way he moved, the dead black eyes he used mercilessly against everyone. Most people would shy away from a man like him but Lily wasn't most people. She was used to dealing with feral males with lightening tempers which could spring up out of nowhere. Her father was a prime example of that.

Lily couldn't stop her lips from twitching fractionally as she thought of her dad. She adored him even when he drove her to act impulsively as she was doing now. Her mother tried her hardest to temper his over-protectiveness but the man still managed to be everywhere Lily turned around.

Not one male in the pack had been brave enough to come near her. Any that had even dared look in her direction quickly averted their gaze once her father noted their interest. The man could be so insufferable at times, pigheaded and frustrating. No one was good enough for his little girl and it had driven her insane.

That was the second reason she'd carefully constructed a personal history for 'Andrea Ruminsky.' Apart from the obvious one - the Praetorians would recognise her name and send her home with a flea in her ear - her false identity made it harder for Andrei to track her down. She'd had to use every bit of her computer skills to create the fictitious woman so she could get past the stringent checks done on all candidates for the Praetorians.

Thankfully she wasn't well known in the vampire community because of Andrei's paranoia that someone would hurt his children. They'd been kept to pack lands the majority of their lives. It had taken her a good decade of slipping away using her shadowing abilities to 'live' a secret life as Andrea. She'd only needed to put in small appearances here and there so people got to know of her.

Having the ability to mask her scent was an added bonus. She'd carefully practiced her skill until she had it down to a fine art. Anyone could scent her now and all they would sense would be her vampiric half. Her Were side was hidden deeply within her. That pissed off her wolf a bit but she understood. She was just as frustrated at being caged by their father.

Lily knew her parents were probably furious with her right now, but she was determined to go through with her plans. She'd left them a note to say she was fine and would be in contact soon. She didn't want them to think she'd been kidnapped and call out the Praetorians to try and track her down. That would be too ironic.

Andrei's overpowering protectiveness had caged her, stifled her adventurous spirit so much she'd had to get away. She was almost thirty and had never truly experienced life. She knew her father loved her, was terrified something terrible would happen to her because of her heritage. But he was incapable of seeing that he was smothering her and denting her self-confidence. She needed to prove to herself what she was capable of, learn who she was as a person and not just a Vârcolac.