

Chapter 314

Pushing the weight of his responsibilities away for a short time, he headed into his bedroom and walked straight through without glancing around. He was sweaty and his body was hard and aching with need. Ruminsky's blood still lingered on his skin and his clothes, her scent seeping into his every pore and making his head spin.

He had to wash the woman off him before he did something stupid, like look for her and fuck her senseless until she screamed his name in ecstasy as he lost himself inside her delectable body. He wasn't sure he'd be able to kill her after taking her, and he didn't want to put himself in that position.

Even now just the thought of hurting her in any way felt wrong. He didn't know if he had it in him to kill her. And that concerned him immensely.

Mac turned the shower on and looked at the top in his hands. It was washable but he was inclined just to throw it away. It wasn't as if he was short on clothes. He paused at the bin raising the cloth to his nose so he could scent the female's blood that was making his head spin. His body hardened further, his irritation spiralling almost out of control.

Mac tossed the offending garment in the bin and stripped off the rest of his clothes. No way was he going to allow a woman to mess with his head. He didn't care how beautiful or intoxicating she was.

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Lily followed Karn into the house via the back door, straight into a huge kitchen/dining room. The sandy-haired vampire jerked his head towards an enormous stainless steel refrigerator.

"Bottled blood's in there. You drink one daily when training. I don't give a fuck what you get up to on your downtime but while you're here you stay off the vein completely. I catch any of you indulging, you deal with Mac personally." His pale blue eyes shifted to Lily. "As you will no doubt have noticed, pissing Mac off isn't a smart move."

She took the intended rebuke with a toss of her ponytail over her shoulder. She might have gained some respect for holding her own against Karn's fearless leader, but he was quick to ensure that none of them had better challenge Mac so openly again.

It took everything in her power not to shudder as she pulled open the fridge and plucked out a bottle of blood. She could exist on blood alone for a prolonged period of time but she didn't particularly enjoy it. She preferred a nice juicy steak with all the trimmings, real food to soothe her wolf. She wasn't sure how long she'd be required to stay here. She might have to work out a way to sneak out and find some real food.

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As far as she could uncover, the Praetorians only trained at the house, sleeping there when they were on duty. They returned to their own homes when they took their downtime. How long would Mac expect them to stay here before he was confident enough in their loyalty to let them go home?

And where was he anyway? She scented the air unobtrusively under the guise of drinking down her nourishment. She sensed him at the top of the house, the farthest point away from her. Was he hiding? Had she rattled him enough that he instinctively sought to protect himself?

Her wolf rumbled her disapproval at the thought of their male running away from them. "He can run all his wants, girl, but he won't get far," Lily reassured her animal as she swallowed down the last of the cold blood and dropped the empty bottle into a waiting trashcan.

"Where's my room?" she called to Karn as she headed out of the kitchen. WwW.n0vé/w0©m.com

"Pick one on the second floor," he called back. "They're all the same."

Without a word, she grabbed her pack which had been tossed into the hallway of the main house with all the others. Her gaze quickly slipped over the entryway. It was dark and bleak, wood dominating the area. Her Alpha's house also contained a lot of wood but it also oozed warmth and welcome. The Praetorians' house was the complete opposite.

Fighting down a sigh, Lily bounded up the first flight of stairs then headed up the next one. A glance upwards told her there was only one further flight, which would take her up to Mac's quarters. She chose the door directly in front of the stairs, the one closest to him. She would hear him as he came and went. She wondered if he'd try and figure out which room she was in. Would he understand the significance of her choice?

He wasn't a stupid male. He would immediately understand the signals she was sending out. Whether or not he acted on them was a different matter. She headed inside after one last glance up the stairs and closed the door behind her.

"I could so get sick of the sight of wood." Her wolf growled her agreement as they looked around the spartan interior.

The room felt small even though it was quite a decent size. There were no adornments on the walls, just relentless dark wood panels. The floor had the same panels, and the wardrobe and chest of drawers appeared to be built from the same material. The only relief from the starkness was the large king-sized bed with its crisp white bedding.wvw.w.n©vêℓw0rM.©Om

Dropping her pack, Lily headed over to the door closest to the bed and peeked inside. The bathroom was modern, starkly white and completely depressing. She couldn't help longing for her girlie rooms at home. She might like to kick ass but she adored her creature comforts too.

Her wolf urged her to do something about it but she resisted the temptation. How the hell would she explain redecorating her room? She'd maybe get away with a couple of small knickknacks but covering the walls would be a bit of challenge to explain.www.N©VeℓW©Řm.c(ø)(m)

Lily's conjuration skills were top notch, surpassing even Rayne's in some regards despite her friend being three thousand years older. Every Vâroloc could create clothes for themselves by using their minds. Lily was the only one who could create things which didn't relate to clothing.

Granted they had to be small things. She couldn't suddenly magic up a car or a house and she couldn't create food, but she could create jewellery, other feminine essentials like makeup and hair ties. If she really wanted to, she could probably conjure up tins of paint and a brush to pretty up her new bedroom though she hadn't tried anything like that before. She just felt an enormous wealth of potential deep within her which she hadn't tapped yet.

But experimenting with it here was most definitely not the right thing to do. She retrieved her pack and quickly emptied it, settling her few clothes into the drawers. They were practical clothes, cargo pants, jeans, tank tops, all the things a soldier would be expected to carry around with them.