

## Chapter 315

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There was one feminine blouse and one short skirt with a complementary pair of slinky heels. A girl had to be prepared just in case she might be called on to dress up for an occasion. And then there was the sexy lingerie too.

She'd gotten her addiction for delicate lingerie from her favourite aunt. Cedar was so elegant and refined all the time and she put it down to always having the sexiest undergarments on no matter what she was wearing. Lily had to concur with that. She felt feminine even in her cargo pants when she had sheer lace panties hugging her hips.

The thought of lace and sex made her think of Mac and she pushed down a strangled groan as her body reacted. Time for a shower! There was no way she could throw herself at him this soon into her tenure under him. A nice cold shower would wash away the day's training activities and also cool her blood.

A knock at her door an hour later had her springing from the bed in an instant. She'd showered and changed into dark blue hip hugging jeans and a deep red tank top which gave tantalising glimpses of her bare midriff as she moved. She opened the door to find Karn standing outside.Ŵ(w).m0velworm.C0M

"Mac wants you."

Lily blinked in surprise. She hadn't expected him to come looking for her so soon. "He does? Where am I supposed to meet him?"

"Downstairs. Study next to the sitting room." The vampire turned and walked away.

Lily smiled, amusement crossing her face. "Hey, Karn, do you ever do warm and fuzzy? Enquiring minds want to know if you know the meaning of the word charm."

He shot her the finger and kept walking, her laughter following him as he disappeared into a room on the first floor.

Lily closed her door and headed downstairs. She liked Karn. His little speech in the kitchen earlier had been the most she'd heard him speak in one go. Usually he just grunted words. As long as he got his point across he was happy. If he had to repeat himself he wasn't averse to using his fists to make sure his point was made the second time.ww0n0v0Rm.C0m

That was what she liked about him. You always knew where you stood with Karn. He was blunt, rough around the edges, but fiercely loyal. If he considered you worth the effort then he gave you his entire attention. She'd been two weeks into her initiation as a Praetorian when he'd judged her worthy enough. He'd been tough on her but he'd helped shape her until she was the top of her group. She had a lot of time for the anti-social vampire.

She gave herself a mental shake when she reached the study door. Her knock was sharp and quick, Mac's voice urging her to enter before her hand was back at her side. Squaring her shoulders she turned the doorknob and entered.

"More wood!" she groaned internally her eyes quickly flicking around the stark room. There was a large desk against one wall, a deep mahogany colour. A black leather chair was behind the desk, an open laptop the only thing on the dark surface. Two smaller black chairs faced the desk and there was a dark brown leather sofa taking up most of the wall underneath the window.

Surprisingly there were no bookcases to be seen, though there was a large open fireplace on the wall directly opposite the door. Mackenzie was standing with his back to the fire, his black gaze intent on her.

He'd obviously showered, having changed into tight-fitting black jeans with a matching silk shirt. His thick black locks were loose around his shoulders, his expression unreadable.

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The man had to be Satan given form. No mere male could be so gorgeous, so intimidating. Lily could feel liquid heat running through her body as she met his hard gaze, tilting her chin up in challenge. She had no idea she looked a lot like her mother when she adopted that pose. She had her father's volatile personality and just assumed she was more like him.

"The room isn't to your liking?" Mac had noted a slight tightening around her mouth as she'd surveyed the room. He'd been watching her keenly since she'd entered, determined to discover what it was about her that seeped under his skin.

He hadn't stopped thinking about her for the last hour. He'd finally decided to confront the woman, talk to her, try and get inside her head so he could work out this uncomfortable obsession he appeared to be developing for her.

The moment she'd stepped into the room his breath had halted, his throat constricting as his eyes travelled over her exquisite face, down over the obscenely short red top that hugged her breasts like a second skin. A golden strip of bare flesh teased him and something shiny in her navel attracted his attention.

His body had hardened in an instant, the shiny pink jewel in her navel capturing his attention completely. He'd almost groaned out loud. Delicate little piercings turned him on immensely. He couldn't help wondering if she had more on her body.

She didn't strike him as the type to have her nipples pierced; he didn't see any evidence of it either under her top. It had been an effort to tear his gaze away from her body. Thankfully she'd been too busy wrinkling her nose at his study to notice his reaction.

"It's not exactly homey," she said with a hint of amusement in her voice, and it took him a moment to realise she was answering the question he'd just posed to her.

"It's not meant to be," he countered. "This is a training camp, not a sorority house. If you want frills and lace then fuck off home and decorate your house the way you want it."

Lily raised an eyebrow in surprise, fighting the urge to smile. Mac actually seemed offended that she didn't like his house. His reaction had been a little over the top and from the way the muscle in the side of his jaw ticked, he appeared to realise it himself.

"So you wanted to see me so we could argue about interior décor?" she asked coolly, keeping her expression as neutral as possible. "You asked me what I thought. If you don't like the answer then maybe you shouldn't ask the question."