

Chapter 321

"Then let me fix your face for you so I can make amends for past actions," he answered carefully, keeping his emotions well hidden.*www.fl@velW@Om.cóM*

She smiled and then winced as her cheek stretched. "I'd like that very much, Mac, 'cos it hurts like a bitch trying to smile with half a wine glass imbedded in your cheek." She allowed him to escort her up a flight of stairs.

"Which room is yours?" he asked when they reached the second floor.

"Guess."

Mac closed his eyes and counted to ten. The scent of her blood was slowly driving him out of his mind. He didn't have time to waste playing guessing games with her, but he could tell she was enjoying herself and wouldn't divulge the information voluntarily.

He looked at the doors ahead of them, trying to work out if she would choose the room with direct access to the exit. Some vampires were superstitious that way, always wanting a way out. Something told him Andrea wasn't so inclined.

She'd been looking for a way into the Praetorians. His brain whirled and he headed down the hallway towards the stairs that led to his rooms. She'd been interested in him right from the moment she'd arrived. He stopped at the door directly in front of the stairs leading upwards.*wŴW.movElWor@.com*

The pleased smile on her face told him he'd guessed correctly. Turning the doorknob, he escorted her into her room. He flipped the light on and glanced around the gloomy interior. He never been in these rooms, had never paid much attention to them.

No wonder she'd mentioned finding wood unattractive. It seemed almost sacrilegious to ask someone as vibrant as Andrea to bed down in such an austere setting. Christ, even Annie had commented earlier on his décor. Maybe he should think about tarting the place up a bit, making it a bit homier.

He brought his wandering thoughts to a halt and shepherded his charge into her bathroom. "How's your balance?" he asked, turning on the sink taps and running warm water into the bowl.

"I am not drink...I mean drunk," she denied with a frown marring her bloodstained face.

Mac cursed under his breath and lifted her onto the counter top beside the sink. "I didn't ask you if you were drunk, Andrea. I asked you how your balance was," he said patiently. "I don't want you to fall from the counter when I turn my back on you."

"Oh, right. I understand," she sighed and leaned against the wall. "Lily," she muttered as she closed her eyes.

Mac frowned, soaking a cloth in the warm water. "Lily?" He had no idea what she meant by that.

"Call me Lily, not Andrea," she mumbled, frowning with her eyes closed when he helped her to sit up.

He very carefully removed the main shard of glass from her cheek, his intent gaze searching for any smaller shards that may have become imbedded in the wound. He didn't see any. "Why would you want me to call you Lily?" he asked gently, washing the blood from her face and neck.

Her eyes tried to open but she was clearly too far gone. She'd had an exhausting day, had lost blood twice now, and probably needed to drink some to replenish her loss.*(w)www.novElW@rm.cOM*

"My name, Mac," she answered so quietly he almost missed her response as he rinsed out the bloody cloth in the water.

He kept his touch light, his voice low and soothing as he followed the trail of blood underneath the neckline of her top, taking care to touch her bare skin with just the cloth. A feeling of unease was settling over him. "Your name is Lily?" he coaxed gently. "That's a beautiful name. Is your last name as beautiful, sugar?"

She giggled and leaned forward, pressing her face into the side of his neck. "I'm two flowers, Mac. A lily and a rose. Is that pretty too? My dad calls my mom Rose. I don't know why 'cos her name's Loretta. Rose isn't a nickname for Loretta is it?"

Ice-cold chills travelled down Mac's spine, his arms reaching around her to hold her close. "I don't think it is, sugar," he managed to say in a gentle tone. "You're right; your name is pretty, Lily. I bet your scent is really pretty too."

She stiffened slightly and then relaxed with another giggle. "Hold on, I've got to convince her to let go."

"Convince who, sugar?" Mac didn't really need any further information from her. His gut was clenched hard, his brain screaming his denial. He knew her scent would confirm his suspicions. Lily Rose with a mother named Loretta? What were the odds of there being more than one in the surrounding area?

"My wolf. She's in charge of masking our scent tonight 'cos I was having too many drinks," Lily sighed forlornly. "She doesn't want to let go no matter how much I try and make her." She pulled back and stared down at her body.

"Stop it, girl!" she said sternly. "It's okay to let Mac know the truth. You heard Annie earlier. She said it's bad to keep secrets from our mate. If you don't let him scent us then you're denying he belongs to us."

Mac's body went rigid with shock. He stared at Andrea... no, at Lily, her words seeping into his stunned mind. He'd just opened his mouth to speak when the wonderful scent of lilac suddenly filled the bathroom. His head spun, his gut clenched, and he was forced to grip the sink hard on either side of her legs.

He'd scented her true scent many years ago when she was a young child. It had been a pleasing scent then, a delicate aroma which had brought a smile to his face with its freshness and innocence. Now she was a woman and though her scent brought up those same emotions, having attained puberty had brought a new element to it. The maturity of a woman was subtly woven through the lilacs changing it just enough to punch him hard in the gut.

www.©ó©(e)l(w)@rm.c©m