

Chapter 336

Fifteen minutes didn't seem like a long time but time dragged for Lily as the house suddenly emptied and she was left alone with Mac. She heard him come downstairs and go into the study. He must have known she was still in the sitting room, but he hadn't looked in or called her to follow him. Swallowing hard, she approached the study door and knocked before entering.

Mac was sitting behind his desk, his long hair loose and falling over his shoulders in silky waves. His eyes were fixed firmly on hers but there was no warmth in their dark depths. His expression was the perfect bland mask that vampires managed to master over their very long lives. He looked so beautiful but he also looked deadly.

He reminded her of her father when he was displeased with something she'd done and she felt her heart kick up a beat as she walked further into the room after closing the door behind her.

"That's far enough."

It was a command and there was no disputing it so she halted in the middle of the room and clasped her arms behind her back, standing to attention automatically. If she'd pleased him with her instant obedience there was no clear sign of it.

He left her standing there for a full ten minutes, his gaze never leaving her face. It was hard to take his scrutiny. She couldn't read his expression, couldn't predict what he was going to do and she couldn't stop the feeling of trepidation that was running through her confusion.

Mac finally stood up slowly, walking towards her as her heart kicked up a beat and her fear escalated. She held her position though, and was careful to keep her gaze slightly lowered. Karn had said not to challenge Mac and for once she was going to do what she was told. Something told her it was very important that she heed those words of advice.

"I can scent your fear," Mac said softly, his head bending slightly to inhale against the side of her neck without actually touching her. "There's nothing more heady to a predator than the scent of its prey's fear. It's intoxicating; it excites the beast within."*www.No(v)elwôrm.com*

Lily swallowed hard and tried to dampen down her response. She ran through all the mental exercises Rayne had ever taught her to rein in her emotions.

"Good mental discipline," he said, inhaling again. "So you are strong enough to control yourself when you're being threatened." He straightened and when he looked at her this time, his eyes were molten blackness. "So where the fuck was this discipline when you tried to rip out the throat of the man who has protected your fucking ass all your life?"*w@W.n(o)veIW@rmm.cOm*

His expected fury still managed to startle her. Lily backed away a step instinctively, confusion on her face. Guilt washed over her and she fought to stop her bottom lip trembling. She didn't need Mac to tell her she was out of order for what she'd done to Karn. She knew that already.

He stalked forward and she stepped back again, kept retreating until her back slammed against the door with her arms pinned behind her as Mac loomed over her. The heat of his closeness had her body reacting instinctively. The threat of his fury should have turned her off completely and yet she was reacting to it in a feral manner.*(w)ww.nOv_eIW@r-m.com*

Lily knew without a doubt that he wouldn't hurt her. He was trying to scare her, trying to get a specific reaction out of her. And he would continue to crowd her until she gave him what he was looking for. Mac was determined to teach her a lesson; she just didn't know what it was.

"Did you like my bedroom, Lily?" he whispered against the shell of her ear.

Pain lanced through her and she stifled down the sound that wanted to rip from her throat. She trembled and her wolf growled.

"Did you like the satin sheets, little Vârcolac?" he continued, his voice low and husky. "Did you imagine what it would feel like to lie on those sheets as my body covered yours, or were you imagining other women lying there? Is that what set you off, Lily? Did you have images of me sliding deep inside other women, pounding hard and fast into their luscious bodies as I drank down their sweet blood?"

Her wolf howled a mournful sound. The animal rose up within her as she tried to escape his words, tried to escape the raw agony searing through her body. His words conjured images she didn't want to see. Her wolf snarled in a combination of fury and pain as it sought to protect her.

"Don't you fucking dare shift," Mac hissed in her ear. There was no compromise in his tone. It was an order, one he expected to be obeyed.

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Sweat broke out on her brow as she fought to control her wolf. She wanted to surrender to her beast, wanted to hide and lick her wounds but his words stopped her, demanded she obey him. Her wolf snatched control and she felt the shift begin.

"If you fucking disobey me you're out of here, Romanov. No second chances," Mac grated in her ear.

She screamed, her denial and fury in the raw sound that escaped her. She wrested control from her wolf, sweat trailing down the side of her face as she pushed the animal down ruthlessly, forcing her to obey. It was torture; the struggle for control left her breathless and exhausted, but she finally won the battle, her chest heaving from the exertion.

Mac hadn't moved away from her, had remained so close they were almost touching. She would have ripped into him without conscious thought if she'd shifted with him so close while her wolf was panicked and threatened. She could have killed him and he would have just stood there and let her do it. She didn't know how she knew that but she did.

"Never lose control, Lily," he finally breathed against her neck. "Without conscious control of your beast, it's just a mindless, savage animal. It will react instinctively and you'll hurt people you care about. You have the strength to control your wolf if the need is great enough."

He pushed away from her moving to sit behind his desk again. "You can go catch up with the rest of the team, finish out the run."