

Chapter 350

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The problem with punishing his errant mate was it usually drove him insane too, but it was a heady kind of insanity. He wasn't angry with her. He had learned the hard way that his mate acted impulsively but always for the greater good. Sometimes it took him longer to reach the same conclusions she did instinctively, but he always ended up agreeing with her decisions in the long run.

She still should have told him about Lily though, not waited until she'd been put into a position that made it impossible for her to keep silent any longer. "I'm going to enjoy teaching you the error of your ways, sweet one," he breathed against her skin, his voice laden with husky promise combined with a thick, pulsing need.

"I'm ready for my lesson," Rhianna laughed rubbing her breasts against his chest, her laughter turning into a low moan as his arms tightened around her and his lips brushed slowly up to her chin and then across her cheek.

She knew she was in for a world of teasing, a slow erotic torture as Caleb stamped his dominance all over her in a way which left her under no illusions that she belonged to him. She shivered in anticipation of each slow, languid stroke of his fingers, every whispered breath that would tease her skin until she begged for more.

He would deny her pleas, push her to orgasm after orgasm without giving her what she really craved, his body sliding deep within her, claiming her completely until the world melted away and there was only Caleb.

Only when she was mindless with need would he sate her craving and they'd come together in fiery passion, both of them driven beyond their limits. It was a glorious way to be punished and she was anxious for her lesson to begin. The thudding of Caleb's heart against her told her he was just as eager to begin their erotic dance.

Caleb's lips found hers an instant later and he was picking her up, as his tongue plunged deep into her mouth branding her as his, as he strode determinedly from the room and upstairs, the object of his lesson willingly allowing him to do as he pleased.

His Annie was always willing, always eager to dance with him, to allow him those moments when he needed her to be just a woman, just his mate who surrendered herself to his every whim with no complaint.ŵwⓈ.Ŋôve1(◊)◊Rм.Ĉ◊м

He wondered which one of them would break first. He always set a time limit on how long he would pleasure her to insanity. He never told her about the time limit; because if he did she would know that she won every time. No matter how he tried to resist, how he tried to keep control, his luscious mate always caused him to roll over in defeat and give her what she wanted long before he ever reached the time constraints he'd set himself.

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She had enough power over him as it was. He wasn't insane enough to give her any more and allow her to play with him shamelessly as he knew she would. But even as he kicked the bedroom door shut and headed to their bed, he had a sneaking suspicion that his Annie already knew all that. The damned woman appeared to know everything anyway. And he was hopeless at hiding his clawing need, his deep abiding love for her.

He tossed his woman onto the bed, his gut tightening as her fiery curls flowed over the pillows. She was his greatest weakness and yet she was his greatest strength. They steered a nation between them, they changed the paths of every life they touched. She was his air and his heartbeat, his conscience and his sanity. She was his.

He watched her through heated eyes, his nostrils flaring as he took in the scent of her arousal as she pulled off her top to bare her breasts to him. The strength of his feelings for her overwhelmed him and he loomed over her, forcing her to lie back against the sheets.

"Punishment time," he breathed softly, his voice low and thick, his body hard and aching. Without giving her time to respond, he fastened his mouth to her breast and bit deep to savour the sweet flavour of her blood. He began to suckle strongly drinking down the essence of his woman, the intoxicating flavour of the one woman he could never survive without.

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He feasted at her breast, used his magic to keep her pinned to the bed as he greedily took his fill. As his bloodlust began to ease, he slid a hand between her thighs, rubbing hard twice against the coarse material of her denims and growling loudly as he sent her soaring for the first of many times yet to come.

Lily was sweating, her breaths coming out in sharp pants as Karn ran them up and down the steep heavily wooded mountain range. They'd been at it for hours, the pace relentless but invigorating. It took her mind off Mac leaving so she was grateful for the extreme workout.

She kept close to the leading group of Praetorian's slipping back slightly when Kallum had contacted her. She was glowing at her brother's approval of Mac. She'd secretly been a bit concerned that he might disapprove of her choice. She should have known better. She knew Kal only wanted her happiness. Her brother would accept whatever choice she made as long as he was convinced that it was the right choice.

She'd caught back up with the leading group again after her quick talk with Kal, slotting in beside Brandon and easily maintaining the pace. She sensed him looking at her but didn't say anything. Talking when running at such a brisk pace wasn't easy and Brandon would have been suspicious if she'd spoken to him with her mental voice.

He was already giving her too many considering looks as it was. He was fiercely intelligent and she did trust him...sort of. She didn't trust him the way she trusted Mac and Karn, but she classed him as her best friend outside of the pack. Her instincts told her he would never betray her but she wasn't quite ready yet to fully trust her own instincts. She'd already let herself down by hurting Karn. That was a lesson she needed to pay close attention to.

It was another half an hour before Karn switched direction and led them back towards the compound. It was close to lunchtime and Lily's stomach growled quietly. The increase in exercise was playing havoc with her need for proper food. At this rate, three days would be too long to wait to feed her wolf. She was going to have to find a moment to speak to Karn about it.

"Ruminsky; Oliver... Katanas," Karn barked as they arrived at the rear of the house, the wooden chest already outside and latched open.

Brandon uttered a quiet groan but strode over the chest beside her. They pulled out a sword each and moved to the centre clearing to stand facing each other. They were both covered in a light sheen of perspiration, Brandon's hair sticking to the side of his face.

Lily smiled tauntingly at him, mischief dancing in her eyes. "Aw is poor Brandon too tired after his little run?"

He grinned back at her, a spark of challenge entering his eyes as her taunt struck home. "Not too tired that I can't kick your ass, Ruminsky."