Lycan Pleasure / Chapter 358

Chapter 358

"The last time we were in here I wrecked the place afterwards so I suggest you keep your mouth shut unless I ask a question. Karn will be pissed if he has to redecorate again."

Her mouth dropped open and she gaped up at Mac in astonishment. The last time they'd been in here he'd made her control her wolf. It had been painful in the extreme, cutting so deep she didn't think she'd be able to survive it. Had his actions hurt him just as badly? Was that why he'd wrecked the room afterwards?

Mac yanked the pack from her shoulder, dropping it to the floor impatiently before he picked her up and strode across the room to perch her on the side of the desk. His intent gaze searched her face for a moment and then he bit out a harsh curse.

"Why were you crying?"

It was the last question she expected him to ask, so for a moment she could only stare at him mutely.

"You're allowed to speak. I did ask a question."

$@\mathcal{W}@.nove{\ell} Worm.(c) @m$

The sheer audacity of his words and actions sparked her temper and she scowled blackly. "Oh thank you so much for giving me permission to speak, Master. I don't know what I would do if I didn't have you here to instruct me."

A loud sigh escaped him and he reached back to tug out his plait and release his hair so he could run his fingers through it in frustration. "I don't know why you seem to think I have unlimited selfcontrol, Liliana, because I can assure you I don't. So stop playing with fire and answer the fucking

question."

He roared the last words at her, his icy façade vanishing in an instant to be replaced with anger.

"Don't you yell at me, Mackenzie," she shouted back. "I'm not the one who's pissing around pretending we're not mates. I'm not the one who doesn't give a fuck that denying me is ripping me to shreds. I'm not the one who isn't brave enough to say to hell with everyone else and take what belongs to me. I'm not the fucking coward here, Mac, you are!"

The force of raw fury and pain in her voice rocked him back on his heels. She was aware of all the reasons why they couldn't be together. She wasn't stupid. She knew there were lives at stake. And yet, the pain in her eyes was enough to bring him to his knees. $Www.n\sigma V \ddot{e}/w(\circ)rM.c\mathcal{O}m$

"So you were crying because I won't mate with you?" he asked, his voice devoid of all emotions. "Is that what all this 'I'm leaving' little scene is all about? Are you trying reverse psychology here?"

Lily's mouth dropped open again. She couldn't believe the sheer gall of the man to accuse her of playing silly games when there was so much at stake. Was that what he really thought of her? Suddenly it was all too much for her. She didn't have the energy any more to argue with him, to convince him of the truth.

"You know something, Mackenzie, you were right all along and I was the one in the wrong," she finally answered swinging her legs over the desk so she could slide to the floor away from him. $\hat{W}ww.nOvelworm.com$

"It's more than obvious we are not mates because I sure as hell don't think I could ever pick a man so odious that he could think something like that about me. So I'll answer your question about why I was crying. It's none of your fucking business. Just like anything I do on a personal level is none of your business. I might not have any say in how you guard me as a Praetorian but that's the sum total of our relationship from now on."

She marched over to her pack and picked it up. She could tell he was momentarily stunned by her words and she needed that fraction of time to get away before she collapsed into a flood of tears. She had to keep it together until she could get to Kal. He would help boost her defences until she was safely home.

The pack was ripped from her once more startling her as she reached the door. She was whirled around and pressed against the wood so quickly she didn't have time to react. Mac's hand was fisted in her hair, tilting her head up to meet his gaze. She saw fury etched on his face and denial. And then there was a raw hunger that took her breath away as she opened her mouth to protest.

His lips crushed hers hard. She whimpered in response, her hands coming up to push at his chest as he ravished her lips beneath his in a kiss which was pure, unadulterated hunger.

Karn's word came back to her about just how dangerous Mac was. He'd cautioned her not to push him and now it appeared she had and she was paying the price with a kiss so hot and hard she felt as if she was about to spontaneously combust.www. \mathcal{NOV} elw@rm. $\odot om$

"Mac." Her whimper breathed into his mouth, a plea for respite and also for more. She didn't know whether she wanted him to stop or keep going. She only knew her senses were being overloaded and she didn't know how to cope with what she was experiencing.

The sound of Lily's whimper cut through the haze in Mac's brain, the red hot fury and crippling pain he felt as she walked away calmly telling him that they weren't mates. He'd been fighting against her pull for so long he'd convinced himself he was in the right, was certain of it right up until the moment she'd tried to leave him.

Then he'd simply lost all control and now found coming to his senses brought a new wave of agony to his soul as he stared into her uncertain face, saw her bruised lips, and heard the echoes of her whimpers in his mind.

"Lily," he groaned tracing a shaky finger against her mouth. His breath was ragged; his heart thumping hard as he fought to contain his emotions, tried to find the right words to make her understand how he felt.

"I'm the one who's wrong, Liliana," he ground out hoarsely. "I've known it from the very first moment I laid eyes on you and I've tried to fight it, tried to do what was right but I can't. Every time I try to walk away I ache for you. I never dreamed you'd be the one to walk away from me. Don't leave me, Lily. Stay with me, please."

For a moment, Lily thought she was dreaming. The heat in Mac's eyes, the impassioned plea on his lips was all she'd ever wanted, her mate claiming her. She was afraid to speak, terrified that anything she said would break the spell and he'd retract his words, change his mind as he'd done before.