

Chapter 361

"Don't drink it too fast," he cautioned with a smile. "I'm not sure if I'm up to being a gentleman if you get wasted on alcohol. The last time was torture and I don't want to go through that again."

Outrage danced across her exquisite features as she sipped her wine. "I am not some kind of lush," she answered tartly. "I hadn't eaten proper food in days and that interfered with my tolerance levels."

Her indignation at his teasing merely heightened his pleasure and he trailed a finger from her brow down the side of her face keeping her gaze fixed on his. "Just making sure you know the ground rules, sugar. There will be no excuses tonight, nothing to get in the way of my plans for you."

Lily sipped at her wine, giving him a long measuring look as she worked to calm her rapidly beating heart. Mac looked every inch the predator he was though his eyes burned with a liquid heat that promised untold pleasure. "Your arrogance is quite breathtaking," she finally said, fighting a smile as a muscle ticked hard in his jaw.

His expression was suddenly intent, his hand still against the side of her face. "Yes, I'm arrogant," he agreed his voice serious. "I'm also possessive, dominant and a protector. Have no illusions about me, Liliana. If you take me, you accept the bad with the good."

His hand moved, sliding down the side of her neck to gently trace the spot Kallum had hit earlier. His gaze followed his hand for a moment and then travelled back to her face. "I'll try to give you the freedom you need, try to let you fly free. But you need to understand who I am right from the start, Lily. Where you go, I go. Where your wolf runs, I run at her side. You belong to me but I belong to you too. I may be possessive but you have that same right with me."

His words should have frightened her, should have had her running out the door and never looking back but she examined his face carefully, saw that he was half expecting her to run. Despite his words, there was a hint of fear in Mac's eyes as he waited for her reaction to his warning.

Lily knew what it was like to be so loved by a dominant male that their world revolved around her. They made mistakes and they suffered for the unwitting harm they caused. Her father was one such male and it appeared her mate would be another. There was a certain amount of irony that she would choose a man so like Andrei to claim as hers.

She smiled and shook her head sipping at her drink once more. "Just so you know, I will exercise my rights most diligently," she replied. Her smile widened at the flash of relief in his eyes. "And I'll most probably roast your heart as you try to keep me in line." She couldn't help teasing him.

"I have no doubts about that whatsoever," Mac laughed softly, some of the tension easing from his body. He plucked the glass from her hand, placing it on the coffee table along with his. "But I think you know I always play to win, sugar. You can fight against me all you want but I will win in the end."

"Arrogant!" Lily grumbled as she stepped closer to Mac, pressing her body flush against his and feeling the hardness of his erection rubbing against her stomach. Her breath sucked in sharply as his hissed out. His dark gaze turned molten and he wrapped his arms tight around her. "Let's play then, Mackenzie and see who comes out the winner."

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Mac growled, her challenging words exciting him almost as much as her softness teasing against him. The uncertainty was gone from Lily's expression, leaving only excitement and hunger. She was exquisite, so beautiful and tempting that he forgot all about going slow and reached out to take what was his.

One hand fisted hard in her hair, the other snaking around her back to pull their lower bodies tight against each other. His mouth was a hard, sensual brand as his tongue dived intimately into the moist cavern of her mouth. There was nothing soft or gentle about his kiss it was pure male demand, a claiming on a primal level.

His lips devoured hers, his tongue insistent as he licked and tasted every inch of her mouth over and over again until Lily struggled for breath and his own lungs threatened to burst. Only then did he let up the pressure enough for them both to drag in a ragged breath. His lips didn't leave hers though, his teeth nipping at her full lower lip sensually, teasing little bites that brought a soft moan from the woman in his arms.

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He had her instant surrender and the very male part of him that was dominant luxuriated in her easy capitulation. Mac kissed her again, long and slow this time now that his hunger had been appeased slightly, savouring the sweetness of Lily's mouth as it deserved to be savoured.

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God, he could kiss her for hours on end. Never had a woman's mouth been so lush and tempting that all he could think about was sliding his mouth over hers endlessly. If the rest of Lily tasted as good as her lips then they'd never get out of bed. He'd indulge in her body over and over until she lay exhausted beneath him. Then he'd take her again and keep taking her until she fell asleep in his arms.

Mac broke away and looked into Lily's flushed face. He'd been congratulating himself thinking he'd won this first round with his feisty mate but he suddenly wasn't so sure if he had. Her kisses had stolen his very reason until nothing mattered except being with her. His woman was very, very dangerous and oh so tempting.

"You are lethal, Liliana Rose Romanov," he growled softly his lips quirking in a small smile as her lashes fluttered open and she stared up at him with a dazed expression on her face. "Just as well I love danger because I intend to bathe in your particular brand until we're both exhausted."

It was a husky promise backed up by the glittering darkness of his eyes. Mac swept her into his arms effortlessly and she let him do it, looping her arms around his neck. His kisses were breathtaking and she was still trying to calm her heart, which was no easy feat, resting against his chest as he took her into his bedroom. How could a woman be calm knowing her gorgeous male was about to wreak untold pleasures on her body?

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She shivered with anticipation, her body tight with need that only he could assuage. The strength of his arms around her made her feel safe, the play of his chest muscles against her so erotic she ached to run her hands over his flesh and watch his body react to her touch.

She was drowning in Mac, surrendering completely to him and she didn't care. Lily knew there would always be a part of her that needed to feel protected, that needed to trust in her mate being strong enough to temper her wild spirit. It didn't mean she would be an easy mate to live with, but it did mean they would have a lot of fun learning the boundaries of their relationship.

The brief moment of being free from Lily's lips was enough to cool Mac's blood somewhat, to give him a bit of breathing space. He had to remember that this was her first time. His mate was reckless and didn't always think things through properly. She was as eager as he was to be together but he was the one with the experience. He would have to rein her in so he could keep his own need in check.