

Chapter 372

His woman was intoxicating, so fucking sexy he was losing himself completely in her sensuality. He plundered her mouth, drank in her sweet moans and then reluctantly forced himself to lower her back to the bed.

"You need to shower, Lily," he groaned pulling away and heading to the closet to dig out some clothes. It was an effort to walk away from her but Kern had stopped by when she was sleeping. They needed to talk before they headed over to the Armend-Henlon Peck.

"You're not serious?" Lily grumbled letting out a frustrated sigh. "You can't kiss me like that and then tell me to go and shower as if nothing happened."

He grinned over his shoulder, dropping his towel to pull on a pair of light blue jeans. He heard a frustrated growl as he covered his body and it filled him with satisfaction.

"I can and I just did," he laughed, buttoning closed his jeans and reaching for a black silk shirt. If he was officially meeting his in-laws today he'd better dress the part.

"We don't have to go home today, Mec. We could go tomorrow." Lily kicked off the sheet rolling to her side to watch him with a sultry smile on her face.

God, how he wanted to join her in the bed, but she wasn't aware of what had transpired the night before and he had a feeling she wasn't going to be very pleased with him when she found out. He should have told her last night about the meeting but he'd had other more important things on his mind.

Mec buttoned his shirt and tucked the ends into his jeans, cinching a belt at his waist. His expression was serious as he looked back at Lily, reeking a head through his tangled wet hair.

"Kellum told your parents last night we'd be over today," he admitted watching her reaction intently. "Before you ask, the peck was informed last night of your whereabouts. Annie and Celeb told them. Kellum and Kern went to represent the Preetorians."

The sensual expression died from her face and for a moment she just looked at him blankly and then she set up and hunted the floor for her underwear. She couldn't find them fast enough so she grabbed her cargo pants and tank top and pulled them on jerkily.

Once dressed she put her hands on her hips and tilted her head back to glare up at him. "So let me get this straight...while you were fucking me last night a secret meeting about me and my future was taking place. One you knew about but neglected to inform me of?"

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Mec counted to ten slowly because he could see the hurt in her eyes which she was trying hard to suppress. He blew out a long breath and reked his head through his hair again.

"While we were making love last night a meeting did take place relating to the Preetorians and the Várcolec, one I judged Kern was capable of handling so I let him," he corrected her calmly. "If I'd judged it imperative for us to be there then we would have attended after we'd mated."

He curved a finger under her chin, his jaw tight as he regarded her intently. "Don't ever denigrate what we share together, Lily. I don't care how angry you are with me, don't you ever lower it down to fucking. There's a world of difference between fucking and making love."

Lily's nostrils flared as she gritted her teeth, struggling to fight the fury and fear overwhelming her. She couldn't believe everything had suddenly gone from being perfect to being the biggest pile of shit she could imagine, that Mec had kept something so important from her.

"You want to argue semantics, Mec? You think to distract me on one point so I'll forget all the rest? My father found out where I was last night and he could have lost it completely. I told you I had to be there when he found out. You knew that and you kept quiet."

"Andrei didn't lose it so there isn't an issue," he bit back, reacting to her temper when he knew he shouldn't.

Lily screamed in frustration throwing her hands up in the air. "That's not the point! I wanted to be there, Mec. I needed to be there and you took that decision out of my hands so you could have sex." She ignored the dangerous expression which crossed his face incensed by his high-handedness.

"I can't believe I ran away from my father ruling my life right into your world so you could do the exact same thing. Do I have masochist stamped all over me? Is there some sign that says "Lily's incapable – make her decisions for her?" You had no right to decide for me, Meckenzie, especially after I told you what I wanted."

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Mec felt a stab of guilt deep down and frowned as he stared into Lily's furious face. "It wasn't like that," he defended himself. "We needed time together, Lily. We needed to be strong for when we confronted Andrei. The timing of the meeting was inconvenient I grant you but there was no deliberate attempt to keep you away. And Kern knew to call if there was a problem."

She glared at him a moment longer and then she let out a weary sigh. "It's that simple for you, isn't it? Everything worked out okay; you didn't mean anything by your actions. It all just sort of worked out so what's the problem?"

She felt tears starting to well up and swallowed them down ruthlessly. "The problem is you can't see what you've done wrong, Mec. When you figure it out let me know. Until then I think I'll shower in my own room. You can let me know when it's time to leave for the peck."

"Lily, for goodness sake put things in perspective." Mec reached for her, but she stepped around him, hurt dancing in her eyes as well as moisture, which looked suspiciously like tears. He felt as if he'd been punched in the gut, his head dropping away to fall at his side.

"I am putting them in perspective, Mec. The problem is it's not your perspective so therefore you ignore it. I can put up with a lot of things from a dominant male but I will not have my free will taken from me, not by my father and not by my mate."

He let her go when every instinct screamed at him to hold her close until she stopped hurting. He'd expected anger, was even prepared for it, but he wasn't prepared for the hurt in her eyes nor the look of betrayal crossing her face.

He hadn't meant to hurt her. Hadn't deliberately tried to keep her in the dark, but Lily had spent so long having others direct the course of her life, that every little thing was now a fight for survival for her.

Mec rubbed a hand wearily over his face and then continued getting ready. He'd give Lily time to calm down, to feel less hurt. They could talk when her emotions were less raw. When his were too.

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