

Chapter 376

Pietro remained silent watching as she moved away from him to retrieve a chair from one of the corners and place it in front of him. He was still trying to process the knowledge that they had some type of poison which, when introduced into a vampire's blood stream, did irreparable harm. He watched as she sank down onto the chair with a grace that screamed of an era long gone, of flowing dresses and elegant manners.

He was uncomfortably aware that her new position brought her eye level with his genitals. He wasn't normally concerned about women enjoying his ample view but the way her eyes ran over his limp sheft made him feel uneasy. So far that had been one area the males had surprisingly stayed away from.

"Such a pity," she sighed softly. "You really are a very impressive male. I so enjoy watching but I suppose in your case it can't be helped."

Her grey eyes slid up to meet his, a smile still teasing her lips. "I would have liked to have spent a little time with you before now but I was occupied elsewhere. I think I would have enjoyed sampling your lovely cock before we reached this stage."

If she thought her words would shock or embarrass him she was in for a disappointment. Pietro was male enough to admit that if she'd shown up and made some plausible argument to explain her age, he'd have quite happily have ridden between her thighs with no real need to be tempted into it. Sex was a way of life for him just as it was for most vampires.

The women admired his body a moment longer and then she sighed and closed her eyes. "The arrogance of you vampires stateside is quite appalling," she said in a matter-of-fact tone. "You, with your little Council and rules and regulations, expecting everyone to obey your word as law. I'm quite staggered by just how arrogant you are."

Pietro listened to her speak trying to place her accent. He guessed she was definitely from the UK but it was hard to determine if she was from Scotland but had lived in England too long or vice-versa. Her accent mostly sounded English but there was a faint Scottish lilt to it.

"The arrogance isn't a regional thing," he finally drawled. "More of a male thing. We can't seem to help ourselves."

His answer pleased her because her smile lit up the room again and she tilted her head back with amusement dancing in her eyes. Silky midnight tresses framed her face to trail down to the top of her shoulders. She looked exotic and tempting and he felt his body start to react to her on a primal level.

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He tried to stifle his reaction, concentrating on the broken ribs which hurt like a bitch. It did the trick thankfully and he heard her laugh softly as he once more went limp.

"Almost had you there, Pietro," she laughed, not the least disappointed that he'd resisted her charms.

He'd closed his eyes to concentrate on his pain, now they flew open and his rage surfaced sharply. Pain exploded in his right eye which refused to see but his left was full of hatred as he glared down at her.

"Is this how you intend to torture me?" His fury seeped into his words. "Have your boys left you no room to mark my skin so you're going to try and rape me into telling you what you want?"

She hissed loudly, her pretty features twisting into a hard expression. "You can't rape the willing, vampire. I did nothing to you except look and enjoy. If you liked me looking then that's your issue not mine."

She appeared truly offended by his words, so offended he decided her emotions were genuine. Whatever else she was, this female considered herself to be honourable. Her brand of honour differed greatly from his but she set store in whatever values she applied to herself.

And that was what made her the most frightening woman he had ever come across.

She believed as only a zealot could. Whatever course of action she was on she felt she had the right of it which meant she would stop at nothing to achieve her goals. If her target was the Vârcolac she would stop at nothing until she reached them, harmed them. He prayed he lived long enough to alert someone; anyone to what was coming their way.

She appeared to gather herself, her expression smoothing out to become pleasant again. "I forgive you your harsh words, Pietro. The boys have been too severe with you and you are obviously in a lot of pain. I can alleviate your discomfort if you answer just a few questions for me. The most important one being how I can gain access to the abominations?"

Abominations? For a moment Pietro couldn't work out what she meant and then he realised she was referring to the children. He fought to keep his expression neutral as a wave of horror washed through him. If she viewed the hybrids as monsters then the perceived threat to them was worse than any of them had imagined.

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