

Chapter 410

But there was also another startling revelation which had come from his time in Europe. Somewhere deep within him he'd found the capacity to care for someone out of his immediate family group. Though he had always liked Pietro, he'd never truly classed him as being part of his inner circle. His reaction to his friend's pain and suffering had been instant and volatile.

Was this new softer side something to be concerned about? Did it make him vulnerable to his enemies or was it a required check and balance within his psyche to try and counter his aggressiveness? He wasn't sure and he didn't like being uncertain about things. Maybe he would talk with Mara about it. She was much better at analysing emotions.

Demetri slid from the bed and prowled naked to the bathroom door which contained the delightful female flesh awaiting him. His body hardened instantly. No matter how many times he took his wife, he was always ready for another tussle with her. Thankfully for him, she shared his insatiable need to be together at every opportunity available.

Mara sighed with pleasure as she leaned back against the bath and let the hot water soothe her long limbs. She'd clipped her long, brown hair on top of her head to avoid getting it wet but a few stray tendrils were stuck to the back of her neck and fanning out in the water.

Demetri had been rampant on his return, using his wicked body, hands and mouth with deadly precision to bring her to climax after climax. There had been a hint of wildness about him, the echo of his dance with his feral nature still fighting for dominance. It had been passionate and exciting and more than made up for them being parted for a few days.

Her husband walked a fine line with his darker side, something which hadn't been as prevalent in the last couple of decades. It had thrown her off balance when he'd called from Europe and she'd had to react quickly to find the right tone to use to keep him grounded.

She'd allowed herself to become content, to forget just how dangerous her man could be because things had been running so smoothly. It was not a mistake she would make again.

Demetri was her life. She was nothing without him. To lose Demetri would end her world so she would do everything in her power to ensure he was always safe, even if he didn't like her over-protectiveness. She didn't like his but she'd learned to live with it.

A slow smile curved her lips as the object of her musings entered the bathroom. Turning her head slightly she watched her husband pause for effect in the open doorway.

Her languid gaze slid down all six feet plus of delicious man flesh.*www.NoVēlīw(ō)rm.com*

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Demetri was nothing short of a God descended from the heavens. His black hair was rumpled from sleep, his face carved in sharp lines and angles, softened by the heated green depths of his eyes and curved, sensuous lips.

He stood boldly naked before her, his smile widening as she looked her fill. Her husband knew he looked good; delighted in her enjoying his body. He held still so she could slide her gaze further downwards, over his strong shoulders, down his toned, broad chest.

Mara's breath sucked in as she reached his stomach and saw the evidence of his desire standing proud. Demetri was impressive in all areas and very skilled with his body. She felt her breasts tighten and the familiar ache begin between her thighs. Her tongue darted out and licked her bottom lip.

The throaty chuckle that action produced sent a shiver down her spine and caused her own desire to escalate higher.

"Hungry, wife?" Demetri sauntered forward, all sleek grace and deadly predator in his every move.

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"Always, husband."

His hand fisted around his cock teasing her with long, hard strokes as he neared but kept out of range. "See anything tasty?" His smile grew wider at her frustrated expression.

"Demetri Bozic, if you tease me, I may have to kick your ass for you."

"Bring it on, Mara," he laughed, devilment glinting in his eyes.

Mara flew from the bath at vampiric speed, spaying water everywhere, but she was no match for her husband, he was an Ancient and she was still a Youngling. He easily evaded her, staying out of reach and all the time stroking himself with obvious enjoyment.

"Come on, beautiful. You can do better than that. Or don't you want this?" He stroked himself faster, a low groan escaping his throat.

"You're an evil bastard sometimes, husband," Mara growled, trying to anticipate his next evasion technique as she pounced again. Water continued to spray around the room as they danced together, laughter mixing in with frustrated sounds as Demetri continued to evade his woman.

Mara quickly tired of his games, desperate for the taste and feel of him. She'd never be able to meet him on his terms but she could meet him on hers. The next time she pounced she pretended to slip on the wet floor, letting out a little shriek as she over-balanced.

In an instant Demetri was at her side, strong arms wrapping protectively around her to prevent a fall. Mara's leg shot out, hooking around his calf and bringing him down to the floor to land on top of him.

"Gotcha!"

Demetri threw back his head and laughed, delight on his face at his woman's deviousness. After all these years he should have known better. His Mara was not one to be so inelegant as to slip and fall over.

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"You've won your prize, wife," he conceded, pressing into her soft curves. "Now what are you going to do with it?"

Mara laughed sitting astride him and running her hands over his chest. She tweaked both nipples hard, drawing a sucked in breath and narrowing of eyes from her husband.

"Delicious, naughty things, my husband." She tweaked his nipples again and then lowered her head to soothe the tiny ache with her tongue.

"God, I love you, Mara." The words came out on a strangled groan as her fangs elongated and she pierced his flesh, sucking slowly and moaning with pleasure.

Instantly his blood was on fire and his own fangs elongated, aching to slide into her tender flesh. He held himself still, allowing her to take her fill. Mara's needs always came before his.

Demetri closed his eyes and luxuriated in the bliss of his wife's intimate kiss. There was little more satisfying than to taste the life force of ones mate, to feel the strengthening of a bond that was already so strong nothing could ever break it. Nothing short of death.

The darkness of the time in Europe invaded his mind and he twisted sharply, flipping Mara onto her back so he could stare down into her exquisite features. He was home now, where he belonged. Nothing could touch him when he was in the arms of his woman, bathing in her scent and her beauty.

The memory receded as he lowered his head and nuzzled at her neck. His hand fisted into her hair and he pulled to expose the tender skin for his possession. Gentle nips brought soft sighs and the scent of Mara's arousal to fever pitch. It was the sweetest smell in his world, the thick warm honey aroma mixed in with the earthy scent of a woman in heat.

With a growl, Demetri sank his fangs into Mara's soft flesh, pulling hard to drink down her life's essence. Her blood was so thick and rich, pulsing with the vibrancy of life. He wanted to sink his body into hers, to pound away until she screamed with pleasure.

But his wife had another craving first and he always ensured she received everything she wanted. With one last pull at her neck, Demetri withdrew his fangs and licked at the small puncture marks. Then he sprang to his feet gracefully, pulling Mara half-way up with him until she was kneeling before him.

"I'm all yours, beautiful."

Mara's smile lit up the room and made his heart crash hard in his chest. He'd move heaven and earth to give his woman what she wanted. All she had to do was name it and it was hers. And all she ever asked for was him, mind, body and soul.

The love shining from her eyes told him more eloquently than words that that would be all she ever wanted. She humbled him and yet she made him strong too. How he'd ever managed to survive without his Mara he had no idea.

And then thought was the last thing on his mind as his woman leaned forward and ran her tongue slowly up his pulsing erection. His body jerked and his breath hissed out and all he could think about was the sheer pleasure of having Mara love him so intimately.