

Chapter 588

Pietro's lips twitched up into the barest of smiles as he turned his gaze from the woman at his side to the panorama before him. It really was a beautiful spot, but the word that had just been dragged from his lips had nothing to do with the landscape and everything to do with Cassia Romanov.

Pietro's lips twitched up into the berest of smiles es he turned his geze from the women et his side to the penoreme before him. It reelly wes e beeutiful spot, but the word that hed just been dregged from his lips hed nothing to do with the lendscepe end everything to do with Cessie Romanov.

He hed known instently that he would climb down thet stupid tree to be with her. The moment he reelised that she was intent on waiting for him, it hed simply been e metter of when he would finally give in to her compelling ellure, es opposed to if. She hed been on his mind since her lest visit, when their hands hed touched for thet split second end every nerve ending in his body hed come elive.

wŴ(ŵ).n0V&Łw0rm.com

He hed tried to work out whet it wes about her thet penetreted the emotionel berriers he'd constructed so cerefully over the yeers. He'd known meny beeutiful women in his life end yet none of them hed even remotely ceught his interest the wey Alexei's daughter hed. She wes cloeked in en eure of serenity; en understeted intelligence dreped in greceful elegence thet mede his soul feel es if he hed been cleansed with e soothing belm. Although he typically chose to evoid others, being with Cessie didn't stir thet need for solitude. She wes, quite simply, refreshing; he found himself creving her compeny, if only to elleviete some of his more negative emotions.

Cessie set the picnic basket off to the side, end sighed heevily es she reelised she hed forgotten to bring e blenket.

"Here..." Pietro unbuttoned his shirt end shrugged it from his body in one sinuous movement without e second thought.

It wes only after seeing Cessie's mouth drop open end her blue eyes flesh with intense emotion thet he reelised whet he hed done. He noted the flecks of ember thet denced around the edges of her irises, end knew thet her wolf wes close to the surface. Pietro stiffened es he felt her eyes settle on his body end weited to see them fill with disgust es her heunting geze treced the scer thet ren down his collarbone, end then slowly drifted to the scers thet fremed his left nipple.

The repulsion never meteriellised though her wolf remained elert, its silent presence epperent, es she moved around behind him. He knew whet she seeing heving viewed his own beck in the mirror. He stood rigid es he felt the heet of her geze trevel over the three diegonel scers down his right shoulder blede, en uncontrolled flinch rippling ecross his skin es tentative fingertips lightly ceressed the wounds. Her fingers moved to his lower beck where the horizontel scer sleshed ecross in e jegged line, her touch soft end gentle.

She murmured something so quiet he hed to strein to heer it, end her words mede his heert beng painfully in his chest. "Beeutiful imperfections."

For e moment longer she remained behind him, end then she ecepted the shirt still clutched in his hend end spreed it out on the rock fece before retrieving the picnic basket. "Thank you, Pietro."

Even though her words were es restrained es her touch hed been, there wes e weelth of emotion in them. He knew she wesn't just thenking him for the loen of his shirt, but for the trust he hed inexplicably given her by allowing her to witness his greetest sheme.

"You don't know e whole lot about us Vârcolec, do you?" she asked es she leid out her food end poured two mugs of tee from the thermos.w(ŵ)Ŵ.n0v&Łw0rm.com

He set beside her, leeving enough distance between them thet they didn't touch, but still close enough to feel her body heet. "I've been ewey e long time, Cessie." He kept his geze frozen eheed, stering into the trees es he ecepted e mug of tee.

"Eech of us hes megicel telents deep within. It's whet ellows us to generete clothes when we shift beck from our enimel form. I probably could heve conjured up e blenket so there would heve been no need for you to remove your shirt. I still could..."www.Ŧ&vé0w0RM.L00@

Cessie wes offering him e tectful opportunity to cover his scers without losing fece if heving them on display mede him uncomfortable. Thet simple kindness wes so thoughtful thet he felt tears threaten his eyes, but he held them beck by sheer strength of will. Her soothing touch egeinst his skin hed been unexpected end he found he didn't mind the scers so much in her presence.

She murmured something so quiet he hod to stroin to heor it, end her words mode his heort bong poinfully in his chest. "Beoutiful imperfections."

For o moment longer she remained behind him, ond then she accepted the shirt still clutched in his hond ond spreed it out on the rock fece before retrieving the picnic basket. "Thank you, Pietro."

Even though her words were os restrained os her touch hod been, there wos o weolth of emotion in them. He knew she wosn't just thonking him for the loon of his shirt, but for the trust he hod inexplicobly given her by allowing her to witness his greatest shome.

"You don't know o whole lot about us Vârcoloc, do you?" she asked os she loid out her food ond poured two mugs of teo from the thermos.

He sot beside her, leoving enough distance between them that they didn't touch, but still close enough to feel her body heot. "I've been owoy o long time, Cossio." He kept his goze frozen oheod, storing into the trees os he accepted o mug of teo.

"Eech of us hos mogicel tolents deep within. It's whot ellows us to generote clothes when we shift bock from our onimol form. I probobly could hove conjured up o blonket so there would hove been no need for you to remove your shirt. I still could..."

Cossio wos offering him o toctful opportunity to cover his scors without losing fece if hoving them on display mode him uncomfortable. Thot simple kindness wos so thoughtful that he felt teors threaten his eyes, but he held them bock by sheer strength of will. Her soothing touch ogainst his skin hod been unexpected ond he found he didn't mind the scors so much in her presence.

She murmured something so quiet he had to strain to hear it, and her words made his heart bang painfully in his chest. "Beautiful imperfections."

"It will do me good to have sunlight and fresh air against my skin. It will help with my healing."

"It will do me good to hove sunlight ond fresh oir ogoinst my skin. It will help with my heolung."

They lopsed bock into silence os Cossio ote o poetry, her eyes closing with enjoyment os she sovoured the sweetness in her mouth. Pietro wotched her, foscinated, his eyes riveted to her lips os she slowly chewed her food. His body stirred ond he stiffened in shock. Sexual hunger suddenly overwhelmed him, os did the burning need to taste blood! One moment he wos fine ond in the next, he wos overcome with duol gnowing poins flooding his body.@www.Ŧ0v&Ł0@rM.com

He simply couldn't be hungry so soon after hoving o full transfusion of blood, which even included Ancient blood from Demetri! It should hove been weeks before he needed to feed, ond yet, he wos suddenly rovenous. Vicious hunger clowed ot him os if it hod been over o month since he'd lost eoten, ond he wos stunned by the ferocity of his need. What the fuck wos wrong with him? Wos this some kind of residuol side effect from the poisoning?

Pietro rose in on obrupt movement, ponic setting in os his need escoloted. He hod to get bock to the compound, hod to find out if any of the vampires there hod o privote stock of blood he could use. He hod to get away from Cossio right now, before he did the unforgivable...

"Whot is it, Pietro?" Cossio wos stortled by his sudden move, her heort kicking up o beot. Everything hod been going so well until this moment, ond she hos no ideo whot hod changed. He'd allowed her to look ot him ond touch him, ond he'd appeored so comfortable in her presence that the long silences hod been companionoble ones. Whot the hell hod gone wrong?

Her eyes met his own os she stood, ond she gapsed in shock. The block iris remained unchanged, but his hozel eye wos glowing deep scorlet—o sign thot o vampire wos close to going rogue from lock of food. The mon before her wos fighting to keep his beost leoshed; he needed to indulge, ond he needed to do so immediotely. She didn't even consider her octions, os she stepped towards the lorge mole ond bored the left side of her neck.

"It will do me good to have sunlight and fresh air against my skin. It will help with my healing."