

Chapter 614

She could imagine what it would be like to lay with him, to bask in the glorious feral lust he would reign over her body. The thought made her breasts ache and her nipples hard, a thrill of anticipation spreading down to the very heart of what made her a woman. *Ww.w.(n)@veIlw(o)rm.c0m*

"You are beautiful, Liam. You are strong and I know you would protect me with your life if I allowed you to claim me as yours. Nevertheless, I can't do that, because you would cause me harm. Yes, you appeal to the former vampire in me, but you forget that I am now human. I cannot accept you because you are too dangerous to me. You fight for dominance and seek to take away your softer side. If you were to be the dominant part of your soul then we would never be together."

His head tilted to the right and Liam unconsciously copied the pose as he listened avidly to Reasa.

"You have already rejected the wolf and the man," the vampire argued, pointing one long talon in her direction. "You will not reject me because you know me. I am all you have ever known."

"I am learning something new," she countered, though her tongue did snake out to moisten her lips. Her resolve strengthened, and she squared her shoulders, tossing back her midnight black hair.

"No one owns me, vampire – not him, not the wolf, and not you. I have not endured what I have to suddenly be eclipsed by a male. You seek dominance, submission, to take everything and rule. This body may now be weak, but my mind is still strong, and I will continue to strengthen, continue to learn. No male will stand in my way. I reject you, vampire, as I have rejected the man and wolf. You are fragmented - incomplete. You fall short of my needs."

Liam roared in fury, both within the room and outside. In the distance, a wolf howled mournfully and the glass shimmered again, becoming opaque. The vampire surged forward, pushing at the glass. The material bowed outward, stretching out in the shape of his hands as he pushed with all his might, snarling.

"Stop!" Liam roared, and the vampire was repelled backwards as if struck by an invisible force. Once more, the glass hardened, though the handprints remained etched into it as a reminder of how close the vampire had come to being freed.

"You do not listen," he whispered, his chest heaving from the force of the power he had used. He knew it was his mind that conjured up the image. He knew that in reality, he was still sitting on the bed with Reasa, but it was hard not to imagine the physical exertions on his body.

Taking a deep breath, Liam walked up to the glass and placed his hands where the handprints remained. "Hear Reasa's words. Listen to what she says. Fragmented, we are weak. Fragmented, we are found lacking. Only as one will our mate find us worthy. The human knows it. The wolf knows it. Now you must know it...or we are all lost."

Hearing Reasa talk to the vampire had helped to slot everything into place. She needed the vampiric side of him. She understood it and she respected it. Without it, she would never accept him; therefore he had to find a way of accepting his vampire too. Brown eyes clashed with black, as the vampire rose to his feet and approached the glass in a blur of speed.

"You are weak!"

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"Learn a new definition of the word! Blind rage is more of a weakness than compassion and understanding could ever be."

Liam waited to see what else he would come back at him with, but the vampire remained silent, watching him with his black gaze. "It is not weak to care...to have empathy with all around you," Liam continued. "My mind is not weak because I can contain you as I just have. Stop fighting me and join with me. I have learned and I am ready. Have you learned? Are you ready? We have work to do and I can't do it without you by my side." *WwW.Ñ0vE⓪(w)0rm.cð(m)*

The vampire's hands touched the glass, framing Liam's in a perfect reflection. The wolf howled again in the distance and then the sound was right beside them. Liam blinked slowly, as he turned to look to his left. Beside him was the magenta door; the one he stood in front of was now a deeper magenta, the glass now removed and the vampire standing within.

"Finally!" his alter-ego growled, a hint of a smile on his face. "It took you long enough. Go. Do what must be done. I will be here when you need me." The vampire waved his talons in a dismissive gesture as he turned his black gaze on Reasa.

"Gotcha," he whispered, throwing his head back and laughing loudly when the colour drained from her face.

Reasa snatched her hands away from Liam, and sprang from the bed with an almost vampiric agility. She could feel his eyes tracking her but the only thing she could hear was that one whispered word, "Gotcha." It sent a shiver of fear down her spine, as well as a tremor of excitement. *wWw.(n)ðvel@orm.Com*

"Nothing's changed, Reasa," Liam said in a soothing tone. "I can wait, despite my vampire's flare for the dramatic. You have no need to fear me."

She could detect a subtle difference in Liam's posture when she turned to look at him—a hint of confidence in his eyes that hadn't been there previously. The outward change was infinitesimal, but she could see it and it made her heart kick up a beat. He suddenly looked a bit larger, just a little bit more gorgeous than he had before. Looking at him started a slow burn inside her, an effect she definitely didn't want to experience.

"I think that's enough for now," she managed to get out. She detected a breathiness in her voice that she was sure he could hear too. "I suggest a short break and then we can begin with your tuition. Why don't you take the book with you and read up on the dreaming walking process. When we meet again, I can show you how to focus on individuals and then we should be ready to head up to the Praetorian Compound. I will be following your lead in the dream walking, so it makes sense that you read the book first."

He watched her silently for a long moment and then he gave her a lopsided grin as he rose from the bed. "I will return after lunch then. That should give me enough time to read through the book and you enough to stabilise your equilibrium."

"There's nothing wrong with my equilibrium," she shot back, but her snappy response called her a liar. Reasa waited for him to laugh or call her on it, but he merely nodded and headed out of the bedroom, book in hand.

Reasa closed the door, and pressed her back against it as if she could bar him from entering again. She had to get control of herself, and fast. She only had a few hours respite before she would once more have to spend time inside his mind, and heaven forbid, he inside hers.