

Chapter 627

It was one word but it was filled with so much dominance that she let her hands fall back to her sides and waited to see what he would do. The way his voice deepened to a raspy tone when he was aroused sent a shiver down her spine and she could feel a tightness begin in the pit of her stomach.

Pietro moved, so quickly she let out a startle squeak. He swooped her up in his arms and walked into the cooling lake while she was still in her lingerie. *Www.Nóø©⓪W.rM.©om*

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"Pietro! I'll get wet," she protested as he removed one arm and lowered her into the water. The smoky look he gave her had her heart starting to thud in her chest.

"I know..."

Before she could say anything else, he was kissing her hard, crushing her body to his chest as the cool water lapped around them. It was a kiss full of lust, making her think of all the sinful things they could do together. Suddenly, she didn't feel half as tired any more, as she stroked her tongue against his, loving the taste of him in her mouth.

The kiss seemed to last an eternity, until she felt lightheaded and had to pull back so she could suck in some much needed air. When she did, Pietro's large hand travelled leisurely between her covered breasts until it gently applied pressure, pushing her backwards. Cassia didn't fight the pressure, allowing herself to be bowed over the arm still supporting her lower back. Her curls brushed the water, her wet lace bra leaving no secrets uncovered as she was arched up to his heated gaze.

"So beautiful," he growled, one long finger teasing her hardened nipples through the lace, his touch so light it gave no surcease to the building tension in her body. He flicked gently, first one nipple and then the other, all the while keeping her bowed backwards and at his mercy. It was sweet torture but she didn't want it to end. Opening her eyes and seeing the naked lust in his as he worshiped her body was enough to keep her in whatever position he so desired.

He was making a point, as he had when they had first made love. He was letting her no that no matter what, he was the one in control when they were like this. It was a novel experience, to trust a male so implicitly that she could allow that level of dominance over her. Oh, she had no doubt she would rebel against it sometimes, but for the most part, it was the most deliciously wicked feeling in the world.

"Pietro..."

"Yes, Niña?" His sexy rasp, the way he called her that pet name...it turned her blood to molten lava and filled her with a need that could never be quenched.

Cassia couldn't complete whatever she'd been about to say. She was so caught up in his spell that she could only lay back and allow him whatever liberties he wanted to take.

"Do you trust me?"

He had to ask when she was baring everything to him, when she had wept in his arms not so long ago? She could only allow herself to be that vulnerable with someone she trusted implicitly.

"Do you?" *øVŴw.ñ(c)veLworm.(c)ø(m)*

Lost in a haze of passion, she forced her eyes open as his maddening fingers continued to tease at her nipples, slowly rotating around the peaks before lightly grazing them. "Yes." She almost sobbed the word out, trying to press her upper body more firmly into his grasp, but he withdrew his hand when she did, and she was forced to accede to his demands.

"Close your eyes, Niña. Lie back and relax."

She did as he ordered, feeling him move until she was floating on the water with Pietro bracing her body with one hand on her lower back. Cassia let herself go limp, feeling the water caress her skin, feeling the stress of the day slowly ebbing away to be replaced by a quiet, languid feeling. The sun had set and only the moonlight and the odd stars pierced the darkness. All around her was the gentle sound of the water lapping over her skin, the quiet exhalation of breath from Pietro, and the rustle of the nocturnal animals coming out to play. It was the most peaceful moment of her life.

This was what trusting her mate was all about. It was laying herself vulnerable to all external influences and knowing that he would always be there, guarding her back from any harm that may come her way. Cassia felt a lump in her throat, a feeling so intense that tears leaked from the corner of her eyes. This moment with him was the most beautiful moment she could ever remember experiencing. He had seen her fatigue, recognised her need for comfort, and he was soothing her soul in the most wonderful of ways.

"No tears," he whispered, bending down so his breath brushed her cheek. "Just connect with everything around you. Forget about today or yesterday, don't anticipate what tomorrow will bring. Simply live in this moment, feeling the textures, hearing the sounds. Feel your heart beat with each breath you take, Niña. Feel the life that flows all around you."

His voice blended in with night, the cadence low and sultry, and his words so perfect she knew she would remember this night for the rest of her life. Whatever challenges life may throw at her, Cassia knew she would always find solace in this memory, that she would always find peace with her wonderful vampire. Surrendering completely, she drifted on the water, safe in the protection of her mate.

She didn't know how much time passed before she felt Pietro move once more, gently rocking her through the water until they were close to the shore, the large overhanging rock they'd first made love on, balanced above their heads. Every bone in her body felt as if it were as soft as butter, every brush of his skin against hers lit a tiny spark of electricity within.

"Now we can begin," Pietro growled, lifting her clear from the water and laying her back against a large boulder halfway out of the water.

Her lingerie clung to her body, transparent from the water. The air felt damp and humid, still warm from the day's heat but beginning to cool as night took hold.

"Exquisite," he breathed, bending down towards her body, raising her hips up so he could drag his tongue against her wet panties.

It was so erotic she moaned at the touch, raising her hands to his head to pull him closer.

"Hands on the rock, Niña."

She didn't want to, she wanted to touch him, to run her finger through his hair but one look at his face told her he wasn't to be denied. "Don't tease me, Pietro," she countered, even as she did as he asked and placed both hands flat on either side of her.

"Behave...and you shall receive everything you dream of," he laughed softly, clearly amused at her petulant tone. He didn't wait for her answer, instead, he buried his head between her thighs once more and began to taste her through the lace barrier that separated him from her intoxicating sex.

Stroke after stroke, he licked against her, sending her into a frenzy of need, her hands remaining at her side. Desperation invaded her body, her sexual hunger rising so swiftly she was ready to scream at him to make love to her, to send them both into that wonderful sexual high that left them both breathless.

"Pietro, please," she whimpered, needing so much more.

His response was a deep growl and then his teeth ripped at the lace obstructing him and the panties disintegrated. Cassia cried out as his tongue finally connected with her flesh, stroking in rough, fast strokes all over her most intimate place. There was no more teasing, now he was a man possessed, demanding everything she had to give him, and then requesting more.

Pietro kissed and licked, teased and suckled, until she was a mass of raw nerves, her climax only a hairsbreadth away. And then he stopped and she cried out in disbelief, trying to urge him to continue but he moved away a fraction and just stared down at her.

"Patience is a virtue, sweet Cassia." He laughed loudly, a deep laugh as she called him a rude name, then he flipped her over until she was on her stomach, and gave her backside a light swat. "Such language from a lady."

"Bastard..." she muttered under her breath, flushing instantly as she realised what she'd said. She wasn't usually one for swearing but then, she didn't usually have idiotic males playing dominance games with her. *øWw.NOŲe/wøRM.©ømm*

"I believe my parents were married when they had me," Pietro chuckled, pressing her legs apart and sliding between them. "Such a naughty word to use...do you know any more?"