

Chapter 628

As she spluttered at his words, he thrust forward hard and fast, joining them together in the most intimate caress of all. Her breath whooshed out and she groaned her pleasure into the night air, clinging onto the rock as he withdrew and surged back in hard. This was what she wanted, what she needed. Pushing herself up, she ground back on his thick shaft, using her body to urge him on.

Pietro slipped a hand around her front, removing her bra and tweaking one nipple hard as he rocked into her again. Cassia's wolf howled its glee, baring its teeth as their mate took them roughly. This was what it wanted, this was what she wanted, Pietro to be fierce and unrelenting, proving to them how much he desired them that he lost control.

A hand fisted her curls pulling her further up as he rocked into her, his mouth coming to kiss her neck...to lave his tongue against that special place she longed for him to claim her as his mate. He wasn't ready yet...she had to wait to claim him, but she could live with him just feeding from her for now. When the time was ready...when she bit into the scar that marred the place all wolves mated, then his bite would seal them together forever.

The tension in her body was unbearable. Her breath was panting out, her stomach clenching with the deep need to come. Pietro was thrusting so hard, so fast it was difficult to catch her breath but she didn't want him to stop. She wanted him to stop playing with her, to stop nibbling at her neck and to bite her. Why was he waiting so long?

"Pietro...!"

"Soon."

"Now...please...now!"

Sharp fangs sank into her neck, his venom lighting up her soul from within. Growling, Pietro thrust hard and fast, pulling at her neck, drinking her life giving blood as they soared towards completion.
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Cassia cried out, stiffening as colours exploded behind her eyes, wave after wave of pure bliss flooding her body. She heard her mate's roar, felt him stiffen against her as he followed her into the abyss, his seed flooding her body as he shuddered against her.

When she opened her eyes, she was no longer in the water, instead she was lying on the overhanging rock, Pietro curled behind her. She couldn't remember moving, didn't know how they had gotten into this position but they were there and the night was cooking rapidly. Yawning loudly, she turned her mind inwards, searching for that magical place that set her, and the rest of the Vârcolac apart from normal wolves. She'd only ever conjured up personal clothes before but she didn't think it would be much different creating the blanket she'd told Pietro she could do.

"Does that come with pillows?" Pietro's sleepy question had her rolling over to face him. She cuddled into his embrace as he tucked the blanket around her, wrapping her securely in his arms.

"Too tired to try," she yawned again. "You make an excellent pillow anyway."

His light chuckle made her smile and she glanced up when he didn't answer her. "Pietro?"

He was already asleep, his face peaceful in repose. Snuggling closer, Cassia closed her eyes and let sleep claim her.

Are you all set?" Dante ignored the glower in the eyes of the elder vampire, instead letting his gaze sweep over the assembled coven members in front of him. Michael had chosen well from first glance, the group were older than most and appeared up to the task.

"I don't need you watching my every move," the blond vampire growled, bristling at his question.

"Really? That wasn't the impression Louis gave me," Dante remarked, his tone dry. "Weren't you fundamental in bringing an Ancient down on our heads not so very long ago?"

Michael ignored him, signalling to two of his men to start loading up the waiting cars with their packs. As they worked, he turned back to the interloper in his coven, suspicion blazing from the depths of his eyes. "I don't know why Louis trusts you, Dante. My gut tells me you're trouble and it's never wrong. I always knew Louis was misplaced when he gave his trust to Thereasa, and look where we are now."

"Yes, we have someone in the heart of a Were pack closely linked to the vampire Council. Imagine what kind of intel she could have that would aid us in remaining safe. It would be tragic if we lost that valuable information because you're too caught up in your blood-lust." Dante couched his words carefully, knowing what he said could be taken as treasonous.

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Michael's body stiffened, and his expression darkened, signalling that he wouldn't be slow in taking the words just so. "Louis has marked her for death."

Dante sighed, rolling his shoulders to release a little of the tension suffusing his body. He would have to play this one very carefully. Michael was not as stupid as he first looked. "Louis is reacting in anger and not thinking clearly at the moment. Wouldn't it make more sense to find out what Thereasa knows? If she does have something that is a threat to all the European covens as she intimidated, doesn't it make more sense to find out what that is, instead of blithely wading in and assassinating her? Think, Michael. Use your head for once."

Dante's words continued to border on betrayal, but there was a certain ring of truth to them. Michael hesitated, mulling them over though his eyes still contained a healthy dose of suspicion. Thereasa had said she had important information. If he could get that information out of her before he killed her then perhaps Louis would reward him? He might even be elevated within the coven ranks.

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Michael still didn't trust Dante one iota, but the more he thought about it, the more the other vampire's words sounded logical. Backing down a bit, he nodded his head acknowledging he would consider what he'd said. "I'll think about it," he answered, the words coming out reluctantly.

"You do that," Dante sighed, feeling fairly certain he'd bought a little time or at least put some doubt into the elder vampire's mind. There was something about Michael that set warning bells ringing. He'd seen insanity many times over the long centuries he'd roamed the planet, and Michael was showing signs of being close to stepping over that edge.

If he returned from this mission, Dante would need to look a little closer at Michael and decide whether or not he needed to be removed permanently. Things were far too unstable already without insanity being thrown into the mix.
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