

Chapter 659

"Is he your mate?" The words whispered out, a dull ache filling him as he watched her hands still and her body stiffen. Dear God, was he right? Had he almost just killed Cassia's mate? The thought of another's hand touching her sent a black rage throughout his soul, and yet, he was the one pushing her away, telling her to find her mate.

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"You are the stupidest, most obstinate, mule-headed male I have ever come across, Pietro de la Rios," Cassia spluttered, rising so quickly he stepped back in surprise. With her hands planted on her hips, she looked utterly adorable as her eyes spit fire at him.

"No, Fox is not my mate, you silly vampire! YOU are!"

His chest hurt and his head spun. Had she just said...? Surely he had misheard her. It couldn't be true...she couldn't have just said that he was her mate. Could she? The pain in his chest was like being on fire, and it took him a moment to realise why. He couldn't breathe! Cassia was glaring at him, totally convinced that they were mates, and the thought took all the breath from his body.

"Breathe, Pietro."

"No," he hissed out, shaking his head in denial. "I'm not your mate. I can't be." Pain flickered across her face but he was caught up in the memory of the last day in the pack compound, of how he had rejected her, of the mournful howl of the wolf..."No!" Spinning on his heels, Pietro fled, running as far and as fast as he could from the truth.wWw.Nôv©LW0©©.(c)om

"Well...that wasn't quite the reaction I was hoping for," Cassia sighed, trying to swallow down the deep misery that overwhelmed her as Pietro rejected her once again.

Rising to his feet, Fox stared after the departed vampire, his thoughts in chaos. The wolf was the mate of a vampire? He'd heard all about the mixed matings and Vârcolac, but seeing it up close and personal was mind-blowing.

"You don't seem very surprised despite your words," he remarked, turning to look back at her.

"Oh, I'm not. This is the second time that he's run from me, but I'm nothing if not dogmatic. He'll have to come back sooner or later, and I will be waiting for him when he does." Cassia busied her shaking hands by cleaning as much of the mess Fox had made bleeding onto the floor. "I don't need your protection, Fox, though I do understand that it's in your genes, and you couldn't help yourself trying to rescue me."

He watched her for a long moment, and then turned towards the door once more. "I can see that now," he said with a rueful smile. "There is something about you Cassia...I can't quite put my finger on it, but from my wolf's interest, I thought for a moment that possibly you might have been my mate. I can see now that I was wrong."Www.1uVIE/wôRm.com

His bemused tone earned him a small smile as she straightened up wiping her hands with a sterile cloth. Cassia ran her eyes slowly up and down him before her smile widened. "Well, you are a fine specimen, Fox. I'm sure you must have a bevy of beauties eager to share your bed, even more so now."wwW.NoVêfwô©(n).com

His head tilted to the left, confusion dancing across his handsome face. "How so?"

"When you get home you can tell them all about how you fought with one of the most deadly vampires, and lived to tell the tale...because you did. Only the Ancients and Mac are more deadly than Pietro. You're lucky to survive the encounter."

Her words sent a shiver down his spine, as he realised just how close he'd come to dying. He couldn't afford to place himself in jeopardy when his Alpha needed him so badly. He had to get out of there before the vampire came back to finish the job. He was needed back home.

"Best of luck to you, Cassia. I hope you win your mate."

Her smile was both hopeful and sad. "Me too." She watched him head towards the door before she called out, "Uhm...Fox!" When he turned to give her a quizzical glance, she nodded her head downwards. "You might draw a few stares if you leave like that."

He looked down and groaned out aloud. "Fuck!" He'd shifted to wolf form and now he was buck naked. That Cassia wasn't bothered told him that she must be used to it with her pack.

"Wait there, I'll see if something of Pietro's will fit you. You look about the same size." She disappeared upstairs, returning quickly with a black pair of jogging bottoms and T-shirt.

"Won't the vampire mind?"

"He can live with it," she snorted, humour dancing in her eyes as she watched him pull the clothes on. "Serves him right for being an idiot."

Walking to the door with him, she paused at the entrance as he walked outside. ""What are you really doing here, Fox? What brings wolves like you to our shores?"

He stiffened, turning his head to look back at her. "Wolves like what?" Her arched eyebrow told him she wasn't fooled by his mock-innocence, and he made a mental note to never underestimate this feisty wolf should their paths ever cross again.

"You know what I mean. I can tell a soldier when I see one; I've trained in that position myself to protect my pack."

He was struck by the urge to tell her everything, but knew that he couldn't do that. He would be betraying his Alpha if he said too much, and he would die before he ever did that. "It's not me you should be watching out for, Cassia. It's the wolves you don't see."

"Fox! What do you mean by that?"

He kept walking, resisting the urge to look back at the woman who so intrigued him even though he wasn't her mate. Something told him that he would meet Cassia again one day, and that when he did, his life would never be the same.

Cassia watched Fox leave, wondering at his cryptic comment. She would have to tell Rafe about it. The secretive wolf had clearly wanted to alert her to something, but for whatever reason, couldn't tell her outright what it was. The wolves she didn't see...intriguing.

Heading back inside she stared at the wrecked bar and then grabbed her backpack. She would wait for Pietro in his apartment upstairs. If he thought she would just give up on her mate he was in for a very rude shock. Smiling, she headed upstairs into her vampire's lair to await his return.