

Chapter 670

The healer in Cassia noted that the cut on his brow had healed instantly but she didn't let her sigh of relief come out. If he noted that she was even slightly concerned about any damage she may inflict, he would use that weakness against her. He was crafty like that, and she had been around her father and uncle way too long to underestimate a vampire of his cunning.

"You would have to actually lay hands on me to make me pay, Pietro. You appear to be having a little trouble in that department. Would you like me to tie one hand behind my back? I mean, I did think I had hampered myself enough with the 'no wolf, no magic' offer but it appears my vamp is a little too much for you too."

Oh, that bit him deep, so much so, he hissed at her, his hazel eye darkening to almost black. It probably wasn't wise to taunt him but she was feeling particularly reckless...or to be more exact her vampiric side was. Cassia had no idea her vampire was so wild. She filed that thought away for later perusal; she needed to be totally focused on the male before her.

"I would have thought Alexei and Andrei would have taught you not to poke a sleeping tiger, Niña. Apparently, they were very remiss in your upbringing. Allow me to educate you..."

"Shit!" Cassia fainted left and then left again as Pietro came at her in a flurry of movements that were so fast she was acting more on instinct than any real evasion skills. She ignored the pain in her side where his talons bit deep, and scrambled backwards as they veered towards her face.

He was cornering her...backing her towards the farthest wall where there was nothing she could use in her defence. If she didn't stop reacting and start acting, he was going to have her boxed in with nowhere to go.

"Dad! No! Wait!"

Pietro spun around at her shriek, cursing as she jumped onto his back, wrapping her legs around his waist and an arm around his neck.

"You little..." He pitched forward, digging talons into her thighs and yanking hard.

Cassia shrieked again but this time it was because she was sailing over his head, heading straight towards the large mirrored wardrobe face first. Oh, crap that was going to hurt. Pietro snaked an arm around her waist and spun her backwards before she hit the glass, the move driving the wind from her body.

He was following her down onto the bed as her back hit the mattress hard, and she knew that if he completed the move, he would win their contest. So she did the one thing that her father had drilled into her since the moment she hit puberty. Cassia brought up her knee and gasped as pain shot through her leg.

The pain was nothing compared to the roar that issued from her vampire as his groin area connected with her knee, his full body weight behind the blow. She didn't hesitate though. She rolled at supernatural speed, her talons wrapped around Pietro's throat, pinning him to the bed as his eyes watered.

"Two - one."*www.nóVclWorm.čOm*

Still sucking air into her sore lungs, Cassia slid from his body and lay panting on her back beside him. For a long time there was only the sound of their laboured breathing, and then Pietro turned his head to look at her. "Alexei or Andrei?"

"Both."

"That figures."*Www.ñOVeLw(ó)Ml.(ó)Om*

When he didn't say anything further, she glanced in his direction to find him staring up at the ceiling, his expression giving nothing away.*www.movèlwoR(m).Com*

"I'm sorry. That was a bit of a low blow."

His lips twitched a little, and then his head turned and she could see amusement dancing in his eyes. "No pun intended?"

Now the match was over, she was starting to feel guilty at the underhand tactics she'd used, even if he did appear to find it funny. Dear Lord, she'd broken furniture across his body, not to mention...

"I didn't mean to hurt you."

"No, you meant to win and you used everything in your arsenal to achieve that. Don't ever apologise for doing what is necessary, Niña. You do what you must to win. No holds barred. Though I must confess being bested by what is technically a Youngling is quite ego bruising, but your vampire...she is spectacular."

Cassia laughed, her heart still thudding in her chest. "She scared the crap out of me," she admitted. "I didn't know I could be that sneaky."

Pietro half sat up, his head supported by his hand as he looked down at her. "Yes, the Alexei distraction worked excellently. I can't believe I fell for one of the oldest tricks in the book. I almost had you up until that point." Her sheepish grin teased another laugh from him.

"I didn't know if that would work but it was the only thing I could think of in the spur of the moment."

Pietro's expression turned serious, his finger lightly brushing her cheek before twirling around a golden curl, his gaze intent on the way it clung to his skin. "You're completely certain?"

Cassia knew what he was asking her. "At first I wasn't," she admitted, because he deserved nothing but the truth from her. "My wolf appeared undecided and that confused me for a while but now she has claimed you. You are my mate."

Her wolf didn't know. He didn't think that was possible, not from what he'd learned about Weres over the centuries. Cassia's honesty was refreshing, but there was something she was holding back.

"When did you know for sure?" He asked the question but deep in his heart he already knew the answer. He could still hear the mournful howl of the wolf that day, when he had rejected the woman lying beside him...when he had accused her of betraying him.

Ww(ó).novèlwoR(m).C(ó)M

"Does that really matter, Pietro? We belong to each other. That's the only thing that matters."

She was letting him off the hook, granting him forgiveness for the harsh words he'd said that day. It would have been so easy to accept her generosity but he had never been one to take the easy route. "It matters, Cass...to me. That last day at the compound, I was so consumed with the need for revenge. I was more than aware of what the pack meant to you, and yet, I still said those things to you, accused you of betrayal."

Sitting up, Cassia pushed him backwards, until their positions were reversed and she was the one leaning over him. "I understood. It just took my wolf a little longer to and as you know I tend to follow my animal as opposed to my vampiric side. For a short time I needed to allow my wolf to come to terms with your rejection but I was never in any danger of going rogue. I don't think the Vârcolac can go rogue, not in the same sense that a Were can. I was hurt but I was never in any danger, Pietro. I need you to believe that."

His beautiful wolf was reassuring him when he was the one who had caused her so much anguish. Everything she had ever done since the first moment they'd met was to think of his needs, to put him first and he had selfishly lashed out and hurt her. She deserved someone so much better than him, someone with far less emotional scars.

"You did not just say that," Cassia laughed, her curls tumbling around her face as she shook her head. "My dad and uncle are two of your best friends."

He hadn't realised he'd said the words out aloud until she started laughing. Yeah right, who was he trying to kid? She'd grown up surrounded by two of the most emotionally challenged vampires he'd ever known and she'd still turned out pretty amazing. Taking him on would be a piece of cake after that.

"You're not going to be dissuaded, are you?" The fierceness that blazed from her eyes was the only answer he needed, her possessiveness making his heart stutter. She was claiming him, and he couldn't deny that he wanted that as much as she did. Cassia had such faith in him, such belief that they could conquer anything as long as they were together. He'd be a fool to walk away from the love she was offering him, and though he may have acted foolish in Europe, he had no intention of continuing that streak.