

## Chapter 687

They were the sweetest, most heartfelt words she had ever heard. They made tears gather in her eyes, which she swallowed back. No one had ever loved her with such conviction before. She didn't deserve to have Liam's love but she would take this moment and treasure it for however long she might still walk this world.

"Love me, Liam," she whispered, threading her hands in his auburn hair as he suckled at her neck sending liquid fire racing through her veins.

"I do, Thereasa," he groaned, his lips moving back to her mouth, the heat of passion in his next kiss. "I love you with every fibre of my being," he breathed into her mouth. "You are my heartbeat and my every breath. You are my soul mate."

How could any woman not love a male who was so tender and compassionate in one breath, and yet, who was darkness and danger hidden beneath his soul? This glorious male would take on the world to protect her even as his fingers trailed down her arm in a touch so tender it was a light as a feather.

He made her burn with a desire so hot she felt as if she would explode. He teased her with tenderness so sweet it tugged at the softer part of her soul that had only ever craved to be loved. She ached to feel him inside her, to know what it was like to be adored by her beautiful Liam Eriksson. He was intent on taking his time with her. She was intent on disabusing himself of that notion.

Winding her legs around him, she pressed the very heart of her body against the hard, thick shaft that moved restlessly against her. She gasped out aloud and arched again, dragging a tortured groan from her lover.

"Reasa...stop that. I want this to be...Reasa!"

"I want you, Liam, all of you. I will not break. You will not hurt me. You will love me as a woman and not as a china doll you're afraid to break."

He stilled and looked down at her, moving to the right so he could reach out and turn on the bedside lamp. He didn't need the additional light to see her, but was aware that she did. Chocolate brown eyes traced every feature on her face, desire brimming in their smoky depths. "I want this to be perfect," he said softly, trembling fingers brushing down one cheek.

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She smiled at him, grinding her lower body against his and thrilling at the way his jaw clenched and his nostrils flared. "How could it not be?" she asked, her need echoing in her voice. "I want you, Liam. I need you. Please love me."

His answering smile was so lascivious she shivered with anticipation. Had she just tempted that delicious vampiric side to him or was she about to get his lusty wolf. Whichever it was she was sure she was about to be loved within an inch of her life.

"So be it, beautiful," he breathed out, a split second before she felt her nightgown tear and he tossed the remnants aside. Sitting up astride her body, he let his greedy gaze wander over her nakedness, his hands coming to cup her tight breasts. "So beautiful," he murmured, leaning down to capture one hard peak in his mouth.

Reasa gasped as wet heat closed over her breast and Liam suckled hard. He tugged at her swollen peak sending tiny sparks of pure electricity shooting down her body to pool in the juncture of her thighs. She had never known her breasts to be this sensitive before, but then she hadn't had Liam lavng them with such intent before. Each lick was pure heaven. Each suckle was another jolt of pure pleasure.

She moaned and writhed beneath him, her thighs aching to open to admit him, but they were clamped shut by his thick thighs sitting astride her. Liam teased her mercilessly, until she was sure she was making that mewling noise he'd mentioned earlier. His soft laughter told her he was thinking the same thing, and she would have given him a smack if he wasn't holding her wrists bound above her head with one hand.

"Tease," she groaned out, her heart thumping wildly as the ache between her legs grew unbearably.

"I can be," he breathed softly, releasing her breasts to slide lower. He trailed wet kisses over her quivering abdomen, continuing lower until he was kissing her mound and her inner thighs, deliberately staying away from where she wanted him most.

"Liam!"

"So impatient," he laughed, hooking one of her thighs over his shoulder. One large hand pressed her other thigh apart, pinning her in place so she was open to his greedy gaze. "Dear God, you're stunning," he whispered, his breath tickling against her flesh.

Reasa tried to press herself towards his mouth but he held her still, blowing gently against her heated flesh.

"So wet," he whispered. "So perfect. All mine." His tongue rasped over her before he had fully finished speaking and it was so unexpected she cried out.

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Oh crap, she was getting the wolf. There was no denying that; not from the way he nuzzled at her body, or the long, slow licks he subjected her to. He was taking his sweet time, tasting her essence, scything his tongue over every inch of her sex until she shuddered in a hot

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He flicked at her apex, teased the tiny bundle of nerves that set her blood on fire. She was panting, writhing, aching to feel him buried deep inside her. "Liam...Liam...please."

His throaty growl was all the warning she got before he suckled against her clit, pushing her that last short distance to her climax. Reasa shattered in a million pieces, bliss making her body tremble as her heart tried to climb out of her chest. She cried out, moving against his wicked mouth, climaxing in mindless pleasure as he lapped against her body.

It was the most spellbindingly erotic climax she'd ever had and it took her a few long moments to come down from the heady bliss he'd engendered. When she opened her eyes, Liam was naked above her and she swallowed hard as she let her eyes travel down to the thick shaft standing proudly between his legs.

"Uhm...everything about you is oversized, I see," she managed to get out, a faint feeling of concern colouring her words. She was human now and he was huge with a capital H. Perhaps she should have let him take his time.

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