

Chapter 236

His cat thought she had a truly wicked mouth but she had never experienced all he could do with his. He too had had to hold back because of their previous location, he didn't have to now. He could feel her legs trembling wildly, hear her harsh breathing as she tried to increase the firmness of his touch but he held her easily, his tongue lazy, teasing, tasting all she had to give him.

He laughed softly against her heated skin as she squirmed against him, desperate for the release of the sexual tension deep within her. He was going to teach her what six thousand years of living had taught him, how to pleasure a woman to the very point of insanity.

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His tongue was relentless, dipping inside her hot body, tasting, teasing, savouring the sweetness her body gave him as her cries became louder, more frantic, a hint of desperation in each sweet sound she uttered. He bit gently against her soft flesh, laved his bites with slow swirls of his tongue, drank down her sweet essence as if it was the most delicious thing he had tasted.

Short of actually tasting her thick, hot blood it was. Her flavour was addictive and he wanted to feast at her succulent body for hours on end. He could feel his fangs itching to elongate, his beast rising within urging him to sink his fangs into the delicate flesh in his mouth. But he held his feral side back. He wanted to play with this cat for a very, very long time.

"Oh God, Gard! Please!" Rayne half sobbed, mindless with pleasure, desperation clawing through her as she sought the release that hovered a fraction of a second away and she couldn't reach because he wouldn't let her. Her body was burning up, her skin once more covered in a light sheen of sweat as he tortured her with his mouth ruthlessly.

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If he didn't tip her over soon she would go insane. She needed it, she craved it, and she was desperate for it. She wanted to scream with frustration when he took his mouth from her. "No!" she wailed hoarsely. "Don't you dare stop!"

Smug male laughter, low and husky as his hands tightened on her hips and his breath teased her mercilessly. "Scream for me, Kitty. Nice and loud." His tongue swept hard through her folds, flicked the oversensitive bundle of nerves that was begging for his touch.

Rayne screamed as pleasure rocked through her. Her knees gave way and her head fell forward weakly as her body trembled wildly in his grasp. Teeth bit hard, enough to sting and make her scream again, and then that wicked tongue laved her abused flesh and she her body fragmented, her voice hoarse as bliss overwhelmed her, surrounded her, sucked her down so deep that all she was aware of what the feel of his hands on her hips and the merciless strokes of his tongue as he rode her through the most intense climax she'd ever experienced.

Her screams made his cock jump wildly, her shuddering body made his heart beat impossibly fast, her complete surrender filled him with a pleasure he had never known before. Gard licked and drank down her pleasure, his own need to join her in sexual release almost crippling him. But this was for her, his exquisite cat and he controlled his own urges as he slowly kissed her down from her release.

He very gently settled her back against his body, soothing her with long, slow strokes down her back as she fought to regain her breath, her eyes closed as she lay limply against him. He could feel her heart beating wildly against him, knew he had satisfied this beautiful woman in his arms as no one else had before. His lips curled in a satisfied smile as he continued to stroke his cat until she began to utter that sexy little purring sound again.

"I don't know which I like more, your pretty little screams or that sexy little purr," he breathed softly, running his fingers gently against a perfect cheekbone. "I think I'll have to hear them both again to make a decision."**Ŵŵŵ.n@ve©Ŵôrm.c.r.M**

Rayne groaned and emitted a short laugh, her body so sated she could barely move. "Can you feed me first? I think I'm going to need the energy."

His chest rumbled with laughter and he tilted her chin up so he could drop a quick kiss on her delectable mouth. "No stamina," he sighed laughing, sitting up and grabbing a sponge and the liquid soap. "You're all sweaty again," he added with a very satisfied smile teasing his lips as he began to soap her skin gently.

Rayne let him wash her, luxuriating in the feel of his strong hands against her skin. Cats liked being stroked and she certainly enjoyed the way he stroked her almost reverently. It had been such a long time since she'd met anyone as strong as, if not stronger than her. It had been an eternity since someone had actually cared for her instead of it being the other way around. It was heavenly to allow this wonderful male to take care of her.

All too soon it was over and Gard was once more applying a little extra heat to the water before he stepped out of the tub and began to dry himself briskly with a towel. She felt so languorous all she could do was lay there watching his beautiful body shimmer in the glow of the lights.(w)**Ŵŵŵ.n©vêêŵôr©.coM**

"No man should ever be as beautiful as you are," she whispered softly, her face soft and dreamy as she admired the view. He laughed softly, hooking the towel around his waist before bending down to brush his mouth gently across her lips.

"I've walked this world a long time, Kitty," he breathed against her lips. "I've seen the ancient wonders of the world. I've seen queens and goddesses in their thousands. Not one can hold a candle to you. They would fade instantly into the background the moment you appeared among them."

He wasn't usually one for flowery speech, preferring the more honest, earthy approach. But his words were heartfelt, undeniable. She eclipsed everything he had have encountered in his long life. She was exquisite, seductive, intoxicating and so utterly addictive. And she was his.

He knew in that instant that he would never let this sultry little cat escape him. She could try and run if she felt so inclined but he would hunt her down to the ends of the earth and back again. She belonged to him in every way imaginable. She would never escape him.

Branding her his with a hot, lusty kiss, he forced himself to leave her in the tub, drying his hair with a second towel as he went to retrieve some of the items he had picked up earlier.

He smiled as he imagined the expression on her face when she saw what he'd gotten. She probably had no idea that they were actually close to the outskirts of town despite the apparent remoteness of their location. It had taken him no time at all to get home and then to the store to pick up what he wanted.