

Chapter 341

Mac pushed into her damp heat as he pulled her down with his arm around her lower back. The desperate little sounds she was making had his head swimming, and liquid fire raced through his veins. He wanted to free himself and slide into her body, to lose himself in the scent and taste of her. He could smell her arousal, feel the dampness between her thighs. The way she rocked against him made it clear she was lost in the moment, desperate for the pleasure that was a heartbeat away. He wanted to give her that pleasure, wanted to watch her shudder and gasp as she let go and soared.

The voice in his head was becoming more urgent, screaming at him to stop, but the scent and taste of Lily was stronger, more demanding. He took her mouth over and over again in long, hot kisses, sweeping his tongue deep into her moistness, biting at her full lower lip with sharp little nips.

Lily was on fire. It was the only way to describe the sensations Mac was wreaking deep within her. His mouth was hot and dangerous, his hands hard and unyielding as he held her pinned to his body. She couldn't catch a breath, didn't want to because that would mean he'd take his mouth from hers.

Desire rippled through her, a hot and heavy sensation that tightened her breasts to a painful ache and sent liquid heat flooding straight to the juncture of her thighs where she cradled the steely hardness of his body.

She strained to get closer, whimpering urgently. The feel of him so close to her most intimate place was heady and just as frustrating because she wanted -- no, she needed him inside desperately.

Her wolf howled with glee, was frantic to claim her mate as Lily tried to pull his T-shirt from his jeans. She wanted to feel the touch of his bare skin beneath her hands.

Mac groaned loudly, sanity returning when Lily tried to take his clothes off. For a brief second he was tempted to let her and ignore the consequences but he knew he had to fight that temptation. His heart was pounding hard as he dragged his mouth away from her and pushed her off his lap onto the bed. He caught her hands in his, stilling her frantic grasping at his clothes.

"No," Lily whimpered, desperation in her eyes as she tried to get closer again. "Don't stop, Mac. Please don't stop."

He kept himself still, fought the need to pull her back into his arms as his gaze raked over her flushed face. She was so fucking beautiful he was sure it would break him to deny her. Her mouth was swollen from his kisses, her chocolate eyes flecked liberally with golden swirls.

Her breath was coming out in harsh pants, making her breasts strain against the fragile material covering her body. God, her scent had to be the most potent aphrodisiac he'd ever come across. Her entire body was hot with need, her nipples clearly outlined against the silk, almost begging his mouth to slide over the fabric and tease her mercilessly.

Mac fought his own need, suppressed the desperation he felt as his hands itched to pull her closer, to strip away her clothes and taste every inch of the soft flesh he would uncover.

"You said one kiss, Lily. That was slightly more than one kiss, but I held up my end of the bargain. Now give me your word that you won't shadow while I'm away."

Was that really his voice? How could he sound so unemotional when his entire body was attuned to hers, when what was left of his shattered self-control was barely enough to stop him from completing what he'd started? He watched her face carefully and caught the fleeting emotions that raced across her beautiful features. It made him suck in a deep breath.

Mac's cold tone was like a bucket of ice being thrown over her. Lily stared at him, biting her bottom lip as the heat of passion began to fade and she was left with Mac in all his unemotional glory.*www.W.mô(v)êlWor~m.CôM*

He'd seemed as caught up in the moment as she was; hell, she hadn't been thinking clearly but the way he'd responded to her made it clear that he'd wanted her as much as she'd wanted him. Now it was like he'd flicked a switch and just shut off the passion between them.

Had he guessed at her inexperience? Was she just not tempting enough for him? Her reaction to his kiss has been instinctual and she'd burned up like a living flame. Even as he pushed her away she was still aching for him, her body strung out and desperate for completion. But Mac had just cooled off as if it was the easiest thing in the world to do. Maybe for him it was.

Lily could feel tears threatening and she fought to swallow them down. She wouldn't cry for him, wouldn't let him see how much it hurt that he could just walk away as if she didn't affect him. "I promise," she finally said, amazed that her voice sounded so neutral when she felt as if she was dying inside.

He was silent for a long moment, his eyes trying to penetrate her soul. "Why do you do that?" he asked quietly.*www.NóV(e)L(w)ôR.m.Ĉ(c)m*

His gaze was relentless and she wanted to look away, but looking away from Mac wasn't always the easiest thing to do. "Do what?" Her tone was sullen, colour creeping into her cheeks.

"Turn from a sensual, vibrant woman into a vulnerable young girl. You were so passionate just a moment ago and now you appear so young and unsure." There was more than a hint of confusion in his voice.

"Probably the same reason you turn from a passionate man into a cold, hard vampire, Mackenzie," she answered bitterly, unable to keep the thread of hurt out of her tone as she leaned away from him. "I guess that's just the way we're both made. You got your promise. Just go now." The tears were getting closer to the surface, becoming harder to contain. She needed him to leave before she disgraced herself completely.*ŴW(w).fioVIELW@rM.com*

Mac could hear her voice quiver, could feel the pain she was trying so hard to conceal. He muttered a curse, knowing he'd hurt her again. Suspicion was starting to rear up inside him. He was probably crazy for even thinking it, but he needed to know if he was right.*Ww~w.NôV(e)lwo(r)m.C©M*

"Lily, how much experience have you had with men?"

She stiffened instantly and her cheeks flushed with colour. It was all the answer he needed and he cursed again, loudly this time. If he'd known, even suspected that she was so inexperienced he would never have touched her. 'Yeah right,' a little voice whispered in his head even as a part of him sat up and preened at the knowledge that no man had touched her before.

It was an insanely possessive reaction, but he couldn't help it even as he was astounded that she'd led so sheltered a life. His expression must have given something away because she flushed even more and stared down at the bed.