

## Chapter 665

"I told you not to trust him."

Liam blinked slowly, watching Reasa pace up and down their room. He couldn't deny that it had been a close call with Kothi but that wasn't what had his full attention. Reasa was concerned about him. Oh, she was berating him and telling him what a fool he was but he didn't mind in the least, because with every word that escaped her lips it was clear that she cared.

"He didn't mean it, Reasa. Things just got a little out of hand."

"A little out of hand?" She stopped pacing to glare at him, her voice deceptively soft. "Just when I was starting to think that maybe, just maybe, my fear of the Vârcolac was unjustified I see that boy almost rip your stupid head off. And all you can do is sit there and say things got a little out of hand?"

Reasa, I'm fine. You can stop worrying now," Liam signed, rising and crossing the room. "I'm not concerned about Kothari in the least. Yes, he walks a very fine line and nobody knows that more than I. I have been shadowing his mood swings all our lives. Kothi teeters on the edge but the one thing that always pulls him back is his love for the pack. The fact that Kal got through to him so easily is a testament to that."

One still looked doubtful but that didn't stop a wide grin crossing his face. "You're very vociferous in my favour," he commented, amusement dancing in his eyes.

stared eyes met his and his tongue snaked out and wet his lip. It was the wrong thing she could have done as it fixated him on her mouth and recalled the memory of kissing her. Liam had relived that moment so many times in his dreams but had been careful about keeping his distance. Oh, he hadn't given any quarter when it had come to sleeping with him. No, he had been quite determined that they would not be separated after spending all day helping the Praetorians.

He had wanted Reasa to be comfortable in his presence, to know and come to expect his touch without fear that it would come to mean some form of sexual advance from him. He had wanted her to get to know him, to see him as a person first and come to trust him. From her reaction to his fight with Kothi, it would appear it had worked. She was concerned about his well-being. She cared.

*wVW.n(o)VeL(w)orm.čOm*

"Don't try to change the subject, Liam Eriksson. We are discussing your lapse in judgement here."

She looked totally adorable as she tried to remain stern when all the while she was slowly backing away from him, her hands twisting nervously together. His wolf growled softly and he could have sworn he heard his vampire laughing with glee. They were both enjoying their prey backing herself into a corner.

"Were we?" he asked, a smile teasing at his lips. "I'm more interested in why you feel the need to tell me off. Were you worried about me, Thereasa? Were you really that concerned that Kothi might genuinely hurt me?"

"In case you haven't noticed it does take both of us to help bring back the Praetorians," she countered, emitting a gasp when her back hit the wall. They had been here once before in her room at Freya's home, and that hadn't gone too well in her favour.

"If I recall correctly, weren't you shouting 'Go, Liam.' when I was fighting? Did you like seeing my more vampiric side? I remember he liked you very much when we were talking to him."

"Liam..." She swallowed hard, her eyes darting away from his. [www.NoV8\(1\)worm.com](http://www.NoV8(1)worm.com)

"Yes, Reasa?"

"Liam..."

He couldn't have stopped himself from kissing her if he tried. She was so beautiful, so intoxicating. Liam claimed her lips in a soft kiss, lightly running his tongue along her bottom lip. Her mouth quivered under his and then she sighed and her lips parted, allowing him entry into the sweetness within. **Ww.w.n0Vðlw0rm.c0(m)**

She tasted heavenly, all hot and spicy, and sweet, sweet Reasa. His hand came up to the nape of her neck, holding her in place so he could plunder her mouth in a kiss so full of passion it felt as if an inferno had ignited between them. His heart kicked up a beat, and his body hardened in an instant as he lost himself in the heady intoxication of his mate.

Reasa tried not to respond to him but it was impossible not to wind her arms around his thick neck and pull his mouth onto hers. Her emotions had been chaotic ever since she had watched Liam fight with Kothi. She had gone from exultation to abject fear in a fraction of a second and her head was still spinning from it.

That had nothing to do with the way Liam's lips teased against hers, the way his tongue flicked inside her mouth and she felt she was being devoured from the inside out. No, her spinning head was from fatigue and too many extreme emotions in such a short period of time...it was.

"Liam." Oh Lord, had she just moaned his name like a besotted woman lost in the throes of passion? Surely that hadn't been her. Surely she wasn't luxuriating in the feel of his hard, well-muscled physique pressing her back against the wall. It was her and she couldn't deny it any longer. She was attracted to Liam; she was more than attracted to him. He had somehow managed to creep past all her defences until there was nowhere she could hide from him.

He knew secrets about her she hadn't shared with anyone else. He was aware of the ugly truth that haunted her days and he still cared, he still treated her with respect and what she now had to concede was the inescapable truth: love

Liam, in return, had revealed his own secrets. He had trusted her with what he considered his deepest shame. He was so unlike anyone she had ever known, so free with his thoughts and feelings, hiding nothing behind defensive walls. He stood before her, a gentle giant with so much empathy he had lived his entire pack's pain and joy his entire life. Still that hadn't dissuaded him from opening up to her, from revealing everything and trusting she wouldn't hurt him.

Why was she still fighting him? Why wasn't she just letting him in? She had thrown her lot in with his pack and the vampires here. She had to rely on them for protection as she was human now. It was just the tiniest of steps to accepting Liam's claim on her, and the way he made her feel was proof that it wouldn't be such a bad thing. So, why couldn't she just take that final step...

"Liam." This time his name came out completely different and he responded instantly to the feel of her withdrawal.

Raising his head up, he captured her gaze in his, a query shining in his deep brown eyes. "I know you feel what's between us, Thereasa. Why do you fight it so much?" There was no condemnation in his tone, only open curiosity.

"You know why...you just don't want to deal with it," she replied, pressing her hands against his wide chest, feeling the drumming of his heart against her fingertips. The temptation to curl her fingers against his flesh, to feel his skin against her palms was strong...instead she pushed gently and sighed with relief when he backed away, giving her the space she needed.

"I can't deny that I am attracted to you, Liam. If nothing else, I will always tell you the truth from this point forward. I can't deny that the Vârcolac are not what I first imagined them to be...Kothari notwithstanding. But we cannot forget Pietro in all of this, no matter how much you may wish to believe that it will all work out in the end. Things will come to a head with him and when it does...one of us will most likely die."

"I will not let him hurt you." Liam hissed out the words, fury replacing the sleepy passion that he'd still be lingering under.

"You cannot hurt him, Liam," she countered, walking over to the bed, and sitting down, waiting for him to take a seat beside her. "If you do you will most probably send Cassia rogue and you can't live with that. You will never be able to bear the burden of hurting her, of possibly being the cause of her death by your actions. You know that. You just don't want to face it."

"Then we'll go to Europe and live there. It is your home, what you know."

She wanted to shake him and hug him at the same time. He was so obstinate and clearly not thinking straight. "I'm human, Liam. I would be dead within a week of setting foot on European soil. I have made too many enemies there and you're completely ignoring the fact that Louis will be sending someone here to kill me if they're not already here."