

Chapter 671

"I love you, Cassia Romanov." Just saying the words out aloud felt surreal, but he knew they were true, and had been for a long time. When had she crept into his heart? He didn't know. He was just aware that she was firmly embedded there and always would be. Cassia was his heart and soul. She completed him in every way possible, and he would do whatever it took to have a future with her. He would even try to forgive Reasa, because if he couldn't at least try, he may lose his feisty wolf, and he couldn't imagine not having her in his life.*wwW.novEl(w)or+m.ðom*

Cassia's breath caught as he uttered the words she'd longed to hear, his mismatched eyes glowing with such fierceness it took her breath away. Her beautiful vampire was surrendering; he was willing to compromise for her. It brought tears to her eyes that he could lay himself vulnerable to her after all he'd been through. She knew it wasn't easy for him and that he was willing to try to be with her.

"I love you, Pietro de la Rios," she whispered back leaning down until their lips almost touched, and she could feel his breath teasing her mouth. It set her heart fluttering in a way nothing else ever could. The emotions threatening to overwhelm her in that moment were reserved exclusively for the glorious male lying beneath her. As she exhaled slowly, he sucked her breath into his mouth. When he did the same, she breathed him into her soul.

"One breath...one heartbeat. My soul is yours for eternity. Will you mate with me, Pietro? Will you complete me?" Her voice hitched as she asked and she held her breath as she waited, her wolf peering from the depths of her questing eyes.

"What is it you wolves say when you claim your mates?" The deep rumble of his voice didn't hide the possessiveness of his gaze.

"Mine..."

Pietro snaked a hand around the nape of her neck, stealing that last agonising inch that separated them. His touch was gentle, teasing...a slow rubbing of lips in a kiss so tender, her tears overflowed.

"Mine," Pietro growled into her mouth, licking the salty wetness on her lips. "You were always mine, Niña, from the very first moment I laid eyes on you."

Her wolf howled its glee, rejoicing in their mate's acceptance. He was finally theirs. He was finally hers. It was as if she had lived only for this moment, and she was going to remember every single second of it. She had her mate. She had her beautiful vampire.

"I don't know what to do," he whispered against her lips, his vulnerability so endearing her heart felt as if it would burst with love for him.

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"Then let me lead," she answered, pulling back so she could read every emotion flickering across his face. "I promise you will enjoy it."

Pietro started to laugh, excitement shining from his eyes, mixed in with love, and healthy dose of lust. "Oh, I have no doubt that I would, Cassia, though I am not so sure how good I will be in the submissive position. It doesn't come naturally."

The sultry expression that crossed her face sent his blood pressure sky high, the wicked smile curving her lips made his body pulse with the need to be buried inside her. "That's okay, lover. I can hold you down if required. I am Vârcolac after all."

Ordinarily the thought of not being the one in control was total anathema to him, however the way his wolf was looking at him right now...hell yes she could do whatever she wanted if it meant she'd pour her luscious body all over his. "I'm all yours, Niña." Was that really his voice? The words practically purred out of his mouth and from the dilation of Cassia pupils, he could tell she liked them.

"Of course."

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Cassia's smile turned even more wicked if that were at all possible. He was about to comment on it when his T-shirt ripped down the centre and the cooling air of the bedroom whispered across his bare chest. His heart thudded loudly, his cock flexing in the confines of his jeans. His wolf looked like she wanted to eat him all up, and he wasn't one to deny her base instincts.

Gentle fingers touched his brow, tracing the scar down his face, lingering on his neck where his second scar met with his shoulder. Cassia frowned as she touched the ridged flesh, golden highlights reflecting in her eyes signalling her wolf was very much present.

"Sacrilege," she growled quietly, a hint of fury lacing the word. "This belongs to us. This is where we make our mark. It sends my wolf insane with rage that someone laid hands on you, that someone desecrated what is ours."

"Then claim it back," he commanded, surprised at the wealth of emotion in each word as he raised one hand to place it over her trembling fingers. Until this moment, he had never wanted anything so badly in his life. He wanted to sooth her wolf's fury. He wanted to feel her mark him so that it would eradicate the memories attached to that scar and replace it with something so beautiful, that those memories would never haunt him again. "I am yours, my wolf, now and for eternity."

"Mine!" Cassia slithered down his body, her lips tracing butterfly kisses against the scar on his cheek, down the hard curve of his jaw, along scarred flesh of his collarbone. Her touch was light, teasing and it made his hips flex upwards, his body seeking the ultimate blending of their souls.

"Greedy boy," she laughed against his skin, kissing her way over his chest, her tongue snaking out to lick and taste him.

Each touch was an exquisite torture, each caress a pleasure like none other. It was difficult to lay there and allow her to do as she wanted, but he was determined to let his sultry wolf have her way with him. This was her moment; this was what her wolf needed. When they mated together, he wanted it to be the most magical experience of her life.

Her lips grazed his stomach, forcing him to suck in a deep breath. The evidence of his need was outlined brazenly against the fabric of his jeans, and he jumped when he felt a lone talon measure his length in the slowest of motions he could imagine. "Cassia..."*w@(w).NóvElw@rm.c@m*

"Yes, Pietro?"

How the fuck could she sound so sexy and innocent at the same time? The witch was playing with him and loving every moment of it, and he had to admit to himself that it was excruciatingly erotic to be on the opposite side of this kind of foreplay. Perhaps he would allow her to do this again sometime...but not too often.

"You're playing with fire, Niña."

Sensual laughter greeted his words, and his patience and blood pressure reached fever pitch.

"Then I guess you should burn me, my beautiful vampire..."

His jeans shredded under her talons and he uttered a low curse. Before he could move he felt her hot breath tease his flesh and then her tongue licked slowly up his throbbing cock.

"I think I need to kiss you better. I did hurt you here." Her muffled laughter cut off as she swallowed him down, his hips rocking up to meet the glorious heat of her mouth.

"Cassia!" He roared her name out, clutching at the bedspread to stop his hands fisting in her curls and pull her mouth more fully onto him. This was her moment and he had to give it to her. He had to let her see just how much he loved her, what he was willing to do for her.

It was sweet torture though, pleasure, and pain all mingled into one. She kept her touch teasing, always promising more, but never fully delivering. Every nerve ending felt alive, his desire stoking higher and higher with each flick of her tongue, each slow stroke of her mouth over his straining flesh. Was this what it felt like when he loved her, when his hands and mouth danced over her soft skin drawing every nuance of pleasure he could? If it was she was getting payback in the bucket load, and he had to concede that it was highly erotic to experience her brand of vengeance.