

Chapter 673

"This is your seat I believe, my lady." The roguish grin he shot her turned into a muffled groan as he pulled her back astride him, sliding her back onto his throbbing cock.

Cassia's breath gasped out as she wrapped her arms around his neck and accepted him eagerly. "Oh! I believe you are right," she giggled breathily, pressing down to meet his upward movement. "That feels...perfect."

"Hold tight, Niña."

It was all the warning she got before he took full control of their joining, bucking into her body with hard, fast strokes, sending liquid fire racing through her veins. She was soaring through the heavens, pleasure crashing over her with each deep thrust he gave her.

"I can't wait..." he gasped, his fangs already lowered, desperation in his eyes.

She understood what he meant. Her wolf was baying for her to claim him, urging her to mark him as theirs. Cassia licked at his collarbone, licked against his shoulder. She nibbled at the scar that desecrated their territory, a low growl escaping her.

"Be mine forever, Pietro."

"Always."

Cassia felt the heat of her climax building, her body moving faster and harder as she rode her beautiful vampire. She was almost there, almost ready to soar as her passion exploded over her. With another growl she whispered, "Mine." Her teeth sank into his skin, as he slammed into her hard and she shattered, her vision obscured by a kaleidoscope of colours dancing behind her eyes.

Pietro's fangs sank into her neck, his body pulsing thickly as he emptied himself into her. She climax again, shuddering wildly as he clamped her body to his and drank from her neck, completing the mating ritual and nourishing his still healing body.

Pietro continued to rock into her, mindless to anything but the feel of her wet heat fluttering around his cock and her hot blood flowing down his throat. It had always been good between them but this moment transcended everything they had ever experienced and he didn't want it to end.

"Cassia...oh God, Cassia."

"I know," she gasped out between panting breaths, holding him against her as he kissed the side of her neck, their bodies still joined. Her wolf was ecstatic, preening itself now that they had claimed their mate. She wanted to laugh at its antics but didn't think Pietro would see the humorous side if she did.

Pietro knocked away the remnants of the broken chair that was on his pillows and gently laid her down on the bed, lying on his side so they were facing each other. "Is it done?" He wasn't sure if he was supposed to feel a wolf inside him or something now she had bitten him. He didn't feel any different so he was worried that maybe it hadn't worked.

"Oh yes," Cassia smiled, her gaze dropping to the spot where she had bitten him. Her smile faltered and a frown furrowed her brow, her hand reaching out to touch his skin. "That's odd."

Her concern made him uneasy. "What is?"

"My mark...it hasn't healed." When he shot her a blank look she sat up and he followed her. "Usually the physical mark disappears though the psychic bond remains. Yours should have too but it's still there."

Rising to look in the mirror, he saw what she meant. Where she had bitten him across his scar, there was a clear impression of her bite mark. When she said it hadn't healed she hadn't been entirely accurate. The bite mark looked as if it had been there for years. It had technically healed...it just hasn't vanished. It had to have something to do with the scarred area of his body. Something about the Amort toxin had altered those areas of his body so that they would never truly heal.

Seeing Cassia's uncertain expression in the mirror tore at his heart. She was probably afraid that he'd view this as he viewed his other imperfections. She couldn't be further from the truth though. Crossing back to the bed, he pulled her into his embrace, capturing her gaze with his and refusing to allow her to look away.

"I'm glad," he said gruffly, emotion making his voice sound huskier than usual. "I want to wear your mark, Cassia Romanov. I am proud to wear it and don't you ever think otherwise."

"You're sure?"

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For an answer he kissed her, long and slow, and with so much love that she would never doubt how much she meant to him. When he let her up for air they were both breathless. "I'm sure."

Pulling Cassia down beside him, he covered them with the bedspread and held his mate close. She was his now...for eternity. They were joined together and no one and nothing would ever come between them.

"Sleep, Niña, while you can because I know I'm going to want to sample your sweet body again in the very near future."

"Greedy, vampire," she laughed, cuddling close and wrapping her arms and legs around his hard length. "Let's see who wakes who first."

"Oh yes," Cassia smiled, her gaze dropping to the spot where she had bitten him. Her smile faltered and a frown furrowed her brow, her hand reaching out to touch his skin. "That's odd."

Pietro burst out laughing, kissing the side of her neck before closing his arms and inhaling her sweet fragrance. "You're on..."

"Thank you, Liam, Reasa. What you've done for the Praetorians will be remembered." Mac's expression was earnest as he shook first Liam and then Reasa's hands.

Lily was standing beside him, beaming with happiness. As usual, she threw formality to the wind and smothered them in affectionate hugs. "I am so jealous I can't dream walk," she laughed, ignoring Reasa's stiffness as she hugged her tightly.

The former vampire appeared uncomfortable with the open affection but she didn't pull away.

"I'm still trying to come to terms with the fact I clearly have a weak mind to be affected in the first place," Brandon grumbled from below them where he waited at the Jeep. Despite his words there was open amusement on his face as the couple walked down the steps towards him.

"I'm sorry." Liam apologised for what had to be about the one hundredth time, earning him a glare of reproof from the vampire.Www.NoVêl#wó@m.C0m

"How many times do we need to tell you to can that shit, Liam? We signed up for this duty and not one of us regrets it. Hell, we got at least a week off from that torture Karn calls training. You did us a favour." Brandon grinned at the blond vampire as he spoke, his irreverence drawing a dark scowl in his direction.

"Glad you enjoyed it, boy, because you've got a week to make up for. I'll see you all around back in half an hour." Karn flashed his own grin at the younger vampire, more than a hint of malice in it.Www.W.(n)ovelworm.c(o)mm

Brandon groaned and rolled his eyes as the others laughed, Liam included. Karn was going to work their asses off, but to see the last shards of guilt fade from his friend's expression was enough of a reward for what they'd be subjected to. He couldn't leave it at that though...he wouldn't be Brandon if he did.

"So, just to assuage my curiosity...can you explain to us why we even need the Praetorians anymore? I mean, it's not as if the Vârcolac need any protection. They could take us out with probably only one or two of them breaking any kind of sweat."

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It was a valid question despite the fact it was asked in jest. Karn didn't answer, though he did look to Mac. The Praetorian leader's expression was relaxed, his arm wrapped around his mate.

Pietro burst out laughing, kissing the side of her neck before closing his arms and inhaling her sweet fragrance. "You're on..."