

Chapter 0027

Caius 1

"So, will Ghost be able to make him squeal?" Anastasia's captivating voice filled the small surveillance room.

Though the question was for Knight, I turned in her direction and away from the two-way mirror that allowed us to watch the interrogation unfold. Damon was currently out with Maverick searching through Mercury's footage for any sign of others.

"He hasn't broken out his torture instruments yet, which means he's just beginning." Knight supplied, speaking around the toothpick he held between his lips. "You've still got time to leave before things get bloody, kitty."

Somehow, I knew ahead of time the comment would make Anastasia bristle. Something at the nightclub had set her on edge. I'd seen it in her eyes, the way they scanned her surroundings. Scanned every damn thing in sight. The woman had a sharp tongue, which was only made worse by her apparent stress.

Hackles raising like a golden-haired kitten, she hissed at my brother. "I'm not going anywhere. Don't forget it was me that caught the damn chameleon."

A lazy smile drifted across his face. The same one that appeared any time he managed to rile me up.

"How did you manage to do that, anyway?"

I didn't hear her response. My attention was once again hooked on

that goddess-forsaken dress she had chosen to wear tonight.

The silky material was a deep emerald similar to the leaves branching off her sleeve of rose tattoos and ended around mid-thigh. Not that the hem mattered given there was a gaping slit up the side that revealed hints of her ass as she moved.

An ass I had felt every inch of when I had approached her on the club's dance floor.

What had I been thinking dancing with her like that? The woman was clearly trying to get into my head just as Marjorie once. A mistake I was still trying to rectify. 1

"You don't know me. You don't know that I am the type of man to take what I want. I am not gentle, and I do not ask for permission. Keep playing with me and you'll find that out for yourself."

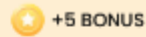
If only she'd known how close she had come to finding that out for herself. Fuck, the sparkle in her eyes when I spoke those words. It was like they set her alight, heating her from the inside out. It was like she wanted it. Like she craved it.

I couldn't think that way. Couldn't allow myself to dream that there was a woman out there with the same desires as myself.

"Our mate would have those desires," My wolf reminded me. "She would want what we want."

I would've been an utter and complete fool not to contemplate the possibility of Anastasia being my mate. The longer I thought on it, the more it failed to make sense.

A mate was someone who fit you completely, who would coax desire



and that dreaded L-word from your very bones. As devastatingly attractive as she was, Anastasia did nothing but piss me off, and that was being generous.

I pushed the thought of her far from my mind. Pushed away the image of her leaning into my hand as I choked her back at the club. Pushed away the sight of her lips parting, and those captivating eyes of hers glazing over.

It was bad enough I let one woman close to my fucked-up heart. I'd sooner die than allow another to do the same.

There was a split second where my cock twitched as I watched Anastasia begin to pace. Her dress had a built-in corset that cinched in her waist, emphasizing her wide hips and ass.


She wasn't my usual type, and for some reason that made my body desire her more.

I folded my arms over my chest and grunted, "Are you going to speak up about what has you so on edge or are you going to continue pacing like a mad woman?"

The madwoman in question spun around so quickly her curls formed a golden halo around her shoulders. Again I stood witness to that fire in her eyes, and watched as it made the blue tones within brighten.

Forbidden thoughts circled me like vultures, picking at my flesh until I succumbed to the pain.

What would happen if I allowed the tension between us to snap? Would she fight me off as I grabbed her, tearing her clothes off and pinning her to the ground? Would she claw at me, fighting against

 +5 BONUS

the sweet arousal dripping from her cunt?

There was something about a woman teetering on the edge of defiance and desire that made me so fucking hungry.

In the past there had been women that balked at my unnatural desires. There had also been the ones who feigned understanding. Who tried to play the part I so desperately craved, but it wasn't enough.



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