# **The Royally Screwed Rogue**

Tema G.M

THE ROYALLY SCREWED ROGUE

Copyright © 2023 by TEMA G.M.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, organizations, places, events, and incidents either are the product of the author’s imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

For information contact :

[setiyele@gmail.com](mailto:setiyele@gmail.com)

Facebook : Setiyele M.

Book and Cover design by Getcovers\_design

ISBN:

First Edition: July 2023

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

# 1

DANGEROUS BLOOD THIRST

LOGAN

‘I am going to kill them all.’

I walked out of the house with just that in thought. My whole pack gathered with my tracking team ready to go. The wind whistled and blew as if fighting invisible ghosts. The trees fought back by bending back and forth excessively.

The t-shirt on my body squeezed the life out of me.

I folded my hands into fists, wide strides with determination coursing through me. Too many days I had waited for this day, too many nights I had run it through my head.

I was impatient as I reached my tracking team.

“Is everyone here?” There was no patience for any pleasantries. My eyes lay on Leaf who nodded his head. His upper body was on display, a pleasantry I could no longer enjoy.

My eyes flickered to Cinnamon. I did not have to say a thing before she nodded her head. They all knew I was on edge and I planned to salvage that through bloodshed.

“I am ready.”

I nodded and strode away, leaving without any more words spoken.

Footsteps suddenly pat behind me and I thought it was my team but I was wrong. I caught the overly sweet perfume just as a warm hand fell on my shoulder. My mind tripped in my head and I nearly lashed out.

“Logan, you are just leaving like that? I wanted to wish you…”

“Don’t touch me. Do not touch me. Do not touch me!” My whole body was shaking just from one touch.

I did not know why I let Elissa come to my pack. I did not even know why I kept her there and watched as she placed herself as my Luna. I thought that maybe she would ease the pain. The pain of her sister rejecting me over another man, a vampire nonetheless.

My anger hit the roof even thinking about it. I could not wait any longer so I ripped into my wolf right there and then. He wanted to tear Elissa into pieces. He wanted to rip her arm away so she could never touch us again but I reined him in, reminding him of the blood bath waiting for us. I gave her one stare and hoped it was enough to send her packing but I knew a stare would never deter her from her mission.

I turned, my wolf galloping away in anger. He was panting as we ran. My own beta accused me of being feral and maybe I was. I did not mind. If I had to be a rogue to kill them, so be it. They would all pay for what they did to my mother. They would all scream and beg like my sisters and I had. Rogues tore every part of me from inside out and left my mind crumbled. The only thing that brought me back was the need to avenge my family. None of the rogues would be spared. There would be no mercy at all.

My eyes narrowed as I ate the distance. My team was further back but they would catch up. I groaned out, thinking of Cinnamon. Back I went, running back to find her riding on Leaf. I did not even ask. I swung my head and Leaf threw her onto me. Her flimsy body fell on my back, not giving her any time to adjust. The feel of her on me riled me even more.

The last person to ride on me was Issa, my youngest sister and the rogues killed her. I watched as they defiled and tore her to pieces while I cried and begged. I groaned out loud and fought the edge to howl. The king had given me free rein to kill the rogues responsible. Even if he hadn’t, I would have done it, no matter the consequences. Not only was I going to kill those I had seen, I would kill them all. I would rid them off this world. Evil scum.

My wolf lowered and moved even faster. Cinnamon whimpered as we flew through the forests but her discomfort meant nil to me.

The day trickled to night and night to day without a stop. My anger kept rising until we hit the jackpot. When we reached the rogue kingdom barrier, I dropped Cinnamon down and signaled with my head for her to get on the spell no matter her condition.

No one had found the rogue kingdom before and that was because it was cloaked. I would tear through their magical walls and burn their whole sham of a kingdom down.

I did not turn back to my person because I was drowning in anger and thirst, thirst for blood. I kept pacing, puffing out hot air as if I would combust to flames. I paced until the ground laid out a path for me.

My team began trickling one after another as Cinnamon screamed her spell. Her face was red with blood raining down her nose but I did not care. She knew the consequences of failing. Nothing waited for her if she failed. Failure was something I would not accept. Her body collapsed and I gave her one look. She pushed back up and began again.

Some of my team members began shifting to their person. Their worry poured as they looked from me to Cinnamon. They wanted me to tell her to take a break. Over my dead body.

Leaf stood a few feet away, watching. I did not like him. There was an evil to him but for this, he was perfect. He could do whatever he wanted to whichever rogue he wanted. I just wanted the King’s head. The things I had planned for him, they had me growl out loud, snapping my teeth at Cinnamon. She was taking too long and the very little patience I had was burning out. I needed blood. I needed rogue blood coating me as I tore through their bodies and I wanted it that very second. I walked closer, eyes narrowed dangerously.

The woman was shaking and weeping but still, she carried the spell.

Her tears would not help her. If I wasn’t tearing rogues apart then she would be in place for them. I nudged her with my snout, a frightened cry escaping her. She chanted harder and finally, what had hidden the rogue kingdom began crumbling like a burning paper. Holes appeared in thin air and trees that had not been there before were suddenly seen.

My whole team shifted back to their wolves.

A grin spread on my face, moving past Cinnamon.

My eyes glistered and glazed, the party having just begun.

# 2

SINS PAID WITH BLOOD

ADIRA

“Princess.”

I sighed at Roselyn’s plea. The water had turned cold. I would bear through sitting in cold water than what was to come after my bath.

My eyes ran to the guard that stood by the main door of the room, staring dead at me. As much as I went through this every single day I could not get used to it. A shiver took over my body and I clenched my teeth. The room had an open concept. Everything was open to view and everything was bolted or cemented down.

Roselyn came with the towel held wide open for me. She tried to stand with her body to cover my rise but what was the point? Nearly every warrior in the pack had already seen my body. I swallowed the lump stuck in my throat from that thought.

I pushed up, Roselyn quickly hiding my body away and I swear the guard hissed. Roselyn quickly wrapped the towel around me and it was the most decent thing I had worn in months. My stomach turned at the thought and I thought I would vomit.

The water was drained away as I waited for Roselyn to be done. As she cleaned the tub I oiled my skin as best as I could and put on deodorant. The towel was so warm. I clutched onto it, wishing I would not have to take it off. I followed Roselyn with my eyes as she picked up what I would wear. It was a two-piece red lingerie. My stomach dropped to the darkest part of my belly.

“Roselyn.” It was more of a cry, my eyes swimming in warm tears before they disappeared back in.

Roselyn was as pale as me. The thing hid nothing at all. I wanted to scream and cry out loud, shrinking more into myself.

We went through this every single day. Instead of it getting better, it was getting worse to bear.

“Please.” I did not even know who I was begging at that point. Roselyn’s tears fell, pulling me from my own grief. I swallowed my emotions and just stared at the strings that could not even be called underwear.

I took a step forward, my hand shaking as I took it in hand. I pulled the underwear up until it sat where it was supposed to. Next was the bra. My hands shook so hard I thought they would fall off. The towel had to be dropped at that point. There was no going around it.

It flew down and kissed the floor. The cold air attacked as I shivered. I did not dare stare at the guard but I could feel his disgusting eyes devour every part of my body. I pulled the bra up as quickly as I could but what was the point because my nipples were the only thing barely hidden? My breast poked through the satin strips, threatening to spill out.

Roselyn held out a flimsy satin long gown that I pulled over, tying it at my center but it did not close.

The silence was heavy, sitting on both of our chests.

I was led to the table right by the small window. My lunch sat, the first meal I had for the day. Starving myself would never change my situation so I ate. The food was tasteless as everything else in my life. Everything was grey—no color before my eyes. I swallowed as much as I could before I pushed the plate forward and passed my thanks.

“Princess.” Roselyn bowed.

“Thank you, Roselyn. I will see you tomorrow.”

She sadly smiled and as always, the words she wanted to utter lay heavy on her tongue before she bowed again and walked to the door.

I watched as the guard opened the door and they followed each other out. The door was closed after them, the key turning as the guard locked me in. I took a deep breath, turning around to stare at the only view of the world I had.

I picked up my worn-out book, sitting on the window seal. I pulled my leg up, the large gold chain clanking against the wall. It hung heavy as I rested my leg on the soft cushion. My eyes went to stare at the kids playing on the green grass. I found myself trapped in their game, my eyes not able to tear away.

The other option was reading the words I had for the past sixteen years. The book was worn out as my soul yet still I clutched onto it. I finally forced myself to open the cover and run my eyes through the words. None stuck as much as I tried but I pushed on because I would never forgive myself if I forgot even a single word in it.

A scream suddenly tore through the air. It was such a painful scream. My eyes flew to my small dusty window, eyes literally stuck on it as they moved from each inch it allowed me to see yet nothing was amiss. The children still played, paying no mind to anything else. I stared for as long as I could, desperate for change, for anything to happen.

My breath was finally let out and I sank back in my seat before another scream tore through the air.

A woman came out running from the forest, blood covering her. Her body crumbled right before the children and chaos erupted all around.

My heart was beating from the very edge of my throat. Everyone was running back and forth, not knowing where to go. My hands lay flat on the window, literally breathing on it. A few warriors ran into the forest then more.

None cared for the children, all for themselves as they ran for safety.

What was happening?

Mothers grabbed their children and ran.

My eyes went wider and instinct kicked. I jumped down from the seat to pause.

There was no running for me, I was already hidden. My heart sank but I crawled back up as the screams got louder. From my line of sight, no one was in view yet still I heard the screams. My gut twisted and turned, fear nearly engulfing me. My breath came in rapid pants from the overtime my heart was working. My adrenaline pumped, begging us to run.

A few men ran out of the forest, blood all over their bodies.

My eyes would fall out from how wide they were.

A large black wolf jumped out and tore one of the warriors from behind. I shook as if to splatter, watching the impalement. It felt as if the claws were running through my own back.

I wanted to scream but I couldn’t.

My body ran cold as I froze. More foreign wolves came out and suddenly, a lot of our people were being thrown and torn apart right before my eyes. It was horrifying yet I could not tear my eyes away. I did not realize I had been silently crying until my hands fell on my face, finding it wet.

My door suddenly shook with such force. I jumped with a scream pulling from my lips as I turned to stare at it in horror. It seemed my eyes themselves were suddenly pumping as my heart.

“Princess!”

I should have been relieved but the horror poured even more.

“Princess!”

A silent sob broke through me. My hands stopped the sound from escaping as my shoulders shook back and forth.

“Princess!” Tyme screamed out so loud, pounding with such desperation.

“Princess we need to run!”

I ran to the door but my chain jerked me back as I was about to reach it. It brought me down to my reality. I stared back at it, the sting of it digging into my ankle.

There was no saving me.

“No Tyme. You need to leave!” I tried to stay as firm as I could.

“Princess no, please!” She wept so hard it brought more tears down my eyes.

“Tyme. Go! Save yourself, please. Take everyone else and leave!”

I wanted to rush to the door and scream through as if that would make her move faster.

“Princess no, I can’t leave you please.”

“Tyme. Go!” I screamed with much determination. I hoped Roselyn was already out. I could not take losing them. This day was bound to happen. The day where we would pay for our sins.

“Tyme. This is a command. Go!” I enforced, something that should have been easy for me to do but I was stripped of my power.

“Please.” I added, hearing her break down before she heaved over and over again.

“May you find your way to the moon goddess Princess. May she bathe you in her white light and heal you princess. I love you my princess. May the goddess be with you.” She forced the words out as fresh tears fell from my eyes.

“May the goddess be with you too Tyme.” I whispered out but I knew she heard me.

Her cries got loud before I heard her run away.

My arms fell around my body, hugging myself. I tried to hold it together but I was miserably failing. Maybe this was a good thing. Maybe I would finally pay for my sins with my own blood. I deserved this. I deserved all that was coming.

# 3

WHERE THE STORY BEGINS

The screams had me hallucinating. They had me grip my head in an attempt to keep them out but they pushed through. I did not want to look but I kept going to the window and all I saw was red.

The foreign wolves had moved from my section of the view. Just a few minutes and they were done outside.

I could hear them rain sack the castle. I could hear them drag all that were hidden.

Mothers begged and the children cried. I could hear the men roar in their last attempt to keep their heads and balls. My feet carried me around the room by my command. I paced to the point where I thought my feet were bleeding then I stopped all at once. My chain was making noise as I dragged it back and forth.

I hunched down, my eyes wrecking all through the room for a place to hide yet once again I found none. There were no weapons, no place to find solitude. I was in the open with the door being the only thing that would keep me from them.

I rocked back and forth right under the window seat. My hair rocked with me as it floated down on my sides. It hid me away but it would not save me from what was to come.

“I am going to die,” I whispered over and over. It was supposed to assure me. Just one hit and I would be dead. I would not live through this world’s pain anymore or face the men’s wrath.

My stomach turned and my head snapped up from my knees as silence consumed the castle.

My eyes went wide because somehow the silence was worse than the screams that had echoed for hours. I had no clue what was happening. I had no clue where the men were? And what they were doing. Were they gone? Had they killed everyone and left?

I tried as hard as I could to concentrate but my ears could not get anything from a few feet away.

Get up and check. A voice whispered in my head but the fear kept me bolted down. My skin had erupted into a coat of bumps from the cold that was having its way with me. My feet were pale and frozen against the wooden floor. It got to the point where I was even afraid to breathe because I felt as if the foreign men were just outside my door, waiting for me to make a single sound so they could pounce.

I forced the tears away.

Ashy eyes stared at the door until it began moving from how intense I glared. Even my thoughts turned silent with the air prickling to a point where I felt even it would give me away.

Footsteps.

I slapped my hand over my mouth to stop the cry.

“Wait. I hear a heartbeat.” A voice came out loud.

As if my heart had been waiting its whole life for this, it began frantically beating to the point where my throat was congested and I had to let out the air.

“Excited, aren’t we?”

That laugh, that evil laugh. I shook so hard even my hair shook, the tears running over my fingers.

My door handle jiggled down over and over then it stopped.

“Open the door!” It was more of a roar. The handle moved with such force I thought it would give out. I fell on my ass, crawling back to hit the wall. My eyes went in every direction but nothing would help.

This was it. It was the end.

“Open the door now! The longer we wait, the bloodier we will be.” And I did not doubt them at all. I rose up as unstable as I was. There was no way out but death.

Somehow, a part of me was glad it was going to end this way.

A yelp poured as something hard slammed on the door.

I shook my hands in the air, trying to rid myself of the fear.

The door fought back as they slammed into it over and over. It was thick and had been made to keep me in but I never thought it would ever keep the demons out.

I took one last look around the room.

Twenty-six years. Twenty-six years in this world and it was time to bow down. Once upon a time, I had big dreams but being locked for sixteen years in this room while unthinkable things happened could break anyone’s spirit. Mine was shuttered and I was ready to take whatever was thrown at me and bow out.

“OPEN THIS DOOR.” I knew they were going insane out there. At that point, I feared for their safety as they continued hammering themselves on the door. It did not even crack, not even once. I did not want to kindle any hope because a part of me, a deep part of me wanted this.

Fists began hammering into the door hard before the groans echoed then nothing. The silence is always worse. I bit my lower lip to let off the anxiety. My nails dug into my palm with the footsteps long gone. Seconds turned to minutes and minutes turned me crazy until I heard them again.

I held my breath. Waiting.

A soft knock came through and my heart stopped because I thought they had Roselyn and would threaten me with her. Even the thought of them having Roselyn or Tyme sent my heart jumping off the cliff.

“Open the door.” The tone was calm but nothing about the voice was. It sounded deadly. It was more like a dangerous warning. I raised my hands, wanting to tell them, tell them that I couldn’t but my tongue was suddenly heavy.

The knock came again and I was already shaking my head.

“Open the door.”

My whole body turned to ice. My arms wrapped around my frame.

I held my breath and when the door shook so hard I couldn’t help but feel faint. I gripped the window seat, my book not far.

This newcomer was heavier and more brutal. He kept slamming. He roared like a beast and my fear hit the roof. He was an animal and once he broke through he would rip me apart.

The door cracked and I knew it was just a matter of time.

I moved to tuck my hair behind my ears. I looked around for anything I could do in my final moments but nothing came to mind because I had nothing.

My knees hit the floor first and my arms rose up to my sides.

“Moon goddess. Ancestors. Mother. Universe. Please, I ask, accept my soul. It is stained. It is dark but I plead. Accept my soul.” The tears poured and they were of such deep pain. They were of intense grief. I let them run but none came after.

Glass eyes stared as the door splattered apart with each impact. It was all hazy. Pain shot through my cheek as a splinter cut through my skin. I could see the anger even through my vague vision. The man kept pushing with his foot, destroying the door in such a monstrous way. My head lowered, bowed in submission.

All that shall be, will.

The door hit hard on the floor. My body jerked and shook tremendously from the impact. I watched their bloody feet close the distance.

I heard the whistles from the other men.

My chest wanted to rip out of my body as much as I told myself I was ready.

Large, dirty, and bloody feet stopped right before me. I kept telling myself to hold it together and it was all that clouded my thoughts as I pinned those feet down. I couldn’t tear my eyes away, them suddenly my pivot point.

“What do we have here?”

“That smell. I have smelt it before.” Another said in excitement.

“The beta.” One chirped in.

“Yes. He wrecked of her scent. Is she her mate? We can finally deliver the news of how we tore him apart.”

“No, not marked.”

“His whore then.”

They tore the room apart and all I cared about were the feet, unmoving before me. They had many cuts, mud deep in the nails. They bled. How could they not when they shuttered a whole door apart?

“She is chained?”

“Not a surprise these fucks like their women chained. I bet she likes it rough.”

Yet underneath all that dirt, I began to see how beautiful the feet were. My heart took the pace down the more I stared and unveiled new things about the feet. The fear slowly sank away and I did not mind those feet being the last thing I saw.

The feet began moving and I nearly cried out. Their change had my heart throw a fit. Suddenly, more of the legs were before me then knees until the man’s warmth seeped into my own skin. He was so warm and so red with blood, blood of my people.

Black shorts and a black t-shirt hugged his body.

I closed my eyes, knowing it was time.

A whimper pulled out as a large and strong hand wrapped around my entire neck. His hand was so large it closed around my whole neck. My eyes shot open in panic. His hand then eased, his thumb pushing up my chin.

Those eyes.

Those silver-blue eyes.

I knew I would meet death once but I never knew he would be trapped in a man’s body.

He did not have to tell me. I knew our short story would be wrapped in pain but not just mine. He drowned in it. It poured from his pores and he would burn me in it.

# 4

THE LAST FIGHT

“Cut her loose.” The words were like weapons themselves. Fear drilled in from his voice. Cold and deadly.

The men did not waste time. They looked around just as the man let go of my neck. He stood up, hearing him walk out of the room to the next.

Pain pulled me from the empty space he had occupied. I turned my head to see the men tugging hard on the chain but it did not budge.

“We can break her foot.”

“Wouldn’t work. The chain is too tight. I doubt she even has skin there.”

They tugged again then began slamming the chain over and over with no success.

“It’s not working alpha!”

The sentence pulled the man who had left back.

“Then cut her foot.” The man snapped and I sucked in a breath. I squeezed my eyes hard and let the chill run down my body.

I deserve this, I told myself. Not even that was enough to take the horror away from the words that had just been spoken so casually. Even the three other men stopped in shock.

“What if she is chained and locked in here for a reason?”

“We will find out after you cut her foot.” The alpha enforced, walking out of the room with the matter settled.

My tears just streamed yet I clamped my mouth and kept my pleas to myself.

The silence spread until one of the men got up.

“Well, I will go get a saw. I saw a shed outside.” He said, walking out of the room.

I tried to find happy memories but all that poisoned my mind were horrendous memories that affirmed my decision. Nothing would be worse than them. No pain would be too much than what I had already felt.

Feet came dashing back in.

“I found a bolt cutter.”

The men stood up just as the alpha came back from rain sacking the other rooms.

“The fucker escaped.” He groaned out in pure anger with his fists finding the wall where he drummed, leaving them stained with blood. He turned, rushing to me and I waited for the impact but all I got was relief as the chain that had been there for most of my years.

A large surge of energy washed over my body, nearly paralyzing.

I had no time to dwell on my newfound freedom.

“Erekemtu.” I whispered as fast and low as I could, my head low, hair hiding me away, praying they also hid my voice.

“What was that?” The harsh voice of the alpha rippled through my body, having me shrink away.

His hand fell on my jaw painfully and he jerked forward. I yelped, not daring even by chance to stare up at him.

“What did you just say?”

I shook my head over and over.

He pushed me back, my body falling over.

“Take her to the others. We will need to make an example and she will be first.” The alpha said, turning to walk out of the room. My expiry date set in stone.

One of the men grabbed my arm, jerking me up. I did not fight. I took a step but my right leg was in such pain from the chain having fallen off. I was sure my skin was red if not bleeding. I hopped and was grateful as another man grabbed my other arm and they began pulling me with them.

The castle was dark, the only sound coming from the foreign wolves giving instructions outside. The threat was neutralized, that threat being my people.

Blood spread all over the floor. In some parts, claw marks were seen where they had dragged unwilling victims. The walls were a monstrous piece of art that would send children screaming in nightmares.

They did not have to tell how angry they were. I could see it all over the castle I hadn’t walked through in years but nothing had changed, not a single thing. There was darkness coursing from the lowest to the highest corner. There was no warmth, no color. It was just dark, a prison for many.

The sun shone through but the blood running down the steps drained it’s warmth from me. I had always wondered how it would feel to wear the sun on my skin without the window between us and that experience was taken away from me.

Bodies of men, our warriors, led the path to the backyard where about a hundred men were chained to each other. They were roaring in anger, trying to get free and the foreign werewolves were more than happy to beat them to submission.

Blood, so much blood, all were covered in it.

Screams hit my ears and I was fast to push my head up.

Women. A lot of women. So many women and most I had never seen in my life. Most had children chained to them and they were chained to other women.

They cried and held their children tight to them. My heart clenched and my jaw felt as if it would snap. As quickly as I could, my eyes ran through until my stomach quickly dropped.

Roselyn. Tyme.

My head shook and I fought the tears back.

Their mouths opened but I shook my head no.

“Bring a single chain.” One of the men dragging me shouted.

It brought most eyes to me.

Many of the women gasped while those that knew me cried out. The shock was very apparent to the point where even the foreign werewolves turned to stare at me.

“What is that about?”

“I don’t know.” The man on my right answered.

“Stand here. don’t move.” One of the men said, letting go of me. I stood still, my eyes wrecking the scene right before me.

My arms were pulled up and locked together with a chain and lock.

There were so many of the foreign werewolves. I could count over fifty close by us.

They were fast and efficient, tying everyone together.

I always knew the day would come when the werewolves would find us. I knew it would.

I was left alone to stand. Another of our warriors was brought to stand beside me. The man was not going down without a fight. He kept kicking and heading the foreign werewolves. He bit and roared with such anger. It took five of the werewolves to subdue him. Another man was brought to our line and I knew we would be the example. The men kept fighting and I just stood there staring at the women.

My eyes stayed on my two ladies in waiting. I intensely stared at them until they nod their heads. I turned my head to the forest then back again. My eyes then moved to the rest of the women and children then back to the two women. They nod their heads in understanding.

“Deratutu.” I whispered over and over as my eyes moved from one section of the prisoner women to another. The men beside me made so much noise I hoped it was enough to hide my words.

I kept going with my feet dug into the soil where I drew in all the energy.

One. I mouthed to the two women who had raised me.

Two.

The other women were ready too. I could see them hold their children even closer.

Three.

“Deratutu.” I spoke out loud then turned with my chains hitting the ground.

“RUN”

# 5

SILVER BLUE EYES

The women did not have to be told twice as they ran to the forest where I pointed. Any free woman picked a child even if they weren’t theirs and began running with everything they had.

The screams and cries of children echoed and it took a second for the foreign men to realize what was happening

“Princess!”

“Princess!”

“Princess!” The men, our men, roared for me to free them.

“Princess!”

The foreign men ran after the women, screaming orders. I took my stance, more coming from the castle and from the other side of the forests.

“Princess!”

It was chaos.

“Pioitutuyo!” I screamed, my arms waving through the air and a handful of the foreign men near collapsed down.

“Pioitutuyo!” I screamed again with another wave of them collapsing.

“Princess!” Our warriors roared with such anger, needing to be free. They were riled up, tugging and pulling on their chains but those chains were not budging.

A whole group of the foreign men were running my way.

I turned, leaping away in a run.

“Pioitutuyo!”

They dropped like flies but I could only knock out a handful at a time. I ran as fast as I could but I knew I wouldn’t get far. I wasn’t as fast as them. I was just buying the women time.

They came with such a roar. I stopped moving and sat down. I crossed my legs. My arms sat on my knees with my eyes closed.

“Aliekra Tualiralier bind alicetu pierektuoiem.”

My body burned a fire it had never burned before. I felt each particle of wind as it bound together with the earth to create a shield. I felt the forcefield raise and thicken the more I chanted. Nothing would go through. I knew it extended to the very edge of the kingdom boundary. The energy in me was draining so fast but I would die on the hill I picked. The earth shook under me as I drew from it.

The field ricocheted as they drummed into it over and over again. Any that pushed forcefully screamed out as pain took over their body until they pulled back.

Beads of sweat rolled down my forehead.

I felt the blood run down my nose, lips, and chin. I ate it as I screamed louder. My head was bent over. My brain felt as if it would shutter. I took a deep breath and drew from those that had come before me. In me, a whole coven resided. My voice was multiplied by many that had fallen.

My head snapped forward and my eyes lay on silver-blue orbs that stared so deadly. A promise was made, a promise I would live to discover.

He ran into the force field and groaned as it spit him out. His body turned and I saw a tiny woman behind him. She looked panicked, her eyes on me.

The men, our warriors, still roared my title in their last attempt of freedom. The ball had dropped. The silver-blue-eyed man who seemed to run the whole operation knew who I was. I knew I would carry the sins of thy father and I did not mind. I was ready.

“Aliekra Tualiralier bind alicetu pierektuoiem.”

“Kill her now!” Silver-blue-eyed man screamed at the tiny woman. I knew he was on edge. I knew he needed no more convincing.

“She is a witch. We don’t kill our own” The woman exclaimed, her eyes never moving from mine.

“Since when do you care?”

“I care when it’s my own people!” The woman screamed back at him.

“I will not ask again.” He roared in anger as he forcefully ran into the forceful as if to rile him up. The woman stared at me. We both knew her fate at that point.

She immediately dropped down, hands on the earth.

“Don’t cry for me. This is an easy death for what I have done.” She said before the chant escaped her lips.

“Aliekra Tualiralier bind alicetu pierektuoiem.”

I felt the field take a new thickness.

She drew in a breath and never moved her eyes from me. I watched the man wave his hand in the air. It shifted to a claw and he ran it through her chest. Blood poured from her mouth, the chant still spilling out with the blood. I watched her blood turn cold right before me.

The tears streamed. Silver blue eyes snapped to mine, holding my stare with another promise silently spoken.

“You can take this down yourself or I can make my way in. I promise you, I will. If I have to burn doing it, I will. But when I get there, death will be what you will pray for.” He sneered before he threw the girl’s body through. It passed through the field. It was nothing but a burnt corpse by the time it collapsed not far from me.

I bowed my head, saying a prayer in my heart for her soul.

The loud thud pulled my head up. I stared in horror as the man ran into the field with no care at all. His side was burning off with each impact and he went for more. He was ready for it. A cry pulled out, wanting to tell him to stop but I had to carry my chant.

His men tried to pull him back but he fought them off and came running into the field. He wanted me dead and nothing would stop him. His skin burned and turned red.

My body arched as I felt the women jump over the border. I was not sure how long I would last but more than the man slamming his way through. His roar was one of a beast. His eyes had turned black and his wolf had taken over. It was as beastly as it’s host. He would not give up. They would not give up.

I crawled forward, my hand on the field with my other on the earth. I closed my eyes and chanted another chant in my head, drawing more energy from those who had come before me.

“Tualiralier fryotuce.”

The sound of the ground breaking in filled the air. The earth opened up, and soil fell in. Those standing collapsed to their feet. I kept going and going until I stopped. My body was weak. I staggered back, my eyes so heavy. I stared at the man who had stopped slamming himself into the forcefield.

“My name is Adira Wolf. I am the only child of King Wolf. I surrender and plead guilty to all crimes.”

My body swung back and forth with the forcefield collapsing to a rush of air then nothing. A large cliff stood behind me, preventing any from running after the women.

I let myself be.

# 6

HURT ME PLEASE

Wind

Cold wind

A cry pulled from me as I came back to consciousness. There was too much wind and I could not breathe. The tears escaped even before I opened my eyes. My body was sore all over. It felt as if it had been thrown into a large river with a strong current.

I was bouncing up and down. Each movement sent a thousand jolts of pain washing over my being. I turned pale. My eyes forcefully opened by every will I had in me. Silver-blue hair was all I saw and I knew where I was and where I was going. I was a prisoner of war and I would answer.

He ran so fast I could not even get a glimpse of the ground. It was blurry, sending my mind into a drowsy spell. My stomach turned and I knew I would be sick.

My hands held tighter onto the alpha, burying my head deeper in him. My eyes closed and I took in his heat to warm myself. His heart drummed so hard it would rip as he ate the distance with nothing but anger his fuel. It was the core of him. Everything he did was fueled by it.

So many people King Wolf had wronged. I wondered what he did to him? Knowing my father, and seeing how angry the alpha was, I knew it was unspeakable.

We jumped and I felt as we crossed a pack border.

Look up, maybe you won’t get the chance again, a voice whispered in my head and I wanted to so bad but everything in me hurt and the wind would turn me blind. I did not budge from my position. Even as we ran in his pack, he did not let off speed. He was literally eating the distance until he wasn’t.

My body was thrown off his body so painfully. I flew and hit the ground to roll. A groan escaped me. I sunk my teeth hard into my lower lip and tasted blood from how painful it was.

Before I could even process what was happening, a hand was wrapped around my hair. I was pulled up by my hair. My skull was on fire and I swear my skin would rip off in a matter of minutes.

My feet paddled in the air, grazing the grass then sand and cold cement. My hand flew to his wrist, trying to pull his grip away but he only tightened it.

I did not beg. I did not want to even cry. The tears flowed down on their own and I hated even that. We went through a door and from there it was dark.

The smell spoke for itself. We were in a dungeon or cells. It smelt of piss, shit and, blood. The stale smell turned my guts and twisted them.

The pleas were at the tip of my tongue yet I did not dare.

Begging meant I did not think I deserved what was happening

Pleading meant I thought what was being done to me was wrong.

A scream pulled as he threw my body with such force. I flew and hit a cold wall. My body crumbled down to a sack. I heaved, the tears raining. Blood strung out with saliva from how hard I bit my tongue.

My back was on fire, arching as I rolled. My eyes opened with tears clouding my vision.

A hand gripped my jaw, pulling me up.

The darkness framed his face and he looked feral. He looked deadly. Pain spread and left me trembling so hard.

“Where. Is. Your. Father?” Each word was said with much emphasis, dancing on the sharp edge of the knife.

My sob broke through.

My mouth opened but I could not speak with his hand clenching my jaw like a clamp.

He eased off when he saw this and held me up by my neck.

“I—I don’t know.” It was an answer I knew he would not accept.

His hand tightened around my neck and he squeezed. My eyes closed, the tears streaming. My hand moved to his wrist. I forced myself not to fight. I forced myself not to claw with everything in me. I felt my throat close in, threatening to collapse anytime.

His arm moved, shaking me as he shook me.

“Where the fuck is your father!” He roared with anger.

I tried to shake my head left and right but it was futile yet he got the gist of what I had been trying to say.

He squeezed even harder. My eyes focused on him, not tearing away. I stared as I felt myself wilt away. My hands tightened around his wrist, holding on as if he was my lifeline.

He could kill me. He could beat me. He could do anything he wanted, I was all his.

His anger, it boiled. I saw the things he wanted to do to me. I saw them all play out in his eyes and as scary as they were, I would take them.

He pushed off me, letting me go.

I fell into a wheezing mess. My hand clamped over my burning neck. My eyes closed, waiting for the first hit. I knew it was coming. A roar echoed in the cell. I yelped, shaking so hard yet I did not move away.

My head slightly shifted, peering and his arm was up, his hands in fists. He was just before me, his fists in the air. He wanted to drum them into me yet it seemed something was holding him. He lowered them each time he pulled back. It made him more frustrated as he turned blue in suffocation. His fists came again and I closed my eyes, ready for the blow. I heard the fists drum on the wall. He hit right next to me, merely an inch or two from me. He kept hitting, both sides.

The scream poured from me. I knew it was me he imagined he was drumming into. My hands fell on his chest, trying to push him away, to get him to stop.

“Please.”

He was so heavy and I was just a flimsy little girl.

“Stop! Please”

He wasn’t getting what he needed from the wall because from there he moved, flipping everything in the room. What he could throw at me, he did but always missed by an inch until everything was shattered into shreds.

He stopped, heaving and excessively bleeding. His hands were broken, fingers crocked yet still he stared at me, his anger not even scratched.

His shaking finger pointed at me, wanting blood.

If I could take pain, I would suck his away. He turned, walking out of the cell. He hit the bar cell door hard the sound nearly deafened me. The door swung open right after him but he was too far gone to notice.

1. 7

BUTCHERED

My body was not built as the others. The cold just froze my bones. My toes and fingers were blue. No one else was in the cells. It was dark and silent. My arms were wrapped around my legs, my head on my knees until I heard footsteps a few hours later.

I tipped my head up.

The alpha stopped, staring at the open cell door then at me. He walked past it to me and I braced myself for impact. His hand wrapped around my hair and he tugged. I quickly scrambled up and stumbled after him as he dragged.

His intent seemed to be to rip my hair off. My hands moved up by instinct but I caught myself and lowered them back down. My nails dug into my skin to divert the pain but it did not help. The floor was dirty, collecting so much dirt with my feet left brown.

Light shone through and nearly blinded me. He tugged once again, pulling a painful yelp from me.

As silent as everyone was, I knew there were thousands of people watching. My skin itched from their eyes as the alpha dragged me from the cells and across the field.

My skin tore from the stones on the ground.

“Whore!”

“Princess whore!”

The words came over and over from mouths dirtier than the ground. I did not even have to look up to see who had spoken them. My stomach turned in and I fought so hard not to vomit.

I was thrown away, my head hitting hard. I bit my tongue once again and left it burning. For a few seconds I just lay there, my chest pushing up and down in pain. I let it wash over me. I wanted to cry. I wanted to bawl but I angrily pushed my tears back and took the pain. Many had felt worse than this. It was my turn to pay.

My head pushed back, blinking the tears away.

The sound of chains drew me to a section of the land where men from my kingdom stood like cattle to slaughter.

They were naked and most of their eyes lay on me angrily. A few spat on the ground, cursing me to death.

“Whore.”

I pulled myself up, sat and stared.

“Move!” One of the werewolf warriors said, knocking the first man from my kingdom forward. That was when I saw a large chopping block. My eyes trailed to the silver-eyed alpha who suddenly had a large knife in his hand.

He pointed it to the naked man before him then to the chopping board. My eyes were wide. The man from my kingdom fought. He kicked and punched, the chains restraining him. He cursed and insulted the alpha but, in the end, his body was pressed to the chopping board.

I pushed up to my shins to see exactly what they were chopping off. My eyes would have fallen out if possible. A large bucket stood at the other end of the chopping block.

Gasps filled the air.

My soul scrambled away from my body for a second as I stared in disbelief.

“If you cannot use it, you should not have it.” Venom was all that coated the alpha’s words before he raised his arms then chop.

I could not believe it until I saw the alpha push the man’s dick into the bucket on the other side. The man from my kingdom took a long second. He seemed to not belief himself. He stared down with wide eyes, skin pale as blood poured from where his dick had been.

The scream poured from him when that second was gone. His body was pushed to other werewolf guards as another man behind him was placed on the chopping block and chop, his dick was gone.

My head was spinning. I bent over, just saliva pouring out as I gagged over and over.

Whimpers came from behind me with the whole pack shocked to the core. As dizzy as I was, I forced myself to look. I forced myself to take it in. A chill paralyzed my body with each castration. The screams echoed in the sky with the wind and birds carrying them. I was raw and I was convinced I was in hell.

The sun ran away, darkness left to watch the horror that was happening before our eyes.

I thought the alpha would tire. I thought his arm would dislocate and swing away as he swung it over and over but it never did. He kept going until all the men, all of them were castrated. From there he called five of the men forward and he knew them by name. Their wounds had healed, where once was a dick just hung balls with nothing else.

“I want the feet first.” The alpha spoke out to his men who held one of the five me he had requested.

“No please. No! No! No!” The man from my kingdom who had been asked forward begged. They held him as much as he fought. All the others were pale as they realized the hell they were in. You could see it in their eyes. You could see the fear spread from one to another as the one they held screamed and cried. He plead none stop and it rocked my whole world.

Tears filled my eyes. My shaking hands quickly moved to wipe them away. Tears meant I thought the men did not deserve what they were getting.

“Please no! Please! Please!” He wailed like a baby as they carried him back to the chopping block. Ten werewolves held him up, both his legs lying flat.

The alpha dropped his knife and picked another one which was longer, arched at the very tip and very shiny. My heart froze in my chest with my blood frozen in my veins.

“Let’s go.” Someone said from behind and I heard a lot of feet shuffle.

“Everyone in the pack house now!” A man shouted with more doing so too. I heard the pack members run to their pack house until none were left.

“If you cannot use them, you should not have them.” The alpha spoke out coldly.

“No please no! No! No! No……”

The knife swung once and cut through the very bone. It got stuck at some point but the alpha pulled it out and went over and over again as the men screamed so hard I am sure even the heavens heard him.

He shook until he stopped. From his mouth a silent wail poured as he lay paralyzed in shock.

1. 8

WHERE I BELONG

None of the men from my kingdom made a single sound as they ushered them toward the cells in a long line. They bowed their heads in submission and defeat.

The night was silent as if the screams had chased away any life nearby.

My eyes moved from the men to the alpha who stood on his own. He moved to collect water in a bucket and poured it all over the chopping board. The blood mixed with the water, falling away. He took the bucket filled with all the organs and took them to the cells where he left them for the men to see their flesh rot away.

He walked out, fetching this and that. He scrubbed the chopping block clean then straightened up. I turned my head, seeing the large pack house where chatter was coming from. The lights were all on and I was sure they were having dinner.

My eyes trailed back to the alpha as he walked to me. Blood was all that covered every inch of his skin. I should have shifted away from how scary he looked but I myself was defeated. My shoulders hung low and it was hard keeping my mantra up.

His hand stretched and I pushed up before he could snatch my hair. He gripped my arm instead and pulled me forward. I fell into step. It wasn’t hard to keep up with his wide strides because he walked slower. His one step took four of mine. He was twice my size and height. I was smaller than an average werewolf woman my age.

He was leading us to a large modern house. All it’s lights were off and it was more secluded. Fear gripped me again but I swallowed it down. I stared back at the pack house that seemed warm and vibrant. We did not belong there at all. I could just see the alpha walking in as everyone ate dinner. They would probably scream.

The door was opened by him and I walked in after him, my head bowed. With the darkness, I couldn’t see a thing. It could take months if not years to gain what I had lost and I did not have that much time.

He walked up the stairs. My eyes were cast down, trying so hard to take each step carefully but I couldn’t do that and keep up with him so I tripped. My body fell forward and he caught me. He was not in the mood so I quickly pulled away and concentrated more on seeing the steps in the dark. I kept tripping but moved faster.

We took a corner and he opened a door. Once again, he did not turn on the lights. I had no option. My hands fell on his back, not seeing a thing, not even him. His t-shirt was wet with blood, sweat, and water. My tiny feet shuffled after him until he opened a door and finally, he turned on the lights. I held a sigh back, clamping my mouth closed.

It was a bathroom of average size. It was not something I would expect for an alpha but once again, I did not know how they lived this side.

My hands quickly fell from him as I stood. His shoulders were hunched over and he looked so tired and drained.

The anger had poured out. He had left it all on that chopping board. Something else lay heavy on his face and it was worse than his anger. I could take his wrath but this, this, I could not. I stood by the door, not moving an inch. He walked closer to me and as much as I wanted to take a step back, I stood my ground. I bent my head in respect and waited for whatever was to come.

Heavy large hands fell on either shoulder and I was turned around. White tiles were all I saw suddenly, facing the wall.

He moved away and there was some shuffling before I heard the shower door open and close. The sound of water filled the bathroom. Soon, steam clouded and left the tiles foggy. A heavy sigh poured but not from me. I wanted to turn so bad. Something in me tugged and I wanted to see.

A minute turned to two and two turned to twenty. Twenty turned to forty over to an hour. My legs numbed, my soles burning. The steam from the shower warmed me but the tiles stayed cold. I moved my legs back and forth to stop them from turning to stone.

The door finally opened again and I nearly sighed in relief.

I heard him walk out and I tried to keep up with where he was. A tap opened somewhere and I realized he was brushing his teeth. It meant he was done and I could finally change position not that I deserved to. I deserved whatever uncomfortability thrown at me.

Feet walked past me and before I could even turn he turned off the lights in the bathroom. It was even worse because my eyes were accustomed to the light. I was basically blind. I did not know where he was. I did not know if I was supposed to follow. I did so anyway as I heard the door open. I quickly shuffled behind until another door opened. Before I could even walk in, it was shut right on my face. I jumped from the unexpected impact, my face burning from the door nearly wiping my face off.

I took a step back and waited. My hands were clamped together in front of me, my eyes down, trying to concentrate enough to see my feet but no luck. The door opened, light shining from inside and finally, I could see my feet. My eyes trailed to a clean pair of feet. Mine were bloody and dirty.

The door was closed, the light snapped away. The alpha moved and I turned, trying to figure out where he went. I span all around. His feet were so soft on the floor you never heard him walk. A hand pulled my arm. I yelped but stumbled forward and did as directed. I walked to realize we were going back to the bathroom. The door was pulled open, the light turned on.

The alpha walked in, a thick rope hanging from his hand. Whatever was to happen I knew that rope was mine. He stopped right before the toilet. I stared at it, no words passed. He took a step away, giving me the full view of the bowl.

My eyes moved from the rope to the bowl and it clicked.

A shiver rippled through me but nonetheless, I stepped forward. I stood before the bowl then lowered down to my knees. I sat on my shins, trying to see where I would be comfortable. I faced the door, my legs straight. He lowered down, took one arm, and pulled it around the toilet. My arms were so short they could not fully wrap around the bowl so he tugged over and over. I scooted closer until my cheek was smudged on the cold toilet bowl. He tied the rope on my right wrist and moved to tie it on my left wrist. He tugged again to make sure the knot was tight enough.

The edge to cry was so intense but I swallowed it down. I did not know how I would survive the night.

He straightened up and walked away. The lights were turned off. The door was closed and I was left alone, cold in the dark.

# 9

DANGEROUS KIND OF ALPHA

Sleep would have been my redemption but I had finally escaped my demons, I did not want to see them ever again.

“No pioitutuyo.” I cast out, a hitch in my breath as the spell took effect.

I counted each second as the clock in my head ticked away. I drew the moon and saw it move across the sky until I got tired. Nothing could distract me from the pain nor the cold. My teeth chattered, and my nose was congested. My eyes were teary with a headache tearing through my brain but somehow, I bore through the hours.

A sound pulled my brain from the gutter it had fallen in. I raised my head up, staring at the darkness but nothing came. I looked away only to be pulled back with the sound getting louder. It felt like a cry. I tried to get a much clear listen but my ears were practically useless at that point. My curiosity nearly got the best of me but I shook my head and leaned my cheek on the cool toilet bowl.

It got louder and louder until the screams were clear to me. My night turned from long to a thousand years longer. Somehow, I still bore through that. I was sure my limbs would fall off as soon as they untied me.

The light poured through the window and I was done for. My neck, my back, the worst. My spine had taken the punch and I might have been deformed for life.

The door suddenly opened and my eyes ran to the face of the man that had been screaming all night long. His hair was a mess, and beads of sweat ran down his forehead. Instead of looking any better, he seemed worse than I last saw him. My very reason for not wanting to sleep.

His death glare found me and I quickly looked away, bending my head.

He brushed his teeth, jumped in the shower, and walked out after. I tried not to count the seconds down to when he would finally free me. My nerves made it so unbearable. My leg wiggled over and over, trying to distract myself to no avail. The door opened again and in walked the alpha. He wore black pants with a large black T-shirt. His feet were bare and I could not tear my eyes from them.

He bent down, his scent filling me and it was the best thing I had smelt all night long. His finger grazed over my skin as he untied the rope and I nearly cried out from the warmth. I was so cold and my teeth couldn’t stop chattering.

My right hand was free and I couldn’t help but move it up and down. It did not help at all. My shoulder screamed out in pain. Soon, my other hand was let loose and I moved it about too. The alpha pulled me up with my right. My legs were numb and stiff. I stumbled forward, not feeling my feet.

The alpha tugged and I stumbled forward again, nearly falling but I caught myself.

There was no time to recover, finding a way to get my legs to function as we walked down. I needed a lot of things but I did not deserve them.

My head bowed, him turning into a kitchen.

He pointed to an empty spot before the kitchen island. A groan sat on my tongue because my body ached so much. My finger tucked the lock of hair that had escaped. I went to the spot and lowered to the floor as painful as it was. My ass was screaming for help.

Pots clanked and soon, the smell of food overtook my nostrils. I closed my eyes because as hungry as I was, the thought of food on its own made me want to vomit. The sound of the chair scraping the floor pulled me from wherever my mind had been. The alpha sat down, a plate before his eyes. He held the fork, staring at the food. He pushed it around his plate and I couldn’t help but stare. No matter the consequences I just stared.

He stabbed whatever was on the plate and brought it up to his lips but his lips never opened. It just hung there with him staring at it for so long that even I got obsessed with the white substance he held to his lips. Somehow, I understood the struggle. It consumed me on most days. Why eat? Why live? Why continue existing?

He tried but, in the end, he lost. The fork was placed down and he pushed up. I watched as he poured the whole plate in the bin. My eyes closed and I let the pain wash over my body. So many memories surged through me, memories I did not want in my head. My hands picked at the belt of my gown as I fought the anxiety that overtook me.

The sound of the dishes cluttering as he washed them filled the kitchen then nothing. A hand grabbed my arm roughly. My eyes snapped open, pushing up as quickly as I could. He dragged me with him and up we went again until he walked through a wooden door that led to an office.

I was pushed down again. I crossed my legs, hidden in a corner far from the large desk where he sat. The room was cloggy, needing air. It smelt of leather, dust and whisky. It was dark and I felt as if it could swallow me in.

A sitting area with leather couches surrounding a coffee table sat at the side then free space leading to his desk with piles on piles of papers on it.

He took one piece of paper and held it up to his face.

I watched the seconds turn to minutes with the paper still before his eyes, the same eyes that never moved. I was not even sure he was breathing, nonetheless reading. He had left me, left the world, only his body there.

I closed my eyes, a melody I had never heard settling in my brain. It drew me deeper and deeper into the darkness as hard as I tried to fight it. It tore me apart but brought such warmth at the same time.

A knock tore the peace away and pulled both the alpha and I back into the world. My glass-violet eyes ran to the alpha. His face was murderous, his hands in fists.

“Come in.” He spoke so harshly if I had been on the other side of the door I would have left.

The handle bent down and the door pushed in.

A man wearing shorts and a blue T-shirt walked in. He looked more like a boy with his hair tousled around. His feet crossed through the space between the door and the desk. His eyes ran around the room until he found me huddled over the corner. For a second, he stared and I am not sure what the emotion that crossed his face was.

“Alpha.” His head finally turned.

“Speak.”

“Members of the Daizled pack have settled in the East border patch of land.” The men threw, him fuming as the words escaped him.

The alpha did not say anything. He just nodded his head.

“Is that all?” He questioned and it seemed to inflate the man-boy to a point where he exploded. I sat up, watching the man erupt.

“No! No! I have been telling you for months that they are trying to steal our land and you never do anything! Now they have taken it! That is our land! The land our families fought over. You don’t do anything. You starve us. You overwork and punish us just to prove a point to the queen. You are a useless selfish bully. If your father could see….”

The alpha jumped and pinned the boy to the desk with such force I thought the boy’s head would snap. Somehow, I had stood from the floor in shock.

“Finish the sentence!” The alpha sneered so dangerously. “I dare you to finish the sentence.”

My body ran cold, my arms running around me.

The alpha shook so hard he would splatter. His skin had turned from pale to red in a second. The boy’s feet were in the air waving about as his hands pet the desk, trying to find something to lean on.

“You are not the only one who lost family Logan. We all lost our families.” The boy pled, his voice breaking.

“Did you see your mother being defiled by multiple men? Did you see them take advantage of your sisters over and over, taking turns until they passed out? Did you see them being assaulted to death? Did you?! Did you?!” he roared in the boy’s face whom he threw to the wall so fast I jumped away.

The boy scrambled up, heaving in anger, his eyes filled with tears.

“You don’t deserve to be alpha. You don’t even want to live and you want to take us all with you. I am going to the king. You are out of control. Nothing makes what you do right!” The boy screamed. Alpha Logan took running to him. The boy scrambled so fast and out they ran from the office. I heard them run down the stairs before a door slammed followed by groans from alpha Logan. Something cluttered and broke then silence.

I had never met anyone so dangerous. Alpha Logan was a volcano that could not erupt as hard as it tried. It just kept building up. But nature would take its course eventually and nothing would be left when he blew up.

# 10

WARNING GIVEN

The house shook as a roar tore through then a door slammed. From there nothing but clutter filled the house. I heard things break, Alpha Logan smashing everything with groans of anger pouring from him until it all stopped.

My body shrank and I wrapped my arms around my body as the silence stretched. I did not know where he was then suddenly he was all I could hear. He thundered up the steps until he walked through the door. His eyes found me and he did not even have to speak.

I quickly rushed forward, expecting anything. He turned from my approach and rushed down the steps. He was walking so fast which left me running. The front door was thrown open with force. I closed it after and ran behind him. On his hand was a large container that seemed to be carrying a certain liquid.

All parted ways and changed direction as soon as they saw him. No one could blame them, he was burning red in fury. The pack warriors were training at some part of the pack. I could hear them roar loudly.

We were headed to the forest and I was full-blown running at that point.

Sweat was already collecting on my forehead.

My legs had been wanting to stretch but they had enough. When we entered the forest I already was out of breath. He might as well have been running when it came to me because even as I was fully running I could not keep up with him.

My short legs were nothing compared to his strong long muscular legs. He was gulping the distance with no care while I was experiencing the different ways to die. My legs turned jelly to the point where I could not feel them touch the ground. They seemed to have turned spherical. I tripped and fell more times than I would like.

Alpha Logan was on his own universe of anger. He felt and probably saw nothing as he marched through. You would think that the hours of marching would have cooled him down but I knew better.

I was wet, drenched with sweat. My hair stuck on my skin. My chest was done, burning hot from the harsh air I had been taking in panted breaths.

We crossed the border and just ten minutes after we came to a cleared settlement. About twenty flimsy houses were standing and outside were kids playing, mothers washing and a few men walking about.

The adults all snapped up from just seeing Alpha Logan. Their eyes went wide. The women ran to the males who stepped forward to protect the women and the children. I guess his reputation presided over him.

This was my time and I did not even fight as I collapsed down in heavy heaves. I did not know how I survived but my body was shutting down.

“Alpha Logan.” One of the men approached but Alpha Logan walked past him to the first house.

He kicked the door so hard it fell off its hinges.

Screams poured from the house and as Alpha Logan moved to the next house, three women ran out of the house without a door. The men grabbed and pushed them behind while they all stared in horror.

Alpha Logan hammered his foot into each door, them all colliding down. All those that occupied the houses ran out, one even carrying a baby that screamed so painfully.

The women were weeping with the children while the men just watched, arms outstretched to create a barrier for the women and children.

Alpha Logan opened the container he carried. He pulled something that looked like tree bark from his pocket and threw it in one of the houses before pouring the liquid in.

A flame combusted and on to the next house until all the houses were trailing black smoke up into the air. The families wept their hearts out as their homes burnt down. Since the houses were made of dried wood, they went down fast. The air became thick with smoke. I was already having difficulty breathing. I coughed over and over but quickly scrambled up at the sight of Alpha Logan moving on with his journey.

He went into another forest and thirty minutes later we were walking into another pack boarder.

My head turned, seeing five werewolves surrounding us. Their eyes were narrowed on us, ready to attack. Alpha Logan kept walking, not bothered. I ran faster so I could be closer to him. A wolf snared and snapped it’s teeth at him. Alpha Logan snapped and I could have just sighed because chaos was about to erupt.

The wolf took the container in the head before he bore the full punch of Alpha Logan. The others jumped up, joining the fight. I ducked down without even thinking. Logan kicked the Wolf that had been coming from my direction with both feet. It flew and hit a tree, whimpering hard. The others came full force and he dealt with them just the same before he turned and continued moving further into the pack. More and more came. All I did was duck. And somehow, I did it just in time for him to deal with each wolf.

We left the way to the pack littered with wolves whimpering on the ground and when we broke through, the whole pack was out. They stepped back as Alpha Logan stepped closer.

A few warriors with their alpha, I guess, rushed to meet us halfway. The alpha was shaking with fury.

“What is the meaning of this Logan?!” He screamed so loud, hands in fists.

The man looked triple Logan’s age but I was afraid Logan would punch him straight in the face. I stayed back a few feet, trying to be as invisible as possible.

“Next time, I will burn this whole pack down with everyone in it. That land is mine. It was given to my grandfather by your grandfather. I will warn you once Daizled.” Logan spat, turning around and leaving the whole Daizled pack in utter silence.

# 11

BREAK DOWN

We did not sleep that night. Alpha Logan did not sleep that night. He paced from each corner of his room. He slapped and brushed through his head over and over. He groaned until I thought his throat would tear then when he needed more, he began banging his head on the wall.

He hit it over and over as I watched with a drumming heart. At a point it did not do it for him so he punched the walls, slowly at first then he got more and more aggressive.

He stopped and took a deep breath before he began pacing again. His body lowered to the bed when he had paced so much his feet began crossing each other. His head sat on his hands, the silence as haunting as him pacing.

I sat on the floor, just staring with blurry eyes. All he was feeling was pouring over to me because I found myself also rocking back and forth on the floor. My head pounded and every part of me ached. The pain surged up, pain I had been burying. Things that I had tucked away just erupted back with no warning.

My eyes closed, pushing the memories away as best as I could but they did not want to be ignored anymore. My world was spinning as I shivered where I sat until my eyes snapped open. Alpha Logan was on his feet again and I did not think I could take his breakdown once more. He was not the only one who would break.

My eyes fell on his, him dead staring at me. I pushed off the floor as hard as it was but the wall was there to assist me. I stood and waited for what he wanted. He turned and marched away. I followed after as we rushed through the house and down the steps in the darkness. My feet were still healing from the brutal adventure I had taken them on earlier. I had thought the long walk, the burning, and the fighting would have appeased him but I thought wrong. The house seemed to trigger him. After his shower he had sat in bed then the demon took over him where he began pacing.

Was he trying to avoid sleep as I was? Was he scared of all that waited for him after his eyes closed?

The cold wind drew me from my thoughts, leaving me to hug myself tightly.

We walked into the cells. The guards nodded their heads and let Alpha Logan through. We went down the steps and he turned the lights on.

It was nothing like the last time I had been there. Each cell had about three men who were still naked. Their bodies were bloodied from their castration. Once they were powerful beasts but as we stood, they had been brought down to nothing. I cast my eyes down, following at a safe distance.

Most had been awake but after the lights were turned on, those that had found sleep said goodbye to it.

They stood up, waiting with bated breath on what was to happen next. None made a sound, as if that would save them.

Logan walked past all the cells and into a very large one that was vacant. It was in view so all the prisoners could see what was happening inside.

This one was different. A cabinet stood at the far corner and as Alpha Logan opened it, he pulled out so many different chains that left me drained of all color and possibly, blood. He set up the silver chains on an old rustic table. We all knew at that point what that cell was for.

The moment he pulled out the larger silver chains I heard a few men take in breaths. Some stepped as far as they could from the cell bars. Silver was deadly to werewolves but it did not seem to affect Alpha Logan as he rolled them on his arm, then threw them over a beam that extended across the roof.

The alpha turned and I thought he was staring at me for a second which sent me taking a step back. His eyes moved to the cells behind me as he walked out. He walked through each, taking each man until he found his victim.

“Keys.”

The guard nearby came with the key.

Alpha Logan unlocked the lock and walked in.

He grabbed the man in it by the arm and dragged. The man fought back. Alpha Logan bashed his head against the wall then dragged him out. My eyes were wide, turning as they walked past me and into the large torture cell. The man realized fighting was his only option. He threw punches and kicked but Alpha Logan seemed more experienced. They were fist to fist and the man was beaten down each time. Alpha Logan beat him to a pulp then pulled his body up. He did not even seem to care that the man was naked. He bound his wrists with the silver chains and as soon as they made contact with skin it sizzled.

The man screamed out for mercy but none was granted.

His feet swung, tugging on the silver chain around his wrists with no help. It just dug deeper into his skin and burned even harder.

I felt weak to my knees. Alpha Logan shifted his hands to silver-blue fur covered claws then began clawing at the man over and over. The man screamed until he couldn’t scream anymore.

His body thrashes over and over, blood pouring. It painted the floors, it painted the walls, and it painted all of us staring.

Alpha Logan lost interest and moved to pick another man. He began clawing him from his cell until they entered the torture cell where he also hung him up with silver chains then rained hell on him while the others watched pale-eyed.

I stumbled back and leaned on the bars before I fell. I grew up in a dark world filled with evil yet I had never been exposed to such violence. I swallowed my guts back and forced myself to watch, to watch as Alpha Logan mauled one man to another until he was satisfied.

I was frozen in place, my eyes just following him as he carried each dead body. He threw them in the cell where the five men he amputated were. They were crying tears, no legs, just arms which I was sure Alpha Logan was coming for soon.

He locked the cells and cleaned the torture cell until it was spotless. There was finally a calm to him as he scrubbed the floor. He was on all fours, an alpha on all fours. When he was done even he was unrecognizable with all the blood running down his body but as I stared into his eyes I found peace myself. I just did not know how long it would last.

The sun was just about to rise yet I am sure the whole pack was awake. How could they not after the long hours filled with soul-scarring screams? My ears were still ringing and I would have gladly taken sleep if given the opportunity no matter the horror I would face in my dreams.

# 12

PEACE FINALLY

The sound. That constant sound that came with each wood he chopped into half. It was a therapy I did not know I needed. The cool wind, I was thankful for, because I felt it took away some of the bad odor I carried.

My skin was itching. I knew it was mostly in my head but I saw the torture of not being allowed to shower. I felt so dirty and disgusting. I did not even want to know what I looked like, just dirt stuck on my skin. I accepted the disgust.

I sat on my shins, my eyes trailed on Alpha Logan as he chopped the wood he had hailed out from the shed behind the pack house. There was so much wood and I wanted to see how far he would go.

He seemed a bit relaxed. After the massacre he had done in the early hours of the morning, he took a shower, cleaned his room then we left the house to where we were at that point.

The wind blew my hair. It felt greasy and claggy. I stared down, using a thin twig to clean my nails, the only thing I could clean.

Footstep approached, pulling my head up. A man had walked around and he was frozen in place with his eyes wide open.

Slowly, he took back steps. His eyes were trained on Alpha Logan who paid no mind to him or to anything at all. He was in his head, letting out his frustration on the wood. The axe was thrown up with such force then down. It was entertaining to watch.

When the man had backed away far enough he turned and ran from the scene. They were all scared of their alpha. Not even scared, they were traumatized.

The peace was welcomed and I was just happy to be outside. I could hear children play somewhere. If only I could see them with my eyes without glass between us but watching Alpha Logan chop wood also wasn’t bad at all. I closed my eyes and felt the cool air on my skin. My peace was disrupted by my growling stomach. As much as I did not want to eat, the hunger could not be ignored anymore nor the pee filling my bladder.

I licked my lips, disgusted that I had not brushed my teeth in over four days but I deserved it, I did.

My eyes opened as another pair of feet walked closer. My eyes fell on a young man, probably in his late teens. He had a few pimples on his face. His brown locks tousled into a mop with his brown eyes giving out nothing but fear. His whole body slightly shook but nonetheless, he approached.

He stood a few feet from Alpha Logan, his head bent.

“Alpha.” He greeted respectfully and got no reply.

“A message has come for you through Beta Helix. He says your presence has been requested in the royal pack.” The boy’s voice was trembling as he spat each word.

Alpha Logan threw the axe up. The boy quickly ducked and fumbled away. He jumped as Alpha Logan split the wood in half, the pieces falling right before him.

The alpha did not even spare him a look.

“Alpha.” The boy bowed then quickly moved away.

He was out of sight faster than he had approached.

Seconds turned into minutes and my bladder was not having it.

I did not want to rile the alpha up. In some part of my head, I had told myself he had actually forgotten I was there, forgot what he had planned for me. My hands folded into fists and I felt the sting from my damp underwear. A shiver ran through my form because it was so disgusting. I was going to catch some disease but it was part of my punishment, right? All was well if my vagina began leeching, it was what I deserved. I groaned out silently in disgust because the image was forever stuck in my head.

I shifted again but I had reached my limit.

My mouth opened to close. It seemed I had forgotten how to speak. I cleared my dry throat and licked my parched and peeling lips.

“Sorry Alpha.” I began and paused yet I knew he would not look or address me back. “Can I please use the toilet?” My fingers were on my lap, staring hopefully at him even though I knew whatever would come from him would not be good.

He did not acknowledge me at all. I settled back down and held my bladder for five more minutes.

The pee came with a vengeance to the point I was sure I would spray it out instantly.

“Can I please use the bathroom Alpha?” I asked again respectfully and politely beside what I was feeling.

For a second nothing happened besides me dying of pee. I pushed up and moved my legs from underneath me. I began wiggling my legs back and forth as I stood. The standing helped but only for a second. I bent over, palms on my thighs with me groaning. It was coming! It was coming!

I jumped up, quickly pulling off my underwear and it was dirty. I did not know where I discard it but I begin jumping around and moving about. Finally, I sprint to the side of the shed but there were a couple of people not far and they would see me. I ran back and the pee hit with no warning. I literally just squirt down and poured it all not far from the alpha. It poured like rain in summer. I couldn’t help but close my eyes and sigh, making sure my gown did not get wet along with my feet.

The relief was amazing. I sighed from some pressure leaving but when I come down from heaven I realized what I did and my face turned red. I collected some saw dust I saw in the shed and poured it over my pee which was already absorbed by the grass and soil. I spotted a tap not far and I rushed to wash my hands. I did not know who gave me freedom but I was busy.

I wanted to wash my face but I did not dare in fear of repercussions. I quickly scooped some of the water, threw them in my mouth, and rinsed over and over while staring at the alpha’s back to make sure he couldn’t see me.

My mouth felt a bit better but the disgust just grew so much I wished to peel off my skin.

I looked around, seeing my underwear which there was no way I could wear at that point. I picked it up and threw it in a bin inside the shed. I walked back to where I had been sitting yet I stood this time. My eyes got absorbed in the wood. It looked so easy and I couldn’t help myself.

Before I could even stop, the words were already out. “Can I also chop wood with you?”

The alpha said nothing and I was not even phased. I continued watching until he stopped. He straightened up and walked into the shed. I waited with my breath caught, wondering if it was time to get punishment for all I had done but when he came out with a smaller axe my eyes went wide. He threw it on the ground and went back to work.

My heart beat so hard it would kill me. I did not waste any time. I literally ran there. I picked up the axe and nearly lost an arm with how heavy it was. It did not look it and besides, I was barely skin and bone.

I pulled it up with both hands, glazing my eyes over it and it was perfect.

I placed it on the wood chopping block next to Alpha Logan and got two wood chunks for myself. I placed one on the block and picked up the axe again. The smile on my face, I shouldn’t have been wearing. It was my first time doing anything of that kind.

I swung and nearly broke my back but did it anyway and hammered it on the wood. Magic was supposed to happen. The wood was supposed to splatter into two but nothing like that happened. The wood was still whole. The tip of the axe had barely even got in. I shook my head, feeling my forehead wrinkle as I put my back into it again. I threw the axe back and came back full force with nothing happening.

A groan poured from me, frustration taking over. It had seemed so easy when Alpha Logan did it. I dug my heels on the ground. My eyes narrowed on the wood and I took a deep breath. My knees bent in effort. I drew in breath and went hard.

“Iyaah!” The scream poured from me as the axe went to rain hell on the wood but nothing

I did not stop. I kept going over and over.

“Iyaah!”

Nothing.

“Iyaah!”

Five times I went in, going hard. I was out of breath and sweating. The wood sprung off the chopping block and I threw the axe in frustration.

“It can die for all I care.”

I was so done. I moved to kick the wood but thought otherwise. My hand ran through my forehead where the beads were clustered. I tried to catch my breath, turning around to freeze.

The alpha was staring at me with his silver-blue or silver-gray eyes, I couldn’t tell sometimes.

“Do you give up that easily?”

I was shocked that he was even talking. His voice glazed over me with my eyes wide. I turned around, somehow so shocked I wanted to see if anyone else caught that because I could have been hallucinating.

My throat bobbed then his question got me thinking. How long had it taken for me to give up my fight? Very quickly. Even death shouldn’t have scared me into giving up my fight but I was ten. I had no clue what was to come.

I found my head nodding on its own.

“I do.” the words escaped me mindlessly.

Alpha Logan did not say anything to that. He picked up one chunk of wood he had split in half and threw it my way. I quickly picked it up, my eyes on him as he went back to his own load. I put the wood given and placed it on my block. I picked up my axe again and went for it. To my shock, it slit into half. My eyes went wide and I nearly jumped up. I bit my lower lip and quickly went to take more from his pile which he had already split into half. I turned the halves into quarters.

We worked in silence and since my tenth birthday, it was absolutely the best day ever.

After chopping he began gathering the chopped wood back into the shed. I picked my own pile and followed him. We walked back and forth until none of the wood was left. My body straightened up. I felt as if I cured the world of a deadly disease or something. I was proud of myself.

I dusted myself off and walked after Alpha Logan to the cold dark house that seemed to be haunted.

# 13

MEMORIES THAT SCAR

Somehow, I had found freedom.

Alpha Logan walked into the room he had trashed the day before. I would say it was a living room before he happened to it. Nothing had been spared, broken pieces of what once was.

He moved around the room, picking up the pieces. He would stare at different broken items for a while before putting them away. I stayed by the door, bending to pick up a few pieces. When he was further from the garbage bag, I ran to put all the pieces I had collected then went back to collect more.

It took hours on hours. Nothing was salvageable. Not even the large couch which he couldn’t take his eyes off. He ran his hand over it and did not dare move it as torn as it was. He left and came back with a broom and a mop. He left to collect water and when he came back I was already halfway sweeping.

I made sure I left nothing behind. It was my first time sweeping and it made me feel normal. For those minutes I played the normal girl who did normal chores with a normal family.

Family. The word echoed and I shook my head. Maybe she wouldn’t have a family, she would just live by herself. Family did nothing but abuse you. I was better on my own.

The sound of water splashing pulled my head up to see Alpha Logan mopping right behind me. I moved faster with the sweeping and collected the dirt with a dustpan, pouring it into the large garbage bag.

I retired to stand by the door, watching him clean the whole room, looking bleak. There was no happiness. There were no smiles. There was no sunshine.

He hauled the garbage out as the floor dried and poured the dirty water out. When he came back he walked up the stairs and I tailed behind to his room where he took a shower then made his way to the study. I settled in my spot, seated in the corner, trying my best to close my legs tightly and not spread any unwanted scents. I closed my eyes as if that would make the hours go faster. My body was sour and it was worse than any beating I would have taken. My hands picked at the edge of the gown when I became too restless.

The darkness settled all over the house yet Alpha Logan continued reading his papers. At some point, he turned on a desk lamp and it got better because I could not see a damn thing. My vision was better than my first day in the pack but it was still fucked. It told me that as little as it happened, the silver was slowly leaving my system.

The thought was bittersweet, opening old wounds I had closed up.

Three hours was long and Logan was out of his chair. He walked to his room where he paced for some time then decided to change to his sleepwear. My fingers were crossed, praying he wouldn’t tie me to the toilet.

I did not even dare turn his way as he walked out of the closet. I shrunk even more, hoping he would forget me but no luck. His hand grabbed my wrist, pulling my eyes wide open. I watched as he tied my wrists together with a thick rope. He tugged to make sure I couldn’t get out of them then rose up to switch the lights off before crawling in bed.

The rope dug into my thin pale skin and threatened to tear through. I stared at it to distract myself as I thought of how long and cold the night would be.

The sheets ruffled now and again as Alpha Logan twisted and turned. At first, he was awake but at some point, his breathing evened out yet he wouldn’t stop turning.

There was no way I was falling into the trap of sleep. I was not ready for it yet I held on from casting the no-sleep spell.

Low cries poured from Alpha Logan the more the minutes passed. At first, he kicked the blankets off and fell silent then the cries got louder and louder. His arms waved around. He kept touching his chest as if he was suffocating. My body jerked up to see what was happening on his chest. His heart was beating way too fast to be healthy and he was sweating buckets. He turned once again and a loud scream poured so painfully from him. My blood ran cold with the screams getting unbearable. It was as if he was screaming for his life.

“Fall alisialize.”

The ropes fell away from my wrists and hit the floor. I fully stood up with a drumming heart. I walked closer to the bed with such caution as if fearing a snake would jump out from it.

Alpha Logan’s body thrashed as if he was burning and the screams had me jump into action.

My fingers fell on his face and I began gently grazing them on his skin. Instead of chanting the spell to take away his nightmares, I found myself humming a song that had been irking me ever since I got into the pack. It was a song completely unknown to me yet it sprung out as if I had sung it a million times before. So much pain came as I sang the song but not my own. I could not understand it. My fingers moved up and down, stroking his face until his screams lowered. They completely died down in seconds. His body then shook with a sob escaping even though he was still sleeping.

His body turned more into me and I leaned closer. His arms held tighter and he buried his face in my thighs. That halted the shaking immediately.

I froze myself in utter shock at what had happened.

I felt his breathing and heart rise a notch higher. I felt him draw in breath only to jerk away so fast. His hands fell away as if I burned him. My eyes were wide, hands snapped up to the air in surrender. He had caught me holding him. He would probably think I was trying to kill him. I shook my head over and over in denial before he could even accuse.

A cough poured from the alpha’s mouth, his face scrunched in a disgust frown. His eyes pinned me where I was and I knew I was in for it. His arm came over his face as he coughed over and over then stopped to throw daggers at me. I knew it was my time to feel his wrath. All the fight drained from me and I quickly bowed my head in surrender.

I heard him shift in the bed and jump out of it. His hand grabbed mine so aggressively, turning me around. My heart couldn’t stop drumming so hard in fear.

The door to the bathroom was thrown open with much force. I could already image the cold tiles on the floor where he was taking me.

He opened the shower door and pushed me in. My head pulled up, eyes wide.

It suddenly dawned on me as he opened the tap.

Any punishment given would have been better than how wrecked I felt as the water sprayed on me. My face burned red and I wanted to cry.

He walked out to open drawers under the vanity sinks and threw a clean washcloth to me.

I wished the ground could open up and swallow me.

My gown and bra were soaked with no option but to take them off. I placed the washcloth on the shelf on the corner then untied my gown. I should have been happy but I felt dirty inside out. I felt unworthy. I felt like garbage and I was fighting tears.

Alpha Logan never left. He just stared but not with lust. That would have been better from him. He stared with a tortured look of disgust.

I dropped the gown down and next was my bra. My eyes followed, catching the dirty water swirling down the drain, dirt that I had carried on me. I stared at the male products on one of the shelves and looked back to Alpha Logan for permission. His eyes gave me the answer. I took up his shampoo and poured it into my hand before I dug them into my hair.

Foam erupted with a nice musky scent filling my nostrils. I scrubbed as hard as I could then rinsed before I went for the second then third round until my skull burned. There was no conditioner so I moved onto my face. I washed it raw and my body got the worst of it. I poured so much body wash on the loofah and kept scrubbing. There was no part of me I did not scrub. I just kept going until I felt as if I would bleed.

Movement caught my eyes. Alpha Logan pulled out a wrapped toothbrush from one of the drawers and left it on the counter before he walked out of the bathroom. I could finally breathe. I went back to washing. My armpits were scrubbed with no remorse My pussy was cleaned so hard along with my ass and crack. There was no part left untouched. I needed to prove I was not a disgusting being.

I rinsed my body then washed myself again and again. It was then that I felt a bit better. I washed my bra and gown then hung them when I walked out after washing the shower. I took a towel, wrapping it around my chest. I then flossed and brushed my teeth over and over until my gums bleed. I put everything away neatly and made sure the bathroom was left clean.

Alpha Logan had not walked back in so I guessed he went back to sleep. As I walked out, the room was empty. My eyes searched until I saw the door cracked just a little.

I did not know if to go after him. To my understanding, I had to be wherever he was because I was a hostage. My anxiety peaked up. To keep my sanity, I shifted my weight from foot to foot, the minutes trickling away.

At some point, I could not take it. My feet moved as I rushed to the door. Any punishment thrown at me, I would take it. I pulled the door wider and peeked out. The passage light was on and Alpha Logan stood before a white door with his hand hanging over the handle, shaking.

He looked as if he had just seen a ghost. His skin was pale, his face haunted. My heart dropped and I swallowed my emotions. I felt as if I was invading his privacy so I stepped back as quietly as I could but I was not him. My feet were loud. I was loud even when breathing.

His head turned to me and I knew I was in big trouble. I quickly dashed in the room and walked back to where I was supposed to be standing in the first place. In a minute he was back in the room. He closed the door and walked past me to his closet. I felt him open and close drawers before he walked out.

Curiosity got the best of me and I looked up to find him holding out some clothes to me.

To say I was shocked would be an understatement,

“Thank you,” I said out in disbelief. I put the black briefs down and pulled up the large T-shirt. It was beige, too large it would drown me in but I did not mind. It was the first appropriate piece of clothing I would wear in years. My eyes glazed with tears and in my utter shock, I completely dropped my towel, pulling over the t-shirt in absolute absence.

I picked up the briefs and held them before my eyes in awe. My right leg moved up then the left as I wore the briefs. They were big but hung on my hips. I had not been that covered in so long and he would never understand what he had just done for me. I quickly wiped my tears away, staring at the floor to hide my face away. I picked up the towel and folded it with my shaking hands. I walked to the bathroom where I stored it away.

My nerves made it hard for me to walk back in but I had no choice. I ran my hands on the T-shirt and it was so thick. It smelt of Alpha Logan but a bit stale which meant he hadn't worn it in a while. I couldn’t picture him wearing beige, only black. My feet stopped at the side of the bed and I was ready to lower to the floor and tie myself back up but I paused as my eyes fell on Alpha Logan. He was in bed, gripping the bed cover which he held open. For me. To enter!

My body ran cold as I stared deep into his eyes. My stomach turned and somehow, I felt all the blood drain from my body.

I took a step closer, thinking he would change his mind but no. My leg picked up and I settled with my knee on the bed then the other before I slowly lowered down. He dropped the cover and I adjusted it to fully cover me.

My face stared at the ceiling and he stared at me.

Dread consumed me as I held the cover as if it was my lifeline.

No one moved. I was not even sure we were both breathing. My head turned to stare at him. Our eyes met and locked for the longest second before he turned away and gave me his back. My heart hammered even harder in my chest if that was possible.

My hands fell away from the cover and before I could stop myself I had already placed my hand on his arm.

I turned around to my side, staring at his back. My hand brushed up and down his arm, bumping over the scars underneath. I swallowed and kept brushing while moving closer and closer.

I never had a choice then. I did at that point. I had a say. I had control. My hand moved from his arm down to his waist. I moved even closer to the point where I was breathing on his t-shirt, on him. He was so warm. The sheets were so warm. Even that made me melt a little.

My hand moved back and forth on his waist, liking the feel of his muscles beneath his shirt. So many emotions and thoughts swirled. I needed him to turn because I was barely holding on myself.

“Alpha.” I whispered out and he turned so fast I stopped breathing. His silver-blue eyes were boring into me so intensely. They swirled with so much emotion. He needed this more than I did. He closed any gap that had been between us. His breath fanned my skin and left it prickling. My eyes watered as I intensely stared at his, trying to find warmth but he himself was drowning. His hand cupped my cheek. My leg fell on his hip, foot on his leg. I brushed it up and down. My body became fluid, plastering more onto him. His free arm pulled my side onto him. My eyes closed, his lips inches from mine. I longed to feel them on mine suddenly and when he placed them, they were trembling.

I was the one that moved mine against his. I needed to feel something. I needed him to make me feel something other than what was poisoning me from the inside.

His finally moved, gently at first with the kiss getting desperate with each move. He took it deep, our whole bodies moving with each kiss. He held me as firmly as I held him. We were both begging, begging for something we could not speak of. His hand moved under the t-shirt on my body. He moved it up my waist and onto my breast.

A shiver ran through me and a flash passed through my mind. My body turned cold. In my fight I kissed him harder but the tears were already leaking through my closed eyes. He stopped kneading my breast but the damage was done. He kept kissing me as if getting a sense how fast I was spiraling.

The memories hit hard and I shook. I shook so hard he shook. His arm pulled wrapped around me and held me tightly.

I couldn’t do it.

I kept pushing, fighting, telling myself I could do it but I couldn’t.

His words came to me, that I gave up easily so I kept trying.

My lips moved with his. His desperation rippled onto me and I wanted to meet it but I couldn't. I was drowning and I felt as if I would not be able to find my way above water. I was suffocating.

My throat seemed to be closing in and finally I pulled away as a sob broke through me.

“I can’t. I can’t.” I cried over and over. My hands moved to his chest, wanting to push him away but reality was fading from me. It drained me out.

“Please I can’t.” I broke down. His other arm wrapped around me too and he pulled me into him. I did not have the energy to fight as I crumb led into pieces. My face was buried in his neck where I wept with everything in me. His head lay on mine, his face buried in my hair as I fell apart until everything turned black.

# 14

SEE THROUGH

If I ever chose a day to wallow in my sorrows it would be that day. If I ever chose a way for my demons to drown me, it would be in that way.

My eyes were sore even before I opened them. My heart seemed to be pounding from them, not wanting to open so I did not.

I had never been so warm in my life. No blanket could ever compare. I felt safe in a way I could not describe. I had found shelter and I did not want to step out. Alpha Logan’s heart pound right on my face. It was normal for pure werewolves but for me, as a hybrid, it was fast. I listened to it’s drum and whizzed away in a serenade.

I was engulfed in him. His arms held so tightly I never wanted anything else. I held tighter to him and fought the tears from spilling because I had never experienced anything like it. I hadn’t realized how scared and how torn I was until lying there in his arms.

His warm breath fell on my hair. His scent healed as I breathed it in. It was all maddening.

His breath changed and his heart sped up before it slowed down. Alpha Logan was awake and I did not know what was to come next. I hadn’t slept that well since I was ten and I knew he hadn’t slept that well for some time. We had kept each other’s demons away.

I felt him start at our position. I would have paid anything to hear his thoughts. For a second, he froze against me then he relaxed. I felt his nose dig deeper into my hair and something happened in me. Something broke or pieced itself up, I am not sure.

His arms did not fall away. His head did not pull back. We just lay there.

My eyes stayed closed as I breathed him in until everything seized existing with sleep claiming me again.

I jerked from sleep and realized Alpha Logan was pulling away from me. He had successfully pulled one of my arms away from him and was trying to fully slip away.

Our legs were intertwined. I moved mine and moved my other arm, freeing him from my grip. I squeezed my eyes because I did not want to let go. I did not want him removing his hand from my skin. It was under the t-shirt and how amazing it felt his directly on my skin.

I clenched my teeth as he pulled his arm away, it grazing on my skin, sending shivers running down my body.

He was finally out. He slipped off the bed and walked to the bathroom. As soon as the door closed I rolled and buried my face where he had lain and it was a drug. The memory of his arm on my skin through the night came and gave me a reaction I never thought I would ever have for a man. It was just a skip of the heart, nothing major.

I had never had a large break down in years. I replayed the way he had held me as I cried instead of forcing me to have sex with him. I rolled off the bed and dropped on my feet. I pulled the covers and began making the bed. It was one of the few chores I could do. With it done to perfection I couldn’t help but look down on my new clothes. I smoothed my hands over the t-shirt.

The door opened. Alpha Logan walked out. I was too slow to bend my head or maybe I had wanted to see. I had felt his scars at night. Once my eyes lay on them I could not take them away.

A white towel was wrapped around Alpha Logan’s waist. Above the towel, up to his neck, were various scars. His skin seemed to have leeched off, leaving white and red tissue exposed which healed to form his new skin. It went over his shoulders and triceps.

My heart dropped.

Some of us carried our scars on our skin and some of us had them trapped inside.

Alpha Logan was frozen in place. I did not even feel bad for staring and I would never apologize. His face morphed to so many different emotions I was not sure what he would do to me. I just stared at his beautiful eyes and did not dare break eye contact. His chest pushed up and down with such force. His anger turned him red yet instead of stalking to me, he went into the closet, slamming the door shut.

Had he forgotten I was there?

Had he thought I would still be sleeping?

I bit my lower lip from the impact of the door.

Was I allowed to take another shower? I would not assume. But if I died, I would die with my teeth clean. I rushed to brush my teeth and washed my face. Since I was already in trouble, I peed and wiped before I cleaned my private parts with my towel then washed and hung it away.

The damage was done but still, I tiptoed out the bathroom and stood right where he last saw me just in time for him to open the door from the closet.

He was fully dressed in a black t-shirt and faded jeans. I wondered if he had any other color than black. He did not have to scream out his pain, he wore it every single day.

He stalked past me and I walked after him.

We arrived in the kitchen where he made himself food as I stood watching a few feet from the kitchen island. He filled his plate and once again sat down. The first five minutes were spent staring at the full plate. His hand moved, picking the food. He chewed on it as if chewing on cupboard and I could relate.

His eyes then trailed to me with my growling stomach. I could not read him as he drilled his eyes into me and I held the stare. I would never look away ever again. I saw him and I would never not see him again.

He pushed the plate forward.

I took a step forward and another before I stood on the other side of the counter. My eyes broke contact to the food. Bread. Bacon. Eggs. Lettuce. My body was making me do something I did not want to.

“Thank you.”

It was my turn to force myself to eat. My eyes quickly looked up at him. I lay a piece of bread down. Lettuce was placed ontop followed by the eggs and the slices of bacon. His eyes lay heavy on my skin. I then brought another piece of bread ontop, securing everything in. I did it again with two more slices of bread before I stared up at him. I picked one sandwich and held it out to him. At first, he did not move but finally, he took the sandwich from me.

I picked up mine and we stared at each other for courage. I took a deep breath and moved the bread to my mouth. Biting into it was hell but I did and after I took a second, I chewed. My eyes reverted back to him and he was watching me. I chewed a bit faster and swallowed. I then moved the sandwich up again. He did the same too and together we bit into our food. It became easier from there. It took long minutes but both of us finished our sandwiches. My stomach turned. I just hoped I did not vomit because I had never eaten that much.

I picked up the plate and moved to wash it. He was by my side in a split second, drying the plate then he stored it away.

# 15

LOGAN

That night we did not sleep in the same bed but somehow, we were connected.

I sat on the floor, a gold chain bounding my hands together. My knees were up, head on them in the silence of the night. It had been an hour since Logan slipped in bed. I could not tell if he was asleep or awake. My head turned, staring at the bundle of sheets on the bed with the realization falling on me.

I had slightly gained more night vision which meant I was healing. I wondered how long it would take to get my wolf back or if I would be able to get her back at all. The thought left me aching deep in a way I could not describe.

“Fall alisialize.”

The chains fell away. I twisted my wrists around then placed my hand on the bed, my head on my knees, staring at my outstretched arm. I closed my eyes and drifted into nothingness. My eyes pulled open as my hand was pulled up with large warm fingers lacing through mine. The warmth spread from that hand down my arm to my toes. I wanted to smile but found myself unable to yet, inside, a sad smile lay.

My eyes closed again, fully drifting away but it was not long before Alpha Logan shifted, pulling me from sleep. I thought he was just turning so I pulled my hand away only for him to grab it back with much force. If I hadn’t been clouded with sleep I would have chuckled.

The sheets shuffled and I wanted to see what was happening but sleep had it’s claws deep in me.

I felt an arm wrap around me. My chin was suddenly on a shoulder. I was picked up, snuggling deeper into a warm chest. We both sank onto the bed. I buried my head in his neck and it could not get any better. My arms wrapped around him and he wrapped his own around me but it wasn’t the same. I pulled my arm back and gripped his. He froze but let me drag his heavy arm down. I moved it to my hip then up and under my t-shirt. He got the gist because when I let go he did not pull his arm back. He moved it higher then did the same with the other. I hugged him back and together we fell deep into sleep.

We woke up and fell into a routine. He showered while I made the bed. I thought he would come out wearing a t-shirt on him but to my surprise as the door opened, he walked out with just a towel around his waist. Still, we stared at each other for a minute before he snapped out of his frozen state and walked to the closet.

I rushed to the bathroom to brush my teeth, pee then dared to shower as fast as I could before rushing out. How was it possible that he made it out of the closet just as I hit the spot he left me standing on?

He handed me clean clothes and it was a battle to not cry.

We ate breakfast in silence, just staring into each other. Our hands moved as if synched. We turned our breakfast to sandwiches and it seemed to be the only and easy way to eat it. When done, we washed dishes then retired to the office where I nestled in my corner.

A knock disturbed our peace.

Somehow, I had forgotten we existed with other people in the world. Alpha Logan failed to reply which pulled another knock from the door. I stared up, wondering who it is.

After three knocks, the door opened and the young man from a few days ago walked in. I could see the fear spread over his golden skin which had turned red. He bowed his head and quickly walked across the room.

“Alpha,” He bowed his head.

“Gamma.” Logan replied which shocked both of us. He was better. He seemed calmer and more stable.

The Gamma was shocked to say the least. He seemed taken back but swallowed and shook his head. He seemed too young to be a gamma and suddenly I wondered what happened. The words spoken by the other man who had visited Logan’s office came back to me. They lost their families. It would explain why they both were so young yet seemed to be in higher positions.

“Uhm, a royal letter has come in for you Alpha.” The Gamma explained, suddenly drawing our attention to the golden letter in hand.

“The king and queen passed a message that you haven’t answered your communication book.” The man added nervously before holding out the letter which was shaking in hand.

“And Beta Helix sends you to bring the letter?” Logan questioned with the boy shifting his weight from foot to foot. I watched as Logan carefully stared at the boy’s legs until he stopped shifting.

His mouth opened and closed until he just bent his head.

“I will not have a pussy for a Gamma Sunny. Grow a back bone. Leave my office and burn that letter.” Logan spat out.

The gamma’s head shot up as if it would fly off his neck. His mouth was wide agape before he closed and opened it again. If his body was quivering before, he was trembling at that point.

“Yes alpha.” He said lowly, bowing before he turned and made his way across the room, his eyes feeding on the floor. The door was closed.

Logan went back to work and I could not believe how he had just dismissed his royals like that. My father would never accept such. He burned anyone who even stared at him wrongly. I for one knew firsthand how cruel he could be. Just that thought alone had me wrap my arms around myself. It made me wish to go a few hours back and snuggle deeper into Logan.

My thoughts halted, wondering when he graduated from Alpha Logan to Logan.

Logan pushed his chair back, bringing my head up. He shook his head before he walked to the door. I got up and rushed after him. We went to the room and I stopped by the bed as he walked onto the closet. He walked out with a pair of folded clothes. He stopped right before me. My heart went haywire as I stood there. The clothes were dropped on the bed then he picked up what seemed to be a sweater. My face was literally buried in his chest as he bent down to the bed. I took a whiff of him and fought the edge to place my hands on his sides. My eyes were closed even as he pulled back. They only opened when I felt something soft touch my skin.

Logan pulled a sweater over my head. My eyes went straight to his face after my head went through the neck opening of the sweater. He was so tall all I could see was his chin and neck. His jaw was so sharp and his skin, spotless besides a scar on the side of his face.

He pulled my arm and I let him before I fished it in the sleeve with his help. Same as the other then he adjusted the sweater on me. I wondered how hard it was for him to be nice to me. The anger he had carried, that he still carried, seemed so immerse. My people had done so many bad things to not just him but his family. The memory of him telling his beta what they had done to his mother and sister. A shiver passed down my body. I did not deserve this. I did not deserve him being kind to me. I deserved what he was doing to the men in the cells. I deserved being chained with silver. I deserved his fists and claws. What was happening wasn’t supposed to be happening. I should have been chained down.

He bent over and picked up the clothes on the bed. He handed them to me and I clutched them to my chest as my emotions wrecked through me.

Logan was kind but no one seemed to even see. They all saw him as a monster. And I wouldn’t blame them. He had a large wall around him and vicious dogs to keep anyone out.

We went down the stairs and out the house. Hope bloomed that finally I would get what I deserved when we went to the cells but somehow, I knew he would never do such to me. The prisoners scrambled away to the back of the cells as soon as they saw us. The fear could even be tasted with how tense it was. Logan walked to the torture cell and picked something. He turned, walking back out and past me. We went above ground and that was when I saw what he had in hand. It was a leather choker that went with gold chain. Somehow, I knew it was mine. Who else would it be for?

We went for the forest. His strides were long and fast. I ran behind him, like a little puppy after it’s master. That was our relationship, right? I was his prisoner, his slave, and he was my master.

What would he do to me at the end of it all? What did he have in store for me because our routines couldn’t go on forever?

Pain shot through my foot and I went face first to the ground. The fall was brutal. My face was buried in mud, my clothes the same. A cry nearly pulled from me and as I pulled up and turned. I realized I had tripped over a tree root while busy in thought.

The clothes I held were tight to my chest, not saved at all. My eyes pulled with tears. I pushed up to stand, my eyes taking in my sweater and it was so dirty.

“No.” The cry pulled from me in panic. They were the only clothes I had, they were my first couple of proper clothes. Not even to mention those in my hand. I did not even want to stare at Logan. I dirtied his clothes. I tried wiping the mud away but it was useless. I just got them dirtier. A sigh reached my ears from Logan which had me pull my head up. He held out the collar and chain to me. I took it with shaking hands, fighting tears.

He pulled the t-shirt he wore out of his body and handed it to me. I quickly wiped my free hand on my dirty sweater until it was clean before I took the t-shirt he was holding out for me. He pulled out his shorts next.

“Throw those away.”

I did not even stammer on it but did as told. With wide eyes, I glared at him pull down his briefs right before me. I told myself to look away but I just couldn’t. I just kept glaring. He held out his briefs and I took and folded them on my pile.

By the time I was done, his humongous silver-blue furred wolf was standing right before me. He did not move so I guessed he was telling me to hop on. I placed the clothes and the collar on him before I carefully jumped on him.

My dirty clothes were forgotten with a new fascination before me. He was the only werewolf I had ever ridden and this time, I was conscious enough to fully experience it. I made sure the clothes and collar were secure before I lowered down onto him.

He rose to his full height and wow. I felt like I was on top of the world. Everything was far and the thought that I would die from just one fall never came to me. At first, he walked then he jogged which turned to a full sprint.

I gulped the harsh air down, no way for me to breathe with my head up so I lay my head on his fur. It was one of the greatest things ever. When I closed my eyes, I felt as if I was flying. I smiled, my hand brushing on his fur.

Life was not all bad.

# 16

TEETH AND BLOOD

Rays peaked in from every little space they got in the thick forest, just rare shots of orange here and there. I was seated up, such fascination before me. We passed through one of the larger beams from the sun and that little dose of its heat was amazing. I turned to stare back at it only for us to jump onto a clearing.

My head turned forward, a gasp pulling from me.

I could not help but impatiently tap on Logan’s wolf over and over again. He shook his head but I continued tapping.

“Logan, look. The sun.” I pointed as if he could see me.

The excitement had me sound like a child. I had never seen the sun so beautiful. It was about to sink over the large white mountains. The sky was colored all thick shades of orange and it was breathtaking.

Logan stopped and turned, staring at the amazing sight. I sighed, content. He sat and just watched with my smile finally breaking through. Instead of looking ahead I found myself staring at him. My hand went to the top of his head. I sunk my hand in his fur and rubbed over and over. I then lowered, placing my chin on his fur, still rubbing while finally watching the sun sink.

Peace was all that surrounded us and it was such moments with him that made me want to live on.

The show ended when the sun was out of sight. I sighed with Logan standing up. The moment was priceless. Logan turned and we continued with our journey in the new pack we had crossed over a few hours ago. The pack was so large and I was shocked to say the least because we were yet to break through to where they settled after three hours of running.

We passed what looked like a town. I pushed up, staring wide eyed at the different stores. I had seen nothing like it before, literally glaring and ignoring all the stares thrown our way. Fear was all that poured from them. We drowned into another forest and I sighed, going back to fully lay on Logan’s back. His fur was so soft, how could I not indulge myself?

His run broke into a jog until he walked then stopped. I pushed up, looking around to see nothing but trees.

He tugged his head up and somehow, I knew. I picked up the clothes I had squashed between myself and him along with the collar then I jumped down.

I stretched my arms and legs, turning around to survey the land. When I turned back around my eyes went wide, jumping in shock. I could never get used to seeing Logan naked. He was stunning I will not lie but still, it was shocking. He was a man in all accords, seemed to be built of muscle and nothing else.

“Can I have the clothes?”

“Uhm, yes, sorry.” I gulped and rushed to hand him his briefs first which he wore. Still, he looked stunning. His t-shirt was next because even with those scars, I could not keep my head sane staring at his upper body. He wore it over then I gave him the shorts.

He turned, fully clothed and marched on. I went rushing behind him. Ten minutes later we were breaking through the forest. I did not even have to guess to know we were at the royal pack. The houses were glorious. I had never seen such stunning and advanced houses. I would have loved to glare much longer but the stares had me bow my head. I was not sure if they were staring at me or Logan but it was disturbing.

Walking through a large door pulled the pressure away. I looked up only to look back down from all the eyes that turned to us even in the house.

Most scurried away. Some greeted Logan with his title but he never greeted back. He just ran up the stairs, me behind until I could not feel the eyes anymore.

My head tipped up and the interior smacked me on the face with how stunning it was. It surely was a castle made for Gods because how glorious could you be to live in such a place. My father had never had the desire for any luxury. His only interest was inflicting pain for no reason. No one knows how we came about, even we did not know. History got lost somewhere, the history of the crazy werewolves called rogues. I followed Logan to a room which was large, green being the theme color for it. I frowned because it reminded me of the pack we came from and that was probably the point behind it all.

I came to a halt when I realized Logan had walked into a bathroom. I froze, not sure if to walk back out to the room or to further walk in the bathroom with him. What if he was going to take a shit? That should have scared me but there I was walking further in. I closed the door behind me.

He brushed his teeth then stripped off his clothes. He handed them to me which shocked me because somehow, I had convinced myself he hadn’t noticed me in the bathroom with him. I folded his clothes for him and followed him with my eyes. His butt, amazing. My eyes ate up his back, those shoulders. I took a few steps back until I hit the wall. I watched the water pour over him. I watched his short hair, him pushing it back. He washed his body next, thoroughly. I was hypnotized, my head angling with his every move. At some point he stopped, turning to stare at me. I stared back at him, drowning in his orbs.

Logan moved his washcloth over his chest, not tearing his eyes from mine.

What is he thinking? I wondered.

When he stares at me, what does he see?

I held tighter to the clothes until he looked away. Watching him shower while he stared dead at me was one of the highlights of my life.

He stepped out when he was done and wrapped his towel around his waist. Together, we walked out of the bathroom to the closet where there were a few clothes to my surprise. Logan oiled his skin, put deodorant which I was envious of before he dressed in black suit pants and a black shirt. If I thought he looked breath taking in casual I was in for treat because he was absolutely gorgeous in formal wear. My eyes were sparkling for sure.

He pulled his socks and shoes on before he turned to take the clothes I held. He threw them in the laundry hamper and turned to walk out of the door with my collar in hand. I swallowed, following him back to the bathroom.

He stopped, his head gesturing for me to go on. We were back to locking me by the toilet. This was where I deserved to be. I walked past him and lowered down. I sat as comfortable as I could before he bent before me. He secured the chain around the toilet first then came to lock it on the collar. He brought the collar around my neck.

His eyes arrested mine with his hand hanging between us. He was frozen, just staring at me. I could see the hesitancy. Why did he hesitate? Was he forgetting who I was? Was he forgetting what my people did to his family and pack? It was easy to forget, even I forgot sometimes.

My tears filled my eyes.

This wasn’t supposed to happen.

My hand closed around his large wrist. I was losing myself in his eyes, forgetting what I even wanted to do. My mind came back to me, moving my hand to the collar buckles. Our contact broke, staring down then I clipped and locked the chain myself.

This was where I was supposed to be.

My hand lowered down, my eyes not moving back up. I hung my head and waited for him to retreat back. His finger kissed the tip of my chin, sending a ball of emotions swarming all over my body. He slowly tipped my head back up only to stop as a knock echoed all over the room.

“Logan, it’s me, are you decent?” A feminine voice poured from a distant.

Logan turned cold and froze.

I saw the panic in his eyes. He did not move even when the second knock came.

“Logan?”

That was when he snapped. He pushed off me so fast. The door was closed before I could even blink. He left me cold and I shrunk into myself. I heard voices on the other side of the door then they got louder and more hostile. I frowned, inching forward.

My heart drummed faster because suddenly the thought of Logan being in danger was unbearable.

“Get out of the way!”

I inched even closer, my hands opening.

The door suddenly flew out off it’s hinges, pulling a scream from me. It shuttered against the wall. I folded my body to protect myself from the wood splatters flying everywhere yet still, they cut skin.

“Logan! No!”

I had to see what was happening. I opened my eyes, seeing the two both shaking in anger.

The lady gave me one look and I thought she would explode. I had never seen a person paler than myself but there she stood, just white while her hair was the exact contrast as it flew by her sides with how angry she was.

Was she a witch?

She looked as if she was about to murder someone.

“I am done! You are a monster, get away from the door,”

My heart tore to shreds. I knew that was what people thought when they saw Logan. I knew it was what they whispered to themselves but hearing someone say it out brought immerse pain and sadness all at once. He may have been a monster but he was….he was my monste…I stopped the sentence before it could even progress. I was not sure where my thoughts had been heading. But I was glad I stopped the train of thought because I couldn’t go there. Logan and I were on two opposite ends. My ending was clear and that was death.

Logan and the woman were both hands on. Logan tipped her and I knew he had lost all his calm. He was about to throw her to the wall.

“He has not done anything, I am here on my free will.” I hadn’t realized how frail my voice was until then. It was the most words I had spoken in forever. My throat was dry and ashy along with my lips.

The woman was suddenly in the bathroom, having pushed past Logan.

I tried to push up but the chain between the toilet and the collar was short, pulling me back down. My feet slipped and I was falling backwards until I wasn’t. Something, a pressure of air caught and pulled me back up.

My eyes went wide, staring at black pools of the woman as I wondered if she was a witch. She looked and felt powerful.

My feet settled back on the tiles and before I even knew it, my chain was flying to the ground along with the collar. She had freed me. Her anger could be felt. It bounced off my skin and sent all my hairs soaring.

She was a witch. Witches had a code, they had rules, especially when it came to each other. There were a lot of things I wanted to ask all through my life about witches but as I stared at her they all vanished. I hoped Logan wouldn’t kill her before I could ask my questions. But she had this power that told me she was someone Logan could not just kill.

“I am so sorry.” Her words poured out and her voice was glorious. Her black eyes swam in black tears that could fall anytime. I nearly collected them, afraid they would stain her perfect skin.

I pushed my head up because I had this feeling I could not describe. It made me push up my chest and take my titles.

“I am taking her to a new room. And you will get what you wanted. I will tear our connection and you can do whatever you want. I am done Logan. I am sorry but I am done.” The words spat were heavy.

“You will not take her away.”

“Watch me.” The woman said, taking my hand to pull me forward.

“She is mine!” Logan roared, snapping my eyes to him. I never got the chance to look away because something had snapped in him. He looked as feral as our warriors. Veins spread all over his face. My heart rate went up the roof. I wanted to step in front of the woman to protect her but my feet felt bolted down.

My tongue turned heavy as I saw him move. My eyes closed and I just stood there with dread falling over me. He would kill her. He would shred her to pieces. And somehow the thought that he would hurt me never crossed my mind even once.

A warm arm suddenly wrapped around my neck. I did not know when Logan got to me but I found myself stumbling back to his chest. I did not know what was happening. My eyes opened wide, staring at the woman who stood too shocked to even blink.

“You cannot take her away if she is my mate.” He roared and the next thing I felt were teeth tearing through my skin.

The pain left me trembling. My hands shot to clutch to his arm, digging myself into him as his teeth sank in, blood rolling out. My eyes shut, a tear escaping.

“Logan?” It was all I could manage with everything burning until it wasn’t.

As soon as his teeth sank down something snapped into place in me. I felt something connect and that was when I realized what Logan had done.

# 17

BRIDGES

The bond travelled up to my head then down to my very toes. His DNA tied with mine and I could feel each and every strand as it sewed itself into mine. He would forever be with me, connected no matter what. I stumbled more into him, the tears falling.

It was not supposed to happen. The dread intensified and I wept.

“No.” The word kept playing out of my lips over and over. My hands squeezed tighter onto his arm, my nails digging in.

His body trembled even harder than mine and the word I kept saying became his own mantra. His arm fell away and he stumbled from me. I nearly fell, turning with my hand on my heart before it stopped beating.

His own eyes were wide, covered in glass tears. His hand fell on his bloody mouth, staring at me as he said no over and over. He kept stepping back in shock until his back hit the wall.

“No.” He word fell out, his head shaking to enforce it.

My stomach turned and I wanted to vomit.

“What have I done?”

“Logan!” A roar erupted from behind me.

I crumbled down as the woman walked past me. With one gesture of her hand Logan was rising up the wall, his feet kicking. His hands went to his neck, holding on as if an invisible hand was cutting his air supply.

“I, Queen of werewolves, daughter of the God of Darkness, princess of darkness…”

Whatever she was about to say I was sure was worse than being mated to the man my people destroyed, the man who was supposed to be torturing me but he couldn’t no matter how hurt and torn he was. He did not deserve this. It was all my fault.

“Fryotuce portal lifr pack border.” I cast, standing to my feet. The portal opened just next to Logan.

I waved my hand,“ pioitutuyo,” knocking out the queen with Logan collapsing down in nothing but a fit of couches pouring from him.

My eyes widened as I stared at the queen. She was supposed to be out but she stared back at me wide eyed. I did not have time to ponder. With one flick, Logan was flying through the portal and I ran, jumping in after him. The next thing I felt was the ground as I fell hard on my ass. I rolled and stopped with me blowing out air.

My head was spinning from the portal jump and it took a minute to get back to normal and I did not even fight it. I just lay there with everything washing over me.

I was marked, marked by Alpha Logan. My body turned cold.

He was supposed to kill not mark me. I was supposed to die. I was the enemy. I was the one he would crucify for every sin committed on his people. I sat up, finding him seated not far away from me, looking just as defeated.

He knew just as I did that this couldn’t happen. It was written all over his face. He looked like death. Grief spread the longer he sat thinking about it.

My heart shuttered and burned.

Even if I wasn’t his enemy, I was not worthy to be his mate, to be his anything. I was dirty. I was damaged. I was used. There was nothing for me to give. There was nothing in me. My hand pushed up, rubbing the tears as my shoulders shook from the sob that wanted to consume me.

I was not worthy for him. I was not worthy to be anyone’s anything, my father saw to that personally.

As hard as it was, I built a wall around my head so he couldn’t get in. I did not want him to see how dark it was inside there. I did not want him to see my scars even though he had opened up his for me to see.

The thought broke me even more as more tears flowed.

I wished the darkness could hide away my tears but I knew he could see each and every one of them as they fell to the ground. I couldn’t stop. I just kept going until I felt nothing. My head lay on my knees. I felt cold. I felt so cold and I wanted to die. I wanted him to kill me. I wanted him to give me the same fate he gave the other men. I wanted the pain of his claws clawing through me. I craved it.

My body was scooped up at some point. Logan began running with me in his arms. He kept going and all I could do was tuck my head into his neck and cry. I gripped on his t-shirt and bawled until I couldn’t.

Sleep claimed me yet when I woke up Logan was still running. Where were we going? My mental clock ticked in and I realized he had run for hours, not even hours, nearly through the night in his person form.

I held tighter to him, my hands brushing on him. I wondered how he was. He had seemed as shattered as I had been. Why had he even marked me? How? Why? I could not figure it out. I just held on to him and found comfort while worry overtook me but I said nothing.

He stopped midday to my relief because how could he run so fast and carry me for so many hours. I thought he would sleep or hunt but he just dropped me then told me to get on his back. I did that with no complain and we were on it again. We ran through the day and into the night.

I don’t know how he was doing it but my heart was at the tip of my tongue with worry. I could barely even see anything with how fast he was running. The air sent my eyes tearing so I dug my head onto his neck and just counted down. It did not escape me that my lips were just inches away from where I would have marked him if I was his true mate. I allowed myself to dream. I allowed myself to play another version of our story.

In our story I would be a girl from a neighboring pack. He would still have his family and he would be happy. We would look at each other and know we are fated mates. He would come to my pack to officially say I am his and together we would leave for his pack where he would kiss and take my purity then mark me. We would build a house and have children.

Not even the most powerful witch could grant such wishes, I would know. If I could, maybe I would. Maybe I would be selfish with him and change his whole destiny.

Five hours later he shifted into his wolf. I clutched his clothes and lay on his back as we went further into our journey.

The air changed and my head picked up.

It was two nights later and we had crossed an invincible barrier that left the wolf in me unsettled. We were not in werewolf land anymore. My eyes took in the land and it had so much power. The trees were somehow larger and greener. There was so much pain. There was so much death in the land. I lowered my head back to Logan’s fur but still stared ahead.

His own body was tense, sure he felt the change more than me.

He lowered his pace until he was just jogging then he just stopped.

He shook his head and I knew he wanted me off so I did just that. I stretched his shirt for him and in a split second he was in his person again. He pulled the shirt and wore it then the briefs and pants.

My eyes stayed pinned to the ground. I did not have the strength to stare at him and see all he was feeling. The bond was hard to defy but I held on as much as I could. Logan turned, seeing his legs move. I walked after him, my head finally tipping up to lay on his back. I made sure I stayed a step behind him.

We walked out of the forest then walked through clear land for two hours. I saw the tall wall from the moment we stepped out and I knew it was where we were headed.

The wall had humongous lights that made it look like day as we made our way through the short grass. I wondered what was behind.

We reached the gates which were wide open suddenly. We went through and I jumped as two people appeared on the sides, quickly closing the gates.

The way was paved from there, forests spreading from either side. We proceeded on our way. My eyes turned to look at the two men standing beside the gates. They were so pale, so tall and so skinny. I frowned, wrecking my head of what they might be then it clicked.

We were in the vampire kingdom!

Weren’t werewolves and vampires sworn enemies? I knew little of vampires and only that written in my family grimoire. They were supposedly proud and brutal creatures. They were strong, rich and untouchable.

It had me inch a bit closer to Logan. He was probably there to hand me away to the enemy until I repented from all my sins. Halfway through, a group of vampires stood. I pushed my head up and got ready to put all those fire spells to work but the closer we got, the more they smiled. They looked unnatural when they smiled. They also had this unearthy beauty which was disturbing.

“Welcome Alpha Rivers, our king and queen are waiting, can we please escort you?”

My brain was fried at that point. They knew who Logan was?! Maybe he had vampire friends. I kicked myself for judging the vampires before I even met them. It was just that in every story in the grimoire, they were never the good guys.

Logan did not even answer, he just walked on with such emergence. The closer we got, the faster he walked. I was running at that point, the vampires holding Logan’s pace. To them it felt like a slow walk since they were naturally fast beings and there I was, jogging after Logan.

It was an hour, a full hour to make it through to the royal court which was the exact opposite to where we were coming from. It had a wall separating it from the royal village.

There were modern houses I could not even describe because I had never heard or seen anything like them. Streets lights spread, guiding us. We entered through another wall where gardens spread then a large house.

I couldn’t dwell on the house because not far from us stood a woman along with a very tall man. My eyes went wide, craning my neck to stare at him. I did not know if it was because I was short but he was very tall.

The woman wore a smile. Loose-stained jeans and an oversized t-shirt covered her body with hair messily thrown into a bun. Her smile though, it was something else and my heart literally dropped when I realized that smile was directed to no one else but Logan.

The man next to her looked indifferent.

“Logan.” The woman jumped up and literally skipped over to him. She stopped right before him and the air tensed immediately.

Logan was the one that took the last step. He just closed the gap between them and wrapped his arms around her. He held her so tightly I am sure I turned pale. I did not know why I was suddenly in immense pain but I could not stare any longer so I shot my eyes down.

“Are you okay?” I heard her ask, buried in his chest.

Movement caught my eye and I swallowed as the tall man walked to me.

“Dante. Vampire King.” He greeted, holding out his hand. I took it in mine, shaking it then I froze and thought. He stared, expecting a response but I had not said my name in so long that it escaped me.

“Adira….” I trailed away, not knowing what to say after that. The tension only got worse.

Our hands fell apart, awkwardly hanging on our sides.

“I guess you are staying the night. You want to come in?” The man questioned, pulling me into more confusion. Why were we there? Were we staying? Was I allowed to go in?

“Let’s just give them a second, they will find us inside.” The man enforced, his hand on my shoulder with him gesturing me forward. I turned, staring at Logan and the vampire queen, I guess. He was not letting go anytime soon.

I had somehow convinced myself that I was the only person who could see Logan. Somehow, I had convinced myself that I was the only one who understood him. That somehow, I was special. Instead of getting closer, I could feel bridges being built between us and I did not understand why I suddenly couldn’t breathe.

# 18

WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN

Logan

I dreamt of the moment a million times but it did not feel the same. I held her tighter as my body shook with my mind in absolute chaos.

What did I do? The question kept coming over and over again.

I was used to the chaos, to the anger but this….I could not bear the feelings that coursed through my body.

“I am sorry.” The words escaped my lips, digging Flavia into me with my arms as she held me just as tight.

“It’s okay Logan.” She assured and panicked even harder without even knowing what I was apologizing for.

Had she seen the mark?

Had she smelt me on Adira? My stomach was in coils, hating myself deeper than before.

“I am sorry. It doesn’t mean anything. I made a mistake.” One after another the words trickled out until Flavia placed her hands on my chest and pushed back. I wanted to hold her much longer but she pushed harder.

Her strength shocked me.

I stepped back, my head hanging in absolute shame.

I had betrayed her.

“What happened Logan?” The word came out sharp, having my heart rear in my chest from her worry.

Her hands fell on my own.

How many times had I roared just because I needed her to touch me, for my mate to be by my side and hold me? I swallowed my panic and got myself together.

“I marked her. It was a mistake. I don’t know what happened.” I blurted out, staring into her eyes to see her accuse and hate me but all she did was grin. My frown deepened, holding her tighter.

“I will make this right. She can reject the mark.” I continued but Flavia was all smiles and it was eating me alive.

“I am just glad it’s not Elissa. I am sure she is better than my sister. I don’t understand Logan. Why are you so shaken?”

“Because I betrayed you!” I spelled it out for her because she did not seem to get it. Her smile dropped so fast and that was what I had expected to begin with.

I wanted to hit myself, throw myself somewhere for what I had done. Concern spread on her face and I hated it. I hated seeing her eyes swell with pity. Her hand moved up my arm and it did not have the effect I had dreamt of. There were no sparks. It did not feel right. My head pound even harder with my eyes closed. Pain spread over my chest, fighting the edge to clutch it.

“Logan. There can never be me and you anymore. I picked Dante. He makes me happy.”

“I can make you happy too, I promise. I can try. I can give you anything. Just come back to me please.”

“I can’t Logan. Even if I wanted to. I have children now. I am happy here.”

“I love your children. I will take them as my own. We can raise them together. We don’t even have to have more. Please.” The desperation wrecked and I did not care. When it came to my mate, I would do anything. “You were mine. You were supposed to be my mate.” The words that had echoed in my head so many times. I lost everything then I lost the only person I had left in the world.

“And now she is yours. She is your mate now. Things change Logan and you need to at least give it a try. She seems nice and polite.” Flavia had not glanced at Rogue girl even once. She had no idea what Rogue girl looked like. Such pure anger railed through me and I squeezed harder, drawing from Flavia to hold it down.

My wolf was clawing at me. Such pure anger poured to my own and made me act out.

“If I can’t have you then it’s over for me.” I spat the words out. “After I kill her father, I am telling Raven to sever our link. It won’t take much to convince her now then I am ending it all.” My thoughts escaped me, too late to drag them back in.

Flavia chuckled, literally chuckled as if I had not just told her I would kill myself. My head tipped down to her, the lights sparking off her eyes. Motherhood suited her. If only it were my children she was raising.

“You are just scared. You want to take the easy way out. Here is a beautiful girl that you can start an amazing life with yet here you are, planning your death. I never took you for a pussy Logan.” Only she could speak up to me in such a manner and get away with it. It was a breath of fresh air yet suddenly I could picture someone else who would say such words to me and it pissed me even more.

“She is the enemy. She is a rogue. You don’t know what they did to my family.”

“I heard Logan and I am so sorry. Take as much revenge as you can on those appropriate but don’t hold her to her people’s sins. Was she there?”

I shook my head because I did not even want to hear such words. Rogue girl was guilty. They were all guilty.

“She is a witch. Their kingdom was cloaked, she helped cloak it.”

“Are you sure about that? They would need a very old and powerful witch for that, I assume. Is she powerful? Maybe she did not know what they were doing?” Flavia was just grabbing at straws at that point.

“I did not take you for one to assume.”

I brought Flavia a step closer, nothing coming to mind to defend myself. My thoughts swirled and I found Adira’s face coming to mind again. She was so fragile yet such a force at the same time. She had confidence that I did not even know where it came from. As for being powerful, something told me I did not know a single thing about her and I did not even want to. Her face flashed again and something stilled in me.

“I will just hurt and destroy her. You dodged a bullet with me Flavia. I would have tried with everything in me but I am too broken to be anything to anyone. This is for the best………” I sucked in a breath, a shiver running down my body, halting my next words before they even escaped. I knew something bad had happened to Adira in that castle. I could feel it in my bones and she needed better.

“We are all damaged Logan. I grew up in a vampire world as a werewolf. Even before they knew what I was, they treated me like an animal then on my sixteenth birthday, I shifted. What I thought was hell turned worse. They chained me and invited all their friends to do whatever they wanted with me. I have scars on my body Logan. I have scars on my soul. The things that happened in that basement, I can still hear my screams sometimes.”

My thumb rubbed on her hand. Her scars had stayed with me for a while. I knew she had gone through so much pain to wear such deep scars. My eyes closed and the picture played in my head of everything that must have happened. A shiver ran through my body. I could not help but bring her to my chest. I tucked her in and held her so tight.

She was made for me, she fit perfectly. I just wished I had found her first. Only she could understand. My sisters’ and mother’s screams echoed in my head every single second I sat in absolute silence. I could see them beg and plead while those men tore them apart. I shut my eyes so hard, burying my face deep into Flavia’s hair as horror played before my eyes. I tried, I tried everything to get them out but I couldn’t save them. I failed them. I failed my mother. I failed my little sisters when they needed me the most then I failed my father when he drowned in his loss.

“It gets better Logan. I promise it does.”

“How? I don’t see how.”

“Lean on someone that cares. Dante was my saving grace. Adira might be yours. Let her in.”

My head was already shaking. It was too dark inside. All I needed was to end it all. All I had was anger.

Flavia pulled back, once again, her strength winning. She stared up at me, her fingers wiping away my tears.

“You need to find someone that makes you feel safe. How do you feel around her?”

I sniffed. I should have been ashamed to have cried before Flavia yet such feelings never surfaced.

“She has seen me at my worst. She is the only person who doesn’t step away when I am close. She wears no fear around me. She stares at me like she can see through to my soul.”

“She makes you feel safe?”

I did not want to answer. I did not have to answer.

“Try Logan. You will lose nothing by trying yet you will gain everything if it works out.”

I shook my head, my ears closed on the matter.

“Can I leave her here? I am not sure which of the werewolves wouldn’t hurt her for her people’s crimes.”

“Logan?!”

“Will you?” My mind was made up and there was no changing it.

“Of course I will.”

“Then I will be taking my leave.”

“You will not even say goodbye. Come on, you are better than this.”

“I am not Flavia. That’s the point.” I shot out, sharper than I intended but she seemed unaffected. I pulled my hands from her even though all I wanted was to hold on for longer. But it wasn’t the same. She was not the same. She was not my mate anymore.

“At least shower and eat. You stink. Then you can leave.”

I took a step back, taking her in once again because it would probably be the last. She was a diamond in the rough.

“Come on Logan. See the children. You haven’t formally met them.”

The desperation wreaked off her. Her eyes plead with me. The thought of holding her children one time and pretend they are mine, pretend we mated and created life turned me warm. If I was to hunt that rogue bastard, kill then end my life, I could at least have that moment. I was sure they were as beautiful as she was.

“Okay.” I whispered, a heavy sigh escaping her lips. She held her hand out. I took it in mine and together we made our way to the house.

# 19

MATES

Adira

The vampire king pushed the door open to halt in his steps as a toddler came into view, standing on his two feet, slightly bending back then forth. Behind the child were two dragons in the size of a large eagle. My eyes widened because in my whole life I had never seen a dragon. A frown spread on my face, pulling my thoughts from Logan and the vampire queen. How did they have dragons?

“How did you get here?” The vampire king exclaimed and it pulled nothing but a giggle from the young child, showing his two white teeth. His chuckle turned to a wide grin. My frown deepened yet my heart strings tugged hard.

The vampire king bent and picked up the child wearing a khakhi fluffy jumpsuit and sneakers. My eyes trailed to the dragons that acted as guards, their eyes never snapping away from the baby. They rose to the king’s height. He stretched his hand to brush both their heads. Their eyes closed and it set my heart pounding harder.

“Do you want to freshen up?” The king questioned with me taken back at how calm and nice he seemed. It sent my alarm bells ringing and I instinctively stared back at the two who still clung to each other.

“They might take a while. I think Flavia’s old clothes can fit you.” The king continued, walking up a pair of stairs.

The words to answer lay heavy on my tongue. I took in my surroundings and once again, stunned wouldn’t define my feelings. Instead of a castle it was just a mansion. Everything looked simple yet stunning. The vampires were known for their wealth and excessive show of it thus what I saw made me question the grimoire. It was not supposed to be wrong.

“Did you rebuild?” I blurted out

“Yes, there used to be a golden castle. We knocked it down.” The king said, opening a door then mentioned for me to enter.

Should I clean up? I questioned myself. I bent my head, taking in my appearance and I was so dirty. The thought of how clean and stunning the vampire queen was made my decision for me.

“I will leave the clothes on the bed.”

“Thank you.” I whispered, watching as the vampire king stepped back and shut the door.

The room was gorgeous. White sheets, beige curtains and a beige rug but everything else was white.

I quickly took a shower and when done, as promised, clothes lay on the bed along with more toiletries. I applied deodorant, oiled and moisturized my skin before I pulled on the clothes. They actually fit well which was a shock. I was nearly skin and bone. It made me wonder how the queen had gotten that same size?

I pulled on the t-shirt and jacket along with the socks and boots. My hair was brushed back, wavy, long and damp. I opened the door, hearing the clank of pots downstairs. Was Logan and the queen still outside?

I made my way down, more curious to find out if the two were still outside. I did not know why I cared. I turned the corner to the open kitchen where I stopped to watch. The dragons were flying back and forth with ingredients while the baby ran after them, falling now and again but he was having too much fun to care.

“The carrots Kyde.” The king requested and I watched in shocked as the dragon pulled the fridge open with his wing. He picked out a pack of carrots and flew over to dump them on the counter. The king pet him.

“Good boy.”

“Do you know how to cook?” My eyes went wide, scared he would think I was spying.

Obviously, he was not talking to the dragons and the baby.

“No.” I whispered out, my voice horsy.

“No one knows how to cook these days.” The king complained, sighing.

“Is there anything else I can help with?” I questioned, stepping forward.

“Yes, you can peel these for me.” He said, pointing to the carrots while consumed by the pots. He had a kitchen cloth on his shoulder. Even with his apron he still looked like a king, tall and beastly.

I had no clue how to chop anything but I did not want to seem pathetic so I took a knife. Out of all things, peeling carrots couldn’t be that hard, right? Yet, I did not even know where to start. I was just standing there with it in hand and the knife.

“Flavia will love you.” The king said, taking the carrots. He pulled something out from one of the draws and I watched as magic happened. He peeled one side then gave it to me. I turned red but thankful for the demonstration.

In three minutes, he had the best peeled carrots ever. Some sense of accomplishment rained over me.

“Anything else?” I questioned excitedly just as the sound of the door opening came.

“Twins, set the table for four.”

The dragons who had be flying over the baby went running to pull cupboards, taking out white clothes and plates.

“You can stir the pot while pouring this cream, don’t stop stirring or it will turn lumpy.” The king said, his voice carrying such a thick command. I snapped into the task as much as I wanted to stare at the incoming couple.

“Don’t tell me she knows how to cook?” A female voice echoed.

“She is playing for your team love.” The king threw back, just drowning me in shame. “But unlike someone, she is eager to help and learn.”

“Why would I when I have such a good chef already.”

Their friendly banter made me boil even more.

“Have a seat, we will bring out the food.” The king said.

“I will not be staying.” Logan answered, my head turning to him only to recall the sauce so I quickly turned back to my pot, stirring.

“Yes you will, now go sit down and wait.” The vampire king enforced, leaving no room to urge.

“Come, let me show you some art the children made.” The queen said, my head turning to watch as they walked away, hands intertwined.

“They are mates.” The king’s voice suddenly came from next to me and as I turned, I nearly screamed and spilled the cream because he was just next to me, peering through the pot.

“Stir faster, it’s lumping.” He politely said, turning away.

My head was in the gutter. What? How?

Then I reasoned it out and my heart froze.

“She rejected him?”

“We were already mated when she met him.”

How worse could Logan’s life get?

# 20

IS HISTORY IN REPEAT?

Flavia was nursing the baby and Logan couldn’t take his eyes off her. Such deep longing spoke to me because if my eyes weren’t on him, they were on her too.

The tension and awkwardness that hung could suffocate a person. I sat on Logan’s left. It seemed I did not exist, him completely absorbed in his true mate.

Dante plated for his mate then himself. He had two plates before him which were over pouring with food. The dragons came flying down and I realized why such large portions of food. The vampire king fed them and it felt like we were interrupting a special family moment. I felt like an intruder. The air sparked with an emotion I could not decipher but it made the hole in my chest larger.

My head turned to Logan but he was gone. My appetite was down the drain yet I put a few items on my plate with Logan’s plate left empty. I did not know if to plate for him. It would be awkward when the couple ate and our plates stayed clean. I decided to take his empty plate, pushing mine to Logan because I knew he wouldn’t eat, just to save face. I filled the empty plate and set it down before me,

My throat was closed up, no space even for water yet I stabbed the fork in some meat and reluctantly brought it up to my mouth. I chewed it for so long, just prolonging the moment I had to swallow.

“He is good to go, here Logan.” The vampire queen said, holding out the toddler whose eyes immediately went to Logan, analyzing him. To my shock, Logan pushed up his chair and took the child. My eyes ran to the king but he was still feeding and playing with the twin dragons. What a heart you had to have to not be bothered. The food turned to glass as it slowly went down my throat. Somehow, my heart broke a little and I was not sure why.

A scream poured from the child as soon as Logan sat down. It was a war cry, piercing and eardrum threatening. The twin dragons seemed to be active because they quickly left the king’s side to fly over the table, deadly staring at Logan as if ready to roast him to a crisp.

Logan cared for none of it. He tried holding onto the child but the child kept shifting and twisting until he hung towards me as if to fall. I put my fork down and turned to stare. The toddler immediately opened his arms as if begging to be rescued.

“Don’t worry, he is like that even with us. He likes torturing everyone with his cries.” The queen said.

Logan was reluctant but the baby wasn’t having it. He was already halfway to me, kicking and twisting. I held out my arms and scooped him to me. Never in my life had I seen a baby so close, nonetheless touch him. He was heavier than he looked but he smelt so good. His skin was so soft and his red eyes underneath those glass tears stole my heart.

I readjusted him, his warmth pouring on me. He was so hot you would think he would be sweating.

“He is so hot.”

“It’s a dragon thing.” The queen answered, my eyes travelling to them.

“Dante is half dragon.” The queen explained and it all finally made sense.

My heart melted and all I wanted to do was bury my face in the child’s soft skin. His cry died down but he began attacking me. He was scratching my face and pulling my hair. A monster in the making. There was a sense of turmoil about him which left him restless.

“He likes you. You are good with babies.”

“It’s a witch thing.” I blurted out, running my fingers on his back until he stopped attacking my face and just settled in peace.

As much as I loved carrying him, I could feel Logan’s eyes on me like a hawk.

“Here, he is calm now.” I said, holding the child out to him. Logan hesitated but took him after. The twin dragons shifted from throwing daggers at me to Logan. They were not letting anything happen to the child.

A cold shiver rippled through my body with such intensity. A voice which somehow transcribed into a vision echoed in my brain. My eyes turned wide, staring from one of the dragons to the king. My hand moved on it’s own, wide open and directed to one of the dragons. His head turned to me and the room fell still.

“Come here your majesty.” I don’t know where that came from. It was a gut feeling taking over me. I barely used my powers because once I fully dipped into them hell would break loose. There were different witches in a coven, each with different gifts, keeping balance in the coven.

“Come here child.” I was not in control at all.

I could feel all eyes on me yet I could not tear away from Prince Kyde. His name kept echoing in my head. Somehow, he made his way to me reluctantly and sat on my both outstretched hands as of then.

“Can I bless him?” I still stared at him, his beautiful black scales that seemed red at some point.

None said a thing.

“In life is a path set for us all. When we make decisions there comes in doubt. We doubt our capabilities to make the right choices. Most of the time, fate wins but sometimes the doubts become loud and we forfeit the fate set for us. In that case a new path is set forth, unpredictable and dangerous. By blessing him and the king, I am removing the cloud of doubt.”

“Your path has been set, follow without doubt. Ek waoitupipi lierze.” My hand curled up his head as the blessing took root.

“Can’t you bless them all?”

“I do as I am shown.”

I pushed Prince Kyde up, him flying away as if burned, straight to his father where he hid behind. My hand then stretched out. My eyes stared at the Vampire king. It was as if seeing him through a veil. He placed his hand on mine and I did the same. As soon as his hand pulled away I got a zap. My body pulled back as the spirit settled back down. My eyes went wide, taking deep breaths with glassy eyes.

I had never experienced something like it but I had known it would happen. All I had to rely on was my mother’s notes.

“I am sorry.” I said, all eyes heavy on my skin. I took the glass with shaking hands to take a sip. It was not painful at all but I was just shocked. Once it began happening it was going to be free rein on me.

“Witches exist in covens. There are five main covens in the witch world and they have vast power. The power comes as a bundle and they share it. There are seers, weavers and more. When one dies, the others carry the deceased if the deceased had no offspring.” I explained, finally taking in the room and they all stared with even wider eyes, hung on my words. They were so confused.

“The rogue kingdom always had a cloak around it but years back the cloak became weak and was about to collapse. No one knew why suddenly. All the witches brought to enforce it were weak, they died in the process. King Agnus approached one of the original covens.” I pulled in air, the words seeming to just spring out of my mouth.

“When he requested help, only one of the leaders agreed but the rest refused to. He did not want to take no for an answer. He kept coming back, trying to convince them but he failed until he learned more about witches and their shared power. The witches did not know the extremes he would go to have his way. He killed everyone in the coven except one. She carried all the others and their souls. He forced her to hold up the cloak but she made it weak. He did not know that.” I snapped my mouth shut, sitting back, not even sure why I had spoken in the first place. I shared secrets. The guilt consumed me. It was my first time talking about it and I got carried away.

“Why did she want to help him in the first place? Didn’t she know what the rogues did?” The queen questioned.

“It’s the story as old as time. Love. She saw a man that was wounded and she thought, with me he is different, he can change.” The reality of the words hit as I spoke them.

Was history repeating itself?

“What happened to her?” The queen was really invested.

“I can speak no more.”

I had already said too much.

# 21

TOUCH ME PLEASE

I stood by the wall, listening to the raining water even through the closed door. My hearing was getting better and I could feel my body get stronger even through the conditions I put it through.

The water stopped and I waited with bated breath. My eyes trained on the door. I heard Logan brush his teeth before he opened the door. A towel was in hand, ruffling his shirt hair with another tied on his waist. The scars couldn’t hide the packs he carried on him. They couldn’t hide the deep V that got swallowed by the towel.

I did not even release a breath. My eyes trailed back up until they locked with silver-blue orbs pinning me where I was. That bite, it changed something between us. It set something in stone and set our paths for us.

Logan stopped ruffling his hair and just stared at me. The tension between us grew.

My lower lip got caught by my teeth before it slowly slid away from their capture.

“They brought a pair of clothes for you.”

His eyes tore to the folded pile on the bed.

“It’s a pair of pants, a t-shirt and shoes.” I added, him turning right back to the bathroom.

I took his clothes and moved them to the tubchair by the corner before I took my position once again.

The door opened, him having left the towel he had used to dry his hair. His bare feet kissed the carpeted floor and past me. I followed his every move because watching him turned to my favorite spot. He lowered to the bed and turned to stare at me.

He stared for the longest time and I felt compelled to step even closer but I held position.

“I will leave early in the morning,” he stated, “alone,” and finished after his pause.

The words had no effect on me and I was not sure why. My own feelings perplexed me.

“I might have fooled myself in the beginning to think you were my captive but we both know you have stayed on your own free will. You could have easily left any time you wanted.”

True, and I would have continued following him even as he stated he wanted to leave alone but as I spoke at dinner I was reminded that my duty did not only lay on those my father hurt but, on my coven too.

“You don’t have to stay here. You can go wherever you want but the werewolf kingdom is not safe for you.”

I understood, slightly nodding my head

Logan sighed, his hand going through his hair.

“But wait for me. I will hunt and kill your father then I will come back so you can reject my mark. From there, you will be free and I can proceed with my plans.”

Somehow, I knew what his plans were. Somehow, I understood because if I were him, I would do it too. I felt envy. I was in awe but my duty bound me. If I died the magic from my coven would dissipate into the earth. Generation on generation of magic and history washed away with little left to remember it. My ancestors were proud people. I would not let them down.

I pushed off the wall, my heart running rampage in my chest suddenly. Each step was taken with eyes locked on his. He followed me with those same eyes until I stood in front of him.

The tension built and threatened to spill. His breath hitched as I stared down at him with hooded eyes. He understood just then what my intentions were and they were far from pure. I straddled then slowly lowered myself onto him. He couldn’t help but grip my hips as I closed the gap.

“We cannot” He shook his head.

“We will.” I stated as a matter of fact.

My hand crept to his neck, tipping his head up a little as I descended down.

His cock was hard just that fast. It brought something animalistic alive in me.

“The bond will complete.” He stated, his mind still on the sane side. His eyes were telling me not for long.

“I am the head of an original coven. I carry my ancestors in me. My wolf is weak. Rest assured Alpha, I can handle your death.” I spoke out, my hands running up his nape into his hair.

I did not know where I was taking this confidence. The magic in me was spreading and blooming with each day. My wolf was getting stronger. I feared what I would be by the end of it.

His eyes closed, our faces inches away. My nose brushed on his and the tiny sparks rippled through every sliver where he touched me. It exploded into fire even though the fear still lingered.

His breath was mine and mine was his. We were so close I couldn’t see even with my eyes open. Finally, I gave in and closed them. With one body sense closed another put over time.

My skin turned hyper sensitive.

Logan pushed his lips up, brushing them against mine while his hands brought my hips closer.

The pool of emotions exploded, the need more than the fear. Even as my body shook from the trauma carried from my past, the need still won.

“Make me forget, please.” I begged, my chest closing from both emotions.

It seemed we were both scared.

His arms ran under my t-shirt. I jerked my chest forward both from his warm hands and the minor sparks that rippled through. I loved when he touched my skin.

He caught my lower lip and slightly sucked as if afraid before moving to the upper one. The kiss went deep fast, without warning and I trembled from the sensation.

Memories, bad memories rushed to my head.

In turn I held harder to him and eliminated any space between us if any. His hands pushed up the t-shirt until we both pulled back. The t-shirt was pushed past my head and thrown away, leaving me bare.

Cool air kissed my skin and I nearly cried as Logan’s arms spread over my back, hugging me to him. My hooded eyes peered onto him and he was staring dead at me in such a way no one had ever done.

It sent another shiver rippling down my spine.

Warmth spread through my chest, my heart on the run from those eyes. His head neared and I closed my eyes even before our lips touched again.

We fell on the bed together, hugging each other so tightly while we drowned in each other. He pushed up the bed over and over until we hit the pillows.

My body was dancing against his, grinding and pasting myself onto him.

He rolled us until I was under him then he tore his lips to run them down my jaw, neck then chest. A loud gasp poured, his mouth latching on my nipple. My chest pushed up, his hand cupping my breast and kneading with each lick on my nipple. He took care of both before trailing kisses down to my belly.

The jeans were unbuttoned and pulled down, his lips right after them. My legs rose, making it easy for him to completely take the jeans off. I was left bare, bare for him.

He pulled back, straddled above me. His eyes ate me up, from head to toe and I wondered how I looked from his eyes.

Could he see the hands that had touched that very same skin? Could he see past the perfectly soft pale skin to the scars I wore underneath? Could he see the dirt no amount of bathing could remove?

I wanted to hide away. I wanted to pull the sheets over my body because suddenly I could feel large rough hands roaming my body. The past and present kept crossing over into one and I would soon drown.

“Touch me please.” I was desperate for him to make my skin forget.

His eyes ran to mine and I was sure he could see the desperation. I was sure it was wreaking off me. His head lowered, his lips and hands moving up my body until he spread my legs and nestled himself home.

His hot breath brushed on my sex and I gripped the sheets hard.

A tear slipped from my eye and another.

There was no part of me they had not exploited.

Logan placed a gentle kiss then another before he licked from the end on my slit to my clit. I arched my back and opened my shaking legs more for him.

He went again before he settled on my slit where he kissed and sucked then up to my clit. He gave it his whole attention, sucking and flickering it side to side. My neck arched and I bit my lower lip to stop the moan.

It was as if he wanted me to splatter apart because he pressed harder on the clit and sucked faster.

The moan escaped, my legs loose, just falling apart.

In came his finger. I was not sure if it was his thumb or index finger but it was large and as soon as he slid it in my sex, I turned into a mess.

I heaved and moaned. My body twisted from side to side before collapsing down.

My pussy drenched so fast. My nipples hardened and peaked out to the ceiling. I gripped the sheets and pulled as my back arched again.

“Logan.”

I was losing my mind, pushing his head away yet at the same time, not wanting him to stop. My thighs caged him in and he went deeper and faster.

“Logan.”

It felt like death yet this death I would gladly walk into. The pressure built up to a point where I couldn’t even breath. My body collapsed down then soared up again as a loud moan poured from me and something that had been tied in me exploded. It washed over my body, adding to my climax.

# 22

HOME

Wet lips made their way up my body until they grazed my jaw to my lips.

The towel was gone, feeling Logan’s hard cock brush on my skin with each movement. He was so large it scared me a little yet nothing would stop me from taking him in me. I was wet, dripping and ready for him.

Our lips locked and all I could taste was myself on him. It was a distinct taste and smell that somehow, I fell inlove with. My tongue darted up, licking his lips and the corners of his mouth. I licked even his nose until he was dry then I went back to his lips and drowned in them.

My leg hooked on his hip, him having settled just right inbetween my body. My foot went to his ass, loving how softy it was.

His manhood sat on my entrance and it was already chocking me.

Sweet trembles took over.

We hugged each other so tightly, kisses getting impossibly deeper.

“Are you sure?”

“All I need is you.” I answered, searching and finding his lips again because it was suddenly a crime not to have his lips on mine; warm, soft and wet.

Slowly, he sank into me. I gasped inside his mouth before I went back to kissing.

His hand ran up to my ass, pulling up just a little as he sunk more into me to stop. My lips pulled from his, needing a breath. I nestled to his side, my head falling on his shoulder where I began sucking on his skin.

My fingers dug deep into his skin while my foot pressed deeper.

He took another inch away then another. Such sweetness had me drooling on him.

“Logan.” My moan was muffled by his wet skin where I left sloppy kisses up to his neck then ear.

“Deeper.” I whispered before I took his earlobe into my mouth and sucked. His body jerked and he slammed all in so fast. A wicked grin spread in my head, having found one of his sweet spots.

I sucked harder, leaving him quivering against my hold.

“Princess.” He warned.

“Call me Adira.”

A groan poured from him before he pulled his shaft and slid back inside me.

It was my time to groan and moan. My tongue darted into his ear then back out.

It drove him crazy because soon he pumped inside me with no mercy.

My pussy throbbed and wrapped tightly around him.

His groans became my fuel as I pushed up a little to meet him with each thrust. My hips moved to his rhythm, losing all of me to him. My fingers stroked his hair. My kisses trailed down his neck where I sucked over and over.

“Logan.”

I couldn’t get close enough. He dug deeper in me and nestled himself in my hair.

“Adira”

My world shook apart from his moan. It was the most beautiful thing ever. I wanted him to say it over and over so I clenched my pussy tighter around him and felt him drive off the ledge.

“Ooohh Godess, Adira.”

He was basically stroking my core.

“Logan.” I cried out, desperately pulling on him to get closer because I was not close enough even though our skins were basically taped to each other by then.

“Adira.”

“Logan. Aahh, aahh, heaven and earth.”

My hands fell from him to the sheets then back to him.

Nothing mattered at that point. I would have given anything to stay in that moment. The best moment of my life. My body shook from the intense sensations running through and paralyzing it.

“Logan!”

My body began jerking over and over with this deadly sweet-sour sensation leaking out little by little from it’s build.

Logan groaned and began nailing so hard and fast it should have been impossible.

“Yes yes yes.” Was all that poured out before I went still then violently began jerking again as my core exploded. I felt my teeth extend, so painful with the blood dripping to my mouth. My mind was gone, utter useless.

The teeth sank deep into Logan’s neck, a voice, a voice I had never heard echoing in my head.

‘Mine.’

A warm rush of emotions travelled down my body. Logan held even tighter it should have hurt. His face was buried in my hair, body shaking and jerking now and again with his seed having filled my womb.

The bond was complete, clicked in place and I felt something I had never felt in my whole life.

*Home.*

# 23

DON’T LEAVE

“My beautiful daughter. There is none as beautiful as you, just like your mother.”

I gulped down the saliva in my mouth. Each step he took forward I took one back. Even after all the years I still fell into his trap. My calves touched the bed and I jumped from the impact. Once again, the fear consumed me so much I did not realize I was going exactly where he wanted me.

I tried to scramble away but he rushed to push me down the bed. He straddled on top of me, holding me down with his weight.

I couldn’t breathe, my head twisting to the side as his fingers pinched my chin, pulling me back to stare at his red crazy eyes.

“You even smell like her.”

My eyes shut close, tears spilling even with the years of experience.

“Once upon a time she would tremble just like you do now.”

The words always left me trembling even harder.

His hand snaked under the flimsy bra he had gave Roselyn to make me wear for that day.

“So sexy.”

My skin was crawling, my insides turning in. The pleas stuck glued on my tongue. Every time they escaped he interpreted them the other way and always rushed things after.

The need to end it all consumed me. His hands kneaded my breast, a whimper pouring from me. It excited him, but not just him, his friend too, Beta Leo.

“Please.”

“Okay my little princess, I will stop teasing.”

“No. I don’t want this, please.”

“Shh princess, I will take care of you.”

I cried. I begged. I pushed and kicked but it excited them so much.

His hand ran under where he ripped my underwear.

“Shh little princess, don’t be impatient.”

“NO!”

“Adira.”

I was a weeping mess. I couldn’t stop crying, couldn’t stop fighting.

“Adira.” A hand kept shaking me over and over until my eyes fluttered open to realize it was all a dream. I could not believe though. My body shot up, pushing Logan away as my head turned from left to right. Everything Logan made me feel hours ago was gone. I shivered so hard, my body as if maggots poured upon it. I couldn’t stop scratching. I couldn’t stop digging my nails into my skin.

“Adira it’s okay.”

I could not believe.

My nails went deep until a hand gripped my wrists and brought them together.

“It’s okay. It was just a nightmare, it’s okay.”

But it was not okay, it would never be okay.

The hand lets go and before I could go back to scratching, arms wrap around me and hold on tightly.

“It’s okay. It’s okay.”

It was not okay. It would never be okay.

I cried until I fell into a state where I was asleep but with every move Logan made, I would stir awake then slumber back in sleep.

His body moved and I was pulled from my great abyss. As per usual, I nestled on him and I was about to drown in sleep again but he moved his other arm from me. I did not open my eyes, waiting to see what his next move was. He slowly pulled away from me.

“Sleep.”

The whisper left a shiver running down my body. I could sense his hesitance. His lips fell near my ear and I wanted more. I needed more. He pulled back and I nearly screamed out. He tucked me in bed then kissed my hair before pulling away completely. I felt so cold, even with the heavy cover and sheets on me. A door opened and closed.

I couldn’t go back to sleep even if I wanted to. The blankets could not give me what he gave me. The whole bed was cold without him. The thought of never seeing Logan again killed me and I realized that maybe I had been too cocky with my words. Feeling his death would wreck me. Even thinking of it as I lay broke my heart.

With shaky legs I slid out of the bed and walked across the room to the bathroom where I could hear the shower running.

I walked in, closing the door behind me with my eyes seeing the bulk of his body behind the misty door.

I had never felt so vulnerable with my feelings and emotions. I never knew I could be that vulnerable until Logan came along.

The glass door was opened by myself and I stepped in.

The water was so warm. My eyes lay on him and he was magnificent. Any other man I would mate with after him would never measure up. To bring my coven back to life I would have to give birth to at least six children before the magic destroyed me. Each would take away a certain power, relieving me of that certain element.

Logan turned, his eyes falling on me. I wanted to beg him to stay. I wanted to beg him to stay with me but I understood he would not be okay until he put an end to what he started. He needed this and I needed it too.

Yet it was hard.

It shouldn’t have been that hard.

I stopped in front of him, the words at the tip of my tongue, forcefully pushing forward.

If I asked him to stay with me, would he?

All I felt, was it still just the bond?

None of those in Rogue kingdom were mates. The men mated with any of the females they lusted over, even if the females did not want to, they would be forced. The concept of finding a mate was only known to me through the grimoire. Mother added a chapter for me to know what true mateship was in the werewolf world.

I guess my eyes told it all because Logan just opened his arms for me. I walked in and buried myself in him. My arms wrapped around him.

“Don’t leave me.” The words finally escaped my lips by force. My voice sounded so broken even to me.

“I have to Adira.”

The tears fell.

“I know.”

But that did not make it any easier. My head pushed up, my tears hidden by the water but I am sure he saw them.

His head lowered, lips claiming mine as I melted into him. He tore them away and kissed my nose then forehead.

“You are strong. You are the head of an original coven. You are smart and kind. You will be okay.”

But I will not, I whispered in my head.

It did not feel like it.

He placed another kiss on my forehead and just froze there for so long as I seeped in his warmth, more of my tears falling away.

I sniffled, feeling my nose block from all the crying.

“I will be okay.” I whispered out to myself, to reassure myself.

Logan nodded his head.

We stood under the water for long minutes before I swallowed. I pulled my head from him, staring at his washcloth.

I moved, pulling from his hold. I took the washcloth and poured the wash gel we had found in the bathroom.

Foam and bubbles erupted. I could feel his eyes follow me. I began from his neck, washing his skin. He stood still, seeming frozen. I left his skin white with foam. I moved to his arm and arm pits which were shaved. I loved how neat he was despite his chaos.

I moved down his waist to his thighs. My eyes fell on his manhood, well hung. I washed moved the cloth around then lifted his cock and his balls until I was satisfied. I went to his thighs and legs then feet. I rinsed the cloth while the water also cleaned his skin of all the soap. When I turned he still devoured me with emotions I could not decipher. I put the cloth away, walking back to him. My lips touched his chest.

“Adira.” He warned, pulling me from his scars.

I lay my hand on his, my eyes falling on his own which were wide in shock.

“You are beautiful.”

He froze in shock.

I moved back in and began kissing him all over his chest, on his scars down to his abs. My knees bent until they hit the ground.

“Adira.” His voice was desperate and I was not sure what he was warning me against anymore. I took his manhood into hand and began slightly stroking.

His cock thickened so fast, feeling it harden with each stroke. His breath caught only to be released harshly.

“Adira.”

My head leaned over because I wanted to taste. His dick head already had precum and I loved how responsive he was.

My tongue darted out, wanting to taste.

“Adira.” His voice was firmer, his hand on my shoulder, stopping me.

“I want to taste you.”

My lips opened wide as my hand lowered back with my mouth taking over.

“Goddess.”

I went all in. I took all of him into the back of my throat and held him there. My eyes closed, loving the feel of him all in me. The tears fell from the from the lack of air. I pulled back, sucking in breath before I took him in again.

The past always ruined everything with images rushing to my head, images of saliva spilling from my mouth, mucus down my nose, tears down my face, being abused while on my knees by the same man who fathered me.

A shiver ran through my body, fighting the sob. I licked and sucked on Logan with such need, need for him to erase all the memories. I needed this. My hand stroked after my mouth, moving to his balls. My mouth broke free, taking the balls into my mouth all at once.

Logan was a groaning mess. He fell to lean on the shower tiles as I took him deeper and faster. I slipped him back in my mouth, sucking and licking the head before I took all of him again. I challenged myself to go deeper with each thrust.

His hand dug into my hair, rubbing on my head.

“Adira.” His shaky moans killed me.

I swallowed with him in my mouth then took him deep as the tip of my tongue pressed on his cock even as I pulled back. I darted it into the slit at the very tip of his cock and he jerked, tightening his hold on me. He was near the edge, fingers and toes curled in.

“Adira.”

His salty precum went down my throat, knowing he was very near. I took him all in again, moving fast with the only goal being to have him spray in me. His cock throbbed and expanded beyond it’s impressive size.

“Goddess!”

His hand tightened on my head and held me in place with the warm liquid of his cum spraying straight down my throat. I gripped his ass, sucked in as he poured all of him in me.

# 24

NEW BEGINNINGS

I cleaned Logan before we walked out of the shower. He brushed his teeth and I stood by his side, just staring at him. I would never forget the feel of him nor his taste in my mouth and I wanted to taste nothing else.

He spat and rinsed his teeth before we walked to the closet. I oiled his skin for him, his eyes following me. When I stood up, he placed his finger under my chin. He tipped my head up and claimed my lips.

I felt it’s warmth down to my toes. They curled on the carpet.

He pulled back and stared down at me.

I lowered my heels back onto the ground.

His arms spread around my waist, pulling me into him. I loved it so much and I tried so hard to relish the feeling of being in his arms. My head lowered to his chest, listening to heart drum.

Words I had no idea where they were coming from hung at the tip of my tongue.

I swallowed them back because I did not believe they were true. How could you love someone so fast?

We pulled away from each other, him stepping back. I swallowed and closed my eyes to compose myself as he dressed up.

When he was done, there was nothing left for him to do than leave.

We walked back onto the room. I pulled the top sheet and wrapped it around my body. He held his hand out and I slid mine in his. Mine was so little compared to his which totally engulfed my own.

The house was dark. Silence and cold was all that met us. Logan’s arm wrapped around my waist with him pulling me closer.

We walked down the stairs to the door which we unlocked then opened.

It was time and it would never be easy.

“Be safe.” I whispered but how could you tell someone who had a death wish to be safe. He nodded his head and pulled me back into him to claim my lips again. He pulled away just as fast and quickly let go. A second, he was holding me, the next, he was walking away into the darkness with my heart in his hands.

I would never see him again. There was no rejecting his mark because we were fully mated. He wouldn’t come back. The only thing I would feel would be the bond painfully snap when he died.

I tried to make him out but he had gone past the royal court wall. I closed the door and twisted the key. A frown fell upon me. It was a first to see a house with a key actually being put to use.

My body turned and I made my way back up the stairs.

In my head I was painting Logan’s face because I was afraid I would forget it. A sound pulled me from my thoughts. I froze and listened with the sound not coming again until I gave up and moved. The sound came again. As I froze it stopped. My eyes stared ahead, seeing nothing until I stared down. Three pairs of eyes stared up at me as if they were holding their breath.

“What are you doing here?” I whispered, lowering down to scoop the baby. The two dragons flew up from the ground, moving to my height.

“How are you out here?” I was perplexed. I did not even know their room but as I walked further down, I saw the wide open door. I shook my head, wondering how they opened the door but it could only be the twin dragons.

“You shouldn’t leave your room at night.” I lowly scolded with my eyes running through to see a large crib.

“Dada.” The toddler said, his hands in the air, waving for me.

“No. Dada is sleeping, what you are supposed to be doing.” I shot back.

“Mama.”

“No, sleep.” I shook my head.

The crib was so large even I could sleep in it. It was also tall. They probably made it that way for the very reason I was in that room.

How did the child get off it?

Could the dragons have carried him out?

“Dada!”

“Oohh my Goddess, it’s too early baby.” I cooed.

I lowered him down on the crib. He pulled my hair down with him, such an evil little coup. Trying to pry away my hair from him proved a painful thing because each time I tried to open his fist, he tugged.

“Sleep.” I lowly said as I straightened up, with all my hair still attached to my skull thankfully.

To my surprise the dragons lowered down and made a circle around the child. The crib suddenly made sense. With the two dragon babies, all space was occupied and the baby was warm, safe and guarded.

“Sleep.” I tried again but the baby just stared at me with wide as if saying ‘try me’

What a sassy baby.

“Dada.”

“Sleep.”

I huffed, my hand on his belly where I gently rubbed over and over. Soon I was gently humming.

Eyes quickly turned droopy and as soon as they closed I let out a sigh.

“That is what I call magic.” A voice had me jumping around.

“Shhh.” I cursed out, throwing daggers at the king who quickly looked away. I realized I was in a sheet but it was a thick sheet so he couldn’t see anything.

“Did they wake you?” I questioned.

“Not really. We would have to be asleep to be woken up.” The queen said, walking around the king. A wide smile sat on her face with her wiggling her eyebrows. I turned so red.

“Sorry.” I blurted out.

“No worries, you will feel less guilty when we are on it.” The queen said, burning my face even harder. “Were they trying to make their way into our room again?” She asked with me nodding my head.

“Argh, don’t worry, we will stay with them, go on, have some rest.”

“She put them back to sleep.” The king pitched in.

“Impossible.” The queen literally rushed to the crib only for me to be smooched on the cheek hard.

“How did you do that? That little rascal never goes down. He throws Kyde and Kaida off their sleep schedule then my babies look like dragon zombies all day.” The queen sulked before she hooked her arm around mine and soon we were walking out of the room.

They delivered me to my room where they told me to get as much rest and that it was going to be okay.

It all felt weird but they did make me feel better with their smiles and reassuring words.

I waved and closed the door. Hopefully, they would not jump into love making because I could not bear hearing them.

The cover was pulled open before I sunk in. The sheets smelt of Logan and I let his scent engulf me before I drifted away.

The sun probably woke me up. It’s thick rays poured over my body and warmed me up. It was going to be a hot day. I turned, blocking them with my arm from obliterating my eyes.

My head turned to the left, sighing.

I had slept for five hours. That was actually a lot for me. My body pushed up, a hand running through my hair. Where was Logan at that time? He was probably still far from the werewolf kingdom. My heart ached and I hugged myself because a part of me was missing. It would probably die with Logan.

The time was nine and I did not know the vampire rules. Maybe they would want me to wake up early and do chores. In my kingdom, no one slept past five o’clock. Women did everything and the only thing the men did was hunt and guard. The rest fell on women, even to bathe their mates.

A shiver ran down my spine,

I slid off the bed and made it. My legs carried me to the bathroom with the only thing filling it being memories. I could not believe that just five hours ago he had been there, holding me, in my mouth, cuming in me. I missed him already as weird as that sounded but I had to move on.

I showered, brushed my teeth then walked out to the closet. My steps stopped dead. The once-empty closet with just towels and a few toiletries had turned into one with three piles of clothes.

The jeans, leggings, tracksuits, and suit pants were folded. The T-shirts and some dresses were also folded. I hung the shirts, jackets, dresses, skirts and sweaters.

On me, I pulled a pair of jeans which still, I was in awe at wearing them. I pulled on a t-shirt then socks and sneakers because I did not know what waited for me.

I left the room, no one in sight.I took the stairs to freeze on the last step. Surely, dragons did not sweep houses. My eyes were wide but it was the cutest thing ever.

Prince Kyde was sweeping the floor and to my shock, he seemed good at it. The other dragon flew over the corners of the ceiling, dusting while the queen moved after Kyde with a mop.

“Good morning!” Her bubbly voice snapped me out of it.

“Morning your majesty.”

The laugh that pulled from her had me smile.

“Just call me Flavia, please. We are basically sisters.” She said with me frowning, I did not see how.

“Same mate, come on, there needs to be a name for that. There needs to be a bond.”

Weird was what it was and an uncomfortable conversation.

“I don’t have sisters or friends except for Ziss. Come on, just say we are sisters.” She cooed, having stopped mopping.

Firstly, why was the vampire queen mopping? Did the king make her do it? Why was I surprised though?

“Okay.” What else could I have said, and besides, I had no friends nor sisters either.

“I hope you stay but I am sure Logan will come get you. Men, what would they be without us? We complete them. I can’t wait for you to meet Ziss. She is quite guarded though so good luck, she doesn’t like much people. I can just see it, Flavia, Ziss and….” She trailed away and I was shocked she could still mop while talking so fast.

“Adira.”

“Flavia, Ziss and Adira. Indestructible. Family is everything.”

I did not agree with the last part but I nodded my head.

“Can I help?”

“Yes, chefs go that way.” She pointed to the kitchen. I took the last steps and turned to see the king busy cooking while the baby hung to his leg.

I smiled at Flavia then made my way to the kitchen.

“Good morning your majesty.”

The king turned so fast and he was fighting a chuckle.

“Morning Adira. Just Dante. Are you here for cooking class round two?”

“Yes please.”

“Come along, perfection waits for no one.” He said, picking up the baby to move to pick an apron. He held it out to me and I wore it before moving to get instructions from the head chef.

# 25

FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS

The loud laughter brought me back to the world. My eyes trailed up from the grimoire to the children. They were chasing a butterfly, all seeming to enjoy it.

Kia fell down and my breath caught only to be released when he laughed even harder before he rolled and stood up, running after his two siblings who were flying after the butterfly. I was afraid they would devour it.

The sun soaked through my skin to warm even my insides. I picked up a piece of fruit, sliding it into my mouth. No one else was around. Flavia and Dante kept themselves isolated from their people. A tall wall and gate stood between them and the rest of the royal village. None visited, not since I was there anyway. The king and queen lived life as ordinary people, doing everything for their people but keeping them at arm’s length.

It shocked me and I could see there were wounds.

Two weeks it had been.

Two weeks it had been without my mate.

The hole in my chest grew larger with each day that passed and nights got long and colder. His scent had long faded from the sheets and I had to wash them at some point.

Had he caught my father? I knew not. No news came in from him but I was grateful of each day I woke up with our bond still intact.

I missed everything about him. If I could go back to the early days of our meeting, I would. I missed watching him work. I missed following him around as weird as that was.

My days were spent soaking up the sun, watching over the kids. If we were not playing together I was practicing my magic. I felt more powerful with each day and the confidence it brought was something else. I knew my capabilities had no bounds.

A sound pulled me back again, turning my head to see the king and queen walk out of the house.

Flavia carried a large basket, sure we would have a picnic. I loved those.

The king’s arms were wrapped around Flavia with them slowly making their way to us. Watching them always made me feel worse. Flavia’s giggles poured out with the king having buried his face in her neck.

I looked away, already getting a headache. I took one last look at the kids and they were still on it.

I did not mind looking after the kids actually. It seemed the ruling couple had needed their own time. It was not something they asked out loud but I kind of fell into the job of looking after the kids. I loved them and they loved me so it was the perfect job for me. The gold coins I was promised for the job was also topping on the cake. When I left, I would have money saved.

“Hello.” Flavia greeted, stretching her blanket with it floating onto the grass.

The king was gone, having joined the game with the kids. Kia giggled even louder as the king tickled him.

“Hi.” I politely greeted back.

Another reason of us being outside was to give the ruling couple time to get as freaky as they liked. They were always on it. It scared me a little how sexual they were. All the time!

“The sun is amazing.”

“Yes, it is.” I replied, my eyes running back to my book.

Somehow, I found it hard to socialize. Maybe that was what happened when you spent sixteen years locked away on your own.

Flavia settled down with a sigh. She pulled out her shades and a sandwich which she bit into, lying back to stare up while munching.

“I could do with some sleep.”

I bet she would. Her moans had entertained us all through the night. I did not know how to answer to that so I did not.

“Dada no!” The little three-year-old boy cried out. My eyes ran to them and got stuck as Dante picked up the boy who was kicking and screaming in happiness. I could not tear my eyes off them. The king chased after the twin dragons who waved their tales in a way they only did when very excited. Something in me broke and healed at the same time.

“He is such a great father.”

I jumped, turning to find Flavia having sat up.

I was not sure so I nodded my head.

“Is he always like this?”

“Always.” She answered then paused. “I have news by the way.”

My head turned to her. I liked Flavia a lot. I kind of looked up to her in a way. She was a different kind of strong. I envied her strength. Her eyes darted to her fingers as if guilty about something.

“A birdy told me that your father has been spotted a few times around the Rivers pack but they haven’t been able to catch him. He is hiding near. He had a witch on his side but they were able to catch and kill the witch so it’s just a matter of time before they find him.”

I swallowed, my skin already too cold for the news to affect me. Lately, I had been in a whirlwind I could not pull from. With the end near I felt unsettled, incomplete.

“Are all fathers like that?”

My eyes were back on Dante.

Flavia seemed taken back.

“I don’t know much. I haven’t been out myself. From what I have seen most fathers are nice to their children but Dante is special for me. He is more involved than I have seen others be. We are lucky to have him seriously.”

“Was your father nice to you?”

Flavia’s eyes locked with mine and she seemed to read me for a second before she huffed and shook her head.

“I was taken from my birth parents when I was a few days old. Whoever took me left me in a village, in the vampire kingdom. A man found me and took me in. He wanted to sell me but no one would buy me so he kept me. They used me as a maid with his soulmate. I thought it couldn’t get worse, the abuse, starving me. I looked like a ghost. It got worse. They had no clue what I was until I turned on my sixteenth birthday to my wolf. They tied me into the basement and opened a business where anyone who paid a certain amount could come and torture me. So no, the man who raised me did nothing but abuse me.”

“Abuse you how?”

“Beating me, starving me, overworking me, torturing me. Emotionally, verbally and physically abusing me.” She stated with my question still not answered but I was afraid to ask. My heart was drumming way too much. I stared into Flavia’s eyes, thinking maybe I would get the answer from there but nill.

“Did he ever…” I could not spit it out as much as I tried.

“What?”

“Like, touch you, make you do things with him.” The words burned my tongue as they left. I could already feel my eyes burn.

Flavia scooted near, literally sitting with legs crossed, so near. Her eyes darted around to make sure no one was near. All I could do was cast my head down. Her hands took both of mine in and I squeezed hers hard for support.

“Did your father ever use you like that Adira?” She asked out, her voice firm.

I closed my eyes, head shaking because I did not want to spit it out.

“It’s a daughter’s duty to take care of her father’s needs, to make sure he is happy and satisfied.” I blurted out, the tears streaming down.

“No, it is not Adira. Listen to me. Your parents bring you into this world on their own. We don’t ask them to, they decide they are ready and they bring us to this world. They need to take care of us until we can stand on our own and make our own decisions. That means food is on them. Clothes are on them. Your health is on them. They take care of us, make sure we are okay. Never are they supposed to hit us. Using us sexually is a crime deserving death. A father is never supposed to even think of such thoughts of his daughter. Daughters are supposed to be just that, daughters. If a father wants sex, they go and find whores, whatever, who is willing to do it with them.”

Her forehead was leaning on mine. These words were seething through her teeth with her turning red by the second.

“Did he ever touch you Adira?”

Touching, touching would not even begin to explain it.

I nodded my head because words failed me.

Arms came around me, Flavia hugging me so tightly to her body.

“Since I was ten.”

I did not want to cry but I could not stop the tears. So many emotions had been building up all through the days and finally, the tears escaped.

“Him and beta Leo.”

“Did you tell Logan?” I shook my head. How could I even begin to tell him what they did not me? A part of me wanted to bury that part of my life away but it kept showing it’s ugly head over and over.

Maybe when everything was done, them all dead, I would find closure but I doubt. They were haunting me.

I cried until I stopped. My head just lay on Flavia’s shoulder. She burned hot, her body trembling.

“Death would be too easy Adira. I killed the man I saw as a father and if I had a chance I would wake up him up to do it over again but more painfully this time. These are evil men Adira who take pleasure in hurting children. Just imagine my little babies being abused like that. I would combust into a dragon I swear. They hurt you and I am so sorry. He was supposed to love and protect you but instead, he took advantage of you. He deserves to slowly burn forever until he begs for death which he would never get.” Flava spoke yet all she said did not feel enough. All the pain, all the tears. All the times I begged them to stop. He needed more than to just burn.

The tears came back harder this time. I cried so hard and I just let it out.

Flavia kept patting my back and it made me cry even harder.

How could someone hurt another so much? How could they have defiled me in such a way? I felt dead inside because of them. They kept taking and taking. They never stopped no matter how much I begged.

I cried until I stopped. I felt so raw with pain. It was consuming. My eyes closed with just the distant laughs heard.

“It’s going to be okay. It takes time but it gets better.”

I wouldn’t know but one thing was for sure, it wouldn’t while my abuser was still alive.

I pulled back, wiping what was left of my tears on my skin. The light was so bright it would blind me.

Flavia helped wipe my face. She smiled at me and I nod my head to reassure her that I was okay.

“I think I have to go.”

“We can go with you.”

I shook my head.

“I need to do this on my own,” I said, staring down at the grimoire which had fallen between my legs.

“Erekemtu.” I chanted, the book turning invincible.

“Thank you. For everything.” I said, standing to dust myself off. She stood with me, her mouth open but no words coming out until she decided to nod.

“Thank you for everything. You can come here anytime. This is your home anytime you need. Sisters remember?” She asked, pulling me into a hug.

“Thank you. Yes, sisters.” I added it for her because I knew she would not let me go until I said it.

“Any time you need us, write, send a spell message, send a bird, anything and we will be there.”

I nod my head. She let go and I took a step back. I did not dare stare at the children because saying goodbye to them would break me.

“Tell the king bye for me.”

I did not wait for a response before I walked away while chanting the teleportation spell.

# 26

BACK IN TIME

11 YEARS AGO

Third P.O.V

The princess of the rogue princess stood from the bathtub. A towel wrapped around her before her lady-in-waiting dried her skin for her. They work in silence. As much as the day was supposed to be one of peace they both were in their heads because of information they learned just a day ago.

“I am done princess, please stand there,” Roselyn stated with the princess doing as told. She stared at her tiny feet, her toes curled. She had spent the previous night weeping her heart out so she bore the consequences on the following day. Her nose was blocked and her eyes were swollen.

Her head turned to the guard not far away, staring.

She felt naked even with the towel around her.

“I am done, arms up princess.” She followed the instructions with Roselyn applying deodorant on her then moisturized her skin. The princess could see her trusted lady sweat right before her. She could see her hands tremble and how her heart could be seen pounding through her chest.

It threw the princess into chaos because she wondered what had brought such distraught. Roselyn walked away to come back holding a blue matching pair of underwear. She pulled it on and saw Roselyn panic from the corner of her eye.

“What is it, Roselyn?” The fifteen-year-old princess finally acquired because she couldn’t bear the panic.

“The king is back, he is coming after I leave.” Roselyn blurted out, eyes going wide on both parties.

“Roselyn no. You said he left to go on an attack. Roselyn!” The princess cried, her heart dropping so painfully. She thought she had a few days before he would come to her.

“He came back to get more warriors. That’s why I am early, he said he is in a hurry.”

Tears poured from both of them. Eyes dropped to the princess’s stomach with dread filling both of them. They wept but it wouldn’t help them at all.

The door suddenly opened, sending both of them into a jump, yelps filling the room.

“What is taking so long? I am in a hurry.” King Agnus shot through, his eyes running until they lay on Adira.

“My king.” Roselyn quickly tore her hands from the princess, running to the king to bow her head.

“The princess hasn’t eaten yet.”

A loud slap tore through the room. It was with such impact the twenty-year-old maid was thrown to the side, her body a sack of heaves and cries.

“Take her out and teach put her in her place.” The king roared with the guard dragging Roselyn out.

Princess Adira was too shocked to even scream. She kept crying, kept quivering.

The king stalked near her, madness all over his face. She couldn’t just stand there. Instinct kicked in and she ran.

“Princess wants to play today.”

The king jumped to a run, the predator in him triggered.

A scream poured from the princess in realization. She did not want to stop but it was out of her control. The chain around her ankle that stripped her of all magic reached it’s limit and tugged her back so painfully. A loud cry poured from her. Her eyes roamed all over the room, wanting to change direction but it was too late.

Large arms wrapped around her body.

She screamed, kicked, and threw her tiny fists.

“Feisty today. Just how I like it, princess.”

He dragged her back to the bed where he threw her. With quick work he dropped his shorts, suddenly too excited to wait, needing to take her then and there.

The princess rolled away but was caught back and pinned down by the king’s heavy body. He took what he wanted even with the young princess begging no.

When he was done, he pulled away, satisfied.

The fight was gone from her. It never helped. She just shook on the bed with his eyes taking her in.

“What is that sound?” It was then he noticed the sound he had been too excited to hear before. Princess Adira was too tired to fight anymore. She just wept silently as he pressed his ear on her belly.

“Another one. I am getting tired of taking care of these but we can’t fault you for being so fertile princess, you are perfect, my perfect little girl”

His finger ran over his daughter’s face. She was so out of it she couldn’t hear a thing he said.

“We should get you the tea…..” He trailed away, a bulb lighting in his head. “Or maybe we should take a faster way that may secure that this can never happen again.”

A punch to the gut was all the warning the young princess got. She screamed and folded herself but the king pulled her by the hair to the floor before he threw his foot so hard on her belly over and over.

Her screams and cries would have woken the dead. They sent the birds flying away. They brought the whole kingdom to a halt in eerie silence until they stopped. All hoped the little princess had finally taken her last breath to escape such torture but life wasn’t that kind to the little hybrid.

Blood was all that covered the floor, her blood and her unborn child’s.

“Shh my little one, Daddy is right here.”

# 27

CALL MY NAME

Logan

If only they knew their chatter irritated me they would have stopped at once. If my scorn did not say it, then they did not care for their lives.

My eyes closed and I wanted to succumb to my thoughts in peace and quiet but the chatter took that away from me. Deadly was what I would describe myself as. From the moment I got back to the pack, I turned for the worst.

I told Elissa to fuck off. She left crying with no protection to make sure she got home safe. Why would I care? She had made the way to my pack on her own so she could make it back to her pack on her own.

I told my beta to pack his bags and piss off my land until he knew who his alpha was. He had thought I had been joking so when I carried him to the pack border myself he understood his real position in the pack.

He came crawling back because he had nowhere else to go. I would never be disrespected by infants. I was there when his mother changed his diapers and I watched his balls drop. He was not going to question my rule in my pack!

“Silence.”

I finally exploded and finally found peace.

We had been hunting the rogue bastard for weeks. He tried to attack the pack but we killed his witch before they could do much damage. He ran of course and since then we had been trying to sniff him out. The day was close when I would take my revenge on him.

The things I had planned for him.

Little of his men still rotted in my cells. I had killed most except three. If I killed them all who would I play with when madness came knocking?

With the silence, it gave me time to ponder on the warmth that was spreading from my heart. I sat up from the ground where I lay.

My men were staring at each other, probably mind-linking about how unfair I was being. Their eyes widened as I stared at them, giving them away.

I would have laughed if I had been in a happy mood which I never was except for once. Only one person could bring the type of happiness I had never felt before. I shook my head because I did not want to go down that road but it was too late. Once Adira occupied my thoughts, getting her out was a war.

I would reminisce from the first time I lay my eyes on her. So many questions I had, questions I would ponder on until my head throbbed to the point of explosion. I shifted, the warmth growing in my chest until I could no longer ignore it.

Only one person could have my heart drum so hard.

“I am heading to the pack, I will see you all tomorrow morning.” I shot, already on my feet even though I knew I was being delusional because there was no way she had made her way back to me.

No one dared say a single word.

The distance was gulped in record time. By the time I crossed the border beads of sweat had collected on my forehead. I was so near yet far. The warmth spread. The huge hole that had been in my chest filled with hope. No one said how hard it could be to be away from your mate. I was hanging by a strand which was probably why I had turned delusional.

The house came to view and it was dark. Some of that hope chirped away. Adira could not see in the dark, again, more questions.

I ran past the door, it closing after me. I took the steps two at a time to halt right before the door. I could hear movement. I could hear her heart steadily drum and she was humming. My heart, oohh, goddess, I did not know what was happening.

Maybe my brain had finally kicked the bucket. I leaned on the door, willing to just have that moment before I found out it was all in my head. But I couldn’t stand there forever. I pushed the door open and walked in slowly.

Her scent mixed with mine hit me hard I nearly stumbled back. My hand clenched around the handle as I took her frame walk from the bathroom only for her to halt. Her head turned, her eyes taking me in and Goddess, I swear, I saw them brighten just a little.

My own damaged heart went paralyzed.

“Is this real?” I hadn’t realized I said it out loud until she nodded her head, fully turning to me.

The door was closed, pushing forward to halt.

Suddenly, I wondered what her smile looked like. Never, not even by chance had I seen it but how could I have when I had chained her.

I closed the gap between us and she met me halfway.

An inch away we froze. Eyes took the other up and down to make sure they were okay. She looked thicker and lighter in spirit but also dark if that made sense. She had this dark aura about her I could not explain. It perplexed me because I had come to realize my mate was soft and kind.

She carried sins on her she shouldn’t have.

I took the first step, chasing any air between us. Our finger tips touched as toes did the same.

Why had she come? What happened?

“Did something happen?” My voice was laced with worry.

Never had I been so concerned about someone besides my family and Flavia.

“No.” She lowly spoke, her head shake affirming that.

She stared at me, the only one to look me in the eye and never quiver. There was no part of me she hadn’t seen and still, she stared with warmth.

“I just missed you.”

Any restraint I had snapped.

‘I missed you too.’ The words echoed in my head, heavy on my tongue yet I never spilled them.

My hand went to her cheek, pulling closer with our lips grazing. The kiss was sweet and I felt her toes curl. My arm wrapped around her waist, bringing her closer.

My chest rumbled from her smelling of me and she wearing my shirt. I wanted her in nothing else.

Mine. My wolf shot in excitement. After Flavia we had not thought we would ever feel such feelings. We never thought we could have a home but here she was.

I pulled back because I had to see her again to make sure I wasn’t crazy. My dirty rough hand brushed on her soft skin. What a contrast.

“Let me take a shower, I have been in the woods for days, I probably don’t smell pleasant at all.”

“You always smell good to me.” She pulled me back to her. I was shocked by the dominance but I liked it. She deepened the kiss and threatened to have my toes curl. Imagine.

I pulled away, her taking deep gulps of air. She was so beautiful. Her skin had gained more color, her eyes a bit more vibrant. Never had I seen eyes in such a color but Adira was something else of course.

“Go and be fast.” She said, pushing me away.

Who was this girl?

“Yes mate. I will.” I teased to stop.

I was not supposed to have another mate. I did not deserve a second chance but there I was. She let me go and I did not make her wait for long. In a few minutes I was out of the shower. I brushed my teeth them walked out, a towel around my waist.

My eyes ran to find her and she was on the bed, reading a kid’s book? More questions.

Her eyes ran up to me and she closed the book and set it on the side table. Her eyes were filled with nothing but wickedness I would exploit.

Forget about clothes and anything else, I wanted her.

The towel dropped half way across to the bed and I watched with a corked eye as she bit her lower lip. Her eyes swirled with need, need I knew too well. She had awakened it and I needed more of her.

Her legs were open to accept me in, her arms on my waist.

My hand ran up her inner thigh to her sex only to groan out loud because she was bare, hot and wet for me. A tremble ran over my body, instantly hard for her.

I pulled my hand up and brought it to my nose. I loved her smell and more importantly, I loved how she tasted. I licked the fingers clean, eyes on her. Hers were hooded at that point, chest pushing up and down violently. I missed her more than she knew.

My hands pulled her and slowly I crept up the bed with her in my arms. Then I lowered down, my lips claiming hers. My fingers lowered, unbuttoning the shirt slowly. I pulled away to pull it off her because I wanted every part of her against me.

“Mine.”

My wolf felt challenged at every turn when it came to Adira. He had grown possessive in the past days and I never seized to hear about it.

She pushed up, her arms crossing behind my back. Her lips locked with mine and it felt like she was kissing my soul. It sent sweet tremors down my body and jolted my cock in search for home. I shifted until I nestled at the gates of heaven. She was so hot, purring for me.

Slowly I sank in, both gasping out in amazement of how good it felt. She was perfect for my large size, taking all of me in while slightly choking me. Even my dick trembled as we lost ourselves in her. She made everything right. She made us forget. She made us feel emotions we were not allowed to feel.

“Logan.”

Then she moaned my name and sent my wolf and I in a frenzy. She wanted us, as broken and dark as we were, she needed us. My wolf whimpered in my head, begging for us to stay with her but even he knew our time was done in this world.

She moaned and whimpered as I slowly sank in and out. My hands molded her body. I did not want to rush things. I wanted to relish and prolong the moment.

A groan escaped from my lips, burying my head in her hair to draw her scent in. She had used my shampoo, the mix sending me off the ledge. I pumped twice in her so fast, unraveling her. Her legs fell wide open, getting warmer and wetter with each thrust and it was perfect. She was perfect.

“Logan.”

‘Yes, my love, yes. I am here’ Such dangerous thoughts it was.

For that moment I let them be. My brain was too scrambled to try and hold them in.

“Yes mate. Call my name.”

“Logan.”

A roar rose from within me. Not only was she stroking my member but something deep in me. If only she knew what she was doing to me. If only she knew the loads of pain she was melting away with just her touch. For that moment I wanted to live for her. With her, we could bear through everything.

How did I go about asking? I never asked to mark her. I knew nothing of her future plans. I did not want to cage her again but without her, I did not see life.

A wave of emotions and sensation rippled through me with such force I thrust deeper and faster.

“Adira.” She was going to be the death of me.

I held her tighter yet still, not tight enough.

“Logan please,”

“Anything my love. Anything.”

There was no time to panic.

A loud groan filled the room. Our moans met and we splattered together. Our bodies jerked so hard we had to hold each other to tightly to not waste away.

*‘Stay’*

*‘Be mine forever’*

*‘I will try to give you all of me’*

The sentences echoed in my head. They made me hold her tighter because as hard as I wanted to, as much as I tried to, they wouldn’t move past my lips.

# 28

NEVER TRUST A ROGUE

Logan

My finger ran up and down her arm while I held her onto my chest. Her chest gently rose and fell yet I knew she was not asleep. But it seemed she wanted me to believe she had succumbed to sleep or maybe she did not want to talk. I understood. I had everything I needed and I did not want to ruin it by throwing out words that had me in confusion.

Her skin was the softest I had touched in all my years. She had no marks, no scars, just perfect creamy skin I could not stop stroking. The sparks were getting intensive with each stroke and I loved them.

She was so small she fit in me. I could still remember how it felt to be inside her and I would forever be amazed at how amazing it feels. Even just holding her, it was an experience that nearly drowned me in euphoria. I wanted no sleep because it would take me away from her.

Her hair spread over my chest, her lips slightly pressed on my skin. I marked the moment in my head over and over because I did not want to forget it.

I angled my head down, kissing her hair. Her tiny hands arms wrapped around my waist tightly as if she was afraid I would disappear, as if she was holding me for the last time.

Back and forth I had been going. She made me want to forget my future plans and spend the rest of my life trying to make her happy. Could I coax a smile on that face? Could I control my demons? I was not sure.

I would scare her away. Maybe I would hurt her one day. I did not trust myself anymore.

She shifted and pulled her arm out from under me. I moved up then settled back down. Her finger lay on my side before her finger drew circles over and over.

My head suddenly fell heavy. My eye lids drooped and I was finding it hard to keep them apart until everything just turned back.

‘Alpha!’

It was a distant panicked call. I wanted to swim to it but something was holding me back.

‘Alpha!’

My heart erupted into chaos as I fought through the fog that kept me bolted from waking up.

‘Alpha something is wrong.’

I groaned out loud, turning in bed with my head throbbing so violently it affected my eyes.

My hand rubbed on my eyes with the call coming over and over.

‘What is wrong Sunny?’ I snapped.

‘One of the prisoners escaped. Beta Helix is still trying to get information from the others but it seems he had help.’

A groan pulled from me as I shot up straight.

My anger burned all the pain and grogginess away.

‘What?!’ It was a rhetorical question but of course Sunny repeated it all.

‘I have been trying to reach those on border patrol, they are all silent, I am heading there now.’

‘Okay. Tell me how a starved man wrecking of rogue skank was able to pass by them. When I get there, I won’t be talking.’

I rolled off the bed, rushing to pull my briefs on then shorts and a t-shirt. I spared a second to brush my teeth with me marching out to the room where I stood still.

Adira?

My eyes wrecked the room, every single corner and no Adira.

“Adira?”

I opened the bathroom door again and she was not there. I re-entered the closet and it was empty. I even peered under the bed and she was nowhere to be seen.

There were no traces of her, not even her scent, not even on the sheets.

Impossible.

My hand ran through my hair.

Had I imagined it? Had something happened to her? Was she kidnapped?

The last thought sent me running downstairs. I called for her over and over, the reality of the situation washing over me.

Adira?

The fear that rippled was so dangerous all I saw was blood. The distance between the alpha house and the cells was gulped at a record speed.

I could hear the men scream as I jogged down. My head warrior had blood splattered over him with pleas bouncing off the walls.

“I swear, that is all.” The prisoner begged, his face deformed from blows.

“What did he say?” I asked my beta who had turned pale from watching.

“It’s the girl, the witch. She freed the man.”

“Impossible. Torren move,”

“I swear, I swear. She came in a few hours ago. She unlocked the cell door with her magic. She told him to get up. We all begged her to free us but she said our time is coming. She told the man to run to the east where her father was last spotted. He told her to keep trying to link him, that when he is near enough the link will go through.” The man blurted out with bubbles of blood.

“What did she want him to link?” I asked, a shiver running through my body. My head was shaking, my hands in fists but I was trying to keep calm.

“She wanted her father to come attack the pack. She said he should link that she will take care of the defenses, he should come and get her, she needs him.” The man finished, his eyes wide, begging us to believe him.

I shook so hard I would splatter. I did not understand. The bells were ringing in my head, everything connecting but still, it did not make sense.

“Why. Why would she do that?”

I couldn’t understand. I thought she did not agree with everything her people did. She watched as I butchered the prisoners, she seemed unaffected. Had she been watching and plotting? Had she been waiting for the perfect opportunity? But why after so long?

“They are lovers, her father and her. He wanted no one else but her.”

My blood ran cold, the gasps behind me sending me off the edge. The words kept echoing in my head over and over.

“It’s a lie.”

“I am not, it’s true, I swear, please, I swear.” Tears poured from the man. The other prisoner who had been watching nod his heads from his cell.

I could not even breathe.

I marked her. I marked her. She could survive my death but she could use the bond to hurt me further than her father had already broke me. How…

I could not even think. The cell was spinning. My knees went weak.

‘Alpha….Alpha. I am in the east border. The rogues are coming. All the patrol is out. She is here, the witch is…….’ The link cut, vanished to thin air. The fear that had passed through the link, it was something else.

My body swayed.

With one wave, my hand had turned to a claw, slicing the man’s head off his neck.

“Helix, take everyone into the bunker. The rogues are here.”

I could not hold the tremble in. I had brought this onto my pack. Our defenses were nothing compared to Adira. She said it herself, she was the head of an original coven and I was bound to her.

I stumbled out somehow. Helix had sent the link because as I stepped out, the whole pack was running to hide, children held in.

‘Warriors, to the east border.’ I linked, trying to collect myself, trying to compose my shock. Such betrayal but what would you expect from a rogue.

Never trust a rogue.

# 29

I LOVE YOU

Somehow, I could not even be angry because of the pain. Anger was how I kept going but this blow, it wiped me out. I ran, my warriors just behind me. They did not even have to try to keep up because I was wasted. I could barely even see the way.

My heart dropped and squeezed as I saw the first body. I stopped, lowering with my hand going over to the neck. Relief washed over me as I heard a faint heartbeat. They were alive.

The more we ran toward the border the more bodies, bodies of my border patrol. All were still alive, just knocked out.

It brought some hope. Maybe I could talk Adira out of it. Somehow, I still held hope. How stupid was I?

The words from the man’s mouth echoed over and over. Adira and her father?

The disgust washed over me yet still, I held hope.

My run broke with harsh winds suddenly greeting us out of nowhere. They were so harsh I had to cover my mouth and nose.

The trees had all been cleared away. Had she leveled the land for the fight? I did not even want to proceed on but I did, more bodies on the ground.

The vegetation had turned color. It seemed to be drained of life the more we approached until I saw her.

She was bent over, drawing something on the ground. Her head as bent, her hair hiding her away. She still wore my shirt, it loosely hanging.

I wanted to call out to her, to ask what was happening but then I see the rogues.

They were pushing something, air? It seemed they were trapped by invisible barriers they could not escape. A frown fell on my face. I held my hand up, telling my warriors to stop.

Alone I proceeded on, moving until I couldn’t move further. Just like the rogues it seemed an invisible barrier existed to stop us from reach Adira nor the rogues. But for them, it seemed they could not even walk back where they came from. I watched as their warriors threw themselves on the barrier but unlike the last one, this one did not even budge.

My eyes travelled left only to lock with gray eyes.

King Agnus.

I would never forget him. I never knew such pure evil existed until I faced his wrath. He had personally seen to all my torture. The scars I wore, all the silver that had been strapped on my body and forced through my mouth was by his head.

I trembled so hard I thought the ground was shaking. My body heated up so much, feeling as if I would explode. He was there, just a few feet away. I ran and slammed myself into the barrier but nothing happened. A grin spread over Agnus’s face. Like he had won. Not even Adira would keep me from killing him if it was the last thing I did in this world.

The anger surged back through my body and I was like a bull.

Adira picked her side. She sided with her lover. She could do her worst but the fact was that I would tear that man’s face apart.

My mother. My sisters. My father.

I shook my head, heaving out loud. I rammed my head into the barrier. The blood ran down my forehead but no pain. I pulled away, pacing left and right, thinking of a way through.

My eyes fell on a rock. I picked it up and held it in hand. My eyes fell on Adira. If I knocked her out, it would be free rein on her father. I threw the rock directly to her but it shattered apart against the barrier and wasted away.

The anger took another curve up. I bent over, my brain seeming to short circuit.

Agnus’s laugh filed the air.

It was fuel on fire.

“All that ekpi sialilitura pieralioioi boil, all liertu ekpi matter pieralioioi wanirace!” The chants began and I moved back, bracing myself for anything. My head turned to my men, telling them to brace themselves but the screams did not erupt from our side.

Loud screams, screams that left even I pale filled the air. A rumble tore through the sky as if in reaction to the screams. The sky darkened, the air turned cold and sour.

The trees turned black, birds falling all around us. My heart drummed with fear. Men with fists I could fight but this, I couldn’t.

The rogue warriors fell on their knees. Their skin turned so red, boils appearing on it. Their mouths were wide open, literally, steam pouring out with blood but it seemed even their blood burned them, pouring out in hot bubbles.

I watched their tongues turn black.

The rogue king stood, unaffected, watching all around him as some of his men held onto him for help but even the fear poured from him.

The men ran around, trying to find anything to relief the pain but nothing

My gut twisted and I wanted to vomit.

The steam rose from their bodies. They were burning from inside out, their blood pouring from then pores.

Gasps pulled from my warriors, them taking steps away but I could only take one forward.

What was happening?

My eyes snapped to Adira.

She was slowly rising to the sky. Her arms were wide open, head thrown back. A large old looking book with a leather cover flew right before her, the pages turning so fast. Her hair floated down and she looked like a demon with black veins slowly creeping through her skin.

Adira. I whispered the name in my head, my heart drumming with fear once again but fear for her.

She never stopped chanting.

Her voice got louder and stronger.

Whatever she had drawn on the ground had turned black.

Her body suddenly jerked over and over then turned in the air to fall back into the original rising position.

Her name was stuck on my tongue. I was too scared to even utter a single word, my hands on the barrier, staring wide eyed.

One second it was gruesome screams then suddenly silence echoed through. I looked away from her to the rogue warriors and they all were black sacks of melting skin on the ground.

I turned cold.

“Princess, what are you doing?!”

The father had guessed he was next. He screamed angrily but the fear carried in his voice could be heard.

“Princess.”

“I open the gates of hell”

No.

“I bind thy soul to the fires of eternity.”

No. I wished I could scream out. I wished I could tell her to stop.

The ground began shaking as she called all her ancestors by name.

The sky was pure black. The air turned so cold I shivered. My wolf had cowered in with all the darkness that suddenly took root in the land.

“Princess wh—” Agnus did not finish his sentence.

His body bent backwards in such an unnatural way.

His screams could have torn the skies. I went cold to the bone.

Adira began chanting in different tongues, going deep with her voice multiplying until it sounded as if she was no longer alone. It was as if a demon or demons had taken over her. Her skin was so pale, the black veins spreading faster and all I could do was watch with pain spreading through my body.

What happened?

I was confused.

The screams from the rogue king got louder.

The ground trembled harder until finally it began splitting apart on the rogue king’s side.

He fell down onto the ground, crawling with blood pouring from his mouth. He was trying to crawl away from her but he kept falling flat on the ground.

“Zefrnira pifrnira ekpi ali sacrifice lifr anchor liertu fires frde hell!”

“Please! Please!” The king screamed to her chants as his body bent over and over again. I stumbled back when my eyes fell on the black roots rising from the cracks on the ground.

A loud roar poured from the king as one root tore through his leg. I thought my soul had ripped from me.

Another large and black root tore through his stomach to the other side. His other leg was next and his arms.

“Wanirace! Wanirace! Wanirace!”

“NO please!”

A root tore through his mouth with his jaw dislocating.

The roots continued growing higher, rising with him pinned in them. He shook to show sign of life, blood running down the roots, his eyes wide and moving about in so much fear.

Adira bent forward, the voices getting louder and separating by seconds with everything she said. Her pale ashy hand reached into the book and I moved forward. Her hand sank in the book only to pull out with a black veiny knife.

“Adira!”

I couldn’t hold back. I kept screaming her name and it was then I realized tears were streaming down my face.

“Adira no!”

She did not even turn. Her eyes were all black.

Both hands held the knife, pointed towards herself.

“Adira! Adira! No baby, no! Adira please!”

I threw myself against the barrier with no help. I slammed until my arm felt as if it would fall off.

“Adira, no!”

She pushed the knife into her belly and I thought I would scatter.

The chanting stopped, her body trembling with black blood pouring down from her wound.

I wanted to scream but I was too weak. I swear I could feel the knife even through my belly and it burned.

“You w —were su—pposed to protect me. How could you! How could you! In the name of all the children you ripped out of my womb, of all the blood you drew from me, from my pain, my innocence I bind you to eternal pain and suffering. You will never hurt me again.” A cough poured from her, blood down her chin.

“You will never hurt anyone else again.”

“I condemn you to burn!”

She screamed, quickly pulling the knife from her womb with a scream, so loud and long it turned to a shrill, pouring from her.

A black wave of air cleared out. Agnus’s body quickly pulled down even as he twitched. The ground swallowed him along with all the dead bodies of his warriors.

Nothing was left behind.

The knife fell back into the book, the pages running with Adira spinning in the air over and over.

“No!” I ran for the barrier, stumbling past it.

Adira fell so fast and I jumped, her body crumbling into my arms with us falling hard together.

She was so cold, her blood red again.

Her eyes flickered, the darkness leaving as the skies cleared. The black veins swam away from her, leaving her just pale.

“Adira.”

Her eyes ran to me. Her body jerked as a cough got stuck in her throat, bubbles of blood popping out her mouth.

I did not even know what to say as I adjusted her in my arms. My hand fell on her face, brushing her hair away.

“Adira.” It seemed all I was capable of from there was call her name.

“I am sorry.”

I shook my head. There was nothing she should have been sorry for. There was nothing she did wrong.

My arms held her tighter, pulling her up to me.

“Please, don’t die.”

It was déjà vu. Like how I had begged my sister to hold on after losing our mother and Issa.

Adira’s hand fell on my chest, slightly pushing. I moved back, staring into her Violet eyes, the most beautiful eyes I had ever seen.

“Please, don’t leave.”

My tears fell on her cheek, cleaning it off the blood. Her own ran out.

“I am sorry.” She whispered again, coughing just after.

I lowered my head, my lips on her forehead. I could not move them because she was so silent I thought she was gone. My eyes closed, the tears just falling.

Please goddess, not another one. Please goddess, not her too. Please. I kept begging in my head, waiting for a miracle of something.

She coughed out loud, her blood pouring on me. I pulled from her, afraid I would suffocate her.

I wiped her blood from her skin, her eyes drooping.

“Please keep my grimoire safe.”

No. I wanted her.

“I— I love you Logan.”

“No. Don’t leave.”

She pulled me to her. My lips falling on hers. I could only tremble and break down as I felt the life drain from her body.

“I love you too Adira.”

# 30

STAY

On trembling legs, I rose with my mate in my arms, limp and cold. I wanted to bawl, I wanted to scream. I wanted to run and never stop. Everything was spinning. Everything was blurring. The pain in my chest indescribable. The scream was caught in my chest, suffocating me.

In a way I could not process. In a way my mind could not get past the point that I had just been holding and stroking her body not long ago. How could she be gone?! My mouth opened and closed.

I shut my eyes, the tears raining. I opened them, seeing my warriors all standing, staring. Even those that had been knocked out. She was gone, her spell faded away.

My chest was closing in as I heaved.

What was I supposed to do? This couldn’t be it?

Down I crumbled, my knees hitting ground.

“Take her to the queen!” Sunny’s voice broke through my daze and finally it clicked.

He did not have to say it twice. I was up and stumbling forward before they could even take their next breath.

My feet were weak but grew stronger as my wolf pumped all he had into my body. I ran through the trees like never before. My feet were barely even touching ground as I flew through the forest. I hoped I wasn’t late, the tears still flowing. I could not see a thing but my wolf held the reins. We had to save our mate, by all costs. I would give up my own life if I had to.

I ran through the border and left their patrol running after me, trying to catch up but they did not understand, I was losing my mate, my chosen mate. Despite all the crazy she still chose me. Even after I forcefully marked her, she marked me back. How could I have ever doubted her? She was the purest and most kind even with the pain she wore through her eyes. It had always been there but I had been too blind to see. The answers had always been there but I had been too selfish to figure it all out. So much pain.

Her words echoed in my head, her words to the evil rogue king. It ripped me apart, most of them suddenly making sense.

My body trembled, the tears flowing down.

I recalled the first time I pulled her to my bed. How hard she had cried. Why hadn’t I seen it?

Not my Adira!

I stumbled but caught myself. I blinked but all I saw was blurry. I blinked again, smelling the people, hearing them gasp. My run broke to a few stumbles.

“Logan!?”

I fell onto my knees, my mate in my arms.

“I will give my own life Raven. Please. Save her.”

I trembled so hard, the sob breaking through me. Her blood had soaked me wet and my tears made it worse.

“Please.”

“What happened?”

I heaved out. My mind in the gutter. No words came to mind except please. Nothing made sense except for Adira coming back to life. Areli saved me once, she could save her too, even if we had to trade lives. She still had to live life and be happy. She still had to smile.

“Logan?!”

“Please, just save her, please, Raven.”

“Logan!” A hand fell on me, shaking me as I shook my head. My eyes were closed, crumbling apart.

“Logan.”

“Logan.”

It was all turning to a distant echo, the grief drowning me. My lips fell heavy, all of me soggy. Without her there was no life. There was no point.

“Logan, listen.”

My body was shook over and over until I raised my head, my eyes falling on the dark pools pools belonging to queen.

“Listen.” She spat the word out then her eyes turned down to Adira. I followed her gaze and saw nothing.

“Listen.”

I was, but too much was happening, too many sounds. I swallowed, realizing it was just my heart beating too loud. I willed it to calm down, to slow down and that’s when all the other sounds came.

At first, I was confused until I heard it, until I heard the heartbeat.

My eyes went wide.

“Logan. She marked you back. Your blood got into her system, blood which has strands from my DNA. She is immortal. As you are.”

My head shook, not believing it. I lowered my head, the pounding coming over and over again. I stared at her face, seeing her not so pale anymore. The traces of the black magic were gone, just the drying blood on her skin.

Everything in me just shut down.

Too much had happened and I just couldn’t function anymore.

I wanted to just sit there but her, she was all that mattered.

I pushed up, turning and slowly, I walked away.

My eyes were on her, watching as if she would suddenly stop breathing and leave me again. My feet carried me all the way, walking through the hours until I broke through my pack. I walked to my house, the night deep, all retired. I walked up the stairs to our room. I did not want to but I had to. I lowered her on the bed.

I was working on autopilot, my mind seeming to have kicked the bucket.

The bathroom door was opened. I picked a towel, wetting it.

Carefully I began cleaning her skin. I pulled the shirt out and my eyes stared at the red scar that looked alive. I cleaned around it then moved to clean the rest of her. I covered her with the blankets to stand and watch her chest rise and fall for the next hour.

It was three hours later when I decided to shower myself. I rid myself of the traces of her blood with shaky hands then I walked to the bed, sliding next to her. I held her body close, feeling her burn warm. My finger trailed on her skin with my eyes never daring to pull away.

She would never suffer again, not while I still lived. She would know happiness no matter the cost. She would smile and laugh, I would personally see to it. She deserved the world and the world I would give.

A knock pulled me from my train of thoughts.

“Alpha.” The shaky voice came from Sunny, my gamma. “The king and queen are here.”

I was impressed he wasn’t stumbling on his words.

My eyes never tore from my mate. Her mark still stood, black, which was a contrast to her cream skin.

I lowered, kissing her soft cheek.

The feet trailed away, left in peace.

Sun rays flood through the windows, it being another day yet still, she hadn’t woken.

“Logan.” A knock followed.

“Can we come in?” The voice came again a minute later.

I guess they decided to walk in because the door opened. My back was to them. I made sure Adira was well covered. I leaned on my elbow, my head on hand, staring down at my goddess. She was so pure.

“Sorry to disturb.”

They moved around the bed until they had a view of her.

“She will be fine.” Areli assured.

I continued stroking Adira’s cheek.

I knew I owed everything I had to Areli. She was the reason I was even still alive. She healed and fed me her blood when I was in the brink of death, fighting for life so I could avenge my family. Her blood gave me immortality and gave my body no choice but to turn immune to the silver before spitting it out. I knew she was the only one on my side through my breakdowns. I was grateful but I just always lashed out on her.

“I am sorry.”

I could feel the shock.

“And thank you for everything, both of you.” I added, my eyes never tearing from Adira.

“I will ask her to be my Luna and stay with me.” I breathed out. “She sees through me, she understands me, she loves me and I love her too.” My hand moved low, taking hers and interlocking them together. Hers was too small than mine but she was perfect for me.

“We just want you to be happy Logan.” I could feel the queen was nearly tearing up.

“Thank you.” I finished off, lowering to place a kiss on Adira because I needed her to just open her eyes so I could make sure she was okay.

“Anything you need Logan.”

I nodded my head from Areli’s words.

They left not long after and I was left holding my mate in peace.

“Come back to me please.”

The rays spread onto the room, onto our bodies but failed to bring her back. They slowly crept away.

A knock came, a few of the women having brought food, Sunny with them. They walked in, eyes running to Adira with the food left on her side table.

The queen wasn’t the only one that needed an apology. My pack also needed one. I had frightened them. I had abused them. From then I would be a better alpha, an alpha my father would be proud of.

The hand in mine shifted. I froze, my eyes running down to stare as Adira woke from the dead.

Her face was in a deep frown as she groaned. Her eyes squinted before her free hand went over them, rubbing.

“Logan?”

“Yes my love.” I leaned closer, my heart hammering dangerously.

She groaned again then moved her arm to wrap it around me. She buried her face into the crook of my neck and I nearly chuckled. My arms wrapped around her, relief washing over me.

“Are you okay, how are you feeling?”

“What happened?” The confusion could be heard.

“You can’t die my love. You are immortal.”

“What?”

“The werewolf queen is actually the goddess of darkness. She is a God. She is immortal and when you get a strand of her DNA in you, like I did, you become Immortal too. When you marked me, you took my blood which has mutated from her blood and you also became Immortal.” I explained, knowing I was confusing her more.

All I wanted was to see her.

I pulled back, pulling her back too so I could lay my eyes on her.

I stared at her beautiful face. Her eyes fluttered to me, the frown slowly falling away. Her tiny hands gripped me tighter.

“No one will ever hurt you again while I breathe, even if you don’t stay with me.”

“I am staying with you.” She quickly enforced, wanting no confusion there. She wore no shame at all to say it out.

“I…” I couldn’t even recall what I wanted to say. She was proud of me, having me.

I lowered my head, my lips on hers until we both couldn’t breathe.

“Will you be my Luna, my mate, forever?”

“I will tie our souls even beyond that Logan, don’t try me.”

I chuckled, leaning my forehead against hers, fighting tears.

“I beg you to do so.”

“With pleasure.”

“I never want to lose you again. I love you.”

“I love you too Logan.”

“Forever my love?” I could not even believe it myself.

“Forever.”

# 31

PACK LIFE

EIGHT MONTHS LATER

ADIRA

“And what about this one Luna?”

“That’s rosemary Ashley,” I answered with her gasping, nearly having me laugh.

“What does it do?” Remy questioned with her eyes wider. They could never say no to an opportunity to play with dirt. I took Remy in, her hands muddy as she pat them on the soil around the tomatoes.

“I mainly use it to cook Remy.” She gasped. Anything I would say to them would have them wide-eyed and gasping.

“Cooking what Luna?” I shook my head a giggle pulling from me.

“Food Beck.”

My gardens were filled with toddlers planting and picking herbs. I wouldn’t be able to keep them out of the gardens even if I tried to. The back of the alpha house had vegetable and herb gardens spreading to the forest. The front was littered with so many different flowers I was guilty of planting.

Eight months it had been since I promised Logan forever and finally, he put a smile on my face. The past months had been more than I could imagine life could be. I shone like the sun and giggled like a child. And it was all because of him.

Day by day he showered me with love, care and his devotion. Little by little we healed together and eight months later I wouldn’t be anywhere else.

“It smells so nice.”

“Look, butterflies!”

The children were having too much fun. They gasped, staring at the insects flying around the garden.

“Bowtiful.” One stated and I giggled because of the way she said it, so ute.

“Come on, we are done for today, we all need to go clean up.”

“But Luna.”

“No buts, go so we can all sit down and eat dinner. Don’t you want to eat dinner with the pack.” Some jumped, some clapped their hands, most were already running to wash away the dirt in the little pond by the gardens.

“Be careful there.” I shot, shaking my head.

“Yes luna.” I giggled, my chest warming up.

The dark cloud over the pack faded with each month that passed. Even after the apology from Logan, they had all held their breath, waiting for his next breakdown until recently when they finally relaxed. It had just been blow after blow for them and hopefully, nothing else would come our way.

“Bye.”

“Bye Luna.”

One by one they ran to hug my legs as I giggled out loud.

At first the pack kept their distance. Word got out of how I opened hell and condemned my people into it. All were scared, hiding their children. I never gave up seeking them out to build my relationship with the pack. When they cooked, I was there. When they were washing, I would be there, also washing. Slowly they got to know me and accepted me as their luna. Most were just relieved Elissa was gone, apparently she tortured them.

The kids ran away, waving as I waved back to them. I straightened up, a smile on my face. The women were probably preparing dinner and I wanted to go there but I was filthy from kneeling on the garden soil. I decided to rush to the house to take a shower.

What was once a scary and cold house had turned to a warm home where Logan and I would raise our children. Portraits of Logan’s family hung over different parts of the house. My heart clenched every time I passed one. I wish I could have met them. From what Logan told me, they were kind, strong headed, but kind.

It was hard but slowly we healed.

I jogged up the stairs to halt as I walked past the window.

Roselyn was walking from the fields, carrying a large basket.

When word got out about me being the new Luna Rivers, the women from my kingdom travelled to the pack and begged for refugee. At first, I thought the pack would reject them. There had been a long meeting where I explained how the females were treated in my kingdom. They were victims themselves, abused by the men every single day. The whole Rivers pack was asked to vote if they wanted the females from my kingdom to enter the borders and join the pack. All voted yes and that’s where I saw how amazing the Rivers pack was. I loved them all with everything in me. They were kind, strong and welcoming when not scared. The pack size itself increased to a number it had never reached before. Luckily, we had the land and resources so my people were well taken care of.

I just wished the females from my kingdom would relax. But I understood. They felt they needed to constantly prove their worth so they wouldn’t be kicked out of the pack. They worked three times harder than anyone else. They always were available to help with anything. It killed me that they felt that way and hoped that one day they would realize that they deserve to be part of the pack. That they deserve to be free and happy.

My heart expanded and I felt my chest get so warm.

Arms suddenly wrapped around my waist.

A smile spread on my face, leaning back into Logan’s chest.

“ Mate.” It killed me every time he said that.

My smile turned into a grin.

His kisses moved from the arch of my neck upwards.

“Someone needs some cleaning.” He said, pulling a giggle from me.

“Are you offering my love?”

“Always.” He stated and before I knew it, my body is thrown up. I found myself hanging ass up, over his shoulders.

My laugh filled the house.

“Logan.”

He rushed up the steps and the door to our bedroom slammed shut behind us. Soon, he was undressing me, steam from the shower rising.

“So needy.”

“How can I not when you put a spell on me. I am addicted.” I chuckled from his words, my lips falling on his.

His fingers ran up my waist. I jumped and laughed out loud as he tickled me.

“No!” My legs jet up but he gave me no relief as I laughed until I cried.

“Logan.”

“Yes my love.” He called back, kissing me while I heaved from the tickles.

“I love you.” I whispered out between kisses.

He groaned, walking in the shower with me.

“I love you too my Luna. My perfect, gorgeous Luna.”

His kisses trailed up and down my body until I shivered.

I felt like I was losing my mind. My whole body tingled and I needed all was him. My love for him, it was immense I could not even describe it. He promised to give me his all and everyday he poured his soul, his love and his seed in me. I never knew such happiness before.

Moans filled the bathroom as he took me against the shower door. I felt like I was flying and my wolf howled in my head. I shifted just two months after we mated and I finally felt complete. My wolf was so small but I loved her so much.

How are we so lucky?

“I love you so much.” I panted with the climax hitting me so hard I cried tears.

“I love you too Adira.” Logan groaned, holding me tighter.

We stood on shaky legs for half an hour, in each other’s arms while the warm water poured on us. The nights were my favourite because I got to spend ten hours with him, uninterrupted.

“Before I forget, Flavia sent a message for you.”

My smile spread wider. Flavia and Dante visited two months back. When Flavia said sisters, she meant just that.

“What did she say?”

“Witches have been spotted around their borders and now, black birds fly in a circle over their land.” Logan said, him bent, kissing my shoulder. I froze, my eyes wide. Logan tensed behind me.

“What is it?” He questioned.

“It means death. The witches—” I could not even speak as my heart drummed hard.

“The witches have declared war on them.”

THE END!!!!

# About the Author

Young Adult Author with a wild imagination.

Please contact me on:

Email: setiyele@gmail.com

Facebook: Setiyele M.

# Acknowledgments

I just want to thank you all for reading the book and being in this journey with me.