

The Assassin Prince and His Hybrid by Lara King

Chapter 1: What Are You?

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MYRA

'I shouldn't have come here.' I thought as I wiped sweat from my forehead.

I should have been at my dorm, studying for the next school test. Instead, I was here at the Helsing mansion, hiding in a corner while a party went on.

The private investigator I had hired to dig up information on my parents' mysterious death had asked to meet here. Why? I had no idea, but I had been trembling in a corner for the past ten minutes, checking my phone every second for his text.

None came.

The Helsing's were the royal family ruling the Nightmoon kingdom and at their mansion, was a celebration of the return of their Crown Prince from studying overseas.

With a racing heart, I glanced around sharply.

The youths of Nightmoon, especially the seniors from Lupin Ridge Academy sipped alcohol as they rubbed their bodies together, moving to the sensual music in the air. I looked away, feeling the pangs of envy hit me right in the chest.

That could have been me, living a normal teenage life.

...but I wasn't a normal teenage girl.

In fact, I was an abomination. A walking crime, and if anyone knew what I really was, or what I was capable of...I'd be dead.

I checked my phone again. No reply. I decided it was time to leave.

As soon as I turned, I caught my reflection in the mirror on an opposite wall.

Aqua-blue eyes, pointed nose, soft jaw, hiding under a hoodie two sizes too big. A streak of white hair slipped out. Immediately, I tucked it in.

Only witches had white hair and here in Nightmoon, witches were abhorred and prone to being killed on sight.

Although most of my hair was black, I had two streaks of white hair

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framing the front of my hairline. This meant I was part witch, part wolf and that...that was even worse than being a witch alone.

A terrible shudder went through me as the memory of what they did to the last hybrid flashed through my mind. It was a fate I wouldn't wish on my worst enemies, and I had quite a few of them.

Usually, I always had my front hair dyed and was in the process of doing that but then the call from my P.I. came in with urgency and I had dropped everything to go meet him.

I just didn't know it would be here, at the house of the most reputable witch hunters, at a party filled with people trained to hate witches and hybrids.

Pulling my hood forward, I shoved my phone in my pocket and moved towards the living room.

Immediately, I froze.

In the distance, a group of five sat on some couches, laughing and talking. They were some of the richest kids in Nightmoon and simultaneously, my worst enemies, committed to making my life at the Academy a living hell.

I swallowed, scanning around for another way out, but I wasn't familiar with the Helsing mansion, and the longer I stood there, the more people noticed my presence.

I decided to move.

Noting my bullies were distracted, I rushed to the side of the farthest wall.

Murmuring apologies, I went behind people trying to use them as a shield just so I could get to the main exit.

Finally, the door was in sight, just two feet away.

My heart hammered with relief, but just as I reached for the knob, a body blocked me.

"Look who we have here. If it isn't Myra, the moron."

Fear slammed through me as I gazed into malicious grey eyes wearing a crooked smile. His name was Richard Barnes - son of two high-profile socialites and, unfortunately, the leader of my bullies.

I turned around immediately, trying to get away, but then I ran into

another boy in his group. His name was Clay.

"Where do you think you're going, cunt?!" He sneered.

Suddenly, I was surrounded by three boys and two girls. I took a step back, feeling like a deer caught in the presence of hungry wolves.

"Stay the hell away from me!" I warned, my voice coming out with a tremble.

"Oooh! Someone's feisty today?" Richard cooed, "I heard you're working at that new bar downtown." Richard chewed his gum around, appraising my body with his eyes. "Only way you can work there is if you were a stripper." He grinned at me. "So why don't you strip for us, huh? Make this party a little bit more spicy!"

I began to shake my head, to deny, but Richard grabbed the front of my hoodie, dragging me further into the living room.

In the process, my hood came off, letting my hair loose, and that's when raw fear seized me by the throat. "Is that white hair?" A girl asked, her eyes glinting with suspicion.

I shook my head again, my heart about to explode from my chest! Richard grabbed my hair, sending pain like needles slicing through my skull.

A cry left my lips, agitating my wolf. Then I felt it. Electric blue sparks like lightning forming at my fingertips.

'Nonononono! This can't be happening right now!' I thought as I curled my hands into fists.

I sucked in a shaky breath, thinking of what lie to give.

"Witches bleed blue." Richard murmured in my ear, and I almost fainted as Clay brought out a switchblade. "Let's see what color you bleed, cunt!"

Clay's devilish grin sharpened as he grabbed my right arm, making my heart hammer even more.

"No!" I screamed, struggling with him. Then, somehow my hand made it to his face. "I said LEAVE ME ALONE!"

A crack of lightning. A surge of power.

Clay's eyes widened right before he flew across the room with the force of a thousand push.

The world seemed to stop as his body traveled backwards through the air, before crashing into a couch and tumbling over.

"OOOOOOOOH!" The crowd hummed, their faces contorting into a wince.

I froze, hoping Clay was still alive.

"My goddess! Look at her eyes!" Someone from the crowd pointed at me.

"They're red and they're glowing!" Another said in awe.

"Only an Alpha can have red eyes, right?"

I turned and ran.

I didn't care where. I just needed one second. One moment. One room, where I could breathe and let go of this storm raging within.

People's faces became a blur as I pushed past them, up a flight of stairs till I ended up alone in a quiet hallway.

"Find her!" My wolf's hearing picked up on Richard giving orders and my heart hammered even more in panic.

Looking around desperately, I tried a few locked rooms before one finally opened.

Immediately, I dashed in.

Locking the door behind me, I scanned the room.. It was empty. Like a flower, I uncurled my fists and there, right in the palm of my hands, were tiny cracks of blue lightning surging like a storm!

"Check the rooms!" I heard Richard's voice again, this time in the hallway. My knees nearly gave way in fright.

"You think she entered Prince Helsing's room?" The same girl who had asked about my hair queried.

Richard snorted. "I highly doubt that. If she knows what's good for her, the last place she wants to be is his room. He'd skin her alive."

My body trembled with fear as I squinted around the room again. I had heard terrible things about the Crown Prince and even rumors that he wasn't really studying overseas but rather doing something utterly evil.

I shuddered at the thought. Whose room was I really in?

I couldn't tell. Everywhere was dark.

Keeping both eyes on the main door, I walked backwards into the bathroom and closed the door as quietly as I could. My plan was to hide in the tub until they left.

As soon as I turned around, I bumped into something...or rather, someone.

A yelp escaped me as I remembered Richard's words.

'He'd skin her alive'

I craned my head back to look up the wall of pure muscle standing before me, and that's when my breathing stopped.

He had short, platinum blonde hair, wet and plastered against his forehead, dripping water onto thick lashes framing mean, hunter green eyes.

My breath hitched, stumbling out of my lungs.

He was nothing short of angelic with his perfectly symmetrical face, and would have looked utterly harmless and kind if it weren't for the vibrant madness shining in his eyes.

A dreadful feeling came over me. The kind that made me take a step back.

This man looked like something good, corrupted by something utterly evil and his eyes....those eyes were a sign - a warning that he was not to be trifled with, or the consequences would be extremely grave.

I forgot myself and all the surge of power raging inside me slipped through my fingers right into his chest.

I gasped. He inhaled sharply, but something was off.

He should be flying six feet away. He should be hurt. Instead, he was still, hard as a rock against my body, his green eyes glowing a rich lilac.

Then I felt it; the hardness of something else.

Instinct made me look down and when I saw the monstrous snake-like erection straining against the towel wrapped around his V-line waist, another deadly shiver wracked through me.

I gulped, staggering back, but within a blink, his hand shot out and caught my right wrist. Fear thundered through me as our eyes met, storms gathering in his smolder.



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His brows pulled together in what I could call wonder. Then he snarled a question that could literally end my life.

"What. Are. You?"



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