

# Awakening Following Fate by L. T. Marshall Chapter 2

When Colton turns, I inwardly gasp at the unusual sight of his eyes glowing ethereal blue. It's not completely unknown. The witch in him does sometimes pique, but rarely does it show in wolf form as it's more of a human related gift and usually held down by his Lychan gifts. It's normally for very specific reasons too. Like using his healing powers while Sierra trains him to be more efficient with them, or when he has visions and small snippets of the future. Or when he nears his mother in her own state of glow, it triggers him.

Your eyes ... they're blue I point out, closing the gap between us to gaze into the almost luminescent color and he frowns, shaking his head to try and shift it. Making it obvious he isn't even aware it's happening, so I guess no visions, nothing from him that is igniting the glow.

That's new. Usually only happens when my mother is near and using her..... Colton's head spins back out to where he gazed before and it immediately silences him. His gaze narrowing to a scowl and a low snarl emits from his d\*\*\*\*\* like a vibration.

What is it? What can you see? I look too, my senses on high alert and body prickling as I can still feel the vampires in the distance and now feeding from his burst of hostility. The downside to my blood being part theirs, is since I opened my gifts, I can always feel them whenever they're close. Mixed with my mate's emotions, it's making me feel nauseous and faint.

It's a witch... let's go. Move, catch up with the pack. We shouldn't linger alone; I need to protect you. Colton's words are heavy and laced with anger, yet also worry. When it comes to protecting me, he takes zero chances and is most definitely overprotective.

I don't argue but instead I trust his instinct and turn, pick up my paws and run like the wind, back in the direction we came from. I can feel him close behind me, always staying steps behind even though I know he's faster than me at a sprint. He's staying back in case we are followed by whatever he thinks is out there, because he never stops shielding me. Not that I need it. As far as powers go, Colton sometimes needs me to look after him. As my gifts grew and I began to hone them over the months I found just how powerful I can be. Almost like sliding into a warm bath after a long hard day: it both set me free and rejuvenated me. From the first moments of the gifts being free I learned how to use them almost like a forgotten memory and even he admits that I can be way more useful than him at times.

Colton is having a harder time with his witch gifts though. So long repressed and so at odds with how he was raised. He is a warrior, and a fighter, but his witch side is to heal, nurture, care, much like his mom and to avoid conflict. So at odds with who he is. He has visions, dreams sometimes, that he cannot separate from

fantasy or reality as he tries to navigate what they mean and what he's to do with them. It frustrates him on so many levels, being a guy who likes to have all the answers to all life's problems. He hates puzzles and trying to read meanings through vague images. Sierra is trying to expand that ability but sometimes Colton is too rough and ready to sit down and center himself to his peaceable side long enough to do much about it.

We run back the several miles we covered in the hunt, until the homestead looms ahead, high on a hill over the next mound of treetops, like a welcome calling haven. We don't let up and can sense the closeness of the others rounding in as we get home to our safety net.

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Why would they have a witch out here? I ask innocently as we slow our paces to a trot and move to the clearing that opens out, before we hit the new village we built around and behind the homestead to accommodate our pack. It's been a busy few month of creating a proper habitat for our growing pack to live, and as the houses come into view behind the tall cage fences, I relax and start to walk. We're close enough now that the other patrols in the pack will still be circling, and we no longer have to watch our backs. We're within the perimeter of our safe haven.

You heard my mother, she told us that some of the witches joined forces with the vampires in this fight and are only too happy to see the downfall of the wolves. Some of them feel wronged by us. I guess, this is the first of them showing up to prove her right. It's been months of sporadic attacks that never succeed. Maybe they think a witch on side might give them an advantage since their weapon is all but useless now.

I don't respond as a cold chill runs through my stomach and I glance back into the dense darkness and try to feel anything beyond the tree line. There is nothing, they never followed us back in here, but the uneasiness that I picked up first is still there, almost like we're being watched. I shudder in subtle fear at the thought of what might be out there. Trying not to let my mind run riot and imagine the worst.

Don't! Colton nudges my face with his nose, reading my mind, and pushes me away from where I'm staring, breaking my train of thought. Let's go inside and change, clean up, and eat. Forget it for now and we'll talk to my mom in the morning. We're safe within these boundaries, even from witches.

His tone tells me he's worried about what we felt out there too but he's being his usual self. Solid, commanding and like nothing gets to him. He is brushing aside the current problem, and shelving it until after we eat and sleep, when I know Colton does his best thinking. He's a dawn riser and uses the quiet time to figure things out. We're all tired and it's almost morning as it is.

Aye, aye, Chica, do what the man says! I'm beyond starving. We have spent half the night out here. I need food, and sleep!

Meadow saunters into the clearing, hearing the link conversation inadvertently because we were not shielding to a private mate link, and nudges against me with her brown sleek furry body. As a wolf, Meadow is weirdly similar to her human form. Sleek, yet curvy, smooth furred with slanted amber eyes that somehow sit well in her face to make her attractive as a Lychan. She isn't as big as the males, but she is fast, and fierce, and despite her slender build I've seen her devastate everything in her wake and not even ruffle her fur in the process. Knowing she's half shifter took away any questions I had about her slight differences to regular wolves. Subtle, but I see them.

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Two more wolves appear in the shadows and walk past, one huge dark one stopping to run his body along the length of Meadow, rubbing his head up against hers as he falls in step beside her. Her mate is as built as mine, only grey and equally rough. He nudges her suggestively and the two of them take off wordlessly ahead without a second thought and Colton snorts in humor at their behavior

For some the Haze is still lingering it seems. He pushes up against me to walk side by side with physical contact and I lean my head into his neck to share his warmth as we cover the last ground. Relaxing into that firm body as he takes some of my weight and guides me onward.

You can talk... I don't get a single night of peace from you, even before the haze hit. I laugh and lick him quickly, hitting the lower profile of his jaw with my darted action.

What can I say, my mate is a vixen and completely irresistible? I'm alpha, I can't be outdone in terms of testosterone and horniness, baby. Colton's smug and yet also right. I know he means it, but it still makes me blush and smile inwardly whenever he talks like this and nuzzle him adoringly. Still a little too enamored with my mate, even after months of being his.

The haze was crazy when it hit. We had only been mates for around three weeks when it swept over, and I was almost insane with the need to be joined to him about fifty times a day. I never knew how badly the heat and desire could get when you had already mated up. Never experienced a haze before turning either, so it was a ma\*\*ive wake up call. How we ever got out of our room for more than three minutes a day is beyond me because nothing could satisfy the hunger or the uncontrollable urge to mate, constantly. No matter how many times, or how good it was, it was just seconds of relief and I was whining again to have him back on top of me. Colton was only too happy to oblige, given he was in a worse state than me. Males apparently feel it with more vigor, given that it's meant to want to make them procreate and spread their seed to enable their blood lines.

Luckily, the haze only lasts two weeks and slowly tails off when mating season dies away, and the constant crazy hunger to be in his bed, wrapped around him, slowly began to fade to a manageable level of need. Not fully though. I don't think I'll ever stop lusting after him and needing to feel his touch every second of every day. We've rarely been apart since our union so many months back and I've grown and flourished with his love to become the Luna I never thought I could be.

I truly believe it was the one thing I needed in my life to really find myself once more and blossom under his tender care.