

Chapter 0020

Anastasia

I let out a string of curses as the healer popped my shoulder back into place and slumped back into the armchair.

"Were you a sailor in your past life, kitty?" Knight smirked from across the room. Shadows curled around his knuckles like bloated leeches. They seemed to repel all light as they moved. "Because you sure speak like one."

"I'm sorry for not utilizing my arsenal of flowery language when your brother tackled me off a motorcycle—a moving one, might I add—and sent me tumbling down into a ravine." I spat, flicking him off. "You have your shoulder dislocated and tell me how you feel."

The healer circled around to the side of me and gently lifted my wrist, "Not just your shoulder that's banged up, miss. I'm afraid you've also got a broken wrist, a sprained ankle, and a mild concussion."

I looked over at Caius, who looked too sexy for his own damned good. He leaned against the wall covered in blood, mud, and bits of foliage. The only reason I wasn't currently strangling him to death was that he insisted on his healer helping me first. The man watched me with those golden eyes, his stare laser focused on the healers every move.

I sighed loudly, "I'm breaking up with you."

"No you're not." Caius replied.

"Am too. You can't decline a break up. That's not how that works."

"You signed a contract. Legally you cannot break up with me."

The bones in my wrist crunched loudly as the healer's magic set them back into place. I lurched forward, the pain twisting my stomach into knots. I smacked my lips and grimaced, tasting the horrible tang of bile.

Caius unfolded his arms from his chest as the healer moved to work on his injuries. With an expression of pure disdain on his rugged face, he drawled. "I apologize for not letting you ram into a car freshly struck by lightning. Next time I won't make that mistake."

Oh, that asshole! Speaking of which, how the hell does a car get struck by lightning? Maybe it was a myth, but I thought such a thing wasn't possible. Come to think of it, the weather has been acting crazy, specifically when Alpha Caius was around.

I narrowed my eyes at him, "What did you say your ability was again?"

He didn't blink, "I didn't."

"You've been screwing with the weather, haven't you?" I snapped my fingers, "First the thunder and lightning in the clearing where you caught me, then again at the boutique. You're the reason that car was struck by lightning. Is that your ability then? You control the weather."

Damon, who was reclined on the chaise lounge with his feet kicked up on a nearby coffee table, actually smirked at me. "Not a bad guess."

I gave Caius a look, "Well? Am I right or am I right?"

"My primary ability is electricity." He grunted, barely flinching as the healer set a few of his ribs back into place. "As a byproduct I can control lightning and certain aspects of the weather."

I took in his thunderous expression—pun intended—and smirked, "Wow, you really didn't enjoy that, huh? Guess I'm not the only one who hates spilling secrets."

Surprise surprise, he ignored my jab. "Did you recognize those men that attacked us? I haven't seen their likes before, but it's been quite some time since anyone has been foolish enough to engage me in a fight."

"They're probably my father's men." I confessed.

Caius grunted, "Your pack is in Virginia. It's odd that he would go to all this trouble just to fetch you."

I pursed my lips, "We had a disagreement."

There was a loud rattle as Knight stood. He grabbed a decanter of liquor from the bar cart along with a few glasses. After pouring a generous helping in each, he sent one sliding along the table. I plucked it up, gave him a cursory nod, then knocked it back in one gulp.

"That must've been quite a disagreement." Damon said smoothly, staring in that quiet, calm way of his.

Caius waved the healer out of the room and lumbered over to the table. Before he could grab a glass, I plucked the last one up. Fighting a smile as his eyes lit with fire, I brought it to my lips and took a sip. His brows gnashed together as I ran my tongue along



their seam, collecting the droplets of liquor that remained. Smirking, I reached over and handed it to him.

He downed it in one gulp, his eyes never leaving my own.

"What made you run away from home?" he asked, finally curious enough to want an explanation. Perhaps he was finally seeing that there was more to me than some vapid rich girl.



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