

## Prologue

Noah swallowed and looked around him. He's got nowhere to run. He's trapped now.

"Tell me, Noah. Who am I?" the man said and put his hand on the wall, intimidating Noah.

Noah sweats profusely. His piercing gaze was enough to make his knees weakened. The man cupped Noah's face with his free hand and leaned closer.

"Tell me," he said.

"Nox...you're Nox Vanidestine," Noah answered. Nox's lips twitched. He traced Noah's face with his fingers which made him closed his eyes.

Noah swallowed the lump in his throat and clenched his hand into a fist. He's burning with unfathomable desire.

"And what am I to you?" Nox asked. Noah remained silent. His heart was racing faster.

"Answer me, Noah," Nox added. Noah opened his eyes and spoke.

"You're my mate."

Nox smirked and backed away, putting his hand in his pocket while the other one played with Noah's hair.

"That's right, Noah. I'm your mate and no one messes with what's mine," Nox said and glared at the unconscious man on the ground. "Remember that," he added and left Noah yearning for his touch.

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