

### Chapter 13 – Isla POV

That. Just. Happened. Tate is tracing soft circles on my back as we both calm our racing hearts. I never thought I'd lose my virginity on a patio chair outside of a club, but I also thought I'd wait for my mate. I'm not mad at it though. This was so blissful, Tate was so gentle, it was sweet. I take in a deep breath and push myself up stealing another peck on his soft lips. I go to stand, my legs mush beneath me but Tate's strong arms find my waist steadying me.

The stormy waves in his eyes ushered a calm to wash over me. There is a fondness in his eyes, no one has looked at me like this before. I don't know what will happen between us, but it has been a birthday I will never forget.

"So uh, ready to head back in?" Tate says as he runs a hand through his hair.

"Mhmmmm" "Why don't you head in first and I'll catch up?" I respond.

"You embarrassed to be seen with me now smalls?" he says as a smile dances across his face.

Giving him a playful shove, I say, "I'm not trying to be the hot gossip of patrol this week".

"Like you won't be telling Audrie all the details anyways," he says.

"Oh, Mr. Modest you won't be giving a play-by-play to Connor and Paul?!  
' I retort.

He pulls me into a gentle kiss and says, "I don't kiss and tell baby".

Fucking swoon.



"Tate.." I start. He throws his hands up in a fake surrender and starts back stepping towards the club, " I'm going, I'm going, find me on the dance floor when you can walk again"

"TATE" I snort. He flashes that delicious smile at me as he heads to the club.

As I watch him disappear inside, my brain is swimming in endorphins. Sucking in a deep breath, I lean against a tree and stare up at the clear sky basking in the moonlight.

I don't know if it was the alcohol or the thoughts of the scandal activities that had me off my game but I didn't hear him approaching.

"Thanks for the show" his hot breath brushed my ear.

My heart began to race, my body stiffened as I whipped my head around.

Kyle.

"Were you watching me sick perv?!" I hissed.

" I hadn't intended to. But imagine my surprise as I was out for a run and I hear movie-worthy screams...then I see you.." he whispers placing a hand on the tree near my head.

Shooting daggers into him, I just scoff. As I go to step away from him, he quickly steps right in front of me, putting his other hand on the tree caging me in.

"I had a feeling that innocent thing was just an act. I watched you shoot down Kyson all the time. You just had a thing for the patrol meatheads instead of guards. How about a businessman, do we do it for you?" he says.



Rolling my eyes, "Businessman? You are an accountant, a glorified calculator" Rage flashes in his eyes.

Oops, that didn't land well.

Before I can say another word he has my face in his hand. His thumb bearing tightly on one cheek and four fingers digging into the other. "Fucking whore, that's what you are" he growls. "You want to be dominated? I'll show you the authority and respect I deserve. You always walked around TRTC like you were too good for it. Ignoring everyone, not bothering to be friends with anyone. Just a stuck-up bitch, waiting to find warrior friends to be worthy of your fucking presence." He spits at me with such venom and hate.

What the hell did I ever do to this guy?

Reaching up, I wrap my hand around his wrist and give it a quick yank as I kick him off me. Hearing a crack, I know I successfully dislocated his shoulder. Shock washes over his face then is replaced by pure anger.

I turn and take off away from him. Cursing Audrie for making me wear these devil boots. I don't care how good my ass looked, it took my agility down a solid 5 points.

I hear his heavy footfalls behind me. "You'll pay for that you worthless bitch" he growls. Glancing back over my shoulder I see him coming after me, I dart into the trees, and with his shoulder, he is luckily moving slower. My throat is burning shit, this alcohol has got me off my game. I don't see him behind me anymore, smiling to myself, I think I'm sly.

Then the spike of these goddess-forsaken shoes betrayed me. I stumbled to the ground, skidding my skin across the hard forest floor. I hiss out in pain but make quick work to get these damn boots off. Throwing them



aside and hopping back up, I'm whipped back to the ground in a single second.

While I gasp for air, Kyle looms above me rubbing his shoulder. "Insulting my job is laughable when you're a piss poor excuse for a warrior. Fucking tiny and weak is all you are, you'd been better reserved as a breeder." He spits at me.

His words hit an open wound way down deep in my soul. That's what my father always said to me. I've worked so hard to not be weak.

I'm not weak. Am I?

All the self-doubt came rushing back to me. Beta Grayson had lessened my border patrol shifts and had me moved to other duties this last week. Was that why? Did they regret bringing me here?

I am too busy spinning out to notice Kyle reaching out. I feel his slimy hand wrap around my arm and pull me to my feet.

I snap back to reality as he presses me up against a tree. He leans down, inhales slowly along my neck, and says "You reek of that incompetent toy soldier. I can fix that." He pushes up my skirt, and with all my might I drive my knee into his pathetic manhood. He doubles over groaning out. I go to side step and make a run when I'm stilled by the patrol alert.

"ROGUE BREACH SOUTH SIDE BORDER, ALL AVAILABLE PATROLS NEEDED" An on-duty warrior's voice rings in my head.

Suddenly, I'm falling to the ground, my face stinging where Kyle's fist connected with my face. I feel a sharp pain in the back of my head. Immense pain consumes me, black spots crowd my vision. I strain to keep my eyes open, staring up at a panting Kyle. He almost looks scared,



what a fucking psycho.

I feel the pull of sleep tugging my eyelids as the darkness gently takes over greeting me like an old friend.



Comments



Support