

## Chapter 18

### Sierra

What a perfect night! I carefully made my way to my new temporary room, looking forward to taking a hot shower. I was still riding on a high from the best non-date night but kinda date night with my mate, though I knew exhaustion was just around the corner. I grabbed a garbage bag and duct tape from the kitchen on my way upstairs, knowing I couldn't get my cast wet.

It took longer than expected, but I finally managed to get myself into the shower, letting scolding hot water sooth my body. Goddess what I wouldn't give to have this every day. I found some body wash in the shower, half of it used. It smelled like my mate.

"Mate gave us his room," Sienna noted.

"Apparently so." I felt guilty. He shouldn't have given up his room for me. He was nice enough to let me stay even after I tried to reject him, he didn't need to give up his room also.

"We need to give it back." I said firmly, while lathering myself up in Edwards body wash, only to rinse the suds off a few moments later.

"Or we could share...." Sienna purred.

"Get your head out of the gutter! You know we can't have him." I reluctantly turned off the water.

"Maybe not, but we could at least have a little fun first."

"Sienna!" I yelled as I carefully exited the shower. I leaned against the vanity for balance and began drying off.

"I imagine what mate looks like naked...I bet he is huge." My very horny wolf drooled.

But I would be lying if I said I hadn't already thought about it. His perfectly sculpted body. His intoxicating scent. His electrifying touch. Goddess the things he could probably do to me. I could feel a heat pooling between my legs, aching for friction. I didn't normally touch myself, living in the woods made it hard to find privacy, not to mention it was usually the last thing on my mind. Survival

always comes first. I think I have been running on adrenaline for several years now. This was the first time in a while that I have felt remotely relaxed. I tentatively reached between my legs, gently massaging my aching bud. Edward immediately came to mind, his rough calloused hands, his rock hard abs, his-

"Sierra?" A knock came from behind the bathroom door, startling me.

"Y-yeah?" I squeaked out, my face was flaming red. Goddess I was glad he couldn't see me right now.

"I have some of my sister's clothes here for you until we can get you something else. You two are about the same size. She has some other stuff in her room just down the hall if you don't like what I picked."

"Oh, thank you!"

"Sure thing, I'll leave them on the bed for you. Have a good night."

"Thanks, you too!" I waited until I heard the door click shut before leaving the bathroom.

A heap of clothes was laid out on the bed. There was quite a variety to go through. I quickly searched for pajamas, and to my delight there was a silky black set consisting of shorts and a tank top. Abby had good taste. I looked in the mirror, appreciating the curves the goddess gave me when my eyes landed on the scars from my fake marking. My fingers absently minded brushed against the old scars and all the memories I had been shoving down for years came flooding back. Goddess I needed to get out of these. I wanted to cover up, I needed to.

I rushed back into the bedroom where the pile of clothes sat and began frantically tearing through the pile. A rouge tear fell from my watery eyes, my breathing becoming ragged. I let out a growl in frustration. Grabbing my crutches, I made my way to the door, flinging it open in a fury, only to be met with the most mesmerizing emerald green eyes. I stumbled back, but was caught before I hit the floor by a pair of calloused hands.

"You okay?" Edward asked, searching my eyes.

"I-I um..." My mouth felt dry.

His hands caressed my back and side, his fingertips grazing my bare flesh. It was then that I realized I had grabbed onto his shirt and shoulder with each hand. I could feel his breath fanning on my neck, sending a shiver up my spine, we were only a whisper away from each other. Goosebumps crept over my skin, over where his fingers were touching, it felt charged and electric. My n\*\*\*\*s strained against the fabric of my silky top, begging for attention. I could see Edwards' eyes turning from their emerald green to dark green to black at the sight.

He cleared his throat and released me from his grasp, making sure I was stable on my crutches before fully letting me go. "I heard you growl and I felt your angst and frustration, is everything okay?" He took a big step back.

"Yeah, I...um...Does Abby have any sweatpants and a t-shirt I could borrow?" I swallowed.

"Abby doesn't believe in t-shirts and I don't think you'll get your cast through a pair of her sweatpants..." He hesitated a moment before continuing, "You could borrow some of my clothes if you'd like. I'm sure they'll be big enough."

"That would be wonderful...if it's not too troublesome," I quickly said.

"No, not any trouble at all, I'll go grab them." He turned to the corner like the devil himself was chasing him.

"Wait!" I called. Edward came back to face me once more. "This was your room, wasn't it?" I asked.

"It was, now its yours." He flashed me a sweet boyish smile.

"I've put you out enough. Please take it back, I'll stay in another room." I pointed down the hall.

He approached me again, this time taking my hand in his. "Not a chance. You are my mate and I want what's best for you." he kissed my hand. "Even if I can't have you."

"But-"

"No 'buts' I'll be right back with some clothes."

"Fine" I mumbled.

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Edward

My wolf was preening inside my head, elated that our mate wanted to wear our clothes. Heck, on some level, I was too. I tore through my dresser, grabbing my favorite pair of navy blue sweats and a black t-shirt. I was about to leave my room when I heard my phone ding. I normally don't receive many messages this late at night. Reluctantly, I pulled it out of my pocket to see who was trying to reach me. To my surprise, it was William.

Got a minute? It's about the girl you asked me to search for.

I typed a quick message, not wanting to keep Sierra waiting. And also not wanting her to hear our conversation.

I'm with her now. What did you find?

Send. I threw my phone on the bed and continued on my mission, bringing Sierra my clothes.

"Here ya go." I handed her the soft fabric.

"Thank you, it means a lot," she said.

We said goodnight once more and went our separate ways. I headed straight to my room to check my phone.

The Clear Water pack was wiped out years ago, while your father was ruling. It was a small pack, so not surprising. The entire pack was found dead. Except her. Sierra Wilson. Daughter, and eldest child, of the Alpha, actually. The only thing I found out about her outside of her pack was a high school diploma. It was through a homeschooling program though, so I couldn't tell you where she has lived since her pack was destroyed.

Do we know who killed her pack?

Not a clue. There are no detailed reports on it, not that I can access at least. Maybe check and see if King Nathan made a report on it? He kept some files to himself, right?

My father did have his own personal stash of records that I had sealed away. I noticed he only kept files to himself when he suspected something was amiss, that something didn't add up. I would need to search his files and see if there was anything I could find on the Clear Water pack.

An Alpha feamle. My girl kept getting more and more interesting. It was extremely rare for an Alpha to have a daughter as their first born. The moon Goddess seemed to design it that way. In case an Alpha was killed, they would have a back-up plan, so to speak. There have only even been a handful of Alpha females recorded in our history, each seeming to have made quite an impact in one way or another. I wonder if Sierra would be one of those people.

I flopped down on my bed, savoring the soft embrace after a long day. Sierra had unknowingly given me blue balls on a number of occasions today, the worse when she was in the bathroom, undoubtedly pleasing herself. I could smell her sweet arousal from a mile away and the mate bond allowed me to feel some of her emotions. Hers were less than pure at the time. I can only imagine if we were fully mated and marked how intense I could feel her emotions. My balls would probably have exploded.

I needed to stay focused. This woman was more than distracting, she was all out blinding. And everything in me wanted to run to her. I need to go back to the palace tomorrow to look through my father's old reports. Maybe there was something in there that would solve the puzzle that is my mate. Not to mention catch up on other paperwork and prepare for the next pack to come through. Though they wouldn't be here for a week or so, I needed to pull out their papers and verify the information they had given me. My eyes started to drift shut, the last thing on my mind, Sierra.

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"No...Stop...I said stop!"

I woke in an instant at the sound of my mate's frantic voice coming from the next room. I threw off the covers and practically flew out of my room and to hers. I went to open the door and found that it was locked.

"Help!" She yelled.

That's all it took for me to throw my body against the door. I was met with some resistance initially, but after two more tries I effectively broke it open. I stumbled inside, tripping over a nightstand on the way, looking around the room for an intruder. What I found instead was my mate, curled up in a ball under the bed in a fetal position, still asleep. I scratched my head and looked around the room again. The window was also barricaded. The taller dresser had been moved in front of the windowsill. What the f\*\*k?

"No!" She yelled again, thrashing about.

I hated to wake her but I just might be doing her a favor. I got on my hands and knees and grabbed the blanket she had set on the gray carpeted floor and dragged her out from under the bed.

"Sierra", I called her name and gently put my hand on her shoulder. She thrashed about a bit more so I tried again, louder this time. "Sierra!" I put both hands on her shoulders.

Sierra's eyes flew open, and to my astonishment, they were glowing red. Before I knew what was happening, she flipped us around and sat straddled on my midsection, her casted leg flung out to the side, her other leg bent, her arm retracted ready to pounce. She let out a warning growl, the veins in her arm beginning to glow the same color red as her eyes.

"Sierra stop, its me, Edward!" I yelled, throwing my hands up.

She blinked a few times, her eyes returning to their icy blue, her veins no longer glowing. Thank Goddess. She looked around the room before staring back at me. She looked confused and quickly dismounted me.

"What happened?" She asked.

"I think you were having a nightmare."

"Oh..." She said unphased. "I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"No but your eyes, they were glowing red, the veins in your arm too."

"Ha, that's impossible." She answered just a bit too quickly.

"I know what I saw." My eyes narrowed. We held each others stare, both refusing to give in.

She broke first, looking down at the ground and playing with her blanket. "I'm sorry I woke you."

"Dont be. But can I ask why you felt the need to barricade the door and window? Do you not feel safe with me?" It hurt even asking the question.

"It's not you, it-"

"Its me? Right?" I rolled my eyes, the hurt stabbing this way deeper into me.

"Edward.." She huffed "Its not that. You wouldn't understand..."

"Then what is it? You wont tell me anything! How can I understand if I don't know?!"

"Fine! You want to know?! I'm being hunted. It's been over six years since they started coming after me and they won't stop until they have me. The last time I was even remotely close with someone, their life was put in danger. I wont let that happen again." Tears were freely falling from her now puffy eyes. "So yeah, I'm paranoid that they'll find me while I'm here, I know that this wont stop them." She pointed to the barricades. "But it gives me just an extra second to get away if they find me and that helps me sleep better at night."

I sat in stunned silence, unsure of what to say next that wouldn't make matters worse.

"Do you know who is hunting you down?"

"Not really. There is only one person I know of, the rest were all surprises. Brandon was his name." Her hand absentmindedly rested on her marking. "He said he was part of a pack called Blood Crest...Alpha Victor."

"Why are they hunting you?" I asked.

Goddess, when I found these people they would pray for something as merciful as death.

"Because...because I am a hybrid. Or at least I think that's why. They never formally said, but I found some papers I shouldn't have and I think it's safe to assume that would be the reason why."

"My mate is a hybrid? That's pretty cool." I said, trying to lighten the mood. "I knew I saw red." I smirked.

She let out an exasperated sigh, her shoulders visibly relaxing. Good. That's a start.

"As much as I would like to solve all your problems, it's just past 3am and I don't think we will be very productive at this hour. Why don't you head back to bed? I'll sleep on the floor in here. If anyone tries anything, they'll have to go through me first."

"You would really do that?" She asked, perplexed.

"Of course. Now let's get you to bed." I said, lifting her off the floor bridal style.

Our eyes met, her gaze was filled with unadulterated desire, her irises pitch black, undoubtedly mirroring my own. Her lips were parted, and oh so inviting. I couldn't help myself, I wanted to taste her. I craned my neck towards her, my lips meeting hers. She let out the cutest gasp that went straight to my d\*\*k, but she didn't stop me. I started slowly, kissing her soft, plump, bottom lip first. She returned my advances, sparks flowing between us. I dared to try my luck, and gently nipped at her bottom lip before biting down and running my teeth over her soft flesh. Sierra let out the most heavenly moan, and I seized the moment, filling her mouth with my oh-so curious tongue. I walked us to her bed and sat her down on the edge, refusing to break our kiss. Instead, I ran my hands through her silky brown hair and beckoned her closer. She willfully obeyed, placing her hands on my arms, gently rubbing her fingers across my skin. Her tongue tentatively started to dance with mine. If I didn't know any better, it was as if she had never kissed someone like this before. Impossible, she was a wolf and in her twenties. She must just be shy. Our tongues explored each others mouths, savoring every movement, every moment. I let my hands slide down her head and neck, resting on her shoulder. Sierra flinched when I reached her marking spot. I tried to let it not bother me, but it did.

"I'm sorry." She apologized, placing her hand over mine that rested on her mark. "This wasn't given by choice."

Goddess, what has she been through?



"Don't be." I kissed her forehead, taking one last deep breath of her scent before stepping away from her. "Let's get some sleep. We can talk more in the morning." I said, dropping to the floor and fixing the blanket on the ground.

"Edward?"

"Yeah?" I answered, trying to get comfortable on the floor.

"Would you sleep up here with me?" Her eyes peeked down at me from the bed.

"You want me to sleep with you-next to you?" I corrected myself. "Are you sure?"

"I'm positive." She gave a small smile.

"Okay." My wolf howled in joy at her invitation. Hell, so did I.

I climbed up into bed next to Sierra, careful not to get too close. But to my astonishment, she wiggled herself closer to me, planting herself under my arm, nestling into my side.

"Is this okay?" She asked.

"Perfect." I kissed the top of her head and not a minute later I could hear her breathing even out, telling me she was fast asleep.

The more I spoke with Sierra, the more she let me in, the more I fell for her. I realized this wasn't a trap or some sick twist of fate. This might just be meant to be. Maybe the moon Goddess made her my mate because I would be able to help her, maybe to redeem myself on some level for letting Hope down. But could I protect her? I still didn't know who killed Hope and Sierra had her own parade of monsters after her. And more importantly, would Sierra feel the same way? Would she even want me when she found out about my demons?

## Chapter 19

### Sierra

I woke up wrapped up in Edwards' embrace, our limbs tangled together. His scent was overwhelming in the best way possible. I took a deep breath trying to commit his pine and fresh rainfall scent to memory. Moving slowly so I wouldn't wake Edward, I untangled myself from him and made my way to the kitchen to see what I could whip up for breakfast. Almost immediately, I wanted to crawl back into bed with my mate, missing him already. Undoubtedly, the mate bond working its magic.

I perused through the kitchen, deciding on blueberry pancakes, bacon, and eggs for breakfast. I pulled out all the ingredients and threw them all together. I was just finishing pouring the batter for the last batch of pancakes when I heard Edward coming down the steps. He was shirtless and wearing a pair of sweatpants that hung low on his waist, showing off his perfectly carved adonis belt.

"Good morning." I said just a bit too cheery. I couldn't help it, this was the happiest I had been in a while. I went to bed feeling safe. That hadn't happened in years. I had someone to talk to, someone who actually wanted to talk to me and didn't seem to be scared too easily. Not to mention he was drop dead gorgeous.

"Good morning." Edward echoed back, but in a much sleepier tone. He yawned then stretched his arms out, giving me a wonderful little show. His toned muscles flexed with every slight movement.

"Goddess, I wouldn't mind seeing that every day." My wolf drooled.

"Me too. Seeing him workout...undress...shower...fuc-" I stopped my thoughts immediately, surprised at the horniness that seemed to have taken over me.

The kiss we shared last night was out of this world. I never imagined something so simple as a kiss could feel so good, or that it could turn me on as much as it did. I was trying very hard to keep my legs together so he wouldn't smell my arousal. I don't know how well that worked but he didn't mention it, thank Goddess.

"I hope you are hungry, I'm making a big breakfast." I said as he went over to the coffee pot and poured us both a cup.

"Starving, but you didn't have to go through all the trouble." He took the coffee cups to the center island.

"No trouble at all, I enjoy it." I said, flipping the pancakes over.

"How do you take it?" He asked.

"Fast and hard." Sienna purred.

"Take what?" I ignored her and looked to see Edward stirring cream and sugar into his coffee. "Oh. I don't know, I've never actually had it."

"You're kidding? And yet you clearly know how to make a strong pot of it." He said after taking a few sips. "Here, try it black first." He slid the cup across the island.

I took a small sip, scrunching my face up after tasting the bitter flavor.

"I thought so." He laughed. "Try mine." He slid his cup over to me.

I took a sip and enjoyed it much more. "Mmm" I hummed in appreciation. Was it because of the cream and sugar or was it because it was his?

"I'm not sure but I'd let him flip my pancakes any day. He can load me up with his syrup." My wolf snickered.

My mind flashed a few not-so innocent ideas through my head. I wonder what it would be like to have him f\*\*k me against the counter. Or on top of it. Licking syrup off my bare...Goddess! My imagination was running wild today.

"I wonder what it would be like to fuck." Sienna retorted, not helping the situation at all.

"Everything okay?" Edward asked me.

"Yeah, why?" I played innocent like I wasn't just thinking of jumping his bones.

He stood from his spot and took back his coffee cup from me, taking a large gulp before answering. "Your eyes are pitch black. And I can smell you from across the kitchen." He handed me his cup back and gave a sly wink. "Would you like to share with the class what you were just thinking of?"

My face heated, turning the brightest shade of red. "...um...Shit!" I yelled. In my daydreaming I accidentally threw down my hand towel onto the edge of the frying pan, starting a fire. The smoke alarms went off, furthering my embarrassment.

Edward was as calm as a cucumber, he quickly and carefully picked up the towel from the non-lit end and threw it into the sink before flooding it with water.

"Goddess, I'm such an i\*\*\*t! Edward, I'm so sorry, it'll never happen again!" I frantically apologized. Luna Tammy would have easily given me four marks for that. He opened the back door, letting the summer breeze flow through the kitchen, silencing the smoke alarms.

"It was an accident, don't be sorry." He said, stalking towards me until he was in my personal space. "But you never answered my question, what were you just thinking about?" You could barely fit a piece of paper between the two of us. The s\*\*\*\*I tension was pliable in the room.

"You know I can't keep you." I breathed out.

"That's not what I asked." His now black eyes searched mine, his thumb tracing over my bottom lip.

"Knock knock!" A voice came from the back door, breaking the tension. I scooted away from his reach and turned to see who was at the door. "Sorry, I'm not interrupting anything am I? I can go, pretend I was never here." She said, turning to leave.

"Its fine, come in." Edward waved her in, his composure immaculate.

"Nurse Ella?" I asked.

"Just Ella. Its nice to see you again." She waved hello. She was a shorter lycan with a runner's body and light brown hair, similar to my own. Her eyes were a beautiful hazel color. "Jackson, are you coming?" She yelled from the door.

A moment later, Beta Jackson came waltzing in with an armful of bags. He mirrored his brother with the same dark brown hair, emerald green eyes and slightly tanned skin tone. Almost like they were twins. But Edward was taller and more built than Jackson, which was surprising, given that Jackson was a Beta and Edward was of a lower rank.

"Where do you want these?" Jackson asked.

"Master bedroom please," Edward said without missing a beat.

"What are those?" I asked as Jackson walked by.

"Edward told us you needed some extra clothes, so I hope you don't mind, but I went out and grabbed you a few things. Once your leg is healed, we can go out together, but in the meantime those should hold you over." She smiled.

"Oh you really didn't have to do that, I don't have much money, but I promise I'll pay you back once I find a job."

"Oh Goddess no! Please consider it a gift." Ella reassured me.

"Anyone who is willing to put up with this bastard deserves it." Jackson added, giving his brother a punch to the shoulder.

Edward had an unamused look on his face. "Sierra, I don't think you've been properly introduced, this is my brother Jackson and his mate Ella."

"We've met, nice to see you again." I gave a curt nod.

"So when are you moving to the palace?" Jackson asked, looking between Edward and I.

"Excuse me?"

Edward, Jackson, and Ella all exchanged glances, more than likely linking one another.

"The King wants me to live in the palace full time since I'm one of his top warriors, but I told him I'm not ready to go yet." Edward said.

"We just assumed because you were his mate you would be going with him." Ella added uncomfortably.

"Oh," was all I could muster. A new, more uncomfortable tension filled the room. I made it very clear to Edward that I planned on rejecting him, but it seems he didn't relay the message to anyone else. Ella was there when I almost rejected him, but since I'm living in his home she is certainly under another impression.

"Well, we had better go. It was nice seeing you again." Jackson said, pulling Ella along with him.

"Goodbye!" Ella said from outside, the door slamming behind her.

My head immediately snapped to Edward who was already staring at me.

"What was that?" I tried not to snap.

"I never told them we were together, they just assumed. I'm sorry I didn't tell you, I asked Ella last night to pick up some clothes for you so you wouldn't have to borrow Abby's, so you would have something of your own." Edward said, coming over to me. "Though you can still borrow mine any time."

"Stop that." I practically yelled.

"Stop what?"

"Stop making me feel things." I huffed in annoyance.

Edward carefully pulled me into a hug and gave a small laugh. "Back at ya Babe. Now, let's eat breakfast before its completely ice cold."

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Edward left shortly after breakfast, saying he had some errands to run but would be back later. Thank Goddess. I needed a break from all the s\*\*\*\*l tension. I decided to check out the plethora of clothes Ella and Jackson had brought over. Ella spared no expense, and didn't miss a single article of clothing. I was only through half of it and was convinced that it was more clothes than I had owned in my entire life. There were jeans, shorts, capris, leggings, sweatpants, sweaters, long-sleeve shirts, short sleeve shirts, tank tops, a few jackets, a variety of swim suites, sneakers, boots, flats, heels, oh my Goddess!

I had three bags left to go through. I opened the first to find a bag full of accessories; sunglasses, purses, jewelry, scarfs, you name it. The next was filled with personal care items; shampoo, conditioner, body wash, hairspray, curling iron, blow dryer, makeup, deodorant, razor, mirror, nail clippers and nail polish, and what was this last box? Lubricant? What the hell? I threw it down and went to the last bag. To my horror, it was nothing but undergarments and lingerie. Some of the pieces looked functional, others were made of nothing but lace and were missing the crotch. A sickening feeling fell in the pit of my stomach. I grabbed the less revealing items and threw the rest in the back of the closet on the floor.

Deciding I needed some fresh air, I haphazardly put everything else away, minus a pair of black jean shorts, a short-sleeved blush-colored shirt, matching light blue bra and panty set and one gray sneaker. I reluctantly took off Edwards clothes, shoving them under my pillow with the intention of wearing them to bed again tonight. I brushed my hair and put it into a sloppy but cute low bun. I remembered Ella had given me a small compact mirror amongst all of the stuff and pocketed that on my way out as well.

Making my way outside, I locked the back door and took in the beautiful view before me. There were pine trees to my left leading into the forest, the sparkling lake in front of me with a massive mountain in the far distance. To my right was a dirt road that eventually led back to the suburbs and city. If I had to guess, I was as alone as I could be while still living in the Kingdoms packland. Thank Goddess.

I carefully went down the steps, deciding to head towards the forest. It was surely a good thing I was alone, nothing screams suspicion like a girl with a broken leg on crutches bee-lining it for the forest. Adaline's words kept ringing in my head. I needed to practice and prepare. I truthfully wanted to explore what my witch heritage had to offer, but with a warning like that, want turned to need.

I stopped a few yards into the forest when I found a log to sit on. Placing the compact mirror on the edge of the log, I began to practice going invisible. It took a few tries, but I did manage to disappear before my very own eyes. I stayed like that for a few minutes before I couldn't hold it any longer. Just as before, I began to fall to the ground, this time with no one to catch me. I hit the unforgiving ground with a thud, taking most of the fall to my head. At least it wasn't my bad leg, I suppose.

Shimming my body around, I used a nearby tree to help get myself up and to my crutches, deciding that was enough for one day. I would definitely need to work on that.

"Hello dear." A familiar voice spoke.

I turned to see the same gorgeous woman dressed in all white, "Adaline! You're here! How did you find me?"

"I told you I would find you. You need more practice." She said, moving around me, judging me, while practically gliding across the forest floor.

"I know, this is the first chance I had to get away." My shoulder slumped feeling defeated.

"Make more time. And fix that leg of yours, its only slowing you down." She nudged the bottom of my cast with her foot.

"Fix it? Adaline, it takes time, I should be out of it in a few weeks."

"Not for a healer it doesnt." She sat on the log, crossing one leg over the other and adjusting her dress.

"Wait...I can heal myself? Im a healer?!"

"You can if you learn how to. Here, take this, keep it safe, keep it hidden. Its very old, very powerful." She handed me a worn book. It was a few inches thick and was covered in dust. "Practice, practice, practice. I cannot stress that enough. Never stop."

"Thank you." I said, looking over the book. It looked to have gemstones fixed to the cover.

"I will see you again soon. Good day." Adaline said before shimmering off once again.

Thankfully, this time I wasn't beaten nearly to death afterwards. I punched in the code to the house, entering in as quietly as I could just in case Edward was home. I felt like a teenager sneaking into the house after curfew.



"Sierra?! Sierra!" Edwards frantically called my name, quick steps following. s\*\*t.

I quickly stuck the book in the back of the nearest cupboard I could get to, hiding it behind a cookie sheet.

"Im down here!" I called back, putting him out of his misery.

His footsteps changed course, tromping their way back downstairs.

"Goddess, there you are. I was worried! What happened to you?! Are you okay?" His expression went from relieved to concerned in mere seconds as he took in my appearance.

"Im fine, I just went for a walk." I wasn't completely lying.

"Fight a tree while you were out there?" He asked, pulling a twig out of my hair. "s\*\*t you're bleeding too, hang on." He went to the sink and grabbed a paper towel, wetting it slightly before putting it on my forehead. How did I miss that? I guess that is why Adaline was staring at me so oddly.

"I fell, but I'm fine really. Just a scratch." I said, trying to smooth things over.

"Goddess, I-I thought something happened to you. I thought I lost you." He pulled me in close to him.

I savored the moment, but only for a moment. If what Adaline said was true, danger was surly in my future. I couldn't, no wouldn't, bring Edward into my mess. No matter how much I wanted him. I pulled away from him feeling guilty already.

"I think I'm going to go lie down, the walk kinda took it out of me." Half truth.

"Just tell him." Sienna pushed.

"I'm not going to get him involved."

"Are you sure you're okay?" He asked again.

"Fine, I think I'll just go have a bath and a nap. I'll see you for dinner." I grabbed a garbage bag for my cast, avoiding his gaze.

"Okay...see you later then."

I gave him a quick smile before heading upstairs. I will retrieve the book later, when I'm not being watched under a microscope.

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## Chapter 20

### Edward

I nearly s\*\*t myself when I came home to an empty house, Sierra no where to be found. No note, no nothing. I was convinced something awful had happened to her, just like it did to Hope. I was relieved to hear her voice when she finally came in. What concerned me was how terrible she looked. I mean she was always beautiful but she came walking in with twigs and leaves in her hair, a gash on her forehead, dirt on her cast, and looked pale and worn out. Very different from how I left her.

I let out a sigh and went to retrieve my things that I had practically thrown down upon entry. I bought Sierra a phone and had it programmed with GPS tracking for extra peace of mind. When I tried to link her today, I never got an answer, so she was either ignoring me or she had a weak wolf, and therefore, couldn't link as far. I personally could reach anyone in my kingdom, and was sure I didn't do anything to piss her off, so I'm guessing it was the latter and not the former.

I flopped down on the couch, rubbing my hands over my face in exasperation. I spent most of the morning going through my father's old records, but unfortunately, he wasn't the most organized with his paperwork. After spending way more time searching than I had planned on, I put a hold on my search and got caught up on my own paperwork. Thankfully, Jackson took care of most of it but there were certain things that needed my attention. Alpha Carson from the Western Kingdom had sent me another proposition to join our two kingdoms together, offering his daughter Kelly as compensation. While I didn't dislike Alpha Carson, I didn't always agree with how he ran his Kingdom. Not to mention I wasn't looking for a mate, an underaged mate at that. The poor girl was barely a teenager and hadn't even shifted yet and he was trying to barter with her life. It was shocking how far behind some of the kings still were. The council too. I personally didn't foresee any major altercations occurring that he couldn't handle himself, so I declined once again.

There were four kingdoms; the Northern, Eastern, Southern, and Western. Alpha Jesse ran the Eastern kingdom. We only met once when I first came into rule. Nice Alpha, he kept to himself, which I appreciated. The Southern King, Alpha Bruno, was a ruthless, blood-thirsty son-of-a-bitch. I only dealt with his aftermath. Many wolves came to me asking for asylum, which I granted for the most part. Alpha Caron from the Western kingdom was nice, but a bit too pushy for me. Understandable, since his kingdom was the weakest of the four.

I heard a brief bang that caught my attention but dismissed it when nothing followed. A bird must have hit the house again, not uncommon around here, especially with all the glass. I got up from the couch and made my way to the kitchen to grab a drink. Opening the refrigerator, I found a bottle of water and downed it. Guess I was thirsty.

"Edward!"

"Mate needs us." Edmund said.

Sierra calling for me? That's new. I shut the refrigerator and made my way upstairs, following the sound of running water. The master bedroom door was cracked open already, so I waltzed in going straight to the bathroom. I knocked twice before announcing myself.

"Sierra did you call me?" I stood leaning casually against the door.

"Yeah." She huffed. "I fell in the shower."

"Are you hurt?"

"I think I dislocated my shoulder. I can't get up." She sighed.

"I'm coming in." My tone was commanding as I tried the door and found it locked. But that didn't stop me. I took a few steps back before kicking the door open.

"Don't look!" Sierra yelled. Goddess, the steam from the hot water mixed with what I assume to be her arousal created an intoxicating scent that had my head spinning.

I put my hand over my eyes to reassure her that I wasn't looking. But boy did I want to. Blindly, I felt around for a towel.

"Can you turn off the water?" I asked in my search.

"No, I tried." She sighed.

Finally, my free hand landed on a soft fluffy towel. I shuffled to the shower and blindly felt for the faucet to turn off the water. "Here, take this." I tossed the towel in her direction. It landed on her with a thud. Goddess what I wouldn't give to be that towel right now.

"Okay, you can look." Sierra said after covering herself.

Sierra's face was a bright red, filled with embarrassment. She was soaking wet, her hair matted to the sides of her face. She was holding her right shoulder, it definitely looked dislocated. The towel was haphazardly draped over her, dangerously close to showing off her birthday suit. Her broken leg was in front of her but the other was twisted around. What a pickle she gotten into.

"I'm going to lift you, hang on." Before she could protest, I scooped her up in my arms bridal style and took her back out to our room, placing her gently on the bed.

"Thank you." She said softly, still holding her shoulder.

"Here, let me see." I reached for her.

"Can I put on some clothes first?" Sierra pulled away, her voice wavering.

"Sure, where?" I asked, going to her dresser.

"Top drawer on the left and bottom drawer."

Opening to top drawer first, my eyes nearly popped out of my head at the sight of her panties. My d\*\*k was already hard from the scent of her in the bathroom, not to mention picking up her bare wet body. Now I'm picking out a pair of her intimate apparel. The goddess was testing me today. I picked out the first pair my hand landed on and moved to the bottom drawer and, to my pleasant surprise, the only things in the drawer were my t-shirt and sweatpants I had given her. I grabbed them and made my way back over to my naked mate.

"Here ya go." I said, handing her the clothing, then turned around to give her privacy.

"Thank you." She said. I could hear her dressing behind me. It took a bit longer than expected, but she was down two limbs at the moment. "Okay, you can look." I turned back around and this time she didn't stop me when I went to look at her shoulder. She managed to get her panties and sweatpants on but she only slipped her shirt over her head to cover her front. It was still a bit strange to me, meeting a werewolf who was self-conscious about being naked in front of people, especially their mate. I think just about everyone sees at least a handful of naked people every day. Werepeople are constantly letting their wolves out. If they don't, it could make them sick. s\*\*t, I never even thought of that. Hopefully, Sierra's leg will heal soon so she can let her wolf out before it goes crazy.

"Definitely dislocated." I said as I looked over her arm, deciding the best way to set it. That was one of my few party tricks, knowing how to set someone's joint back into its socket. I had to do it a number of times during training. I pushed my warriors almost to the breaking point and sometimes sprains or dislocations happened because of that. I don't regret pushing them that hard either, its what makes us the strongest.

Sierra winced as I made small movements with her arm. "Whats that over there?" I flicked my head across the room.

"What?" She asked.

The moment she turned her head, I set her shoulder back in place, a sickening crack filled the room.

"Aah!" She exclaimed. She cautiously moved her shoulder, testing it. "You fixed it." She perked up.

"You seem surprised." I smiled.

"Its unexpected is all. Thank you."

"It'll be sore for a day or two, but your wolf healing should take care of it. Don't do any heavy lifting."

"I wont." She tucked a few strands of wet hair behind her ear.

"What were you doing anyway that caused you to fall?"

"Oh...I-I uh..." She cleared her throat.

"You what?" I pressed further, having a good idea of what her answer was from the smell of her arousal in the bathroom as well as the crimson red shade her cheeks were turning to.

"I was just daydreaming is all." She evaded my question.

"What about?" I continued to push. My fingers found her kneecap and started tracing random patterns across it.

Her big beautiful eyes met mine, something dark swirling within them, slowly changing them from blue to black. Was my mate lusting for me? Testing her limits, I leaned forward, my lips a whisper away from hers, "Tell me." I breathed into her.

She hesitantly shook her head no.

"Please," I planted a small kiss on her plump pink lips, "Tell me" My lips found her neck next, earning me a stifled moan. Lets see how far she'll let me go.

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Sierra

Edwards' gentile kiss on my lips and neck felt like electricity, bringing something deep inside me to life. His lips gave me a comfort I never knew before, as well as a hunger, but not for food. The charged electric feeling was still there, but something was different about the way he was kissing me now. Boldness taking over, I pulled his face back to me and returned his kiss. Goddess did he taste good. His hand moved to cup the side of my face, beckoning me to come closer. I obliged, shortening the distance between us. His tongue licked my lips, seeking entrance to my mouth, which I hesitantly granted him access. His tongue began its welcome intrusion into my mouth, exploring every inch of me. I let out a small whimper, our kiss getting me worked up in a delicious primal way. My tongue met his, dancing with his slow, purposeful movements.

"Tell me when to stop." He linked me, catching me by surprise. Goddess could he be any more perfect?

Edward continued our kiss, coaxing me backwards to lay back on the bed. He climbed on top of me, his body just barely pressing against mine. He was extra careful not to put any pressure on my left leg where the cast was. "Is this okay?" He linked me again.

"Yes" I linked back, slowly reaching my hands up to grasp his face. His short beard tickled my hands. I felt his fingertips playing with the hem of my shirt before slipping underneath the soft fabric. His hand moved up my body, sending a delicious chill up my spine before stopping at his goal, my chest. His thumb made small circles over my n\*\*\*\*s, making them stand at attention. I could feel the heat pooling painfully between my legs, my core clenching, begging for some attention of its own.

Edward broke our kiss, looking down at me with hooded eyes, matching my own without a doubt. He sat up and lifted the hem of my shirt up and over my breasts, never breaking eye contact with me. He left my shirt around my shoulders and neck, and without hesitation, he dropped back down, his mouth landing on one of my exposed n\*\*\*\*s this time. He began gently licking and sucking my overly sensitive flesh while his free hand massaged and pinched my other needy mound.

I writhed beneath him, desperate to close my legs together. Edward unlatched from my breast and blew cold air on my wet skin, making my core clench even more. I let out a strained moan that was almost a hiss when he switched sides, continuing his tortuous assault on my body. I felt my hips starting to grind against him, a smirk playing on Edwards' lips. He kissed a hot trail down my body, stopping just below my navel. Our eyes met and he slowly ran his fingers along my waistband.

"Pants stay on." I said, practically gasping for air, my excitement getting the better of me.

"Pants stay on." He nodded in understanding.

He hovered over me again, his mouth finding my neck this time. "How about this?" He softly asked, slipping one of his hands under my shorts, but above my underwear. My hips bucked in response, begging for more.

"Yes!" I exclaimed.

"And what about now?" He slipped his hand into my panties, brushing over my weeping bud.

I hesitated for a moment before nodding yes. I think if I told him no, my body would self-destruct or my wolf might find the will to shift just so she could kill me. My skin was on fire, demanding relief. He planted a hot kiss on my lips before returning to my neck. One of his hands began playing with my breast again while the other slowly massaged my wet folds. I could feel his fingers gently poking around my entrance but not entering me. I let out a soft growl in irritation, earning me a laugh from Edward. His hand moved, his thumb finding my clit and massaging small circles over it. He stopped all movements, meeting my hooded eyes with his.

"I wanna watch you." His husky voice turned me on even more. His finger found my entrance and slowly pushed its way in.

"Aaaah" My body tensed for a moment before relaxing from the foreign sensation.



"Goddess you are so tight." His finger screwed in and out of me, slow but determined, making something build inside of me. His thumb returned to my clit, his free hand to my n\*\*\*\*s, effectively making me an incoherent mess squirming beneath him.

"Dont stop" I begged. He pushed another digit into me and quickened his pace. I let out a breathy moan, and my body began tensing up, ready to explode in pure euphoria.

"Let go baby." He commanded, his fingers curling within me.

As if on cue, I felt myself shatter beneath him, my body trembling through my orgasm. Edward slowed his pace as I came down from my high before slowly withdrawing his fingers from inside me. He took his fingers to his mouth and sucked my juices off of himself. "So sweet." He moaned in appreciation.

I laid on the bed panting, a thin layer of sweat on my skin. I began to worry if I should repay him. The mate bond made me want to repay him and more, but I never did anything like that. The thought of it was daunting. What if I wasn't good at pleasing him? What if he laughed at me for my inexperience? I'm sure he has been with other women. That thought bothered me. I shouldn't even be thinking this way. I don't plan on staying here longer than I need to. I told myself I wouldn't get attached.

"He IS our mate..." Sienna chimed in. She felt just as satisfied as I did at the moment, ready and willing to return the favor.

"What are you getting at?"

"If you are still set on rejecting him, why not have a little fun first?"

"Sienna!"

"Why waste an opportunity? It's not like you plan on cashing in your V card to anyone else. You might as well enjoy him while we are here." She purred in my head.

The idea was enticing, especially after the demonstration I just received. But what would he even think of me about it? 'Hey Edward, I still plan on rejecting you, but do ya mind being my boy-toy until

I'm ready to leave?' Yeah that's really smooth. I'm sure he won't feel like a piece of meat at all. My internal debate was cut short by Edward suggesting we go to bed. I agreed immediately, a certain awkwardness falling over us as we got ready for bed.

"Do you want me to sleep here again tonight?" He asked carefully.

"Yes, if it's not too much trouble," I answered awkwardly.

He gave me a small smile. "You got it."

We climbed into bed, both careful not to invade the other person's space. Goddess, I felt like s\*\*t. I completely ruined the moment we were having.

"Goodnight Sierra." He said.

"Goodnight Edward."

## Chapter 21

### Edward

Last night was one of the highlights of my life. Sierra, let me please her. Unfortunately, almost immediately after, I could feel anxiety radiating out of her through our bond. Did she regret letting me touch her? I hoped not but her feelings said otherwise. I hardly slept, bothered by the thought, wondering if I pushed her too far. It was early morning when I decided my plan to hopefully get back on Sierra's good side. I went to the garden and picked a daisy, then left Sierra a note with the flower on my pillow so she would see it when she woke.

Good morning beautiful,

Didn't want to wake you, I had to go take care of some business this morning. I hope your shoulder is feeling better. Last night was amazing. I hope you enjoyed it too. I left you a gift. It has coordinates on it. Meet me there at 6pm.

Until then, Edward

I didn't want to scare her off, so I hoped the mystery of it would entice her. I left her new phone in a box with my number in the contacts. I sent her a message this morning with the coordinates, figuring if she lived off the land for as long as I think she has, she might be used to coordinates over a phone GPS. This would hopefully encourage her to learn how to use the device.

Onto my next order of business, Ella. I decided to call her on my way to the palace, figuring it would be easier than texting and more serious than just linking. She answered on the second ring, bright and cheery like she always seemed to be.

"Edward! To what do I owe the pleasure?" She said in a sing-song voice.

"Good morning Ella, I hope I'm not keeping you. I just wanted to ask a favor if you weren't too busy."

"Anything brother-in-law, what is it?"

"Well...its about Sierra...I was hoping you could stop by this afternoon and talk to her, check and see if she is okay?"

"What did the f\*\*k boy do now?" Jackson called from the background. Ella angrily shushed him and, from the sounds of it, moved to another room.

"Sorry about that. I'd be happy to see her. Is there any reason in particular why?"

"Um, well." I sighed. "She was acting funny yesterday for one, and we also may have gotten a little intimate and I'm afraid she is having regrets."

"I see. I'll head over and have some girl talk with her, no worries."

"Thanks Ella, you're the best."

"Anytime."

"Oh, and tell Jackson to meet me in my office in an hour. I have a mission for us."

"Will do, talk to you later."

We ended the call, a slight weight off my shoulder. I headed inside the palace, stopping in the kitchen first to grab breakfast from Anita. Jackson came downstairs and sat next to me as I was finishing my plate, having the same idea apparently.

"So what's this mission?" He asked between sips of coffee.

"Not here." I shut the conversation down. I flicked my head in the direction of the stairs, grabbing my plate and placing it in the sink along with my now empty coffee mug. Jackson finished his breakfast in two bites and was trailing behind me a moment later.

I unlocked my office door, which was once our father's office, and flicked on the light. Jackson flopped down on the couch I had on the other side of the room, putting his feet up on the coffee table in front of it, while I took a seat at my desk.

"So what's our mission? And why were you calling so early? I was about to get lucky until you called." He said while staring into his phone, probably about to play a game.

I rolled my eyes, grabbing my keys and unlocking my desk, only to grab another key hidden inside the drawer. "I need your help looking for something." I stood to my feet and walked to the large family mural that had been painted of my parents, siblings and I when we were just children. On the side of the painting was a keyhole. I inserted the key, the painting opening like a door revealing a vault.

"Dad's records, huh? This must be serious if you are letting me in there." Jackson stood from the couch and waited for me to open the door.

"Its very important actually." I said as I entered the four digit code on the keypad in front of me, followed by a fingerprint scanner and eye scanner. The door finally opened and Jackson and I walked into the mess that was once my father's. From floor to ceiling there were stacks of papers in the ten by ten room. I already knew there was no organization to the madness, dampening my mood significantly.

Jackson made a whistling noise, equally stunned by the mess. "Please tell me you don't need anything in here." He said.

"This stays between us, understand?"

"Of course," he said, walking further into the room.

"Sierra's pack was attacked under our father's rule. William couldn't find any information on it so he suggested I check in here. Im also looking for anything mentioning an underground terrorist group hunting down hybrids."

"Shit."

"Grab a pile."

We started our search, reading through every single report, front to back. There were quite a few concerning matters that I would need to follow up on, but Sierra took priority. If I was going to stand a chance with her, I needed to keep her safe, something I didn't have the best track record with. It was the only way I could convince her that our fated bond was worth fighting for. Only then would I drop the bombshell that she would be the Luna and Queen. The runaway hermit living under a rock

would now be responsible for thousands of lives, every decision having some sort of effect on the kingdom, whether good or bad. Not to mention the expectation that she was to produce the next heir.

We never spoke of children, so I had no idea if she even wanted them. I definitely wanted children, the more the merrier. Hope and I were going to start trying during her next heat but she passed before we had the chance. A she wolf could only get pregnant when she was in heat, which typically happened twice a year during the summer and winter solstice. We had just passed the summer solstice, so Sierra and I had plenty of time before that conversation needed to happen. I hoped that by then we would have some sort of relationship, on the condition that I find out who is trying to kill her and stop them.

"Bro, this is torture." Jackson complained, only a few pages in.

"Don't worry, we only have seven and a half hours left before I call it quits for today." I said deadpan.

This was going to be a very long day.

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Sierra

I woke up to find a mysterious note on Edwards' pillow, along with a daisy and a gift box. I sat up and re-read the note while staring at the phone in front of me. I never had a smart phone before, though I have seen people use them in Alpha Carl's pack. After a few pitiful attempts, I decided to put the phone down and come back to it in a little while.

Leaving my warm sanctuary, I got out of bed and headed to the bathroom. I didn't sleep especially well last night, evident from the bags underneath my eyes. I brushed my teeth and then my hair, pulling it back into a ponytail. Making my way to the closet, I picked out a simple outfit; jean shorts and a black t-shirt. Careful of my arm and leg, Goddess what a mess I was, I dressed and headed downstairs to make myself something to eat.

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After eating and bumming around the house for a bit, I decided to pull out the spell book that Adaline gave me. She said I needed to practice and that what I planned on doing. I also needed to

find a better hiding place for it. Placing it in a reusable grocery bag I found in the garage, I made my way back into the forest where I had been practicing yesterday. There was a small clearing just past it so I took the extra ten minute walk to have more room.

Carefully, I lowered myself onto the ground and laid the book down in front of me. Now that I was alone, I had time to appreciate its beauty. The book was covered in a layer of dust but beneath the dander I found a stunning gold cover, filled with a variety of crystals and gemstones pressed into the outer layer. I opened the book, flipping page by page, trying to make sense of what I was looking at. Everything was written in a language I didn't recognize. In the middle of the book I found a stray piece of paper. It was crisp and clean looking, unlike the attached pages. I unfolded it, and to my delight it was a decoder. Each symbol I found had a matching letter or word associated with it, probably made by Adaline. It took a little time, but I eventually found the healing spell that Adaline had told me about.

I took my pocket knife that I always carried with me and cut the palm of my hand. Following its exact instructions, I recited the old incantation, placing my left hand over my right. I felt a warmth run through me, and when I removed my undamaged hand, my palm was completely healed.

"Well, that's handy," I said to no one.

My leg was next in line, and just like my hand, I felt a warmth run through my leg. I could only assume that it was healed since I still had my cast on. I would have to wait another week or two before I had it removed so I wouldn't raise suspicion. After looking up a few other spells just for fun, I gathered my belongings and headed back to the lake house. I had been gone long enough. I hid the book in the closet under the lingerie, figuring that if Edward ever found the pile he would stop when he found the intimate items.

"Hello? Anyone home?" A chippy voice came from downstairs. Was that Ella? Grabbing my now useless crutches, I made my way downstairs.

"Ella?" I asked as I went down the stairs. Her face came into view a moment later, confirming my suspicions.

"It's me!" She said happily. "Edward said you would be alone today and I figured I'd stop by and say hi."

"Oh how nice." My smile didn't quite meet my eyes, which I'm sure she picked up on from the way her own smile dropped for a split second. It wasn't that I didn't like Ella, I just didn't like getting close

to people. I had so many people let me down or try to kill me or were put in danger because of me, it just wasn't worth it anymore. Edward was a slight exception, but even I knew I was pushing it too far.

"I brought lunch." She pulled out some delicious smelling food containers out of a paper bag. "I thought we could eat together?"

"Goddess that smells so good." I drooled, making my way to the kitchen island and taking a seat at one of the barstools. "You didn't have to." I added.

"I wanted to." She smiled.

Twenty minutes later, we were stuffed to the brim with Chinese food, something I had never had before. We made light conversation during our meal, nothing too serious or personal, which I was thankful for.

"So what's the deal with you and Edward?" She said nonchalantly before taking a sip of her drink.

There it is.

"He sent you here, didn't he?" I asked bluntly.

She shrugged her shoulders before putting down her water and answering "Honestly, he did. Though I wanted to come and spend some time with you anyway, so it wasn't a chore."

"Ugh" I scoffed. "I mean him, not you."

"Girl talk, come on." She waived her hand, beckoning me to come to the couch with her. She set her water down on the coffee table and went back to the refrigerator. Coming back with two fancy glasses and a bottle of wine, she poured us both a glass. "Liquid courage. Helps loosen the lips." She winked.

I tentatively took a long sip, the burgundy colored liquid burning as it went down my throat, leaving a warm fuzzy feeling behind. It reminded me of when the stranger at the bar bought me a drink all those years ago. I dismissed the thought and took two big gulps, hoping this liquid courage would kick in soon.



"So what happened?" Ella pushed.

"I don't know what he's told you," I started.

"It doesn't matter, I want to hear your side. I'm Switzerland, I'm neutral territory." She interjected. "I know you tried to reject him at the hospital, and now you are living here with him. And I know something happened last night, something that caused Edward to ask me to check on you."

I swirled my drink around in my glass, mulling over what Ella had said before deciding to just let loose.

"f\*\*k it." I downed my glass and began pouring out my soul to Ella while she sat and listened. I didn't leave out any details. I figured if she was the Beta's mate, she was trustworthy. I doubt the King would let Jackson be his beta if he didn't also trust his mate, plus, Ella did seem genuine and I needed someone to talk to. It had been way too long since I opened up to anyone. I felt like a bottle of pop that had just been shaken and was ready to burst. I filled her in up until I left the hospital, feeling a bit shy when it came to Edward and I.

"Wow. That's a lot for one person to bear." She polished off her glass of wine, grabbing the bottle for a refill.

"Yeah. Thank you for listening. If you don't mind, I'd like to keep this between us for now. I tell Edward bits and pieces, but he treats me differently when he hears about my low points. Like I'm made of glass."

"Of course, your secrets are safe with me." She set her glass down. "So have you two...done anything?" Ella asked, wiggling her eyebrows suggestively.

"We kissed once. And last night we-he touched me." I blushed.

"Was it consensual?" She asked seriously.

"Yeah, he has been very good about that." I blushed at the thought.

"So what's the problem then?"

"Ella, I don't want to lead him on, I need to reject him, it's the only way to keep him safe."

"I understand that, though I can tell you Edward is the last person that needs protection. Not to mention, from what you've told me, you made yourself very clear that you plan on rejecting him. He keeps coming back."

"Am I a terrible person for wanting more?"

"He is your mate, of course you are going to want more. I'm surprised you two haven't mated and marked each other yet. I can't imagine it's easy to resist the mate bond while you are literally sleeping next to your mate." She laughed. "I'd just like to see you resist when you go into heat."

"Oh, that's not a problem. I never had a heat cycle. I'm guessing because I've never shifted on my own free will, that mixed with being a hybrid. My body doesn't know what to do. I'm not even sure I can have pups." I said matter-of-factly.

"Seriously? That's crazy. You know, we do have a fertility clinic at the hospital. We could run a few tests and see if you can convince." Ella suggested.

"Eh, I don't know. I let that dream die many years ago. I don't think I want to know the answer, it might spark something that I don't want lit again."

"Fair enough." She nodded.

"Can I ask you something personal?" I changed the subject back to what had been bothering me since last night.

"Anything."

"I'm very naive in the physical department. I was only 12 when I lost my mother. I have never had a boyfriend before, nor did I have any girlfriends to talk with, so everything I know about s\*x is very...lacking to say the least." I felt my face flaming red. "Last night after Edward touched me, and I wanted to repay him, so to speak, but I had no idea how to and then I felt like s\*\*t because my

apprehension seemed to ruin the moment." I began playing with a pillow to try to distract myself from my own words.

"Wait, how did he touch you? Like pat on the back or hand on the hip or..."

"Fingers in the hole?" I sheepishly admitted, hiding behind my pillow.

"Sierra! Was that your first time being fingered?!" Ella exclaimed.

"Is that what its called?" I put my hands over my face in embarrassment.

"I'm sorry I totally misunderstood when you said he touched you, goddess, way to get it girl!" Ella laughed.

"Ha, thanks. I just wish I knew what to do next. I'm new to all of it. I have seen naked men, of course, having lived in a pack for several years, but certainly never touched one, not that way at least.

"I can give you a crash course if you'd like," she offered.

"Would that be too weird?" I asked.

"Not at all." She smiled. "Girl talk, remember?"

We spent the next two hours talking about all things s\*x. Ella answered all of my questions and gave me some tips and tricks to try should the moment ever arise. Goddess, I felt in way over my head. After our s\*x ed crash course, Ella showed me how to use my phone a little bit, and even helped me send Edward a flirty text, thank you empty wine bottle. Liquid courage is in fact a real thing.

Ella was such a breath of fresh air, she didn't look at me like I was broken nor did she pity me. She was just there to listen and offer her perspective. I wish I could stay here. It was so nice having a friend for once. Before Ella left, she curled my hair and helped me pick out a cute outfit, a blue maxi dress, for whatever Edward had up his sleeve. I still had no idea. I would need to map out the coordinates so I could find him. I cant imagine it being too far though. I don't have a car and, as far as everyone else knows, I still have a broken leg.

The internet was quite an amazing thing. I was able to look up the coordinates in a nanosecond, much easier than doing it myself on a map. I laughed when I realized where the coordinates pointed to. At 5:59pm I stood at the front door, waiting precisely until six pm to open the door. As soon as the clock on my phone changed, I opened the door to find my devilishly handsome mate standing behind the door. I liked the way this night was going already.

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