

Chapter 6

KALEN

I tried to push Zion's words out of my head for now because they could mean anything at all.

We found Ava and Matteo by the bonfire. They were chatting away with some of their friends from the academy who lived on campus.

Someone covered my eyes from behind. It was easy to guess who it was by scent alone.

"I wonder who this could be," I deadpanned.

She just bounced around and gave me a big grin. Blakely was super gorgeous. She was the eldest triplet of Uncle Dante and Aunt Ziyah, Alpha and Luna of the Shadow Falls pack. She was a wolf/Fae hybrid and really fucking powerful on both accounts. Plus, she excelled in combat magic.

Blakely was just as gorgeous as she was lethal. 5'9 with curves and muscles galore. Black hair with natural white highlights. Light blue eyes with amethyst specks in them. Her skin tone took after her Light Fae heritage with it being pale ivory with a dusting of shimmer, reminiscent of diamond powder, but hers was a bit more subtle.

"Having fun?" she asked, clinking her cup against mine.

"Just got here. Not surprised that there's a good turnout. What about you? Having fun?"

She finished off her cup and tossed it into the nearby trashcan, making a perfect toss.

"I will once we all get out there and dance. C'mon! The music is perfect for it." She grinned excitedly.

Who was I to deny her? I finished off my drink and also tossed it out. My brow rose as I looked at Zion. He just waved us on, so I grabbed Ava's hand as well. The three of us made our way over to the dance floor and found a less crowded area where we could dance without knocking into anyone.

The song was upbeat and had an incredible bass. It was the perfect choice to dance to.

My eyes closed for a moment as I focused on the beat and how my body was moving. I let it overshadow every stress and every worry. It dimmed the questions that I had no answers to. In this moment, this dance was all that existed.

I was so caught up in it that I did not even feel hands on my hips at first. My gut reaction was to throw them halfway across the dancefloor for touching me without my permission, but I really did not want to break away from the song just to be thrust back into everything.

Then I felt someone's chest against my back. I did not have

to see it to know that it was fit because I could feel defined abs. The person's warmth seeped into me, flooding me with a feeling that I could not explain. It was not uncomfortable.

Something inside of me demanded that I knew who my dance partner was because they could definitely dance.

I pulled forward and spun around. My arms laced around his neck as we continued dancing. I felt like I was being pulled into that fucking vortex again, but it was even more intense because we were literally inches from each other.

Maddox's hands splayed on my hips and slightly squeezed them. If I thought he looked good from afar, he looked devilishly handsome up close.

He had an oval face shape with a dimple on his chin. Stubble lined his jaw, bringing attention to it in a good way. His ice-blue eyes were framed with long lashes. A little scar cut through his left eyebrow at an angle.

His tongue swept out over his lower lip to moisten it, giving me another glimpse of his tongue ring. I always had a thing for piercings. It made me wonder how many this guy had. There was an intensity in his gaze that held my attention, refusing to let me look away even for a moment.

He lowered his head until his mouth was right next to my ear. "Want to grab a drink?" he asked, letting his hot breath fan over my skin.

Absentmindedly, I was wondering if this was his natural

scent or if he wore cologne. It smelled good whatever it was.

I nodded and unlatched my arms from his neck while trying to figure out what it was about this dance that made it feel so damn good. Perhaps it was all in the partner.

He placed a hand on my lower back as we walked towards the keg. I was ignoring all of the petty bitches who were hoping to light me on fire with their glares. They never bothered me before and never will in the future.

He moved his hand so that he could fill up our cups. His fingers brushed against mine when he handed one to me. It felt like there was a bit of vibration when our fingers touched, but it did not seem like he felt it. Odd.

Once the filled cup was in his hands, he flicked his head to the side. I followed him to the other side of the bonfire. I took a seat on one of the logs, tucking away my nervousness, and hoping that it did not show at all.

"Does the beauty have a name?" His baritone voice sent butterflies to my stomach.

Fucking hell. I sounded pathetic as if no guy had ever talked to me before. Nika snickered at my thoughts but sent me some encouragement.

"Kalen," I told him, taking a sip of my beer.

"It's nice to meet you Kalen. I've gotta' give you props because that wolf takedown was fucking impressive. Never

seen anything like that.”

“Thanks. David was definitely not a challenge. I fear for his pack if he’s the one representing it. An asshole who has an ego that can’t live up to his own fucking hype,” I said with a smirk.

The way that he was looking at me seemed like he was trying to piece a puzzle together. It made me incredibly curious about what he saw when he looked at me. Did I confuse him? Did I still intrigue him?

“Are you a fighter?” he asked me.

I nodded my head. “Started training when I could walk. I love it – the adrenaline, the rush, and the ultimate form of control. The fight starts off as a blank canvas – the opening move is the first stroke. Push and pull. The drive for you to be the last one standing. It’s a fucking artform,” I explained my thoughts on it.

He gave me a genuine smile with that. It seemed that he could understand and agree with that.

Then mischief filled his eyes. His teeth caught his piercing, looking too fucking sexy as he did it. Fuck, did I have a weakness with this? Shit.

“If you need the challenge that he couldn’t give you then pair up with me. I want to see how accurate your description was. Whaddaya say?”

Was that a great idea? I was not worried about getting my ass handed to me, but...

Fuck my life. I hoped that this would not turn out to blow up in my face.

"I say that you got yourself a deal."

His eyes dropped to my lips. Was he going to kiss me? Did I want him to kiss me? Yes. No. Fuck. My body was so confused.

"You ready to get out of here?" he asked as he brushed some of my hair behind my ear.

His question finally dropped the bucket of ice water all over me. No. I did not want to kiss him because I would never be someone's hookup. Everyone made their own decisions and had their own boundaries. It was not something that I could do.

"Were you talking to me just to get into my pants?" I asked him bluntly. There was no need to sugarcoat.

He was taken aback by the question. Good.

"You were all over me when we were dancing. Your sexy fucking ass was rubbing against my dick. What are you? A fucking tease?"

I finished my drink and stood up. The illusion that had been painted while we danced and chatted finally shattered.

"You were the one who started dancing with me. Just because we danced doesn't mean that you're entitled to a fuck. What were you expecting, me to drop to my knees and beg you? If that's the case then you're talking to the wrong person. I have no fucking idea where I 'teased' you. Thanks for the conversation, Maddox. Have a good night," I told him, turning, and walking away.

Everyone was watching, but I did not care one damn bit. What a fucking asshole! That mentality infuriated me. A dance was not a one-way ticket to a fuckfest.

'See? Even he thinks that your ass is sexy,' Nika pointed out, trying to cool me down. She was great at helping me to balance.

Someone grabbed my arm and turned me around. Maddox looked furious. This might have been the very first time someone turned him down. Along with the fury was something akin to lust.

He grabbed the back of my neck and crushed his lips to mine. Immediately, it was like an explosion that set every fiber of my being on fire. It was like a livewire that sent shocks through me. The moment that it went to my core, I was broken away from the momentary surprise.

My knee came up into his groin hard enough to drop him to his knees. I was always calm, cool, and collected. That was why my fury naturally burned hot when it was unleashed. Oh.

It was unleashing right the fuck now.

“How does it feel to be touched without your consent?” I mocked him. “Try that shit again then I won’t hold back. Fuck right off. I’m sure that you can find someone who’ll help rub the sting out of that. Again. Have a good night.”

I turned on my heel and continued on my way without sparing a glance backwards. I did not give a shit if he stayed there all night.

There were three different reactions right now...

There were the jealous ones because Maddox kissed me. Then there were the ones who found it hilarious that I dropped him like that. Then there were my people who were livid on my behalf.

I sent my people links telling them that I was leaving. I would kill him if I looked at him right now.

Zion threw his arm over my shoulders and cast me home. We stood on the porch in silence. He pulled me into his arms and just held me.

He stole my first kiss without my consent. After he called me a fucking tease. Like, seriously?

“Want me to drain him for you? I could go for something red,” he said, flashing his canines.

I shook my head and laughed softly. He was a great cousin, always taking care of us all. Younger than me but far more

mature. Guess it was a good thing to have for a future King.

"I'm good. Tomorrow will be a new day. He'll probably give me a huge berth because the entire party just witnessed that. Thanks for bringing me home, Z."

He kissed the crown of my head and told me to get some sleep.

The plan of sneaking to my room went right out the fucking door, seeing as my parents were watching a movie on the couch.

"Why are you back so early?" Mom asked me. "Did you have fun?"

What in the hell was I supposed to say that would placate them while also keeping the asshole alive?

"I was having fun, yes. There was a slight issue, I handled it, and Zion brought me home," I said, giving them a smile and turning towards the stairs.

"Hold up. What type of issue?" Dad asked me.

I turned back around and shrugged my shoulders. "Someone didn't like what I had to say. They reacted in a way that I didn't like, so I handled it. No harm. No foul."

Goddess, please let Dad drop it. Mom always would, but he was different.

"Would we be proud of the way that you handled it?" he

+25 BONUS

asked me, a hint of amusement in his voice.

"You would definitely be really proud of me. I was raised by two badasses after all. You taught me to be strong and resourceful." I beamed proudly.

I faked a yawn and excused myself. Rushing into my bathroom, I turned the shower on to heat it up and stripped off my clothes. The water pelted my skin, helping me to relax with each passing minute.

Remember that thing that would set everything in motion...

It was his lips pressed against mine. The kiss that I did not want was the catalyst.

Thank you very fucking much, Maddox Stark.



Shana Allen Author

" Do you think he got the message, or did that just increase his intrigue? "

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