

## Chapter 10

\*\*\*Guinevere\*\*\*

"Follow me," Aurora says, rising from her chair.

Just then, we hear Rosalie's voice from the hall.

"I heard my witch b\*\*\*h is back!" She squeals excitedly. "Where is she?"

A grin stretches across my lips as she bursts through the dining room doors with her son in her arms and Rio at her feet. I can't tell who's more excited to see me, the large pit-bull pup or the squealing werewolf racing towards me but I eagerly greet them both. Rio assaults me with sloppy kisses, yipping and wagging his tail frantically in his excitement. Rosalie, on the other hand, embraces me in a tight hug and holds out tiny Emile for me. Emile is a beautiful little boy with Rosalie's big blue eyes and Carter's dirty blonde hair.

"He's so big now," I laugh as I cradle the pup in my arms.

"Four months old," Rosalie smiles proudly, taking my hand. "Are you here to stay? Please tell me you're staying! We've missed you so much!" She sighs. "We could have a girls night. I could invite the other Luna's and we could go home!"

Aurora and Valentina give me hopeful looks but I remind myself that I was due back tomorrow morning in Washington. A spa day was simply impossible.

"I'm sorry Ro," I sigh, her smile faltering. "I'm only here for a few more hours. I return home this evening."

"Where is home?" Aurora asks.

I shake my head. It was for the best that she not know where to find me.

"Somewhere safe," I shrug.

I can tell this answer does not satisfy her but Aurora does not press me for answers.

"I'll take you to the witch house, then," she says. "It's been vacant since the attack and only Celina and I are allowed in." She turns on her heel and leads the way.

I wave goodbye to Valentina and Rosalie and follow Aurora outside.

The walk to Tais and Ira's old home is very short, just a few blocks down from the pack house. As Aurora said, it is completely vacant, the gate to the home guarded by two warriors. The guards allow us in when they see the Ivory Queen and I approach.

The home is small but comfortable, with a small kitchen, a living room, two bedrooms and a den. From the living room window, we can see a swing-set in the backyard, the wind blowing the swing eerily back and forth.

"We haven't moved anything," Aurora says. "It's exactly as they left it. William refuses to even set foot in the house. Only Celina and I have sifted through a few things here and there. We've been so busy with the reconstruction of Amelthyst Lake that we haven't had time to really look into Tais and Ira's old things."

"That's alright," I say, scanning the living room for any sign of the Ruby. "Can you show me the child's room?" I ask. "I have a feeling they hid what I need in the place least expected."

I'm taken to the small room decorated for a four year old little girl. Tais and Ira had played their parts well. I scan the room, looking for any shifts in energy.

"What is it you said you were looking for?" Aurora asks.

I force a smile as my witch eyes wander from one side of the room to the other.

"The specific item I seek, I cannot disclose," I reply, sensing a change in atmosphere around a toy trunk at the foot of Ira's/Taylor's bed. "I'm sorry darling, but it is for the best that you do not know what I'm searching for."

"But maybe I could help..."

"I said no!" I snap, shaking my head at her. "Please don't take this the wrong way, your Majesty." I add when I realize I've hurt her feelings. "But I just can't tell you what I'm searching for. Two people are counting on me and I cannot jeopardize their safety for this."

Aurora purses her lips, still wounded by my harshness but respecting my wishes. "Alright." She sighs. "But if you need me..."

"I know," I sigh. "And I thank you for the offer. Really."

Her smile returns once more. "I'll be outside if you need me." She says nothing more before exiting the room.

When the door closes, I rush towards the trunk at the foot of the bed and find it stuffed with toys of all shapes and sizes. I pull them all out one by one, squeezing each one in hopes of finding the ruby. Not a single one holds what I need and I groan in frustration, angrily throwing a rubber duck back into the trunk. A hollow sound echoes off the wood when the duck hits the bottom of the trunk and hope rises in my heart as I stare down into the empty chest.

Clenching my fist, I knock on the wood with my knuckles until I hear the hollow sound again. My fingers search along the seam of the trunk until my ring finger finds a loose plank. I shove my finger underneath the wood and slowly lift up a plank, revealing a secret compartment. Giddy with excitement and to my pleasant surprise, I find the stupid ruby and a golden staff.

To my horror, however, I recognize the golden carvings on the staff.

An Alderon seal? No, I shake my head, refusing to believe those witches had anything to do with that monster. They couldn't possibly know Roman...

Refusing to let my mind wander any further about how these witches came across the staff, I tuck the two items into my jeans. The staff sticks out awkwardly from my pocket so I concentrate on it and cast a small invisibility spell on it. No wolf would be able to see it for a few hours, including Aurora or Celina which would give me plenty of time to hide it in my bag when I returned to Blood Moon. Pleased at having found what I needed to save Natalia and Dakota, I put the wood back into place and stuff the toys back into the trunk again.

My heart skips a beat when I find Chava waiting outside for me. Aurora nowhere to be found. I take a few moments to calm my racing heart but it's a pointless task. The moment Salvador ashes his wicked smile at me, my cheeks flush and my heart begins to beat uncontrollably.

Salvador looks absolutely dashing in a pair of jeans and t-shirt that shows off all of his muscles, his hair still a little wet from his shower.

"Hey beautiful," Salvador grins, my knees going weak.

There he goes again saying things to me like it's the most natural thing in the world....

"W-where's Aurora?" I ask, clearing my throat and staring at my feet.

"Home, I guess," he shrugs. "I see you went through my closet..." he adds with a cheeky smile.

My mind goes blank for a split second and I stare at him in confusion.

"The shirt," he laughs, pointing at the t-shirt I took from his closet this morning. "It's my favorite one... my Dad gave it to me as a birthday gift..."

My heart breaks a little when his smile turns sad. I have heard of his father and from what I've deduced, he was dearly loved and missed. He must have been wonderful.

"Oh... I'm so sorry," I blush, wishing the earth would swallow me as I pull at the shirt uncomfortably. "I-I could change if you give me a moment."

"Keep it..." he shakes his head. "It uh... it doesn't matter," he shrugs. "It looks better on you."

"No I couldn't possibly..."

He cuts the distance between us, pulling me by the waist and pressing me up against his body so that our faces almost touch.

"I mean it. Keep it," he says reassuringly, his hot breath kissing my lips. "I want you to have it."

My stomach does somersaults as he stares into my eyes, mischief swirling in his irises and the entire world behind him fading away.

Focus, I scold myself as I feel my body react to his touch.

"I-I should really get going," I murmur, desperately trying to sound assertive. "I have to get my things from Blood Moon and..."

"Already taken care of. Your stuff's in my room," he chuckles, pecking my cheeks.

Anger boils in my belly. What right did he have to take my stuff?

Before I can ask however, he tilts his head innocently to the side and presses his lips against my own. I protest, pushing at his chest and trying to move my lips but the tingles feel so incredible across my face that I slowly melt right into him.

"You're cute when you're mad," he chuckles when he pulls away and I frown at him. "You hungry?"

"Salvador..."

He scoops me up in his arms bridal style and starts walking down the gates to a parked car.

"Put me down!" I scream, swinging and kicking my legs. "Salvador!"

He smirks and puts me down in front of the car, rushing to the passenger door and pressing down on the handle. I glare at him and cross my arms over my chest.

"Where..."

"Get in and you'll find out," he shrugs.

"Salvador, I have places to be. I can't be fooling around with..."

"Who said anything about fooling around?" He smirks, opening the door. "All I asked was, are you hungry?"

"And I didn't reply," I huff much to his annoyance.

"Look, can you just get in the car?" He snaps, his eyes ickeering between dark and light green.

"Not until you tell me where we're going!"

Losing his patience, Salvador rushes at me, placing his hands on the car on either side of my face and trapping me up against the door. His breath is short and ragged as he wedges himself between my legs and bends down his neck so that our noses touch.

"Fine, you want to know where we're going?" He heaves, his eyes staring at my lips. "I'm taking you to our own piece of heaven on earth... where I plan to take your clothes off and eat you out until all you want is me inside you... I plan to make you mine over and over again, against a tree, on the ground, in the river until your scent becomes mine. I plan to f\*\*\*k you until you forget everything that's ever happened to you before me and then I'll make love to you until you realize that you and I belong together and nothing and no one will ever take you from me again... Is that a good enough answer?"

Every sane thought leaves my brain as I register what he said to me, my core practically vibrating with desire. I gulp the saliva that had gathered in my mouth and nod my head slowly at him.

"Good, now get in," he huffs, opening the door for me.

I hurry to the car, buckling myself before he climbs in to start the car. My breaths go ragged as he places his hand on my leg and he smirks knowing he has me riled up and shaking. I pretend to act indifferent to his thumb rubbing circles against my inner thigh but the bastard knows exactly what is going through my brain as he plays with the zipper of my jeans.

10 minutes of pure torture pass by before Salvador nally pulls over. I frantically unbuckle myself as Salvador nearly rips my door open. He crashes his lips onto mine as he pulls me into his arms, my legs wrapping around his waist.

"Salvador..." I breathe heavily, my hands pulling at his hair.

He carries me to the front of the car and sets me down on the hood, fumbling with the zipper of my jeans. When I feel him pull my jeans open, I lift my legs up to kick off my shoes and allow him to pull the jeans off. He doesn't bother with my panties, tearing them to shreds and tossing them off the side.

Salvador spreads my legs apart and gets down on his knees so that he's at eye level with my slit. I'm already wet as his tongue slides along the seam of my lips and he delves inside for a taste, a low growl rippling through his chest.

"Ah!" I moan, spreading my legs even further apart so he can go deeper.

His tongue circles my clit, once, twice, three times before he nally takes the little bundle of nerves between his lips and sucks on it. My toes curl as he suckles on my throbbing button and I throw my head back to scream. He releases it, icking his tongue over my clit a few times before taking two fingers and spreading the lips apart for better access. His tongue plunges back between my folds, darting in and out in small thrusts while the other hand works on my clit.

"Salvador!" I cry out, my body tensing as I near my release.

I c'm in his mouth within seconds and he eagerly buries his nose in my p\*\*\*y to drink me all in. My body jerks as my orgasm trembles through me and I gasp for air as I watch Salvador get back on his feet to unzip his jeans. My eyes widen in shock when he pulls out his c\*\*k and it nearly slaps his abdomen, rock hard and ready to impale me.

I bite my lip hungrily as he spreads my legs open with his knees and lines his c\*\*k up with my slit. I'm excited the tip up and down my weeping folds, my toes curling once more as the pleasure ripples all across my body.

"Do you want it?" he growls, guiding his swollen tip along my seam. I nod my head and he shakes his. "Then say it."

"I-I want you inside me," I moan, my body on the verge of exploding. "Please! Just f\*\*\*k me!"

My mouth forms an o as he stretches me out with his c\*\*k, my hands gripping the sides of the hood for support. He moves his hand underneath my t-shirt, cupping my left breast with his palm while his thumb rolls over my n\*\*\*e. I throw my head back as he rocks back and forth into me, each thrust going deeper and deeper. Afraid I might slip from the sheer force of his movements, I hook one arm around his neck and kiss him, the other supporting my weight on the hood. He hits all the right places and I once again c'm all over him.

Salvador pumps diligently until he cums inside me, filling me up to the brim with his seed. Our c'm spills out of my hole as he pulls out and he smirks proudly to himself.

"Have you ever c'm like this before?" he pants, leaning forward to kiss my nose.

My heart drops to my stomach at his words and I involuntarily kick him away. Salvador stares at me in shock as I ght back tears.

"Gwen?" he asks quietly, his voice soft and sweet. "A-are you okay?"

I hear his words but a deep voice replaying in my head drowns them out.

"...Have you ever c'm like this before...?"

Utterly disgusted with the sound of Roman's voice, I cover my ears and close my eyes.

"Get away from me!" I scream, afraid to open my eyes and find Roman staring at me.

"Gwen, it's okay. I-it's just me," Salvador pleads, reaching over to cup my cheeks. "I'm right here. I won't hurt you."

I shake my head and slap at his hands. "Get your hands off of me," I snarl, shoving him back. "Just go away! I told you already, I don't want you in my life so for Goddess sakes, just leave me alone!"

"NO!" He howls, taking my wrists in his hands to keep me from hitting him.

I burst into tears as I feel his eyes on me.

"Go away," I sob, shaking my head and screaming. "I don't want you!"

"But I do!" He growls. "I want you. I want you. I want to love you. I want to be the only man in your life. I want you to forget that bastard who broke your heart and I want to help you be happy. Why won't you just let me in?"

I shake my head. He wouldn't understand.

"Just tell me the truth, Gwen," Salvador sighs, his eyes full of kindness. "Who are you running from?"

I stare into his beautiful green orbs and my eyes well up with tears again.

"My husband," I whisper.