

Hybrid Aria

Chapter 9

Aria's POV

The ceiling, I remember the ceiling. All I can see is the fluorescent light above my head, shining brightly down on me, making a bead of sweat run down my neck. My head is pounding against my skull, heart throbbing in my ears. I could not remember if I were asleep or awake. I only remember the ceiling. Were my eyes already open or did I open them? Turning my head to the side, my head felt heavy, and my limbs felt like they were held down by weights. The whole room appears to be white. Too bright for my eyes, so I close them. My eyelids felt heavy, and I was trying to concentrate on breathing, sucking a big breath in to fill my lungs before I let it out again. Hearing a single click, I try to turn to look in the direction it came from, but I felt too heavy. My throat felt raw and dry like a desert. Inhaling the air slightly, I force myself to roll onto my side, when I hear a noise like a hummingbird's wings flapping hard against the wind. I focus on the noise, opening my eyes slightly, and I see a figure standing next to a black door. I can see their bare feet on the tiled floor. Forcing my eyes up to see who it is, stopping briefly halfway, I notice they are wearing butterfly pyjamas. Why did they look familiar to me? My eyes search them trying to find the noise

that is consuming the room and overwhelming my senses completely.

I need

to know what the sound is, such a sweet melodious noise. My eyes

stop at

their neck when I notice the steady movement of a vein twitching, pulsating.

I watch captivated as the vein pulses to the rhythm of the fluttering, completely mesmerised by the sweet sound vowing to satisfy my thirst. I

inhale the smell of the sweet-smelling liquid emanating through their veins

calling to me. Promising me everything I have ever craved. Promising to

extinguish the burn in my throat.

Standing up, I move on instinct following the alluring scent. When I am in

front of them, I can hear inaudible noises like talking, but I could not comprehend what they were saying. All I could focus on was the hypnotic

sound of their blood that flows through their veins. Lifting my hand, I caressed the white flesh of their neck lightly with my fingers. They shuddered

under my touch, fear only making their delectable scent sweeter.

Gripping

their shoulders, I tugged them to me, leaning down and brushing my lips

against their soft, warm skin. Just as I was about to sink my fangs into their

neck and drink their sweet nectar of life, the door was thrown open, making

me pull back. Uncontrollable hunger seized me. All I saw was red. The intruder grabbed me roughly around the shoulders, and my mouth was jammed against warm flesh, sinking my fangs into it. My senses became

overloaded when the warm sweet taste of blood flooded into my mouth,

soothing my painful dry throat. A soft satisfied moan almost like a purr

rumbled through my chest as I gulped down the most delightful
soothing
liquid ravenously.

Ryder - Reid's Wolf POV

Listening to my human speak venomously about our mate was
scraping my
insides. Hmm... he thinks he can go against the Moon Goddess. He is
just
my vessel, two minds for one body. I do not like being in control of our
human side. To me, it is just a pound of flesh, but I will not stand idly
by and
watch him obliterate our only chance at happiness. Foolish humans
and their
off-centre emotions. I observe from behind the veil of his mind,
watching
him lose control, waiting for my chance to overthrow him, to take full
control. I have only had real control in my wolf form, not in this weak
sleeve.
Yes, he lets me come forward but never gives in completely. He
knows my
taste for blood. Knows I will kill without hesitation, so I do not blame
him.
The human world and its politics I know nothing much about, so it is
best he
has control, but not now. Not when he is the one about to give in to his
hatred.
Aria is ours; Aria is mine. I watch as he destroys the office. I don't
fight, but
when I hear him tell Zane he wants to kill our mate, I know with every
fibre
in my body that he means it. I understand his hate. I have always
been with
him, so I know his secrets, I know his anger, but she doesn't deserve
that
hate. She doesn't deserve his wrath. I'm glad for Zane's distraction as
Reid

doesn't feel me getting closer. His fury and hatred shadow me until the last second. "I won't let you kill our mate." I pounce, gripping the teether we share and ripping him into the depths of our mind. He puts up a fight, but even he recognises he won't win, not when he is fighting out of anguish. He isn't thinking straight. Lunging forward, I shove him to the pits of darkness, where he likes to shove me when I get under his skin. Lurching forward completely, I take control.

"Ryder, thank the Moon Goddess," Zane exclaims. "I was wondering when you would appear. I knew I couldn't hold him forever." I watch as Zane's grip on me relaxes before sagging against the door in relief.

"Where is my mate?" Zane, standing up straight, straightens his shirt, wiping off some invisible dust.

"She is in the infirmary."

"And Lily?"

"She should still be with the nurses."

"Lead the way then." Zane turns and starts walking down the hall, and I follow closely behind. When we reach a black door, a nurse comes forward. Looking up, she goes to say something before looking directly at me. She does a double take before she takes a step back. Understanding Reid is no longer in control before bowing her head slightly, revealing her neck in a sign of submission. "Alpha, I didn't realise we would be seeing you."

Looking

down at her hands, she continues, "Doc has just stepped out to gather some blood for your mate."

I nod in understanding "The girl?"

"She is with her sister." Using my wolf senses, I listen. I can hear Lily talking.

"Aria, it's me." I hear her sob in distress. Kicking the door open, I ran into

the room. Aria is leaning in, and from the angle it looks like she is about to

cuddle the girl, except her eyes are no longer the vibrant green. They are the

eyes of a predator about to kill its prey; they are now an orange burning like

embers of flame.

Without hesitation, I tackle her around the shoulders, plummeting to the

ground against the wall, her back pressed against my chest. I feel her fangs

sink into my forearm. Her bite is not painful like I thought it would be, it must be a mate thing. Aria lets out a moan that vibrates through her chest,

biting down hungrily. I can feel her sucking, hear her swallowing. She is

completely overwhelmed with bloodlust. When Doc walks in, taking in the

scene before her, she holds up a bag of blood. I motion for her to throw it to

me. Doc obeys, tossing it. I catch it with my free hand, pulling her head as

gently as possible from my arm to get her attention.

I pierce the bag slightly with my nail. Smelling the bag of blood she rips it

from my hand, biting straight into the side. Blood spurts out like a burst water

balloon all over her face and mine. Knowing it will not last long enough, I

motion for the doc who throws a second bag, ready for when she finishes the first. Aria is sitting on my lap. Pulling her closer and brushing her hair to the side and out of her face with my fingers, I gaze down at her. She truly is an extraordinary creature. When she grabs savagely for the second bag, I know I will never get a second chance. I sink my teeth into her neck to mark her. The metallic aftertaste of her blood on my tongue brings me satisfaction, and I growl softly before running my tongue along the mark to seal it. Aria collapses into my chest, the blood bag falling from her fingertips. I wait a few minutes before I lift her up bridal style and place her back on the bed. Raising her hospital gown slightly, I watch as her lacerations close and all the bruising vanishes. "She will be out for a while. A normal wolf's marking will take a toll on the body, but an Alpha's mark?" She looks down at my sleeping mate. "I think she will be out for the rest of the night." Nodding I tuck the blanket around her, kissing the top of her head before walking out to where Lily is in the hall. "Reid?" "No, I'm Ryder. Come on, how about we get you to bed." Lily hesitated. "When is Reid coming back?" she asked. I must be scaring her. "I'm sure he will be back by morning; he doesn't like to be kept in the dark for long." I chuckled to myself. Reid cannot kill her now, not without killing

us in the process. Feeling proud, smiling to myself, I know now she will be safe from us.