

The Alpha King's Heart Chapter 131

Adira

I was wearing a creamy white dress with a low back, and my hair was pinned in a hairdo but some of it is falling out but it's alright. I liked it. It didn't have to be perfect because nothing in life is, everything has flaws. Getting into my heels, I breathed in and descended the stairs, meeting my grandfather in the main hallway of the chapel. He smiled at me and I felt tears in my eyes.

"You're beautiful," he said, linking our arms.

"Everyone's ready," Leila whispered, smiling at me, " And the groom is anxious,"

The music started, indicating for us to go in and I inhaled again as we took a step inside. The chapel was captivating, high vaulted ceiling, and rich ornamentation, the atmosphere was perfect for this important occasion.

Everyone got to their feet, bowing as we walked in the candlelit aisle. My mate was standing next to the officiator, next to Aspen, Jett, and Azriel, his best men. They looked extremely handsome in their tuxedos.

My bridesmaids; Monique, Faye, and Dalla looked amazing in their silk dresses with low necklines, they were standing in front of the gentlemen.

Wyatt smiled at me and I saw his eyes glisten with tears, he was emotional. Reaching the aisle, my grandfather Alaric greeted Wyatt and told him to treat me with kindness if not, the entire Lafayette clan will come for him and it won't be pretty. He threatened the most powerful wolf king for me.

"I will treat her well, she's my everything," Wyatt said seriously. He extended his hand and I took it, he kissed it and the ceremony commenced.

"We are gathered here to witness the union of Wyatt McMillian and Adira Wade Lafayette..." the officiator started and then proceeded to ask us to exchange vows

We intertwined our fingers as I was first,

"Wyatt, I've been waiting for this moment for such a long time, you are everything I wanted and more in my soulmate, you've brought me so much joy and I'm madly in love with you. I promise to love you, stand by you, honor, not obey," I said, and the crowd chuckled at my last remark. " I'd choose any version of you and I vow to love you always," I finished and he stepped forward to kiss me but the officiator stopped him,

"Sire, your vows," he whispered.

“Oh, yeah,”

“I take you, Adira Wade Lafayette as my lovely wife, to love and honor you fiercely...” he took a shaky breath, and kissed my hand, trying to hold his emotions, ” Adira, I’m in awe of you every day of my life and would choose you in a hundred lifetimes. Thank you for your patience, kindness, and acceptance of a man like me. I vow to stay by your side until my last breath,” he said sincerely. He turned to the officiator and asked; ” Can I kiss my wife now?”

The man smiled and said; ” I pronounce you husband and wife; my king, you may kiss your wife,”

Wyatt captured my lips for a deep kiss as the crowd emitted cheers. We pulled apart and faced the crowd that clapped again.

The reception was an outdoor one and the clear top structure allowed a full appreciation of the stars and moon. Fresh flowers of various shades of white, verdant greenery, and natural wood accents combined to create a capturing scene.

“Lovely,” I muttered, looking at a tremendous eye-catching floral installation suspended overhead on the spacious dancefloor.

Everyone was interacting, dancing, and drinking champagne. I had a perfect wedding, the one I dreamed I’d have, and Mom wanted for me. A lot of people were coming to congratulate us, including Richard Tarion who was now engaged to a lovely woman.

Lucas came to us with a frown, ” I’m tired, we’ll leave now,” he said, frowning. I grabbed his hand suddenly when I caught a scent of liquor.

“Is that smoke and booze I smell on you, Lucas, are you smoking and drinking?” I asked sternly.

He looked at Wyatt for some sort of help but my mate gave him a disapproving stare ” No, you’re too young for that,”

“I just tried once or twice, don’t fret,” he groaned, getting out of my grip and going away with his friends.

“I’ll keep a close eye on him henceforth,” Wyatt said, kissing my temple. Lucas has been rebellious lately.

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“We’re married,” he sighed as we reached our suite. I smiled, going to stand by the balcony. I could still hear the celebratory howls coming from the party.

“You’re my husband,” I said, wrapping my arms around his shoulder. He kissed me and lifted me, I wrapped my legs around his waist.

“Hello, wife,” he husked.

“Husband,”

He laid me on the bed, and he gently took off my dress, and shoes, leaving me in my white lingerie. That too was gone and my mind went blank when he started leaving kisses over my body.

“Aah, baby,” I breathed, running my fingers through his hair. I felt his tongue on my clit. The pressure in my core was building and I was soaking wet.

“So f*****g delicious,” he said, my walls were squeezing as he picked up his tempo.

“OH F**K YES!” I cried. He was licking and sucking me, making me plead for more. Wyatt was so good. I arched my hips, wanting more and more. I reached my o****m and he kissed my neck slowly. I smiled and caressed his balls, making him grunt in pleasure. I quickly switched our position, and sucked his balls, making him moan.

“Yes, baby,”

I took his dick in my mouth and thrust it, moving my tongue expertly until he reached his o****m. I straddled him with a satisfied smile and took his long c**k inside me, I moved my waist and hips.

“Yes, baby,” he whispered.

Our skin slapping against each other only made me hornier, he moved fiercely under me while I froze, unable to take the pleasure anymore. He switched our position so that I was under him and f*****d my brains out.

It was a wedding night to remember indeed.

I stirred in bed in the morning but I was wrapped in the embrace of my mate, I didn’t want to interrupt his sleep so I lay there.

“Good morning,” I said when he opened his mesmerizing onyx eyes.

“Morning, my wife,” he kissed my lips softly. He was showering kisses on my body but I got out of bed before it got heated.

“I’m hungry, and we are leaving for the airstrip in an hour,” I said, we were going for our honeymoon.

“But you look so f*****g sexy,” he purred, sitting up straight.

“Yeah,” I smirked, and while he was still enjoying my naked view, I pulled a shirt over my head. He came to me with inhumane speed, making me back away a little. He got on one knee and kissed my tummy. His actions confused me, and I lifted his face to look at me.

“What?” he asked.

“You, what,” I retorted.

“I’m tired of waiting for you to tell me already, and I want to shout to everyone that we are having a baby,” he said with a slight grin.

“Baby?” I whispered, he stood up and raised an eyebrow.

“Adira, you didn’t know,” he whispered as realization struck him and I nodded.

“I’ve known for some time now, Mrs. Khuna told me she sent you an email so, I thought you wanted to surprise me and that’s why you didn’t say anything,”

Tears filled my eyes fast. I hope this was not a dream.

“Baby, why are you crying? It’s what we wanted,” he cooed, wiping my tears.

“I’m just happy,” I whispered, “I- I just, shouldn’t I be the first to know if a baby is growing in me?”

I must have been so busy with the wedding preparations to notice. Wyatt kissed me gently on the lips and hugged me.

“I’m delighted,” he said. His aura was bright and calm. “Thank you,”

“Thank you too, Wyatt,” I said.

I couldn’t wait to tell everyone about the baby, the Diamond pack heir. They will be ecstatic.

My happily ever after had just begun, and I was overjoyed. I am the king’s heart.

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Tender memories, once upon a night, welled up a lonely heart of a man. It was late in the evening. He came in front of the house with an air of mystery. Its interior was elaborately ornamented with a feminine touch. A faint light revealed this. He made no deliberate attempt to move up the stairs to the front door, but he waited a while.

His heart was full of deception and he would not trust it nor would he allow its sublime strength to overwhelm him. Why was he here? maybe because he could not brook the weakness of running away from a woman's truth.

Her name was Danielle. Three days earlier, she had taken him to the scenery of the grandest view. They had made their way up a hilltop. The fresh smell of green flora was enlivening their senses. It was that time of the day when the sky was at

peace and the gentle weakening sun could be seen cutting quietly through the gathering clouds.

They both settled on the bare ground, facing each other. She had faith in bringing him here. He had looked at her differently that day and she knew that her time would lose its potency and the world would pause with its core.

He took her hands straight away, "My dearest friend," he said, "I do not deserve you. Your goodness overwhelms me. I am not unaware of the things you do for me. I will always be indebted to you. But I am afraid that this will not last--"

"Ethan, please stop," she begged. "Do not say anything that you will later regret, because I am also being careful. I am afraid that I will push you away if I am too forward. But would you allow me still, to just enjoy this time with you? Will you

allow me, to be scared, to just feel my beating heart and tremble when you look at me in this colorful light? I know that this will not last.....but I.....beg of you to let

me enjoy this moment. I know that you are deeply bothered by my actions. I have already crossed the

line, never to go back again. I have condemned the love we once shared, the one which is shared amongst the purest of hearts and among those with the deepest admiration for one another. That is why I must.....persuade you to let me live this

moment while it still lasts. Do not deny me this,"

"Danielle, before it gets too painful for both of us, I must tell you that I cannot give you what you want."

"I thought that I safely harbored this secret, but now I know that my eyes have betrayed me. My own heart disobeyed me on this fateful day. But still, just let me alone. I will take care of myself another day. I just want to have this moment for myself. I want it to be the only thing I can hold on to."

That is what she said. The tender memories, once upon a time, made his heart beat a little faster.

It was late, very late. He was here, standing outside her house because she had called him on the phone. She said she was falling ill. Starlights were beginning to oppress the final rays of the sun. He was being careful to choose his words before he knocked on the door. He would have to steel his heart against her allure especially because she had broken the bonds of friendship.

Danielle was inside. Her house had not received a visitor in a few days. She often preferred her quiet. She was considered a workaholic, although just an assistant to

the ridiculously hot Ethan West who happened to be the director of the biggest movie-making company in the country.

Her first experience working with him made her give up her former life and labor harder than she had ever done before. Ethan was very peculiar. He always

wanted things to be done in a particular order. He gave her a hard time molding her to become his most trusted advisor. She then amassed her whole world

working for him.

What started as mere admiration on her part slowly culminated into something else until it became unsafe for them to even sit in the same room together. Her habitual disposition to distract herself, like this time, would be to sit in a bathtub as if to let the water indulge her.

Her whole body was weak from a fever. If only he was here. This was a time he would be compelled to hold her and she knew it. She felt the water gently and waggled her legs to comfort. With her hand, she caressed her chest, all the way

down. She couldn't understand Ethan. He had told her how beautiful she was and how tempting her body was for any man. But then there he was, being Ethan West,

keeping her guessing. He also told her that he wanted her to be happy with a responsible man. That hurt, it did, especially after the stolen moments that they would spend late in the office together working on some script.

She started up from the bathtub, threw on her robe, and retired to her bedroom.

Maybe he wasn't going to come.

Ethan made it up the front stairs and approached the door but stopped to revisit his speech. Part of him wished that she wasn't in, that he didn't have to face her. As he stalled, there came a sudden hostile noise, and turning to face it, there was a

speeding car approaching the house.

The car veered to a stop and the driver jumped out. His focus caught Ethan and immediately he approached without warning. With every step, his countenance grew menacing and he pulled his sleeves at the same time.

“You’re Ethan West” he began. He did a mental assessment and concluded from his silence. “How dare you show your face here, at her house?” He scurried to the door.

“Who are you?”

“I am the guy who’s here to take care of Danielle, the guy who has been watching her hurting for the past five months. She’s too damn good for you anyway, so why don’t you do us both a favor and get the hell out of here before I lose my temper.”

“I don’t care what you think you know, but it’s none of your business”

“You’re kind of making it my business” he warned, standing in front of him directly and glaring. “Are you going to leave or do I have to make you?” he waited for no response. He grabbed fist-fills of his collar and forced him to the door.

Danielle was in her bedroom when she heard the thud from the front door. In her mind, there was someone outside. Hopefully, Ethan but her phone had been ringing for hours and she knew she was in trouble. Ethan would never call her this much,

he was always withdrawn.

Back then when she realized that dating her boss would be a problem, she started seeing someone else. It wasn’t serious and so she kept it a secret. His name was Bradley. On some night, driven with a surge of emotions, she had told him

about Ethan and he’d been threatened by him ever since.

She pulled on a dress and barely fixed her makeup to answer the door. An actual knock came and she hurried across the living room to the front. Bradley was standing there. His car was almost hidden behind a wall of forming mist. The air that met her outside was piercingly cold and possessing.

“That punk was just here,” he told her immediately with laboring breath.

“Who?...”

“That Ethan guy”

“He was here? When?” her voice came to life and her face said it all.

“A few minutes ago. Am sure he is long gone by now.”

“Which way did he go?”

“That way,” he said.

“He just left for no reason?”

“No, Danielle. I roughed him up a little bit and sent him running. He needs to stay away from you. I mean it”

“That’s not your decision to make.” She pushed passed him like she was preparing to run off into the night. It was costing her a lot of willpower to stay on her feet.

“What do you see in that guy anyway?”

She said nothing but only stepped into the mist to begin her search for him.

“Come on Danielle, don’t be foolish. Are you seriously going to chase after him?

Just think this through for a moment”

“Will you try and stop me?”

“If I have to then yes”

“Brad, go home or stay here until I come back, but don’t try and stop me. And don’t follow me...”

Ethan arrived at some road. It would take him a while to arrive home but it

already seemed longer now that he had to travel this time of the night, on a road that was empty for a reason.

The mist and the thick darkness only allowed him a vision of a few feet, enough for him not to trip and fall over something. Something like a fallen tree in the middle of

the road or a dead body abandoned by some serial killers. His senses had already peaked from the thought of the danger that would dawn from any direction. A blood-curdling echo of footsteps would seize the moment and he would tense, then curse when realizing it was his own. He should have called his driver to pick him up but he hadn’t been in his right mind since the sunset moment with Danielle three days

earlier. Not that he would concede to pursuing a romantic relationship with her but he would still be troubled because of the uncertainty of her intentions.

Finally, losing his balance over some obstacle, he stumbled to stay on his feet.

During this time, he became certain that he was being followed by three male figures. He increased his speed, walking. This way he would not make it obvious of his awareness. Then, in his moment of fright, the approaching danger hushed for a few warning seconds. The hair on his head spiked from the feeling of danger's presence approaching in stealth.

He swung around and loosed his fist which was caught, cupped with ease in midair. But it wasn't three criminals as he had anticipated, but one. And it was, a woman. In the dull light, he could still see her black leather jacket, tight pants, and

long glossy hair. She was breathtaking, the most beautiful woman he'd laid eyes on.

"You punch like a girl," her voice quickened. "I must say, you're either very brave or stupid in walking here alone,"

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Ethan squared his shoulders, regaining his composure. "I have been insulted enough for the day by strangers and I certainly won't condone it from a lady,"

She came a bit closer as if assessing his eyes. "Are you lost?"

"No, not that it concerns you but I know exactly where I am"

"Sure you do" she added with a tone thick with sarcasm. She studied him a little more and cleared her throat, she said "I think we've started on the wrong island, my name's Kate," She reached out.

"I am one who preferred not to be bothered this time of the night."

"Ouch, that was rude," she replied mockingly, "If you weren't so damned cute, I would have let your three little friends harass you"

"You know the people who were following me?"

"Not that it concerns you, but you should thank me. I could smell your fear from a mile away." She said. "You really shouldn't be moving this late if you're going to

punch like that.”

“I am not going to be counseled by a woman who also happens to be walking alone”

“I can take care of myself”

“So can I”

She laughed. “I like you. What’s your name?”

“Ethan,” he said, “Ethan West” He braved a quick look at her. Everything about her was screaming danger and fire. But she had the beauty that made every other woman in his thoughts appear gaunt and ugly. “You are brutishly strong for a lady”

“Compliments will take you everywhere mister,” she said. “I’d love to chat but I’ve got to run.”

“Am I boring you to death already?”

“I beg to differ. I’ve just got a ravenous hunger and I need to get home.”

“If it’s the food you want, my house is just around the corner. I wouldn’t forgive myself if I allowed a woman to continue alone this hour of the night”

“And here I thought chivalry was dead” Her eyes had a strange glow in them. “I gladly accept your offer, but I think I’ll only have a drink instead

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“Three dead bodies and no sign of physical struggle....” The police officer

worked his flashlight, assessing the victims. “The killer has a very strange M.O.” he cursed. “Where is this town heading to?”

“It wasn’t human, officer,” Detective Bradley Burke imposed as he crossed the yellow tape. Blue and red lights had already lit the side of the road. This was an active crime scene. “Those puncture wounds on the side of the necks are bite marks”

he finished.

“You don’t certainly believe that this was the work of a wild animal Detective

Burke?”

“If you’d seen the things that I have over the years, you would believe anything” he answered back absently. He knelt in front of the victims. “Did you manage to I.D them yet?” He could tell that these were common criminals, but no one deserves

to be killed like this. The first victim didn’t even seem any older than twenty.

“We’ve got John Quire, previously convicted on multiple charges of drug

possession, DWI, and robbery.....” his debriefing faded quickly to obsolete words when Detective Burke caught an odd detail laying alongside the victim’s bodies. A switchblade.

“They didn’t have time to fight back,” he thought out loud. The killer was doubtlessly fast enough to hit them before they could even see it coming. “Officer, how long ago did you find the bodies?”

“Half an hour ago. We received a distress call from a woman who was just driving by. She has been detained for questioning.”

“Take me to her,”

The police officer led him across the distance, behind the yellow tape where a few police cars had parked. Forensics had just arrived and the usual scandalous

routines were about to disturb the silence of the frosty night. Detective Burke had seen so many dead bodies in his days that their faces were all starting to look the

same. The mind of the killers was never different. There was going to be found some

trace of evidence left behind revealing the inhumane intent and possibly the face

behind the murder. The lady in mention had been nestled and wrapped with a blanket behind an ambulance. Her car had veered off the road after spotting the dead bodies lying in

the middle of the road. She had been shaken up by the experience so much that she

was going to need a few weeks of therapy at least.

“Ma’am, my name is Detective Bradley Burke and I’d like to ask you a few questions.” He stooped low in front of her. The normal line of questioning would drive them in circles. Each second they would waste would lead the killer further away from them. He would only ask the one question that reveals the mystery. “Did you see anything unusual when you were driving here?”

She looked up, meeting his stern eyes, and her fear was lost in thought right away. She had seen something unnatural. The killer was still out there, roaming the night and he needed to find him, for his own sake, and for Danielle who wasn't answering her phone. If the killer gets to her, this night, then his whole world would come tumbling down.

The woman turned to the officer next to him and then back to him, almost confused.

"Ma'am, it's very important that you tell me everything you saw, all the gory details. I know this must be hard on you, but it'll all be over soon."

"Am I being arrested?"

"No, far from it. We just want to know what happened"

She sniffed, sobbed, and inhaled deeply. "Okay," she said, "I'll tell you." She

took her time, bracing her memories. "I saw a man and a woman..." she began.

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Kate was standing outside, on the doorsteps until he bid her welcome and she took a few careful strides inside, walking passed the door that had been pushed invitingly open. He could see that glow in her eyes again but she quickly looked

away, to the picture painting hanging on the wall and she stood, fixed in reverie.

She walked a bit closer to the piece of art. It was a messy picture, gruesome and dully portrayed by the artist. The colors were a horrible display and it seemed only a piece depicting the deepest and saddest of emotions. But with a little more patience

and a whole form of the broad disk of the evening sun would appear from the canvas and hold any keen observer in quiet contemplation.

He came behind her, matching his eyes with hers onto the art and she became aware of his presence immediately. She was also aware of the creaking of wood journeying from the kitchen ceiling and the fresh smell of furniture and the faint

bathroom lights sketching each droplet of water roughly as it touched the floor. She was aware of the blood flowing through his veins right below his skin, tempting her

senses with every beat and she immediately turned to him, meeting his gaze. She was absorbing him, devouring him mentally as if he was dinner.

It was a shame that those beautiful eyes of his would never meet her again in anything more than this fleeting moment. She swallowed as she readied her appetite to take her

time and drink her fill, to sink her nails into his back and watch him scream for help. But this fool wasn't even scared. Why was he drawing so close and why was he looking at her like that? Never mind that it would be the last thing he

sees anyway. It would be fun to let him explore his folly, to see the extent of his desires.

She watched him kiss her first and his hands deliberately pulled her closer. Her slender hands slowly circled him also as a means to an end. He could feel the coldness of her lips, such coldness as that which doomed his existence but still, he continued because he had little knowledge of this feral passion he felt. Her fingernails raked his back and he could feel it through the fabric of his shirt.

With eyes closed, deep within the kissing, he used his instincts and mental picture to locate the nearest sofa but no, she tensed around him and directed him to the bedroom instead. There his deathbed waited.

With one attempt he swept her off her feet and carried her carefully to the door, walked in then slammed it shut. This fool, how could he possibly understand the danger he was in?

He set her on her feet beside the bed and undid the buttons on his shirt. In a like manner she lost her jacket, then her boots, and looking up she could see his bare body standing sentinel in perfect form, tempting her with color and warmth. But his

melancholy eyes could not be hidden even with his desperate disguise. There was an awful sadness in this room and a gloom that imprisoned his heart. An eternal memory was hidden somewhere. There, in the room adjacent to him. In there was

hidden his macabre past. This night's experience was intended to be a pathetic distraction to his meaningless life. She thought quickly and sat up in bed. Her appetite was gone. How could she delight in inflicting pain, in feasting on someone who was this broken? She already had problems of her own.

Suddenly she was on her feet and as he gazed in wonder and admiration at her whole form, she covered the distance with uncanny speed. She reached him; she flattened one hand on his chest and hurtled to the wall behind him with so much

quickness and strength that he was tossed off his feet. She stared directly into his eyes, holding him still at the same time. She would give him this gaze he had curiously sought and instill the fear of death into him. She twisted her claws and

watched him wince with pain. Many of her victims would be screaming by now but not this fool. Didn't he just see what she did? He was looking directly into her eyes now and soon he would realize that they weren't contact lenses.

Leaning closer, she could almost swear that the fear in his eyes was adamantly lost. But there was no time to wonder at this mystery. Finally, his gaze was brought under her full control,

“You are to forget this night,” she told him. “You are to forget this meeting. You will not remember the sound of my voice, or the taste of my breath, because this never happened. You shall seek no other in the hours that your bed lays bare and cold.

Alone you deserve to be. Misery and loneliness shall you desire to keep and share with no one else. I compel you, unfortunate one, to hear the sound of my voice and lose

that which once was yours. Every man that looks into my eyes condemns his soul.

Finally, she released him and there was a glimmer of tears in the cover of his eyes. She was satisfied, but before she could walk away, he grabbed her and forced a kiss which she had little time to resist. She should kill him right now, but she had

utterly become powerless to carry out her intent. Suddenly she indulged the sensation of his lips on hers and more than that, her hands had been interlocked with his, permitting her no movement.

“You are very selfish to say what you did,” he paused. He pulled back and he could see her remembering to protest.

“Let me go,”

“Not until you apologize. You had no right to order me to forget. And you hardly know me to be so forthcoming,” he told her. “I will let you go if you apologize and then I’ll let you explain what that was all about,”

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Kate fidgeted irritably but couldn’t feel any strength reaching her arms and legs. How is it that she couldn’t compel him? This had never happened before. She bit down her plump lips in thought, eyeing the handsome man.

He positioned her one more time and invaded her lips in a quick attempt. “Stop fighting and just apologize,”

She let out a scream of frustration to which he responded with a deliberate smile. She mumbled a few words which were lost immediately in her audible breaths.

“I couldn’t quite hear you, ma’am,” he mocked.

“Alright...” she breathed finally. “I won’t try to compel you again,”

“That wasn’t an apology. I would take it that you don’t say sorry very often,”

She groaned with annoyance.

“Calm down,” he said, “Am going to let you go, just don’t punch my teeth out.” He released her slowly and she breathed, she stepped away immediately to locate her jacket and boots.

A human weakness, one that had never manifested had just assailed her. She picked up her boots, panicking, and started to the door without a word. She had to leave this place, to go away from him to find meaning to whatever just happened.

“You have beautiful eyes,” he told her plainly, stopping her with the sound of his voice before she exited the door.

In an impulse, she could only say, “I have to go. It was nice meeting you, Ethan West.” Those words were the ones that sealed her destiny. This moment would be engraved in the deepest part of her soul, now and forever.

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“Let’s go through this one more time Mr. West. You say someone has been stalking you?”

“Yes, officer. Every night for the past four days”

“And this person knows where you live”

“As I said earlier, I see someone watching me from a couple of yards away, and every time I open the door outside, the person disappears in the shade of trees.”

“Do you have anyone in mind? Anyone you can think of who might be doing this?”

He thought, almost lingering pensively on thought but dismissed it right away.

“No, officer, I can’t think of anyone”

“You think this might be connected to the missing person, this... um,” he flipped a page in his file on the desk to arrive at some profile, “this Danielle Hawthorne?” he finished.

“Yes, absolutely, I think it has everything to do with her.”

“Tell me your connection with this woman,” he asked him absently as he jotted down the details.

“She is my assistant at work and a good friend of mine,”

The officer looked up from his file, “so you have been in contact with her in the incidents leading to her missing?”

“The night before, yes.... I went to her house in the evening after we met at the office”

The telephone rang on the table next to the officer and he took a moment to answer it right away. He listened to the voice on the line compliantly. It was possibly his superior. He hung up and went around the table to Ethan’s chair.

“Come with me, Mr. West”

“Is there a problem officer?”

“Come with me please” he repeated more forcefully this time. He ushered him out of the room and through the hallway of the precinct to what seemed to be an interrogation room. It had a large one-way mirror on one side and two steel chairs

sitting opposite a large table.

“Wait here,” he directed and left.

He settled down and waited. Five minutes passed and then the door opened. Detective Bradley Burke came in and Ethan got on his feet.

“So am being interrogated by you now, as if you haven’t done that already.”

“Listen, mate, I don’t like you very much either, and frankly if it was up to me, I’d lock you up for the trouble you’ve put Danielle through,” he said. “But right now, I just want to get the facts straight because she’s out there and she’s in trouble”

“I care about Danielle in more ways than you can understand. But am not saying another word to you until I speak to my lawyer,”

“Are you sure you want to push me like that I will bring the full force of the law to rain down on your little attitude. Just tell me what I need to know so that I can go and find her,”

Ethan said nothing.

“Alright, have it your way.” He stormed out of the room, scowling.

Ethan was released not long afterward. He got in his car and rushed home. A good time of careful thought might help him realize Danielle’s possible location.

When evening came, he was again aware of the likelihood of being watched, like the nights before. Vigilantly he drew the shades and time after time he would afford

himself quick peaks from the side of the curtains of the environment outside. A night like this one, a moonless night, would allow the perfect field for a good murder.

Such a cruel world was never meant for innocence such as that of Danielle.

Ethan stepped outside on the porch. In a matter of hours, he was going to drive out and search for her in all the places she would go and all the places she ever thought of going. Any attempt to find her would be better than feeling this helpless.

There were trees standing yards away from his doorstep. These were part of the maze formed by the many pine trees through which the lonely misty road snaked through. A whole shadow of a person could be seen, standing, watching him attentively. This was the one that had been stalking him.

Ethan, seeing this, launched from the porch and began running towards his enemy and somewhere along the way, he lost his vision, blinking, and his enemy, one who had been standing right there, was gone.

He halted near the place where his stalker stood, wondering if any of it was real.

Then, suddenly, a car engine started and two tail lights appeared deep inside the mist, and in no time the car took off.

The Alpha King's Heart Chapter 136

In all her many years, Kate had never felt such a compelling force, driving her to madness. She had never been one to reverie over a man, never one to run from such cravenly human emotions and certainly never one to drive like this, so obtrusively, on a road to nowhere.

She was over the speed limit, daring the motion of the wind to blur the image outside her window. Through the color of her eyes, she could see the starry sky laying oppressed by the gathering storm clouds from the horizon.

The road turned here and there, up a steep land, and continued with the quietness of the wind together with the openness of the sky. She drove for a few hours with the lingering thought that for the very first time, she might have found her weakness. Her frustratingly effective weakness. She had already witnessed how she lost her strength in front of him, and how she failed to compel him.

It would give her peace of mind to find a reason, an infallible explanation for this unnatural occurrence and that's why she had tried, for the past four nights, to watch him at a distance in his luxurious lifestyle, to study his every move, his dispositions, his habits, the company he entertained and the things he loved. Ethan West was one of the most successful eligible bachelors in the city, not only that he was well known. Models

and actresses throw themselves at him yet, he had never been in a serious relationship with any.

“Why does he have to be so f*****g sexy,” she muttered, running a hand through her hair. Damn it that she had found out more than she bargained for. Thanks to her x-ray vision she could now clearly envision his stubbed chin, his curly hair, his beautiful brown eyes, and his god-like everything.

It was no longer clear now if or not her cold brain had over-emphasized his details. But one thing was for sure, she needed to put an end to this drama and go back to her normal animalistic self. Besides, even in her wildest fantasy, a human

would never stand a monster like her. One cursed to live in the shadows, never to stand the bright rays of the noon sun, those that shed light and warmth and perpetuated the life of every colorful plant in its simplicity.

She would never understand what it would be like, to die as an infant of a hundred years, to fully live and spend all her youth drinking dirty beer and dancing in crazy lights as it was revealed in the eyes of her many victims. There was so

much meaning in their deaths, those countless youths. And if somehow they would pass, for a time, this eventful fate and enjoy the bitter fix of old age, they would still

be satisfied with their feeble human vigor. Better their short life’s experience than an eternity of insatiable thirst for blood.

Looking out in the distance she approached, she could see shadows on the land cast by features of rocks, explaining the terrain ahead. These shadows, soothed beneath the wind’s gentle caress also gave warning of the fast passing hours, soon

to admit the sun’s powerful beams in the dawning of a new day. She then sped a little more, drawing further and further away from the hopes of encountering any human home.

At length, she entered through the variant terrain, a whole new world from her perception. The ground was bare and ragged, and the little grass that appeared was either dried or burnt up all the way.

The main road was no longer in sight and the wind became much more threatening. A dark form of a house appeared, exposed and lonely, on a hilltop. The hue of the covering clouds had for some reason attained a ghastly amber-green nature. Then there were the ravens, flying in their black coats, circling the rooftop of the old Victorian-styled castle where she spent her years but as time went by, she stopped coming here and bought a penthouse in the city so it had a new owner now.

She parked her car and continued on foot.

Finally, she went inside and directed herself to the usual room that once fit to be called a cellar.

An old man was sitting there as if waiting for her. She immediately took her sit across him and took her time preparing the moment.

“I went to see him again” she began. “I know I wasn’t supposed to, but I went there anyway–“

“Why are you here?”

“I need answers Halomir.” She paused, thinking, “And because you’re the only person I can talk to,”

“This fascination you’re developing for this human is going to be your death girl,”

Kate said nothing.

“Tell me the real reason why you’re here”

“I need your help,” she confessed. “I want you to use your black magic to find someone. A woman named Danielle”

“Why do you want her?”

“He has been searching for her. I want him to have some peace of mind. He is already broken as it stands and I know that he needs his human friend.”

He leaned closer, exposing his piercingly hideous eyes. “It is going to cost you, girl.”

” Isn’t letting you stay in my castle payment enough?” she smiled but the man was not impressed, “Ok, tell me...” Kate sighed at last.

Awful thoughts came teeming down in her head at this

wizard’s malevolent demand. He who could ask for a human head without the slightest sense of regret had no limits.

“That necklace you always carry. I believe it was passed on to you by your mother,”

She snapped it from her neck with no hesitation and hurled it to his feet. “My mother died when I was just an infant. I have no memory of her.”

If only she could admit that it did not leave a painful aching in her heart.

“Very well then,” he said, picking it up from the ground. He squeezed it in his hand, then sniffed it, and finally released it to his lap. He closed his eyes and entered a trance for about half an hour.

She waited, quietly, and when he could open his horrible eyes and speak, he directed her to the place she would find her missing person.

Kate started to the door immediately. This place was beginning to scare some part of her. Then she heard,

“Your father is in town and he’s looking for you. Am not sure if I can still protect you from him.”

Fear and darkness consumed her immediately. She froze, speechless, almost out of breath. Her father, her mortal enemy, the only being that wanted to see her dead, and the only evil she feared had come. He had found his way here from his prison in a tomb.

The Alpha King’s Heart Chapter 137

The morning had come, and Ethan groaned as the curtains to his room opened.

“Close them, now,” he growled.

“Sir, you have a call, I’ve been told it’s important,” his butler, James, said. He had been with him since childhood and was very efficient. He sat up and closed his eyes momentarily as his head pounded. He regretted drinking too much last night.

“If there is a lady I came home with last night, please, kick her out. I don’t want to see anyone,” he told the butler, he had already done that as he knew his master all too well.

Ethan got out of bed and went to his ensuite bathroom. It would be a long day as he decided to investigate the case of his

stalker.

He went to his computer room in the mansion, checking every footage there was but he saw nothing other than heavy mist and a ...

“A crow?” he frowned. Since when are there crows in this neighborhood? He looked further and noted footprints in the wet and leaf-littered path.

He went outside in a hurry, forgetting to wear a coat but that didn’t matter, he never got cold.

“Master West, your coat,” A young maid rushed out, handing it to him. He took it, not looking at her twice, and continued his investigation. This is where the stalker stood, he thought.

From here was a perfect angle of his house and windows.

What sinister intentions would lead this stalker to watch him every night? He looked around him, catching every detail of the environment around him. This place was as creepy as the road that passed through it. He walked a few feet in all

directions trying to follow the footprints but then the path would only get heavier with leaves and sticks. He went a little deeper into the maze. A neglection of focus at any point would result in getting lost.

He picked up a little speed. He was beginning to sense a trail. This was the only time that would afford him answers. Night came with all forms of danger.

In a moment, in a brief moment, there was a clicking sound at his feet deep within the trail of leaves. Then, before he could lift his foot, a sharp-toothed trap snapped, clasped tight, in a split second and closed on his leg. He fell to the ground, hissing in intense pain. A few sharp teeth were deep and buried in his flesh with blood pouring from every point. A thick chain was attached to the trap and it disappeared in the pile of leaves.

With his hands, he tried to release himself but only added to the affliction. He tried to push up and his entire body felt the pain, wrenching him to the ground.

Then he crawled, he winced and gnarled from the agony lancing through him. He realized that he was helpless and he didn't bring his phone too.

From the loss of blood, he was beginning to weaken. He couldn't feel his leg. His eyes were beginning to shut and his breathing came in quick desperate gulps. The night would soon find him here and he only hoped James would search for him when he notices he was not back.

Those first few seconds of entering unconsciousness were the scariest. That last image that his brain took in, the trees with all their color and the beautiful blue sky, was in a moment given away to pitch blackness. Then, the next feeling was

that of being surrounded by a beastly cold air reaching into his chest. Night had come.

The moon shone bright and the few visible stars were immersed in the openness of the heavens.

He opened his eyes comparing his former picture with the one before him now and he could immediately catch a quiet figure of a person approaching from a distance. This was

just perfect. His stalker with all his evil intentions would find this situation a meal on a silver platter.

But the stalker was just standing there, watching him, and in no time turned around to leave. Ethan by now had already realized that this was a woman.

“Wait! I need help. I am badly hurt,”

She continued walking away. He tried, with all his might, to push up and balanced on one leg. “Hey wait!” he attempted to press down with the injured leg to test his healing and his whole body gave away to the pain, dropping him to the

ground with an involuntary scream.

And suddenly the woman stood, clearly aware of his misery but also afraid of revealing her identity.

“Why have you been watching me?” he asked her impatiently. “Is someone paying you?”

“No, I am just a stranger” she replied.

That voice was familiar. She came a little closer and leaned down in front of him. “I told you to stop moving in the night, Ethan West,”

“You.....” he recalled. “You’re the one that’s been stalking me. Are you some kind of paid assassin?”

“If I wanted you dead Ethan West you wouldn’t be here right now.” She reached down and flipped the trap open with her bare hands. There was screaming on his part but he was at the same time frightful of her sheer.

“How....did you do that?”

She helped him to his feet. She chose not to attend to the profuse blood leaking on his leg.

“I work out a lot. I already told you that am capable of taking care of myself,”

She had him walk slowly, a few steps at a time, all the way to his house. Two servants, an older man, and a woman rushed to them.

“Master, are you alright?.. Oh god, blood,” they were worried about him.

“Call the doctor, he might need stitching,” The man in a tux ordered the lady instantly surrounding him, asking if he was alright. Kate inhaled and helped him to the closest couch,

“I don’t know what I would have done if you hadn’t helped me tonight,”

Those first few seconds of entering unconsciousness were the scariest. That last image that his brain took in, the trees with all their color and the beautiful blue sky, was in a moment given away to pitch blackness. Then, the next feeling was

Ethan said, looking at Kate who looked indifferent,

“You would have probably been eaten by a coyote or a bear,” she told him.

“I guess you’re right,” he added. “Thank you, Kate. Although that doesn’t negate why you’ve been stalking me for the past four days. You’re going to have to give a good reason-”

“I will,” she told him at once. “I will tell you what you want to know but first for your sake, cover that wound.” She took a step back from the couch and looked away from the blood. He signaled James to leave, and scowling the man did just as a young maid came rushing in with the first aid.

“Oh sir, I was worried about you. You’re bleeding,” she was almost crying, the young woman got on her knees, inspecting his injury carefully and Kate rolled her eyes, what was that she was feeling? What a strange emotion, she thought.

“Aren’t you going to help me?” Ethan was talking to her and the maid looked up.

“I can do it, sir Ethan,” she said sweetly, and he shook his head.

“Thank you for this, now, go back to your room. I’ll be fine,” she tried to protest but his stern stare told her not to, and frowning, she left but not before glaring at Kate.

“You should have let her help you. It’s not safe for you if I do it,”

“It won’t be safe for you either if I die from blood loss” he insisted. He knew he won’t die, Ethan found out at a young age that his healing was faster than others.

Kate sat down next to him and she swallowed from the smell of the warm blood alone. Her heart was pounding a hundred times faster than normal and there were bad animalistic signals in her brain. Her fangs were itching and one wrong move would end it all.

“Hold my leg steady,” he instructed.

This fool will get himself killed. She caught a glimpse of the blood dripping to the marble floor from the corner of her eyes and her eyes zeroed on his leg instantly but she jumped away from her seat immediately and closed her eyes. “I told you I can’t help you, Ethan West, is that so hard to understand?!” she screamed at him.

“It’s your fault that I went out there in the first place. If you hadn’t been stalking me–“

“Listen, Ethan, I just saved your life today so I’d say we’re even.”

“Alright fine. We’re even. But I still need a hand here”

“I have to go. There is an urgent business I need to attend to,”

“You can’t just leave me here like this,”

” You have many servants, one of them can help,” she said icily, she inhaled deeply and said; ” I can come back tomorrow to check on you”

“You’re not listening Kate.” He struggled up until he could balance on one leg.

“I don’t want you to go. I want you to stay the night.”

The Alpha King’s Heart Chapter 138

“Stay with me tonight. I don’t want to be alone” he insisted, holding her slim waist gently but he retracted, thinking it wasn’t proper, his face was so close to hers and she couldn’t, all she wanted was to crush her lips on him, and explore his mouth.

She sat down on the arm of the couch, facing him. He was standing in front of her and gently he caressed the side of her face, making her still with wonder. What was happening? Why was she loving the sound of his voice and the glistening of his

eyes? This wasn’t supposed to happen. He wasn’t supposed to be this obscenely brave.

“Can I hold your hand?” he asked her under his breath.

She processed, eyes still fixed onto his, and then she said, “No you should not”

“Why?”

“Because I will kill you if you do,” she answered back softly.

He stopped immediately and waited.

“I am going to kill you if you put your hands on me,” she repeated still seeming calm. “I should have told you this before you invited me into your house.” She watched as her warning sunk into his eyes. “I am a vampire. I kill humans like you

and right now, you need to run and hide,”

Ethan wasn't moving. She gave it a few seconds and he was just standing there, mocking her with his presence. She wondered if she should go for the kill or suck the life out of him slowly first.

Promptly she decided to be on her feet and he grabbed her arm with enough force that she felt it and put her back to her seat. Looking into his eyes now, she could swear he was in a whole different mood and his eyes shone. She held her breath unconsciously, remembering the earlier moments when his eyes had lustfully owned her.

"You think this is funny?" he threatened. She kept quiet all of a sudden. "How can you talk about death like that? First, you stalk me and then you go looking into my past-" he stopped there and then hurried to the seat across the room. He didn't sit

down but just stood, avoiding facing her and his hand had already formed into a fist. He was gnarling, clearly cursing mentally. This kind of reaction was by all means triggered by her wording and it had her confused.

Finally, he brought himself to sit down and she advanced to his side carefully.

Granted that she knew he was broken but she could have never guessed that he had a temper. His hands were shaking, she could see that. After a moment of listening

to his pounding heartbeats, she decided to sit next to him.

"I haven't been looking into your past, I promise. I don't know what you're talking about,"

He forced himself to look at her and with a deeper, rustier tone he said, "My parents were killed by a blood-sucking monster. How else would you have said what you did if you hadn't been looking into my past?...."

She froze right away, deep in thought. That certainly explains a lot about him. "I had no idea, believe me." That had sounded more compelling in her mind.

Words of compassion would never heal a wounded heart with her, thanks to her cold, malevolent aura. Maybe she should just stop talking.

"Is that why that door is locked in your room, to hide the memories?" the words shot out unchecked. It's like her mouth had a brain of its own. This was definitely prying.

Surprisingly, he nodded in agreement. After a few silent seconds, his eyes dissolved into a less spirited nature, "I was just a boy when it happened." his voice was hoarse and strangled.

"You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to. I know how losing a parent can be," she whispered.

“I feel like I can talk about it with you.” He placed his hand on top of hers and his voice had just adopted a quavering quality. But he still couldn’t look at her. “My dad was behind the wheel, my mom right beside him and I was alone in the back

seat. That was twenty years ago but I clearly have that picture in my head. It was late and we were driving home.” He breathed. “It all happened so fast. One moment we were there on the road and the next we were upside down, my mom was

Finally, he brought himself to sit down and she advanced to his side carefully.

badly hurt and my dad couldn’t breathe. There was blood everywhere in the car. I could hear footsteps approaching the vehicle. There was a creature out there, the

reason why our car had overturned. And then it dragged my mom and dad out of the car. I watched, quietly, cowardly, afraid that it would find me and drink my blood. I couldn’t do anything as the monster killed my family.”

She tensed suddenly and pulled her hand from his. “This monster you saw, did you have a good look at it?”

“You wouldn’t believe me if I told you”

“I think we’re way past that. Just tell me,”

He took a moment as if reliving the incident. “It looked like a person. I had closed my eyes when it bit into my mother’s dying body. I couldn’t look.”

“You did the right thing,” she told him. “I mean keeping quiet.” There was hesitation in her voice.

“I’ve never told anyone this.” He turned to her, opting to explore the length of her with his eyes. She tried to move from her seat but realized that she would only reveal her nervousness from a thought that now lingered in her head. Thoughts

about some accident and she had no control over it.

So she couldn’t leap from her seat. Or look away and her only defense was offense. She immediately kissed him and all the air in her chest was entirely lost.

She tried to breathe in and he pushed his lips much deeper and now there was no escape. He grabbed her, invading her and touching her in all the places that had been dormant for many years. Her hands pushed on his chest, trying to break free

but he easily repelled this tactic with his strong hold. He matched the sound of her breathing and leaned over just enough that she fell on her back on the couch. She

made the biggest mistake she could. She closed her eyes. Now she was lost in everything Ethan West. He was going to get whatever he wanted...

The Alpha King's Heart Chapter 139

Bradley stepped out of his car and he was immediately enveloped by the dense gloom. His pair of eyes wandered over Ethan's mansion and he breathed. This was not one of his finest moments. The entirety of his intentions in

coming here was linked to Danielle. He stepped in front of the door pulling his coat

over him with a visible cold breath cloud escaping his mouth.

The door opened before he delivered loud knocks and paused. A tall thin man stood in front of him with a peculiar gaze.

"May I help you?" he asked in a cold tone.

"I'm Detective Bradley and I'm here for Ethan West," Bradley introduced himself to the man. He shut the glass door in his face and It was a five minutes wait before Ethan stepped out. The light from inside revealed his tall frame and he stepped an inch back as if expecting a solicited hostile welcome. And it would be his fault to be honest, given the brief history they shared with Ethan.

They took a moment gazing at the life out of each other. Everything else hushed and it only made the whole scene last forever. Bradley cleared his throat, concluding the

long awkwardness and then he said, "Danielle has been found." His directness caught Ethan off guard. And Ethan's face could only beam a thousand questions

to the back of his mind. "I found her sitting on her front porch, pale as the moon" he finished.

"What happened to her? Where did she go?"

"The last thing she remembers is stepping into that road chasing after you, mate" he dictated. "She can't remember a thing after that. It's like her memory of what happened was completely wiped from her brain"

"Where is she now?"

"Listen, mate, I am not going to answer your hundred questions. Am only here to tell you this because she practically blackmailed me into coming here... She was

willing to come here herself in her condition."

Ethan processed with his eyes lost in nothing in particular.

“Can’t you see that you’ve put that woman through hell? Just keep away from her if you want what’s best for her.”

“What do you think I’ve been trying to do for the past five months?” he snapped.

“Well maybe you aren’t doing it right,” he replied right away. “I know she is your assistant at work. She does everything for you and it’s killing her daily. I only want to protect her from the likes of you. Right now, you can start by firing her. That way she won’t have to look at you every five minutes–“

“You have no intentions of seeing her best interests. Maybe you should be the one to stay away... mate,” he told him with a matching cold tone.

“Watch it!” he warned, poking his chest with a finger and immediately through the open door, Kate appeared behind Ethan. She had that possessive look on her eyes, like she would rip anyone who touched Ethan to pieces.

She was beautiful, torturously attractive with pitch-black glossy hair and spell-binding lips. But there was evil in her that seemed to chock whatever light was revealed in her beauty.

Bradley received the warning from her eyes without question. He would only say,

“Who’s your friend?”

“She is none of your business,” Ethan told him sternly from the awareness of her presence because of her strong alluring scent. “I think it’s time for you to leave Detective.”

There was something off about her. The way her eyes threatened him gave the most reason to try and fix her as a piece in some puzzle. Bradley took a few seconds

processing and at length, he turned to leave. This woman definitely fit some description and he was going to look into her everything until he finds her guilty of

some evil.

“So, are you staying,” he asked suddenly, Kate’s resolve was weakening and he smirked, “And a yes,”

“I’ll be gone before you wake up,”

...

Lasting relief came over Ethan as he considered the text from Danielle to meet her at some outdoor restaurant. She was already there and waiting for him.

He looked up, narrowly missing the speeding truck from oncoming traffic. He regained his focus but then too another idol opportunity he could get to thumb in a

the message of his own.

“Kate, Kate,” he chanted her name, true to her word, she was gone before he woke up, was she even there?

The sun had just risen with a gripping bright red tone and it hanged gracefully

enough in the east to make its presence known in the early morning. The light of day stretched the road and wound it around tall buildings.

Ethan maneuvered through growing traffic until he neared the place where Danielle was. Labels on buildings directed his drive to his destination. It was an outdoor restaurant, stationed just off some avenue. Its shelter was carefully set to provide

cooling relief from the noon sun and high enough to accommodate a refreshing breeze. And the aroma of the food there would invade the glass windows of towering buildings and cause a crowd like a river to flow from every direction and

persecute this small space in the early evenings. In those late hours, fleeting time deprived every customer of a quick exit. But none would afford to leave before eating food there.

“Watch it!” he warned, poking his chest with a finger and immediately through the open door, Kate appeared behind Ethan. She had that possessive look on her

The early hours however were quiet and long-lasting. One could almost clearly see the innocence and solitude of this place revealing its setup.

Ethan backed into a space about a yard away and packed. He stepped out of the car, driving blithely into the morning air. He streaked across the road and finally settled his eyes on the few empty tables under the shelter. He searched as he approached and ran his eyes past a few couples that had taken their places there. Danielle had sat at the far end and he spotted her quickly when he came closer.

Her face beamed with color and she waved at him. He took in a lungful of air and approached, then sat down in the chair across hers on the table. She was also a bit nervous about this encounter. She had gone through a great deal of trouble to fix herself and make her hair stand out wonderfully.

Her dress was fancy, enough to make any pair of eyes wander down to her cleavage. The color however suited her fair skin. The rest of her makeover was plain and simple but that was only because she couldn't decide what to do with herself for at least three hours in front of her mirror.

"You look beautiful,"

Those first words, the sound of his voice up close made her cheeks red and urged her to fidget in her seat. Danelle eyed him with blushed cheeks, Etahn was too handsome, she couldn't even look at him in the eyes.

"I don't even know where to start," he said, looking at her. "What happened to you,

Danielle?" He reached out and held both her hands comfortingly. Her eyes had begun tearing right away.

"I wanted to come and find you. I just remember the mist all around me on that road and then the memory kind of vanishes right away. Then next, am sitting there

on my doorstep feeling cold. I almost convinced myself that it was just a bad dream."

He filled the pain into his sympathy and he could see her failing to go on, breaking

into quiet sobbing. He immediately lifted his chair, went around the table, and sat next to her.

"Am so sorry, Danielle..... I should have never left and none of this would have happened." He embraced her and she let herself die a little with closed eyes. This touching alone would soothe and heal many of her pains.

They spent the next several hours together and evening was fast approaching.

Every moment and every detail mattered to both of them. But another thought soon found its place in his troubled mind as the hours faded away. They were thoughts of Kate and he wondered for a moment because her nature was seizing, captivating, and mysterious.

The Alpha King's Heart Chapter 140

"I never wanted to be born like this Halomir. There must be a cure" she told the old man, trying to convince herself more than him. "I don't enjoy hurting people," she said, "I mean killing people. And even when I do, my actions are

justified because I only hurt bad people. No one needs them. The world is a much

better place without them."

“If you believe that, then you’re more like your father than you think” he added.

“I am nothing like him,” her voice went up quickly. “He is a monster. He takes pleasure in killing people. He is the reason why my mother, his wife is dead.”

He kept quiet, urging her on.

“I know he is not going to stop until he finds me and kills me. I also know that I am not going to allow that,” she declared. “I will have to kill him first.”

“Tread carefully girl. You will end up losing your soul and become him if you take this path”

“There is nothing left of my soul. I am already lost. But I will have satisfaction when he is dead.”

“That is not the only reason you want to live” he reminded her.

“Yes, it is the only reason,” she lied.

“What about this human friend you fancy?”

“What about him?”

“I know you want him. It’s just a matter of time though, until you turn him into your pet, just like all your other victims. Then you will delight in feeding on him every night”

“That’s not true” she denied with a heartfelt wavering tone. “I would not hurt him.”

“You do not know that”

“He is....different.” She said that and she pictured him

right away, and then felt her heart skip a bit. “I am still learning about him,”

“You like him,” he affirmed from the color in her eyes. “You are losing your mind girl. Creatures like you can never feel emotions. It is abominable.”

She looked up to meet his devilish eyes and she detested his choice of words.

“Let me worry about what’s abominable and what’s not. I just want you to help me find a cure.”

“There is no cure, girl!” Dust from the worn weak roof whooshed down. “Your whole nature dooms your existence. You are fated to die an awful death.”

She jumped to her feet at the mention of those words. She should rip this old buffoon to pieces. She was breathing with heavy breaths, about to cross her breaking point. She formed her hands into fists but ended up choosing to dig her

claws into her palms to calm herself. She could feel the sharpness prick in her flesh and her breathing went down a notch. But if she had to look at his face a little while longer, then she would not be able to control herself.

She stormed out of the castle in angry silence. The night was beastly cold but it matched her mood perfectly. She got into her car and drove, heading home, her temporal home.

Over the years, she had kept her life discreet. Her every move was calculated and carefully planned. She would not spend more than a few months in one location and she would never form attachments with anyone. But that was also because she

couldn't. Her darkness would repel anyone even in a harmless encounter.

She considered the night sky, plain and dark except for the bright stars fighting to dominate the night clouds. A few more days and she would have to move again.

This time, her next residence would be as close to Ethan's as possible. Her late-night visits to his house would eventually be suspicious and this night only reminded her of that. He would soon want to meet her in the light of day, and that is if

he is not repelled by her darkness sooner than later.

She drove into the small trail that led to her cabin house. There were trees on either side that set her cabin in hidden dark confinement.

She suddenly got a horrid feeling that alienated her from this path that she had been accustomed to for a while. There was something strange in the air. Her eyes allowed her to see the cabin way past the beams of the headlamps. She slowed

down, trusting her instincts in handling any strange danger.

All at once, the lights went out, lessening her vision to a pale display. Something was wrong. She could feel it with all her soul. She stopped the car immediately and fumbled her hand below the steering wheel to get the lights back on.

Then, still in her state of concern, she was in a split second made aware of the stolid male figure standing in front of her door, in a distance that could have been covered by the beams of her headlamps. It was unclear of the identity of this figure

the first few seconds but she soon realized with absolute certainty that she was about to die. Her father was here. He had found her. Now she couldn't think and she couldn't move. He had come to haunt her. No, he had come to end her life, to

take her and condemn her to the grave that was intended to hold him for all eternity.

Finally, she felt a surge of adrenaline and she stepped into the car in quick reverse, a desperate attempt which she knew would do her no good. But she still had to give it her all.

The car launched back violently and she had little time to maneuver the car into control. In a split second, the backlights alerted that she was about to ram into a tree and she tried to spin the car around then failed to take over the speed, crushing

ferociously into the hard broad trunk instead. The car came to a sudden stop in fierce smoke and damage. Before she could fully open her eyes, a stake was plunged into her chest.

"F**k," she hissed, pulling it out.

Kate sucked in a breath when the cold air hit her lungs, finally reminding her that she was about to die. She had managed to escape death momentarily but she had little time to plan her escape. She fled from the rage of her father only to be frostbitten and left for dead in the middle of the woods.

Down on the ground, she tugged on some low branch and sat up straight to keep her blood flowing. She was weak and badly injured from the car crash. She sucked

another breath but the pain inside of her closed her windpipe and she coughed in release. She was already bleeding inside out. It was probably a broken leg or something else.

If she could keep breathing long enough, then she could think of something other than the thought of calling Ethan. She didn't know what to do next.

Still shivering, she lay down and huddled, disobeying the pain. Suddenly, the screen of her phone lit and there was a message from him, almost as if subconsciously her beating heart had reached him across every space and mountain. Her fear of death was now somewhat postponed. She gathered enough strength to dial his number. A few seconds of ringing and then his voice came on. On another day, she wouldn't worry so much, death never scared her until Ethan.

"Ethan....." she moaned. On the other end, he immediately caught the labor in the tone of her voice.

"Kate, is everything alright?"

“Can you please come and get me? I am hurt,”

“Where are you?”

She weakened, her eyes closing and her breathing growing fainter.

“Tell me where you are!”

Finally, she passed out. Or maybe she just fell in somewhere before a trance. She couldn’t tell how long before she was fully dead but she could feel the slightest

sensations on her skin. She could hear a familiar voice of him right there.

“Am going to get you some help,”

He immediately picked her from the ground and she was entirely too weak to resist.

Effortlessly he carried her across the woods. She laid her head lazily in the pit of his shoulders and breathed in the smell of him. One bite and she could be on her feet in no time. Her fangs sharpened in her mouth and her lips parted. Veins of ferocious

craving spread from her eyelids.

No, this wasn’t right. She needed to control herself. She tightened her grip around him, shaking to fight the temptation.

“You’re trembling,” he said. She nodded in agreement. “Don’t worry, we’re almost there” he added.

They reached his car, packed in a dense gloom on the side of the road.

“How did you know where to find me?” she asked him quietly as he laid her in the car seat.

“I could sense your fear from a mile away,” he told her, reminding her of her own words. “I need to take you to the hospital,”

“No, I will die anyway–“

“Don’t say that” he told her sternly. He could see her losing her strength quickly and the thought of her dying was tormenting.

“The sun is about to come out” she reminded.

“Yes, in a few minutes,” he said.

She immediately rolled down the window to let the air in and she admitted the coldness with it. "I want to see the sun," she told him. "Let me see the sun this one- time,"