



#Chapter 9 It looked like he wanted to kiss me

He winced. "His Majesty has asked not to be disturbed. He's reviewing documents."

I nodded. "Well, make sure he eats something. He gets cranky when he's hungry."

Allen chuckled. "Of course, Miss Hedy."


When the house was quiet, and I was certain that no one would hear me, I locked the door to my bedroom and closed the thick curtains around my bed. I pulled the hidden panel in the headboard out and put on my headset.

"Pandora to Moon Shadow, online," I said.

The screen of the computer shifted as the computer recognized my voice and initialized the unlocking protocols to the private messaging board of Moon Shadow.

In the wake of the chaos that had started to infect werewolf society after the rise of the vampire king, Moon Shadow was formed to help combat it. The organization was made up of only werewolves with awakened bloodlines. No one knew anyone's real name, faces, or voices, but we all shared a common vision: bringing about the unity and peace of the werewolf world, freed from vampire interference.

It was a lofty goal, especially with werewolves defecting to the vampire side in the hopes of gaining more power in the



future, but I didn't think it was impossible. I had been an executive of the group, second only to our leader, for years. Sometimes, I wondered if Candido would ever believe that I spent my nights doing things like this, but I laughed at the thought. There was a good chance that it would send him into a spiral of worry.

It was even more likely that he would laugh, pat my cheek and send me off to bed with a cookie if I tried to tell him the truth about Moon Shadow, my role in it, or my powers.

Over the past few years, my bloodline awakened, but only recently did I start to learn to control it. My ability to enhance my strength allowed me to use explosive force and speed when I needed it, so I was usually put on tasks that required stealth and quick escapes. Given my schedule, I wasn't put on many missions unless there was no one else available.

Most recently, the headquarters of the Moon Shadow had been attacked. Solaris, one of the superpowered werewolves of Moon Shadow, had been injured. It was unprecedented, and the data didn't fully explain what the attack was meant to accomplish.

Most people believed there was something bigger behind the attack. Some believe they just got lucky in guessing Moon Shadow's location. If that were the case, the attack should have looked different. The servers should have been hacked or taken, and the attacker probably wouldn't have left such a trail of destruction.

Some were convinced that we had been infiltrated by a spy. I had to reserve judgment until I could review all the information, but I was certain that not only was the attack deliberate, but it was only the first attempt.

Whoever attacked headquarters hadn't gotten what they wanted. It was my job to make sure that they wouldn't. And no matter their reasoning, I was going to find the people behind the attack and make sure they regretted it.

I typed a series of orders to those that were at headquarters to recover all the servers there and split them up into seven locations, making sure that if someone tried to access the information we had stock-piled, they would have to have access to all seven and get through several more layers of security.

Most importantly, I had each location's whereabouts coded so that no one other than the leader and I knew exactly where they were. The information I allowed to circulate through the channels was misleading and coded to help me suss out any traitors. I'd have an idea about who was connected to the attack based on which location was attacked and how the attacker chose to try and retrieve the information.

Still, I wasn't convinced it was an inside job.

The report I had been waiting for appeared in my inbox. I opened it and started to review the photos and evidence there.



Most of the west wall had been destroyed, but the attack had avoided damaging the support columns. That told me that they had a good understanding of the building or perhaps architecture. We were looking for someone who was educated or at least backed by someone educated. The fact that they narrowly missed the main power tower told me they knew something about electrical work and networking.

Maybe it had been a team. Maybe it had been just one person, but the amount of power that would have been required to burst through the security and take out the wall pointed to someone with an awakened bloodline.

I took note of every possibility as it came to mind. I sifted through the security logs and the scrambled footage that was available. The assailants had avoided being completely seen by the cameras using some sort of jamming technology, but the sound was relatively clear.

They had been able to jam the security system for a few seconds, but that had triggered the secondary system and dispatched the guards.

There had been a fight, but when the signal cleared, there were only a few guards standing in the wreckage. I paused the video and zoomed in as something caught my eye at the edge of the room.

It was a clue, but I couldn't be sure what it was exactly. With any luck, the team recovered it for analysis, and I could do

that now.

Then, a knock sounded on my door. I winced and logged out quickly, closing up the headboard and opening the curtains.

I glanced back to make sure nothing was out of place before walking across the room to the door, unlocking it, and grinning up at Candido. He was still in his suit from the event and holding a glass of milk.

I chuckled and took the glass, drinking it under his watchful gaze.

Golden werewolves like Candido could use their blood as medicine. He mixed his blood into the milk. He had been treating me like a little girl for the past four years. He believed drinking this special milk would help me grow taller and stronger.

Well, it actually made me chubby. But I didn't care about that.

And the milk seemed to taste different from normal milk. It was sweeter and carried Candido's scent. I like the smell of him.

"Nothing happened at school today?" Candido stared down at me. His expression didn't change. His tone was neutral.

I shrugged. "Nothing much."

Usually, I had plenty to say, rambling on about every little thing, but I hadn't been at school long enough for anything

interesting to happen. Claire and I had barely gotten through eating the meal when Allen had come. 1

As I thought about it, I should check in with Claire and see how her time alone with Francium had gone.

"The dinner was a little bland and boring."

I finished the glass and licked the milk from my mouth as I handed the glass back to Candido. Then, I realized that Candido wasn't staring at me but at my mouth. Tentatively, I drew my tongue across my bottom lip. His pupils expanded, and his nostrils flared. A bit of wolf light went through his eyes, and his jaw tightened.

Did he always stare at me like this, and I had just never noticed? It made my face heat. It looked like he wanted to kiss me. Would he be gentle? Or would he suck my tongue into his mouth until he could taste his own blood there?

Whichever it was, I wanted him to kiss me as much as he wanted.

I pulled my thoughts away from that in favor of thinking about the attack site. It was safer than fantasizing about Candido and more fruitful. Getting Candido to see me as a woman would take way more time than getting to the bottom of the attack.


"What do you think of Francium?" Candido asked with a cold expression.

My eyes widened as I looked up at him. Why would he

mention Francium?



 Comments

 Vote (1.5k) 