

Latent by Queasy

Chapter 8

Something was stirring within me, struggling to get free; or at least trying to get something across. But the niggling feeling, that wasn't entirely bad, was overridden by my fear.

stopped and waved the lantern in front of me wildly, saying, "Whoever the creep you are, show yourself!" I thought about my phone that was back in my large room, charging, and thought myself more the fool for leaving the pack-house without it.

I felt a presence approaching me.

Dark.

A presence so dark i felt my wolverine instincts flare alive for the first time. /Mate/ my wolf said for the... First time. Amidst my fear for whoever or whatever was approaching, I felt a joy so profound fill me that I started to cry

When I heard a twig snap, I became alert, putting my emotions in check. Whipping my head around, I saw nothing but the tall shapes of trees and shadows of fanning leaves and spindly boughs.

I paused to listen into the silence for a sound; and I heard nothing. But I could feel it. The presence of a predator, watching me, waiting.

I became a little frightened. "Look, you sick f*ck," probably not a good way to address your mate but whatever, "do you get a kick out of scaring the daylights out of people or what?"

More twigs snapped under the shoes of someone, and gradually the sound grew louder, nearer. I stilled myself.

But I couldn't still a gasp that escaped me at the sight of the man. Over six foot tall and packed with muscles, he was dressed in a long black coat. A pair of leather boots hugged his strong calves and a hat sat on his head; he looked to be just dismissing from a meeting of some sort.

The figure drew closer to me and against the darkness, and his darker clothes, his piercing grey eyes stood out. When he came to stand in front of me, he did something strange.

He started to circle me, examining me.

“Foul mouthed,” he pronounced, “Frightened. Emotional. Weak.” He stopped a hairsbreadth away from me, then finished, “I should have no use for you.”

His words, though aggravating as they were, shouldn't have sounded so... Delicious. It was his voice, I decided, the deep, silky and cultured timbre of it. Or maybe it was the air around him; magnetic, consuming, powerful, seductive...

At the smug raise of his dark brow I realized he was watching me check him out, and knew I was liking what I saw. The bastard. Then suddenly his words registered to me and my temper flared. “Rude,” I pronounced, “Creepy. Sick. Uncaring for personal space. Even you should have no use for yourself.” I placed my hand on warm his chest and pushed at him.

He didn't budge. I looked up, about to curse at him, but then I saw his nostrils flare and his eyes turn a fervid yellow.

In a split second his palm curved around my nape and his lips crushed mine in a hard kiss.

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Something hot burned to life in the pit of my stomach, and I realized it wasn't anger; it was desire. Hot. Consuming. And spreading through my veins.

Something snapped within me, and with a moan my arms went around his neck, my lantern slipping from my hand. At what seemed like my surrender he growled low in his throat, pulling me flush against his body and sliding his other hand down my shorts, cupping my bare butt. I should've been offended, but instead all I could think about was what sex with this man would be like; hot, dirty, sinful.

As his hot tongue thrust into my mouth, he rocked me against his raging erection until I could feel myself throbbing, dampening.

We pulled and kissed at each other frantically, breathing heavily. I've never felt this way before. Never felt a desire this raw pulse through my veins. Never..

I groaned when I felt his moist mouth on my neck, biting, sucking. My hands went to thread through his thick black hair, knocking off his hat in the process.

As he lapped at my skin, he muttered words that were broken up by deep growls. Those words gradually became audible to me.

“Mark. You. Be my... Luna. Break. Curse. Have my pup-.”

Break curse?

My eyes flew open. And despite the haze of desire clouding my senses, I managed to shove him away. Unsuspecting, he stumbled away from me. His eyes burned a brighter shade of yellow and his canines instantly extended. He made to pull me back into his arms.

I slapped his hands away. "Introduce yourself," I ordered.

He looked at me as if I was crazy, hell I'd feel like it if he turned out to be who I thought he was.

He grated out, "Vaughan. Vaughan Lupus."

A screech escaped me as I stumbled away from him.

A confused growl escaped him and he closed in on me.

Then we both paused.

The smell of burning grass filled the air.

Our gazes both drew in on my lantern that'd fallen away during our make out. A memory that now filled me with disgust. Offered a distraction, I got up and made a run for it. I hadn't gotten more than a few feet away from him when I heard his enraged roar..

I had a good headstart.

But it turned out, where Vaughan was concerned, I didn't.

Painfully I worked my legs, increasing my speed when it appeared he was fast catching up with me. I blindly tore through the forest, not caring for the leaves that slapped at my skin or the hanging branches that tore at my clothes. I had to get away from him.

A few feet beside me, with only a thick knit of trees separating us, I spotted Vaughan through a curtain of broad leaves ruthlessly pumping his arms for speed; his coat had come off during the run and his black shirt now stretched over his bulging muscles distractingly. I lifted my gaze and saw his determined gaze locked on me.

Fear gripped me when he suddenly disappeared from my sight. Only to reappear behind me.

I screamed like a banshee when he started gaining in on me. Scared out of my mind, I stretched my hand towards a group of mountainous trees, calling frantically on my abilities. A leap of joy sprang into me when one finally budged and the rest came falling and falling and falling...

Landing in Vaughan's path with a loud, dusty thud.

Releasing a stunned breath, I kept on running until I spotted the large field surrounding the pack-house. Breathing heavily, I sped across it and ran up the stairs and through the halls, heading for my room.

I closed the door behind me when I got in, sliding down it miserably. Staring into the darkness bleakly, I thought, Vaughan f*cking Lupus was my mate.

Morning came sooner than I would've liked it to.

Someone pulled open the drapes, and a ray of sun attacked my eyes.

"It's not good to sleep on the floor, ma'am," the person was saying, then began to chatter away, "There's always the possibility you could catch a cold, or worse, your death. As legend has it, Great Grandolf the Pioneer slept on the ground one night and unbeknown to him, a century-old vampire's coffin was buried beneath him. It was said the vampire awakened that night, killing Grandolf in his sleep. He W-"

I didn't have time for this. "Why exactly are you here?" I asked the dark-skinned omega, who couldn't have been older than fourteen.

She blinked at me, appearing confused, "I was assigned to be your personal omega by Greta. And I'm here to get you set and ready for the day ahead," she finished mechanically, as if reciting some rule that'd been ingrained into her head.

Dragging myself off the floor, I heard my bones pop in some places. I faced her. "I can dress myself."

Her almond-shaped eyes widened. "I insist, ma'am."

Drawing myself to my full height, which wasn't much by the way, I raised a brow at her. "I said I can dress myself. And, please," I murmured, "stop with the 'ma'ams', my name's Hilda."

She bowed slightly, "Alright, Miss Hilda."

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Sighing, I strode over to where my phone laid. I unplugged it and swiped at the screen, seeing no important notification.

The girl watched me all the while.

And when I started heading for the bathroom, she quickly spoke up.

“So, you really have no use for me?”

At her words, an onslaught of memories from last night filled me. ‘Foul mouthed. Frightened. Emotional. Weak. I should have no use for you.’

“I don’t!” I snapped at the girl now, and regretted it almost immediately.

Turning to the young omega, I expected to see offense in her expression, instead in it I saw open curiosity. She canted her head, intensely observing me, “You sleep on the floor, have no need for the extra help and prefer I call you by your first name.” Perplexed, she asked, “What type of Noble are you?”

Noble; the term given to an Alpha, his family, and any other prominent werewolf figure. Replying her, I said, “The type that needs the peace and quiet the bathroom would afford her.”

Getting the hint, the girl fell silent, then went over to the large queen sized bed and went on to make it.

“Hey.” I called, “I can make my own bed.”

Paying me no heed, she began to speak to no one in particular. Her tone sounded forlorn. “Our Alpha’s curse is getting worse by the day. Why, yesterday we could all hear him roaring at nothing, chasing another invisible. being through the forest. He was quite a formidable man—still is, as a matter of fact. But now, now he’s being detained in his Rehabilitating Cell more often, and the entire pack is scared to their bones. He had

She paused when she saw that I was actually listening to her. She made to say something but stopped

suddenly, her dark eyes slowly enlarging as she really took me in.

The leaves and broken twigs in my hair. The minuscule tears in my clothes. The scratches on my exposed arms.

The telltale signs of running through the forest madly.

Her dark eyes widened, and quite dramatically she slowly rose a palm to her gaping mouth. “You..” A bare whisper. “It was you he chased last night, wasn’t it?” Then her eyes left me and she appeared contemplative. “I should go tell Greta and the rest that he wasn’t being delusio-.”

“Hey!” I called when she started scurrying towards the open door, “Hey! As your mistress, I order you to not say a word to anyone!”

She was near the door now.

“Hey!” I screamed. The door suddenly slammed shut before her face, making her stumble backwards.

I looked at my hands, gravely stunned. My powers were coming more readily now.

Slowly the girl turned to face me, her eyes large and frightened.

At length we stared at each other, then, in an ominous tone, I spelt out, “You will not say a word about any of this to anyone, am I clear?”

She nodded rapidly.