

Blood and Canines

"What are you rambling about? "

"Are you a fucking Alpha maiden? It is a simple yes or no!"

He kept roaring in my face,

"And what the heck is that?"

"Oh, you would know! It's the whores of our stories! The females felt the mate bond to every Alpha she met until she let one mate and mark her! Is that it? It tingles between your legs every fucking time you lay eyes on an Alpha? You just drool over every single dick with rank and power?"

Irritation washed over me, but then again, this was nothing new. I don't have the number of times I've been called that. Whore, slut, skank, slipp'n-slide-lucy. Usually by jealous girls, but also teachers, parents, even strangers, and old flings. Occasionally, flings that never happened.

It stopped hurting a long time ago because I knew it wasn't really true. I never took direct payment for it, so I shrugged it off with that. What hurt this time was hearing it from him, Fury. I saw him lurking; his eyes flickered, but he didn't put up a fight. I scowled at me with the same judgmental stare as Toke.

But there was nothing to say; this was just ridiculous!

Pushing my way past him, I reach for the door, but he yanks me back and flung me against the wall. Gasping for air, I stared at him in shock.



"Answer me!"

"what the hell do you want me to say? I have no idea what you are shouting about! I'm human! You know this! Let me go, now!"

"Not a chance! I know you are lying to me! "

"If you know that, why the hell are we even here? Grow up, Toke, and let me out! I'm not listening to this rubbish anymore!"

Again, I tried to walk past him, but he grabbed my arms and showed me right up against the wall. His eyes were dark, and his face was hard as he stared down at me.

"Toke, stop! You are hurting me!"

His fingers and nails bored into my flesh, and he kept pressing me against the wall like he was trying to force me through it. 1

"Then stop lying!"

"I am not! How the hell am I supposed to know what you are talking about? I've never even met any alpha besides you!"

I shouted back as fear pulsed through my body, and he froze. Finally, he is starting to think! I pushed myself against him, away from the wall, trying to get out of his grip. But even if his eyes were distanced, thinking and not even seeing me. He slammed me right back into the wall. Making the back of my head collide with the hard surface, and tears brimmed in my eyes as pain surged through me. 1

"I can fix this! You are right! I should have marked you long ago! "

I breathed out in relief before my head wrapped around what he actually said, and my heart skipped a beat. No! From what I've heard

about markings, they are permanent! They will forever link me to that person, and as for now, there's not a chance in hell I'm spending my life with him!

"Stop it, Tokel STOP!"

Panic and fear rippled through me, and I started fighting with everything I had and pushing, kicking, and shouting at him. But he didn't even take notice; his eyes flickered, and he squared his shoulders. Lifting his chin, I saw how his jaw began to flex, and when he stretched it and opened his mouth, my eyes widened in fear, and I screamed again. The utter terror that erupted inside me when I saw those long, sharp canines felt more like death anxiety!

My nails pierced the skin on his chest, and my foot hit him right on his leg, but he didn't even flinch. His eyes only focused on the nape of my neck. So, I started trashing my head from side to side, digging my nails as deep as possible and dragging them down.

I screamed even louder when his hand fisted my hair and yanked my head to the side, baring my neck for him. No matter how hard I fought, kicked, and screamed, it didn't even hinder him. He just leaned down; in a frantic attempt to stop him, I lifted both my hands and held them over his mouth. His jaw adjusted again, and I could feel how his sharp teeth scraped against my palms—drawing blood. But rather than my neck!

So I kept pushing them in his mouth, screaming even louder as he pressed against them, letting his teeth sink deeper into my hands. A mental image of him trying to bite his way through my hand haunted my mind as it felt like the bones in my hands would break. They trembled and ached, and small streams of red trickled down my arms and over his chin.

A low growl was the only warning I got before they let go of my hair, grabbed both my wrists, and spun me around. My cheek smacked against the cold floors as he forced me down, with one hand holding both my wrists on my back. Yet again, he grabbed my hair and harshly pulled my head sideways, giving him a clear view of my neck.

Hot breath on my neck, me kicking the floor like my life depended on it, and his lips pressed against the sensitive part of my skin. A warm and wet tongue licked the spot a couple of times before sharp teeth scraped against it. He leaned all his weight on my back, and the rumble in his chest spread through my body.

For the first time since I got here, I hated that sound! I hated that sensation! Pain and defeat, anger and hatred, I screamed it all out as his razor-sharp canines pierced my skin. Pressed further down, I could hear my own skin tear. Warm blood oozed down over my shoulder. And then he was ripped off me, his teeth still in my neck. It felt like a chunk of me was torn out.

My vision clouded with tears; I looked to the side. Gasping for air and sobbing, I watched as Hades threw Toke against the wall. He almost hit the roof before he fell down. With a feral growl, he jumped right back up; claws out, he jumped straight at Hades.

Lifting my hand to touch my neck, I ran out of energy as my hand reached my face. Instead, it lay next to my face, and I now saw how the blood pooled around it. Minorized, I stared at it; the sound of rabid dogs and fighting wolves faded as my entire world revolved around a hand in blood. What a strange sensation; I felt so cold, but my hand was so warm in that thick liqueur. 1

A tiny piece of wood landed right next to my little finger, like a stone thrown into the water stream. I started shouting. There was so much

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shouting and noise! I didn't like it! My vision blurred; maybe I was still crying.

It didn't matter; the pain was gone.

A nice and cool sensation wrapped around me and soothed my heated, sweaty skin. The frantic sound of my pulse resembled the sound of waves washing in on the beach. It was soothing, so I just smiled when Arcane's face suddenly appeared in my view.

Maybe he heard the waves, too? I closed my eyes; we could look for the mermaids later, I thought, and I willingly drifted away into the foggy darkness pressing around me.



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