

## Chapter 32

Violet

"Come for a walk with me." Mom gestured for me to follow her.

I was confused, but I did as she asked nonetheless. She nodded to all the maids on our way outside, stopping to talk to some of them about housework or asking how their families were. I, on the other hand, was growing a little impatient. Truth be told, I wanted to be with Jasper. Not even watching him and Dad train, I just wanted some alone time with him. I felt on edge today, and so much had happened. Garrett and Sophia getting their memories wiped, Jasper challenging Alpha Warrick. Two things, but it was a lot. My mind was still processing each one.

And, admittedly, I was terrified for my mate. I never thought he would actually challenge him; I just wanted that douche bag of an Alpha to shut up and realize that Jasper could, if he were so inclined. Turns out, he was so inclined. But what if he lost?

I shuddered, immediately blocking out the idea, even though it was a real possibility.

"You will have to learn patience, Violet. It is the one skill every Luna must have." Mom pulled me out of my thoughts as she continued walking.

I glanced at her sideways. "I'm not a Luna Mom."

"When Jasper wins the challenge, you will be."

"When?" I looked at her fully now.

"Yes, when. I have no doubt in my mind that your mate will succeed tomorrow. He is a clever boy."

I scoffed. "I don't think being clever is going to be much of an advantage."

"No?" She stopped to face me, her expression serious. "Alpha Warrick has years of fighting experience. He will rely on his favored fighting style, which is probably a little outdated. I've seen Jasper train; He is quick on his feet, and uses others advantages against them. He analyzes his opponent carefully, learning their techniques and outdoing them."

My eyebrows pinched in the center. "Why are you telling me this?"

"To give you some hope that your mate will return tomorrow."

"Thanks Mom."

And then she dropped a bombshell on me.

"Violet, you won't be attending the challenge tomorrow."

I skidded to a halt, turning on her. "What?! I have to be there!" I objected.

But Mom simply shook her head. She took my arm, leading me out of the front door. Once we were out of earshot of anybody, she pulled me close to her.

"You cannot. We cannot risk you losing control."

I set my mouth firmly. "I won't lose control. I'm going."

"No, Violet. You have only just started to learn about your abilities. You may get too emotional; Jasper might get hurt. Our laws state that nobody can interfere with a challenge, especially an Alpha challenge. If you, by any chance, used your magic to protect Jasper, the fight would be considered null and void, and Alpha Warrick would have every legal right to execute Jasper for cheating."

"But I wouldn't do that!"

"Not intentionally, I know. I'm sorry, but this is how it has to be. And your father agrees."

I bit my lip, upset and angry. Though part of me accepted her words, and I knew she was right. It wasn't as if my magic was very subtle; my track record was against me there. A broken window, and then a great chunk of the house itself. Unwillingly, I nodded, and Mom pulled me in for a hug.

"Don't worry. He will be fine, and I will update you along the way."

"What am I supposed to do during the challenge?"

"You will be in the packhouse. Luke will stay with you."

"In other words, you're getting him to babysit me so I don't sneak off."

She smiled and nodded. I hated that she knew me so well.

"You better keep me in the loop." I demanded.

"I will, I promise."

Taking a step back, I walked around with Mom by my side. An uncomfortable cramping was starting in my lower abdomen, and the edgy feeling I'd had today was getting worse. I tried to shake it off, tried to listen as Mom talked. I found myself squinting at her. Why was the sun so damn harsh today? And why was it so hot? I was already breaking out in a sweat, constantly wiping my forehead.

"Violet?" Mom frowned. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah. I'm just... it's a little hot out here..."

Suddenly, the cramping got worse. It went from a dull ache to full on searing pain. I screamed, dropping to my knees. Mom echoed my cry, falling down to my level as well.

"Violet! What's wrong? Talk to me!" She pleaded.

"I-it hurts!" I gasped.

"What hurts? Where-" Her nostrils flared, and her eyes widened. "Shit."

"Mom?" Unshed tears were in my eyes. "What's happening to me?"

She rubbed my arms, a little too fast to be soothing. "You're in heat."

The pain in my stomach radiated down between my legs. That was all the confirmation of her words I needed. Mom looked worried as Hell. Her eyes were glazed over, and I knew she was mind-linking Dad. And then, a low growl sounded to my right. A man I recognized as one of the warriors was standing a few feet away, his eyes transfixed on me. I whimpered, tugging on Mom's sleeve. This was bad.

"Mom! Mom!"

Her eyes came back to her regular blue, following my line of sight. When she noticed the man, she let out her own growl. Hers was fierce and threatening in comparison to his. She jumped to her feet, stepping in front of me.

"I suggest you keep walking Ian." She said.

He didn't even bother to acknowledge her. Another wave of pain hit me, and the man, Ian, took a step forward, his eyes turning black.

"I said go!" Mom shouted, her Luna voice echoing her words. Ian stopped, giving her an angry look. "Are you deaf? I said step away from my daughter, now!"

The realization of who I was seemed to clear his mind a little. Ian turned and walked away, looking back at me a few times with longing. When he was out of sight, Mom bent down and pulled me into her arms.

"I need to get you back to the packhouse. There are too many unmated wolves around."

Just as she was about to pick me up, Dad's voice sounded. I barely noticed where they came from, only thankful to have them here at last. Jasper reached me first, and I nearly threw Mom to the ground as I jumped at him. His scent was so much stronger right now, the incredible aromas filling my nose. The pain was burning through me, and all I wanted was

to touch him, taste him. I needed him like I needed air or water. Maybe more.

"Make it stop." I begged him. "Please!"

He smoothed my hair. "I will. Come on."

Scooping me up easily, I tried to adjust my position to wrap myself around him. I wanted him now.

"Vie, no." He held me tighter. "Your parents are right here!"

I really couldn't find it in myself to care much. They could leave, couldn't they? Nobody was making them stick around. But Jasper was already walking back to the packhouse. The pain had subsided a little from having my mate close, but it wasn't enough.

"Jasper!" I whined when another wave radiated through me.

"I know. We're almost there." He was panting a little, his eyes switching from silver to black and back again. At least he was hurrying.

"I'll make sure the maids know to give you privacy."

Was Mom still here? I lifted my head, finding that she, Dad and Uncle Ben were giving us an escort back home. Probably because of what had just happened with the warrior, Ian. She placed her hand on Jasper's shoulder, and a vicious snarl ripped up from my chest and out my mouth. Everyone jumped back, eyeing me warily. Their reaction cleared my head a little; Did I seriously just snap at my mom?

"Sorry." I mumbled.

"It's fine." Mom gave me a reassuring smile. "I should have known better."

We left them at the front door. Somehow, Jasper managed to get me up the ladder without dropping me. He raced down the hall to our room, throwing the door open and kicking it shut behind us. He set me on my feet, his chest heaving.

I didn't waste a second more.

Wrapping my arms around his neck, I pulled him down into a kiss as hot as the fire inside me. His hands went to my waist, grabbing the hem of my shirt. We pulled back so he could lift it off. I wasn't as nice; grabbing the neckline of his shirt, I tore it top to bottom. He looked down at my handiwork before meeting my eyes again.

"I liked that shirt." He smirked.

I was already working on his belt, fumbling with it. He took my hands in his, guiding me backwards to the bed. He lay me down gently, using his arms to hover above me. I watched as he finished taking his belt off, followed by his pants and boxers. I was almost drooling at this point. The man was perfect, every line, every curve of him. The ache inside me intensified, and I grabbed his shoulder.

"Please." I gasped. "Please, take me."

Jaspers eyes flattened to pure black at my words. His mouth came down to mine, kissing me greedily. His hand slid down to undo the button on my jeans, and then he was pulling them off. When he started rubbing me over my underwear, I nearly lost my mind. I moaned loudly, wiggling my hips, wanting him to take this further, faster. Reaching between us, I grabbed his length, beginning to rub him up and down. He hissed at the contact, but it got my message across.

In one swift motion, my underwear was torn off, flung off the bed in shreds. I was absolutely soaked as he positioned himself at my entrance, thrusting into me hard. Something between a gasp and moan left me, and continued, as he moved inside me. This is what I needed. I found myself meeting him thrust for thrust, the feeling lifting me higher and higher. Jasper's mouth was everywhere; My lips, my neck, my collarbone, my breasts, my shoulders. Everywhere our skin made contact was pure, indescribable bliss. My nails raked across his back, earning low growls from him.

"Goddess.... Yes... Fuck me... Jasper...."

I found myself becoming bolder with him as the haze in my mind carried me. Things I never dreamt I would say in bed were leaving my mouth uncontrollably. And I liked it. I liked that I could illicit such reactions from him. The merciless way he took me, the way he held me tightly, the grunts and growls. The way he looked at me like I was the only woman in the world.

A few minutes later, we found our release together, his name like a prayer on my lips. But the relief I felt didn't last as long as I would have hoped; The pain came back only minutes later. And Jasper was once again ready to satisfy this need, I had for him. It could have been hours, or days later when I finally cooled down and fell into an exhausted sleep, curled up in my mate's arms.

I couldn't have cared less.