

The Warehouse

My eyes are heavy with sleep, and my body is still slumped in the back of the moving truck. It feels like we've been driving for hours, but maybe it was a few minutes. I'm not sure, I find it hard to comprehend anything that's happening. I've been drifting in and out of consciousness, waking up anytime I feel the truck jerk. Plus, it's not easy to get some sleep with a creepy guy staring at you.

I'm just staring at the burly guy opposite me who hasn't stopped gazing at my exposed legs with lusty eyes. I wish I hadn't picked these stupid denim shorts to wear today.

That sick smirk on his face, making me know I'm in deep s**t, infuriates me to no end. And I can't wait to gain my strength back before teaching him a lesson he will never forget.

Suddenly, the truck starts to wobble on the road, turning bumpy as I jerk a bit. I'm guessing we're no longer on the main road. Where the hell are these bastards taking me?

If I could speak, I would be yelling profanities, asking what they wanted from me and who the f**k they are. Since they were able to overpower me at the penthouse, I'm guessing they aren't human. Werewolf maybe...it's hard to tell with their masked scent. But I will go with that. And the only werewolves who are stupid enough to kidnap the mate of a Prince are rogues, like those who have been ambushing werewolf packs and kidnapping she-wolves. And maybe they thought me an easy catch since



I'm still in the process of transforming.

With this realization, I look once more to my attacker to see his creepy eyes still on me. I can feel my strength slowly slip back into my body, and the pain reduces little by little. I think I can move some of my fingers now, though not much. I try to be discreet so that the weirdo in front of me doesn't notice. I'm actually surprised I'm regaining my strength so quickly, considering I had been injected twice.

But with my strength comes that of my wolf's also, and I can feel her anger burning inside me with hatred for our captors. She had been the one to suffer the most from the wolf's bane and wishes nothing more than to claw at their throats. But as she regains her strength, I feel my heat resurface along with it.

I'm suddenly feeling how my heat spreads around my body, and I can feel my wolf's emotion heighten as she wishes to come out and inflict a lot of pain. My tired eyes turn to a harsh glare as I stare back at my captor, who has his head tilted to the side in curiosity as he studies me. Suddenly, he goes rigid and sniffs the air. I watch his eyes turn dark as he stands and walks closer to where I lay.

"You really smell amazing, whore." He chuckles, crouching beside me with his leering gaze trailing over my body. I shiver in disgust when he brings his hand forward to trail his finger down my neck, while I still have to hide my intentions and ball my fist instead of attacking without plan. I still feel disoriented, so it would be wise not to do anything yet.

"Maybe I'll have my fun with you before we sell you off to the highest bidder. And you, my friend, will make us a lot of cash."

My stomach churns in disgust at his vile words while he keeps trailing his finger down to my breast, and my only thought is to spring up and choke him to death. If only I had enough strength.

So it seems I was right. This might be the rogues we've been after all this while.

"The name's Trent." He informs, and I furrow my eyebrows at him, wondering why he was telling me that. "You'll need it since you'll be screaming it soon." His sadistic smirk stretches and my chest burns suddenly with the need to attack.

Just then, the truck suddenly comes to a halt, and my captor stands up to open the door before carrying me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. I close my eyes against the blinding light of the sun since my eyes are sensitive from being in the dark truck for too long.

But when I squint them back open, I see we're surrounded by trees all around, in the middle of forest. I stare around to see a large warehouse not too far from us, where it seems my captor is taking me. The other guy must be the driver, as he was with us now, following us to the warehouse.

I try to see if I could remember anything about the surroundings or smell anything, but there's nothing. There's probably no sign of life for miles, and I wonder if we're even in LA anymore. I don't know how long the drive had been, considering I drifted off to sleep sometimes.

I hear the sound of large doors being slid open before we step in.

The place is dark and empty, with little to no furniture in the large house. But the other man then crouches to the floor and uses his hand to open what I



believe a basement. We move down a flight of stairs, and that's when I begin to hear sounds of whimpers, sobs, and even a scream.

I look around in horror to see the place crowded with girls chained by their hands and legs. They're barely clad in tattered clothing, exposed to the men around sneering at them. Realization dawns on me as I notice these girls aren't humans but she-wolves, and there are about two dozen of them.

I can't smell their scents, meaning they've been masked. So that's why we couldn't find them. These are most probably the she-wolves kidnapped by rogues from different packs after they've been ambushed.

They briefly look at me with their wide eyes and curious gaze. Fear was apparent in them as they stare back at the men guarding them with sick smirks on their faces. Some are dragged about by their hair, eliciting screams and sobs of pain. I watch horrified as some of the men openly grope the she-wolves before a growl of warning resonates in the room.

I look to the source and find an older looking man sitting in a chair like a king in the middle of the room. His sharp eyes glaring all around him with authority and warning evident in his stance before his eyes shift to me.

A small, almost invisible smirk, appears on his lips as he watches me being lowered to the floor beside his leg. I lay slump, seeming debilitated even though I could move some of my limbs right now. But I have to keep pretending if I want to leave this place alive and save these she-wolves. I wouldn't be able to take all the men in the room by myself, as they are many and could still have more injections of wolf's bane.

But I can feel my wolf's longing to attack. She was

overly pissed from being injected wolf's bane and being drawn far from her mate.

"I see you two really were okay on your own." The man in the chair says, inspecting me with his eyes as I lay on my back.

"She wasn't much trouble, boss." My captor snickers, and I grit my teeth in anger as he mocks me.

The boss furrows his eyebrows then, staring at me once more with a frown. He sniffs the air before his eyes begin to blaze in anger.

"You fuckers didn't mask her scent?!" The two men cower back at their boss's angry roar before apologizing hastily.

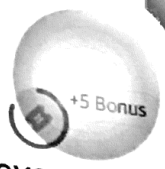
"W...we're sorry, boss. We were just in a hurry before her mate came back. Please forgive us." The lean guy quickly explains with shaky knees. The boss continues to glare at them, with his body shaking in anger.

"You idiots! Don't you know they can track her here? You're both lucky we're about to move and leave this f*****g place." He snarls at them as they continue to tremble in fear. It's fascinating to see two grown men shiver like teens watching horror movies.

"What smells so f*****g fantastic here?" I hear one of the guards ask, and I look up then to see every male's eyes on me. Damn heat of mine.

I still feel hot, but I ignore all of that to focus on the problem at hand. I'm under a warehouse where a group of rogues is holding more than two dozen she-wolves captive. And now they're all staring at me like I'm their next meal of the day. Some even look ready to pounce. f**k!

"Now, boys, calm down. It's just a way her wolf's saying she wants to be fucked."



I furrow my eye at the familiar voice, and my eyes dart around before landing on the feminine figure emerging from behind the boss's chair.

"Or am I wrong, Ellie?" The lady asks with her eyes peering down at me in hatred and satisfaction of my position.

"Gina?!" I incredulously stare at the girl I've always secretly despised. I can't believe she's here, standing tall above me like a villainess. I know she's not a captive as she's dressed nicely in dark pants and a red top with her hair curled falling over her shoulders.

"Daddy." She leans down to kiss the boss's cheek while he looks at her in adoration. Daddy?!

My eyes suddenly widen in shock as realization dawns on me. The last I had heard about Gina's dad was that he was banished from our pack for reasons unknown to us. Alpha Benson hadn't mentioned why and none of us could question him.

And now here he is, kidnapping she-wolves with his sick daughter aiding him wholeheartedly. Was she the reason they kidnapped me? I know she hates me ever since Reagan announced me as his, so was this revenge?

"I've always known you were a slut deep down that perfect girl act you always had on." Gina's loud cackle fills the warehouse as she leans down to crouch and watches me lay helplessly on the floor. I stare up back at her in spite, wishing I could strangle her with my bare hands. How would a she-wolf sell her fellow kind? She was disgusting.

"Not to worry, my dear friend. There's a lot of werewolves here that can fulfill all of your fantasies." Her sick words disgust me to the stomach. And I would have thrown up if I had actually eaten anything today. I hear the

snickers from the men around the room as they leer at me in pure lust.

My nostrils flare in anger as I regard the taunting smirk on Gina's lips. She's enjoying this, my humiliation and helplessness. Then suddenly, her eyes turn dark with her smile fading away as she stares at me with a malicious look.

She grabs my hair, digging her nails into my scalp, causing a sharp pain to shoot from the area.

"You're the reason why Lana, the only friend I have, hates me with so much passion. Then you took a man that you aren't deserving of and wrapped him around your tiny little finger. You think you're better than everyone else, right? I'll make sure you regret ever messing with me, slut." She snarls into my face, but I could only glare back at her, still acting weak. Her father is only staring down at us in amusement but doesn't do anything to stop his sick deranged daughter.

I know some of my hair has already been uprooted from my scalp by now from her tight grip. Gina has nothing but despise in her eyes for me.

"Don't be so rude to our guest, Gina." I hear another feminine voice that also sounds extremely familiar. My body goes rigid at the sound of it, and Gina immediately lets go of my hair to stand back up.

Then I see her. I would recognize that sweet voice anywhere that comes from a certain dark-haired beauty. That smile that seems innocent but had mischievousness hidden underneath it.

And here I was thinking she had gone on a long vacation and would only return years later. But here she stood, high and mighty like the b***h she was.

I wish I could snarl her name, but if I do, they may

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realize I have my strength back and try to inject me again with wolf's bane. So I could only snarl it in my mind.

Janet.



SKY ANGEL

Writer

"Thanks for reading!"

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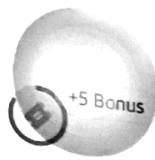


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Katie walked towards him obediently. Seeing how stiff and wooden she moved, Nate was displeased. "What?..."





Bloody Basement

I don't break eye contact with the demoness as she tilts her head to the side to study me. I can't stop the loathing I feel for her from shining forth from my eyes. I'm sure they're even glowing now as I can feel my wolf's anger surface tenfold.

Gina was beside her, smirking down at me with pure satisfaction. Two of my nemesis, conniving, together to see my end. I can expect this from Janet since she was a delusion b***h but not from Gina.

Sure we had our differences, but before all that happened with Reagan, we were kinda friends. I didn't like her then, and I doubt she liked me too, but we had concealed it and acted friendly towards each other. We've sat down sometimes along with Lana and talked about people we despised on campus over a cup of coffee. So I'm still a bit shocked by this revelation. And to think her father is the brain behind all this...or at least he looks like it since they refer to him as boss.

"Janet! You're here!" Gina voices in excitement, and I'm sure she would have jumped too and clap her hands. Guess she finally made friends with a Lycan. But her face falls crestfallen when Janet ignores her to stare back at me.

"You look fabulous down there, right where you belong, beneath me." Janet's voice makes me snap my eyes from Gina back to her. She sniffs the air, then, and her eyes turn dark as she goes livid, staring back at Gina's father.

"Why isn't her scent masked, you fool?! What if they

trace her here? Do you know how much trouble we all could be in?" Her sharp eyes glare furiously at the boss, but his face pulls into a displeased scowl at her rudeness.

"That was a mistake on my men's part, which will be rectified right away." His eyes drift to one of my captors, and he hurries to pull out a can of spray before walking over to me to cover me with the scentless spray.

"Plus, we'll be leaving soon. The girls will be loaded now into the trucks waiting outside." He explains, but I can see his distaste for Janet as he eyes her in disdain. He probably is just tolerating her since she's stronger and more powerful than him.

"Whatever. Now leave me alone with this one." She dismisses him and his men with a wave of her hand. He gives her one last glare before standing up. I watch him walk over to his men and begin to order them to take the she-wolves out. I know I need to do something before it's too late, but I don't have a solid plan yet. I'm still at a disadvantage as I'm outnumbered.

"What are you still doing here?" I hear Janet ask Gina, who is standing behind her like a loyal dog. "Leave." She cuts Gina off before she could even say anything. I watch her leave with a glum expression before she sends one last glare at me.

Janet sighs before going to sit near me where Gina's father had once stood. "Now that we've gotten rid of the pests, let's do some catching up before you go on your trip to 'paradise.'" The sarcasm is clear in her tone as her lips pull back up in a mischievous smile. But I'm once more silent, acting helpless even though I can feel my strength pumping into my blood at a fast pace. In a few more minutes, I should be back to my usual self with the pain of the wolf's bane fading away.

"Oh, I forgot. You can't speak." She taunts with laughter filled in her eyes. "So I'm gonna do all the talking, I guess." She sighs in fake sadness. "Tell me, how's Reggie? He must have missed me a lot. Tell me, is he already bored with you considering he still hasn't marked you?"

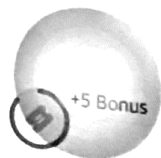
My eyes are scanning the room once more as she chatters her nonsense on. I notice the she-wolves are being taken one by one out of the basement. Some of them are clutching each other, and their sobs of protest fill the room as they're separated from one another.

"You must be wondering what I'm doing here with this bunch of low life rogues." Janet sighs for me to stare back at her again. "Well, at first, I was tracking the rogues on my own. That's why I suddenly disappeared. I thought if I could crack the case, Reggie would see how much more important I am to him, than you, who couldn't even pick up a trace on them. He would see how useless you are. But then when I found their hideout..." she gestures around, "I sneaked in and was surprised to hear that they sell these she-wolves to the highest bidder on some black market. There are a lot of sickos out there ready to pay a s**t ton of money for unmated she-wolves that they could keep as their personal pets and tame to some s*x slave or something worse."

She didn't even sound empathetic in her words and talked like it's a usual occurrence for she-wolves to be sold.

"Then I heard that there's a demand in the market for something rare. A female Lycan. Fascinating, isn't it?" I already know where she was going with this. I always knew she was a b***h, but not that she was a deranged b***h.

She abruptly leans on her knee to stare down at me with mirth shining in her eyes.



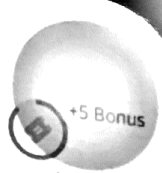
"A good way to get rid of you without anyone ever finding you. The black market, as I said, is filled with sickos. They will break you till you crack like an egg, and they're good at totally making someone disappear so that no one will ever find them. It'll be like you never existed."

"I couldn't let this opportunity slide, so I brought up my idea to them. A female she-wolf in the process of transforming into a Lycan. An easy catch considering you can't shift and aren't fully immune to wolf's bane yet. So I had one of my friends design something strong with wolf's bane to put you in your present state but without killing you. A full proof plan, isn't it?" All the while, she still retains that sweet smile she always has on as if talking to a friend. But all I can think of is how I was going to gouge her eyes out.

The number of men in the room is going down as they are taking the she-wolves out, so I might have my chance soon, but not yet. So far, I can still count about eight of them.

"It was an added bonus to see that their boss's daughter has a dislike for you too." She then lowers her voice to a whisper as she leans further down towards me. "The dumb b***h actually thought she had a chance with my Reggie." God, I hate that name! I'm the one who's supposed to have nicknames for him, not her. I wish I could pull her tongue out every time she says his name like that.

"I'll deal with her much later...when the time is right, like I always deal with sluts who think that have a chance with him. But you, my dear, are an exception. I won't end your life so quickly. I would rather see you suffer as you're turned to a w***e who services men dozens of times a day. Lucky for me, you're in heat and would attract a lot of attention from perverts. I can't wait to see



you in such a foul state. I'll make sure to keep in touch." She cackles. "The nerve of you to actually think you can have my Reggie."

I knew it. She really is deranged. The excitement shining in her eyes sickens me, and I have to refrain from jumping up to attack her.

"But not to worry about Reggie, I'll take good care of him..." She hasn't even finished when I spit directly into her right eye. She gasps and abruptly moves back in surprise, wiping her eye and blinking rapidly.

"Are you alright?" Gina hurries over with a concerned look as she tries to assist Janet. But Janet shoves her away while glaring openly at her.

"Don't touch me, bitch." She snarls at Gina, who has a surprised and hurt look on her face. Poor thing doesn't even know why Janet hates her. For the first time in a while, I see Janet's innocent look gone, replaced by that of a nasty, vicious snake.

"And as for you..." She snaps her scornful eyes back to me that promise nothing but pain. She then stares at a man not too far away. "Inject her with more wolf's bane. And this time, make it more than two." She orders and my eyes widen as I go rigid in fear.

If I'm injected once more, it'll take a lot of time for me to recover. By then, I would already be sold.

I watch as the rogue walks over to me, bringing out a needle and spurting the purple liquid out to get rid of air bubbles in it. A malicious smirk graces his lips as he slowly walks over, and Janet also stares in sick satisfaction at my horrified look. Even Gina has recovered to enjoy the show.

No, I can't allow myself to be injected with wolf's bane once more. I can remember the pain, and so does

my wolf. And she isn't happy with the thought one bit as I feel her anger rise to the roof. She wants to get out, and even though I'm trying to suppress her, it's hard to. This is bad. I'm not supposed to shift since my transformation isn't complete yet.

Just then, the rogue reaches me and crouches to prick the needle into my arm. My heart's beat quickens, and my breathing becomes erratic. But before he could even achieve his aim, my hands whips out to clamp on his wrist, stopping him from going further.

With the needle a few inches from my arm, he looks up at me in surprise, not expecting me to have regained my strength. Well, neither had I. With a growl, he attempts to hold me down when I send my fist square into his jaw. The room falls silent, and a sickening crack resonates around the room as his head whips to the side, and he slowly begins to fall towards the ground, unconscious.

I stare at my fist in amazement, surprised I had knocked a guy unconscious with one punch.

"Woah!" I whisper but heard a loud huff of annoyance from beside me. Janet is furious with her face turning red as she grits her teeth in anger.

"Get her, you bastards!" She shrieks the order at the other men in the room, who are still staring at me in shock. They shake out of their dazed form and begin to proceed towards me with sinister intent in their eyes.

My eyes scan the room, and I realize their numbers have reduced to four. Even Gina's father had gone out, and only a few she-wolves remain in the basement, watching the scene in fright.

One rogue gets closer to me and crouches to punch me in the face when I abruptly roll away to the side. His

fist meets the floor, but he doesn't even so much as flinch as he reaches for me once more. He jumps at me, using his weight to pin me back to the floor. Another comes beside him and takes the needle to bring it to my arm.

"No!" I struggle, trying to wriggle away from the two rogues, but it's too late as the needle breaks past my skin and the liquid seeps into my blood. I still try to fight, but the pain has already begun, and I can feel my limbs turning heavy.

My body begins to go limp, and my sight turns blurry. I can feel my breathing turn shallow, and my eyes drift around the room slowly to see Janet's and Gina's satisfied smiles. My eyelids are heavy with exhaustion as I lay back on the floor motionless.

"Quick, give her another." I hear Gina's voice echo like we're in a tunnel. I stare at the lightbulb above us, and suddenly, an image of Reagan flashes in my mind.

I miss him already. I wish I had gone with him this morning, then I wouldn't be here right now. I would be by his side, breathing in his scent and stealing kisses from him every once in a while. But if I'm sold today, that may never happen.

No! I want to see him. I want...no, need my mate. And this fuckers are planning on separating me from him forever. I will not let that happen.

My eyes snap to the rogue beside me, who is about to inject another wolf's bane into my arm, and in a flash, I grip his wrist. He looks up at me, shocked, and without a second thought, I twist his arm and jab the needle into his neck. I ignore his scream of agony as I press on the plunger top. The veins around his neck become visible and turn purple, extending to his face as he claws at his neck.

I watch emotionless as he drops to the floor with a loud thud and goes silent. The color on his face turns darker like that of a decayed body, and the life leaves his eyes. Purple lines are still visible on his face and neck, with his eyes wide open as he stares up blankly. That would have been me the first time I had been injected if I wasn't transforming into a Lycan.

Everyone is silent once more with horrified looks on their faces as they take in the scene. But I don't even so much as feel any sort of remorse. I can feel my wolf's cravings for blood. I am no longer in complete control as she has taken half of my mind. And there's no stopping us now.

"Why are you dummies all standing there? Get her!" Janet's voice resounds around the room, causing my eyes to snap to hers. She's the one I want dead the most.

My eyes drift to every rogue in the room as I stand up. My claws are already out of my fingers and my gum aches as my canines protrude out.

The remaining she-wolves are quivering in fear in a corner while the three remaining rogues have a look of fear on their faces when their eyes meet mine.

I notice one of them was the lean guy who had attacked me at the penthouse. My eyes remain on him as he was the one who had injected me with wolf's bane at first. And my wolf craves vengeance. He notices my stare and moves back a bit in fright, but resolve covers his features, and he rushes towards me. In a flash, I sidestep him, which he notices too late and while he's already staggering forward. I move to his back with my wolf...no, Lycan speed and hold his neck between my hands before violently twisting it.

His head whips to the side with a sickening crack.

Bloody Basement

And he falls to the ground with a loud thud. I hear another man yell as he dashes over to me, aiming to punch me, but I grab his fist and twist it before slashing his neck with my claw. He won't be able to heal from that as he bleeds out and falls to his knees before landing on the floor. The last man had already made his move before I knew it and had sneaked behind me.

I feel the prick of a needle on my neck and knew exactly what it was. But it doesn't hurt me this time, just an irritable itch. I turn then to see the rogue's eyes turn wide in shock, and he aims to run away, but I catch the back of his shirt and pull to make him turn towards me, before using my other claw to rip his heart out from his chest. I throw the organ to the ground beside the man as he falls. Then my eyes snap up to the stairs where some rogues had come down again, but when their eyes take in the scene before landing on me, they rush back upstairs without a second thought.

"Hey, b***h!" Gina shrieks beside me, and when I turn around, she already has her claws out, aiming at my neck. But I'm faster as I catch her wrist and stare straight into her frightened eyes, before landing a sharp slap on her face. She flies back like the delicate thing she was and lands by Janet's feet, unconscious.

Janet looks down at the rogues and Gina by her feet with an irritated look.

"Useless." She mutters and then stares back at me with a smirk stretching across her lips. "I guess I'll have to kill you after all."



SKY ANGEL

Writer

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Tears Of Relief

There are about five she-wolves left in the room who all have their eyes drifting from me to Janet and vice versa, anticipating the show we're about to put on. They don't even seem scared anymore since their attackers are either dead or ran out a few seconds ago, so that they won't end up like their former friends.

I could hear some commotion going on upstairs, and I'm not sure if it's because the rogues are scared of the death scene they witnessed down here or maybe for some other reason. But Janet and I don't break eye contact regardless of that as we keep glaring at each other.

I watch as her smirk comes back on, and she crouches down to swiftly break one of the legs of the chair beside her with her eyes still on me.

I briefly scan the bodies beside me before staring back at her as she stood up. I had killed three men and left one unconscious, and then there's Gina, who hadn't put up much of a fight. I'm secretly stunned I had done all this damage, considering I was never good at fighting or even self-defense.

During weekends, our pack's warriors usually offer self-defense tactics and even fighting lessons. It is a voluntary class that every werewolf is entitled to, but I hardly ever went. Throughout this year, I went only once and only because Lana had dragged me along. And I discovered how bad I was compared to others who regularly attend the classes. Now I wish I had gone more often.

I might have easily ended a bunch of rogues, considering I'm not a werewolf any longer, but Janet is different. She has been a Lycan for God knows how long, and I'm just newly turned. I'm not even sure the process is complete, I just feel that something about my wolf is different...very different.

My claws look longer, sharper, and thicker, and my senses are more overly heightened than I'm used to; I could sense every single thing going on. The slow heart rate of the unconscious rogue and Gina's, the light trickling of blood from the rogues I had killed, the sweat slowly seeping out of the glands of the she-wolves beside us as they watch us in anticipation, the slight flickering of the light bulb above us that isn't visible to humans...and so many more. My sight was sharper also, with everything looking so bright. It's a bit overwhelming, but I'm learning to adapt quickly.

I also feel like I have the strength of a thousand men coupled inside of me. My beast clamors to exert this power on the woman that almost succeeded in separating me from my mate and still dreams to do so. I will give everything I've got to make sure that she pays and suffers a lot.

I take a fighting stance as she slowly begins to walk around me in a composed manner, watching me with her predatory eyes. She casually swings the chair's broken leg in her hand as I twist around, following her every move.

"I thought about keeping you alive a little longer to suffer and live the rest of your life as a slave, but you don't want this graceful opportunity that I'm granting you." She stretches the stick then at my chest, her eyes glinting under the light. "I'll enjoy sticking this into your chest and..."

"Maybe you should shut up and actually come closer."

I cut her off, tired of her constant rambling. "You bluff too much." My voice sounds different, I noticed. More thick and gruff. I can't even recognize it as mine.

Her smile falls, and her eyes turn dark, "I'll show you bluff." She attacks then, swiftly running towards me while I bare my canines open at her.

I don't see it coming fast enough as she hits me across the side of my head with the stick, sending me falling to the ground with a loud gasp. It hurts like a b***h, and the wood had even broken against my face with splinters of it flying about.

I think some are lodged in my face as blood trickles out of my split lip. I lay on the ground, holding my face as the pain quickly fades away, and my busted lip heals at a fast rate. Faster than ever before.

But I'm late to stand up as Janet throws the remaining part of the wood to the floor beside us and crouches down to take a hold of my hair. Abruptly, she smashes my skull hard against the ground three times. I think I blacked out for a few seconds. It all happened so quick, I was having trouble keeping up with her speed.

I feel woozy at the pain in my skull and wonder how it hasn't split open yet. Blood flows from my forehead to the sides of my face. I can't focus on anything as there's a loud ringing in my head.

Janet spits beside me, "Pathetic." I feel a harsh kick at my stomach that puts me on my back and makes the air leave my lungs. She straddles me while wrapping her hand around my neck, but not squeezing too tight. Just enough to deprive me a little bit of air and slow down my healing process. We can't heal, properly if we lack air. It's essential for us.

"How stupid are you to think that you could actually

Tears Of Relief

beat me in a fight?" She chuckles, putting more pressure on my neck bit by bit. I look up to her with hooded eyes, still recuperating from her earlier assault.

She leans down then, to hiss, "I'm almost a century old, and you are just a new pup who's 'unfortunately' not going to live past this day." She uses her other hand then to pick the stick up beside me. The end had sharp and uneven parts where it had broken.

In an instant, she twirls it around before sticking the sharp edge into my shoulder, causing an ear-splitting scream to leave my throat. Her lips pull up into a grin in sick satisfaction at my misery.

"b***h!" I have to grit my teeth shut not to give her that satisfaction even as she twists the wood painfully in my shoulder. But some groans of pain still left as blood pours from the spot and turns my shirt to a deep red.

I've never felt anything like this before. I swear I wish for death right now as the she-devil cackles at my agony.

"Oh, how I love watching them scream and beg before life leaves their eyes. But you haven't begged yet." She removes the wood from my shoulder to bring it back above her.

I can feel the wound begin to heal slowly, as it was deep. I'm surprised I didn't pass out from the excruciating pain. I stare up to see Janet about to bring the wood back down to my other shoulder, when I hear a familiar voice above us. And I think Janet heard him too, because she halted in her action.

All this while, the commotion upstairs seems to have increased with sounds of footsteps running above us and yells from different people. We had been too wrapped up in our fight to notice that something big had been going on that was making the rogues scared shitless.

"Where is she?!" I hear the snarl that makes the whole place go silent, and I can even feel the atmosphere turn chilly upstairs. That voice may sound deadly to everyone else, but to me, it is the sweetest thing I've ever heard. And I could even smell his amazing scent from down here, making my beast pant in excitement.

"Reggie?" I hear Janet whisper above me, making my eyes turn dark with rage. I hate that name.

Because of her being momentarily distracted, Janet doesn't see me move and pick up one of the large pieces of broken wood beside me, before lodging it, with a quick movement, right into her chest.

She lets out a loud cry falling off of me and to the floor with her face contorted in pain. She stares at the wood in her chest, horrified because it had missed her heart just by a bit. If she isn't careful in taking it out, it will pierce the organ and end her life. She tries to take it out real quick before it does any more damage, making sure it doesn't tear anything in its way out.

But as she does, I'm already on my feet and pounced on her right after she throws the bloody stick to the floor. She's stunned to see me back on my feet as I take hold of her hair this time and smash her head against the ground repeatedly. She wriggles and struggles underneath me, trying to get me off of her by digging her claws into my arm. But I don't feel anything, except for the need to end her worthless life. I'm just numb with rage now.

"His," smash, "name," smash, "is Reagan." Smash. I bring her bloody head back up, and she seems dizzy with her eyes unable to focus on me. "And he's mine!" I whisper into her ear before smashing her head once more into the ground.

The pain she had caused me, both physically and in

Tears Of Relief

my relationship is enough to drive me insane with rage. I just keep smashing her head into the floor, and if it wasn't for her Lycan genes, she would be dead by now.

I feel a pair of strong arms wrap around me, pulling me back into a muscular chest but I still hold a firm grip on Janet's hair. My rage doesn't let me to let go of her, until I hear a faint whisper in my ear.

"Hey, hey. I'm here." He pulls me close into his chest, cradling my head as he places a kiss on my hair. "It's okay. Everything's gonna be okay."

I stare up into his eyes, and a tear falls down my cheek then. "Reagan?" His scent engulfs me as all my senses come back to normal. I can even feel the pain of my wounds as they rapidly begin to heal.

He looks so beautiful above me with his caramel eyes shining bright even in the dimly lit room. The worry on his forehead begins to fade as he stares deep into my eyes, and his lips pull up in a soft and relieved smile. Nothing feels more comforting than staring straight up at him, and the tears from my eyes begin to flow like a waterfall.

I bury my face into his chest and let it all out in a fit of sobs. I hadn't realized how scared I was when I learned I would be sold, but now, when I feel relief, it's like I'd been struck by reality. If I hadn't gotten up and fought, I would have been loaded into a truck with the girls and sold to the highest bidder before Reagan made it here. Or if I had been weak, Janet could have easily finished me off, and Reagan would have arrived only to my cold dead body. A lot of things could have happened in the past few hours that could have separated me from my mate forever.

I just wanted to live in this moment, where I am with

him, forever. He keeps whispering sweet nothings into my ear to calm me down, and me breathing in his scent does the trick.

I hear a groan not too far from us and turn to see Gina slowly get up from her unconscious state. Her eyes dart around the room in confusion, staring at the dead rogues and an unconscious and bloody Janet, before landing on Reagan and I. Her eyes widen as she knows she's screwed, and I watch her hurry to get up. She dashes for the stairs, and I prepare to follow her right away when out of nowhere a sickening crack is heard, like a fist connecting with her face.

She falls to the ground, unconscious once more, at the feet of a young lady that I was unfamiliar with. She had long legs and black hair that is cut short just above her shoulders, her emerald eyes shining brightly. But I don't have time to study her as my body begins to quiver. I'm unsure why that is, as I stare down at my trembling hands. What's wrong with me?

"We need to get you out of here and into the forest." Reagan states as he picks me up bridal style. I stare up at him confused, still shaking like a leaf in his arms. He stares down at me with serious eyes and explains, "you're about to shift for the first time into your new beast form."



One With Her Mate

I could hear the emerald-eyed lady give orders for people to get down here and help the she-wolves that we're still chained up. Her voice resonates with authority, and so does her aura. It was powerful, almost like that of Reagan...or maybe even more.

I don't have time to ponder too much on her, with my body still shivering as Reagan takes me upstairs, still cradled in his arms. I can see the darkness in his eyes as he takes in my bloody and disheveled form. His eyes scan my body for any injury, but they all had healed up so fast, it's surprising. He relaxes a bit, but the tension was still evident in his rigid shoulders. He tries to hide my body from other male eyes, snarling at anyone who looks at my exposed legs.

Everyone makes way for us, and my eyes briefly scan the room to notice that most of the rogues are out cold on the floor. Only a few are on their knees, alive, but their bodies have a fair amount of injuries as they're guarded by our men.

I see Gina's father is one of them, looking the worst with his swollen eyes, busted lip, and bruised body. His eyes look up to stare, or rather, glare at me in spite, as if I'm the cause of all this. My mate must have really done a number on them because of me. I wish I had been up here to witness this.

As we step out, I squint my eyes at the bright light of the sun, even though it's already evening. It had been dark in the warehouse, and my eyesight is sharper. I was still trying to get used to all of this.

One With Her Mate

I wrap my arms around my Reagan's neck as his step quickens, and we disappear into the woods. He goes further in with his grip tight on me, trying to stiffen my quivering body. He suddenly gets to a spot before putting me down to my feet. I wrap my arms around my body with my eyes darting around the forest.

I can hear everything from where I stand. The gushing of a stream not too far away, the sound of ants crawling up a tree, the slightest sway of a leaf...

"Hey," Reagan's voice pulls my focus back to him, and my eyes dart to his chest, where his heart lays in. I could hear the rhythm his heart made as it pumps blood out into his veins. I want to listen to that beautiful sound forever as I lay my head on his chest.

"Are you alright, little wolf? Tell me where it hurts." He softly asks, but I shake my head at him.

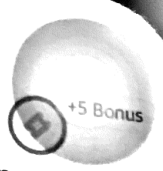
"I'm fine." I briefly answer while staring at the floor.

"Focus on me." He cups my cheek and makes me look back up at him.

I stare into his warm eyes that have specks of gold flashing in them in a beautiful pattern that leaves me mesmerized. I could look into them all day and not get bored.

"I don't know what to do." I finally announce. I wasn't sure how I was going to shift into my beast. It had been a lot easier while I was a werewolf, but as a Lycan, it's a tad bit different. I'm scared to delve into the dark corners of my mind where my beast resides. She feels different, her presence feels more menacing than when she was a wolf.

Reagan's arms slip around my waist, holding me close to him as he looks down at me. "How about we do it together?" I glance up at him bemused, not understanding what he was suggesting.



"Let me mark you, my love." He finally announces, and I go rigid in shock at his words. I couldn't believe he just said that after so long.

Emotions cloud my mind when I see the insecure look on his face as he looks back down at me expectantly. This was a huge step in my life right now, bigger than the usual wedding humans have for themselves.

I stare up into my mate's eyes and ask myself one question. Was I ready?

Of course I am ready! I'm certain I wanted to be with him for the rest of my life. Wake up to his perfectly sculpted face, hear his voice as the first sound I hear every day, eat while staring at him opposite me, daydream about him when I'm not with him, laugh with him, maybe have little pups, and to always sleep knowing he's right beside me.

I vigorously nod my head at him, "Yes! I would love nothing more." A sigh of relief escapes his lips then as he hugs me tight. His laughter of happiness drifts into my ear like a beautiful song that warms my heart and makes it skip a beat. I love everything about this man.

He spins me around and leads me back till I hit a tree behind me. Then he begins to pepper my cheeks with kisses before capturing my lips with his, and taking my breath away. Electric sparks fly between us as the air becomes thicker with our desires for each other. He nibbles on my lips before letting go and trailing kisses down my neck.

I let out a loud moan as he leaves tiny bites on his way to my sweet spot. My body shivers in desire as he gets there, even as I was quivering with the need to shift. He licks at the spot with ferocious need as my eyes are lost in pleasure.

One With Her Mate

I feel his canines then on my skin, but he doesn't break the skin as if asking for permission. I nod while combing my fingers through his hair, anticipating what will happen next while biting my lip nervously.

This is it. No going back. This is my future.

I feel his sharp canines begin to pierce the skin, and my mouth opens in a silent scream of pain before turning to a gasp of pleasure. The pain reduced in an instant as his teeth sink in deeper, and my body accepts him. It was a perfect combination of pleasure and pain. Blood trickles from the spot that he has his teeth sunk into, down my shoulder and chest.

And when he's deep inside, he waits for a few seconds before I start to feel a cooling sensation from his canines. But they turn hot as they seep further into my body, igniting flames of desire inside me. I moan out loud as my grip on his hair tightened while I pushed my body up against his. My mind is clouded with the sensation as the hot feeling spreads all over my body, even to my core down there, causing it to clench in delicious need.

I can feel something changing between us as the connection is established. I feel closer to him and tied to him by an invisible cord. I can feel him deep inside me like he's a part of me. Everything he feels, I feel also, and I'm sure it is vice versa. I can sense his excitement at our bonding, his arousal, and even his anger because of the state he had found me in earlier.

I almost stopped him when I feel his canines begin to retract into his gum. The feeling had been so overwhelming, I was sure I would have had an orgasm if he hadn't stopped too soon.

"Mine." He declares with a low growl as his tongue comes out to lap at his bite mark, and a zap of electricity

flows through my body at the contact.

I gasp out loud at the sensation while an amused chuckle reverberates from his chest.

My eyes suddenly zero in on his neck, where his pulse can be felt, and my mind turns foggy. Basic instincts drive me when my canines come out and pierce his skin in a flash. He is also surprised by my sudden move but doesn't stop me and even pulls me closer to him. I'm not even sure why I'm doing it, I just know I needed to put my mark on him just as he had on me.

I feel his grip on me tighten with my canines still in his neck, branding him as mine. I smell his thick arousal in the air as he lets out a groan beside my ear with his hardness down there, poking at my stomach.

When I retract my canines, it really felt like we were one, with nothing separating us. I lap at the mark, causing him to shiver in pleasure too before I kissed the spot and whisper into his ear.

"Mine."

He moves back with an arrogant smirk on his lips. "My, my. I never knew my sweet innocent Ellie could become so possessive."

I regain my senses then, and my cheeks burn scarlet at my actions. I turn to look away at the forest beside us, embarrassed. Since when did I become so possessive? I couldn't help it. I just wanted him all to myself and nothing more. He was mine, and no one else's.

"I guess I am." I nod, still not staring at him.

I can feel his intense gaze on me, causing me to stare back at his eyes, glowing a bright gold now.

"Now, I think it's time for our beasts to meet." He states, taking my hand and bringing it between us before placing a kiss on my finger. I nod in agreement, keeping my

One With Her Mate

gaze on him.

"Follow my lead." He advises, and a dark vein begins to pop out of his forehead as his features change. His shoulders broaden, ripping his shirt apart, but he doesn't seem to care, his body turning hairy and larger with his ear elongating and his sharp thick canines protruding out.

In a few minutes, he was a hairy ferocious beast looking savage and wild, and probably scary to some, but not me. To me, he was the epitome of beauty and masculinity as I stare up at him in fascination. My hand comes up to feel his face when I notice something different about it.

They were also hairy, with claws on my fingers. I bring up my second hand, staring at them, stunned before looking down at my body. No longer was I in my denim shorts, just me in my hairy glory with ripped parts of my clothes on the floor.

I hadn't noticed I had shifted at the same time my mate had, as I was focusing on watching the beautiful sight of his shift. So now I'm fully a Lycan. It all feels surreal. I'm marked by Reagan, and I have marked him as well. We are almost done with the mating process before we're finally whole, but it feels like I'm already whole with him.

I hear a growl from my mate, and I stare up back at him to see his golden eyes transfixed on me.

Beautiful.

I can sense his words without him having to speak anything. And if I was still in my human form, I would have blushed beet red at his intense gaze and word.

With his eyes eating me up like his favorite meal, he takes a step closer to me. But I take one back also as I smirk at him. He isn't going to get me so easily.

He realizes my thoughts quickly, and his eyes narrow

One With Her Mate

in a warning. But I ignore him as I keep moving backward with a challenging look in my eyes.

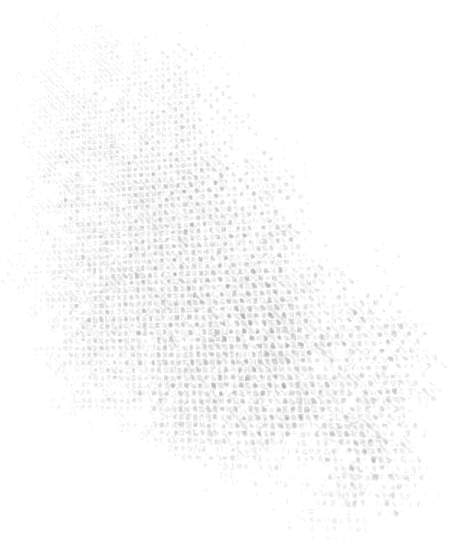
Catch me if you can.

He growls as I spin around and dash further into the forest. I hear his loud howl before hearing the sound of his heavy steps behind me, chasing me as the sun goes down and the moon comes up.



SKY ANGEL Writer

“Thanks for reading!”



Connect

I stare up at the stars glinting above in the night sky. They are so many with no clouds to block out their light. I let out a sigh, gazing at them, naked and on my back with my hands supporting my head behind. The sound of crickets the only thing that can be heard in the forest, along with the gushing stream beside me.

I turn to see my mate washing his face in the stream while I ogle him from behind. His muscles ripple every time he moves, and I wish to run my fingers all over them.

After I ran from him, he chased me like a panther, swift in his moves, but he didn't catch me right away. It was as if he was playing with his food, letting me think I'm winning and holding back on his skills. But after minutes of joking around, he caught me right away before we ran some more together and then back here. We aren't too far from the warehouse as I could hear voices and the sound of some cars leaving, taking away the rogues and she-wolves with them.

I hear light footfalls bringing me out of my thoughts as I see my mate walking towards me in all his glory. His hair messy and blowing with the wind, his eyes darker with his face looking menacing in the night. His muscular shoulders move along with him as he walks with his smooth chest and ridges of six-packs on display. An epitome of beauty he is, in every way.

I resist the urge to look further down as he walks over to me, and lift my gaze back up to his hungry eyes devouring every inch of me. I can feel how strong our



connection is as our emotions and feelings are shared. I can feel his desire and want for me, his need to possess me in every way possible.

He leans down and crouches to stare directly into my eyes with a dangerous smile lifting his lips up.

"And what would be my reward for catching the Princess?" His voice is deep, with lust flashing in his eyes. I lean up on my elbows, not feeling shy of my naked state as I go to whisper in his ear.

"Whatever the Prince decides to do with the Princess...or her body." I made sure to purr in his ear. I move back to see the effect of my words in his clenched jaw and taut muscles as he tries to maintain self-control. Truth be told, I wouldn't want to be taken on a forest floor or against a tree as my first time.

After a few seconds of silence, he stands back up, still peering down at me on the ground.

"In due time." He mutters before reluctantly tearing his eyes away from my body.

"I'll go get us some blankets." He announces in a gruff tone before walking away in the direction of the warehouse. I c**k an eyebrow at him, drooling over his tight ass and hoping he wasn't showing up like that in front of other females because I'm gonna kill them if they see what was meant for my eyes only.

I lay back on the ground with a sigh, once more, enjoying the sight of the stars. I feel different after Reagan and I marked each other. I feel closer to him and still crave for more.

After a while, I hear his footsteps once more and look to see him walking towards me with a blanket riding dangerously low on his hip and one in hand. He came back fast, must have used his Lycan speed.

He's beside me within seconds, covering me up before taking me into his arms. He carries me out of the woods, using his body to shield me as much as possible from other males' eyes, but they didn't even dare look at us. I clutch my blanket tighter, not meeting anyone's stare because of my embarrassing situation. I had walked into these woods a while ago with Reagan on my tail, and now I'm walking out with my clothes gone and only a blanket covering both mine and my mate's body. I can only imagine what their thoughts are.

I can sense their curiosity as they could probably sense something is different between us, but they all made sure to act like they're immersed in their works of investigating the warehouse for other clues and evidence.

They had all reduced in number, though, and only a few remained. The she-wolves and captured rogues have been taken away too. Reagan takes me to an awaiting vehicle where I can see Adrian waiting in the driver's seat.

Just then, I hear someone call out my mate's name, causing my chest to burn in jealousy as it was a feminine voice. I shift to see the emerald-eyed lady from earlier walking towards us with confident and relaxed strides. She has an aura that demands everyone else to bow before her and her features are like that of a fighter. Not muscular or anything like that, but strong and regal.

She's staring Reagan in the eyes as I've never seen anyone done, with her chin in the air as if equal or superior to him.

Reagan first keeps me in the backseat of the car, a decision I'm not too happy with as he slams the door shut. He turns back to the pretty lady who I'm glaring at now. I hate that she's seeing my mate half-naked and is in close proximity to him. But her eyes don't stray from his, though. I decide to listen in to what they're saying then.

Connect

"...he won't be happy with you being gone too long. You can leave back tonight, and I'll do the interrogation alone tomorrow before handing them over to the council," Reagan states while she rolls her eyes and lets out a scoff.

She replies with both her hands curled on her hips, "I can stay as much as I want without his consent. He's not the boss of me. Besides, I have to be there at the interrogation and find out who the hunters that are working with them are. I may not be one of them anymore, but I made a vow that I will not see the system of the hunters fall, nor am I going to let a few pests in their midst destroy them." Clear determination rang through in her voice as she stands tall in confidence.

Reagan let out a huff, running his fingers through his hair. "Fine. But I really don't want to be in the midst of one of your fights with him. So hurry up and go back home as soon as you're done."

She sends him a small triumphant smile, "I do whatever I want. Tomorrow then." She shrugs and swerves on her heels to leave when her eyes meet mine. "By the way, you have a lovely mate. She hasn't stopped glaring at me ever since." She smirks before walking over to another car.

I feel another pair of judgy eyes on me and trail mine to the rearview mirror only to clash with Adrian's, who has an eyebrow c****d at me. What are you looking at? I narrow my gaze at him only for him to roll his and let out a sigh.

"Good to have you back." He mutters, leaving me stunned as this was the first time he's ever actually talked to me. He's the silent type.

Just then, my mate lets out another sigh, this one of



frustration before he enters the backseat with me.

I don't stray my eyes away from him as I cross my arms over my chest. Adrian starts the car without a word and begins to drive us home. I had already figured out that we are no longer in LA but the outskirts of it, so it's gonna be a long drive.

"Who's she?" I try to sound as nonchalant as possible, not wanting to be rash for no reason. With their talk, it seemed like maybe she belongs to another, so I have nothing to worry about.

Reagan's eye lifts up to mine before he reaches for me and pulls me into his chest.

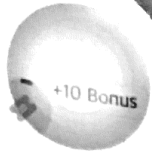
"Our future queen." He responds before burying his nose into my hair to sniff it. My mouth forms an 'oh' at his reply as realization dawns on me.

The only way she could be our future queen is if she was mated to the future king, which is the present first Prince and Reagan's brother. No wonder she looked so high and mighty, carrying herself like a leader.

Reagan doesn't talk much about his family with me. We seldom speak about them, and I just realize I know little to nothing about them. So in my curiosity, I look up and ask,

"Tell me about your parents, especially your mother, because I heard mothers-in-law are sometimes a pain in the ass." My words elicit a chuckle from him that resonates from his chest to my body, causing tiny sparks to flow through me.

He exhales, with his eyes looking down at me in the dark. "My mum isn't exactly the kind to publicly show affections. She's a queen and has to act her role to perfection, which isn't an easy task. She is a softy on the inside and loves both her sons equally. And I'm sure she



will adore you when she gets to meet you."

I purse my lip, uncertain at his words. I do hope she likes me, but what if she doesn't? What if they reject me like everyone else seems to do? But they can't separate Reagan and me no more, that's for sure. We had already marked each other and only need to do one more thing to seal the mate bond.

"Your king, on the other hand, is a total douchebag." My eyes widen at his words before a light chuckle leaves my throat. I cannot believe he just said that out loud about the most powerful beast in the whole world.

"You did not just say that about your father."

He nods his head, "I did. He's only after things that will boost his power. So, no, he won't like you very much since he would rather I mark someone who would add more influence to the royal family."

I feel nervous after hearing that. I had suspected that some people might not accept me as Reagan's mate because of my former status as an average she-wolf. Even I didn't believe I was his from the start because Reagan was way higher than me. But here I am. I guess even after marking each other, we would still have some obstacles to face.

"But don't worry. He can't separate us, no matter what." Reagan assures me, cupping my cheek and making me look at him. I smile at him as he leans down to place a peck on my lips that left them tingling.

"Is your brother's mate someone of high status?" I had to ask just to know if I'm the only one who is of no importance.

Reagan scoffs with a smile stretched on his lips, "She's an ex hunter." He blatantly announces, and my eyes widen into saucers at his words. It's strange because

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hunters don't associate themselves with us in any way other than making sure we don't pose a threat to the human population. I think they even have some codes that would warrant them death if found associating with beasts of our kind.

And to think that one of the people we despise so much and vice versa is going to be our leader someday.

"The moon must have been really mad to bond two opposing creatures together."

"They're bonded by the moon?!" I'm stunned to see him nod affirmatively. Wow! And I thought I'm gonna have it bad.

"The whole beast nobles must have gone berserk to learn that."

"True. It took a lot of time for them to accept her, but even now, some still aren't too happy with the news. But enough about my brother and other family members." He looks down at me resting on his chest. "Tell me, how do you feel?" I can see the concern clear in his eyes as he regards me. I know he's talking about my shifting and our marking.

"Honestly, I feel like I'm in someone else's skin." I voice out my thoughts while drawing patterns on his chest with my finger.

He purses his lips and nods his head, "That's normal. You're still trying to get used to all this. But all will be well as long as we're together."

And I knew without a doubt in my heart that he's right because he's the only one keeping me sane.