

Nine

(Xeraphina's POV)

I passed out as soon as Xavier left my room. I pushed all thoughts of what he said and all that occurred that day from my mind, sleeping in peaceful darkness. I never let anything distract me from getting a good night's rest.

When I woke up, all the thoughts jumbled through my mind, and I knew there was only one way to sort out all these thoughts clouding my mind. I quickly jumped out of the bed, as I threw on black training pants with a red stripe on both sides of my thighs and a black training bra with a red border. I slipped my black sneakers on and ran to the tness room in the basement of the pack house. I hung up eight punching bags, that way if one broke I didn't have to waste my time to replace it before continuing my training. I taped up my hands right before I began punching the bag repeatedly. I threw a few kicks and upper cuts as I went through my routine strategies. This will keep my body occupied and stress free as I unjumble my thoughts.

First, why was someone trying to kill me? Maybe they were trying to see what kind of powers and strength I have. This could also all be a coincidence and they may not have had anything to do with me.

'It definitely involved us.' Artemis said with conviction. There was no changing her mind and I could feel the anger that radiated off her thoughts.

'Do you not remember the way that strange man looked at us?' Succubus asked in a mocking tone. She was toying with me. She knew I knew the answer and wondered why I was letting my thoughts go ways that would never mean anything.

'I think you are in denial if you don't think it involved us. That he was directed at us, just to know if it was to harm us, test us or scare us is the real question.' Carmilla said with certainty. She believed every single word she was saying. Making me realize I was asking myself the wrong questions.

Shit. First bag broken. I stepped to the second bag dangling from the ceiling and started pounding my frustrations out.

Fine, the library he was directed towards me. Were they trying to kill me? Most likely not if they had been stalking me, they would have known I would escape. Were they testing me? I don't see their need to know if I would save others or just myself. I don't see what they would have learned from something as small as a he. If they were testing me, I am sure the problem that arises would have been bigger. Were they trying to scare me? Well, if that was the case, they would have to do a better job than what they did.

I am getting nowhere with that problem. I will let it be and move on to the next one for now. My round house kick, split the punching bag into two. As the sand dumps all over the ground. Ugh. I ran my hand through my hair in frustration before walking over to the third punching bag. I have only dealt with one thought, and I have already destroyed two punching bags. Someone needs to make these more durable.

The man. The black cloaked man, with no face. Who was he? What did he want? Was he the one who started the he? If so, why is he after me? I wish I could have seen his face or caught on to his scent. I am sure he had his scent blocked knowing I have enhanced senses. Did he know that about me or was he just being careful? How did no one else sense him on the pack lands? Why didn't father or mother detect him? We have a forcefield around the kingdom, which automatically alerts my parents when anyone steps foot in or out of the kingdom. So why didn't they sense him?

'Maybe he is a warlock, a very powerful one.' Succubus states in a sassy, yet dreamy tone. Do not be daydreaming about a man who tried to harm my books.

'And the pack, Xeraphina. Tried to harm your books and pack members. Be a little bit considerate. Succubus do not daydream about men who are not our mate.' Artemis growled in frustration.

'Fighting is not going to get us anywhere with what this man was or what he wanted. I think this is something we are going to have to read a lot of books about before getting our answers. Unless we are able to get our hands on him first.' Carmilla said in excitement. I could see the images she projected in my mind about slowly torturing the man in the black cloak until his last agonizing breath. Sweet revenge was so close with her thought process. We could be the bait and then we strike. No way could he be stronger than us.

Goddess. I exclaimed in my head. The third punching bag flies off its hinges as it smashes to the ground five feet away from us. Number four it is. I do a one eighty, coming face to face with the fourth bag. Please don't break so easily. My punching bags weighed over a thousand pounds to prevent their breakage. Obviously, that isn't working my favor right now.

Next topic, the ball. I was planning on skipping it. Mother would never notice I was gone, with all the other people attending. Mother never throws anything small so I already knew it would be a large group. As long as I showed up for the beginning where they introduced Xavier and I then I would sneak out and never look back. Maybe go for a run or destroy more punching bags. Now with Xavier's information I cannot imagine myself passing up the opportunity to meet a living dragon. I always thought they were extinct and if they were somehow still alive, they would never come out of their protective hiding to attend a ball in the werewolf kingdom. Why were they coming? Dragons were very exclusive, always keeping to themselves and thinking they were far more superior than other species. This may be my only chance to interact with them, well that's if they show.

I have made up my mind about this one thing, I will go to the ball, be introduced and only stay if there are dragon shifters present. If not, I will sneak off for a run instead. I hate to stay at the ball, but I also would hate for them not to show. I want to, no, I need to meet a dragon. My fascination for them overrides my common sense.

"DAMN IT." I yelled out in frustration as the fourth bag breaks its chains. Why is it that these bags cannot handle me? I wave my hand, using my magic to repair the four punching bags. Not daring to try those ones again I head towards the fifth one. This one is different than the rest; it was given to me by the witch who trained me, and I am praying it does not break like the rest. I can only hope, right?

Next problem to deal with, Xavier. He barged in my room as if nothing was wrong with that, he needs to learn boundaries. The biggest problem is his mind ran all night about his mate rejecting him, him not being able to handle the pain and the chance of my mate doing the same. Can he not understand I feel and hear everything inside him? Does he not experience the same thing? How do I make him relax about this mate stuff? I mean he must know if his mate hurts him, I will kill her in a heartbeat. He is nothing like mother, mother's brother didn't stand up for her the way he should have, where I will always be his back up, no matter what. How do I squish his worries?

'Why don't we send him an image of the way we will kill anyone if he even sheds a tear because of his mate?' Succubus stated in an excited tone. I understand what she is saying but it almost seems like his connection with me is weaker than the one I have with him.

'We just be there when he needs us, until then he has the right to worry if he needs to.' Artemis says reassuringly. I love that she thinks that, but she knows that isn't my style.

'We can go in while he is sleeping, giving him affection vibes for his mate, taking his worry away. We can also calm him enough to help him sleep.' Carmilla says excitedly. I could feel her eyes sparkling with adoration as she waited for my answer.

'That's a good idea. We will do that Carmilla.' I thought back. It seems I went through all my thoughts. Good thing too because I just broke the fifth bag. So much for tougher magical bags.

'I don't like the idea of manipulating our brothers' emotions.' Artemis said with concern. I roll my eyes, ignoring her comment for now. That isn't what we are doing, just calming him and helping him think positively until something bad does happen. No need for him to worry about anything, especially if it hasn't even occurred.

As I lift my hand, I am about to punch the fifth punching bag before heading on my run. I noticed something shining in the sand. I walk over to it, inattentively watching as I crouch down to retrieve it. A red crystal, like a ring, glows in my hands. What the hell is this and why was it in the bag?

I heard someone coming, making me instantly hide the ring in my pocket. I wave my hand, quickly fixing the punching bag before slipping out the back door. I sprint towards the woods. As more questions than answers float through my mind.

I feel as if my run is going to be longer than normal today. I need to clear these thoughts before I go crazy without the answers.