

Chapter 35

Alexander's POV

I could feel Emily's eyes following me toward my room, her cheeks still rosy.

"Leave the door open," Ghost said, purring. "Maybe our mate will be bold enough to follow."

"I doubt that," I argued.

"Just do it!" Ghost ordered.

"Fine!" I said, rolling my eyes. I had nothing to lose.

I stripped my clothes from my body and headed to the bathroom, opening the shower tap and getting in.

The cold, crystalclear water danced on my heated skin, cooling the blazing fire inside me.

It had become harder to control myself around Emily; the bond was making it difficult and was slowly forcing us together.

If I don't get to mark Emily soon, instinct will kick in, overwriting my selfcontrol.

I will have no selfcontrol whatsoever if she goes into heat.

I sighed. Things will end up complicated quickly, and then what?

I can't force her to stay. I understand that she needs to fulfill her duties to the king, but what about her duties as my mate and Luna? Doesn't that count as something?

I grabbed the soap from the shower shelf and rubbed some soap on the sponge. The water had extinguished the heat down below, but the desire inside my chest was still there.

I wanted Emily, no one else, and I would prove it to her.

I had become a blind man when she was not in my presence. My attention was only pinned on her.

My thoughts started to wander off to earlier times on the training mat.

I have never thought that I would ever become so protective over someone so quickly.

Just the bare thought of someone looking in Emily's direction had me angry and on edge. It was bringing the animal out of me, and I wanted to claw their eyes out.

Thank the Goddess, I was unconscious when Michael threatened Emily. I most probably would have killed him there and then, making an example of him.

The thought of Michael wanting to take Emily and do things to her against her will, and what he said to her, made me sick to my stomach. He looked so goodmannered, and he portrayed himself as a gentleman. I just couldn't believe how disgusting and shameless he was.

Who treats women like that?

I didn't want a pack member like that in my pack.

The fearful scream shook me out of my thoughts, and I yanked the shower door open, rating the glass.

I didn't care if the glass would break or not. I needed to see what was happening—were we under attack?

A second horrific scream came from Emily's bedroom.

What the f*ck!?

I didn't wait for another scream to leave Emily's lips to tell me that she needed help.

I ran down the hallway, leaving a wet footprint all over the floor, and rushed into her room.

I looked bewildered around, seeing no one.

"F*ck!" Emily yelled hysterically, and my gaze snapped to the bathroom.

I rushed inside, seeing her standing with her back in the corner of the

shower, her hands and feet pressing against the glass walls with her face frozen in fear.

"What's?"

Emily's gaze snapped to me, and something like relief followed in her eyes. But something dragged her attention back, and the same fear flashed in her blue eyes.

"Get that f*cking thing out of here!" She screamed, her voice howling.

What the hell was she seeing?

What is she so afraid of?

I slowly went closer, scared that whatever Emily was so petrified of would flee and make me go after it.

Was it a spider? I shivered. I wasn't too fond of the eightlegged bugs.

Was it a cockroach? Most women were scared of those.

Was it a snake? A bat? A frog?

My gaze moved over the floor, searching for anything that was out of order—until I saw the creature that had Emily hysterical, and I broke down in laughter.

Is she serious right now?

A little green lizard was sitting on her sponge in the center of the shower, soaked to the bone. It looked even more misunderstood and afraid of Emily than she was of it.

"It's not funny!" Emily yelled angrily.

"So the big bad warrior is scared of a teeny tiny lizard," Ghost yapped, rolling his eyes amused. "That's a first!"

"Seems so," I said, trying hard to compose myself.

I opened the glass door to retrieve the lizard, but the most intoxicating scent hit my nostrils—it was even stronger and more appealing than Emily's rose scent.

I licked my lips, knowing that my eyes would shift between black and

blue.

Ghost was going bonkers inside my mind, scratching to be released.

Emily yelped out of shock when she saw me fighting for control.

I went closer, ignoring the tiny green lizard on the shower floor, and pulled Emily off the glass shower walls, throwing her over my shoulder.

Emily gasped, uncertain what was going on, as I carried her back to my room.

"Alex!" She yelled, pounding her fist on my back. "Let go of me!"

I dropped Emily on the bed and pinned her hands above her head. My body hovered over hers.

"Little mate," I said. "You are in heat..."

Fear crossed Emily's eyes, and she struggled to get her wrist out of my grasp.

"Let go of me!" She hissed.

"If I don't help you," I warned. "You will be in pain!"

"I can't be in heat!" She yelled, sweat running from the side of her face. "I never went into heat before!"

I narrowed my eyes at her. What she just said didn't make sense. She must have gone into heat when she disappeared, at least two weeks after she was gone.

I let go of Emily's hands and got up, moving away.

She wouldn't get far, and she would beg me to help her find her release.

Emily jumped to her feet, gave me a hateful look, and stormed toward the door, but as I suspected, she fell to her knees when she reached the door.

"Do you believe me now?" I asked, feeling more myself.

"What the f*ck is happening to me?" She moaned, throwing her head back and curving her back.

I got closer, lifted Emily from the floor, and carried her back to my bed.

"You are in heat," I repeated, setting her down. "I can help you."

"Help me, how?" She whimpered.

I scratched the back of my head nervously.

"I need to help you get your release," I said. "It will help you for at least an hour and a half."

"Then what?" She yelled, her blue eyes turning black.

"Then we do this over and over again until your heat is over," I said.

"You can't be serious!" She whimpered in agony, closing her eyes.

Emily's whimpering became louder and more intense. My mate was in agony, and I wanted to help her.

I had become worried; the longer she lay there, the more pain she was enduring, yet without her consent, I was afraid to just touch her. How will she react? I didn't want to lose her again—not now that I had finally found her.

My worried gaze moved over her beautiful curved body, noticing the silver marks glittering under the sweat.

I stretched out my hand, tracing the scar on her stomach with my fingertips.

Emily's breathing suddenly slowed, and her heartbeat relaxed. My fingertips were leaving a cold trail wherever I touched.

Was I soothing her pain? Was my touch helping her?

Another scar caught my eye, yet it was smaller than the first.

What happened to her while she was away? Who did this to her?

Anger started to boil inside me, knowing that someone had tried to hurt what belonged to me.

I wasn't there to protect my mate!

I carefully brushed my fingers over Emily's stomach and down her side.

She noticeably shivered at the feeling, and goosebumps spread under my fingertips.

I left a cold trail up her arm and down her nape, and my gaze hardened when I saw the two round silver scars.

I knew what it meant, but would the king be so cruel and send her to attack them?

I let my fingers touch them, and something like a memory flashed before my eyes, seeing Emily saving a girl from vampire claws and answering my unspoken question.

Emily's eyes suddenly shot open, startling me, and I instinctively retrieved my hands from her when I saw the red and yellow flames burning in her eyes.

"What the f*ck!" I internally gasped. I had never seen anything like that before.

Emily turned her gaze toward me, and what she said next startled the living sh*t out of me.

Chapter Comments



 Watch Ads to Get 8 Vouchers