

# Tasting Darkness

Chapter 126 Book 3 Chapter 1

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Read Taming Darkness By Jessica Hall Book 3  
Chapter 1 – Aleera’s face twists with rage, and she shoves me, making me stumble to catch her as she jumps me; I try to toss her off when her lips crash against mine, and I gasp at the force of my magic leaving me as she absorbs all my power, not leaving a drop. I feel the monster that lurks inside me rear its head as her bond latches onto mine. The nervous energy through the bond with our mates is palpable. Fear so strong, I could taste it as I fought to stop the darkest parts of me from taking over; we all knew she couldn’t handle the monster I could become. Yet, she was determined and refused to let go, making me stumble back onto the bed. She crashes on top of me, her legs straddling my waist, and she pins me with my own magic, her hands pressing against his

chest.

I growl at her, glaring up at her, and our mates back off-their energy ripples behind her as our gazes lock.

“Three down, one to go,” she murmurs, and I watch horrified as she gives herself over to instinct, letting the bond force its way

out, and I struggle harder, trying to contain the monster that has the potential to obliterate us both.

Instinct pulls as I feel her power latch onto me, and I lose control. Hunger to take it back, warping and twisting the parts of me

that I fought so hard to keep, those parts dying out as she siphons me. Her nails dig into my chest, and black and gold tendrils

sliver up her arms, neck, and face, webbing beneath her skin when she shuts her eyes.

It was the only thing I hated about killing off my harmony side, being unable to contain the incubus I truly was, a demon, a

monster from the pits of hell. She has no idea what she has done, as I feel the edges of my vision go.

I’m going to Hell.

“Darius, give in. Don’t fight it,” Kalen whimpers behind her. Was he crazy? I can’t do what I have done to him, to her. She would

never forgive me, and I would never forgive myself. I tried to toss her off, yet she was just as crazed as her lips smashed against

mine. I struggle against her when her magic touches me, enticing me, and I go limp, surrendering to it, knowing I can't hold off.

It was clear my mates would not help me, so I gave myself over to it. I let the darkest parts of me out.

She would hate me after

that much, I was sure of; when I felt Kalen, his magic slipping into me, I pulled away with a gasp. He was lending me his power

to try to keep some control, enough to stop me from killing her.

"She is safe with us," Tobias reassured me, as her lips traveled down my neck, Aleera was gone, gone to instinct, and it was

strange seeing her so out of it. Even with the others, she had some control, maybe not over the shred, but she wasn't this

vacant, hungered bond. She was still with us.

"Darius, let go. Stop fighting it. You won't win," Kalen whimpered as my hands shake on her arms, where they grip them.

They won't let me kill her. And with that, I let go, praying Kalen could at least hold me back

somewhat. My bond is depraved, it

didn't care for their emotions; it only knew how to take, and that's what it does.

My nails slice her skin, and she hisses, her lips pulling away from my skin. I would make it up to her, but she wanted this. She did this, called it out, knowing full well I have no control of my bond.

I knew I should stop, but I couldn't, as I grabbed her and rolled her over, pinning her beneath me.

I wouldn't stop; I couldn't, especially once I had stripped her down onto the bed, like some sacrifice. Not when I've been in love with her from the moment, I laid my eyes on her. Here she was, my Aleera, my Love, lying under me.

Ready for me to do everything I have ever dreamed of doing with her.

When it comes to her, my brain can't distinguish the difference between right and wrong. A soft smile coated my lips. If only she

understood the amount of love I had for her, if she asked me to burn the world for her, I'd do it. I wouldn't think twice if she asked me to die for her. I'd just do it. That's how much I loved her.

She had a hold on me that no one else ever would, and soon she would hold every secret I fought so hard to keep from her, knowing she would hate me for them.

I feel my bond take over, feel Kalen twisting and manipulating my aura, allowing me some semblance of self as I give into it.

There's nothing sweeter than the look of fear that makes you feel as if you're the most powerful man in existence. In all my

years, I've always known I was different. From the moment I killed my harmony side off; I could feel the coldness of the monster I

learned to keep at bay.

For a while, I would have relished her fear. Looking at her fear now, as she realized I was giving her what she wanted, I no

longer craved it. She knew what she was risking as I saw her slowly return beneath me, accepting that she had to have every

dark piece of me to have me. She feared it yet was willing to sacrifice herself to obtain me, us, all of us.

So much has changed in the past few months. Yet, the moment I saw her sacrifice herself to save

Kalen, that all seemed to

change. I no longer craved her fear, and when we were attacked, she could have run, yet she remained to save the very monster

that was holding her prisoner.

She killed and saved me simultaneously that day, killing the part of me that hated her. But saved the little humanity I was clinging

onto. I just hoped she could still love me after I gave her what she was so determined to take.

I slowly drank in her glowing skin as my hands moved on their own, down her body, feeling the silkiness of her flesh.

Getting up on my knees, I removed my shirt first, and her eyes widened. She breathes heavily, her chest falling and rising with each harsh intake of breath. Her magic writhed beneath her skin, and her hips lifting, wanting me to sink into her.

Before she could say anything, I slammed my mouth roughly onto her, causing her to gasp in surprise.

That's all it took for me to sweep my tongue into her parted mouth, exploring and owning every inch of her while my hands explored the rest. I sucked hard onto her tongue, biting down, before lowering my hand to pinch at the tip of her nipples.

"Oh," she cried out as she gripped hard onto the sheets. I don't waste a moment, dragging my mouth slowly downward and taking one taut nipple into my watering mouth. My free hand pinched the other, causing her to cry out even louder.

With that, I violently ripped her legs apart to reveal her perfect pink p\*\*ssy glistening under the light for me.

“F\*\*k, I need to taste you,” I crooned at her while dragging my middle finger up her slit. My mouth was watering as I scooped up her juice before taking it out. The smell was like a d\*mn aphrodisiac to me as I slowly pulled my finger out to press it against my lower lip.

Sweet like honey, much like the rest of her.

“F\*\*k,” I hummed lightly, barely able to compose myself.

Unable to take the tension anymore, I slipped my thumb between her folds and tightly pinched that little cl\*t that drove me crazy, poking her entrance with my fingers. Aleera gasped at the stimulation, arching her back, and her thighs quiver. Soft moans escaped her mouth.

Unable to take it any longer, I shoved my tongue in her, lapping at her slick heat greedily. Her tight little body wrapped around my tongue, her p\*\*ssy clenching against my harsh lapping tongue, and her hips bucked as I hungrily sucked on her.

I sucked gently, playing with her cl\*t between my lips, grazing it occasionally with my teeth; another moan soon escaped from her perfect mouth that had me chuckling.

I pushed my boxers down, reaching down to feel my erection. It throbbed under the mere touch of my hands, extremely hot, hard, and aching painfully.

I panted and h\*\*ked one of her legs with my arm, wrapping it around my waist. I bent slightly, feeling her entrance, before taking a deep breath and entering her with a harsh thrust. Her hands automatically reach down to hold me when I push in again, ramming into her mercilessly. Tears flowed down her face like liquid mercury, with her lips quivering. When Tobias moved behind me, his power slipping over me, giving me more control as he gave me his magic. Her eyes moved to him behind me; if she wanted it all, she would have to take all of us.

I waited until she was comfortable with my size and relaxed enough to see Lycus crawl onto the bed beside her.

Without any warning, I slammed into her again, this time much more aggressively than before. The sight of them near her, wanting her, made me rabid.

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With every thrust, I rammed into her, breaking her into moans. She cried out, but I dare believe it was not out of pain



anymore. All I could imagine was her juices and blood mixing on the d\*mn sheets.

There would be blood, her p\*ssy too slick. The copper scent of it filled the room as I mercilessly pounded into her. Yet she

took it, accepted it, and loved it as Lycus leans down, capturing her lips and trying to distract her.

Aleera whined when I hit that certain spot inside her, her back arching beautifully against me.

Eventually, with each stroke, Aleera lifted her hips and rolled them against me, the fire between our connected bodies growing

hotter with each passing second, our mingling like an erupting volcano, beautifully lethal.

I moaned, bending down again to kiss her while squeezing her perky breasts. My hips took on an irregular rhythm, constantly

ramming and hitting her mercilessly.

That's all it takes, she exploded all around me. Her inner walls clamp down

hard onto me as she bit hard on her lips to keep herself from crying out through utter ecstasy. Tobias' hands smooth over my

chest, and Lycus pulls away, allowing her to catch her breath when I feel Tobias 'fangs sink into my neck.

My hips stop ramming into her as he pulls me back against him, his magic slipping into me, and I feel the monster that lurks beneath my skin calm some.  
I pull out of her, only to feel Kalen's lips mold against mine; my fingers dig into his flesh as he kisses me, lending me his power.  
Tobias' tongue lapping at my neck, Kalen feeding me his power in a kiss when I hear her moan.

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Chapter 127 Book 3 Chapter 2

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# Tasting Darkness

Chapter 127 Book 3 Chapter 2

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Chapter 2 – Aleera POV

A moan escapes me as I watch Kalen kiss Darius, his fingers wrapping around his c\*\*\*\*k, stroking his length while Tobias feeds from him.

In return, I enjoy the sound of four, almost synchronized, growls as all eyes go to me. My blood suddenly rushes up to my cheeks, I know I'm blushing, but the burn isn't nearly as intense as the one between my legs.

Kalen lets him go, stepping back Darius moves closer to the bed; Tobias and Kalen close in his step. Lycus grabs my breast,

from where he lies beside me. Once I notice the desperate look in their eyes, I decide to give in and let them do whatever they want to me.

My bond craved them and finally Darius was willing to complete the power exchange, the bond. Despite the pain throbbing between my legs, I wanted more, the bond craved it, craved them.

Lycus shoves me on my back and I close my eyes, enjoying the sensory overload as all four caress my skin. I can tell apart their touches; I know which man's hand and precisely which palm belongs to whom.

As I open my eyes, I watch them while their eyes roam my body, and wide smirks spread across their lips.

I bite my bottom lip, feeling too excited for my own good.

Lycus next to me, leans over my breast. I gasp when I feel his mouth latch on my nipple, his hot tongue rounding it. He keeps flickering his tongue over the sensitive nipple, while I feel electric jolts travel through my body.

A hiss leaves my lips, as Kalen takes the same position as Lycus and attacks my left nipple. Unlike Lycus, he nips at my nipple

with his teeth and squeezes my breast, creating another sensation I can't describe but want more of. Darius lowers himself between my legs and spreads them wider while he runs his tongue over his lips. All I can see is raw

hunger flash in his gaze, and while I attempt to stare down at him, Darius is so focused on my throbbing p\*\*\*ssy, that he doesn't

look away even if he can feel my eyes on him.

A hot, firm tongue slides over my cl\*t, nearly forcing a scream out of me, it stings from his pounding, yet pulses at his touch.

Darius seals his lips around my sensitive flesh, as he sucks and licks my cl\*t. just when I think this can't get better, Darius slides

his finger inside me, my body sings with pleasure, and I cry out.

The sensations overwhelm me, all their lips on my body, when a hand grips my chin and forces me to look up. Tobias smirks and

presses his lips to mine, taking my mouth in a needy, passionate kiss. His tongue thrusts into my mouth, and takes complete control over the kiss.

While the two men keep playing with my breasts and nipples, Darius slides his tongue inside me as low growls emit from his

chest. The vibration of the deep sound makes my toes curl in pleasure. Darius works his tongue deeper inside me, as his nose occasionally rubs against my cl\*t.

Tobias breaks our kiss sooner than I expect, but his grip on my chin remains firm. A grin spreads across his swollen lips, as he barks, "Open wide."

I gulp and follow the command, opening my mouth right before he forces his c\*\*k inside it. Tobias is playing with me; he's barely pushing the tip of his c\*ck inside my mouth and withdraws it when he feels my tongue swipe over it. I almost clamp my teeth around it, done with the teasing and playing, as I glare at Tobias and open my mouth wider for him.

He looks down at me, amusement on his face, so I take the matter into my own hands and force my head closer to his c\*ck, wrapping my lips around his length. Tobias groans, but he doesn't move a muscle, as he watches me take over control. I start bobbing my head and suck in my cheeks. My tongue swipes over the tip of his c\*ck, a slight smile appears on my lips when he hisses.

Darius starts sucking on my cl\*t, his lips, tongue, and teeth assault my p\*ssy, like he's been starving for years, and he refuses to taste anything but me.

The two greedy mouths disappear from my nipples and leave my breasts exposed to everyone. Their saliva is all over my skin, and even the warm air in the room feels like it can create some sort of pleasure.

Lycus and Kalen, as if it's a move they have been perfecting for years, move closer. They grip my wrists and bring my hands to their lengths. I wrap my fingers around their c\*cks and wrap my legs around Darius' neck. He's so adamant about taking me to the edge that I fear he will stop a moment before I explode in pleasure.

I start moving my hands up and down the shafts as Tobias finally starts to move his hips and thrusts his c\*ck inside my mouth.

"F\*ck," one of them hisses, but I'm too far gone, pleasure overloading me, to understand which voice I hear.

Tobias groans and throws his head back, giving me full control. "I'm about to c\*m, d\*mn it," he hisses, withdrawing his c\*\*k from my mouth.

I watch how his long fingers wrap around his length, assuming he's about to squeeze it to hold back the or\*\*\*sm. But instead, he starts moving his fist from the tip down to the base, as he aims his c\*\*k at my breasts. A couple of rough movements of his hand and Tobias moans out, emptying his load over my breasts. He chuckles and eyes his doings on my skin, grinning as if he had just created a masterpiece. Then, he clears his throat and winks at me.

I nod, as if that's the most normal response I could have. Never in my life had I thought I'd feel this comfortable nude, let alone surrounded by multiple men, yet I don't feel bothered by the fact that Tobias just came all over my breasts in front of everyone.

My legs start shaking around Darius' neck, as his tongue keeps hitting the exact spot that drives me crazy, and all it takes is a sharper intake of breath for me to fly over the edge. I scream in pure pleasure, stuck in bliss, utterly numb to Lycus and Kalen, adding their c\*m to the masterpiece Tobias left on my chest. Only when I feel it drip over my skin, do I realize I'm completely covered in their c\*m.



Someone presses a cold, damp towel to my skin and brings me back to reality. Tobias grins at me as he cleans up the mess they made. With no previous warning or a sign, as if this is something we do every day, he focuses on my breasts.

I look around at the men, all but Darius look spent, but despite that, they're eager to complete the shred.

When Tobias finishes cleaning me, he looks around at the rest of them. The next moment, he's in between my legs, positioning himself at my entrance.

I know I'm dripping in excitement and need; he doesn't need to do anything to slide inside me with ease.

As the thought crosses my mind, he moves his hips forward and pushes his c\*\*k inside me. I hiss, painfully, tender from Darius, when Darius places a hand on my leg and slightly lifts it for Tobias to get a better angle.

Finally, Tobias starts moving his hips while the rest attack my body, tracing open-mouthed kisses everywhere they can get their lips. Each leaves unique marks over my body in the form of love bites, while one rails me into another dimension. "Go easy on

her, my a\*\*s.” I hear one of them say, yet too high on the ecstasy to figure out whose voice it was. I glance at Darius and lick my lips. Gone was the monster I dealt with earlier, and in his place the man I love. “Bl\*w job?” I ask, but the mischievous grin on his lips instantly tells me he already has something on his mind. “Tobias, let’s switch the position,”. Darius says, and Tobias instantly pulls out of me; the grin on his lips matches the one on Darius’.

I look between the two, wondering if Lycus or Kalen will join whatever is going on, but as I glance at my side, I notice those two are too busy with each other. Lycus is pressing Kalen against the wall, their lips stuck together in a passionate kiss, and I think I just had a mini or\*\*\*sm watching them. My breath trembles, as Lycus wraps an arm around Kalen’s waist and slides it down to his a\*s. F\*\*k, that’s hot.

My attention is brought back to what we were doing, when Tobias plops on the bed and pulls me onto him. My back pressed against his chest, and his c\*\*k aligned with my entrance.

Maybe he wants me to ride him, if so, I don't mind, d\*mn it. However, when Darius stands at the edge of the bed and grins, positioning himself between my legs, I gasp.

Tobias grips my hips and lifts me a little to pull me back on his c\*\*k. I scream out in pleasure once I'm fully seated on his length.

With his c\*\*k buried deep inside me, Tobias places a hand on my breast and pulls my back flush against his chest. It takes me another moment to understand what they're planning.

Darius grabs his c\*\*\*k, strokes it to the base, and winks at me. My eyes widen, but none of them gives me a chance to object as

Darius thrusts inside me, his. and Tobias's cocks filling me to the point I feel like I'm about to be split in half.

I hiss, more in pain and shock than pleasure.

They slowly start moving inside me, letting an occasional moan or hiss leave their lips as they praise my tightness. Who the f\*\*k

wouldn't be with two c\*\*ks stuck in one hole?

I try to relax my body and find pleasure in the initial pain. Once both of them find the right rhythm, I scream their names each

time one of them moves. My hands find Darius' shoulders, and I dig my nails into his skin every time he thrusts inside me.

I close my eyes and slowly start moving my hips to try to meet their thrusts, but Tobias grins them and holds me in place Tobias

grips them and holds me in place, stuck between two sweaty, loud men, railing me.

"More, harder," I plead, my breasts bouncing heavily from their thrusts.

"That's it. You love this, don't you?" Tobias asks, moving in and out of me, matching Darius in harsh, deep thrusts. Snarling, one of his large hands wrapped around my neck, and it didn't take long before I'm jumping off the ledge.

This was the most intense sexual experience I had ever had, and it was perfect when I hear Tobias groan beneath me, and he stills. Darius increased his speed and f\*\*\*ked me vigorously, before slipping his arm beneath my back and hauling me off him and

Tobias, my arms wrap around his neck when he gripped my hair, tugging my head back and swallowing my moans.

Tobias moves behind me and Darius pins me to the bed, I can feel all their magic writhing through Darius, it tickles my tongue as

he continues to pound into me, his tongue tangled with mine, and I scream out my or\*\*\*sm. Scream out as his power washes through me and I take it, everything he'll give me. My mouth waters at the taste of it when he pulls his lips from mine, his pitch black eyes staring down at me, my gums tingle, and a savage sound leaves my lips. He stills inside me just as I rip him toward me, my teeth sinking into his neck, and the power that blasted me stole my breath away. It was ice-cold, powerful beyond measure, and like nothing I had ever felt before. The force of it makes me pass out, falling slack briefly, my eyes flicker, and ears ring as Darius pulls out of me, the room goes dark, and I blink as I see the worry etched into his face as he peers down at me. I blink; his magic was dark, tainted with so much death, so much pain I actually tried to fight it from sucking me in. "Darius, where are you going?" I hear Tobias' voice, it is distant, but I am fighting a losing battle as his magic sucks me under. "Darius? Answer me," I hear someone say. "I'm going to end it," are the last words I hear when I find myself sucked into Darius's memories.

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her and they exhausted her. Her parents were murdered by the  
Savage people. Darius kills

them and avenge her and she waits for his pity. ... At Chapter 127  
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Chapter 128 Book 3 Chapter 3

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# Tasting Darkness

Chapter 128 Book 3 Chapter 3

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Chapter 3 – My hearing is the first to go; I am met with total darkness and utter silence for what felt like eons as his memory flickered to life. Blinking, I find we are in the mess hall, only it looks different. In his memory, it is some kind of ballroom, with heavy drapes covering the windows and a crystal chandelier glistening under the light, casting the ground in orbs of light as the sun shone in. “Now, Darius,” comes a deep, booming voice. Darius shakes his head.

“No, please, father,” he begs. He must be about six years old. The room looked huge out of his eyes as he peered at the back of his father’s throne, which sat in the center of the room. His father looks over his shoulder, leaning over to peer around his chair. “I said now! Either them or you?” his father snarls at him.

Darius shuffles his feet, drops his head, and moves closer to his father. His father grabs his shirt, hauling him in front of the

throne. Darius sniffles and his father hits him up the back of the head. "Get on with it. Tell me what you see?" he snaps at his

son, and Darius finally lifts his gaze.

When he does, I find a man and a woman on their knees, both beaten and bl\*\*\*dy. The woman's long dark hair cascaded to the

floor, creating a veil and shielding her face. The man stared at Darius's father as if he wanted to kill him.

"Find the boy, Darius," his father booms, kicking Darius in the backside. Darius whimpers and moves toward them, his fingers

outstretched, and I gasp. He had magic, actual magic. I could feel it writhing through him. Powerful and strong. He had already

manifested, or if not, he would have been a force to be reckoned with when he had.

"You ba\*\*\*rd, you f\*\*\*\*king ba\*\*\*ard. We told you we have no son! Haven't you taken enough from us?"

the man on his knees

screams. Darius flinches. "Ignore him, son. Either you find the boy, or you go back in the chair,"

Darius's father tells him. The

man looks at Darius. His eyes soften slightly, almost in pity for him.

Darius observes him, his aura black as charcoal, and he looks at his father, confused. "They changed?" he says. "Yes, we killed



the harmony side, which is why we need to find the boy,” his father answers him. For a child, Darius, I could see, was far more intelligent than the average six-year-old. I could tell Darius was petrified of whatever his father meant by the chair, making me wonder. “Find the boy, and I will let you go see Lucy, but only if you find him,” Darius’ father tells him, an image of a newborn baby flits through his mind briefly and I know it must be his sister. His heart beats faster at her name before he turns to face the man and woman. Guilt smashes into him. Yet he wanted to see his sister. “Remember why we are doing this, son,” Darius’s father reminds him. Yet some part of him didn’t believe his father. Nevertheless, he steps forward and places a hand on the man and woman’s heads. He closes his eyes when suddenly images flicker before his eyes. The woman and man starts sobbing when an image comes forth and takes shape, and I blink in shock. Darius looks around the room, yet I have seen it before. Déjà vu hits me, and it only takes me a moment before I figure out why.

It was an orphanage. Darius pinpoints the location where he feels the brightest energy, a power similar to his. He follows it, virtually walking through the place, just by merely touching them he had a connection to their child. When he stops beside a bed. What I wasn't expecting was to see a face I had already seen before. It was Kalen. Darius watches him sleep for a second. Seeing the boy, he knew what would become of him. He knew what would become of his parents. His parents were no longer Harmony-Fae, but Dark-Fae and Darius knew his father did something bad to them.

Darius jerks out of their heads, jerks out of the vision he saw. "Where is he?" his father instantly demands as his eyes focus on the man and woman at his feet. Darius swallows, peering down at them.

The woman s\*bs, dropping her gaze, while the man's eyes stare off vacantly.

"He's dead," Darius lies. The man's eyes flick to him. His lip quivers when Darius does something I didn't believe possible, proving the magnitude of his power. He speaks to Kalen's father, his voice in his head, much similar to how Kalen tampers with

auras. "I'll keep him safe," Darius tells him. Kalen's father inhales sharply. When hands grab a hold of Darius, his father shakes him. "What did you see? Where are they hiding him?" his father bellows.

"He's dead," Darius repeats; his father slaps him, not liking the answer.

"He can't be dead. Look again; I know they had a child," he growls. His father turns, reaching for the woman's hair when Darius wipes his lip.

"They killed him, trying to change him to a White-Fae," Darius lies, and his father's hand stops. He looks at his son. His father glares at him before his brows pinch in the middle. "How?" his father questions. Darius swallows. He would be taking a total stab in the dark. He didn't know how to kill off the part that made him Harmony-Fae.

He glances at them, but his father grabs his face. "You better not be lying to me?" His father sneers, and Darius whimpers, his father's nails digging into his face.

Darius says the first thing that comes to mind. "They drowned him in the bath," Darius manages to get out. His father watches

him, and Darius holds his breath when his father lets him go. Darius goes to run away when his father grabs him by the collar of his shirt.

He shoves him toward them. "Since they killed him, you can kill them. About time, I made you into a man, " Darius' father says.

"He's just a boy," Kalen's mother rasps in outrage.

"So was your son, yet you had no issue killing him, or is that a lie, Darius?" Darius' father sneers at them. Darius stiffens, knowing his father is testing him. Darius has never killed anyone before, nor did he want to.

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He shakes his head. "Good, then you have no issue killing them," he waves his son forward. "Burn them alive?" his father nudges him.

"What?" Darius whimpers. "I said to burn them alive or give up the boy," so his father didn't believe him and this was a test to see if he is lying.

"He's dead, though," Darius tells him.

"Then you will have no issue killing them. They are monsters," his father waves him to do his bidding, and Darius trembles.

“It’s okay, son,” the man tells him, and tears prick his eyes. Yet the man’s gaze softens, and he nods slightly, reaching for his wife’s hand. “Please, father, I don’t want to do it,” he begs.

“You will, or-” his father doesn’t finish, and Darius faces them. The woman tilts her head.

“It’s okay, sweetie, don’t be punished for our crimes,” she says, but Darius knows they have no crimes that need to be paid. His

father was just a monster. A cruel king.

Darius hiccups a sob before shutting his eyes. He flicks his wrist, and he feels the heat of the flames that engulf them. Silent

tears slip down his cheeks as he makes a silent prayer to save their son from his father. The smell of burnt hair makes him gag.

And their screams would forever haunt him and me.

I feel sick at what I just witnessed when I feel the energy around me

shudder, and I am suddenly moving on to the next.

And it is no better than the last.

Previous Chapter

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Chapter 129

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# Tasting Darkness

Chapter 129

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Read Taming Darkness By Jessica Hall Book 3 Chapter 4 – In the next vision, I come to learn that Darius not handing Kalen over means he became the

`experiment, yet it still wasn't clear to me why they were experimenting. However, it became clear why he hated my father.

My father was the head scientist

and the one that came up with the vile tests they ran on him, yet Darius didn't hate him, not like he did his father. As Darius

slumped over in the chair, drool dripping onto the floor after being shocked by electrodes, his father grabs his hair, lifting his head up.

"He has had enough. Are you trying to kill your son, Xandrius?" my father asks him. So that was his father's name, I had

wondered, he hardly spoke of his father and no one referred to him by name. Xandrius Wraith was a monster.

"What? Of course not, Grayson. I am just saying Darius can handle more than you think." My father shakes his head, and Darius watches them, his vision fuzzy. He just wanted it to end.

"We are so close to a breakthrough. We can replicate it, be all-powerful, we can save the world, save the Harmony-Fae from

extinction, imagine how much we can sell this serum for, My father says, his words confuse me. Wasn't this serum the reason we were extinct?}}

Darius' father purses his lips. "Are you sure it will work?"

"Positive, we are so close. We just need to figure out the right tweak to his DNA. But that won't work if he is dead. Take your son home. Let him rest," He nods before walking over to Darius, who could hardly move. He undoes his restraints, yet Darius' eyes are on the vial my father held up to the light before he sets it in some machine that spins it around.

"You have been very good today, son, you will be rewarded when we get home, you can see Molly," his father tells him, picking up his limp body. Darius mood instantly lifts hearing his sister's name, but it was becoming apparent that his sister was used as a tool to make him comply.

"Give him the week off. Let him be a child. He endures too much. He needs rest," My father tells him.

I don't understand why this memory lingered in his head, why it remained, but for some reason it was one that stuck, some core memory of his.



From Darius thoughts the only reason I obtained for why it stuck with him besides the agony he lived through, was that it was the day he realized by not handing over the boy he didn't know, that this would be his future, forever strapped to a chair to be tested on.

The memory fizzled to what appeared to be later that night. Darius was reading over his father's notes, he had snuck into his father's office, stolen the documents with Kalen's parents names on it, opened it to learn how to kill off the Harmony- Fae side.

He knew if he wanted to keep his promise, he had to find a way because Kalen would be sensed. It was only a matter of time.

Darius could barely hold his head up, he was tired, his eyes hurt, but he had the information he needed, and he was right, to kill

off what makes them a harmony-fae they had to die, or it could be removed by a Demonic-Fae, he could siphon it if he was

careful enough not to kill the boy he saw.

That's how Kalen's parent lost their white magic, Xandrious siphoned Kalen's father by accident, and his mother wanting to die

with her husband, who she thought was dead, she jumped through a window to kill herself, only to wake up a Dark-Fae.

Darius opened the portal to the room he saw in Kalen's parent's head. He hovered over Kalen's sleeping form, despite how much he wished he could give him up to take his place, he made a promise. He killed Kalen's parents, he couldn't bring himself to kill Kalen too by giving him to his father.

Darius watches him, watches the glow that emanates from him. Darius could feel his magic, it wasn't like his, it was weaker, untrained. Yet there was also something else he could sense in Kalen, something that separated them from being the same, Kalen's magic mad him feel sad, he couldn't explain it, he just knew the emotion of what he was feeling from him, some darker version of what he possessed himself.

He purses his lips, glancing around at the other sleeping children, he was hesitant at first, worried that maybe Kalen was masking his power, worried it wasn't as weak as he first thought, yet feeling for it again, he lets out a breath, Kalen's power wasn't awoken yet, so it was nothing for Darius to steal it, remove it.

Darius I come to realize had been trained in his magic for as long as he could remember, he had no memories where he had no magic, it had always been there, he was an oddity, a rarity.

Darius feels for his darker elements, feels for the demonic side of him as he pokes Kalen's cheek with his index finger, I watch as black webbing spreads across Kalen's face, his breath making frost clouds in the air, and he shudders.

His brows pinch like he is having a bad dream, Darius curious peers into his head to see what he is dreaming.

He knew he was their son, but what he didn't realize was that from the moment he was born, they knew he would be put at risk.

So they placed him in the basket at the orphanage doors when he was born and through Kalen's dreams, he had access to every moment since he was born.

Seeing that Darius jerks out of his head, Kalen grew up believing he was unwanted, yet Darius knew otherwise, he knew Kalen's parents placed him in the orphanage because they loved him, they just didn't know any other way to protect him.

Shaking his head, Darius wipes his puffy eyes before doing what he came there to do, he siphons Kalen's magic, careful to only take the light magic, knowing he had no way to return it, if he took it all. Darius watches Kalen's aura change, watches the shadows in it to determine he got it all, only once it was black and no color remained did he remove his finger from his cheek.

Darius watches him sleep, wondering why he saved him, he couldn't explain it, but he was glad he did.

Darius opens the portal to go back to his room, when he hears the blankets ruffle and Kalen whimpers in his sleep. He stops looking back at him, Kalen had kicked the blanket off and Darius tucks him back in. "Your parents loved you, I wish my father loved me the way yours loved you," Darius whispers to him before turning back to the portal.

Only when he does, did he notice his father watching him through the portal he left open. Darius freezes, his father's eyes furious.

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Chapter 130

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# Tasting Darkness

Chapter 130

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Read Taming Darkness By Jessica Hall Book 3 Chapter 5 – My  
heart stutters in the real world as I watch Darius father through his  
eyes. A tiny six-year `old boy,

he clenches his jaw, steels his resolve and lift his chin, stepping through the portal back to his waiting father. The moment he does, his father grabbed him.

“What have you done?” Xandrius growls at his son, shutting the portal.

“He’s useless to you now, dad,” Darius says, his gaze ice-cold. His father snarls, backhands him, making him hit the ground. He lands on the floor on his stomach. He wipes his bleeding lip and rolls over, sitting up, just as his door burst open. Darius cold gaze moves to the door to see his mother.

“No!” she snaps at Xandrius as he starts undoing his belt. “Get out, Lilith!” he yells at his wife. She shakes her head, this was

nothing new for Darius, his mother always fought for him, even though it just got her hurt.

Darius gets up, his mother attacking his father just as he is whipped with the belt. The blows are repeatedly rained down, his mother taking a good amount of them trying to protect him. His father was a monster, yet when his mother gets slashed across the face with the belt, he had enough.

Darius roars, his fist hitting the ground. The floorboards ripple, tearing from the floor, some even bursting and splintering to small

shards. His father's eyes bleed black, and his mother is tossed from the room and locked out. His father, sealing them into the room.

Darius backs away from the demonic-king, gone was any semblance of his father and only the man the world feared. Splinters and wood cut and carve at his skin, as he tries to hide from his father when his back suddenly hits the wall."

His father smirks. "You have done it now, son," he tells him. Darius shakes his head. If bravery had a face, it was this six-year-old boy, no way anyone would face the beast that stood over him. Evil incarnate, yet he did as a small boy. "No, father. You have, I won't be little forever, you best remember that because I will remember this day," His father is shocked by his son's words, yet he wasn't about to let his son challenge him, and he didn't only this time Darius never peeped a cry, not a sound left him as his father beat him with the buckle of his belt until he fell unconscious.

The memory warps and twists, disintegrates and moves away as I am tossed forward through his memories. One thing I was

beginning to learn though as the new memory emerged was the reason why he believed his mates would hate him.

Why he felt guilt for everything his mates endured, why he didn't want it known to them what he had done, especially when the next memory flickered to life, and I found myself looking at a much younger version of Porter, Lycus's father.

Porter was working for Xandrius, Darius stood in his father's office, he was still young, not much older than he was before,

though Darius seemed different, colder, indifferent, numb from outside influence, dead inside. He stares off at the wall as Porter

takes his seat across from Darius's father.

"I'm sorry, Xandrius, I... I didn't-" Lycus father stutters before Darius's father raises his hand to silence him, not even bothering to look up from his paperwork. He finishes reading the document before setting it aside.

"Years we have worked together, you should know the price of going against me," "I swear I didn't know she was your wife, I..

she tricked me.. Had I known, I wouldn't have....,'

Darius turns to observe the man talking to his father, pleading his case.

Xandrius tilts his head to the side.}}



“Don’t bullshit me, you knew exactly what you were doing. You knew exactly who she was, you thought you could one up me, what you didn’t know was my wife? My mate was playing a part

I asked her to, I was testing you, and you failed,” Xandrius bellows, rising to his feet.

Porter falls back in his chair. He scuttles back on his hands and feet, as Xandrius moves around his desk toward him.

“Wait, we can move past this. You can have my mate, make up for what I almost did. She will do it.. She needs me-” Xandrius

laughs. “I don’t want your mate, I don’t want some whore that `has been passed around the council more times than I can count,”

Porter scoffs and shakes his head.})

“My wife is pure, she has only been with me,” Xandrius laughs, like what Porter just said was hilarious. He waves Darius forward.

“Do you know how you got this job with me, Porter?”

“You were looking for a bounty hunter,” Xandrius laughs harder. Tears spring in his eyes from his laughter, and he wipes them.

“No, you twit.” He motions for Darius to step forward, and Darius stepped forward, not wanting to show him what he pulled from

Lycus's mother's head earlier when she was brought in for questioning.

"She fucked your way to the top of bounty," Xandrius laughs. "Show him," Darius grits his teeth, placing his fingertips on the sides of Porter's head, showing him his wife infidelity, showing him how he got the job, what Porter didn't know was that his mate had done all those things, to save him from going to prison, saving him from death for his crimes. Making his charges disappear. Then, when he became unemployable, she sucked off Xandrius, getting him the job he has now. However, Darius wasn't allowed to show those parts to him, just the acts themselves, which made him sick that the woman was taken advantage of. Porter blinks, horrified, before he snarls.

"Now with that out of the way," Xandrius waves Darius off, and he takes his spot by the door again.

"You have three weeks to find out where Grayson took the antidote. Grayson has it, I know he took it when he burned the facility down." Porter nods his head.

"I ordered him to destroy it when we realized what we created, yet the vials were gone, the place burned down, I know he took it,

I know the bastard is planning something, and we need that cure if we are to save what's left."

Xandrius tells Porter.

Darius stares ahead listening, he clenches his jaw and from flickerings of memory flitting through his head. I knew my father

didn't burn down the facility Darius did, he was also the one that stole the antidote for my father, under the impression his father

unleashed the plague, that wasn't the case though, my father lied, telling Darius it was his father's plan, and he could help

correct it by burning down the facility and getting him the cure.

"Find it, and you will be allowed to live."

"But isn't that the council's job? Search his house."

Porter says, Xandrius shakes his head. "

I can't, I can't draw too much attention to it, not with my involvement. I am already being watched, the bastard lied to me. I

thought we were creating a cure for the disease on the White -Fae, he lied. Now one plague has swept through, and we need

that cure before the second wave hits,"

"Second wave hits?" "Yes, idiot, Grayson made two originally! All week he has been spouting his nonsense at the council, I can't

have my men investigate him, it will draw attention to me, and my involvement to the blood that created the plague used being my son's."

"Grayson could just tell them," Porter offers. "Not without implicating himself, he won't risk his reputation," Xandrius tells him.

Porter sucks in a shaking breath. "Three weeks, find it," Xandrius dismisses him.

Porter leaves through a portal. Darius, guilt nags at him, yet I couldn't figure out why he felt guilty about the antidote. Why he felt

to be blamed for the plague. The memory skips ahead a few weeks later before it comes across the news about Porter's wife

being found dead, brutally beaten to death, and his son was missing. Both were reported to have gone missing the day he showed Porter of her infidelity.

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