

# Tasting Darkness

Chapter 151

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Read Taming Darkness By Jessica Hall Book 3  
Chapter 26 – “No, you don’t understand, Ma’am.  
She still has powers. There  
were snakes and they-”

“Stop being foolish, you are hallucinating from lack  
of sleep, Clint.” she presses her fingers against her  
temple. “Why did I even  
bother leaving you in charge? You really can’t do  
anything right around here.”

“No, I-I swear,” Clint pleads.

My mother lets me go, and I drop my head forward,  
trying not to smile at how petrified he sounds. It truly  
was sweet music to my  
ears, and I hoped my neighbor was enjoying it.

“Get the spinal fluid from her and drop it off with  
Samson. If you can manage that without any more  
mishaps, I want you to go

home and get some sleep, Clint. You have been awake for far too long, and it is making you unhinged. I need those that can do their job, not men I have to babysit. If I have to have this kind of discussion with you again, I will see you torn apart and fed to our captives, do I make myself clear?" she snapped and then before letting him answer, she stomped out of the cell, slamming the door shut behind her for good measure.

Clint whimpered after she left, his head jerked from side to side as he searched for my pets. His hand shook as he grabbed the syringe again. He crept his way over to me and timidly pressed my shoulder.

I pretended to still be completely out of it, only offering him a twitch in response. The confident, smirking man from before was long gone. He nudged me over until I flopped onto my stomach and let out a little groan. He poked me with one finger before sighing in relief.

"Clint, she's right. You do need to get some rest. Clearly there are no snakes in here, she's powerless. I must have been nodding off during her session." he spoke to himself in third person, he shook his head and readied his needle again. His fingers traced

down my spine, finding the spot he was going to stab me.

It took everything in me to force my body to relax and let him take the sample. Every bit of my focus to not let my body resist or jerk as the needle slipped into me. I gritted my teeth, thankful his attention was diverted while my eyes watered.

It took far longer than I thought it should, and the pain had been intense, but finally it was over. The man left, still muttering to himself about my snakes.

He left me on the cold metal gurney before walking off and closing my cage. I flopped back over, ignoring the pain, as I stared up at the ceiling. How was I going to rescue my fellow Harmony-Fae? I wasn't about to leave them behind, I wouldn't have been able to live with myself if I survived, and they did not. After all, wasn't it my mother that had thrown them in here?

Besides, I had no idea what she had done to these poor people over all these years. Just thinking about that or what she was planning to do to them in the future made my stomach clench and swirl.

There were easily hundreds, no if I'm being honest with myself, probably thousands of lives locked away in these little cages. My mates would find me, but with the increased danger, all of this could put them into greater danger than they already faced. How would I pull this off without losing any of them? The bubble of my thoughts popped as I heard heavy footsteps approaching my cell, and I looked up. Porter stood in front of my cell, Lycus' no good of a father. Did he come here to watch my misery and gloat about his success? Or just to come and stare at me like I was some imprisoned bird? No matter how hard I tried to come up with at least one thing he could be proud of, nothing but filth crossed my mind. Someone with a face like that couldn't be the good guy, someone with the past he had couldn't have any redeeming qualities, I had witnessed his atrocities through Lycus's memories and all had scarred me. For a child to witness what he did happen to his mother, then be punished for it afterward, was purely disgusting. All of my assumptions were swiftly proven to be correct from the first line that left his mouth. Thank G\*d, Lycus wasn't his. Lycus

must have gotten his looks from his mother, this man was hideous inside and out, so he kinda dodged that misfortune of being Porter's son.

"So, you're the little b\*tch that ba\*\*ard Lycus fought so hard to find and protect, huh?" he turned his head to the side and spat on

the ground. It hadn't bothered me before with Clint, and even her crazed men, but the lack of covering my gown provided, made

me feel dirty as this man visibly checked me out.

"I'll admit, you've got a pretty face, and I'm sure with those full pouty lips of yours there's a use or two for you, not that the

bas\*ard deserves to have anyone as a mate, let alone a f\*\*k toy." He shook his head as if to emphasize the sick statement he'd

just made. He chuckled, his eyes flaming, "Much less to have you as their keeper."

Sick f\*\*k. Still, I couldn't hold back. The bubbling laughter burst out of me, and the shocked, almost scandalized look he threw at

me was almost comical. If only he knew the truth, he'd never smirk like that again.

"The man you're calling a bas\*ard will tear you limb from limb if you come near me. Lycus is more of a man than you ever wished

to be. More than you could become in your wildest dreams and fantasies.” I hissed with every bit of hatred and disgust I could muster.

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Chapter 152

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Chapter 27 – He recovered his shock during my tirade, and he stepped closer, puffing his chest out. Did he think I was afraid of him?

I continued on, unwilling to let him think he'd won. "It's a shame how you lost everything you had and blindly went after the wrong person. You made every wrong decision you could have possibly made. And for what? For a lie, someone told you, one you were st\*pid enough to believe to be the truth? You killed your wife and mate for choices she made protecting you! Something she was forced to do to keep your miserable a\*s alive!" The smug look faded and was soon replaced by anger. He banged his fists against the door and screamed at me. "You don't know what you're talking about! She betrayed me! That woman was a wh\*re who led me to believe he was my son! She tricked

me, and had me raising a bas\*ard! A result of her infidelity, a constant reminder that the one woman I loved more than my life, chose to betray me!” he roared every word, like screaming them out would make me understand he wasn’t the bad guy in this situation, that he was just some innocent soul. Fat f\*\*\*king chance of that. His words did nothing but set off a geyser of fiery rage inside me. How dare he! His wife did not deserve the death she received at his hands. Lycus was a boy, and the things he had done to him, for protecting his mother, would forever haunt my memories as if they were my own.

“She was never a wh\*re by choice! She had to make a decision to save your worthless life! Don’t believe me, look for yourself!” I

raised my voice. “What you were shown was wrong!” Porter scoffs and shakes his head, but pauses, his head tilting to the side. Curiosity flickered in his eyes and his certainty faded.

Was he wondering if he killed the woman he loved unjustifiably? She was guilty of what he said, but her reasoning for it should have mattered, it didn’t warrant her death. “How?” he asks, his voice is almost quiet, stripped of its earlier triumph. “How are you



going to prove to me she was innocent?”

“Open the door,” I challenged, sitting up and facing him. “I’ll show you, or are you too scared of the truth, Porter?”

He licked his lips, eyes darting down in each direction of the long hallway, before pulling a swipe card from his pocket. He wasted no time in forcing his way inside and cell, and no longer hid behind the protective barrier the glass had provided for him.

Porter stumbled to the foot of the metal gurney, and I nodded to the straps tying me down still. They had gotten twisted when I

flipped over and were digging into my skin.” Loosen this, so I can show you,” I ordered. This would be the hardest part, would his

desire to know the truth be enough to take this risk?

His eyes darted to the door again and his back straightened. He moved towards the top of the metal table and completely undid

my restraints. “You’re still in this cell, but show me He had to see the pieces of his story for himself to truly accept what had happened. I forced a cast on him, my eyes not leaving

his. His face twisted as a dozen different emotions played across it. I tried my best to ignore the memories I was showing him,

trying to look through the cast and focus outside. Watching once was bad enough, especially to know my mother and father also had a hand in her torment. Porter's hands trembled, and he jerked his head side to side, trying to see the different angles of the cast he was trapped in.

I'll admit I was tempted to lock him in it, let the truth play before his eyes over and over again until it was seared into his mind.

Then again, I couldn't risk him screaming and alerting the rest of them to my magic, I couldn't afford that risk this early.

Porter gasped, stumbling back from me. His lips part and he shakes his head, his eyes wild. "No!" he growled. "You promised to show me the truth!" I dropped the cast. "You're lying," he accused through gritted teeth. "You are trying to manipulate me into believing she did all that for me. No, this isn't the truth!" His aura ripples violently, yet the edges flicker oddly, I had trouble reading that emotion within his aura, I was still learning them, and only knew what certain color meant, being the population was mostly dark Fae it was mostly black, like lightning certain flickers of color emerge but mostly just tinging the darkness with their

aura.

I shook my head at his denial. Although, I shouldn't be surprised. Not many could accept the truth and to do so he would have to face the horrors he'd done in his life, the relationships he's severed, in service of the lie he'd been believing. "Ask my mother, she knows the truth. You murdered your wife for a life, and treated her son as worse than trash because she loved you and was willing to sacrifice everything. She loved you enough to be turned into a wh\*re to stop them from killing you."

Horror played across his face, vivid and visceral. He stared at me, breathing heavily, and he opened his mouth to reply to me, before he does, he starts shaking his head and turning on his heel and rushing out of my cell. He locked the door behind him, staring in at me with a tortured look on his face, before he st\*ggered down the hallway, shaking his head in denial with every step.

What a waste of the power I had used. He straightened again, his face hardening, and turned around, not toward my cell, but

storming off in the direction my mother had left in earlier. Clearly my words got under his skin, because if he thought what I showed him was a lie he wouldn't be going to hunt her down, No now he was now doubting his actions.

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Read Taming Darkness By Jessica Hall Book 3

Chapter 28 – Porter

That little b\*tch had to be lying! I knew what Darius had shown me. My wife was nothing but a c\*nnng wh\*re. That woman had never been worthy of me, and neither was her bas\*ard child! I was not in the wrong about this, I was the one wronged! All those visions? LIES.

I stormed down the hall until I spotted Lidia in the lab with vials on every shelf and counter. She was inspecting one and eyeing the contents when I entered the room. She didn't even bother glancing up.

"Did you know about my wife? Did you know that she was forced to sleep with those pieces of sh\*t?" I snarled. I couldn't keep the rage from vibrating through me. I needed her to verify this was all a lie, so I could focus on our important work.

Lidia chuckled, swishing her little bottle around. "Did you believe you were kept on because you're just so highly valued and

skilled?" she giggled. "Oh, Porter. You are a sl\*ppy drunk, worthless, really. You were scheduled to be sacked forever ago. That woman begged and pleaded on your behalf." She holds the vial up, gazing at its contents before setting it down.

"I always thought people exaggerated when they described people offering anything in order to protect loved ones. She was on her knees, her hands clasped above her head, and she begged that she would do anything if I kept you on. Quite frankly I think she wasted her time, she would have been better off with you dead,"

"Although, it did p\*ss me off when she offered herself up to my husband, although sharing her was fun, b\*tch is good at eating p\*ssy," Lidia snickered. I feel bile rise up my throat and my hands clench. I wanted to kill her, yet she wouldn't even turn, unfazed by me behind her.

"Honestly porter, your wife had more c\*\*\*ks than she had feeds, ask half the council, she is the only reason you didn't cop the death sentence when you robbed Xandrius and betrayed him, also the only reason Greyson stopped your a\*s being put in the incinerator,"

This had to be some sick joke, I stared at her, her words echoing in my ears. Was my boss really claiming that what happened to my mate was my fault? That couldn't be possible. She had to be lying. There

is no way in hell that wh\*re would have stooped that low for me, she did it because she liked it. She wanted to trick me into raising her bas\*ard son! Lidia and her daughter were both liars, and I wasn't going to believe either of them. "No, you're lying!

She only wanted to trick me!"

She set her bottle down and turned toward me, hands on her hips and a mocking smile on her lips.

"Did you know that he was to be the one that took your head? You weren't going to be merely fired of course, you were to be executed, and he was the one that was in charge of that. In fact, if she hadn't spread her legs for him, you wouldn't be standing here and sharing my air. From what I've heard of that night, she was highly skilled. She impressed him so much that she was passed around like a party favor, everyone got a taste, and you got a promotion from it. You could say she sucked and f\*\*\*ked your way to the top." Lidia sneered.

I stared past her, trying to let her words sink in. I'd thought she'd deny it instantly, that she would tell me that b\*tch of a daughter of hers was lying, but that's not what she was saying. She was almost proud of it. Proud of using my wife like everyone else did.

"She should have left you to your fate, Porter, she was more useful to me than you've ever been. Alas, she tried to save your life and how did you repay her?" she shook her head and tsked. "Killed by the very man she was trying so desperately to save. Such a pity."

I hit my limit. I couldn't listen to another word she said. All I could think about was every moment I'd spent with my mate before

I'd turned on her. Every smile, every caress, every sweet kiss. A growl tore out of my throat and I lunged at Lidia. I tried to wrap my hands around her throat but in the

middle of my pounce, she blasted me with her magic, knocking me back first into the table. Some of her precious bottles were

thrown to the ground and shattered by my weight.

I grunted, getting to my hands and feet, and staggered to get back to her. With a grunt I rushed at her again, shoving her into the



shelves when something stabbed me in the side of my chest. I glanced down to see a syringe sticking out, the plunger already pressed. My vision was already tunneling as I fell heavily to the floor.

Lidia laughed, "You really thought I wasn't ready for this? You really are pathetic. You deserve to suffer and die."

Breathing was becoming hard, and my vision was fading in and out. I could barely make out Lidia walking away, leaving me on the ground in the midst of her broken beakers to die. No, I wouldn't let it end like this. I clawed the ground, dragging myself to the foot of the counter, and I struggled to lift myself off the ground. More vials teetered from their place above me. I stared up at one that was behind thick glass and froze. I closed my eyes tight and reopened them in case it would change what I was looking at.

The writing on the vial was simple, but it made my blood turn to ice in my veins. Plague One. All of this time I had truly believed

Xandrius had been the one that started the plague, that he'd started everything.

I sagged against the counter. I was a fool, no, worse than that, I was a murderer. I'd killed my wife and placed my son in a

situation to lose his life and mate. And for what?  
Because of a lie. One I'd used to justify killing her  
and destroying Lycus. All of  
this was my fault. I deserved death for everything I'd  
done and oh so much more.

Yet, I needed to hold on long enough to pass on this  
proof. My life had been wasted, but I wasn't about to  
let that crazy b\*tch get  
away with what she had done.

Time flew by and I tried to focus on breathing. My  
limbs quivered when I moved but I forced myself to  
study the rest of the  
shelves. From the corner of my eye, I spotted it.  
Hope blossomed in my chest, not for me, but for the  
future of the Fae.

It was up above me, but I could just make it out.  
Aleera's name was stamped across it as well as  
numbers, and more importantly,  
it had the word antidote. I pushed all my strength  
into standing as high as I could and I reached for it, I  
grabbed the precious  
bottle and clutched it to my chest, almost falling back  
down in the process.

If Lidia thought I would curl up in a corner and die  
quietly for her, the b\*tch had no idea what she'd  
done by revealing the truth to

me. I would hold on a little longer, and I would do this one small thing for the chance to make at least one thing right. I only hoped Lycus could get her in time with his mates to save Aleera before it was too late.

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Chapter 29 – Kalen

When I was younger, growing up in the orphanage, I always longed for home. There was some sense telling me I didn't belong

there, that I was destined to be somewhere else. I didn't understand that feeling until after I manifested and figured out where

home was. It wasn't a place by itself. It made me understand the difference between a house and a home.

I could stay in any house, but any place without my mates would never be home. I used to dream about having a family, and

that's exactly what I found with my mates. They were more amazing than I ever could have dreamed they would be, but there

had still been something missing that stopped me from truly feeling at home within myself.

It wasn't until Aleera came to us did I ever get that true sense of what I craved. Family, and completion. She tamed the shadows

that haunted me. We were no longer chasing her ghost across half the country. Instead, we summoned her spirit and let her become our everything. She summoned the good in us.

Good? It was hard to believe that I understood what that word was.

Before her, I'd had an idea of it, but I had no true knowledge of just what it could personally do for me until she shone a light and showed us.

With her by my side, the shadows were not so dark anymore, no longer a sinister thing that sought to pull me under. I wanted to fight them. I wanted to fight them for her. She didn't just tempt our darkest parts out of hiding. She tasted the darkness and still forgave us. Until, eventually, she tamed us one by one. The darkness didn't stand a chance against her.

With her gone, I was falling all the way back to the start, past when I was searching for my home and family, and all the way back into the darkest recesses of my memory. My heart battled back, trying to convince me that all of this was not some cruel dream.

I'd had a way out of the blackness that I didn't have before.

I'd had many cruel and wild nightmares in the past, but I never thought a life with my mates could turn into the living hell that threatened us. A cycle of evil, manipulative b\*tches, and past wrongdoings that would never stop haunting us, a never-ending river of pure bullsh\*t.

I was fortunate to have incredible mates. Each of them perfectly complemented each other, and all together we made the perfect finished puzzle. They made me want to be a better person, but lately, everyone's fighting spirit had been sapped away.

Aleera was exhausted, we all could tell through our bond, and it wasn't just physically, but mentally too. There had been too much dumped on her shoulders. The things she'd learned about not just her past, but ours as well, and she hadn't had any time to process it or let any of it sink in.

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say she was carrying the weight of the entire world on her shoulders, and those that lived within it.

Despite all of this, there was nothing I could do to help her, at least nothing I'd thought of yet.

Her b\*tch of a mother had kept twisting the pressure dials, trying to break Aleera.

What could I do for her to ease her suffering? What words could I possibly say to save her from the load that was crushing her? I

wanted to prove to her that my mates and I were here to stay and would be at her side no matter what came at us.

I bit into the quick of my finger and froze. I hadn't even noticed myself chewing on my nails again. I took a deep breath, trying to clear my thoughts. A slight tug in my chest forced me to look around. My surroundings were changing around me. Everything was floating?

Why was I so light-headed all of a sudden? I wanted to fall over, but it was like gravity was turned off.

Had I forgotten to eat, or was all of this because of the extreme stress I was currently under?

I took a wobbly step forward, and my knees gave out under me, gravity returning as my body crashed to the ground. I wasn't

sure what was going on, but it was like a giant was stepping on me, squishing my body into the ground. I couldn't even try to get up.

In a second, the weight was gone, and I was in an entirely different place, white patches of thin mist spread across the ground. I

sat up, inhaling the surprisingly fresh air. “What the hell?” I whispered beneath my breath. Rubbing my eyes, I squinted, trying to see through the mysterious mist. What was going on? What was I seeing, and could this experience get any stranger?

I couldn’t touch the mist, couldn’t even feel it beneath my fingertips, despite it floating all around me. Did that mean, wherever I was, it was just my imagination?

Just in case, I got to my feet and stood straight up. I wasn’t about to waste any time. I peered through the mist again, desperately trying to recognize something, but this place was endless.

“Well, off on an adventure we go. Just call me Dora the Explorer,” I chuckled as the last words left me.

In any other situation, I wouldn’t have trusted myself to be the one to venture out and explore, but I didn’t have any other choice

this time. There were two choices, either I could sit in one spot in this sp\*\*\*ky place, and probably die, or leave and see where

the journey would end up taking me. Huh, who knew I would pick life over death when given the option?

I took a cautious step forward, and the mist parted around me, welcoming me farther into this strange place. Had I ever seen



anything like this before? I racked my brain, but I couldn't recall a single instance. I reached out, and the mist flowed to either side. Nodding to myself, I continued the slow, cautious trek forward.

That had been the initial plan, but the farther I walked into this, the more intense a need to hurry flowed through me. Something, or someone important, was waiting for me, possibly even needed me? The sensation was just up ahead, where the mists gathered the thickest.

"F\*ck this mist," I grumbled, swatting at it again.

"This stuff is really trying me." The sensation was just as strong, but I had to have parted this stuff a million times already in my travels. I wanted to find out where I was being drawn to and what was making me rush forward. I needed the answer, and my patience was wearing thin.

Just when I was about to give up and turn back, I saw a door hidden inside the mist. I ran the last few steps and reached for the

handle, sucking in a breath before twisting

A grin spread across my face as I threw the door wide open, and I was finally free of the maddening mist. It faded, disappearing,

without a trace, that was when I spotted her. Aleera!

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Chapter 30 – What in the hell was going on? Was this her dream? How had I managed to get sucked into it, and why didn't it just dump me at her feet from the start? Why force me to go through the mist to get to my prize?

I stepped closer, moving towards her side, when I came to an abrupt halt as I walked into something solid. I couldn't see what it was, it had to be invisible, like unbreakable glass or a transparent force field, but whatever it was, it felt solid. I pounded my fist into it, trying to get her to notice me. Not only that, but I screamed as loud as I could, but she never looked up.

"Aleera!" I shouted her name at the invisible obstacle, but the result was still the same. She kept moving along, focused on her own worries. She was so determined, it moved my heart. She wasn't afraid of whatever was going on, but then why was I here if

I couldn't reach her or even talk to her? There had to be a reason for me to be here other than just being an observing phantom.

There had to be something more.

I stared hard at her, focusing with all my might. Wait. That... wasn't possible. I rubbed my eyes and stared hard. I could just barely make it out, but it was there for sure. Hope, happiness, and peace slammed into me, one emotion after the other until I was a trembling mess. I rubbed my eyes again, staring one last time – it was still there.

My eyes were seeing double, not one, but two separate auras.

My heart thundered against my rib cage, and my breath hitched. I didn't care about getting through to her anymore. I knew

exactly what this meant. A goofy smile spread across my lips as I continued to watch her.

I needed to get back to the others and let them know, reveal everything I'd discovered. That would be the best strategy. The only issue was I couldn't just wake up until she did. I was a prisoner in her dream until that point, but I couldn't focus on anything but those auras and the way they stuck together and played with each other.

An odd hot feeling spread throughout my chest. I never dreamed I would get to see anything so truly beautiful in my entire life.

No, it was more like I never thought a date like this would ever come, period.

I focused only on her until everything around me shifted again. Unlike the strange way I'd been sucked into Aleera's dream, I was tossed out with a crazy amount of force that made me jolt upright and suck in a breath like I'd been woken from the dead.

I nearly slammed my forehead into Darius. Him, Lycus, and Tobias were arranged in a circle, watching me. Worry was written all over their faces, but all I could do was grin at them like a bloody idiot.

"What's wrong, Kalen?" Lycus knelt in front of me and placed his hand on my forehead. "Are you hurt? Sick?"! I found it hard to

form words, I was far too excited for my own good. I was buzzing like I'd downed three to four bottles of moonshine. Darius and

Tobias knelt beside Lycus, everyone reaching for me and trying to figure out what was wrong.

I didn't give thought a chance and threw my arms around everyone, reacting on instinct, and pulled them into a massive hug. "I

was in her dream," I sobbed against Darius' shirt. "I saw Aleera. She's " I squeezed them all tight as tears slipped down my

cheeks. I was just so happy, I couldn't stop them.

However, my tears had alerted my mate, and fear and fury started to take them

over. "I saw her. She's pregnant," I gasped. The rage and worry that had been building vanished in a second. "Aleera is pregnant!"

Who cares if I acted like a child over this. All I could do was cry and let the happiness I so rarely got to feel, take me over completely. My mates were frozen in place, the news slowly sinking in. To me, it didn't matter. I just wanted to be happy about the news of our mate and our new baby! We were going to be parents! Until it slowly sunk in deeper. Aleera is pregnant and not only was she in danger but so are our children.

Aleera

It had to be just a dream, but it had felt so real. I didn't know how it happened, but I could see them. My mates were embracing each other, and Kalen's words echoed through my head as happiness flamed alight inside me. A tear slid down my cheek, and I brought my hand to my still flat belly.

"Could it be? I'm pregnant?" The question was but a whisper on my lips, and I smiled weakly at the thought, before grinning and staring down where one day a bump would form.

I allowed myself a pure moment of joy before reality crashed back down, and I came to my senses. I jerked my hand away as if my stomach had burned me. There was no way in hell I could let my mother find this out.

This changed things. My plans to try to take her down from the inside weren't going to be as slow and steady as I'd first prepared for. No, in order to protect my family I was going to fight against her, and I would free the Harmony-Fae she had held hostage for decades.

I would put an end to this, an end to her. Lidia want to prepare because soon she would meet something far darker than herself.

For when I come for her, she'll meet darkness incarnate. And unlike my mates, the Darkness inside me won't be tamed.

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