

Tasting Darkness

Chapter 111

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Read Tasting Darkness By Jessica Hall Book 2 Chapter 32 – Darius was in some warehouse. He presses his hand to a wall and curses because of how low his magic is. Hellhounds followed him like obedient little pets, and I gasped, looking at him. And he swallowed when his phone rang. The hellhounds wandered off as he answered it. It was a three-way call; Tobias and Thomas' faces appeared on the phone. "Thomas," Darius says, watching his hellhounds look around.

"What's up?" Tobias asks his brother, who appears to be in a different location.

"I felt her. She is close,"

"Where are you?" Darius asks, whistling loudly and his hellhounds come bounding back toward him.

"Outside, Astrid," Thomas tells him, and I blink, and Darius' eyes bore into mine, watching my reaction to his words. I searched for Astrid city and could never find it. When Kalen, words from months ago come back to me. It isn't a city but a name.

“Wait for us. We will come to you,” Tobias tells his brother.

“I think she is in trouble,”

“Thomas, wait for us. You don’t know what you’re running into,” Darius tells him, and his brows furrow when a scream sounds in the background. My scream.

“Thomas. Don’t wait for us,”

“Sorry, brother, but this one is special.”

“Thomas, send me your location, now!” Tobias screams at his brother.

“Wait for us, Tobias. You need to come to get me. I am too low to portal,” Darius says.

“On my way, I mean it, Thomas, stay put, “the phone cuts out, leaving Thomas and Darius on the phone call only. More screams sound, and it must have been when I escaped the first lot. I had burned so much power that night trying to escape them.

“Fuck, Darius,”

“Wait,” Darius tells him. “I might not even be her,”

“I know it is,”

“You don’t know that,” Darius tells him.

“She is right there, Darius. I can feel her power. She is...” The phone cuts out for a second, and Darius looks at his hellhounds and their location of Thomas,

Darius tries to open a portal, but it falters dangerously. If he steps through it and loses the power, he could be lost between realms. He curses at the transparent matter flickers before looking at his hellhounds.

“Find her and kill anyone with her,” he snaps at his hellhounds, and they leap through the portal, yet when he glances back at the phone.

“Thomas, I sent some hounds to her,” he says, but Thomas is gone. The phone is dead, and he tries to call him back but gets no

answer. He tries to Tobias, but no answer as he then tries to open another portal as panic sets in.

“You knew he went after me,” I whisper to Darius as he watches himself panic, burning his magic out further until

burning his magic out further until Tobias finally reaches him. His hands latched onto Tobias in panic, tossing him back through

the portal. And I find myself back in the parking lot where it all happened. The scream that left him when he saw his brother’s

body was blood curdling “The hellhounds that killed him were yours,” I whisper, and Darius nods his head, squeezing my arms.

Darius, eyes scanned around for his hellhounds, finding them slaughtered and their body parts strewn across the pavement. I

swallowed as Tobias collapsed beside his brother, trying to revive him. Wailing loudly, clutching his brother to him, whose body was torn apart.

Darius moves me closer to them and points to the A written in his own blood beside his body. My brows furrow.

“You thought he meant me,”

“We thought it meant you abandoned him,” Darius whispers.

“But I didn’t. He tossed me through the portal.”

“I know. Those woods surround Astrid,” he murmurs.

“Astrid?” I ask him.

“Yes, Astrid, home Aleera that is the name of the demonic kingdom, the castle. You were at home all those days. We just had to

go home,” Darius murmurs as he walks over to one of his torn-apart hellhounds on the ground.

“The Fae you looked at in your memory,” Darius tells me as he turns around,

Darius tells me as he turns around, looking at the scenery surrounding us in the memory.

“Yes, something felt familiar about them,” I tell him as I watched Tobias break while Darius tried to pull him off his brother.

“That’s because she was your mother,” Darius tells me, and I gasp, spinning to face him. I shake my head at him.

“The fae chasing you were power hunters, the same ones that came to the castle the other day,” he tells me.

“No, my mother is dead,”

“You know she isn’t, and that is why you faltered, she felt familiar, and that’s because she shares your blood,”

The casted bubble fizzles around us as we are brought back to the present. I stared at Darius, his hand still gripping my arms and mine his.

“Tobias doesn’t know,” I tell him, and he shakes his head. “I killed his brother,” I shake my head.

“Not intentionally, but I did,” Darius tells me, letting me go. I clench my teeth. My mind goes back to the memory where I stood

stunned for those crucial moments as I stared at that hooded figure.

“You didn’t kill Thomas Darius,” he shakes his head, not agreeing with me.

“No, if you’re right about that Fae, then you never killed him. My mother did,” I tell him.

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Tasting Darkness

Chapter 112

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Tasting Darkness [Tempting Darkness] By Jessica
Hall Book 2 Chapter 33 – Darius and Aleera were
gone when I woke up on

the floor by the Phoenixes, I could hear the shower running, and Tobias was on the couch staring at his phone. "Where is everyone," I ask after shifting back. Tobias raised an eyebrow at me, and I knew he was still angry about me running off and helping my father.

How could I have been so stupid trusting him? Was I that desperate for a connection to the very man who killed my mother? He robbed me of my childhood and almost cost me my mates. Losing Kalen again would have killed my mates and me. We could have lost not only Kalen but Aleera. I needed to be smarter next time, making it the last of my contact with my father.

"Tobias?" I ask while scooping up the Phoenixes to place back into the crates. Tobias sighs, leaning down to help me.

"Kalen is in the shower, Darius and Aleera, I have no idea, but hopefully, working out their issues,"

"Issues?" I ask, and he clicks his tongue in annoyance.

"Aleera is going to shred anytime now, Lycus, so yes, Issues! If he doesn't let her mark him, we will never be at full power,"

"Jeesh, okay, sorry for bloody asking. I just woke up," I tell him, wondering what crawled up his a**s.

Tobias wipes a hand down his face and sits back. Ryze jumps off the windowsill and over to him, and I duck, not wanting to lose a damn eye. However, the oversized flying chicken was beginning to grow on me.

Ryze walks along the back of the couch before dropping his head on Tobias's shoulder, before sliding down his chest like a slippery dip, and rolling onto his back. Tobias chuckles, scratching his tummy feathers. "You know you are getting to be too big to be a lap phoenix?" Tobias tells him.

Ryze caws, swishing his tail behind Tobias's head. Yet I could sense something was seriously upsetting Tobias. He seemed to be in a strange depressing mood. His bond almost seemed sad.

"Are you okay?" I ask him, and he lifts his head, resting it on the back of the couch.

"Yeah, just Aleera was asking questions about Thomas," he says, and I nod. Thomas was a touching subject for.

Tobias, just as my father was a touchy subject for me. Kalen had no memories of his family. He only remembers the orphanage.

"Go shower. We need to find an alternative for the Phoenixes. So I wanted to ask the recruits, and I have to head into town later

to buy food for them,” he tells me, and my eyebrows raise, knowing the recruits wouldn’t like that, but then again, they did help us find them all and helped find them food. I nod, turning on my heel and heading toward the bathroom.

Rubbing the sleep out of my eyes, I step into the bathroom and stop, frozen on the spot. A magnificent body, pure goddamn perfection of lean muscles, stood under the stream of water. The sight of him is just what I need to feel my c*ck come alive again.

As if sensing my presence, Kalen glances over his shoulder and gives me a crooked smile. My eyes travel down his back and stop on his round a*s. The only thought in my mind is the image of my dick sliding between those perfectly plump cheeks, my hands gripping his a*s so tight that I leave bruises and ownership marks for everyone to see.

I salivate at the view. I couldn’t even remember the last time I had him to myself, and I glanced at the door wanting to lock it so I didn’t have to share him, but I knew that was a pointless idea. They would kick it in if they wanted into the bathroom, and the only thing that pulls me out of the trance is his chuckle.

My c*ck comes to life, fully erect, all attention on his *ss. I take a step closer, and his eyes are set on my dick.

A grin spreads across my lips as he turns around and wiggles his eyebrows, pointing his finger down to his hard shaft. I'm not the only one who feels like I've been deprived of s*x, it seems.

I lick my lips as I focus my gaze on his erection. It's nearly shining in the dim light of the one light he chose to use, water drips down his length, and I want nothing more than to drop to my knees before him and worship his c*ck until I get him so deep down my throat, I can't f**cking breathe.

He snaps me out of the moment of fantasy when he reaches his hand closer, wraps his long fingers around my c*ck, and tugs on it to pull me under the stream of water.

Once I'm close enough, his lips attack mine, and with a loud groan, I force his back against the tiles as I thrust my tongue into his mouth. Every swipe is like a new sensation, like the first time! kissed him. I would never tire of Kalen; I'm stuck on cloud nine as his tongue battles mine for dominance, and his taste overtakes my senses.

“F**ck,” he hisses against my lips as I grind my length against him.

His breathing becomes faster with every swipe of my tongue, every greedy grip I have on his body.

Reaching my hand between our bodies, I grab our c**k and stroke his length from base to tip. He moans in my mouth, and I feel

like I just took the only drug I’ve ever been addicted to. The more I get, the greedier I become.

Slowly, I slide my free hand behind him and grip his a*s. The action earns me another desperate moan from the captivating man in my arms, and I slowly slide my fingers closer to his crack.

His body shivers, and for a second, I almost think it must be because he has spent too much time in the shower and must be

cold, but I drop the thought at the sound of his whimper.

Grinning, I slap his a*s and let go of his pulsating c*ck to take a step back.

I let my eyes take him in again, but unlike the confident man he was mere minutes ago when I stepped inside the bathroom, he’s a flushed, panting, and whimpering mess of intense need and lust.

I've never had an effect like this on another man,
and I'll be damned if I don't reward him as with a
good pounding for the things
his desperation
pounding for the things his desperation for my c*ck
does to me.

I raise my hand and round my finger in slow motion
to make him turn around. His eyes sparkle in
excitement, and he follows my
wordless command without question.

F**ck, he's like clay in my hands, so pliant and
submissive- goddamn perfection. I grin and place a
hand on his back to push his
chest against the tiled wall.

The water still runs over our bodies, which makes
this experience much better. We're moving like a
well-oiled machine, with no
words, just sounds of pleasure, passion, and need.
He always has been. He just couldn't see it.

His hand reaches behind his body to grab my c**k.
That's all I need to start acting; an offering like that is
one I can't pass on or
deny myself of.

My eyes scan the shelf of shower products as I
reach for the shower head and turn it a little to aim
the stream away from us.

Once I noticed the small bottle of lube, one thing about having four mates was there was never a shortage of lube.

He bucks and pushes his as closer to me right as I grab the bottle.

“Settle down; I’ll give you what you want “I chuckle and open the lube.

Kalen whimpers at the loss of bare contact we had as I take my hand off his back, but once he understands what I’m doing, a shaky breath leaves his lips.

I squeeze a generous amount of lube on my fingers and place the bottle back on the shelf. Grabbing his cheek, I pull it aside to

spread his a*s for me and reveal the grand prize.

My eyes set on his entrance, the view alone makes my c*ck twitch. My balls feel so damn full and heavy; this would certainly relieve the blue balls from Aleera’s impending shredding.

Slowly, I round one slicked finger around his entrance and slowly push it inside as a loud hiss leaves his lips. His greedy hole

s*cks in my finger, and he keeps pushing his as back to get me deeper inside, which is enough for me to add another finger.

Slowly moving my hand and stretching him out, I finally get knuckles deep inside him. Deep enough that I can listen to those beautiful, needy moans escape his lips.

Once I make sure he's stretched enough, I add the third finger, which makes him whine and push back against me.

I pull my fingers out of his as, and my hand instantly shoots towards the shelf to grab the remaining lube. He grinds his as against my c*ck, and I have to restrain myself from pushing inside him like this. I love how tight he is around me, I enjoy his heat, but the last thing I want is to risk hurting him because he's in a rush for more pounding.

"Shh, slow and steady, baby," I whisper and press my lips to his shoulder. A shudder runs through his body as I trace kisses along his skin and open the lube bottle to squeeze it over my erection. I pay extra attention to the tip of my c*ck and bite his shoulder once my hand squeezes the tip on instinct.

"Lvous hurry un " Kalen whines

"Lycus, hurry up," Kalen whines, becoming impatient, and that is the moment I understand I don't hold the power to keep him

from what he wants Since Aleera has come back to us, I have noticed his demand, his voice finally returning after years of just doing as he was told, merely functioning. Yet now he had more confidence, I felt it when he f**ked her, and she let him have control, almost as if she sensed his need for it. Kalen was never one to ask or make demands, and I loved that Aleera was helping him find his voice when for so long he had none, not even I could bring that out of him. I pull his cheek aside again and position the tip of my c**k against his hole. Now, a shiver of anticipation runs through my body. "Brace yourself, baby," I growl and slam inside him. One damn thrust, and I'm balls deep inside his heat. "F**ck," I groan and grip his hips tightly. Though I expected whining or complaining, he does none of those things. Instead, he moves his hips slightly to indicate it is okay for me to start moving. I start slowly, withdrawing and pushing back inside him without any rush, but once he starts moving and meets each of my thrusts, the deeper I get, the more of my mind I lose.

“Harder!” He demands, forcing words through gritted teeth, his hands braced on the walls pushing back against me.

I tighten my hold on his hips and pull his a*s towards me on every thrust inside him. I don’t let go of him even for a second as I

slowly lose myself to sensations. Kalen moans, a panting mess in my hands. Over and over again, he whines and begs me to go harder or faster on him

I comply with each of his demands, whatever he wants. I’ll give it to him. And with a hole and body like his, I doubt there is anyone who could refuse him anything. Reaching around him, I grip his c*ck, stroking his length in time with my thrusts.

I tighten my jaw and grit my teeth as I feel his hole pulsate around my c*ck. Just a few more thrusts, and he screams out as his cum paints my shower wall. “F**ck, that’s hot,” I groan and add a little more force to my movements. I thrust once more, as deep as I can get, and empty my balls inside him as he moans at the sensation my hot cum creates.

We stay pressed against the wall and each other for a while until my dick softens, and I can pull out of him. The same as earlier,

he whimpers at the loss of contact, so I press my lips to his shoulder.

Someone clears their throat behind us. And I know it's Tobias. I could feel his arousal loud and clear and his presence behind me. Turning around, Tobias was leaning against the door frame.

"Thanks for the invite," he says, and Kalen chuckles, stepping out of the shower and reaching for his towel. He moves toward

Tobias and pecks his cheek as he stops beside him.

"He's all yours," Kalen chuckles, and Tobias's eyes darken, turning a deeper shade of red as his fangs protrude." Kalen!" I hiss,

but he just laughs as

Kalen!" I hiss, but he just laughs as Tobias kicks the door closed and starts lugging his shirt off.

"I thought we had to speak with the recruits?"

"We have plenty of time. Aleera and Darius aren't back yet." Tobias says, gripping my shoulder and shoving me against the shower wall.

"Your a*s is mine first," he laughs. I roll my eyes, and he sinks his teeth into my neck.

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Read Tasting Darkness [Tempting Darkness] By
Jessica Hall Book 2 Chapter 34 – Aleera POV

I almost stumbled back as the full realization of what I had just said hit me. I understood it, but knowing it and believing it were two different things. One does not want to believe they were raised by monsters. Because if they were monsters, what would they make me?

My mother? She'd been the source of everything that had terrorized us for so long, or was I missing some vital piece of information. I had uncovered so many secrets, yet not nearly enough to have a clear picture.

She'd been the one that had ruined everything for us before we even got to begin yet no matter what something felt off. Too

many secrets and too many lies. I wondered when it would come full circle, when the lies would pile too high and it would break down the walls and spill only truth.

"No," Darius whispered. He shook his head. There was no hesitation in him." Don't blame yourself, Aleera. You couldn't have

known," Darius tells me, feeling my tumultuous guilt.

Darius opens up a portal leading back to our room.

Reluctantly I step

through it to find Kalen getting dressed.

“I was wondering where you two went,” he says; I swallowed, picking up on Darius ‘nervousness behind me.

“Everything okay?” Kalen asks me, and I nod, moving toward Ryze, where he is perched on the windowsill. I scratch his tummy feathers.

“Where are you going?” Darius asks Kalen. Kalen seemed to be in a very excitable mood today. I couldn’t help but notice the change through the bond.

“Into town, we need more Phoenix food,”

“Not by yourself, you’re not,” Darius tells him. Kalen smiles at him as he does up his shoelace.

“With you and Aleera, of course,” he says, tying the other shoelace.

“I am not sure about Aleera going into town, Kalen, maybe you both stay here, and I will go. It is safer that way,” Darius says.

“Safer by yourself? Have you forgotten what she is? The safest place is beside her, and god help you if you are against her,”

Kalen chuckles, and I smirk.

“Really?” Darius says, eyeing me c***kily.

“Yep, if she wants to, she would cook your a*s, and you know it,” Kalen says, nudging him. I fold my arms and stare at him.

“Hear that your a*s is toast,” I tell him. Darius chuckles, shaking his head.

“Don’t get too c**ky. Everything you have done is ruled by emotion. You may have infinite power, Aleera, but that doesn’t mean you know how to use it,” I roll my eyes at him, turning back to Ryze.

“I know how to do one thing,” I tell him.” And what is that?” Darius whispers, making me jump when I find he is suddenly behind me.

“I can control the phoenixes. If I can’t fry you they will for me.” Darius laughs and you, they will for me,” Darius laughs and looks down at the crates of birds.

“Those plucked dodos look real dangerous,” he says, and I lean forward and peer out the window seeing the biggest of my flock flying up high in the sky with the others.

I whistle and stand back. We hear a mighty screech before the wind, as loud as a hurricane, blows past the windows as he

fl***ps his giant wings outside the window looking in.

“You were saying?” I ask Darius.

“That I love your oversized flaming pigeons,” he laughs, shooing my phoenix away. He fl***ps his wings a few times, hovering in the same spot for a few seconds before taking off.

“Fine, you can come. But stick close,”
Darius tells me just as the bathroom door opens and Tobias and Lycus hop out. Lycus is covered in bite marks, and it was obvious what they were doing in there.
“So, what’s going on?” Lycus asks.
“Nothing that concerns you. You are housebound until further notice after your little stunt,” Darius tells him, and he groans, stalking toward the closet to retrieve his clothes. Tobias kisses my cheek as he passes me, also going to get dressed.
Everyone was on edge when we headed into town for the first twenty minutes. We didn’t bother with the car this time, instead taking backpacks and using the portals. I had hardly any magic when I left, but Tobias was staying behind with Lycus, to let me siphon his power until I returned. Yet his power was burning through me fiercely, and the longer we were cleaning out the grocery stores of mince, rice, and spam, the hotter I became.
Moisture dampened my panties as I moved toward the freezer section. I was tempted to stick my head in one of the freezers just

to cool down when a set of arms wrapped around my waist. I peer over my shoulder, his bare skin offering relief, and I lean back into him when it washed over me with startling clarity. F***ck!

Darius ties his jacket around my waist.” You’re bleeding,” he whispers in my ear, making me look down. That explains why I feel so hot then. Yet could it have worse timing? This couldn’t have come about an hour ago while still at the castle.

“Kalen, watch Aleera. We need to get out of here,” Darius calls to him. Kalen looks up from the shelf he stands in front of.”

What’s going on?”

“She is going to shred soon. We need to get her home before any power hunters pick up on her,” Darius growls.

“Cr**p,” Kalen curses, coming to a stop by my side. He looks down at my ruined pants. Why oh why did I choose today to wear white tights?

“Get her out of here!” Darius snarls suddenly from somewhere at the front of the store. Kalen doesn’t hesitate, tossing his hands up and opening a portal before shoving me toward it. Panicked, I look toward the front as Kalen tries to push me through the

portal.

“Aleera, he will be fine,” Kalen tells me when I see a hooded figure walk across the aisle we were in.

Cursing, I shove

the aisle we were just in. Cursing, I shove Kalen through the portal, shutting it, knowing Darius would need help if power hunters

were here.

Yet as I race past the middle aisle, a hand reaches out and grabs me. I toss up my hands, blasting them with power, but it

bounces off the shield and smashes into the roof,

blowing a hole in the ceiling and cutting out the

lights. Yet as I peered through

the shield.

“Aleera,” she breathes.

“Mum?” I ask, staring at a woman I thought was dead all these years to learn she worked with the power hunters.

“I knew it had to be you when Waylen picked up on your magic. He said it flared off like a beacon, so strong, so beautiful,” she

whispers, cupping my face in her hands. I push her hands away, and she glances down the aisle behind her. I was in too much

shock to do anything other than stare at her. I knew I should probably be running from her.

“Who is Waylen?” I was unable to form a coherent thought; I was too shocked at actually seeing with my own that she was alive.

“He is Dark-Fae, also a power seeker,” my mother tells me, and I blink at her.

“We haven’t got much time. I’m not sure what Darius has told you,” she says, grabbing my arm. She glances around nervously. I

look at her hand on my wrist as she tugs me toward the back of the store. I hear fighting at the front of the store. I jerk my hand out of her grip, and she stops.

“You attacked us,” I tell her angrily. She shakes her head. “No, as soon as they said there was a Harmony-Fae. We couldn’t leave them there in his hands; I just got lucky that it was you. We were trying to save you,”

“We have to go, quick while Darius is distracted,” she says, but I pull out of her grip.

“I know dad is responsible for the plague,” I tell her, and she tilts her head to the side, watching me.

“Is that what he told you?” she chuckles and shakes her head. “I knew they got in your head Aleera didn’t think you would be silly enough to believe them,” she says, looking disappointed.

“You and dad tried to kill me,” I tell her, and she seems outraged at my accusation.

“No, he killed your father and blocked us from getting to you. I looked for you for years, but they put some cloaking spells on you.

Not even Spark could find you, we used to follow him and hope he would pick up on your magic when he went missing. We thought he was killed, though I am glad he has been with you all this time,” I shake my head.

“Spark?” I ask knowing that was the name of my mother’s phoenix. She nods her head.

“We lost him a few times over the years, you know how Phoenixes are with Dark Fae, he always turned on me eventually, and we had to kill him, but then he went missing and I saw him protecting you, we figured he went looking for his baby, then we saw he was with you,”

“Wait, my Phoenix, Ryze?” I ask her.

“The little one? You named her Ryze?” she asks and I nod my head.

“No, your little Phoenix, Ryze is Spark’s daughter, she was unbonded,” my mother tells me. Wait, Ryze is a girl?”

The biggest one of your flock, that is Spark, Sweetie. My Spark, or he was before,” she smiles sadly.

“He never comes close only a few times and they weren’t good times, but he always followed me. He still recognized me, just not

my magic, he went missing when your Phoenix did," she tells me.

"I guess he is yours now," she tells me before glancing around nervously. "Come we need to go," she says but I pull away from her, still untrusting of this woman. Yet she was mum and she wasn't trying to hurt me.

My mother grips my arms and glances down at my ruined pants, and heat floods my face. She clicks her tongue.

"We were good parents. We loved you. Why would we hurt you?" she asks, and my brows pinch together. They were good parents; I never knew this evil side Darius claims they had. But what of Darius' memories I had seen where my father stood over him as a small boy?

"I can prove it," she says, letting me go and taking a step back from me.

"How?"

"You're about to shred," she says, reaching into her pocket. She pulls a stone from her pocket when I hear Kalen call out my name from another aisle, having portaled back. She thrusts the stone at me.

"I am on your side Aleera. Your mates are the bad ones, rub this stone when you need me; I will be able to find you." she goes to

turn away from me.

“Wait, how can I trust you?” I ask her, knowing better after everything I learned. She glances down at my ruined pants.

“Because I know Darius wouldn’t risk the things he has done getting out. That man is responsible for everything, everything, Aleera. You’ll see for yourself,”

“Your words prove nothing. Why shouldn’t I just kill you,”

“Then you would be killing an ally, not an enemy. You want proof, ask Darius to let you mark him; it will be in his memories, “she tells me, and my face falls.

“And judging by that look on your face, he won’t, will he? That should be enough of an answer.”

“I know his reasoning,” I tell her, hearing Kalen call out my name again.

“You know what lies he fed you. I know the truth and when you want to know too, come find me, Aleera,” she says, pointing to the stone in my hand.

“His father is responsible for the plague. We tried to stop it. Instead, we were cast out and called criminals,” she tells me before opening up a portal and stepping through it.

“Then he and Tobias tried to kill us. We tried to stop him from getting to you. But he sealed your room when he recognized you were his keeper,” I shake my head, not wanting to believe her.

“No, you sealed me in; you tried to kill me,” my mother shakes her head.

“No, baby. No, we didn’t. A seal can only be broken by its manifester. How else would he have got you out?” she tells me.

“I am so glad we found you, sweetie,” she says, blowing me a kiss before closing the portal and vanishing. I stared at the spot, feeling somewhat confused.

“Aleera!” Kalen calls out, and I turn around, looking for him. Yet I find Darius first, and moments later, Kalen finds me.

“I told you to get her out of here,” Darius snapped at him. Kalen pressed his lips in a line, and I quickly pocketed the stone.

“Sorry, I wanted to help you. He did try,” I told Darius, not wanting him to get in trouble. I knew I should tell them about the sighting of my mother ut for some the sighting of my mother, yet for some reason, I couldn’t bring myself to say the words. Suddenly I doubted everything Darius and the others told me.

“Come on,” Darius says, opening a portal. “In! I will grab everything and meet you at home,” he snaps at me before not giving me a choice when he shoves me through the portal and into Tobias’s waiting arms.

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Chapter 114

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Read Tasting Darkness [Tempting Darkness] By Jessica Hall Book 2 Chapter 35 – Stumbling into the room the portal closes

behind us, Darius didn't step through but Tobias steered me toward the bathroom and I could feel how uncomfortable he was. I

could also tell he was breathing through his mouth so as to not inhale my scent.

"But Darius," I tell him. He shakes his head and points to the shower, clearly not trusting himself not to talk. I wasn't aware it was

about shredding that made him almost rabid. I also didn't want to know but it must be a vampiric-fae thing because I

remembered the strange Vampire from the store the first time.

Shutting the door, I strip my clothes off before stopping when I feel the stone in my pocket. It kind of looked like a moon stone,

shaking my head. I turned and started the shower before trying to figure out what to do with it. Hearing the door open I panic and

drop it into the bowl that sat between the basins full of bath bombs.

Kalen steps into the bathroom just as I turn back toward the shower. He holds up some clothes and sets them on the basins just as I step under the water's spray. He turns around to face me before spotting my ruined clothes.

"Darius back?"

"Lycus went to help him," Kalen tells me before twisting his wrist. "Wait!" I screeched but it was too late as he incinerated my pants on the tile floor. It was so odd seeing Kalen use magic considering he was powerless when I first came here.

on them were my favoritaman." I buff "Ah, they were my favorite jeans," I huff. Kalen smirks. "I'll buy you some new ones," he chuckles and I roll my eyes at him.

"So are you hopping in?" I ask him wondering if he was intending to just stand there. Kalen shakes his head turning toward the door.

"No, I will sit with Tobias since no one else is here and you're in here smelling like a sweet dessert to him," he laughs before leaving me and I reach for the soap. When I finished Darius was back with Lycus and I got changed.

Tobias, Kalen, Lycus and I moved the crates downstairs to the mess hall while Darius went to the recruits floor to tell them to meet us in the mess hall. Ryze flew above me heading down the flights of stairs and I watched her zip into the mess hall earning a scream from one of the kitchen hands who must have been in there as he came barrelling out the doors with his chef hat on peering into the mess hall with a frightened expression on his face. I click my tongue and walk down the last couple of steps and past the terrified demon with a shake of my head.

Ryze squawks from the windowsill she perched on. I whistle and she flies down landing on my shoulder just as I set the first crate down on one of the long tables. Moments later the recruits start coming into the mess hall with Darius who was carrying bags of minces, spam and rice. He sets them beside the crates of baby phoenixes who chirped and bounced in their crates wanting out.

The recruits look amongst themselves, some standing waiting for directions from Darius Rwe watches them as if they from

Darius. Ryze watches them as if they were prey and by the looks on their faces they felt like it in her presents yet they didn't run like they usually did. Though none came too close to me with her perched on my shoulder.

"There are too many for us to look after so think of it as a parenting class," Darius tells them and they glance amongst themselves.

"Ah – " Darius holds up his hand cutting the man that stood closest off.

"All of you are alive because they died for you, now it's your turn to look after them until they are old enough to do it themselves,"

"They hate Demons!" Someone at the back called out.

"They can't hate you too much, they saved you all. You will do this or you know where the doors are," Darius tells them.

"They won't attack you," I tell them, before shaking the thought of what my mother said about Spark turning on her.

"Easy for you to say, you're a Harmony Fae," The man retorts and I roll my eyes when Darius whistles. Ryze wiggles, opening her talons and clenching them painfully on my shoulder before flying over to him. She climbs up Darius' chest, opening her wings

and wrapping them around Darius in some weird Phoenix hug. Murmurs break out.

“They answer to Aleera, they are her flock.

Therefore you are part of their flock. Just don’t p**ss them off,” Darius says stroking

Ryze’s feathers. “Ain’t that right boy?” Darius says.

“Girl, Ryze is a girl,” I tell him and he gives me a funny look.

“What?” Darius says. “His beak though,” I shrug. Her beak resembled a male Phoenix which must clearly be a myth.

“I read you can tell if you check in its feathers,”

Another suggests, Ryze’s head twists like an owl obviously understanding what

the man was suggesting. Her tongue comes out like a snake as she hisses before she turns her head daring him to check.

Darius fingers stroking her feathers stop.

“I wasn’t going to,” Darius tells her when her beady eyes glare at him. She puffs out her feathers before flying over to me.”

Definitely a girl,” Kalen chuckles behind Darius with a shake of his head.

Darius waves them to come over to the tes. “Sonick your chick and onbon crates. “So pick your chick and grab one of the bags

of food. You will be responsible for whichever one you pick. It dies, you die,” Darius calls out.

“But if they die, they get to come back,”

“But none of you will, so keep that in mind,” Darius tells them.

“But what if they attack?” Another asks.

“Then run, run really fast, you might stand a chance,” Tobias tells him. Reluctantly the men step forward looking in each crate for

a chick to look after. “Ah, they are kinda cute,” one man says wiggling his finger in front of its face. The Phoenix jumps latching

onto his finger and he shrieks, shaking his hand but it refuses to let go. Darius smacks the man up the back of the head.

He freezes his finger bleeding and Darius pry’s its tiny little beak open and the man sucks his finger “I don’t want that one,” he

says, scooping a sleeping one out and putting it in his hoodie pocket. He snatched up a bag of feed and walked out while I tried

not to laugh at him. By the time each one had picked a Phoenix we were left with only three which we could manage ourselves.

Over a hundred was impossible.

I carry the three remaining Phoenixes up stairs back to our room. And set them inside a smaller wooden crate while Darius and

Kalen set out some straw building a makeshift nest. We ended up keeping the biter, he wasn't friendly with any of the men so he came back with us and Kalen declared he was naming him chomp. But we still needed names for the other two. Ryze peers into the crate watching them as if they were her babies. "How did you figure out she was a girl?" Darius asks and I look over at him. I shrug. "Just a feeling I got." I tell him but he eyes me suspiciously and I knew he could feel my deception. Glancing at Tobias he also watched me and I gulped.

"Aleera!" Tobias growls, able to read a lie effortlessly since it was one of his gifts. The room falls quiet and I feel all their eyes watching me and I sighed knowing I wouldn't be able to hide it from them.

"In town I saw my mother," I tell them, chewing my lip. Now that seemed to surprise them.

"And you didn't think to tell us?" Darius snaps at me.

"There was nothing to tell, she didn't hurt me, she wanted to talk to me,"

"About what?" Tobias demands.

"About what?" Tobias demands.

"She told me Ryze was a girl, that she was Sparks daughter," "Spark?" Lycus asks coming to stand beside Tobias.

“The Biggest Phoenix, the one that talks fluently, that is Spark. He used to belong to my mother, she said he went missing a while ago and she thought he was dead. But she said he was mine now,” “Anything else?” Tobias asks and my eyes go to Darius. Darius sighs and presses his lips in a line. “It doesn’t matter, she is safe, that is all that matters. You and I will discuss this later,” Darius says looking at me. I nod once turning back to the chicks in the crate. Tobias, unhappy with that answer, tries to argue but Darius is quick to make him stop. “What about the other two?” I ask, changing the subject. Kalen comes over and peers inside the crate. “We have Chomp, and that one is Darius’ little buddy,” Darius leans over looking in the crate and he huffs. “It is too,” he chuckles, reaching for it. It jumps into his hand and hobbles up his arm before burrowing beneath his shirt and I realize it was the one he was kissing the other night in his hoodie. Darius makes kissy faces at it while we all stare at him. This man was not affectionate, yet was kissing one of the deadliest birds in the world like it was a kitten despite the fact they hate

Dark-Fae.

“So what are you going to name it?” Tobias asks him, leaning over to scratch its tiny head feather as it licks Darius’s puckered lips as he smooches it. Darius seemingly shakes himself and looks around as if he forgot we were watching him. He clears his throat.

“Ah, bird?” Darius offers and the Phoenix hisses clearly not liking that name.

“What about Ember?” Lycus says the bird hisses at him. “Flame?” Lycus offers and the bird falls quiet.

“Flame it is, then,” Darius tells the bird as it rubs its beak in his chest hair that was showing from the top button of his shirt that was unbuttoned.

“What about the other one?” Tobias asks. We all shrug out of names and he sighs.” Ashes?” Tobias says giving the bird an option but it was fast asleep on its back dreaming of something with the way his little pudgy legs were running in the air “Sleepy?” Lycus says and Tobias shoots him a look. “Dopey?” Kalen chuckles.

“It isn’t a dwarf!” Tobias says.

“Fine, Ashes it is,” I tell him not wanting to listen to them fight over names. Tobias smiles smugly like he won something.” Fine,

since you named it; you feed it,” Lycus laughs.
“Wait, but you’ll help?” Lycus and Kalen shake their heads. “Nope, they are all yours, so don’t come crying to us when they pluck your eyeballs out,” Lycus says with a shudder falling onto the bed.

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Chapter 115

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Read Tasting Darkness [Tempting Darkness] By
Jessica Hall Book 2 Chapter 36 – Two Days Later.
Aleera POV

Darius was still refusing to let me mark him which
made me suspicious after what my mother said. Yet
if I couldn't trust my mates

I couldn't trust anyone, but it should be the same
with him. I stopped bleeding yesterday and each
passing second my shredding
grew closer, and my temperature grew hotter as
power surged and died down in my veins as I
stepped into the bedroom with

Darius after showering and fighting with him in
hushed voices. Tobias and Lycus wander into the
bathroom behind me and shut
the door lost in some discussion.

I knew there was no point in telling the others. One I
didn't want to upset Tobias, secondly that would not
earn me Darius' trust by
snitching on him to our mates.

I glared at this stubborn, beautiful, ignorant man. My rage grew like a match that was lit and quickly grew out of control. It

became a ball of rage. It zipped through my veins, burning me from the inside out but it felt good. The pain was exquisite and I gloried in it.

Even my vision turned red as I lost myself to my rage and the feeling of power bubbling and surging in me wanting release and

wanting more, more power to awaken and strengthen me. My magic was gluttonous and no amount of power sharing seemed to ease it as I found with my rage it tossed me into the throes of the shred.

I wanted, no, I needed with every fiber of my being to take my mates. I had to have them. I wanted to indulge in not only their

bodies but their power as well. To fill myself to the brim with their cocks and magic. It was the most deliciously addictive

sensation as it rolled through me from my toes to my head and I couldn't help myself as power rippled in my veins and died down

making me crave theirs like some hungry succubus.

Nothing was going to stop me. I whirled away while Darius was still mumbling to himself over our shower argument.

“Aleera!” Darius called to me, finally breaking out of his stupor but I didn’t look back instead my eyes fell on my mates who watched me like I was some predator. Darius may not give me what I want but I knew they would be all too willing to oblige assuming they didn’t run from me first. It made no difference to me right now. All that did was completing this bond, settling the fire raging throughout my entire soul. Kalen was the closest one I spotted. He must have just finished getting ready for bed because he only wore Boxers low on his hips. His eyes flickered over me, taking in the differences I no doubt showed. A teasing smile touched his lips. He went to say something but he never got a chance to spit the words out because I launched myself at him. My nails grazed his skin, drawing blood as I kissed him hard. It was all desperation and lust and the need to finally be one, a need for his power. I bit at his lip, catching his bottom one between my teeth and biting it hard until it split. I moaned at the metallic taste as it coated my tongue. There was something feral about this need inside and blood only heightened it.

“F****k me,” I whispered into his ear. I’d already marked him, claimed him as my own, but I needed him again, and this time I needed to be the one in control. I needed to be in control of all of them, force them down if I had to and take what I wanted. Bind them to me where they couldn’t get away and I could feed off their power.

Not even Darius would escape me this time if I had anything to do with it.

“Aleera,” he gasped.

I slammed his back against the wall and Kalen growled. He grabbed me by my shoulders and reversed our positions, slamming me hard against the wall. I moaned and wiggled beneath the roughness, loving every second.

“What’s gotten into you?” he all but purred next to my ear as he pressed himself against me.

As if that wasn’t the stupidest question ever asked. I shook my head at him, clicking my tongue in disappointment. I grabbed his boxer, ripping it off his hips with a strength that was almost savage as the fabric tore off him and grabbed his erect c**k. “Doesn’t matter when you’re this hard.”

He groaned and stilled under my touch for only a moment before circling my hand with his and forcing me to stroke him. "Is this what you really want?" he demanded. His eyes had grown glassy, his breathing labored. He smelled of sex and Lycus but I didn't care. I would smell like all of them before I was satisfied.

I needed him and his power by any means necessary, as the power in my veins dwindled then burned only to dwindle so low it caused pain.

Kalen growls and drops a hand on my shoulder and smiles seductively. "One your knees then," he growls, leaning forward and nipping at my lips. I bite him back just before he shoves me on my knees at his feet.

"Open your mouth," he says gripping my chin, his thumb running across my bottom lip, teasing it.

Opening my mouth I wrap my fingers around his c***k knowing what he wanted but I had never done it before.

Yet I didn't hesitate wrapping my lips around the tip before I took him around the tip, before I took him all the way into the back of my throat with one.

shove, it got hard to breathe, and I gagged as he thrust into my mouth before pulling out. I glare up at him and he smirks but raises his hands as if to say he wouldn't do it again so I suck on the tip, swirling my tongue around the tip and he groans.

The hum of my mates's arousal was too strong of a siren song to just push to the side. I worked myself back and forth, gorging myself on him until he shuddered and worked his hand into my hair. He held me in position as he roughly f***ked my throat.

"F***k," he groaned, hips working a mile a minute. I smirked beneath the assault.

"She's not going to be satisfied with that," remarked Darius from behind us.

I lifted a brow but didn't turn his way. He would come later."

Kalen panted, but when given that look by Darius he knew better than to chase his own needs. He held himself still, the tip of his c**k twitching away inside my mouth. "Darius."

"Easy, get on the couch, Kalen. Spread your legs wide so she can ride you. This won't be over until she's finished shredding,"

which shocked me to hear him say. For me to stop shredding meant marking all my mates. Had he changed his mind?

Kalen jerked his head in a nod and grabbed me by my hair, dragged me off his c**k and took us both to the couch. He

sat down and did exactly as he was ordered.

“I didn’t need your help,” I snapped at him, still a little angry at him after our tiff in the shower. Still, I didn’t waste the opportunity. I

climbed on top of Kalen’s desperate d***k and let it sink inside of me deep. As it slid in, the burning that spiraled out of control

abated as my hands heated on his naked skin, absorbing his power hungrily.

“Move your hips,” Darius ordered.

He didn’t have to tell me twice. I worked my hips back and forth in a tempo that would make a belly dancer jealous. No matter how fast I moved, it was never enough.

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Chapter 116

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Read Tasting Darkness [Tempting Darkness] By Jessica Hall Book 2 Chapter 37 – Kalen grabbed my hips, moving me to his own pace. He thrust inside long and hard and I settled for his slower but deeper rhythm, it made the madness inside me simmer instead of boil.

Darius continued to watch from his position leaning against the wall. His eyes were hungry, but he dared not touch us, instead he took his pleasure posing us like his own personal dolls.

My release built inside me like a bubbling geyser. Kalen's grip increased, his fingers sinking into my a**s as he thrust harder into me and he growled in my ear.

That deep vibrating growl was my undoing. I came hard and collapsed on Kalen's chest. I kissed his neck before biting at his mark. It made his c**k twitch inside me as he too hit his limit and he spilled himself into me.

It wasn't enough. The burning was coming back, building stronger and stronger inside of me, desperate for a release.

I sensed their presence as Tobias and Lycus came out of the bathroom, water droplets still pearling on their bodies and dripping from their hair. I climbed off of Kalen without looking back, feeling possessed and drawn to them like a moth to flame. Lycus.

My bond wanted him, tugged me toward him wanting to claim him. He gave me a crooked grin as I eyed him like a piece of meat.

“Like what you see?” he suggested with a wiggle of his hips. His fully erect

c***k bounced with the action,

“Aleera, on the couch,” Darius ordered.” Kalen, get to the side, you can watch her with me. Don’t interfere with this,’

I didn’t hesitate. Obeying Darius brought me pleasure, and even in this state, that was true.

I got on the couch and spread myself wide. My entire body was so sensitive that the lightest brush from my mates was enough to

make my body gush with wetness. “Lycus,” I moaned his name, reaching out for him.

He didn’t hesitate. He came at me with that crooked grin and dropped to his knees in front of me, “you can have all the d***k you

want, but I’m feasting on that p***sy of yours first, Aleera.”

My head tipped back to the back of the couch as he grabbed my knees and pulled me to the edge of the couch. No matter how

desperate I was for sex, I couldn’t deny my mates to do whatever they wanted to my body. I was their plaything, and I lived for it.

I spread my legs wide but it wasn’t enough for him, he jerked them to the side and leaned down, covering my cl**t with his tongue.

And God what a talented tongue he had. Not only was he good at having a fast response, but the way his tongue flicked over my cl****t in fast long strokes made my insides squeeze together. I panted as he brought me to org*****m within seconds. But my greedy mate wasn't close to finishing. Instead of slowing down, he plowed me through the bliss, forcing my body to jerk. He held me down, devouring me, sucking away at the juices as they left my body, sucking hard onto my cl***t in what might have been pain but felt so good I was losing my go****amn mind. The fire inside practically purred. This roughness made it all better. I wanted to be ripped apart and to have my insides feasted on. I wanted them to f**k me so hard I broke and could only beg for more. Lycus pulled away, what remained of my or***sm was on his lips. "I want you so wet my c***k is going to go swimming inside you." he growled. He went back to work and my eyes rolled to the back of my head as he took me to the brink, and f***king threw me off the side of

it. My body tumbled through space and time, jerking in his hold. Tobias watched us, hunger glistening in his eyes, but Lycus wasn't giving up his meal yet.

Once I recovered enough to breathe the ba*****rd did it again. He sucked my cl*t into his mouth and bit gently down on it, almost to that delicious point of pain, but not enough to do any lasting damage.

I came so hard I thought I was going to black out It wasn't enough. No matter how much my body shook, no matter how many times I trembled without being able to speak, I needed more, I needed his magic.

"There we go," Lycus whispered. He kissed my thighs and pulled me down so my hips were just on the cushions. "Now I can get nice and deep inside you," He glanced up at Darius as if making sure it was okay and Darius gave a short nod.

Taking it for permission, Lycus surged forward and into me. His heavy c***k was curved at the right delicious angle that with every full stroke he brushed against my g spot. He took great satisfaction in watching my face as he rammed into me repeatedly.

All I could do was grab onto his shoulders and hang on for the ride as he forced me to milk his c**k as earth shattering orgasm after another rocked through me.

“F***k,” Lycus groaned. It only made him thrust harder, hold my thighs open wider. He arched his back, thrusting deep as he could, filling me to the brim.” You’re going to take it all,” he growled at me.

I nodded, my eyes hooded. I was going to take it all, and not just what he could give me, but I was going to go after Tobias too.

No one was going to be safe from this desperation that spiraled through me.

Lycus growled as his body spent into me.

Quick as an adder, I reached down and grabbed him by the shoulders, and yanked him forward, I dragged him up to me and bit

deep into him, marking him as my own, claiming him like I had Kalen, and it felt like his power exploded in my veins as I

swallowed down his blood. I blinked rapidly as the back of my eyes burned and my vision turned white.

The memories poured into me. My body shook as they hit one after another and the answering power that flowed with it. I felt

myself falling yet trusted my mates not to let me crash wherever I was in the waking world. I blink rapidly, clearing the fogginess of my vision away. –

Lycus was kicking rocks on his way home from school. He appeared to live in a nice neighborhood. Yet as he got closer to home he groaned when he heard his mother and father arguing. From what I gathered from his thoughts this was a constant thing he would witness, Yet as Lycus walked up the porch steps and opened the door. Tossing his bag in the corner of the entry when he heard something smash before a loud thump. Lycus sniffs the air and scents blood before curiously walking down the hall to see if his parents were okay.

In his child-like mind he knew they fought but that was it ;yelling and arguing but never was their blood. He knew his mother ruled the home and his father was a drunk but never laid hands on her.

No he saved those fists for Lycus, and Lycus always took it, believing if he did his mother never would have to so as he stepped into the kitchen he was horrified by the scene that lay before him, his mother had her hands up in defense, blood coating the tiled

floor red.

And for the first time I laid eyes on this man, it was Porter. Lycus's father and he was as scary as he sounded.

"You f***king wh**re," his father screamed angrily as she begged and sobbed on the floor, blood streaming down her face when

his father brings the meat cleaver down on her head.

Lycus' scream was deafening and blood curdling as he watched his father beat her head in, crushing her skull and spraying

blood everywhere. He charged at his father wanting to save his mother but his father tossed him off,

flinging him away and into the dining table.

He brought the meat cleaver down again, caving her face in and a vicious growl tore from Lycus and his father's startled; looked

over at him just as Lycus lunged and shifted. He tore into his father who was momentarily shocked at his son yet. Lycus, not

understanding he had shifted only saw red,

animalistic snarls tore from him as he yelled at his father.

"Of course you're that mutt's son," his father roared at him and his hands turned black with his dark magic as he lobbed the ball

of shadows at his son. It wrapped around his face and Lycus suddenly couldn't breathe, his vision darkened as he tried to rasp in a breath and he didn't understand what was happening he understood he couldn't breathe before everything turned dark as he passed out.

When he came to, it was to his father clipping a muzzle on him and he blinked up at his father. His father glared down at him and for a few seconds he had forgotten what his father had done.

"Mum?" he murmurs yet no sound comes out, just a strange whimper noise which confuses him when his father clips a collar

around his neck. Lycus didn't understand, until his father yanked on it and he got a glimpse of himself in the glass sliding door by the back patio. He had shifted!

Lycus stares at himself shocked and tilts his head to the side only for his father to jerk on the lead and rip him to the back doors.

He was confused because both his parents were dark-Fae, yet for some reason he was were-fae.

Only as he turns to try to run back inside does he see his mother lying dead in a pool of her blood. Lycus loses it and tries to break free when his father ties

him to a tree and picks up a baseball bat.
Each blow I felt, each blow grew harder as his father
beat him from an inch of his life leaving the bat
bl****dy, Lycus laid in a pool
of his own blood that had turned the grass and dirt
beneath him into mud. He tried to shift back but
couldn't, tried to break free
but couldn't. His father was trying to kill him yet he
kept healing before he would die. Yet Lycus wished
for death as for days he
endured his father's tortures, and learning of his
mother's infidelity, until one day it stopped.
Lycus lifted his head as he heard the sliding door
open and he got a whiff of his mother's
decomposing body inside the house.
His father was drunk yet again and angry only this
time he didn't beat Lycus but grabbed the leesh and
dragged him up the side
of the house. Lycus was too weak to fight him, his
body constantly healing had exhausted him to —
the point he had one broken
back leg, his jaw hung limply as his'ability to heal
stopped. He was limp as he was dragged across the
cold ground, the leesh
strangling him but he no longer cared hoping he
would die before whatever his father would try next.

He passes out just as he hears a door open only to wake up tied to a step out the front of a huge stone building. He looks around in fear of his father. Yet doesn't see him, but sees his car driving off down the road. He whimpers before collapsing yet as the sky turned dark and the snow fell, he shivered in the cold, and his bones ached more. If his injuries wouldn't kill him he hoped the cold would.

My stomach twisted painfully as the memory faded and new one took its place.

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Chapter 117

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Tasting Darkness

Chapter 117

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Read Tasting Darkness [Tempting Darkness] By
Jessica Hall Book 2 Chapter 38 – It was the day

Lycus met Kalen, the day

Kalen's bully beat him almost to death. Lycus' blood
boiled as he watched for a few seconds before
intervening, the rage inside

him was like an erupting volcano. Grew hotter and
hotter as the memories of his father standing over
his mother and beating her

to death returned to the forefront of his mind.

He couldn't save her, but he could protect the boy
being pummeled by someone much older. So that
was what he did. Lycus's

protective nature I watched grew to obsession.

Kalen became his personal project to keep safe. Not
only from the other kids but

also from the teachers.

Kalen was the weakest of the Fae. Lycus should have been like him, a dark Fae. And he couldn't bear watching the helplessness on his face, the same helplessness he felt tied to that tree muzzled and unable to fight back. Kalen distracted him and kept him intrigued as he watched who everyone called the strange boy, the outcast.

Yet as he watched Kalen, he realized he was the strongest of all. There was something odd about Kalen, something dark and hidden, and for years Lycus watched over him waiting for him to come into his own, only for him to remain the same.

It was odd seeing Kalen from Lycus's perception, he saw so much more than we did, saw a different side of Kalen I was yet to witness myself. A darker side that was destructive and dangerous, so much worse than I could have even known without his memories becoming mine.

Something drew him to Kalen as if they were magnets, destined to collide on the same collision course. Lycus believed his growing feelings for Kalen were wrong until he no longer cared, and Kalen became his world, his infatuation.

They were on their own, it wasn't much longer after they escaped the orphanage. They were living on the streets and in a dangerous neighborhood. Sleeping behind a dumpster one night by a busy nightclub. Some drunken men stumbled up the alleyway.

Lycus tenses because there was something familiar about the scent he could smell. He believed he was being paranoid and shook the feeling away until one of the men stopped to urinate on the dumpster they were sleeping next to.

Lycus eyed the man disgusted as he pi***ed on the ground. He growled and the man jolted clearly not seeing they were there.

Yet his startled expression turned to a sneer as he looked them over. Kalen was fast asleep, unaware of the danger that surrounded them. The man was grubby, his light blue shirt stained and he quickly zips himself up and steps back.

"Look what I found?" he called out to his friends down the alleyway making Kalen jolt and wake up, he rubs his eyes as Lycus moves to get in front of him in a crouched position ready to shift. Kalen falls to the side not expecting Lycus's abrupt movement.

Lycus growls as footsteps draw closer and Lycus' body twists, snaps, and breaks as the shift begins to take over.

He would kill the man that dared try to touch Kalen.

Yet before the shift took over the other three

stepped forward and Lycus,

stunned by his fear, froze as he set his eyes upon a man that starred in his nightmares for years. His

father. His blood ran cold at

the sight of him and his father looked at him as if he was the sc**m of the earth.

"Leave them, Patrick," his father told the man in the blue shirt, not even acknowledging him. Yet the

drunken man was looking for

a fight and launched toward Lycus making me

realize he too was were -fae. Bl**dy thirsty and lived for a good fight or hunt.

Lycus doesn't hesitate to toss himself in front of

Kalen to attack the man. Lycus took him down easily

and his father watched with

no expression at all, clearly impressed that Lycus was able to take down a wolf twice his size and

without so much as looking

exerted.

Yet when his father whistles loudly, he realizes he

was calling for more of his buddies until the alleyway

turned into some

makeshift fight club. Yet as time dragged Lycus grew weary and he realized his mistake. By defending Kalen his father knew had leverage against him. A way to use him and as three more circled men came into the alley and surrounded him he looked at Kalen in panic as his father moved toward him, where Kalen rocked with his hands over his ears having a full-blown panic attack.

Violence was never Kalen's thing, nothing scared him more. He grabs Kalen by his hair making him cry out, yet Lycus was too far and surrounded. Yet that moment of distraction as he met Kalen's petrified eyes earned him a knife to the stomach as the demonic-fae plunged and piping hot glowing dagger into him. He howled, swiping at him as his blood spilled out onto the asphalt.

The scream that left Kalen also distracted him as he turned to check him when the two other Were -fae jumped him, tearing into him.

Lycus knew death was coming he didn't care, the only thing he cared for was Kalen who was screaming as his father started dragging him down the alleyway.

“Kill him,” His father told the other men. “I will get a good amount for this one,” he tells the men attacking Lycus. Yet hearing that seemed to flip some sort of switch inside Kalen. And his father shrieked. He had no idea what Kalen had done, too focused on trying to remain alive as they tore into him. Yet when one of the were-fae whimpers and lets his neck go, the next one wails giving Lycus sight of what was going on. His eyes instantly searched the alley for Kalen, yet he wasn’t by his father who stared off behind Lycus horrified. Lycus starts to his feet in a panic looking for Kalen yet when he finds him, he is just as horrified as his father when a flash goes off making him twist his head to look at his father to see his phone in hand pointed at Kalen. Lycus’ head turns back to Kalen, who seems almost possessed as he meanders toward the three men. The air around him thickened, the energy rippled and Lycus felt like he was suddenly suffocating in every bad emotion. Despair like he never felt before made him whimper, sadness so strong it broke his heart into a million pieces. Kalen’s skin

ripples as black veins slivered across his bare arms and feet, he steps closer the aura emanating from him grew thicker, harsher, colder and that was when he realized what Kalen's gifts were, he was an empath and a strong one. Instead of feeling other's emotions, he forces them over the men that attacked him.

Empaths were never considered dangerous, they usually channeled emotion, and they didn't use it as a weapon. Lycus didn't even realize it was possible as he watched Kalen force it over them as if it were an emotional cast, not a physical one.

The men start clawing at themselves, clawing at their faces, their skin shredding it to stop the cold ache of the depression moving through them, Kalen was touching them, yet whatever he was doing was making them suicidal as they tore themselves

apart, one man started slamming his head into the concrete, bashing his own brains in the hard floor.

The demonic-fae set himself alight, becoming an inferno and the last one clawed his own face off and ripped out his own throat.

Kalen killed them without so much as laying a finger on them, using magic that was considered harmless yet in the right hands

could be used as a weapon.

When the last man falls, so does Kalen as he exhausts himself and collapses to the ground. Lycus limps over to him before hearing his father take off. Yet when the sound of sirens reached his ears, Lycus knew what would become of Kalen.

Fae authorities would investigate and once they learned what Kalen did he would be shipped off. One thing the fae authorities and the council didn't like was power that was unknown because they couldn't control it or know how to defend against it. He would become a science experiment and a lab rat. And Lycus wouldn't stand for that.

So he forced the shift, forced his bones to realign, and screamed out when they did. His injuries not wanting to heal, and even with a broken ankle. Lycus leaned down, scooped him up, and tossed him over one shoulder, burning magic he shouldn't have, he opened a portal and stepped into a dark park. Behind some seedy strip club.

Three days Kalen was out for three days Lycus kept watch and never left his side. Yet when Kalen woke he looked around in panic.

“How did we get here?” Kalen asked, clutching his head. “I had the strangest dream,” Kalen mutters and Lycus watches him.

“You don’t remember?” Lycus asks him and he could see the lost expression on his face.

“Did you get a chance to speak to the owner of the laundromat?” Kalen asked. That was last week and Lycus realized Kalen had not only no memory of that night but had lost almost an entire week.

“Yeah she hired someone else,” Lycus tells him. Kalen seemed confused as he took in his surroundings. So Lycus never mentioned that night but it made Lycus wonder if Kalen knew what he was capable of. So he kept it to himself.

Yet Lycus noticed though, that the longer he went without his meds the stronger his aura got, the more unstable he got, and the more depressed. So he walked into the strip club and asked for a job.

The manager told him Kalen could work the kitchens but he wanted Lycus on the floor. Lycus hated the idea, hated the idea of not having Kalen within sight. Yet after the first week, he had enough to put Kalen on his medication again. Worried that if he lost

control like he did that night it would have him noticed by the authorities that Lycus would be powerless to stop.

Yet Kalen's medication was extremely expensive when his father found him, once again. His father waited until his shift was over and Lycus did his best to ignore his presence. He knew Kalen was safe out the back in the kitchens, he just hoped Kalen didn't stumble out looking for him.

As Lycus jumped off the stage, sn****hing up his tips. "Your boyfriend, interesting gifts he has," his father sneered and Lycus stopped.

"What do you want?" Lycus sneered at him.

"I noticed you going to the pharmacy a fair bit, talked to the pharmacist and his medication is expensive," his father tells him and Lycus shakes his head about to walk off.

"I have a video of that night, I wonder what would happen if I handed that to the council," his father said and Lycus growls turning on the man.

"Though I wouldn't have to, we could come to an arrangement," "I have nothing you want, or I can give you," Lycus tells him

looking at the tips in his hand. He tosses it at his father who picks it up and counts it. He clicks his tongue.

“I’ll give you halves, you will triple this,” his father says, handing the cash back to Lycus.

“And then no one has to see the footage of whatever that freak is,” his father sneered and Lycus snarled, his canines slipping free.

“The pits, I owe some people, bad people that would like to get their hands on your boy toy, if they knew about him. Come fight in the pits, it pays well, if you win it does,” Lycus shakes his head knowing that was suicide.

“You took down one of their best fighters the other night without breaking a sweat,” “I am being nice Lycus; I could just hand this footage over, a manhunt is on, haven’t you watched the news, they are looking for a serial killer. The entire city is in panic,” his father mocked.

“If only they knew that the man they fear is a pathetic dark-fae who isn’t even aware of what he is, and a p***fter at that,” His father sneered. Lycus lunged across the table grabbing his throat.

“Speak of my mate like that again and I will f****king kill you,” he spat in his father’s face. His father laughed, shoving him off.

“So you intend to take him as a mate?”

“Kalen doesn’t see me in that way,” he admits, that hurt him more than he cared to admit.

“One night, help me pay off this debt and I will give you half the earnings to pay for his meds,” his father said and Lycus gritted his teeth, but they could use the money.

“When?”

“Midnight, tomorrow in the old drainage system under the city,”

“Think about it, Lycus. You don’t want that footage in the wrong hands,” he laughed before getting up and leaving.

The next night, Lycus organized with his manager to get Kalen to work back so he could sneak off to it.

Yet he knew he made a mistake when his father kept coming back, using the footage over him to get him to comply.

After the first time, he refused and his father’s thugs came to their tent while Lycus was working back one night. When he

finished work that night and he stepped inside the tent he found Kalen beaten bl***dy with his pants around his ankles and a

broken broom handle covered in blood lay next to me.

Before Lycus could react and help him, he was stabbed in the back. Literally, the knife plunged deep between his ribs collapsing his lung before his father's voice sounded behind him as he took in a harsh pained breath.

"Next time I will have them kill him," Porter had whispered in his son's ear before twisting the knife making Lycus stand on his toes.

Porter ripped the knife out, and Lycus went sprawling on the ground before he could turn to fight back his father was gone.

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Read Tasting Darkness [Tempting Darkness] By Jessica Hall Book 2 Chapter 39 – The majority of Lycus's memories were similar to that of Kalen's. Things I had already seen before. Yet his last core memory was of Kalen's suicide, how Lycus Kalen's suicide, how Lycus watched his depression grow out of hand when I didn't reply to the chat group . I realized that all of Lycus's hate for me at the start was purely for that reason; he saw me as the person responsible for taking the one person who meant the most to him, the one person he spent the vast majority of his life protecting. Lycus saw me as the

villain that repeatedly broke him and drove him to the edge. He blamed my absence for Kalen's destruction and blamed me for him killing himself.

That hate only stopped that night in the basement when I took it from Kalen. Only then did Lycus see past his hate for me, only then did his opinion of me change. Only then did he realize I wasn't the enemy but the missing piece, their keeper and their mate but most of all the one that could piece Kalen back together again.

Once the last memory hit me, I came out of it exceedingly fast. The last time I shredded I was exhausted, but my bond was desperate, tugging me to finish completing it, hungry for power, knowledge, and for them. Hours could have passed, yet I knew it was only moments that I was trapped in that state.

Time wasn't in play at this time, and I was stronger. My body devoured his memories as if it devoured his magic fast, hard, and unforgivingly. My bond knew what I wanted and craved, and I knew what I needed to do. There was no other answer.

My eyes opened to find Lycus hovering over me as he went to lay me on the couch.

“Aleera?” he murmured as my eyes flew open. He seemed astonished, yet I felt the nervousness that washed through him at what I now knew, making me wonder if the others knew what Kalen was, yet the feeling I got from him they didn’t.

This one secret Lycus harbored and kept even from them. It made me wonder what secrets Tobias kept and ultimately, what

Darius kept. Yet I didn’t have time to ponder further as power surged in my veins, and tickled my veins as it burned cold, ice cold

as his magic seeped into my bones and I could feel its icy tendrils filling and burning into my soul until that icy feeling started to

boil, sizzle and turned my blood to molten lava.

Lycus gasped when I practically threw him off of me. Only one other could satisfy this need inside me, this deep desire for power, a hunger that could not be satiated. This

overwhelming urge to know, to put the puzzle pieces together. A deep desire to mend the bonds that were broken for so long, to

repair my mates. After seeing Lycus’ memories, I needed Tobias, and I would have him no matter what.

If Darius tried to stop me, I'd fight him down, however he remained where he was, still in the same place.

"Aleera," Darius growled at me. His voice was husky, and I could tell from the sharp outline of his body that watching me f***k,

c****m, and mark our mates had done wonderful things to his insides. His c***k was straining against the fabric of his pants.

He could pretend to be above it all if he wanted, but we both knew if he could get away with it without consequences, he would

f***k me until I was a broken mess, then f***k the pieces until he shattered me.

I would love every moment of it and so would he, he just didn't want anyone to know the dark desires that filled him, flooded the

bond and I had a feeling our desires weren't so far apart, one in the same.

"What?" I snarled looking over my shoulder at him.

He nodded to the couch again. "On the couch. Kneel on it this time." My bond wanted to rebel against his order yet I forced it

down, knowing Darius could force my shred to end if he really wanted to, so it was best to give him what he wants then risk a

needle in the a***s that would end it all like last time.

Devilsbane would end this and even my bond recognized right now we were at the mercy of the shred and Darius so I complied with his demands.

My body quivered at his command. As much as I wanted to say no, I also knew that Darius's orders brought unbearable pleasures like any other. I would drown in it and still be desperate for more.

Tobias came behind me, kissing my neck and breathing against it." On her knees," he growled into my ear. "You're mine now, Aleera. Darius wants to watch me f****k you. You're showing your true colors now my Naughty Girl. Kneel."

I didn't hesitate. I went back to the soaked couch cushions and knelt on them. The scent of sex surrounded me, but it did nothing to relieve the pounding in my blood, the thrum between my thighs.

Tobias kissed my a***s, the cushion dip behind me as he came to kneel behind me. He ran his tongue from the dip of my lower back all the way to my shoulder which he bit down on. I hiss as he breaks my skin before the euphoria of his bites sends my

bond soaring, as his arm wrapped around my chest, pulling me up on my knees as he squeezed my breast.

The warmth of his chest seeped into my back as he fed on me. Blood trailed down my neck, over my collarbone, before running between my breasts. Lycus growls leaning forward and licking up the blood trail, his tongue following it back to my lips. Lycus kisses me and I kiss him back, the bond wanting them both when Tobias pulled his fangs from my neck, reaching for him with his other hand; he gripped the back of Lycus's neck, ripping his lips away, then crashed his lips against Lycus's.

Kalen groaned at the sight of them and Darius cleared his throat making Tobias pull away from him, shoving him back as the high of his bite started to leave.

Tobias grips my throat, tilting my head back. "I never said you could kiss him. You're mine right now," Tobias growled before he kissed me hungrily before I could protest that Lycus kissed me, not the other way around.

My blood coated my tongue as he forced his tongue past my lips, kissing me deeply before he shoved me forward onto my

hands and knees again. Pulling back, he smacked me with his open palm making one cheek burn with a sweet intense pain.

“Stay still,” he ordered.

Darius continued to watch. He slumped onto the armchair across from us by the fireplace, kicking his pants off and revealing his

own magnificent c***k. “Again,” he ordered. He gathered the wetness that dripped from his eager tip and used it for lubrication as

he watched the show.

Tobias didn’t need to be told twice. He smacked my a***s again, harder this time and on the other cheek.

I moaned into it and he pet me.

“There’s my good girl. Do you want another?”

Whimpering, I nodded, my bond wanted whatever they would give me as long as it ended with power surging through my veins

and my mark on their necks, it reveled in the pain and pleasure.

I was walking a thin line between like teetering on a razor’s edge, deliciously pleasurable, addictive and their arousal only

enhanced mine. I pushed my a***s out against him.

His very touch was like electricity, easing the ache inside me. “More,” I

whispered.

Tobias slapped me again, even harder than before. Dots of blood were left from where his nails had peeped turning to sharp points just like his fangs. The delicious heat of pain spread through my cheek and I writhed against him. "Again," Darius ordered with a grunt. His hand moved faster, still eyes locked on the both of us. "Keep going, I want to watch you paint her a****s red."

"Hear that?" Tobias asked. He smacked me hard and I shivered beneath him. "He wants your entire a****s to be red."

Tobias smacked the other side again making my entire body shudder. "Your greedy little bond will get what it wants after we give him what he needs." He smacked me again and the burn spread over both cheeks, it was all over, but instead of hating it, I loved it. My outsides matched my insides at this rate, burning hot with desire.

"Good," Darius panted. His eyes were hooded. His hips twitched as he thrust against himself, seeking his release. "Now, you can take her, Tobias. Sink into that wet pu****y that's just begging for you."

Tobias nodded and pulled his hard c***k out, he pushed it against my burning a****s cheeks, teasing me. I pushed back against

him, wanting him to sink into me.

He chuckled and smacked my a***s one final hard time before ramming himself into the hilt inside of me. I was impressed my body could take this rougher than I was used to sex. Not only take it, but crave it. It was like some sinful creature had woken up inside of me and all I wanted was to feast this delicious mix of bliss and pain.

“Damn,” he grunted. “She’s so tight and so f***king wet.”

I relaxed against the cushions. I was more than willing to let him do all the work and savor the stinging bliss that worked its way through my system. The hunger that was creeping up on me again, I would need my strength. Yet as Darius got to his feet and came to stand by me, I glanced at him.

“Yes.” Darius moaned. He bit his bottom lip hard, eyes trained on us. I couldn’t help but crane my head to the side and keep getting glimpses of him. I loved watching as he stroked his enormous c***k.” Harder,” he ordered Tobias. “She can take it. She wants it.”

I nodded. I did want it. Tobias grabbed me by my hips and used them for leverage as he pushed my head low, and jerked my

hips up higher. He plowed into me so fast and hard that I started seeing stars in my vision. I lost all sense of time; all I could focus on was how Tobias's c***k brushed against my inner walls and gspot in the most delicious way when he was rough like this.

"Faster!" Groaned Darius. But I wasn't sure if he was talking to himself or us anymore. His c***k jerked in his hand, Tobias jerked me up by my shoulder just in time as thick ropes of semen exploded out of Darius and across my face and lips. "Lick it up," he ordered me.

I obeyed, which was difficult since Tobias hadn't stopped pounding me. I licked his c***k, and Darius groaned as I sucked on the tip, the salty liquid dissolved on my tongue almost with a bitter-sweetness I hadn't expected, and my bond whined when he stepped away, his c**k leaving my lips with an audible pop.

Tobias held me in place and pounded into me when with what can only be described as Vampire speed he pulled out of me and flipped me to my back before driving himself into me. I grip his shoulders before my bond goes berserk with its need to claim him

and overrides me.

Tobias growls as my legs lock around his waist and my arms around his neck, but he relents letting me have control, and pulls me onto his lap, gripping my hips and slamming me down on his c***k.

I moan feeling my walls flutter and squeeze him while his teeth grazed and broke my skin as he sucked my skin, licking up the droplets of blood his teeth caused when I felt the walls inside me burst and power exploded in my veins.

I absorbed him like a vacuum, his magic coursing through every atom and cell inside me, strengthening and tainting every part of me. We were both sent hurtling over the edge as my entire being squeezed around him, threatening to break him.

As the last spasm pulsed through me, I sank my teeth into his neck; I would take what I needed from him too. He would be mine, and so would his memories and his magic. My power would be unstoppable. My surroundings blurred and I chuckled to myself at the falling sensation.

Three down, one to go and I knew I saved the best for last because Tobias's power was far stronger than Lycus and my bond

couldn't wait to get its h***ks into Darius but first I had to survive what Tobias endured, had to survive his memories and what I saw first sickened me to my core as my sickened me to my core as my scenery changed and I found myself in a new place.

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Jessica Hall Book 2 Chapter 36 – Two Days Later.
Aleera POV

Darius was still refusing to let me mark him which
made me suspicious after what my mother said. Yet
if I couldn't trust my mates

I couldn't trust anyone, but it should be the same
with him. I stopped bleeding yesterday and each
passing second my shredding

grew closer, and my temperature grew hotter as
power surged and died down in my veins as I
stepped into the bedroom with

Darius after showering and fighting with him in
hushed voices. Tobias and Lycus wander into the
bathroom behind me and shut
the door lost in some discussion.

I knew there was no point in telling the others. One I
didn't want to upset Tobias, secondly that would not
earn me Darius' trust by
snitching on him to our mates.

I glared at this stubborn, beautiful, ignorant man. My rage grew like a match that was lit and quickly grew out of control. It

became a ball of rage. It zipped through my veins, burning me from the inside out but it felt good. The pain was exquisite and I gloried in it.

Even my vision turned red as I lost myself to my rage and the feeling of power bubbling and surging in me wanting release and

wanting more, more power to awaken and strengthen me. My magic was gluttonous and no amount of power sharing seemed to ease it as I found with my rage it tossed me into the throes of the shred.

I wanted, no, I needed with every fiber of my being to take my mates. I had to have them. I wanted to indulge in not only their

bodies but their power as well. To fill myself to the brim with their cocks and magic. It was the most deliciously addictive

sensation as it rolled through me from my toes to my head and I couldn't help myself as power rippled in my veins and died down

making me crave theirs like some hungry succubus.

Nothing was going to stop me. I whirled away while Darius was still mumbling to himself over our shower argument.

“Aleera!” Darius called to me, finally breaking out of his stupor but I didn’t look back instead my eyes fell on my mates who watched me like I was some predator. Darius may not give me what I want but I knew they would be all too willing to oblige assuming they didn’t run from me first. It made no difference to me right now. All that did was completing this bond, settling the fire raging throughout my entire soul. Kalen was the closest one I spotted. He must have just finished getting ready for bed because he only wore Boxers low on his hips. His eyes flickered over me, taking in the differences I no doubt showed. A teasing smile touched his lips. He went to say something but he never got a chance to spit the words out because I launched myself at him. My nails grazed his skin, drawing blood as I kissed him hard. It was all desperation and lust and the need to finally be one, a need for his power. I bit at his lip, catching his bottom one between my teeth and biting it hard until it split. I moaned at the metallic taste as it coated my tongue. There was something feral about this need inside and blood only heightened it.

“F****k me,” I whispered into his ear. I’d already marked him, claimed him as my own, but I needed him again, and this time I needed to be the one in control. I needed to be in control of all of them, force them down if I had to and take what I wanted. Bind them to me where they couldn’t get away and I could feed off their power.

Not even Darius would escape me this time if I had anything to do with it.

“Aleera,” he gasped.

I slammed his back against the wall and Kalen growled. He grabbed me by my shoulders and reversed our positions, slamming me hard against the wall. I moaned and wiggled beneath the roughness, loving every second.

“What’s gotten into you?” he all but purred next to my ear as he pressed himself against me.

As if that wasn’t the stupidest question ever asked. I shook my head at him, clicking my tongue in disappointment. I grabbed his boxer, ripping it off his hips with a strength that was almost savage as the fabric tore off him and grabbed his erect c**k. “Doesn’t matter when you’re this hard.”

He groaned and stilled under my touch for only a moment before circling my hand with his and forcing me to stroke him. "Is this what you really want?" he demanded. His eyes had grown glassy, his breathing labored. He smelled of sex and Lycus but I didn't care. I would smell like all of them before I was satisfied.

I needed him and his power by any means necessary, as the power in my veins dwindled then burned only to dwindle so low it caused pain.

Kalen growls and drops a hand on my shoulder and smiles seductively. "One your knees then," he growls, leaning forward and nipping at my lips. I bite him back just before he shoves me on my knees at his feet.

"Open your mouth," he says gripping my chin, his thumb running across my bottom lip, teasing it.

Opening my mouth I wrap my fingers around his c***k knowing what he wanted but I had never done it before.

Yet I didn't hesitate wrapping my lips around the tip before I took him around the tip, before I took him all the way into the back of my throat with one.

shove, it got hard to breathe, and I gagged as he thrust into my mouth before pulling out. I glare up at him and he smirks but raises his hands as if to say he wouldn't do it again so I suck on the tip, swirling my tongue around the tip and he groans.

The hum of my mates's arousal was too strong of a siren song to just push to the side. I worked myself back and forth, gorging myself on him until he shuddered and worked his hand into my hair. He held me in position as he roughly f***ked my throat.

"F***k," he groaned, hips working a mile a minute. I smirked beneath the assault.

"She's not going to be satisfied with that," remarked Darius from behind us.

I lifted a brow but didn't turn his way. He would come later."

Kalen panted, but when given that look by Darius he knew better than to chase his own needs. He held himself still, the tip of his c**k twitching away inside my mouth. "Darius."

"Easy, get on the couch, Kalen. Spread your legs wide so she can ride you. This won't be over until she's finished shredding,"

which shocked me to hear him say. For me to stop shredding meant marking all my mates. Had he changed his mind?

Kalen jerked his head in a nod and grabbed me by my hair, dragged me off his c**k and took us both to the couch. He

sat down and did exactly as he was ordered.

“I didn’t need your help,” I snapped at him, still a little angry at him after our tiff in the shower. Still, I didn’t waste the opportunity. I

climbed on top of Kalen’s desperate d***k and let it sink inside of me deep. As it slid in, the burning that spiraled out of control

abated as my hands heated on his naked skin, absorbing his power hungrily.

“Move your hips,” Darius ordered.

He didn’t have to tell me twice. I worked my hips back and forth in a tempo that would make a belly dancer jealous. No matter how fast I moved, it was never enough.

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Chapter 120

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Tasting Darkness

Chapter 120

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Read Tasting Darkness [Tempting Darkness] By Jessica Hall Book 2 Chapter 37 – Kalen grabbed my hips, moving me to his own pace. He thrust inside long and hard and I settled for his slower but deeper rhythm, it made the madness inside me simmer instead of boil.

Darius continued to watch from his position leaning against the wall. His eyes were hungry, but he dared not touch us, instead he took his pleasure posing us like his own personal dolls.

My release built inside me like a bubbling geyser. Kalen's grip increased, his fingers sinking into my a**s as he thrust harder into me and he growled in my ear.

That deep vibrating growl was my undoing. I came hard and collapsed on Kalen's chest. I kissed his neck before biting at his mark. It made his c**k twitch inside me as he too hit his limit and he spilled himself into me.

It wasn't enough. The burning was coming back, building stronger and stronger inside of me, desperate for a release.

I sensed their presence as Tobias and Lycus came out of the bathroom, water droplets still pearling on their bodies and dripping from their hair. I climbed off of Kalen without looking back, feeling possessed and drawn to them like a moth to flame. Lycus.

My bond wanted him, tugged me toward him wanting to claim him. He gave me a crooked grin as I eyed him like a piece of meat.

“Like what you see?” he suggested with a wiggle of his hips. His fully erect

c***k bounced with the action,

“Aleera, on the couch,” Darius ordered.” Kalen, get to the side, you can watch her with me. Don’t interfere with this,’

I didn’t hesitate. Obeying Darius brought me pleasure, and even in this state, that was true.

I got on the couch and spread myself wide. My entire body was so sensitive that the lightest brush from my mates was enough to

make my body gush with wetness. “Lycus,” I moaned his name, reaching out for him.

He didn’t hesitate. He came at me with that crooked grin and dropped to his knees in front of me, “you can have all the d***k you

want, but I’m feasting on that p***sy of yours first, Aleera.”

My head tipped back to the back of the couch as he grabbed my knees and pulled me to the edge of the couch. No matter how

desperate I was for sex, I couldn’t deny my mates to do whatever they wanted to my body. I was their plaything, and I lived for it.

I spread my legs wide but it wasn’t enough for him, he jerked them to the side and leaned down, covering my cl**t with his tongue.

And God what a talented tongue he had. Not only was he good at having a fast response, but the way his tongue flicked over my cl****t in fast long strokes made my insides squeeze together. I panted as he brought me to org*****m within seconds. But my greedy mate wasn't close to finishing.

Instead of slowing down, he plowed me through the bliss, forcing my body to jerk. He held me down, devouring me, sucking away at the juices as they left my body, sucking hard onto my cl***t in what might have been pain but felt so good I was losing my go****amn mind.

The fire inside practically purred. This roughness made it all better. I wanted to be ripped apart and to have my insides feasted on. I wanted them to f**k me so hard I broke and could only beg for more.

Lycus pulled away, what remained of my or***sm was on his lips. "I want you so wet my c***k is going to go swimming inside you." he growled.

He went back to work and my eyes rolled to the back of my head as he took me to the brink, and f***king threw me off the side of

it. My body tumbled through space and time, jerking in his hold. Tobias watched us, hunger glistening in his eyes, but Lycus wasn't giving up his meal yet.

Once I recovered enough to breathe the ba*****rd did it again. He sucked my cl*t into his mouth and bit gently down on it, almost to that delicious point of pain, but not enough to do any lasting damage.

I came so hard I thought I was going to black out It wasn't enough. No matter how much my body shook, no matter how many times I trembled without being able to speak, I needed more, I needed his magic.

"There we go," Lycus whispered. He kissed my thighs and pulled me down so my hips were just on the cushions. "Now I can get nice and deep inside you," He glanced up at Darius as if making sure it was okay and Darius gave a short nod.

Taking it for permission, Lycus surged forward and into me. His heavy c***k was curved at the right delicious angle that with every full stroke he brushed against my g spot. He took great satisfaction in watching my face as he rammed into me repeatedly.

All I could do was grab onto his shoulders and hang on for the ride as he forced me to milk his c**k as earth shattering orgasm after another rocked through me.

“F***k,” Lycus groaned. It only made him thrust harder, hold my thighs open wider. He arched his back, thrusting deep as he could, filling me to the brim.” You’re going to take it all,” he growled at me.

I nodded, my eyes hooded. I was going to take it all, and not just what he could give me, but I was going to go after Tobias too.

No one was going to be safe from this desperation that spiraled through me.

Lycus growled as his body spent into me.

Quick as an adder, I reached down and grabbed him by the shoulders, and yanked him forward, I dragged him up to me and bit

deep into him, marking him as my own, claiming him like I had Kalen, and it felt like his power exploded in my veins as I

swallowed down his blood. I blinked rapidly as the back of my eyes burned and my vision turned white.

The memories poured into me. My body shook as they hit one after another and the answering power that flowed with it. I felt

myself falling yet trusted my mates not to let me crash wherever I was in the waking world. I blink rapidly, clearing the fogginess of my vision away. –

Lycus was kicking rocks on his way home from school. He appeared to live in a nice neighborhood. Yet as he got closer to home he groaned when he heard his mother and father arguing. From what I gathered from his thoughts this was a constant thing he would witness, Yet as Lycus walked up the porch steps and opened the door. Tossing his bag in the corner of the entry when he heard something smash before a loud thump. Lycus sniffs the air and scents blood before curiously walking down the hall to see if his parents were okay.

In his child-like mind he knew they fought but that was it ;yelling and arguing but never was their blood. He knew his mother ruled the home and his father was a drunk but never laid hands on her.

No he saved those fists for Lycus, and Lycus always took it, believing if he did his mother never would have to so as he stepped into the kitchen he was horrified by the scene that lay before him, his mother had her hands up in defense, blood coating the tiled

floor red.

And for the first time I laid eyes on this man, it was Porter. Lycus's father and he was as scary as he sounded.

"You f***king wh**re," his father screamed angrily as she begged and sobbed on the floor, blood streaming down her face when

his father brings the meat cleaver down on her head.

Lycus' scream was deafening and blood curdling as he watched his father beat her head in, crushing her skull and spraying

blood everywhere. He charged at his father wanting to save his mother but his father tossed him off,

flinging him away and into the dining table.

He brought the meat cleaver down again, caving her face in and a vicious growl tore from Lycus and his father's startled; looked

over at him just as Lycus lunged and shifted. He tore into his father who was momentarily shocked at his son yet. Lycus, not

understanding he had shifted only saw red,

animalistic snarls tore from him as he yelled at his father.

"Of course you're that mutt's son," his father roared at him and his hands turned black with his dark magic as he lobbed the ball

of shadows at his son. It wrapped around his face and Lycus suddenly couldn't breathe, his vision darkened as he tried to rasp in a breath and he didn't understand what was happening he understood he couldn't breathe before everything turned dark as he passed out.

When he came to, it was to his father clipping a muzzle on him and he blinked up at his father. His father glared down at him and for a few seconds he had forgotten what his father had done.

"Mum?" he murmurs yet no sound comes out, just a strange whimper noise which confuses him when his father clips a collar

around his neck. Lycus didn't understand, until his father yanked on it and he got a glimpse of himself in the glass sliding door by the back patio. He had shifted!

Lycus stares at himself shocked and tilts his head to the side only for his father to jerk on the lead and rip him to the back doors.

He was confused because both his parents were dark-Fae, yet for some reason he was were-fae.

Only as he turns to try to run back inside does he see his mother lying dead in a pool of her blood. Lycus loses it and tries to break free when his father ties

him to a tree and picks up a baseball bat.
Each blow I felt, each blow grew harder as his father
beat him from an inch of his life leaving the bat
bl****dy, Lycus laid in a pool
of his own blood that had turned the grass and dirt
beneath him into mud. He tried to shift back but
couldn't, tried to break free
but couldn't. His father was trying to kill him yet he
kept healing before he would die. Yet Lycus wished
for death as for days he
endured his father's tortures, and learning of his
mother's infidelity, until one day it stopped.
Lycus lifted his head as he heard the sliding door
open and he got a whiff of his mother's
decomposing body inside the house.
His father was drunk yet again and angry only this
time he didn't beat Lycus but grabbed the leesh and
dragged him up the side
of the house. Lycus was too weak to fight him, his
body constantly healing had exhausted him to —
the point he had one broken
back leg, his jaw hung limply as his'ability to heal
stopped. He was limp as he was dragged across the
cold ground, the leesh
strangling him but he no longer cared hoping he
would die before whatever his father would try next.

He passes out just as he hears a door open only to wake up tied to a step out the front of a huge stone building. He looks around in fear of his father. Yet doesn't see him, but sees his car driving off down the road. He whimpers before collapsing yet as the sky turned dark and the snow fell, he shivered in the cold, and his bones ached more. If his injuries wouldn't kill him he hoped the cold would.

My stomach twisted painfully as the memory faded and new one took its place.

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