

Chapter 13: Killing

Yara

I laugh when I'm embarrassed. It's a completely inappropriate response, but I can't seem to help myself. So, when Warren pulls away from our kiss, a kiss that I totally got swept away in, I'm mortified. He's naked and I'm practically naked and I was pressing my body against his. If Charlie hadn't interrupted us, there's no telling what would have happened. And Warren is still recovering. At least that's what I tell myself.

Of course, the only way for me to hide my inappropriate response is to press my face against Warren's bare chest, his rock-hard chest. Wow! My fingers twitch to touch him, to see if every muscle on his body is this hard and strong. As a doctor who worked in the human hospitals, I know what a 'muscular' man feels like. Compared to them, Warren feels like granite.

So now I'm even more embarrassed. I have no idea how to get out of this gracefully, but when I look up, ready to make some snarky comment, Warren's face, usually so fierce and intense, is soft and there's a hint of a smile on his face. Shit! If I thought the man was sexy before, putting a smile on his face makes him panty-dropping sexy. And his eyes may be soft, but they are no less intense.

"I love the sound of your laugh. You should laugh more," he says softly, his deep voice making my core clench. I swear I can feel my arousal dripping down my thighs and based on the way his nostrils flare, I'm pretty sure it did.

"Right, well, you should smile more," I say quickly ducking under his arm and away from him. I can barely breathe when he's looking at me like that.

"Here's a towel," I say, handing it to him without looking at him. When he doesn't take it, I start to turn, only to feel his hands, pushing my t-shirt over my head, making me yelp in surprise.

"What are you doing?" I exclaim.

"You're dripping water all over my floor. You wouldn't want me to slip and fall, would you?" he asks in a teasing tone.

I open my mouth to say something, realizing again that I feel caught in the trap of this man's eyes. However, when his eyes begin drinking in my body, I snatch the other towel I brought for me and quickly wrap it around myself.

Once again, my cheeks are so hot that I feel like they're on fire. But when I look back at him, he's smiling that sweet smile at me.

"You're beautiful. But I was right, you're too thin. Come on, let's go eat," he says, finally wrapping his towel around his waist.

"I'll meet you out there. I need to put some clothes on."

He stares at me a moment, but I don't look at him, waiting for him to walk out as I clutch the towel to my body. Finally, he begins to hobble past me and at the last minute, he grabs the corner of the towel and yanks it off my body.

"If you need a towel, you know where to find me," he smirks before

walking out.

I stare at him a moment, my mouth hanging wide open, before I snap it shut and begin pulling on his clothes.

"Of all the arrogant Alpha things to do..." I mumble as I pull on his shorts. I got these because they have a drawstring. Thankfully, Warren has a narrow waist and hips, with the most incredible adonis belt I've ever seen. His broad shoulders give him a deep V and the line of hair from his belly button to his... 1

"What is wrong with me? Get your head out of clouds, Yar," I tell myself. When I pull the shirt on over my head, I realize that I probably didn't need the shorts. The man is so broad and already being taller than I am, his shirt falls just above my knees. I pull it up, tying it in a knot to keep it out of my way. This shirt is black, so I don't have to worry about getting wet again. 1

When I step out into Warren's bedroom, I see that he's set up a place to eat. There are two plates.

"Are you expecting company?" I ask him.

He turns and raises that damn eyebrow at me. "I have company, and I'm very interested to know what you were thinking about when your head was in the clouds," he says, smiling in a way that makes me think he already knows. Damn the man.

I ignore that, looking around the room. "Where's Charlie?"

"Gone. I had no intention of letting him see what's mine, especially after I snagged your towel. I was really hoping you'd come get it," he

says smirking.

However, one part of his sentence stands out to me. "I don't belong to you. I'm not a possession."

"No, you're not a possession, that would imply that I own you. What you are, is precious to me. You are mine to love, mine to protect. That's what I mean when I say you are mine. Well, that and I have no intention of ever letting another man have you. So in that instance, I guess it is rather possessive. But I'm an Alpha, you'll have to get used to it."

"Get used to it?" I ask, as if he's lost his mind.

He walks over to me and leans down, capturing me with his intense gaze. "Yes, Yara. Get used to it. You are MY mate; you will share MY bed. If you ever take another man to bed, I will kill him. I will not share your kisses, your love, or your body with anyone, except with our pups," he shrugs as he says the last part. 1

"You don't even know me! What if I have a boyfriend?"

It's the wrong question to ask and I realize it instantly as his face darkens and his eyes go black. I feel the angry aura rolling off of him.

"Who is he? I will kill him," he snarls viciously. 1

"Easy, Alpha. I said 'what if', not that I do," I say carefully.

He wraps an arm around me, tugging me against him. "You are mine, Yara. And I don't share."

He leans down, kissing me quickly, but thoroughly before stepping

back. "Let's eat."

"Geez, overreact much? You can't just go around killing people," I mutter. ¹

"I can, I have, and I will again, Yara. I protect what's mine. This pack is mine, you are mine, and someday soon, our pups will be mine."

I think about what he's said, ignoring the pup part for now, as I follow him to the makeshift table he's set up. He pulls out a chair for me in an unexpectedly gentleman-like fashion, before sitting across from me.

I pick at my food, still thinking about his words.

"You may as well just tell me what you're thinking. Eventually, you'll mutter it, and I'll know anyway," he says, taking a bite of food and smirking as I look up at him.

"Do you like killing?" I ask him, seriously. Simon does. I despise that about him. I know other Alphas enjoy the fighting, the killing that the wars allow. It's probably why they've lasted so long. I don't know Warren well enough to know if he does or doesn't enjoy the kill, but I know it will make a big difference in how I feel about him.

The smile drops from his face and sets his fork down, clasping his hands over his plate and giving me his full attention.

"No, Yara. I don't like killing. For the most part, it's senseless. I love my pack. I'm their leader and meant to protect them. Sending them out to die because someone thinks they can take what's mine is pointless. I've lost good men because of these wars. I kill because I

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have to, but I find no joy in it.”

Something inside me relaxes at his words and at the honesty that I see in his eyes.

“I imagine you hate these wars almost as much as I do,” he says astutely, watching me closely.

“These wars took my parents, left me an orphan. I’ve seen good men and women lose their lives because of these wars. I guess that’s why I decided to go into medicine. I mean, we’re obviously short on doctors with the number of injured that are constantly coming through the door, but I wanted to do something, something important, to try and help save at least some of these warriors.”

When I look back up at him, he’s smiling that dangerous smile again. “Spoken like a true Luna,” he says softly. He points to my plate. “Eat. Don’t let this conversation destroy your appetite. You still have quite a few patients in your hospital to take care of.”

“It’s not my hospital,” I mumble as I take a bite.

“As the lead doctor, it most definitely is,” he says, the taunting smile back in place.

I roll my eyes and finish the food, which is surprisingly delicious, or maybe I’m just hungrier than I realized.

When we’re done, Warren drops the towel, walking naked to the bathroom to get the clothes I brought in for him. Yep, the backside looks just as rock hard as the front.

+20 BONUS

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"We need to get downstairs. I need the pack to see that I'm perfectly fine. After that, we'll come back up here and get some sleep."

I turn, looking at the room. There's only one bed in here...



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