

## Chasing Emma

[Derrick]

After the other witch took Emma from me, I looked down at the pathetic human who had tried to force himself on my mate. My plan was going perfectly. Scare off the bastards who tried to get close to her and make her think I was giving up.

Pursuing her and sending her gifts hadn't worked. Staying away and only giving her glimpses of me from time to time hadn't worked. I needed some way to make her notice me and realize that I'm the perfect man for her.

So I was pretending to give up and only want to be her friend. Then she could get to know me, like I wanted, and she would realize that she loved me too. It seemed like a perfect plan. It was just getting in with her was hard.

Queen Bellamy would send me on another long distance mission if she found out I was chasing Emma again. She was even more ruthless when she was pregnant. She'd sent me to train with the Goddess' Tears collective after we completed our raid on the hunters' training camp.

I was there for six months. It was the most brutal training I'd ever been through. All that I had to grasp onto was the idea of coming back and nding my Emma. It was when I made the decision that I would get her to chase me.

The man on the oor started coming to and groaned. I glared at him and picked him up by his shirt. As grateful as I was that he had made my mate need me, I was pissed that he'd had the nerve to touch what was mine.

"They will never nd the pieces of your corpse if you ever touch my mate again." I growled, staring him dead in the eye.

He whimpered and nodded. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the other men who had been dancing with my mate and her friends. I was ready to kick their asses if I needed to.

"Tom." The shorter one with light brown hair said rmly.

I released the man I was holding on to and he stumbled to his friends. I prepared myself for a ght. The shorter one seemed to be the leader of the group. He glared at his friend as he approached them.

"What the hell were you thinking?" He growled.

"What do you mean? She's a witch. You know how they are. I thought she wanted it and was just playing hard to get." Tom replied.

His friend punched him. "We have witches for clients. You never speak of the people we represent like that. We'll talk about this in the oce on Monday. For now, Paul will take you to the front door. I'll cover your tab. I don't want to hear from you until Monday morning. I want you to spend the weekend thinking about how you could have hurt our business with your f\*\*\*\*\*g attitude."

The other one helped Tom off the ground and pulled him along out of the hall and into the club. I eyed the leader. He was all business, like my queen. I respected that.

"Thanks for stopping him. He's always been a bit of a ladies' man, but I never thought he would force himself on someone." He sighed. "I'm Josh Gerber."

He approached with his hand out. I accepted it and shook. This guy didn't seem so bad. And he smelled honest when he said he didn't think his friend would force himself on someone.

"You set them up?" I asked.

"I invited two of my single friends who were a lot of fun to meet Jen and Emmalyn. Clover says you know Emmalyn, but didn't say how. I know you're probably a member of the collective. I'm really sorry you had to see that." Josh said.

"We take care of our own in the collective. He was hurting one of our witches. I couldn't just stand by and do nothing." I replied.

"I promise he'll be severely reprimanded at work for his behavior. He represents our company in and out of the oce. This was unacceptable." He told me.

"See that he doesn't do it again. I'm more restrained than some rogues in my collective."

"Do you want to come have a drink with us? It's the least I can do." Josh offered.

I thought about it. Emma would probably ip if I came to her table after she told me to bug off. I shook my head.

"Thanks for the offer, man, but I'm thinking of heading home." I said.

He nodded and turned back the way he came. "If you change your mind, just give them my name at the entrance to the VIP section."

"Will do." I told him.

When he was nally gone, I let myself relax. That was a pretty brave human. Not many would have tried talking to an angry werewolf. They would normally just try to get away without making us angrier.

I sighed and looked back at the wall where that creep held my mate. Her scent was still strong. On the oor I saw the shawl she'd been wearing earlier.

It must have fallen off her when he was molesting her against the wall. I picked up the pale blue cloth and held it to my nose. The sweet scent of my Emma lled it. I knew she'd want it back.

Heading out to the rest of the club. I moved toward the VIP section. I could show up for a moment. That shouldn't piss her off too much.

I gave the guy's name to the bouncer at the entrance to that section. He let me in and I followed my mate's scent through the bustle of people. I couldn't see her, but, as I got closer, I could hear her.

"He just thinks he can waltz into my life whenever he wants." She was saying. "That man has no redeeming qualities."

That froze me. I thought there was a lot about me that was pretty great. I have a good sense of humor and of honor. I've never beaten or killed anyone who didn't deserve it. I was changing my whole self for her.

"He seemed to be willing to back off, Emmalyn. Maybe there's some truth to him wanting to just be your friend. It seems like he's trying not to insert himself into your life as much." Clover said.

"I thought you understood me!" Emma cried.

"Steven would've run after me, using any excuse to stay near me. He would have sat there and gloated about saving me. He would have tried to use it to get more out of me and he would never ask to be my friend again. He doesn't see that as the path to my heart." Clover told her.

"He doesn't even really want a place in my heart. He only wants into my bed. Maybe I should have just slept with him and he'd back off." Emma scoffed.

"You think it's just the chase he's after? Maybe you should just sleep with him then." The other girl with them said. "It might get him off your back.... Or on it, depending on how you like it."

Emma laughed. "You know, if it will make him leave me alone, I might actually be willing to be another notch in his bedpost."

"I don't think this is a healthy direction to take this." Clover said worriedly. "Maybe you should stop drinking, Emmalyn."

"I want to get so drunk I forget I even saw him, let alone felt bad for him." She replied.

I turned away from their table and walked into the crowd. I would take it to her apartment. She didn't realize that I knew where she lived. By the time she got there, I could probably hand it to her and she wouldn't recognize me if she was insisting on drinking that much.

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A couple hours later, a cab pulled up in front of Emma's apartment and I saw her stumble out of it. She was blitzed out of her head. She swayed and stumbled her way inside.

Silently, I got out of my car and headed into the building after her. When I turned down her hallway. she was still trying to get the key into the lock. Emma cursed every time she missed the lock.

I watched her for a little while longer, managing to stie my laughter as she told the lock to stop moving. When she started crying a little, I decided the fun was over. I couldn't let my mate suffer more than she already had.

Walking up behind her, I took hold of her hand and bent down. She seemed a little shocked before she started giggling. She smelled like magic, earth, and alcohol. I snuffed a little behind her ear and she bared her neck to me.

"Let me help you stick it in, Emma-baby." I whispered.

She shivered. A slight whimper came from her throat and I could smell her sudden arousal. My tongue darted out and I got a little taste of her skin. I groaned. She tasted as amazing as she smelled.

"Don't lick me there." Emma ordered in a breathy voice.

"Where would you like me to lick you, then?" I asked.

Another shiver. The scent of her arousal got stronger. Apparently, my little witch couldn't resist me when she'd had a few.

It should have felt like something of a victory, but it didn't. It felt cheap. She couldn't even work a door lock right now.

Emma turned quickly and kissed me. She held my face between her hands as she pushed her lips against mine. I opened my mouth a little and she did the same.

I wrapped my arms around her and picked her up as our tongues teased each other. I couldn't believe she was really there and kissing me. My wolf was going wild.

When Emma pulled back, she looked into my eyes with a hazy gaze. I set her back on the oor. I licked my lips. I could still taste her on me.

"Why are you here, Derrick? I thought I told you I don't wanna see you anymore." She slurred a little.

"You forgot this at the bar. I was just returning it." I said and handed her the shawl.

She accepted it and stared as if it were a strange creature. Emma looked back at me and I saw her expression soften a little bit.

"Consider that kiss a thank you." She told me.

"For saving you, or for bringing that back to you?" I asked.

"Both." Emma said rmly.

"Oh." I replied. "I guess I'll get going, then."

I turned and started down the hall when I felt an impact on my back. I stopped and three more hits landed on my back. She hit me a few more times.

"I hate you, Derrick." She whispered.

"So you've said." I answered.

"You need to leave me alone."

"I just want to be your friend. Can't I just be your friend?" I asked.

"Would you have left me alone if I'd slept with you instead of turning you down? Is that what I did to make you so obsessed with me?" Emma questioned. "If I had just been another girl who fell for your body and your whispers, would you have just used me and left?"

This was something I'd been thinking about a lot since the night I met her in the vampire's club. I replayed the night over and over. The way she was solid as a stone as she turned me down, not even a quiver as I whispered in her ear. The way she harshly abused me and told me she'd never be mine.

Her glare when she refused me got me so worked up, I'd taken the daughter of the hunters' leader that night and thought of Emma the whole time. I never came as hard as I did that night. From the moment my wolf said he wanted to love her, I did too.

"Well?!" She shouted.

The door on my left opened and a rogue came out. He looked at the scene before him and glared.

"My mate and pups are sleeping. Take your ght somewhere else or I'll report this to the lieutenant." He growled.

Emma grabbed my wrist and tugged. I didn't move. She was small and I was much larger. She didn't have the strength or leverage to move me.

I sighed and turned, letting her pull me along. I didn't want to risk pulling away and throwing off her already wobbly balance. Emma dragged me into her apartment and locked the door behind us. Maybe I could make this work in my favor. I was nally alone with my mate.