

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 31

Axel:

The desk chair shattered when I threw it against the office wall, she is gone, and it was our fault. We failed to protect her a second time.

Our Luna, Gamma, and head warrior have all been taken. My beta is in critical condition in the pack hospital after being ambushed by wolfsbane. We are still no closer to knowing who the mole is and if they acted alone or if more managed to get around our men.

Fur sprouted from my skin at the thought of little bird.

“You need to calm down, boys. If you control yourselves, we will never be able to get them back home.” Doris said, pacing the floor.

Kicking the debris from our rampage around the room.

“Please lead us, Goddess. Please.” She whispered, cleaning the mess up.

“Get her back, now! Before I take control of the situation!” Growled my wolf.

“I am doing everything I can, damn it!” I snarled back, shattering the whiskey glass in my hand.

I rubbed the mark on my neck, needing to feel closer to Harley. How could we have let this happen?

I closed my eyes, focusing on the silver threading that binds us as one. It is still brightly lit and vibrating with life. Yet, no matter how much I reach out to it... to her... I get no feelings and no response.

What could that mean?

Byron and a snotty-faced Drew came in, taking in the damage to the room.

“You have us. What can we do to help?”

I growled, unable to be appreciative of their efforts when they asked such a stupid f*****g question. If I knew how to fix this

I already would have.

We already had every available man in the pack out searching for them, and we had our best trackers on them, but their scents disappeared just outside as if they turned into thin air.

I ran my fingers through my shaggy hair for the one-hundredth time in the last hour.

Mine and Atlas's phones rang out at the same time. I pulled my phone from my pocket, clicking the link for the request to share a live video feed. Immediately, I dropped to my knees, feeling like silver was running through my veins.

Harley's face was so swollen and bruised she couldn't even open her eyes and her red lipstick was smudged across her bruised face.

Her voice came through the speakers, desperate to stop them from lashing Nathan.

"NO! HIT ME!" she screamed, calling them names.

Nathan opened his mouth to protest her when they wrapped the whip around her body with a sick crack.

Our brave little mate stood silently, taking the lashings so her Gamma would not be hurt.

She commanded Nathan to shut up, using her rank over him. He tried so hard to fight it, unable to. The man with the whip could not ignore the command either. He must have been a rogue.

I can't watch it anymore.

"They want the mark in exchange for Harley and Nathan." Atlas's voice was full of gravel and anger, mirroring my emotions.

"We need some help here," Drew said, laying Doris on the ground since everything else had been flipped over.

"She's just having a vision," Atlas said, going to her side.

Suddenly, loss washed over me in agonizing waves, making Atlas and I clutch our chests.

I closed my eyes, reaching out for my little mate's tether. It was still shining brightly... so were my gammas.

"Drake." I shook my head.

"Ummm, I am not an expert... but is this normal?" Clayton asked, picking up a notepad to fan Doris.

Her eyes were bright silver orbs like galaxies of moons and stars had combined in a soup pot.

“She is deep in the forest, on a moonlit path. Behind a charm so wicked and black.

Erase the magic from which it came and make the forest whole again.” Doris repeated.

She sat up gasping. Sweating and pale.

“The Goddess. The Goddess visited me.” Tears welled in her eyes.

“She gave me clues to find Harley.” She softly sobbed, wrinkling her nose.

“Where is a stone path in the forest?” Drew asked Doris.

My thoughts went blank; I know every inch of this territory, and nothing like that sticks out to me.

“Thistle Brook has a cobblestone walking path that spreads miles through the forest.” Denny staggered into the room, still wearing a hospital gown and grip socks.

“Denny!” I pulled my mate’s brother into my arms. Harley would’ve killed us all if something were to have happened to him.

“I swear to god if you shake me like that again, I will puke on your expensive a*s shoes.” he gagged at the motion flopping down next to Doris.

“What is Thistle Brook?” Colton asked with scrunched brows.

“The gaps between my pack and theirs weren’t always overrun by rogue wolves, Clayton. Thistle Brook used to be a large coven of Witches that lived between the territories of Clearwater and Evergreen.” Byron said.

“The Doctor told me everything when I woke up. If anyone cares to tell me where we are on finding my sister,” Den said, flopping his head back, still fighting the urge to vomit.

“I think you should go back to the pack hospital and get the care you need, Dennis,” Doris said, looking at a very green Denny.

“Like hell.” He grumbled. Standing to his feet.

“Is she in Thistle Brook?” He asked me.

I couldn’t answer his question, so I just looked at him. The truth is, the only two things I know without a doubt, are that she is alive and I will bring her home.

“We think so,” Atlas answered for me.

“I’m getting changed, and we can get down there then,” Den said, scuttling from the room.

“How do we erase the magic?” I asked Doris.

After a few minutes of careful thought, her eyes met mine in an intense stare.

“We have to go! Get Dennis back to the hospital, boys.” She said while dragging Atlas and me from the room.

We shifted, ripping through the night with Dpris leading the way.

“We are coming for you, little bird,” I whispered through the mind link, hoping she would hear.

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Harley:

The silver blade slid through the thin layer of skin above my breast. The swelling in my eyes had come down just enough that I could see the red glow of the vampire’s eyes staring at the blood leaking down my chest. This was despite the unbothered look on my face.

It had my heart racing.

“If you even think about it, I will rip your arms off and beat you with them when I get down from here,” I growled.

His sick laughter rang loudly around the room. His tongue lay flat against the blade licking my blood from it. I never broke eye contact, fearful I would miss something.

“If anyone here gets to taste you, it will be the king, pretty girl.” He chuckled, making another swipe across my side, stabbing the blade deep into my side with a twist.

“I would love to know who taught you Neanderthal manners,” I said as a bead of sweat ran down my forehead.

I still can’t feel the pain of the injuries, but I know my body is struggling with them.

He ripped the blade from my side as the wound cauterized itself from the burning silver of the blade.

We have been at this for hours. Several men have tried to make me scream in agony. None have succeeded. But this game they've made of it keeps Nathan safe. They aren't interested in him anymore and because of that, I can handle this for a while longer.

"Time is up." The guy on the outside of the door said knocking.

Nathan groaned waking up again. They keep sedating him with something to keep him from fighting and freaking out every time someone comes in to have their turn.

"Pathetic, bitch." I smirked.

Like the others, he left. Sick of my attitude and the hostility that comes from them not winning their running bet of who would be the one that makes me scream.

"f**k, Harley. I am so sorry. You... it's so bad." He sounded like he was fighting to speak around something lodged in his throat.

"It will heal. It's fine." I said with a massive yawn.

Silence filled the room. I shut my eyes hoping maybe I could sleep for a bit.

"Damn... we look terrible." My girl's lazy yawn spread across my aching head like a warm blanket.

My eyes were misted over. I really did have her back. She is why nothing hurts.

"I have missed you so much, sweet girl." I leaned my head back, letting tears of joy run freely.

"We need to get free." He mumbled trying to break the chains again.

"I agree with Gamma." My wolf said shaking her fur out.

"I think the mark is a person and not a thing," Nathan whispered through the darkness of the room we were being held in.

I had thought about that too. I also thought it was a plant or a place. No matter what I looked at despite it seeming familiar I still couldn't figure out how I knew that mark.

"Who would it be?" Surely someone would have noticed that big f*****g mark on someone or themselves?" I snuffled trying to rein my emotions back in.

"I don't know but there isn't any other explanation." He said trying to slip his hand from the cuff.

His skin sizzled, bubbling against the silver. He was biting his lip so hard to keep from screaming that his teeth were turning red with

his own blood.

“Gah. f**k!” he snarled, giving up on getting the cuff off.

“Really? You don’t recognize that mark?” A wolf’s snicker ran through my brain.

“No, we have looked everywhere.” I snapped pissed because I wanted to sleep.

“What’s the tattoo on our back?” she asked with a wolfie grin.

“Oh, it was just pretty stuff I put together to cover the...”

Flashes of that day ran through my mind. Ashley, the tattoo artist I was seeing that day, spent two hours placing those stencils over my birthmark.

“It’s me... I am the mark.” I whispered to her.

“No. We are the mark.” She laughed, wagging her tail.

Atlas:

We have been running for hours with nothing but the forest in sight. We crossed into the territory gap a while ago and the fact that we

I haven’t seen a single rogue and that is making my hackles stand on end.

Where have they all vanished?

“We are about to run through a charm, be ready! Keep your head low and push it back if it pushes you.” Doris yelled through the link.

“What does that mean?” Axel yelled back as the wind howled viciously around us.

Doris disappeared into the wind and before I knew it the forest was changing. I could see lights at the end of a short driveway. But I felt like my paws were engulfed in tar.

“Push it back boys!” Doris called from the porch of the cabin.

“Think of her, Atlas. The sand around my paws shifted when I thought of her.” Axel called out.

So, I did. I thought about the way she danced after the first sip of her morning coffee. I thought of how her skin smelled like sweet vanilla, and how she dances to metal music no

matter what she is doing. How her lips part and her skin flushes from sleep, and how perfectly sweet those pink lips tasted to me.

The tar caused me and Axel to roll into each other. The cabin was transformed into a kitchen. A kitchen that Axel and I mangled when our big wolves rolled through the small space.

“Magic is a strange thing isn’t it, boys?” Doris said squatting on her hind legs beside a graying woman who could pass as someone’s fifth great-grandparent.

The old woman reached out pecking my head with her cane.

“I heard that thought. I may look old to you, but I can still skin your a*s to keep myself warm.” Her boney finger shook in my face.

“What can I do for you, Doris? You brought muscle with you. Therefore, I assume this visit is about me beating you in that poker game forty-two years ago.” Her legs wobbled packing her into a chair in the corner of the cabin’s living area.

“Don’t be ridiculous, Agnus. We BOTH know you cheated. But that’s not why I’m here. I was gifted a vision from the Goddess regarding the whereabouts of Clearwater’s future Luna. She was kidnapped and the Goddess believes she is being held behind a dark charm right here in Thistlebrook.” she told her.

“And you think I had something to do with it? That is an OUTRAGE!” She grumbled growing louder.

“Well, did you build a dark charm in this forest for a vampire and a bunch of rogues?” Doris grew louder as she spoke.

“Of course, I did. Who else would have that type of power around here?” She chuckled dryly at Doris.

My fury erupted.

I shifted uncaring about my nakedness swinging in front of my nana or grandmother time.

“WHERE is it? Where is my mate?” My hands circled the old woman’s throat as I screamed.

In a blink, she was gone.

I turned to see her sitting on the counter connecting the kitchen and living room.

“I will not tell you a thing until you put that third leg of yours away! And if you try some dumb s**t like that again I will turn you into an attractive rug to put in front of my fireplace, you mongrel!” She growled with lightning in her eyes.

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Atlas:

I shifted back into my wolf form, making myself more appropriate for the old bat.

“There, now tell me where the charm is that has my mate inside of it.” I growled, plopping onto my fuzzy a*s in frustration.

“No.” She replied flatly.

“WHAT!? I complied with your request, old crone! TELL US where the charm is before I rip your damn throat out!” I bared my teeth to her, snapping at the air in a warning.

“Enough Atlas. Agnes will tell us what we want to know.” Doris looked at the old woman slyly.

“I wouldn’t be so sure of that, Doris.” The old dust rug scoffed as she crossed her legs, and adjusted the big black dress she wore.

Doris stepped up to the old woman invading her personal space.

“Turn your heads boys. I need to shift and after the lovely things you have called Agnes... well... you understand.” Doris chuckled.

As she requested, we turned away.

“The Goddess gifted me with something, and I think it was meant for you. Hold out your hands, Agnes.”

The room became silent, and Agnes muttered. I couldn’t quite make out what she was saying but the gasps toward the end had me intrigued. The snapping of Doris’s bones had me ready to risk it all to turn and see what was happening, but I sat still until she gave us the okay. Updated by Jobnib.com and visit us for more free novels.

After several minutes of silent contemplation, she spoke.

“I can’t tell you where it is, I have to show you.” She grumbled, patting her foot.

“Can you even exist outside of this cozy bubble of yours?” I asked curiously.

THWACK

“YOU ARE PISSING ME OFF YOU LITTLE MUTT!” She swung her cane at me again.

I shook my fur out, showing her my teeth. If she wasn't a damn dust mop, I would rip her to shreds.

“It is a valid question, Agnes. You are five hundred years old,” Doris said coolly.

My jaw dropped!

“DON'T SAY A WORD PUP!” her boney finger wagging at me again.

“I may be old, Doris. But I do better than the average septuagenarian.” She chuckled, wrapping a potion belt around her waist and hiking up her dress tail.

“Let's move then.” She grumbled, snapping her fingers, disappearing again.

“Doris?” I asked her to try to figure out our next move.

“Eh, give it a minute. She will remember she left us in a second.” Doris huffed, shaking her fur out.

Just like Doris predicted, Agnes remembered us. I just wasn't expecting to end up falling through a space-time continuum. Instead, I fell flat on my back with Axel and Doris's wolves landing on top of me back in the woods.

“If I do die though, the least you could do is promise me that you will return through my charm and get Goliath and take him home with you.” She said, seeming kind for the first time since we met.

“Get my mate back for me, and I will make sure you get back to whatever Goliath is,” I said, puffing my chest up.

She took the lead as she led us through the forest. About fifteen minutes in, I could tell she was getting winded.

“Stop... Do you wanna... should I...” I mumbled, unsure how to ask the question.

“I thought you would never ask, mutt.” She snickered, buckling my front paws with her cane, pulling at my fur to try and climb to my back.

Axel and Doris laughed at us while I tried to squat low enough for her to climb on. I grumbled as she finally put herself on my back.

“You better hold on tight. If you fall from that distance, you’ll turn to dust.” I laughed as she pecked the top of my head again. Making me snarl at her.

“Want another?” she drew back, but I just focused ahead of me before I ended up concussed.

About an hour into the trek, she stopped us. I looked over the bluff, taking note of the wind howling down there.

“Is that it?” I whispered, not knowing if anyone else was around there.

“Yep.” She nodded, looking at her handy work.

“The goddess said you would have to make the forest whole again in order for us to find Luna, Agnus,” Doris said, calmly looking over the bluff.

I saw something in the vision you shared with me. The prophecy I saw through your eyes was incorrect. Probably because the book was so worn. What it is really supposed to say is:

Among the shifters exists only three. One will hold the magic and the mark of Selene.

Two of the same faces will serve as the seed for the power to proceed.

Until the marked one is bonded, chaos will rain. Until the sacred bond is whole again.

If the year of the Moon reaches its peak, without the forming of the bond in stone, devourers will gain the power to seek.

Unless the mark is bonded before the night of Agonalia, the earth will bleed.” She said, very matter of fact.

“Your goddess split your souls long ago. Each soul is meant to meet the other in every one of those lives. Yours is a special bond, a very significant one. Cherish the girl, cherish your children. They can only do remarkable things with the two of you at their sides.”

With a snap of her fingers, she was away once again.

The windstorm left behind a rickety cabin... Little bird. My heart fluttered knowing I was getting my mate back.

Harley:

My girl’s ears perked up and she started running haywire, whining and scratching at the back of my mind.

The vampire ordered his men away to leave me alone and I finally went to sleep.

My arms were so numb from the tension that it was running down my back. My eyes could open all the way now and, thanks to my wolf's grand return, all of my wounds were closed. I was completely healed.

"We have to break free. Mates are coming. We have to break free!" She was doing zoomies in my head, making me sick.

"How am I supposed to do that?" I asked her.

"Wake the Gamma, he needs to be ready." She howled.

"Nathan... Nathan... wake up, something is about to happen." I whispered.

He groaned and stared me in the eyes.

"You're better!" he grinned in a boyish way that made me think of Denny.

"We're going to shift and when we do, the cuffs will break. Gamma is something I don't know about. We can break the cuffs free, and he can just ride us, I guess." She shrugged.

"We're getting the f**k out of here," I growled as the shift started.

It was slow because of the silver and because I hadn't shifted since the last time I was in high school and saw Atlas with that girl. That image flashed in my mind and the shift hit full force.

I opened my eyes, and her paws were as big as a car tire. I gasped.

"YOU GREW!" I laughed.

The last time I saw her, she was no taller than an average wolf. Now, she is... damn... she is as big as an alpha male.

She tore a bewildered Nathan's chains apart unphased by the silver. As soon as he dropped to the rickety floor, the door kicked in, and two wide-eyed rogues and a very confused vampire stepped in. I blocked Nathan from their path while he got used to getting blood flow back to his body.

I snapped and snarled. I knew I would get my hands on them at some point, but the excitement of which to go first was overwhelming.

I snatched the vampire that had more fun licking my blood from his blade than he did, hurting me. I latched onto his head, crushing his skull like a grape in my massive jaws.

Nathan got the keys from the vampire's pocket when I dropped his body, uncuffing himself as I distracted the other two rogues.

I managed to land a swipe on the dirty brown wolf while Nathan opted for the yellow one. Shocked by his left eye hanging from his muzzle, I took the opportunity to rip his throat out in one bite.

Nathan had taken out the yellow one when we let their bodies hit the floor. Two massive white wolves stained in blood, and a smaller gray wolf busted through the door of the cabin. Instantly, I knew they had come for me.

"We need to get out before the king comes back," Nathan said, ushering us out the door.

We ran up a bluff, clawing and ripping at the dirt until we made it to the top.

The sun was coming up shining orange and pink along the tree lines.

Sandwiched between my two mates, with Nathan at our backs and Doris in the lead. We ran with everything we had back to Clearwater.

Tonight... we have war.

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 34

Alistair:

Rage consumed me at the top of the bluff. I didn't have to travel any further to know what was waiting for me down there. The smell of blood was thick in the air.

The sun was coming up, irritating my eyes and making my skin itch.

She is gone.

I didn't want to admit it to myself, but now that she wasn't here, I had no choice. The little wolf got under my skin.

I returned from the realm of the forgotten to find the men taking turns hurting the girl. No matter what they had done to her, she held her head high without so much as a whimper.

As much as her strength attracted me, it was the smell of her blood that hooked me on her. It was... intoxicating.

I can't get that scent out of my mind.

It coated the walls of the cabin for sure, but even at the top of this bluff I could smell her as clear as day.

I shook my head trying to regain perspective. I have business to attend to.

I ran through the forest, the world a blur around me. The howl of the wind consumed me as I ran through the hag's charm straight into her lair.

"I have been expecting you." She murmured, sipping her tea.

"You know with your betrayal comes consequences," I replied as I sat down in her dusty living room.

"Ah... you may have lost this battle, but now... now you can win the war... unless you still want to kill me, my king." Her eyes bore into me like she was looking for the soul I lost long ago.

"Is that so?" the woman was intuitive. I would be a fool to think she didn't know what would happen next.

"Do tell," I said, reaching my hands to her so.

Her wrinkled hands were planted firmly in mine, gripping them tightly. I closed my eyes as flashes of book pages and the girl writing something down on paper danced around my mind. Flashes of her hanging in the cabin as... realization strikes her... she shifts, busting the cuffs from her hands... standing there on all fours is a magnificent beast cloaked in black. The only shred of another color on her is silver dancing across her back. It looked like...

My eyes shot open as the old woman took in my expression with a smirk.

"The girl is the mark you are looking for, vampire. The one to grant you the power you seek. Unfortunately for you, she is already spoken for. Paired with the Alphas of Clearwater. Both are already marked by her. A powerful mark, unlike any others I have seen of its kind. Thick black swirls under the collar of their shirts and up along their jawlines. If they mark her back, you will have missed your opportunity." She laughed a diabolical tune at my expense.

I jumped to my feet seething.

"I will just have to make sure that doesn't happen." I stood.

"Wait, my king. There is more." Her lips swept across her teeth. Evil shines brightly in her eyes.

I sat back down, reaching out my hands again. The words of a prophecy from long ago rang in my mind like church bells, almost too loud to see the pictures in the vision. Their moon goddess stood proudly as the girl gave birth to a son. As the light intruded on his still-sensitive eyes, the child opened his eyes in resistance. They glow as brightly as the cosmos.

The witch pulled her hands back as the vision of the boy faded.

“If you let the girl be marked and impregnated, you could take that child as your own heir. He possesses a power even greater than hers and is destined to do incredible good. But... what if... he was convinced to do great evil instead? Imagine the power you could have with the boy at your side.” Her eyes drifted behind me in the distance. It was like she too was imagining the same outcome as I was.

My thoughts were on a different path entirely though, something much... better.

I left the witch’s lair with her, thinking I would lie low until conception occurred. However, I made it clear to the shifters that if I didn’t have the mark by tonight I would attack.

I crossed into the third realm ready to explode.

I burst through the doors of the castle with steam blowing from my ears.

“Your Highness, what a pleasure. Is there anything I can do for you?” Lance asked.

“Rally the troops. When the moon is at its highest, we ride.” I growled, sitting on my throne as the king of the damned.

Their Warrior Luna Chapter 35

Alistair:

The longer I sat there, the more my plans changed. Do I not attack and wait for the conception of a child so powerful... or do I?... I couldn’t possibly.

The chamber doors opened with my assistant, Lance,

rushing through.

“Sire, the army is at your disposal, and the orders have been given.” His cracked goblin lips spread across his pointy teeth.

Goblins are small creatures, but they are full of big evils. He is, in particular, a malicious little bastard.

“Actually, Lance... I have to run out first, keep them on standby.” I smiled, rubbing the stubble that had collected on my jaw over the last few days.

“Instead, please prepare the guest room for a female. Stock the bathroom with... girl things. All the soaps and things a woman might like. I will send Adoria a message with what I will need and her clothing sizes.” Lance looked at me like I had lost my mind, but he knew better than to disobey me.

“Yes, my king.” He bowed out of my chamber, getting to work on my request.

I put myself in the shadows, walking through the Clearwater pack as a misty figure. Completely undetectable by anyone.

I made my way through the kitchen door that I had seen Harley travel through so many times before. Into the doorway of the bedroom, her brother had put together for her. I quirked my eyebrows as I noticed that the bed looked far from being slept in.

I followed her scent to the top floor. This space is far less lit, but thankfully, darkness is where I see the best.

I heard her blood pumping through her veins. I could hear it like a wonderful melody beckoning me to taste.

LUB-DUB, LUB-DUB, LUB-DUB

I could almost feel the pulse point of her body on the tip of my tongue. I opened the door that was closing her off from me. My fury danced closely with another bitter emotion when I noticed her naked figure curled tightly against the chest of one of the alphas, the other tucked into her back with his face buried in her long black hair.

I centered myself, exhaling a deep breath.

I thought about every aspect of her life that I had gathered today. I focused on calling her to the dreamland we met in before, the same way I did last time.

Just as I suspected, she came to me.

Her body glowed under the lights of the portal. I couldn't stop looking at her curvy body. Tattoos covered her soft skin. Her n*****s pebbled from the air whooshing from the portal.

“I knew you would come.” I couldn't stop the smile from spreading across my lips as she attempted to cover herself from me.

“I came for one reason, and one reason only, Alistair. I know you plan on attacking tonight, but know that when you do, your blood will be on my hands. I will make sure of it.” Her sweet little nose snarled at me in anger.

She closed her eyes, waiting for her wolf guides to whisk her away from me.

I laughed as her eyes slit open in frustration.

“Oh, if looks could kill.” I chuckled again.

Contrary to your little threat, my dear. I called you here for a reason... A deal I would like to present to you before I pull an army from the forgotten realm to decimate the Clearwater pack.” The minute I knew I had her full attention my skin buzzed with excitement.

Her chin lifted, and her spine straightened, but I could still see the small swirl of fear just beyond the surface of her stance. That one small look in her eyes made me rock hard for her.

“Clearwater would never make a deal with the likes of you. The mark is not in Clearwater. You should continue your search for it elsewhere.” I love the way her nose snarls in frustration.

“You are a terrible liar, kitten.” I smiled brightly, unable to contain myself any longer.

Her eyes caught sight of my fangs and her heartbeat jumped rapidly against her bare skin.

“You may be able to hide the mark under your tattoo, but your wolf doesn’t have that same privilege.” I bit my lip waiting for her to realize I knew what she was.

“What do you want, Alistair?” Damn, I love the way my name falls from her lips.

“To put it simply, kitten. You.” I licked my lips when her arms hugged herself tighter.

“Strike one. Try again.” Her wolf released a menacing growl from deep in her chest.

“Either you come with me willingly, or my army that outnumbers yours tenfold burns Clearwater to the ground. Keep in mind, if I have to use force, I will make you watch me while I bleed your precious mates dry. In the end, I will still take you.” the red glow of my eyes deepened in anticipation of her answer.

I could hear her trying to wet her throat. Her eyes darted around looking for an escape.

“What will it be, kitten? Will you willingly leave your mates by their bedside for their safety and the safety of your pack, or will you deny my kind offer and make me show you

the kind of destruction I am capable of?" I decided to show her what would fall on them if she didn't agree to come on her own.

I rushed her, mesmerized when the wind from my movement blew her soft curls around her. She gasped. I had penetrated her barrier, which should show her I meant no real harm. I placed a kiss on her forehead, blessing her with visions of my army and their abilities.

Tears were burning in her ice-blue orbs when the vision ended. I pulled my lips away from her face, missing the warmth of her skin.

"What do you want from me? Why is my birthmark so important to you?" she asked so quietly I almost missed it.

I took a curl of her hair and twisted it around my fingers.

"My sweet little one, you have no idea what power you hold. The things you are capable of... I could show you." I pulled her naked body against me as she struggled.

My hand was locked around her throat. The fear in her eyes was now evident, and my desire for her was unbearable. I pushed against

her letting her feel how f*****g hard she made me.

Her tears rolled over, spilling onto her flushed cheeks. My tongue slipped out, swiping against her cheek. I moaned as the taste of her skin mingled with her saltwater tears.

She tastes so sweet.

Her fist collided with my jaw, making me laugh. She shoved me away, no longer frozen in fear.

"f**k you, I will never go anywhere with you. If I have to fight your army alone, so be it. I will and I will win." She spat in my face, disgusted with me when I licked her anger from my lips.

"So be it." I shrugged.

"I will see you soon kitten. I hope you find your new home accommodating." I grinned. Waving my hand to return her to her body again.