

The Vampires Promised Bride Chapter 11

Ryan smirked at Lucy. He found her anger cute. The way her cheeks reddened slightly and how her arms folded in front of her. He let his eyes wander over her and frowned as he looked at her wounds. She was strong. There was no denying that. But she fought dangerously. She fought to the brink. His chest squeezed in pain when he looked at her wounds. He couldn't have her getting hurt again or worse. He would take care of Beryl so that she wouldn't have to. He was going to protect her now. She was his to protect.

He hadn't had a moment alone with her besides when she was unconscious. He wanted to talk with her. They had a lot to talk about. His eyes focused on her lips and inwardly he groaned. They had a lot not to talk about too. She was recovering but her lips were not injured. He wanted to taste them and bury himself in her intoxicating scent. He wanted to show her just how serious he was about taking care of her. He could see she was still trying to restrain herself and fight off the mate pull. There was no need to fight against what nature had intended. They were meant to be. She did everything for her people. She was always thinking about them first. But he could tell this was something she didn't do for herself. He wanted to ask her what she wanted. What did she really want? To hell with everything and for once just answer what it was that her heart really wanted.

He couldn't express the amount of pain he felt when she talked about Derek. Seeing her own pained and sad expression tore him apart. He didn't want to see that look on her beautiful face ever again. He would take care of her and be who she needed him to be. But he needed her to also choose him. He wanted this to for once be a real choice for her.

"I'd like to talk with you privately." He said meeting with her green pooling emeralds.

Lucy looked back into his amber eyes. He never said anything when she mentioned not solidifying the treaty. Instead, his amber eyes darkened slightly and his eyes began to wander over her body. Going to 'talk' with him privately? Yeah, he wanted to do more than talk privately. And what scared her... was that she didn't trust herself to be alone with him. For once in her life, it was herself she didn't trust in this situation. She did want to get to know him better. She was curious about him and his life. But this would only hurt her more in the long run. It was best to try to close herself off from him, right?

And she was still irritated by the manner in which he spoke to her. Asking her what was more important to her? Taking out the witch or the treaty. She knew that the treaty with the vampires was the most important for the werewolves because Beryl would get taken care of. She wanted to prevent anymore loss of life and maybe she could take her out herself. It was a

big maybe and a risk though. If something happened to her... there could be no treaty. But she would not admit that maybe she was thinking hastily. She couldn't stand to give him that satisfaction.

A sweet scent floated in the air from the kitchen. And her nose detected the smell of chocolate chip cookies . She could definitely go for one of those right now.

"I'd rather not." Lucy finally spoke and quickly hoisted herself upwards. She made sure not to wince from the pain and she held out her hand to stop Ryan's advances. "I am perfectly capable of walking by myself. I have a couple wounds but I'm not lame." She stared at him fiercely as she challenged him. She could see it in his eyes that he was not about to allow her to walk. She was going to have a fight on her hands if he tried to lift her up. She needed some space away from his intoxicating pheromones. Suddenly she felt herself being lifted up from behind. She glanced up in shock to see Tonya winking down at her.

"Come with me Lucy. Let's go and see if those chefs need any help in the kitchen. You know, being helpful and all. Maybe they need some taste testers."

Lucy smiled up at Tonya in appreciation and nodded her head. Tonya looked up at Ryan and smiled sweetly. "Don't worry. I'll carry her. I am sure you have other things you need to attend to."

Lucy could see Ryan's eyes flicker as he stared at Tonya. He was visibly upset with her actions. But when his eyes settled back to Lucy they softened. He took in a deep breath and nodded his head.

"There are a few things I need to take care of. We will have that talk later Lucy. It isn't an option so prepare yourself for it." Ryan's gaze sharpened on her before he turned and walked away.

Tonya walked the opposite direction with Lucy and smiled. "That was a close one."

"Thank you for upsetting your leader for me." Lucy said quietly.

"I could see you needed a break. The mate bond is intense, and I can't imagine how hard it is trying to fight it..." Tonya's eyes drew serious. "He is serious, you know. He has no intention of letting you go."

Lucy frowned. "You can put me down now. He isn't here."

Tonya laughed. "Sorry I wish I could. But he threatened that if I let you walk on your own he would break my legs and stab me with vervain."

Lucy's eyes widened in shock. "He wouldn't."

"Ryan is a good guy, but he is protective over his team and now you. The moment I interfered I placed a target on my back. If I don't extend to you the same attentiveness that he would give you, I'll be punished." Tonya chuckled and shrugged. "He is a frustrated male vampire mate right now and that makes him more dangerous. We are animals in a sense. And just like other wild animals get more ferocious when a female is ready to mate, our males are just as similar finding their mate. However painful it is for you it will be worse for him as a male. Fighting against instinct is hard."

Tonya placed Lucy in a chair at the table. And grabbed them some cookies and milk. She sat across from her and smiled, raising up a cookie. "Well worth it."

"Lucy... I'm sorry about all the pressure that is on your shoulders. I have a hard time thinking that your parents would want you to reject your mate... even for the treaty's sake. Would they?"

Lucy held the warm cookie in her hands. She studied it quietly. "I know they would want my happiness no matter what. They wouldn't force me to be with Derek. In fact, they always told me this was my choice." She let out an airy laugh. "Though let's be honest, what kind of choice is it really? You don't have to do this Lucy but if you don't there won't be a treaty with the vampires. And this could lead to a devastating war down the road." She lifted her eyes up to Tonya and raised her eyebrows. "Some choice, right?"

"I'm sure Ryan has a plan. Maybe hear him out? Ryan also has pure blood lineage. Maybe the two of you could bargain your own child?"

"And pin this burden on my own child knowing what it is doing to me?" Lucy shook her head. "Couldn't do that."

"Maybe they will accept the treaty with you two as mates?"

"Derek isn't going through all this trouble to make sure my family is protected to not take me as his chosen mate and bride."

Tonya nodded her head slowly. “That is true... the prince is going through a lot of trouble even sending his elite soldiers out here... He must care then. You wouldn’t go through all of this if you didn’t.” She smiled up at Lucy weakly trying to offer up some silver lining.

Lucy nodded her head. “I think Derek and I really need to have a sit down. We need to have a heart-to-heart conversation of what we want and expect out of this relationship. I think it will be better once we lay everything out on the table.” She raised the warm gooey cookie to her mouth and bit into it. “Oh my gosh this is soooo good.”

“I know! You would never know they were cooked mixed with human blood.”

Lucy’s eyes bulged open, and she stopped chewing. She stared at Tonya in shock and even quit breathing for a moment. Eeewww. She was eating human blood and was enjoying it. The thought immediately began to turn her stomach at the thought. Sure, she had vampire in her but she never partook of blood. She didn’t have to.

Tonya busted out laughing, tears pooling from her eyes. Her loud laughter filled the air as she waved her hand in front of her. “I’m teasing. You should have seen your face! Hahaha. I’m sure you know that we don’t do the whole blood thing like before. We have our human village who offer up their blood to us since it is our preferred taste, but I am sure you have seen our village. The people there are happy and they like being under our protection. Of course, some choose not to drink human blood. As you know we have evolved and now even eating a steak rare is sufficient for us.”

Lucy sighed in relief and grinned. “You really had me there for a second. I always make it a point to visit the village. Everyone loves their life there. I think it is a really nice set up for both of your kinds.” The vampires had a human village right next to their kingdom. It was secluded from the rest of the world but still had all the modern conveniences. These were humans who knew about the supernatural world and its existence. They are not forced to live in the village but choose to. They like being under the vampire’s protection; it was what the humans chose. No one had their blood forcibly taken but they offered it up willingly. This was the human’s choice so who was anyone to interject. It worked out for both species. And was a very civilized way for vampires to get the blood they craved and needed. They didn’t have to hunt or chase down humans to drink their blood. They had a village of humans they could get it from.

It wasn’t like human raised cattle. The vampires appreciated and cared for the humans. Some vampires even took them as mates. And if a human wanted to change into a vampire, they obliged them. A bite from a vampire to drink blood was different then a bite to claim your mate. And if a human wanted to become a vampire, they would also need to drink vampire blood in addition to being bitten.

The two girls laughed and talked about various things. Tonya talked about when she first met Zach how she didn't know they were mates. The two of them were always at odds in the beginning and competitive with one another. Especially since they were both aiming for a spot among the princes' elite soldiers. Then one day he stopped competing with her. He even started to go easy on her at times which really aggravated her since she thought he was treating her as if she was weak. It wasn't until a year later when she finally felt the pull that she understood. The relationship immediately fell into place and they both earned a spot among the prince's elite.

Talking with Tonya now was just what Lucy needed. Though hearing about Tonya and Zach did make her wonder about her and Ryan. She wondered what kind of life they could have had together. And she already knew if it wasn't for being promised to Derek, she would accept Ryan as her mate. Not only was there the mate pull but she also was liking him as a person. She liked the things she heard about him and how the people around him respected him. It hurt to want something so bad. She realized even more so now after listening to Tonya how much she really wanted a mate... her mate. How cruel was life being to her that the summer she was to be married she would meet her fated mate? Couldn't he at least be an a*****e so it would be easy to reject him? But all of his actions and reactions have been out of concern for her.

Lucy sighed and ended up letting out a big yawn.

"Your body is working overtime trying to heal itself. Would you like to rest some?" Tonya looked at the girls-tired eyes and could see she was worn down.

"A nap sounds wonderful." Lucy smiled and nodded. Tonya carried her up to the bedroom and placed her on the bed.

"Get some rest. I'll be back and check on you periodically. The bathroom is through those doors there and there is a mini fridge against the wall if you need anything. Um... oh yes. If you need me before I come to check on you, you'll need to open the door and call for me. The room is soundproof, so I won't be able to hear you. I'm sure you wolves have soundproof bedrooms too since we all have exceptional hearing."

Lucy felt an anger rise inside her and she couldn't control the bitter tone that came from her mouth. "Does Ryan have many overnight visitors?"

Tonya began giggling. "I think you just froze the room there. A little jealous, huh?" She winked at Lucy and watched the girl bite her bottom lip as her cheeks reddened. "Don't worry. I won't tell. And that is a normal reaction... But as for your question..." She walked over towards the door and looked back at Lucy. "Never." She gave her a very serious look. "He has

never had a visitor or another woman around him like that. I think he is a firm believer in the mate bond and it's sanctity. Not to make this all harder on you but he has been waiting for you. And being a virile young attractive vampire male in his prime..." Her eyes met with Lucy's. "He has shown great restraint. I'll also add this... he has many fans among our kind. There are a lot of females... hell there are even some males who are interested in him. But he has never shown them any interest beyond friendship. Which really makes this whole situation more of a shame... Anyways, get some rest Luce."

Lucy watched as Tonya closed the door. She pulled a blanket around her as her heart sank. Well, she felt like s**t now. In fact, her heart was now hurting more for Ryan than it was for herself. The idea that he was waiting and saving himself for her only to end up being rejected made her stomach nauseous. He sounded like everything she ever wanted in a mate and more. Deep down a part of her was hoping she could be with her mate. Just maybe there was a way it could work out. It was dangerous to think this way. She knew she was only hurting herself more in the long run. But a tiny flame of hope and want ignited inside of her as she drifted off to sleep.

The Vampires Promised Bride Chapter 12

A woman with dark hair and ivory skin looked over the destruction in front of her. "You are certain it was only a werewolf and two vampires?" She hissed.

"Yes, Beryl. Those are the only ones that escaped from their cells."

Beryl scowled as she took in the sight of her deceased dark elves and other followers. She clicked her tongue and shook her head. "What the hell did you guys' capture? This is not the work of regular wolves and vampires." Her eyes slowly widened as a realization hit her. "Of course..." Her eyes glowered over the dead bodies. "A normal werewolf couldn't have done this but the wolves I am after could..."

"What about the vampires?"

"Unless it was their nobility or elite then this would be impossible. And you had the only two in captivity already with the wolf being the only one new. No... we don't have to worry about the vampires..." Beryl raised her finger to her chin as she scowled. "If it was one of the damn Locke werewolves then they must be on to me." She looked back at the witch doctor behind her. "We are going to have to move our timeline up a bit ahead of schedule. I won't let those damn wolves get the jump on me. I have waited too long to take them down."

She turned away from the scene and stormed away. As she left, she passed a couple goblins. She pinned her icy gaze on them and growled, “Get this mess cleaned up.”

The Locke family would pay for what they did to her grandmother Meryl. When she was just a child, they killed her grandmother and she had to remain in hiding as an outsider. She wasn’t welcome among the covens after that and was hunted down. She found a new home among the demon witch doctors.

She had in secret gathered blood from the werewolf king and queen that was spilled in the main coven house the night of the attack. She handed this blood over to the witch doctors in order to create something strong enough to take on the Locke family. They took everything from her that night. Because of them her world was forever changed. If it wasn’t for the potion her grandmother had prepared for her as a precaution, she wouldn’t have been able to escape without being detected. She owed her life to her grandmother and was going to give her justice.

Beryl was just a child when she joined with the witch doctors. Of course, joining them came at a price. She made a pact with Wicker, the most powerful witch doctor. He was their leader. Wicker agreed to take her in and help her out. In exchange when she died her soul belonged to him. Which he would devour to become even stronger. She was a child when she agreed to these terms and didn’t realize the magnitude of what she promised. She thought she would be dead anyways so what did it matter. Now she realized what type of agreement she had actually made. Her soul would live a torturous existence inside of Wicker until his death. Only then would the agreement be broken, and her soul could finally find peace.

She needed to have strong allies and the witches had turned their backs on her. They were all eating out of the werewolf king’s hands now. It was repulsive. She did what she had to do. Who else could be strong enough to help her but the demons? And they would be bitter enough to do it after losing Mephisto because of the Locke family. In the demon war the Locke family and their allies had killed one of their powerful original demons, Mephisto. There would be plenty of demons wanting revenge for this. Posted by Jobnib.com Being a witch, the witch doctors seemed like the best place to start. She made a deal with the devil but what did she expect by working with demons? And what choice did she have?

She could have run back to the covens and cried that she was forced by her grandmother. And they would have accepted her as a poor child who was being manipulated. However, she couldn’t let her grandmother down like that. She would avenge her and finish what she started and that was to destroy the abomination Freya the dhampir. Well, she was more than that now and still an abomination. The same thing with her children. It was disgusting for a high witch’s blood to run through their veins. They must be purged from the world. As for the werewolf king, Wyatt, he sealed his fate the day he took Freya as his mate. She didn’t care about anything else as long as they ended up destroyed.

Wicker had other plans though. He didn't want the unity of the werewolves and vampires. Instead, he wanted to pit them against each other by creating attacks on werewolves that looked like vampires. And it was going well... up to this point. They wanted to stir more trouble and provoke a war between the two species, but it looked like they were running out of time. And somehow someone from the Locke family must already suspect. She wondered if they knew it was her.

The dark elves said they captured a female werewolf. Which Locke female was she dealing with? Was it Freya or her daughter? In either case she would try her potion out soon. And if it worked, she would hit the rest of the family with it. It was a powerful potion that had taken almost twenty years to complete. She needed something extra powerful in order to take that family down. The king and queen of the werewolves were underestimated before. Somehow, they were able to break a powerful blood potion. She needed to have something developed even stronger. And that is what the witch doctors have done for her.

Her lips curled upwards in a cruel smile as she walked deeper into the woods. She would dive back into the darkness for just a little longer. Just until the finishing touches could be made. She has waited this long and wasn't going to rush in without being prepared. They would gather their army and provoke the Locke family to respond. And that would be the moment they would meet their doom. She felt almost giddy as she laughed to herself.

Her loud cackling sound was heard as her body drifted into the darkness. Little did she know... she was being watched.

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Lucy wasn't sure how long she dozed off for. She could feel a presence in the room but her senses already told her who it was. She could feel her chest pulling her as his sweet scent swam into her nose. She felt happy and comforted by his presence. Her eyes fluttered open slowly and she was met with beautiful amber eyes. She gulped slightly as his face was close to hers. So much that she could feel his breath upon her skin.

He reached his hand out and gently cupped her cheek while he rubbed his thumb over her gently. "You are so beautiful." His tender voice cooed out to her.

She gulped as she felt her heart rate picking up. She watched as his gaze began to focus on her lips. She could see his eyes darkening with desire. And she felt like she had to have him... she had to at least taste his lips. He was her mate... she should be able to at least share one kiss with him, right? Would it be too awful to end up kissing the other half of your soul? Was that really cheating? Yes... but she was going to run with the technicality that since it was her other half it wasn't. Hell at

this point she honestly wasn't caring. She couldn't contain how much she needed him. She needed to feel his warmth on her lips. She needed this one moment to feel connected to her mate. Just one moment of weakness and that was all. Something she could always hold dear and tucked away in her heart that she could remember. This moment would become her light in the darkness that she could hold onto.

She felt his thumb trace over her lips, and she closed her eyes. Her breath grew shallow as her chest tightened in anticipation. She shuddered as she felt his other hand trace slowly along her side. Small sparks of electricity shoot up and down her spine. The sensation just from his touch made her gasp as her body leaned into his touch.

"Lucy..." His soft voice made her eyes flutter open. His breath beat upon her lips and in the moment her eyes closed he had moved in even closer. She licked her lips as her chest heaved up and down in anticipation. She could see he was waiting for her objection. He was giving her a chance to tell him no even though he had to have been burning with the same intense desire she was. She had but a moment to not cross a bridge she couldn't uncross. But damnit she couldn't do it. Her whole body wanted this. And it was not just her body anymore, she wanted it as well.

His hand held her cheek captive and she watched as he torturously inched closer. His lips pressed against hers and she was hit with the sensation of melting internally. Her hand raised to hold his head against hers. Her fingertips tingled as she glided them through his hair. She gripped her fingers into his locks soliciting a moan into her mouth from him. She wasn't expecting how sweet it would feel when he dipped his tongue into her mouth. His tongue slowly massaged against her with gentle deep strokes.

On reflex she arched her body into him as their tongues tangled together. She gently sucked on his lip and pulled on it with her teeth. The deep throaty moan he made sent butterflies fluttering inside of her. The kiss felt like everything and so natural. And for her first kiss it was perfect and everything she could have imagined.

He then began to move, peppering her face with sweet gentle kisses while his hand explored over her body. He kissed her down to her neck where he flicked his tongue out to taste her sweet spot. She felt him slowly lick her neck and his fangs lightly grazed her. He pulled back and stared down at her. His amber eyes were dark as he searched her eyes. When she slowly shook her head no to him there was such a deep pain that reflected behind his irises. She felt a heavy weight on her chest as she saw his pain. Pain that she was causing by not being able to accept him.

It was too much. This life was too much. Her fate was too much. Wouldn't it have been great just to be a regular werewolf? To not have to worry about the fate of two species. She could see her life with Ryan. They would be happy, and she could

have what her parents have. As she thought about the happiness she was giving up, the tears began to pool from her eyes. She wanted to bury herself in her mate and seek his comfort. But this was a comfort she couldn't have.

"Lucy."

She looked up at his kind gentle eyes and smile.

"Lucy..."

"Lucy wake up baby."

Wake up? She felt his hand on her cheek. "Lucy."

His voice sounded farther away and almost muffled. Suddenly he began to blur away and she was covered in darkness.

"Lucy."

Ryan's voice came through clearly now. She opened her eyes to see him sitting on the bed beside her.

"There you're awake." Ryan looked down at her and sighed. A wry smile spread across his lips. "It's a good thing you are awake because I don't think I could have continued to just sit here and watch you during a dream like that."

Lucy blinked a few times and then her eyes widened in horror. It was all just a dream and somehow, he saw it?

Moon Goddess just kill me now.

The Vampires Promised Bride Chapter 13

Lucy stared into the amber eyes in front of her. Maybe he didn't really know? How could he possibly know, right? Unless she called out his name? Oh gosh. She has been told she has talked in her sleep before. She wished she could become invisible right now instead of pinned against his heated gaze.

She cleared her throat slightly and pushed herself up into a sitting position. She tried to play it cool and hide the stomach turning embarrassment inside of her.

“It is perfectly natural. Nothing to be embarrassed about. It is normal to dream about your mate.” He flashed her a wide cocky smile. “It would just be nice for it not to be just a dream...”

“What are you talking about?” Lucy was still trying to play it cool though her heart was racing.

Ryan reached his hand up to the back of his neck and rubbed it lightly. He looked up at the ceiling and breathed in through his teeth making a hissing noise. “I know Lucy. Well... we have a connection as mates. And we must be really connected because suddenly these visions started popping into my head. At first, I was confused with what I was seeing but then I realized I was getting it from you. That somehow, I was seeing these images from you. And when I went looking for you you were in here sleeping...dreaming.” He peaked down at her as he continued to look upwards. He knew she would be embarrassed.

“I’ve been wanting to talk to you actually. And since we are finally alone I think this is the perfect time for that.”

Lucy was mortified. She immediately swung her legs over the bed and got up.

“Wait Lucy.”

“No. No. No. We aren’t talking right now.” She held her hand out as she took a few retreating steps back until she reached the bathroom door. Then she spun around and ran inside. It hurt her legs to push them like that but she had to escape. She quickly shut the door and locked the latch. She heard Ryan chuckle and the soft thud of his head leaning against the door.

“Really Lucy? You know I can just break the door down, right? No need to lock it.”

She could hear the cockiness in his tone and rolled her eyes. She took a couple steps back from the door and buried her face in her hands. This was so embarrassing. She peeked through her fingers to take a look at the room she was in. It was an impressive bathroom. There was a large stand in stone shower with multiple shower heads and she could also see a large white porcelain bathtub. Was this really a cave?

She stared at the door cautiously for a moment. If he was going to break down the door he would have done it already... right? It seemed like he was going to at least respect her privacy. She walked over to the tub and turned the water on. She adjusted the temperature and shed her clothes onto the floor.

“You uh sure you don’t want company in there? You know with your injuries I should be in there to help you get in and out of the tub... and to wash you.”

Lucy let out a quiet airy chuckle. “I’ll manage.” After the dream she had she completely doubted herself. She didn’t have the confidence in herself to stop things. And she was sure he had a newfound confidence after seeing that dream as well. She needed to get her mind right so that she could face him as level headed as possible. She listened to the sound of him leaning against the door and the gentle thud of his head against it again.

“This hurts Lucy. I really need to talk with you.”

She looked at the door and felt a pang in her heart. She could hear the pain in his voice and the memory of his pained face in her dream flashed across her mind. She squeezed her fingers together and bit her inner lip. After hearing about the kind of guy he was from Tonya she really didn’t want to hurt him.

“We can talk about it after I get cleaned up.” Lucy stepped into the tub sucking air in through her teeth as her wounds clashed with the water.

“I’ll have some clothes sitting for you right outside of the door for when you are done. I’m sure you want fresh clothes.”

“Thank you.” Lucy listened as he walked away from the bathroom door, and she heard the sound of the bedroom door opening. She sighed and sank down deeper in to the tub, so the water covered just below her nose. She blew air out in frustration creating bubbles.

She felt exposed since he had seen her dream. She frowned as she felt this empty feeling deep inside of her. She felt... disappointed. It was only a dream. And while it was probably a good thing she couldn’t help but feel cheated. She had decided in her dream to allow that moment for herself. But now after having the dream she felt like she couldn’t play with Ryan’s emotions like that. He was a mate she couldn’t have. And she hated the flame of hope that flickered inside of her as it wished to be with him.

Ugh, girl get ahold of yourself. You don't even know this man he is a stranger. Well, she tried to rationalize that with herself. But it wasn't like that with your mate. Your mate was like the other half of yourself you didn't know you were missing. And once you find them you can never be whole again, not now that you know what you are lacking. And she felt it. She felt like she knew Ryan. She felt connected to him, and he was familiar to her.

She leaned her head back on the tub and closed her eyes. Ryan couldn't go against the royal family so why did he feel that it was okay for him to keep the prince's bride? What did he have up his sleeves? Did he really think that because she was his mate and he was pureblood that it would be okay? Maybe that is one of the things he wanted to explain to her. She really did not let him explain his situation.

She had to hand it to Ryan for his self-control though. Her own father had forcibly marked her mother not giving her the choice in the situation. It was an accident, and her father was not like that. He had just gotten his powers as the werewolf king, and they took over him. His wolf was able to seize control of the moment. That was something her and Aiden wouldn't have to worry about since their wolves were not separate from them. And vampires weren't separate either, but she has been told several times that their primal instincts can take over. Which is why newly turned vampires have accidentally killed before. It is also the reason why they usually end up marking their mate immediately. They are not able to control themselves.

What she couldn't get over was Ryan's gaze. How he already looked at her like Harley looked at Destiny. Like how her parents looked at each other. There was a possessive tenderness in his eyes. She wondered if her eyes betrayed her when she looked at him. She raised her hand up and played with the surface of the water making a trickling sound.

She would have to reject the mate bond. She had to marry the vampire prince and then Ryan could go and find someone...else. She bit her bottom lip as a wave of anger flashed over her. The very idea of him being with someone else not only infuriated her but it sent a wave of hurt in her. It would be different if they rejected each other, right?

Though to be honest she was not sure. She knew from her father who was rejected that it was an incredibly painful experience. And that if her mother hadn't come into the picture, he probably would have taken the she wolf that rejected him back. It is a strong bond that can continue to last even with the rejection. And she has heard of the rejection not working for some. What if she couldn't sever this feeling inside of her?

She didn't want to think of it. If she still had these feelings, she was not sure how she could bear to be away from him. She had no idea how she would be able to walk into another man's arms and to his bed. The idea of laying with another man

made bile rise up into her throat. It repulsed her. Already the mate bond had fastened her to Ryan. It had convinced her that there was no life without him. He was her oxygen and without him she would die.

She realized how naïve she had been all these years. She had thought it was just a feeling she could push aside. She thought for sure she could easily reject her fated mate for her duty to her people. Now she was saying the words but wasn't meaning them. There wasn't a part of her that wanted to reject Ryan. But it wasn't fair. It wasn't fair to their species or to Derek who was waiting for her. This wasn't just on her end. Derek was also sacrificing his fated mate too.

She wondered if he had met her yet and how that meeting would have gone. It just depended on if she was born yet or not. It wasn't unheard of for it to take decades or even centuries for a vampire to meet their fated mate. Vampires (who are born vampires) stop aging physically in their twenties. This was the same for werewolves and fairies.

Though usually werewolves were not immortal but lived a long time. But her parents were not normal werewolves since they were also part vampires. The king of the vampires had confirmed that while they are not invulnerable, they were both immortal from their vampire blood. And in another weird turn of events, they also found out that her aunt Rhea (Wyatt's sister) was also immortal now. Apparently, there was a gift from the moon goddess called the Ocean's Tear. This object was supposed to connect her life with her mate who is a deity. But what the object did was connect her aunt's life to the deity's. Which means she will live as long as her mate lives but if either one of them are killed then they both die. And since her mate is immortal as long as Rhea wasn't killed, she would also live eternally. Which makes things interesting as the fairy queen.

As for her and Aiden? The vampire king wasn't sure yet about Aiden. He said he would need to test his blood as he ages. And with Lucy it didn't matter because once Derek marked her she would be his immortal bride... for all eternity.

That is enough to let reality really sink it. What she was about to do wasn't just for a short amount of time. She was promising to be with the vampire prince for eternity or until death they part. What if Derek never changed how he acted with her? What if he continued to be cold and uninterested?

She bit her bottom lip as her chest squeezed. Eternity. An eternity of a loveless marriage? She brought her knees up to her chest and wrapped her arms around them. She knew what she wanted at that moment. She wanted Ryan. She wanted to be wrapped in his love and to be his world.

But life is what it is. And what she wants? Well, who said you get what you want in life?

The Vampires Promised Bride Chapter 14

Lucy wrapped a large grey fluffy towel around her body. The towels had a fresh sweet smell to them with a hint of lavender. She took a few steps toward the door when she felt a hair-raising sensation. Look, there are things in life that bother everyone. And while she had no problem gutting her enemies and mowing down the masses there was one thing that terrified her. In fact, her brother always teased her about it. It was a big weakness and embarrassing for a werewolf. But she was still human, and she couldn't help her fears.

She felt an all too familiar creeping feeling of something crawling on her shoulder and then down her arm. She turned her head and verified her fears. A large black jumping spider was now staring directly at her. She let out a high pitch yelp as she batted the spider away. Only to panic even more as it leaped away from her hand and she lost sight of him. She was a goner. The spider was an assassin, and she lost its location. Yet she knew that the spider would know where she was and was planning to leap at her at any moment. Panic set in as her heart raced. This was it. This would be how she died.

The door crashed open and Ryan came storming into the bathroom. On second thought this was how she died. Out of pure humiliating embarrassment. But first thing was first. The assassin.

"Lucy, are you alright?!" Ryan asked in a panicked voice.

"Is it on me? Is it on me? I lost it! It was here and it's gone. It's on me isn't it?! Get it get it get it!" She talked in a fast panicky voice and squinted her eyes closed. Since if her eyes were closed then the spider couldn't see her either, right? Like a toddler playing hide and seek.

"Lucy, calm down. There is nothing on you. What is it? I don't see anything?"

"Check my hair? Are you sure?" She could just envision the little ninja hiding and waiting to strike. Since obviously that is the only purpose for spiders' existence. To attack with their deadly assassin stealth. She felt two strong hands land on her shoulders, and she opened her eyes. She could see his amber eyes looking at her with concern.

"Lucy there is nothing on you, I promise. Unless you'd like for me to check under the towel..." A smile pulled at the corners of his lips as he tilted his head at her.

Now she was back to the real reason she would die. She looked down and bit her bottom lip. She glanced around the room and decided it would be better to escape. She quickly took a few quick steps to reach the bedroom where she decided she could examine herself safely. Her wounds pinched a bit from the excitement, but it wasn't anything major. She looked up to see Ryan leaning on the bathroom doorway.

"So you want to tell me what happened?" Ryan looked at the damage he caused with the door. It would need to be rehinged but was salvageable. But he was wondering what warranted a scream from her. Maybe it was a fairy he couldn't see? Though he couldn't imagine her being so panicked about that. He saw her cheeks heat up and she turned her head away from him. Now that made him want to take a bite out of her for being adorable.

"You'll laugh at me..." Lucy said with a small pout.

Ryan's eyes glinted with humor. This side of her was too cute. He wanted to scoop her into his arms and pull her into his chest. "I'd like to know the reason I'm going to have to fix my bathroom door."

"That's because you knocked it down." Lucy said simply, still refusing to make eye contact.

Ryan chuckled lowly. "And I wonder why that is... It couldn't be because of the screech my mate made and the sound of her racing heart."

"You heard my heart racing from out here?" Lucy turned to face him.

Ryan tilted his head to the side as he thought about it. "It was more like I could feel it..." He tapped his own chest. "In here. I could feel your distress in here."

"But... we haven't even marked each other... and even then something like that..."

"Is rare." Ryan said simply keeping his gaze on her. "This is something that is only common for soul mates in my kind."

"My kind too... My grandparents are the only soul mates that we even know of and before them... not sure. It is that rare. That can't be what this is..." Lucy said in a whisper.

"Then how could I see your dream earlier?" Ryan asked pointedly.

Oh gosh her dream from earlier. For a brief moment she forgot about that embarrassment. Man, she was racking them up today. Then she felt something tickle her leg. She knew it! The assassin had latched onto her to kill her. She jumped and spun as she looked down. A small yelp escaped her as she looked for the culprit.

“Lucy.” Ryan wrapped her into his arms. “Hey calm down. What is going on?”

Lucy looked down at her legs as she felt the strange tickle again. She noticed a tiny string from the towel was brushing against her leg. She sighed in relief and leaned forward in Ryan’s chest. She didn’t even mean to but she was just so relieved. And then she immediately felt ridiculous.

“Could you please not look at me while I find a place to crawl under and hide?” Lucy mumbled into Ryan’s chest.

“What is going on? Is there something in here? You need to talk to me Lucy.” Ryan felt a bit of panic. There was something attacking Lucy that he couldn’t see. But whether he could see it or not he would protect her. She just needed to tell him what he needed to do.

“Ugh... this is so embarrassing... but ummm there was a black jumping spider on me in the bathroom and I felt something just now but it was a string on the towel.” Lucy felt her face heat up as she kept herself hidden against his chest. She didn’t dare look at him while she spoke.

“So, this was over a spider?” She felt his muscles relax as he sighed a breath of relief. She felt his body ease as he pulled her in closer. Then she could feel the soft vibrations underneath her that sent sweet sparks through her body. Then those little vibrations turned into a loud set of rolling laughs.

Ryan leaned his head down onto hers while he continued to laugh. “Thank goodness. I was getting worried Lucy.”

“Sorry you broke your bathroom door for that.” Her voice was mouse-like and quiet. She knew her face was fully revealing her embarrassment in an evil crimson color. So she continued to keep her head buried into his chest. She was not just embarrassed about the spider now but also her appearance. She was becoming more and more aware of only being covered in a towel.

“Don’t worry about the door.” Ryan smiled and sifted his hand through her damp hair. “My sweet Lucy.”

“It’s embarrassing, isn’t it? For me to be afraid of spiders.”

Ryan smiled. “No... it makes perfect sense actually.”

This was a weird response she thought. She pulled back and looked up at him. “What do you mean?”

Ryan met with her green emeralds and raised his hand up to gently cup her cheek. “I want to talk with you Lucy... about us.”

She looked down at herself and scrunched up her nose. “Perhaps this talk should happen AFTER I have clothes on.”

Ryan chuckled. “I guess. Though afterwards we may end up taking them back off again.” He winked at her and grinned widely. “Right there on the stand are clothes for you. There isn’t a bathroom door for privacy, but I promise I won’t peek.”

Lucy backed out from his warm arms and watched as they slowly left her. He wanted to continue holding her just as she wanted to continue to be in his arms. Her eyes met with his. The longing in his eyes was evident, even his irises were dark. She watched as his eyes trailed down her body. A loud sigh escaped his mouth, and he turned his head away.

“You better get those clothes quickly.” Ryan growled lowly and gave her a side look. His look carried a promise of what was about to happen soon if she didn’t.

Lucy grabbed the shirt and turned to glance at him. He was still looking the other way. She quickly pulled the large t-shirt over her head and let her towel drop to the floor. She could see Ryan’s body stiffen at the sound of the towel hitting. And she couldn’t help the small smile that rested on her lips from that. She quickly pulled the shorts up and straightened herself out.

“There done.” She said and looked herself over. She was wearing a pair of girl shorts, she guessed were Tonya’s, but the shirt was a man’s t-shirt. She tilted her head and looked up as Ryan turned around. “Why the guy shirt?”

“Because... that is my favorite t-shirt. And it belongs on my favorite person.” His lips curved upwards looking at her. He was quite satisfied with the way it looked on her.

“Plus, it sends a hidden message, right?” Lucy raised her eyes at him as he grinned widely.

“That shirt is mine and so is the wearer.” Ryan shrugged. “You look better in it than I do.”

Lucy smiled sadly. She wanted to belong to him... but it was time she told Ryan plainly.

“Ryan, I’d like to say something.” Lucy said quietly.

Ryan took a step towards her. “I need to tell you something too.”

Lucy held her hand up to stop him from advancing. “Wait. Please let me go first.”

Ryan sighed with a small frown. “I really think me going first would be better.” He looked at her eyes that were almost pleading. “Alright gorgeous the floor is yours.”

She played with her fingers nervously and took in a deep breath. “Ryan, I think you seem like a great guy. Honestly, I really like you and that isn’t just the mate pull talking. But... this isn’t just about me. This is bigger. And I am not the only one going through this. Derek also has to give up his fated mate. This is also Derek’s sacrifice as much as mine. And I’m sure I am not the person he would have chosen for himself. Even so, I’m sure we can come to an agreement together. Derek and I just need to have a good talk about our expectations and how to make this work. But I believe he is a good guy... no I know he is. And I won’t betray him. I’m sorry Ryan. I know you have been waiting for your fated mate and I am so sorry it ended up being me. But look at me as if I am already taken, please. Our species deserve for this to work. It can’t just be about me and what I want.”

“What do you want?” Ryan’s eyes fixated on her.

“That doesn’t matter.”

“No Lucy. I am asking you. If this treaty didn’t exist. If you didn’t have any obligations but to yourself... what do you want?”

Lucy shook her head and frowned. “Why? Why even bring that up? What does it matter?”

“It matters to me, Lucy. I need to hear it. I need to hear for once how you really feel. It is important to me.”

“If I had a choice...” She looked into his sweet amber eyes. She knew what she would choose easily. “I would choose you if I had a choice.” She watched as a smile spread across his lips as he took a few steps towards her. “But I don’t have a choice.”

She raised her hand up to warn him from advancing but he didn't. He walked into her outstretched hand and pushed his chest deeper into her touch.

"Lucy, I also choose you. Here, now, and forever. You are the one I choose. I want you and not because of the mate pull. I am choosing you on my own. You are my partner. The only reason my heart is beating is for you." His intense gaze captured hers. "The thing is-

Loud thudding echoed on the bedroom door causing Lucy to jump backwards. Ryan clicked his tongue, growling lowly. He then stormed over to the door and whipped it open. "WHAT?!"

Zach jumped back from Ryan's tone. "Ummm they are back." He looked back over his shoulder and then back to Ryan.

Ryan shook his head back and forth angrily. "Of course, they are back now." He looked back at Lucy. He gave her a small smile and changed his tone to calm for her. "Wait here I'll be back."

Lucy shook her head and walked towards the door. "No, I'm coming too."

"I won't be long."

"Yeah but ummm..." She looked towards the bathroom door where the slayer was still lurking in wait. She looked back at Ryan and licked her lips nervously. She didn't want to say why she didn't want to stay but he caught on quickly. A low chuckle sounded from his chest. He stepped into Lucy and scooped her up into his chest.

"Actually, this is better anyways." He said lowly as he cradled her into his chest.

"Ryan, I can walk. The wounds are healing."

"You CAN walk, yes. But I don't want you walking around with those wounds." He smiled and turned back to the door where Zach was holding it open for them. "Let's see what they know."

The Vampires Promised Bride Chapter 15

Ryan was a bit annoyed with the timing. He really needed to talk with Lucy. A small smile spread on his lips as he felt her body curl into his arms. She didn't even realize she was doing it but subconsciously she wanted to be close to him.

He had his suspicions about them being soul mates but wasn't sure because Lucy should be feeling these things too. He was guessing it was because she was trying to fight off the mate bond and that they haven't marked each other yet. But he was certain now after the dream and feeling her heartbeat that they were connected on a deeper level.

Soul mates were rare among all species. But there was one thing that was certain. And that was all species regarded the sanctity of soul mates and their bond. This was something so rare that none would oppose it. No matter the situation. But even still... there was more to Ryan than she knew. And he had been dying to explain this to her. He wanted her to know that it was okay to accept the mate bond if it was what she really wanted. He wanted to know exactly how she felt and what she wanted.

Now that she has voiced that she would also choose him it was a done deal. It was never a question about if he wanted her. He just needed to explain the situation to her. He knew this was just a temporary delay. They would have eternity together, but he still felt so frustrated. He needed her to look at him with want and not feel guilty about it. Even in her dream she started to feel guilty. Though it did show that she was desiring him as well. And even thinking about it now made him want to go right back into the bedroom with her. But first thing was first. He needed to see what Chaz and Sabrina found.

Chaz and Sabrina had been tasked with watching what was going on with Beryl. They were the two on his team called ghosts. They moved like ghosts and could go undetected. They were able to conceal their aura as if they weren't there. Which made sense for Sabrina who was this tiny little vampire who was five foot nothing. She was petite in every aspect except her attitude. But Chaz was built like a brick wall. Not only was he tall coming in at almost seven feet but he was built like a tank. Yet despite his size he was incredibly stealthy. They were the best at being assassins among the vampires except for one other person. Jasper was the only vampire better than the two of them. He was also extremely deadly in combat. Which made him an incredible asset to the vampires. His loyalty was also unquestionable.

Lucy looked at the two strangers as Ryan carried her closer. She could see they were looking at her curiously... probably wondering why their leader was carrying her around. Ryan stopped a few feet in front of them but still kept her in his arms.

“You can put me down.” She whispered and tugged on his shirt some. This only elicited him to smile and grip her body tighter. She sighed and folded her arms in front of her. Okay she asked nicely. This is why you can’t just be nice because you get taken advantage of. People think you are nice so you can be bullied. Well not her. Despite how wonderful it felt being curled up in his arms she still needed to stand up for herself. She turned her head to Ryan and met with his gaze. She gave him a small smile. “Ryan, you are going to put me down. Or I am going to get down on my own.”

“Are you threatening me?” Ryan’s eyes danced in amusement as he grinned widely down at her.

“No. I’m promising you.”

Ryan smiled but when he noticed the serious look in Chaz and Sabrina’s eyes, he slowly lowered her body down beside him.

“What is it?” Ryan asked, keeping his hand on Lucy’s shoulder. Chaz stared at Lucy as he hesitated. “You can speak freely in front of her.”

“Is she the prince’s mate?” Sabrina asked.

“How did you know about that?” Ryan asked. They were sent out when he came back with Lucy. So they never heard of her connection.

“We ran into Jasper who came here because of the prince’s mate. We described the girl you brought back and he seemed immediately relieved.” Chaz said as he eyed Lucy up and down. “If she is going to be with us for a little while we can have some fun with her...”

Lucy didn’t even have a moment to react. One moment Ryan’s arm was around her and in the next it was gone. A blur moved in front of her and then the loud sound of a body hitting the wall. In a flash Ryan had Chaz pinned against the wall by his throat. He growled in his face and bared his fangs at him.

“Whoa Ryan chill. It is just a joke. I didn’t realize you were so protective over the prince’s fiancé.” Chaz struggled a bit under Ryan’s grip.

“Lucy, are you alright?” Tonya said in a shocked gasp. Immediately Ryan released Chaz and whipped back to Lucy’s side. Lucy looked confused at Tonya who was smirking. “Oh must be the lighting playing tricks on my eyes.” She continued to grin

as she looked at Ryan. All it took to snap Ryan out of his rage was to make him think something could be wrong with Lucy. So she may have lied to make his mind switch gears.

Chaz rubbed his throat with his brows furrowed. Sabrina was watching the scene curiously. She was shocked by Ryan's outburst. And it didn't make sense.

"If I didn't know any better..." Sabrina said quietly, watching Ryan's concerned eyes for Lucy.

"Lucy is Ryan's mate. Chaz is lucky he didn't get gutted for what he said." Zach chuckled as he walked up behind Tonya and pulled her into his chest. She was such a vixen sometimes and he loved her for it.

Chaz's eyes widened. "Oh s**t dude I'm sorry." Then his mouth gaped and he pointed at Lucy. "The prince's fiancé is your mate? Awe man tough luck. I know how you've been waiting for your mate to show up."

Ryan reached over and wrapped his arm around Lucy. He turned his head and looked back at Chaz in annoyance. "Lucy is mine. I'll be claiming her as my mate. So for now on I expect you to treat her as such."

"Ryan duuuude. You are going against the royals? You are more badass than I thought. But what are you going to do with the prince's watchdog? He has come to take her back with him." Chaz straightened himself up as he thought over the situation.

"I'll have a chat with Jasper. It won't be a problem." Ryan said simply.

"And if he is a problem there are a lot of places, we can bury a body." Chaz said with a laugh.

Lucy let out a low growl as her eyes flashed with the color of her animal. "Touch Jasper and see what happens to you."

Chaz looked at her in shock while Ryan looked down at her in amusement. Sabrina however held a skeptical gaze as she tried to study Lucy.

"You would protect this Jasper and take his side over your mate?" Sabrina said as she scrunched her nose in distaste. "Do you love him or something?"

"Of course I do! Jasper is family to me. I would never allow for anything to happen to him." Lucy growled.

“Don’t worry Lucy. Jasper is my family too. I would never allow anything to happen to him either. Chaz here was just teasing.” Ryan squeezed her into his side and smiled down at her. He admired her loyalty especially to someone who wasn’t her pack member.

“Well Jasper has to make it back to us first.” Sabrina said as she waved her hand in the air.

“What do you mean?” Ryan’s voice was sharp as his eyes snapped up to the girl.

“That’s what we have to report. We ran into Jasper and when he heard the girl who you found he shifted directions to the ones who took her. He was livid. We told him that you are formulating a plan and not to give himself away. But he went following after them anyways.” Chaz rubbed the back of his head as he started feeling uncomfortable seeing Ryan getting more and more agitated.

“We are going after him. He has a hard time controlling his temper when it comes to people he considers precious.” Ryan glanced down at Lucy then over to Zach. “Get Enzo and Lenny. We are going after Jasper. Tonya and Sabrina will stay here.”

“Hey! I don’t want to be stuck on babysitting duty. You may need my help.” Sabrina said angrily.

“You will stay behind with Tonya and if one hair is out of sorts on Lucy’s head it will be your necks!” Ryan curled his lips as he seethed in anger.

“Ryan, I don’t need a babysitter. I am not fragile. I promise I won’t leave if that is what you are worried about.” Lucy meant it too. She needed to know Jasper was okay and it made sense to take their whole team since who knows what mess they could encounter.

“I know you don’t need a babysitter, but I will feel better having people I trust around you. Don’t worry I promise I’ll be coming back to you and with Jasper in tow.” Ryan winked down at her with a cocky grin on his lips.

“Fine, but if I have to end up coming out there to save you guys, I won’t let you live it down.”

Ryan chuckled and he patted the top of her head. “You just stay put. I don’t want you leaving this cave.” He leaned his head down close to hers. “We will finish our talk when I get back... my Lucy.” He quickly pecked her on her forehead and then flashed off before she could object. The other men followed suit.

Lucy quietly relished in the light sparks sent down her spine. The deep pulling and yearning inside of her. Her whole body screamed for her mate. So much that she now felt empty without his presence near her. So, this was how it felt to be apart from a piece of your soul. And the sweet warmth she felt from his quick kiss had butterflies swirling in her chest. It was so soft and sweet in that quick moment. And yet she could feel his affection in it. For that split second it was as if she felt his feelings through that quick kiss. Maybe Ryan was right. Maybe they were soul mates...