

He Was My Enemy

There's no way.

I could hear Aria whining. My wolf was torn between wanting to rip his throat out and wanting to rip his clothes off.

I felt the same.

I shook the thoughts from my head at the sound of a low growl coming from the wolf before me. Remembering myself, Aria and I stood firm, keeping Connor protected.

The wolf began circling, winding up to pounce. My heart sunk in my chest.

My mate wasn't just anyone—he was my enemy. *"We have to reject him..."* I said quietly, earning another whine from Aria. *"You know we have to. He's... he's the enemy. We can't..."*

My thoughts were once again stopped as the wolf launched forward, his teeth gnashing as he sprinted in my direction. I took a deep breath and braced myself.

He might be big, but I am an alpha. My father is an alpha like his father before him. My brothers are alphas. And I was the youngest captain in the history of our pack.

I fell back into my training as if it were as simple as breathing. Aria scratched her paws into the dirt, feeling the ground. I could hear the forest around me and the pounding of my enemy's heart.

I dodged to the side at the last minute, smiling as he overshot and crashed into the tree behind me. I propelled myself forward and barreled into his side, pushing him to the ground.

We rolled in the dirt, our teeth and claws grasping onto anything we could. I could feel his claws dig into my side and the searing pain that followed.

I bit down on his leg and was welcomed by the sound of bone crunching beneath my jaw, earning a yelp from his wolf. He jerked away from me and took a limping step back. I could feel his eyes search me as I walked slowly toward Connor.

"Where the hell is our backup?" I whispered to Aria. I called out through the mind-link again, earning r answer in return.

Where was my pack? Why were we left alone?

I turned to Connor with worry, knowing he wouldn't survive if I didn't get him home soon. I had to protect him; I had to make sure my family was safe.

I wouldn't survive losing another one of them.

Movement caught my eye, and I turned just in time to brace myself as he lunged forward and tackled me. We wrestled in the dirt, each of us battling to find purchase. I landed on my back, knocking the wind out of my lungs as he put his whole weight on us.

I held my breath as he shifted back, his tan skin stretched over his massive muscled arms. His hair was dark, almost black, and just long enough to fall into his green eyes as he looked down at me. Aria struggled beneath him, but even in human form, he overpowered us. He kept his hand clenched around my throat as Aria tried to break free.

"Shift. Back." His voice was deep and feral, almost a growl.

Aria continued to twist under his grasp, trying with all her might to break free of him. "Shift back!" he yelled.

Aria stopped struggling, and we looked up into his bright green eyes. His whole body shook as he kept his whole weight on us, his breathing heavy from the fight.

And without even having to ask for control, Aria gave it back, and we shifted.

His hand stayed clenching my neck, and I gripped his hand, pulling at it as I continued to struggle beneath his weight, a furious scowl set on my face. "Let me go!" I yelled, kicking at him.

My gaze left him and went to Connor lying way too still in the grass. "Please... I have to help him."

His eyes flitted to Connor and then back to me. I could see them blacken as his wolf tried to push through again.

He looked me over, searching my face as if trying to figure out if I was real or a figment of his imagination. Our eyes met, and I tried to ignore the overwhelming scent of cedar wood that filled my senses.

He smelled incredible. I shook my mind clear and scowled up at him. "Let me go!" I yelled, scratching at his arms. "You can't be my mate. I don't want you, you monster! I, Emma Davis, rej—" 

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I gasped as his hand slapped against my mouth, preventing me from speaking. "Stop that," he growled.

His scowl deepened as I shook my head, and tears began to stream down my face. I had to reject him. I had to.

"No! Kill me if you must, but..." I glanced over to Connor. I could see him struggling to sit up, his body losing its strength. "...please, please leave him."

"You will come with me. Now," he growled.

I could feel the fear surge through me. "I'll come if you leave him alive."

I breathed with relief when my father's voice finally called out to me. "*We're almost there!*" he yelled through our link.

"Hurry. Connor is in bad shape," I said, keeping my eyes on my enemy as he sat above me.

I looked up at him with a scowl. "I will never accept you. Your people are murderers!"

His eyes filled with confusion before his face jerked up at the sound of approaching wolves. Hope sprang through me, knowing help was here. I gathered all my strength and pushed against him, forcing him to fall to the side. I struck his face with my elbow and scrambled away from him.

And then the world went black.
