

Fatal Temptation: Between Two Alphas novel Chapter 14

Chapter Fourteen

“Nice and easy now,” Eric whispers.

He’s got his huge arm wrapped around me as I try to sit up.

“What happened?”

“We’re not sure. One second we were about to proclaim ourselves mates, and the next, you almost bled out. All the wounds Corinne inflicted reopened.”

I glance down. I’m in bed. A big one. The sheets, pillows and blankets, everything in this space smells like Eric. “This is your room.”

“It is.”

Panic rises in my chest. “How long–”

“It’s been a less than a day, Mia. You’re all right.”

I can smell my blood soaking through the bandages they wrapped me in. “I have to go.”

“I think it’s better if you stay.” He smooths back my hair. “If you’re worried about your kids, bring them here. There is no safer place. I give you my word.”

I want to believe him. He leans forward and kisses my forehead. The gesture is so kind, so tender, I want to weep.

“Let me take care of you,” he whispers.

Has any man ever done this for me?

My mom died when I was young and dad didn’t raise me much. Aside from discipline, he didn’t take a very active role in my early childhood. With Cam, I was always in the background, jumping to serve him, to be there to support him with whatever he needed.

I don’t know if I can trust again. I like who I am and the life I’ve built. I’m not sure I want to risk that or risk losing myself.

Or am I letting fear override something wonderful that’s right in front of me?

His big hands frame my face. When his lips touch mine, I’m falling.

Falling hard and fast.

His tongue sweeps mine, once, twice.

He draws back so his dark eyes bore into mine. “Give us a chance, Mia. Let me be what you need.”

When he kisses me again, I give back, my mouth matching his, soaking up his taste, his nearness, my hands roaming over his big, hard body.

“Alpha!” The hard rasp on the door brings us both to our senses.

Eric keeps one arm around me as he turns to the wolf. “Enter.”

The same huge guy who’d run security at the guardhouse ducks his head to enter the room. “It’s the gate, sir.”

“What about it?”

He spins the tablet in his hand and holds it up. “You’re going to want to see this. It’s an entourage from Healmsworth’s Pack. They’re here for her—Mia. They say she’s a rogue and they’re within their rights to take her back by force.”

I suck in a breath.

Eric is perfectly calm. “Escort Mia’s former packmembers to the south hall.”

“Eric, I…”

One side of his mouth lifts when I say his name. “No one is taking you anywhere.”

“Oh-okay.”

“Take a few minutes and get cleaned up. I had one of our maids set out clothes for you in my closet.” He turns to the guard. “Jackson, ask one of the attendants to send food to the delegates. Show them we can be civilized about these situations.”

“I much prefer when we aren’t,” Jackson mutters.

Eric laughs. “Me too. But let’s at least start off peaceably. If the situation erodes…” he grins.

This wolf doesn’t just want to fight. He lives for it.

Seeing him now takes me back to our first meeting in the conference room back at Quest. Eric’d been ready to fight then too. And when I sounded the alarm.

“You’re like two different people,” I say, trying to reconcile the man who could hold me so gently with this wolf who’s ready for war.

He shakes his head. “I’m who I need to be.”

“I can’t figure you out.”

He smirks. “What fun would that be?” He walks out of the room. “I’ll go greet our guests. Take your time. Yeah, in fact, take extra time.”

I chuckle. Wolves are *not* known for their patience. Who is this man? With humor and heart and some blind need to protect me.

Nala?

My wolf hums appreciatively.

But what of Cameron?

I hear the wolf version of *Hmmm*. It’s like a tickling humm in my head.

I could use a bit more guidance here, girl.

She barks. *Follow your heart.*

Therein lies the problem… I don’t know where it will lead.