

The King's Mate - Chapter 5 –

Killian had taken his time coming to terms with what I had just said. He hardly showed any emotion, a fact that I had noticed in the brief moment we had been here. He was very good at covering up his intentions, hiding his thoughts through calm banter, a smirk, and a chuckle here and there. He was good at not relinquishing power and not letting anyone see past his mask.

He was astonishing.

This was the point of no return. I could not take back what I had just said, the same way I could not take back the air I had just inhaled. It was done. I had shown myself to him, stood there with the naked truth—nowhere to run, no false pretense, just the truth. My life had never been a bed of roses. I had nothing to my name; I was an odd child growing up. I had no friends. My life was tragic, really, but a life is a life, and no matter how much I wished upon a star, I could not change the past.

Genesis, you're getting ahead of yourself.

My thoughts preyed on me, feasting on my fear. But I wouldn't let them get to me. I still couldn't read his face; not an echo of his thoughts passed through. He was like a stone wall—unreachable—and that made me question everything.

"But do you have a wolf?" he asked. "If you are a Lycan, then that means you have a wolf spirit inside you, so there must be a reason why you haven't connected with yours," he reasoned.

I must admit he was right; I did have a wolf. I felt her presence as strongly as I felt the snow beneath my feet right now. She was honest; she was always there.

"Yes, I have my wolf. I can sense her. Sometimes I can feel her emotions, and when she rarely talks to me, she—"

"Talks?" He looked baffled. That worried me a bit. "You can hear your wolf? It talks to you?"

"Yes. Doesn't yours do that?" I chuckled.

"No, Genesis, mine does not talk. To us, our wolf is like a spirit—another entity within us that we can tap into occasionally, as with other werewolves."

I felt my heart drop. Was I mad? I was sure that I had heard my wolf. She was as real as I was, and she spoke to me. Had I imagined it?

"No, I am real. Just different, little one. We're different," the voice echoed through my head, and I felt a strange warmth wrap around me, slowly ebbing away my fears.

"Genesis. Your eyes—they just glowed right now," Killian said, his hands cupping my cheeks. His touch was gentle, almost as if he were holding a flower. I wouldn't mind being a flower. Flowers are beautiful. My mind wandered again, and I heard the voice in my head let out a small snicker.

“What about my eyes?”

“They changed...” He let go of my face, and I felt like I had been deprived of the sweetest feeling. I wanted it back. But I had to soldier on.

“Don’t yours change when you communicate with your wolf?” I asked, tucking a small strand of hair behind my ear. His eyes followed my movements intently, and tension filled the air.

“Yes, but not the way yours have. Normal werewolves’ eyes are blue. Lycans, however—our eyes range from a bright yellow to a deep red depending on dominance,” he said in a matter-of-fact way, almost like a tutor, as if he had recited these words ten thousand times yet still remained enthusiastic. It almost made me smile.

“Then, Killian, what’s so different about mine?”

He looked at me like I had grown another head. I was fighting back tears, trying hard not to laugh. He looked so sickeningly adorable with the pout he wore.

“Genesis... yours were purple.”

“I know.”

His mouth almost fell open, and I couldn’t help it. My laughter flooded the forest as I let it all out. Deep down, I knew this wasn’t funny at all, yet I laughed. Maybe it was everything that had happened to me.

“Why do you find this funny?” he continued, trying to hide a small smile.

“I... I don’t find it funny, Killian. Not at all. I’m simply laughing at the situation.”

“You are a very odd one, Genesis.”

“So you’ve said, Killian. Are you going to hand me over to the King now? I heard he has a habit of collecting rare animals,” I teased.

It was no secret that the Alpha King had a reputation for keeping exotic creatures. He also had a reputation for being cold. He had wiped out whole clans and packs during his rule. Everyone was wary of him. He was a legend in his own right, said to have descended from the Goddess herself—unstoppable, a story told to children to scare them straight.

“You... Genesis, I am... Have you never seen the King?” he fumbled, appearing almost shocked.

“I’m a slave, remember,” I said matter-of-factly. My legs were failing me now, and I could feel the dull pinch of my tensed muscles. I was tired. I had busied myself all night trying to clean everything before everyone awoke. Even my eyelids betrayed me, and I couldn’t hold back a yawn.

“You’re tired,” Killian said as his hand stroked my hair gently. His large hands traveled from my hair to my cheek and then to my neck. His thumb rested over my pulse—he must have felt my raging heartbeat. I couldn’t help but sigh and lean into his touch. Slowly closing my eyes, I enjoyed

the feeling of his presence. He was so close that our knees touched beneath the fabric of our clothes.

“Come, let me take you back,” he said, his voice a bit lower now, his breathing heavier. It made me shiver with excitement, and I moaned my approval as I felt him pick me up, my head resting against his firm chest. I wrapped my arms around his neck for support.

I was too tired to think about much—especially about how shamelessly I was being carried by a man I had officially met just an hour ago. But I trusted him. Somehow, I could sense that he wouldn’t hurt me.

“Genesis,” he called. “If you were given a chance, would you run away?” His voice came out almost as a whisper.

“As fast as I can,” I replied as I snuggled closer into his shoulder. I breathed him in, his scent pulling me in slowly, turning my bones to jelly.

I opened my eyes and peeked at Killian. His gaze was focused ahead, his mouth set in a small scowl, and without thinking, I lifted my hand to his cheek, feeling the prick of his beard against my palm and the heat of his skin. He glanced down at me, his scowl turning into a smirk as he continued walking, carrying me effortlessly in his arms.

I couldn’t think straight. Between the exhaustion and his scent, I was unprepared—disarmed and fully out of control. My body had a mind of its own, and right now, all it wanted was to be as close to Killian as he would allow.

“Remarkable,” I murmured in my incoherent state.

“What is?”

“You are.”

He tilted his head to look at me, his brows furrowing slightly, and I smiled lazily at him. He was beautiful; his presence alone was marvelous. He smiled, and my heart leaped into my throat.

“What am I going to do with you, Genesis?” he said almost to himself as he bent down. I felt his soft, tender lips press against my forehead, sending a whirlwind of emotions flooding through me. He felt safe—safer than I had ever felt—and I let myself slowly relinquish control, letting sleep overpower me as I lay there in his arms.