

Chapter Twenty-One

DRAVEN DREAM SEQUENCE I was running.

My body felt like it would give out at any moment, but knew if stopped to take a breath, to gather my strength, that monster would catch me.

As it was I couldn't hear him behind me but I knew he was there.

Both of them were there.

It was dangerous in the marshes.

Alligators roamed freely.

Snakes slithered in the grass.

But both were preferable to the demon that stalked me.

Draven? His voice floated in an echo, hovering over the mists of the early morning.

You cannot escape me.

I cut left, into the heavy copse of trees, not thinking about what he was about what he revealed himself to be.

I should have though.

I should have realized.

Creatures like him were comfortable in such settings.

If I could just get to the beach! If I could just get to a more populated area, I would be safe for the time being.

But I was afraid I'd been running in circles and soon my body would give out.

And that is exactly what seemed to happen.

My legs began to tremble, my bare feet slicing on broken branches and sharpened rocks.

I fell... and that was all it took for him to be on me.

Draven, he hissed in my ear after dropping onto my back.

I know you are afraid sweetheart, but soon you won't have to be.

A will make you like us, you will see.

Never! I screamed, as he pressed my face deeper into the grass and ripped my clothes from my body.

Stupid bitch, he chuckled.

I'll teach you.

You don't run from me.

You belong to me.

His lips felt like insects on the back of my throat, his weight crushing into me from behind as he ground his hips into my rear and pinned my hands above my head with a heavily clawed hand.

Stop! Please, I begged.

Your mother is gone, he groaned, his knees splitting my legs apart from behind so that he could press his erection against me.

I own you and if you continue to fight me, you will die just like your mother did.

Please! That's right.

I love that.

It makes everything so much more fun.

END DREAM SEQUENCE Noooo! I shout, sitting straight up in bed and panting as if I have, in fact, been running.

I clutch the ivory bed covers under my chin as I glance around the room trying to remember where I am.

The door along the wall bursts open and a heavily muscled male stands there panting.

Draven? Are you alright? Who? I sputter, my eyes narrowing.

My mind is slowly settling in and I gaze down at the other side of the bed where Domonic had been before I fell asleep.

Wheres Domonic? I ask, looking up.

Quinn... this man is Quinn.

It was all coming back now.

1/3 Chapter Twenty-One He went out to check the perimeter.

Hell be back soon, Quinn says, stepping into the room, his face is a mask of concern.

You screamed.

Were you dreaming? I nod, covering my face in my hands.

My voice comes out groggy, muffled by my sleep.

I screamed? Was I talking? I peer at him and he nods.

Nothing understandable.

I heard you scream No and I jumped out of bed.

It sounded- He pauses, - like you were being attacked.

Again, I nod, shivering.

I notice for the first time I am clad in nothing but a lace chemise and sweat shorts.

What time is it? I groan, Im sorry I woke you.

He laughs, You didnt.

I havent been able to sleep all night.

I was actually just about to make some coffee.

You want to join me in the kitchen for a cup? Smiling, I lift my chin in acceptance.

Please! And make it strong as fuck! He shoots me a grin and leaves the room.

Peeling back the covers, I stand on wobbly legs.

Making my way over to Domonics closet, I slide open the door and reached inside for something warmer to throw over what I have on.

Pulling out a navy blue hoodie, with a large white Seattle logo on it, I pull it over my head, smiling when it swallows me whole.

It looks like Im not wearing any shorts, but I am so I choose not to worry about that fact.

The sweater is warm and soft and smells just like Domonic.

As I traipse down the stairs I note the giganticc television of his living room is on and tuned into a news station.

Does he eyer turn the fucking thing off ? The aromatic bliss of fresh ground coffee beans attacks my senses and I moan with pleasure.

That smells devine, I say, coming into the kicthen.

Theres nothing better than the smell of fresh ground beans.

I love it.

Quinn chuckles, plugging in the percolator and turning around.

He has pulled on a shirt, and I thank the heavens above because this particular man is built like a chiseled statue and I'm not sure I'd be able to keep my eyes from his abs if he was still topless.

A wolf howls in the distance and I jolt.

Is that a wolf? His eyes catch mine as he pours six ounces of black silk into a large round mug.

I hate wildlife.

Especially jungle cats.

His brow furrows, What? I clamp my eyes shut willing my brain to block out the memory that attempted to climb from the depths of my brain.

I just do.

I had a bad experience once.

Ha ! Try over and over again ! He stretches an arm out, handing me my coffee.

Well, wolves are guardians.

Protectors.

You shouldn't fear them.

He sighs, blowing the steam from the top of his cup.

I snicker, taking a deep drink of the potent brew at my lips and burning my mouth in the process.

It was alright, sometimes I enjoyed the searing heat of it against my throat.

Okay Dr, Dolittle.

Studying me, he says, Im serious.

I smile, eyeing his miles of muscles.

Im sure you are.

2/3 14:03 Wed, Nov 13 Chapter Twenty-One You cant hate what you dont understand, he says, his eyes falling sad.

I tilt my head at him, wondering at the intensity of his tone.

You like wolves.

Are you like a zookeeper or something? He chuckles, You have no idea, And then just there behind the giant windows, stands an enormous red wolf.

Oh-my-god.