

Chapter 13

Zander's POV

A week has gone by and I'm still trying to decipher what the note meant. I'm laying in my bed as I stare at the paper that was left on the beaten warrior, holding it directly above my head and rereading every word. I run my hand down my face and set the note on the nightstand beside me. I know that Rand is planning an attack that will start another war, but I'm no closer to knowing when it will happen than I was last week. We need to be prepared if we want to limit the number of casualties.

A knock comes at my door and Rivers strolls in before I can say anything. I glance over at him. "Nope not doing anything, come on in."

He just laughs at me. "You're never doing anything. When's the last time you've even gotten laid dude?"

I just roll my eyes at him. "I'm not interested in the whole one-night stand thing."

"But you are interested in girl." A sly grin is plastered across his face. "She asked me about you last week."

Liam perks up, desperate to know more. The last encounter left him wounded but she is our mate so it's easy for him to forgive her. I, on the other hand, am not as forgiving and her rejection was a slap in the face that still stings. I don't say anything back to him as I stare up at the ceiling and try to look uninterested, but I'm slightly angry that he's just now telling me about this.

"She mentioned she has something she had to fix. Anything you might know about?"

"Nope." I say quickly, hoping he'll drop the subject.

"Huh." He says as he props a foot up and leans against the doorway. "So you just don't care then?"

"Yes we care!" Liam practically cries in my head and I can't lie, the thought that she's wanting to right the wrongs makes my heart beat a little faster.

"Not at all." I say back to Rivers instead.

"Cool. Because I'm thinking about going after her." My head snaps toward him. "I caught her running through the woods last week and when she shifted back, man she has an amazing bod."

"Don't you dare finish that sentence." I growl at him and jump up. We're standing inches away from each other and his grin grows even wider as he takes note of my aggressive stance. I'm frustrated he got exactly the reaction he was wanting from me, but I can't seem to control myself, the instinct to fight for my mate driving into action.

"Well, I got some boarders to patrol." He says as he waves his hand and leaves the room. It was obvious he only came here to taunt me, but it worked.

"Fuck." I groan as I drag a hand down my face. I have it bad for this girl and as much as I tell myself I'm going to stay away, I know I'm just going to go see her again. I grab my jacket and head towards the training building to see if there's a chance she might still be in her office. It's pretty late and odds are she won't be there, but it's a starting point.

I walk into the building and jog up the stairs towards her office. I knock on her door but when there's no answer, I slowly open it and peak my head. Not there. I inhale her scent that still lingers in the room and determine that she must have left about an hour ago, which is still really late to be working.

Quickly, I shut her door and make my way down the stairs to the first floor. Turning the corner, I head to the center of the building where the mats and training equipment are and stride out the back doors to the range. I can hear muffled gunshots as my eyes take a few seconds to adjust to the darkness outside. I can see a figure laying on the ground with a rifle tucked tight into their shoulder, left eye looking through a scope. It's her. I smile as I watch her take shots at the target that's

easily 600 yards away. She must be using a silencer to prevent waking the others, but my sensitive hearing can pick up each time she pulls the trigger.

I watch her for a while in awe of how different she is than most females, but no doubt she's made for me. Liam is at the edge of my mind, hanging on every move she makes. He's desperate to get closer to her in every way possible and I take in a deep breath before I slowly approach her.

Nicola's POV

Shooting always seems to help me calm down and think clearly. It's almost midnight and no one is out at the range, which is perfect for target practice. I'm half way through emptying the rounds in my clip when I feel someone behind me. I turn around to see a man walking towards me from the back of the training building, power radiating off of him in waves so strong, they're nearly suffocating. When I take a closer look, I realize it's him and I freeze in place, unsure what to do.

We both stare at each other for a while to as he stops just a few feet away from me, but it's me that finally breaks the silence.

"Hey." I say softly as he continues to study me and I hate that I can't read his emotions.

"Hey." He whispers back after a few seconds.

He sits down next to me as we both stare out down the range, lost in our own thoughts.

"I'm sorry." I blurt out, too nervous to look at him and see his reaction.

"Yeah, me too." He says and I turn to meet his eyes.

They've softened and look almost vulnerable. The wind is lightly blowing his hair around slightly, making him look a bit boyish, and I catch a hint of his intoxicating scent.

"I completely overreacted and I know that, but I can't seem to help myself. I have to know though, who is he to you?" He asks me, laying it

all out but still remaining skeptical.

"Who, Cameron?" I asked puzzled and he nods. "He's a friend."

He leans closer to me and cups my face with one hand, staring down at my lips before looking back into my eyes.

"He acts like your mate." He pauses, his thumb running up and down my cheek "But I know he's not..."

I'm lost for words and I slowly shake my head as a low, feral growl erupts from his chest with enough dominance to make the mountains bow to him. I know that I should be afraid of him, but I'm not.

"Mine." He whispers harshly against my mouth before his lips crash down on mine.

The kiss is hot and needy, and as quickly as it starts, it ends. I want to protest when he breaks away but I'm still burning to know more about him and why I feel like this.

"Who- who are you really?" My voice is breathless.

My head is still reeling with questions, but the one answer that makes the most sense is also the one that makes no sense at all. The recent events and powerful aura coming off of him along with the word Freya keeps throwing out has me second guessing my sanity.

He leans in until his lips are brushing my ear and a shiver runs down my spine. "I think you know who I am." he says in a hushed tone.

"Mate!" My wolf yells at me as I stare back in disbelief.

Could it really be?

"Go on." He whispers seductively in my ear and I suck in a breath as my heart continues to race out of my chest. "Say it."

"Zander?" I question in a voice so low I wonder if he even heard it. I feel a smile growing across his face and my wolf begins to howl. I gasp as I throw my head back and look at his face, my eyes wide in shock.

"Mate." I call out and he nods before his lips find mine once again.

Chapter Comments



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