

Mated to the Werewolf King

CheckMate

As our clothes found the floor, our bodies found each other.

Under the fresh bed sheets, we were both naked and vulnerable. Intertwining our parts so intricately, I couldn't define the line where I began, and she ended.

My lips worked their way up her arms and to her collarbone, then slowly moved up her neck as my hands trailed her body...her divine feminine body.

I nibbled on her ear, inhaling her scent as my hips crashed into hers. Her soft moaning lured me with more anticipation.

"Mark me," she whispered in my ear.

Oh, how I wanted to mark her. I pulled away and looked into her wanting eyes.

But then, a light blue tint caught my eye. My pants I had thrown on the floor were glowing!

Then, I remembered...

The scroll.

The prophecy.

You are destined to be with her, Tannon's words rang in my head.

But if you mark her as your mate, Keith, war will break loose. And this time, the war will never end.

I stopped everything.

"This is a mistake," I said, leaning over, reaching for my clothes.

"What? Was it something I did?" she asked.

As she pulled up the sheets to hide herself, I bit my tongue without saying a word.

I wanted nothing more than to toss away those sheets and never let her conceal her beautiful form again.

But it would be the end of our species. Possibly the end of all species if the Demon Lord had his way...

I had been foolish to let it get this far! My desires had once again got the better of my emotions and controlled every waking thought.

I shook my head as I pulled on the rest of my clothes and hesitated by the door.

I could see her looking at me with a great remorse. Once again, I had promised her something to instead rip it away.

"Keith, what is it?" she asked.

If I said anything, she would talk me out of it. If I didn't say something, she might never talk to me again.

But would she believe the Moon Goddess' prophecy?

Would I even want her to?

"Please. You don't have to leave," her voice pleaded.

"This won't work. I'm sorry, Belle. I'm so sorry," I said, avoiding her eyes as I quickly left the room.

How could this happen? I thought he wanted all of me... His body couldn't lie, especially not after what we'd been through.

He went through all this trouble to claim me just so he could leave?

I waited foolishly for ten minutes, hoping he would return and reveal this as some twisted joke.

But he didn't, so I let my tears fall without wiping them away.

I was patient with my vulnerability. I knew, the moment I stopped crying, I would promise myself not to let someone leave me naked and alone in their bed again.

As I carried myself down the staircase, my mind still wandered to Keith's various mood swings.

I felt like going outside and picking a flower's petals to determine whether he loved me or not.

Better yet, I felt like summoning my powers and burning every last flower on earth in a blaze of blue fire.

I shook my head of such thoughts and tried to focus. This was not my fault, and I knew that. But did he?

Or did I even care anymore?

With little else to do, I walked the halls until I found myself outside Tessa's room.

I entered to find Tessa sitting on a cozy green felt sofa, sipping tea. She looked like she could use the break she was taking.

"How are things going?" I asked her, taking a seat on the couch facing hers.

Tessa looked at me with tired eyes and a weak smile.

"He'll be okay, dear. I did a healing spell on him, but his health was drained very low. It will take time, but he is already beginning to recover."

"You said you could feel his pain earlier?" I asked.

"Yes, we have a magical connection. Though twins are not a common occurrence among witches, our shared power seems to be greater than most."

"We know when the other is hurting because we feel a part of it as well. I severed more of my life force so that I could take his pain, but he could have more of my health," she explained.

"Wow," I said in awe.

Her bluntness was refreshing, but it reminded me of my own faults. Sean and I couldn't share a candy bar when we were younger, never mind an entire life force.

Tessa looked at me with sadness. "I shouldn't speak of my troubles when you know so much pain of your own. I'm sorry for your loss."

I shook my head, trying to push away my emotions.

Gregory had been my true brother, if only for a few hours. He would never replace Sean, but I still mourned for him all the same.

No one had to tell her he had died for her to know and feel the grief that consumed my heart. She understood and didn't brush it off.

Just when I thought I had no tears left to cry, more appeared, harder and stronger this time.

Tessa moved closer and let me cry on her shoulder.

After my tears died down, Tessa looked at me and stroked my hair.

"You know...you remind me of my daughter?" she said warmly.

"I didn't even know you had a daughter!" I said, surprised.

"I don't. At least, not anymore," she replied, her eyes looking away from mine.

My heart sank into my stomach.

I looked up, horrified. Losing one's child was never something anyone should go through. Yet, she seemed unaffected.

"Losing a loved one is hard, I understand," Tessa said, a faint smile resting on her face. "Just take this time to cherish the memories you had with him and honor his spirit."

"I'm so sorry, Tessa," I said.

She shrugged. "It is the will of the Moon Goddess."

I lowered my head in understanding. The Moon Goddess looked over her children, that much could be true.

But what happened when it was her decree to take a child instead?

"What happened to her?" I asked hesitantly. "If you don't mind me asking."

Tessa sighed. "It's hard to say. She disappeared behind a door similar to the one you entered, but she was never found."

"I spent decades looking for that door and found out where it took her. Part of me feels her soul is lost, drifting away someplace, never to be found, but that scares me more than her death."

A thought trickled into my mind. *A lost soul?* I wondered...

"Tessa...when I walked through that door, I was taken somewhere," I said.

Tessa looked to me with a fully kept composure.

"There was this...shadowy figure that was loitering over by the water. Something about its presence scared me at first, but then I felt this sense of longing?"

I stated, "The shadow told me about having multiple mates and left right before the others came for me."

Tessa's eyebrows raised but she said nothing more.

"Well, I just couldn't help but think...what if Shea became one of them?" I asked.

Tessa crossed one leg over the other and set her tea down on the table as she turned to me. "I think that is quite an assumption, Belle," she said to me.

My heart sank. I felt stupid for even thinking of this possibility.

"Of course, I still don't know everything, and if all the shadow children are shadows... It's a possibility..."

After a long pause, she quickly sighed and brought herself to her feet with some struggle.

"I should go check on that brother of mine. Don't go opening any other doors, now," she joked.

I smirked and watched her leave. Though I had known her for only a short amount of time, Tessa was the strongest, bravest woman I'd ever known.

Having even a fraction of the power she possessed would be unimaginable.

I shifted into my wolf form and took a running—a short-term solution to release this pent-up sexual energy.

I could still feel the warmth of her body. Her sweet scent and soft lips. The way her hips fit so perfectly into mine.

For the love of the Moon Goddess, *WHY* did her hips have to be so perfect?

A complete fool I was to believe that I could have Belle tonight.

Mark me...

Her voice encompassed my mind, reverberating its heavenly tones in my consciousness, giving me more than I thought I could handle.

She wanted me to mark her. To claim her as mine, and me as hers.

And I'd left the room like a complete, foolish coward. Who was I to think I could have her when it meant certain war?

Part of me didn't care if there was a war, but that meant risking her life.

How could I put so much time into saving her, only to watch her die?

I circled around the area, fast enough to lose sight of my surroundings and grow dizzy. Fast enough to get the blood rushing in my body and leave me feeling exhausted.

I fell to the ground and shifted out of my wolf form.

I lay there naked, contemplating telling her everything.

I wanted to tell her why I had to run away before I ended life as we know it. But my fear had taken me from her without giving her any reason to take me back.

I'm not built that way.

But repeating the same phrase over the years had pushed me further back from the man I'd like to be for her.

I pulled myself up and made my way back to the coven. From the staircase, I could see Belle sleeping on the couch.

Part of me wanted to wake her up. Apologize to her, sweep her up, and take her away.

But that would be selfish.

I dropped my shoulders and began to walk up the staircase.

My momentum came to a halt when I noticed a blue light shedding through the cracks of a door.

It was Daisy's room. What kind of sorcery could be happening at this hour?

I crept to the door and entered her room quietly. She was standing by the far wall, reading from the open magic tome.

She was summoning something.

Something bigger than me!

"Venite ad me porta numine parcae!" she yelled out.

"Daisy! What are you doing?" I shouted.

Emerging from the light was a doorway similar to the one Belle conjured up. But this doorway was bathed in red, bleeding its vanity as it opened.

Daisy turned to me with an impish smile. Her eyes were malignant and filled with such a sadistic thirst.

"Maybe in another life, we could have had something beautiful."

"Daisy, NO!" I shouted.

Before I could even move, she waved her hand in my direction, casting a quick spell that knocked me to the ground.

I felt my body bending and shifting with pain as I watched her enter the darkness behind the Door of Destiny.