

Mated to the Werewolf King

Something Special

The light was blinding. I shielded my eyes to protect from the ash.

I could barely believe what I was seeing. But we had already been through so much.

Yet, there she was.

Levitating.

Blue re glowed from her veins and skin, pulsing to some unseen drum.

"Interesting." Tessa the Wiccan Priestess looked on as if this were entertainment.

"What is happening? Stop this!" I pleaded.

"In time. Everything in its own time," she said.

"Time is one thing we don't have much of!" I warned.

I saw Tessa raise her hands and begin to chant. Her palms were open, pointed toward Belle. Her words rumbled, but I had never been able to decipher chants.

Slowly, the glow began to subside. I could nally look fully upon Belle and see all her glory.

She was breathtaking. My desire to be with her was stronger than ever. My heart beat with such a speed I wondered if I had absorbed something from her.

As she neared the ground, her veins returned to normal. Her vibrant, glowing skin became what I had only ever known—still as beautiful as ever.

I caught her body in my arms as she gently oated down.

Her eyes were open, but she was tired, drained from her outburst.

I wanted to kiss her, to pull her out of this stupor and into the real world.

I could feel Tessa's eyes on us.

"What just happened?" I demanded.

Tessa continued to stare, the slightest glimmer of a smile on her lips.

"We have witnessed something unusual," she said.

"No shit! And what could have given you that answer?" I yelled.

Tessa's eyes met mine. They were piercing. But I knew I could return the gaze.

I needed answers.

"When two powerful beings come together, there can be a great reaction. Some side e ects, if you will."

"That was just a side e ect?"

My mind was racing. No werewolf could do this. Then again, I knew she was no werewolf.

I could smell the di erence on her. It was something dark and foreboding, causing my senses to prick up in alarm with each new breath.

Could it be possible she had dark magic pulsing through her veins?

As I watched Belle, I could see the fog in her eyes clear. She rst looked at me with caution. Then, she began to smile.

Her hand reached up to caress my face.

I buried my chin in her palm.

The touch sent shivers throughout my body.

Every time we touched, it was electric.

After seeing that display, it was as if I could follow the path of each electron as it coursed through my being.

"I'm sorry. I will never let that happen again," I told her.

"If there's anything I've learned from this, it's never say never." She smiled again, and my heart leapt.

Was her cold uncertainty toward me beginning to thaw? I could feel the same emotions happening inside.

I wanted her.

Needed her.

I shook my head from such thoughts, and Tessa's voice spoke up, breaking my reverie.

"Follow me to my chambers. We have much to discuss," Tessa said, before disappearing through the same tunnel as my men.

I could see Belle's eyes closing in the haze of her exhaustion.

Following Tessa into the tunnel, I clutched my Belle tight, not wanting to ever let go.

Tessa's chambers smelled of honey and vanilla with hints of cinnamon.

Belle lay on a chaise lounge that nearly swallowed her whole. It was no doubt much more comfortable than the last place I'd forced her to sleep.

My own uncertainty and fear sent her to the dungeon. If the Demon Lord was looking for her, no place could be safe. Not even my castle.

How could I have treated her like that?

It had not been her safety I worried about but my own.

The werewolves relied on my instinct, determination, and relentlessness. How I handled any situation was by following my gut.

But that became uncertain, and now, here I was, in the quarters of a Wiccan Priestess, watching my—

No! She was not mine. My own actions proved that.

I knew my men were safe. We passed them on the way, and I heard the jovial room where they had eaten and were resting, enjoying the small reprieve before the next part of our journey.

It would no doubt be just as daunting.

Were they following a lost cause? I shook away my anxiety and inhaled another whi of the soothing aroma that lled the room.

"Her energy is spent," Tessa said.

"After what we saw, I am only thankful," I replied.

I tried to wash away my worries with a gulp of water. It quenched my thirst but did nothing for my unease.

"That was only a taste of what is inside," Tessa said with a smile.

I heard the words and my eyes grew wide. "Those were not her full powers?"

Tessa shook her head, sending her long white hair owing from side to side. How could someone who looked so young know so much?

"Don't hold back. We cannot waste any more time," I urged.

"My dear, dear Keith. She is resting," she assured.

"And the Demon Lord is searching. I don't want to see what happens if he nds her." My voice was urgent.

"Of course, you don't want to see. But you will," Tessa said.

So much for a witch giving me any insight.

"When I look at her, the mate pull is almost unbearable," I said, forcing the growing dread deeper into the recesses of my body.

I couldn't hold back my feelings anymore. If there were answers, I needed to know them.

The future of our entire species could be at stake.

Tessa did not respond immediately, so I continued. "She's not a werewolf. That much, I do know. I can smell my own kind. But her..."

I looked at the angelic beauty sleeping on the chaise.

"She is something di erent." Tessa took the words right out of my mouth.

I shook my head and leaned forward. "If what I feel is correct and she is my mate...how is that possible? There has never been an interspecies bond."

Tessa looked at Belle, scanning her body from head to toe. The suspense was hard to suppress, as I too found myself watching the beautiful woman resting in front of me.

Tessa nally looked at me, her eyes revealing nothing. She simply gave a shrug.

"That depends on exactly what she is."

Never say never.

It sounded so mundane. But sometimes, it felt like the most mundane things held the greatest mystery.

I awoke from the fog of dreams on a chaise, in a quaint room lit by candles and smelling of heaven.

Had I died?

I rolled over and spotted a small table with food and drink. The sight caused my mouth to water. Moon Goddess, it had been ages since I last ate.

I pushed myself up and registered movement.

Sitting in the corner of the room was the white-haired woman. Keith had called her Tessa.

I could feel the blood boil under my skin. It made me pause. What had just happened to me? It felt like only moments ago I was...

Levitating.

I stood up from the chaise and my head swam. After stumbling a bit, I found myself sitting right back on the chaise.

"Please. Do not worry. Take your time. You have been through a lot," Tessa said warmly.

I sneered at her pleasantries, but the pounding in my head gave away my true feelings.

I felt tired. Exhausted was more like it.

But at the same time, I could tell there was a new presence in my being—something warm and lling, if a bit uneasy. I had just won the world's lottery and didn't know what to do next.

"May I have some food?" I asked.

Tessa smiled. "Please. It is yours. Do as you see t."

Her white hair made her look regal, majestic, but her face was another story. It told of youth and life.

I knew there was more to her. This was the fabled Wiccan Priestess after all. The one we risked our lives to see.

But what did she really know? I didn't think much at all, but I let that thought slip away.

Nothing I thought mattered anymore. I lived in a world where everyone needed something from me, but I had no say.

Sounds about right...

My mouth couldn't stop the food and drink from entering. I was ravenous. I ate until my stomach could hold no more.

Tessa watched quietly.

Did she always have to stare with such precision and understanding?

When I'd nished stu ng my face, I pushed away my plate and looked to Tessa.

"It's not polite to stare," I said coldly.

That same thin smile spread across her face. I thought of Keith saying her name and clenched my sts into balls of anger.

"To stare would imply I am vacant, wide-eyed. I am merely observing," she replied.

"And I am merely pissed o ."

Look at me! What had happened inside that gave me such unwarranted strength?

I thought of Keith's outburst and couldn't help but smile. Maybe his demeanor was rubbing o n me.

"Keith is with his men planning the next leg of your journey. He will return shortly," she assured me.

"How do I know that?" I retorted.

Tessa stood up. I rose from the chair instinctively. If she wanted a ght, I would be ready.

"That was some display you put on for us earlier. It exhausted all of your energy. I hope you found the food rejuvenating."

"Four stars out of four," I said with a smile.

"Only four stars...out of the countless that are scattered throughout our universe?"

Tessa's eyes showed genuine curiosity, but her constant smile told me she always knew more than she let on.

She shrugged. "Well, I guess four stars will do."

I enjoyed the company but felt my patience wearing thin.

"I want to see Keith," I demanded.

"I told you, he will return shortly. But I would like to see something as well. Show me your werewolf."

I couldn't believe this witch would order me around. If a werewolf was what she wanted, a werewolf was what she would get.

I shifted deep inside and found the energy that had dissipated hours ago. Within moments, I had shifted from a red-headed woman to a werewolf.

I roared at the top of my lungs.

"Oh, my!" she gasped.

I basked in her surprise. This was what my true form was, and I wanted her to see. I wanted her to be afraid.

But that smile came back so quickly I was dumbfounded.

"Well, you are no werewolf," she said calmly.

Every ounce of bravado was sucked out of my body.

I exed my muscles again and gave an even louder roar. My fangs dripped with saliva as I stared at the Wiccan Priestess.

"But I must say, you do a very good impression. Tell me, if you're a werewolf, how are you able to keep on your clothes?" she asked.

It's true, I was the only werewolf I knew who could shift and manage to stay fully clothed. It wasn't a uke. I was just damn good.

"I call it skill." Now, it was my turn to smile, once more bearing my fangs.

"It is a wonderful skill. But that does not come from a werewolf. Not even a witch could do that. No, your power comes from something else entirely. Something I've never seen in all of my ancient years."

The wonder in her voice caught me o guard.

I couldn't comprehend the words she was saying. But what came next hit me like a charging bull.

"You are unique, Belle. Something very, very special."