

Mated to the Werewolf King

Lustful Urges

She was *oating in the air*.

Glowing.

SPLASH!

I scooped water from a small basin and threw it onto my face. It was cool, refreshing. The drops ran down my cheeks, as if to wash away the memories.

But they were still there. Floating in my head. Just like she had been in that cavern...

I could feel my breath growing heavy. Blood had already rushed through my body at the mere thought of that glow.

And now, I couldn't even breathe without thinking of her.

My chambers were empty. We had talked about the next leg of our endeavor and what it might mean.

Xavier told me several of the men had been having bad visions. Flashes of something evil just on the edge of their thoughts.

It couldn't be any worse than what we saw in the cavern. Or, rather, what we didn't see...

I had been helpless to do anything for them. We were tearing at each other, believing the shadows of our own comrades were the enemy.

I couldn't imagine what would have happened if not for Belle saving us...

Still, the face they said they saw...blazing red eyes hanging above a sinister smile. Glowing white teeth alluring them, calling out to approach.

I had told them to rest, that it was only side effects from our earlier challenge.

They understood this might be our only respite before things really got ugly. We all needed it to take our minds off the present.

I knew that included me.

But I just couldn't shake this feeling. Seeing Belle like that gave me wonder I had never experienced. Never even knew was possible to feel for another being.

And when she looked into my eyes...

When she reached up and touched my face...

ROAR!

I slammed my fists onto the wooden table, the basin tumbling over and spilling the rest of the water.

How could I protect my men and prepare for the worst when I couldn't even prepare for my own desires?

I needed to think, so I left the room and wandered through the labyrinth that was the coven.

Despite the coven being populated with several witches, I had the halls to myself and quickly became lost.

My nostrils went into overtime, trying to detect the faintest whiff that might give me a clue where to head next. My vast senses were able to pull apart the particles, allowing me to separate each smell from the others.

Sage. Vanilla. Honey. Lavender. Cardamom.

These were all the staples I'd come to expect while walking these halls. A few wafts of sautéed vegetables. The random hint of perfume...

But something else invaded my nostrils. A eerily familiar smell.

Strange.

I followed a few turns in the corridors before coming upon an open door.

Light flickered inside from the wavering flames of candles. Against my better judgment, I pushed inside.

The room was much like Tessa's: quaint and cozy, with a rustic touch. A Wiccan star hung on a far wall. Beneath it, lying on a wooden table, was an open tome.

A book of magic.

I walked to the book and almost touched the pages but withdrew my hand. A younger version of me would have been too curious. He would have touched the pages and been subjected to whatever spell was guarding this tome.

"It looks like my wish came true," said a woman's voice.

I turned to see a slender, beautiful woman with intoxicating blue eyes. Golden hair hung over one of her shoulders in a taut braid, snaking down her chest.

"Hello, Daisy," I said, trying to hide the passion rising inside.

I hadn't seen her in years. We had met the very first time I was tasked with finding the coven and partaking in the challenges.

Daisy had the gift of manipulating the mind...if you could call it a gift.

She was in charge of giving us the challenges before being granted entry.

And right now, she was smiling. It was beautiful.

But all I could manage to think about was that glowing body of energy that had been Belle. How she had saved us from our waking nightmares...

"Are you looking for something? Or someone...?" She asked, moving farther into the room.

Her large hips swayed with each step. I could smell the pheromones drifting off her body.

"I couldn't sleep and thought a quick walk would do." This much was true.

Yes, I had followed my nose. Just like I always follow my instincts.

But what exactly had brought me here?

"Reading always helps calm me," she said with an air of satisfaction. With the wave of a finger, the tome closed shut.

Daisy moved closer. Each approaching step in armed my desires even more.

"I hope the challenges weren't too much. I thought a little psychological trial would do. We were actually worried for a moment you wouldn't make it," she teased.

"A witch worrying over a wolf?" I replied.

"Not just any wolf. The king," she said, with lust on her breath.

As she circled the room, I mirrored her movements. Daisy had always been one to flirt. The few times we'd met had always been a masterclass in seduction.

She was hard to resist.

"Luckily, you and your men had the girl to help. Who knows what would have happened otherwise," she said slyly.

I moved with a dash and was soon towering over her. She looked up at me.

"We take care of our own," I said.

"And is she one of yours?" Daisy asked.

Belle's smiling face.

I pushed away her image and focused on the woman in front of me. I could feel my body growing hot. The heat rising off her was almost dizzying.

I grabbed her shoulders gently and lowered my face to meet hers. Our lips touched. She returned the kiss and more.

Her hands overtook my body. Our passions mixed, multiplying.

I kissed her harder.

That was when I could smell something else.

My eyes opened, and I saw a shape watching us from the door.

I moved the brush through my hair, watching each strand as it is pulled and released.

Yes, it was the same hair. If the mirror showed anything, it showed that.

And my face was the same.

Every inch of my outward body, for that matter, was unchanged.

But something deep inside was slowly rising to the surface. It was as if my molecules were reshaping into a force I had no control over.

Most of all, it felt good.

I set down the brush and stood to move toward the door. It had all happened so quickly.

My glowing outburst.

Being carried in his arms.

The power I felt when Tessa told me I was unique.

I couldn't help but think of my family. Only a few days ago, I was the werewolf daughter of the pack alpha.

I could see Sean's stupid smile as he laughed at my weak werewolf form.

He used to run at the top of his speed, looking back with a mocking expression as I lumbered behind, doing my best to keep him within sight.

How, after nally catching up, he would let me rest against him while munching on prey he had already hunted while waiting for my arrival.

Fast-forward to this evening, and a Wiccan Priestess couldn't even explain what I was.

Or was she holding something back? It didn't seem like she was, but after tonight, I was nished speculating.

Sometimes, life was just weird.

I found myself alone in the halls. A faint light emitted from a room at the end of a long corridor.

Maybe I would be able to see a friendly face to take my mind off the cyclone that had become my life.

As I approached, I could hear noises. Soft at first, but they grew with each passing step.

When I reached the open door, I peeked through and held back a gasp.

Two figures, male and female, were lying on a couch in the middle of the room. Their limbs were entwined as they passionately kissed.

I could feel my pupils dilate, and saliva rushed to my mouth.

A part of me longed to be with them. To forget what little I knew and to lose myself to the carnal urges I had been feeling more and more as of late.

But there was something about the man that seemed familiar. His passionate growls lled my brain and caused my thoughts to blur.

I found myself moving into the room by an invisible pull I could not overcome. I stood quietly, but I was not silent enough.

The man pulled away from the woman.

Keith's eyes met mine.

The monster!

In that moment, I fled from the room. My body was still tired, but my feet carried me swiftly down corridor after corridor.

Tears clung to my eyes, making my sudden movements all the more unsure. I didn't care.

That bastard had been away from me for no longer than a few hours, and already, he had found someone else to appease his insatiable desires.

I could hear him following behind, calling my name.

With one more turn, I found a light of stairs and followed them to the top.

I burst into a room at the top. It was empty.

Great, just my luck!

I thought of what I might say to him. How I would like my hands to end that witch's throat.

Then, I saw the door.

It stood against the far wall of the room. Had it always been there?

I took a few steps forward and watched in awe as it opened.

Keith's footsteps pounded up the steps behind me. I could hear him trying the doorknob, but somehow, it was locked.

BAM!

I could hear him ramming the door.

My feet kept going. That invisible force I had been feeling was pulling at me yet again.

In the distance, I thought I could see glowing red dots, like eyes oating in the darkness. They were accompanied by a beautifully wicked smile.

But I was already through the door. It had shut behind me.

And just like that, as if the sun had been blown out like a wick, I was in total darkness.

The door was locked, but I knew she was in there. I could smell her scent, and it drove me crazy.

I had betrayed my own feelings for her. Tried to drown them out with the kisses of another woman.

In doing so, I had let down the only person I truly had any desire to be with.

I shoved my shoulder into the wood of the door.

BAM!

The door shifted but stayed intact. For once, my own strength seemed to have left me.

I ground my teeth and lowered my shoulder one more time. With an extra burst of anger, the door exploded under my pressure.

I fell into the room and then stumbled to my feet. A door at the far side closed shut with a click.

I rushed to the door, but to my amazement, it was no longer there.

As I looked around, I could feel my heart sink.

There was no door.

The room was completely empty.

Annabelle was gone.