

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 116

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 116 – Abbie POV

My stomach twisted with hunger. I was starving, and he still hadn't let me eat since being here. A few girls tried to sneak me food but earned a beating for it, so I turned them down when they offered. Watching my mate f**k nearly every girl in this place was torture enough to watch without having to watch them cop a beating for it afterward. So when the door opened. I sighed and climbed off the bed, moving to my corner, knowing what to expect already.

Flopping on the ground, I leaned against the wall. Only Kade came in and stopped in front of me. Usually, Cassandra came in every few hours to dose me full of whatever c**p it was that prevented me from being able to shift. However, she was nowhere in sight.

"Get up!" he says, kicking me in the t***h.

"Pardon?" I asked, confused. This wasn't what usually happened. Kade always forced me to watch before he would stuff his filthy c**k in my mouth, forcing me to taste them. He growls, and I glance at the door when he kicks me again.

"Get up and get on the bed," he growls before reaching down and gripping my arm and hauling me to my feet. I struggled in his grip, my hand whipping out and slapping him before I dropped my weight, refusing. He snarls, ripping me back off the floor by my hair and dragging me toward the bed, but I thrash when his fist connects with my face. My vision blurs, and my neck aches as my head snaps back. Blood spurts from my nose as I stumbled backward. My hair ripped painfully from his grip.

Dazed, I blinked up at the ceiling when I heard his furious growl as he reached for me. His face twisted in rage, and his canines slipped from between his parted lips. I lift my leg as he pounces on me. He grunted, my foot connecting with his b***s, and I rolled trying to get away when he gripped my hair, ripping my head back.

"You will obey your Alpha," He snarled.

"You are not my Alpha!" I screamed. He growls before shoving me back to the floor. I crawled toward the wall and pulled myself up. His snarls behind me grew louder when he suddenly stopped.

"Get on the bed," he yelled at me. I felt his command wash over me before it suddenly slipped off like I was made of Teflon. It didn't stick! And I laughed hysterically.

"I said get on the bed!" he commanded, but it rolled over me again and slipped right off. Turning around, lyrics couldn't control the laughter that escaped me.

I had no idea why I was laughing, yet it made me laugh harder as I looked at him. The furious look on his face was almost comical suddenly, or maybe I had lost the plot. He looked at me like I was insane, but I was not getting on that bed. A beating, I could take one of those. S**t, I spent half my life taking those. So if I had to choose. I would take a beating over, letting him take more from me.

Wiping my nose, it dripped with blood and stained the back of my hand. "What's wrong, Alpha? Can't put your Luna in line," I taunt. "Get on the bed!" he screamed, turning red-faced. I giggled at his pathetic command.

My muscles tensed, pain slivering up my spine. That command was stronger, rushing over me like a tidal wave, the pain crippling, yet still I laughed. Pain? All I know is pain. Pain ends. Years of nothing but pain, I had a strong tolerance for pain. The pain I could live with, expected, endured, survived.

And once again, I was becoming numb to my surroundings, numb to everything. So let him hurt me because the pain I could handle but could he? I know it must hurt him, but me? No, pain was in your head.

Something you could switch on and off, desensitize yourself to. So that is what I did. Most would call me mad for what I intended to do. Calm washed over me as I let my mind float. I went on autopilot, then I poked the wolf.

"Surprised you have a pack. Mrs. Daley's commands packed a better punch, and she was an omega!" I laughed, and his eyes turned black, and he shifted in rage at my words.

His malt-colored wolf charges at me. His paws hitting my chest sent me flying back against the wall. My brain rattled inside my skull as it smashed against the brick wall. He snarled, stalking toward me, and I was suddenly seeing double, yet not a sound left my lips. Not even when his razor-sharp teeth tore through my flesh as he mauled me.

"Don't cry. Tears won't save you; I am done shedding tears for this monster." I remind myself. When he got no reaction from tearing into my t**h, he tore into my shoulder and arm. Blood drenched me and pooled around me. My body shook, but I did not make a sound, just stared. Went to my safe place. Zoning out, my mind taking me to a place no one could touch me.

I was an empty shell, only coming back to my surroundings when his teeth snapped at my face. His fur puffed out as he growled when I heard a sob, and my eyes flitted toward the door to see a woman. Tears stained her cheeks, but none fell from my eyes; I felt nothing as I stared at her fear-stricken face.

Kade growls, and I turn my attention to his enormous wolf standing over me. He whimpers when he backs up, sniffing my t**h where he tore it apart, and I glance down. So much blood no part of me left unstained, left unmarred.

"Are you done?" I ask. My voice came out unwavering, yet I couldn't recognize it as my own. Kade turned his furry head to the side, examining me, and I stared back, unblinking.

Kade shifts back, his bones snapping as he crouches before me. For a second, I thought I saw guilt flash across his features. "You will learn. You only had to get on the bed," he said, his eyes scanning over my mauled flesh.

"It didn't have to be this way," he snapped, and my eyebrows rose. I laughed and shook my head, yet lyrics could feel my blood draining out of me. Felt the blood leave my face, the cold sweat beading over my skin, and I smile.

"Get the Doctor," Kade screamed as I felt myself fading, the room becoming dull.

"Abbie? I... you need to stay awake," Kade says, and I feel the tingles spread across my skin as he tries to stop the bleeding. I was bleeding out, I knew, and he knew it.

"Get the Pack Doctor Now!" Screamed Kade as my mark burned my neck, and I relished the pain of the bond d***g along with me.

"Does it hurt?" I murmured, my eyelids closing, and my head fell forward, unable to keep it up when he grabbed my face. His fingers pry my eyelids open, yet I only saw white.

"What?... Hurry up!" Kade screamed, and I heard people running up the steps toward us.

"Does it hurt?" I repeat.

"You think I wanted to do this? Of course, it hurts, I..."

"Because I feel nothing!" I giggle.

"Hang on, Abbie," Kade says, and I snort.

"For what? Certainly not for you," I mumbled, my lips going numb.

"Hang on for me. I didn't mean it. You should know better; I...I" he stutters frantically.

"Just hang on," he said as my body went limp. I slid down the wall I was leaning on, my face pressing against the carpet, and I could hear the frantic beating of my heart drumming in my ears; I focused on that sound, waiting for the moment it would stop when everything went black.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 117 – Gannon POV

For two days, I listened to his screams when they finally cut out. Liam sighs and pouts." P***y! I wanted to feed him his bowel first," Liam growled, looking down at Doyle's limbless body.

"Well, maybe you should have thought about that before you removed his heart," I said, pointing to his hand. Liam looks at the hand that is holding Doyle's heart. "Oh, yeah, that would have done it," he said, tossing it over his shoulder.

My skin itched from all the blood caked on it. Thick like gravy, I was surprised he lasted this long, and if it wasn't for the blood bags Liam got, he probably would have died yesterday when we removed his arms. Liam whistles happily when the bell rings, signaling someone is here.

"Yes! Customers. Missed my calling; I did. I reckon my steaks look pretty good. Wonder if they want to try my marinated Doyle steaks or the Doyle sausage," Liam says, excitedly taking the tray he had been placing his were-steaks on. He was taking butchering the butcher too seriously. I laugh as he grabs his tray and races to the front of the store before I hear the shrill scream of a woman before the bells sounded as she rushes out.

"But it is a delicacy. Marinated him myself for 12 hours," I hear Liam call out to her. I shake my head, taking my rubber apron off. I hang it on the hook next to the freezer door. Liam comes in with his tray in hand, looking rather upset that the woman, whoever she was, didn't want to try his Doyle steaks.

"Wasted all that time marinating those," he says, tossing the tray on the counter. He washes his knives and places them in his satchel. Grabbing the soap, I scrub my hands clean when Liam growls. Peering over my shoulder to see him glaring down at Doyle.

"B****y b*****d, look what you did! You owe me a new apron. You better hope I can wash this out," he snarls, taking off his apron. I raise an eyebrow at him. The man was bonkers.

"What? He got his filthy blood on it. Look at this," he says, trying to clean his apron in cold water. "He turned it pink. I'll just say it is salmon. I can pull off salmon, right?" Liam growls. Scrubbing his apron that he has come to love.

"I like to see someone tell you you couldn't," I laughed before looking down at my jeans. Not even the apron could save them. I sighed, walking out through the shop to the car and retrieving the bag from the trunk. I always brought spare clothes. The town square was pretty quiet as I stepped out. A lot of stares, but no

one dared say anything. I was kind of waiting for them to break out in a dance, like a flash mob, with the way the noise stopped abruptly and everyone froze.

Shaking my head, I pop the trunk, grab a fresh shirt, and pull it on. Hearing the butcher's shop bell jingle, lyrics glance over my shoulder, and a scream rings out from an elderly lady sitting out front of the bakery eating a scone under a blue and white umbrella.

Liam struts out naked, drenched from head to toe in blood. He shakes off some congealed blood that has plopped on his foot as he shakes his head. His apron is clutched in his hand, and he shakes it out.

"That is not coming in the car. Put it in the trunk," I tell him.

"But how will it dry?" he whined.

"I gotta grab Logan and Oliver. The kids will freak if they see you like that," I tell him when a shriek reaches my ears and a crowd forms around the old woman.

"Are you itchy?" Liam asks, scratching his b***s. I chuckled, shaking my head when people rushed over to the small bakery. Liam glances over there, and so do I to see the old woman choking. Another woman patting her back frantically, and Liam sighs and shakes his head before stomping over to her.

He started performing the Heimlich maneuver on her, which was a sight to see. Everyone scattering as he grabbed her. His arms wrapped around her, his naked a*s tensing as he performed the task. A piece of scone flies from her mouth, and she sucks in a breath before he lets her go. The woman collapses on the ground and Liam clicks his tongue, sitting her up, his chunk right in her face. She gasps, her eyes going wide when she realizes his d**k is like an inch off her face. She looks up at him with wide eyes.

Liam winks at her. "Got something you can gag on, Love," he says, blowing her a kiss. She looks at him, appalled, his d**k slapping her cheek as he turns to walk back to the car. I snort and shake my head at him as he leans into the trunk to retrieve some clothes.

He pulls on some shorts and a tank top before moving toward the passenger side, and I jump in the driver's seat, starting the car. The engine revs loudly as I tear out of the town square, headed for the orphanage.

Liam lights a smoke, and I click my fingers at him before he growls, pulling the smoke from between his lips and handing it to me and lighting another. I drawback on the smoke weaving through the streets to get the kids.

"So what you plan on doing with them, anyway? Since when did you become all fatherly?" Liam asks, and I shrug. I never gave much thought to kids until I met Abbie. Maybe I could keep them? I shake the idea away. Abbie might not want kids. I suppose we would see when I got her back.

"I'm not keeping them," I tell him.

"So, why are we taking them?"

"Clarice," I tell him.

"Ah, I see, a fine woman. Too bad she could never have kids. She would have been an excellent mother," Liam says.

"Well, she is a mother. She practically raised Kyson and half the servant's kids. Clarice will look after them, love them," I tell him, and Liam nods.

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 118 – Abbie POV

Nothingness, complete oblivion, is what I expected. Yet when my heavy eyes opened, tears brimmed in my eyes. The beep of hospital equipment reached my ears as I blinked up at the ceiling. Why? How could life be so cruel and bring me back?

"Thank g*d," I heard a gasp before Kade suddenly hovered over me. His hands were pawing at me, and looked away from him.

"I thought I lost you; the Moon Goddess must have heard my prayers," he gushes, fussing over me like he was some fantastic mate and not the person who did this.

"She heard yours, but mine fell on deaf ears," I groaned. F**k, if she had heard mine, I would have been d**d years ago. But here I am still, the so-called Goddess f*****g s**t up and not giving me the luxury of d***h.

Kade grabs my face in his hands. Sparks rush over my entire body and make my whole body heat up. The bond reacts despite knowing what kind of monster he is. I gasp in h****r as I become aware of the throbbing in my neck. Instinctively, I reach up and touch my mark to find it fresh.

Kade remarked me. Our severed bond is now stronger than ever by the feeling of the sparks that coursed over my entire body. Kade purrs while I just think of how I failed to sever the bond and was again stuck with the miserable b*****d.

"That was close," Kade sighs, kissing my forehead like he was some loving mate. I just blink and say nothing.

"Well, at least you learned your lesson. Then, after all this mess, we can go home. Cassandra said she would make you a nice dinner. Need to get you up to full strength so we can complete the mating process; lasso will ask the Doctor to give

you something to bring on your heat," he says before walking out. This could not be happening. I swallowed and tried to move my hand to brush my hair back to find I was handcuffed to the bed by one hand. I tug on the handcuff, yet it doesn't budge. Sitting up, my entire body ached.

My leg burned the most, and so did every inch of me. Using my other hand, I tug the hospital gown down a little, groaning as I do. My shoulder was covered in stitches. Rolling the skirt up, my leg was the same. His mark may have saved me but didn't heal me that is when I noticed the drip attached to my hand. I follow the line to see the blood bag and another bag.

I choke when I realize it had the same label as the s**t Cassandra had been pumping into me. No wonder I look like Frankenstein. Kade was still preventing me from shifting, and g*d knows how long that drip had been attached to me because it was dark outside, and I wasn't even sure it was the same day.

I lay back down when I hear Kade talking to the Doctor and listening to their voices grow nearer. Kade saunters into the room, a massive grin on his face.

"The Doctor said you can come home tomorrow, isn't that great? He will prepare the injection just before you are discharged," he tells me.

A nurse comes in a few minutes later with a tray of food. She glances at Kade nervously, and I can tell she fears him with the way she averts her gaze to the floor and drops her head, her curly dark hair covering her face.

"Hurry, hurry," Kade snaps at her as she wheels a small table over that slid under the bed before turning the tabletop so it sat above me. The smell of food made my belly growl hungrily. My mouth salivated. She set a tray on the table, and Kade clicked his tongue and growled.

"It's too much; I said something small until after her heat," Kade snapped at the woman. Taking the tray, which smelled divine, he took a pudding cup off it before thrusting the tray at her. She glanced at me, and my stomach screamed in protest as he took whatever was under the plate cover from me. He slaps the pudding cup on the table. The woman bites her lip but takes the tray looking at me apologetically. She goes to hand me the spoon, but Kade slaps it out of her hand.

The more I stared at her, for some reason she reminded me of someone I just couldn't think of who? It was her eyes and cheekbones. They looked familiar. I had no idea why I felt that way.

"Idiot. It could be used as a weapon," he snarled at her. The woman blinks at him.

"She is handcuffed, Alpha. Where would she go?"

"Until I complete the mating process, no utensils. I don't want my mate to harm herself," Kade growls.

"Maybe I can feed her. You said she hadn't eaten in days; the Doctor recommended this meal to help strengthen her." she tried to argue, and I saw the malicious glint in his eye.

"It's alright. I'm not hungry. Just thirsty," I tell her, not wanting to get her into trouble. Yet my belly rumbled loudly. We all heard it in the quiet room.

"See?" Kade says, snatching the juice cup off the tray. He thrusts it at me, and my hand shakes as I take it from him.

"Now leave. You are the last person I want to see in her room," he snarled, and she nodded before rushing out. I stared after her as she ran out.

"B****y fool, are you alright, my love?" he says, and I look at Kade and nod.

It was like his personality switched back and forth. He takes the juice cup and pokes a hole before handing it back. I tried to figure out why the woman looked so familiar. I knew I hadn't seen her before, but something about her gave me *deja vu*.

Shaking the thought off, I drank my juice cup. Kade only allowed me half the pudding cup and watched me dig it out with my fingers. It was humiliating, but I remained quiet, hoping he would leave soon. After about an hour of sitting in silence watching Kade fiddle with his phone, he stood up from the blue chair and walked over to me.

Leaning over the bed, he gripped my chin, tilting my face up to his before shoving his tongue down my throat. The bond reacted but I just went to my safe place, went to the dark parts of my mind, and floated.

"I need to go, but I will be back first thing in the morning. The Doctor will send someone in to give you some d****s to help you sleep," he said, and I nodded my head robotically.

I tried everything to get out of the handcuff, but nothing worked; it was that tight the tips of my fingers were going numb from putting strain on it trying to break out of it. My will to escape d****g along with the last part of my will to live when the crippling pain washed over me.

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Chapter 119

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 119 – Tears pricked my eyes as I felt his infidelity. Life was cruel and the moon goddess, if she existed, was determined to make me suffer. Rolling on my side, I hugged my belly with my free hand. Half an hour later, the pack doctor came in. The man was an older

gentleman. He looked over my notes and shook his head. He checked my drip when the woman from before came in.

"Alana will give you something to help you sleep, and in the morning, I will give a small injection into your ovaries to bring on your heat. You were fortunate. You almost died, if it wasn't for Kade's quick thinking of remarking you, we would have lost you," The Doctor says.

"Yes, so lucky to live with my pig of a mate," I sneer, and he nods, having not paid attention to what I was saying, too busy looking at the charts in his hand.

"You can give it to her, Alana, then obs every two hours," he tells her, and the woman comes over to me.

She smiles sadly as she walks around the bed and takes my arm in her hand. The Doctor watches as she stabs the needle into my cannula port in my free hand.

The Doctor sighs when I feel the top of my hand become wet, and I look at her. Her eyes met mine, and I looked down to see her hand covering the needle as she squirted the contents on my skin, not through the cannula, it spilled on the bed. She then places my hand over the spot.

"Hurry, I haven't got all night," the Doctor complains.

"I'm done, Doctor," she says, dropping the syringe into the small green plastic bowl she brought in with her. He nods, and she makes her way over to my drip, changing the bags out while the Doctor walks out.

She waited a few seconds before rushing over to me and grabbing my hand just as the Doctor walked back in. I feel something metal brushing my palm, and she quickly makes out she was tucking the surrounding blankets around me.

"You may feel a little groggy, don't fight it," she says, staring at me before glancing at the hand she had placed a Key in, and the Doctor clears his throat.

"Alana, bed 4 needs changing again. Mr. Masters wet himself again," the Doctor groaned.

"Yes, right away, Doc, just need to change out her bag on the drip," she says, and he nods, walking back out.

This time when he leaves, he doesn't return. Alana came over to me and started unplugging the machines attached to me, and I waited for the beep only to peer at the monitor to see she had switched it off.

"I found a spare key in Doc's office. You have two hours to run east," she whispers.

"Why are you helping me?"

“My sister Blaire told me about you; now, don’t waste any time; he will feel you once you get too far away,” she says before glancing over her shoulder.

Alana pulls a piece of paper from her cleavage and tucks it under my bottom. “I got your friend’s number. Blaire gave it to me. She stole it from his phone and sent it to me. He then k****d her for touching his phone, but I wrote it down. You must have been worth d***g for, or she wouldn’t have sent it. Blaire wanted to ring whoever it was. She never said who in the message. I would give you a phone, but all calls are monitored and listened in on. East there is a town there ring from there. You try before you leave the town limits and he will know about it,”

“What about you?” she doesn’t answer, just rushes over to the window and opens it before running out, closing the door behind her. I s*****w, pulling the paper out with a number scribbled on it. Waiting a few minutes to make sure no one was coming in, I then used the key to undo the handcuff. I rubbed my wrist before forcing myself off the bed.

My legs collapsed under me when they touched the floor, and I clenched my teeth to stop screaming. Pain ravaged me from my injuries and Kade’s infidelity, but I forced myself up and over to the plastic bag sitting on the chair that Kade brought with him.

Opening it, I find a man’s shirt and some jeans. I s*****w when I realize they must be Cassandra’s jeans. I looked over my shoulder at the door, but no one seemed to be in the hall. Pulling my hospital gown off, I pull the shirt on before gritting my teeth as I pull the jeans on.

My stitches are tugging and pulling. Sweat coated me from so much effort. As I walked to the window, I tried to figure out where east was. She could have pointed that out, or I should have asked. My skin burned as the jeans rubbed my mauled leg, and I struggled to lift it over the windowsill, Breathing harshly, I pulled the other over before sitting on the ledge.

After a few seconds, I braced myself for the pain and jumped. It was only about a two-meter drop, but it felt like I had jumped from a lot higher when I hit the ground. Pain rattled through me as I landed on my bad leg. Choking on a sob, I fought the urge to pass out as I rose to my feet, using the wall for support.

I saw no one around, so I took off running. My legs were k*****g with each movement and the bad one dragging behind me, but I still bit down on the instinct to stop and pushed on. The pain would not stop me. Ivy would come for me. I know she will come; I just need to get to that town.

His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall

Chapter 120

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Read His Lost Lycan Luna by Jessica Hall Chapter 120 – Kyson POV

The drive was taking forever as we headed for the borders of Landeena Kingdom. Someone had strung rogues along the castle walls. My entire body vibrated from the effects of the bond and Azalea's heat. The effects were no different, even miles away, if anything worse, as the urge to turn around and go home grew stronger.

Sweat coated my skin, and I had removed my shirt an hour ago, but not even that helped as my temperature kept rising along with my anger. Poor Damian had remained quiet most of the trip. Just the noise of the tires on the wheels aggravated me. We were not even three hours from home when the Mind link opened up. Trey's panicked voices flitted through my head.

"I can't find her," he rushed out, and my stomach plummeted to somewhere deep inside me, and I fought the urge to shift at his words. My claws sank into the leather seats, and the stuffing sprayed everywhere. Damian glances at me nervously out of the corner of his eye.

"Excuse me?" I snarled back through the bond.

"The Queen, she ran off with Dustin. He said he was teaching her how to drive, one of the guards said, but it has been an hour and a half, and we cannot find either of them or the car," he tells me.

"Dustin said he was teaching her to drive, and you didn't think to f*****g question that?" I snapped at him. Damian glances at me, and I growl, my fist connecting with the dash setting off the airbag. My claws slash through it, and Damian jumps, nearly swerving off the road.

"I thought she was in her room. She was. I didn't even know she had climbed out her window until Clarice went to bring her dinner in and found it wide open," Trey tells me.

Turning to Damian, he looked at me. "Turn the f*****g car around," I snarled, infuriated. I had no doubt where she would have gone, but when I got my hands on Dustin, he was d**d.

"Check the footage to find out which road they took," I snapped at Trey.

"Already did. They left out the rear exit that ran along the river and headed for the highway," I growled, knowing I was right. Azalea was going after Abbie even after I told her not to. The d**n girl couldn't f*****g listen to save her life. B****y foolish, and Trey would be in for it when I got back for not paying better attention to his guard.

"Is Gannon back yet?" I asked him. Gannon would drop whatever he was doing and go if he knew.

"No, sir, he shouldn't be far out, though." I cut the link before feeling for Gannon's link. It opens immediately.

"Where are you?" I ask.

"10 minutes out. What's up?"

"I am on my way back home, but further out, I need you to get Azalea and bring her home,"

"Azalea?" He asks.

"She ran off with Dustin to go after Abbie. You need to head to her until I get there,"

"F**k! That b****y idiot should know better than to take Azalea into hunter's territory at night," Gannon growled. I knew the pact he made now would overwhelm him as strong as a command would. Pacts weren't taken lightly and required my blood and hours of orders forced on them so they couldn't break it. The only one who could break it was me.

I could force them to break it, but that would also be extremely difficult. They would still run back for her the moment the command would drop. Exactly why they all turned on me when I banished her out of the castle. Most that signed up for it passed out and couldn't pass. Only 11 made it through the process, two of whom were d**d now. It worked similar to the council not being able to be commanded, only it was directed to a specific person, and I hoped I wouldn't have to. But Azalea has now left me no choice. I knew she wouldn't like it, but I wouldn't have her life at risk.

She will be blood tying herself to her guard; I won't let this mistake happen again. And Dustin would learn from this mistake. I trusted only Damian, Gannon, and him with her, completely followed by Trey. They lasted the longest during the trials, exactly why they held their positions.

The urge to protect her would be running through all my royal guards. No doubt, the others would be frantically searching the forests for her and Dustin. However, they wouldn't have expected Dustin to do something so stupid, and being fourth in command, they wouldn't have questioned him. I growl. He would pay!

"Which road?" Gannon asks with an angered edge to his voice. He would wanna k**l Dustin. And Dustin would know precisely what he would be coming home to.

"Highway," I answer, and he growls. That is the worst road to travel on at night.

"Abbie?" He asks.

"Perfectly fine, seeing her on the weekend. You can come, but bring my f*****g mate home!" I tell him.

"I will bring the Queen back to you. What of Dustin?"

"Leave him for me," I growled, cutting the link.

“What’s going on?” Damian asks, ripping the car around. Our entourage followed and spun around after us.

“Azalea has run to go to Abbie,” the moment the words left my lips, Damian floored it.

“F**k!” he curses, knowing how bad that area is predominantly of a night. Dustin should have known better, and he would pay dearly for his mistake. How he could agree to something like that was beyond me.

My eyes flicker, and I open the bond and feel for her, and heat smashes into me. She may not be able to feel it, but I indeed did, and its intensity forced the shift. Damian slams on the brakes, and I only just rip myself out of the car before destroying it.

Cars screech to a stop, some skidding onto the grass to avoid hitting me, but I had one thing on my mind: to get to my mate. So I headed for the forest, running, the trees blurring past me, and I let the bond guide me to her. She was in serious trouble when I got my f*****g hands on her.