Vitiate: A Saccharine Affliction

by ReimCai

Summary

Draco Malfoy returns to Hogwarts after the war and faces hatred from every corner of the wizarding world. But his life is sure to change even more drastically after a run in with a werewolf and finding himself constantly in the same presence of a more sexier, harsh and terrifying Neville Longbottom. Secrets are revealed. Sex, blood and violence ensue as an inevitable want sears between Neville and Draco.

Notes

This story was taken down due to personal reasons, but I decided to post it back up. Please give this story another chance. I will keep it up and continue writing.

Again. I'm sorry to everyone who saw it taken down. Here it is. And it's staying up. I'm posting all the chapters that were up before I took the story down and will give readers time to catch up before I update the next chapter from the last one.

Enjoy my lovelies.

Thank you!
“Fucking hell!” I hissed out, the curls of my fingers taught against the soft plane of my palm as my nails dug into the flesh there in a biting manner.

My eyes wandered around aimlessly, breath hitching in time with the obnoxious thrumming of my heart against my straining rib cage. Panic, high and unwelcoming, bubbled up the clenching of my throat to elicit a sort of shuddering wheeze from my parted lips as nerves settles into the rush of my blood stream.

A growl, low and thunderous, sounded throughout the unnerving quiet of the forest surrounding me. The tone was harsh, a rumble that vibrated within the confines of my chest spread out in an agonizingly slow descent to my gut to skate over the inner expanse of my thighs. My body jerked from its spot behind a large oak tree, eyes widening significantly when a gasp, unbridled and shocked, emitted from my mouth. There was a heat, an undeniable warmth that scorned over my groin and made a sudden dizzying dip in my stomach. My cock twitched beneath the onslaught of my trousers and I panicked even more at my reaction to that growl just now.

What the bloody hell is wrong with me?!

I knew I shouldn’t have gone back to Hogwarts, but of course, my pride got the best of me and I wanted to show everyone in the wizarding world that even though the Malfoy’s have fallen from their high ground of riches and status, we were still capable, still strong witted and intelligent. With father in prison for the rest of his shame ridden life and my mother wallowing away in the Malfoy Mansion in the absence of my father, I had to get up and do something for the family. I had to try and take back our dignity and show the wizarding world that the Malfoy’s weren’t weak enough to hide away from everyone. No. My pride as a Malfoy wouldn’t allow me to do such a thing. But now, I wished that I would have stayed home and self taught myself the rest of the lessons that I am supposed to be taught while going to Hogwarts.

I just wanted to get out of the school for a while. To distance myself from the sneers that followed my every move, from the hushed, dark laced whispers that I could feel skate down the length of my back and up as my ears picked up the taunt and disdain the students talked of whenever I was around.

Now I was going to die.

And from a werewolf that I happened to stumble upon as it was eating some other animal’s corpse near the clearing of a lake behind Hogwarts.

I glanced at my reflection staring back at me from the milky froth of the lake I had come across, my features pinched in worry and fear. My hair was a mess of silvery light blond strands, a color similar to that of a blank canvas, blindingly white. Pansy told me my hair was the color of the shimmering substance that catered on a falling snowflake, fascinatingly pale. I disagreed with that gods awful depiction of my hair. Right now, the stands of my hair was chaotic and making me look like Medusa on her worst hair day. I noticed the way my body trembled at the light, cooling breeze that swept around my person. It didn’t help that I had come out for a walk in only my black pressed trousers and long sleeved white shirt, all of which were loose over my thin and petite frame. The pants barely hung onto the sharp jut of my hipbones.
I cringed at the sight of which I presented of myself.

I was going to die tonight and I was going to look horrible doing so. At the very least, I wanted to die looking my best.

Rolling my bottom lip into my mouth and letting my teeth graze the skin there in an insistent jabbing habit of mine, I took in my haphazard state. My eyes were so large and stricken with unadulterated terror. The pale grey of my eyes shone with a moonstone film, a watery substance in the silver wisps making my gaze turn into a crystalline gunmetal hue. Mother always talked about how my eyes resembled that of a blind person, the grey faded out, bleached of its color and drained.

I hated them. Even more so when they were large with anxiety because they made me look weaker than I already was. My eyes made me look like a scared kitten instead of the cold demeanor my father carried around with him with his stormy grey gaze. Even though I hated him, I admired how he didn’t emit weakness like I did.

With the situation I found myself in at the moment, my skin was more paler than usual. My skin was a sharp contrast with the bags beneath my eyes from countless, restless nights I’ve endured since the death of Voldemort. I still had nightmares, still shook and screamed in my sleep until my voice grew hoarse and I ended up in Pomfrey's office for healing meds for the soreness of my throat and sleeping aid potions.

I didn’t take the potions. They made me feel nauseous.

The snap of a stick echoed throughout the forest, causing my back to run rigid straight and my arms to fold over the span of my stomach in an unconscious gesture to protect myself. How this action was supposed to keep me safe? I hadn’t a clue.

Squeezing my eyes shut and chastising myself for letting Professor Snape take my wand in accordance to my punishment for helping the dark lord against my will, I tried to even my breathing out, trying not to picture the huge wolf with dark brown, almost obsidian chipped fur as it’s sleek and muscled shoulders shifted in its heavy weight to prowl closer to my prone figure.

When I had seen it at the clearing a moment back, I had froze up. The creature was big, its height large and foreboding as it leaned its blackened snout into the clear waters and flicked its tongue out to lap at the liquid. My breath stuttered at remembering the pure power and strength the werewolf shown, even in its relaxed state. But then it had snapped its head my direction to stare me down with amber flecked eyes and watched me for more than a few unnerving minutes. It's eyes were focused and calculating, as if assessing every part of my body and what it held beneath. And I had felt stripped bare, something that I never felt before to the point where I panicked and ran. A dumb decision that was.

After maybe around twenty minutes of wandering about in the dark shadows of the woods, I decided to round back as silently and quickly as I could in an effort to lose the werewolf only to hear its steps surrounding me once again and make me hide behind a tree near the clearing, back where I started.

The wolf, embarrassingly so, reminded me of someone. Someone who attended Hogwarts and was completely different from what I remembered him to be.

I bit down on my lip harder at the image of Neville Longbottom and his towering, lean and muscled physique with golden hued eyes. My cock throbbed then at the mere thought of the guy. My cheeks, despite the cold, felt hot all of the sudden, the warmth spreading up my neck.
Fuck. Shit! Now is not the time!

Shaking my head, I snapped my eyes open, only to yelp out when a pair of those jasper, illuminate eyes were only a breadth away from my own.

I reared back as if someone had slapped me across the face and had the back of my head jar against the tree stump. I released a cry, high pitched and tearing away from my moist mouth, body shivering as the werewolf snuffed hot air over my forehead to brush away the stray strands there and cause a riotous tremor to rock my frame.

“Pl-please. You don’t want t-to eat me, I … I taste horrible. All r-rotten and t-too sweet.” What in the bloody fuck am I saying? Malfoy’s never stutter and here I was now, a blubbering mess.

The werewolf closed in on me, abrupt and in such a blurring movement that I had gone incredibly still when I found myself pressed against the tree trunk and wanting it to swallow me whole when the creature leaned its massive head down and brushed dark lips and elongated, claw like teeth, over the spot where my neck met my shoulder.

My chest heaved up and down, the air stifled as I practically started to hyperventilate.

The surprisingly soft and smooth fur of the wolf caressed over my neck when I felt it shift the slightest bit as my eyes stayed hooked on its own, thinking if I looked away from those eyes for even a moment, the wolf would snap at me.

I felt it sniff below the hollow of my ear and I couldn’t suppress the whimper that clogged in my chest and let it escape.

The creature then went still.

I held my breath, all oxygen seeming to halt in its place in my lungs and leave me stranded of air.

Looking up at the werewolf from beneath my lashes, I nervously flicked my tongue across my lips and saw its heated gaze follow the movement.

Then everything happened at once. Too fast for me to comprehend.

I had yelled out, stricken and startled, when the werewolf moved its head down and released a deep growl that etched itself into my very being. Its nose, wet and hot, pressed into my groin, causing my whole body to seize and arch at the heavy contact on my throbbing cock.

“Wh-What are you doing?” I gasped out, mouth parting even more when the creature looked up at me with those glowing amber orbs of his and nuzzled further down over my stiffening dick and underneath my balls.

My legs parted, trembling and shock ridden, as I splayed them out, my body seeming to have a conscience of its own.

The werewolf rumbled then.

My knees weakened, feeling all strength leave my body as they gave out without any further notice.
The creature blew out a hot breath against my lower half as I slouched forward and flailed my arms about to grasp onto its muscled, fur covered back. I squeaked when my knees bent around the head of the werewolf for leverage of my fall and let out a heavy whine when the wolf all but shoved my ass back into its snout and pressed into the crack of my buttocks.

My shaking fingers, limp and confused with a fire scorching through my person, grasped at the fur on the werewolf’s back when it rubbed its nose up and down the line of my ass, nuzzling in further as if threatening to break through my trousers to nestle between my cheeks.

“P-please stop. What do you w-want from me?” I breathed out against the fur, cheek pressed over its shoulder as I gulped in lungfuls of air. As if it gave no regards to my words, its nose nudged against the curve of my ass almost reverently before my breath stuck in my lungs as my world tipped on its axis and another yelp sounded from my lying from across the earthy ground.

I stared up at the creature that crouched above me on all fours, my heart hammering wildly and my eyes widening even more when it lifted its paw and retracted a viscously curved claw to swipe it down the pant leg of my trousers on my right inner thigh and tore it from my body.

A choke sounded in my chest as the night air fogged over my bare thighs and legs as the wolf tore away at my clothes, leaving me in only my silky green fitted briefs.

In an attempt to keep any sense of decency, especially under the narrowed eyed gaze of the werewolf’s that seemed as if it held more knowledge than it should for such a creature, I flailed my arms up and attempted to cover my bottom half. I crossed my legs over one another to keep the wolf's eyes covered from my cock, which was embarrassingly twitching.

Something is fucking wrong with me!?

The werewolf tilted its head, soft raven black feather like tufts rustling about in the evening breeze while those illuminate amber flecked eyes seared into my very bones.

I shivered beneath it's gaze, feeling overexposed and undeniably bare.

“Don't.” I whispered, so softly to my own ears that with any other human being around me, they wouldn't have heard, but the creatures hearing sure picked up on it with the way it's ears twitched at my breathless tone.

Then it shifted, haunches sticking out as it moved even closer to my prone figure.

I clenched my thighs together with a bruising force then.

But fuck, those eyes had my neck heating up and the warmth spreading out over my cheeks like a maiden whore.

A whine, high pitched and heat stroked, passed my quivering lips when the werewolf hovered over my twitching dick, nudged my quaking hands away from its coverage of my groin, and ran the length of its tongue right over my hole, past my balls, and to the tip of the head of my cock.

A scream, of fear conflicting pleasure, ripped out of my throat and shattered the silence of the night. The tongue sopping wet and pressing teasingly over the thin fabric of my boxers.

My arms snapped up on their own accord, hands gripping fists full of the werewolf silken fur on its
head to harshly tug at it in a fevered frenzy.

Oh god.

Ah fuck.

My body shook, like thunder rolling down my spine as it arched like a strung up bow, the fuss of my
hair brushing across the dirt stained floor as I felt high.

The creature growled, this time, with a sinister countenance, all dark and threatening, so fucking
deep that it rattled my bones.

And then it stopped.

My eyes flung wide open, taking in the sudden lack of any presence around me.

I lay there, panting and hard as hell while the werewolf seemed to have disappeared all together. A
frozen sensation fell over me, causing my back to thud against the ground once again and my head to
fall sideways as I squeezed my eyes shut, hoping to hell that no one saw me out here before I got the
courage to stand the fuck up again and walk on weakened knees back to the Slytherin dorm rooms.

I was dead tired.

There wasn't a single cell in my body that didn't scream out in tired shame. I felt like a diseased cow.

Pansy was talking a mile a minute, a continuous motorboat as her voice filtered in through my hazy
thoughts every now and then, eliciting my head to bob in agreement and a muttered accordance to
her words.

I had my fork picking at the salad I chose for lunch this dreadful day.

I wasn't that hungry.

Pansy then proceeded to slap a stinging palm across my right shoulder.

“What is it, you bumbling bitch?” I seethed through gritted teeth and eyes sharp as I twisted my head
around and up so I could level my gaze on the brunette sitting beside me. Her light brown, hazel
gaze leveled with mine as she arched an artfully curved brow and pursed her cherry stained glossed
lips in m direction.

Pansy Parkinson was my best friend because she knew how to handle my bitchiness when I couldn't.
She was also a drop dead gorgeous woman with her modeler figure. Her posh attitude fitted well
with her sassy personality.

“You need to get your pretty little head out of that ass of yours, darling.” Pansy drawled in a
mocking tone.
I rolled my eyes. “It's not my fault that you're utterly boring to converse with these days, sweetheart. Perhaps try to come up with better material when you speak with me.” I rested my elbow a top of the dining table, letting the curve of my cheek rest over my curled knuckles as I gave Pansy a wry uptick of a smirk.

Pansy scoffed next to me and reached over to pluck lettuce off of my plate. Popping it into her mouth, she wagged her finger at me in a gesture of chastisement. “You love it when I talk about the latest lingerie fashion in the muggle wor-”

I went ramrod straight, mouth parting on an intake of terror, face pulling into a look of pure annoyance to mask the amount of panic raging inside of my conscience. “May I proceed to announce to Hogwarts about you getting pummeled by Ronald Weasley, your most hated person on the planet?”

Pansy snapped her mouth shut then, jaw tightening as if she was trying to stop herself from wringing my neck. I internally snickered at her.

“It’s not my fault that you’re still a virgin and take much interest in living vicariously through me and my sexual experiences, doll face.” Pansy smiled.

I gave her a bland expression, once again dropping my cheek on my closed fist, pressing my lips together. “I have no idea what it is you're talking about, Pansy dear.” My voice was in a cadence of innocence.

Pansy flicked her nails over my nose, making me sniffle and slap away her spindly fingers from my face in irritation. “Don’t pretend that my secret sexcapade is not hot. That boy can fuck me over any professor's desk if he wanted to and I wouldn't stop him. You're just jealous.”

I’m not fucking jealous. Sure, I can admit that Ronald Weasley who used to be a gangling, freckled, pale boy, has now turned into a massive body of muscle, sharp features and intimidating height. He was rather hot and I kind of hated Pansy for gaining that beast of a man’s attention. But I didn’t find attraction to the Weasley enough to be bitter about Pansy having him. One because he and I went at each others throats so much before that I only think of him as a ginger with serious anger management issues who still hates me but only tolerated me for Pansy’s sake.

The same thing went with Potter. He became like a viking, all tall and dark haired with emerald gleaming eyes and tanned skin. He was handsome and it felt like everyone got more gorgeous after beating Voldemort while I stayed the same skinny, obscenely too pale and odd eyed boy with freakish hair. It was even worse when I caught sight of Neville Longbottom being flanked by both guys and girls from all over Hogwarts and from all years because … well … he became sexy and gorgeous and terrifyingly beautiful.

For fucks sake!

“No I’m not.” I mumbled, absentmindedly moving my gaze in the most nonchalant manner that I could muster up as I searched for the man. Because Neville surely wasn’t that slightly chubby, awkward, pimple tooth gaped face of a boy before. No. Far from it.

My eyes landed on the Gryffindor table, where admittedly Potter and his gang all sat around. Neville was at the far right of the table, facing my person as his face angled down towards Luna Lovegood with his cupid bow shaped lips moving in a small chatter with the blonde woman.
I watched him.

Neville was tall, his figure looming over others with his lean and muscular build, the chord of his muscles tensing and shifting beneath the onslaught of his black long sleeved T-Shirt. The sleeves of his shirt was rolled up past his elbows, showing the straining veins against taut arms. His broad shoulders intimidating. I could make out his hard rock abs from beneath the fabric of his shirt whenever the material pressed up against his abdomen with each steady inhale and exhale of his breaths. He wore dark fitted jeans that shown off his long strong legs and muscular thighs.

Snape decided that the students could choose one day where they could dress however they wanted and then they would have to be in uniform for the rest of the week. It seemed Neville decided today was his "no uniform" day.

My eyes ran up the length of his body, taking in his strong jawline and sharp cheekbones, skin a smooth white as if he was carved out of the finest of marble. His hair was the color of dark chestnut and natural mahogany streaks, disheveled and tousled, such a dark rich tone of russet brown. His hair was cut above his ears but longs at the top, falling over his right hair enticingly.

And then his eyes. Those eyes of his reminded me of the beginnings of Stygian shadows, a play between a void full of abyss, black smoke mingling in with charcoal. They were obsidian chipped like that wolf’s fur from last night, gleaming and flooding with wisps of jasper and liquefied amber similar to that of melted honey. They were crystalline in their clash of dark and light, switching from one or the other and often mingling in together to create a chaos of differentiating colors.

He reminded me of so much of that werewolf.

Both magnetic and scorching in their frigid darkness and eyes the exact same.

I decided I wouldn’t think of that, it was weird and embarrassing. I’ve never been like that before, so fearful of something all the while deep in a heated state.

That never happened.

Neville Longbottom was also a man that was tortured during the war and helped beat Voldemort. Now he wore a mask of indifference though bringing with it a disarming charm that would make anyone around him feel drawn to his overwhelming presence but fear his every move. He had a nicety to him that felt like a heavy air weighing down on one’s shoulders, dragging them down in his suffocating aura. People liked Neville, but he was a mystery to everyone. The way he carried himself was lazed back and calm, but in the wake of his gaze and the way he watched those around them had me thinking of him as a predator, slinking and cornering his prey, so focused and unpredictable that one wouldn’t notice when he would snap.

“You’re staring at him again, Draco.” Pansy’s voice struck through my thoughts and had me ripping my eyes away from Neville as my chest constricted at the way he leaned in closer to Luna, all small smiles and faces absurdly too close to each other.

Whatever. I shouldn’t care about Neville Longbottom and who he associates himself with.

“I’m staring at that terrible hair of monstrosity that is sitting atop Granger’s head.” I snickered out, trying to act like I wasn’t just staring like a creeper at Neville.

Pansy clicked her tongue at me and I sneered at her for it. “Please, Granger’s got a shit ton of men
coming after her because of how hot she is. I’m bisexual, trust me when I say she’s hot. And don’t fucking lie to me.”

I curled my lip up at her, digging my knuckles into my cheekbone in irritation. “I wasn’t staring at that thing called Neville.”

My best friend sighed exasperatedly, knowing that I wouldn’t say how weirdly interested I was in everything Neville Longbottom. Why was I thinking of him so much? I don’t know, he’s good looking, he scares me and for some fucked up reason I wanted to bathe in his smothering presence. He’s a fascination of mine.

I know he wouldn’t look twice at me. Besides I bullied him when we were little. Why would he want anything to do with me?

Pansy softly spoke then. “Neville is rather too good looking, like I’m gazing at some sort of greek god. But he’s also someone who’s hard to get close to. He’s charming but … scary? Ron says he’s changed immensely after the war.”

I pressed my lips over my knuckles, brushing them across the bottom lip’s skin as my gaze went back to stare off at the way Neville’s fingers tapped incessantly against the hard surface of the long dining table next to his empty plate.

I can’t be interested in him.

I’m not.

Running the tip of my tongue over my lip as I dragged the flesh out with the jut of my middle knuckle and tugging on it in a bad habit of mine, I whispered over to Pansy as I went to look at Neville’s eyes again. “He’s nothing special.”

My body jerked when I found Neville’s golden black gaze fixed directly on mine.

Pansy’s words were static behind my suddenly ringing ears but I tried to strain my hearing when she talked again. “Tell that to the entirety of the wizard world.”

I couldn’t do anything but freeze on the spot, body stiffening up and cock giving an enthusiastic thrum, blood rushing up my ears all the while.

Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck!

I felt like a bird trapped in its cage now, a mere bug beneath a microscope as I whipped my knuckles away from my parted lips, mostly over the strained bottom one to be exact so it could come back to my mouth as I tore my head sideways to take in a deep breathe and steady the harsh thump of my heart battering away at my rib cage.

Did he notice I was staring?

Oh god.

Noticing Pansy watching me with her signature raised brow, I let out a frustrated sigh and stood up from where I sat, quiet quickly and rather too noisy because I now felt most of the dining room’s students openly staring at me like I’ve lost my damn marbles. Which they have been doing since I’ve
decided to come back and finish my school year at Hogwarts with the rest of the other Slytherins prideful or stubborn enough to come back.

I didn’t like the attention now.

Even the Slytherins who had come back hated me. I was the one that let Voldemort into the school and had him stay at my home as hideaway to stay and do his evil shit.

What everyone except Potter didn’t know was that I had only ever followed the flat nosed fuck because my father was working for him and the dark lord had threatened both my father and mother if I didn’t join in with my father as one of his soldiers. I couldn’t put my family at risk. My family was the only thing I had and now with father in Azkaban for the rest of his life and my mother’s mental state rotting in Malfoy Manor I practically had no one now.

I was only trying to survive and now I was hated for doing stuff that left me with more screams than laughter throughout my life.

Blaise called out to me and I internally cringed at his voice filtering over the room. “Better call your mommy to cuddle you, snake prince. You look like utter shite!”

The dining area burst out into fits of laughter, cackles ricocheting off the walls and high ceilings. Pansy, bless her, reared her head every which way to give a rather nice frigid stare at everyone before standing up too and standing beside me. “Let’s go.”

Nodding, I sucked up the pain prickling in my gut and gave a leering grin, so big and fake but knowing everyone would think it was real when I passed by with long strides, my head held up high as I ignored Blaise’s ringing words.

With a bite to my lip, I looked down one hallway to the next, chest heaving in time with the erratic rush of my blood.

I needed to shower.

And it was 3:13 in the morning, the only time I found that no one was in the boys shower rooms where I wouldn’t get fucking ambushed like the first time I tried to go.

I winced at the thought of that moment. I had came back to my room with bruises all over and blood flooding my mouth. But I didn’t tell anyone and made a cleansing potion that both healed and made me look like I wasn’t jumped like what really happened that night.

I wasn’t a snitch.

But I sure tried to get some semblance of sleep in before having my alarm clock wake me up and tell me to take a shower. This was the only time I could because, well … who the hell would be up
taking a shower in Hogwarts at this time of the morning?

Clutching my freshly new pajamas and clean green towel, I sprinted across the hallway to the large corridors of the boys shower room to softly open and quickly but quietly shut it behind me.

With an impish grin splitting my features, I faced forward to start stripping in the middle of all the lockers, stepping out of my uniformed trousers, white button down shirt and green silken tie, I threw them on the bench in the middle of the slytherin colored lockers and padded barefooted across the linoleum floor to the end of the lockers where the row of showers appeared.

I was stark naked and the air brushing over my flesh caused goosebumps to erupt over my skin but I was too happy to finally get my awaited shower that I’ve been wanting throughout the whole day.

Once I was finished in the shower and stood in the warm water for more than necessary, I had walked on out to get to the bench where I also laid out my new pajamas only to stop dead in my tracks, dripping wet and water sluicing down the mess of my pale hair to create annoying dripping rhythms over the floor.

All of my clothes were gone.

Except for the ones neatly laid out.

A gryffindor's school uniform, specifically a girl one.

“H-huh?” Was all I could say when I felt my heart give one last thump before stopping altogether and leaving my body for a shuddering moment.

Was this another prank?

Who the hell could do this?!

“Fuck.” I seethed out, bottom lip quivering as I felt the disturbing oncoming ache behind my eye sockets, salt and liquid gathering there and blurring my vision in a mere second. Sucking in a sharp breath, I looked around my person to see if anyone was there but I couldn’t see anyone. Blinking rapidly to stop the tears that clogged at the back of my throat, I internally slammed my head against a brick wall and in reality, decided to walk back and forth in my sopping wet form.

There was no way I was going to step outside this room without any clothes on. I would definitely be made fun of my bare body and how pathetic I looked with the barely there muscles I had and my slim figure.

I mean, I liked wearing girl clothes. I figured that out when Pansy had me put on her school uniform when we were little and I loved the feeling of the silk against my skin and completely inhaling the sensation of being more delicate than I already was. I took an avid interest in it and father hated that I did while mother didn’t mind. I wore the muggle clothes Pansy would give me from her random trips because they were soft and made my body look … enticing than it really was.

But that was a secret.

A secret I liked kept hidden away for as long as I lived.

And having to be forced to wear a Gryffindor girl uniform may show others that I didn’t mind
wearing these sorts of things. Like I was scared they would see right through me and know that I actually enjoyed wearing a skirt.

Fuck.

Also, having a Malfoy heir walk around in public with girl clothes on wouldn’t take well to the wizard world and I knew everyone would turn their attention to me more so than it already was and make my life an even more living hell.

I couldn’t disgrace the family name like that.

Mother already had so much shit to deal with.

But it was worse to be made fun of for the bare expanse of my skin and bones rather than the outline of it through girl clothes. I didn’t like being naked in front of others. Voldemort had me change in front of him for his sick entertainment once. He didn’t touch me, but he did one day promise me he would and that … that terrified me and not in a way that Neville did.

He was dead though. Potter, Ron, Granger, Neville … they killed him.

Being naked in front of everyone was a lot more tedious than being caught in a schoolgirl uniform. No one needed to see my everything.

Fuck.

I’m really going to go through with this. Maybe I could destroy any evidence of my attire tonight before having it shown in public.

Taking in a shaky breath, I cursed beneath quietly to myself as I went to snatch up the pleated skirt and step into it. The tiny waist of the skirt rose up across my legs and shimmied over my thighs and over my hip bones, fitting snug tight around my waist. It flared out over the curve of my ass where the bottom hem of its flare brushed against the space between my arse cheeks and thighs met, coming a little bit above mid thigh and so fucking short.

What’s worse was that I had no underwear. The skirt was dark red with black stripes to create a checkered design. Gryffindor colors. It fitted me unnervingly well and I couldn’t help but rub the soft material between my thumb and index finger, breath hitching as the fabric swept over my naked cock.

This feels nice.

Shaking my head minutely, I grew red at my own thoughts and decided to hurry up and put on the black sheer, crisscross stockings that met a little above the knee and felt like second skin around my legs and thighs, nicely fit and ridiculously soft where it shown bits and pieces of my pale skin. It left a huge gap between the bottom of the skirt and the tops of my stockings to show the bare skin of my thighs. The Gryffindor school girl uniform didn't allow such gaudy stockings though. Whoever was doing this to me surely wanted to make a fool out of me.

I bit down on my lip when I reached for the top, which was black and rode up past my belly button with long sleeves, this fitting to my petite frame and the subtle curves that Pansy had once told me made me look like a girl if anyone knew how I looked like beneath all my clothes. All the Gryffindor women wore this kind of shirt with their house colored cardigans over it, which I didn't get. I was left
exposed.

And then there were the dark red heels to match with the skirt.

I loved heels.

Fuck.

Not the time to admire. I was about to get mortified here in a second.

Gritting my teeth in frustration, I slipped on the heels and staggered a bit in them, not liking how my chest warmed as I looked down at myself and made a tiny squeak at my appearance.

I shouldn’t like this.

Why was I doing this?

Oh yeah, so I didn’t have to go out naked because that’s a large fear of mine.

But I like the feeling of these soft feminine clothes …

Something is definitely wrong with me.

Licking my lips, I brushed my drying hair out of my eyes and made my way to the doors to slowly open them and peek out to check if anyone was there. I know someone would be there, waiting to make fun of me because how else would I have gotten these clothes. Someone or a group of people were out to make my life worse than it already was.

I could always run for it back to my dorm room.

With that in mind, I slammed the doors open and booked it down the hallway opposite from where I exited and ran with a staggered pace because running in heels was gods awful!

That’s when I heard low laughter following behind me, causing me to look behind my shoulder to see Blaise and the other Slytherin’s holding up lit up wands and making chants that were the embodiment of taking pictures of my skirt clad figure.

One of the Slytherin boys whistled as I turned my head back around and gulped around a mouthful of bile. “If I didn’t know any better, I would have mistaken you for a girl and fucked that nice arse of yours, Draco!”

Letting out a pathetic sob, I felt my vision go completely watery as I swiftly turned around a corner to get out of view from the guys who didn’t seem to care to chase me because they probably got their pictures. With my jaw tightening in an effort to keep myself from crying, because dammit I would not cry, I raced up spiraling staircases that did not belong to the Slytherin dorms but to the Gryffindor ones to jog up the steps and speak their house password at their entrance door and into the red lounge room.

I knew the password because I was a curious little bugger who wanted to know everything.

Slamming the door shut behind me, I breathed out a trembling sigh, trying to catch my breath as I leaned my forehead against the door’s surface, sleek wood and polished Italian cut.
“What are you doing here?” A deep, low murmur spoke right at the skin of my bent neck, hot air skating across the bared flesh.

I yelped out in surprise, turning on my heel to twitch back with widened eyes. The voice, like warm milk frothing in drizzling honey and rubbing over my spine like sinfully silken sheets, carried a rumble, booming and spreading out through my chest at the sheer strength of the low tone that emitted out around me. It had my muscles tightening up in anticipation and consternation.

And I had to tilt my head back and look up from beneath my lashes at the looming frame of the one and only Neville Longbottom.

He wore black trousers and an unbuttoned white long sleeved shirt that, showing off the expanse of his bare chest, a line of hard abs and sinuous muscles on display with his defined pecs. And there were tattoos, intricately woven with each curve and sharp turn of its blackened ink, sleeves rolled up like this afternoon but this time, showing ink that ran and curled up his strong forearms and disappeared beneath the sleeves.

Neville has tattoos? Does he charm himself to not show them during school hours? He had to. Why wouldn't he want to show them?

My thoughts were interrupted when my gaze shifted down Neville's frame, taking in how Neville's trousers were riding low, exposing the sharp V-Dip of his hips, defined angled slopes that narrowed and disappeared beneath the hemline of his trousers. Neville's hair was even messier than what I've seen of it before.

I gaped up at him like a fish out of water.

“Answer me.” Neville’s tremor of a demand incited a jerk of my spine and my back to collide with the door behind me.

I tried not to cower back because being in front of Neville and getting a full frontal of his presence has my head reeling and my mouth moving without my say so, a flicker of nerve induced sarcasm passing my parted mouth. Really bad habit of mine. “It's none of your business, Longbottom.”

I pressed further into the door frame despite the words spewed out of my lips. It was a reflex. To become a bitch to cover up the sudden waves of anxiety flowing through my veins because a Malfoy does not show weakness and even though I ran from my fellow Slytherin classmates, I didn't give them the chance to see the unshed tears that were practically trying to claw their way out of my eye sockets.

I would not let anyone see how much I was affected by everything happening to me, especially not to fucking Neville Longbottom. The man who seems to consume every thought of mine since coming back to this hell hole.

Neville raised his dark brows, taking a step in towards my figure as he tilted his head, the silky strands of his brown locks brushing across the smooth skin of his forehead as flaxen eyes gazed down at me with such unnerving intensity. “You’re one to talk since you just barged into the Gryffindors quarters when you’re a Slytherin. And especially because it seems that you aren’t leaving anytime soon. So explain.”

Narrowing my eyes up at Neville, I let out a sneer that I didn’t feel. “I’ll get out soon. This has
nothing to do with you.”

I let out a wheeze of a gasp when hot, warm, large hands went in between my legs to grip my upper thigh where it met my pelvic bone, very close to my exposed cock. The back of my head slammed over the door as I flailed on the spot. Neville grasped me there, squeezing with such a strong hold that the tips of his fingers dug into the meat of my thigh and left crescent moon shapes from his nails.

Heat poured over my body then, but the surprise and fear laced in with the burst of warmth coiling low in my gut had my mouth pressed tight together to keep myself from crying out at the hot touch of Neville’s rough hands.

Neville lent down, back hunching and showing the sharp, muscular edges of his shoulder blades as he suddenly crowded into my space, squeezing my thigh within his death grip as he levelled his face with mine, lips a few millimeters from mine to the point where I could smell him. An intoxicating scent of musky forest, cigar smoke and mint rolled off of Neville’s intimidating frame, causing my breath to hitch in time with the twitch of my cock beneath the soft fabric of my skirt. My eyes threatened to roll to the back of my head with the abrupt dizzying smell flooding my every thought and making the muscles in my legs strain underneath Neville’s fingers.

“Ah.” I let out a tiny rush of sound to tear from my gaping mouth when Neville dug his fingers further into my leg. I winced, the discomfort erupting over my features from the pain lacing into my flesh. “Stop it! Y-you’re hurting me, Gryffindork!”

I tried kicking my legs out, only to yelp when Neville hauled my leg forward and pushed me back in a harsh impact, my teeth rattling when my head slammed against the door frame and gasping out as I felt my other thigh being clutched by Neville’s other hand and I found myself being lifted up off of my feet. I yelled out in surprise, laden heat coursing through my veins.

Neville brought my back up the door frame, my heart thundering wildly in my chest as I wriggled in his iron grasp, mouth falling open to heave in air that I felt like I was immensely starving of at this very moment.

Straightening his posture, Neville hovered over me, looming and scorching in those dark, obsidian chipped eyes of his. I struggled in Neville’s hands, still gripping my thighs beneath my skirt and my eyes so stricken wide in their audacity at such a rough behavior inflicted upon my person and the fact that I was throbbing by said actions.

I could feel the concealed ominous tensions lining his tensed figure, a dark calmness falling over his emotionless expression and I felt that same trapped sensation fall into the pit of my gut just like that night with the werewolf.

Where was the charming man everyone knew?

A tremor ricocheted over my flesh as I cried out as the biting manner of Neville’s nails into my thighs.

Lifting my hands up, I shoved at Neville’s broad, hard chest, only to let out a frustrated scream when the damn Gryffindor didn’t move a single inch.

Panic rose up my spine, sidling along the length with an embarrassing dose of shame at how much my heart was practically beating like a violent drum beneath my chest in time with the quick thrum of blood flooding in my hardening cock.
“I want you to apologize for that tone of yours. Now.” Neville’s voice dropped to an unbelievable octave. The sound elicited my back to arch as I pushed feebly at the man’s shoulders.

Panting, I stared at him with shocked eyes, my face hot. “How dare you! I d-don’t have to do a-a-anything you say, you-”

He heaved me forward in a whipping motion, almost causing my neck to snap as I was forced into the door once again in a blur of movement, my vision swimming behind my rapidly blinking lids. I bit down on my bottom lip, mouth quivering on a sharp cry when I glanced down to see my skin split from Neville’s burrowing fingers around my thighs. I blew out a shaky breath as I sneered at the man, his figure all dark and foreboding, terrifying and … inevitably handsome.

I couldn’t talk now, astonished and shaking from a rush of adrenaline with a healthy dose of apprehension. My skin felt taut, tension and warmth choking me in their wake. “I could just push you out this door and leave you out there so anyone could take pictures of your slutty figure.” Neville toned lowly, a low rumble and a flash of molten gold rendering me chewing harder on my lip, staring up at his large person from beneath my lashes in mortification and dread.

Slutty.

Why did that sound so nice coming from Neville’s mouth? Why wasn’t I furious at what he just called me!?

Ugh.

I was not going to apologize to Neville fucking Longbottom of all people. But every time I felt like protesting, it was as if Neville knew that I would and stop me by tightening his hands around me even more.

It hurt.

And I was burning in his hands.

Oh fuck.

Furrowing my brows, I clutched at the material of his shirt, fisting them in my shaking curled hands to give him a narrowed eye look that I couldn’t feel an ounce of as I tried to stop myself from lilting my hips up that barest inch left between his pelvis and mine so I could grind against him like a cat in heat.

Neville stared me down and I was scared.

I was fearful of the way my cock was hard as a rock and threatening to brush at Neville’s hip, of the way that I was in trepidation around this man yet I was getting off on his rough treatment towards me.

And for some reason, I knew that Neville would go through with his threat without any hesitation. I don’t want to be put in any more humiliation than I already was in with the entirety of Hogwarts. I know that the Slytherin boys were looking for me still and they would never think that I would have found solace in the Gryffindor towers.
I wasn’t safe anywhere, but at least I wouldn’t have to be around my stupid former housemates.

Releasing my bottom lip from my mouth, I caught Neville’s gaze flickering and thought I saw them running over the skin of my lip but it was so quick it was probably just my imagination. Shifting beneath Neville’s tight grasp, I released a sound of distress at the sharp prickles of pain lacing down my shaking thighs.

This was horrible.

Why was I turned on!?

Anymore proximity with Neville would make me do stuff I would definitely regret.

“I’m sorry.” My voice was barely audible to my own ears. It was a surprise that Neville even heard me with the way he released my hurting legs and dropped me to the floor on the flat of my feet.

I squeaked out when my knees all but wobbled and I found my lower half weak as I all but slid down the length of the door and flat on my ass.

It was as if every single strength in my body was drained from Neville’s touch and I couldn’t bare to move a miniscule of a muscle. I could feel my blush spreading down my chest then as I looked up and watched Neville go back into that casual demeanor of his, not that alarmingly nerve-racking menacing persona. I watched the chords of his tattooed arms flex as he shoved his hands into his trousers pockets and watched me with an expression I couldn’t place.

My mouth was hanging open as I had to tilt my head back and stare at him with no response in my box full of wits.

I was stunted. And the skirt was tented with my straining erection.

Neville raised his brows at me, causing me suck in air and lift my arms to cross them over my groin. I was as red as the skirt I wore. My mouth flapped open and closed like a gaping fish in an attempt to explain why I was hard of all times but I couldn’t emit an explanation and instead, I had blurted out why I was here in the first place, feeling like I had to after everything that happened since I got into this fucking room.

I was tired and Neville did ask about why I was here and my not telling him had brought the incident of my now bruising and cut up thighs.

“I’m giving you three hours to stay in here since no one comes into the lounge room until eight. It should be enough time for the Slytherins to get tired of waiting for your pathetic person and let you go back to your room.” Neville drawled as if he was utterly bored with me.

I didn’t even ask for his help.

Deciding to not make Neville mad again, I went with a whispered “Fine.”

Neville then turned his back to me and started to walk towards the stairs that led to the thousands of Gryffindor dorm rooms. As he tracked up the steps, he spoke out to me, a deep tremor that shook in my chest. “Watch your damn mouth when you speak to me and make sure you’re not seen in that outfit when you leave.”
He paused as he almost disappeared from my sight, tone giving out a husk that caused my knees to quiver on the spot and gasp at his next words. “No one will see those pictures. I’ll make sure of it, but you have to pay me back, blondie. Better take care of that erection.”

With that he was gone and I was trying not to hyperventilate in this red room.
Enrapture

Waking up to the looks of narrowed eyes, scrunched noses, and snarling mouths from my Slytherin classmates was an odd sensation. I was used to the way the academy looked at me now, with hate and disgust, but I wasn’t prepared for the amount of malice that rolled in ferocious waves from their every pore over the expanse of my clothed skin.

When lunchtime came, I sat with Pansy as usual, cautious to the way the whole of the Slytherin table were glaring daggers at me, even more than they usually did.

I’m guessing the pictures from last night didn’t get out because no one had said or put them up at all and by the looks directed my way, they were angry about it.

Did that mean that Neville went through with his words? How did he manage that? What the hell would I have to owe Neville? Why must I have to do what he requires?

I couldn’t.

There was no way I would do what he wanted.

And what the hell was that nickname he gave me?! Blondie.

Indecent, arrogant, intimidating asshole.

I didn’t ask him to make sure the pictures didn’t get out, he did that on his own free will. I made no deal so I don’t need to follow his so called “demand”.

Rolling my bottom lip into my mouth, I jabbed at the skin there as I whipped my gaze around in a paranoid state of mind, a sensation of dizzying heat and a prickling ache of tenseness settling in my flesh in a state of panic.

I could feel someone watching me, with more hate and heat than those that were already glaring my way.

With my breath heaving out of my mouth, I looked across the table to Pansy who was clad in the slytherin girls uniform with a piece of treacle tart coating the corner of her glossed lips. She gave me a curious expression that made me settle my gaze directly over her shoulder to avoid her questioning look. Popping her mouth, Pansy sighed. “You look like you’re about to puke, darling. Sickly pale is not a good look on you and with how light skinned you already are, you’ll be turning into a ghost soon. What’s the matter?”

I shook my head, letting my eyes wander over to the Gryffindor table behind Pansy and catching sight of Luna Lovegood staring straight at my best friend. Her blond curls were piled high up atop of her head in an elegant chiffon, bright blue eyes similar to that same dreamy sense she possessed, although there was a focus in them, more pronounce and lacking less sympathy than that whispy expression she seemed to always give away. Her head was tilted, lips set into a straight line. Luna seemed thoughtful as she gazed at Pansy from behind.
Her blue eyes held a twinge of a shadow over them, all attention upon Pansy’s form.

Gritting my teeth together, I let out a rush of air in annoyance at Luna’s open ogling at my best friend and decided to focus on Pansy instead, completely ignoring Luna. Usually Neville was with Luna though. He wasn’t there at the table yet. Or perhaps he wouldn’t be there today all.

“I think Luna’s been eyeing your loveliness as we speak, Pansy.” I spoke out softly, changing the subject in an attempt to rid of any conversation having to deal with what exactly was wrong with me at the moment.

Everything. But I wasn’t going to be talking about my problems. Never.

Pansy blinked at me in surprise, her usually upturned nose shifting down in a look of genuine astonishment and confusion. Her brows drawn in as she looked sideways, avoiding my stare now. “Don’t be absurd. Luna Lovegood is too far in her own mind to pay any attention to those around her.”

Did I just hear the slightest stubborn rejection in my best friend’s tone?

Yes.

A grin, tiny and mischievous spread out over my face then. “Why dear, I think you have a crush on that fluffy Gryffindor woman.”

Pansy gave me a dark glare. “Shut your trap. She’s anything but in the category of ‘fluffy’.”

I snickered at that, in a sort of awe at the way Pansy was actually saying the Luna was opposite of what she looked like. But I could see it. Luna was always good at hiding things from others. “Perhaps she wants to lay you down and have her wicked way with you?”

Pansy proceeded to gape at me, her jaw dropping and an undeniable flush of red coating her delicate features. I grinned wider at that. “H-how dare you s-suggest such a thing!”

I couldn’t help but let a small laugh bubble up out of my throat, a giddiness at my interaction between Pansy. I missed it when we were younger and could care less about keeping up appearances and be more carefree with how we carried ourselves. It was a rare time when her and I could act like this in public because I sure as hell hated showing any sign of emotion in any social gatherings. But right now, I just had to soak this in.

I was the one to now gape at my best friend when a sharp jab went to my shin beneath the table and I got a pointed look from her doe like eyes. “I’ll have your head decapitated if that leaves a mark.” I hissed at her in a playful manner.

She rolled her eyes at my dramatic astonishment at her action. “Maybe leaving marks on your body could help you fit in more with everyone. You’re skin is ridiculously creamy looking. Maybe dirtying you up would do you good.”

I clicked my tongue in response.

Catching sight of everyone getting up and already getting back to classes, I sighed in relief to know that Neville wasn’t coming for me after all. I profusely tried to reason with myself that the harsh thud of my heart against my chest in a throb of pain at the disappointment that clouded over my thoughts
for that brief second, was just a small hiccup in my health department. I guess Neville forgot all about me. That’s good though. I wouldn’t have to do what he tells me to, it’s not like I would even if he showed up and told me to do what he wanted without my say so in it. Why the hell should I be upset?

Maybe because that was your only chance to be near him.

Standing up from my bench seat, I waved towards Pansy in a gesture for a dismissal and turned to head on over towards my next class.

Guess I was home free.

In Potions class, I decided that when I die, I would haunt each and every one of the students in this room until they themselves died from a heart attack from utter fear of my ghostly figure.

Potter and his group of friends thought it was a great idea to summon a shit ton of glitter as a means to celebrate the end of the first semester and to off us classmates to our week of Christmas vacation.

Weasley, the big oaf, had thought he got the potion right but I watched as he made one tick of a mistake while stirring the damn thing and somehow, all that glitter plopped itself right onto me.

I blankly stared out at the cawing hoots and laughter jeering all around me. Surprisingly, the golden trio didn't play along and instead, Granger came towards me with that confident stride of hers. Her auburn hair a mass of curls and falling down her back in long waves with burgundy tinged eyes.

I did my best to give her my death glare although she didn't seem one bit fazed as she came swaying her hips on over my way to give me a raise of her brows before she let that amused expression fall from her face and replaced it with a wry grin, a look of shame and an apology flitting in her eyes.

“We're sorry. We didn't expect that to happen. Ronald feels quite bad for that and Harry wasn't paying attention as always. I look away for one second and the boys get themselves into a mess again.” Granger placed her hands on her hip in consternation.

I looked at her from beneath the glitter flecked strands of my hair, sniffling in faked disdain as I eyed her with slit eyes. “No need to apologize if you don't mean it, Granger. And if Weasley is actually sorry, he can say that to my face without having sent you off to do it.”

Granger let out a put upon sigh after a moment as her eyes rushed across every surface of my face. I didn't like being assessed so openly but that's because I did that with others. It was different when it was done to me. I felt too exposed and … nervous.

“You're full of shit, Malfoy. But I do agree that Ron should apologize although you know he's got his pride so far up his arse like you do,” Granger let her smile turn into a sharp grin “and I can see that nice blush you have under all that wonderful glitter, so no need to give me that sneer of yours to cover up your embarrassment.”
I rolled my eyes, grimacing on the inside at her blunt exposure of my mortification. “Must I remind you that my arse is perfectly fine and has no such thing shoved up inside unlike that stick lodged up yours. Go away Granger, I don’t need your pity.” I murmured.

Granger shook her head. “You may want to rethink your words. Someone I know would take them to heart and make sure you do have something up that pert ass of y-”

I hadn't noticed Potter popping up out of nowhere near Granger until his low voice interrupted her words. I couldn't have stopped my eyes from widening as my own mind finished Granger’s vulgar words. Who the hell would think like that about me!? And I always thought that Granger had somewhat of a mind similar to a Slytherin. I didn't know whether I should feel proud that a Gryffindor could say such things or fume at the thought that Granger was getting the last word on me, although interrupted.

“I'll fix you right up, Malfoy.” Potter mumbled, green eyes apologetic and already whipping out his wand.

I was not going to let him do me any more favors than he already had done. I owed him enough already.

Before Potter could so much as get the chant out of his mouth, I stood up from my chair with a resounding clatter and stalked towards the door. “Don't you dare help me, Potter. And Granger, better fix that rats nest of a hair of yours before secretly meeting up with your boyfriend, Theodore Nott.” I harshly spat out to the two whom I passed in a flurry of motion.

I caught Potter's lips twitching as if he was profoundly entertained by something while Granger turned beet red and gave me her signature frown. I did see her eyes light up more though, as if she was happy with the fact that I had insulted her and gave away her kept secret. I had no idea why. My ass was out the door and heading towards Pomfrey’s office so I could get cleaned up since I wasn't allowed to have nor wield my wand.

The professor for Potions often allowed me to leave because I was damn good at the subject and was far ahead of the students. I tolerated the new professor as much as I was willing to and got free passes on the class whenever I wanted. So walking out of the class was no problem. I swear the new potions professor was the only teacher that liked me.

And why wasn’t Neville in class today? The professor went right over his name when he was calling attendance and just went on with the others.

Chewing on my lip, I trekked down the large corridor with a sort of slow gate, vision shifting into a remembrance of the clothes I wore last night, how the skirt was soft in contrast with the slacks I wore now, the top shaping around my torso in a delicate manner against my small frame.

I shoved the uniform into the back of my rooms closet.

What was wrong with me? I shouldn’t have liked the way those clothes felt, but … they … felt so good.

“You should be more observant of your surroundings.”

I gasped out in shock at the familiar low baritone. It resonated through my body like the heat of
alcohol settling into your stomach and veins, poisonous and intoxicating in its sheer overhaul.

I stumbled on my own two feet, trying to figure out where the voice came from only to skid to a halt in my actions as I caught sight of a silhouette, tall, lean and muscled, hidden in the depths of the corner to the end of the hall.

Amber lit eyes gazed back at me, eerily glowing.

I swallowed around a constricting throat, clutching the strap of my satchel against my hip in a white knuckled grasp. The thrum of my pulse immediately heightened, loud and obnoxious in my chest in time with the breaths trying to escape the very confines of my mouth with how fast I was suddenly breathing.

The mere presence of Neville had my body going out of sorts without my say so.

“Well it’s not my fault you’re a creeper, Longbottom. Seriously? Are you trying to live in the corners of every wall in Hogwarts. You’ll end up turning into one if you keep doing such a horrid act.” I thanked whatever deity that I didn’t stutter one bit, although I said this all in a somewhat breathless pace.

I took a step back when Neville tilted forward on the soles of his feet, head bowed and eyes now hooded from the brown locks of his hair, mussed up and looking like he just rolled out of bed. My fingers twitched reflexively at the sheer want to run them through his hair.

I need to get my head checked.

I saw that Neville was wearing his uniform, red shirt with its buttons popped open at the the top to reveal his collarbones and broad beginnings of his chest, his shirt tails out of his black fitted slacks. His long sleeves were rolled up again, but no tattoos shown.

Why was Neville trying to cover up his ink so much? And holy hell, why did he have to look like that?!

I sucked on my bottom lip, trying to keep the weakened sound escaping my mouth at the sight of him.

Fuck.

“Someone could take an advantage of you like this. Without anyone near to help, powerless in that tidied up slytherin uniform of yours.” Neville toned lowly. I inhaled a large amount of stifling air when he flicked his hand out, pointer finger lazily sweeping sideways in a gesture towards my figure as the illuminate shade of black and gold of his eyes flickered like a candlelight in the dark of the corridor. “What’s with the glitter?”

I frowned at Neville’s words.

“You’re Gryffindork friends, specifically the golden trio, attempted to make glitter fall like confetti for a celebration to the upcoming week of vacation and end of semester but Weasley messed up and I was the only one dunked with it.” I sneered at him.

“Makes you look like a pretty little pixie.” Neville intoned lowly, hint of amusement in that monotonous drawl of his.
I glared at his dark figure, gritting my teeth together at the rush of blood filling my face once again. “Fuck you. Don’t compare me to a creature. And don’t call me pretty.” I spat out.

Being called pretty made me mad when someone else said it, knowing they were just making fun of me but when Neville said it, I got extremely pissed and embarrassed because it made a shiver of warmth coil deep into my gut and induce itself into my cock, aroused all of the sudden. I didn’t like that Neville could get such a reaction out of me. Hated that I couldn’t control myself around him.

“Do you imagine that often? Me fucking you, why, you’re a dirty ponce brat aren’t you?” Neville’s voice dropped lower, switching into a satisfied note that had my toes curling in on themselves in my shoes.

“Th-that’s not what I m-meant,” I stuttered “what do you w-want, Longbottom?”

The man was silent, causing my body to tighten up in tense caution and that annoying jolt of fear racing down my spine at Neville’s lack of a response. I waited him out though, lungs aching with the amount of strain I put on them in my effort to stop breathing and not make any move.

Why was I constantly feeling like prey with a predator in front of me?

“I’m here to collect my dues. You owe me for the pictures, Blondie.” Neville murmured darkly.

I clicked my teeth together. “I don’t owe you anything if I never asked for your help. You just went right along and did what you wanted.”

“I’ll just pass the copies around then, shall I?” Neville mused.

I gaped at him. “Y-you made copies?! What-I, you, how dare you!” To make matters worse than my sudden outburst and lack of self control, I stomped my foot like a three year old.

Neville leaned against the wall, crossing his arms over his chest with a relaxed form, all calm and collected and making me want to scream in frustration at his unfazed demeanor. Also at myself when my cock throbbed in time with my fast heart beat as I saw the way Neville’s muscles flexed with such an eased movement.

Kill me now.

“I could make them pop up in each classroom if I wanted to right about now.” Neville mocked me.

I clutched my bag tighter. “No. Don’t. What do you want?”

Neville let out a low chuckle, a sound that had my mouth popping open to release of a breath of astonishment and surprise at hearing such a delicious, amused sound. My skin felt like it was being licked by fire by that simple action. “Good boy.” He replied.

A flush threatened to spread out even more over my cheeks at Neville’s praise.

Good boy.

My thighs quivered at the way Neville curled his tongue around his words, my cock rising from beneath the confines of my slacks, heart hammering wildly against my chest and making my breath
stutter out the slightest bit.

I tried to keep my focus.

“I need proof that you have the pictures first, and then I—I’ll do what you want.” I was trying to have the upper hand here. It was like I was grasping at open air.

Neville shook his head. “Don’t argue with me on this. I have them and they’re a moment away from being seen by every eye that lives here. So do yourself a favor and do as I say.” His tone lowered into a threatening prominence and I about turned into a mush of limbs right then and there.

Chest heaving up and down, I tried to form a snarl from my upturned lips but it probably looked more like a cringe. “Alright.” I gritted out.

Neville tilted his head, those eyes of his following the tremor in my hand that grabbed at my satchel. “Over winter break, you are to meet up with me every day at five to twelve at midnight. You are to show up at my mansion and clean my house because my elves are out on their own vacation and I have meetings to attend.”

My lips parted as I stared at him in horror. “I don’t know how to clean. And I am not a servant of yours!”

I took a step back and about fell over when I looked away for only a moment to come face to face with Neville, his form leaned down so he could watch me at eye level, body looming over my trembling figure. And that’s when I saw it.

The demand, prominent and full force spilling from amber flecked eyes, hot and heavy and dripping with rough prominence.

My breath left my body at that look in this man’s eyes before me.

My stomach did a ferocious dip, the marks he left on me from last night seeming to light up at the close proximity of Neville’s body all over again. My cock was hard beneath my pants, painfully so and a sob of fear tore from my open mouth.

“O-okay.” I whispered, voice shaking.

What have I done?

And I gave in so easily.

I couldn’t move even if I wanted to. I was stuck, rendered beneath Neville’s searing eyes. My face hot as well as tingles ruptured over my skin in taunting waves. I wanted to do something, but I didn’t know what, stuck between running away or pleading. For what? I didn’t know.

But I was scared, not like when I was around Voldemort. I didn’t fear him in that way, but Neville brought about a cautiousness in me in a way that made me want to hide from him, mentally and physically. Voldemort didn’t scare me with my conscience, but with my body. He always looked at me like he wanted to hurt me, but Neville looked … ravenous, wild and untamed. He looked animalistic in that piercing stare of his. He looked like he wanted to open me up and poke and prod around until I was raw in his grasp.
Like that werewolf.

It was as if he knew exactly what I was thinking and that didn’t settle well with me.

“See you then, Blondie.” Neville muttered.

And then he apparated, just like Potter does, wandless and effortlessly.

I was utterly fucked.

When I got back in my dorm room, I found a sealed letter placed precariously atop of my pillow.

Opening the fine, creamy red envelope, I took out a single piece of rectangular paper decked out in black with blood red words embedded into the small piece. It took me a couple of good minutes to further read the beautifully scrawled words, neat and refined with the contrasting matching Gryffindor colors. I ran the tips of my fingers against the sharp edges, smelling that hint of forest, mint and smoke hovering all over the letter and envelope.

A sharp dip whooshed into my gut, a warm, energized sensation spreading out over my groin and navel.

Neville.

I read the crimson words.

Blondie,

I assume you’ve figured out whom this letter belongs to, so I won’t have to go through the trouble of writing more than I have to. This is the address to my house.

03961366 Canterbury, England

Xeyrus Mansion

At the front gate, press the button on your right and state your name. Not the nickname you have gotten when entering Hogwarts for the first time. No. Your real name. The gate will open and you may take the black convertible up to the front entrance.

Burn this letter when you’re done reading. Remember everything I’ve told you, the address and
instructions.

Don’t be late,

Rhayden

I ran my eyes over the same words, unconsciously doing what I was told through the letter and letting my conscience suck in the phrases, patterns, sounds and images that I could associate with said address, numerals, and intriguing information to my own thoughts.

When I deemed that I had every detail burned into the back of my skull, I jogged down the Slytherin steps of my dorm room level and tossed the beautiful envelope and its letter into the flames of our common room lounge.

Rhayden.

Was that Neville’s name? His real name? I opened my mouth to let my lips form around the pronunciation of his name, a wisp of breath leaving my lungs and speaking that one phrase that brought upon curiosity and a sort of exaltation. “Rhayden.”

I bit down on my lip, a shiver cascading down my spine.

There was a sort of frustration in my words as I spoke Neville’s real name. Because it made me want to know more about him and I didn’t want to. I didn’t want to be interested more than I already was. I don’t like him. And how did he know Draco was a nickname I picked up when I came to Hogwarts as a child? Did that mean he knew the real name that my mother thought embodied me and was a name that my great grandmother helped with choosing? Only my parents knew my real name, Saveri Draconis Aleeyesius Malfoy. And usually mansions were named after the surname of those who own it. Was Rhayden’s last name … Xeryus?

Fuck.

Why did my stupid Slytherin classmates have to go and make me wear a stupid Gryffindor’s girl uniform and make me run into a man who isn’t who he really is. Like me. I just had to get myself into all this difficulty again. Always getting myself into trouble without really having put much effort into doing so.

Pansy constantly said that I just looked like someone that needs to be messed with, with my spoilt attitude and pretty face making others want to hurt me. Fuck that little pompous bitch for saying that about me. No one messes with a Malfoy dammit and if Rhayden thought that he could push me around when I’m visiting his Mansion, he’s got another thing coming to him. I’ll fulfill his demands for compensation in helping me, but that is it.

I had to go through with my words.

Shaking off the feeling of my heart scattering about inside the cage of my ribs at the little nudge in
the back of my head telling me that I was going to be completely wrong about consenting to following Rhayden’s orders, I fidgeted with the bottom hem of my shirt.

I’m a Malfoy. I could this.

But the only thought in my head as I was packing my stuff to go back to Malfoy Mansion to visit mother, was the way my voice had sounded so utterly breathless when I spoke out Neville’s real name.

"Rhayden." I whispered, anxious and warmed.

Pansy made me promise that I’d visit her during Winter Break and I told her I’d try my best considering the fact that I had to go see Rhayden everyday every afternoon until midnight. I was going to ask him if I could at least have one day off to hang out with my best friend.

Arriving at the Malfoy Manor in just a day, I found my mother seated in the pristine lounge chair decked out in elegance with her same pale hair though greying now although she still carried an unearthly beauty about herself.

A tumbler of whisky, bubbling and jaded was caught in a loose grasp in the long fingered curl of my mother’s lazed hand. Pale blue eyes stared at me with that faraway look, as if she was in my presence but she was completely elsewhere. Ever since Father had been sentenced to life in Azkaban, mother has started to deteriorate physically because she couldn’t find it in her to try most of the days. I had to send her constant letters from Hogwarts to make sure she was doing okay.

Would I end up like her? Having to deal with so much hatred from everyone and never obtain that one happiness that could get anyone through just about anything. Mother’s happiness was in both me and father, but now since she’s lost a piece of that, she hasn’t been the same. It was like I was talking to a wall half the time, other times it felt like I was talking to the mother I’ve always had. But I did love her despite her leaving me to deal with the press, the wizard media, news and social gatherings during the long summer. Now she had an assistant living around the house to help her with those daily requirements and I still worried.

“I’m home, mother.” I spoke softly towards her relaxed figure across the couch.

Narcissa Malfoy tilted her head as she watched me from her perch, lips pursing as a flash of recognition of her surroundings came about herself, that dazed look shifting away. “Saveri, my darling son, I’m happy to see that you made it home safe and without harm.” Her tone was that same airy, confident stride that seeped into my bones and made me feel stable enough to do just about anything for my mother. Hence the reason why I tried so hard to do what Voldemort wanted me to because I needed to protect that one person who made me feel strong when I didn’t believe in myself one bit. I tried doing the same for father but he still only cared for himself. Especially when he offered me to-
I mentally shook my head, trying to rid myself of any impending thoughts that I absolutely could not go back to.

Pressing my lips together, I straightened my back to give me some sort of steady illusion of any inner strength that I didn’t feel any ounce of. Pulling on a small smile, I nodded towards my mother. “Thank you. I’m sure that you’ve been keeping yourself busy like always. I do have to forewarn you though, I’ve got a daily meeting with an acquaintance so I won’t be home from five until midnight.” I rushed out the last statement.

Get that out of the way and all.

Mother raised her brows then, a look of open curiosity passing her elf like features. Aunt Bellatrix, that psychotic relative of mine who I dearly loved despite everything she’s done and is now dead, used to say how I got my looks from my mother and that stubborn attitude from both mother and father. I wonder if I looked as tired as my mother now.

“Now who is this person to take away my son for themselves for such a long time? Do you have a strapping, handsome man that you haven’t told me about?” I could hear the genuine giddiness laden in her wispy voice.

Heart warmed my cheeks and I turned my head away from her gaze, biting down on the insides of my cheeks as I stared through the marbled entrance to one of our many living rooms. “Don’t think such nonsense mother. The man is from Hogwarts and we have to work on a potions project that’s due the day we get back to school.”

“With they way you are blushing and avoiding eye contact with your own mother, I think you’re full of utter shite, my dear boy.” Mother’s crass words wasn’t an abnormal countenance between us. Her and I were close and she didn’t care about images in front of me. Pansy loved my mother for that. But right now, I just turned my head back her way and pursed my lips in chastisement and irritation.

“I would like to bring about attention to the fact that we are still human and so I have my rights to remain silent. I plead the fifth.” I blandly spoke out.

Mother rolled her eyes, a small smile gracing her face and I visibly relaxed at that small gesture. Sometimes she wouldn’t let herself smile. I knew I didn’t, but I couldn’t bare it if she did the same thing I did. Holding together so many emotions can make oneself feel too suffocated. I was in constant trepidation for it.

“If I start seeing you walking side to side every morning, then I can conclude you’ve got a lover you’re not telling your dear old mother about.”

My lips parted at my mothers exclamation. “Oh, please stop this endless torture! How in the world would you think of such a thing?!” I fumed, glaring at my her with no raging heat in them.

Narcissa knew I was gay. She was the one that found all my gay porn magazines hidden beneath my bed when I was younger and she never told father. Mother also knew I was a virgin since wizard families have this weird connection with one another and they would magically know when their relatives lost their virginity.

It was fucking creepy.

Mother shrugged, an impish grin crossing her features now. She was in the mood to converse, thank
the gods, but often times she would draw in on herself and speak to no one for days. I’m relieved today wasn’t those times. “Honey, we both know how much I enjoy making you embarrassed.”

I raised my hands, blushing harder at my mother’s words and swinging them profusely in front of me as if warding off her statements. “Enough, enough! It’s already mortifying talking about such indecent stuff with my own mother.”

It’s not like I would let anyone close enough to actually do anything to me, so this talk is useless.

“Anyway, I’ve got to put my stuff away and help start dinner with the elves. Relax mother, I’ll be in company for this one week.” I gave her a shaky smile.

Mother didn’t further intone about my subject change but instead, gave me her own wobbly smile. “I’m sure Poppy would appreciate the help, as well as the others here. Go on, don’t strain yourself too much this week, it is vacation anyways.”

I nodded my assent to her. “As I will. I’ll see you at dinner. Now, if you excuse me.”

Mother closed her eyes in agreement and I turned on my heel to trail up our spiraling staircase and up to my room.

I already felt the heaviness weighing down on my shoulders once again because I knew in a few hours or so, mother would draw into herself and speak no words, unstable and trapped in a vegetable like state. I would lose her for hours on end whenever I was home, and I was sure I was going to again soon.

I made sure to put our previous conversion in my memories, just to remember something other than the only parent I had left losing her mind every single day.
After settling down into the house for a couple hours, I decided to change out of my stuffy school uniform and change into the clothes I regularly wore when in the solace of my own house.

Pansy helped pick them out and they were cute and something I would never wear in the dorm rooms of Hogwarts. The girls school outfit only upped how much I liked wearing … much softer textures and dainty things. I thought that if I ignored the fact that I liked the feeling of wearing girls clothes, I wouldn’t fall deeper into that spectrum. I already wore delicate things but had never put myself into a skirt. My dumb ass brought the uniform back to my house so I could shove it in my closet filled with equally delicate fabrics.

I stripped out of my clothes and slipped on cotton, cream colored shorts that met a little above mid thigh with a long sleeved pink sweater, loose and hanging off one shoulder, the sleeves passing over the tips of my fingers. I paired my outfit off with thigh high white socks, soft against the skin of my legs, and deemed myself ready to help the elves with cooking.

Everyone from school had this notion that I hated the servants in my house, but they were the ones who actually helped me go through puberty, calmed me down when I cried as a child and let me roam around the house and gardens when I was bored. When mother was too busy to notice I existed in her life at times, they were there despite having to be paid to deal with me. I learned they genuinely about how much they cared for me and have grown to care for them as well.

Jogging down the spiraling gold trimmed stairs to the the large kitchen after passing about four other extra living rooms with my sock clad feet, I came bursting through the shimmering kitchen floors, slipping the slightest bit to find three of our house elves working together in the room. Poppy, Kinian and Bronsky stared at me with mirth in their large eyes.

Poppy immediately dropped the flour in her awaiting hands, hobbling towards to me with erratic huffs and shoving her face into my belly as she wrapped her arms around my middle. “Oh, Master Saveri has come home. Poppy missed you so. Mistress Narcissa said you decided to help.” Poppy mumbled into my shirt.

I cracked a small smile and patted her unruly auburn hair. The others cooed from their positions next to the boiling vegetables and fancied meats, calling out my name and smiling brightly. My chest ached at the sight of them, hating that I missed them almost everyday because they were like my family and I was so close to them, as much as I was to Pansy.

“Yes, I’m here to help. What do you want me to do?” I grinned.

Kinian gave me a toothy smile, pointing the sharp end of his knife towards the cabinets. “Saveri starts with silverware and sets the table up.”

I nodded, already staring towards the porcelain set in the other cabinets and setting to work after hugging each one of the elves.

Bronsky, after a couple minutes, had taken me back into the kitchen where he had me cut up some more greens. While I started chopping away, Kinian made a snuffling sound and spoke up from beside me. “Master Saveri, you smell of werewolf.”
I stopped all motion, twisting my head towards the elf with a furrow to my brow, nerves ticking inside the hollow of my bones as heat threatened to crawl up my neck. I kept my face pinched into a look of calm. “I don’t know what you’re talking about, Kinian.”

Poppy came bumbling from her perch on a stool to reach the kitchen sink, already settling herself in front of my person, looking up with a frown and a curious worry shimmering in her green eyes. “We creatures can smell marks on others. Saveri gives off arousal and fear when mentioning werewolf. There’s a distinct scent of the creature all over Saveri.”

Oh hell no.

I shifted on one foot to the next, uncomfortable as a blush flooded my face without having any way to stop it. “It was a run in. I don’t know anything about the werewolf, it just touched me and left. I’m not interested in it.” I breathed.

Bronsky snorted to my left, making me whip my head around and narrow my eyes at the elf. He raised amused brows as he pointed a spatula at my face. “You are a terrible liar, Master Saveri. We can smell your interest.”

Pursing my lips, I twisted my head away from their large open gazes and swept my hand down, the one with the knife, and sliced through the slick of the tomatoes with a lot more aggressiveness than I would have liked to have shown.

Stupid werewolf. Why the fuck would it mark me? I wasn't the damn thing’s property, hell, I haven't seen the creature since the first time meeting it.

Of course the elves could pick up on whatever marking the werewolf gave me, they were good at those kinds of things.

I wasn't mad at them for pointing it out, just embarrassed and worried. The elves that have taken care of me for as long as I could remember could smell when I was aroused and that was very invading on my person but it wasn't like they could help it.

“I'm curious about not having died from meeting the werewolf. That's why you smell interest. Other than that. I haven't any need to want to meet the creature again.” I spoke through my teeth that jabbed against my bottom lip, rocking back and forth on my heels to keep myself from fidgeting beneath my house worker's prying eyes.

Bronsky huffed near me as I started to cut more of the tomato. “Did werewolf do something to Saveri? It seems like its scent has covered Masters groin and bottom area-”

“I would like it very much if we stopped talking about this now.” I placed the knife back down across the surface of the table, taking in a deep breath to keep myself from snapping at the elves in frustration about the subject we were currently talking about. “I’m fine, I truly am. It’s nothing to worry about. Promise.” I turned to give Bronsky a small tilt of my lips, shy and somewhat strained. He was the one most worried about this whole thing between me and the creature it seemed.

Bonsky’s large brows furrowed in concentration only for a moment before he turned his back to me and waved his hand in a gesture to wave off the conversation. “As Master Saveri wants, we stop this talk. Now, let’s get dinner done. Mistress Narcissa needs meds soon and she needs to eat before taking them.”
Nodding along with the others, I let out a sigh of relief.

I really don’t think the whole werewolf thing is a big deal. Nothing has happened to me since having run into the creature and I didn’t feel anything weird.

I lifted the knife back up and cut through the tomato once again, but winced when the tip of the sharp steel nicked my other hand’s ring finger, blood spilling across the cutting board as I sucked on the split skin to take away the bleeding.

I sucked at wielding knives.

My eyes caught sight of Kinian, who was closest to me, watching me openly. His gaze large and wary, nose wiggling about and reminding me of a bunny. I gave him a shrug and a crooked grin before washing my hands and beginning work again.

The elves were silent for the rest of the night and I had a feeling that their minds were on the werewolf and it’s so called “mark” on me.

I think they needed vacation just like Rhayden’s elves.

They were worrying over nothing.

The next day, after having slept in for once in a long time, I accidentally missed breakfast and opted to eat chocolate because I’m healthy as fuck and had taken a shower right after. I gathered some things up for the hours that I’d be cleaning, having brought my IPod, headphones, some cleaning utensils I snuck from the elve’s cabinets and extra clothes if I got too hot working.

Gripping the floo powder, I spoke out loud the address to Rhayden’s mansion and tossed it into the fire place, the green flames glowing and rising high up to the height of my figure so I could easily step through the magic induced portal.

Always going through the floo transportation left me slightly dizzy.

I swayed to and fro on my feet, trying to heave in enough air as much as I could so I could get oxygen building back up in my brain from such an odd sensation of push and pull on every side of my body and innards. It always felt like I was being twisted up inside and out.

I stood in front of a large black gate, iron wrought and tall, covering the absurdly large mansion set before me.

It was … breathtaking.

Xeyrus mansion was nowhere near the likes of a mansion, but a fucking castle, a foreboding yet magnetizing one. The large place took up more acres than I could count, covered by trees in full bloom with their emerald greens shimmering beneath the hazed clouds above my head. The castle
had an old gothic look about itself, intricate designs dating back to hundreds of years ago with its slick black structure, looming high and seeming to stretch towards the wispy sky.

The castle was endless in its elegance and allure, a darkness it carried with its cathedral like formation.

Beautiful.

My mouth opened in an exaltation of awe at the sight before me.

Taking in the gravel road that lead down quite a distance to the front entrance of the castle, I caught sight of the black convertible park to the side behind the gate that I stood in front of.

Blinking profusely, I had licked my lips in a nervous gesture to grip my bag tight in the grasp of my hand and walked over to the small device embedded into the gates structure, furrowing my brows as I kept glancing back from the screen and its punctual numbered devices to the castle itself.

Lifting the tip of my index finger to press the biggest button and assuming that it was the one I needed to allow me to speak through the the tiny microphone on the device, I let out a tiny cough.

“Saveri.” I breathed, noticing how my voice shook in the way that I haven’t spoke of my real name to anyone other than my own family.

This was new. This was … letting a tiny piece of myself, real and raw, out in the open even though no one was around me and it left me breathless by every passing second I waited for the gate to open.

How the hell did Rhayden know about my name anyway?

What more does he know?

My body jerked when I heard the creak of the gates coming to life as it opened from within the middle of its formation, separating from each other to move inwards and reminding me of some butler sweeping his arms out to entice a guest to “please enter”.

It made me nervous.

Scurrying my way through the opened gates, I immediately got into the convertible. I only knew how to drive muggle cars because Pansy and I were curious little shits when we were younger, went to the muggle world and had stolen a car. We learned quickly how to use it when we were being chased by the police. We now often went out to the Muggle world after Voldemort died and had driven more cars than I could count on one hand. Mother didn’t need to know of our late night escapes.

Letting a giddy grin spread out over my features, all the anxiety sort of left me when I threw my bag on the passenger side seat and revved up the car's engine all the while gripping the wheel.

Thank god I knew how to drive these machines.

The muggle world had some awesome technology, I’ll give them that. And they had some decent fashion sense.
My heart raced as I drove down the graveled path, taking in the way the trees curved over the hood of the car, leaves and sticks brushing the hood. The sound of the wheels rolling over the rocks had caused a shiver to race over my flesh, the ground crumpling and collapsing beneath the weight of the car.

I loved the sound.

After a good five minutes of driving down the rocky road, I parked the car in front of the beginnings of the cement steps that lead up to the large entrance doors, letting out a sigh as I turned off the engine and picked my stuff up again to come traipsing out of the car and up the stairs.

I bet that Rhayden and his pronounce talent in herbology caused the nature surrounding this castle to be at its tip top shape, forever in a state of freshly new and young. As I followed the steps and looked at the array of morning glory flowers covering the ground from each of my sides, everything so big, I felt a dread fall over me.

How was I going to clean this ginormous castle!? I mean, I helped clean the house with my elves at Malfoy Manor but Rhayden wasn’t going to have his elves helping me because they were sent out on vacation! I was going to have to clean that monstrosity of a so called “mansion”!? With widened eyes filled with unadulterated horror at the sheer audacity of my upcoming work schedule, I held back the urge to whimper in dismay. I'll end up too tired to leave the place when I get some work done on it today. I can guarantee it.

And was I going to see Rhayden or was I just expected to come on in and start cleaning?

With a dejected sigh, I knocked on the polished black lacquered wooden doors, feeling a jitter in my restless legs as I tried to keep calm.

With a few good minutes of me silently waiting outside of the door, I lifted my hand to knock again, making sure that I was going to be louder and perhaps make it obnoxiously so in a childish attempt to get on Rhayden’s nerves.

He deserves my ruckus because he was making me do all this crap.

Before I could even lift my hand and follow through with my plan, the right door had swung open inwards and I was facing Rhayden, gobsmacked at having to tilt my head back so I could look directly into his eyes but delayed that action for a bit when I ran my gaze up the length of his form. Rhayden wore a suit colored in charcoal tones that hugged his lean figure and shown the long length of his arms and legs, muscles bunching up beneath the slick fabric. He wore a smoky tie that matched his black vest and neat white buttoned up shirt beneath it. Looking like the charming devil itself.

He was so tall and dark with all his fitness displayed in that suite. Slacks showing off how toned his thighs and calves were in accompaniment with black patent pointed leather shoes. A set of silver weaving patterned designed rings were on his left index and middle fingers.

A heatwave fell over my stomach, breath catching at the sight of his long fingers, the smooth skin coveted by rings. Strong and capable. The silver complimented his hands and made my mind fall into
a pit of inappropriate thoughts. Like the way the rings could leave harsh welts across the expanse of my skin, across the backs of my thighs and ass.

I felt a blush cover my face at the audacity of my train of thought and had to wrench my gaze away from Rhayden’s hands and up his broad chest to his face to stop myself from imagining any more things that I shouldn’t be thinking of.

It didn’t help keep away the heat I felt.

His hair was pushed back, dark strands enticing in their brown tufts as some stray strands fell from the enticing slick of his hair and framed his sharp features, eyes the same color as the brilliant black marbled floors of his foyer, hints of amber mingling with the hematite black tones. Rich and gleaming.

Those lips of his were set into a straight line and the sight of them had my back straightening up, noticing that Rhayden wasn’t talking and I was staring.

Whipping my eyes to meet his, I felt the need to take a step back because his presence in that dark suit made him look even more intimidating.

It was overwhelming.

“Are you done checking me out now? Do I have your attention?” Rhayden’s voice husked.

Fuck him for being handsome and distracting me.

Bastard.

And he had my attention since the beginning of the school year, despite my not wanting it too. It didn’t mean I was infatuated with the fool, no, it was just … a curiosity focused solely on Rhayden. Nothing more, nothing less.

Pursing my lips in irritation, I watched him from beneath my lashes. “I wasn’t checking you out, don’t flatter yourself. Anyway, I’m here. Ready to clean this castle that’s the size of a town itself.” I let my words drip with sarcasm.

Rhayden silently watched me, shoving his hands into his pockets and covering the sight of his rings. I was sort of disappointed at that.

Fuck, I needed to get my shit together.

“You can clean this place in a week if you don’t mess around. Stop complaining, Blondie. It’s not my fault you’re a spoiled brat who probably had his elves clean for him his entire life.” Rhayden replied.

I glared up at him, heart racing just being near him and trying to ease away the warmth and anxiety that he created within my body. “You don’t know shit about me, Rhayden.” I gave myself a pat on my back for not having stuttered once in front of him. If I kept up my bitchy attitude, I’ll be fine. It’s when I let my guard down I ended up stuttering. My walls were up now, although shaky in its foundations being in the same proximity as Rhayden.
Rhayden raised his dark brows at me, eyes infinite in their emotionless state. It was like I was being sucked in through that gaze of his. “You seem to forget that you got into my property by saying your real name, Saveri. I do know a few things about you.”

The sound of Rhayden saying my real name had my knees buckle instantaneously. I staggered on the spot, the way his deep voiced dipped like fine chocolate as he intoned my name out loud, causing my heart to practically stutter in its confines beneath my chest and having a stunning impact on my body.

I tried to gather my bearings, shoving my teeth into my bottom lip as I grew agitated at my reaction.

I needed to focus and not let Rhayden get to me. I needed to do my bidding and get the hell out of here.

“So are you just going to leave and have me wonder around aimlessly and clean what I see? Or do I get a list and instructions for what to clean?” I asked, breathless and trying to draw the conversation elsewhere.

Rhayden nudged his head towards his foyer, a silent command for me to step in through the castle.

Walking in past his person, I caught wind of his regular scent, intoxicating as usual, but this time with a hint of cologne that made me want to claw my eyes out to stop myself from ram sacking onto the damn man. I highly doubt I could knock him over.

I curled my fingers into my palms, creating straining fists to keep from doing anything rash.

I don’t want him.

He’s scary. He’s arrogant.

He’s got secrets. Secrets that may or may not cause me more stress than I already had.

Looking up at the high ceiling with its chandelier and two sets of staircases set up in a spiraling display that led up to the second level, I pressed my lips together to keep them from opening in awe at the view of the place.

I heard the door shut behind me and tensed, knowing now that it was only me and Rhayden in this huge place.

“I’ll have to leave in a couple minutes, so you’ll need to remember what I’m telling you.” Rhayden said, directly behind me.

I turned on my heel, taking in a sharp breath at how damn close he was.

Did this man know what personal space meant?!

“Alright.” I replied.

Rhayden looked around himself, ignoring my person as he spoke lowly. “You are to dust, sweep, mop and polish the rooms you enter. You do as much as you can within the seven hours you are inclined to be here. You can take breaks, but only one because I know you’ll use it to your advantage if I gave you more than one. You are not, in any circumstances, allowed to enter the South wing. My room is off limits, which is in the West wing. It is the only room in that direction.”
He was saying all of this so fast and it was making my head spin.

Rhayden’s few last sentences had me furrowing my brows though, a smirk splitting my features. “What is this? A scene from Beauty and the Beast? Where I’m not allowed to go into the West wing?” I mocked him.

Rhayden stared back at me without any show of amusement in my teasing. “I didn’t know you watched childrens movies often.”

Going red at his declaration, I snapped at him in a fluster. “I-I don’t! Pansy made me watch them when we were little.” I explained with false facts.

I liked watching Disney movies whenever I was way down in the dumps. They made me happy and had me feel like that ten year old child again that loved watching Disney films all by myself. Pansy wasn’t into the muggle animations. But Rhayden didn’t have to know that.

Rhayden stared down at me to the point that I shifted again once on my feet in nervousness. “Right. Kitchen is in the East Wing on the ground level. I’ll know if you don’t do anything and don’t ask me how, it’s bothersome to explain the magic used to know these things to someone who sucks at casting them.”

I gaped up at him. “Hey! You liar. You know damn well I’m good at magic. So shut up.” I seethed.

Rhayden rolled his eyes, the gesture new and making my brain halt in its function for that one moment from seeing such an open action from this well put together man. “Just know that I will be informed if you aren’t cleaning. Remember what I said about the wings and my room. I’ll be back exactly at midnight.”

I pursed my lips, curiosity getting the better of me. “Why do you have to be gone for that long? What are you doing? And why do you go by the name Neville in Hogwarts? Longbottom isn’t even your surname. What are you, exactly? Royalty? I’ve never heard of a Xeryus line of royals. And how did you know that my real name was Saveri? What-”

“You’re here to do me a favor because I did you one. Don’t start running off that mouth of yours like you have the right to. Do as I asked of you and keep your nose out of my business.” Rhayden interrupted my stream of questions, harsh and laced with heated words.

It took me by surprise, making my eyes widen and my lips part.

Jesus, he gets mad so fucking quickly.

Calm one second, snapping the next.

Like a fucking animal.

Like that werewolf …

And Rhayden’s eyes were that same color to that creature.

So similar to one another.
I averted my eyes from his, feeling a tremor in my limbs as I took a step back from him.

A sudden cautiousness took solace in my body movements because Rhayden sounded just like he did that night he caught me in that Gryffindor uniform, hot and heavy and terrifying.

“So I’m going to be left alone for seven hours in this huge place? Fine. That’s alright. Leave already.” I softly replied, irritated at how scared I was now of this man before me and how I’ve been feeling my blood boil beneath my flesh at the closeness of Rhayden, my cock alive and twitching all the time around him despite how much in fear I was of this man.

“I’m sure you have your ways to entertain yourself and cleaning will keep you occupied.” Rhayden murmured, going back into that toneless drawl of his.

I kept my gaze trained on the floor, gritting my teeth together as I watched Rhayden’s feet shift and raised my eyes then to watch him walk away and out the door. The soft suction sound of apparition cracked from outside and I just knew Rhayden was gone now.

Why was it that I was left constantly having to watch Rhayden walk away from me?

I fucking hated him.

He made me feel so inferior and weak.

I gripped my bag harder and set off to start this tedious work, grumbling beneath my breath the whole way.

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A soft hum passed my lips, trailing the duster in my hand across the dark brown walls of the hallway I trudged down, trying to create that same melodic tune mother used to sing to me in an effort to get me to sleep when I was little, keeping myself occupied.

I had my ipod in my bag downstairs, but I thought I could use that when going to the hot house to water the plants. I would think that Rhayden would want to have that done because he was such a plant freak and I was a good person for making sure his precious greens were healthy.

My arms and knees were sore from having crawled on the floor to reach places on the ground and furniture so I could rub them down and make sure they were gleaming by the time I was finished. I decided dusting was good for now to keep myself from getting aching limbs before even starting the rest of the rooms for the rest of the week.

I was nearing the South wing’s entrance and I was slowing my steps with each lift of my feet nearing the place.

Rhayden told me not to go there.

Dropping the duster to the pristine floor, I rolled up my sleeves to my elbows, blowing out a breath
as I felt sweat bead at the back of my neck and bottom of my spine, sticking to my clothes uncomfortably as I stared down the dark hallway and tried to stop so much noise from wheezing past my mouth.

I cleaned for four hours and I was tired already.

I needed to exercise more.

And I needed to distract myself from getting the urge to enter the South wing.

The only thing stopping me from doing so was remembering the way Rhayden had warned me, demanding and filled with underlying threat.

But all thoughts were broken apart when I heard something.

A guttural groan.

What was that?

It was made up of feral bliss, low and drawn out, echoing through the wide space of the hallway and bouncing off the walls in a resounding ricochet.

It was faint, so soft that I would have thought my mind had made it up if not for the way the sound seemed to reverberate around the air surrounding me. The silence of the castle made it damn near impossible to not miss that indefinite thrilled cadence.

I felt all the muscles in my body freeze up on the spot, breath halting in my lungs as I strained my ears in a hope to hear that groan again.

It came from the South Wing’s entrance.

I couldn’t help the way my pulse ratcheted up into a quick stream of thumps, feeling my veins throb as blood rushed quickly throughout my arms and legs, a sort of paranoid panic flooding my system and rendering me motionless and attentive.

I lurched back when a smell reached my senses, throat closing in on itself and opening multiple times as bile started to gather at the center of my chest and rush up my throat. The scent of metallic, rustic blood, raw and open, bombarded into me. The smell was pungent, suffocating in its acrid smell.

My mouth sealed on itself, throat working to keep from throwing up on the spot and maybe, perhaps, causing something to happen to me. What would happen if I made a loud sound? What was this smell? Who groaned just then?

What the fuck was Rhayden keeping in the South wing?

I shook on the spot, taking in a large gulp of air as I snapped my body down to snatch up my duster and make my steps as light as possible as I ran down the hallway, opposite from where that smell and sound had come from.

What did I get myself into?

With quickened steps, I made sure to race back downstairs since I was on the second level and
plopped my ass down at the bottom set of stairs.

Maybe it is just my imagination.

Maybe instead of going into a numbed state like my mother, I was actually losing my goddamn mind in my slip of sanity. Hearing and seeing things I shouldn’t. Was father being sentenced to Azkaban and dying there along with living with Voldemort for a good amount of my life finally catching up to me and making me go crazy?

Should I go back up there and enter the South tower just to show myself that everything that just happened was out of the result of losing my mind?

I was deteriorating like my mother.

Hell, this morning, I completely forgot to have a proper breakfast and instead ate chocolate. Was that me being foolish or going insane. Fuck, I sound ridiculous.

But that smell and sound felt and seemed so real.

Taking in heaving breaths as I shoved my fingers through the mess of my hair, I tugged at them in time with the hard beatings of my heart, trying to elicit pain so I could focus on that one feeling and know that this moment was real, that I am real. It was an effort to get bearings on my surroundings, telling myself that whatever I just witnessed probably was a slip in my imagination because this place was so quiet and huge that one would start to think shit up out of pure boredom.

I needed to ground myself.

Forming my lips into an “O”, I let that same tune my mother sang to me when I was little, emit from my mouth and filter through the space of the foyer to surround my figure, a comforting gesture to myself.

I was going to be alright.

I had to be. Mother needed me to be alright.

Taking a few breaths, I stood up on shaking legs, trying to ease the nerves that simmered irritatingly beneath my skin. I chose to ignore what maybe my mind had conjured up and instead decided to go the kitchen and get something to eat and gain enough energy to start my cleaning of the kitchen floors and its shelves next.

There was a cold sweat at the base of my spine though whenever I thought about having to go back onto the second level.

I was going to be okay.

I was going to be alright.

After eating a bologna sandwich and drinking as much water as I could, I made myself get back to work, finally feeling the unnerving quake in my body lessen.

When it was eleven thirty and I found that I had cleaned about nine rooms only on the ground level of the castle, I had draped my body over one out of many lounge chairs Rhayden’s massive castle
had. He had black furniture to match the outside of the entirety of his mansion, dark and luxurious.

I have never been so happy to lay on a simple piece of furniture before.

I should have taken a break closer when night fell because even though I had already taken a break, I feared that Rhayden wouldn’t like that I was resting again when he specifically told me that I wasn’t allowed another one.

He was almost going to be back so I didn’t think this was bad. Just resting for the tiniest bit wouldn’t hurt anything or anyone.

When I felt my eyelids drooping over my vision, dark spots flecking about in my slowly blackening gaze as a drowsiness fell over my prone figure, I mentally cursed myself when I couldn’t help but fall into the darkness’s grasps.

Fuck.

Rhayden is going to be mad.

But I was tired and today took a lot more out of me than I ever thought possible, especially after my somewhat mental breakdown.

Next thing I knew, everything went completely blank and my surroundings faded away from me.

I felt my body shift, a weightlessness about itself as I floated in a mindless daze, Something hot gripping my waist as the surface I had laid upon disappeared from beneath my body and warm air coveted the whole of my skin.

My head lolled to the side, mouth parting to suck in the warmed atmosphere and lovely scent of mint and burnt forests. I could make out how my limbs were being situated from here and there, feeling those searing grasps grabbing at my thighs to spread them apart and a hardness pressing between them, lined up with my own lax body.

I was lost in the sensation of the heat and comforting firmness, my arms being brought up and wrapping around something equally hot.

I sighed out in contentment, mumbling incoherently beneath my breath as I pressed the tip of my nose into the space of the heat where the scent was at its strongest, inhaling and curling myself over and into whatever that was holding me now.

I felt the swell of my arse cheeks suddenly being gripped into a tight enough hold that it had made my mouth open wider and caused the plush of my bottom lip to rub against the heated flesh I was forced onto. My mouth let out puffs of air with the way I was tugged into the heated figure with the grips on my ass pulling me forward every other second.
My legs parted even more, dangling about as I felt myself being carried.

I was being carried.

Huh?

The haze in my mind descended, parting from my sleep addled state to elicit my brain to start working in regular time, slowly but surely, as I let my eyelids peel open in a too relaxed manner.

I blinked at the sight of skin attached to a neck, lips practically pressing firmly against the flesh I was staring at now, head turned into the curve of the shoulder it rested on and my fingers twitching from where they were wrapped behind both sides of said neck. My arms curled around it.

Oh fuck.

Snapping my head up, my face had turned down to stare at golden hued eyes staring straight at me. Rhayden.

“I-I … uhm .... huh?” I was so coherent when I woke up.

Tilting my body, my back arched, unconsciously pressing my chest more against Rhayden’s as I looked down in distraction to see his hands filled with my ass and the backs of my thighs, holding me close to his figure.

I was being carried by Rhayden.

I fell asleep. On Rhayden’s couch.

Oh, fuck me.

Body lighting up with sudden fire, I started to squirm in Rhayden’s arms, lifting my hands up so I could place them on the harsh planes of his still suited up chest and laid them flat across his torso to weakly push at it, arms still trying to get enough blood flowing through them to move.

“Fuck, I didn’t mean to sleep. You can put me down, I can walk perfectly fine.” I rasped out, cringing at the way my voice was slightly higher than usual and cracking with the remnants of my sleep induced vocal chords just having woken up.

I made sure to not look at Rhayden as I struggled about in his death grip.

He wouldn’t fucking move!

Growing hot at the cheeks and feeling my lower half start waking up more and more, I grew frustrated and nervous. “I s-said put me down, Rhayden! Fuck. I can walk by myself.” I hissed out through clenched teeth.

A low growl, rumbling in the depth of Rhayden’s chest, sounded and vibrated against my own. It was downright predatory. A warning clear and evident in its thunderous roiling tone. My cock throbbed at the sound as goosebumps ran over my wakening skin.

Gazing down at Rhayden’s bowed head, so very close to the long line of my throat as his breath...
ghosted over the tender skin there, a furnace of air came from his mouth. I stilled in his arms, feeling like a ensnared prisoner.

“Stop fucking squirming. I’m bringing you home and I don’t need you to make a sound.” It was as if Rhayden’s voice didn’t belong to him.

Someone’s voice, someone who was not at all familiar to my senses, spoke out from behind me, far back and distant. “I knew I smelled something particularly … sweet.” The voice had my back going rigid, raspy and low in a way that reminded me of someone who has smoked way too much in their lifetime.

My breath stalled in my throat as I looked down at Rhayden and the way his eyes were trained on the person who just talked right behind me. I tried to twist my body around to see who was talking but jerked in Rhayden’s suddenly painfully tight grip on my thighs, tugging me back into him and making my neck smother against the silky smooth locks of his hair. He could most likely feel the racing beat of my heart against my chest in response to being pressed against him and the pure animosity in the air.

Rhayden didn’t pay me any attention when I felt him take a few steps back, his shoulders stiff as stone as those eerily magnetizing eyes of his tracked whatever or whoever was behind me, that same infuriating mask of boredom splattered over his handsome features. But I could see the smallest tick in his jaw, as if he was coiled tight and was trying to keep himself at bay.

“You were ordered to stay away until I come to you.” Rhayden’s voice went positively hostile, rolling in time with an impact of dark intonation, gaze fixated behind me.

I didn’t dare move, my eyes stuck on the way Rhayden’s gaze seemed to glow.

I feared moving. And it seemed Rhayden thought that me not doing anything was the best.

I could easily pick up on any hints of danger, and right now, the air was stifling in its menacing surroundings. I stayed in his arms, lungs stilted in their functioning.

My eyes were wide, completely awake now as I flicked my tongue over my lips in an anxious habit of mine.

The same voice responded to Rhayden’s words. “This is not what an heir’s number one priority should be.”

*What the fuck are they talking about?*

“Are you questioning my authority.” Rhayden spoke briskly, monotonous and sounding out in a threatening murmur. It wasn’t a question, but a statement.

What’s going on?

I could hear the man shuffle behind me, feet shiting as he cleared his throat, the sound showing the sudden discomfort he felt. Sadly, I couldn’t make out Rhayden’s eyes because I was being forced onto his body more and more with every step backwards he took, his grip absurdly bruising on my skin. “O-of course not. It’s just that everyone is hungry and we are-”

“This will only take a second. Wait until then.” Rhayden demanded, interrupting the man’s nerved
“What-” I squeaked out when that familiar feeling of my body and essence being torn apart and put back together over and over again had my stomach lurching and my arms coming back up in a blurring motion to grip onto Rhayden’s back muscles, digging my fingernails into his shoulders as I gasped out in pain and shock.

We were apparating.

When I felt my head stop spinning and heard Rhayden’s feet softly touch ground, I blinked dazedly to see that we were in my room.

How the hell did Rhayden just do that!?

Looking down at him with widened eyes, I bit down on my lip. “You didn’t use your wand. Just like Potter does. How the hell did you do that? And ...” My words faded when I saw the way Rhayden’s eyes were actually shifting back and forth to gleaming in the darkness of my room to its somewhat normal mixture of gold and obsidian. They were practically lit up one second then back to its normal state the next.

Before I could ask what the hell was going on with him, I was shifted absurdly fast, inhumanely so, that everything was a wash of colors in front of my eyes when I was unceremoniously dumped onto my bed, bouncing and lying flat on my back across the soft mattress.

Rhayden stared down at me, looming and watching me with those fucking eyes of his.

My breath was stunted.

And silence, heavy with air and heat, fell between us as we watched each other.

Rhayden looked … feral. Just like that werewolf.

I had started to shift onto my elbows, only to stop when Rhayden narrowed his eyes, fixated on my figure and speaking sharply. “You need to stop moving. Now.”

I made every muscle in my body stop. Completely following this man’s orders without any further protest, as if I had no other way to stop myself from doing so.

“Rhayden, what-”

“Remember our deal. You keep your nose out of things and finish the favor. Don’t keep asking me questions.” Leaving me with no time to respond, Rhayden once again apparated and left me on my bed, shocked, horny and confused as all hell.

That motherfucker always had to be the one to have the last word.

Turning on my stomach in sheer agitation, I grabbed my pillow to shove my face into it and scream against the plush surface, sinking my teeth down into the material and biting down over the fabric to keep any sounds muffled to not wake my mother.

I wanted to know what the fuck that was all about? I wanted to know why I couldn’t go into the South wing, if what I heard was my mind playing tricks on me or if something was really happening
Who was that person in Rhayden’s castle? Next time I needed to suck up my cowardice and look at whatever it was that elicited such a reaction from Rhayden, regardless if the atmosphere I felt during that moment was considerably frightening and in need of no interruption on my end. I couldn't and will not give Rhayden my trust so carelessly.

Why was I even doing everything Rhayden was telling me to!? He doesn’t own me, that bastard.

It was as if the only thought running through my head during Rhayden's exchange with that weird man was that he could keep me safe. I promised myself to never let anyone have that much of my trust. Hell, I barely knew Rhayden, who went by a fake name all this time.

*Just like how you kept your real name from everyone.*

I let out a little puff of air in annoyance at myself.

So what if Rhayden and I were similar in wanting to keep some things to ourselves. He probably has more secrets than I did. He still was a complete mystery to me.

I wanted to know why Neville was actually Rhayden. Why he reminded me so much of that werewolf and sometimes acted like such a threatening animal, especially with how he acted tonight. Pure dominance and overwhelming aggression.

He seemed ready to attack.

*And what was that whole thing about an heir?*

My curiosity was getting the best of me and I just knew I was going to go into the South wing and do some snooping around, whether Rhayden likes it or not, and find out what the fuck is going on with him.

*I wasn’t interested. I was just curious.*

Yeah.

That’s it.

My heart raced as I yelled more into my pillow, body burnt up from the inside out, furious at how easily I gave into Rhayden’s orders and how I felt the need to know more about him. I needed to stop doing that.

But I also needed answers out of my pure curiosity. It was winning over my every conscious protest in getting to know more about Rhayden.

A curious Slytherin is the worst. It was inevitable in the way I couldn't help my own damn nosiness.

I dreaded what I would find but exhilarated in it just as much.
“Master Saveri.” I let out a huff of air, snuffling into the soft confines of my cottoned sheets, the bare skin of my legs having a mind of their own as I ran them along the silk like fabric bunched up every which way around the bend of my body, letting out a barely audible mumble beneath my slackened mouth.

“Master, wake up!” The shrill squeak of Kinian’s high voice had my eyes snapping open, features pinching into a tight grimace when I caught sight of the small elf fumbling on its two feet to catch the downy, cream colored drapes covering the glass balcony of my bedroom and tugging them ruthlessly to the side, exposing me to the god awful brightness that cascaded over the length of my groggy figure.

“No.” I moaned out in disgruntlement, gripping the ends of my fuzzy dark grey blanket and flinging it up and over my head to shield myself from the sun’s rays gleaming in through the glass sliding doors.

I heard Kinian laugh, the sound of his feet padding all over the room and probably tidying up everything that seemed just the tiniest bit dirtied up or crooked. “Saveri has a guest waiting for them in the foyer. It’s Mister Potter.”

What?

I peaked up over the hem of my blanket, the mess of my hair chaotic and getting into my line of vision as I stared wide eyed at Kinian, who was now standing patiently at the foot of my bed with his hands clamped together in the front of him. My brows furrowed in confusion. “Come again?”

“Saveri, Mister Potter is waiting for you downstairs. He told me to tell Master that he doesn’t have much time and for Master to hurry up.” Kinian replied.

The fuck?

How dare Potter think to boss me around like that. The golden boy probably forgot that I wasn’t too keen on being told what to do, especially by the likes of him. Goody two shoed, freak of nature. No wonder why Rhayden and him got along so well. They liked to think they could boss people around without any protest from the other party.

Well think twice about that Potter.

“Tell him to fuck off.” I hissed, my voice laced with irritation as I glared petulantly back at Kinian.

Kinian sighed, as if he was dealing with my five year old self all of the sudden and found profound exasperation in doing so. “Mister Potter said you’d say that.” He murmured.

Gryffindors. They’re all assholes.

Kinian gripped the bottom edge of my blanket and literally flung the blanket aside all of the sudden, causing me to yell out in surprise, mouth gaping in shock at the way Kinian started laughing and making chastisement noises at my person as he tore the blanket away from me.
I shivered from the slightly cooled breeze sweeping across the almost naked flesh of my body. I didn’t mind much that Kinian was seeing me clad in only a large turquoise backless T-Shirt, the bottom hem reaching just below the swell of my pink laced pantied covered arse. The elves had seen me naked ever since I was little, taking care of me when mother couldn’t. It’s when it came to other people that I wouldn’t dare be okay with being so exposed like this. Still, I was agitated at my elves sudden finesse on my barely awake person.

“What are you doing?!” I hissed out through gritted teeth, blowing the strands of my hair out of my peripheral view as I started to slowly sit up and rest my back against the red wooden headboard of my bed.

Kinian rolled his eyes. “Master Saveri, Potter is waiting. It’s uncouth of Saveri to leave guest waiting so long.” He complained.

I smacked the surface of my bed with the palm of my hands, letting my mouth curl up in disdain at the mention of Potter again. Sure he helped me not become imprisoned in Azkaban, but we still barely talked to one another and he still got under my skin with his “save everyone” persona. Hell, I thought we were on the same basis with one another on not bothering with each other and staying out of the others way.

Why was he here?

“I’ll just make him go away myself then.” I scoffed, swinging my legs over the edge of my bed and planting my bare feet on the plush white carpeted floor, wiggling my toes into the softness of the ground as I rubbed at the top of my head and mussed up my hair even more.

I’ll just quickly get dressed, yell at Potter to leave, which he will, and then go back to bed because I barely slept with my thoughts going haywire with Rhayden invading my damn mind.

Stupid Gryffindork.

I started towards my bathroom, only to jump about ten feet into the air when the door to my room slammed opened.

With my back to the door, I was left in a daze at the intruding sound on this supposed-to-be quiet morning, and heard Kinian gasp out along with the deep timbre of Potter’s voice filtering in through my room. “Bullocks, nice arse there Malfoy.”

Oh no.

Nonononononono!

I’ve never moved so fast in my life. With a whipping motion to my hands, I had turned around, gripped my blanket and wrapped that shit around me quicker than when Poppy struck me with her wooden spatula that day she caught me with my hands in her freshly baked chocolate chip cookie batch.

With a face that probably made me look like one could fry an egg on it, I saw Potter leaning against the opened door frame, tall and looking like the dark obnoxiously handsome viking he reminded me of.

My hands shook in their tight grasp around the blanket now covering me.
Being seen like this in front of anyone other than my house workers, was threatening to bring back some unwanted memories. And Potter just seen me in ladies undergarments. Potter.

Would Rhayden be mad about this?

Woah.

Where did that thought come from. Rhayden doesn’t want me. Hell, I don’t want him either. Why was I thinking about him now?! Why would I think Rhayden would be mad at the fact that Potter just seen me in girls clothes, practically bare?

Maybe because last time Rhayden saw you in feminine clothes, he specifically told you to not let anyone see you like that.

Oh my gods.

This doesn’t matter. Rhayden’s orders that night is only supposed to be inclined for that one time. He wouldn’t care if anyone saw me now in girls clothes.

I was thinking way too much into this. And right now, I was nerve wrecked and angry at Potter having seen me in such a vulnerable state.

I wonder why I was freaking out over Potter seeing me this way when I barely noticed my attire in front of Rhayden.

*Whether you like it or not, Rhayden makes you feel scared and comforted all at the same time.*

Shaking my head, I gave Potter my best sneer, letting my rage overcome my panic as I stared at Potter. “Potter, you have two seconds to explain why you’re here before I throw my lamp at your scar head.”

Potter’s green eyes scaled down the length of my body, gaze volatile as they slid down my body. I couldn’t stop the way my limbs trembled on the spot, not in heat, but in that stricken state which I found myself often in when I was unnerved in a way that Voldemort made me feel.

I was scared but I was trying to cover it up with the rage I tried clinging onto in the face of Potter.

And then Potter’s eyes softened, not a look of pity, but understanding. He turned his head away, clearing his throat as he stared out into the hallway of my house and not in my direction. I heard him mumbling about Neville and something to do with “kill me” but otherwise, I couldn’t tell at all what he was saying until he clearly spoke out to me. “I didn’t realise you were in that state of attire. I apologize. I came here to give you a standard wand that the ministry proclaimed to be sufficient to your basic needs. Snape had me do it because he’s busy planning for the upcoming semester.”

Breathing in and out through my nose, I tried to calm the unwanted anxiety flooding my system as I clutched the blanket tighter to me.

The talk about Snape, my guardian, and the notice of getting back a wand eased the strain in my muscles from Potter’s intruding presence. It had made my breaths come out in slower increments, heart slowing down in time with them.
I was still annoyed with Potter though. “Figures Snape would. And next time you decide to barge into my room without permission, I will hex you. Hand the wand over then.” I outstretched my arm, seeing Kinian shift on his feet awkwardly but now openly glaring at Potter.

Heh.

Guess he didn’t like Mister Potter’s rude entrance into my room then.

Potter turned back around, rubbing the back of his neck as he looked anywhere but at my person. Good. he needs to feel bad. And even though I was majorly uncomfortable wrapped up in my blanket in front of Potter, I soaked in his dismay and guilt like the Slytherin that I was. Besides, once I got my hands on the wand the ministry oh so kindly decided to let me have, I was going to charm some clothes onto my figure as quickly as possible.

I watched Potter reach into his back jeans pocket to procure a black, simple oak wood wand, and place it in my awaiting hand.

Without further ado, I chanted the spell and found myself in a pair of pleated navy blue trousers with a simple light brown long sleeved shirt that reached my elbows. The shirt tucked into my pants, loose yet comfortable with dark blue oxfords.

Relief washed over me at that moment as I faced Potter now without the blanket as my shield. I couldn’t help the words escape my mouth that nagged in my head when silence fell over us. “You’re not going to tell anyone what you just saw right? Because I swear, Potter, if anyone knows what Draco Malfoy wears at home, I will make your life a living he-”

Potter waved his hands about in a flailing motion, a grimace to his features. “No need to worry about that. Let’s just pretend I didn’t see anything. And you don’t need to feel bad about your … hobby. I’m not judging you in any way-”

“Don’t interrupt me, scar head.” I snapped, just to get back at Potter for ruining the warning I was about to give although hearing him say those words made my nerves die down even more.

Potter took the knowledge of what I wore easily. I bet Rhayden thought I looked disgusting.

Ugh.

Stop thinking about him!

“Right. My bad. Anyway, uhm, Hermione wanted me to tell you that she’d like for you to come to the Christmas party us Eight Years are planning on Friday. It’s going to be at the Patil’s mansion.” Potter mumbled.

Ah yes. I heard about that going around before leaving to go and spend the weeks vacation with mother. Why would Granger want me to come? Was this a scam? “What are you guys planning?” I replied.

Potter shrugged. “You may think we hate you, but we don’t. Besides, Hermione thought that everyone seeing you hanging out with us would get most of Hogwarts off your back.”

That redhead and her scheming ways. I knew Granger had a good heart but she reminded me of a Slytherin with the way she handled things. Besides, I’ll make Pansy come with me if this was all a
trick so her and I could verbally have a smack down with everyone if this was all a fluke. And going out did seem nice.

I wonder if Rhayden is going to be there?

I’ll have to speak with him about not cleaning the castle Friday to attend the party.

My mouth opened before my brain could register what I was saying. “Is Neville going to be there?” Fuck. I needed to sew my mouth shut sometimes. I wasn’t going to be saying Neville’s real name because it seemed Potter didn’t know about it and I was not going to deal with a mad Rhayden if I said his real name out loud so carelessly. I wouldn’t like it if others knew my real name as well.

Potter looked taken aback for a moment before his lips twitched as if he was holding back a grin. I narrowed my eyes at said action coming from him. What was so funny? “I’m sure Neville is, Luna is making him at least.”

Annoyance burned beneath my skin at the mention of Luna and Rhayden together in the same sentence. Why were they such close friends anyway? What? Did they fuck before? They were always in each others space whenever they were together or from what I’ve seen of them whenever they were in the dining hall.

Whatever. I shouldn’t care anyway.

“Oh well, I just wanted to know because Neville seems to suck the fun out of everything.” I made up an excuse on the spot.

Why did I want to know if Rhayden was coming?

I should just care about what he’s hiding and figuring out his secret. That’s it. Maybe having some dirt on that infuriating bastard would make him stop treating me like I was so pathetic in front of him. I’ll make him see how I wasn’t as weak as he made me feel. I’ll keep whatever secret he’s got in exchange for a favor from him. This time he’d be in debt to me. Hah!

Wanting to get back at him is pretty childish, Saveri. And what makes you think you can outsmart him? The man seems to be far ahead of you in everything.

I wanted to bat away my conscience right then and there. It was no fun and it was rather vexing.

“So are you going to the party?” Potter asked.

I looked up at him, folding my arms over my chest. “Fine. I’ll attend the stupid party but just so I could get in good graces with Hogwarts.” I’d like to take showers that didn’t involve me waking up at the ass crack of dawn just to take one in hopes to avoid my classmates. Maybe going to the party and being seen hanging out with the golden trio will help me have some peace when I return to Hogwarts. “And I’m bringing Pansy.” I declared.

Potter huffed out a laugh. “Of course. Luna was going to make me ask her to come as well anyways.”

I snickered. “Are you a messenger boy now, Potter?”
The chosen one raised his brows at me, giving me a cheeky grin. “I wouldn’t mind being one if I got to see you like this in the morning every time I’m assigned to have to give a message to you.”

My eyes slightly widened at Potter’s words, mouth parting in shock. “Are you gay Potter? Must I erase your memories to make sure you don’t speak of me in women’s attire ever again?” I hissed out at him.

Potter shook his head, smile still in place though a little wobbly it seemed now as he turned away from me. “I’m bisexual actually and no need. This will stay between us and is now forgotten. Besides, I have a feeling if I said anything, I would be put on someone’s blacklist.” Potter muttered the last part to himself.

“Yeah, you’d be put on my blacklist. Now go away Potter before I have Kinian here beat you up.” I threatened.

Potter nodded, glancing over to a seething Kinian and cringing before exiting my room and closing the door behind him. I reached my hands up to rub the tips of my middle ring fingers against my temple, feeling a headache start up.

Rhayden and Potter easily get through the Manor’s wards. I needed to find a way to make sure they couldn’t easily get through them. It was getting hectic how my house was being entered without much effort. Or maybe it was just Potter and Rhayden being damn good at magic.

Kinian spoke up as I let out a tired sigh even though I just woke up. “I’ll make Master Saveri eggs and toast for breakfast. Mistress Narcissa is … out of it again. Perhaps Saveri should pick some flowers from that Manor’s garden and give them to her when Mistress feels better?”

I liked the idea of that.

With a feeble nod, I heard Kinian pad out of my room, leaving me by myself.

Today was starting out different than all my other mornings and I wanted the peace and quiet back so I could feel like my skin wasn’t itching constantly with all sudden changes in my daily life. Having to clean for Rhayden was a serious turn of events in my life as well. But I was sort of excited to sneak around and look into Rhayden’s hidden agenda.

Man, I loved being a Slytherin.

When I got to Xeyrus Mansion, Rhayden didn’t greet me like last time. No. He was nowhere to be seen.

I had waited outside the front of his massive castle’s door entrance for about a good five minutes before getting annoyed and deciding to enter the damn place myself.

Rhayden did say to come today, but he didn’t say that he would be there like he was yesterday.
What did he do from five to midnight everyday?

I didn’t even waste time getting down to the nit and gritty. I think Rhayden was full of shit telling me that he could tell if I wasn’t cleaning the castle. How could he? I never heard of a certain magic spell that notified someone if their employees weren’t working. I think Rhayden just told me that so he could scare me into cleaning the damn monstrosity of a place.

Hah! Like I would fall for that.

With my feet trekking up the staircases once again, I jogged up to the second level and raced down the hallway towards the south tower, adrenaline and apprehension ramming into my very being as the sound of my thudding heartbeat echoing out within the hollows of my ears drowned out the rather harsh pants escaping my mouth.

I kept telling myself that what happened yesterday when I heard that groan and smelled that raw scent was out of my pure imagination and that I had nothing to worry about.

It didn’t ease the way my blood pumped with such ferocity that it made my chest ache, as if my heart was ready to tear its way from my insides and lie helpless and lifeless on the pristine floor of this castle.

I was beyond nervous.

And not quiet in my right mind to say the least with my going through disobeying Rhayden’s orders.

But I wanted to know why Rhayden didn’t want me going into the South wing even though I was on the verge of a panic attack nearing the damn entrance towards it at this moment.

With an effort, I made sure that the bouncing of my feet was quiet as they hit the ground while I ran down the long hallway, pressing my lips together and exhaling through my nose so I could hear anything other than my heavy breaths throughout the entirety of the silent palace.

With a gulp, I could make out the double french doors that opened to the whole of the South wing.

If something was there and what I heard and smelled was real, that meant I wasn’t going crazy and that thought alone was what pushed me onwards along with getting to know Rhayden’s secrets. It made me determined to show myself that I wasn’t going out of my mind like my mother.

But that also meant if what happened yesterday was real, than something was definitely wrong here and it’s either I get into some serious trouble or run for my life when I see whatever it is in the South wing.

Mother always hated how reckless I was.

I couldn’t help myself.

I jerked back, feet skidding across the marbled floor as I pressed my heels into the ground in a sudden movement, eyes blinking rapid fast as I watched the french doors open in trepidation with my heart in my throat and my mouth feeling like it was made out of cotton.

A man came out, burly and huge, as he stepped through the open door and shut it behind his large frame. He was a mass of muscles, greasy black hair long and brushing his shoulders with a scar
running down the length of his right cheek to the tip of his strong chin. Eyes the color of azure, glowed in the shadows of the hallway as he stared straight at me.

My body went rigid as I made out the slow leer that crossed his face. His gaze and his smile in tune with the emotion of giddiness, demented like and a look of intrigue passing his features.

But that wasn’t what made my throat close in on itself and a frigid sensation fall over the expanse of my skin. It was the sight blood painted over the canines that pressed into both his upper and bottom lips, long and sharp edged as the red liquid dripped off the mangle of his crazed smile. And that pungent smell invaded my senses again, causing me to let out a wheeze of air and hunch over the slightest in an effort to keep from hurling.

My eyes were stuck on the way his shirt was just drenched in red, arms encased in the color as claws, long and dirtied, extracted from his fingers and twitched at his sides.

He looked like Greyback.

And I couldn’t breathe.

Then the man spoke and I felt my chest concave at the familiar, smoky voice that I heard last night emit from his mouth. He was the man that talked to Rhayden last night. “You’re interrupting something very important right now, boy.”

I couldn’t speak, my voice stuck somewhere in the Muggle world with the way those azure eyes brightened up like the hottest star, burning in its sheer arctic glaze as he stared me down in a manner similar to that of an animal.

He tilted his head, smile widening while the man cracked his bloodied fingers. I could hear multiple groans now, coming from the other side of the door. I wanted to grimace but I feared moving in case that man decided to do something that wasn’t in my favor. “You know, seeing you sleeping and all relaxed last night had all the wolves here very eager to tear your pretty little arse up. First we thought of fucking you, all of us. Taking turns and filling you up with our cum until you couldn’t move and just twitched on the floor with all that pale skin on display.” He ran his tongue over one of his canines, an unearthly groan passing his bloodied mouth as he continued to watch me with unwanted focus on my end.

I was glued on the spot from where I stood, breathing harder and harder by each passing minute as the man grinned at me and spoke more in that grating voice of his. “I just wonder why he has you here if he knows how much we wolves hunger every second of the day for human flesh. He’s the lucky one, except well, on full moons he’s even worse than us.”

Was he talking about Rhayden?

Was Rhayden a werewolf?

How is that possible? Greyback died before Rhayden was captured and tortured. What was the meaning of this?! And why did it sound like there was a whole pack living in the South wing? Rhayden had to be providing them with his home. But why?

My thoughts were going every which way as I felt the air thicken in its cool temperature.

Rhayden was never cold like this werewolf/man in front of me.
This was making no fucking sense.

And human flesh?

What’s going on?

I don’t wanna be here. Where’s Rhayden?

Terror, unbridled and prickling my skin in goosebumps, had my heart slam against my rib cage as my voice finally found its way out of my worried mouth, shaking as I tried to keep my head on straight and not give into my bombarding thoughts on running the fuck away and screaming at the top of my lungs. “I’ll just leave. I didn’t mean to interrupt anything that you were doing.”

I was slammed against the wall next to me, vision swimming in and out of focus when my spine scraped over the wooden surface in a grinding matter that left me breathless and without any energy to even emit any startled sound from my open lips.

Cold hands and claws dug into my sides. And it was too hard.

This time, I gathered enough air in my lungs to let out a panicked yell, feeling my flesh give way as my eyes immediately started to water at the immense pain I was put under. My eyes were still seeing black spots and I couldn’t see the man right in front of me, eyelids fluttering open and close as I jerked like a fish out of water in his grip.

The wand I had couldn’t do any offensive or defensive spells because the ministry made sure it didn’t have the capability to let me with my whole involvement in the war. I wanted to punch all of the ministry's members now for giving me no lee way to get out of any bad situations.

My throat gagged on reflex as the stench of rotted flesh met my nose.

It seemed like my body was engulfed in a cradle of filth as the man pressed into me and dug his fingers into my ribs to the point where I could feel them bending and threatening to crack at any moment. I was frantic with the amount of pressure in my sides, crying out when the man laughed right next to my ear, cold air whooshing over my skin. “Maybe I should bring you back with me to the pack and we can have a field day with you. You smell different from regular humans, even wizards. Something … otherworldly and fucking delicious. Rhayden won’t have a clue where you went and you’ll be stuck with us, slowly being eaten, limb from pretty little limb.”

The only thought that went through my mind was the need for safety. My mouth opened wide on an intake of a shuddering breath, legs kicking and arms spazzing from where I was pinned as I felt my tonsils quaked and my throat practically screamed out in pain with how loud I shouted into the hollowed out Castle.

“Rhayden!” The words echoed throughout the hallway.

The man laughed with excited hysteria and took his other hand off of my left side to grab my forehead and smash the back of my skull against the wall in a severe push. I choked on air as I felt my head loll from the impact, vision once again blackening as my breathing stuttered.

I could feel so much pain.
“Our Master is off getting his revenge, you know, *killing*. He’s too busy to care about you—"

I fell to the ground in a flurry of motion, gasping out when the push on my ribs were abruptly amiss and I could breathe again, my chest heaving up and down in such large quantities that I would have thought my lungs were seized under water from the way I felt like I was being crushed just moments ago.

With bleary eyes, I caught sight of movement. It was too fast, too inhuman. I rested against the wall with a hunched form as I tried to get my vision back to normal and both my head and sides from screaming out in the aftermath of its pain endurance.

Eyelashes fluttering about, I heard a growl, thunderous and violent as I heard an indefinite crack of various bones, snapping in its place as a scream tore through the hallway. It sounded as if someone was being gutted like a pig, screeching out in hoarse tones and grating on my own bones as my eyes finally focused and turned into the size of flashlights with how big my gaze got.

Rhayden stood few meters from my position, standing above the lying body of the man that most likely tried to just kill me. When I could see clearly enough to make out what was happening, I pressed myself further into the wall as my lips quivered at the sight I took in.

The man’s leg was torn off, tossed to the side as he bled out on the floor, the smell of fresh human meat mingling through my nose and making me cough. The man kept wriggling on the flat of his back, screaming out as he wrapped his hand around his thigh and crying in pure horror at the sight of his leg dismembered from his body.

I watched in stunning vivid countenance as Rhayden bent at the knee, unharmed and looking perfectly intact with an expression filled with void as gleaming blackened amber eyes stared down at the man. The man was delirious as he smacked his hands against the floor covered in a pool of his own blood while Rhayden knelt in front of him and outstretched his arm, dark and menacing.

My mouth released an exaltation of dread and astonishment as the man begged from where he lied. ”Master, please. I’m s-s-sorry. I won’t touch him again, please, f-forgive me-” He didn’t get to finish his plea when one second he was crying and a blubbering mess and the next, I saw Rhayden’s hand impaled into the man’s torn chest.

The man’s crying immediately stopped.

And the groans couldn’t be heard anymore.

My breath stuck in my chest when I saw that Rhayden’s arm was engulfed in a human’s torso and his hand, splashed in red liquid, clutched a heart in a tight fist, squeezing the organism as it gushed, but didn’t break, through his fingers.

The only sound I heard was the ringing in my ears at what I was seeing and the drip drip drip of blood plopping from Rhayden’s hand and arm. Rhayden’s face was positively impassive.

Everything came bubbling up from the very depth of my gut, through my chest and rushing out of my aching throat as I threw up on the marble floor in front of me. That taste of alcohol bubbling in my mouth hinting actually of bile, was making me gag as I splurged my breakfast onto the ground and felt water gather in my eyes at the sting in the back of my throat.

I clutched at my thighs, breathing in through my nose as I tried to throw up more but noticed that I
barely had eaten anything and knew that by now, I was just dry heaving, breath wheezing from my
trembling mouth as I tried to swallow around a convulsing throat.

I’ve never seen this. Not from the war because wizards used wands and internally damaged their
victims and rarely shown any outer physical burdens. And Voldemort chose to do his dirty work in
private so I was blind to what sorts of things he was up to. I looked up, wild eyed and panicked
when I saw Rhayden drop the heart to the floor and tug his arm out of the dead man’s chest, hearing
the splurge of innards sluicing and sliding against one another as some intestines poured out of the
gaping hole and splatted onto the red floor.

I’m going to be sick again.

Trying to calm my breaths, I watched Rhayden twist his wrist, as if testing out its ability to function
right while he let out a sigh that expressed his disappointment. “You just don’t know when to listen,
do you Saveri.” Rhayden’s voice dripped with honeyed warmth, a rumble in the confines of his chest
and causing my own to vibrate along with the sound. Again, he wasn’t asking a question, just stating
the truth.

And to my horror, I felt my prick start to harden at the sound as well as searing heat fall over my
once cold flesh, flaring me up from the inside and out as I gazed back up at Rhayden while he
flicked his hand to rid some more blood and letting it cover the ground in a steady trickle of red
again.

Why was I aroused after everything that happened?

Why wasn’t I even thinking about running from Rhayden?

Rhayden just killed someone, right in front of me. Easily. No emotion whatsoever in said action
either.

This is fucked up.

I’m fucked up.

Rhayden is fucked up.

Everything is fucked.

My vocabulary was especially crude right now.

I’ve officially lost my mind. I’m hard over Rhayden doing such a thing.

Oh my god, oh my fuck.

My breathing started to pick up again, hysteria bubbling in my mouth as I let out the tiniest of a
squeak. “Y-you killed … and I- ngh.” I couldn’t talk with the way the oxygen seemed to seize its
existence around me, hyperventilating on the spot as I went from throwing up to getting hard to
having a serious mental breakdown all in a span of minutes.

My emotions were everywhere.

And it seems I was having a lot of mental breakdowns lately.
I watched as Rhayden turned his head my way, gaze fixing on mine as he watched me try to suck in air that I felt wasn’t going into my lungs, hands clamping tight around my thighs for some sort of grounding as I tried will my erection away.

Rhayden was in front of me then, literally just popping out of nowhere and making me yelp out as I scrambled back in dismay, my brain short circuiting. Rhayden didn’t mind my panic as he grabbed me from beneath my arms and hauled me up like I was some rag doll.

I felt like one right now.

His warm skin and the heat he radiated poured into my own flesh as I was steadied on my jellied limbs by his bloodied hand while he pulled me up to his height although I was still shorter than him. I scrambled in his grip, heart pounding so fast that I thought I would start going into a stroke, mind in disarray as I couldn’t figure out if I was in the presence of a man who was going to kill me or protect me.

Either way, I couldn’t help my frantic movements as I was forced to stand, legs wobbling instinctively as I breathed in his calming scent even if blood mingled in it.

What’s worse was that the combination of the normal smell of Rhayden and blood had my own throbbing incessantly and straight to my stiffening cock.

I was mortified at myself and in complete disgust.

My hands shook as I went to push at Rhayden’s chest, dazed in my state of confusion.

Rhayden killed someone.

Rhayden ended a man’s life who was gonna kill me. Did he do all that for me? To save me from turning into a piece of meat to be eaten on the spot?

“Rh-Rhayden.” I rasped, voice pitching up as my breath hitched in my throat, warmth pooling more into my being as I instinctively pressed onto Rhayden even more, curling my hands into his shirt all the while feeling my body quake. I made a sound of distress against him, mouth popping wide. “Are you g-g-going to kill me too? I can’t think straight … e-everything is messed up. Who was that m-man?”

”You’re something else aren’t you? Getting off on me killing someone for you.” Rayden intoned lowly, ignoring my question.

I let out a miffed sound, stilling against Rhayden and turning a bright shade of red when I registered what he just said and how my mind was starting to piece everything together. So Rayden went along and killed a guy for me.

"Oh fuck."

I needed to get my shit together.

With a huff, I pushed my trembling hands against Rhayden’s chest and pushed hard. But he didn’t make any action to step away from me like the fucking boulder of a man he was. Urgh! “N-no I’m not. This is wrong. I mean, you killed a man. What the fuck Rhayden?! And gods dammit, a-answer
me for once!”

I straightened my back and lifted my head so I could look up at Rhayden’s face as he tilted his down and watched me through golden hued eyes, chips of back mixing in together with such an illuminate color. His hair was tousled, more so than usual. I bit down on my lip as I waited him out, breathing hard against him. “No I’m not going to kill you, sometimes you make me feel like I should because you’re such a bratty git though. That man was a part of my pack, my werewolf pack, which I guess I’ll have to tell you more about because it seems you can’t keep your nose out of things. And stop chewing on your lip, it’s annoying.” Rhayden’s voice dropped an octave when he spoke the last sentence.

My reaction to his demand was instantaneous.

I stopped biting on my lip.

Shit! I really sucked at not following Rhayden’s orders.

But I needed to focus.

Furrowing my brows, I flicked my tongue out over my bottom lip, trying to get my head together. “S-so you’re a werewolf?”

Rhayden gave me a bland look. “Are you done freaking out?” Dammit. There he goes again, completely disregarding my question!

Grinding my teeth together, I pushed at him again and he seemed to get the hint. Blushing as released his grip on my arms, I was left to fully support my own weight on my weakened limbs, staggerin a bit on the spot. Rhayden stood in front of me, towering and looming with blood all over his one arm. Looking like a killer and making it seem so fucking normal with that lax expression he had on his face.

What the hell did I get myself into with this man?

“I think you killing someone should constitute for me to keep having a panic attack, but for a reason unbeknownst to me, I’m fine now.” I snapped, all of the sudden tired and completely bewildered at everything that just happened.

Rhayden raised his brows at me, taking a step forward and crowding into my space. I took a step away from him, fire licking at my skin in his close proximity despite my knowledge of what Rhayden is now capable of doing. “You’re shaking too much, don’t lie to me.”

“Well I was almost killed by one of your so called pack members?! And does that make you a werewolf too! You still didn’t answer my question. Wait … are you …” I trailed off on my train of thought, not wanting to ask Rhayden about him being that werewolf I came in contact with at Hogwarts because if he wasn’t, he’d want to know about the creature that I met and what happened. And I was not going to explain that. But if he was, than that meant Rhayden had his tongue on my bare skin and violated me in a way that got me harder than I ever was, which I will forever deny.

Rhayden rubbed his bloodied middle finger together with his index and thumb, gaze unsettling in a way that he seemed to be trying to get into my very thoughts, seeking inside of me and making me feel so fucking exposed in front of him. “I’ll answer your questions if you answer a few of mine. After I take a shower of course. And the bathrooms downstairs have toothbrushes if you feel like
cleaning out your mouth after throwing up on my floor. You’re gonna have to clean that up by the 
way.”

I gaped at him.

“I have nothing to tell you.” I snapped at him, contemplating my next words. “I’ll clean up my mess 
but I’m not cleaning up that dead body.” I’ll just use my wand to clean that up but there was no way I 
was going anywhere near the wreck Rhayden left behind of his pack member.

Pack member. Gods, that sounds weird in my head.

Rhayden turned away from me, going down the hallway to our right where the West wing would be. 
“I understand not wanting to deal with the dead but you have many things you’re not telling me too, 
and I want to know, just like how you can’t seem to leave my own secrets well enough alone. So an 
eye for an eye. You want information, I better get some in return. Now I need a shower and you 
need to rinse out your mouth.”

I couldn't believe Rhayden was acting so normal after what he'd just done.

I also couldn't believe I wasn't running from him right now.

I've gone completely deranged.

"Do you always take showers right after you kill someone!?” I yelled out at him, exasperated at the 
damn man.

Rhayden turned his head sideways, soft brown tendrils of his hair moving along with the motion as 
they ruffled about. My breath caught at the way I saw his succulent lips lifting up the barest amount, 
a dark grin splitting his features for a small moment. My voice seemed to have taken a vacation and 
leave me stranded at the way my eyes stuck to Rhayden's upturned mouth, barely noticeable to the 
human eye but with how much I watched this guy throughout the year, I did my best to look out for 
any hint of emotion on his usually calm face. And I caught it, now struck from where I stood, heat 
sufficing over my cheeks as I stared at Rhayden's smirk

Rhayden's voice echoed throughout the quiet of the hallway, husked and creating a shiver to spindle 
its way down my spine. "Yes. Do you want to watch or join me if you're so curious, Blondie?"

I spluttered, not having much wit on my end at the moment. I had to clench my thighs together to 
keep them from trembling at the mere mention of Rhayden in the shower, especially at the image of 
both of us in it together, blood smeared on my naked flesh, wet and hot against the hard planes of 
Rhayden's bare frame.

This was not the time for me to be thinking of these sort of things!

I was sick in the head.

The Gryffindor had the audacity to let out a scoff, deep and filled with barely concealed amusement. 
He left me alone in the hallway, a man's body rotting just a few feet away from my person. The sight of 
the hole in the guy's chest, blood flooding the pristine floors and an unattached limb lying all 
haphazard like another few meters away, had me turning around in a flurry of motion and running 
down the stairs so I could throw up in a toilet instead of the ground instead this time.
Brushing my teeth and rinsing my mouth out sounded really good to my ears right now.

My leg wouldn’t stop bouncing, knee bouncing up and down in a nervous habit of mine as I let the edges of my teeth press into the plush of my lip to jab at it repeatedly and cause the flesh there to throb in irritation.

I sat atop a silvered stool beside a dark grey slate of marble constituting as the kitchen island in the ground level of the Castle. I rested my elbow on the cool surface, eyes wandering around aimlessly and trying to keep myself occupied while I waited for Rhayden to meet with me and tell me what was going on.

It’s been about twenty minutes now.

I’ve cleaned up my breakfast leftovers on the second floor and booked it back downstairs like I was being chased by extraterrestrial beings, not daring to look at the dismembered man lying dead on the floor above me.

I grimaced at the thought.

Tapping the tips of my fingers against the counter, I contemplated over what I knew.

Rhayden had a pack of werewolves living in his castle in the South wing. For what reason? I don’t know. That man he killed called Rhayden an heir, so I’m guessing that Rhayden is the fucking leader of said wolf pack and that had to mean that he was a werewolf. I just wonder why the guy was cold instead of warm? I would have thought werewolves were warm since they had immense body heat.

I’ll have to ask Rhayden about that.

And why did the man say that I smelled … different compared to everyone else?

That made absolutely no sense.

Before I could ponder about the endless questions in my mind, I heard the tell tale sign of footsteps, light and so silent that I was amazed I heard them. I popped my head up and watched from my right as Rhayden came practically prowling inside of the kitchen.

My lips parted as I exhaled on a puff of hot air, feeling that sharp dip in my lower abdomen that caused a gasp to escape my mouth.

Rhayden only had on a pair of dark jeans, hanging off his hips and displaying a sharp V-Dip, defined lines narrowing into a perfect slope as they disappeared beneath the hem of his jeans as a peaking patch of dark brown hair also vanished with it. His smooth skin was covered in ink again, black tendrils spiraling together to create foreign designs to my eye, curving over his lean and
muscled frame, across hard rock abs, up his strong arms and sluicing up his shoulders to venture towards his back.

And he was dripping wet, water droplets licking over his alabaster flesh and looking like a fucking otherworldly beautiful being.

His eyes were hooded as he watched me beneath his dark lashes, hands ruffling the towel in his disheveled, gleaming dark hair.


I noticed I was openly gawking and decided to shut my mouth to stop whatever drool that was bound to escape my lips if I kept them open like that for any moment longer.

“It’s decent to put on a shirt you know.” I breathed.

Rhayden ignored my words as he padded bare footed across his polished floors that I cleaned yesterday and circled around the counter to my left to drop the towel across from me on the table and open a cabinet above his head.

I watched his back muscles shift with every move he made, feeling like a total creeper with how I was just observing the man.


“I think I’m allowed to do whatever I want in the solace of my own home.” Rhayden answered me then, procuring a lollipop in his left hand and shutting the cabinet. He lifted his hand, bringing the lollipop to his lips as his teeth gripped onto the ends of the wrapper and tore it away from the rounded piece of candy. The sharp movement made my stomach do a quick dip, my abdomen tensing up as tingles prickled out over my skin at the action.

My thoughts derailed as I watched Rhayden ease the lollipop into his mouth and closed his lips over it. He rolled the stem of the candy between his thumb and middle finger, cheeks slightly hallowing as he sucked leisurely at the offending lollipop.

Each tug he pulled from the candy made his cheeks sharpen more and my cock twitch insistently. His eyes were focused on mine the whole time, voice lowered as he spoke around the lollipop, flashes of dark red candy moving over his exploring tongue. “So you want answers, Saveri?”

Fuck him for using my real name like that.

Gah, I hated him and his arrogance, his confidence and easy intimidation. I was trembling in his presence and did my damndest to make it seem he didn’t affect me in any way.

I shoved my teeth down so hard on my lip in my state of agitation that I yelped out in surprise as the skin tore at the harsh prick. I didn’t waste any time shuffling off the stool to rush over to the sink so I could wash away the blood before it spilled from my lips and onto the floor I worked really hard to polish yesterday.

I didn’t get to though.

Squeaking as hands gripped my hips from behind me, I was spun back around abruptly, my heart
hammering against my chest as I was pressed into the edge of the sink.

My neck craned back, watching Rhayden roll the lollipop in his mouth as darkened tawny eyes peered down at me, running over the whole of my face as if he was searching for something. “What are doing?” I whispered into the heat between us, grimacing when my lip stung as I moved it with my words.

Rhayden kept silent, foreboding in the press of his hands running up my sides while he grazed my rib cage.

I didn’t expect the exclamation of pain to emit from my mouth, twitching in his grasp as I remembered how his pack member was very close to breaking my ribs and crushing me like a little bug an hour or so ago.

Rhayden let out a low growl, a furrow to his brows while the sound skated over my limbs and made me arch up into him, wanting to get closer even though I was hurting now. “He hurt you.” Rhayden mumbled.

“It’s nothing. I’ll heal.” I replied.

The Gryffindor snickered. I wanted to slap him for it but didn’t have the chance to when I was ceaselessly lifted from my hips and turned around to be situated on top of the counter next to Rhayden’s discarded towel. I protested, legs kicking about in defiance. “What is up with you manhandling me?!” I snarled at him.

“Shut up.” Rhayden ordered, his voice dropping into that dark tone of his, hostile almost and making me fumble with my hands as I gripped onto the edge of the counter while Rhayden grabbed my thighs and parted them for him to step through the space they created. I gasped at the sensation of Rhayden between my thighs as he crowded against me, my already throbbing cock on display and making me clench my thighs together only for the inner skin of them to knock against the side of Rhayden’s own upper strong thighs and ceasing all my movements to cover myself up. “You like it anyway.” Rhayden continued on with his words.

I could feel my blush spread out down to my chest.

“D-don’t tell me w-wh-what to do, you Gryffindork. My body is reacting this way because I’m not used to being touched all the time. I-I’m sensitive. This has nothing to do with you.” I stammered.

Rhayden tilted his head down, boring his gaze into my own as he tugged the ends of my shirt out from beneath my trousers and rose the material up my navel, the sensation of the fabric brushing against my skin causing my chest to heave as my pulse quickened. Rhayden’s warm knuckles ran featherlight over the skin of my ribs.

A whimper tore itself from my throat.

My eyes widened, embarrassed at the sound I just produced. Rhayden’s lips tilted up into knowing grin as I reared back from his touch, slapping my hands against his shoulders as he leaned into me and had his thighs tease my stiffened prick. My nails bit into his shoulders at the intruding sensation, exclaiming a breath out in shock and arousal at the feeling of Rhayden against me.

“Right. You keep telling yourself that, Blondie. You seem to always be hard around me. Don’t think I didn’t remember how your cute prick rose up beneath that skirt you wore that night.” Rhayden
caressed my aching sides in a gentle stroke, pressing more into the V of my spread legs while rubbing the soft pads of his fingertips over my ribs. “Now stop moving.” The way he spoke, without a morsel of emotion, was opposite with how he touched me, with reverence and tendered contact.

“Fuck off. I’m telling you it’s a reaction that doesn’t have any connection to your arrogant self.” I squirmed on the table, trying to frown despite how I felt like I would combust at the seams with Rhayden touching me this way. I also noticed the large bulge in Rhayden’s jeans, taking in how large his cock looked beneath his clothes.

Oh sweet baby jesus.

“Enough.” Rhayden’s voice dropped into a low murmur, threatening and dipped in sin. It flared like a wild fire from his mouth and carried on over to my body.

I sharply inhaled and stilled, scared all of the sudden and turned on nonetheless.

I reacted so instantaneously to this man.

That’s when I felt a tingle against my sides. My eyes widened when I felt the ache in my ribs dissipate and at the way the tattoos on Rhayden’s body started shifting around, as if enchanted and brought alive, weaving over his skin. I took in his furrowed brows, face set in deep concentration while I went lax in his grasp. His eyes focused on my sides.

The pain was fading away.

“How are you doing this?” I exhaled on a rush of air, astonished and feeling all sorts of relaxed right now.

Rhayden raised his gaze, watching me with a sole focus that always made me want to flee from the Gryffindor. “I can take away pain from someone’s body if they’re hurt. It’s part of being a pure-blooded werewolf.” He answered.

I blinked when my sides now just felt a dull throb, not prickling in discomfort anymore but feeling like they were numbed at the moment, a morphine induced sensation that didn’t make me want to fall asleep but sway slightly as if dizzied a little.

So Rhayden’s a werewolf. A pure-blood one as well. What was the difference between a half-blood and a pure-blood?

My body jerked in reflex at the abnormally quick way Rhayden had raised his hands off my body to reach one up and slide his thumb over my bottom lip, dragging the split skin down and tugging it. I yelped at the touch of his skin against the cut I made, the salty tang of his finger in my mouth and on my lip.

Rhayden grumbled something beneath his breath I couldn’t hear.

I stared up at him in trepidation when immediately, the pain started to subside on my mouth as well. “Is that why your tattoos are moving? Is it some sort of spell that helps leech the pain away?”

Rhayden nodded, golden eyes gleaming as he stared down at my mouth. “I got these when I came into inheritance of the Xeyrus line after meeting one of my family members when I was being tortured during the war. I didn’t know anything about them. Turns out the parents that raised me
adopted me. When the blood in my system awakened in contact with my family member, it triggered runes along my body that look like tattoos.”

I flicked my tongue out, accidentally brushing it against Rhayden’s finger on my lip. He went stiff at the contact, causing me to do the same thing while he breathed in through his nose as if something was straining him. He ripped his hand away from my mouth.

Rhayden stepped out of the space between my thighs and leaned against the sink opposite from where I stood, proceeding to suck on his lollipop.

Fucker.

But now I didn’t feel pain anymore.

“Don’t think that I’m going to give you all these answers without compensation. Tell me, why are you keeping your real name a secret from the others?” Rhayden spoke, crossing his arms over his broad chest and making his lean muscles more defined as they bulged from that simple action.

I told my cock to calm the hell down at the sight before me.

My gaze though, was fixated on Rhayden’s prominent hard prick now. I tried to concentrate as I looked down at his member in astonishment and heat. Shrugging with a daze in my head, I replied. “Father ordered me to keep my real name within the family so mother gave me a nickname from my middle name Draconis. I honestly have no clue why. Well, my name is also quiet … weird so I’m not fond of it and took my nickname in favor and stride. Now, who was the family member you ran into?”

Rhayden narrowed his eyes at me and I wriggled on my perch atop the counter beneath his penetrating gaze when I caught it as I finally looked back up from his crotch.

My head was totally in the gutter right now.

“I find it odd that Lucius is making you keep your real name in the dark and I could agree with you on how weird your name is although unique too. And my family member that I met during the war is my cousin, but I won’t be saying his name.” Rhayden snapped his teeth together, the sound making me jump on the spot as he cracked the lollipop in his mouth. “Why do you smell different compared to all the wizards and muggles?” He continued.

I wrenched my eyes from his, breathing hard and trying to ease the warmth building in my stomach at the way Rhayden was crunching on the broken candy in his mouth. Crossing my right leg over my left, I fiddled with the hem of my shirt now, looking anywhere but at Rhayden. “I don’t know. I was wondering the same thing. I’ll have to ask mother about it, maybe she knows.” I twisted the material of my top in my hands now. “Who are your parents and why were you adopted? Is the Xeryus line Royalty? I mean, this castle is massive, they would have had to be. And what’s the difference between a pure-blooded werewolf and a half-blood one?”

Rhayden shook his head slowly, raising his eyebrows at me like he was chastising a child. I glared at him for it. “Those are too many questions when I haven’t got anything from you. You’re completely in the dark about yourself. So unless you give me something I know you keep in that Slytherin head of yours on lock down, I’m not going to say much. My biological parents are actually off the deal, you will not know about them as well as why I was adopted. So don’t ask me about them.”
I let my lips curl up at him in a sneer, haughty and angry at his declaration. I wanted to know everything about this fucking mystery of a Gryffindor and he wouldn’t give me jack shit unless I told him a few of my own. It’s true that I didn’t know why I needed to keep my real name hidden from others and how I didn’t know why I smelled different. “I don’t have any more secrets unlike you.” I snipped.

Rhayden hummed around his candy, eyeing me in that unnerving way of his. “Want to tell me why you like wearing women’s clothes?”

He threw me off with that one.

I stared at him with large eyes, anxiety trampling down on my chest. When a Malfoy is in fear of exposing themselves or showing any incite on how they feel, they lash out instead of giving into the way the nerves settle into our skin. I spoke without thinking. “If you think for a second that I’m going to answer that question, you’re dead wrong. What? You want to know if a Malfoy really likes wearing girls clothes so you can make fun of me? Why don’t you tell me about why you’re hiding your pack away in the South wing if you really want to know.” I hissed at him, feeling my cheeks redden in both embarrassment and anger.

Rhayden’s face fell into that look of boredom he carried around with him twenty four seven, making me want to yell at him some more in frustration. “You’re getting mouthy again, Saveri. Watch it.”

I hopped off the counter, fuming and mortified as I tried to quickly walk around the table so I could climb back up the stairs. “If you’re not going to tell me, then I’ll just go and ask your pack all about you by myself.”

Rhayden wouldn’t let me take one step out of the kitchen.

Yelping out in shock, I was grabbed below the waist, turned around and hauled up and over Rhayden’s shoulder like I was a sack of potatoes. “Put me down!” I yelled, mouth gaping in surprise at how easily I was moved and how Rhayden dealt with me like I was some person to toss around here and there. I curled my hands into fists, banging on his back as one of his hands clapped down just below the swell of my arse and held me to him in a vice like grip.

“You’re acting like a brat, there's no way you’re going anywhere near the pack. And you need to answer my question.” Rhayden intoned lowly, obviously irritated with me.

I pounded on his shoulders, huffing in dismay at his response to me. “I’ll only tell you if you tell me why you’re keeping all of this a secret from the wizard world? I mean you could just leave out how you killed someone or have been killing others and they’ll be fine with it because you’re friends with good ole Harry fucking Potter!”

“You’ve lost all your privileges in getting any more answers out of me after throwing this tantrum of yours.” Rhayden snarled, jostling me about on his shoulder and making me squeak in trepidation. My heart thrummed in my ears as I felt heat engulf my whole body, coiling tight as if I was anticipating for Rhayden to do something.

“You’re purposely trying to rile the Gryffindor up.

I was tired and horny and it was all Rhayden’s fault. He deserves my “tantrum” as he so politely called it. If he won’t give me answers, then I won’t give him any. I’ll just have to find out more about Rhayden on my own again although this time, I was going to make sure not to almost die in the
process.

Stupid Rhayden and his emotionless demeanor. I wanted to see some expression on his face instead of that mask of indifference he carried around with him everywhere.

“Ohhh, I lost my privileges. You’re not my fucking daddy, Rhayden.” I snapped back at him.

“You’ll know when I become you’re fucking daddy, baby.” Rhayden rumbled, the sound dripping in malice and power etched into his every word, utterly vindictive and eliciting a quiver to run down my back to covet the whole of my groin teasingly.

I couldn’t help the way my back arched at the dominance clear and evident in his voice and the way he held me down against him with all of my unending struggles. I was powerless, rendered without motion in Rhayden’s hands and that both exhilarated and scared the living hell out of me.

My world spun on its axis when I was moved around again, yelling out in profound confusion and searing heat that sunk into my every pore, heart racing a mile a minute with my throat working around itself as I tried to catch my breath and figure out what was happening now.

I had my eyes squeezed shut, preparing for my body to fall to the floor like that night Rhayden let me go after making me tell him I was sorry in that Gryffindor’s school girl uniform. But when I felt my weight plop onto the hot lap of Rhayden’s legs, I whipped my eyes open to find myself being made to open my legs and let them splay out over the sides of Rhayden’s thighs so I was left to straddle him, both of us seated on his black lounge chair.

My mouth made a definite sound of a pop as it fell open at the press of Rhayden’s hard cock against my own straining one, heated flesh against heated flesh, as he grabbed both my arse cheeks in handfuls to control my hips and roll them over his big, hot prick.

“Rhayden!” I moaned out on a breathless exhale, my eyes wide as I couldn’t help but scramble at Rhayden’s shoulders to clutch onto them for support, letting him pull my hips over his once again, the movement causing my thighs to tense and quake as I was controlled in his hands.

“It’s about time to teach you a lesson on not acting like a spoiled brat with me.” Rhayden demanded in that husk of a voice of his. I stared down at him, gasping for air in my lungs as his shadowed eyes seemed to consume me whole, embedding themselves into my skin and burning me.

Then my right arse cheek exploded with sudden pain that laced over my clothed sensitive skin there, a resounding sharp slap echoing throughout the living room as I cried out, breathless and feeling my eyes sting at such a severe strike.

I stared down at Rhayden in shock and heat.

My cock twitched beneath my trousers against his clothed one.

Rhayden just fucking spanked me.

He clamped his other hand over my sharp hip bones and tugged me over his lap even more, causing our cocks to rub against one another in searing friction. Rhayden’s eyes were so dark that it looked as if I was trapped in the devil’s cage. “Rh-Rhayden. What’s the meaning of t-t-this-”

I screamed out, body shoved forward by the sheer impact of another slap against my left arse cheek.
this time, eliciting my ass to rise up off of Rhayden’s lap and push my cock against his even harder in my attempt to escape his assault on my buttocks. My hands, trembling in their adrenaline and nerves, grappled at Rhayden’s neck while my lips released a whimper that cracked in my throat, high and desperate.

“Nononono, Rhayden, i-it hurts. Please s-s-stop.” I gasped out in a plea but when the Gryffindor let out a vicious snarl and smacked me again all the while making my front roll over his, I had ran my fingers through the thick brown locks of his hair and gripped onto them so I could rock against him. Encouraging him.

My ass was practically crying out in sheer agony, already knowing that the flesh there would bruise and be bright red if I was too take off my pants right now and looked at the bare skin. Rhayden’s smacks weren’t that of a regular human’s strength, but that of a werewolf’s, and I was being forced to ride Rhayden’s clothed cock as my own was now caught between my stomach and the harsh planes of his abdomen.

Rhayden’s dick poked against the crevice of my arse cheeks as he made sure to slap the wide open palm of his hot hand down over both my buttocks this time, making me grip onto his hair for leverage at the way my body jerked under his ministrations.

I could feel my dick leaking precum, the smell of musk in the air in time with the way my breath wheezed brokenly passed my moistened lips as I kept screaming out in pain and ecstasy, rubbing against Rhayden like I was some sort of whore for his cock. Only his.

Oh gods.

Fuck.

I wanted more. Wanted Rhayden to show me how he gets off on how much I want him to hurt me, to take me.

Gods it felt too much and not enough. I was vibrating out of my skin, flexing the curves of my fingers through the strands of Rhayden’s hair, grappling onto them as his slaps on my arse had my body shoving up more on his torso with the force of them.

All this pent up frustration between us had finally burst after so much heated looks and threats, after having to endure that throbbing heat in my stomach and groin every time I was around him.

And I was delirious for us to break.

It’s all Rhayden’s fault.

For making me curious.

For making me into this pathetic mess of a person.

I Hate him. Hate him so much.

“I h-hate you!” I sobbed out when Rhayden chuckled darkly, scorching gaze travelling to the way my ass jiggled whenever he slapped the flesh there and back up to my gaping mouth that gasped for air.
“No you don’t, Blondie. Come on, let me hear you beg for more.” Rhayden did a series of harsh smacks against my aching bottom, making me practically climb up his torso to get away from his treatment but only to press back into his heated hands whenever he stopped every time. My head spun with the way his scent invaded my senses and the feeling of his body, rock hard and strong against my trembling form, was burning me up.

“F-f-fuck! You’re such an asshole, g-getting off on s-spanking me don’t you?” I mocked, although my face was pinched in pure bliss as I rolled my hips against Rhayden’s. He hasn’t once lifted his pelvis up to meet with my frenzied dry humping.

He was purposely doing that. Teasing me like the bastard that he is. All composed and placating.

My eyelids fell heavy over my vision, feeling like my head was up in the clouds as something heavy started to build at the base of my spine and made me rock harder against Rhayden.

I screamed when Rhayden grabbed my arse and dug his fingers into my clothed cheeks, so hard that I could feel the skin breaking, making me back bow up into him and writhe against his long, lean and muscled body as my cock felt like it was going to burst at any second.

My hands clutched onto Rhayden’s hair like a lifeline, gasping and letting out kittenish mewls that I will never admit came from my mouth.

“Look at who’s the one turning into a wanton whore with a spanking and a rub off.” Rhayden mused salaciously, lips tilting up into a filthy grin that left me with elation.

“O-o-oh. Fuck you! Please, please, pleasepleaseplease.” I all but wept out, tears starting to leak out from the corners of my eyes at feel of my arse throbbing and flaming up. I wriggled against Rhayden, crying out whenever he landed smack after relentless smack against both my arse cheeks, once in awhile transitioning from one to the other.

“I know you’d love for me to fuck you. Shove my cock into this tight virgin arse of yours and make you choke out screams for more. Because you’re such a slut for me, aren’t you? I know how much you get off on watching me from afar, those silver eyes tracking my every move, you’re downright obscene. You have no idea how much I’m going to make you cry.” Rhayden proclaimed, a sinister promise, sex induced and possessive.

My gaze was on his, moist air causing my clothes to stick to my sweaty figure. I could make out how Rhayden’s brows dotted with his own perspiration, though his breaths were steady compared to my erratic wheezes. Still uncanny in the way his presence grew with ominous intent, his face etched in a stormy brutality. Evident and primal yet so calm.

Bloody hell.

“Please, Rhayden.” I gasped out, eyes threatening to roll to the back of my head as I all but squealed when Rhayden pulled me over his cock and rubbed it against my own throbbing one again. Rhayden’s vicious hold on my hips grew even more harsh as he rolled my hips violently over his, quick and turning into an inhumane pace.

“You’ll learn to behave with me in time, Blondie. I need to hear you plead.” Rhayden snipped back, now slapping me where my the backs of my thighs met my arse.

I was crying now, hiccuping in his lap as I rutted my wet cock over his stomach with vigor now. “It
hurts, Rhayden. Ah-ah-ahn, I can’t-not anymore. I-I’m going to cum. Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck!” My forehead slammed against Rhayden’s shoulder, breath wetting his shirt as I whined against him, feeling the pressure climb higher in my spine and spread out over my leaking cock. “Please move, oh g-gods. Make me c-c-come, Rh-Rhayden!”

I couldn’t believe half the shite I was saying right now.

My mind has gone completely haywire.

All I could think about was RhaydenRhaydenRhaydenRhayden.

The bastard has ruined me.

I was begging a killer.

Taking one of his hands off my arse, the Gryffindor had gripped my open mouth from the sides of my cheeks and pressed in with his thumb and index finger into the sides. Hard. It caused me to yelp out in strain. The hand that was left to smacking me, stopped and just grasped the entirety of my bottom, gripping tightly enough to make me stop all my movements, breath whooshing past my trapped mouth as I made distressed noises from the depths of my chest.

I was so fucking hard.

And we were stopping. Why were we stopping?!

Rhayden dragged my chin down and made my gaze meet his own at an equal eye level, although the unadulterated power, Stygian in its wake, was in Rhayden’s stare. The sweaty strands of my hair brushed over the skin of his forehead as my hands slipped from his locks and flopped like dead weight onto his shoulders. His eyes were dilated, blown wide with the same color as his inked tattoos. Black as a raven’s feather. “This is your punishment. You. Won’t. Come.”

What?

My mouth was moving without my thinking what I was saying. “No. Please. Rhayden, I need-”

“No. You were acting like a brat. This is what you get.” Rhayden rolled right over my plea. His voice dripped with a monotonous drawl, the sweltering air around us slowly descending from its high as it eased into a languid warmth. No more fire, just a lull ache.

This was cruel.

My bottom lip quivered, feeling like I would start sobbing out in disappointment and frustration but at the same time feeling a thrill at the way I couldn't get off without Rhayden’s say so.

Fuck. What is wrong with me!?

In a bout of irritation at myself for wanting more and exhilarating in the way Rhayden had complete control over me, I felt the need to stomp off in embarrassment and rage. How could I let myself get so carried away with Rhayden and let him make me become a fucking train wreck in his arms?!

But I just couldn't find it in myself to get off his warm body just yet.
Godsdammit.

I saw his gaze slide over my shoulder, his lips setting into a neutral line as he seemed to be looking at someone behind me.

He looked a little annoyed with the tick in his jaw visible to my eye. “You better have a good reason to be here.” Rhayden mumbled out to whoever was behind me.

I furrowed my brows in confusion, twisting my head sideways to catch sight of Luna Lovegood standing in the entrance to the living room, dreamy eyes stuck on the two of us and the position we were in.

Seeing Luna had made my brain back track and ponder over what just happened and finally motivate me to get off of Rhayden. Dread fell over my face and all I wanted to do was get as far away as possible from Rhayden and this castle right now.

What did I just do?!

What did I just allow Rhayden to do to me?! And was Luna there the whole time!?

I tore myself away from Rhayden, cursing beneath my breath as I felt my jellied limbs give out from under me. I had to grab onto the little table next to the couch to keep myself from keeling over, breathing hard as I willed myself to gather my things and get the hell out of here.

I shouldn’t have provoked Rhayden.

Luna’s wispy voice filtered through my internal hysteria while I tried to gather enough strength in my limbs to start moving and not be further seen in such a vulnerable state in front of the blonde Gryffindor standing and watching me avidly. “Now please don’t run off. I’ll be killed if I made the pretty Slytherin prince hide away from my best friend.”

“Nothing happened between us.” I rushed out with a biting tone.

I could feel Rhayden’s burning eyes on me but made sure to not look his way and instead looked at Luna just to make sure I wouldn’t become a mass of quaking limbs again if I looked at Rhayden now.

“Right. Well. No need to leave.” Luna flicked her curly hair behind her back and gave a slow smile, genuine and warm.

She was always quirky and despite what I put her through, she was nice to me, for a reason I had no clue what for, and her asking me to stay was something I was intrigued by but I was also hard in front of her and beyond embarrassed. She was also someone who seemed too close to Rhayden and it made me all of the sudden angry at the girl. If they were going to get all friendly with me in the same room, I’d rather fucking leave. Heck, I remember hearing once before the war about her and Rhayden liking one another as more than friends.

I should really leave now.

Rhayden wouldn’t take too kindly with me leaving after what we just did, but it’s his fault for having Luna as a friend and having her know where he lives as well as making me snap out of the delirious state I was in just a few seconds ago with Rhayden.
It wasn't supposed turn out this way. I was just supposed to find out about Rhayden because I was curious about the mysterious Neville. I can’t be interested in him. What would everyone think of a Malfoy getting involved with Neville Longbottom? They’d think I’m using him as a means to get on everyone’s good graces. People would think if Draco Malfoy associated himself with Neville, it was only a way to make himself look good to the media. Everyone would think worse of me if I came out as gay to the wizard world and they’d make me out to be a conniving gold digger.

I was already seen as a good-for-nothing ex death eater that was still an awful human being and got off easy with being prevented from going to Azkaban.

Everyone knew I bullied Rhayden when we were younger so they’d immediately grow suspicious of my actions if I was seen with him.

I knew if I hung out with the golden trio this Friday, no one would judge as much because Potter made it clear to the wizard world that me and him were on good terms when he got me out from having to be forced to go to prison. No one would think twice about the golden boy’s actions in having me involved with him.

This was making my head spin.

I don't like Rhayden, dammit.

Didn't seem that way with how much you begged for him to make you come just now.

With a shake to my head, I walked weakly over to my discarded bag to gather some floo powder into my hands and trek over to the fire place in the far back of the room with my stuff slung over my shoulder. Mumbling my address and flinging the powder into the fire place, I spoke out to both Rhayden and Luna without looking at neither of them. “If you excuse me now, I'll be leaving.”

I apparated and was gone instantly, back in my quiet bedroom again, shaking, tired and all sorts of fucked up.

This time I walked away from Rhayden and it left me confused, hot, and restless.

I didn't like the feeling of it at all.
I tapped the tip of my index finger against the crystalline glass, a soft clinking sound filtering in through the expanse of my Manor’s large living room. The steady tink of my nails pricking over the vase clutched in a white knuckled grip of mine seemed to overshadow the static that had taken place ever leaving Rhayden’s place two days ago.

I haven’t been back to the castle for two days, and I was jittery. Both my legs having a mind of their own as they swung to and fro on top of my perch on the black sleek grand piano I played whenever I got bored.

Rhayden hasn’t contacted me since Tuesday, the day I booked my ass out of that castle, and I was anxious, an annoying prickle drizzling over the plane of my skin as I stared at the array of flowers shoved into the vase.

Having just picked out another set of flowers from the Malfoy garden for two days straight, now on three, I tried to take my mind off of Rhayden and the impending doom I felt whenever my mind wandered off to said person and the thought of him barging in through my house and demanding compensation for my absence in our debt.

How could I go back after what we did? I decided that Rhayden can just go off and show Hogwarts the copies that the Slytherins took on my Gryffindor school girl uniformed figure. Hell, I bet that no one could actually look through the picture and into my mind to find out that Draco Malfoy enjoyed wearing the skirt. The students would think it was a joke and laugh it off and make fun of me for wearing it. The teasing wouldn’t last long. But if they knew that Draco actually liked wearing girls clothes, they would never let the topic go. They would say something is definitely wrong with me.

So here I was, two days later and playing with the fresh bundle of flowers and the vase it was shoved in as I waited for mother to come out of her vegetable state because I was doing my damndest to not fret over how Rhayden hasn’t come for me or what consequences I would have for backing out of our deal.

I couldn’t be around that man as well.

He was dangerous anyway, mentally and physically ruining me. He had my thoughts in a scattered mess. Making me feel like I was going out of my own skin with just the thought of him. He was coveting me whole with everything Rhayden. I feared him. I melted in his presence.

Fuck.

My eyes wandered away from the flowers to watch my mother in her prone hunched form, dark grey eyes hazed over and displaying an uncanny resemblance to that of a mannequin, lifeless and without mind. Her hands folded precariously over her lap with her hair tidied up in a bun Poppy had done for her this morning.

She looked dead.

Just like that man Rhayden so carelessly murdered, in cold blood, no hesitation whatsoever.

Just who did I get myself involved with?
I hated how I was curious about him, hated how my body reacted to his every move and that he knew it. He was burying his way beneath my skin and I was screaming at him to let up, just once.

I should be scared of him for killing so easily, but I was just terrified of the way that I wasn’t in fear of the fact that Rhayden most likely killed many others given how he moved like a skillfully trained predator, but with the way that he put all that foreboding intent on my person. It made me feel like he would fucking wreck me in way similar to those he killed, with violence as well as maliciously and with heated want. He would destroy me more than he tormented his victims in way that included his bare skin against mine with his cock shoved far up my arse.

How could I take that much … animal?

Funny thing was, he is one.

I still throw up at the sight of death because it stinks and looks disgusting but I was used to it, sadly. The reason why I had such vivid nightmares of the war was because those who were killed I have gone to school and associated myself with. I was connected to them someway because they shared their experience with me. It’s harder to see people you’ve known since you were little, die so quickly.

What really made me as demented as Rhayden was how watching him kill someone for me was like having sex. I was hot and bothered seeing him murder someone, he did it so effortlessly, so confident and dark and I was attracted to him for it. And the fact that he slaughtered his pack member to keep me from being chow meat had my mind boggling and my cock throbbing. I was such a damsel in distress with Rhayden and it made me feel high. No one’s ever cared for my life to the point that they’d kill someone over me.

After two days of some serious denial over Rhayden, I finally fucking gave up and admitted that I wasn’t just curious about the man, no, I was interested in him and fucking obsessed with him. Since the beginning of the year, I haven’t been able to keep my eyes off him and Rhayden knew, he even voiced how much I liked to look at him.

The simple knowledge that I (gods help me) like him, made me want to drown myself in the nearest river.

Wizards didn’t go around tearing people’s limbs off and seeing Rhayden do it without much effort, had me reeling. I feared him in a way that he got into my mind and stayed there.

Rhayden could put all that intensity on me and for some reason, I craved it as well as cowered from it. But somewhere deep in my mind, I knew he wouldn’t kill me and that made me not fear him in the way I was scared of Voldemort because Voldemort was very clear about throwing me away like I was a piece of paper in the wind while Rhayden hadn’t given me the impression of getting rid of me like that.

Maybe that’s why I wasn’t freaking out over Rhayden killing others. He dug his way into my conscience and devoured me with a slow consuming that had made me powerless to his every wit and action.

All of this was never supposed to happen.

Me liking that fucking Gryffindor was a huge turn of events for me. I was planning on getting
through this year without a headache and Rhayden was giving me one everyday!

Now I was nervous seeing him, more conscious of my liking him and still trying not to. This way my way of hiding from someone that could indefinitely sabotage me as well as my Malfoy image to the wizard world. I couldn’t associate myself with Rhayden. So I ran. That’s what us Slytherins do and was quite widely known for.

I was going to force Rhayden out of my head, clear him from my body inside and out, and move on because I don’t want the trouble. I already have so much. And he pointed out a lot of things that I should have thought about not him, why I actually had to keep my name a secret. I wanted to find out even if it would get me into a ton of shite in the end as well because father seemed adamant on keeping my real name on lockdown. I wonder how Rhayden knew my real name?

But damn, was I interested in him.

I could still search up about Rhayden’s family line and get answers on his person myself, just to ease my curiosity about the hidden agenda(s) of Neville Longbottom and it seems he didn’t mind me leaving our debt in the air like that. I mean, he hasn’t come hunting me down.

Maybe Rhayden and Luna were together right now, fucking around with each other and laughing behind my back. I have no clue if Rhayden liked me, he could just be manipulating me to get back at me for those years I bullied him.

My chest seized then, concaving in a way that had the air in my lungs pang within my rib cage.

Rhayden probably was mocking me right now, unnerved by him in a way that I promised myself I wouldn’t be with anyone.

Furrowing my brows, I jolted on the piano as I saw my mother’s eyelids flutter and her body lilt from side to side, as if broken from a trance. She blinked continuously, mouth pulling down into a confused frown that I was all to familiar with whenever she got out of whatever mindlessness she was in.

The fine sheen of her eyes started to darken in an awakened state as she slid her gaze over to my figure and flicked them down to the bundle of flowers in my hand and the new vase I got for it. “Are those for me, darling?” Mother’s voice cracked as she spoke, but still, she had a dreaminess about herself in that voice of hers. She always acted like what was happened to her didn’t exist and went on about her day as usual. I played along for her sake even though it hurt to see her this way.

I jostled the flowers about, chewing on the insides of my cheeks with a great fervor. “Ah yes. This time I got peonies for you. They’re in full bloom now.”

Mother gave me a tiny smile in return, wry though. “Saveri, while I appreciate your gift, I’ve got to say that this kind of present gets kind of boring after achieving it for the past two days now. Today’s Friday, this is the third time and yet you still want to laze about in the house picking flowers for your dear old mother? What is the matter with you?”

Damn.

Why must my mother be so fucking observant?

With a little jilted twitch in my body, I leaned back to place the vase of flowers next to me atop the
piano so I could curl my fingers around the middle of my top and twist it with a nervous tick.

I couldn’t tell her about Rhayden. She’ll start to get all excited over her only child, whom really never shown interest in anyone other than himself, finally liking someone. Mother would get more confused if I told her my feelings in all that’s happened between Rhayden and I.

With a profound determination in my bone to prevent mother from talking about Rhayden, I said the first thing that came to my mind. “Am I different from wizards and muggles?”

Mother looked taken aback by my slight outburst, her eyes widening in surprise as a glimmer of worry and a curtain of dismay obscured her gaze. She stared at me without any words for a lot more seconds than necessary. I tightened the hold on my shirt, twisting it with fervor.

“Where did that question come from, Saveri?”

I ran the tip of my tongue over the healed flesh of my bottom lip, a frown marring my features. “That’s another question I have. Why can’t I say my real name in public and keep it hidden? What are you and father not telling me?” I asked, remembering how Rhayden told me that I was in the dark about everything that had to do with me. I sort of hated how he made me realize something that I should have considering my low knowledge of myself was on me.

That fucker.

Mother lifted her hand then, the elegant slope of her fingers giving away a slight tremor as she let her hand drag down her side of her cheekbone in a tired manner. Mother showing her exasperation was rare and I was worried about her answer. “I told your father that you’d want to find out sooner or later.”

I gritted my teeth together. “Find out about what, mother?”

Narcissa shook her head, a sad reminiscent look passing over her usually ethereal features. “Sweetheart, your father was only trying to protect you when he made you keep your name a secret. I want you to know this when I tell you why you’re … different.”

I looked at her with a stricken expression, trepidation falling into the pit of my gut, the sensation unsettling and unwanted on my end.

What’s going on here?

“Please, mother. Just tell me.” I murmured, quaint in the now smothering warmth of the room.

Narcissa’s nose twitched as she let out an indignant huff. “Have you ever heard of Veelas?”

What?

I’ve heard of them, but I was told that they were extinct for years now, being half human and half a creature that sprouted wings and was absurdly beautiful. They were also known to eat their victims whom they seduced with their looks because they feed off of human flesh to keep their health steady until they lived up to one hundred years or more.

What does a Veela have to do with me?
“Yes. But Veelas are extinct, how does this connect with me?” I asked at last.

I shifted a little on the piano, restless now while I waited for my mother’s reply. “Well on my side of the family, Veela blood has thrived on throughout past generations, it skips many but lands on a few. Your grandmother, Caris, was a Veela but died from being attacked by the Ministry because they feared a Veela’s thirst for human flesh and how easily they could get ensnared in their beauty. Caris made sure my father took care of me as well as keep our family secret intact so I wouldn’t be sought after even though I was not one. When you were born, Bronsky smelled something very sweet emitting from your body and he knew immediately that you were a Veela, it took the other elves to figure it out a little bit later but they promised to keep it a secret because they know how dangerous it would be if the ministry knew about you. Elves have a keen sense of smell, especially ours since they’ve worked for the blacks for hundreds of years. Other creature can pick up Veela smell but they wouldn’t know about them because they’ve been extinct for a while now.”

My mouth was dry all of the sudden as I continued to listen to my mother’s words. Narcissa gave me a little smile, wobbly if anything. “Your father feared for your life and made me keep your real name, a rare Veela name, hidden. The man searched up everything about Veelas when he was told that our son was one. We kept this from you because we thought that if you didn’t know anything than it would dial down the risk factor of anyone knowing about you.”

The blacks had Veela blood running through them and only a few of them would be one. Wait, does that mean “… ‘Is Potter one?” I asked, astonished and still reeling from what I’ve been told.

I was a creature. A winged creature that seduced people so I could capture them and eat them. Gods, I was just as bad as Rhayden. Werewolves love eating human meat.

Narcissa snickered. “Yes he is. But he’s a different kind. You’re a submissive, you like to follow others orders, it gives you purpose and it’s in you to enjoy being dominated, the one being penetrated. Harry is a dominant, he likes to take control and lead. But know this, the feeling to submit or dominate is not in the Veela blood but is produced by pure character alone. Saveri, your father and I learned that you were a submissive at the age of five when some boy told you to jump off of a Mansion’s fifth story level and jump into the pool below when you didn’t even know how to swim, and you did it easily without hesitation.”

What the fuck?

“I was five, I probably would have done anything-”

Mother gave me a sharp glare and I shut up immediately. “You did everything in your power to please both me and your father and even I tried to tell Lucius not to order you around because you would obey since he is important to you enough that you were bonded. As you are to me too. And when you were thirteen and that same boy told you to do the same thing and he was one of your best friends, you did it again.” Mother gave me a look of exaltation, jaw clenching. “You still didn’t know how to swim at that time and you’re very intelligent to know that it was a bad idea at your age yet you jumped off and Lucius had to go in after you. You don’t remember because we erased that memory from your mind.”

I blew out a breath, shocked and anxious. That’s why I obeyed my father without much protest. I bonded with him as a child and that gave him the power to make me do shit I didn’t feel all right to do. A magic induced bond that a submissive Veela creates. I’m a Veela, a submissive one.

Oh, bloody shite.
Snapping my head up, I rushed out my response. “So your telling me I’m a Veela that likes to submit and the Ministry would definitely kill me if they figured out that I was a man eating seducer.”

That sounded absurd.

Mother flinched at the last few of my choice words but I could care less right now. My shirt was getting mangled with how much I was twisting it in agitation and fear. “How did you know Potter was a Veela and a dominant?” I questioned.

“Ah well you guys are cousins because Harry is a Black and Lily, his mother was my sister but we keep that a secret or else everyone would be in a tizzy. Lucius had Bronsky over at Hogwarts to help move you into your dorm room when first entering the school and Bronsky smelled Harry. Harry carries a more heavier scent with him, similar to that of cypress musk and cocoa. Lucius watched Harry forge through school with his own determination and having done what he thought was best for himself. He was completely in control and lead people easily and basked in it although it was tiring for him at times. He likes to give. Dominants don’t create bonds, but when they find someone who fits their needs, they mark them and that person does what they say. He’s very dominating.” Mother mused.

She knew him and I didn’t get along. But thank gods we didn’t get close to one another because then I would have bonded with the scar head and he would be dominating me every which way I turned. I knew that cheeky grin he shown me when he saw me in my pajamas was a lot more devious than he made it out to be.

That bastard.

Rhayden doesn’t know about me being a Veela, but- oh no, wait a minute. I’ve always had the urge to do what he wanted for me to, not only because I’m a submissive truly by nature, but because he emitted so much dominance within him. And we’ve been around each other way too much with the whole debt thing, my obsession with the Gryffindork, and how I’ve almost come with Rhayden when I was being … punished.

Oh no.

“Mother fucking shite, damn, and hell! Rhayden, that bastard. I probably bonded with him with everything going on-”

“What?” Mother interrupted my word vomit. I jumped at her sharp tone, back straightening up while Narcissa narrowed her eyes on me. “Who’s Rhayden? Have you bonded with him? Were you interested in the man before to made your bond with him?”

Nonono!

“I-I, he’s … the guy that I’ve been seeing f-for our p-p-project. Uhm, turns out I’ve been having somewhat of a …” I couldn’t say the words, my throat closing in on itself as I became frantic.

“Crush? Oh darling, you didn’t tell me you’ve been interested in anyone. If you liked him for a while and have been around him, you must have made the bond. You have had to have taken a liking to his dominant side.” Mother breathed, astonished and somewhat awestruck.

Meanwhile I’m over here with my chest moving up and down in fast rhythms while I tried to calm
my arse down and try to make an understanding out of everything. “Wait, so I can create bonds with people and fully submit to them if before, I think they’re dominance is worthy enough to submit to? Th-that, oh my fuck, Rhayden and his damn controlling ways got my creature arse all riled up. Urgh!” I slapped my hand against my thigh, mind racing from one thought to the next.

So a submissive Veela can choose who they could submit too. It was like I was looking for some trophy husband. What the hell!!?

Ohmygodsohmygodsohmygods.

This was all so much to take in. So I deemed my father and mother worthy of my submission when I was little, as well as my forgotten best friend, and now I had subconsciously thought Rhayden as an extremely domineering man and most likely bonded with him!

I’m a Veela. A creature that’s half human and can make bonds with someone.

What is my life?

Mother gave me a raise of her brow. “Honey, you need to breathe. Is this Rhayden guy you keep talking about someone I know? That man must have a strong and commanding enough presence to gain your attention. Sweetie, you’re such a picky person with just only having your father and I bonded with you all these years, excluding that young boy you made good friends with as a child, I thought you’d never find someone worthy enough to completely give yourself over to. Come on, tell your dear mother all about this Casanova.”

I shook my head, sucking oxygen into my lungs so I could stave off of the little amount I felt left inside my body. I can’t believe my mom just said Rhayden was a Casanova. My life is weird.

“Mother, I am having a minor freak out session right now. Let me take a breather f-f-for a moment, please.”

Narcissa rolled her eyes as she clicked her tongue in disregard although she did wait for me to take a few breathers.

In and out, in and out, in and … out.

The chaotic apprehension embedded into my body descended agonizingly slowly now, letting me hunch over my figure so I could feel the tension leave my skin by every passing minute.

Damn. I’m a Veela and Rhayden and I were bonded. I think. Looking up at my mother, I bit down on my lip. “It’s a long story. Uhm, say Rhayden has commanded me to do things but I purposely didn’t, what does that mean if we’ve bonded? Aren’t I supposed to submit without any say so?”

Mother looked appalled. “No no. Being a submissive Veela doesn’t mean you are to be a slave to someone, you have a choice not to do something you don’t want, it’s just that it is more profound than ever. You’ll feel a great need to submit but you don’t have to. You’re father just pressured you too much and kept pounding the notion in your head to ‘do this’ or ‘do that’ and it made you feel like you needed to obey and Lucius being your parent and already having such authority over you made it worse. He used you when you didn’t know how to control how much submission you could give. He wore you down, awfully to say the least. I’m sorry I didn’t stop it, it made your Veela side unconsciously submit profusely to your father with no such practice on the amount of submission you can give.” Narcissa whispered the last part.
So it’s just that my need to submit to Rhayden was far greater than when I usually feel it in my daily life, especially now with the bond.

Fuck. Me.

Hah, quite literally.

I wanted to soak this all in. I also wanted Rhayden but that was a bad idea. If I find out he’s been playing with me just for the fun of it, which probably is what he’s been doing, I would be very upset and I feared it, feared that Rhayden didn’t like me.

I sound like such a pansy right now.

“It’s fine mother, father was an odd one. How do I know if I bonded with anyone?” I reluctantly asked.

Mother looked me straight in the eye as she let a slow, somewhat manic smile spread across her face, a giddiness in it. “You’ll know. I’ve read you get the urge to be penetrated all the time around you’re bonded chosen partner. And you must be deeply emotionally invested in them, basically liking them. So tell me, Saveri, has my darling son found a handsome young man, perhaps this Rhayden person, that makes you constantly want a good fuckin- ”

“Mother! ” I hissed through mortified countenance as a chord struck with me. “Wait, then how did you and father know I was bonded with you guys?”

Narcissa laughed lightly, a breeze of air that sounded like the ringing of chimes. Hearing her lovely laugh had calmed me down some. “Poppy could smell our scents mingling in together, both your fathers and mine into yours whenever we’re around each other and it’s not because we’re your parents, it’s because you bonded with us. Poppy knows this because she was taught about Veela bonds through her own generation of workers that were employed with the Blacks. Rhayden’s scent might be all over you now. Pansy and you mingle together when your together in the same room but if you’re in the same place with all your bonded, the one you’re closest to has their scent attached with yours. ”

I am not going to think about that.

I really should not have said Rhayden’s name out loud. But I don’t think mother would say anything if I told her to keep quiet about him and not speak of his name out loud. I told her so and she reluctantly agreed when I eventually promised her I would tell her everything when I was ready and not having a conniption.

“Are you mad?” Mother asked after her promise to keep her mouth shut about Rhayden and anything about him and his name.

I knew what she was asking. Was I mad at mother for keeping such a vital secret from me? Yes, just a little because it would have been nice to be told about the whole Veela thing before I got myself involved with Rhayden and bonded with the damn man. This all made me look like I was downright infatuated with him. And knowing that my being a Veela would lead the Ministry to kill me made all this bad. I should have known about it, but I couldn’t blame my parents for wanting to keep me in the dark and safe.

“No. I’m not mad at you, maybe at father for abusing his bond with me but I understand where
you’re coming from. I just wish you told me though so I knew what I was. And don’t obliterate my
memory anymore, please. Also … does this mean that if I do eat someone, which I won’t, do they
end up tasting good because I’m a Veela?” I replied. Just saying how I was a creature that ate
humans made me queasy.

I’m turning into a Rhayden, if he does eat people, I mean he’s a werewolf, he has to.

Mother let her hand drop to her lap again and she gave me a quivering smile. “Thank you. That’s all
I ever wanted for you, to be safe even if I wasn’t there for you. Just be careful about what you say to
others. I don’t want another one of my family members to be taken away from me,” She cringed at
little as she continued. “And yes. Veela taste things differently, just like other creatures. Once you do
start eating human flesh, you’ll start to get addicted to it so I suggest you never eat someone, my
child.”

Yeah. I understood her plea loud and clear. I was going to make sure I wouldn’t be eating anyone.
And I knew that having already lost my father to Azkaban, mother didn’t need to lose me either.

I nodded, only to stop when a thought passed my mind. “What about my wings? Don’t Veelas have
that?”

Mother shook her head. “No. That was a myth. Veelas just like eating people, have good seduction
skills and are really healthy for it.”

Oh my gods. At least I wasn’t sprouting anything from my body. Thank fuck.

My mind was in a dizzy still.

But then the sound of an apparition popping loud and clear in our foyer had me sliding my gaze off
of mother to see who decided to let themselves on in through our ward. It was either Potter, Rhayden
or Pansy because Rhayden and Potter were strong enough to break the wards around the Mansion to
enter without a Malfoy’s say so and Pansy’s magic was weaved into the ward to show her immediate
allowance into the house. That’s how much my family and I trust and love her.

And sure enough, Pansy came strolling into the living room with a flourish of a sultry, devious smile,
her voice echoing through the room as her excitement poured through her words. “Are you ready to
party, Draco?”

Ah, fuck. I completely forgot about Friday’s Eight Year party at the Patil’s Mansion.

I gave an internal groan at everything that was going on around me then.

Everything was a mess and I had a feeling it was going to get even messier when I arrived at the
party and would run into Rhayden, who may or may not kill me for backing out of his debt.

I was still trying to soak in the fact that I was a Veela, most likely bonded to Rhayden, actually was
obsessed with the man, and how said man was a werewolf heir of some sorts that still had secrets I
didn’t know.

My life is fucking great.
My black skinny jeans felt like second skin to my arse, thighs and legs. They were ripped at the knee to show some of my bare skin and accentuating how feminine my figure was. The shirt I wore with it just highlighted how petite and slim I was with its long sleeves and pale pink color, riding a little above the hem of my jeans to show a smidgen of the flesh beneath my navel. I had grumbled at Pansy about it and she threw a black sweater at my head so I could pull it over the shirt.

Now we were at the Patil’s place, standing outside of their massive house in similar size of mine but never will be as big as Rhayden’s castle. Music, muggle kind and some that were on my IPod, filtered through the space surrounding my person, thrumming over my skin with the deep bass rattling my bones, low and enticing.

I haven’t been to a party since before the war and that’s when people didn’t hate me.

Now I was going to go into a place that had many who despised me. I just had to find Potter and everything will be dandy, I think.

Pansy tugged my elbow along as we entered the open front door entrance, strobe lights casting the insides of the mansion in deep crimson red. The scent of sweat slickened bodies invaded my senses, my lips parting at the scene before me. People were crowding every space of the place, grinding against one another as their breaths mingled in with others, soft and loud conversations going on around me as well as low laughter and raspy moans.

Was this an orgy?

I’ve never been to a party this … sensual?

I thought that I would be caught smack dab in the middle of maliced attention but no one has looked over my way yet and I was internally sobbing with relief. I hoped it stayed this way throughout the whole night. Everybody was too immersed in their own world to go and jab at the ex death eater.

Pansy yelled into my ear because the music was so loud. “Let’s find Granger. Just look for all that red hair of hers.”

I snickered lightly at Pansy’s statement and nodded my agreement. I was still kind of wary at the decision to having kept my Veela heritage from Pansy. But I needed to keep her safe and her knowing about what I was would put her in danger and I couldn’t do that to my best friend. Besides, I was still freaking out over the whole Veela thing and the stuff happening between Rhayden and I was making me more unnerved than I ever have been. I was trying to distract myself with a party and a drink.

I needed this.

Slipping through the mass of bodies together, I noticed that some boys were wearing skimpy outfits like the girls and they had no care in the world who saw. So Hogwarts wasn’t that conservative in their mindset, huh? But these boys weren’t a Malfoy and the center of everyone’s hate ever since the war ended.

I envied them.
The sweater I wore was making me feel stuffy and I really wanted to take it off but I was too self conscious about the pink of my shirt and how it accentuated my body.

Making our way into the living room and up the set of stairs, I finally caught a glimpse of Granger standing by the long kitchen island with Potter and Ron as well as Luna and some other Gryffindors surrounding her.

No sight of Rhayden. I was wondering if I should tell him about our bond, I mean, it’s embarrassing to admit and if I gave him information on myself, he would tell me more about him which I still want to know of. But then again, was Rhayden even interested in me? And I had a feeling if I told him about my being a Veela it would get him in trouble although he looked perfectly fine with protecting himself.

Rhayden had me in a mess, that fucker. I didn’t want to like him! But it's not like I could help myself. Liking him was really inevitable.

My heart was beating like a drum against my chest with the thought of Rhayden being near and with the music humming over my skin, an adrenaline rush coating my flesh in an unwanted manner.

Potter was the first to see Pansy and I come walk their way as he smiled genuinely at us and waved in a greeting.

Pansy situated herself between Ron and Luna while I awkwardly stood off to the side of the circle they made with alcohol beverages in their hands.

I didn’t know what to do with myself.

Granger grinned at me as I tried to make myself scarce and search for the alcohol in the kitchen with my eyes but having not seen any yet. “How have you been, Draco?” It felt weird to hear Granger say my nickname when she usually just used my last name.

I shuffled on my feet, gaze settling on her as I shoved my hands into my jeans pockets to keep myself from fidgeting.

Malfoys don’t show their discomfort, Saveri.

“Are we on first name basis now, Granger?” I drawled, keeping the strain out of my voice for having to be somewhat docile around someone who I’ve been conditioned to be rather nasty too my whole life.

Ron turned his person my way, blazing red hair mussed and carmel tinged eyes melting into my figure as he took a swig of his muggle drink. I stiffened up beneath his gaze as he spoke. “Since we are associating ourselves with each other, it’s a given, Draco.”

Gritting my teeth together, I lifted my nose up, hands clenching in my pockets as I almost bit on my tongue to keep from jabbing at Weasley and his stupid handsome face. He was intentionally trying to get on my nerves, I could tell. Him and I were still at each others throat whenever we had a chance, but tonight, I just wanted to have fun for once. I had to put my big boy panties on and be, dare I say it, civil to Weasley. “Fair enough, Ronald.”

Weasley narrowed his eyes at me, towering over my figure as his lips rose up into that of a mischievous expression. He tipped his beer toward my face as he leaned down and met my gaze at


eye level.

Fuck he was big.

I kept my stance steady though, not wanting to show how uncomfortable I was at the sudden close proximity between the two of us. I knew Weasley liked to be called Ron instead of Ronald because his full name sounded so proper and he was the opposite of anyone who would be considered “proper”. Even though I had the intention of making nice, I couldn't help but put in that small jab at Weasley since he so carelessly called me by my nickname with such disdain.

Weasley angled his red solo cup towards the part of my lips, letting the end of where his mouth had just recently been on settle across the plush of my bottom lip and letting it stay there.

I was beyond irritated.

Weasley grinned down at me with a sneer. “Why don’t you open up that filthy mouth of yours and swallow, pretty boy.”

Weasley was really annoying the ever loving fuck out of me with the way he kept trying to make me snap at him. First I hated closeness of others and Weasley knew that so he just went on ahead and invaded my space with his massive body. Second, he was telling me what to do and even though I was a Veela and liked to submit naturally, Weasley was nowhere close to me emotionally and physically and I intended to keep it that way. He also wasn’t Rhayden and didn’t make feel like I would burst just at the sight and nearness of him.

I heard Granger chastise Weasley for his actions towards me but just watched how Weasley completely ignored his friend and tilted his head as he pressed the cup more on my lip, causing my mouth to open more.

Then I saw it. The glaze in Weasley’s eyes, a watery sheen that usually meant one was drunk out of their mind and with the way Weasley was staring rather fixatedly at the part of my mouth had me guessing that he wasn’t as straight as he made himself out to be. Also before I left the party, I had asked mother about how my scent could affect others without my intention and she said I didn’t need to worry about it because my scent would only be used as a seduction method if I liked the person or I wanted to gain their attention. And I didn’t like Weasley that way nor did I want to gain his attention. So Weasley was definitely not influenced by my scent but by pure alcohol consumption and exposing his not so straight intentions.

Oh fuck me.

“Why should I?” I spoke against the pressure of the cup against my mouth, gazing up at Weasley through my lashes because he was tall, not as tall as Rhayden though.

Damn, my mind is still on Rhayden.

“Ron, better stop that or else you’ll get in some serious trouble.” I heard Harry murmur beside his best friend. I didn’t dare take my eyes off of Weasley because he wasn’t taking his off mine. I wouldn’t back down from his challenge. Weasley didn’t interest my submissive side at all. Just made me want to butt heads with him.

“To show us Gryffindors if a Malfoy could have fun instead of having a stick lodged up his ass all the time.” Weasley slurred in his response to my question and disregarding Potter’s warning, gaze
darkening as I moved my mouth against the cup.

This boy was definitely curving in the straight lane.

I heard Luna make a disconcerted noise in the circle. “We’re supposed to get along guys. Besides, Ron, may I remind you who it is that your messing with right now?”

Weasley shrugged, although now there was a rigid set to his shoulders as he licked his lips, the smell of vodka clear and evident coming from his mouth.

I resisted the urge to step back at the rachid smell.

Pansy let out a little choked noise when the familiar sound of that deep baritone of a voice rumbled in the large kitchen. “Ronald. What are you doing there?”

I could feel the heat of Rhayden’s body from behind me as I felt his person close in on my space. My lips parted even more over the cup, an intake of air coming in through my mouth as my skin broke out in tremors. Rhayden sounded threatening with just his question.

Weasley’s shoulders reared back as if he was stung, face cringing now as he let the cup drag away from my lip with a clench in his jaw and his eyes looking behind my form with a wary gate in his steps. “Nothing. Just talking to Draco here like a good sport.”

Right.

I made sure not to turn around because I feared how Rhayden would look at me. Was he mad at me? Maybe he didn’t give two shits about me? The knowledge that we were bonded had me basically trembling as heat pooled into my stomach as well was my cock stiffening up in the presence of Rhayden.

And now I was shaking at the heat pressing against my back even more, Rhayden’s voice right behind me. I could feel the damn man barging into my space without my say so and I felt like I couldn’t breathe. “Right.” Rhayden spoke back.

Ha. That was the same response I had to Weasley’s excuse to bothering me.

Luna made a happy little trill at the sight of Rhayden from behind my form. The heavy air surrounding the Gryffindors and me and Pansy dissipated when Luna’s blonde head became a blur as she stepped beside me and I assume, hugged Rhayden in a greeting.

Pansy and I caught each other’s eye and we both had looks of bitter hurt.

Yeah. I figured Pansy liked Luna and seeing her come straight for Rhayden, the one I liked, made both me and her quite upset.

“Actually, Ron, I’d love to have some of your vodka if you don’t mind.” My voice dripped with saccharine enticement and immediately Weasley, as if controlled by my very words, rushed to lift his cup back up to my mouth.

It must be my Veela side coming out. Maybe my scent was getting to Ron. I was trying to seduce him to get back at both Rhayden and Luna for making me feel like utter shite with their stupid closenss to one another.
Opening my mouth, I leaned forward to look up at Weasley from beneath my lashes, a small cheshire grin spreading across my features. I could see Potter’s shock as Weasley was about to pour the alcohol into my mouth only to break away when Granger literally grabbed Weasley’s arm and yanked it towards her person.

Granger gave me an affronted look as if she thought I was downright insane for doing such a thing. And then her widened eyes went behind me as if she was expecting something. She looked somewhat … scared? She shouldn’t be, Rhayden didn’t care about me. He wouldn’t get angry over this sort of thing so there was nothing to worry about.

I gave the group of Gryffindors a smirk that I was not in the mood for as I gestured for Pansy to follow me. “I think Pansy and I are gonna go back downstairs and dance a little now.” I all but rushed out, feeling a hot gaze on the back of my neck.

Pansy nodded tightly as she made her way towards me and we both booked it out of the kitchen, my head bowed so I couldn’t look at Rhayden and have a meltdown in front of him and Luna.

Stupid werewolf.

I was scared and exhilarated that Rhayden came to the party. And I needed to be out of his vicinity because clearly, he cared more about Luna than me and I was just something for him to laugh at. He didn’t even sound angry at me about the debt, I didn’t give him the chance to.

“Comeoncomeoncomeon.” I mumbled to myself as Pansy and I jogged down the stairs and fitted ourselves in the bundle of people.

The pounding of my heart against my rib cage was louder in my ears than the music spilling through the room. Sticky flesh brushed across my sweater clad figure and elicited my breath to quicken from the suffocating heat that gathered beneath my hoodie and the press of so much human flesh against one another.

I had lost Pansy in the crowded room, mouth parted in a dumbfounded state when I found myself alone with all these idiots.

I was not in the mood for people trying to grind up on me like I was someone they knew and were so acquainted with me. I was still embarrassed and angry at myself for letting my Veela scent get so strong to make Ron do what I want in an effort to get back at Rhayden for being so fucking cosy with that blonde wench.

Stupid Gryffindor.

My irritation dissipated immediately when a pair of hands, sweaty and rather too grabby, had gripped tight onto the small of my waist beneath my sweater and tugged the curve of my arse back against them in an eerily quick way that left me reeling and confused.

I looked over my shoulder, affronted at anybody who thought that it was a good idea to touch me without my permission.

Only Rhayden got away with doing these things.

My lips curled up into a sneer at my own thoughts as I looked at the man who had decided to grab
me like a fucking twat.

And low and behold, it was Blaise Zabini, drunk out of his mind with dark brown eyes glazed and unsteady, lip upturned into that annoyingly arrogant grin of his, nothing compared to how Rhayden carried himself in his arrogance. Blaise tried too hard. And his grip on my waist was also too hard.

With a disgusted huff, I pressed the palm of my hand against his abdomen from behind me, pushing insistently with a roll of my eyes. “Blaise, your drunk you asshole. Let go of me.” I hissed at him when I had to go up onto my tiptoes so I could yell into his ear above the bass of the music.

Blaise snorted, gaze narrowing on my person as he tugged me against his chest. “I bet you’d look good on a cock. Really never could get your ass in that Gryffindor’s skirt out of my mind since that night.” He let out a wheezed laugh at his own words. He wasn't being sexual with me, no, it seemed he was gritting off on my misery by his doing.

And I was done with this shit.

I didn’t like being touched by people and it was making me absolutely feel the need to claw my skin off and wash myself down with feeling so mucky.

It wasn’t Rhayden’s touch, it wasn’t.

With the intention to shove my knee into Blaises groin and stock off in a jiffy, I was about to do said act but then I saw Rhayden from behind Blaise over the Slytherin’s shoulder.

My breath got stuck in my throat at the sight of him, a sense of foreboding and smothering air surrounding Rhayden as those amber flecked eyes dragged slowly, ever so meticulous, down the length of my my body, his gaze scorching the path he left behind from every passing observation across my figure.

When Blaise thrust his pelvis against my ass, Rhayden’s eyes darkened profusely, and I couldn’t help but let out the tiny whine that scratched its way from my working throat. My nails dug into the meat of Blaises stomach now, mouth parted a little when Rhayden tilted his head, stalking his way towards out swaying bodies, mahogany strands of his hair licking at his skin seductively and covering his right eye in a mess. Those eyes of his burned their way over the hand that Blaise clutched around my waist and sucked me in through his hooded stare.

A shiver raked down the length of my spin, enticing my body to react on their own beneath Rhayden’s illuminate gaze as I raised on the tips of my toes and let one push of my ass press over Blaises hard cock.

I felt nothing for the stupid Slytherin.

But I was getting off on Rhayden watching me.

I soaked in the fear that clouded me along with the heat coiling tight into the pit of my gut when Rhayden had disappeared in the crowd. Right in my sights.

Blaise made a groan that I was forever going to erase from my thoughts from the small swivel of my hips. I heard Rhayden pop up right beside my person like a fucking ghost. He towered over me as his gaze settled on my mouth all the while letting out a thunderous rumble of a demand even though his features were set into that of indifference. “Blaise, leave.”
Seemed like the asshole of a Slytherin seemed to understand the pure venom laced in the calm face of Rhayden’s as all of the sudden, I was released and Blaise was all but stumbling his way through the crowd with a green tinge to his naturally brown skin.

I blinked up at Rhayden when I slid my eyes back up to his, only to yelp out beneath the volume of the music as the Gryffindor bent down and gripped my ass in a tight vice that made me wince since I was still recovering from Rhayden’s smacks a few days ago.

And then the awful feeling of suction and the scramble of my insides punched the air out of my lungs as Rhayden easily apparated out of the Patil’s mansion to the forest outside of their large house.

Gasping for oxygen and feeling my head spin, I glared up at Rhayden who seemed totally unfazed as he watched my hunched form. “What is with you and making me do things I don’t want to!” I hissed through my teeth, head giving an annoying thud at the quick magic Rhayden had just put me through.

I stared up at Rhayden from beneath my eyelashes, mouth gaping as I flicked my tongue over my bottom lip to moisten it with how much I was sucking in air. Rhayden’s voice dropped a considerable octave then, gaze sharpening in their shadowed film as the golden hues of his eyes seemed to swirl within the black. “You decided to back out of the deal we made like the little brat that you are, you then proceed to hide from me for the past three days, have the stupidity to flirt openly with Ron and Blaise in front of me because of your petty jealousy over Luna and I and then you run away from me. Again.”

I felt a sense of trepidation now, the easy way Rhayden had said those words making me straighten up and take a wary step back. Rhayden followed, backing my figure more into the neck of the woods as the silvery blanket of the moon’s light shimmered over our bodies. “Why do you care, huh? Am I being used just for your entertainment? A Slytherin ex death eater that likes to dress up as a girl and knows nothing about himself. Seems pretty interesting to look into and expose to the wizard world, right?” I tried to snap back at him, only to have a tremor coat my skin when Rhayden let his gaze peruse my person again, hot and heavy and dark.

“It is rather amusing to watch you squirm, all hot and bothered by my doing.” Rhayden replied.

I jerked back at his word, breath hitching when he crept closer into my space. A predator. A killer.

“Why?” It was the only response I could come up with.

Rhayden is using you for something.

You like him despite it.

You stupid Slytherin.

I felt my chest throb painfully at the possibility of being manipulated by Rhayden, teeth clamping together in an attempt to not let out a pathetic distressed noise from the depth of my throat “Maybe because during seventh year before the war, you just had to go around with that ass, face and petite body of yours waving about right in front of me, teasing me and taunting me. And then I had awakened my werewolf blood and smelled a particular scent from you, more profound and such a delicacy to my senses that I couldn’t help but want to figure out why. Maybe I just wanted to get to know you, Saveri. Just like how you wanted to so badly know about me.” Rhayden spoke lowly.
Fuck him for bringing up my own motivations for having gone through with the debt I owed him. Fuck Rhayden for saying how much he watched me since Seventh year. It only made me angry and all the while burn up in his presence from his dark confessions. And how did he awaken his werewolf blood?

“So what? Am I just a pretty face to you? Am I just something to conquer? I’m not going to be used just a means to pass the time, Rhayden.” I breathed through a shaky wheeze, glaring up at the man that was looming over me now.

It was hard for me move in the sights of the Gryffindor.

“Oh we both know you like to be played with, Blondie. Tell me, why is it that you are so interested in getting to know me?” Rhayden was dodging my question about him just using me for fun and I was getting frustrated.

“What makes you think I’m interested?” I snarled up at him.

Rhayden raised his brows. “I can smell your arousal every time I’m near you. I can also hear how your heart quickens whenever I’m around. And don’t think I can’t tell when you’re lying, your heart gives that away as well. Admit it Saveri, you are infatuated with me.”

A leaf crunched beneath my feet as I took more steps away from Rhayden’s consuming figure.

He looked … hungry.

I was terrified all the while my cock was straining against my jeans. “P-please. That’s in your imagination. Maybe all that killing you’re doing has gotten to y-your head.”

I like him.

And I was scared to say it out loud.

I still don’t know anything about this man in front of me.

Rhayden had worn a short sleeved dark red shirt, showing the long length of his lean muscles arms that were not decked out in runes when we were inside the Patil’s mansion, but was now appearing. My gaze fixated on the magical ink, breath hitching in my throat when Rhayden rolled his neck and abruptly slammed his right hand beside my head on the tree trunk behind me.

My back collided with the hard bark, jarring any more attempts at escaping Rhayden as he watched me. “I’ve been killing for some time now, I’ve lost my mind a while ago. That’s some information for you to take in. Now you tell me something I don’t know about you.”

Oh we were doing this again.

Fuck.

He always seemed to entrap me in his grasp.

Should I tell Rhayden I’m a Veela and that we’re bonded because of my stupid crush on him? He would ruin me even more if he knew that I was so attached to the man. I felt like Rhayden wanted
me to be so enamored by him. But why? Was he manipulating me for something? Or did he like me back?

I hate feelings.

Fuck it, maybe I could find a way to break the bond. Rhayden would probably be willing to break it with me.

Why did that thought make me want to curl in on myself and wail?

“I’m naturally a Blonde,” I was trying to keep my mouth shut about what I was. I was scared of what Rhayden would do if he found out. And I could tell he was angry now with my ignoring our debt and hiding and running from him.

Rhayden leaned his head down, his lips lifting up in a salacious smirk. “And I’m a natural brunette. Let me ask you a question again, and remember, I can hear when you lie. So Saveri, do you know why you smell so different from others?”

“No.” I immediately responded, my heart jackhammering in time with the quick response.

Rhayden lifted his hand, so fast to the human eye that I couldn’t follow the movement before I felt and saw the tip of Rhayden’s middle finger on his left hand trail over my chest in a light touch to the pulsating beat of my heart, tap tap tapping over the area as his eyes flashed a molten gleam. “Lie. I’d say you’ll be punished for that but I already have a few ideas on what to do to you for everything you’ve done since Tuesday. Tell you what, I’ll give you an answer to why I’m warm compared to my pack members.” Heat pooled all around me and made me let out a mewl at the touch, my lashes fluttering the slightest bit, completely unable to not respond to Rhayden’s touch.

This was a game of give and take.

And I was going to participate but damn this was hard.

In for a penny I guess. I’m sure Rhayden won’t even remember what a Veela is since we’ve learned it years ago. I of course remember because I’m good at it. I don’t know about Rhayden and besides I would get to know him more if I told him some stuff about me. He played to my Slytherin side well and I was unnerved at his proclamation to my future punishments. I was going to tell him I’m a Veela just for the fact that I would get something about him in return.

I was delusional for this man.

Oh fuck.

I blushed at Rhayden’s words as I let out a breathy answer. “I’m a Veela.”

Silence.

Rhayden’s chest rose.

I squeaked when Rhaden suddenly had his nose right over the pule point of my neck, inhaling and letting out a growl that shook within my chest. “Rh-Rhayden-”

“I knew it. You see, one of my pack members, who is also a Veela, could tell what you were right
off the bat since he could easily smell another one of his kind. I also had my own suspicions.” I shivered, shock ridden and fearful of the way Rhayden’s voice came out in a snarl, hot breath caressing the sensitive skin of my nape.

I felt like his prey right now.

And I thought Veela were extinct dammit!? There had to be more, most likely hiding out like Rhayden's cousin's fiance.

My focus went sideways when Rhayden’s other hand slid his fingers through the strands of my hair to grab a fistful and sharply tug on my locks, snapping my head back and bearing my throat to his mouth that hovered a breadth away from my neck.

I cried out at the painful pull of my hair, my scalp tingling in discomfort as well as prickling pleasure while the sensation of the tug on my scalp went straight to my cock and had me quaking from where I stood. My feet rose up a little just to ease some of the pain, only to make Rhayden pull harder and emit a moan, long and drawn out with its high pitch, flood out of my parted mouth. “Rh-Rhayden. What are you doing?” I gasped between trembling words.

I screamed in terror and undeniable yearning when I felt the tips of elongated canine teeth scrape the line of my pulsing vein in my throat. Rhayden knocked my feet apart with his own to make me spread my legs so he could get in between and shove himself against me. I writhed at the press of his long and strong body over mine.

“An heir to the Xeryus line requires a taste of a Veela. Pure-blooded werewolves are highly known to feed off of them because they are just” Rhayden ran the soft, warm skin of his bottom lip up my neck to below slope of my jaw as I twitched against him in a frenzied squirm “so” My mouth dropped open on a sob of both plea and stricken fear when I felt the searing slick tongue of Rhayden’s slide down my neck, curving over my skin with a hum “sweet.”

It was as if Rhayden was another person, like he was being controlled by something, by what, I don't know.

There has to be more reasons as to why a pure-blooded werewolf would want a Veela except for how good we taste?

“A-Are you going to eat me!?” I screeched, my chest heaving with how much my body was going through, cock leaking precum and my legs feeling like jelly.

Rhayden murmured lowly against my neck. “No. You being a Veela was just a coincidence, a delicious one to say the least but I have no desire to eat you in the way you think I would. Now, you were asking me a question?”

What the hell does he mean by that?

I let out a shaky sigh, body turning lax when Rhayden started to lick at my skin and entice my body to break out in fever and quake under his ministrations. His scent was scrambling my senses and I was reeling from everything happening right now.

“I-c-can’t c-c-concentrate if you keep doing that!” Rhayden let out a low chuckle against my skin, the heat of his breath making my heart feel like it was going to go into cardiac arrest. The soft, amused sound Rhayden made had my thighs clenching around the outer of his own, a wrecked mewl passing
my mouth when I found I couldn’t make the burn in my groin dissipate if I was unable to cross my legs and make it go away.

“I know.” Rhayden quipped.

What a bastard.

“Tell me about p-p-pure-blooded wolves and half-blooded ones, what's the difference?” I rushed out.

Rhayden’s canines kept poking against my throat and I thrilled and worried over them puncturing through the skin.

Fuck. Rhayden is a werewolf, an animal that could easily kill me yet he doesn’t want to for a reason I don’t know yet. I still was trying to figure out other things about him.

I was supposed to stay away.

Would I tell Rhayden we were bonded? I have no clue. Fuck, maybe he knows since his cousin has a Veela but it may not be a submissive one like me. Maybe the other werewolves could smell both mine and Rhayden's scent mingling in together to know that there is a bond formed between us.

Mother was right though. I was bonded to Rhayden, I could feel it. And that known fact was terrifying.

“Pure-blooded werewolves are warm because we are full creatures with a high temperature to keep our animal form from becoming cold and our blood pumps faster to keep our energy up when we hunt, hence why we're constantly warm. Half-blooded werewolves are cold because there’s a malfunction between their human and animal side that caused the blood to still in their flow to heat the body because it is confused as to which side to cater most to, so they are left cold as well as not being able to take shape of an animal for so long because of how much energy it takes.” Rhayden talked against my neck.

Then he rocked his hips down into my own, our hard cocks brushing against one another and leaving me breathless. Rhayden growled into my skin and I went loose limbed in his grasp. He shoved his right thigh right between my legs to keep me from falling in a heap of mush on the floor.

Oh gods.

“W-why are you so …” I trailed off my question, thinking that Rhayden would get angry at me if I asked about him being a lot more touchy than usual. Not that there was anything wrong with it, but there's something off about him at the moment.

My ass was cradled by Rhayden’s thigh and my body shivered on top of it, unconsciously placing both my hands against the harsh planes of Rhayden’s lower abdomen to grind my ass and cock over his thigh and up to his straining erection.

I moaned like a the most needy whore, the silence of the forest breaking with the loud sound I let out.

“So touchy? Well, a full moon is on its way tomorrow night and I will be very horny and in need of a good hole to fuck into. This is the beginning of my rut.” Jesus fuck.

A flare of anger rose through my haze of pleasure when Rhayden’s pushed his thigh more up against
my ass and cock, probably to encourage me to rock against him again. “Wait, so you’re going to go out and find others to have s-s-sex with? Or are you going to do a-anything to me-”

I felt Rhayden’s lips tilt into a knowing smirk over my neck and I wanted to smack him for such an arrogant action while he interrupted my annoyed words. “Why would I do anything to you if you don’t like me in that way? Can’t force an unwilling partner, Saveri.”

Great. Just, urgh!? So Rhayden’s gonna go off and have a fucking orgy like the one I saw in the party and give me some serious chest pains at the knowledge that he wasn’t with me because it was my own damn fault for being stubborn and not admitting that I liked the Gryffindork out loud!

Rhayden’s bounced me on his thigh, making me teeter on his appendage and squeak out in dismay. He flicked his tongue up my throat and along the curve of my ear, hot and slippery and distracting.

He was acting this way because he was an animal in heat right now.

He probably didn’t even want to do this with me, probably just said all those things about watching me in school just to get his rocks off if I want gave into him.

I felt like crying out in frustration … and getting off on Rhayden’s thigh.

Bloody shite!

“Fuck you! Go a-ahead and get with other people. I d-don’t give a fuck. Better yet, I should just go and get rid of my pesky virginity so I wouldn’t be s-so desperate around you all the time.” I yelped when Rhayden made a vicious tug on my hair and had my head bending back even more as he leaned back up and stared me down with hooded eyes.

My breath left my body then.

“You really won’t admit you like me, huh? That’s fine, but don’t go off and get yourself fucked. I’ll kill whoever does it.. I’m not in my right mind right now, actually, even more out of mind than I usually am and I will not tolerate your attitude.” Rhayden intoned harshly.

I gaped up at him. “S-so you get to do whoever while I can’t?”

Rhayden’s calm demeanor shifted into that of severe hardness as he bounced me again on his thigh and caused me to grind up it and gasp loudly at the pressure against my cock with his. “You’re just fun to rile up. I’m not going to be with anyone, I take a special potion to ease the heat away if it gets too much so I’ve never had to fuck someone for it.”

“You’re such a-an asshole.” I hissed out when I continued to sway my hips up and down on Rhayden’s thigh and cock, moaning with abandon at the sensuous grind all because Rhayden moved it again.

“My turn to ask a question again. What else are you keeping from me?” Rhayden voiced as he gazed down at me through gleaming eyes while he made me stop my rutting against him with a pull on my hair.

I wanted to pout at Rhayden’s persistence and scream at myself for getting lost in the sensation of Rhayden.
I was going to tell Rhayden about the bond, because he may want it gone or may want to work through it together even if I was beyond embarrassed about it. But I was scared about telling him because he still hasn’t said he liked me and I still haven’t said it either. And that stupid itch in my skull about Rhayden manipulating me was stopping me from getting the words out.

But then Rhayden’s eyes flashed even darker than they were now and he let out a growl that thundered over my flesh in warning.

I stilled against him, blood pumping through my veins and hardened prick when Rhayden’s eyes snapped to my open mouth and he clenched the sharpness of his jaw in strained countenance. My legs gave out from under me when Rhayden let out an alarming rumble that filtered throughout the quiet of the forest when he took his thigh out from beneath my ass.

“We’ll talk later. This time, don’t hide from me. I won’t have the patience to wait you out again.” Rhayden was gone, having apparated from the spot and leaving me on my ass with a hard on atop the forest floor. He left so fucking quick, as if he had to get away from my presence.

What is going on?

He acted like I was some plague just now. The fuck?

I was still reeling from whatever just happened between us.

Everything was a disaster.

“Draco. Stop pacing back and forth like that, it’s giving me an aneurysm.” The long low drawl of my father’s voice echoed throughout the bright white washed walls surrounding us, causing my quickened, nervous steps to falter as my body initially tensed up and fought itself on the urge to follow Lucius’s order.

To get more on my father’s irritation on my somewhat panicked walk from one end of the prison entrapped wall to the next, I gave him a raise of my brows before continuing my pacing. “You lost all the right to tell me what to do when you went and gone off the deep end with Voldemort.” I mumbled quietly, trying not to let the anger simmering beneath my flesh lash out at my other parent.

Father made a disgruntled sound from his perch on a simple steel chair beneath an equally dull steel table that contained nothing but two plastic cups of water, both half empty since my arrival in Azkaban and asking to speak with my father.

It’s been exactly a week and I haven’t heard any word from Rhayden.

We were supposed to talk yet there was no sign of Rhayden in my everyday life since the party.

Maybe he was just manipulating you. He knows now that you’re a Veela.
Gritting my teeth together, I ignored the pang that prickled in my chest and spread out down to my stomach to settle unwanted there, festering and making me more agitated and hurt by every passing day without any word from Rhayden.

School was back in session, I’ve told mother about Rhayden but not that he was Neville Longbottom and all I got from her was a wary encouragement to tell him how I feel while being cautious about what he was capable of and what he was hiding.

It wasn’t helpful.

I was growing more restless by each minute and just two days ago, I decided that if Rhayden wasn’t willing to talk to me, then I would just go off on my own and find out shit about him.

Which I’ve been doing since then.

And I was livid.

Pure-blooded werewolves were rare now, like Veelas, and they became more powerful if they had even a drop of Veela blood land on their tongues because the health the Veela carry around in their bodies are profoundly pure and without any disease with a burst of high wired energy that made the werewolves body stronger and faster, basically turning that creature into a killing machine.

I needed to ask Rhayden if he intended to use me as a means to get powerful for whatever “revenge” that his dead pack member had spoken about him when he was about to chew me out. Being more inclined to have an abundance of power as a pack leader and pure-blooded werewolf also made them equivalent to the magical power that Potter was born with.

Rhayden suspected me being a Veela and perhaps with the knowledge that I am, he probably would use me as a means for whatever fucked up shit he may be up to.

_He wouldn’t do that to you._

I wanted to know if I was just a pawn for what Rhayden was planning in the dark recesses of his mind.

I was still researching about who the Xeyrus family is as well as any history with pure-blooded werewolves having had their own Veela to feed off of. I couldn’t find out why Rhayden’s biological parents had made Rhayden keep his werewolf blood asleep instead of awakening it.

I did figure out that if the Veela was emotionally and physically attached to said pure-blooded werewolf, it made the wolf more stronger as well as the Veela.

_And you’re bonded with him._

I didn’t want to think if Rhayden was planning on using me for his own agenda but I had to if I wanted to know more about who the hell he was as well as knowing if Rhayden even liked me in the way I liked him. He said out loud how he watched me just as much as I watched him and that he was interested but he didn’t quite say that he felt anything for me.
I was so fucking scared of how much control this Gryffindor had over me.

Talk to him.

Hah, like he would give me answers and with how we haven’t seen or conversed with one another for a week, it felt like Rhayden didn’t want to continue our chat or even be around me. Maybe he was scheming what to do with a Veela and he would come for me soon. Or maybe something happened to him? I know that the full moon came and he said that he goes into a rut during that time but for how long? I didn’t know.

So here I am, in Azkaban to ask my father about the Xeyrus line of werewolves and hoping he may have something for me because I couldn’t find anything on said family.

*You’re still so obsessed with getting to know Rhayden.*

I’ve really wanted to pull my brain out for the past week with how it kept intruding on every other one of my thoughts.

“Even though I am weak now, I would smack you for mouthing at me that way.” Father grumbled beneath his breath, glacier blue eyes watching me track across the room like a chicken with its head cut off.

Furrowing my brows, I twisted on my heel to stand in front of the table and cross my arms over my chest to keep my hands from trembling in the wake of my father’s threat, both angry and unnerved because this man before me was still my parent and he has always made me feel like a bug beneath his feet although he loved me.

He had a funny way of showing it.

“Go ahead and see if I give two bloody fucks father. You’ve lost all my respect when you went to Voldemort with a stupid offer of giving your own son over to him so your dark lord could fuck him senseless just to get back on his good graces after your son screwed up in trying to kill Dumbledore. And then you go off acting like you still haven’t done anything wrong, like you didn’t help in killing all those wizards. At least I know what I’ve done and take the fact that I have to live with having killed my own classmates just to make you proud of me for one second in my whole entire life!” I was breathing hard, my chest constricting at the sudden outburst at Lucius’s words to me.

Father’s jaw clenched, a very hard snap of his jaws that shown the sharp angles of his aging features, blue eyes snapping away from my shaking form as he let out a breath through his nose, trying to remain that calm, cold, and collected father I’ve always known.

Fuck. I wasn’t supposed to be yelling at Lucius, hell, I was supposed to figure out about Rhayden because I was too interested in that Gryffindor for my own sake and feared now about him manipulating me and not liking me back as I’ve come to the conclusion of having a crush on the damn man as well as having bonded with him.

Lucius remained stubbornly quiet, probably butt hurt from my yelling at him. My father was like me, stubborn about our feelings. I knew he felt bad about everything, knew he was conscious about how much he fell into the dark just for the sake of making our family name more powerful with Voldemort backing him up. But he hated admitting he was wrong. “Look, father, I’m not here to yell at you-”
Father turned his head to snap at me with the tiniest glint of dismay and stress in those cool eyes of his, hair still shining despite having spent some time now in Azkaban. “Isn’t that why you’re here? To be mad at me?”

I rolled my bottom lip into my mouth, sucking on it with a fervor that made my father shake his head at a Malfoy showing their anxiety out in the open so easily. “No. It isn’t. Look, I’m here to ask you about” I lowered my voice as I came near the table and sat down in the chair opposite from father, knowing that the guards were listening in “the Xeyrus family. And heads up, I know what I am now.”

Father’s body looked to be electrified with the quick twitch in his body, face finally showing emotion when his blue eyes widened and his expression turned into a stricken sort of distress. “How the bloody fuck do you know about the Xeyrus family? And dammit, I told your mother to keep it a secret-”

I interrupted him this time, kind of shocked at father cursing all of the sudden. It made me more nervous over who the Xeryus family was. “I found out by myself because I got curious about keeping my real name a secret. I won’t tell anyone though, so don’t be mad at mom for wanting me to know about myself. Now, please, tell me about the Xeyrus family. And you don’t need to know about how I know about them.”

Lucius’s gaze slid around my person, taking in the room as if he thought someone would be barging in at any moment.

My father was scared. Scared by the mention of the Xeyrus family.

What the bloody hell is Rhayden to be a part of a family my father feared as much he as did to Voldemort?

“Their ancient and infamous. A werewolf pack of a royal family that would have the most pure-blooded ones ever known in history. They’re powerful and cruel, liked to kill because of the sheer thrill of it and gave no regard for others outside of their family. Voldemort … he even was wary of them but he also thought that the Xeyrus family didn’t exist anymore with the rumor that the Ministry had eradicated them all with a certain thousands year old spell. Now tell me, why do you want to know about them?” Father’s voice came out so quiet that I had to lean over the table to hear the soft tremor in his voice as well as the cautious words being spilled forth from his working mouth.

I had to process what Lucius just said. Even Voldemort was scared of the pack. They were known to be killers and beyond powerful enough to do whatever shit they wanted to without any mercy whatsoever. The Xerus line was ancient, which meant that they were around long enough to know how to cater their power and knew that they could beat the shit out of anyone who tried to question their authority. And it turns out that the Xeryus royal family didn’t die from the Ministry.

Rhayden was an heir for the Xerus pack.

My eyes went to the table in front of me, staring at it with a dazed look about myself as my heart thundered in my ears and created a rush of static in the background, like everything went obscure.

I got myself involved with trouble again.

Father was hissing at me from across the table, the enchanted chains hooked around his wrists and to the steel hooks beside both his feet rattling about as he went to speak directly in front of my face with
bewildered eyes. “Draco … Saveri, why do you want to know about them?”

Hearing Lucius, my parent, say my real name out loud had my gaze shifting back to his, still floating around in the chaos of my thoughts as I tried to talk through a dry mouth. “Father. I think it’s good for you not to know.”

Father did something unlike himself, he jerked in his seat to get closer to me, his eyes widening even more in a harried state as the strands of his blond hair fell around his cheeks, hands clenching into tight fists as he whisper yelled at me. “Don’t. If I think what’s going on here is really happening, I need you to stay the hell away from a pack that I thought were dead. They’ll use you for their own gain. You’re something that an Alpha would use as a way to be even more powerful than they already are. Who are you getting involved with? Did you make a bond with them? Do I know them? Bloody shite, Saveri. Don’t make me break out of this place if it comes down to you not promising me you’ll stay away from them.” Lucius practically rushed out in a wheezing breath that sounded both frantic and scared.

Too late.

I was already in deep. I liked a man who was the heir of said dangerous pack and I haven’t heard from him. Not once this week. I was both hurt, agitated as well as in fear for what could happen to me, what Rhayden could do to me or was planning to.

Rhayden won’t do that to you. Hell, he seemed as obsessed with you as you are with him. He won’t hurt you.

Biting down on my lip, I tried to give father a reassuring smile. It wobbled. “I’ll be fine. I was just curious about them, heard it from Snape when he was giving history on werewolves this week where he accidentally let it slip about the certain pack. I’m not in anyway involved with them, besides, they’re all dead.”

Lucius searched my eyes, but before he could look into my damn soul just like Rhayden does, I had stood up off the chair and called out to the guards to show my finish in my visitation. My blood was racing through my veins and I knew that I needed to get back in my dorm room, gather my mess of a mind together and go to Rhayden’s place so I could confront him about everything.

I had to ask him if he was using me. I had to know if my feelings for him were reciprocated because to tell the honest truth, he’s had my attention from the very beginning of this year and I was falling more and more deeply into the spectrum of his life, his personality.

I’m scared to admit that I like him to his face.

The doors opened to let me out and I heard Lucius call out to me as I walked through the exit. “Don’t let your mother lose another she loves.”

I rushed my way out of Azkaban to apparate to my dorm room, hyperventilating as I tried to gather my thoughts, heart literally fighting its way out of my erratic chest as I grabbed my hair and pulled at it.

This was so much to take in.

It hurt.
It hurt to like someone and have no clue what they feel about you, it hurt that Rhayden hasn’t talked to me or that I haven’t seen him since school started and it hurt to have warning lights flashing right in front of my eyes to know that the person I bonded with could quite literally be manipulating me.

I hated feeling this way.

Hated that I couldn’t stop myself from feeling for Rhayden than I’ve ever felt for anyone else. He got his way under my skin and he stayed there. I didn’t even want him out despite all the shit he’s putting me through with his unanswered questions, his heated touches, and dominating and controlling presence that made me want and need from him.

I let out a scream of frustration after silencing the room with my generic as fuck wand.

“So this is who Rhayden can’t seem to stay away from. A pretty Veela you are.” A voice, deep and letting out an amused and curious lilt, had me whip my body around to face where it came from behind me.

Blinking like it was going out of style, I stared at the tall man. He had on a black trench coat, a red emblazonment on the right side of his upper chest on the coat that consisted of an outline of a werewolf head with white blood dripping from its open, malicious jaw. The man was tall, around the height of Potter with a boxer build of a body. His hair was a dyed red, reminding me of the color of old aged ruby stained wine, straight strands that brushed a little above his shoulders. The man’s eyes were a cerulean blue, quite the opposite with his hair, though dark in their color.

He watched me watch him.

“Uhm … who are you?” I breathed out with exasperation, freaked out how he got into my dorm room without making any sound whatsoever.

The man grinned at me, a flash of growing canines popping out from the top and bottom of his gums as he ran odd yet captivating eyes down the length of my body. I stiffened beneath his calculative gaze, not liking to be openly looked at like I was being picked apart. Rhayden did that and it made me hot and unnerved at the same time, but with anyone else, it was just too invading on my person. “I’m Rhayden’s cousin, Javien.”

I felt cold all over, from both the frigid temperature Javien’s body was emitting to mine and the knowledge of who I was in the same room with. The only other Xeyrus family member that I’ve met stared at me with a calm confidence about himself that reminded me of Rhayden but not as harsh and powerful as him.

On instinct, I took a step back. This was a Xeyrus and I was wary.

They’re dangerous.

“Ah ah ah, no need to get all defensiven, Slytherin. I’m here to take you to Rhayden,” Javien grinned more, sharp teeth getting longer with his words and making me shiver from the fear I felt running
down my spine. Rhayden’s family was as scary as he was but Javien didn’t make me want to hide like Rhayden did, just be very cautious.

I lifted my head, letting out a huff of air as I tried to calm the racing of my heart. I bet Javien could hear it because of him being a werewolf and all that. “Why?”

Javien shrugged, trench coat shifting with his movements. “The Heir is being very mean right now and that’s because of little ole you, Veela. He hasn’t gotten out of his rut because a certain someone isn’t there to fulfill his needs.”

What the hell?

When Javien raised his brows at me with his response, I knew what that certain someone he was referring to was. I couldn’t help the flush that coated and burned my cheeks at the mention of me helping Rhayden through his rut. But ... “Why me?” I whispered.

Javien gave me a sharp grin. “Well why don’t you ask him? I’ll bring you to him, but first you need to change in the appropriate clothes since you’ll be meeting the pack to get even near him.”

Oh my gods.

What if this was a trick? It seemed the trepidation was written all over my face when Javien let out a sigh as he spoke again. “I’m not here to kill you, Saveri. Rhayden would tear me apart if he knew I was messing with his-” Javien shook his head, letting out a scoff as he stopped himself from saying whatever he was about to. “What I’m trying to say is, the pack is scared of him because he’s been very uncooperative with anyone since the start of his heat and that’s because of you. So why don’t you come on over to the Xeyrus residence and see Rhayden.”

See Rhayden?

I bet he’d kill me to if he was in a bad mood for so long. And by “seeing”, I’m sure that meant becoming a meal for Rhayden because of what I am or ... becoming a toy of his to fuck into so he’d get out of his rut. I dug my fingers into my palm as I frowned. “Why can’t someone else go to him? I’m sure he’d be happy to fuck someone other than me to get his rut over with, I mean-”

Javien narrowed his eyes as he spoke over my words. “He can’t. He needs you and I won’t be the one to tell you why, you’re going to have to ask him yourself. So are you coming or not, Veela?”

This is so fucked.

I gave Javien a snarl, irritation winning over my wariness of Rhayden’s rather good looking cousin. “I don’t have to do anything for Rhayden, I’m not something for him to just use. But I will go see him to give him a piece of my mind on being an asshole.”

Javien smirked then and I wanted to slap it off. He let out a breathy laugh as his dark blue eyes did a quick assessment of my body again. “Of course, gods aren’t you a riot? So are you coming?”

I wanted to talk with Rhayden and it seemed this was the only way I could. If I went to Rhayden’s place without him knowing, I could run into another one of his pack members that would maybe try to kill me like the last one and if I was with Javien, Rhayden’s cousin, I may be in safer regards.

And what I said was true. I was going to yell at Rhayden, make him give me answers and make him
tell me if he was actually using me to get more powerful for his own gain. “Yes. But why must I change? And into what exactly?”

Javien let out a tired groan, taking a step further into the room and making me back up at the same time he made the motion towards me. Javien raised his hands, tilting his head as he spoke lowly. “You’re going to go through the South wing, and it’s a whole other world there. The Xeyrus pack is made of werewolves, all half-blood and ready to eat because we’re savages, and we’re horny, like all the time. So we have muggles and wizards to entertain us.”

I went even more red at the indication as to what exactly the werewolves were doing with humans, and gobsmacked at the thought that there were humans that were so willing to be in the presence of werewolves and to be used as material to get off with or on. I was still confused though. “Alright, but that doesn’t tell me why I must change my attire.”

Javien rolled his eyes. “Everyone there, including the werewolves, all are either nude or wearing barely nothing. So to fit in and not draw as much attention to yourself, especially with this peachy sweet scent you’re carrying around with you, you’re going to have to try and blend in. Got it? Also, don’t freak out when you see the werewolves chowing down on human meat.”

I decided to disregard the last part.

Javien made it sound like he was talking to someone who was of hard hearing. I narrowed my eyes at him at that, having no way to stop myself from chewing on my lip in annoyance to keep myself from being rude to the half-blooded werewolf in case he does end up killing me for my attitude. I am a Malfoy and all.

And the thought of wearing revealing clothes made me anxious. What will everyone think of me once they see me so … bare? I wasn’t keen on showing skin to others and Javien made it sound like I was very much going to if I went with him.

You have to see Rhayden.

“Fine.” I gritted out.

Javien nodded his ascent with my decision and reached out his hand towards me. I recoiled like a snake from the gesture, giving him widened eyes as he looked just as stricken by my sudden movement to get away from his hand. “Gods, your paranoid. My boyfriend’s got some clothes for you to wear to enter the South wing and is waiting for you at the Xeyrus mansion. From what I’ve heard about the infamous Draco Malfoy that’s an ex death eater that has been convicted of any real usage of magic, I assume I’m going to have to apparate us using my wand.”

Javien was gay. He clearly said boyfriend and he was right. I couldn’t apparate with my stupid wand so I would have to have him do it instead and going down to the Slytherins lounge room with Javien, a stranger, just to use the fire place to get to Rhayden’s place would gain attention I didn’t want.

“I’ll just grab your trench coat.” I mumbled quiet petulantly.

Javien laughed as he gave me a sharp grin. “Yes, hold on to me, oh sweet Veela-”

I grasped his jacket to tug him towards me and he stumbled forwards by my quick movement. Standing so close to his cold figure had my teeth chattering and hands clenching tight in his coat so I
wouldn’t end up letting go and backing out of seeing Rhayden. Javien grumbled beneath his breath. “You’re a handful.”

I snickered. “Can we leave now?”

Javien did just that, with me grabbing onto his trench coat like a lifeline.

I hope I wasn’t falling into a trap.

My fingers curled into my school uniformed shirt as my gaze slid back to the outfit laid out across the plush black couch belonging to one of Rhayden’s living rooms furniture, and to Jevien’s boyfriend.

Ohgodsohgodsohgods.

My face was pinched into that of which resembled a deer in the headlights, my fingers trembling as I twisted them in my shirt in an anxious habit of mine, biting down on the already throbbing flesh of my bottom lip with how much I’ve been chewing on it since I’ve arrived at Rhayden’s castle.

Stop being such a wanker.

Javien’s boyfriend, Lanai, looked at me with a small tilt of his lips, all mischievous like and carrying a sultriness about himself with the way he stood in a pair of red laced lingerie and working it. I tried not to look at his exposed genitals. Landon reached an average height, a lithe body with some muscles and curves a girl would be very jealous over. His hair was a mess of downy light brown and eyes a piercing pure black and reminding me of a puppy. Javien couldn’t take his eyes off of him.

I found it endearing and funny.

And Lanai was human, a muggle to say the least.

How he handled Javien’s cold body, I didn’t know.

“Well, go get changed, doll face.” Lanai mused.

Meeting him when I entered the castle made me a bit cautious but after an hour of him talking to me about makeup and what butt plugs I should consider getting, I figured out he wasn’t threatening at all. He was just a perverted.

And the clothes he chose for me were both threatening to my person as well as perverted.

“Alright, alright.” I groused, snatching up the set of the flimsy lingerie and garter belts in my hands to practically jog to the bathroom, slam the door shut behind me and lock it in case anyone tried getting in.
I was trying to encourage myself to get my ass into the clothes (if that’s what you could even call these scraps of material) and walk right on in through the South wing.

Shaking my head to keep any impending thoughts with my insecurity coming on full throttle with them, I quickly stepped out of my school uniform and simple pink panties to slide black laced knickers up and over the curve of my arse, my cock showing through the fabric because it was sheer in its design. I hooked the garter belted up to my hips onto the edges of my panties to the sides to let it drop and run down the length of my thigh, a series of black pieces of stripes horizontally riding along and around the circle of my upper thighs and just a little above my knees. I had to grab the back belts to hook them onto the back of my ass to the sides as well to hold the straps up. I shaved everything on my body because I liked the feeling of the softness, and being hairless made my skin so smooth, so I didn’t worry about any hairs on my body being shown since there wasn’t any.

I put hard bodice on around my torso, thin and made up of the same curving and twisting intricate designs like my knickers had, sheer black and revealing patches of the pale skin of my stomach. The bodice dipped into a V in the middle of my chest, between my exposed nipples since the top ended just below them to display my upper chest, shoulders and clavicles to the world. The back of the bodice was made up of crisscrossing strings that took me about an unnecessary amount of time to tie them up and tighten them around my slim figure.

The shape of my petite hips flared out and shown the tiny curves I had.

And that was it.

I looked like a seductress.

It felt … good.

Oh my fuck. I was scared to go outside of the bathroom now.

Looking myself up and down in the long floor to ceiling mirror, I gasped at the softness against my skin, the bottom of my arse cheeks showing all that bare skin when I turned around to check out my back.

Jumping nearly out of my skin at the abrupt knock on my door, I panicked the slightest bit before sucking in air through my parted lips, twisting on my exposed feet and turning the door handle to open it a smidgen, peeking out of the little space I created between the entrance of the bathroom and the living room.

“Uh, y-yes?” My heart was beating out of my chest almost with how nervous I was about everything, especially walking out in this skimpy outfit.

Lanai clicked his tongue and gave me a small smile. “Come on. I’ve got the heels to go with the outfit and surely you’re down putting it on.”

Pressing my lips together, I sucked up whatever shame I had about what I was wearing and stepped out, mumbling incoherently beneath my breath as I turned a beet red standing in front of Landon. I didn’t even look in the boys eyes, shifting from foot to foot with a restlessness that was basically flooding my system right now.

The shit I did for Rhayden.
First I almost get killed by one of his pack members just to get to know him and now I was wearing lingerie so I could speak to the damn Gryffindor.

Lanai let out a whistle, making me twitch from where I stood and glance up at him. I saw a ravenous smirk on the boys face as he spoke. “You make me look like a carrot cake beside a luxurious enticing cheese cake, decked in chocolate and truffles. Yum.”

Lanai laughed with giddiness when I spluttered at his compliment.

“Here.” He pointed to a pair of black five inch heels next to the couch on the floor and my mouth dropped at the heel on those fuckers as well as the style of them, having strings that interlaced with one another to run up the length of my calves and reach the point where my garter belts designs shown above my knees.

They were gorgeous.

And how the hell would I be able to walk in them?

“There’s no way I can even make a straight line with those heels if I dared to wear them.” I breathed in exaltation.

Lanai went to pick them up and shoved them at my chest, making me glare at him openly with irritation.

He shrugged. “Lucky you aren’t straight to make it a goal to walk like it. Come on, Rhayden has threatened about four of our members now because they were irritating him. We’ll run out of pack members by the time you're done freaking out here if our Alpha decided to kill them.”

Oh my gods. Rhayden’s going to kill me. And what the fuck!? Will he even let me talk without tearing me apart like the animal he is?

Javien walked in when I had wobbled about on one foot with a heel on in an attempt to put on the other one. He made a noise of a grunt at the sight of both Lanai and I trying to help me with putting on the other heel. “I’d say you look rather sexy, but then Lanai wouldn’t like that.”

Lanai rolled his eyes as we finally got the other one on and I was left to stand on the my own with them. I swayed the slightest bit but otherwise, it wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be with my awful balance. I also covered up my bottom half when Javien openly stared at me, feeling like I needed some coverage of my cock and exposed body. “I know you love me so I’m not going to get pouty about what you just said, babe. But you won’t be having any sex with me for a week for that.”

Javien looked like he was just told he lost his mother with how downtrodden he looked at hearing Lanai’s statement.

I asked for a long black coat to wear just as a means to cover myself up a little bit and both the muggle and half-blooded werewolf relented.

Lanai ushered me to follow both Javien and him up the stairs and down the large, wide hallway where I threw up and saw Rhayden dismember and kill someone.

That same pungent smell filtered through my senses, heavy and vile on my tongue as I tried not to gag at the stench. We were already nearing the large french doors to the South wing and I couldn’t
hear the groans like I did before if I listened close enough. But the only thing I heard was music. Harsh, decadent music as we closed in on the front entrance to the wing. I could feel the bass thrumming up the soles of my feet and slithering its way around the entirety of my body, making the inside of my chest hum with the dull vibrations the music was giving out.

Lanai clapped his hands, wiggling his eyebrows my way and I thought that he looked ridiculous doing such a thing. I ignored his odd character and instead, focused on trying not to flip my shit right now as I watched Javien open the heavy doors and step through.

The music was indefinitely louder and the scent of blood, sweat and raw meat slammed into me even more.

I coughed at the awful smell, looking over to both Javien and Lanai to see if they were just as affected. Lanai was tearing up but other than that, he looked rather used to all of this as well as Javien.

I stepped through the doors, my mouth popping open to let out a ragged breath at the sight I was seeing.

The place looked like I had stepped into another dimension. Quiet literally so. It’s as if I stepped through a fantasy novel that contained sex and blood. The temperature as I stepped in through the large room seemed to fluctuate from cold to hot, never once staying on one specific degree. The place had various other rooms as well, all decked out in black marbled flooring with plush red carpet laid across the floor beside equally dark leather furniture where people strewn themselves over in all various intimate positions.

Red coated the floors, pooling in with the shimmering black and created a flood of blood around each and every body, both dead and mangled as well as alive and writhing on the floor as they were being roughly fucked into from every hole in their body that I didn’t believe was possible to stick a prick into.

This is way worse than the subtle orgy at the Patil’s mansion.

Groans and the rumble of snarls echoed over the loud thump of music catering around and over the various rooms that I could see from my right and left, all large with high ceiling and dark wired string lights that were made up of a stream of a purple glow.

The smell of slick skin and torn apart limbs did all sorts of things to my body.

It made heat pool into my gut as well as cause tremors over my skin in disgust at myself and at the surroundings before me. I was both aroused at the sight as well as affronted by it.

When I get out of here, and if I ever, I should admit myself into a mental hospital.

This is so wrong! I shouldn’t be having a fucking rising boner from the heatwave of sex and violence I was witnessing right now. This is demented and wrong … and exciting and downright filthy.

Just like Rhayden.

I’ve lost my mind. This is it. Rhayden has officially made Draco Malfoy into a perverted, insane little shit and I was having a mini hyperventilating session right about now. I crossed my arms over the expanse of my stomach, pressing into myself to keep from huddling over and gasping for breath out
loud I took in gulps of raw air into my lungs while blinking away the water gathering in my eyes from the smell I kept inhaling and was slowly getting acquainted with.

My hands and legs felt numb, an awful tingle that wouldn’t stop rushing through my limbs and causing my knees to buckle in on themselves ever so often as I tried to keep calm and not start screaming like a banshee in distress over both my revulsion and pleasure at what was happening around me.

I needed to breathe.

Fuck.

My eyes wandered from the bodies laid over every which way on the furniture and floor, brows furrowing in astonishment at how every muggle and creature I caught sight of looked like they came out the Greek mythology books I once found in my father’s study. They were all gorgeous and in their birthday suites, a good equalizer between being absolutely bare or with a small amount of clothes on like Landon and I. There were a few that were in regular clothes.

Lanai leaned into my side, gaze fixated on the scene before us as he talked over the music. “At least you didn’t have the same reaction I had when I first entered the South wing with Javien. I threw up and everybody laughed at me for it.”

I was very much trying not to gag, so Lanai shouldn’t be impressed just yet.

Javien grinned next to Lanai and nudged his head at me to follow both of them through the throng of werewolves and humans, my gaze on the person hooked to the wall with both their feet and hands spread out like a fucking meal as a werewolf shoved their face in between her legs while she practically sobbed and moaned all at the same time. There were various things similar to the chained up girl happening around me.

A BDSM tower filled with blood, violence and unadulterated ecstasy.

There were body parts strewn across every surface of the floor, rotting away as werewolves gnawed absentmindedly over the meat and chewed on them without any care, growling with an assortment of different colored eyes glowing in their heightened senses. Limbs and torsos as well as severed heads just lying about. I felt slightly nauseous looking at all of it.

Whipping my head away from the scenes around me, I stumbled back when someone stood right in front of my figure. He was tall, dirty blonde hair mussed with yellow cat like eyes roving down over my somewhat covered laced body. I took a step back, frowning when the man, whom was very naked with his hard cock prodding out between his legs, sniffed the air around me and groaned appreciatively. “You smell good and you’re a virgin.” He breathed.

I could tell he was a half-blooded werewolf by the cool air he emitted from his body and the canines sharpening out of his mouth as he flashed me a smile that he probably thought would make me get down on my knees for him.

He thought wrong.

Even when I was unnerved, I couldn’t help but let the smidgen of annoyance flood out of my mouth at the man’s audacity to think I was so easy to become his bitch. “Well you’re not going to get anywhere near my virginity, so back off.” I snarled.
The man narrowed his eyes, lips curling up in dismay at my bitchiness. Javien stepped between the two of us and gave me a look that contained both horror and awe while he talked the the werewolf. “This one isn’t available, Erik. So find someone else.”

Erik looked over Javien’s shoulder to glare at me from his spot. “Why? He needs to be taught how to keep that mouth shut. Let me have some of our guys take turns-”

My eyes widened the slightest at Erik’s words, my breath stuttering at his threat as I stepped away in wariness. Javien had stopped Erik’s threat with his own. “The Alpha really wouldn’t appreciate you messing with his toy.”

I was about to snap at Javien for calling me a fucking toy but stopped when Lanai shook his head in my direction, now extremely quiet and docile near us in the face of all these powerful creatures. I pressed my mouth together to keep my retorts to myself and surprisingly, Erik was already walking away from us but not before giving me a sneer.

Hah.

I could do that better than him.

Asshole.

And I could feel more stares my way now, assessing with a darkened glint in their eyes that I couldn’t decipher between sexual intentions or hunger.

Javien glared at me. “Don’t make a scene. Just follow me.”

I rolled my eyes. “He started it.” I grumbled beneath my breath.

Lanai smirked at my response.

Javien gave me a huff of air and made me follow him again, my heels splashing over the blood stained floor while we walked through two more rooms and up a flight of stairs that had a door at the top.

Lanai and Jevien stopped beside me and both stared at me. “Aren’t we going in?” I asked breathlessly still in a somewhat shocked stage at everything I was seeing in the South wing and how I was hard over it as well as grossed out. I was also trying to catch some are in my body because I just went up a staircase that was too much for me. I really needed to exercise more.

I looked at Javien and Lanai with raise of my brow, waiting for them to give me a reason why weren’t entering through the large polished red wood door right now.

“No. This is where we leave you. This whole part of the tower is Rhayden’s. He does have a room in the West Wing but since he’s in a rut, he has to stay in the South wing so everyone can make sure no one could get to him since he’s not quiet in the right mindset to think clearly. Also, it’s to make sure he doesn’t go off and start tearing people apart in England on our watch.” Javien replied, looking uncomfortable now with the way he kept looking back and forth from my prone figure to the door.

Fucking hell, everybody was afraid of Rhayden.
Lanai gestured towards the door. “When you enter, there will be another hallway to walk down and at the end it opens to a large room that could constitute as a mansion in itself. You won’t get lost. Now, go on.”

I flicked my tongue over my sore bottom lip, taking in a shuddering breath as a sense of dread and adrenaline started to course through my veins from the simple knowledge that I was about to enter Rhayden’s own tower and I would be alone with him while he’s in heat and definitely not in the mood for anyone bothering him.

When I let out a shaky breath, I had one of my hands gripping on tight to the coat around my laced clad figure to have a hold on something in an attempt to ground myself from booking it on out of here. Taking my other hand, I turned my back towards Lanai and Javien, fingers building up a perspiration when I twisted the door handle to the Rhayden’s tower and heard the inevitable click of the latch disconnecting with the wall so I could pry the door open.

Heat showered over my body and that wonderful smell that was all Rhayden came clambering across the goosebumps rising on my flesh.

I let out a wheeze of air when I opened the door all the way and stepped through. My mind hazy with the intoxicating smell of burnt forests and rain, ignoring Javien and Lanai now.

But my ears did pick up Javien’s words just before he slammed the door shut behind my person. “By the way, Rhayden doesn’t know I’ve brought you here so he may be mad that I went and sent you into a predator’s cage. Good luck!”

Shit!

I went to slam my hands against the now closed and locked door, cursing to the point where I’m sure that I’d make a sailor blush with the harsh words spewing from my angry mouth.

I was trapped.

Basically in a cage now. And without Rhayden’s permission to enter through his tower.

I’m going to be killed, or at least I think I am.

Kicking the door with my heels and splattering a good amount of blood from the bottom of my shoes over the marbled floor, I let out an irritated puff of air that shook in its release as I trembled now.

I was fucking terrified.

He won’t hurt you. He won’t hurt you.

I shoved the trench coat further over my figure as I turned back around and inhaled oxygen through my straining lungs so I could have enough energy to push me forward and towards the open entrance at the end of the hallway.

I’m so fucked.
Narrowing my eyes, I tried to have my vision adjust to the sheer darkness of the hallway, encased in shadows from all around that seemed to flood my gaze in an unearthly prominence of obsidian, reminding me of Rhayden’s eyes.

I chewed on the insides of my cheeks in a horribly relentless manner, moistening my lips as I started to walk down the corridor.

Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck.

The soft clicks of my heels across the slate polished floors had me cringing at the way the repeating soft sounds disrupted the eerie silence of the entirety of the tower.

My heart was thundering so loudly against my chest that I thought I was going to have a heart attack, chest heaving up and down in trepidation and anxiety, raveling though in the warmth that coated my skin in a comforting countenance unlike the fluctuating temperature downstairs.

When I finally made it to the open entrance of a large, very large room that seemed to stretch on forever, I went positively still, taking in the seemingly eternal ceiling and the golden filigree that lined the walls in ancient, foreign designs. They embedded themselves into the black licorice inked walls, a balcony opposite from where I stood a good few meters away from my figure. The glass doors had black drapes over them, concealing the sun’s rays from spilling through. A huge bed was to my left that took massive space with its dark wooden headboard and bedposts, a walk in bathroom to my left with a closet next to it just as large.

Biting down on my lip, I let my voice break the foreboding air surrounding me. “Rhayden. W-We need to talk.” I said out loud, not being to see anything yet of the Gryffindor, which was making me twitchy.

The only light in this whole space was the chandelier dangling above my head, casting the room in a soft glow of light but barely doing anything for my eyes.

“Why are you here?” The voice, rumbling and sinister in its brutal calmness intoned to my right near the balcony, the sound eliciting my breath to hitch in my working throat and causing my body to jerk on the spot.

That’s when I saw him.

Rhayden was covered in Stygian, no shirt and showing his long, bare and strong torso, slickened abs covered in a fine sheen of sweat that glistened over the defined edges of his abdomen. The runes along his body were shifting in a more quickened pace than I’ve ever seen them before, beautiful and dangerous in their movements across Rhayden’s smooth skin.

The Gryffindor was lazed back, his black trousers riding low on his hips, zipper undone and revealing the black silk boxers beneath while he rested both his elbows on the arm of his dark wooden chair with the same golden trim as the walls contained around us. He propped the sharp jut
of his jaw over the curve of his right ringed fingers and knuckles, rubbing the silvered jewelry under
the skin of his chin and up the sharp slope of his jawline.

I stood like a statue from where I stood, air seeming to have left me.

Rhayden’s amber tinged eyes were burning in their gaze, an unnerving observation in his eyes as he
stared at me, waiting for my response with elongated canines growing from his gums all the while his
other hand tapped against the left arm of his chair.

Pure animal. And looking like a king on his throne.

“Y-you haven’t contacted me for a week Rhayden. During that time, I-I’ve searched up on some
stuff. I came here to ask questions I want a-a-answers to now, whether you like it or n-not.” I rushed
out, not feeling so confident in my yelling at him now.

Rhayden’s hair was beyond a mess, falling over his right eye and making him look like the epitome
of dark seduction. He tilted his head, brown tufts of his hair brushing across his alabaster flesh while
he let out a considering hum that shot straight to my throbbing cock. “I’ll answer them, since you so
bravely came through the South wing that I specifically told you not to enter. Who brought you here?
Or did you come to my residence all by your pretty self? Hmm? Tell me, did you enjoy the view
downstairs?” His voice was melting honey to my ears and skin.

I shifted from one foot to the next, breathing harder now, finger twitching in their vicious grip on the
coat around me. “I found it revolting.” An exclamation of air passed my parted lips as I continued to
talk through a tremor in my voice. “And Javien brought me here. Your cousin told me that you c-c-
couldn’t get out of your rut w-without me here. But don’t get the w-wrong idea, I just came here for
answers.”

I know Rhayden was angry. I could tell by that unsettling calmness he had about himself, more
relaxed than he’s ever been and with his face impassive, impossibly so, while giving nothing away in
his glowing gaze. “I smelled you once you entered my home. Your arousal went up when walking
through the South wing, like the dirty little boy that you are, all hard over blood and sex and
violence. So don’t stand there and give me lies, Saveri. And I’ll remember to have a talk with Javien
about bringing you here without my knowing.”

I swallowed around a constricting throat as I swayed on my feet, feeling my body weaken in the
consuming presence of Rhayden. “Don’t kill him. He seemed … nice. He helped me anyway. And
you’re once again imagining things, there’s no way I’d find that shite downstairs h-hot. S-s-so I’ve
got some questions to ask now.”

Rhayden ran his knuckle across the succulent flesh of his bottom lip, gaze sweeping down my figure
as his eyes flashed. My heart did a stutter against my rib cage at the way his eyes bore into my body
as if he could see straight through my coat that I’ve bundled up around me in my effort to cover
myself up. “Take off the coat.”

My response was immediate and panicked laced with a whole bunch of embarrassment. “No! I-I’m
cold so—”

Rhayden’s voice dropped significantly, skating down my back like shockwaves. I whimpered quietly
from his tone rendering me speechless in my protest. “Off. Now.”

I shivered, a gasp leaving my mouth as I suckled on my lip and tried to give Rhayden a frown of
displeasure at his demand but knew that it was mostly a look of fear and heat that I was exhibiting.

*You like him taking control.*

I needed to get answers dammit, but it was hard to even speak in this warmth suffocation that emitted from Rhayden’s body, domineering and heavy in its atmosphere. I sucked in a breath as I shoved the shoulders of the coat off and slid the sleeves over my arms and nervous fingers to let it drop to the floor in a heap of fabric.

I shook.

I heated up.

I was exposed.

My gaze would not lift to meet Rhayden’s now, scared to see disgust in his eyes at the lingerie I was wearing, the strain of my cock poking against the front lace of my knickers and thighs tensing beneath the garter belts. “Look at me and ask your questions.”

I shook my head vigorously at his command, only to yelp out in surprise when Rhayden’s insistent tapping on the arm chair turned into a resounding crack. With saucer sized eyes, I whipped my head up in astonishment when I saw the wood of arm chair crooked and splintered beneath a white knuckled grip from Rhayden’s left hand.

My gut was swamped with the feeling of fluttering wings as well as searing heat when I couldn’t help but look back up at Rhayden’s face to see his eyes assessing me, from the top of my unruly hair to the tips of my heeled toes, so dark yet blinding in the golden hue of his gaze as he undressed me with them, without touch. “I have very little patience with that sassiness of yours. So when I tell you to do something, you do it. Now, ask me your questions and make sure you keep your eyes on me.”

Jesus fuck.

Pressing my mouth together, I nodded but Rhayden raised his brows at me with my silent respond. “What do you say?” He pressured.

Oh gods.

I choked on the whine that threatened to escape my lips then. “Yes …” staring straight into his eyes, I just knew what he wanted me to say and a crimson flush covered my whole face and spread out down my chest to the perking nipples residing there “Alpha.”

Rhayden’s hold on the broken arm of the chair chair lessened and he let out a thunderous rumble that permeated out of his chest to show his satisfaction at my words. I noticed that he was hard as well, cock pushing against his boxers persistently out of my peripheral vision because I feared taking my eyes off of his own. “Go on.” Rhayden murmured into the almost darkness of the room.

It was hard to concentrate, but I needed to know what Rhayden was keeping from me and if he reciprocated my feelings. Mushy as fuck, is what I sounded like to my own thoughts, but I couldn’t help but feel anxious and worried over it, also scared about the very high possibility of Rhayden using me to get more powerful for his own agenda. “Did you know I w-w-was a Veela before having me come to your mansion?”
Rhayden picked at the haphazard splinters of wood from his chair as he watched me squirm under his gaze. “Yes. Like I said, I had my own suspicions about you. I did a lot of research and I came up with ‘Veela’ to explain your scent and the way you looked delicious to any eye. But when I had you first appear in my home, it was confirmed by another Veela in my pack that smelled you and immediately figured out what you were.”

I raised my hand to fiddle with the side of my knickers on my hip, absentmindedly playing with the fabric as I felt dread fill my stomach.

Rhayden knew you were a Veela.

I didn’t waste time in blurt out my next question. “W-were you planning on using me to gain more power? I’ve read about it. T-the taste of a Veela to a pure-blooded werewolf made them even more stronger, in magic and physicality.”

Rhayden stared at me for a good couple of minutes that seemed to take forever as I held my breath for his response, brows furrowing as I kept my eyes on his and quaked from where I stood, feeling his heat and feeling my nerves.

Please don’t be manipulating me. Please, pleaseplease.

“Yes.”

My breath rushed out of me as a broken noise passed my mouth. I didn’t even think twice as anger and humiliation and hurt sliced through my chest so fucking quickly at Rhayden’s confession. I pursed my lips to keep myself from showing the grimace that was on the verge of playing across my face. I looked at Rhayden with my brow furrowing in rage and ache.

“Fuck you.” I spat out my words, although the crack in my voice didn’t convey the anger I wanted to demonstrate towards Rhayden.

I moved to bend the slightest bit to pick up my coat, push it on, and get the hell out of here so I could go back home and pick up whatever dignity I have left off the floor, but when I made a move to do just so, Rhayden’s voice stopped me in my tracks, brutal and rough. “Did I tell you to move?”

My damn body straightened up on instinct as I looked back at Rhayden with a curl of my mouth, lips wobbling with the pain lacing throughout my body like unwanted poison.

Rhayden used me. He made me get so infatuated with him just for his own gain.

Stupidstupidstupid.

“I h-have nothing else to say to you.” I hissed through gritted teeth, crossing my arms over my abdomen in a way to protect myself, a defense mechanism again.

Rhayden snickered. “You’re so sensitive, baby. But here’s what you need to know, I did plan on using you, everybody in my pack kept encouraging me to. But I didn’t. What you seem to forget is that last week, I remember saying very clearly that I’ve been watching you since Seventh year, wanting you but not interested in how you went off and helped Voldemort. Why would I want someone that had his loyalties lying elsewhere? But when I awakened my werewolf blood, you became inevitable for me to not stay away from, and the fact that you never wanted to be Voldemort's soldier made me realize that you really weren’t in someone else's grasps and I craved to
be the one that would have you, knowing that I could make you obsessed with me just as I am with you. I tried denying myself these insolent and foolish feelings when I figured out you were a Veela and I decided to use you, but that didn’t work out because of my infatuation with you. I’m not going to feed off of you. I made that decision the day you walked into my mansion and looked like a cute, vulnerable Veela that I’ve been wanting for two years now.”

My heart seized to exist at Rhayden’s words, the ache dissipating when I pondered over what Rhayden just told me. He planned on using me, but he couldn’t because his crush on me overruled everything. He

Rhayden couldn’t use me. He liked me too much to do so. He wanted me but thought that I was too involved with Voldemort to have me and he was wrong. Sure, I’m still bitter over how he thought he was going to go through with his plan on using me as a means to get stronger because his stupid pack wanted him to, but he ended up deciding to go against his packs wishes.

And it turns out we were very similar. Rhayden tried to deny his feelings for me as much as I did for him and it didn’t work out as we planned. I knew that feeling and I couldn’t blame him for it, I did the same thing and we both kind of tried to use each other with my trying to get information on him so I could blackmail him back for the pictures that he has of me in the skirt that I highly doubt he was ever going to show them since he had many chances to do so. And I believe he wouldn’t do that to me now.

But I can still be somewhat mad at him for thinking that he could use me.

Stupid Gryffindor.

But the bursting ache in my chest subsided at Rhayden's explanation.

I went red at the face from both irritation and the realization that Rhayden actually liked me. Just to make sure because he didn’t actually say it yet, I asked him myself. “I’m still pissed at you for the attempt at manipulating me, but I’ll let it slide for now because I was sort of trying to manipulate you into giving me information so I could have some blackmail on you for the pictures. I obviously didn’t do such a thing and you didn’t go through with your plan, so we’re even. But, I need to know for certain. Do you … like me?” I breathed. I was a ball of nerves right now. My emotions going all over the place and bounding off these pristine walls.

Rhayden’s lips tipped up at the edges, an amused, sinful grin revealing in his always calm face. “Depends, do you like me?”

I cleared my throat as I gazed up at Rhayden through my lashes, heart hammering against my chest. “W-why don’t you tell me why I’m the only one who c-can help you through your rut and then I’ll give my response to that question.”

Damn. I was still scared to admit my like for Rhayden out loud. And I was going to have to tell him about our bond that I created subconsciously. It was the right thing to do considering I put him in it without his knowing and had no way on knowing how or the wanting to get rid of it now because of all these answers I was getting.

Rhayden let out a low growl at my question. “I want to hear you say it first, Saveri. Tell me you like me.”

Fuck.
This infuriating man!

With a raise of my arms in exasperation, I glared at him through a fine tremor in my body as I rushed out the words in exaltation. “Fine! Dammit, you fucking bastard, I like you! There. Happy? Jesus motherfucking christ on a pogo stick. Now tell me why you need me to get you through this heat and that you like me too, Gryffindork!”

Rhayden let out a dark chuckle against his knuckles, gaze unsettling as he watched my chest rise and fall under my quickened breaths. “Why yes, I do like you, Saveri. Very much so. I’ve made a bond with you during the beginning of Eighth year. In my werewolf form. You know, when you saw me at the lake and let me lick your perky arse and pink hole.”

I choked on my own saliva as I stared at him in horror and mortification. “That was you! Y-you fucking pervert.” I hissed out in astonishment.

But wait a minute. Rhayden said he bonded with me? What the fuck? How? “What do you mean ‘bonded’ with me? Is this like how I bonded with you—” Whoops, I let that slip out from the left field but couldn't finish my word vomit when this time, it was Rhayden’s turn to interrupt me, brows rising.

“What’s this about you making a bond with me? I made a bond with you when I unintentionally made my mark all over your body that night behind Hogwarts. It’s a werewolf thing, makes my wolf side know that you’re mine once I’ve scented you and now I can only get through my ruts if I have you here to fuck. It's weird animal bonding magic that I didn’t know would do such a thing and I don't regret it. Now, tell me how you bonded with me, Saveri?”

Huh. I guess we both subconsciously bonded with one another.

Damn. How the hell am I going to gain enough courage for Rhayden to have at me when I was so insecure about myself? Messing again with the hem of my knickers, I chewed on my lip as I spoke out. “Turns out I’m a submissive Veela. Before even bonding with you, I was taken by your person as well as personality and dominating presence. It made my Veela side intrigued by you and when we started to be around each other more, it created a bond that would make me feel a lot more need to submit to you than I already did. I subconsciously chose you as a potential partner for my submissive side.” I murmured.

Rhayden let out a grumble at that, causing a shiver to race down my spine as I fiddled around with my lingerie, his eyes burning holes into my skin. “Blondie sure likes me.”

Fucking conceited asshole. “Yeah, well so do you, wolf boy.” I snapped.

Rhayden’s amused features turned into a dark structure at my attitude, lips turning into that of a fine line that consisted of no bemusement and an unearthly calm. His voice teased my hard nipples and over my groin that throbbed maddeningly. “You know why I didn’t want you coming into my home while I’m in a rut despite the fact that you know now how I can’t get off during my heat without your arse to come in?”

My chest rose sharply as a zing of warmth flooded my gut and spread throughout my body from hearing Rhayden’s crude words.

I made him mad again.
Fuck.

I shook my head slowly, not trusting my voice at the moment as I took a step away from Rhayden’s prone form, still lazed back in his chair though his eyes looked devastatingly carnal.

Rhayden tapped his index finger against the side of his sharp cheekbone, the ring pressing against his flesh while watching me as I cowered back from him.

Why did I have to talk back to him like that?

“Because it’s you. I’ll fucking wreck you if I push my cock into that tight arse of yours. There will be no break for air, no escaping me. I’ll become the predator as you’ll become my prey. I’ll fuck into you until I am satisfied and you are a mess from my doing. You will hurt, and I will take immense pleasure in it. That is why I had to get away from you last week because I was seconds away from doing just that, dry and raw and painful. And yet here you are, being a brat that I would very much like to punish now.” Rhayden murmured roughly, tone vibrating in my body and causing a whine to emit from my gaping mouth now as I tried to breathe.

“S-so now what? I become your fuck t-toy? And you won’t hurt me.” I rasped weakly, cock twitching at both Rhayden’s words and my own. I was pushing away my insecurity about my body because I wanted Rhayden to let that tight control of his snap all because of me.

Rhayden leaned forward, so fast that it was a swift motion that left me dizzy from how my eyes couldn’t follow the fast action. He rested his elbows on his knees, letting his mouth split into a sharp smile, deviant and wanting as he watched me take another step away from him, my pulse quickening. “Yes. You will be my toy to play with, and only mine. But I’ll give you a head start to run for it just to give you a chance to escape. Are you willing to have a chase, Saveri? Once you agree, it starts immediately. Tell me what you need.” It wasn’t a question, very far from it. It was a demand. And I was going to do just as he said because the tension between us was making me jitter on the spot and has been making my skin feel raw and hot ever since being involved with this man.

And you like each other.

A fucked up way of showing how much you liked each other, but no one is perfect.

I decided to be a smart ass about it. It was the anxiety that made me be that bitch of a Malfoy that I was in the face of my fear and adrenaline. “That depends on if you can catch me, Alpha. ”

Rhayden’s canines dropped all the way and I squeaked out from the sheer heavy, scorching air surrounding both of us when I watched Rhayden’s shoulders hunch, the sharp blades in his back shifting as he looked ready to hunt. “Then you better run now, pretty.”

I did exactly what he said.
I felt the thud of my blood pulse against my skin, as if my own vessels were threatening to tear its way out of from beneath my flesh with how the solid thrumming of my blood seemed to pound throughout the hollow of my ears as adrenaline, searing and tinged with a sense of threat loomed over my heated skin.

The clicks of my heels bounced off the walls of the hallway I was now running through, the strands of my messy hair whipping across my skin and causing a hiss now and then to leave my mouth at the sharp touch they conjured over my cheeks. But I ignored the pain, only focused on running towards the large doors that would lead me out of Rhayden’s portion of the South wing.

I haven’t heard any footsteps behind me.

And I was elated and wild in my attempt to escape from a man that was most definitely playing with me.

Right when I snatched my hand out to grab a hold of the doorknob, breaths rushing out of my parted moistened mouth and building up a giddiness that perhaps I would outrun Rhayden, something slammed right into my back.

I yelled out in surprise, gasping brokenly when the front of my chest was shoved against the cool exterior of the doorframe and raw heat, scorching in its wake accompanied by the long hard line of Rhayden’s body, slammed into my back. The harsh impact of his looming figure over the length of my back made my hands scramble against the wood of the door above my head, mouth dropping open to let out a high moan, toes curling in on themselves in my heels as I was forced up the door when Rhayden let out a gust of hot air from his mouth that was impossibly close to the curve of my right ear.

I trembled against him, chest erratic as I wriggled against the door. “You fucker. You made me think I c-could get out just to catch me. Dirty move!” I squeaked out the last word against the door when Rhayden sluiced his body against the curve of my arse and without any fucking warning, rolled his hips forward with a cruel strength that had my cheek pushing against the surface of the door.

“Rhayden!” I mewled, nails digging into the wood above my head. Rhayden’s fingers and rings slid through the back of my hands to adjoin them together and grasp them at the small of my wrists over me.

I was rendered immobile. The loud breaths escaping my mouth blowing the strands of my hair every which way.

Rhayden’s voice pitched low, wicked and calm, just pressing the hard length of his hot cock over the crack of my arse. “Yes Saveri?” He mocked me.

Oh, this bastard.

I jerked my hands in his steel grip, only to have my breath stutter at how the motion made me rub my arse back against Rhayden’s crotch. Mouth popping open wide against the doorframe I was mercilessly shoved into. “W-Why must you c-c-constantly be a conceited ass-”
My throat closed in on itself, words breaking off into anticipated silence when I felt Rhayden’s other hand trail down the sloping curve of the side of my laced corset to dip the tip of his middle finger underneath the hem of my knickers, his nail scraping across my hip bone as he crooked it into the material.

My heart picked up even more at the slow way he touched me.

What’s he planning to do?

Rhayden mumbled behind my ear, dark and sinister. “Insult me one more time. Try finishing that sentence you were about to say.”

Oh gods.

Fuck. Me.

Rhayden was giving me a warning. He would do something if I went on with my insult. I pressed my lips together, chest heaving up and down while he tightened his hold on my wrists and made me twitch against him. I shook my head, closing my eyes shut as I inhaled his scent and tried to keep my mouth from putting me into more trouble than I already was.

Rhayden said he had ‘punishments’ he already had thought up from all the times I disobeyed him since leaving his castle after almost coming with his hands smacking my ass.

I shook my head minutely, containing the whimper that was building up my throat as I tried to stay as still as possible. I was in fear of the fact that if I moved, Rhayden would discipline me but at the same time, I fucking raveled in the enthralling violence of it all.

My cock throbbed against the door frame, pressed so firmly over the surface of wood that I did my best to not wiggle around like I wanted to so badly do, just to ease off the delicious pressure against my prick that was constantly getting harder by each passing second.

“What? So the infamous brat can’t seem to find his words, tsk tsk. Such a shame.” Rhayden slotted his pelvis firmly against my arse even more, agonizingly slow as he made the tiny shift in his hips, dick prodding through his boxers and rubbing insistently over my laced clad arse.

I couldn’t help the words from blurting out of my Slytherin mouth, the retort such an easy flow from lips, annoyed at his teasing yet burning hot under him from it. “It’s your f-fault, I can hardly talk with you shoving me against the door with your heavy wei-”

I spazzed from my spot against Rhayden, trembling as the Gryffindor whipped his finger outwards to the side with the line of my panties following his finger, letting go of the material and making it snap against the hipbone. I gasped sharply when I let loose the whine bubbling up in my throat at the prickling sensation, stinging against my skin.

Rhayden pressed his mouth right at the sensitive flesh below my ear and opened his mouth, the tips of his lips forming into a lecherous grin against the skin there while he clamped his teeth together to bite down in a teasing nip. I squirmed relentlessly, whimpering out in dismay and euphoria. “I’m going to step away and you’re going to turn back around and walk towards my bed like the good boy that I know you can be for me.”
My breath rasped out in a shudder, still trying to find my words and reeling from the sting on my hip with the elastic of my panties causing such hurt.

Rhayden squeezed my wrists together, making me jerk in his hold when I felt the bone of my wrists rub together in an aching grind. “Yes! Yes, yesyesyes. I’ll do it.” I wheezed out.

I was not ready for the push on my back to relent and leave me by myself against the door, body unprepared as the weakness in my limbs had made me grab onto the door handle just to keep myself up with something as a leverage. As I tried to gather strength of my legs, I felt the heat radiating from Rhayden’s bare torso from where he stood behind me.

“Go on then. Let me see that arse of yours jiggle some more while you walk.” Rhayden murmured darkly, causing me to shiver as I pressed my hands against the door and pushed myself up and off, turning around on my nervous legs to face Rhayden head on who stood ever so close in front of me now.

He raised his brows up at me, the gold of his eyes gleaming down at me with a wretched smolder. I couldn’t help but stare at his physique, struck at the way those sinuous agile muscles rippled in his even breaths. My mouth went dry at the way he lifted his hand and ran his ringed fingers through his unruly brown hair, the veins sticking out in sharp clarity within his arms at the action as he abruptly stopped in the motion, boring his gaze over my shorter stature. “Don’t make me wait for you to do as I said just because you’re busy gawking at me, Blondie.”

I pursed my lips, curling my hands into fists as I let out an indignant huff although I wasn’t really feeling such defiance in the face of a bare Rhayden. He just had to point out how much I was ogling him.

“Fine.” I breathed.

But then I remembered I was covered in lace and how my cock was peaking through the sheerness of the panties, snatching my hands up to cover my groin shyly because dammit, I was self conscious. Rhayden didn’t seem to like what I did with the way he took a step forward and crowded into my space. “You’re shyness makes me want to drag you to the floor right here and fuck you dry. You better take your hands off of your prick if you don’t want me to shove in without prep, Saveri.”

I snatched my hands away, red flushing my cheeks as I took unsteady steps around Rhayden’s figure since he wouldn’t budge an inch from his spot towering over my form. I kept my gaze on his as I rounded him, silver clinging to hell tinged amber flames eyes. I had to be the first to break my gaze, ripping it away from Rhayden’s as I turned to look forward and walk with barely capable legs towards the large open room again.

My hands played with one another in an attempt to ease my anxiousness at the knowledge that Rhayden’s eyes were boring into my ass. I can feel him watching me, clicking away at the wooden floors with my heels.

“Stop that.” I hissed out in an unnerved and heated plea to the Gryffindor’s scrutiny all over my body.

Rhayden snickered behind me, so very close to my back that I didn’t notice him closing in on me so silently.

Such a Predator.
“You’re always checking me out, Blondie. I think I can take in my fill of your body. By the way, you’ve got a cute mole in the shape of a splattered rain drop right about …” I about yelled out through the quiet of the hallway and stumbled on my heels when Rhayden shamelessly reached in between my legs to clutch the meat of my upper thigh that met just the curve of my arse, the cool of his rings pressed up across the skin there as his fingers curled into the flesh where he clutched me, grazing the tiniest bit over my balls and making me lilt sideways in sheer pleasure from the simple touch “Here.” He murmured, finishing his sentence.

Rhayden made a disappointing noise in the back of his throat before having to catch me from falling flat on my side to the ground by snatching out his other hand and gripping my waist.

My skin felt so hot.

I felt delirious.

I was also astonished at how carelessly Rhayden touched me. I barely let anyone touch me and this man so openly does without any warning, just doing whatever he wanted like he owned me. Such an arrogant man, and oh so intimidatingly gorgeous.

I weakly slapped at his hand grabbing my waist, writhing in place where his hot hand had me between my thighs and spread out over my the swell of my arse. “Y-You did that on purpose.” I spluttered out.

Rhayden shifted behind me, using both his hands to push me forwards and make me whine low in my chest at the absence of his warm touch as well as causing me to try and not stumble on my own two feet again by his shove.

“It’s a lovely birthmark, no need to feel bad about it.” Rhayden spoke lowly.

I covered my arse from his hearing his reply, blushing a crimson red now as I finally started to walk again, entering the large room as I exhaled a shuddering gasp when Rhayden walked around my shy person to tilt his head towards the large expanse of his bed, drawing my attention to the soft looking blood red sheets and blankets.

When Rhayen stared at me, I bit down on my lip and furrowed my brows in confusion. “What do you want me to do?” I whispered, looking up at the man as he cocked his brow and gave me a slow grin that had my stupid cock pressing eagerly against my knickers.

“You’re very new to this, Saveri. Why don’t I help you out.” Rhayden nudged his head towards the end of the bed, grin turning animalistic. “Bend over the bed and stick your ass out.”

My mouth dropped open, eyes widening.

Ohfuckohfuckohfuckohfuck.

I can’t do that!? I’ll look ridiculous! And I couldn’t tell what Rhayden was planning. My virgin conscience was screaming at me to run to the nearest exit again from fear of what may come and making myself look like an idiot in front of someone who was clearly experienced in sex, which I definitely wasn’t.

And it didn’t help that I was breathing hard at the command in Rhayen’s voice by telling me to do
such an indecent act.

He better leave my birthmark alone. Better yet, I should just walk on out of here because my anxiety was going through the roof as well as my mortification at having Rhayden notice how … inexperienced I am.

Oh this is humiliating. And hot.

And I was freaking out.

I bit down harder on my lip, worrying the flesh over in my mouth as I spoke quickly around my chewing. Staring at the bed as if it was a horror film while I quaked on the spot. “Y-y-you know what? Maybe I should just go. I-I obviously don’t know w-what I’m doing and I look like a complete idiot here, so I think I’ll just leave now.”

Rhayden let out a guttural growl, eyes narrowing in on my body as he watched me take a cautious step away from him and the bed. The rumble of the sound burst forth within my chest and made me jump. “Get on the bed. Now.”

I made a motion to twist on my heel and book it out of the tower, but then I was being lifted up into the air and thrown across the plush mattress like I was some sort of rag doll, squealing out in abandon when my front smooshed into the bed while my legs dangled over the end of it, the toes of my heels touching the floor.

My lips parted to inhale air through my lungs as I looked over my shoulder while trying to plant my hands on the mattress in an effort to push myself back up.

“Rhayden!” A moan broke out of my panting mouth as my eyes caught sight and felt Rhayden’s open palm slap against the whole of my arse, the brutal clap of skin on the thin layer of cloth over my arse cheeks sounding throughout the room and sending me up the bed from the impact.

I went down on my face again, moist breaths passing my mouth as I writhed on the bed, cock hard and taking pleasure in the press of the mattress against it.

“Hmm … nice.” Rhayden intoned darkly.

I was in a fervent state of mind when I felt Rhayden grip my arse and drag it up into the air with one hand while taking his other and pressing it against the dip in my spine, making me mumble incoherently into the bed as I was forced to arch my back and present my arse to him. My heart was racing out of my chest, hands fistng around the sheets as I shook on top of the mattress.

“You’ve got such an arse on you, plump and perky for me to eat.” Rhayden husked above my lying figure. The heat of his touch branded my skin when he grabbed my flailing hands to bend my elbows behind my back and make me clutch one of my hands around the other’s wrist in a slippery grip to elicit my body to bend even more as he slid my linked hands over the swell of my arse to nestle them in the sweaty skin behind my bent knees. The position had me gasping against the bed sheets with my arms forced behind me, chest pushed further into the downy mattress with my arse high, high up in the air now.

My arms strained from their place behind my knees, making them tremble as I whimpered. “Rhayden, I-I can’t do this, it’s hard for me to stay in this position.” I stammered.
Rhayden hummed above me, the sound wicked as I felt the heat of his body position right behind my bent form. “Keep your arms there until I give you permission to let go. Be a good boy for me, Saveri.”

I wriggled about, whining high in my throat as I pressed my thighs together and tried to breathe steadily through my nose to calm my racing heart.

Rhayden was the devil.

“You’re so mean.” I quietly confessed, mouthing the fabric of the bed to keep myself from crying out in frustration and fear.

“I know. You love it.” Rhayden responded, just before he smacked my arse again and made my head loll over the bed from the stunting push of his palm. A rush of air gusted from lips when I felt the tip of his index finger trail down my clothed spine, leaving a path of fire in its wake as he dipped the finger beneath my panties right between the beginnings of my arse crack.

I yelped out with fervor, my hips swaying at the sudden tug on the thin fabric of my knickers. The sound of the material ripping off of me had me stabbing my heeled toes into the bed with surprise and arousal.

Hot air whooshed across my arse, steady and breathing over my now exposed hole.

“Rhayden, don’t! I-it’s dirty.” I rambled, moving my hips from side to side at the realization of what the Gryffindor was about to do and panicking over it. I take showers multiple times during the day, so I wasn’t worried about being particular unclean down there, but the thought of what Rhayden was about to do just made me feel all sorts of filthy and it both exhilarated and scared me.

No one’s ever done this to me. I’ve always pleasured myself with the various dildos I had stacked in my closet at the Malfoy Manor or hidden beneath my bed in my dorm room.

This was different.

This was Rhayden.

And he had complete control over me.

The damn bastard let out a breathy low laugh over my puckered hole while he slapped both his hands on each of my cheeks and spread them apart from one another. “I’m going to make you scream, baby boy.”

My eyes widened, shivering and warm all over when I felt the press of Rhayden’s hot, slippery tongue press against the furl of my rim, wet and pushing insistently into it like an incoming intrusion that I couldn’t help but moan brokenly for.

A keen, so wanton, spilled forth from out of my throat as I shook on top of the bed while Rhayden fucking rumbled into my hole and sent shockwaves throughout the entirety of my body. “Oh gods! F-Fuck!” I yelled into the heat of the room.

Rhayden spread my arse cheeks even wider, fingers clamping down into the flesh as I felt his nose press into the line of my buttocks while he let his saliva slip through my hole and made it open up to the slide of the tip of his seeking tongue. My hands went limp at the action and I had to grapple onto
my wrists to keep them from falling to the side.

I was hyperventilating. Gasping for air that seemed to leave the room and make me scavenge for it as I rocked my arse unintentionally back against Rhayden’s face and tongue. I could feel the small smirk playing on his handsome features while he continued to coax my arse to spread out and let the slippery appendage lap through the opening like he was searching for the nearest water hole in a desert.

“Rh-Rh-Rhayden! Please, pleasepleasepleaseplease!” I was used to the initial burn that followed whenever something went into my arse, so when the pain subsided and only raw heat replaced it, I was pushing back against Rhayden’s tongue and encouraging him to continue, all thoughts of this being such a dirty act flying out of my mind.

Rhayden hummed into my arse, licking further into it as I moaned breathlessly and fucking shivered like I was about to fall apart.

More, more and more. Rhayden penetrated through my walls with his tongue and pushed, deeper and without let up.

“Yesyesyesyesyes!” I babbled when the whole of his tongue fit through my pucker at last and left my walls quaking around the dampened appendage.

And then he made me squeal.

Rhayden stabbed his tongue into my hole flicking it up and curving it into my walls with a brisque and rapturous motion that had me kick my legs out in a frenzy as it scraped ever so sensuously inside of me as if he was fucking me with his tongue, agonizingly scorching while he jabbed insistently and with relish.

My fingers tensed and went loose around my other hands wrists, like they were confused as to what they should do with themselves, my back arching further into the bed to make a bow that left me breathless and leaving a stream of moans out of my opening and closing mouth.

Rhayden smacked the sides of my thighs, eliciting a jolt in my person and causing his tongue to delve deeper and wiggle around teasingly across my inner walls, licking so intently with sharp thrusts into my arse.

I rocked back against his assault, eyelashes fluttering about in pleasure as my cock pulsed from where it now hung and met my thighs and bent stomach with my precarious and exposed position. “Oh mothering fucking hell. Alpha, please-shite, ah!”

Words were a constant flow out of my wet mouth, my hips now having a mind of their own as I moved with the twisting and prodding of Rhayden’s tongue in my arse, breath hitching wildly in my chest like I would burst at any given moment.

Deeper, Rhayden went.

And I trembled in his hold while he smacked at the meat of my thighs even more, conjuring choked blubbering from my lips as I rubbed my forehead against the sheets while my head went into a dizzying state of burning heat, Rhayden’s tongue messing me up from the inside.

I was rocking so hard against his face that I was surprised he didn’t let up and instead just pressed his
face further into me, my hips twitching about restlessly as I gripped tighter onto my wrist with my other hand to make sure I didn’t let go.

I have to obey Rhayden. I want to. I like it.

“Moremoremoremore, Alpha please!” I moaned out with a greedy relish, mind spiraling out of control when my hole clenched around Rhayden’s tongue and warmth started to race down the tip of my spine to the bottom, gathering there and causing my cock to pulsate painfully.

The werewolf let his teeth graze my pucker lightly, making me squeak with ecstasy and surprise.

Rhayden then proceeded to close his soft lips over the rim of my hole and suck at it with a growl that made my cock leak precum and my thighs quake, mouth popping open wide from the sensation of both his suckling on my hole and the torturous slide in and out of it with his hot, seeking tongue.

I was going to come.

Fuck.

Oh, shite!

I went crazy, my head pressing so hard into the mattress that I could feel a throb in my head that went in sync with the hum of my twitching hole over Rhayden’s tongue, arse moving back and forth with unbridled joy. “I-I’m going to come, Rh-Rhayden! Fuck, I-can’t. Oh gods. Stopstopstop! It’s too much, I-” My words broke when I couldn’t think much more beyond the pleasure of the sudden harsh smacks on my arse and the hard grappling of their cheeks as Rhayden kept spreading me out like I was a buffet for him, humming low in his throat and making my brain short circuit.

He wouldn’t let up.

And I was going to come.

Like a desperate teenager.

He sucked my rim into his mouth, prodding more and more with deep thrusts of his tongue, sending jolts of inevitable lust throughout my body as the pleasure started to coil tight in my gut and spread out over my aching prick. He quickened his jabs, incessantly rendering me a whining mess on top of his bed as I started to yell out in a panicked thrill. “Nonononono! I’ll come too early, so mean! Alpha!!”

It was as if I became a bundle of nerves, exploding apart at the seams when I couldn’t hold my hands together behind my knees anymore and let them fall away so I could grapple at the sheets in a state of manic heat, knees sliding down as I tried to crawl away from Rhayden’s continuous invasion, dipping into my hole like it was his to play with, to possess and delight in.

He chuckled darkly against my arse, hot breaths teasing over my rim while he worked his mouth around it and inside, making me writhe and scramble up the bed only to yelp out when Rhayden spread my thighs apart at the front, grabbed a hold of them and lifted my bottom half up into the air while he shoved into me without mercy.

I was screaming now, his tongue wrenching out high pitched sounds from within the depths of my throat as I shook my head back and forth against the bed, rocking my hips faster while Rhayden let
my legs settle around his broad shoulder and had me suspended while I tried to escape the incoming
train wreck my orgasm was threatening to create within me.

He wouldn’t let me go!

Ah!

“O-o-oh gods, cruel man! I’m going to come, goingtocomeohmygods!” I ripped the sheets from
where I gripped them in the tight curl of my fists, breath stuttering in my lungs as I sobbed out
weakly from my cock spewing out copious amounts of cum, wetting at the dark sheets beneath my
body as my vision whited out and my ears rang with the force of my orgasm.

I mewled with a shudder in my spine, hands going lax in their tight grip on the blanket and my head
lazily moving side the side as I breathed raggedly through weakened lungs, my heart thundering
beneath my rib cage as Rhayden still ate me out. His assault in my spazzing hole had me whimpering
in high sensitivity, skin crying out from his torment.

Drool eased out of the “O” of my lips when I cried out to Rhayden. “Please, too much, R-R-
Rhayden.” I sounded like a whining whore with the way my voice cracked in its raspy tone.

I was limp.

When I started to bite at my lips to keep from crying even louder from Rhayden’s tongue, he finally
eased it out of my quivering hole and pressed his lips reverently against the throbbing rim. “You let
go of your hands, baby.” His voice was husky, running over my skin enticingly as he let my legs
drop to the bed and left me lying on my front, twitching from my orgasm's aftershocks and trying to
steady my breathing.

I was in bliss and completely mindless.

“Time for more punishment. Open your mouth.” Rhayden rumbled.

I couldn’t even move.

Rhayden grabbed at my waist to toss me over onto my back, the strands of my hair splayed out
around my head, forehead sticky with sweat and my back dampening from my cum. My eyes felt
heavy lidded, barely open as I watched Rhayden slink his way up my body, the muscles of his
shoulders shifting as he stalked over my weakened form. His eyes pulsated in their amber glow, the
black of them shadowing like the start of a summer midnight.

Surprisingly, my cock, the fucking traitor, twitched enthusiastically at the sight of Rhayden and his
animalistic movements. His torso so defined and causing my the fast pulse in my body to start up even
more, chest heaving up and down as he tilted his head and observed me. “Open.” The man ordered.

Rhayden leaned away from me, my heart thudding a mile a minute that I worried I was going to go
into cardiac arrest. Then his lips tugged at the edges, agonizingly slow as he gave me a sinister, down
right, wicked grin. I felt my vision blur at the viscous delight held in that slow grin. The gold of his
eyes seemed to have darkened, creating a vicious glint and switching into pure black around the
dilated rings, the opposite of the sheer unearthly glow of the jasper of his eyes. They now became
chips of marble with a black inferno.

His voice dropped an octave, chillingly seductive as the tone raced over my pulse and prickled at my
skin, “I’ll leave you needy, Saveri. Do as I say.” he spoke lowly.

Looking up at him from beneath my lashes as I flushed at the words he pronounced, I whimpered as I dropped my lips apart for him.

And then he darted forward and clamped his teeth over my bottom lip, directly on the sore flesh there from all my chewing on it, digging and jabbing insistently, causing me to scream out in pain as he pulled at my bottom lip with such fervor that I was crying out even more at the sting and rush of blood spilling out onto my tongue and surely into Rhayden’s mouth.

He chuckled lowly, an amusing lilt to the dark tone that caused my limp body to waken as I arched up deliriously to press against him as my stomach dipped with heat, flooding my senses and leaving me wanting wanting wanting.

“Broken, I’ll make you shattered.” He mumbled as he sucked at my lip, every pull he gave eliciting a sharp pulse down my spine and back up. I rocked upwards, but was stilled when Rhayden pushed his pelvis down over my own and pinned me to the mattress.

I whined low in my throat, a fire burning up my sides and down my legs with the heated pitch of every shift of Rhayden’s body moving over mine, pressing, touching, and fitting like a piece of a puzzle.

I shook with tremendous fear and shock at how utterly infatuated I was of this man. It scared me so much yet made me burn from the inside and out.

“Open your mouth some more.” Rhayden’s voice went into that bored tone of his, almost like he couldn't feel anything. It made me squirm against him, the thought making my skin feel like molten lava pressed up against Rhayden while he seemed so laid back. That calm, overwhelming presence he emitted made me want to run away while at the same time, climb him and follow his every word.

Oh fuck, I was in trouble.

I worried at my lip, shaking my head with a stubbornness that I knew I shouldn’t be so attached to, wanting to show some sort of defiance because of how wrecked I felt, a way to keep that Malfoy control of mine intact when I knew it was useless despite my effort. I felt it slipping through my fingers like liquid.

Rhayden ran his eyes down my face, seeming to be soaking in the way I nervously rolled my bottom lip into my mouth and suckle at it. I stopped when I saw his eyes shadowing. “I’m giving you one more chance to do as I say before I spend an hour just spanking you.” His words were a final scripture, pushing into the cage of my ribs, pushing and pushing.

My mouth dropped open.

I was affronted at my own compliance.

The sound ripping out of my mouth was high and needy, shame and lust boiling almost terrifyingly at my groin and spreading like wildfire over my thighs. My mouth was wide, bottom lip throbbing at the assault Rhayden procured upon it.

He watched me break, slowly. Watched me with that unnerving stare of his, without remorse, just focusing on every hitch of my breath and the flush high on my cheekbones. Rhayden seemed to
know how much I was struggling with keeping control of myself and took pleasure in it.

The way his eyes pulsed had me opening my mouth wider on instinct, the urge to please him overriding every protest my mind screamed at me to not give into this man.

Rhayden flicked out the tip of his tongue, laving at the dip between my bottom lip that made it look plumper than my top lip. I hated it. But Rhayden seemed to indulge in it, hot breath ghosting over the skin there.

I was enraptured at the way his tongue played at my lip, teasing and fluttering there, coaxing my mouth to slacken in sheer exhaltation.

He was barely even doing anything.

“Come on, widen it some more.” Rhayed husked above me.

Oh sweet baby Jesus. I swear someone could fry an egg on my face with how red it got by the Gryffindor’s words.

I stretched my mouth wider and watched as Rhayden’s eyes looked at the shape of my lips forming a prominent rounded shape.

He raised his eyes. “This right here,” Rhayden had gripped my cheeks in his hand, pushing his thumb and middle finger with a painful flourish on each side of my face, pushing hard enough that he had my mouth obscenely open now, “is never to open like this for anyone else. This whore of a mouth is going to obey my words and be of use to me only, Blondie.” The harsh treatment had me whimpering weakly.

Rhayden quirked his brows. “Nod your head like the good boy you are for me to show that you understand.”

I nodded slowly.

The werewolf’s mouth quirked. “Time for me to taste you again.”

Those tempting lips of Rhayden’s pressed onto mine.

I jerked beneath him, the taste of mint and musk and man overloading my senses as Rhayden’s heated tongue lapped around the inside of my mouth, curving at every nook, inhaling the gasp out of my own. His lips worked tediously over mine, playing me to every smooth stroke of his tongue at the roof of my mouth and then twisting around to capture my tongue and suck, lick and bite at it.

It was dirty and breathtakingly sensual.

He was exploring my mouth like it was his.

Drawing out the small hitch of my breaths and draining me of any sounds. My mouth followed his rhythm, fast and rough, teeth clashing against each others as I wiggled beneath his hips pressed against mine. A fire building in the pit of my gut as he fucked my mouth with his own wicked one.

I couldn't breathe.
I was inexperienced and uncoordinated but with the way Rhayden slotted his mouth over mine in fluid, seamless movements, made me positive that he liked how I was desperate to please him, and I was. I wanted to make him crazed by my tiny ministrations, but I couldn't tell with how damn calm he was.

My body grew hotter with that fact.

For once, I wasn't in control of anything and it was making my head fill with helium, dizzy and high with knowing I was powerless and helpless.

I was disgusted with how much I grew feverish with the thought of being toyed by Rhayden.

Rhayden hummed into my mouth, a sound of praise as he slipped his mouth off of mine and left me whining at the loss, my head following his as I tried to recapture his lips with mine. I felt spit trail in its connection between our mouths, breaking apart as I sucked in a sharp breath, chest rising and falling ferociously. The spit slipped down the underside of my chin and wound around my neck, slick and warm. My eyes glazed over as I mindlessly tasted my own mouth in an effort to taste more of Rhayden on me, my own flavor exploding within my open lips.

More. I wanted more.

Rhayden looked down at me like I was a masterpiece he created, eyes dark and watching the spit dribble down the crook of my neck and touching the bone of my collar.

“Beg me.” Rhayden’s voice was dark and skating over my skin deliciously.

My hair was even messier as some strands stuck to my forehead in sweat from how fucking hot my body was. I shifted restlessly, moaning out brokenly as I rolled my pelvis up towards Rhayden’s hips, seeking out the hard line of his cock.

“Oh, fucking hell”. I hissed out in frustration when Rhayden brought his hips back to keep away from my erratic motions.

The bastard didn’t let his gaze lift off of my parted mouth, wet from his lips working over mine.

“I’ll stop.” It was a threat he spoke out.

I sobbed, hips twitching and my skin feeling tight even more than it already was.

God, I wanted his mouth back on mine.

“More.” I spoke out in between the harsh bouts of my breathing.

My eyes were unfocused, only seeing Rhayden’s dark eyes peering down at me with a twinge of mocking amusement. “What did you say, Saveri?”

I fucking hated him.

“I want you to fuck my mouth w—with yours.” I all but snapped in my fit irritation at Rhayden and him not letting me come undone by his skillful mouth.

Rhayden took his hand and let his fingers trail over the juncture of my hip bone. My eyes widening at
the teasing touch, mouth trembling when a curse fell out, a simple plea that had me writhing on the
bed like I was in some sort of drugged out state. “Please … Rhayden.”

I lifted my weak arms and made grabby hands at him, whimpering when I felt an obnoxious itch that
burned like wildfire across my chest and down to my now spreading thighs. Rhayden stood like a
statue above me, his eyes wild now and dilating even more at such a quick pace that the black of his
pupils were consuming the gold hue of his eyes. “Give me more. I want more of your m-mouth.
Fuck into it like you did. I'll be good, I p-promise.” I all but sobbed out.

I was out of my mind without the touch of Rhayden, only the heat of his body causing me to want to
feel the hard, lean muscled frame of his body covering mine again and making me feel blanketed.

Fuck, I needed another kiss.

“Please”. I gasped.

Make me lose my mind, you teasing bastard.

Rhayden made a sound in the back of his throat, a muscle ticking in his jaw like he was restraining
himself.

“You're so good at begging, baby.” With that, Rhayden went back down and consumed my mouth
with his. Biting sharply down on my bottom lip and chuckling at how my hips rocketed up at the
sensation, as if the tug of his teeth on my lip was connected to my cock, which sobbed for heavy
weight upon it as it started to fill up more with blood.

My hands made to grapple up as I moaned into Rhayde’s mouth repeatedly, relishing in his scent and
tongue dominating mine, but Rhayden laid flat over me and squished my hands between his chest
and mine.

A strong thigh pushed between my spread legs, running up the apex of my splayed thighs and
shoved between them to push at my bare balls and cock.

My body made a relinquishing spasm, tearing my mouth from Rhayden’s insistent plunder and
yelping out at the sudden pleasant press. I rolled my hips up, the release of my breath over Rhayden's
loud in the quiet of the room until he took my mouth again without letting me catch air into my lungs.
He puffed hot air into my mouth when I started to grind over his thigh, shuddering with my fingers
frantic beneath his chest and on top of mine.

He spoke between nips and licks into my parted lips. “You're going to have to work for my cock,
brat.”

I wanted to cry in agonizing pleasure. “Ngh!” My desperation was riding high and I couldn’t stop the
pleas from my slutty mouth. “F-fuck me. Please Rhayden. I want it, wantitwantitwantit!”

Rhayden snarled into my mouth, the sound downright brutal when his canines started to draw out of
his gums and prod at my throbbing lips, emitting a shiver from my hot body as I pressed against him
with a reckless need, grinding up into him as he tensed above me. “Fuck, you’re such a slut for me.”

I watched as he leaned back, kneeling between my legs as I stared at him with hooded cobalt eyes. I
yelped when he dragged my garter belts down the length of my thighs and across the winding strings
of my heeled shoes to toss them over his shoulder somewhere in the room, gaze following the
exposed pale skin of mine. “These stay on.” He murmured as he fiddled with the tops of my heels and looked at me from beneath long dark lashes.

My breath left me at the sinful image he created by just doing such a simple act.

And then my body jerked when Rhayden grabbed the front of my corset and tore it apart from my torso, rumbling roughly in his throat as I yelled out in surprise and shock at how easily he tore the fabric. He also flung that ripped material somewhere in the vicinity of his room as well.

That was hot.

I looked down to see his hard, large cock prodding at his boxers, flicking my tongue out as I looked at the darkened wet spot from his prick’s precum. Rhayden murmured something to himself as he snapped his hand out to the side and in a sudden movement that my eyes could not catch for the life of me, a gleaming sheer black wand settled into the palm of the Gryffindors hand as he created a circle over my bottom half.

My mouth released a shudder of air when I felt liquid gush into my hole, eyes large as I looked up at Rhayden while he tossed his wand somewhere above my head atop of the bed. “Wh-what’s happening?” I asked through my heat addled mind.

Rhayden knelt up, while he tugged the waistband of his jeans down over the sharp V of his hips, feeling my bottom slicken up as warmth gathered in my hole and a wetness dripped out to run over the soft sheets. I didn’t know what to focus on, gaze unsettling in its vision when Rhayden started to grasp his boxers and peel the fabric down along with his jeans over his powerful thighs and legs.

“You’re about to get fucked. I put lube into your hole, baby.” Rhayden intoned lowly, watching me watch him as he chucked the rest of his clothes away, his very big cock jutting out from between his legs.

Large and intimidating.

Oh holy hell.

My mouth dropped open at the twelve inches he had on him, the girth wide and thick, veins running along the hard shaft as he gave it an experimental tug that left me with trepidation and a fever running hot in my blood. It was a wonderful cock and oh so fucking terrifying.

“So big. Th-that won’t fit Rhayden-” I stopped mid sentence when I watched the red tip of his prick dribble out a good amount of cum, white substance gathering and dripping along his long length, my mind going haywire at the sight and my mouth going dry.

Oh fuck.

I pressed my heels into the bed beneath Rhayden, trying to push myself up and out from beneath the man as he stared me down with that unnerving control of his, strong hands squeezing around his prick and getting all of my attention at the way he clenched his jaw from his slow rub off.

“I’ll make it.” He replied to my broken protest.

Sweet mothering fucking hell.
Before I could get further away from Rhayden, he snickered and grabbed my ankles to tug them around his thighs while he crawled up my body and his heat coveted my own. I shook beneath him, gasping out panicked, pleasure filled breaths when he slotted his cock over my own bare one and roughly ground his hips onto me.

He gripped my left thigh and pulled it to the side, making me whine out at the tug on my muscles when he hunched over me and ground ever so slowly over my cock with his own, the slickness of our cum gathering together as I twitched underneath him and cried out. “Rhayden, nononono! It’s so big, it won’t fit!”

The Gryffindor spread my legs apart even further and slotted between them, chest covering mine and making me keen out at the press of all of Rhayden against me, pressing me into the mattress and causing my eyes to almost roll to the back of my head when he dragged his stiff prick over the underside of my balls and prodded at my hungry hole.

“You’ll take it. And you’ll cry for more.” Rhayden mused with a curl of his usually neutral line of a mouth, eyes beginning to shift back and forth to the gold and black of his gaze, gleaming from his eyes watching his cock nestle in the V of my spread thighs, one hand tugging my left leg out some more as the other hand of his pushed down onto the quivering flesh of my lower abdomen to stop all my wiggling.

I pressed my lips together, hands snapping up to grip at Rhayden’s shoulders for support as my mind went from one thought to the next, heart hammering wildly in my chest as I started to pant into the heated air between us. “Ohgodsohgodsohgods.”

My back arched up, pushing my chest further against Rhayden’s toned one as I dug my fingers into the meat of his shoulders and cried out when Rhayden growled down at me, gaze fixated on the slow prod of the tip of his large cock pressing against the furl of my hole. “I suggest you stop squirming unless you want me to start pounding into you. My patience is running dry here, Blondie. Come one, open up for your Alpha.”

Fucking shite!

My whole body was trembling in anticipation and fear, chest going red as I saw Rhayden flick his tongue out over his bottom lip and rumbled pleasantly to himself as he slowly stretched me open with his girth, inch by agonizing inch.

No dildo I’ve had was ever this big.

It hurt and I was moaning out for more like the pleasure pain bitch I was.

My breath wheezed past my lips as I stared down at the way Rhayden’s cock was slowly entering into me. He was rigid, holding himself together as my hole flexed around his prodding prick and my legs kicked out from the heavy pressure of it, tearing into me, filling me up and making me turn into a complete whore for him. Fitting me around him.

Problem was, he was going too slow and the itching burn in my gut and arse started to throb dully in a fever that was running higher by each passing inch of his cock into me. I slapped one of my hands against his pecs, mumbling out in a crazed state of mind as I felt the heat turn into a blinding pleasure when Rhayden was shoving his cock even further into me. My limbs quaked as they tensed in his
grip, my right thigh tightening around his trim waist.

I was growing impatient like the Slytherin I was, the fucking freak that I was getting off on both the ache and warmth coursing through my body. “More! Rhayden, f-fuck. Give it to me a-a-already wolf boy-” I let out a cracked scream when Rhayden had looked down at me through glowing molten lava eyes and snarled as he shoved all of his dick straight into my arse and impaled me whole.

My head snapped back, not even having enough time to catch my breath when Rhayden started to roll his hips into mine only to ease his cock out of my pucker to let just the tip of his prick caress my rim and slam his way back in with an easy glide and slap of skin against skin.

“Rhayden!” I yelled out into the open, the back of my skull barely touching the bed when the slide of his hot cock stretching and thrusting into my shivering inner walls had my nails dragging down the length of his chest, leaving red masks over his smooth skin.

“Tight, so tight .” Rhayden breathed out, hot and heavy and absolutely bestial, as if the mere convulsion of my hole around his searing prick was of some sort of higher power. It made me lurch up in a high whine, tearing my nails over his skin even more when the Gryffindor seemed maliciously delighted about his harsh intrusion into my person.

And I couldn’t even form words with how he reared his hips back, pushed his hand even more further into my gut to render me positively wrecked and motionless, as he assaulted my arse like he was shoving the empire fucking state building up into me.

I let out a startled yelp when Rhayden tilted his head and gave me a mischievous grin right before he snapped his hips forwards and rammed his cock once again within me, the brutal impact causing my back to climb up the length of the large bed, the sheets following in the mind numbing jarring smack of Rhayden hips into the curve of my buttocks.

“Fuckfuckfuckfuck! Warning next time, you bastard!” Rhayden rocked his prick over and over into me, the hanging open jaw of my mouth rattling as my teeth clattered together from such violent thrusts Rhayden produced by the simple swift motion of his abnormally strong hips against my arse.

“Give it up for me, Saveri.” I was crying out at the ruthless shove of Rhayden’s cock into me, again and again and again, panting a mile a minute, my head having been made to whip back and press over the sheets with a harshness from every raw, burning slam rolling into my hole like an incoming wave, one after the other, relentless and so hard that with each plunge I was mewling in utter wreckage.

I was being obliterated from my own existence, the essence of my very being becoming the embodiment of anguish and abrupt pleasure. Rhayden released the leg he had a punishing grip on to grab my own hips and tug me forward right when he pushed his massive cock like a driving missile into me.

My hard prick smacked against my stomach at the ferocity of Rhayden’s pummeling.

I squeaked out, hair askew while my scraping nails over his hard pectorals tore from his chest and grabbed at the blankets above my head, pulse ratcheting up into terrifyingly quick territory as wet sobs passed my mouth, heels pushing further into the mattress as I writhed like a slut over Rhayden’s hammering cock.

Everything was aggressive and needy . I already felt the upcoming sensation of another orgasm.
riding down my spine and teasing over my once again hardened prick.

Moist rasps escaped my mouth now, eyes staring up into the endless ceiling and back to Rhayden’s own burning set of eyes as he watched me fall apart at the seams, the dark tendrils of his hair brushing across his slicked flesh while he let out guttural huffs of air, the shine of his lips parted the slightest bit as he shoved into me like the perilous man he so clearly was.

“Rh-Rhayden! Oh gods, harderharderharder! Fuck me, Alpha. I’ll be a good boy for you, just give me more, ah-ah-ah!!” My mouth was letting out incoherent phrases that I couldn’t pick up on when my body was being jostled about like a toy, getting fucked into and relishing in the dark plundering I was forced to submit to.

My world tipped on its axis when Rhayden slipped out of my quaking arse to toss me around onto the flat of my stomach before dragging my weak limbs up so I could get onto my hands and knees, my lips releasing a watery garble of sentences that I couldn’t comprehend because I was empty and Rhayden needed to get back into me right now!

I let out a shuddering scream when I looked over my shoulder just in time when the sadistic and quickening plunge of the werewolf’s prick into me pushed me forward on my chest, this time brushing against a bundle of nerves so deep in my arse that my arms immediately went out with the yell of inflamed euphoria spewing forth from my mouth like the strike of lightning, fast and breaking in my vocal chords.

Rhayden released an amused chuckle when he bent over my figure and shoved into me like an animal, sinister and without care when my face smashed into the mattress every time he fucked into me, ruining me from the inside and out, scrambling me up with the hot in and out rapid motions of his prick sliding against my trembling walls.

I drooled over the blankets, letting out collapsed breaths with each thrust of Rhayden’s cock.

He wouldn’t stop and I was turning into pure damaged limbs.

Rhayden held my hips up for him to fuck his massive prick into my quaking hole, forcing me all the way up the bed until I had to slap my weak hands against the cool headboard so I wouldn’t slam my face into it with how hard Rhayden was ramming into me.

“F-f-fuck, t-too much, oh holy mother fucking shite! Hurts, Rh-Rhayden. I’m going to come. Pleasepleasplease.” I gasped out loud, the air passing my wide open mouth in a staccato rhythm.

Rhayden’s hips snapped against my arse, making my balls and dick swing to and fro as his own set of heavy balls slapped over my sore skin. It was rough, my entire body shivering from where I was laid out and being mauled. “Then come. I’ll keep fucking you until I’m satisfied and you’ve become my destruction.” Rhayden’s voice was deep, as if he wasn’t himself with the low vibrations passing his mouth and sinking into my hot flesh as I mewled wantonly against the bed, arse up and rocking back into his cruel plundering with fervor.

I cried out every time Rhayden slammed into my prostate, pressing over it and against it to make me jerk in his hold as my hands smacked against the wood of his bed repeatedly while he kept trying to embed me further into the mattress and the wall. Tears had already gathered in my widened eyes, stricken and aroused at the animalistic pounding I was enduring, wetness running down the hot flush of my cheeks and soaking up the mattress while I leaked cum all over the sheets.
My vision started to blur, black and violet blue tinged spots dotting my peripheral view as I blinked quickly against the tears spilling out from my eyes. I was going to come again, I could feel it building up, more and more as I bounced back against Rhayden’s hot large cock that never once had given me a break since entering my already aching arsehole from all his licking.

I was crying into the sheets now, hands fumbling at the headboard while the werewolf finally had my cheek pressing against it with the ferocity of his pounding, harder and harder, faster and faster. “I'mgonnacum! I’mgonnacum, fuck me, fuck me! Feels so good, Alpha. I c-c-c-can't anymore. I'm going to die!”

He released on hand on my hip in the midst of his horrifying thrusts to reach beneath me and take hold of my throbbing prick, sliding the sweat of his palm down and up the length in terrifying precision. Making me lose it.

With his thumb pressing into my slit as he jerked his wrist with a wicked tendency, my cock was ready to blow already. I was squeeling from the combination of the feeling of being cut open from my insides with a hot knife and the insistent tug on my cock.

"Gonnacumgonnnacumgonnacum!" I gasped out.

Rhayden let out a content growl from behind me, the sound of slapping wet skin a continuous punishment against the walls of this tower. “Oh baby, you’re so” Rhayden started an even quicker rhythm in his brutal assault with his cock, slamming into my prostate like the second coming of christ as he punctuated each word with a ram within me “fucking” he snickered heatedly as he gave one last earth shattering plunge into my arse before I exploded “cute.”

The deep timbre of Rhayden growling was the only sound I heard before I blacked out from another splurge of cum from my hard as rock cock, knees giving out as the ringing silent scream in my ears made me writhe.

I saw black.

I woke up to my arse crying out in protest when I found myself nestled in Rhayden’s lap as he laid back against the headboard of his bed while he was lifting my hips up over his still hard cock to let gravity push me down and make my hole suck his cock into it.

My lips popped open to let out a scream, aching all over as I felt my body lilt back at the hot immediate press against my prostate from Rhayden’s monstrous prick shoving into me like it belonged inside of my body.

I could barely keep my eyes open, arms and legs and stomach quivering while I thought for sure I was going to fall back only to have the Gryffindor wrap one arm in a steel vice around the small of my back while he dug his fingernails into my hip bones, rose my dead weight up and had me bounce onto his cock with a garbled whine and gasp mingling in together from my slack mouth.

“I’m not done with you yet, Blondie.” Rhayden murmured as he let my head loll back while I was forced to ride his cock like a mere toy for him to use, my own prick seeming to have a mind of its
own and being hard all over again even when I could feel the taut overstimulation on my skin from the way Rhayden’s cock was rubbing against my insides with a fervent filthy plunder, rocking his hips up into me as I hiccuped out broken breaths.

My hands were pressed over the sweaty hardness of Rhayden’s abdomen, the soft pads of my fingers rubbing absentmindedly over the defined ridges of his eight pack, clawing my fingers into the flesh as the Gryffindor made a delicious slide into me with a brash assailant. The immense shock to my system at the blow into my arse had my body convulse while I pressed my front against Rhayden’s, panting and shrieking when he kept on fucking me with no remorse whatsoever.

“Please, Rh-Rhayden, I can’t anymore.” I was being made to form around Rhayden’s prick, vigorously taking his warm cock into me while I was left confounded and twitching from over stimulation now. The flat of my palms were trapped between Rhayden’s and my own stomach, my head fitting over Rhayden’s shoulder as he cooed encouragements at me with the heavy, predatory air sounding from his deep baritone.

When I popped my lips open to suck the salty skin of the werewolf’s neck into my mouth in a lewd manner and a fit of loss in my sanity, I thrashed about while Rhayden bucked up within me. He let out a groan, screwing his cock against my bundle of nerves while the thud thud thudding of the beds legs started to creak beneath the inhumane pace Rhayden set about as he dipped his own head to my bare shoulder and placed his wet mouth over the skin there to jab sharply into it with his canines and suckle at my flesh. I jolted against him, whimpering in dismay and pleasure while he forced my blood to surface from my skin from the harsh intake of my flesh into his brutal mouth. I was doing the same thing to his neck while he bounced me on his cock. He made a trail of purple, yellow and blue hickies all over my collarbone and chest.

My cock was fucking lamenting with how hard it was, hurting so much from having come way too many times now. But I couldn’t produce any strength in my own hips to help get myself off, stuck against Rhayden while he fucked me like I was his to conquer, to take and be molded into whatever he wanted for himself.

I was losing my ever loving mind and I had no energy to even protest anymore.

The Gryffindor took one of my pebbled nipples into his mouth and bit down over it, drawing the pink nub out into his hot cavern of a mouth and making a mess out of me even more. I shrieked at the vindictive pull on my nipple, my own lips slobbering over Rhayden’s neck while I sobbed out in excruciating pain and pleasure.

“Come with me when I say so.” Rhayden grumbled against my nipples, breath hot over the sore flesh while he now switched to the other one, reaming his prick against my prostate like the devil’s incarnate.

My speech has been struck out of my lungs, just helpless, mindless sounds ripping its way out of my chest as I couldn’t do anything but whimper over Rhayden’s hot neck, hearing his breathy chuckle while he sped up his violent punishment into my arse. “My poor baby is absolutely fucked.”

Rhayden’s thrusts became erratic and disjointed now, my arse cheeks jiggling with the startling pounding I was being put under, the harsh sting of the werewolf’s hips snapping against the bottom curve of my cheeks and making me a wreck.

Little *uh uh uh’s* were being wrenched from my lips, feeling my heart beat in time with Rhayden’s own, quick and stuttering about like we would seize to exist any moment. "*Alpha!*” I whined out,
blearily watching the tendons in Rhayden’s neck tighten and tense up as he fucked me with grunts mingling in with my own pathetic cries, our bodies colliding together.

My spine tingled with the oncoming sensation of another climax, pressure pounding in the small of the bottom of my spine while my gut dipped and I became a tormented ripple of a body.

Rhayden rammed into me one, two, three times before he released a snarl, curled my body into his even more and spoke out his demand to me. “Come, Saveri.” Rhayden became a solid heat of a figure when he released inside of me, cum splashing around my insides as my hole quivered around his pistoning cock, my own liquid splashing between us achingly, a sound of wretched ecstasy wailing out of my mouth at the same time Rhayden cursed so profoundly that I went crimson at his words.

The feeling of being filled up with Rhayden’s juices had me whining, the curve of my spine arching inwards as I rubbed my nipples over his own, his hips stuttering against me as his cock finally flagged and popped out to let the gush of his cum run down the insides of my thighs, his lap, and onto the bed.

I became a mass of shocking nerves against the groaning Gryffindor, panting against his neck when I was sure I would die here and now and wouldn’t mind one bit because I was floating in a my own high with Rhayden’s fill of cum flooding my insides as it still slicked it way down my trembling legs.

Rhayden’s hips lessened to a slow roll while he slid his spent cock between the wet of my thighs. His grip on my hip released while he reached down and plunged his finger inside of my burning, most likely bruised, hole and made me squeak in discomfort and the feeling of too much. “Nonononono, Rhayden. No more.” I sobbed out brokenly, breaths wheezing out of my lungs and voice cracking from the amount of screaming I have been doing for the past hours, how many? I don’t know. I blacked out, so there was a blank set of time on the amount of fucking we’ve been doing. Rhayden could have been fucking me while I was out, which had me heating up again at the mere thought of the man pounding into my sleep induced body.

The bastard probably did if the damn rawness of my arse had to go by anything.

I was done and the Gryffindor had two fingers lodged up inside of me, wiggling about as the tips of his fingers lightly felt around my inner walls, brushing my prostate every now and then, eliciting a shriek out of me. “Shh, shh, shh. I want to make sure there isn’t any damage, you did so good, baby.” Rhayden murmured.

I writhed minutely while he shifted my body up and laid me down on my side as he slowly perused my insides, cum dribbling out of my aching hole as he let out a deep hum. My eyes were closed, head resting on the crook of Rhayden’s muscled upper arm while he slowly fingered me. “Holy shite.” My voice rasped out weakly.

I felt Rhayden shift behind me, my brows furrowing in astonishment when I felt his hardening cock against my backside.

What is with this man’s stamina?!

“Indeed. When you get a few hours of sleep I’m going to have you suck my cock and swallow my cum, just to make sure I’m filling you up as much as I can. And then you’re going let me fuck you against the wall with those pretty long legs wrapped around my waist.” Rhayden intoned.
I whined out, biting down on my lip as Rhayden gave me a sharp shove of his finger into my prostate just to make me open my eyes a little so I could roll my head sideways and give the man a very non heated glare. “I c-can’t even feel my legs or anything in my body for that matter, Rhayden.”

The werewolf shrugged, giving me a lecherous grin that was seductive and vicious all in one over his striking features, golden eyes boring into me while he teasingly pressed his fingers more into my sore arse and made me gasp wetly. “I’ll make sure to get the blood flowing back in them while I make you writhe with my tongue in your arse again.”

Jesus fuck.

I blushed at his filthy words and smacked my head down on his arm for retaliation even though there was nothing left in me to argue back. “I-I’m going to die by your cock.” I breathed.

Rhayden plunged his fingers into my hole again and I twitched against him for it. “Don’t worry, my cock rather likes you alive so I can hear those pretty pretty sounds you make.”

I lifted my arm to smack at Rhayden’s bare chest, breathing hard and feeling my cock twitch back to life. I was gobsmacked at how much I could get it up for the pure-blooded werewolf next to me. Was this a submissive Veela thing? Having the urge to constantly want to be fucked by your chosen bonded and subconsciously making one’s body get all hyped up for it? I’m going to have to look up some stuff about it.

But right now. I was hurting deliciously.

“Stop it.” I hissed out without no anger.

Rhayden clasped my the hand and bent it behind me, snarling at me with a dark predatory prominence as he turned me violently around and laid me flat on my back while he hovered above me, the straining muscles in lean his arms bulging as he caged me in from either side of my head on the rumpled sheets.

The smell of Rhayden and sweat and sex made me flutter my eyelashes in rapacious bliss, all the while staring up at Rhayden from beneath my lashes as he gave me that look of indifference he was so good at, making me shiver under his penetrating eyes. “Maybe I shouldn’t let you rest, huh? Get you fucked out even more. Shall I?”

My eyes rolled into the back of my head when Rhayden easily slid his now hard prick right into my aching hole. “Nono! I’m sorry, A-Alpha. I’ll behave. Please.” I begged out, in fear and arousal at how Rhayden was so fucking ready to come at me full force again, slowly jabbing his prick over my burning walls as I twitched around him.

My gaze went huge when Rhayden chuckled evilly, grasping my dampened hair through his seeking fingers to snap my head up so he could force his tongue into my mouth around my whimpered sob, licking at my throbbing bottom lip as he grounded into me like the domineering fucker that he was. “Too late, brat.”

And I cried out into his grinning mouth while he continued to ram me into oblivion.
Two days have passed.

My back ached, my arse was officially non existent and my mind was a broken wire.

Rhayden has made me into his toy and slut. And I was fucked out of my wits. There were small intervals where the werewolf had me wash up in his big as bloody hell bathroom while he soaped and lathered my body before fucking me into the shower wall and making the marble crack when he particularly slammed way too hard into my arse and made me splutter with an agonized heated scream. He also fed and watered me like his precious plants whenever he would wake me up after I was passed out from his seamless pounding into my body. There were bruises, scratches and hickies all over my pale skin, Rhayden rumbling in contentment one time for a full two hours just laving and nipping the whole of my skin.

He was a fucking animal.

I was left to wear his muggle rock band shirts that were large on my small petite frame and stopping at the space right below the swell of my buttocks. It didn’t help that Rhayden had me bending over to grab our discarded clothes while I was in his shirt and he kept smacking me over and over again until I fell over with a high pitched yell, was forced onto my knees and fucked on the sleek floor, clothes discarded and all.

My body was done for.

Hogwarts hasn’t called us in to demand why we haven’t been showing up and I had called my mother to tell her I was alright and would be coming home today. She was just happy that I was doing well. Mother wasn’t worried about school, she knew I would catch up easily but she figured out I’ve lost my virginity immediately because of that stupid connection between family members telling each other the loss of their V card. I couldn’t lie to her about having been fucked all this time because she already pointed out how ecstatic she was about me losing my virginity finally and that she would want to meet the man who took it. I told her it was complicated and she wanted answers when I got home.

I wasn’t looking forward to it.

Rhayden was also done with his heat, telling me it stopped right when he came in me for the first time, thank fuck for that. I don’t know how I would handle any more heat sex if we kept going on for even one more second.

Rhayden was in the midst of buttoning up his pants when a knock at the door interrupted his eye fucking of me splayed across his bed, worn out, with cum washing up my insides and trickling all over his freshly new sheets.

He raised a brow when the unmistakable sound of Javien’s voice meekly spoke through the door of the hallway. “Rhayden. The pack is hungry. Potter is waiting for you to-”

Rhayden’s expression went into a dark foreboding countenance then, shifting into that state of emotionlessness that had me staring openly at him in transfixion and anxiety. His words interrupting Javien’s. “Tell them I’m coming.”

I let out a breath of exaltation and sudden irritation at the thought of Rhayden leaving me like this.
And what the fuck does Potter have anything to do with the pack and Rhayden? “You have to stay and help with the clean up.” I wheezed out, chest falling and rising with the strain in my arms and legs after our fuckathon.

Rhayden stared me down while he replied, coal and amber flecked eyes burning into every spot of my skin, enticing my breath to hitch at the clear threat and heat in his gaze and making me squirm. “Not this time. I’ve gotta get going, Saveri.” He murmured darkly.

Hah. Doesn’t seem like he really wanted to.

And what exactly did he need to do that constituted for him to leave me in this messed up state of mine? My agitation sounded throughout my winded words. “What are you planning to do, Rhayden? What’s this about Potter waiting for you, huh? Shall I just walk on out of here with your cum in me and a-ask your pack members what they’re so impatient about that their heir needed to leave me like this?” My lips pursed, a slight wince in the gesture since I looked like I’ve been attacked with how bruised up the flesh on my mouth was.

Rhayden’s calm demeanor didn’t falter and I felt the urge to cower back into the mattress when he stalked forward, sinuous muscles rippling in his torso and making my mouth water at the sight, gaze raking down his tall figure while he snapped the last button of his black jeans in place to cover up that delicious trail of dark hair above his large cock. He peered at me from under his long lashes, eyes glowing a raging fire as the tendrils of his soft and smooth mussed hair moved with the way he lowered his head to pierce his gaze into me. “That mouth of yours if going to get you in trouble again, Blondie. I see you walk out of here practically naked, I’ll be making you wear a butt plug all day until I come back and let you come. Don’t fucking test me.”

I shivered at his words, swallowing around a working throat that was rather raw from how much it was filled with Rhayden’s cock for the past few days. I swear I lived off of his cum now.

My breath caught my throat when the stench of blood and a riotous roll of growls sounded throughout the entirety of the castle, making me jerk against the bed at the pungent smell assaulting my senses and the downright hungry groans slipping out from beneath the cracks of this room and causing a shudder of uneasiness to roll down my spine. I snapped my eyes up to Rhayden, staring at him with widened eyes as I tried to push myself up into a sitting position with my elbows digging into the moist mattress, sucking in a sharp breath at the ache in my bones.

Rhayden spoke out sharply and without cadence, dead toned and alarmingly severe. My eyes met his as he stared me down with an animal like glow in his eyes at the sounds of growls rumbling around us. “It’s best to not know what I’m about to do. Get cleaned up now and use my wand to apparate yourself home. Don’t use it for anything else, I’ll come to pick it up later on in the day. Do not wander out of this room when I leave.”

The Gryffindor flung on a dark red shirt with a black leather jacket and he wandlessly apparate out of his tower, leaving me leaking out his cum and blinking confusingly at the wall opposite from where I laid out, a simmer of anger and fear coursing through my veins.

The bastard left me, after fucking me for two days without as much as a proper goodbye. And he was still keeping shit from me! More secrets that made me dread whatever Rhayden kept in himself.

He took my first time and treated me like a one time fling.
Was I?

I shook my head, features pinching a look of distaste at my thoughts.

No. Rhayden said he likes you, he wouldn’t use you once and disregard you like that. He bonded with you and has liked your bitchy ass for two years.

I needed to stop fretting over everything, my mind a constant stream of insecurity and paranoia. Sometimes I really despised myself more than I do regularly.

_But obviously Rhayden’s keeping stuff from you still._

And Potter seems to be involved with said secrets.

Slamming my face into the slicked sheets and letting out a frustrated moan, I had to gather enough strength to even get up, get cleaned and put on another one of Rhayden’s shirts because the clothes I came in was somewhere downstairs, where I couldn’t get it since Rhayden warned me not to walk out of this room.

I was wobbling from side to side, cheeks flushing a deep red when I trembled from where I stood with Rhayden’s wand clutched in my hand.

Narrowing my eyes at the polished floor of his room, I was determined to do some more snooping around on what was happening around here. After, of course, when I wasn’t trembling weakly with just standing.

Time to be a nosy bitch again.

Besides, it was a way to get back at Rhayden for leaving me without even as much as a kiss goodbye, sappy, but I was needy after sex and he knew that after all the fucking we’ve done.

Fucker.

I huffed out an annoyed breath as I apparated out of the room, trembling and heated up from the inside and out, arsehole clenching around nothing in the craving and want for Rhayden’s large cock.

He’s absolutely broken me and damn it, I both loved and hated it.
Unhinged

I felt the sudden suction of air and the instability of my innards quake within their foundations when I flicked the black liquored wand in the small of my hands with a quick murmured chant that escaped my working lips, the unsettling familiarity of wand induced apparition causing my body to sway and my head to feel as if it were filling up with helium.

The soft popping noise of the transportation spell echoed around the ringing in my ears, the soles of my feet touching ground again as I blinked profusely to get out of that dizzying spell one is put under every time apparition in involved within the human body.

My vision was sort of blurred, not having used the transportation spell in almost a year now.

But in front of the swirling colors in the wide expanse of my fluttering eyelids, I could make out figures in the solace of my living room. Figures cloaked in black, trailing all over their tall forms with hoods cast over their heads and barely brushing the tip of their noses.

I staggered on the spot, sucking in through gritted teeth and wheezing out a breath as I tried to gather my bearings and try to focus on what I was seeing in front of me.

Murmurs echoed around my person, harsh, low chants that were too fast for my ears to pick up on, a stream of quick mouthed words that had my head spinning and my eyes opening and closing while I tightened the curls of my fingers around Rhayden’s wand in a sort of attempt to ground and calm myself down.

Something wasn’t right.

The smell of blood, metallic and raw, filtered through my senses in a confounding bombardment that was unwanted and without permission on my figure, my mouth opening slightly to take in an air of shocked countenance and a wrinkle of my nose in confusion.

That’s when my vision cleared and my stomach dropped with uneasiness.

I went stalk still, my chest having stopped in its motions of deep breathing as I stared at the scene in front of me.

In my living room stood about fifty or more unknown strangers dressed in black, their faces unrecognizable except for the slight curl of their chapped lips moving about around the whispers that escaped their constant mouths.

My mother stood in the middle of the group of people, their hunched forms looming over hers as she was chained around the wrists and ankles to the floor, standing up but barely with the force of the traps weighing her down. Her clothes were ripped every which way from her shivering body, silver blue fabric displaying patches of her pale skin to the world as blood caked the side of her matted down blonde head and splattered across the flesh of her arms and legs in a haphazard state.

Mother’s eyes were wide and unbridled with fear, body jerking around in their confines as she shook so much it looked like she was trying to get out of her own skin with the frantic pace she set about in trying to make an inch of a move from her trapped spot.
My heart seemed to stop in its tracks at the sight of red coating the pristine creamed colored walls of my living room. Body parts, short limbs and pointy ears, catered the floor and corners in a bath of torn flesh and dismembered appendages.

They were my house workers. Elves. Torn apart and decorating the room with intestines strewn around the furniture, thrown and smacked against the walls. Their raw scent had my body curling over and my mouth opening wide to emit any food substance out of my system, bile, hot and heavy and burning up my throat. But not once spewing forth out of my parted lips.

I couldn’t even throw up.

“M-mother?” I whispered, a note of high pitched confusion scratching out of my chest as I stood weak kneed and stared at the black covered figures mumbling about around my mother, some heads angled my way and some focused on the frenzied twitch of my mother’s body.

The people didn’t say anything to me. Just went on about their business while I stared on in a look of horror and stricken fear.

Narcissa whipped her eyes my way, an expression of unadulterated worry and terror etched across her pinched features as she bore her gaze onto my person. She tugged her right hand from the chain around her wrists and yelled out to me, a crack in her usually calm and wispy voice. “Leave! Now! Do not come back, apparate right away! They don’t want me, they’re after you, just go!”

It was my turn to jerk on the spot when I watched one of the cloaked figures nearest to my mother’s left, turn his body towards me, lips twitching with an amused lilt as he lifted his hands and brushed the hood up and over his face to reveal eyes that were glazed in a high giddiness as he procured a wand out from his left sleeve and waved it towards my mother, all the while staring me down with shimmering blue eyes.

Narcissa screamed out, a hex mangling her left leg and making her stumble to the floor in a heap of nerves.

My blood froze at the sight of my mother and the remains of my elves, heart now beating wildly against my rib cage as my throat closed in on itself, ears humming in a dull note of shock and adrenaline laced fear while I tried to make my body move and go to my mothers.

My fingers twitched around the wand in my hand.

“No do you know how many years we’ve been waiting for a submissive Veela to show up? Hmmm, little pretty one?” The man with those unnerving blue crazed eyes spoke through a hiss of dark words.

The sound of the man watching me as he went to wave his pure white wand, had made my body twitch in motion, a rush of panic flooding my veins as I went to swing my hand and chant out a series of quick crucios that I’ve been forced to never utter again after the war.

But I didn’t get to.

Rhayden’s wand was knocked out of my trembling hand and went skidding across the blood stained floors before I could even get the dark magic out of my hysteric hands.

I took a step forward though, wanting to rush on over to my mother so I could bundle her shivering
body up in my arms and tell her false facts about how everything was going to be okay.

I don’t think it will be.

The man suddenly appeared before me, making me take a staggered step back in surprise and caution, eyes trying to stay on my mother’s quaking form but having to stare up at the blue eyed man watching me with a sort of glint in his eyes, of merriment and crazed adoration.

My voice seemed to have abandoned me while I stood in this red painted room and blown apart body parts.

The works of dark magic surrounded me. Dark magic that not even Voldemort wanted to do.

What’s happening?

I can’t think straight.

The man made a soft clicking noise in the back of his throat, gazing down at me with a smile spreading across his stupidly handsome features that I absolutely wanted to claw at in a fit of rage and terror. “Now I know this must all be confusing. But we’ll need you to get with the program here and do us a favor. You see, you’re a pure blood wizard with Veela coursing through those beautiful veins of yours, and a submissive one to say the least. Now that is rare. Here’s what you’re going to do, you’re going to get your mother out of those chains by doing exactly what I expect you to. Alright?”

I stared up at the man, the sound of my mother’s soft sobs of protest filtering in through the haze of my thoughts as I looked back and forth to her and the guy looming over my figure. “ Saveri, nonono! You’ll lose yourself. Don’t do this to my baby , don’t, don’t, don’t! Run, Saveri, leave leave leave leave!!”

Water gathered in the backs of my eyes, making me gulp around a dry throat as I tried to down the lodge stuck there in a fit of stubborn strength and hurt.

I don’t know what’s going on.

Mother is getting hurt.

The elves are dead.

I’m supposed to do as this man tells me to? For what?

I’ll do anything this guy says just to have my mother safe and sound.

“What do you want from me?” I rasped out weakly, my limbs feeling a sort of numbness as I shook on the spot.

The other cloaked figures started to hum in contentment, some letting out breathy laughter that had my the flesh on my bones rising up in goosebumps, the thrill evident in their faces as they turned to my person in hearing my quiet response.

One of them, a woman, spoke out with glee “You’re going to eat one of us. See how far you can go with those Veela seduction powers of yours. See if you can take down all of us, an initiation of sorts. Such a pretty thing you are. Might as well use that disgusting blood of yours to save mother dearest
here."

What?

Nonononono!

They want me to try and use my powers on them and eat one person as an initiation into what? Into
their fucked up cult?

Who are these wizards?!

A series of thoughts kept tangling in my head, about keeping my mother alive because she really is
the only family member I have left, about the elves having been torn limb from limb and no longer
being in my life to nag me about everything and anything, about having to do something that I
promised mother and myself that I would never do.

Tears couldn’t help but find their way out of my widened eyes, staring up at the man now with a
trepidation and hatred that I’ve never quite felt before. Hatred spilled forth from my gaze, coated my
cheeks in saltine liquid as I blinked the anguish away from my blurring vision.

I’ve always done everything in my power for my family.

It seems I’ll have to do something terrible again in the wake of my love for my relatives.

The man made a hushed sound, popping up in front of me and making me wince. Raising his hand
and hovering the pad of his index finger right below my right eye as if about to drag the tears away
from my skin, I reared my head back in anger and disgust.

“Don’t touch me.” I intoned with a malicious remark.

The man raised his brows, letting the tip of his tongue fall out and lave across his lips in a look of
blissed out pleasure and curiosity, azure eyes narrowing in on my person and onto the part of my
moistened lips. “You’re a feisty one. Maybe after you make a meal out one of my fellow members
here, I’ll have to fuck that sass right out of you. I don’t mind.”

Why did I have to go and chew on someone for these people to “initiate” me into their fucked up
group? What’s the point of having me involved with them in the first place? A submissive Veela
can’t be that important to them. This is absolutely demented. The thought of having to tear
someone’s flesh apart made me want to gag on the spot, my stomach queasy.

I pressed my lips together when the sound of cackling joy bubbled around my figure, causing me to
take deep breaths in and out in a fit of panic and revulsion at the thought of this man ever getting
anywhere near me to do such a thing.

I’m Rhayden’s.

And was that how much they valued their members? They’d let someone kill them?

Shaking my head minutely, I sucked in a sharp breath when my mother started to scream out her
vocal chords for me to escape while I could. I had no way of contacting Rhayden, I had no way out
of this ordeal because I knew they’d kill my mother in an instant if I didn’t do as they said and there
was no way in hell that I was going to get my mother killed just because I wouldn’t do something
that they wanted.

_You’re going to fucking eat someone, Saveri?!_

I want Rhayden.

I want my mother to be safe.

_Ohgodsohgodsohgod._

I could only do something for one of those wants in my head. Keep my mother safe. I could do that, I could swallow down the fact of being officially mentally disturbed after setting my mouth on a human being and eating them, as long as I had my mother with me. I could make it.

_You’ve dealt with Voldemort before. You can do this._

_Sick, wrong, demented, fucked, stupidstupidstupid._

Weak!

My fingers shook, head in a swarm of fear and need. I could feel the warm breeze the cloaked figured bodies emitted, brushing over the bare skin of my thighs since I apparated in only the rock band large T-Shirt that belonged to Rhayden.

I didn’t like the state of my attire in front of all these strangers. It made me want to hide beneath the surface and stay buried there. Hidden away and never to be seen.

Furrowing my brows, I lifted my head, my nose in the air in that haughtiness that my Slytherin self let out in Hogwarts, a fake bravado that I didn’t feel as I ignored the cries of my erratic mother and the pungent smell of blood and body parts all around me. “I will do as you say. Give me your word that my mother will be safe by the end of this?” I spoke out with a tremor in my voice.

The man’s light brown hair moved with his motion, brushing across alabaster skin as he leaned his head down and gave me a leer that made me want to shove my knee into his groin and watch him cry in agony, make him feel the turmoil I felt through the pain he’d feel in his nut sack.

Mother fucker.

Something deep in the confines of my head mused at the idea of my choosing him to eat.

And I wanted to throw myself into the nearest cell and throw away the key because I sounded insane inside of my own head.

I’m going to lose a piece of myself when I do this.

It’s not like I haven’t been doing things I didn’t want to before. Just like the war.

I’m forced to do something I knew I would regret but for the sake of my family.

The man grinned and I glared up at him, my clenching hands shaking along with the shivers raking down my spine as the cloaked group murmured their ascent in my agreement. “I give you my word, little one. Now, better start using your-”
I felt a tingle spread out over my skin, a glimmer of a buzz of energy coursing through my limbs as a sudden burst of electricity gathered in the pit of my stomach, spreading down the insides of my thighs and the soft skin of every nook and cranny on my body, lighting me up from the inside and out.

My hand snatched out of reflex, quick and unwarranted on my behalf as I let my gaze droop in a heavy euphoria while an instinct, buried deep within my body, came alive.

*Kill him.*

My mind became one raw spark of a string of thought, and that was to eat this man in front of me just to make my mother safe. The only way to do so, was to become something I wasn’t supposed to be but was born as.

I’m pathetic, disgusting, utterly horrific and fucked up.

I watched the man from beneath the flutter of my eyelashes, letting them brush against my cheeks in a slow appraisal that I didn’t feel but shown through a fake interest. My hands were fisted in the black material of the blue eyed man’s cloak, tilting my head up and raising up on the tips of my toes as I let the button of my nose brush across his. His eyes turned into large circles, a look of dawning terror etching across his stupidly good looking features as he jerked in my grip with a stunted step and a yell. “No! You aren’t supposed to eat me! Choose someone else-”

I heard his breath harden, hot and heavy across my parted ones as I talked beneath my breath, soft and melodious towards him. “What if I said I’d let you fuck me?”

The sound of silence found its way around me, my body humming while a few seconds later, the abrupt sound of soft moans escaped everyone’s lips, my mother’s cry turning sharp and saddened while I tried to focus of the source of energy bundled up beneath my skin and pouring out of it with the fine glow I could see escape from my flesh.

The man before me went shockingly still, becoming a statue in my grip while I tried to push whatever energy that was seen literally coming out of my body towards his, his huge eyes slowly descending into a state of haziness. Those blue orbs of his darkened, mouth turning into a neutral line as he stood in front of me, motionless and waiting.

*Struck by my seduction.*

*This was wrong.*

*This was exhilarating.*

*But not as exciting and pleasurable as when you’re being fucked by Rhayden.*

*Ah shit.*

Heat pooled into the pit of my gut and spread out over the expanse of my groin at the mere thought of Rhayden shoving his fat cock into my arse. My body warmed at the images crossing my vision, of Rhayden doing whatever he wanted to me, whenever and however.

Was I supposed to get horny right now? Was this how submissive Veela felt when they used their
seduction on other’s, a sort of energized ball of pleasure skating over one’s skin without any warning or prevention in stopping it?

I couldn’t help the way I sucked in my bottom lip, rolling the flesh in between my teeth as I stood there, breathing in the scent of human, heat and arousal filtering through the air around me and coveting me whole.

I could feel it.

The Veela that I am was clawing its way out from inside of my conscience, needing to, wanting to. Rioting about in my skull like a fucking hurricane mangling everything up inside of me.

The scent of human blood still was revolting although and I knew that once I did taste this man, the smell of the red liquid would fill me with need.

My whole body and mind were in contradiction with itself, clashing with one another in snapping at the wizard before me and sinking my teeth into him or wanting to fall to the floor and scream with agonized cries of hysteria with everything happening around me and at the fact that I was going to eat someone.

*Rhayden won’t be able to help you this time.*

The man before me let out a groan, appreciative and husked as his eyes hooded and shown a sheer crystalline blue now. The others surrounding us swayed towards my figure, as if under some sort of trance that I unconsciously put them through. Mother was hysterical as she begged me to stop but I couldn’t.

I’ll have this man in exchange for my mother’s hurt and safety.

I’ll make him bloodied and torn apart in my mouth for making me do this, for turning me into something that I didn’t want to be.

For making me feel good about what I was going to do to this man.

Wrongwrongwrongwrong.

Oh, but I felt so fucking elated.

My groin throbbed at the amount of want slamming into my figure, the man gritting his teeth as those eyes of his focused and unfocused from one second to the other. He sneered down at me in a voice of joy and manic want. “I’d do exactly that.” He replied to my question about fucking me.

I tilted my head, trying not to grimace at the way my cock twitched beneath the confines of my jeans as I felt power surge through my veins and into my groin, prickling over my flesh in a teasing flutter that I wanted to both run away from and surrender to.

I don’t want to do this.

I don’t want to eat someone.

This is fucked up.
I’m fucked up.

Where’s Rhayden?

I only want him.

Got to save mother, fuckfuckfuckfuck!

Words were escaping my mouth before my brain could comprehend what I was saying. “Then do it.”

Oh no.

The man surged forward, knocking me onto my back and causing my vision to go back and forth from spots of black, purple and bursting blues when the back of my head snapped against the hard marbled floor and made me spasm from the contact.

I gasped out as the man floundered above me to spread my thighs so wide that the hem of my shirt rode up the flesh of the curve of my arse, wincing from the tug on my muscles in my legs when the man growled out above my prone figure as I tried to gain back any semblance of thought.

My mouth popped open to release a disgruntled squeak as the man ground down his cock over my own hard one.

This man was not Rhayden.

Rhayden can only do this to me.

Mother needed to be safe.

I blinked up at the man watching me with sapphire tinged eyes, heated and gone while he rocked his hips over mine, so hard and wretched, making me create a sound of distress in the back of my throat. Losing, momentarily, the focus I had with the energized aura gathering inside and out of me.

With my head throbbing so profoundly, I jerked against the man and lifted my hips so I could angle the man to topple sideways and make him lay flat on his back. I snapped into motion, body humming out in pleasure and dazed fear while I wrapped my legs around the man’s waste to settle the curve of my arse over his disgusting hardened prick. If the man wasn’t so dazed, he wouldn’t have allowed me to do this. I wasn’t physically strong to.

He immediately grabbed onto the swells of my arse and made my hips grind down over his, sudden and without rest. The tug on my arse to meet his thrusts up against my bottom half made me bounce slightly in his lap.

I gritted my teeth, ignoring the quaking in my thighs as I squeezed harder around the man’s waist and slapped my hands against his chest, pissed off and horny, not for this man, but for Rhayden.

I shook with horror, worry, and stunned countenance.

This guy can’t have me.

This guy wasn’t Rhayden. Alpha would be mad if I let this person do anything more to me.
I was completely Rhayden’s and I was in both heat and hate for it, even when I was about to kill someone my thoughts always strayed towards Rhayden.

My nails dug into the meat of the man’s pecs, grinding my teeth together and feeling my body hum even more in unbearable energy, wanton, hungry and mad.

I ran the tip of my tongue over my bottom lip, the man gazing up at me in groaning pleasure while messaging my arse in his tight grip.

Fuck him.

With a scream tearing its way from my throat, I whipped my head down and latched my jaw around the juncture of the man’s throat, harsh and quick. The sound that ripped out of my mouth was downright terrified, broken, and agonized.

I was going to become like Rhayden.

A killer.

What’s worse was the knowledge that my body was born to take immense enjoyment in such a horrid act.

My mouth tingled. As if my body was just waiting for this moment it’s whole life, the slight pain trickling in my mouth was my teeth hardening to get ready to rip away this man’s flesh so I could swallow it down. I knew that this was happening from just knowing that my Veela body was getting ready to do it’s natural act.

I’ve gone completely off the wall.

Everything around me went red, such a smooth, rich color of crimson that I felt drugged out at the way my vision seemed to fill with the consuming color filtering through my eyes as my teeth clenched down harder on the suddenly thrashing body beneath me, enough to feel the edges of my teeth sink sharply into the man’s flesh as blood slicked its way out of his throat and soaked into the seeking expanse of my tongue.

Oh.

Fuck.

My lashes fluttered, body hunching over the blue eyed man as he started to gurgle at the throat, my hands running up the length of his tensed neck and wrapping my fingers around the tendons so I could squeeze and push the blood out more into my pursing lips, a buzz filling my ears and my limbs as a pleasure coursed through my veins.

I couldn’t hear anything except my mother’s yelling and the man’s pig like screeching ringing in my ears as my heart picked up its pace and started to thud abnormally fast in my chest.

Dig into him.

With a twitch in my body, I snapped my teeth together, all too quick as the clicking of my teeth clashing together ricocheting disturbingly in my head. A chunk of human meat fell like a piece into
the cavern of my quaking mouth.

Shit.

“Mmm, fuck.” I gasped out lightly through the flesh in my mouth as I whipped my head to the side and watched with rapturous curiosity and stimulation at the way the skin and meat on the man’s neck followed my lips in a rupture, red spurting out of the man’s throat and splashing over my cheek in a spew of rawness that had me letting out the tiniest of a moan, mewlish like. My mind removed from any logical thought as my mouth filled with a taste of revelry, so light and good.

I furg my nails further into the man’s throat, my figure shaking as I let out a little sigh of contentment, body thrumming with luxurious nerves that were sparking awake and rendering me in bliss.

It wasn’t as great as being fucked by Rhayden, but it was close to it.

And I wanted more.

I also wanted to be pounded into right this very second.

My eyes watched the man’s mouth ooze out a trail of blood as he gave out stuttered breaths of air, his gaze switching from the spell I put him under, all glazed over, and to a wavering stare of shock and fear.

I chewed on the meat in my mouth, closing the lids of my eyes as I fumbled with the man’s throat under my curled hands so I could grab onto a supporting leverage as I fell down on top of the man, swallowed the human flesh down my suddenly wanting neck, and ripped out another chunk from the man, a hum of pleasure escaping my filled mouth.

Power was invading my senses, my head lightheaded as a deliriousness coveted me and made me shift restlessly over the man as I tired not to rub up on him from the raging boner I was getting, cock throbbing with need and my hole clenching around nothing as if wanting to be filled.

I need Rhayden.

I was in delighted hate with myself.

Chewing my way through the man’s throat and down to his clavicle, I munched absentmindedly around his torn flesh in my mouth, one after another as chunks of his skin was taken away from him, the little breaths of satisfaction a constant stream from my working mouth.

I could hear those around me, off and on at different intervals of time, letting out little grunts of pleasure, watching me and stuck under whatever trance I had on all of them from the mere energy radiating from my body.

An Aphrodisiac of sorts.

Mother wasn’t affected, perhaps because she was related to me.

I could hear bits and pieces of her sobs behind me while I ate the man in front of her, swallowing with abandon and moaning out in bliss.

You’re so wrong.
This tastes wonderful.

I need to get fucked.

Rhayden. RhaydenRhaydenRhayden!

Eateateat!

I couldn’t hear the man’s protests anymore, nor the movement of his body, but I still burrowed my mouth into his skin so I could gather more of his flesh and swallow it down greedily, humming out with a high pitched wantonness as my thighs squeezed in need of a cock between them but doing nothing with the knowledge that I belonged to Rhayden.

I’ve lost my mind.

Oh, it felt fantastic.

That’s when all rational thought left my brain and was replaced with a hysteria that had me pressing the soft tips of my fingers into the man’s Adam's apple, feeling my eyelids start to droop in the wake of frenzied delirium while my hands clawed through the skin continually. I watched with fervor as my nails caked some flesh off with each swipe across the man’s neck, skin bundling up beneath my fingernails and peeling away from his person.

I didn’t think twice.

I greedily shove my fingers into the part of my lips.

Wrapping the moist of my hungry mouth around my fingers, I hollowed out my cheeks as my eyes rolled to the back of my head in sheer ecstasy at the flavor bursting forth over my tingling tongue. I felt lost in sensation, suckling with a whimper around my fingers, shoving them in and out of my working lips in an imitation of a cock, specifically Rhayden’s, pummeling down my throat.

Lost to the world I was.

Sex, violence and blood has always turned me on despite all the denial I’ve put myself through.

I’m an awful person.

Ah, but you’re a Veela, Saveri. This was bound to happen.

Water sluiced down my cheeks, and I blinked my eyes rapidly in stunned prominence at the amount of tears that fell to the patches of open flesh on the man’s body from my widened eyes, his clothes torn away as he lay limp and dead, eyes dull and filed with void.

Lifeless.

A cry of plea to make myself stop rushed out of my chest and out of my sucking lips. A sensuous high rolled throughout the entirety of my rocking frame, cock hard as hell and stomach quivering to be filled with cum.

This was terrifying, how absurd I was.
I was mumbling something out of my mouth, relentless in their words as I kept tearing away at the man’s flesh, ears shrieking with a haze of static and body humming with energy that I trembled from.

*Make it stop make it stop!*

I can’t stop!

So good.

I need cock.

*Fuck me fuck me fuck me!*

My body was violently tugged upwards, my limbs having to untangle themselves around the man’s waist as I vigorously tried to wriggle out of whoever’s grasp that I was in all of the sudden to get back to that human flesh.

I was grabbed from beneath my upper arms, tossed up into a cradle that was of a bridal carrying like shape and was prevented from making any movements as I jerked in the person’s strong hold, a heat so profound that I moaned out with a want for more although I protested at the same time.

I was wild in this person’s hands, flailing around yet having no such strength to even make the hold on me waver.

The ringing in my ears and the odd colored spots in my vision had made me crazy. All my senses that were heightened when eating that man seemed to cut off my vision, back and forth like an old flashing film as well as any hearing except for my own coming from my mouth.

But I could hear muffled shouts surrounding my twitching body, feeling my lips open and close as if they were emitting words that I couldn’t comprehend quiet yet, the scent of more blood filling my nostrils and causing me to slap my right hand up and over the man’s neck so I could whine high in my throat as I pressed myself closer to him.

I was in a frenzy.

I didn’t know what was happening.

All I knew was that I was beyond aroused and still so fucking hungry.

But then the buzz in my ears started to fade and my peripheral view was coming into a clear view all of the sudden, my chest moving up and down with the amount of air I tried to suck into my lungs so I could breathe and get rid of this suffocating feeling burrowed in my rib cage.

I smelled the familiar scent of Rhayden.

And all the energy left my body as I went lax in his hold and realized that I was uttering Rhayden’s name and my begging him for him to fuck me over and over again in a pleasured haze of want.

I stared up at the man who was caked in blood. Everywhere. The glow of his amber flecked obsidian chipped eyes gleaming in all that red covering his skin. The muscles in his jaw tightened and relaxed constantly, his lean and muscled body firm and comforting yet tense against my abruptly calmed one.
“Rhayden.” My words croaked out of my mouth, desperate and confused.

The werewolf’s jaw ticked as he stared straight ahead of himself while walking, taking me away from that man’s lifeless body. He wouldn’t look at me even though the grip he had around the backs of my knees and neck were bruising in their tight grip.

I shivered, looking at the way those succulent lips of his opened to release a sound similar to that of a guttural growl, almost demonic and utterly scorching in the deep timbre of his voice. “Do not speak right now. You’re not in your right mind and I want to fuck you just as much as you’ve been begging me to. I’m very much trying to not overwhelm you. Breathe and don’t talk.”

Oh gods.

My brows furrowed, body being shuffled about in Rhayden’s grip as I slid my eyes away from his emotionless expression to the chaos ensuing around me.

Werewolves were ripping apart the cloaked wizard people, limb from limb, growling out in pleasure and hunger as they snapped their jaws and tore appendages away from torsos and flung heads every which way. Resounding thuds and the color of a rich red splashing the walls while the creatures’ ravenous bodies were a blur to my huge eyes.

It was as if hell broke loose in the Malfoy Manor.

And I couldn’t react to it.

It didn’t revolt me.

It made me want to join.

I’m fucking insane.

Wait.

Where’s Mother?

I whipped my eyes around frantically, searching for the shape of Narcissa anywhere and growing anxious and stricken with fear when I couldn’t find a head of blonde hair almost similar to mine in color but darker.

Rhayden must have seen the hyperventilation I was slowly falling into because he spoke up as if he knew what I was very much worrying over at this very moment. “You’re mother is with Pansy, she’ll be safe there because Luna is with her. Stop fucking squirming, Saveri.” Rhayden demanded, sharp and harsh and low.

Mother was safe.

That’s good.

She won’t leave me.

And dammit, Rhayden really shouldn't be all domineering right now. It only makes me want to get
fucked more.

I bit down on my bottom lip to keep myself from making any noise in response to the Gryffindor’s dark words.

I was still horny, my cock throbbing and my heart racing as if a shot of some energy inducing drug was spilled into my organ.

The energy humming around me was a soft pulse now, I could barely make out the silvery white glow that once surrounded my body not a minute ago from the power that I didn’t know I had in me but came out in pure instinct.

I just ate a man. I killed him.

But he would have hurt your mother. Every last one of them would have killed Narcissa if you didn’t put them under you’re trance.

My mind’s a mess.

I clutched harder onto Rhayden’s neck, bottom lip now wobbling in the show of oncoming tears.

Don’t cry don’t cry. No more crying until you’re alone.

Fuck, I kept switching back and forth from aroused to horrified realization at what I’ve done. My body was going haywire.

Rhayden grunted, the sound vibrating along my skin enticingly as he squeezed me to him even more.

A sign of comfort.

My features pinched in a look of hurt and sadness, eyes slamming shut as I listened to the shrieks surrounding both me and Rhayden.

Why wouldn’t Rhayden apparate?

I don’t want to be here anymore.

The scent of blood made me want to taste it and I … I couldn’t take anymore of anything right now.

It seems that even though my body was throbbing for a cock as well as my mind in an uproar of sex and violence, a tiredness so unbearable blanketed me, crashing into my body like a ton of iron was weighing down on me.

I was incredibly drowsy now.

Was this the consequence from using my Veela powers? My body immediately shutting itself down after using it so much?

Next thing I knew, darkness fell into my vision and I was asleep, all the destruction around me fading away except for the warmth of Rhayden’s presence consuming me.

A killer with a killer.
I shot up out of an entanglement of softened sheets, a scream ripping out of my throat and shaking the very foundations of my body. My eyes wandered around my person as I tried to take in my surroundings, crazed with fear as my mouth emitted choked breaths and the curl of my hands around the blanket's fabric tugged ferociously and without relent.

Where was I?

My eyes were trying to focus from having suddenly woken up, a nightmare clouding my vision as I shoved the heel of my feet into the downy mattress beneath my erratically moving body to crawl backwards and away from whatever it was that I couldn’t see.

Myself maybe?

Or that Wizard cult?

“Rhayden!” My voice cracked at the rasp escaping my mouth, forcing my way back until the curve of my spine jarred against cool wood and prevented me from making any more flailing motions.

“Saveri, calm down. Rhayden will come back in a few days. Just breathe.” The sounds of Potter’s voice snapped me out of my freak out session and made me still against whatever that was behind me.

Blinking away the haze of my nightmare, I was trying to suck in air that didn’t seem to want to stay in my wanton throat as I clenched the sheets in my hands beneath the straining whites of my knuckles, trembling in aftershocks from my sleep addled state and the oncoming images barraging my mind from what I had done.

I ate a man.

Rhayden wouldn’t even look at me when he forced me off of the guy. Was he mad?

Oh no, nononononono!

Snapping my clearing vision around me, I found myself in Rhayden’s South towered room again.

All dark and rich with golden outline, drapes drawn shut to keep the sunlight out, the area warm and heady with with Rhayden’s scent.

I inhaled the pure-blooded werewolves smell, trying to make myself take a breather and push away the anxiety and stricken dementia invading my head at the moment.

Take in the present time.

Breathe.

My gaze slid over to Potter leaning against the bedpost, muscles arms crossed over his chest as he stared down at me with a jaded eyes, a look of assessing curiosity, too warm and sympathetic yet …
The man before me had a pair of dark jeans on and a white T-Shirt that shown off the sinuous muscles in his flexing biceps and forearms, lips curled down as he watched me watch him from my perch against the bed frame.

The bed frame that I held onto dear life for when Rhayden about fucked me into it.

Heat crawled up my neck to spread out over my cheeks, causing my head to whipped sideways and away from Potter’s gaze. “Where is Rhayden?” I whispered out to him, looking anywhere but at Potter because I was suddenly embarrassed and in all sorts of turmoil, knowing that Potter was in the room where Rhayden had me and the fact that if Potter was here then that mean that he knew what Neville was as well as me.

Potter did say my real name not just a little bit ago.

I need a drink.

And a mental examination.

“Running errands. Told me to watch over you until he comes back in a few days. He also told me to tell you that, and I quote ‘if you so much as step out of my room, Saveri, I’ll give you the punishment of a lifetime’.” I bit down on my lip, trying to shoo away the oncoming twitch of my cock from Rhayden’s words even though I had no clue what this “punishment” constituted for.

Maybe Rhayden through me disgusting after what I’ve done and he was going to teach hurt me for doing such a thing?

Maybe Rhayden didn’t even want me anymore, I mean he didn’t even look at me when I was all drugged up on Veela juice.

My chest throbbed with a burst of pain at the thought of Rhayden hating me, my face contorting into a slight grimace from the saddened hurt filling my lungs at having no clue if Rhayden would even want someone so damaged now. He did say that he liked how pure I was.

Why would Rhayden want me when I was all stained now?

I pressed my lips together in a flat line, swallowing around the feeling of cotton balls stuffed down my throat. Maybe mother didn’t even want to have me as her son anymore? She begged me to not do as those cloaked people said and I ignored her, becoming the man eating creature that I was born to be.

I was disgusting.

The burn in my eyes was immediate and I wanted to snort at myself.

*You fuck up everything.*

*No one wants you now.*

“I’m going to tell you something, Saveri, so don’t start the water works and look at me.” Potter calmly drawled.
Bastard.

I couldn’t help the sneer on my face, a defense mechanism since I was a child, as I tilted my head up and let my eyes turn into cobalt slits of anger and annoyance, urging the tears to stay away so I wouldn’t look pathetic in front of a man that I never wanted to see me weak again after that incident in the bathroom in Hogwarts during the war.

My hands trembled though.

“What?” I snapped out.

Potter’s lips tilted up to give me a small smile that I wanted to burn off of his handsome face.

He wasn’t Rhayden. Rhayden wasn’t here. Rhayden probably doesn’t want me no more and thinks I’m a danger to everyone else so he’s keeping me here to make sure I don’t become a psychotic creature again.

Rhayden wasn’t here, with me. And I wanted to curl up and hide away from the world at that fact. Mother wasn’t with me either.

At least she’s safe.

And where was Rhayden off doing his errands anyway? That man is always keeping shit from me.

But you’re so profoundly infatuated with him.

Potter disrupted my thoughts as he replied to me rather bitchy question. “Even though you ate someone, don’t let it get to you. You did it to save your mother so don’t feel bad. Take it in, know that you had kept Narcissa safe and you have a parent still. Yes, you ate someone but know this, I would have done the same thing if anyone threatened my friends that are like family to me.”

Huh?

I blinked up at Potter, brows drawing together as my mouth parted in shock at the Golden Boy’s words, mind reeling and not preparing for the consolation Potter was giving me.

I looked down at my hands that shivered, shocked at what I’ve done and the amount of emotions clashing into me, causing me to curl in on myself the slightest bit as I gritted my teeth together to keep from sobbing out like a baby.

I wouldn’t cry in front of Potter.

But I would with Rhayden.

He has seen my vulnerability.

But will Rhayden want to after seeing you become a fucking wreck of a monster? Who would want to comfort a man eater?

I haven’t even seen Rhayden eat someone like the other werewolves. So maybe he has never had to? I remember that pack member Rhayden killed for me having said that Rhayden was different from
the other werewolves.

Ugh.

So many thoughts.

“I don’t need your pity Potter.” I mumbled out, halfheartedly and so very tired still.

What I wanted to know is if I would see Mother soon and when exactly Rhayden would be back. What I wanted was to be left alone and shut in so I could do what I always did best, gathered myself back up, piece by broken, devastating piece, and keep going. Keep being Saveri. Keep being a person that loved and did everything for his family even when it came down to having to become a monster to do so.

I will get through this.

I had to.

Just like I did with Voldemort and the war. Alone again.

“I’m a Veela too, Saveri. A dominant one, so I have eaten plenty of people, even way before you figured out what you were. Take my advice and don’t dwell on what you are, but you can be capable of and use it to protect those around you.” Potter murmured down to me.

Ah. Yes. We’re both Veelas.

But I didn’t know Potter would eat people and talk about it so casually, like Rhayden’s pack.

What is my life now?

I lifted my eyes to look up at him, and jerked back when I saw Potter grin down at me as I replied. “How long did it take for you to get used to it? To eating people?” I questioned warily, sucking a sharp shaky breath from the strain in my body at the activity I put it under when I went all Veela mode.

I wonder how many days I was asleep?

I wonder who that Wizard cult was? I want to ask Rhayden because … he’s Rhayden and I wanted him to tell me these things.

God, I was so gone for Rhayden.

Pathetic.

_Rhayden probably doesn’t want you anymore._

_Stop thinking about it stop thinking about it stop thinking about it!_

Potter gave me a look of unwarranted thoughtfulness, as if reminiscing about a memory. “Well, maybe after the third eating. I have to say, it’s harder for me to lure people in with my dominance because I have no control over how much I can give away so it attracts a shit ton of people, but I eat quick. Faster than you, although you have a lot more of an easier lure because you can just focus on
one person and you’re seduction just goes to them. You’ll get used to it. Trust me, just like every other man eating creature does.”

Fuck.

That’s some new information on Veelas in general. Potter had so much power he couldn’t control it and I had the skill to control my seduction. We were both powerful in our own ways. But … “How did you figure out I was a submissive Veela?”

Potter raised his brows, black tufts of messy hair falling into his emerald tinged eyes as he positively grinned even more in dirty prominence. “Well, of course Rhayden told me his suspicions of you being one and I immediately believed it. When you came out to him as one, he told me but I already figured out you were a Veela because I could smell you. Us other Veela can scent one another out although Dominants are more skilled in that aspect. But don’t get mad at Rhayden for telling me you’re secret, he trusts me. I wouldn’t give you away because I am just like you.”

This is giving me a headache.

Ignoring the conversation, I deterred from our talk, having enough of anything to so with Veela as I tried to cope with having eaten someone and the knowledge that I still know jack shit about everything going on.

I will ask Rhayden everything.

He may not want me anymore, but I will get my answers.

I chewed on the insides of my cheeks at the very high possibility of Rhayden not wanting Me. It hurt. And I hated how much that werewolf affected me so much. He’s made me so attached to him.

I like him.

A lot.

The dull throb in my chest pained me at the underlying threat of Rhayden thinking me too dirty now for his liking.

“How long have I been asleep?” I breathed, playing with the blankets between my fingers unconsciously so I could distract myself from any impending thoughts of Rhayden and my mother and everything.

I watched Potter’s eyes darken as he stared down at me. What’s wrong with him? “I watched you sleep for three days. Had to tell Snape to about what’s been happening, he is you’re godfather anyway and he knew that you were a Veela. I watched you sleep in that pretty shirt you’re wearing for a while.”

I gaped up at Potter.

Well fuck. I need to talk to Snape. And I slept for three days!?

What the hell?!
I’ll need to ask Snape why I slept for so long because right now, I think Potter needs to leave the room and we need to stop conversing with one another.

And what about my sleeping attire?

I snapped my gaze down to see that I was clad in only Rhayden’s big Gryffindor buttoned up long sleeved shirt although it was undone at the top, three buttons popping open to show the bare skin of my clavicle and the beginnings of my chest, shirt falling to mid thigh.

I noticed I had nothing underneath.

“Out, Potter. I’m okay now. And send in Rhayden’s elves so I could ask for some food and water. I don’t need you here watching me.” I snipped impatiently and mortified.

Potter gave me a bored look and then rolled his eyes. The gall of this man!? “Fine fine. I’ll let you be. I have to check up on you every three hours though, Rhayden’s orders. And I liked watching you, you’ve always been a pretty git to look at.”

I glared at him as he chuckled and did what I asked, leaving the tower and me alone.

You know what, I’ll just lock the tower and make sure no one bothers me except for the Elves and make them charm my room so no one could pop in.

Rhayden doesn’t want you.

You’re not pure anymore.

I feared what the outcome would be with Rhayden and I and even my mother’s relationship with me. So I’m going to do the thing I was best at when I was scared of any results having to deal with my stupid feelings. I’m going to hide away in this room until I had enough strength to leave and make sure no one would see me do so. Mother is probably disgusted by me, but at least she’s safe. I’ll drop off of face of the planet, hide and never be seen.

My fear of being discarded by those I care about was striking.

And I was going to make sure I would never figure out if I really was unwanted.

I cried for the whole day, even while having my meals, telling Potter I was alright through the doors of this room and not wanting to see anyone. I even made the elves apparate my food and had them charm it so no one could get in except for the meals and beverages. I think Potter knew that I wanted to be alone and let me be. And I took his kindness as an advantage to get ready and leave this place in a day. Enough time for me to not run into Rhayden even though I wanted to ask him all these questions about what that wizard cult was and the things that he’s been up to and has kept from me.

I’ll find out through my own means.

Rhayden doesn't like you now.

I hated myself as much as I hated the amount of care I had when it came to the opinions of others that I felt strongly for.
This was for the best. To leave.

I trembled and cried some more.

So damn Pathetic.
Bare

Escaping the Xeyrus mansion had given me scratches and bruises all over, body aching even more so than it had when I woke up after that Veela shit show I displayed. The castle was huge, and having to climb out of the balcony and crawl down the large pillars for about thirty minutes was rather stressing on the body to say the least. I thanked whatever deity that was looking out for me that I was only on the third level of the castle instead of the fifth or sixth.

With a black bag I scavenged through Rhayden’s massive closet for, I had put a good amount of his muggle simple dark colored shirts in it, having rummaged through his jean drawers to rip off whatever inches the jean’s had on me since Rhayden was so much taller and was not at all petite and as small as me. The second day I was in the Xeyrus mansion after finding some clothes and gathering the utensils I needed for hygiene, I had asked the elves to bring me a sewing kit and made to work with shortening the waistlines of the pants with a needle and patched up the ripped bottom fabric of the jeans to fit around my slim figure. For underwear, I figured I was going to have buy some when I come across a clothing store because Rhayden’s was too big on me.

I didn’t care for the size of the shirts.

Mostly because I liked the feeling of wearing Rhayden’s much larger clothes.

I was a fucking twat.

Shoes wise, I found a pair of my size way back in Rhayden’s closet, assuming these shoes were his when he was younger and probably in the beginning of his fifth year where he wasn’t so fucking muscled and lean and-

*Stop thinking about him!*

*You need to get your shit together.*

I furrowed my brows, sucking the cold air into my lungs, distracting myself from anything Rhayden.

When night fell on the second day of my staying in the Xeyrus mansion, I gathered everything up that I needed, even some left over food that I was sure would last at least a day in time for me to go search for baggies to make sure they didn’t rot and find other foods along the way of my journey. I was glad to have asked for water bottles from the elves.

Seeing Rhayden’s elves made me remember mine and I had another slight mental breakdown.

Bronsky, Kinian, and Poppy didn’t deserve anything done to them, they were like my parents and I … I did my best to not think about them because I would lose it all over again and it wasn’t the time for me to wallow in my sorrows again. I was in the midst of escaping from Rhayden of all people.

I trekked through the woods of Canterbury England and hoped to come across a town where I can stay at a hotel or something of the sorts. I found a stash of cash in Rhayden’s bedside drawer and thought he wouldn’t mind me taking it. The Gryffindor’s got more bank than the Malfoy’s for fucks sake what with how huge of a castle he’s go and those house workers.

Rhayden’s going to kill you when he sees that you’re not in his house waiting for him like the good
obedient thing you are.

With a small click of my tongue and feeling the need to whine out in the back of my throat from the sheer amount of walking I’ve been doing for the past eight hours straight, I wanted to keel over and lay on the crunchy leaves beneath the soles of my feet and slam my forehead against the ground repeatedly in an attempt to stop thinking about the damn pure-blooded werewolf.

It was freezing too. The bitter air of the night causing my back to erupt in goosebumps as a shiver raced down the length of my spine and back up in annoying rivulets. The mess of my hair was in a disarray, flicking against my cool skin in the soft cold air that swept around my figure mockingly.

I was glad to have stolen one of Rhayden’s large winter coats.

It was already a day after leaving the mansion and I was sure that Potter was having a conniption by now from having let me escape under his eye.

Serves him right for being an asshole and making passes at me and making it seem like eating someone was so casual to the point that it made me feel inferior to him. It made me even more mad at myself for thinking that I should be mad at Potter for making me feel so insignificant as a Veela when it comes to how we feed!

Maybe Rhayden was back at the mansion and was planning on stringing up my intestines just for the sake of not following his orders and making him irritated.

Rhayden is probably happy I left. I wouldn’t be a burden to him.

Maybe you just want him to be mad at you because then it would make it easier to let him go. You won’t have to see the disgust in his eyes at what you’ve become.

He’s a werewolf. He’s killed just like me.

But I’m not his innocent little thing anymore.

And mother, oh gods, the way she screamed for me to stop … I couldn’t look at her or be in the same vicinity as her. Maybe she’s scared of me now, disappointed in me as much as my father always is.

Sucking in my lower lip and nibbling at the flesh, I puffed out hot air from my mouth and watched the smoke filter out of my shivering lips to curl up in the dawning colors of the sky, the wispy grey of my breath mingling in with the jasper, bronzed glow of the sun.

Breathtaking scenery.

The colors reminded me of Rhayden’s eyes.

You fucking idiot, why must everything lead back to that Gryffindork?!

I let out a sigh of frustration, tramping down over the leaves in my determination to get somewhere that had civilization, the rustling of the winter leaves creating a sharp sound in the admittedly too silent forest surrounding me.

Gripping the strap of my backpack to shove the bag up and over my shoulder even more, I rolled my
neck to keep any cramps from getting to harsh in my neck and shoulders, letting out an indignant huff at the fact that I couldn’t find my wand anywhere back in the tower as well as Rhayden’s. I could have apparated somewhere instead of having to walk like a nomad through this immense forest.

I felt like a wanderer and I wasn’t liking it despite the view being beautiful.

I didn’t have one of those muggle phones either, and I’m in the muggle world for fucks sake!

And I was hungry.

Not for regular food, no, for … human flesh.

It wasn’t like a drug addiction, where I felt the need to eat skin constantly. No. That’s not what it felt like. It was more of a slight prickle of sensation in the back of my skull, a little thump against my conscience telling me that perhaps making a meal out of an unsuspecting human would taste good, would give me vitality, give me energy. It was a want that I could ignore, but like my mother said, it was something that a Veela would get attached to doing once they had a taste of human flesh. The idea wasn’t bad in the back of my mind, the knowledge that it tasted divine definitely upped my want to eat human but the needling feeling of it being wrong and inhumane as a person had me reeling back and snapping at myself for thinking about such things.

I didn’t need human flesh to keep living, but I did want it because it tasted good, like a candy that an adult would eat once in a while just to indulge in that one moment and get back to their healthy, no fun strict diet.

My mind was fucked.

What’s worse is that I associated eating human as sex because the pleasure coursing through my body during that time had me on in seventh heaven and wanting Rhayden to come and shove his cock into me while I ate.

Demented, that’s what I was.

I wonder what Rhayden would think of if I told him all about how I wanted him when I was eating a human?

I didn’t want to know, I was scared to find out what Rhayden would think of me if he knew what was going on inside of my head.

I looked a head, watching the trees disperse and thin out the slightest bit to reveal the beginning of a long, old stretch of a road.

Then I heard the sound of a screeching halt in front of me, like the brakes of a car in the clearing of the road up ahead, the thinning of the trees showing the worn out asphalt belonging to the road.

I stopped in my tracks.

A car came and made that gods awful sound in it’s breaking motion, the blur of the trees a minuscule to my human eye but still marginally seperating to display the black convertible out behind the branches.
My small ounce of relief at seeing a road ahead disappeared immediately when I took in the car before me.

The familiar black shape of the vehicle caused my breath to stutter in my lungs, the convertible of Rhayden’s was clear as day in the line of my sight behind the mess of leaves covering the view of my body, heart stammering to a halt and body becoming ramrod straight as I squinted through my wry gaze.

I could make out the head of Rhayden’s peeking out of the hood of his car on the drivers side, the indefinite slam of the car door bouncing against the side of the vehicle a shriek in the quiet of the woods. The groaning creak and crack of the metal of the car made my body twitch the tiniest bit from where I stood like an immobile being.

Oh fuck.

A dark tendril of fear curved down the skin of my back, unadulterated warmth seeping into my bones and embedding itself there, as if some sort of brand Rhayden had left within me was lighting up like an inferno within my still body by his mere presence, a contradiction of fire crawling up my flesh and brutal predatory intent skating over me.

It was as if I felt Rhayden’s anger radiating from the tensed lines of his body rounding the front corner of his car, engine running idly by his side as he turned the front of his towering, massive body exactly towards my person.

Sinister and aggressive.

Rhayden was pissed.

And I was in a panic, shaking in turmoil as I watched Rhayden through the tree branches and decaying leaves, clad in a blue sweats that barely hung onto the sharp jut of his hip bones with black Nikes. His shirt was a short sleeved pitch black hoodie, the hood up and over his head and revealing the dark strands of his chestnut hair that slipped out from beneath the fabric. It shadowed his face, the glow of the color of melting gold and harsh Stygian mingling together with the light tone had made them eerily pulsate, Rhayden’s jaw muscles tensing as his lips were set into a frown.

A look of a raging storm, calm and ready to strike in the hard lines of his ridiculously handsome features, was evident. I couldn’t help but let my mouth drop open to wheeze the frigid air into my chest, eyes taking in the lean muscles bulging and contracting in the exposed long arms of Rhayden, sweat trickling down his smooth skin.

Such a fucking tease.

I hate him.

I hate myself.

Oh gods.

Shit, fuck, damn and hell and everything else in between!

He wasn’t supposed to find me! How the hell did he catch up to me so quickly? I bet he used his werewolf senses, tracking me by scent and good hearing.
Stupid sexy, gorgeous, mad Gryffindork!

I was too stunned to even move, let alone make a sound, afraid that if I even exhaled too much, Rhayden would know that I was right in front of his line of sight.

My heart was suddenly thudding immensely, almost going into harsh proportions when the organ rattled beneath my ribs as if wanting to push itself out of my chest and jump into the awaiting strong, warm hands of Rhayden’s.

I ignored the way my stomach made a sharp sweeping motion in my gut, legs wobbling weakly all of the sudden from the view of an angry Rhayden.

You had that man over you, in you, consuming you.

Just the thought of all of that not wanting me anymore had made me clutch the strap of my backpack harder, the sound of the material bunching up beneath the biting grip of my fingernails, attempting to breathe slowly and not make any movement to cause Rhayden to see me and come for me.

Why is he here? Why did he come for you? You're not good enough for him. You're a monster. You're not a good boy for him. You would disappoint Alpha.

Mother wouldn’t want such a disaster of a son.

I was going to go into hysteria if I didn’t stop these worrying thoughts from invading my mind.

I had to keep quiet.

I can’t face Rhayden.

Rhayden never lets you do what you want.

Fucking bastard.

And then those scorching eyes of Rhayden’s went straight to my figure, zeroing in on me like a missile and making my breath whoosh out of my mouth. We stared at each other through the dead of the leaves, my heart pounding in my ears and my legs prickling with a numbness as I tried to stay as still as possible.

Afraid.

And wanting.

Something unknown flashed across Rhayden’s hardened gaze, so very impulsive with wicked rage.

And I blurted out panicked words, coming up with excuses with a high pitched tone, breaking as I took a stumbled step back, the crackling of the leaves crunching apart beneath my fumbling feet. “No! Don’t come near me-”

I yelped out, stunned when Rhayden popped up right in front of me, closing in on my space like an in incoming pressure. I unconsciously gasped out loud, stricken and warmed from the proximity of his body, one feet taking a step back from the man as he stared me down like I was an accusation, a
troubling thing in his line of sight.

So angry.

I’ve never seen him like this, he was showing his rage through that frown etching across his features, that emotionless expression breaking and showing a man that was raw and openly hostile, dangerous and sinful in the energy he gave away. Beautiful in that striking cruelty Rhayden was made up of.

Was this really Rhayden? This beyond intimidating man that looked ready to tear my heart out just for the sake of his satisfaction.

My mouth was wide open, shivering in his warmth and anger and heat, cock swelling up beneath my pants. Rhayden tilted his head, like an animal, full out hungry and observant as he let out a thunderous growl that rattled in my chest and had me taking another step back.

Oh gods.

“I told you to stay in the mansion, Saveri. And you disobey me.” His voice was harsh and deep, so agonizingly gentle that it provoked a sort of anxiety within me with how monotonous he drawled his words out. I could hear how pissed he was even though he didn’t intone it intentionally.

I was both turned on and scared of this man.

My mouth was hanging open, the rise and fall of my chest so vivid in its countenance that I couldn’t help but press my lips together to keep from emitting any sound of distressed elation, pulse quickening in time with the rapid beat of my heart.

Rhayden’s jaw flexed, causing my attention to snap towards the little tick, as if it was the only tell tale sign of Rhayden’s patience for me, a time bomb ready to explode at any given moment. Those sharp features of his seemed to have grown even sharper with the way he held himself together, a struggle within his body. For some reason, Rhayden was extremely mad and I could comprehend a small reason why. I could understand him being angry with me for having taken off without his permission and disobeying his orders, but he’s never been this furious with me before.

It felt like Rhayden had a series of reasons that I didn’t know of for the rage he emitted.

*He’s mad at you for becoming such a disgusting creature.*

My fingers quaked, bottom lip wobbling and revealing how fucking terrified I was of Rhayde. Scared of how much I was infatuated with this man and how I most definitely have made him angry with my Veela ways, of how I’ll no longer be his good boy because I’m a disaster of a human and of how much Rhayden was angry with me.

I want to be good for Alpha.

But I will just disappoint him like that day I ate that man.

And of course, I had to make things worse with my snappy reply, although shaky in its foundation as I spoke through a Slytherin armor that I tried to quickly put on at this very moment. “I’m not an object you can just order around, Neville. You have no right over me, I’m not a little boy-”

I cried out.
Everything was too fast for my brain to comprehend.

Hot hands had briefly touched my hips and then I was suspended in the air like a tossed Frisbee only to have the spine of my back collide with a freezing hard surface, mouth immediately dropping open to release a sound of distressed surprise, a breath of exaltation. I blinked up at the now wide open grey skies, clouds gathered above my head in dark cotton ball shapes.

A storm was approaching.

And I was stricken on top of the hood of Rhayden’s car.

My back screamed at me in protest to the sudden slam against my spine, jarring me on the spot and causing me to heave in panicked air through my lungs as I watched Rhayden’s hooded figure loom over my prone body sprawled out over his car.

My eyes had widened, the pain in my chest amplifying as I stared at the man that I’ve grown to like so very much, staring me down with such a burning ferocity that it made me want him all over me or as far away as possible to keep myself from seeing his soon to be disgusted gaze.

I was terrified of seeing Rhayden’s denial of me through those eclipse ridden eyes, so very dark and light all at the same time.

My backpack had fallen somewhere in the midst of Rhayden slamming me against the hood of his car. I slapped the open palms of my hands beside my splayed thighs, breathing hard as I tried to push myself back up into a sitting position, a glare working its way into my eyes although I didn’t feel an ounce of it.

“Let me go, you Gryffindork. I don’t need this, I don’t need you. Leave me alone for fucks sake-” Again, my words were cut off as I watched in trepidation and arousal as Rhayden leaned over me, placing one hand right beside my head and lifting his left knee to press it into his car right between my spread thighs.

A blush worked it way on my cheeks from the abrupt way Rhayden was closing in on me in such a slow and sensual movement, like the werewolf that he was, prowling up the length of my body with his shoulder blades displayed and the hood falling over the glow of his eyes to make it even more harder for me to make out what Rhayden was thinking.

Sinful, enticing, and predatory.

Then his other hand struck out, grasping around my throat and pushing my head back down onto the hood of his cold car, my whole body falling back in his aggressive approach, world spinning on its axis as stars erupted all over my vision. My hands shot up off the car to wrap my quivering fingers around Rhayden’s wide shoulders, hunching over me as he pressed his fingers the slightest bit against my throat and made the air regulate back and forth from allowing oxygen into my brain and lungs.

What made everything fucked was that I was hard.

And I was scared.

This shouldn’t be happening.
Why is this happening?

My mouth widened, features pinched into a look of shock as I stared up at Rhayden’s hovering face, eyes covered although I was sure he could clearly see me.

A whimper, unbridled and filled with shame, emitted from my open lips when Rhayden dragged the meat of his thigh in between my legs and pressed it into my groin and arse, electricity shooting its way down my back and coveting my twitching cock.

My head snapped back, body bowing up in arousal and trying to search for the body heat of Rhayden’s.

He only squeezed around my throat harder and made me gasp for air.

“Rhayden.” I whined out, choking in his hold as this dangerous man, mad and gorgeous above me, flexed those sinuous muscles in his long exposed arms, veins straining against the taut skin of his defined biceps with the way he held me down by my neck, trapped between him and his car.

I was confused.

I was horny.

I was sad.

All these emotions were becoming too much for me to handle. I was so used to keeping everything to myself but with Rhayden, he was already forcing out the truth of the mess of my feelings with the only way Rhayden can.

By threatening me.

By arousing me.

By being Rhayden.

Cupid bow shaped lips parted from the Gryffindor’s stern line of a mouth, voice low and creating a rasping baritone that made me clutch his shoulders tighter, pressing the pads of my fingers into him to make him feel just as much of the pain that I felt in my throat under his choke hold. “You call me Neville again, I’ll fucking kill you right now, baby. You don’t get to throw a hissy fit and try making me angrier, because I’m already passed the point of mad. Don’t test me. Now stop this stalling, and tell me why you left, spit it out or I’m going to fuck you raw right now and make it hurt.” Rhayden growled out, feral and demanding.

I shook my head, not wanting to have to deal with Rhayden’s rejection of me if I tell him I left because I was scared that he wouldn’t want me anymore, that my mother wouldn’t want me anymore.

I don’t want to be broken even more than I already was. I’d rather live without having to hear Rhayden saying he didn’t want me anymore, the first man to ever have the real me.

Us Slytherins were profusely sensitive, more than the other houses could ever comprehend. We’re a vulnerable bunch of brats that are taught to keep everything to ourselves and make sure to show no
weaknesses. That gets to people. It definitely got to me with the father that I have and the family I belonged to.

I both hated and loved Rhayden for making me break out of the hardened shell I’ve learned to cultivate over the years of my life.

He made me feel alive when I was taught to be a drone.

I can’t lose the one thing that made me feel so … human.

I couldn’t even get myself to shake my head in protest again, I was terrified to deny this vicious man his request. He was fuming with heat and hate.

Did he hate me now?

I don’t understand. Fuckfuckfuckfuck.

I don’t want him to hate me.

“B-B-Because I don’t like you. I decided to l-l-le-” I couldn’t even finish my own sentence with the way I was stuttering, unnerved and scared at the way Rhayden had lifted his head the slightest bit to bore holes into my flesh, stopping my stupid rambling. His eyes hot and taking in every twitch of emotion escaping my face. Observing and assessing.

“Don’t lie to me. I’ve got no patience for that. Tell. Me. Now.” Rhayden intoned darkly. The man always seemed to know when I was lying.

And I gave out a little sob, face cracking at the seams as all these emotions I thought I had cried out just a few days ago came barreling back into me and made me blink away the stream of saltine water flowing out of my eyes and stinging my cheeks, young and dumb and scared, my hands practically digging their way into Rhayden’s tense shoulders.

Words were ripped out of my gasping mouth when Rhayden snarled down at me, infusing heat and fear into the pit of my gut as he cut more air from my working throat with the opening and closing hand around it, shoving his thigh right up against my balls and arse and making me a delirious mess of truth.

“I don’t w-w-want to hear you say you don’t want me. I’m not good for you, I’m a monster, I c-can’t make it if you don’t l-l-like me anymore. I don’t want to hear y-y-you say it! So I ran, I always run when I’m scared. Mother probably doesn’t w-w-want me. I’m not-I can’t-this is all so much. You weren’t even there when I w-woke up. I thought you hated me, and then P-Potter said you would punish me if I l-left and that made me think that you wanted to h-h-h-hurt me for doing such a bad thing and not in the good way that you make me feel. I’m not you’re good boy anymore, n-no longer pure. Don’t think of me as disgusting, I can’t take it! I don’t want you to hear me say you hate me! I-I-I-” I was having a full on panic attack now, gasping out broken breaths as I cried like a baby, mouth quivering as I shook my head back and forth, no longer able to look at the man over me. A man that I cared for. The first guy who has ever made me feel like I was going out of my skin and burning, going out of my mind and letting loose that control I am always trying to keep.

Rhayden has brought out someone within me that I never let others see.

And him throwing me aside and not wanting me, thinking of me as someone disgusting, had me
quaking under him, glancing everywhere but at him.

I stared at the line of trees to my left, breathing rapidly, crying and broken, biting down on my lip because I felt so exposed.

Jerking back in surprise, Rhayden leaned his head down and angled it sideways so he could catch my eyes. I watched, in suspicious horror and sorrow as Rhayden shook his head minutely, those hot hands loosening their grip around my neck to rub the soft skin of the tips of his thumbs up the exposed line of my throat, gentle and harsh in his open care for me.

I let out a tiny mewl at Rhayden’s gesture, so very dark with the way his other fingers pressed into the sides of my neck while those thumbs of his rubbed, caressed and slowly soothed the skin of my throat. His eyes were brilliant in their silent rage and understanding.

I cried some more, my head now following his as he caught the attention of my eyes and made me turn my head without even touching it by tracking his harsh yet calming gaze. The pressure of my hands on his shoulders went somewhat lax in their grip, breath escaping my mouth as Rhayden hovered his lips over mine, hot breath teasing the flesh of my bottom lip.

“It’s called murder, baby. You did it, you’ve done it before during the war. You ate someone, but guess what, I’ve been eating people since the death of Voldemort. Yes, it’s fucked up, yes it’s beyond disturbing but it’s also how we creatures are. I get off on it, they taste so good, but so do you and I don’t tear into your flesh like the werewolf that I am. This is the harsh reality of a creature that eats man. If you think for one second that I was disturbed at the sight of you eating someone, you are so far from the truth though.” Rhayden husked darkly, making my gaze stay on his as I shook underneath his tendered, threatening touch.

He wasn’t like Potter, he wasn’t trying to console me, but telling me facts instead and I took them in like they were second skin to my unnerved body. I have always learned to take in the the truth, blunt and sharp as a knife. And Rhayden gave me it. I reveled in it.

“Seeing you eating and moaning out for me to fuck you about did me in. I’m sick in the head but at least I admit it and don’t deny it. I won’t give you bullshit about false happiness in what we creatures are, I’m giving you the truth. We are born killers, but we aren’t monsters. You’re not one. Everything you do gets me off, baby boy. I still want you, that’s not going to change. I couldn’t look at you because you were in such turmoil that I didn’t want to freak you out anymore than you already were by fucking you right then and there in that pool of blood and guts.” Rhayden continued to explain, eyes so vivid as they searched my features, jaw flexing as he dragged his thumb down my neck absentmindedly, his body looming over mine and his head tilted down so he could look down at me, watch me, give me what I needed when I first woke up after that whole shit show happened.

Him.

I needed him. To talk to me, to give me the truth, horrible and real. The way to calm me down in only the way Rhayden could.

I hiccuped my words out, breathing rapidly under Rhayden. “This is wrong. I’m n-not supposed to like sex and blood and violence this w-way. I’m not a good boy-” Rhayden narrowed his eyes at me, shutting me up immediately.

“No you’re not. You’ve been bad, running from me and trying to lie to me about the reason why. But you’re still my good boy, you can be when you want to be and you do it so well. Killing won’t
change how much innocence you emit when I’m fucking you because you’re such a beautiful thing, trying so hard to behave when I’m with you and flawlessly melting into such a good pretty little thing that you really are for me.” Rhayden growled out, the sound sparking heat up my back as he darted his mouth up and flicked the tip of his hot tongue out to lap up the tears running down my cheeks, heavy and so very Rhayden that I keened under him, open and vulnerable to this man.

“Y-you weren’t there when I w-w-woke up.” I sobbed out some more, an overwhelming elation and sadness breaking out of me like a cracked dam, arching up against Rhayden again and this time being awarded with the hot long hard line of the werewolf’s body, the harsh planes of his abs a hot friction against my stomach and causing me to squirm against the hood of the car, restless and wanting more of Rhayden.

I was finally starting to let the stress ease up off of my shoulders, the past four days having been so much for me to take in. Not having Rhayden nor my mother to be there for me took a toll on me, mentally and physically.

“I know, I know. I had to do some things, which I’ll explain later. But know that I wanted to be with you the whole time. I really didn’t like leaving you like that but I had to. Breathe, baby. I’m here now.” Rhayden explained, tone low and so fucking endearing.

I needed reassurance from the man I’ve fallen absurdly deeply for, needed to know he didn’t hate me with the fear I felt that Rhayden did. But he didn’t. And that … the knowledge that Rhayden still wanted me, had me soak in what I’ve done without having to go into constant turmoil, sure I’m going to forever be distressed over having eaten a human and will most likely end up eating more because the fact that I was a creature that originally eats man shown that I would end up doing the same thing again. I could stop it, but my body was already craving it and even though I knew I didn’t have to eat someone, my mind and body was all for having to taste fine meat again.

Sick. It is who I am.

I’ll be coping with it for a while.

But I had Rhayden.

I’ve grown to depend on this man a lot more than I would have ever thought.

Rhayden rumbled beneath his breath as he lapped up my slowing tears, breath stuttering now as he released my neck and instead reached down to grip the backs of my thighs and lift my hips up to meet his, the brush of both our clothed hard cocks against one another incited a sharp intake of air into my mouth. His fingers were quite literally trying to burrow their way into my flesh with how severe of a grasp he had on me.

I whimpered, automatically spreading my thighs so he could fit between them and make me wrap them around his trim waist. I could tell he was still angry, holding back his irritation at me for having run away and I couldn’t help but lean up and murmur against his mouth, brushing my lips against his as I tried to calm down the arousal bubbling beneath my skin, the threat of Rhayden not wanting me slowly dissipating within me although still anxious about it. I will always be anxious around someone I care for.

“I’m sorry I ran from you, Rhayden.” I mumbled against his mouth, my hard cock rubbing at his lower abdomen as he jostled me in his grasp and clutched me harder to the point that I emitted a choked off keen, back arching and causing my front to press to the furnace of his chest.
Rhayden groaned out exasperatedly, murmuring against my parted lips, teasing me. “That’s not good enough, baby. I’m going to make you hurt for attempting to leave me, hurt you so fucking good. Next time you do it, I’ll kill you just to keep you with me. And I’ll kill anyone who tries to take you from me. I’d really like to fuck some sense into you right now but your mother is waiting to see you and I still have some things to sort out.”

Ah fuck.

Narcissa wanted to see me, and I was wanting to get fucked.

I’m a great son.

“Mother doesn’t hate me?” I whispered to Rhayden, gasping when the damn bastard rolled his pelvis into mine and made my body ride up the hood of the car from the force of it.

“Nope. She’s just worried, like a parent should be.” Rhayden murmured, seeming to take evident interest in the press of our bodies and how limp I’ve become beneath him, letting him take control and drowning in it to my heart's content.

After having walked for a day in the cold, I reveled in the comforting warmth of this werewolf as well as the company he gave.

I’d like to see my mother. I’m still nervous about her thoughts of me but if Rhayden said that Narcissa wasn’t mad at me or grossed out, than I could believe it and take the chance.

Rhayden always gets what he wants out of me. I fucking hated him for it but took great pleasure in it as well.

But having this man naked and in me sounded great. Rhayden was going to make me wait for it though, the motherfucker.

I relented anyway.

“Fine.” I moaned breathlessly against him, rocking my hips up and grinding my cock against his defined stomach, hearing the huff of air Rhayden let out in heated strain as he bit his nails more into my thighs and made me cry out from the pain.

“Such a wanton slut, Saveri. Keep still. If you do that, I’ll tell you whatever you want to know because you’re such a nosy thing.” Rhayden replied, breathing against my lips, minty and hot, the scent of musk and man emitting from his fit body.

I gave Rhayden an impish grin, a feeling of lightness flowing in my chest as I stuck my tongue out and licked at the Gryffindor’s top lip, letting my teeth grasp the bottom flesh of his mouth and sucking on it in pleasured abandonment. He tasted amazing.

Rhayden made the deal, and I’ll gladly take it. I wanted to know who were those wizards that came after my mother just to get to me and make me do such a thing, as well as whatever else Rhayden kept hidden in the dark recesses of his mind.

“Deal. Oh and Rhayden?” I whispered around my mouthful of his bottom lip, nibbling on it as a buzz of warmth flooded my veins at the press of Rhayden’s body against mine.
I missed him.

“Hmm?” Rhayden responded, gaze sliding down momentarily to watch the swell of my arse jiggle as he lifted a hand off of one of my thighs and slapped my cheek all of the sudden, harsh and intent, bringing me up against him from the force of the smack. I screamed out in surprise and affronted shock, my face burning. Rhayden’s eyes shadowed over at the sight of my arse in his hand.

Distracted. This man was.

I pressed my arse further into his hand and felt the hard bulge in his sweats prod against the crevice of my cheeks as he positioned his cock there, rolling my hips over his hot prick in a fit of arousal. Rhayden brought his eyes back up to my face, raising his brow in a waiting gesture for me to speak again.

I brought my hands up to grip the hood of his sweater and bring it down over his head to show myself the whole of his striking face, sliding my fingers through the tendrils of his soft and silky tousled mahogany colored hair to grip the dark locks and tug on the strands as I bit down on my lip. My eyes took in how fucking handsome this man was, amber eyes watching me, low lidded and hot, still burning with slight anger. Rhayden kept his vexation contained for my sake, to keep me calm and let me know that, well, everything was going to be okay.

I chewed on my lip as I said the words I wanted to say, embarrassed at my declaration. “U-uhm … You have me a-already, Alpha. From the moment I a-admitted I liked you, You’ve caught me. We’re both fucked up, but I think I-I have you to be with. I’ll be a good boy for you-” My mortifying words were cut off when Rhayden snapped his hips up and made me bounce against his narrowed hips and over his prodding cock, rubbing my arse against his heated dick all the while creating heat between his abs and my own hardened prick from the press of his body over mine. The abrupt movement forced me into the hood of his car as I gasped out lightly.

My head whipped back, releasing a shaky high moan as my hair fell in a tousle over the cool surface of his car, energized delight coveting over my flesh from the brusque thrust of Rhayden’s hips against me. I clawed my nails into the back of Rhayden’s own neck now, gripping onto him as I tried to catch the oxygen around me so I could breathe.

I was so hot for him.

“Don’t say those things when I’m mad at you. You’ll get your punishment after you talk with your mother and get answers out of me. You’re going to have to behave though in exchange for my answers, you hear me?” Rhayden spoke out through a deep timbre of his promising words.

I nodded eagerly, wriggling my arse in his hand as he pressed his forehead in the dip where my collarbones met my throat in the middle, seeming to have to hold himself together from just fucking me like we both wanted.

“Can’t wait.” I breathed, bringing my head back up so I could press my lips against Rhayden’s mess of rich brown hair, rubbing my cheek against the top of his head and breathing him in.

Fuck. I need him, he’s so addicting.

But I had to be patient.
“I’ll teach you how to behave soon.” Rhayden replied.

I whimpered into his hair, high and needy, while Rhayden fondled with my arse cheek and growled in the depth of his throat, causing a thunderous roil to erupt in my chest and my thighs to tremble around him.

We were so caught up in one another that we really couldn’t stop our groping of each other, as intimate as when he had me in his portion of the South Wing, putty in his arms and wanting from him more than I’ve ever wanted from anyone in my life.

This man has turned me into his toy and I loved it.

*Rhayden wants you.*

*Mother doesn’t hate you.*

*You’ll be okay.*

*You’ll get through this.*

“Let’s see if you can.” I said while I scratched my nails down the back of his neck, hearing his breath harden along with the fast quake of my own breathing. He squeezed my arse painfully and I squeaked out at the brutal hold he had on me.

Rhayden grumbled beneath his breath, jumbled up words escaping his parted mouth as I writhed beneath him, whorish like and lewd in his arms.

He made a swift open palmed slap against my arse again in retaliation, making me squeal out and clutch his neck harder, mouth dropping open from the too cruel of a slap, my body quaking under him, jolting up his lean body and the hood of his car.

I released a light laugh though, airy and delighted when Rhayden mumbled out to me. “Stop being such a slut. We made a deal, better keep your word.”

Bloody hell.

I did what I was told. Like a good boy.

It took Rhayden a little bit longer to get off of me though.

And I laughed when the werewolf had to adjust his hard on as we got into his car.

_________________________

“Saveri!” The shrill shriek of my mother’s voice stabbed through my chest and rendered me immobile, limbs seeming to have stopped all motion when I stepped into one of Rhayden’s living
rooms in his huge castle and found my mother already up and out of the black leather chair she was situated on and rushing towards me like a frantic Muppet.

I couldn’t move.

My body froze up on the spot, mind reeling from the sight of Narcissa crying out in sheer horrified worry, tears streaming down her pale cheeks as she made a quick walk towards me with open arms, lips wobbling as my mother sobbed out openly.

I was shocked to see her so … undone.

And I was scared to make any action within my body because I had that fear of my Mother not wanting me etched into my skull and didn’t want to create any sudden movements towards Narcissa only to stop if she rejected me.

So I let her come to me.

I wanted reassurance that my mother still loved me and wanted me as her son.

And my body couldn’t seem to contain its regular function and had made me frozen.

Mother barged right into me, wrapping her quaking arms around my torso and squeezing the living shit out of me. The feeling of my mother’s supple body, motherly in her embrace, and the smell of her pristine clean sandalwood scent invading my senses had made me gasp out in shock and elation.

I was too dumb founded to hug my mother back as she pulled me into her so hard I could feel my ribs creak with the strength she had in coveting my body in her spread arms, murmuring around a stream of words right next to my ear, words about how much she was worried about me, that she loved me, and threatening me that if I ever left without any explanation again she would gut me alive.

I stared wide eyed at the large room in front of me, taking in Narcissa’s spew of words, my hands hovering around the back of my mother’s shaking shoulders, not knowing what to do because my mother never showed me such affection.

It was a feeling that I really never experienced before.

“I’m sorry.” I whispered down to Narcissa, lifting my hand, which trembled, to pat her awkwardly on the back, calming her down the best way I could. I caught sight of Rhayden’s figure walking passed me to stride in that lazed confident way of his towards a black chaise and sink his body into it’s plushness, hot and heavy golden eyes watching me as I tried to console my mother.

I went red at the face when Rhayden raised his brows up at me, hands shoved into the pockets of his sweater, relaxed and lean and muscular against the chair and looking like the man that has ruined me for every other man in this world.

Ripping my gaze away from Rhayden, I told my mother that everything was alright now and after a few more minutes of her blubbering into my large T-Shirt, she finally released me only to smack me across the shoulder with a not so heated glare in her narrowed eyes.

I gave her a bland look. “Mother, why did you hit me?”
Narcissa snorted, sniffing all the while and wiping the wet of her eyes off as well as the tear streaks created on her slightly reddened cheeks. “Because I about almost had a heart attack when I heard that you were gone, Saveri. Don’t do that again, I’ll disembowel you next time.” My mother sneered.

Wow.

That’s duly noted.


Mother shook her head, a small smile gracing her face and causing my chest to tighten at the graceful arch of her brow. Mother was back to her normal self now, calm and witty and proper as she adjusted her blue cardigan around her shoulders, wearing beige slacks and a cream, colored short sleeved silky top.

Mother didn’t hate me.

Thank fuck.

My gaze started to magnetize towards Rhayden who had stayed silent through the whole debacle with my mother and I but mother seemed to have noticed where my attention was immediately going towards to because, gods help me, she had to point it out. “Imagine my surprise when Neville was actually Rhayden, the boy that’s got my cold child blushing like a dame. Saveri, he’s very handsome, I think you caught the attention of a well put together man, wealth wise, mentally wise, and …. Physically speaking.” My eyes were widened from my mother’s words, flush spreading out on my cheeks and down my chest as I looked at my mom in a “keep quiet” manner.

Mother leaned in, grin splitting her features as I watched Rhayden’s mouth twitch, lush lips threatening to turn into that wicked, dirty grin of his, as his eyes hooded over and watched me squirm beneath his gaze while my mother spoke in her best gossip like whisper. “I bet sex with him is all sorts of fun. My poor child’s cute arse is probably ruined right now, don’t think I don’t remember about you finally losing your virginity. Did he make you scream? I bet he did. Any partner of my son’s has to mount up to your prettiness and Rhayden surely measures up to your looks with his handsomeness and body, whoo! That man is fine. Tell me, did he fuck you hard-”

“Mother! Please stop talking! ” I hissed through my teeth, face now burning to the extent that I probably was looking like a chili pepper, breath quick and hard as I snapped my gaze warily and shamed driven over to Rhayden who had now bent his elbows on the arms of the chair. The sharp cut of his cheekbone rested over his knuckles while he let the pad of his thumb rub along the flesh of his bottom lip, dark strands of his hair falling over his right eye to reveal specks of glowing amber behind the disheveled chestnut locks.

He had the tiniest of a smirk on his lips, cocky and playfully sinister.

Rhayden heard my mother, of course he did. Rhayden was a fucking werewolf that had great hearing.

And I wanted to crawl into the nearest hole when he opened his lips and mouthed silently over to me. “Hey there, Pretty.”

The audacity of this man!
Mother made a chastising sound near me and that had made me whip my eyes away from Rhayden’s person to stare at Narcissa while she shook her finger in my face. “You can’t even go one second without looking at him. Behave yourself.”

I pressed my lips together to keep from snapping at my mother, and instead, narrowed my eyes at her and gritted my teeth together, huffing out indignantly as I spoke through a mumble towards Narcissa. “Please, I’m not that obsessed with him.”

Lie.

Oh my gods, that was a fat lie.

And Rhayden’s smirk widened, knowing that I was lying so big that it was ridiculous.

Arrogant, son of a bitch!

Mother let out a sigh, watching me as I trudged further into the room to plop my arse down on the chair opposite from where Rhayden sat, wincing at the sting on my arse cheeks from Rhayden’s smacking of them earlier and still sore from him fucking me so hard a few days ago.

I blushed, tilting my head down so no one could see my embarrassment as I tried to subtly curl my legs under me so my arse wasn’t screaming out in protest from the pressure of the couch against it so much. The large T-Shirt fell sideways off of my shoulder at my action, showing the bit of pale flesh of my collarbone and neck. I tried getting the shirt to right itself but it wouldn’t stay over my shoulder. I gave up after the third try, letting out a sigh of exasperation while I gripped my left upper thigh and rested my elbow on the chair’s arm.

Mother sat next to me.

Looking up after situating myself in the chair, I caught Rhayden’s gaze sluicing down my figure, darkened in its black ink like color as those gleaming orbs of his tracked the skin on my exposed shoulders and the hand on my thigh, thumb pressing against his lip even more and causing the flesh of it to plump up. The sight of Rhayden made my cock twitch beneath the confines of my pants, skin heating up beneath the warmth settling in his eyes as he took my body in.

Fuck.

I hated how much I wanted this man.

In the middle of checking out each other, a blur of curly blond hair came bursting between us, breaking whatever eye fucking Rhayden and I were doing just now as I watched Luna, clad in skinny tight fitted blue jeans and an off the shoulders peach colored top, perch herself straight onto Rhayden’s lap.

I blinked.

And momentarily saw red when the fluff of a Gryffindork wrapped her arms around Rhayden’s neck and beamed a dreamy smile down at him. What made me curl my fingers into the palms of my hands was the way Rhayden looked up at her with a smile that he never had given me before, full of adoration and contentment.
“You’ve been gone for days, don’t tell me you’re leaving again soon?” Luna asked Rhayden, completely ignoring that I was in the same room as she gazed down at Rhayden with those obnoxiously bright blue eyes of hers. Those jeans she wore was practically second skin on her skinny frame, accentuating her voluptuous curves and making my brows furrow in consternation as I curled in on myself on the couch, suddenly cautious of how I looked compared to Luna.

“I’ll be leaving again tomorrow, but I’ll be back shortly after. Want to help explain everything to these two?” Rhayden asked Luna as he gestured at my mother and I with a careless sweep of his hand, eyes on Luna still.

Luna wiggled atop of Rhayden’s lap, smiling wider.

My chest constricted at the way her arse pressed into Rhayden’s thigh, rubbing herself on him like she belonged in Rhayden’s lap, all girlish delight and a good amount of experienced sultriness about herself.

I didn’t have that. I didn’t have any sex appeal like Luna, confident in what she wore. Hell, I was still trying to be comfortable in girls clothing after all these years and Luna did it so well.

Then the golden trio came traipsing in, Granger waving towards me with a genuine smile while Potter came and settled himself next to my left, giving me a sideways grin as he sprawled himself over the couch and knocked his knee with mine playfully. “Hey there, Veela. Nice to see you again. I was worried about never getting to see your gorgeous git of a self anytime soon after you ran away from here on my watch.”

I glared at the Golden boy, lips pursing unconsciously into a pout. Potter’s eyes were vivid in their jaded colors as the black mess of his hair fell into his eyes as he gazed back at me. The man was really handsome, but he didn’t do anything for me, not like Rhayden did. Rhayden, who at the moment, had a lap full of Luna and wasn’t doing anything to get her off of him.

Fuck him.

I contained the anger bubbling beneath my skin as I curled my legs in further beneath myself to put more distance between my body and Potter’s touch. “Don’t touch me, Potter. And it’s not my fault you suck at babysitting.”

Potter raised his brows up at me. “I didn’t know I was watching over such a baby, Saveri.”

I flushed at Potter’s reference to me being a baby, embarrassed over letting him get a word over me. I snapped at him in retaliation as I saw Weasley settle into the seat next to Rhayden. “Shut it, scar head. At least I wasn’t the one that let me escape so easily.”

Potter’s eyes flashed with something I couldn’t quite put my finger on, but I didn’t have the time to dwell on the matter when Potter suddenly was in my space, leaning over the arm of his chair as green eyes turned a sharp emerald, illuminate and flashing with rubbed chips of crimson red as he stared me down and grinned harshly at me. “What if I told you that if I kept coming to your room, that arse of yours would have been torn apart by my cock-”

I gaped at Potter, my eyes large at the words escaping the Gryffindor’s mouth when Rhayden’s low rumble of voice interrupted whatever Potter was going to say. Dark and threatening. “Harry, why don’t you start off with explaining who those wizards were that Saveri and Narcissa met just a few
days ago. Now.”

I snapped my gaze over to Rhayden, leaning my back into the plush of the chair when Potter revered back into that sheepish smile of his, lifting his hand to rub at the back of his neck absentmindedly as I watched the minute grimace on his features as he looked at Rhayden.

Rhayden had that look of indifference on his face now, keeping his emotions to himself, so calm and collected yet powerful and cruel in his presence. His eyes were somewhat shadowed over as he stared Potter down.

Luna was grinning wide now, settled on top of Rhayden so comfortably I wanted to rip out her long mane of blonde hair and make her cry.

Get off of him, you bumbling whorish bitch.

I clenched my jaw, sucking in my bottom lip so I could chew on it and attempt to not snap at Luna.

I was supposed to be civil right now. If I didn’t, I’d get in trouble from Rhayden and wouldn’t get any answers out of the man.

Potter spoke then, leaning back in his chair as he looked to Narcissa and I. “Those people that you ran into are part of a larger group of wizards that practice in dark magic arts. A cult so to say. They’re known as Akeldama, a greek word that means “field of blood”. Akeldama are wizards that have accumulated together over thousands of years, even before Voldemort existed, to have a single minded goal in causing strife, chaos, and war. They like their violence, they take pleasure in it. They are a special group of wizards that have dark blood magic in their veins that feed off of chaos, they literally die if there isn’t any wrong in their life.”

Jesus fuck.

Having to be born as someone who needed blood and violence to live on was something I could understand given the fact that I’m a Veela who feeds off of humans. But Akeldama seemed like these people were drug addicts that couldn’t stop what they were doing, and they’ve been doing these horrid acts for years.

Mother spoke up then. “Is that why they wanted Saveri? Because he’s, pardon my words dear, originally a creature that lives in blood and violence like them and adding him to their cult would give them more chaos to feed off of?”

Well, shit.

Potter was one too, so why did they want me only?

Weasley’s deep voice broke through the silence that followed after mother’s question, his honeyed eyes fixated on mine. “They wanted Saveri because they probably planned on using him to lure people in easily by his seduction so they could kill easier. Harry being a too powerful dominant of a Veela would make it difficult for them to keep a low profile since if they used Harry, people would come in through a swarm of bodies since dominant Veelas can’t control the amount of seduction they give out. Akeldama would be caught easily if they had Harry. So they turned to Saveri here, a controlled submissive Veela that can give them anyone they wanted on their terms of coverture.”

I chewed on my lip harder, sucking in a sharp breath at the revelation that Akeldama, a wizard cult
that are made up of people born to feed off of disaster, wanted me so they can get easier access to others. They even made me kill one of their members just to make sure I could fit their needs as someone who can give them what they wanted. Blood, violence and death.

Why didn’t the Wizard World not talk about this kind of cult?

I glanced up at Rhayden. Ignoring the way Luna kept herself perched on top of Rhayden, reigning in my anger because I didn’t want to show how affected I was at the fact that someone else other than me had Rhayden’s utmost affection. I didn’t want to reveal how … stupidly jealous I was right now and didn’t want to disrupt this sort of conversation.

My voice came out monotonous as I talked to Rhayden, mad at him for not pushing Luna off like I wanted him to. “Why doesn’t the ministry do anything about Akeldama?”

Rhayden’s face was impassive, more so than mine, as he replied, that low baritone of his voice causing a shiver to skate across my skin teasingly, the sound making me bite down harder on my lip to keep from making a noise that would surely mortify me in this large group of people. “They don’t have the power to do anything. Akeldama works in dark magic arts, more dangerous than what Voldemort had practiced as you had witnessed a few days ago. I’ve been secretly meeting up with different people from the Ministry that actually want to help stop the cult because they’ve been personally affected by them, like you and I.”

So that’s what Rhayden was up to? Trying to gather people from the Ministry secretly to find out ways to eradicate this group of … killers? I can understand my wanting to help get rid of such a violent cult but what did they do to Rhayden? Narcissa beat me to ask the question on my mind. “What did they do to you?” She murmured to Rhayden.

Rhayden tilted his head, the strands of his hair licking enticingly at his smooth alabaster skin, the only indication that he wasn’t keen on the subject at hand only minute in the way his jaw ticked. I was probably the only one that saw it given the fact that I’ve watched him for so long, I could make out the tiniest shift of emotion Rhayden let out when he wanted to or couldn’t contain it.

Whatever he was about to say made him uncomfortable and filled with rage, I could see it in the jasper of his eyes as he looked from Narcissa and I. “Akeldama were magically contracted with Voldemort during the war. They liked what Voldemort wanted because of course his goals would create strife and deaths that they could feed off of. When I was captured during the war, I was tortured by them. And I plan to kill to them all because of it.”

An eerie silence fell within the room, my heart stuttering behind my chest at Rhayden’s easy proclamation, a dark promise in those brutal words that escaped that neutral set of a line of a mouth, staring at me now and daring to challenge me on his goal in revenge.

I wanted to protest, to tell Rhayden that they weren’t worth any of his time. But I knew Rhayden wouldn’t let up on this. These people tortured the man, in ways I probably couldn’t even comprehend and I was sure if I was to speak against his plan on revenge, Rhayden wouldn’t listen to me. He’s probably been trying to get to Akeldama the whole time after the war. And the way he tore holes into my body with his unflinching gaze, had me speechless in my protest. Sad that I couldn’t do anything for him but support his revenge even though I knew it was wrong.

Revenge never gave one a peace of mind.

I knew this because my father tried so very hard to get his revenge on the muggles that made him feel
weak and powerful whenever he was around them with their new high technology and demeaning speeches of how freakish wizards were. Father was bitter over muggles making him feel so pathetic and wanted to take his revenge to the extreme with Voldemort's help in exterminating muggles.

And my father ended up in prison for it.

But Rhayden, for some reason, I knew wouldn’t end up like my father. Rhayden was smart, too smart, too calculative and powerful in his magic. Rhayden could take part in his revenge and when he got it and didn’t feel any better, I will be here to help him get through the turmoil Akeldama has left inside of the Gryffindor.

But for now, I needed to support him by not giving any protests in his revenge. When the time comes, I will be here for him to console in. I was powerless in the face of Rhayden’s rage and grudge.

So I did what I thought Rhayden needed, I sucked up my argument against his plans and gave him a jerky nod in acceptation, silent and quick, just for him. And the werewolf’s eyes simmered down into that lull of amber heat again, replacing the sudden madness that I could only make out in his golden, dark tinged eyes.

I sneered at him, a habit of mine as a fellow Slytherin. “Don’t get yourself killed, or I’ll kill you myself.”

Potter laughed beside me as Rhayden mused back at me. “I’m not easy to kill. So don’t worry.”

Of course I will, but I wasn’t going to be saying that out loud with this group of people watching us bicker.

Granger shifted on the chair next to my mother. “We’re slowly getting rid of the cult since they run in groups. There’s more of them but their numbers are diminishing with the help of those from the ministry that give us information on any of Akeldama’s whereabouts. Harry and us are helping because Akeldama has murdered millions upon millions of wizards and muggles and of course, we can’t sit back and let them. Rhayden’s pack is formidable in their strength and with Harry and our magic, we can get rid of them. Slowly but surely.”

I nodded, taking this all in with an anxious jolt running amok in my body, knowing that with the Golden Trio and with Rhayden and his pack, they could definitely eradicate Akeldama. But I was worried about them, all of them. They were dealing with a bunch of loony wizards who feed off of strife. Hell, I was scared of the cult after what they’ve made me do for the sake of keeping my mother safe. I was also angry about it, but I learned long ago to not simmer in my anger with what my father has done and seeing where he ended up.

But hearing all of this explained what Rhayden’s been doing and how he had to keep it a secret from me what with dealing with the Ministry, whom may or may not figure out what I am and come for me and Potter, and keep Akeldama as far away from me as possible as well as others that we care about. I was glad he told me. The damn man liked to keep things to himself, more so than I did for myself.

I glanced over at Rhayden who jostled Luna on his lap playfully.

I was not amused.
At all.

Luna smirked at me and I about drop kicked her off of Rhayden’s lap. The bitch knew I didn’t like where she was sitting and was taking enjoyment in my irritation. Why were her and Rhayden so damn close to one another? Were they a couple before or did they have a friends with benefits thing going on between them before Rhayden and I got together? I was sure Rhayden wouldn’t be with Luna when he’s with me. I’d drag him to hell if he was cheating on me.

Rhayden would never cheat on you, he’s liked you for so many years.

He didn’t have to be so cozy with Luna though.

Narcissa interrupted my silent angry fit over Rhayden and Luna with her words. “So what do you want Saveri and I to do?”

Right. What are we supposed to do? Did they want our help? Fuck, I didn’t want to go out and kill again. That wasn’t my forte, it never was. I was still trying to grasp the fact that I’d probably eat more human in the future soon because my body and mind were wanting it. I can ignore it but Rhayden did say that us creatures were made to be this way and my Veela side kept nagging me about it.

Rhayden looked at me then, staring me down as he replied to Narcissa. “Saveri and you will stay here in my mansion until Akeldama is gone from the world. So I figure four months or so. Saveri is allowed to go to school since we all have to still.” He turned his gaze to my mother and continued on with his words. “Narcissa, you’re allowed to do anything in this castle, but I’d prefer you to stay out of the South Wing because that is where my pack resides and they are not friendly with anyone outside of pack. The West Wing is off limits for my own personal reasons. But other than that, you are free to do as you please.”

Narcissa nodded her ascent while she looked towards me. “I’ll tell the elves about my condition, dear. No need to worry.”

Ah, mother knew exactly what I was thinking. Narcissa’s episodes of staying in that motionless drone like state needed to be treated and for once, she acknowledged it for my sake. She’ll have to tell the elves what to do when she goes into her vegetable state.

I’m glad she noticed my worry over her.

I gave her a wry smile in return to show her my gratitude for easing my worry.

And I couldn’t argue with Rhayden about staying here. I too, thought it was a good idea since mother and I couldn’t wield magic under the ministry’s eye and had no power to protect ourselves except for my Veela powers which I don’t really want to use anytime soon.

The thought of staying with Rhayden for so many months both has me on edge and aroused. I’d be seeing him a lot more than I ever have. And now knowing what he was doing every time he’d leave and not allow me to come with him, will get me nervous.

Damn. I’m going to have to go through with this. There really was no other way.

“Alright.” I mumbled beneath my breath.
Potter stood up, casually letting out a sigh of breath as he looked at all of us. “I think we’re all tired so I’m going to be the first to go and get some rest. Snape is showing up tomorrow to see how everyone is doing and talk about our school work that we’ve been missing out on for about two weeks now.”

Everyone groaned except for Rhayden and I. Snape knew everything I guess. What a great godfather for telling me nothing.

Slowly, everybody started to disperse, mother giving me a kiss on the cheek as she was led by one of Rhayden’s elves to her room, Weasley and Granger following the other elves. Ron gave me a frown while his light eyes assessed me. “See you later, Slytherin.”

I rolled my eyes at him and saw him narrow his eyes down at me, stupidly handsome in the way his anger looked over ridiculously sharp features.

Weasley and I will never get along. Ever. But I can admit someone is good looking despite my hate for them. And Weasley really grew into himself exceptionally just like Potter. I felt ordinary around the Golden Trio and Rhayden.

Was it me or did everyone get better looking after the war?

No one would ever mount up to Rhayden’s obnoxiously sexy demeanor and way too powerfully defined figure though. The damn werewolf just had to look good in everything, especially in his birthday suit.

“You wish, Weasley.” I retorted in a bored drawl.

Weasley snickered and turned his head away from my view as he strode out of the room with Granger. But I couldn’t mistake the small twitch of a grin playing at Weasley’s lips at my snippy reply.

I was starting to feel that the Golden Trio found me more amusing than annoying. For what reason? I didn’t know.

Now I was left alone in the room with Rhayden and Luna.

And I was so fed up with Luna sitting on top of Rhayden. Hell, if Rhayden liked her so much on his lap, fine by me, the bastard probably liked his friend more than me. Luna was pretty and looked so comfortable with them, it wouldn’t surprise me if they had a thing for one another. Maybe I was just a replacement for Luna.

Fuck this.

Anger was clouding any logical thought as I snapped up out of my seat, hissing out at the two of them as Luna looked up at me with a flutter of her eyelashes, big eyes innocent and confused at my swift movement and my rather vicious sneer her way. “Why don’t you ride his dick then, bitch. Since you’re so fond of Rhayden’s lap. Don’t let me stop you, go on ahead. I won’t be here to watch it, I’ll just find my own cock to ride.” My voice was harsh, venom dripping from every pronounced syllable passing my raged mouth.

I was pissed.
I didn’t even get to see Luna’s expression or Rhayden’s as I turned on my heel and tracked my way through the castle so I could get to the backyard and get some fresh air.

I needed to calm down.

I shouldn’t let Luna get to me like that. Rhayden made me fucking lose my control all the time and him not doing anything about Luna sitting on his lap made me even more furious, the annoyance just kept boiling more and more throughout the whole conversation with everyone and I was losing it.

Rhayden didn’t even pay me any attention when Luna came in, she gained all of it.

Stupid insecurity.

What’s worse was that Rhayden didn’t come after me.

I was more hurt than mad from that fact.

One of Rhayden’s elves, Tinka, came hobbling on out to me right before I stepped out of the castle to get to the backyard gardens, a bundle of clothes in her hands as she stared up at me with navy blue eyes. She nudged the clothes my way, smiling as her black hair ruffled about on her small stature, urging me to take the material from her hands.

“What is this?” I whispered down to her, trying to keep the bitterness from leaving my mouth from everything that happened between Luna and Rhayden so I didn’t project my anger out on the innocent elf before me.

Seeing the elf made me miss my own. I was going to talk to mother about having a proper funeral for our elves tomorrow so we could start planning. I think that’s what both mother and I needed to get on with our lives without them as well as pay our respects to our little family of elves.

Tinka’s smile widened. “Mistress Pansy said to Tinka to bring these clothes to Mister Saveri. Miss Pansy sends her greetings since she is unable to get out of bed from her tiredness after Miss Luna’s sexual ministrations with her.”

I waved my hands about, horrified at what I was hearing and causing Tinka to stop her talking.

Pansy was here and it seemed that she couldn’t get out of bed because Luna has fucked her silly. I was wondering what happened to my friend. Turns out she was right under my nose, resting.

If Luna and her are together, then why was that Blonde Gryffindor all over Rhayden like that?

Urgh.

Too many thoughts.

At least Pansy was alright. She probably knew what was going on since she did have my mother
with her after the whole Akeldama incident that happened.

I’ll talk to her once she has the energy to get out of her bed ridden state.

I wrinkled my nose at the thought of her and Luna together. Ew. I hope Luna wasn’t playing with
Pansy. The girl seemed to have both Rhayden and my best friend, and even if she had nothing to do
with Rhayden, I didn’t like her being so close to him.

Stupid Gryffindor.

Letting out a frustrated sigh, I took the clothes from Tinka’s hands and she immediately disappeared
from my sight, the popping sound of the house worker’s apparition echoing throughout the hall of
the castle.

Huffing out a breath, I went in search of a bathroom nearby so I could change out of the clothes that
I’ve been in for more than a day and into whatever Pansy gave me.

Having found a bathroom, I closed the door behind me to change out of the ones I had on and into
the new clothes.

I was going to kill Pansy.

The outfit was obscene.

And she knew I like it. The asshole.

I put on the G-String that had a red small bow over my cock, soft and silky to the touch against the
sensitive skin of my groin, the panties surprisingly comfortable.

I had to slide on a pantyhose that was crisscrossed and black without any sheer fabric to go beneath
the strings as I pulled them up and over my the jut of my hip bones and all the way up, past a little
above my belly button. Patches of the pale skin on my legs were exposed to the air around me. I
didn’t worry about anyone seeing me when I go outside to the garden in the outfit I was putting on
since everyone was probably tired and most likely in bed.

I was indulging in my crossdressing ways right now after the surge of anger with Rhayden and
Luna.

I should treat myself dammit.

Pansy probably thought the same thing. She is my best friend anyway, the girl knew my little secret
about girls clothing and helped me out with the clothes when I wanted some. I swear that girl had a
sense for when I needed a good crossdressing.

I shoved on black shorts over the stockings, the waistband reaching up a little below my belly button
and hugging the curve of my arse rather unnervingly perfectly, the bottom hem of the shorts reaching
the point where the curve of my arse met the beginning of my thigh, so very short that I blushed.
Silver buttons were lined up at the front of the shorts, matching the own colored set of my eyes.

And then came the top. Which was a long sleeved shirt that buttoned at the wrists, loose at the arms
and a size bigger than my small petite frame, the color of the top a pale blue. I left the few top buttons
undone to show my collarbones and tied the front of the shirt at the bottom with a hair band I found
when I took the shorts from the pile and watched it drop to the floor.

I’m guessing Pansy thought the same thing I did in tying up the shirt.

I let the top ride up my belly button to show the stocking line at my stomach and the waistline of my shorts, thinking that I looked presentable to my own eye. Although the whole outfit was exposing, I wasn’t worried about anyone seeing.

The castle was huge, there’s no way anyone could actually see me walk around in such a thing.

I wanted to wear these clothes anyway.

And the shoes that came with the clothes were black combats boots that went well with the outfit.

Looking myself in the mirror, I bit down on my lip, taking in my supple curves that were outlined with the fitting of my shorts and the revealing way my top fitted around my torso. I ran my fingers through my hair, letting out air that seemed lodged in my throat after all the stress I’ve been through for the past week.

I needed this.

Walking out of the bathroom with a slight giddiness to my steps, I was actually excited now to go outside and check out the garden that I haven’t had anytime to see.

I knew Rhayden indulged in his green finger and loved planting all sorts of flowers, indulging in his nature like fetish. It took about twenty minutes for me to find the doors that led to the back of the castle since the place was so big.

Stepping out into the open air, I gaped at the scenery before me.

Green everywhere.

A fucking labyrinth was to the far right corner, sloping down a hill with marbled floors that made a path around the array of pastel colored flowers, morning glories, peonies, lilies, and every sort of flower I could come up with. They all accentuated the acres of ground that was laid out in front of me and stretched on for quite a ways, my eyes making out no sight of end of the garden.

The ground sloped down, steps leading from one corner to the next as they disappeared behind bushels of trees that loomed over me, bushes filled with bleeding hearts and shrubberies. The paths led to different places to which I didn’t know where because they were covered by green and more green.

Beautiful.

With a smile gracing my features, I tracked down the marbled path to my left, walking down the marbled slope and inhaling the smell of fresh grass and the light aroma of the flowers surrounding me. Even if it was winter, Rhayden had charmed the whole garden to be set into a time zone that matched the air of springtime, indefinitely warm with the sun beaming down over my figure.

I wasn’t a fan of the sun cause I got burned so easily with my pale skin but the way the light reflected off of the varying colors around me, made it bearable.
The forest around the castle was in the midst of winter, all decaying leaves and my kind of scene. I enjoyed the darkness best, but I took happiness in the springtime I found myself in, liking the warmth after having trekked in the cold for the past two days.

I walked down the path that went around a corner and vanished behind lines of tall bushes and branches, the array of trees that I found myself trailing after had started to cover my sight of the castle, disappearing from my peripheral view as I walked further down the narrowed path for a good five minutes until an opening of the trees and shrubbery dispersed to reveal a huge area filled with a Grecian structure.

“Holy shite.” I rasped out loud and to no one in particular.

The floor was made up of stone, cream colored with white pillars and steps that deepened into the ground and shown different intricate architectures. The place was filled with water, the stones covered with crystal clear liquid that shown the designs of the floor, polished and gleaming beneath the sun’s rays and looking like I just stepped into Ancient Greece when everything was intact and carved with finesse by the most renowned artists.

What the hell does Rhayden do with this portion of the garden?

I mean, one could bathe in here with how deep the floor went, one of the steps leading into a circular dip in front of me that could reach a little above my knees with how cavernous the hole went, pillars surrounding the octagonal shaped bath as water overflowed it.

Clear liquid was everywhere.

It was strikingly gorgeous.

If all of this was for the view, Rhayden had outdone himself.

I couldn’t walk in it though, not if I wanted to get soaked.

I was kind of sad that I couldn’t get in the water.

Well, I could take off one boot and dip my foot in, just to feel the smooth watered over surface of the intricately woven stone floor.

Adrenaline raced through my veins in excitement as I decided to heck with it and reached down to undo the laces of my boots, a jittery happiness flooding my system as I tried to quickly fling my shoe off in my haste to feel the water and the smooth looking floor.

The place was astonishingly enchanting.

And I couldn’t not get in it.

Turning around, I bent my knee so I could pull my boot off, only to yelp out when I felt hot hands push against my chest and found myself falling backwards.

I felt the plush of my arse fall into a pool of water, backside colliding with the stone floor as I gasped out at the cool water soaking into my clothes while I tried to get a balance on the flat of my hands to keep from falling backwards on my back into the wet ground, smacking my palms to the floor as a heap of splashing liquid mystified over the expanse of my body.
I was wet.

My hands slipped across the profusely slippery stone as I pushed my hands against the stoned surface, knees bent and hair wet, patches of water clinging to my shirt to have the material stick to my chest as my bottom half was drenched in the pool of cool liquid.

Blinking away the water in my eyes, I snapped head up to look up from beneath my lashes at Rhayden’s looming figure.

Anger and embarrassment smacked right into me at the sight of the werewolf. “Y-y-you, how dare you!? Now I’m all w-wet and it’s all you’re f-f-fault! You’re such a bastard, urgh!” I was so fucking annoyed, smacking my hands against the watered stoned floor and splashing more liquid around my person with a flustered flail of my arms, chest heaving up and down in bewilderment at Rhayden for having pushed me into the damn Grecian designed bath like area.

I just wanted to stick my foot in for fucks sake!

Glaring up at Rhayden through the messy wet strands of my hair, I lifted my foot in retaliation and stomped on the floor in the spur of the moment, acting like a five year old child.

I was mad at Rhayden for letting Luna be all over him, mad at myself for getting so insecure and jealous over that bumbling bitch as well as getting worked up over the werewolf not doing anything to stop Luna from sitting on his lap.

And now with my clothes all wet, I knew my outfit was ruined and that made me even more pissed at the damn Gryffindor.

Rhayden wasn’t replying, just staring down at me, sun reigning down on him like the Greek god that he reminded me of, long lean and muscled body right there, towering over my soaked, fuming frame.

Cock flowing with blood, I felt a sharp dip in my stomach, a tremor washing over my flesh mockingly as I stared up at Rhayden in silent rage and stricken surprise at his actions, swallowing around a working throat as I tried to gather up the courage to start yelling at the Gryffindor.

But we just stared at one another, heat flowing like a current between us, building up like a soon to be erupting volcano, all molten warmth being exchanged through both our bodies as I sucked in air through my lungs and tried to calm the racing of my heart slamming against my chest. I pressed my nails into the ground, mouth parting to exhale air that felt like suffocation in my lungs.

Rhayden’s gaze was burning into me and I shifted on the wet ground restlessly under his penetrating eyes, glowing in their golden hue. “You’re jealousy is so fucking unnecessary. You didn’t need to call Luna a bitch, little brat. Watch your fucking language or I’ll spank you right in front of everyone next time.” Rhayden growled down at me.

I seethed up at him. “Oh yeah, I’ll watch my language when you watch who’s near your cock! Maybe next time you’ll push away the fucking ditz for my sake but I highly doubt it. No, I bet you’ll let her rub her pussy all over that fat cock with how much you adore that wench of a Gryffindor. You didn’t even push her off of you, Rhayden! I bet you liked it, having a girl with all those curves all over you instead of a skinny boy like me. Fuck you!”

I was furious at the man, reverting back into the bitchiness that I knew how to exert with a skill that
I’ve gained over many years. I knew my words can be biting, I knew how much verbal attack I could give and knew that I could ruin someone with them. I was in the mood to.

My body shook in anger and stupid arousal as I narrowed my eyes up at Rhayden, his emotionless expression making me want to crack whatever control he had left in the face of my absurd fit of rage, blowing out the locks of my blond hair out of my face as I breathed fire up at Rhayden. “Then you push me into the water and I-I-I, urgh! I’m so mad at you! You make m-me go out of my ever loving mind and you give me one look and I-I-I just fall into your arms, but not this time. I’m pissed off and I’m wet with clothes I actually liked and d-didn’t want to get ruined. Why are you and Luna so close? Tell me, were you ever with Luna, sexually?” I asked through a rush of words.

Rhayden replied quickly, harsh and to the point. “Yes.”

Furrowing my brows, I pushed myself up more on my hands, shaking with anger and mortification as I dripped with water, clothes sticking everywhere as I droplets ran down the sides of my face and over my lips, moistening them and making me suck at the skin of my bottom lip to take in the water unconsciously.

“Great. Bloody fantastic. I’m just gonna g-go now. I’ve had enough. Go find Luna and get your rocks off.” In my anger, I had slipped on my right hand, falling backwards and gasping out as more water spilled over me, back pressing against the stones as I spluttered in frustration. “Oh my fucking gods! This is all your fault!” I hissed out in annoyance.

I jerked back when Rhayden stepped into the watered surface, sweats getting soaked as liquid reached his to his knees and his face was suddenly right above mine, his body knelt down and his own silent anger burning in his amber eyes.

We both glared at one another. My breath stalling in my throat.

“Let me tell you something, Saveri. I’ve had Luna, naked and beneath me before, calling out my name, but I didn’t feel anything for her. Nothing. A fucking null and void, just like all the other boys that I’ve had sex with before you. I’ve felt nothing for them. Luna is lesbian, and I’m gay. And everyone that I had doesn’t matter because you are the one I want to fuck every which way from Sunday. Do you have any idea how much I’ve imagined having you bare and wild under me while I shove my cock into your slut of a body? I’ve masturbated until my hand has gone sore at the thought of you. I don’t want Luna, I want you.” He snarled into my face, dark and dangerous as I shook in the water.

“You’ve got a mouth on you that I love. You’ve got a body that I think is perfection and a godsend, eyes that beg and shine so beautifully and that hand of yours reminds me of the purest snow that I want to stick my hands into and ruin. You’re also a brat who lashes out from insecurity and hurt that I love because I accept your flaws. You’re pissing me off as well because for some reason, you think I want someone else when I’ve had a thing for you for years. And to tell you the truth, I like how bitchy you can be because it makes me want to just fuck it right out of you. I like you, baby. You’re loyal, strong, driven and genuine. Now ask me like a good boy what you’ve been wanting to ask since I’ve pushed you into the water.” Rhayden husked, furious and raw in his open demand

I was gasping for air, hot and needy and so angry yet wanting.

“No.” I refused.

Rhayden leaned in closer, giving me a downright sinister growl in warning, making my body jolt at
the sound and my mouth to part and suck in the musky taste of Rhayden. “Tell me how much you want me. Ask me politely what you’ve been thinking about all this time.”

I was breathing rapidly now, panic and way too warm all over as I licked my lips in anticipation and fear.

How did Rhayden know me so well?

I rasped out the words, quiet and shy and angry, knowing I had no way to escape Rhayden’s command. “You’ve got such a dark personality that I’m drawn to it like a moth to a flame. I find your confidence and dominance attractive because I’ve never had anyone so powerful in presence make me want to get on my knees and do what they say. You’ve got eyes that are so illuminate and gorgeous that they suck me in without my permission and I hate how much I want you. Hate how you don’t push me away when I push you away because that makes me know how much you want me and it’s terrifying. You’re sexy, you’ve got a body that I want over me and in me all the time. Your hair is something to be worshiped. I like you a lot, way too much for my own good. You’re caring, determined and fearless. I love it. I’ve been wanting you since the beginning of the year and I’m sorry I didn’t notice you before, I’m so sorry, Rhayden. But I’ve only ever thought about you, you’re the one that has gotten my attention when no one else could. And I want you, all the time.” I spoke through a strain in my voice.

Rhayden has torn me open and bared me to him multiple times now and I couldn’t do anything but give into it. He didn’t want Luna, just me. And I wanted him. After going through a good amount of days without Rhayden’s scorching touches and being a nervous mess, I’ve been wanting this with him, wanting what Rhayden knew I’ve been itching for, all my anger driven by not having had him for days after he fucked me.

I was sexually frustrated beyond my control and that Luna incident made me even more irritated and burned the last straw of my restraint.

The werewolf breathed in, harsh and rough as he watched my mouth now, hot eyes dragging down to watch my bottom lip quiver for him, everything too much between us, waiting to burst and I was the one who was going to break the tension as Rhayden repeated his words, rumbling in his chest, low and hungry. “Ask me.”

I shivered under his gaze and looming body, soaked from my head to my toes from his very doing.

This fucking bastard.

He’s made me his, completely. I couldn’t do anything about it.

Rhayden watched my mouth open and utter the words, a plea that tore from my chest and out of my whining lips, so so needy. “Please fuck me, Alpha? Been wanting it so bad.”

Rhayden gave me a Cheshire grin, sinful and predatory. His eyes filled with the same hatred as mine, for liking each other unbearably too much to the point that we hated it as much as we loved it.

“There you go, baby. Asking me so nicely. It’s about time for your punishment.” Rhayden replied, heavy with arousal and animalistic want.

Fuck me.
What did I get myself into? It felt like I was manipulated straight into a predator’s trap.

My breath stuttered in my chest, waiting, fearful and oh so ready.
Rhayden moved too quickly for my eyes to catch, his tall frame a blip in my peripheral view as he made a minute motion in front of my drenched vision. Air wheezed past my straining lungs when I felt warm hands grip the small of my wet waist, the size of my eyes becoming too large as the whole of my body was flung up into the air and ceaselessly tossed into a deep pool of cooling water, the liquid running all the way to my knees now as I became drenched even more.

I spluttered from the water sliding into my open, shocked mouth, blinking profusely as I tried to gather in my surroundings and ignored the sting in my knees that touched the slick stoned floor flooded with liquid.

Blearily rubbing the water from my squinting eyes, I saw my body encased in the big bath that had the articulating pillars circling around its octagonal shape, the carved sleek slate above my head topped precariously over the pillars and throwing a temperate shade of shadow over the wet of my body.

Heart hammering like the erratic beat of a drum, the quickening pulse in my veins beat in time with the organ against my chest, sounding throughout the straining of my ears. The low rhythmic thrum had my skin prickling with over heated sensation despite the wetness surrounding the whole of my clothed flesh.

Mouth parting to inhale air like it would soon disappear from my lungs, I got on my hands and knees, water sloshing around my thighs while I palmed at the wet stoned floor, slipping and sliding and trying to get a good balance on the watered floor. The strands of my hair fell over my eyes as I turned this way and that, looking for Rhayden in the midst of everything as adrenaline and anxiety flooded my system with a lull of arousal.

“R-Rhayden? Must you always toss me a-around …” My words trailed off as my brain went into a sort of malfunction, all coherent thought leaving the confines of my head as I fell back onto the backs of my calves in a kneeling position, mouth popping open to release a rush of heated breaths.

The pure-blooded werewolf stood at the stairs that led down into the pool I was so carelessly thrown in. Burning golden liquid eyes searing into my skin and eliciting my cock to plump up with the rush of blood that flowed through it, thighs pressing together as I watched Rhayden’s lean and muscled looming frame bend the slightest at the knees so he could grasp the hem of his sweats around the defined V dip of his narrowed hips and slowly run them down over the hardened jut of his long, large cock.

The man was undressing in front of me.

Agonizingly slowly.

All logical thought went right out of my conscience then.

I watched, mouth hanging open as I darted the tip of my tongue over the plush of my bottom lip in an unnerved, heated manner, letting my teeth stab at the flesh there so I could suckle on it with abandon as my gaze stayed fixated on Rhayden’s form.

Warmth skated over the wet of my neck and up my cheeks, rushed and heavy as Rhayden slid his
sweats over powerful thighs and strong legs, revealing the smooth skin on his person, dangerously confident as his stiff prick released itself from the confines of his sweats and slapped against his lower abdomen.

The slick, pearly white pre cum at the tip of Rhayden’s reddened cock trickled down the veiny length of his prick, trailing along the protruding lines. The sound of his dick smacking against his stomach made a tremor run down my back mockingly as well as causing me to jerk in the water, gasping out loud with elated want as Rhayden shucked his sweats completely off.

“Watch me, baby. Don’t take your eyes off, if you do, you won’t be coming today.” Rhayden’s thunderous, low drawl quaked over the wet of my flesh and buried itself into my very bones, shaking me from the insides and making the hole of my arse clench around nothing in need for the Gryffindor’s cock in it.

Rhayden gripped the bottom of his sweater, pulling it up to reveal the harsh lines of his abs, row by unbelievably sharp row, the muscles in his long arms tensing and relaxing repeatedly as he brought his arms up along with his shirt, displaying the fit of his body, cruel in his unashamed showcase. The inky runs like tattoos on his body shifting around each other in curves and weaving lines and symbols.

I watched, fingers flexing into the ground as I felt the curve of my back arch up in Rhayden’s direction, the nipples beneath my top peaking and hardening against the soaked material as my breath quickened and my nails clawed over the stoned ground in my dazed heat, cock swelling up even more.

“Rhayden.” I released a stricken whine, surprising myself from the way the sound tore itself out of my parted mouth, wanton and delirious in the hazed lust I felt conjure into a ball in the hollow of my stomach, biting down harder into my lip.

Rhayden bought the shirt up and over his head, ruffling up the dark strands of his hair as he dropped the shirt to the floor and now stood in all his naked glory.

A keen bubbled up in my chest, blush turning into harsh proportions and making me look similar to that of a red apple. I swallowed around my working throat, gulping in warmed, moistened air as I looked up at Rhayden from beneath wet lashes. His hair was shimmering in its light and darkened shades of brown, gaze hot with its gleaming amber tones and black charcoal hues, looking like an unearthly beautifully striking being standing on top of the stairs with the sun casting a glow over his flawless skin encased in wondrous runes.

I caught sight of the small twitch on Rhayden’s succulent lips and I sucked on my own to keep from begging the man to do whatever he wanted to me. I was rather embarrassed at the way I fucking whined for Rhayden as he undressed before me.

“I’m going to have you do something Saveri. You must do as I say.” Rhayden’s deep voice sounded throughout the tension between us, my body trembling now as I let out a sound of consent to his demanding words, worried that if I spoke, I was going to sound like someone who lost their voice, all high and cracking at the tones.

Rhayden took one slow step down into the water, the few stairs leading further into where I knelt. Rhayden’s muscles flexed with the way he made such a simple motion as he intoned lowly to me, all in predatory prominence and emitting a seductively threatening presence about himself. “Stand up.”
No way.

I couldn’t, every particle in my body seemed laxed and weakened right now, quivering in the water from the way all energy escaped my person in heavy arousal from the sight Rhayden presented me.

And I was in girls clothing in front of Rhayden. The werewolf never did say if he liked me in them or not and my stupid insecurity about my body being way less attractive compared to everyone else, especially Rhayden’s, didn’t allow me to spring up into action and do as Rhayden said.

Although I wanted Rhayden, thought him to be the sexiest man I’ve ever had laid my eyes on, I couldn’t get over myself and feared showing Rhayden my soaked form in these too revealing clothing.

The fear of Rhayden believing that I was gross for my crossdressing ways made me shake my head with a jilted movement, quick and anxiety stricken although warmed and filled with want for the werewolf before me.

I pressed my lips together, watching Rhayden stop all his movements to get further in the circle of the bath, raising a dark brow at me and tilting his head in a way that made his hair tousle about and cause my breath to quicken in my throat at the sight of the man. His eyes were illuminate with a sudden darkened, simmering anger as I felt my throat constrict on itself, battling with my desire to do as Rhayden commanded me to or go against it because of my fear of looking like a dork in front of him.

You’re not pretty enough for Rhayden.

In the heat of the moment, I released my bottom lip from my mouth so I could give Rhayden a slight glare his way to cover up my embarrassment and shyness as I spoke out in a shamed cadence, flexing my fingers back and forth into straining fists. “You may be confident in your looks, but I’m not. I—I’m not going to make a fool out of myself in front of s-s-someone way out of my league—” I stopped my own rambling, cursing internally at myself for having stuttered when I was trying to be bitchy.

Stupidstupidstupid.

Rhayden took another step down, the water riding up his bare feet as the slate above my head shadowed over his his toes, consuming him in the darkness with his slow permission, with his own power to, with his say so.

Such a domineering man.

And so very handsome.

How are you supposed to keep up with all of that?

“Baby. I need you to stand up.” Rhayden said through a vibrating baritone in his voice, demanding and not letting any room for an argument against his words.

I sucked in a sharp breath, gritting my teeth together while I decided to stare at Rhayden’s defined chest as I pushed my hands against the floor to heave myself up on wobbling legs, slow and surely although my chest was moving up and down too quick, showing how nervous I’ve become.

You’re so insecure.
My brows furrowed, water soaked into my clothes to make the fabric cling to my skin and accentuate what little curves I’ve had as I shook in the wet of the material, bringing up my trembling arms to cross both of them over my lower stomach in a way to cover myself up in front of Rhayden. The pale of my hair strands were everywhere, a tousled mess as the locks fell over my eyes that did their very best to keep their gaze away from Rhayden’s.

The sound of water sloshing about, and Rhayden fucking vanishing from my line of view, had me squeaking out in surprise as I found myself abruptly in just a breath away from Rhayden’s naked figure, the tip of my nose brushing against the sharp line of his jaw. A gasp left my open lips, staggering back at the close proximity of the Gryffindor, all so quick and causing my head to spin in place.

“S-Stop doing that! You give me a heart attack every time!” I hissed through clenched teeth although I felt no irritation whatsoever.

Rhayden whipped his arm out, wrapping long hot fingers around the flesh of my left upper arm to grip me hard and cause all words to die away from my mouth at his heated touch and silent command for me to keep still.

“Look at me.” Rhayden spoke through a heavy, vicious drawl.

I was looking at his chest the whole time he was in front of me, and by his simple words, I reared my head back, craning my neck up to drag my gaze up the line of his smooth throat, to his cupid bow shaped lips and to heavy lidded eyes.

“What?” I breathed, taking in the heat Rhayden radiated from his fit body and trying to calm the mess of nerves bubbling up beneath my skin as I quaked in front of the Gryffindor.

I hated being this way, too self conscious of my body, ruining anything fun for myself if it included something to do with exposing my figure to others. Hell, I have never learned how to swim still because I was too scared to show my body out in the open. And at the Patil’s party, I had worn a sweater throughout the whole thing because I was terrified of the Hogwarts students seeing me in such a vulnerable state.

“I like your outfit.” Rhayden mumbled, a rasp in his voice as I let out a breath of air while he took his other hand to reach down and tug at the waistband of my shorts, the pulling sensation causing my lower half to sway from side to side as Rhayden ran the tips of his fingers over the curve of my hip bone, trailing the slope of it.

My cock twitched at the simple touch, blinking up at him as he kept my gaze locked in those inferno driven eyes of his, skin bursting into flames at the way Rhayden started to drum his fingers down the side my thigh and dip one into the fabric of my pantyhose to let out a rumbling hum in his chest. The sound elicited my heart to pick up its pace, my own hand rising to lay it flat over Rhayden’s abdomen so I could dig my fingers in, anxious and hot at the way Rhayden ran his finger over my exposed skin through the crisscrossed material of the pantyhose.

The werewolf tore his eyes away from mine as he ran his gaze down the length of my body, his lips parting to release a filthy, appreciative groan that had me blushing to the nines and my hand pressing further onto his chest, watching with confused arousal at the way Rhayden’s eyes pulsated. “You’ve got the longest legs I’ve ever seen, they go on for miles, so very pretty with this milky white skin of yours.”
I whimpered high in my throat when Rhayden watched his hand trail over to grip the curve of my arse, a gasp stuttering out of my mouth as my pelvis was shoved into Rhayden’s. The man grabbed a handful of my left arse cheek in a painful manner to drag my front up against his bare chest, letting out a growl across my parted mouth. “Your arse is so plump and perky and tight. I always like watching you walk just to see it bounce with every fluent step you take.”

I was shaking against Rhayden, breathing harder as the werewolf complimented me, bottom lip wobbling as I was stalk still against him. “Y-you don’t mean it-”

“Shush, brat. Listen to me. You’re gorgeous.” Rhayden interrupted my words, harsh and intoned with a finality that I was left to gape up at him while he rose his amber eyes back up and bore his gaze into my own. He brought his hand up off my arse a brief moment before landing a harsh smack against it, so quick and hard that I jolted against him as heat sparked over my hardening groin and my nipples rubbed against Rhayden’s chest beneath my wet clothes from his slap.

I cried out at the friction, pushing my hand against Rhayden’s abdomen to try and rear myself away from him because holy hell, that was too much sensation and with the way Rhayden was talking about my body, I was more physically and mentally sensitive than I’ve ever been.

But the Gryffindor didn’t let me escape.

Of course the bastard didn’t.

He let out a sinfully amused chuckle that reached all the way down to the curl of my toes in my wet boots, breathing hard against him as Rhayden grabbed my waist and rolled my hips against his, our cocks brushing against each other and making a shudder roil over my spine. My nails dug into him some more like they were searching for China in Rhayden’s abs.

“S-stop. Don’t say anymore, I’m not-you don’t need to …” My voice drifted away when Rhayden let out a warning growl, the sound embedding itself into my chest and staying there, malicious and heated while Rhayden searched my eyes.

“Did you know your eyes are so pale in their silver tone with the most lightest of blue that they look crystalline and filled with the clearest water, as if you’re always crying? Those eyes of yours give away every emotion you feel, lust and hate and sorrow. I’ve seen it all through these beautiful eyes you’ve got. It’s like I’m looking into the cool depths of the arctic ocean, deep and endless and bright. So pure in its cobalt color that I just want to mess you up and make these eyes cry even more, so breathtaking.” Rhayden husked to me, watching the water gather in my gaze as I was being ripped apart by his words, hand on his body trembling as I bit down on my lip.

No one has ever complimented me like Rhayden. I’ve never had anyone that thought of me this way, and it was terrifying and hot and a revelation of sorts.

*Rhayden thinks you’re beautiful and sexy.*

“Don’t get me started on your hair, it’s so messy and white, reminding me of a winter’s solstice. It feels fantastic in my hands, so soft and silky to the touch, just like your body. Baby, you don’t know how pretty you are and it saddens me. You’ve got curves that rival any woman’s, hell, you make me want to lick every part of you because you’re so sexy, nipples pink and rosy with a flat baby soft stomach. Love seeing you in women’s clothing, especially heels. *Fuck.*” Rhayden moaned low in his throat, giving me another slap on my arse and causing my head to loll back in pleasure as I
drowned in Rhayden’s words, skin vibrating at the wash of praise falling over me, shaking and wanton and coming alive against this man.

*He likes you wearing women’s clothes. Likes your body. Thinks you’re sexy.*

My cock was swelling more and more, body going positively limp as Rhayden pressed me flush up against him, taking his other hand to push his fingers against the slight part of my mouth and press them against it insistently. I automatically opened up for him, keening around the fingers that shoved into my mouth and pried my lips wide apart. I ground my hips against him in return, heart beating wildly.

“Rhayden.” I rasped around his fingers, his middle one pressing down on my tongue while he explored the caverns of my mouth to his pleasure, glowing fire lit eyes watching me, taking me in, appreciating me.

I was shaking like a leaf in his arms now.

“You’re lips are always shiny and plump, just ready to be devoured and fucked into like that rosy hole you’ve got between your slutty arse cheeks. *Blondie,* no one’s got anything on you. Luna doesn’t even begin to get on your level. Both men and women want you, you’re so goddamn delicious to look at. You look good in anything, men’s wear, women’s wear and most definitely nude.” Rhayden murmured as he watched my lips stretch over his fingers.

I turned red at Rhayden’s words.

And a sort of elation swelled up inside of me, at being told I was pretty even though I didn’t quite believe it yet.

I needed to start loving myself a lot more and realize that I was something good to look at. Rhayden pointing out everything about me was making me turn into putty in his arms and I let it happen. I soaked in his praise like the good boy that I wanted to be for this man, sucking in a deep breath around his fingers.

*You’ll learn to accept yourself, give it time.*

Rhayden’s doing a damn good job at making me feel beautiful.

I’m so into him.

*Fuck.*

“Don’t feel inadequate around me, because you are so far from it. I’ve watched you just as much as you’ve watched me, probably even more than you. I’ll show you how much you get me off with a good punishment from how bratty you’ve been. But first you need to answer some questions I have.” Rhayden spoke through a deep timbre of a voice, etched with sinister intent that had my pulse quickening in anticipation and fear.

Then, the motherfucker of a Gryffindork, pushed me back down into the water, making me yelp out very unmanly like as I fell on my arse and was encased in liquid once again.

Rhayden shook his head, a bored look falling over his gorgeous features as he stared me down, watching me glare up at him with heated want and anger. “Do you like it when I take control?” He
demanded.

Ugh.

I went beet red at Rhayden’s question, rolling my lip into my mouth as I stared up at him through the wet of my lashes and smacked at the stoned floor in a way to showcase annoyance at having been put in the water again and having to answer a question Rhayden already knew the answer to.

The man just wanted to hear me admit out loud how much I take pleasure in his domination over me and dammit, I did. I got off on it so much it was ridiculous and now the werewolf wanted to embarrass me further by having to admit it.

Oh gods, this is mortifying.

But I did as Rhayden wanted me to. He wanted an answer, and I gave it to him, shy and breathy as I petulantly yet ashamedly admitted the words to him. “Yes. Yes I do.”

I watched Rhayden’s muscles tense and relax as he breathed slowly and steadily, looking down at me with his hard body and burning eyes.

He was gorgeous and I was losing it from having waited for too long without Rhayden’s touch.

_Fuck._

_I want him now._

My hands shook as I went up onto my knees and hands, splashing the water around my shaking thighs as heat sufficed in my limbs and covered the whole of my flesh, tilting my head up so I could watch Rhayden as he took a deep lungful of air, hard pecs rising in that lean frame of his.

I had a feeling Rhayden wanted me to beg for him.

And hell, I was getting restless now. Too much teasing exchanged with one another was breaking me down. And after hearing how much Rhayden thought I was beautiful and sexy, I just wanted him to come at me, to take me. I was going to jump the man and shove his cock into me if it came down to it.

_This is your punishment._

_You have to wait. You have to beg._

_Fuck me._

I couldn’t wait anymore for his touch to be on my own starving skin, chest moving up and down with the amount of exertion producing in my lungs as I tried to catch my breath. I made sure to dip my back, displaying the curve of my arse out in the open as I crawled forward on hands and knees, the only thought in my head filling my brain with [RhaydenRhaydenRhayden]. I was trying my hand at seducing the werewolf, nervous yet oh so willing to get the man to snap and have at me to his heart’s content.

The pure-blooded werewolf growled at me, causing my flesh to explode with prickling warmth and a fear induced heat to filter over my groin and gut. I wiggled my arse, blinking up at Rhayden as I dug
my fingers into the ground. “One more question. And don’t hesitate to answer or I’ll leave you like this, wanton and needy like the slut you are for me.” His voice gave out a sound similar to that of the rumble of thunder, striking and booming in the silence around us.

I was gasping now, brows furrowed in concentration that I tried to keep. My mind was being thrown into lust filled dementia, needing Rhayden near me or I may just literally burst apart right in this pool of water.

Shit.

“Do you want to be fucked by a werewolf, by a massive animal? Want to get mounted by the wolf that marked you that night weeks ago? By me in my transformed state?” Rhayden growled out, eyes flashing molten lava and glowing in the dark of his irises as he watched me writhe beneath his stare.

I whimpered my answer, immediate and without second thought because I’ve been imagining Rhayden shoving his werewolf cock into my arse for quite some time and even though my cheeks could cook an egg now with how hot and shame ridden I felt at the words coming out of my mouth, I knew the idea turned on Rhayden as much as it did to me. “Yes! Of course I do. I’ll let you d-d-do anything to me, always want you to. I’d love it if you shoved your werewolf cock into my-” My words were cut off on a squeal that ruptured from my mouth as my throat was abruptly put under immense pressure, the colors a streak of varying hues in front of my eyes when Rhayden practically disappeared from my sight.

I was lifted up like a feather, easily slammed against one of the pillars surrounding the bath as I watched with terrified shock filled enthrallment at the way Rhayden stood over me all of the sudden. His calves were sunk into the pool of water while he jarred my back against the pillar and made me scream out at the way he held me against the stone by shoving his heated fingers through the wet of my hair, gripping the strands of my locks, and snapping my head back to push it against the pillar behind me and wrench my neck back so my face could look up towards his looming figure.

The flushed head of his hard large cock positioned right at the slight part of my shocked mouth, breaths wheezing out of my throat that was clutched in a tight grip by Rhayden’s other hand, the long line of my neck exposed to Rhayden’s searching, enticing eyes.

Canines, deadly sharp and corrupt, descended from Rhayden’s gums and dropped down to reveal a snarl marring his handsome face, animal like and downright wicked.

I cried out as he viciously yanked on my hair some more and made my back curve in at the pain he produced in my scalp, the plump of his prick brushing over the part of my lower lip, dragging his cock in the dip of my lip to slicken the skin there in his musky scented pre cum. The salty heavy taste of Rhayden spilled over into my mouth as he dragged my lip down with his cock to watch my mouth widen up for him. “Me fucking you in my werewolf form will happen. But right now, you get to suck my cock and drink the cum I give you.”

Jesus fuck.

I twitched in his tight grip, trapped between him and the pillar, mouth quivering as Rhayden silently waited for me to make the first move.

I whined, scared and overwhelmingly turned on as I cautiously stuck my tongue out and ran my the seeking appendage over the head of Rhayden’s cock, taking pleasure in the way Rhayden gripped my hair even more and shoved me further into the pillar with my head, rendering me motionless as I
watched him and his bared teeth.

I whispered up at him, my breath ghosting over Rhayden’s prick and watching his eyes glaze over at the way the plump of my bottom lip brushed teasingly against the tip of his cock. “I’m hungry, Alpha.”

I know I shouldn’t tease.

But I couldn’t help it.

Rhayden gave out a deep rumble, a low agonized groan emitting from his chest and ricocheting in my own as he all but pried my mouth open with the way he violently shoved the long length of his prick straight into my parted lips and buried it to the hilt.

I gagged around his cock, eyes wide and staring up at Rhayden as water gathered up in my vision from the sudden intrusion into my mouth, feeling the werewolf’s length hit the back of my convulsing throat and trying to breathe around it.

“Don’t tease me, brat. I’ll give you what you need.” Rhayden replied to my taunt, making my lips stretch taut over his big prick, my head stuck in place and having no way to move but to surrender to the way Rhayden’s cock rammed so quick and harsh into my throat. The soft pubic hairs of his groin brushed my nose as he flattened his defined hips to my face and made me swallow profusely around his cock, breathing in and out through my nose so I could adjust to the invading object.

My hands snapped up unconsciously, heart ramming against my rib cage as I grappled at the sides of Rhayden’s muscular thighs and held onto them for dear life.

The feeling of something large in my mouth, consuming the inside of it and nudging over my sensitive gums and the flat of my tongue to the fragile fluttering flesh of my throat, had made my eyelashes flutter about in unadulterated bliss, loving the way Rhayden’s cock in my mouth made electricity zing over my skin and create heated goosebumps everywhere.

I moaned around the Gryffindor’s cock, instinct and remembering what Rhayden taught me the first time he had me suck his cock having me flick my tongue around the length in my mouth and wrapping my lips further over the girth to suck Rhayden’s prick further into my contracting throat.

I have a serious oral fixation.

And when I made a tiny sound around Rhayden’s cock, I felt his dick twitch and fill up with more blood.

Ah, guess Alpha liked that.

Oh gods, he tasted so fucking good.

Rhayden dragged his prick out of my mouth to just let the head of it rest against my bottom lip right before snapping his hips forward and knocking the back of my skull against the pillar as he shoved into my throat again, hard and cruel.

The man released a rush of hot air from his chest above me, his pectorals moving in time with the quick, heavy breaths he let out, sweat beading at his temples and running over his lean and muscled body while I grappled at his thighs as he started to once again thrust deeply into my mouth, pelvis
pressing into my face as he choked me on his cock, the press of his fingers into my neck making my head go into a dizzying pleasure hazed daze as tears were already spilling out of from the corners of my eyes.

I scratched my nails down Rhayden’s thighs while he held my head steady against the pillar and fucked into my mouth now, ramming his massive dick in my throat and squeezing his hand around my neck in an ungodly, sinister occurrence.

When Rhayden pushed his prick so deep into the confines of my throat, it had me jerking in panicked yet violent waves of ecstasy at how brutal of a man Rhayden was being while he watched me cry around his cock and whine.

“Suck my cock, Blondie. Come on, let me fuck your mouth some more, you’ve been bad and I’ll make you sob before giving you my cum.” Rhayden’s voice dropped that significant octave, unbelievably deep and dark that my cock had spewed a dollop of pre cum beneath my wet shorts as I couldn’t do anything but take what Rhayden was shoving into my mouth, over and over again.

Rhayden was imitating the way he fucked me last time.

Hard and fast and relentless.

A fucking machine.

My hips stuttered from where I sat in the water, warmth curling in my chest and spreading out as my arse cheeks flexed with the need of Rhayden’s cock rammed in between them.

Ahh, bloody hell.

I hollowed out my cheeks around Rhayden’s continuously ramming cock, tasting around his girth with my tongue and tracing the veins on his prick while he gave a particularly too sharp jab into my throat that he made me emit a screech of pain and pleasure as he plundered deep into my mouth and rubbed at the back of my throat, my head slamming further into the pillar every time he pushed into me and caused my hands to frantically grab at Rhayden’s thighs for support while he rattled my body with his harsh treatment.

My throat hurt.

And I was loving every second of it, although I wanted the slippery scrape of Rhayden’s cock shoving in and out of my mouth like a pistol to seize all movement and let my aching throat take a rest with how raw it felt.

Rhayden, the arrogant, sexy Gryffindork that he was, didn’t pay my pain any attention as he stared down at my lips sucking around his girth with a fervor that brought mortification to my hot cheeks.

The werewolf knew that I liked the rough treatment he was giving me and he delighted in it.

I made a gurgling sound out of my occupied mouth, hips circling around and lifting up from the wet floor as I ground my hips against open air, sobbing now around Rhayden’s reaming cock, my own throbbing painfully at the need for release, feeling the white hot sensation skating down my back and scorching its way into the dip of my spine to gather pressure there.

I was going to come with Rhayden’s cock in my mouth.
Of gods.

“Ngh, ngh! Ungh-Ungh-Ungh!!” The sounds that were being forced out of my mouth was made up of incoherent cries of pleasure, my pelvis seeking friction on my hard as hell cock while Rhayden was suffocating me on his prick, gripping my hair so harshly that it felt like the strands would rip off as he kept tightening and releasing his grasp on my neck to cause my breath and tongue to stammer.

My legs kicked out in my frantic warmed state, the heels of my shoes digging into the slick stone as I moaned out with a pitch that sounded wrecked clawing its way out of my sore throat.

I watched Rhayden tilt his head back in his own pleasure, the lone line of his neck displaying as his Adam's apple bobbed with each straining swallow he made around his rough breaths. The strand of his dark hair looking like a gorgeous mess while he released a moan of satisfaction, moving his hips into my mouth at an even quicker pace, inhumanly fast as his senses were getting lost to him.

I was crying harder now, my mouth having become a hole for Rhayden to thrust his hard cock into while my jaw ached and my ministrations around his prick were becoming less and less structured and more worn out and lax.

Rhayden liked that.

He leaned his head back down with a shark like grin, his canines gleaming at me and enticing a tremor in the whole of my body as I stared up at him with trepidation and dazed heat, the pain in my throat screaming out at me while my mouth lost all strength and became loose and tired.

“You’re so pretty, crying like that while your cock is ready to explode.” Rhayden murmured down at me with a predatory tone, all threatening and wanting.

The werewolf kept thrusting into my mouth as I hung onto his thighs while he used me, weeping around his prick and trying to keep myself from coming as I rolled my own seeking hips up against the water and cool air for release.

I was going to come any second now.

Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck!

“I’m coming, oh fuck. Swallow what I give you, baby. But don’t you dare come.” Rhayden groaned out, foreboding and brutal as he gave one last shove into my throat, so far back that I screamed around his prick while Rhayden held my head steady against the pillar and exploded inside of my mouth.

The hot, heavy, and musky taste of Rhayden’s cum came splashing around the insides of my mouth to slick its way down my quivering throat, coughing around the heated fluid pushing its way into my neck and down my stomach while I was forced to take the werewolf’s come.

My toes went rigid as my own orgasm didn’t come to, tears rushing down my cheeks. I squeaked out in dismay, wiggling my hips with the need to release since the pressure was right there, a sensation of tingles running down my prick, magically familiar.

Then I realized.
Rhayden, during one moment in our exchange, had cast a charm over my prick to keep me from coming. Without my knowing or having noticed.

The bastard staved off my orgasm as punishment. The weird tingling and restrained sensation inside and all over my hard prick gave it away.

*Alpha is so mean.*

*Don’t disobey him.*

*Drink his cum.*

My eyes were closed now, swallowing around Rhayden’s juices as his cock, still hard, pulsed with his release, grinding his hips into my face and humming gravelly down at me in content.

I felt my stomach slosh with the male’s liquid and blushed like a virgin, feeling Rhayden’s slow rolling hips ease back to rub his cock around my aching mouth and throat as he let his prick descend its way out of the round of my lips. His hand around my neck eased away with a light brush of his fingers down my sore throat while he softly ran his other hand’s fingers through my locks, the feeling of his dark yet tenderized touches now having me shiver and hiccup around my sobs.

The back of my head throbbed from the way it was banged against the pillar, but I didn’t mind, trying to calm the fast breaths coming out of my now empty mouth as Rhayden rested his still hard cock against my lower lip, his cum swallowed down my throat.

“Open your eyes and look at me, Saveri. Did you like the charm I put on your pretty cock? You can’t come without my wanting you to.” Rhayden’s voice was heated and maliciously amused, causing my heavy lids to ease open and gaze dazedly up at the man.

“I-I-I want to c-come, Alpha.” My voice sounded shattered, wincing in discomfort at the way the skin in my throat felt torn apart and left out in the open.

Rhayden has fucked my throat sore.

I liked it.

Looking at the rise and fall of Rhayden’s chest moving at the same pace of my own, I saw Rhayden’s lips tilt up at the sides in a mischievous smile, all gorgeous and sinful that it had made my breath halt in my chest as I took in the slight flush of his cheeks and his dark yet lit up gaze.

“You can’t even talk with that voice of yours, baby. And no, you may not come, not yet at least. Why don’t you get on your hands and knees for your Alpha. Right Now.” Rhayden ordered, naked and confident and so sexy in his domineering ways as I blushed up at him.

Blinking the tears out of my eyes, I sniffled in the bath and instead of following Rhayden’s orders, I rose my arms up and wiggled my fingers in his direction, mouth parted as my cock throbbed and my body was so tired after Rhayden’s harsh ministrations on me.

How will I ever keep up with this man?

“C-Can’t. Please. I need help, Rhayden.” I whined out, my limbs weakened as my head buzzed with an undercurrent of energy, tongue tasting the salty liquid Rhayden splurged down my my mouth.
And I really couldn’t move an inch of my body.

I ached.

Rhaiden stared down at me as I looked back at him with a plea in my eyes, my heart hammering against my chest in time with the heavy breaths escaping my mouth. Waiting for Rhaiden’s help, wanting it.

And he seemed to know this, because he rose his eyebrows and gave clicked his tongue in chastisement at my plea, carnal and lethally bemused. “Blondie, you’re so cute, but I want to see you shake in your weakened state. Come on, get on all fours and face the pillar.”

Sweet and cruel this man was.

With a shuddering inhale of air, I pushed my left hand up and off of the floor as I twisted my body around, my knees trembling and my thighs quaking in their leisure pace in my attempt to bend my legs to rise my arse up into the air and get a grip on the wet floor, water splashing around my curving figure as I turned around and shook on hands and knees.

I could feel my pulse threaten to jump out of my skin as I stared at the creamy pale stoned pillar, a tremor racing down my spine as it curved from the crawl like position I was told to get into.

“Rhaiden? I d-don’t understand why-’” I gasped out, cutting off my own question as I felt my shoes slip off of my feet along with my socks, eyes widening as I felt something cool and metallic circle around my right ankle and click into place around it, the rattling of iron caused my back to concave at the menacing, filthy sound.

Then I squeaked breathlessly as my right hand was grabbed at the wrist and wrenched back behind me, a blurring motion that made my other hand snap out so I could circle my arm around the large expanse of the pillar to keep from falling over sideways at the violent imbalance on my person.

The unmistakable click of metal around my wrist and the clinking of moving chains had me turn my head sideways and above my left shoulder to blink down at my hand being cuffed to my right ankle, the chain sinking into the water near my bent knee and gleaming up at me in the reflection of the pool.

All air seized to exist in my lungs.

I stared, horrified, hot, and confused, down at the cuffs chains connecting my hand and my ankle together, my other hand rising up so I could hug at the large pillar that I couldn’t even begin to cover the whole of as my chest rose up the stoned wall and fell against the flat of it. “Wh-what is-how… I-I-I don’t understand?” I breathed, stricken and looking at Rhaiden now.

I yanked my chained hand up and yelped when it tugged my ankle with it, making me slip on my knees as well as grip the pillar with my other arm tightly, hanging onto it as I scrambled up the stoned structure and rested the curve of my cheek against it. My ears rang with panic and warmth from the tugging and rattling of the chains keeping me from escaping with the position I found myself in.

My cock pulsated achingly, still hard and needy as I grabbed at the pillar and rested against it for support in case I fell sideways and into the water with my face.
I felt heat suffice at my curved back now, looming over me, like fire licking at my wet skin, causing my cheek to rub against the soft stone as I turned my head slightly to jerk back as I found my eyes colliding with golden hued ones.

Rhayden legs were spread out on the splayed sides of my calves that trembled from their bent position, his long cock jutting out and nearing my clothed arse cheeks while he slapped his left hand on the pillar beside my head and tilted his head, curious and dangerous. “These cuffs will make sure that you won’t be able to get away from me while I spank you and suck your pretty cock. You’re going to take it. Take the hurt that I give you because you’ve been bad, very very bad, Blondie. Keep this position you’re in and grab onto the pillar because if you fall all the way into the water, you’re not going to have my cock in this tight arse.”

I couldn't formulate words to respond to Rhayden's order, had no way to with how Rhayden ripped the buttons at the front of my shorts to shove them down my straining thighs and tear the fabric off, pulling down my pantyhose and wrenching my G-String off my arse as he easily mangled my stocking. His actions were fast and rough, yanking my bottom half every which way as he revealed the pale skin of my arse to himself. I watched, heat bubbling in the pit of my stomach while Rhayden grinned down at me right before he landed a brutal slap onto both of my arse cheeks, the string of my panties rubbing up against the crevice of my arse and getting a perfect, cracked scream out of my parted mouth. My body swayed at the stinging contact, hips jolting up and my prick bouncing along with the slap while my knees shook. I tried to snatch my chained hand up so I could get a better grip on the pillar with another hand but stopped in mid action when the chain brought my ankle up with my wrist and had made my thighs slide further apart in the water, causing my figure to teeter totter while I hugged the stone like a child does to their favorite teddy bear.

“O-Oh gods. Rhayden. I can’t d-do this. I’m going to fall, please. I’m sorry I’ve been b-bad!” The last word I let out of my lips was a shrill shriek when Rhayden gave another slap to my right cheek, making my chest slide up the pillar from the vicious smack, back bowing down from the way I tried to stay up on my knees, scared and aroused as I frantically tried to hold myself up.

Rhayden shoved his hips down over the spread of my thighs, the naked flesh of his heated cock running up the inner skin of my right thigh, eliciting a shiver to rock my whole frame while the hard planes of Rhayden’s chest and abdomen ran up the length of my spine, soft lips pressing right against the curve of my left ear. “I want you to count up to thirty with every spank I give you. If you think you really can’t handle it and you start to absolutely worry and not want this at all, you give me a safe word, baby.”

Fuckfuckfuckfuck!

Rhayden’s going to make you cry.

Alpha is going to have you beg for more.

I was really going to go through with this, hell, I could barely keep on my knees with how weak my limbs were at the moment, how can I follow through with this!?

But you want it.

Rhayden was going to spank me. Like a brat.
“Pizookie, that’s my safe word. Oh fuck. One!” I rasped out when Rhayden gave a slap to my left arse cheek, making me hiss out a delirious moan as I was forced up onto the the pillar some more with my chest.

My eyelids went heavy, taking in how Rhayden’s body heat disappeared from my back only to squeal when I felt my thighs being wrenched apart even more, cheek peeling itself away from the pillar to press the skin of my forehead there as I bent my neck down to watch in surprise and a pleased dark thrill as Rhayden slid into the water beneath my legs to hover his head right below the aching tip of my hanging prick and have his ears covered in the cool liquid we both were encased in. The dark tendrils of his hair swirled around his head seductively in the water as burning eyes stared straight at me.

“You’ll like it.

“Very good. Now keep this stance and count my slaps or this all ends, baby.” I gaped down at him, heat curling in my stomach and spreading out over my cheeks as I swallowed around an aching throat as Rhayden pressed his elbows into the water, gripped my left throbbing arse cheek to rear back his other hand and slam it down on the other cheek, unnaturally strong and causing my jaw to drop open and release a strangled mewl in pain and pleasure only to claw at the pillar with the arm grabbing onto it when Rhayden took the whole of my average sized, slim cock into his mouth and down his constricting throat.

“Fuck! Oh! Holy shite, A-A-Alpha! T-t-two!” I screeched out in the open, my words echoing in my ears, thighs quivering around Rhayden’s head as he immediately flicked his tongue around the length of my cock and sucked it into his mouth in time with the heated bobbing of his lips.

Rhayden landed a series of smacks then, all five in a roar on each cheek that had me screaming through a raw throat, head reared up to snap back in overwhelming desperate affliction, my skin erupting in tremors I bowed from my kneeling position, gasps leaving my mouth with each breathy, stuttered count emitting from the depths of my quaking chest.

“Rh-Rhayden! Please, let me come! Or stop before I d-do, A-Alpha. Oh gods, fuck!” I was begging up at the stone ceiling, eyes large and filled with unbridled lust as Rhayden grabbed both my arse cheeks in a piercing grip to shove my hips forward and gain more of my cock down further into his throat, hollowing those defined cheeks of his to suck the cum right out of me, a growl bursting forth from his mouth to get moan of fevered delirium out from my moist lips in response to that dark, animalistic sound Rhayden gave away. My bare feet kicked out and my toes went into a spasm. The sound of the chains rattling in my writhing as I pulled my right hand that was chained. My ankle jolted up with my wrist and my thighs screamed out in pain and distressed heat from how splayed out they were now at my movement.

Ten smacks came like punishing hexes across the thrumming pain of my arse cheeks as he sucked and licked my cock back and forth into his vicious, unrelenting mouth, my counting garbled up as I gasped in anguished enjoyment, tears prying out of my eyes as words I couldn’t begin to make sense of spilled from my trembling mouth.

I was tormented.

Rhayden’s blunt nails dug into my arse as he continued with his cruel aggressive suffering on my figure, my limbs shaking so profoundly that I was practically clinging onto the pillar now for my only support while screams, shattered and broken, were forced out of my throat, the sound scraping
my tonsils painfully in time with each smack and suck on my throbbing cock.

“Ah ah! Shite! I can’t anymore, Rhayden, please!! Fucking hell, let me come, letme come! Mnh!” I was losing my mind, that same heavy electrified ball of blazing heat zipping down my spine as I squirmed against the pillar and sobbed whenever Rhayden tasted me with teasing licks of his hot, slippery tongue around my prick, the suction of his mouth causing tiny circles of my hips to stammer in their motions as he guided my cock into his mouth with his violent grip on my arse, every now and then smacking my cheeks and causing me to ride up the pillar as the chains rattled in the water.

Liquid was splashing every which way from every frenzied twitch I made within my body, Rhayden holding me to his mouth while smacking my arse, my lips trembling as I yelled out the twenty fifth hit, my body aching in each nook and cranny my figure had. “A-Alpha! Stop, ohmyfuckinggods, no more, nonononono! I’m sorry for being b-b-bad, please, Rhayden! I won’t r-r-run away from you anymore. I need to come, p-pleasepleaseplease!” I squealed the last words out loud, tears tracking down my cheeks when Rhayden fucking hummed around my cock and gave out a sinister chuckle in his own deranged delight at my begging and pain.

My legs were two seconds away from giving out and causing my body to fall straight into the water. When my thigh muscles jolted in their place as elation fell into my calves in a signal for my weight to give out beneath me, a sort of scared heat washing over my body at disobeying my werewolf, Rhayden gave one last tug of my cock in his mouth and five more fervid smacks on my arse that I couldn’t even count out loud with how much I was crying and keening against the pillar with a limp arm now. The insatiable, terrifying man grabbed handfuls of my arse cheeks and brought my body up with him as he sat up in a quick manner, causing my vision to swim.

I screeched out in surprise and warmth when Rhayden continued to keep sucking at my prick and groaned deep in his throat while he brought my body up to bring my unchained left ankle up and over the front of his lean and muscled shoulder as he rested his back against the pillar and had me sitting literally atop his face.

The chains around my other ankle and hand suddenly disappeared as I watched Rhayden make a swift flick of his wrist around the chain to drag the now free ankle up too. He made me straddle his shoulders while he ate my cock and made me grapple at the pillar with my freed right arm while I took my other hand, shoved it in his wet, silky brown hair and rolled my hips against his face, whimpering like a slut as Rhayden snarled around my prick in time with each tug on my arse to pull my cock more into his mouth.

I was gone.

My body was lighting up like the fourth of July them muggles celebrate, fireworks flickering around my skin as I all but became one object of desirous euphoria, my mind became a mere spark that made my skin tingle while my body jerked from all the pleasure it was feeling.

Too much.

Way too much.

Coming.

“AlphaAlphaAlphaAlpha! I want to come, pleasepleaseplease! Fuck me, Rhayden. I-I’m sorry I lost count. Come on! Give me release, I’m a good boy, I s-s-swear. I-I-I-” My voice was coming out in wet warble and I couldn’t go on with my plea.
Ah.

Shit.

I need to come so bad.

Alpha is so wicked.

When Rhayden, the bastard of a man, smirked around my prick, he dug his fingers more into my burning arse cheeks and held me in his mouth as he gave a harsh suck around my throbbing prick, made a sweeping motion around my aching, weeping groin area and made the pressure on my cock dissipate while a rush of heated pleasure burst forth there.

The punishing charm on my cock was gone.

Oh fuck.

Rhayden mumbled around my slim girth with a deep cadence that rendered me wild in his hands.

“Come, baby.”

My mouth opened wide to release a shriek of white hot pleasure, my legs kicking at the pillar beside Rhayden’s arms while my thighs squeezed around his ears, my prick bursting out my own fluid into Rhayden’s hot mouth.

I slapped my left hand down onto my left thigh wrapped around Rhayden’s shoulders as my back arched like a rubber band in formation of snapping the next minute. Slamming both my heels against Rhayden’s lower back sides, my neck lost all strength and had my head rolling back in time with the way my eyes slid into the back of my skull.

I was coming, vision turning into bursts of darkened colors, red and black and white that had my heady dizzy and my breath catching in my chest as I heaved in air like I was dying, the entirety of my person shaking as I spilled down Rhayden’s swallowing throat, the veins in his neck straining out as hooded blackened gold flecked eyes stared up at me with a dark wretched rapture, evidence that the werewolf was enjoying me melting in my pleasured haze.

My nails left crescent moon shapes into my thigh as I shook, mouth moving silently around unspoken words while I felt all my limbs weaken, every nerve in my body simmering down while my softened cock fell out of Rhayden’s mouth and I tipped backward, thighs giving out around their straddling of the Gryffindor’s shoulders and my limp hands releasing the pillar and the clutch on my thigh.

I fell back, feeling all the oxygen whoosh out of my chest and my slack mouth only to be caught in a cradle in Rhayden’s arms and wincing when I trembled in the aftershocks of the most intense orgasm ever.

Blinking blearily up at the pure-blooded werewolf, I saw those heated eyes of his take in my soaked shirt with a sin ridden glint in his gaze.

“No.” I murmured out weakly, breath sticking in my lungs as I looked up at the man from beneath my lowered, tired lids.
Alpha is going to fuck you now.

“Yes.” Rhayden growled out before darting his head forward and capturing my wet mouth, plundering his tongue straight down my raw throat and groaning right when I whined into his mouth, too tired to reciprocate the kiss but shivering when Rhayden didn’t give two fucks and took my mouth for his own joy.

I could taste me on his tongue as the slippery appendage touched every skin in my mouth, my gums and teeth and to the back of my hurting throat, breathing me in like he was starved of me, greedy and dark.

I could do nothing but let him take me.

And he did just that.

My eyes flew open in shock and a burst of arousal as my senses tried to take in what was happening when I was abruptly swung around to have my back collide with the pillar, head tilting back to stare in fear and affronted titillation as Rhayden knelt his head down to stare at me with hell fire eyes and yanked my throbbing thighs apart to grip the backs of them. He lifted me up like a rag doll and had me wrap my weak legs around his trim, naked waist, our cocks brushing against one another.

The touch of our cocks together brought blood rushing back into my agonized prick, making me whine out in ardent filth as I blinked up at the werewolf. He bounced me playfully a top of his hip bones and dragged his wet hard cock to my clenching arsehole, pressing me further against the pillar.

I watched his muscles ripple, his breaths harsh as his nostrils flared like he was smelling the heat clear out of my body. I yelped out when he lifted me up easily with another bounce and a chant beneath his succulent moving lips. My shirt was off of my body somehow, leaving me naked in this Grecian bath like area with Rhayden, everything a rush as my brain tried to catch up with what was happening around me.

I think Rhayden ripped off my shirt.

I didn’t get the chance to think about my complete lack of clothing when my back arched at the feeling of lubricant sluicing into my arsehole one second and in the next, Rhayden’s cock was impaling me in one single, carnal, thrust.

My yell reminded me of a crack of lightning in the sky, splitting apart at the shaky high pitched sound while my head smacked into the stone behind me in a mixture of agonizing ache and enthralling heat while Rhayden’s dick drilled into me without let up.

I was being fucked instantly, the werewolf giving me no time to adjust as I was made to fit around his intruding prick while it was forming my insides around his large girth with his say so.

My back jarred against the pillar while I whipped my hands out and grabbed Rhayden’s shoulders in a too tight grip with the way my knuckles strained a pale countenance against my already light skin, lips open wide in a silent scream as Rhayden brought his hips back to snap them forward and plunder into my arse like a beast.

I was getting hard again.
Fuck. Me.

“Yes. Bloody hell baby. Take me, take my cock like the pretty little slut that you are for me. So godsdamn tight. Love this arse, want to stay in it forever, always want to fuck you. Jesus motherfucking shite.” Rhayden’s voice was harsh and went into a baritone that had my chest shaking in time with his words, his cock reaming into me causing little puffs of air to escape my hanging mouth. The whole of my body lax and surrendering to Rhayden’s fucking.

This is always going to be like this.

Hot.

Rough.

Sensual.

Slow.

Punishing.

More.

Sex with Rhayden will ruin you.

It already has.

And hearing Rhayden’s guttural moans as he shoved his face into the crook of my sweaty neck, made me gasp out a mewl when he shoved into me with abandon, loving every invading, greedy, hungry drive.

I was being shredded apart. Being made into a hole for Rhayden to fuck into.

The man took pleasure in the screams that sounded in his ears from my mouth with every damp breath I splurged past his knelt head as he growled into my neck and clamped sharpened teeth straight into my flesh.

I couldn’t react quick enough, jerking in his hold as he kept shoving into me at an abnormal, violent and stunting fuck, feeling the point of his canines burying themselves into the soft skin of my throat while he banged me against the pillar over and over again.

Deranged.

Lewd and oh so hot.

“A-Ah, Alpha! F-f-f-fuck me harder. Oh please! Bite me some more. I’m y-yours. O-o-oh! Ceirces tits! Your cock feels so good, Rhayden. Love it. Hurt me some m-more. Ah!” I gasped out brokenly when Rhayden stiffened his jaw and ground his canines deeper into my neck, snarling into me as Rhayden lost all his control and jammed me up against the pillar like I was his fucking prey caught in his grasps.

A long whining moan escaped my mouth as I bounced on Rhayden’s lap while his long, hard, large cock kept punching into me, fast and immoral. I was crying out loud with each shove into me while
my neck throbbed in pain along with the thrum of unsettling nerves running over the expanse of my flesh, especially the places Rhayden had tortured throughout this whole fuck fest.

Rhayden’s machine of a cock went and jabbed straight onto my prostate, and with that one brutal brush of his prick, I was done for.

Clawing and squealing as well as keening out in ecstasy, I shoved the soles of my feet into the dip of Rhayden’s lower back and rode his cock in a whorish attitude in time with the Alpha’s erratic, quick thrusts while I came again, cum splashing against his abs and into the water as heat build up in my groin and spewed forth like a water fountain, unstoppable in its tracks. “Rhayden! Oh f-f-f-fuck!”

I took my right hand off of Rhayden’s shoulder to tangle my fingers in his wet and mussed up mahogany hair so I could pull at his hair in my drugged out state of mind when he pounded into me some more, growling around the flesh he had in his mouth. His bite was painful while he sucked on the skin, probably giving me the most horrifyingly delicious hickey of all times.

My mouth released a whimpered stuttering moan that seemed to went on forever, time stretching on as the embarrassing sound came out from my wide open mouth and egged Rhayden on. He let go of my right leg and let it dangle around his hips while he made my back slide up the pillar with each shattering ram into me.

Predatory and selfish in his fucking.

I was consumed and drawn to his punishment.

I soaked in Rhayden’s warmth like he was the flesh on my bones.

The only sound coming out of my mouth now were a jumble of words and a grimace of pain whenever Rhayden fucked into me.

I didn’t mind it, but hell, the werewolf was opening me up and rubbing me raw from the inside out.

My body was all limp now, cock emptied of my cum while Rhayden growled around my neck as he released it to flick out his hot tongue over the wound he made there, rising his hand that disengaged itself from my dangling leg to make a fist and jab it straight into the pillar at the exact moment he gave one last burning and cruel piston of his prick into my arse and prostate before flooding my insides with his hot, wet cum. He snarled out words that were hot and heavy over my skin as Rhayden cursed out loud in shameless lust, my name malicious as he spoke it. “Saveri, baby boy, fuck! Such a good, spoiled brat of mine.”

I squeaked out as Rhayden released a rumble from his chest, riotous and ruthless as the muscles in his back went rigid and he stilled his bucking movements, the resounding crack of the pillar’s stoned surface beside my head the only sound mingling in with my breathy hysteric huffs and Rhayden’s repeatedly hot gusts of air from his mouth now hovering above the ache in my neck from his bite.

My hand in his hair laid on top of the smooth, wetted locks as my body gave out from all of the strenuous action it was just put through. Rhayden’s hips started to slowly roll into me, feeling my insides fill up with the werewolf’s juices as well as it running down the insides of my thighs with how much Rhayden was stuffing me up.

“No more. I can’t no more. P-please. Let’s take a-a-a rest, Alpha.” I whined breathlessly, voice cracking and losing its sound even when I spoke quietly. Rhayden’s soft grinding into my arse
relented after a few aching moments while he drew his hips back and the suctioning, sloshing sound of his cum oozed out of me as well as his finally flagging cock withdrew from my convulsing, sore walls.

The Gryffindor breathed against me for a moment, our naked bodies pressed tight against one another as we both tried to calm ourselves down, the beating out our fast hearts thudding against each other through our rib cages.

We were in sync.

And Rhayden’s bite made me feel heady and tired as well as his fucking.

“I’ll fuck you as much as I want. But you need to eat since it’s getting late. I’ll have your arse again when I come back from my meetings in the next few days.” Rhayden mumbled over my neck as he lifted his head and bored his autumn colored eyes down at me, pupils huge and his gaze hawk like and assessing with a heat laced in them.

I rose my brow up, letting out a soft mewl when Rhayden peeled my throbbing back away from the pillar and took his fist out of the stone so he could grab onto the skin where my thigh met the swells of my already bruising, reddened arse cheeks so he could jostle me to hang onto him as he pulled me forward and made me wrap my arms around his neck.

I pursed my lips, inhaling his forest, minty scent as I curled into him, rubbing my nipples over his chest while my breath caught at the sensation.

The thought of Rhayden leaving me again in the mansion for the next few days didn’t settle well in my system. I wanted to go with him to wherever he went when he sought out his rendezvous with few of the ministry’s members in hopes of getting more information on Akeldama’s whereabouts. I was worried for him, despite knowing that Rhayden can take care of himself perfectly fine.

If anything was to happen to him … I’ll fucking lose it.

And it was scary to let him go and take his revenge. But I know Rhayden won’t stop. I didn’t want to get in on the killing Rhayden, his pack and the Golden Trio were doing because in all honestly, I couldn’t do it. Hell, I still had to gain the courage to ask Rhayden to bring me human flesh when he went to get his own to feed off on. That stupid niggling feeling in the back of my head telling me that human flesh sounded really good to taste right now was making me wanting some. Sick, but I was going to have to eat human sooner or later. I thought about how Rhayden and his pack were killing innocent people like Akeldama, and came to the conclusion that his pack probably asked regular people if they would like to be eaten. I’ve read in countless books how packs asked for permission to kill someone if they wanted it, some getting off on it and the thought of death quite a turn on for them, while others just didn’t want to live anymore and decided to be killed by being eaten. Akeldama just wants to kill others on a spree and the joy of it.

I’ve heard that the Xeyrus pack was like them in the past, killing for the fun of it, but Rhayden is Rhayden. He wouldn’t want to do that.

I’d have to ask him how he gets his meals.

I know the pure-blooded werewolf doesn’t kill just for the hell of it.

“Fine. But if anything happens, you have to send a letter or something to warn me. I don’t want you
dying. And when you do come back, I’ve got more questions about your pack and how you get your meals. So don’t t-think you’re off the hook on my nosy radar.” I breathed into the crook of Rhayden’s neck.

Wait.

“Rhayden?” I whispered my words, bottom lip pressing into the Gryffindors neck while he took a step out of the Grecian bath hole and onto the first stones staircase ledge.

“What?” Rhayden husked, his hands occupied with the skin beneath my arse, grabbing at it and fucking playing with the tender flesh there.

The man was interested in my arse right now.

Jesus fuck.

I writhed in his grasp, hissing out in pain that slid throughout my body from moving and being handled so much, neck aching the most from Rhayden’s bite. “You said that pure-blooded werewolves gain power from tasting Veela flesh. Y-you just bit me … does that mean you’re all … high off of my skin and blood or something? And aren’t I supposed to get all drugged out from it too?”

Rhayden released a breathy, low chuckle that skated deliciously down into my gut and wrecked havoc there as warmth gathered even more over my flesh at the sound. “No, no. I didn’t gain any power. I bit you, but it barely drew much blood for me to get a good high off of. Perhaps one day you’ll let me bite into your inner thighs and suck some blood out of there, just enough to get us both into a good daze. Would be another way to have awesome sex.”

Oh well, that’s good.

My brain registered Rhayden’s last words and I snickered into his neck, letting the tops of my teeth drag down over his sweaty skin there as I spoke out. “You’re such a horny werewolf.”

Rhayden squeezed my the skin he held beneath my arse and at the backs of my thighs hard, creating a strained noise in the back of my throat in response to his treatment. “Keep on being snarky baby. I’ll just add a punishment to each sassy thing you say.”

I pouted against his neck, mouthing at it to lick the salty taste of Rhayden’s skin there unconsciously, tired and fuck out as I dripped Rhayden’s cum. Fuck. Rhayden’s punishments were horrifying. They make me cry and beg and suffer.

Stupid, sexy Gryffindork.

“M’sorry” I murmured.

Rhayden was almost at the top of the stoned stairs now, leading us out of the water fully. “You’re so cute after you have sex. All worn out.”

I hid my face in the man’s neck, pressing my lips there in a soft kiss as I snuggled into him, letting him carry me up the stairs like a sleepy child, content to let the man take care of my beaten down body.
“Pizookie?” Rhayden questioned out of nowhere, voice roughened and curious.

Ah. Yeah. My safeword.

Sucking the flesh of his neck further into my mouth, I mewed around his musky salty skin as I replied. “Pansy and I sneaked out often to the muggle world after Voldemort died. One night her and I went to a restaurant in Florida that went by the name of ‘BJ’s’, a brew house of sorts that had a dessert called ‘Pizookie’. They’re delicious and vary in different flavors. I had a large hot chocolate chip cookie in a pan with vanilla ice cream topped off on it and it was heaven in my mouth.” I moaned around Rhayden’s skin at remembering the dessert’s taste, only to cringe when I remembered the consequences after eating the whole sugary meal.

“When I finished eating the whole dessert, I ended up having the worst stomach ache from all the sweetness and threw up for the whole day. Mother was surprised and worried throughout the whole situation and I was grounded afterwards too when I told her how I got sick. Those damn Pizookies were so good but deadly and I promised myself I would never eat one again, the mere name of it makes me get physically and emotionally messed up.” I finished explaining my choice for my safe word, a breathy sigh around Rhayden’s neck in my suckling mouth.

I felt Rhayden’s shoulders quiver, my ears picking up the light, low laugh that emitted from Rhayden’s mouth as he shook with his continuous chuckles, causing my frame to shake with his amusement at my safe word.

I liked the sound of the Gryffindor’s laugh, low and light and calm.

But the werewolf didn’t need to know that.

Nipping at Rhayden’s neck in retaliation for laughing at my horrible dessert moment, I spoke through a pout. “Shut it, wolf boy. It’s not funny.”

It was.

Rhayden snickered. “Blondie, you constantly get yourself in so much trouble. I can’t help it. Pizookie is a nice safe word, use it whenever you feel uncomfortable with what we’re doing.”

I nodded tiredly into his neck, stomach gurgling with hunger for a good assortment of food instead of all the cum that was sloshed inside of it right now. My stomach felt heavy with Rhayden’s juices but the feeling will soon evaporate once I get myself cleaned up. Maybe Rhayden will help me in the process?

The Gryffindor would end up just fucking you if he helped get his cum out of your arse.

New goal. Don’t let Rhayden anywhere near my arse today. It was already so fucking sore that with every step Rhayden took while he carried me made me suck in a breath every time the skin on my arse throbbed with his movements or it throbbed with ache.

I couldn’t help complaining to Rhayden though. “You fucked me too hard.”

Rhayden’s voice dripped with honeyed seduction. “That’s how it always should be. Besides, you like it and so do I.”

My face grew hot at the werewolf’s words.
Then Rhayden stopped walking all at one, a soft murmur leaving his mouth as I felt my body being covered in a black silk blanket. A sound, awfully familiar, came from behind my back as I froze up on the spot like my werewolf did, catching onto why I was being covered out of nowhere. “I come here to see my godson and this is where I find him. Getting fucked by Rhayden Xeyrus. Are you trying to make me get heart failure, Rhayden?” Snape’s monotonous drawl of a question to the pure-blooded werewolf felt like a bucket of ice water falling over both Rhayden and I, similar to the way Rhayden talks at times. Snape’s voice made me clutch at the Gryffindor in mortification as I peaked over my shoulder to see the new headmaster of Hogwarts stand on the path that led to the exit of the Grecian bathhouse with his lean, surprisingly muscled arms crossed over his hard chest. His fit, forty year old body was encased his dark blue jeans and a simple black buttoned down shirt.

He looked good.

And mad. Like always.

But his black eyes seemed to be narrowed more than usual as he glared at Rhayden instead of me.

Snape has been like a parent to me. And I guess he did not like this whole ordeal between Rhayden and I. Snape's jaw clenched and I groaned out loud, embarrassed and wanting to stuff my head in a hole and stay there while Rhayden clutched me to him for comfort in my shame. “You weren’t supposed to show up until tomorrow, Snape. And no, I don’t wish illness on you headmaster. But I do wish you didn’t just pop up when both your godson and I are naked.” Rhayden spoke through a calm demeanor, cool and collected and reverting back into his emotionless state.

I tightened my arms around the Gryffindor’s neck as I mumbled out to my godfather. “A heads up would have been nice.”

I heard Snape sneer from behind me while Rhayden started to walk towards the professor now. “No need to worry, Saveri. Your father may die on the spot when he figures out that the Alpha of the not-so-quiet-dead Xeryus pack is fucking his son though. Don’t worry about me seeing you in your birthday suite, worry about me hexing Rhayden for not getting my blessing first.”

I groaned into Rhayden’s neck as I heard the damn werewolf chuckle softly at my expense and took the threat Snape gave away very lightly. “Let’s meet up in the East wing's kitchen in thirty minutes. We’ll see you there, Severus.” Rhayden replied lowly before apparating both me and him to his portion of the South wing and appearing in his room.

My stomach roiled at the stupid magically transporting spell.

I will never get used to the feeling of apparition. Ever.

And damn, Rhayden just ordered my godfather around like it was nothing and was expected.

The werewolf got away with everything.

And I gave Rhayden an earful when he attempted to fuck me again after making me take a quick shower with him as he was getting all of his cum out of my raw arse.

It took both of us about an hour to get all squeaky clean and ready to meet with Snape. My godfather looked downright murderous when Rhayden and I appeared in the East wing's kitchen an hour and a half later.
Rhayden decided to snog me for thirty minutes after getting cleaned up and with the way Snape was trying to burn Rhayden with his pitch black narrowed gaze, I figured he knew it was Rhayden’s fault for our late arrival.

This was going to be a disaster of a conversation with my godfather.
My legs swung back and forth from my precarious perch on top of Rhayden’s kitchen’s sleek island counter, the bruised and reddened flesh of my arse cushioned by a fluffy black throw pillow I brought down with me from one of the living rooms I passed by on the way to meet up with Snape. My arse was killing me.

Stupid Rhayden. It’s all his fault.

Blowing the few stray strands out of my eyes, I pursed out my bottom lip in discomfort, trying to keep an impassive face in the presence of my godfather who had leaned against the kitchen sink with dark eyes narrowed in on my person, too observant and analytical.

Snape’s hair was pulled back into a low ponytail, raven black feathered pin straight strands almost having brushed the tops of his shoulders as a few strands fell out and framed his sharp cheekbones, that strong jaw of his ticking while eyes that reminded me of a black hole kept watching me with hawk like intentions.

My back was set straight like a stone, although my legs were moving back and forth in a nervous habit of mine, I didn’t dare move under the stern gaze of my godfather’s, feeling like the ten year old I was while Snape had chastised me about holding my wand correctly for the first time.

But I held my head high, the perk of my nose aristocratic as I stared back at Snape, my arse throbbing while Rhayden sat on the stool beneath the kitchen island where I sat, one elbow planted next to my right with his head tilted and those jasper eyes watching both Snape and I exchange a Slytherin stare down.

I could make out, from the corners of my eyes, Rhayden’s chestnut hair brushing across the smooth skin of his cheekbones while he angled his head sideways, plush lips put into a straight line. It made me itch to play with the shades of brown locks falling into Rhayden’s searing eyes. My fingers that gripped onto the edges of the island curled even tighter around their grasp on the slate, my nails grinding into the hard surface as I did my best to keep from doing what I wanted with my hands in Rhayden’s hair and instead focused on looking like I had my shit together in front of my godfather.

As if Rhayden knew the struggle I had with being in the same presence of the werewolf, the man had let out a small huff of air and moved way too fast for my eyes to catch as I felt my waist being encircled by a hot arm and my body being tugged into the crook of Rhayden’s outstretched arm that was once bent at the elbow just seconds ago.

Air wheezed past my lips as I felt Rhayden curl my side into the circle of his arm, squishing me to him like I was some sort of stuffed animal he could coddle with as he pressed the heat of his cheek against my right side right over my nipple and caused my heart to fucking stutter beneath my chest, warmth threatening to covet my neck and up to my cheeks as my focus went haywire and frizzled out from Rhayden’s touch.

I felt my thighs quiver from Rhayden’s heat and arm around me, the steady breath of his brushing over my nipple and emitting my frame to erupt in shivers as I swayed from my perch and grabbed at the counter some more to keep myself from falling forward and onto the marble kitchen floor.
I fought down my hard on that was very much in the works of becoming as stiff as a board.

Snape raised a brow at the fluster I was suddenly in, restlesslly shifting on the sore of my arse over the cushion I placed beneath me.

I hissed down at Rhayden, cheeks burning up now because Snape was seeing how affected I was by the werewolf and it was embarrassing to say the least. “You’re doing this on purpose!”

Rhayden looked up at me, his own brow quirking up in dark bemusement at my mortification. “You looked like you wanted to touch me so I went on ahead and made it easier for you. You don’t like me touching you, Saveri?”

I blushed like an exploding volcano, eyes whipping back and forth from Rhayden to my godfather who had a look on his face saying that he was absolutely done with Rhayden and I. 

*Oh gods.*

“You’re such a bloody bast-” I stopped my words from finishing my sentence at the sudden narrowed warning gaze Rhayden directed at me, daring me to complete my insult to him and causing my stomach to dip ferociously in a zap of heat and arousal.

“Yes. I do.” I whispered down at Rhayden, so very small the sound was that I could barely make it out with my own ears and knew that Snape wouldn’t have heard but Rhayden did with his werewolf hearing.

Rhayden gave me a twitch of his lips to show that he was very tempted to give me a filthy smirk at my quiet response but decided to keep it at bay for my sake. The man knew I took pleasure in his dark smiles and I would just grow even more horny if he gave me a full blown out one.

The werewolf surely has turned me into mush.

Wrenching my eyes away from Rhayden’s shimmering black amber eyes, I saw Snape grimace in my direction. “Saveri, you’re going to have to tell Lucius about your relationship with Rhayden or else he’ll find out from me or your mother and he’ll have a conundrum that you didn’t tell him personally and have a miniature seizure.”

Hearing my real name from Snape caught me off guard.

I forgot that Snape knew practically everything that was going on with me, Rhayden and his pack and the Golden Trio as well as the whole situation with Akeldama. I was somewhat hurt and annoyed at Snape for that knowledge but I knew that my godfather most likely kept everything from me to protect me like mother.

But having to tell my father about Rhayden and I … well that was going to be interesting.

I should bring a medic with me when I visit Lucius again and tell him about everything just in case father starts to roll around on the ground in the midst of a heart attack.

The man was so over dramatic.

Like me.
“Right. I’ll tell father about everything soon, but I can’t really leave the mansion after having a run in with Akeldama so that’s going to have to wait. And thanks for not telling me anything about myself or what was going on, Snape.” Okay, I decided to be somewhat of a brat and call out Snape on keeping shit from me that I should have known. I wanted to get some of my irritation out there in the open and the little disappointment I felt at my godfather for keeping such important stuff from me.

Snape’s calm demeanor shifted into that of a minuscule of a cringe while he looked down at the floor for the briefest moment and back up to my person. “I was just trying to keep you safe like your mother.”

Rhayden shifted beside me, pulling me further into him and making me gasp out when his lips caressed the stiffened pert of my nipple beneath the large black long sleeved shirt I had on that belonged to Rhayden. I heard Rhayden snicker against me and about brewed up a storm of curse words in his direction for being a teasing bastard.

“Saveri knows that, Snape. He just wants to make you feel bad, get back at you a little.” Rhayden's deep timbre of a voice coursed through my chest and fevered over my nipple, causing me to arch into the curve of the werewolf’s arm despite my petulance at having Rhayden call me out like that.

Snape glared at Rhayden as the Gryffindor looked back at him with a bland expression, bored and expectant.

These two men were the best at masking their emotions and it was sort of scary watching them try to best each other in their intimidation tactics. Rhayden was not bothered at all by Snape’s slant eyes with the way he didn’t flinch back at all by Snape’s slant eyes.

Being in the same room with these two guys is overwhelming.

“Alright, alright. Enough with the power trip game guys. Snape, as you can see, I’m fine and intact. I won’t be running away again and I’ll be here surrounded by one of the most notoriously strong werewolf packs in all of wizard history. And seeing that my boyfriend is the leader of said psychotic pack, I should be fine.” I just realized the last thing I said out loud.

I called Rhayden my boyfriend.

Rhayden didn’t let my slip up go with the way he tightened his hold on me, brought his glowing eyes up to stare at me from beneath dark lashes, and he gave me a wicked grin. “Say ‘boyfriend’ again, you blush harder when you do.”

I pressed my lips together and huffed out in defiance, turning my face away from Rhayden’s so I wouldn’t be tempted to do as I was told like a good boy.

Rhayden was purposefully making me turn red for his own amusement as well as a way to get on Snape’s nerves.

Rhayden was a menace.

Snape let out an exasperated sigh our way as he pushed himself off of the sink’s counter and looked from both Rhayden and I. “I’ll come back tomorrow and give you all of your missed school assignments. But I assume I won’t be seeing Rhayden again for a few days given the fact that you need to meet up with a few of the Ministry’s members?” Snape looked over at Rhayden’s person then when he stated the last part.
“I’ll be leaving early tomorrow morning and will be back in four days at the most. One of the Ministry’s members has gotten a trace on another small group belonging to Akeldama and I’m supposed to talk to them about the plans and will report back to the others once I come back. Meeting up with the members takes a good twenty four hours or more to make sure no one is following me or following them when we see each other.” Rhayden spoke through a low drawl, still gripping me to him although I now felt that he was a separated limb from my person. It felt like the werewolf’s mind was elsewhere or that he has caved in on himself, hiding away his feelings and leaving a person that I felt I knew nothing about.

Rhayden was terrifying in that way. He could become cold, detached and scary one second to teasing, hot and intimidatingly charming the next. The man could also become a raging storm if he wanted to as well, giving me a glimpse into his anger when he caught me in the forest in the middle of my running away from him.

He was frightening then.

And now, he was emotionless.

My chest ached at the knowledge that Rhayden had become so detached and drawn into himself even more so than he already was before the war and before having been tortured. He was always quiet and liked to stay off of anyone’s attention when we were little, but now that aspect of himself has been more pronounced, more deep and definitely harsh. I think Rhayden had always been cruel in his own way since he was little what with the bullying he went through, what I put him through and how he had to deal with parents that weren’t his real ones and were mentally unstable during the war and after.

That could make someone go crazy.

And now with having to be a werewolf heir, an Alpha of a deadly pack with a few screws loose and having affection for his bully to say the least, I didn’t know how he coped. Hell, I don’t know how I deal with all the shit that’s happened to me either.

When Rhayden and I have a good time alone together again, I’ll have to apologize to him for bullying him so much when we were younger.

I’m such a bitch most of the time.

I hated myself for a while because of my attitude but it was the only way for me to survive. I, myself, had to act like everything was fine and that I was some cold, Slytherin prince that could give two fucks about anyone and that … impacted me negatively.

Looking down at Rhayden, this time I was the one to curl into his embrace subtly, worried about the werewolf and his revenge.

You just want Rhayden to be safe and content.

Jesus. I’ve fallen for this man hard.

Rhayden noticed how I sneaked closer into his arm, his defined cheek pressing into my side while his bottom lip caressed my hardened nipple. I sucked in a sharp breath at the soft contact but didn't make a move when Rhayden’s molten eyes zeroed in on my own set of eyes and watched me with a
heavy focus, unraveling me and searching through my very being.

Snape’s voice broke through Rhayden’s assessment of my person. “Very well. I’ll send you your assignments tonight. Everyone needs to go to school next week or I’ll give you all failing grades in potions class, even you Saveri.”

I licked at the swell of my bottom lip, catching Rhayden’s eyes shadow over in a warmed prominence at the gesture before ripping my gaze away from his so I could look at my godfather and gape at him in astonishment. “I have the best grades in that class! You’d be taking advantage of your power as the headmaster by giving a student a bad grade just because they don’t show up to class.”

Snape rolled his eyes, a look of irritation falling over his stern features as he gave me a sneer. I didn’t even recoil from his obvious distaste in my protest, I was so used to his looks of disgust. It was just the way Snape was. “Well then I suggest you go to school and keep your good grades going. Attendance is required to pass one’s eighth year, so don’t look so insulted by my threat.”

Well … my godfather was right about that. Stupid Hogwarts and their requirements to pass the grade.

I nodded stiffly towards Snape in compliance, acknowledging his words and warning about going to the wizard academy.

I was sort of pouting silently form where I sat as well.

Rhayden’s hand that was curled around my left side drummed playfully across the skin right above my hip bone, causing my to spasm from his touch and squirm around in his embrace.

“If I see Saveri hurt in any way, I’ll have your head Rhayden. That is my godson you’re with and despite his attitude he’s ridiculously sensitive.” Snape hissed out his words towards Rhayden’s figure, eyes burning with blackened intimidation.

Rhayden only stared back at the headmaster with a cool countenance. Unaffected by Snape’s words. “I know. No need to warn me, Severus.” Rhayden’s voice came out dull, low and without no rise in his husky tone as he responded.

Snape stared back at Rhayden for a few more tense silent moments before apparating right in the kitchen and leaving Rhayden and I alone together.

My mouth opened to give my opinion on how childish my godfather and Rhayden were with talking about me and my safety but I couldn’t even get the words out when the only sound I made was a significant small squeak as I was torn off of the counter by Rhayden swinging his arm around my side and sliding me across the island.

I was turned around with a smooth transition in Rhayden’s arms and sat with my legs spread over the werewolf’s lap, his posture a lazed sprawl across the stool seat while he swiveled around and pressed his spine against the counter’s edge.

My cock gave an incessant throb as I was forced to be pressed flush up against Rhayden’s hard abdomen and lean strong chest as he used his arm around me to pull me to him. I wasn’t prepared for how the werewolf rolled his hips, ever so sensually slowly against my own, forcing our cocks to rub up over one another through his jeans and the skinny black one’s that I had created out of Rhayden’s clothes when I ran away from the Xeryus mansion.
My lashes fluttered open and closed at the sudden friction Rhayden caused between our bodies, my breath catching in my throat as my hands scrambled up to curl Rhayden’s grey long sleeved shirt in the tight of my fists at his chest, biting down on my lip as I flushed a scarlet red while heat pooled into my gut.

“Rhayden. You said you’d give me f-f-food.” I stuttered out when the Gryffindor leaned his head up, hellfire eyes searing through my flesh as he gave me a small Cheshire grin, mischievous and teasing.

“I’ll have my elves cook for you while I take you to my room in the West wing and get you fucked out again.” Rhayden intoned with a harsh rumble of a voice, snatching my bottom lip between his teeth and dragging the skin out so he could suck on it until I made a distressed noise in the back of my throat from how brutalized my lip was with his bite.

I shivered in his lap, breaths whooshing past my lips as Rhayden rocked our pelvis’ together with a satisfied chuckle at the whine bubbling out of my throat. “Deal. Alpha pleas-” My words were cut off when a recognizable voice sounded throughout the kitchen, feminine and drawn out in a confident assortment.

“A letter came down through the fire place in the living room in the South Wing, Rhayden. It’s probably the Ministry.” Granger came through the entrance of the kitchen to my left, my gaze catching sight of her clad in a tight small red tank top and equally red silken sleep shorts that barely covered the bottom swells of her arse cheeks. The Gryffindor's red hair was down and curling around her back in a mess of strands, a sleep addled look about her face as she held a pure white closed envelope in between her middle and index finger.

When Granger gave me a leer at the way I sat on top of Rhayden’s lap, I immediately scrambled off of the werewolf and stood beside him with my hands settled over the front of my bulge as I tried to look like I wasn’t seconds away from becoming a wanton little slut for Rhayden.

Rhayden lifted his left hand to make a crooking motion with his index finger, a sluice of wind winding around all of us as the letter in Granger’s hands was practically wrenched from her fingers and whooshed right into Rhayden’s awaiting palm.

I stared at the easy slouch in the werewolf’s shoulders, lips parted and still surprised that he could use wandless magic so carelessly and without strain. The man just made a letter come to him without a wand.

“Sorry to interrupt.” Granger said out loud to both Rhayden and I even though she had her brows raised at me while Rhayden went on ahead and opened the letter.

“No need to to apologize, Granger.” I mumbled as I let my gaze wander down to Rhayden’s letter to catch a glimpse of what it contained only to feel dejected when Rhayden crumpled it up immediately and whispered beneath his breath in a chant to have the letter light up in flickering flames that resembled the Gryffindor’s eyes, hot and glowing embers.

Rhayden probably used a spell to read the letter quickly and take in the information as fast as he could.

He knew how nosy I was.

Granger leaned against the doorframe, crossing her arms over her chest as Rhayden spoke through a
collected expression, lips set into no line of emotion as his eyes gave away nothing but determined business, a foreboding darkness settling in his features. “I’m to leave as soon as possible tonight. I’ll be back in about four days, tell the others that I’ll have other parts of Akeldama’s groups traced and will contact them when I need help.” His voice sounded thick and guttural although stretched out in a languid yet dead cadence as he directed his words to Granger.

I shook beside Rhayden at the way he spoke.

He was talking about killing Akeldama’s small groups of followers.

I could make out the way Granger’s features pinched at the corners of her eyes and the wary line of her mouth. “Alright. I’ll tell them.”

“I think you should take Pansy and Luna out in the next few days to Javien’s place and stay there until I come back. Saveri and his mother will be watched by Harry during that time. It’s good to be spread out so no one should suspect us all together.” Rhayden responded as I stood silently off to the side, taking in their conversation so I could understand what was going on.

Granger visibly grimaced then. “Harry’s got to sort out some things with the Ministry. Stuff about dealing with catching escaped death eaters, but he won’t be leaving until you come back. He’ll be here to help us of course when we need him.”

Rhayden’s voice lowered and I dug my nails into the soft palms of my hands at the deliciously dangerous sound. “And if Harry needs help, he knows how to contact me. Now I’ve got to get some stuff packed and I’m off. Tell Snape I’ll send him my school assignments in the next few days so he doesn’t bicker at me for it.”

Great.

Rhayden was leaving and I was to be left alone with the Chosen One. I knew mother won’t have a problem with occupying herself since the elves and her probably were going to get along well. Mother will most likely be up on the fifth level surrounded by all the sewing kits and what not. Narcissa loved her fashion.

I still needed to talk to her about a proper funeral for our own elves.

Granger nodded her ascent and twisted on her sock covered feet, although she stopped her trek out of the kitchen once she tilted her head a little to give me the side eye. “Us girls are going to go out shopping on Saturday. I’d like you to come with us and given the fact that all of your own clothes are at the Malfoy Manor, I think you’d like to buy some. No arguing. I think it would be good for you after everything going on.”

I gave Granger a glare, my lips curling up in distaste although I really didn’t mean anything by it but being a complete stubborn git was a thing I was so used to being around the girl. Shopping sounded really nice actually. “What makes you think I’ll actually come with you?”

Granger wiggled her eyebrows, laughing lightly beneath her breath. “Because we’re going to the muggle world and to their mall where Victoria’s Secret-”

This time, I did feel real annoyance at Granger as well as embarrassment when I felt my cheeks heat up and my eyes narrow significantly her way as I butted into her words so she couldn’t say anymore. “Fine fine. Go back to sleep, Granger.” I hissed out, not daring myself to look in Rhayden’s direction.
to see his reaction at Granger talking about me going to Victoria’s Secret. I knew the Gryffindor heard what Granger was insinuating and I was too ashamed to look at Rhayden right now.

Granger smirked my way before walking off. “Then it’s official. You’re coming with us girls.” The red head disappeared from my sight before I could protest even more.

But I liked Victoria’s Secret and had no motivation to argue against going to the muggle store.

You could buy some lingerie to wear and show Rhayden when he comes back.

Fuck me.

I’m going.

I bet Pansy told Granger of my fetish for women’s clothing.

That little tramp.

Rhayden let out a contemplating hum beside me but I avoided his eyes, keeping my head angled to the side away from Rhayden’s penetrating gaze. I could feel his amber eyes roaming over every inch if of my skin as I let my teeth sink into my bottom lip to keep myself from whimpering at the way Rhayden put all his attention on me.

I was also upset with him for having to leave but I knew that he needed to do this, for himself and for a peace of mind that he wouldn’t get even after killing all of Akeldama.

“Baby. You better stop ignoring me and look my way. I like it that you’re going to go to a store to buy some cute, sexy lingerie for me to see you, and fuck you in. And I’m sorry that I have to leave sooner than I expected.” Rhayden spoke through a heavy murmur.

I chewed down harder on my lip and let out a shuddering huff of air, peering at Rhayden as I spluttered. “You have the nerve to think I would go and buy something to wear for your own benefit, wolf boy. Maybe I won’t. And you better come back safe and sound, I don’t want to see you all bloodied and bruised even though it turns me on.” I was definitely rambling now, nerves getting the best of me from my mortification and worry, all these swirling emotions getting the best of me with Rhayden getting himself in potential danger despite him being perfectly capable of defending himself. I get hot and bothered when Rhayden is violent but I didn’t like knowing who caused him pain and not knowing if he was really damaged if he wasn’t here to let me see him. I had to make myself stop talking so much.

My hips were grabbed from both sides, whipping my body around and creating a yelp of surprise out of my mouth as I was situated between Rhayden’s spread legs and was forced to have Rhayden’s lips pressed into the middle of my chest as he used me to squeeze the life out of from his sitting position.

All air left my lungs as my knees buckled at the close proximity of this man against me while he encircled both his arms around me at the small of my back and brought me to him. I flailed my arms about, cursing down at Rhayden for catching me off guard as I let my weight be supported by Rhayden’s sitting figure and decided to card my fingers through the smooth and soft strands of the werewolf’s brown locks, bending my one right knee over his right thigh so he had to hold me up.

“Of course you’re going to, Blondie. You like me so much that you’re going to let me peel away any
of the pretty lingerie you wear once I come back.” Rhayden mumbled into my chest, breath hot and moist in the fabric of my shirt as my heart kicked up a pace and my groin throbbed at the smell of Rhayden invading my senses. The werewolf continued on with his words, this time more hushed and deep. “I’ll be fine, baby.”

My bottom lip quivered as I stared down at the tufts of his dark hair, a fear settling itself into my stomach at the thought of Rhayden not coming back or being intact when he does come back leaving me trembling the smallest amount to not display how much I was worried about this man before me. I had to push away the dark bundle of anxiety that gathered in my chest while I gripped at Rhayden’s hair hard so I could feel the werewolf here, with me, alive and healthy.

“Then make sure to come back. I’ll have a surprise for you.” I murmured, blush covering my neck and most likely down to my chest at my words.

Rhayden groaned darkly against me, moving his heated mouth over to my hard left nipple to abruptly suckle it into the purse of his hot lips and nip down on the bud.

A quiver ran down my spine as my own mouth popped open to release a breathy keen. “Very good, Saveri. Fuck. I have to get packed and go now.” Rhayden said around my nipple, flicking his slick, warm tongue around it through my shirt and making my legs weaken along with my cock twitching.

I nodded absentmindedly. “Okay,” I breathed out, a rush of air that left me when Rhayden clipped his teeth down hard over my nipple, making me cry out at the pain prickling over my chest as the werewolf suckled at it with a vicious treatment and made me fall further onto him with my liquified limbs.

Rhayden chuckled over my nipple, making me moan out as I played with his hair, chest rising and falling as the man made my chest ache, everywhere else on my body physically wanting for him. “Stay here. I’ll send Tinka down to get you some food and I’ll say goodbye when I get my stuff packed.”

Damnit.

I reluctantly did as Rhayden said while he disentangled both of our bodies from each other and went off to get packed.

This was going to be a long week.

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It’s been a couple days.

Two long, drawn out days that has consisted of my person wandering around the castle and not daring to go through the South wing lest I wanted to see sex, blood and violence.

I haven’t seen Potter, who was supposedly looking after me, and my mother was busy doing gods knew what with all those clothing materials on the fifth level of the mansion. A few days ago we had a mini funeral for the elves where I cried silently on my mother’s shoulder as she tried to console me
as well as herself while she wept for Kinian, Bronsky, and Poppy. We had it in the field of pastel colored morning glories in Rhayden’s huge garden where we had given out speeches and talked about our times together with the elves. We had none of their possessions and mother and I didn’t want to go and get some at the Malfoy Manor just in case we had another unwanted encounter with Akeldama or the Ministry.

Pansy, Granger and Luna were with Javien and Lanai. I expected to see them tomorrow since it would be Saturday and we would go shopping.

Snape had come over yesterday to give us our assignments and remind us that we needed to go to school next week. I got my assignments done in a day and a half because they were simple hand written questionnaires or multiple question sheets.

I was told that Weasley was here but the weasel hasn’t shown himself since the time we all met up with Snape about our assignments from Hogwarts.

So now here I was, with nothing to do except go from one large room to the next. I still haven’t explored the entirety of the castle with how large the place was. I had counted the bloody windows on the first level and hadn’t finished doing so for the past few days, feeling a sort of nervous tick in my every move with the knowledge that Rhayden was off somewhere getting himself in potential danger while I was safe and sound.

I was annoyed as well.

I haven’t been touched by Rhayden for the past two days and I felt like there was a frustrating itch beneath my skin whenever I thought of Rhayden, wanting him, needing the man close and making sure he was alright.

Rhayden has completely taken over your every thought.

I couldn’t do anything about it either.

Trying not to think about Rhayden was getting extremely hard considering that I didn’t have any of my own clothes and was walking around the huge castle with a long sleeved large dark red shirt that fell to the middle of my thigh that belonged to Rhayden. Feeling his clothes against my bare skin elicited an electrified soft hum of heat that made me want the werewolf here with me now. I had boxers that the elves had made for me out of silk, black and fitting around the slim of my hips. I wasn’t really worried about being caught in such indecent clothes because I haven’t seen anyone except my mother and the elves.

I slept up in the North wing where no one resided and quiet liked it. I was on the fourth level of the North tower portion, walking into the black lush living room decked out with Italian wood cut polished floors to settle across the lounge chair on the flat of my stomach, raising my bare feet up so I could swing them up in the air absentmindedly as I reached out for the remote to the muggle flat screen TV and scrolled through the channels to watch some horror movies.

I’ve been watching a lot of them for the past few days. Although the characters in the movies were absolutely bonkers and dimwitted in their decisions to survive, I took enjoyment in the suspense, in the violence and cautious fear.

Settling over the couch, I let out an exasperated sigh as I tried to get acquainted with the old classic Halloween movie. Michael Myers reminded me of someone I would personally hang out with just
for the thrill of being near someone who was out of his mind and being in the presence of someone so intimidating. I bet him and Rhayden would get along well except for the fact that Rhayden is definitely sexier than Michael and capable of gutting someone with his bare hands.

“I come to see how the Slytherin prince is doing and this is what I’m seeing? A Malfoy watching scary movies in his boyfriend’s clothes. How cute.” I must have jumped up about two feet into the air from my sprawling position, squeaking out in surprise when I whipped my head sideways to look over the curve of my shoulder and stare at Weasley who sauntered in through the entrance of the living room, static in my ears at the abrupt disruption of my thoughts and movie time.

Weasley wore a pair of black fitted leather pants that clung off of his defined hips, his feet naked as they pressed against the wooden floor softly, tracking towards my direction. His navy blue T-Shirt shifted over the massive muscles he was packing on his tall person, bulging against the fabric with every minute breath he took, lean and looking like a warrior from the Roman Empire.

Weasley’s caramel tinged eyes tracked me as he closed in on my person, and I realized that I was clad in only my boxers and a big shirt that dipped low at the collar to show the pale skin of my clavicle and if I moved around too much, it would show a peak of my nipples.

Panicking at the vulnerable state I was in, I shifted up quickly, making sure that I didn’t look like I was in a moment of hysteria by masking my face into a calm demeanor as I shuffled into a sitting posture with my back straight as a rod. “It’s not like I have much of anything else to do in this godforsaken palace, Weasley.” I drawled out.

The fiery redhead came to sit directly on the seat across from me, leaning back to rest his arm over the back of the seat, legs relaxed and spread out, the leather stretching over the unmistakable bulge of his groin. Weasley’s messy hair fell into his hazel gaze as he shifted a bit to get comfortable.

I didn’t invite him to keep me company dammit.

But I kept my mouth shut, chewing on the insides of my cheeks as I felt jitters in my knee threaten to produce itself and show how annoyed and unnerved I was at Weasley’s presence, waiting for one of us to say something and make the other blow a top.

“Ah, but you could have been having fun down in the South wing. A few guys there ask about where the pretty little blonde Veela is every now and then. You could be getting fucked right now instead of lounging around in the Alpha’s clothes.” Weasley’s voice came out in a dark rasp, a jabbing lilt in his low tone that rubbed me the wrong way.

The Gryffindork was trying to get a rise out of me. And I wasn’t going to give it to him.

“I’m not interested. Anyway, why are you wearing such clothes, Ronald? Have you been down in the Xeyrus pack and getting a beast to fuck you?” I made a jab back at him, wanting the asshole to snap at me first so I could have an excuse and slap his obnoxiously handsome face. And I used his full name, which the redhead didn’t like at all.

Weasley frowned at me, features hardening as the sharp line of his jaw clenched and his light brown eyes darkened into a honeyed hue, his left hand twitching between his legs on top of the inner flesh of his left thig.
I internally grimaced at the way he moved.

I knew Weasley enough to know that when he twitched like that in my space, it only meant he was moments away from strangling me to death or beating the living shit out of me. His left hand always clenched whenever he was getting ready to come at someone. We haven’t had a physical fight since the beginning of the war, so it’s been a while and the hate between us was still there.

I bullied the man but he bullied me right back. It was a routine for us, something we’ve known for a while, a silent accommodation between one another in acknowledging how much we disliked each other for all the stuff that went on between us back then. Getting under the other’s skin was second nature and we really couldn’t help it.

But now Weasley could take me down easily with how fucking huge he’s gotten.

I was petite and small and barely had physical strength in me. All my strong points were made up of mentality, intelligence and thinking quick on my feet. But I wasn’t a brawler like Weasley was. He could snap me in half if he really wanted to.

Rhayden wouldn’t allow that to happen.

“Let me tell you one thing, Malfoy. I’m the one doing the fucking. I’m the one shoving my cock into a tight hole, not the other way around. And yes, I have been with the pack, having good ole sex with women not men.” Weasley responded to my question with a slight narrow of his eyes.

Clenching my teeth together, I rose my right leg up to cross them over my other, silk shifting across the bare of my skin as I had no way to stop the fidget of my fingers playing with hem of my long sleeves.

Watching Weasley beneath my lashes, I caught the way his gaze wavered over my body, as if his eyes had some sort of seizure with how quick his perusal of my figure was, lips thinning out in a look of boredom although that hand of his moved again.

The redhead was lying. He was looking at me in a way that I didn’t want to notice, with heat and hated want.

Breathing in as steadily as I could, I chewed harder on the inside of my cheek. “Ah, well, could have fooled me. You’re not an expert at hiding the fact that you like guys. No need to feel bad about it, Gryffindork. I’m gay.”

Weasley rolled his eyes. “Of course you are, you’re obvious infatuation with Rhayden gave it away easily. But I’m not gay, Malfoy. How can I be? When I look at you I feel disgusted more than anything.”

I rose my brows up at him, a snarky remark escaping my mouth. “Did I ask you if you liked me? Besides, other men may be of interest to you.”

I was not going to bring up how it was so fucking noticeable how Weasley was into guys with the way he watched the skin of my thighs flex as I moved the tiniest bit on my healing arse from Rhayden’s punishment a couple days ago.

“Have you noticed?” Weasley murmured with a growl, gaze turning a bronze as he leaned his body forward, resting both elbows on his knees as he neared me with that little inch of action.
My chest tightened with anxious annoyance.

I swayed back to keep distance between us, pulse quickening with apprehension as I placed the flat of my hands behind me on the cushions to let my arms carry most of my weight. “Noticed what?” I hissed at him.

The Gryffindor stared at me with no waver in his gaze, his chest heaving up as he let out a snarl and caused me to tighten my jaw to keep from making a sound of uneasiness. “The way you walk around like you’re better than me? Have you noticed the way your lips plump up and get all shiny when you bite at it and look at others with those fucking bright eyes of yours? It’s sickening, Malfoy. I’m not interested in men, but I am interested in you. Interested in the way you’d look with those creamy thighs of yours spread open for me as I fuck into you and make you weep—”

“Shut. Up.” I whisper yelled at Weasley, hands clammy as my fingers dug into the plush of the cushions and contained the urge to jolt up and run away from this man.

Weasley snickered. “No wonder why Rhayden is so obsessed with you. You’re such a brat that he can’t help but want to teach you a lesson, to teach you how to shut up and take it. That’s what Rhayden does right? He fucks you hard and rough and you soak it all in like the good, pretty boy that you are.”

“I think you should leave, Weasley. Go find some other guy to fulfill your fantasies.” I stuck my nose up at the redhead, gulping around a dry throat as I tried to keep calm and not display how angry I was at the man’s words.

Sure. Weasley admits he’s got some sort of interest in me but he was also doing his best to get me to break in front of him and get pissed off by his words.

“Don’t worry about me touching your precious boy pussy. Rhayden would have my neck if I laid a hand on you. But I can look and maybe I’ll find some pretty lad to fuck just to get my rocks off. Maybe I’m bi.” Weasley intoned with a grumble, the last bit of his sentence spoken more to himself than to me.

I think he is bi.

And hell, Weasley can go off and do just what he said. Fuck some guy. I wasn’t stopping him.

“You go ahead and do that. Now get out of here. I’m watching something and I don’t want a stupid Gryffindork to ruin my day.” I huffed out, willing my heart to slow down in its panic and rage at the redhead.

Weasley snorted. “Sadly I’m going to have to ruin your fun times. Rhayden called me up on a muggle phone and had me ask the one Veela in our pack to teach you how to fight.”

What?

My brows furrowed, eyes now dragging themselves to the expanse of the floor so I could interpret what the fuck Weasley just said.

I completely forgot that Rhayden had another Veela in his pack, discounting Potter who was one as well, that known fact sort of went out of my head because I was too focused on everything Rhayden
and what was happening to me for the past few weeks. There was another one of my kind who I didn’t know and haven’t met even though they were living in the same space as I was.

And Rhayden wants the Veela, whom I don’t know to be a submissive or a dominant, to teach me how to fight. I would have thought that Rhayden would want me to gain any skill from one of his werewolves but I could understand the way Rhayden thought. If I was too learn from a werewolf, it would never work since I was a Veela and didn’t have the physical strength the animal pack had. So if I was too learn how to defend myself in the best way, I should learn from one of my own kind and see how they fight with our own powers and level of physical strength.

The knowledge that I was somewhat bored out of my mind had me straightening up some more in my sitting position, a shock of thrilling electricity making a quick rush through my veins and emitting my body to hum with renewed energy and anxious adrenaline.

I don’t mind learning how to fight to keep myself safe and to keep others around me safe as well.

“Do I get to meet the Veela now? I’ll be very accommodating with Rhayden’s orders. It’s a good time for me to learn how to fight.” I spoke my response to Weasley, keeping the excitement from sounding out through my words.

“I’m here to babysit you while you fight with the Veela. I’m also here to keep an eye on you considering that some members from the Ministry that aren’t helping us was spotted walking around Xeyrus grounds.” Weasley explained through an exasperated sigh.

Fuck.

I need to get myself a cell phone so I could contact anyone here or Rhayden if there was sudden trouble instead of sending letters out like a wanker.

And the thought of the Ministry walking around and perhaps trying to find out about my whereabouts as well as what I was, created a shiver of turmoil down my spine.

Weasley must have caught it because he tilted his head my way and spoke out to me. “Don’t worry, pretty boy. My best friend is the most powerful wizard, I’ve learned many things from him with magic and know how to kill someone or a bundle of people if they come storming in after you. Just get on up and follow me to the West wing so we can have you start training with the other Veela.”

The Gryffindor then proceeded to bend at the knees and push himself up by his hands on his thighs to stand a few feet away from my figure now.

Giving Weasley a bland expression, I resisted the need to snap at the man for thinking that I was someone to be babysat, knowing that he was actually trying to keep me safe with any danger that could come my way.

Despite my anger at the Gryffindor, I actually took solace in Weasley’s reassurance that I would be fine. I needed it since Rhayden wasn’t here and making me feel completely safe. I didn’t like what I was wearing around Weasley, even more so with what he told me about his interest in me, but he did say he wouldn’t do anything because of Rhayden as a hanging threat above his head.

Hah.

“Fine. But I should change into something that fits the more … fighting gear status.” I murmured, catching Weasley grinning a little at the small tilt of his lips out of the corner of my eyes while I bent
to turn off the TV with the black remote.

Weasley grunted. “The Veela you’re meeting told me to just bring you as you are. He said to not worry about attire.”

Ah, so the Veela is also a boy.

I’ll figure out if he’s a submissive or dominant soon then.

Nodding stiffly towards Weasley, I stood up then to turn on my heel and wait for the redhead to show me the way. There was profound hate between us but it was simmering now, for the sake of my safety and my mother’s. I could respect Weasley for shoving away his dislike/like for me for now to keep me from getting mauled or murdered by the Ministry or any other danger while Rhayden wasn’t here.

What I wasn’t looking forward to was having to walk through the fucking West wing. Rhayden told me to not go through there until he was here to come with me. But if Weasley talked to Rhayden about the training then surely I was allowed to go to the West wing by Rhayden’s say so.

I needed to learn how to fight.

It was time for me to learn how to protect myself so I wouldn’t have to be such a burden to others for being incapable of keeping myself out of harm's way.

And it surely eased away my boredom.

Walking through the West wing was … nerve wracking to say the least. I was trailing slightly beside Weasley, playing with the bottom hem of my large top while I twisted my head this way and that through the dark corridor, the bare soles of my feet creating soft thumps against the black marble floors, cool to the touch and eliciting a tremor to rake down my back unnervingly.

I found myself on the sixth floor, windows high and arching slightly above my head from each side of my person as I padded down the darkened large wide hallway. The shimmering silver light of the moon spilled through the windows that revealed a half crescent moon, glowing through the wisp of grey stained clouds gathering in the charcoal colored night.

The West wing was definitely different compared to the others.

It was darker. More cold. More threatening and intimidating than the others even without the blood, sex and violence the South wing was filled with most of the time.

The West wing was also gorgeous, in a sinfully beautiful architectural way.

The towers the West wing had were all engraved at the walls, high designs that curled, curved and
overlapped one another in detailed pristine lines that created a menacing Gothic structure and appearance about itself. Old, convoluted and complex.

Everything in the West wing was made up of black.

The place seemed born in Stygian.

I quaked from where I followed Weasley through the long hallway, seeming to accidentally near the man as I glanced from every wicked corner to the next, skin prickling in anticipated heated fear as adrenaline shot through my gut along with a heady attraction.

The place significantly reminded me of Rhayden.

Fuck.

It’s only been a few days and I … I miss him.

And the West wing was where his room resided in. The damn towers made me think of the pure-blooded werewolf because it gave such a powerful presence about itself. I reveled in the way the heavy air surrounding me seemed to soak in and expose my very skin, extracting my essence and rendering me bare to its demanding charm. Just like Rhayden.

“The Veela wanted to train here because he had permission from Rhayden to since the West wing is Rhayden’s sleeping quarters and has vast amounts of spacious rooms throughout the towers.”

Weasley broke through the echoing silence of the hallway, side eyeing me when I took in a rather loud breath to stave off the nervous arousal pulsing through my veins, hands squeezing in on themselves in a way to keep myself grounded.

I nodded towards Weasley, showing him that I was listening but not trusting myself enough to speak lest the redhead wanted to hear the cracking nerves in my voice.

Reaching the end of the hallway, we stood in front of one large door that was made up of the same black licorice wood as the other towers.

Weasley went along and twisted the handle to open the door inwards and motion for me to walk on in.

Looking through the darkness of the room, I glanced towards the Gryffindor with a confused frown etched across my features. “I can’t see anything in there.” My voice came out hushed and cautious, straining in my throat as I peaked my head in through the doorway and saw a pure vast amount of coal-black.

Weasley grimaced at my words. “Well, this Veela wants to train you in here so we’re going in and I’ll light my wand up so we can see where we’re going. Get in, Malfoy.”

Gritting my teeth together, I breathed in with a shuddering prominence and stepped through.

Weasley followed soon after and said aloud the chant to light up the room with his mahogany colored wand.

I gaped at the huge area before me.
It too was covered in black and had to be the size of two ballrooms, practically taking up the size of a mansion with how spread out the floors were and how the area seemed to stretch on for miles on end, the same designs I saw outside of this room carved into the walls as well.

The door clicking shut behind me made me twitch from my spot, watching Weasley lean against the frame of the entrance as he held his wand out to light up the place.

Turning my head, I reared back as if I was suddenly pushed against the chest, stumbling backwards with a small squeak passing my mouth as my eyes went significantly wide at the man standing a breadth away from me.

Harry Potter watched my cheat rise and fall in his presence, the flickering shades of crimson tinged emerald eyes staring at me from the messy strands of his black hair falling into the eerie glow of his contrasting colored gaze. He towered over me, the bulging lean of his muscles contracting and stretching the simple black T-Shirt he wore over his tall stature, legs clad in black sweats that clung low off his defined hips.

Potter was also bare footed.

Does everyone walk around the castle barefooted!?

And my mind was trying to comprehend why Potter was the one in the room.

Then it clicked.

*You’re so stupid sometimes.*

Potter was most likely considered pack to Rhayden and the pure-blooded werewolf talked about how a Veela from his pack smelled out another one of its kind in this enormous castle and told Rhayden about me. I’m betting that Potter already knew it was me since he had known about me being a Veela for quite some time but for some reason kept it from Rhayden and just hinted at me being a Veela like him.

Of course Potter was the only one Rhayden could actually trust to train me.

I seem to forget most of the time that Potter is a dominant Veela with how carefree and chilled out the man was.

Potter did have his moments of surprisingly demanding streaks, like that time he was talking with me when I got jealous over Luna and Rhayden’s closeness to one another. Potter had both surprised and scared me with his crude words at that time.

He was probably just joking around and wanted to get a reaction out of me, which he had gotten with the way my face contorted in shock at Potter’s words then.

I made to open my mouth and speak but Potter waved his hand quickly in a circular motion in front of him towards my person, wordless magic covering the whole of my body, my skin humming from the man’s immense power.

I looked down to see that I was now decked out in fitted dark grey sweats that tightened around my calves and stopped just above my ankles, a dark green tank top that was loose and comfortable enough for me to move covering my torso.
Well at least I don’t have to worry about what I was wearing in front of the guys now.

“As you probably have figured out, I’m the Veela in Rhayden’s pack and I’m going to be training you how we specific creatures fight. It may seem to you that Veelas can only use their seduction powers, but you need to remember that when we feed, we gather energy from the human we eat. Immense power flows through our bodies and builds up when we keep eating so to say. Just by eating one person, you’ve already got a shite ton of energy in you that you can produce through the limbs of your body and enhance your strength, just like food.” Potter explained through a deep drawl of his voice, eyes scanning my face as he continued to talk through a low cadence.

“It’s going to be kind of different since you’re a submissive Veela and I’m dominant one. Dominants tend to gain more strength in a quick manner given the fact that we learn how to cultivate the energy we eat in a more easy way from how aggressive and more demanding we are. Dominants learn how to manipulate their powers to the best of their knowledge because we tend to want it more than submissives. We are volatile, more so than your kind of Veelas and are attracted to hell of a lot more violence than you guys. But you’re just going to have to be determined to work on your powers and you will be able to protect yourself once you start getting skilled in fighting.” Potter finished his long speech, my ears thrumming with anxiety at the Gryffindor’s spoken words and reeling from the barrage of information I was just put under by this man.

Potter was trying to say that submissive Veelas have a harder time grasping the urge to gain the power to hurt others because we are the more calming, subtle kinds while the dominants by nature tend to lean towards aggressive manners and the hunger for power so they originally can grasp the idea of using their energy to fight.

I never was a fighter, hell, I never liked getting into any physical fights while I knew that Potter was definitely willing to come at me at any given time when we were younger. History between us shows that what Potter was saying was true. While I wasn’t a fan of the idea of having to fight and most likely kill in the near future, Potter already got with such an idea and was willing to put all his physical attention to it as well as his internal power.

“How many have you killed?” I had whispered the words, my lips pursing in discontent at the way my voice came out breathy in a sense of overwhelming astonished curiosity.

This was a side to Potter I’ve never heard of and I wanted to know if he was just as crazy as the rest of us.

I had a feeling he was.

Potter snorted, raising dark brows up at me as he tilted his head and took one step closer to my person.

I instinctively took one back, my heart making a harsh slam against my chest at the easy way Potter walked towards me with a grin spreading across his lips.

Although I knew we had to fight one another, I was still uncomfortable with anyone touching me or getting to close. Rhayden had been the only one that broke through my uncanny fear of being touched and I wanted him to be the only one. But if I wanted to learn how to protect myself, I was going to have to be in close proximity with Potter.

Potter won’t touch you intimately like Rhayden does.
“I’ve lost count. Just like Rhayden, except, well … I’m pretty sure Rhayden had a moment where he spiralled out of control and just killed for sport and the fun of it. He doesn’t do that now, hasn’t for a while actually so don’t worry about that.” Potter responded to my question finally, the dark of the room seeming to swallow up his body in its chilling tendrils.

“Right. Well, shall we start practicing or something-” My words were interrupted by watching the shake of Potter’s head.

Potter’s grin sharpened into amused territory. “No no. I’m going to show you the level you’re going to be at once I teach you as much as you need to know. Today, you just need to get the feel of how much power a Veela can have and how destructive it is. Another quirk about us Veelas is that we can heal quick, not as quick as a pure-blooded werewolf but definitely faster than a normal human can, that’s why this lesson won’t kill you like it should to any other regular man.”

What am I getting myself into? And how was that going to make me feel any better about fighting Potter?

“So you’re telling me that we’re going to go head on against one another?” My voice sounded affronted, which was what I was feeling and didn’t care to cover up as I stared at Potter with huge eyes, my tongue poking out to run it over the flesh of my bottom lip. Potter’s eyes immediately tracked the movement, the sharp line of his jaw tensing up and becoming more harsh in the dim glow of Weasley’s light.

Surprisingly, Weasley has kept quiet and I didn’t know how to feel about that.

This was the longest Potter and I have actually had a conversation without insulting each other and I would have thought that Weasley would put in his two cents about the information he was getting with Potter and I talking.

I guess Weasley wanted to keep quiet this time.

“Yes. Try to fight me back. We’ll start now. I’ll give you three seconds after each hit I give you to come at me. Maybe us fighting right off the bat can wake up all that latent energy you stored up after having your first meal. Ready?” Potter’s voice lilted with dark excitement, his eyes focused on the throbbing swell of my lip when I unconsciously jabbed into the skin there while Potter talked.

“You have three seconds to come at me, Saveri.” Potter spoke, voice low and vibrating down into my chest, unwanted and shrilling terror suddenly slamming into me.

Potter sounded malevolent.

With my heart going into a frantic pace, I snapped my eyes up to meet Potter’s, trying to decide on what sort of attack I knew and could use on the Gryffindor, but before I could even take a step, Potter had slammed his fist into my right side.

I gasped out in pain as I felt the multiple rows of my ribs crack at the seams and break, a splintering countenance taking solace in my side as my mouth popped open to release a shriek of agonized hurt and a wheeze of air, the impact of the hit sending me flying across the room to have my back thud brutally against the wall beside the door, the skin at each vertebrae of my spine burning when I found
myself sliding down the length of the surface.

“What the fuck.” I seethed through clenched teeth and the biting of my lip to keep myself from crying out like a sobbing child from how my side throbbed and practically screamed at me with its sharp nicks exploding within my right side.

I could feel my rib prodding at my flesh.

It hurt.

“I’m giving you another three seconds to come at me.” Potter spore out in a drone like tone.

I whipped my head up at his proclamation, taking in how Potter barely looked disturbed at how he broke my fucking ribs as he began a slow walk towards me, the exposed flesh of his feet slapping against the cool floor as I breathed through my nose and tried to keep my mouth shut to keep any distressed noise from escaping my lips.

I couldn’t fucking move.

My eyes didn’t even catch a glimpse of Potter’s abrupt movement before I felt my head snap back and smack against the wall.

My vision went dazed then, a series of black splotches dotting across my eyes as the back of my skull throbbed and tears started to well up in my vision at the sheer amount of pain sluicing through my head, causing an immediate headache to pound within it.

I felt my head drop forward, like a puppet without its strings from the rush of numbing nerves in my neck and weakness spreading throughout my limbs, quick and flooding my system with a jelly like sensation that made my body go particularly limp.

Warm liquid started to trail down the back of my head and I felt it seep into the collar of my shirt to expand out over my bare neck. The smell of metallic blood permeating throughout the whole large room.

I was bleeding.

Holy-...oh god.

My mouth parted to release a soft moan, my throat constricting with the amount of nausea my body was undergoing at the moment. All I heard was a soft buzz and white blinding heat suffice all around my body.

Potter’s voice seemed to break through the incessant sound. “This is the last time I’m giving you three seconds to fight me.”

What will he do without the warning? Beat me half to death without giving me a chance to breathe?

Anger boiled beneath my skin, building up in a terrifying speed as I sucked in a sharp breath. I felt my mind ease into that state between a mindless daze and conscience awareness. My fingers twitched when I felt a rush of air come at the left side of my head, a sense of electrifying energy bubbling up beneath my skin and thudding like the pulse of a heart beat in the air at my side, like a tell tale sign.
With an instinct that my mind couldn’t grasp onto quick enough to ponder on about, I found my lip curling with disgruntled pain and flicked my arm up like a rag doll. I felt the blunt jab of Potter's leg collide with my forearm, his kick making the bones in my arm creak under the heavy weight of his limb as I was sent tumbling across the floor sideways, hissing with abandon when the side with my cracked ribs clashed with the floor.

I blinked rapidly, trying to make my peripheral view focus as energy buzzed and gathered in the pit of my stomach, an endorphin like rush passing through my body, enough dizzying energy to let me push the palm of my hands against the floor so I could sit up with wobbling arms and ignore the way my body ached.

I could feel the energy in my person quake from my unconscious use of it.

I didn’t know how I was using it, maybe in the heat of the moment I triggered some sort of way to get my body to use its physical powers, a series of tingles passing over my flesh and causing my skin to break out in energized goosebumps.

Anger simmered in my body and I clutched onto it like a lifeline because it seemed that once I had a burst of emotion, the usage of my powers came forth.

But damn, I was in so much pain. My focus was deteriorating by the nausea I felt.

Then my cheek felt the impending brush of protruding knuckles, mouth widening in a soundless cry as the skin at my lip split with how hard the slam of Potter's fist connected with my face was.

Hot hands gripped at my waist and I was hauled up to my feet and pressed into the hard surface of a wall in a whirl of colors, breaths harsh and stuttering in and out of my mouth.

I raised my shaking fingers to grasp mindlessly at Potter's death grip of my waist, his fingers digging into my sides enough to shift my broken ribs around.

And Rhayden was physically more powerful than Potter.

My boyfriend could kill anyone with the amount of sheer strength he has.

“Potter!” I yelled out brokenly, the sound an exclamation of heated anger and pain with my trembling words as the suffering throughout my body heightened more inside of me.

All this pain wasn’t just from getting a beat down from a heavily magically powered up, dominant Veela. No. There was a hurt thay internally took place in my body, like the substance of my soul was being set aflame.

It started up when Potter was touching me more and more.

My eyes gazed up at an array of clashing jade and ruby red eyes of the man who had me all but wriggling in an effort to get away from him. Potter’s eyes were hooded, the darkness of his gaze thrumming and searing into my flesh, making me scared, hurt and mad.

I let out a cry of frustration, lifting my hips to sway to them to the side in an effort to slip away from Potter’s grip. The heat of his body was burning through my clothes in utter panicked induced frenzy, the hollow of my gut hissing out in too much pain as it felt like fire licked me from the inside and out.
Acid chewing away my innards.

Oh gods. I can’t breathe.

Something’s wrong.

Potter can’t touch me.

Rhayden is the only one who can hurt me.

My mind was in a dizzying spell of hurt and filled with thoughts of the pure-blooded werewolf, as if my Veela side was trying to claw werewolf its way out of my flesh at the mere thought of anyone else touching me except for Rhayden.

This is wrong. thisiswrongthisiswrong!

“Fucking move!” I gritted out, body going into a spasm of hurt as I tightened my grip on Potter even more and tried to swing his body to the left so I could put him to the floor and get as far away from him as possible.

Everything was burning up inside of me.

Potter didn’t move an inch.

My wild eyes landed back on him as he raised one his hands from his grip on my waist, his eyebrows dipping as a flash of confused, concerned awe flitted across his face. Potter’s voice was sharp like razor, lilting in a husky tone. “It seems that I can’t be the one to train you. You’re body and mind are so interlaced with Rhayden’s that your Veela side is screaming out in rage and hurt at someone else touching you. I bet Rhayden didn’t expect for you to get attached so quickly and deeply.”

What the hell is happening?

My mouth was wide open now, a scream, long, loud and high pitched tearing its way out of my chest as I felt my limbs burn, like the very soul of my being was being ripped apart one piece at a time.

RhaydenRhaydenRhayden!

My eyes were blacking out, vision blurring with hushed tears as I writhed against the wall in violent pain.

My ears picked up Potter’s voice, harsh and worried as he let out a string of curses in front of me before I felt my body drop to the floor by the release of Potter’s hold on my person. “Alright, alright. Shite. Breathe Saveri. I’m not touching you. You are Rhayden’s. Come on, Breathe. Fuck. Rhayden’s going to kill me if he finds his boyfriend dead. Saveri, breathe!”

I was panting like I just ran a mile a minute as my ribs creaked in my side, my head throbbing a double beat as I felt the ongoing pin pricks on patches of my skin.

I was going to be bruised everywhere, especially my cheeks.
I was weak, my body was tired and I couldn't help the way I shivered on the floor as I tried to convince myself that I wasn’t being touched by any other man, that I belong to Rhayden and that I didn’t need to be freaking out over it.

I had a feeling a submissive Veela’s bond with someone could get them into a shit ton of trouble. Could get them killed, could make them weak and hurt.

I blinked profusely, feeling the burning sensation finally dull down as I coughed and sputtered on the floor like someone had been choking me, as if all the air was sinking back into my lungs after going days without it while my gut stopped twisting in terrifyingly jabbing pain, my heart beat descending in its rushed pace while I kept telling myself that I wasn’t being touched and how much I belonged to Rhayden and Rhayden only. Which was true. But my Veela side was the one that had freaked out.

Potter spoke again as my chest trembled with each shuddering air that my lungs staved off on.
“*You’re going to pass out aren’t you?”*

I let out a weak laugh, my ribs shifting around and my skull thudding with how hard it slammed against the wall a few seconds ago. My laugh sounded like my tonsils were rubbing against each other and squeaking from the friction.

My stomach rolled at the heady queasiness that swept over me, my heart stuttering. I whined at the sudden throb in my head and the way my cracked ribs brokenly shuddered endlessly, threatening to burst out of my sides as the burning sensation became a null void now.

“*Who's...fault...is..that?”* I retorted weakly to Potter.

Whatever strain I put on my muscles, were starting to give out, a tired soreness inkling everywhere over my body. The feeling of my ribs pressing against every fiber of my side making me want to roll over and throw up.

But I couldn't.

Not now with how I felt like I was losing my wakened state.

“*Your … fault.” I was losing sense of time and my surroundings as I spoke to Potter again, my eyes bleary as pitch black clouds started to filter through the tunnel of my vision while my eyelids drooped in a faint pained sleepiness.*

I was falling.

I could hear Potter swearing up a storm and Weasley cussing along with him before I had to let go of the very little bit of conscious thought I had left, and blacked out.
Here's another update! Hope you like this chapter because I had fun writing it. There will be more, but it will have slow updates because I'm working on other story projects, so be patient. The story will go on! I'll be updating sporadically so please be understanding.

Thanks to everyone reading and commenting! I appreciate it so very much. Thank you to those who are giving this story a chance.

Onward with the chapter!

My lips turned up into a small sneer, the tremble of my mouth seeming to quake throughout the weak of my body, limbs worn down to a pulsating, pain pricking throb as my knuckles turned a ghostly white hue from the amount of aching tension that flooded throughout the whole of my person.

Glancing around at the dark filter of my room, I let out an irritated sigh, unfurling my fists laid atop the comforter of my bed so I could smack at the sheets with my right hand in frustration.

I could barely move.

Slamming the back of my head against the fluff of my pillows, I released a small shriek of agonized hurt from my careless action. The skin at the back of my head was still a fresh wound, a split of the flesh from how hard I hit it against the wall from Potter’s punch, suddenly thrumming a harsh headache out of nowhere when I just got the damn throbbing to go away an hour ago.

“This is so stupid.” I whispered out to the empty of the room, hissed words escaping my mouth while I tried to settle my body into a more comfortable position.

When I woke up five hours ago, Pomfrey had stood at the foot of my bed looking down at me with a furrow of her brows while clicking her tongue as her eyes held a look of stressed concern. I was surprised to see her here in the Xeyrus mansion. Pomfrey explained that Snape told her everything that went on because despite the war and the animosity between the ex death eaters and the innocents, the nurse explained that she could care less about the hate and was glad to help me. Pomfrey just cared about her students, disregarding what side they chose during the war. The nurse loved the school and the students in them.

So Snape sent Pomfrey over after Granger called up the headmaster and told him what happened.

Granger looked like she’d seen a ghost after she exchanged letters with Snape through one of Rhayden’s floos and went to wake me up after a whole day of sleeping. The redhead looked genuinely apologetic on Potter and Weasley’s behalf.

I haven’t seen the two Gryffindor’s yet but Pomfrey told me that the boys were down in the South wing trying to calm down Rhayden’s pack from checking on me and hurting them because it seems they didn’t like their Alpha’s bond mate being hurt.
I was shocked at that.

And I wanted to snicker at imagining Potter and Weasley calming down a mentally deranged pack full of half-blooded werewolves.

Hopefully they come out of the South wing alive.

It has been a day and I haven’t heard of the two Gryffindor’s having been eaten yet so I assumed they were well and alive. I was sort of pissed at both of them for not stopping the fight right away after seeing how hurt I was, hell, I was literally crying by the end of it and passed out.

But I also knew that Potter really was trying to teach me how strong Veelas were and I took the lesson quiet seriously and figured out how strong us Veelas can get. Potter didn’t even know I was so deeply bonded with Rhayden to the point that my Veela side would hurt me if anyone else touched me except for my chosen bond. So really, Potter shouldn’t feel too bad.

That didn’t stop me from kind of wanting to slap the Golden Boy and Weasley for not having seen how much pain I was in and stopping the violent training process.

They were supposed to train me and protect me, not use me as a punching bag and give no regards to my fucking health, The audacity of the two! They surely aren’t as nice as they make themselves out to be to the public wizard eye.

I decided to forgive them when I woke up to Pomfrey staring me down while I laid practically comatose on my bed in only Rhayden’s large black long sleeved buttoned down shirt, finding the few top buttons undone with no underwear on underneath and almost left bare to Hogwarts best nurse. Potter and Weasley make mistakes like I do, and they should learn from them like I have. They just need to not hurt me again and we’ll be fine, and maybe let me at least hit them once to get back at the two for all the shit they just put me through.

I was planning on being extra bitchy to both Weasley and Potter when I saw them again.

I looked down at my slowly healing body, wrinkling my nose in distaste at the mere weakened state I was in.

Pomfrey came to see me and tell me that she couldn’t give me any healing potions, nor any wizard medicine and muggle medicine because my body would just reject them from the simple fact that since I bonded with Rhayden, only he could heal me with his blood and only my Veela side could tend to my injured person, but slower than a regular Veela because I was bonded with my werewolf boyfriend and my creature side wanted its chosen partner to heal my body.

If I wasn’t bonded to Rhayden, I could have healed within a couple hours during my black out session but since my very essence was connected with the pure-blooded werewolf, I had to have him tend to my diminishing health because my Veela side needed and craved it.

Pomfrey felt horrible about the news she gave me and tried to make my slow self healing process become a smoother transition by fluffing up my pillows and telling me how to position my limbs so that I couldn’t put strain on them and keep from preventing my body to go even slower in its healing state.

I thanked the Hogwarts nurse after she left. Pomfrey left me a list of things to do while I was bedridden and trying to heal, like drink a good amount of water and non heavy meals.

Five hours in and I was still aching all over.
I just wanted Rhayden to come back already so he could wrap me up in his absurd amount of warm flesh and cater to me.

I was no way in hell going to ask the werewolf to give me some of his blood because one, that would be weird, and two, we’d probably end up having sex. I remember Rhayden mentioning that we would both get horny from the feeding, was both titillating and terrifying to me, especially with how frail my body was at the moment if the feeding led to some sexual explorations.

So I was stuck trying to heal on my own in my own ridiculously slow way.

Pomfrey said I should heal in about two more days with my Veela blood and without Rhayden’s blood to boost up the process.

Granger checked in once in a while, telling me that the girls would be shopping tomorrow and that I should stay in bed. The redhead also told me that they’d buy me clothes and some lingerie. I was down trodden at the fact that I couldn’t visit Victoria’s Secret but grateful that Granger and the others would buy me a ton of shit to wear.

I did thank Granger for her thoughtfulness and she grinned at me in response.

I think her and I were getting on enough mutual ground levels to consider each other friends, and really, that was okay with me.

Sucking on the skin of my bottom lip that was split from my earlier beat down, I ignored the stab of pain at the flesh I chewed on and dejectedly rolled over onto the side where my ribs weren’t broken and turned off the muggle TV I had been watching for the past few hours.

I had become restless, skin feeling like there was this sort of annoying burning itch beneath it that I couldn’t scratch, having no idea to get rid of the sensation. It felt like I was hot, the sweltering heat of the air around me soaking into my limbs and making me blow out one irritated breath after another.

I didn’t know what was wrong.

I only knew that I wanted Rhayden here with me and that I missed the bastard. I wanted him to be near me, to touch me and be present.

 Fuck, I wanted my Alpha.

I swallowed audibly, a flash of Rhayden’s image bombarding my thoughts.

I let out the tinitest of a whine, mind reeling at remembering the shifting lean muscles Rhayden packed on his fit body, at the way he constantly would walk my way in a manner of calm dominance while glowing black golden eyes dug their way into my bones and light me up.

I could picture Rhayden’s towering form, the harsh lines of his narrow hips sloping down to reveal the hot and heavy large meat of his cock jutting out between powerful thighs that flexed whenever he would snap his pelvis against the soft curve of my arse. The usual result of his thrusts causing my tonsils to vibrate from the way I screamed out my pleasure from his punishing fuck into me.

My heart ricocheted against the hurt of my rib cage, eliciting my breath to quicken as moist air passed the bruised slight part of my lips. I felt my eyelashes flutter about as I tried to blink away the indecent images clashing into my head and my body, my legs twitching from their spot as a pool of warmth swarmed into the pit of my gut.

I gasped out, the naked skin of my thighs slapping together in my attempt to ward off the dizzying
spell of arousal pushing into my bloodstream like an inevitable force, my groin filling with heat as my cock started to plump up from beneath the silky fabric of Rhayden’s big shirt.

*Oh hell.*

“No, not *now*.” I spat out the last word that spilled forth from my mouth, hot and bothered and angry at the way I was becoming a furnace in the sore confines of my body, my heart slamming against my chest as my shaking left hand lifted from the side of my hip to trail the tips of my cool fingers down my clothed stomach, breath hitching at the sensation while I bit down on my lip.

*It's been awhile since Rhayden’s fucked you.*

*Too long.*

*Need him.*

“Rhayden.” My voice came out in a broken rasp, whorish in its lewd tone as I imagined my fingers as Rhayden’s hot teasing ones, brushing over the flat of my stomach to the dip of space between my closed thighs. I shivered, practically hearing Rhayden’s dark amused chuckle breathing over the slope of my neck.

*You can feel him.*

“Ngh!” I shifted my legs, jabbing my teeth into my bottom lip as I shook my head to myself in embarrassed horny dismay while I twisted my head sideways to shove my forehead into the plush of my pillow so I could pop my mouth wide open and clench the fluff between my seeking teeth. I snuck my hand up underneath my shirt and briefly brushed the throb of my cock to the space between my clenching arse cheeks.

I kicked out the sheets thrown over the tangle of my legs, grateful that I was covered from Granger and Pomfrey’s eyes since I was completely exposed beneath Rhayden’s shirt, Pansy had helped me change into his clothes when I woke up. I decided that I really didn’t want to wear any panties or boxers at that moment.

With a heavy exaltation of air out of my mouth and into the pillow I bit into, I felt a tremor race over the whole of my body as I subconsciously and shamefully spread the ache of my clenching thighs so my hand could slip further underneath and in between them and to the pucker of my hole.

My poor cock was hard now and I couldn’t really move my other hand to rub over my prick because all my mind could focus on was wanting to feel something fill me up.

Like Rhayden’s dick.

A desperate internal whisper echoed inside the racing thoughts of my head.

*Lube.*

There has to be one in the nightstand.

Using my right hand, I shoved my face further into the pillow as I frantically reached out beside me, crying out at the sharp pain in my side as I pulled the drawer out and peaked out over my pillow to look at the objects being grappled in my hysterical fumble with certain objects.

And then I actually found lube.
Holy fucking shit.

Pushing the lid into my mouth, I clamped my teeth over the cap and twisted the body of the tube to the left to unscrew the container, spitting it out of my mouth onto the floor and quickly pouring some slick liquid over my left hand that immediately went straight back to the crevice of my arse cheeks.

I tossed the lube somewhere onto the drawer, mind hazy as I felt my body lilt to the front of my stomach. I was careful not to push against the slowly healing ribs on my side as I went and laid on my belly, once again clamping my teeth over the pillow as harsh breaths wheezed out of my lips and fire swirled in my gut continuously.

“Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck! Gods d-d-damnit. Alpha.” I keened into the pillow with broken, wanton words, gritting my teeth together with the fabric of the pillow stuffed into my gasping mouth as pain erupted all over my body while I dragged my knees up beneath me so I could raise the perk of my arse into the air and let my front rest over the mattress, splaying out my thighs and yelling out from the strain in my body from all the injuries I was harboring.

I was hurting.

But fuck I wanted this.

Needed it.

I don’t give a damn if I was in pain.

I was already suffering from the inside, a burn that couldn’t be healed the way my body could.

You want Rhayden to fuck you.

Slut.

My breaths stuttering out of my lips as I slipped my lubed hand back further behind my arse so I could press the soft tip of my middle finger over the furl of my hole, the rim seeming to spasm as I quivered from my position, limbs shaking while I slowly eased my finger into the swallowing hole of my arse.

I hiccupped out a sob into my pillow, rubbing my forehead back and forth over the plush of my head rest as my mind swirled with the vision of Rhayden. I’ve memorized his body everytime he was naked in front of me, the way his shoulder blades protrude as he would plant both his hands on either side of my head to violate my arsehole with harsh rams of his heated cock, mahogany locks falling over his face as he hovered above me. I’d end up grabbing onto his back to claw my nails into his skin with how hard he was pushing into me. Over and over and over again.

You want that now.

I pushed my finger more into my hole, moaning high in the back of my throat as my cock jostled from the sudden swaying of my hips, already wanting my finger to press against the bundle of nerves hidden inside of me so I could come and ease the itching burn in my body.

I hurt everywhere. Inside and out.

When I felt the knuckle of my middle finger press flush against my hole, I let out a cracked scream when I curled it up into me and felt a seizing pleasure shoot down my spine at the rubbing intruding appendage against my inner walls, arse pushing up higher into the air while my front smooshed against the bed.
“Alpha. Need you, f-f-fuck!” I eased my finger out to push it back into my arse, back curving down to create an arch as I felt the tip of my finger briefly brush against my prostate, eyes widening as I let out a sharp cry.

My shirt fell down my torso as I wiggled my hips, whimpering into the silence of the room as the long sleeves caressed over the curve of my arse since it went passed my knuckles.

“Want cock. W-want to be p-p-p-punished. Ah-ah-shite.” I rocked my lower half against my thrusting finger, moving the appendage around the heat of my hole so I could find my prostate again, feeling my body scream out at me from the position I held and completely disregarding it for the sake of relieving myself.

I wanted Rhayden to growl into my ear like he always does when he fucks me, wanted him to overpower me and hold me down as makes me take his cock like I’m his form fitting toy. I can imagine the row of his defined, hard abs rubbing over the trembling skin of my back as he grunted feverishly over the sweat of my shoulder, wrapping his hot hands over my hips so he could drag me back to slap my arse against his groin repeatedly with his inhumane strength and quick drawls.

Abusing me.

Hurting me so fucking good.

You’re filthy.

I reached my unoccupied hand over my head so I could lay the slick flat of my palm against the cold headboard of my bed, dragging my nails down the wood as I aimlessly tried to clutch at it for some sort of grounding substance.

I was rocking harder against my finger that kept pulling and pushing back in and out of my arse, again and again, occasionally pressing against my prostate and making my breath stammer in my lungs as I mewled into my pillow. I huffed out air as I went into a delirious state of mind that filled with thoughts and visions of Rhayden, of my Alpha.

“Rhayden. Fuck me, fuckmefuckmefuckme!” I was talking to the werewolf inside of my head, the Gryffindor consuming me whole and creating a sex driven object out of myself, turning me into someone who needed him all the time, anywhere and in any way.

Oh gods, yesyesyesyesyesyes!

I was shoving my finger further more into my suckling hole, slamming the tip of it against my found prostate and yelling out in abandonment now, words slurring together as a stream of want coursed through the screaming pain of my limbs and sides, a delicious burn that I deviated in for my own fucked up entertainment, a sort of high crazed lust taking over the solace of my head and person as I went on in tending to my needs with a battered and bruised body.

I was turned on with the pain and the pleasure.

Fuck. Me.

I smacked at the headboard with my hand, clawing at it and whining into the pillow as I felt my cock start bobbing against my stomach while it swung from my knelt, spread posture, wincing whenever I moved but breathlessly moaning out as I hooked my finger up, down, sideways and screwed against my prostate enough to make my limbs quiver even more while the slick heat on my skin made my knees slip and slide all over the wet sheets.
My cock started to tingle now, a dollop of precum dripping over the silken sheets as the base of my spine felt an incoming pressure, an orgasm rioting down my spine and spreading out into my hard prick to threaten an eruption at any moment as I kept sighing and squealing out in exquisite rapture.

“Rhayden! O-o-oh. please, Alpha. Harder! Spank me, e-eat me out, I’m a g-g-good boy for you, shiteshiteshiteshiteshite!” I was losing it, days without any sexual contact or close proximity with my werewolf boyfriend leaving me needy for him, for his company and his dark words and sarcastic humor.

The slippery wet lube dripped from out of my spazzing hole, running down the length of middle finger to create little puddles across the bed’s surface as the lube fell down from my erratic hand.

My eyes went heavenward, mouth hanging open as I tried to gulp in the warm air around me so I could breathe through the pain electrifying over the expanse of my scorching skin.

That’s when a deafening sound of a slam echoed throughout the entirety of the castle, a crescendo of a bang that made me jerk from my spot and let out a tiny squeak of shocking surprise.

What the hell?

The sound seemed to filter though the whole of the massive building, making my breath stall in my chest as my lungs stopped their normal functioning and left me breathless, ears humming with a nervous buzz as I put a halt to my self pleasuring and went stalk still.

The balance on my knees didn’t hold their precarious position.

“Fuck!” I toppled over sideways on my bad side in my bewilderment, cursing out a heavy amount of insults as my scream of hurt was cut off from the working constriction of my suddenly dry throat.

Another ominous thud of an object shattered in the silence that followed the first abrupt, thunderous sound.

Easing my finger out of my clenching arshole, I rolled on to my other side that wasn’t injured this time with a shuddering gasp, brows furrowing down in wondered curiosity and anxiety as I tried to calm the racing of my heart and the dissipating boner I now had.

What’s happening?

Clenching my hands over the flat of my bed, I forced myself to sit up, tears welling up in my eyes immediately as my vision became a blur of agony. I had to swing my legs over the edge of my bed, running my tongue along the bottom of my teeth and sighing out with exasperation as I whipped my right hand out to press it against my broken ribs that prickled with pain.

Oh sweet jesus, this sucks.

My attention was once again veered off in another direction when a scream, male and guttural, shook the foundations of the house, harsh and raw and seeming to rip out of the guy’s mouth as if he was being disemboweled.

Of course this sort of shit would happen to you when you would be masturbating!

With a sneer, I made myself stand up from my bed, body quickly lilting to the side as the weakness in my limbs seemed to come rushing back to me, my arse and inner thighs dripping with lube. My shirt was soaked from the pre cum my cock was leaking a few seconds ago.
That’s when I gave out a shriek when the door to my room slammed open and a bedraggled Pansy stood at the entrance of my door, her mouth opening as if getting ready to talk but stopping when she realization dawned across her frantic features from finding me in the state that I was in.

With a nervous flicker of her wrist, she mumbled beneath her breath something inaudible before casting out her burgundy colored wooden wand in a swift motion to my person and chanted out a cleansing charm over my frame.

I found myself in dark blue flannel pants and a black short sleeved sleeping top, no longer sporting a semi erection and now squeaky clean without any lube spilling over the expanse of the wooden floor.

I didn’t even have time to blush in my mortification before Pansy came jogging towards me with pinched worry and fear etched across her aristocratic face. She came to grip my arm, throwing it over her shoulder and helping me walk out of the room and down the hallway to the stairs that lead to the lower levels of the castle.

“Rhayden is back, and he’s fucking furious. The man that just screamed was Weasley getting his arm snapped in all sorts of places. Harry is trying to talk civilly to the raging pure-blooded werewolf but Rhayden won’t have it. I decided to go off and get you to calm down your boyfriend or else someone is going to end up dead soon.” Pansy’s was pitched high in worry through the barrage of her rushed words, her own limbs shaking along with mine as she helped me fast walk through the North wing.

When I grunted out from one of my quick steps, the pain filtering through my side and my wobbling legs, Pansy stopped her long strides to give me a quick once ove before procuring her wand out again and giving me a sheepish grimace. “I’m going to apparate us downstairs in the East wing where all the comotion is. You might feel a bit sicker than usual with your injuries. You think you can handle it, darling?”

Fuck.

No.

But I had to, or else Potter and Weasley were going to end up as dead Gryffindorks by the hands of Rhayden.

Nodding my head with a sharp jerk in a complacent gesture, Pansy gave me another worried fleeting look before pursing her lips and swishing her wand above our heads with the spell chanted briskly out of the tight line of her mouth.

I immediately felt a tugging sensation in the pit of my stomach, circling around my innards to scramble them apart and together in a form of sickening twists and turns, the tugging and pushing of my body going through a magic induced portal causing my side to scream out in obnoxious ache as I found my mouth slipping open to release a silent cry right when I felt the steadying ground beneath the soles of my feet.

Gasping out with a ferocious cough, my body tilted forward, eyes wandering about in front of me, wide and struck with pain and knowing that I couldn’t do much of anything with my pathetic body enough to stop my fall.

Only it never came.

Pansy grabbed me by the waist and hauled me back up against her front, cooing comforting words
into my buzzing ears she took her other arm and slung it over the front of my upper torso as I tried to
regain my senses and focus on the scene happening in front of me in a fast motion of varying colors,
grabbing onto Pansy’s arm so I could get a good balance and stay put without falling over.

That’s when I saw what was happening.

We were in the long stretching wide hallway of the East wing, walls covered in obsidian without any
high ceiling windows, seeming to close in on the group of people standing in the middle of the dark
stone covered walkway that was now splattered with an array of crimson red.

My lips parted on an intake of air as I watched Rhayden, covered from head to toe in fresh raw blood
that mingled in with dry old red liquid, slamming one fist from another into Potter’s gut, the impact of
his slams causing Potter’s back to crush into a crystallized wall and create a sickening crack upon the
surface from the amount of terrifyingly strong hits Rhayden was giving to the Chosen One’s
stomach.

I could hear Potter gurgling out blood from the confines of his throat, eyes heavy as the line of his
jaw kept going from slack to tensed muscles as he wheezed past the injuries he was enduring from
Rhayden’s angry beat down.

My eyes caught sight of Weasley lying on the floor a couple inches away from where Potter and
Rhayden stood, both his arms mangled from one point of direction to the next, a disgusting shape of
angles that looked inhumane as he was sprawled out in his own blood, the small rise and fall of his
chest giving me a sign that the man was still alive since his eyes were closed and he was most likely
passed out. His right thigh had a huge gaping hole in it, the inner flesh of his leg showing a gap like a
chunk of his meat was torn out of his thigh.

The pungent smell of blood and human flesh went straight to my nose, and despite it being a scent
that usually made me want to throw up, it only made the inner caverns of my mouth water up in
darkened delight.

Bloody hell. Now is not the time to get hungry.

And I was overwhelmed by the threatening atmosphere I apparated into, my eyes sliding back to
Rhayden and taking in his ragged appearance, his clothes hanging in pieces or torn away from the
long lean line of his muscled body as the strands of his jasper hair fell haphazardly into his eyes like
he had run his hands repeatedly through the locks or went through a grinder.

The werewolf’s muscles bulged out in a stark rage, the veins in his neck pronounce like the ones
beneath the skin of his long arms and biceps. Rhayden was covered in cuts and gashes and bruises,
the tattoos he usually kept hidden from others now out in the open and running wild over the
expanse of his smooth, sweat slicked skin.

I shouldn’t have gotten hot at the sight, not with all that was happening right now, but dammit, I
haven’t seen Rhayden in what seems forever and seeing the man violent, scary and downright
predatory, made my cock twitch beneath my pants and my thighs press together to keep the heat
from sufficing even more in my groin.

I could hear Potter grunting with each punch Rhayden shoved into his sternum, and that made me
snap out of my stupid turn on session.

Potter was a wreck, his right leg looked just as twisted and broken like Weasley’s arms and his right
wrist hanging from his arm like a floppy stuffed rabbit's ear. Potter was also sporting a gruesome left
side that shown a missing flesh as if Rhayden ripped a part of it off in his fit of animalistic rage.
How was Weasley alive?

I knew that Potter being a dominant Veela made him on the same level as Rhayden with how much pain he could tolerate as well as much how fast he can heal, so I knew that Potter was holding back.

I was shaking with fear, arousal, and confusion, trying to discern why Potter wasn’t fighting back at all though, just letting Rhayden beat the holy hell out him. Maybe he did fight back and lost? But that didn’t sound right. Potter was just as powerful as Rhayden was.

This was a fucking disaster.

Best friends were fighting all because of me and I didn’t like that feeling. I know what it felt like to have no friends, I didn’t want Rhayden to lose any just because he was angry on my behalf.

But I couldn’t get myself to do anything. My body was frozen on the spot. I never seen Rhayden so unhinged, so angry. And I was too weak to stop them with the state I was in.

Rhayden was snarling into Potter’s face, a low rumble of words that shook the very foundations of the castle, sinister and carrying a low prominence in the rumble of his voice as he spoke to his best friend. “You call me up telling me what happened to Saveri doesn’t make up for what you’ve done, Harry. Let this be a lesson learned. I don’t want you ever touching what’s mine. Saveri will always be mine, I’ve had him, I’ve fucked my whole being into him, carved him out to only want me, to crave and need only me because from the very beginning, he’s been mine even if he didn’t know it before. I told you to teach Saveri how to fight, not teach him how to take a pummeling without not knowing how to defend himself at all!”

Rhayden growled and he watched Potter splurge out blood from his mouth from one more vicious quick slam of the werewolf’s fist into the Potter’s gut.

Potter’s words were garbled up from the cherry red liquid dripping out of his nose and the corners of his grimacing mouth. “I know he’s yours, Rhayden. Fuck. I was too caught up in the fight and wasn’t thinking correctly. I’m sorry, man. Godsdamnit, are you content now?!"

Potter’s back slid to the floor, his breaths whooshing out of his mouth as he looked like he was going into the beginnings of a cardiac arrest with how fast his chest was moving along with his shuddering intakes of air.

Rhayden’s eyes were sharp and dark, a swirling mix of lava tinged golden wisps and a shimmering blackness that reminded me of the darkest of nights with its deadly silence and unpredictable happenings. Rhayden’s eyes were lit up from the inside and out, like he was itching to rip his friend limb from limb without empathy, without care. Cold and heartless. Sick and violent.

Rhayden was some other person right now and I was trembling from the amount of heat gathering in my stomach and spreading out over my lower half, a horror stricken desire flooding my system. 

*You’re attracted to this darkness, to Rhayden’s possessiveness over you.*

*Such a wicked mindset.*

I shook my head slightly, trying to rid of my inappropriate thoughts as I settled my weight more against Pansy for support, my own breath slipping out of my astonished open lips.

Rhayden looked down at Potter who sat on the floor against the wall, his features hardening into that look of an emotionless facade as he brewed in his anger at his friend. “I’m not content. But I don’t want to kill you because you’ve been my friend since we were children. It was a good idea not to
fight me back or else I could have murdered both you and Weasley today, but you took my anger like I expected you to, you admitted to your wrong and I’ll forgive you for what you’ve done in time. Just don’t do this shite again, or we’ll have to fight it out equally and see which one ends up being buried ten feet into the ground.”

Jesus Christ.

So Potter and Weasley probably knew that it wouldn’t have been a good idea to engage in a fight with Rhayden or else they’d have someone die and that would have been devastating for all of them because despite Rhayden’s rage, they all knew that he cared for them and would end up feeling like utter shit for killing one of his friends. Or he would have been the one killed.

Rhayden made sure not to go for places on Potter and Weasley’s bodies with he beat down that would end up putting them officially in a comatose state. The pure-blooded werewolf wanted to let out his anger and he had.

Potter allowed him to.

These powerful men fight out their problems with fists.

“That’s fair.” Potter replied with a rush of air passing his blood caked lips.

Rhayden, the bastard, snickered down at his friend before rolling his head to elicit the strain in his neck to crack and loosen the stress gathered there, the sound fracturing through the sudden quiet of the room and making me jump a little, my heart slamming against my rib cage. Rhayden let out a small breath and I could see some of the anger seep out of his pores, his eyes slipping shut for the briefest moment before he opened them again, his voice monotonous now.

“I’ll send Pomfrey over to help you guys heal. Give Weasley a ton of meds because he’s going to be the slowest in getting back to his regular health. Tell the redhead that I give my best wishes for now and will see you guys later when you’re both healed up. Remember what I said, Harry.”

With that, Rhayden turned his body towards my direction, burning eyes zeroing in on me.

I yelped out when the Gryffindor popped up right in front of me, his looming, beaten and bruised strong body hovering a breadth away from mine.

Those eyes pinned me to the spot, my heart having stopped its pulsing beat beneath my chest when he spoke lowly. “Pansy, let go of Saveri. I’ll be taking him now.”

Pansy wrenched her hands off of me like I was an object that had burned her, my best friend’s movement jerky as she released a shaky breath near my neck when she released me.

Rhayden hunched over my figure, eyes scrutinizing me from where I stood weak limbed, mind in a whirl of emotions that I couldn’t pinpoint. All I knew was that I was near my boyfriend that I just masturbated to and missed for the past few days.

The werewolf angled his head to the side, slivers of the skin on his hard chest displayed out in the open from the rip of his clothes, drying blood smothered all over his face and limbs as the mess of his hair brushed over the top of my forehead while the man crowded into my space, way too fast for my eyes to catch and making me stumble back.

I was grabbed around the waist, surprisingly soft in the demanding presence Rhayden was radiating with his touch as the hot of his hands gripped me with a firmness that didn’t constitute in hurting my pained body as the warm minty air escaping the Gryffindor’s cupid bow shaped his lips teased the agape of my mouth. The heat of Rhayden’s body and breath made rioting quake shoot through my
“Sorry about this.” Rhayden’s deep, husky murmur vibrated within my chest. The silky drawl of his low voice seducing its way straight into the small of my back and making me let out the smallest of a whine. That’s when I felt the awful suction of apparition take hold of me again.

I was queasy by the time I found Rhayden and I were suddenly in a room. A room that I’ve never been in. A room that I have never seen.

But I had a feeling I knew what kind of place I was in now.

By the way Rhayden’s scent permeated from each corner of the area surrounding me, I could tell where we were.

This was Rhayden’s room in the West wing.

I gaped at the space surrounding me, my mouth parted on an exhale of astonished breaths as I took in the large room that was shrouded in pitch black walls and crimson red filigree at the bottom and top of each wall, curving and intermingling together to create intricate designs that equalled the runes moving in a slower pace over the smooth alabaster flesh of Rhayden’s.

The ceilings were just as high as the ones belonging to the foreboding hallways of the West wing.

A large California King sized bed was positioned opposite from where I stood in front of the red wooden doors, propped up against the far wall with black silken drapes for the canopy bed arching and connecting to each black, iron wrought post and an an equally dark wooden headboard that matched the doors to the room. I could make out the walk in closet to the right of the bed that seemed to take up the space similar to the size of a normal room. The bathroom to the left from where I stood was covered in a onyx marble flooring and sinks with a Jacuzzi and a large shower that took up one side of the wall to the next, it was so fucking large.

No windows.

The room was isolated.

It also had an inner balcony with stairs that led up to the second open level where I could make out a grand piano and some arts and crafts lying around on work tables above. There was another room to my right where it looked like an entertainment center, multiple large flat screen muggle TV’s propped up against the wall with game consoles and other technology knick knacks strewn across the lush burgundy colored furnitures.

The place was huge.

And I sort of went speechless at the sight of it all.

My silence didn’t last long when I was suddenly grabbed at the forearm and tugged lightly, my thoughts scattering when I tore my eyes away from the large of Rhayden’s room to jerk back with an audible squeak at how close the werewolf’s face was leaned down in front of mine.
My heart stuttered beneath my rib cage as I stared up into the depths of Rhayden’s lava molten eyes, a rich whiskey tone mingling in together with the stygian of his gaze boring down into my skin as I went stalk still in his grip.

Rhayden’s gaze held a prominent air of focus, the fast movements of his eyes falling over each and every aspect of my face and the nook and crannies of my figure as they swept down my body and up in various spots, as if he was checking for something.

“You’re hurt.” The Gryffindor’s words came out in a low rumble, thunderous and anger tinged with regret as scorching eyes soaked in my very flesh with a worried furrow in his brow.

I’ve never seen him this way.

Hell, I’ve never seen him so mad or worried before and I’ve seen both today.

It was overwhelming.

And endearing as well as worrying.

My own eyes followed down the slope of his towering person, lean and muscled with his chest slightly heaving up and down in his fit of simmering rage as his body heat rolled off of him in waves. I visibly cringed at the cuts, gashes and bruises the werewolf was sporting as well as the ridiculously torn material of his clothes.

Potter and Weasley didn’t fight Rhayden back, that was clear to see. So why was Rhayden looking like a ruggedly handsome roadkill?

“So are you. What happened? Are you hurt anywhere else that I can’t see. Did you run into Akeldama just before coming here? Oh gods. Let me take a look.” I felt the shrouding panic flood my veins at the mere thought of Rhayden getting hurt despite his strength in killing easily.

I brought my right hand up, the one Rhayden was gripping onto, only to cry out in pain when my side gave a heavy throb within my broken ribs.

Rhayden made a sound in the depth of his throat, a grunt of concern as he gripped me tighter to stop my gestures. “Stay still, Saveri.” His words came out jilted with a heavy husk, demand spilling from his lips and causing my body to go lax at the delicious sound.

“Just tell me why you look just as bad, if not worse, as me.” I whispered when I looked up at Rhayden from beneath my lashes, my chest stinging with the knowledge that Rhayden was definitely sporting more wounds than me and I wasn’t there to help him when he got injured even though I wouldn’t be much help considering my lack of physical skills and a wand.

Rhayden’s lips pulled up into a snarl, making my heart rate pick up at the vicious sound emitting from my boyfriend’s mouth as he slid the pad of his index finger down the shivering flesh of my forearm in a light caress, his eyes moving down the slow track of his descent as he finally wrapped his long fingers around my wrist to urge me closer to his warmed, equally injured body.

“I was called by Snape right after I finished up with a group belonging to Akeldama. They got me pretty bad but I managed. I came immediately after hearing about what happened so I could find Harry and Ron to knock some sense into them. Baby, I swear I felt my heart still in my chest when I caught word of you injured and the incidents leading up to it.” Rhayden murmed his words lowly into the slight gape of my mouth, the surprisingly minty, warm breath of his brushing over my bottom lip as I stumbled into the rise and fall of his hard chest with another insistent tug on my wrist to come to him.
I gasped at the engulfing heat blanketing me from the Gryffindor’s blood caked body, my cock immediately filling and twitching beneath my sleep pants. My mind went haywire for a brief moment as I tried to will my burst of arousal down and focus on what Rhayden just told me.

My hands were now trapped between my own chest and Rhayden’s.

With my breaths coming out faster, I tried to keep myself from melting from Rhayden’s touch, and instead, decided to think about what my boyfriend just said.

Fuck.

He was injured and I was mess like him, both our bodies tired and worn out. I had rest compared to Rhayden’s constant movements from the time he finished with Akeldama and to the the moment he went to beat the holy shit out of his best friends.

I felt a whine bubble up out of my convulsing throat as I pressed my forehead against Rhayden’s clavicle, breathing him in and despising the way my stomach roiled with want for the taste of that blood covering his whole frame.

“You big oaf. Don’t go off and get into more fights when you’re already so beaten up.” I breathed against his neck, the plush of my bottom lip brushing against the side of his throat with my words, soft and barely touching.

He tasted wonderful.

Rhayden always does.

The man let out a huff of annoyance against me, both his hands coming down to grasp my hips with a featherlight caress. “I’m not sorry, Saveri.” Rhayden paused before he continued on with his words. “Drink from me. The process of your healing will become ten times faster.”

My lips turned down into a worried scowl against Rhayden’s neck.

Did Rhayden think that if he offered up his flesh to me that I wouldn’t give my own back to him? And there was no way I was going to go through with that.

I mean, the werewolf and I would probably end up having sex together while we drank from one another and I don’t know if our bodies could handle that sort of activity with the state we were in. Surely the healing process wasn’t so quick with the uptake. It would take at least a few hours to get back into our normal physical shapes after drinking from one another so our bodies wouldn’t be up to par for such things.

And with my horny ass, I would be bound to ignore my broken bones just to get Rhayden’s cock inside of me and end up more beaten from his fucking.

This wasn’t a good idea.

Even if my cock twitched at the thought.

You’re such a slut.

“No.” I huffed out against the Gryffindor, curling my fingers in so I could grapple Rhayden’s drenched shirt into the bend of my fists and hold onto them, just to make sure that my boyfriend was here, intact, yet beaten almost to death.
God I missed him.

Rhayden grumbled under his breath as he planted his chin on top of my head. “You’re worried about us having hot blood sex when we drink from each other right? Well you don’t have to. I know that a Veela and their bonded heal together significantly fast. We’ll be good to go by the time we really want to have sex and I can shove into you and be rough about it as you take it without strain because our bodies will definitely be healed by then.”

“Rhayden!” I groaned against him, pursing my lips in discontent and embarrassment at the flood of searing heat spilling into the pit of my gut at the werewolves words. I clutched at his shirt harder. “There is no way we’re going to feed off of one another. Besides, we shouldn’t be having perverted sex while your friends are practically bleeding out on the floor as we speak.”

I was still cautious about our bodies healing and was scared how high I’d get off of the feeding. And dammit, I really didn’t want Rhayden getting even more hurt if we didn’t heal fast enough and decided to throw away our physical injury problems and get even more fucked up if we decided to have sex.

Rhayden snorted in response. “They’ll be fine. They deserved it and they knew they did. If I want to have sex with you, I can. So why don’t you let me bite into your pretty creamy thighs while you nip at my wrists so I can get in you and flood your warm, tight, velvety hole with my cum-”

I flushed red at Rhayden’s words, my head rearing back so I could give my boyfriend a glare at the audacity of his filthy sentences, shocked and aroused. “Stop it! We’re not going to—”

Something happened that I haven’t witnessed before.

Rhayden snapped at me, his voice coming out sharp and harsh and filled with a pained rasp as I watched the furrow of his brows deepen in concerted emotion while his body went rigid against my own and his eyes shown with a glowing hue of molten golden black wisps. “You’re hurt! I can’t just sit back and do nothing when I know that we can heal each other in a quicker manner. Do you know how frustrated and scared I was for your wellbeing? I was seconds away from wanting to kill my own friends. Don’t downplay your pain for me, Saveri. Don’t you ever hide your hurt because I couldn’t live with myself knowing that you are without noticing—”

I was just as shocked at his outburst as my own came forth, my eyes filling with hushed tears and blurring as I blinked rapidly up at the man and leaned back enough to let my right hand smack against Rhayden’s chest in a measly manner, angry and worried and horny. “Do you know how much I worried about you while you were gone?! You’re hurt too and yet you’re acting like you’re okay when you’re not. Rhayden, look at yourself. You look worse than me. Don’t go and yell at me for acting like I’m okay when you’re doing the same thing, bastard! I-I-I hate not knowing how you are even though I know you’re strong enough to defend yourself. But of course I’ll worry because I’m so fucking into you that with how much I like you, my feelings should be deemed as a mental disorder. I want to have sex with you, I always do, but I’m worried that the healing won’t be fast enough and we’ll end up both hurting and I can’t see you in any more pain than you are now—”

Rhayden interrupted my rant again, this game of breaking each other’s sentences off a form of argument between us. This time he shoved his face into my own, slamming those cupid bow shaped lips of his over mine, immediately invading the caverns of my surprised parted mouth to taste my tongue with his in a sensuous, cruel kiss. “I’m sorry baby, fuck. Just want you healed. I need you safe.” Rhayden growled the words into my mouth, clamping his teeth over my bottom lip to elicit a squeak out of my throat as his hands on my hips gently forced my body to lull towards his pelvis. He rocked his hard cock against my own with a slow circle of his narrow, defined hips.
“Tell me you’re hurt. Tell me the t-truth.” I breathed out through a stutter of moist air into Rhayden’s mouth. I flicked my own tongue around his, mewling against him and shifting my hips with every soft tug Rhayden gave on them to rub our straining pricks over one another.

I don’t like Rhayden keeping shit from me. Especially if he was hiding how much pain he was in.

I’m so hypocritical.

Rhayden rasped into my mouth, devouring my lips and clashing our teeth together in a roughened state as the air leaving my working lungs came out in short hiccups. “I feel like I’m going to fall apart, Blondie. My body is in so much pain. Now tell me that you’re hurt too so we don’t argue anymore and get healed. I promise we’ll be fine.” Rhayden mumbled the words into my mouth, his intoxicating scent causing my hips to shudder against his as his soft lips feasted on my own, teeth nipping and causing my mouth to probably bruise within the next few seconds from the throbbing pain I felt spread over them from the werewolf’s harsh treatment.

That’s better. Rhayden admitted his pain.

I really wanted to feel better, my body was killing me. I was scared about the feeding process between Rhayden and I, but I wanted both of us to get back into our normal physical health range. I was going to have to put aside my fear of tasting human for the sake of getting Rhayden from not passing out on me with how much pain he was in. I also missed my boyfriend too much, I wanted to feel him, wanted to have his touch and cock inside of me.

Our stupid argument wasn’t killing two bird with one stone. My boyfriend and I will be healed, and we’ll be able to have sex that I’ve craved from him since the bastard left me.

I whined into Rhayden’s mouth, hands scrambling over Rhayden’s chest so I could hold onto something from the wobbling in my legs, heavy pleasure mounting in my limbs and rendering me into a lust driven object. “I’m hurt.” I let my lips tip up into a sly smile as Rhayden fucked my mouth with his tongue and I was left to just take it as I rasped against his lips and his invading, hot, slick tongue. “Make me feel better, Alpha. Please.”

Rhayden let out a rumbling hum, causing my back to arch at the provocative, possessive sound the Gryffindor emitted into my open lips as he started to lead us towards the bed, his back facing the mattress as he took slow, leisure steps backwards and guided me with him, mouth stuck on mine as I quaked in his grasp.

I hissed out in aching agony when my damn side throbbed at the slight movement of my feet, internally cursing at myself for probably ruining this hot moment between Rhayden and I with my stupid pain.

Rhayden’s breath rushed for a moment, his chest heaving as I felt the tensed lines of his body grow harder at his rigidity.

I wouldn’t have caught the miniscule of a shaking huff he exclaimed if not for how close we were pressed up together, my ears having picked up the short sound of distress.

Rhayden was good at hiding his pain, but now since I’ve got him to fess up, it seemed he let go all of the stubborn strength he held in hiding his expression of ache, and let one of his many high, protective walls tear down in front of me.

I wonder how many times my Alpha had to act like he was okay after putting himself in physically dangerous situations? I was beginning to think that not many people or even the Xeyrus pack asked
about how Rhayden was holding up after his long line of fighting.

I'm going to have to talk to people about that, to both Rhayden's friends and his pack.

“Alpha. Just bite me right here. I don’t think our bodies are going to last much longer with standing around and reveling in our injuries.” I mumbled into Rhayden’s hot mouth.

Next thing I knew, Rhayden was bending at his knees and tugging on both my hands with his to urge me to crouch down and follow him to the floor. I obediently did as he silently asked me too, watching his heated gaze burning into my own as I was pulled down and forced to lie back across the wooden floor on my back, my breath wheezing past my wet mouth as I stared up at Rhayden’s hovering body.

The Gryffindor’s shoulder blades were stark protruding muscles poking out of his back, shifting with a lazy, predatory prowl above me as my heavy lidded eyes and my hardening cock focused in on the Greek god of a body crawling above my sprawled frame with slow, salacious, wicked movements. Rhayden had situated his left knee inbetween my splayed, relaxed thighs while his other leg was bent outside of my right leg, both his hands on the floor beside my waist.

I ignored the pain in my back against the hard floor just to take in the sight before me.

Rhayden was gorgeous, and dark and deadly.

Rhayden’s chestnut brown locks fell forward as he knelt his down down to cover both his eyes enough to give a sliver of an obsidian and gold glow through the dark strands of his hair, succulent lips tipping up at the sides to show a sharp, sinister and mused grin.

I found myself gasping out in surprise when I felt my bare flesh press against the cool of Rhayden’s bedroom floor. My clothes gone.

 Fucking hell.

The pure-blooded werewolf used his magic like it was secondhand work to him. Easy and without verbal chant.

 A powerful man, this werewolf was.

I felt heat flush my chest and cheeks when Rhayden shifted his hand to grab ahold of the bend at my left knee, gaze holding my own in a heated question to do as he pleased with my hurting body.

I gave a jerky nod in response.

He had grabbed my leg that wasn’t on the side where my ribs were broken, dragging my knee up, the hot skin of his hand branding my flesh as my heart thundered in my ears in anticipation.

I didn’t hurt much.

Rhayden lifted my leg up to heft it over his left shoulder, spreading my thighs wider apart to expose the winking hole of my arse to his penetrating eyes and my stiff prick. I shivered under his gaze as he revealed at the spread of my limbs and the fast breathing hitching in my convulsing throat.

The Gryffindor’s grin widened when he leaned forward, pushing my thigh up close to my chest and causing me to suck in a sharp breath from the prickling soreness of the whole of my body with the casual movement.
Rhayden did it slow though, knowing that I was hurt and taking good care to not make me sob out in pain.

Keeping my leg over his shoulder, he let go of my thigh to reach up the slightest bit with his outstretched smooth wrist touching the gasping moue of my lips.

I blinked up at him, my ears buzzing with anxious want.

Rhayden tipped his head sideways to brush the plush of his lower lip against the skin of my inner thigh, his hair tickling my flesh and warm breath causing my flesh to erupt in hellfire heat, his mouth very close to my aching cock.

I was breathing like I was put into a marathon race, every nerve energized within my body at Rhayden’s heat and proximity.

“You’re going to bite down on my wrist right when I sink my teeth into your silky thigh. I won’t give you my words to give you the indication to go, you’re going to have to use your eyes and nip into my wrist when you see my mouth move onto you. Don’t be late. I’ll punish you if you are. Sync your bite with mine so we can both taste each other at the exact same time. Ah, I have to tell you something else too, Saveri.” Rhayden’s grin turned mischievous with his heated words, the tingle of his mouth teasing my thighs flesh and causing my back to bend at his will.

“Did you know I heard you moaning my name as you fingered yourself just a couple minutes ago. Oh you were having such a hard time doing it with your injured body. I got even angrier at Harry and Ron for preventing you from peacefully masturbating to me. You have to show me next time how you pleasure yourself when you’re not hurt, you know, just so I can get the full on experience of watching you get off on the thought of me fucking you.” Rhayden’s voice came out an octave lower, tone vibrating in his chest and in my own with a heavy cadence that was frightening in its own reverberating timbre. His voice was flooded with amorous voraciousness.

Oh no.

I felt the entirety of my body covet with a crimson coat.

Just as I was about to splutter in indignant mortification, I watched the tiny twitch on Rhayden’s mouth spread and with widened eyes and a burst of my heart rate, saw Rhayden’s canines popping out in a mere second before he went on to completely ignoring my embarrassed stutters as he brought his mouth down swiftly.

You’ll be punished if you don’t do as Rhayden told you to.

I sunk my teeth into Rhayden’s upturned wrist just as I jerked with a desperate cry in the back of my throat when I felt the sharp cut of the werewolf’s teeth jabbing straight into my inner thigh with a savage thrust.

Blood, red hot and iron flecked, flooded into my mouth at the same time a burning white heat exploded behind my eyes.

Ah, fuck.

The feeding just started.
Hello everyone! I'm excited to present to you this filthy chapter haha. I'm so glad that you guys were so patient with the update, there was too many things going on with me for the past week. But alas! I give you this chapter that hopefully is a great read. I love me some Neville/Draco action, so here is the long awaited update. I think I need to have my mind cleaned from all the dirtiness I wrote. The next chapter will be posted up whenever I have the time to work on it and get it ready to go, which won't be forever. Thank you.

Remember that I edit my stories myself, so there may be a few mistakes but I look and edit constantly even when I think there isn't any more errors to fix, so please be kind to me and don't be mean about my writing although I would love some criticizing on it and help with finding my mess ups. It would be greatly appreciated.

ATTENTION! Please read the end notes for information on my next update. It's very important. Thanks!

Feel free to ask any questions or leave some kudos or comments, I love getting them!

My lips pursed around the smooth skin clutched beneath the edges of my teeth, the moist of my mouth wet with the musky taste of Rhayden’s salty flesh and the copper tinged blood flowing over the expanse of my seeking tongue that flicked over the open wound.

A burning sensation started to coil its way down my spine and back up in rivulets of tinges, the back of my skull throbbing in time with the harsh pulse of both my heart and Rhayden’s vein that splurged a crimson red liquid into the obscene “O” of my lips that suckled feverishly over the werewolf’s wrist in a frenzied delirious warmth, invading my shaking frame.

The blood was exquisite, a warm heavy substance that gave off a thick savory bitterness which caused the caverns of my open mouth to suck in more of the addicting liquid, the taste causing my head to go into a spell of overwhelming pleasure, heating up my chest and eliciting a pressure to fill every empty space in the haven of my body.

It was as if Rhayden’s blood and taste had made the air in my lungs start to fill with more dizzying oxygen, my state of mind going into a sort of drugged out state, high off of the taste I drank into my desperate mouth.

The blood was brilliantly seductive and brutally intoxicating.

The lids of my eyes started to open and close in a quickened pace, a sound similar to that of a moaning whore spilling in quiet murmurs from the greedy pout of my lips, needy and embarrassingly
wanton.

Rhayden’s rumble of a groan vibrated into the flesh of my inner thigh, a vicious growl that skated teasingly over my trembling frame as his sharp teeth dug into my leg and the warmth of his soft lips drank my blood into his hungry mouth as if the werewolf was starved for my skin.

I gasped when I felt a sharp dip in the pit of my gut and a foreboding burn starting to fill up my cock in a pleasing rush, although the severe yearning left me in a daze of confoundment. My breaths wheezed past my moving hot lips as I mouthed at Rhayden’s wrist with frantic urgency.

When Rhayden pushed my thigh further up towards my chest, a squeak procured from my blood red lips as I whimpered for more of Rhayden’s taste that had caused my body to hum in a wash of relieving panicked pain throughout the physical distress of my slowly healing bruised and battered person.

A high pitched whine bubbled up from my mouth as I popped my lips off of Rhayden’s wrist and felt rather than heard the indefinite pop of my ribs shifting in my side, reconnecting its bone structures together with a sickeningly inhumane quickness that left me twitching from the prickling agony flooding my system.

I was healing.

Fast.

Rhayden moaned lowly into my thigh, the hot of his lips dragging down the pale of my skin as he rubbed the plush of his bottom lip over the sensitive flesh there and ran the flat of his tongue over the sharp teeth marks his mouth dug into my body.

My bleary eyes blinked down at the dark mahogany strands of Rhayden’s hair, watching the flash of his amber flecked eyes glow from where he peeked up at me through his dark lashes and the unruly locks of his jasper hair.

Oh jesus fuck.

Rhayden’s bruises, gashes and cuts had already faded away, leaving just the trail of dried blood caking his muscled torso and arms as well as his powerful legs and muscular thighs. The somewhat pale hue of his normally smooth, alabaster skin has gotten back into its usual gorgeous sheen of a skin tone, looking like the man that reminded me so much of a Greek god.

The werewolf rose a dark brow up at me as I stared back at him with the gaping part of my mouth, my prick pumping more blood as it rose higher and harder into the warm air surrounding me from the presence of my boyfriend hovering and covering the whole of my body.

I noticed that my own skin was back to its creamy pale shade, my ribs intact and the throbbing headache where I slammed and cracked my the skin open at the back of my skull no longer containing the thumping sensation of an aching burn.

We were almost healed.

And the warmth broiling in the center of my stomach had ricocheted into an ecstasy of a heat that scorched my insides to the marrow of my bones, so sudden that I subconsciously let my legs part like splitting of one’s atoms.

My body was set on fire.
Breathing raggedly, my eyes followed the way Rhayden raised his head to hover the red of his lips over the bite mark he inflicted upon my inner thigh, the warmth spread of his breath brushing against my open wound and causing a shiver to shake my limbs from where I was sprawled out over the floor.

“Drink more.” Rhayden’s voice had become a low thunderous murmur, dark and heavy and laced with an amused lilt in his harsh tone, the tips of his lips curling up into a heated grin that made me squirm beneath him in a flutter of want.

I went a profuse red when Rhayden’s eyes shadowed over into an obsidian, honeyed hue, the colors melting together and causing my chest to rise and fall at the way my breath quickened from having to be put under such an intimidating gaze. I couldn’t even use my voice from the stricken stupor I had gone into from Rhayden’s stare.

With my mind swirling a mile a minute at the bombarding sensations playing within the furnace of my healing body, my eyes had turned into large saucers when, with a quick swish of Rhayden’s hands, the Gryffindor suddenly grabbed hold of both of my upper thighs with a biting force to roughly yank them apart even more, the spread of my legs going wider and making my breath hitch higher in my throat to release a sort of gasping raspy moan of surprise.

Rhayden prowled his way between the V of my legs as he made them part around his sides while he hovered above my body and pressed the defined set of his hips flush against my own. The man dragged his hot large cock against my hard prick with a sensual roll of his pelvis, forcing me down into the floor like he was trying to make my back mold into the ground, my heart pumping wild beneath my chest as I moaned high at the press of both our groins together.

“Rhay-” I yelped throughout the quiet of the room, the sound piercing the silent hot air when I saw the werewolf duck his head and sink his sharp canines straight into the flesh beneath my left nipple, the heated pain a throbbing sear that rendered me writhing beneath the onslaught of Rhayden’s mouth.

I let out a broken gasp when Rhayden shoved his other wrist up against the moist of my ruby stained lips, nudging his smooth hot skin down the plump curve of my bottom lip in an indication to encourage me to sink my teeth into his skin again and suckle his blood into my mouth. When I stared at Rhayden’s upturned wrist and shook beneath his lean and muscled body, it seems that I had taken too long in following the Gryffindor’s order with the way he had retracted his teeth away from my chest to growl in a cruel warning before biting around the perky height of my right pink nipple.

My mouth dropped open to let out a scream of agonized fever, my cock twitching and my thighs shaking around Rhayden’s torso as I jerked from the sharp jab into my skin.

Right when my lips opened to release the strained shriek from Rhayden pursing his lips around the skin circling my nipple with his canines pinching into me, the werewolf had shoved the underbelly of his wrist into my mouth and had let our a feral grumble in the depth of his chest as an unspoken demand for me to bite down on his flesh.

I didn’t hesitate this time.

Opening my mouth wide, I sunk the whole of my strengthened teeth into Rhayden’s wrist and sucked in the blood drizzling away from his punctured skin, letting out a breathy whine at the taste of my boyfriend filling my mouth.

My body felt like it was going into a haze of weightlessness, no such pain sluicing throughout my limbs and instead, leaving a settling whisper of warmth that made my insides quake in lax
I moaned out loud and wriggled under Rhayden’s ministrations on my skin. I snapped my hands forward to wrap my fingers around Rhayden's forearm and wrist, an action to ground myself from the overheated state I was in.

There was a harsh need boiling further and further within the cage of my person, a frenzied heat that started to claw itself through my gut and crawled mockingly over my flesh. My breaths quickened as Rhayden only made the burning in my body worse by the sharp jabs and bites he started to make all over my chest, heightening my senses and making my jaw go slack as arousal crammed its way into my stomach and made my mind go into a dazed thirst for more.

More burn.

More pleasure.

More Rhayden.

The blood from the werewolf drinking from my own flesh had caused a sort of hysteria to break out over the sweat slick of my skin.

Oh fuck.

“Mnh”. My words were garbled from the rustic, metallic, liquid rushing into my suckling mouth, my shaking hands darting out to tug and pull at the torn shirt Rhayden wore at his back, my nails dragging down into the sharp corded muscles of his shoulder blades as I became a mess of euphoria, a hurt that nestled itself in my stomach that needed to be sated and eased.

Rhayden ripped his teeth away from the hickey landscape of my heaving chest to look down at me with a dark gleam in his calm demeanor, a look of cruel delight flitting in those golden eyes of his as he watched me scratch and rip his shirt apart, my hips rolling up against his own and whimpering when both our hard cocks pressed together roughly.

I jerked my mouth away from the Gryffindor’s wrist. “Rhayden! Alpha, please. Need you to fuck me, now. Nownownownownow! Oh f-f-f-fuck! Want you inside of me, fill me up and cram yourself into my hole. Oh gods, shite!” My mind was spiraling out of control, the scorching heat scattering my every logical sense away and peeling away my skin to show the vulnerable ravenous rapture that made up the whole of me.

My eyes took in the firm pecs that rose and fell in sharp increments from Rhayden’s chest, a wet sheen coating the toned flesh as I practically tore the shirt to shreds away from the Gryffindor’s body and raked my nails down the long line of his spine and made little figure eight motions with the circle of my lewd hips against Rhayden’s own.

“The blood’s finally hit you, baby. And I’m going to have so much fun stripping you of your own sanity.” My boyfriends voice dripped with saccharine, possessive seduction, the sound causing me to give out a sharp cry when the werewolf had ripped himself away from me only to cast away his confining shredded jeans and without any prep, shoved his fat, magically slicked up cock right into my twitching hole.

I couldn’t form any sound to even scream out in the mixture of tormenting bliss.

My head collided with the floor, my bloodied lips opening wide as I stared up at the high, dark ceilings in a bout of delirious ecstasy, the tendrils of my hair flooding the floor in its mess around my burning head as Rhayden let out the most guttural snarl that pitched into an almost demonic low moan.
I felt my insides shift to accommodate the intruding, long cock burrowed in my arse, practically making itself a nest in my trembling gut.

My eyes teared up at the swift penetration, saltine water gathering in the corners of my vision as I panted across the cool floor, a bewildering awe overtaking my features as I looked at the stretching taut muscles in Rhayden’s long line of a throat. My boyfriend’s Adam’s apple bobbed up and down in his working neck as he threw his head back in a fit of overwhelming pleasure from the feeling of my hole sucking him in and clamping down on his impressive length.

Gods, Rhayden was beautiful.

His shaking shoulders displayed the sinuous curvatures of his fit muscles, thick thighs tensing and relaxing as he, in his own frantic lust, rocked his lower half up into me with an attractive, harsh curl of his plush mouth. Rhayden’s eyes were shut tight, nostrils flared in a fit of tensed control.

“Fuck, fuckfuck. You feel so good, Saveri. Always such a tight boy cunt. And it’s all mine. Waited so long for this, always wanted you.” The tone that Rhayden emitted with his filthy words didn’t seem to be his own, as if some other dark creature had overaken his powerful frame and caused his voice to come out in a deep disembodied growl.

It was fucking hot is what it was.

Turning scarlet from the werewolf’s expression for his want for me, I let out a dirty high pitched moan that caused Rhayden’s hips to stutter into my arse and rub his heated prick against my warm, constricting walls.

That simple sensation brought my head snapping back up and my legs throwing themselves around Rhayden’s narrow hips and lower back to pull his pelvis more into the curve of my arse, my breath whooshing out my pulsating lungs and my gaping mouth. An explosion of red-hot fire lit up behind my eyes and spread down my curved spine as I arched up like a bent rubberband and brushed my hard, bruised nipples against Rhayden’s.

“I’m yours, Alpha. Come on, fuckmefuckme! Please, oh plea-” I gave away a shriek that bounced off of the large walls of the room surrounding us when Rhayden reared his hips back, knelt his head down to bore his flickering flame induced eyes over the whole of my slutty figure, and whipped his hips flat against the cushion of my bum to drive his hot cock deep into my hole.

Holy hell.

I cried out with a cracked voice each time Rhayden punched his prick into me, over and over and in a motion that left me breathless and without any coherent words to speak out, my stomach quivering as my legs swung to and fro from the impact of the werewolf’s abnormally fast fucking.

There was no foreplay.

Rhayden’s sweaty hands gripped my thighs to shove both of them towards my chest, bending me in half immediately as my knees touched my shaking shoulders without any pain in my now healed body causing much discomfort. My mouth went without any function at the sudden new position, my arse up in the air as I was pushed back onto the tips of my shoulders and was being pummeled into, Rhayden drilling into me with such ferocity that I had a hard time figuring out where one of us started and the other ended.

I sobbed.

The blood had reduced both of us into mindless sex driven creatures.
It was vile and wretched and down right nasty.

I loved it.

My body was burning up, the mess of my hair sticking to my wet skin as I let out wondrous moans and squeals from each vigorous thrust that Rhayden jabbed into me, his own breaths low and thunderous, a robust display of his own dark, hot passion.

My insides were being battered and I could hear the shrill sound of my own crying thundering in the hollow of my ears from the plundering I was put under.

“Yes! Yesyesyesyesyes! Ah-ah-ah, h-holy shite! Rhayden. You’re going t-t-to kill me. Fucking me too hard, too good. Can’t take it, can’t take it. Ugh!” My body jolted when Rhayden gave a particularly vicious shove into me, my curved back dragging up the floor as I released a hitch of stuttering breaths that had my body falling apart at the seams.

“You’re such a fucking slut. Take me. Take it. So godsdamn pretty I just want to ruin you, make you a mess and leave you dripping with my cum. I’ll fill you up until that flat belly of yours swells with my seed. Say that you’re mine. Say it!” Rhayden roared his words out at me, a dangerous perverseness that had me hiccuping with his every violent thrust.

I wailed at the assault into my bum, his cock pushing into me until I swore I could feel the werewolf’s dick prodding in my throat, causing me to choke on the saliva that started to trail out of the corner of wobbling lips from the way I was being used and abused and being fucked like the most cheapest of whores.

“Yours! I’m yours Rhayden. Ah! It hurts so good. Yesssss.” I hissed out my last word, my voice breaking apart when the Gryffindor had hit my prostate dead on and made me screech at the top of my lungs, my ears ringing at the shattering pitch in my tone.

The damn bastard kept on hitting my pleasure spot until all I could do was mewl and convulse beneath Rhayden’s pounding.

My veins were boiling, my blood rushing faster by each passing second, and my head was filled with Rhayden and only Rhayden.

I was floating .

And I was coming, instantaneously.

Rhayden groaned out in approval as I trembled across the floor in a heap of limp limbs, my prick squirting out a flood of cum from the angry red tip of my cock, the pressure at the base of my spine heavy and with intent focus on making me wiggle like a worm on a hook as I gasped for air and felt my damn arse tighten and tremble around Rhayden’s continuously ramming prick.

I’ve never came so fast before.

With my release pouring out of my still hard cock, I felt tension leave my body, my skin breaking out in warm tingles. My arms and legs felt like they were drained, limbs filled with a sensation of lead that made my head flop back against the cool, wet floor as I winced and moaned in helplessness from Rhayden pushing over and over into me like a hammer slamming down on its nail, my arse crying out from the hurt and carnal penetration it was taking.

My spine kept sliding up the floor with each drag of Rhayden’s cock from inside of me, shaping me around his prick, form fitting my insides to accommodate his length.
“Not done with you yet.” Rhayden’s husked words flooded me with a frightening trepidation and heat.

*Mother fucking hell, you're going to die.*

I didn’t even get the time to start panicking when Rhayden easily flipped me over onto my stomach and shoved one of his burning hands down into the small dip of my spine to push my lower half flat against the floor, smothering my cock against the ground. His seeking cock pushed in and out of me even as he twisted me around on his prick with quick efficiency that made my head spin and my heart rate pick up its pace.

“Oh, Alpha!” I yelled out my words when Rhayden took his other hand, reached around my front and pushed his middle and forefinger into the part of my panting mouth, fucking them in and out with a confident, filthy drawl as my spit covered his shoving fingers, the appendages pressing into my throat and making me keen and cough around them from the cruel push of their tips forcing into my constricting throat.

Heat started to gather again at the pit of my stomach, swirling and teasing me with a terrifying sense of arousal perking its head back up from the way my cock started to fill with blood once more, my body unconsciously taking its pleasure in stride as I couldn’t stop the way my bum pressed back against each of Rhayden’s thrusts into me.

The Gryffindor's fingers tasted of him, musky and salty with sweat and my own drool.

“Ngh!” I hyperventilated around Rhayden’s fingers, my body shaking from across the floor as the Gryffindor laid out the whole of his muscled, lean frame over my lithe person and fucked into me even faster, so quick that my breaths couldn’t keep up with any inhales and exhales I tried to sync with Rhayden’s propelling hips.

The damn man let out a malevolent chuckle that made me shiver underneath him and open my stretched lips wider around his puncturing fingers as he fucked into my arse, seeking his own release as heat set off like fireworks in the confines of my writhing body trapped on the floor at Rhayden’s will. “Yell my name, brat. Come on, let me hear you try.”

The fucking pure-blooded werewolf was teasing me because I couldn’t even breathe correctly with the way he was repeatedly plunging his cock into my sore bum, the hot meat of his prick scraping against my warmed insides and scorching me up, carving me out to fit around his prick like a sleeve.

I was screaming now, the friction of my hard cock rubbing against the floor from Rhayden jostling my body about and the constant jab against my prostate too much vehement intensity.

I couldn’t form any words.

Rhayden slammed his cock into my prostate, settling deep into me and pushing against my pleasure nub so hard that I had brought my arms up above my head to scramble at the wooden floor in an attempt to get away from the insatiable, harsh euphoria.

“Say my name.” Rhayden groaned out in a menacing tone as he breathed hot air over my ear and ground his prick into me some more, making me shake.

“Rh-Rh-Rhay-” My lips were opening and closing, my words cutting short when Rhayden laughed lightly into my ear and moaned lowly in that rumbling husked tone of his, the flex of his hips pushing into me and causing my head to loll to the side by the sudden shove, my cheek resting against the ground as I was mercilessly used.
“Poor baby can’t even speak.” Rhayden teased darkly.

Shaking my head back and forth as that familiar sense of pressure built up over my groin and threatened to spill over and out of the slit of my hard prick, I went into a crazed state from the knowledge and prickling pain of coming again so fast.

Wrenching my hands off of the floor, I tried pushing the flat of my palms against the ground to wiggle out from beneath Rhayden and his ramming cock, only to be flattened across my stomach by Rhayden slamming his hand down over my back with a steel force to make me stay put and get fucked three times harder than a normal human could deal with.

I mouthed my pleas over the entangled, fast breaths that sighed and ricocheted within the walls surrounding both Rhayden and I, out of my mind and having no energy to form any coherent conversation. My hands flung up to run my shaking fingers though the tousled strands of my hair so I could pull and tear at my locks in a fevered manner. Jumbled syllables escaping my wheezing mouth, garbled and wanton.

This is too much.

I’m feel like I’m going to die.

Oh fuck.

Fuckfuckfuck!

With tears streaming down my reddened cheeks, I felt Rhayden suck kisses down my spine, mouthing at the heat of my skin, lips formed in a suction across my flesh that had me twitching beneath his nipping. His other hand that kept fucking his fingers into my mouth had slowly retreated to disappear from my blurry sight. In the next moment, those fingers started to nudge along the length of Rhayden’s pistoning cock inside of me.

My mouth hung open from the stretching of my inflamed arsehole by Rhayden’s intruding, spit slick fingers, a shrill scream breaking forth from my aching throat.

The Gryffindor let out a thunderous hum in response to the sound I made, a content sinister glee that was teasingly wicked and laced with a pleased cadence.

My arse swayed back and forth, trying to prevent Rhayden from pressing his long fingers into my hole alongside his heavily veined, thick cock that was turning me into some sort of sex object for his to only play with. But when Rhayden lifted his other hand from its spot on my lower back to bite his nails into the side of my hipbone, my efforts went completely out the window when my breath was punched out of me from the easy brutal tug on my hip towards the werewolf’s pelvis at the same time Rhayden snapped his lower half forward.

I broke out into a severe tremor at the push and pull of both our bodies, skin against skin, the sound of loud slaps, moans and grunts soiling the warmed, sex fueled air.

I came again.

The sudden burst of my pleasure overriding my senses as I felt my vision go dark and realized that I was passing out.
I woke with my limbs limp at the force of my climax, the line of my spine quivering before Rhayden’s heavy lidded gaze, feeling my boyfriend watch the significant soft arch of my back spasm from where I laid across the floor. The pale flesh of my frame reflected the low fluorescent lighting above our heads, a soft wet sheen displaying the swelter of my pleasure.

Oh no.

Rhayden’s cum was sloshing about inside of me, the slick juice dribbling down the inner skin of my thighs as I felt the heavy, thick liquid churn inside of my full stomach, the filling impression eliciting my lids to grow heavy over my eyes and an electricity to play over my heated skin.

I went still beneath Rhayden, the furl of my hole clenching around the heated length of the Gryffindor’s cock, squeezing and suffocating the hot skin of his prick. I could hear the soft, breathy grunts the man emitted as he rolled my hips into the pert of my arse.

“Mm, Rh-Rhayden. I can’t do this anymore.” My voice sounded strange to me, a quite strain that made me blush in embarrassment.

The werewolf had made my voice barely existent.

And waking up to the Gryffindor still fucking me even when I’m out of commission was so wrong.

You like the thought of Rhayden fucking you when you’re passed out.

Filthy slut.

Rhayden settled his weight completely over me, rutting his cock into my arse and creating whines to bubble up out of my mouth as he let out a satisfying growl into the curve of my neck, opening his lips to let the sharp tip of his upper right canine scratch down the space of skin between my shoulder and neck.

I whimpered at the scrape of his teeth and the endless smack of his sharp hips against my bum, the feeling of my cheeks jiggling from the force of his slams into me sounding dirty and mortifying.

I was worn out.

Healed, but obscenely tired.

It didn’t help that Rhayden kept shooting heat down to my groin and arse whenever he pushed against my prostate like the devil that he was.

“No.” Rhayden replied lowly to my words.

I quaked in response to the harsh statement the Gryffindor moaned out.

It was endearing and oh so hot.

Yelping out of shock, Rhayden reached up both his hands to let the warmth of his long fingers trail through the sweaty locks of my pale hair so he could grab fistfuls of them and pull my head back, baring my throat to his open mouth as he trailed his hungry lips and tongue down the slope of my arched neck, fucking into me some more and making me cry out weakly.
You’re not going to be able to sit for weeks.

My world shifted on its axis, my sticky body being pulled backwards as I found myself lying on my side, Rhayden’s hips frantic now as he let his left hand release from its tight grip on my hair to reach down, grab my waist with a bruising clutch and fuck me as if he had the intention to skewer me on his cock and kill me right then and there.

I was left with a shocked fire curling hot in my groin from the way Rhayden had lost all of himself in me, like he didn’t want to ever part from the touch of our flesh together, to stay lodged up inside of me as if he wanted to make my body his home to enter whenever he wanted to.

It was brutally covetous.

Rhayden never really lets himself lose his composure. I’ve learned many times over the events where we’ve had sex together that something always held him back from letting his control snap to take me like he wanted to. I didn’t want to say anything because I knew how hard it was to open up completely to others, him being the first one I ever let myself be comfortable enough around. I opened up fully to Rhayden the first time we had sex, and even though Rhayden had me and shown how much he wanted me, there was something in his eyes, in his clenched jaw, that shown that he had a hard time fully giving into his pleasure within my body.

But the Gryffindor was now spilling forth his desire for me, all of it, frenzied and sexually desperate for me as much as I was for him.

You getting hurt made him finally snap.

And in the midst of my moaning out his name in the heavy, alluring black of his room from his hot plundering, I let my weak leg wrap around the naked flesh of his powerful calf, breathing hard at the same time Rhayden let out a shuddering breath across my bared throat as he tugged so hard on my hair that I could feel some strands ache at their impressions of tearing away from my scalp.

In this moment, with the way Rhayden’s body fitted so perfectly against my back like a piece falling into place, I reveled in Rhayden’s open hunger for me, rubbing my leg over his own, loving the feeling of his smooth, hot skin against mine with a flood of adoration.

I turned my head, little uh-uh-uhs rasping out of my mouth that pressed reverently against the chestnut strands of Rhayden’s hair, dark and gorgeous and wet with his own sweat, inhaling the scent of his forest and mint induced smell that made my mouth water. “Alpha.” I murmured into the silk of his hair, bringing my trembling hands up to curled them around the enthralling arch of his strong neck as I let my head fall back and rest, pliant, over the curve of his naked shoulder while the pace of his hips ticked up in a quickened wet burrow of his massive cock in my ravenous, burning hole.

I let my lips tick up into a smile, the swelling of my affection displayed in the small tilt of my lips.

I love you.

“Oh only ever yours.” I whispered into Rhayden’s hair, barely audible between the pants and moans we both let out, my voice a quiet intake of preservation. My admission made my body quake. I was rather scared of saying out loud the exact words I wanted to, in constant fear of my display of affection rearing back at me and causing me pain like all the other times I’ve tried telling Lucius how much I loved him as a father and feeling like utter shit when he rejected me. But the words I said out loud were practically a testament of my love for Rhayden.
I’ll have the courage to say that I loved the Gryffindor in time.

I jerked when Rhayden made a deep sound in the back of his throat, a heavy shake of his languid groan that had me press my agonized arse back into every shuddering snap of Rhayden’s strong hips.

“And I to you.” The werewolf husked deeply into my neck, voice a dark murmur that left my chest trembling from the low drawl and sincerity my boyfriend emitted. He mouthed at the raised bloodied and bruised flesh on my neck as his hips went double the speed and had me giving out a whining sob at the abnormal pace, the motions too fast for me to follow with the worn out set of my gaze.

Rhayden ran his fingers off of my hips to trail them down to the side of my upper left thigh, curling his hand around the bite mark he created when we first started feeding off of each other. He yanked my thigh apart from my other, spreading me wide and pumping into me with a growling howl that went along with my cracking wail from the broadly exposed open of my legs.

I had no way to move.

I was captured by this man and I didn’t mind.

Rhayden is also mine.

The Gryffindor gave a series of jabs into my bum that had me wincing and whining shakily against the muss of his hair, a succession of shoves from his cock burning me from the inside and branding me as his own before he had gone still and rigid, body curling over my back and spooning me, the wet of his cum already in me spilling out from my clenching hole when another load flooded my insides at the drag of his cock stabbing, deep-seated and profound, into my contracting walls.

A dry orgasm exploded from my cock, causing me to twitch and whine in discomforting pleasure as Rhayden slowly rocked into me and caused the juices inside of my arse to overflow and drip onto the floor. Rhayden’s body was tense, his muscles straining as he breathed through his nose in a steadying rhythm while mine were varying sounds of panting air.

That was painful.

And tantalizing.

Rhayden’s hot tongue licked up my neck as his orgasm splashed around in my hole and drizzled down my limp thighs. The Gryffindor finally brought down the leg he held spread out from my other back to the floor, the press of Rhayden’s hard abs against the curve of my shaking back feeling solid and warm and making me shuffle backwards to plaster myself to his chest.

I could feel the rapid beat of Rhayden’s heart in time with my own.

With the werewolf’s cock still seated inside of me, Rhayden let out a heated groan that made me flick my tongue over the bottom of my lip in want. “I think we’re healed now.” I mumbled absentmindedly as I watched Rhayden curl his muscled arm around the front of my navel and pull me to him even more.

I gasped at the feeling of his cock settling and shifting in my sore hole, blushing a shade of pink.

“Maybe we should double check. Let’s go for another round-” I smacked a Rhayden’s arm wrapped around me, stopping him from saying anymore as I bit down on my lip to keep from laughing out loud at the perverted audacity of this man.

“No. We’ve fucked many times, I don’t think my arse can handle anymore.” My voice was raspy, a
slight pitch to its tone that shown the worn out scrape of my vocal chords from having screamed out so much. I sounded like a petulant child.

And I just knew that I would pass out again if we fucked some more.

Rhayden scoffed against my neck, snuggling me to his chest like I was some sort of teddy bear as his mouth sucked a hickey at the flesh right beneath my ear and made me break out into tremors that shook the whole of my tired frame. “But I like watching you cry from being used like the slut you are for me. It’s so cute, baby.”

Oh dear gods.

“No.” I huffed out, pursing my lips in an act of defiance even though Rhayden couldn’t see my face at the moment.

My breath hitch in my throat when Rhayden easily peeled himself away from me only to lean down over the sprawl of my body as he stood over me at the slight bend of his waist, his cock still rock hard and standing straight up with the flush of a dark red lining the veins of his prick and showing the purple hue of the slick head.

I gaped up at him in fear.

“How can you still be hard?” I whined out loud, my brows furrowing in worry and astonished heat at the sight of Rhayden’s fit body standing over me. The slight shifting of his breaths in his chest expanded with each steady air he inhaled, eliciting the cords in his heavily well built torso to rise and contract powerfully, skin glistening beneath the low light of the room.

Rhayden leaned over me, hunching his back as he knelt down further to his knees and crowded into my naked space, the illuminating bronze film of his eyes darkening with the charcoal black boring into my very essence as he caused my heart to leap out of my mouth and leave me short of breath.

Rhayden watched me silently, an intimidating quiet that smothered me in his heated stare as he let the tendrils of his topaz hue colored hair fall forward to let the unruly strands tickle the sides of my cheekbones, his face hovering above mine in a predatory fixture.

“Isn’t is obvious. It’s because of you. Always such a turn on, especially covered in the filth I put on and in you.” The werewolf slowly let his lips tug up into a seductive grin, mischief gleaming in his eyes as he watched me flush from the tip of my head and down to my bare, curled toes.

I hated how much I got hot and bothered by Rhayden’s grins.

The stupid werewolf knew the effect it had on me too.

With a snicker, Rhayden moved with such an easy and quick gesture that it made my eyes go every which way for a moment from the sudden movement I couldn’t follow. I felt large hands grip my waist, hauling me up and tossing me through the air like I was some sort of ball to be thrown around, my squeal resounding throughout the whole of the area as my back collided with the soft and silky plush surface of Rhayden’s large bed.

Blinking down at the splay of my bent legs, I watched Rhayden kneel at the foot of the bed, glowing eyes roaming over my bare skin before he started to shift into the space between my thighs, his lips skimming over my twitching, betraying cock as he settled his head over groin.

_Ah shit._
Rhayden looked up at me with a raise of his brow, gaze heavy and brutal in the dim brightness of the room.

“A-Apha! I’m going to pass out again. Please don’t!” My voice rose up into a shrill squeak at the last word falling from my slack mouth when Rhayden bent his head down and grabbed handfuls of my arse cheeks to lift them to level with his face and ran the flat, warmth of his wriggling, searing tongue into the pucker of my hole.

Gripping my bum, Rhayden dragged me to him with a leisure like motion that had me arching up into his mouth when he closed his soft lips around the circle of my hole and sucked at it while the tip of his hot tongue broke into my cum filled hole and dragged the heated appendage over and into my aching walls with a sinister, slow fucking.

Rhayden was eating me out.

The Gryffindor let out a low growl into my arse, flicking his tongue around my rim to jab softly in and out of my hole teasingly, causing a riotous shiver to encase my spine in a needy want. The vibrations of the sound Rhayden emitted into my arsehole had my lips popping open to release a little cry, my cock rising once again at the stimulation of his tongue pushing in and out of me, tasting me and the cum he left inside, sucking and biting and licking and and and-

“Come.” Rhayden’s voice came out in a rumbling overtone, hot and heavy and demanding with an air of dark satisfaction at the way I quaked in his grip, the words he droned out of his mouth pressing flush against my hole.

He knew I wouldn’t last long at all.

My poor cock wept when I came for the fourth time, sobbing deliriously as my hands gripped and tore away at the bed sheets behind my head that was thrown back in a bewildering rush of thrilled fervor, high moans piercing the air from my open mouth. I felt my cum splurge out of the aching slit of my already wilting cock, wetting the flat of my trembling stomach as I lost all of the remaining strength I had in my body and flopped like a rag doll over the bed, letting my dead weight sink itself into the mattress.

Rhayden, the man who never seemed to tire of sex, easily lifted my arse up over his muscular thighs and shoved his thick cock right back into my arse.

The werewolf fucked me about four more times before he finally let me rest.

For those next few hours, I think I might have actually died from being picked apart and put back together countless times.

It felt like heaven and hell and the space in between.

*I love you, Rhayden.*
“Stop it!” My voice gave out a light air of giddiness to it’s high tone, my cheeks flushed a light red as I let the soft naked pads of my feet slap against the wooden floors beneath me, slipping and sliding with my breaths wheezing past the curled smile of my lips.

I heard Rhayden growl playfully behind me, shooting a thrilling electrical current down my spine as I raced towards the bathroom awaiting for my dirtied body to cleanse.

The werewolf chasing after me from a mere breadth behind my frame let out a deep, heavily malicious chuckle that made me whimper out in a sense of anticipated fear, my gut filling with a warmth that spread out over my pumping limbs. I was so weak that I kept stumbling and grimacing whenever I took one step forward, my arse aching and throbbing from being fucked so much.

*Rhayden enjoys chasing you though. Make him hunt you down.*

“Come on, Alpha. I don’t think you can catch me by being such a slow bastar-” I let out a squeal when I felt Rhayden’s hands grab my hips and tossed me up and over his bare shoulder, bouncing me up and down from where he had me perched over him like a damsel in distress. I wiggled in his grip, letting out a breathy gasp of surprised laughter that shook my frame and Rhayden’s.

The werewolf let out a rumbling groan. “I love this arse.”

Giving out a panting yelp, I felt Rhayden slap the open palm of his hand over the already sore flesh of both my arsecheeks, feeling them wobble from the harsh impact as I arched up and whined high in my throat in distressed pleasure.

“That was not necessary, wolf boy!” I hissed out through the heat of my cheeks, hating the way my overly spent cock twitched in approval from Rhayden’s slap on my arse.

The werewolf jostled me over his shoulder, letting out a carnal noise in the center of his chest when I felt the sharp prick of teeth nip at my right arse cheek.

I squealed out loud at the sudden rough bite on my cheek, lifting and curling my hands into tight fists so I could pound them over Rhayden’s broad shoulder blades and the dip in his lower back.

“Call me that one more time and I’ll make sure that you don’t leave my bed for a good two days.” Rhayden threatened lowly, giving another slap to my arse and making me cry out at the harsh smack, writhing a top of the man’s shoulders with my heart slamming against my rib cage.

“Okay, okayokay! I-I’m sorry, Alpha.” I couldn’t take anymore fucking. I could barely walk with how sore I was throughout the whole of my body, as if Rhayden rearranged my insides and left them empty and wanting more of his cock like he belonged to stay inside of me for eternity.

Rhayden grunted in response, walking towards the bathroom so we could both take a good shower and clean ourselves up before going back to the real world around us. “When we’re done showering, I want you to go downstairs and eat something before going out with the girls to go shopping. Pansy, Granger and Luna decided to delay the girls trip for a few days so they could have you go with them and I think it’d be a good thing for you to go out.”

Stepping into the large bathroom, I was plucked off of Rhayden’s shoulders by my hips and settled precariously on my feet, tilting my head back to stare up at Rhayden from beneath my lashes as he gave me a salacious smirk and pointed to the massive shower that contained stone ledges in various spots against the shower wall. Jutting out my bottom lip, I raised my brow up at Rhayden as I registered his words. “Wait a minute. Are you telling me that I have to be around Luna? I mean I can
handle her but she’s rather annoying whenever I look at her and remember her whorish ways with you—"

Rhayden narrowed his amber flecked eyes at me, the obsidian of his gaze flickering like shadows playing across midnight streaked walls, staring me down with an expression that gave nothing away and left me bereft with a chastisement and a threat of malice. “We went over this, Saveri. I want you, not her. Now stop being a brat and get in the shower. You’re going shopping today while I arrange a way for me to be able to stay with you while the others find out the few other locations of where the last of the Akeldama groups reside. I don’t think I’ll be leaving you alone from now on unless we know an exact place that the cults hide where I can easily just break in and get rid of them without having to search everywhere for their locations by myself.” The werewolf’s voice brokered a no-arguments-allowed tone.

I liked that Rhayden was willing to stay with me now. It made me feel safer but still worried over the fact that he would have to leave at least one or two days to go and eradicate the Akeldama groups. But the Gryffindor will be able to stay longer with me and I didn’t mind that idea at all, feeling elation mixed together with the anxious worry.

I’d have to behave with Luna though when I see her today. Last time I saw the blonde Gryffindor was when I called her a bitch for getting all cozy with Rhayden. If it came down to her being a bumbling twat to me throughout the shopping spree, I don’t know if I would be able to keep my mouth shut.

I could try though.

Sucking in a sharp breath, I nodded up at Rhayden, giving him a tilt of my head as I stood naked in front of the equally bare, towering man in front of me. “I’ll do what you say if you let me eat humans with you. I know you found a way to not attract attention or much chaos when feeding off of others with the Xeyrus pack and I-I … I don’t think I can’t not want some.” My voice came out meek and without much confidence, nervous still about what Rhayden will think of me eating others even though we practically drank each other’s blood about a day ago.

Rhayden lifted his hand up, letting the tips of his index and middle finger brush the bottom of my chin lightly to nudge my head up further and cause me to stand on the tips of my toes as he brought me up towards his face, the air leaving my parted lips when Rhayden darted his head out to clutch the plump of my bottom lip between his teeth, dragging the flesh out and suckling it into the hot caverns of his mouth.

My eyelashes fluttered about in blissful hurt, a light moan slipping out of my throbbing mouth as Rhayden started to walk us backwards towards the walk in shower. “Of course I’ll feed you, my pretty pretty Veela.” Rhayden murmured darkly over the bite he had on my lower lip.

I assumed Rhayden did his usual wandless magic to turn on the shower heads connected to the high ceilings when I felt the warm drizzling drops of water cascade down the length of my bruised and sore flesh. Although my cock was hard against Rhayden’s hips as well as Rhayden’s own boner nudging against my navel, we didn’t do anything about our arousal. We just settled into the lull prominence of pleasure between the touching of our skin, breathing one another in as we let the water fall over us.

My breaths evened out as I relaxed against Rhayden’s broad frame.

“Want to know what I thought about when I fucked myself with my fingers?” I whispered throughout the hot mist of the shower, looking up at Rhayden from underneath the mess of my wet hair and into the smooth molten golden hue of the werewolf’s eyes. He stared down at me with the
slick of his hair curling around the sharp cut of his cheekbones, strong jaw flexing as the smooth of his skin shown with the wet glide of the water emphasizing the defined form of his tall, muscled body.

Rhayden’s gaze hooded over as I purposely bit my lip, teasing him and loving how he stepped closer and loomed over me with a dominating air that smothered and set me aflame. “You thought about me, brat.”

I leaned my head up to flick my tongue out and taste the watered flesh of Rhayden’s collarbone, purring out my words from within the trembling of my chest as I tasted the Gryffindor’s skin and heard Rhayden growl out at the display of my needy fixation for him, nudging the line of my nose across the bone and shivering under the vicious sound the man made. “Ah, more like, I thought of your cock, Alpha.”

I didn’t even get a chance to give another mewl like lick at Rhayden’s skin before I was being lifted up and screaming at the top of my lungs as I was, once again, being fucked by this sex driven machine.

I absolutely couldn’t get enough.

Chapter End Notes

Hey Guys! I made a tumblr! This is my tumblr page: https://reimcai.tumblr.com/
Hope you enjoy it!

ATTENTION! NEW UPDATE: I'm sorry to say this but since work has me doing a lot more hours for the next few days, I'm going to have to postpone this chapter update this weekend and will give you readers a chapter either late Tuesday or Wednesday. I'm very, truly sorry for this but work is killing me and I need a few more days to get this update the way I want it to and I want to give you lovelies that best of what I'm capable of as a writer and rushing through my work is never what I do. So give me a few more days and I promise that I will give you the next chapter this upcoming week. Thank you for understanding (hugs each and everyone of you with my awkwardness).
Alright!

This chapter update is short, I'm sorry, but I thought it was a good idea to cut it short because the next chapter update is going to be long and stressing to both myself and you guys as readers. So be prepared. This chapter is a calm before a storm so to say, so take in the goofiness and hotness of this one as much as you can. It was fun to write! This was to show some goofy sides to some characters in the story and a lightness in this world I created that isn't shown much. It's a feel good chapter.

Next update will be whenever I have the time to post it and feel like it's ready to go. I won't be long, probably two weeks from now.

Read onwards!

I ran the tips of my fingers across the silken row of fabric, thin wisps of cloth brushing casually against the soft flesh of my wandering, greedy hands as a sort of giddiness filled the inner coiling of my stomach, heavy and warmed and adrenaline driven.

Feeling the skin of my bottom lip poke out to unconsciously display the depth of my concentration, I let my searing gaze travel over the assorted varying colors of lingerie before me, tempting and soft and oh so dainty between the seeking of my wriggling fingers.

“Try this on, pretty boy.” The familiar sound of Luna’s soft, dreamy etched sultry voice came from right beside the left of my ear, a taunt lilting the sigh of her tone as I felt a bundle of pitch black downy clothes drop into my fumbling hands as I tried catching the material that was practically forced into my arms.

A head of unruly, bouncy curls was caught in my line of sight at the corner of my eyes as Luna’s blonde head poked up from beside my person, the whole of her tall frame bumping into my shoulder as she wiggled her eyebrows my way. “I think Rhayden is going to have cardiac arrest when he sees you in this.” The Gryffindor points a manicured, long linger down at the swath of clothes now perched in my hands.

I resisted the urge to sneer at the blonde, my initial reaction to the female wizard before me now since having seen the damn woman seat herself on my boyfriend's lap. I know Rhayden told me to behave and all, but what the werewolf didn’t seem to comprehend was that a Slytherin was great at holding grudges, even though I’ve made myself not have that sort of idealization for a while. But dammit, the bitch was all over Rhayden and my insecurities were something that I was still working through.

An apology from Luna would be the first step to making me tolerate her more.

I wanted to be good for Rhayden, and if being docile and having a decent behavior with one of his best friends, then I would try my best too.

I just need the damn Gryffindor to give me a “sorry”. 
“How would you know? What? Did you dress up for him one time and have your wicked way with Rhayden?” I couldn’t stop the seething words from escaping the distasteful curve of my mouth, the sound of my voice sharp and quiet amongst the chatter of the people in the Victoria’s Secret store surrounding us.

Damn. I needed to keep my mouth shut.

Luna, despite my hissed response to her, just let her gaze settle into a hooded state, the blue of her eyes softening into a hue of navy scheme colors. There was no sign of any mirth in Luna’s serene expression as she regarded me with a sort of exasperation. “You’re such a paranoid git. No. I’m sure Rhayden told you the two of us only got together once and it wasn’t what we wanted at all. Look, I’m sorry that I sat on Rhayden’s lap the other day, I wanted to get a rise out of you because, honestly, you’re really cute when you get all riled up. I’m a bitch, I know. I really didn’t mean anything by it, so stop fretting over it. Rhayden is all yours and trust me when I say this, you are all his as well. I’ve got no chance to meddle and I don’t want to.”

That’s what I wanted.

And hell, I had to admit to myself the coincidental fact that Luna and I were very similar in the way we act out. Like a bitch.

Hearing the wizard before me actually give a sincere apology and seeming to be genuine in her words made this sense of weight filled with heavy dread and anxiety flow up and out of my shoulders to evaporate, slowly but surely, into the warmed air above me.

The simple knowledge that Luna didn’t have any hidden agenda in trying to get with her best friend made me feel elated. Always have to be watching my back for any potential danger of someone trying to steal my boyfriend away from me has etched itself deep into the very roots of my being, but Luna stating how she wouldn’t come after Rhayden and how she didn’t feel that way about him, made my paranoia ease, at least, around the wizard in front of me.

It’s rather tiring having to be on the edge of my seat around people that I should expect to not feel so nervous around. It’s nice to not be so tense with my my boyfriend’s best friend, someone he often hangs around.

I let the sneer fall off of the twist of my lips, catching the skin of my bottom one so I could chew and suckle at it in a a bad habit of mine. The sensation of shyness befell upon my person then, feeling timid all of the sudden in the face of an apology and shame on how I acted just a few seconds ago. My emotions often got the best of me and mostly they often resulted in bad consequences, but this time, it was good. I didn’t quiet regret acting the way I did, but I could feel a slight guilty conscience on how bratty I was to Luna in getting the apology I wanted.

Not everyone is perfect.

“Ah, well, apology accepted. Sorry f-for being … bitchy too.” I mumbled my words out loud, the soft of my voice low in the throng of murmurs surrounding both Luna and I.

Luna raised her brows at my response, her lips spreading wide, glowing and turning my eyes blind almost with the happiness gleaming off of her annoyingly gorgeous features. “Gah, you’re so cute! Enough of this, try on the outfit I gave you and tell me how you like it.”

I huffed out a breath. “Hermione and Pansy already shoved some clothes on me too.” I fixated my exasperated gaze over to the pile of silken lingerie tossed into my tote, gesturing to the mess of outfits that I had to try on in a couple minutes. Pansy and Hermione had thrown some random shit at me
and told me to try it on and over a given amount of short time, the material kept piling up. They were both wandering around the store now looking for some of stuff to wear for themselves.

Thank fuck Pansy gave me one of the store's fitting clothes tote bags, I wouldn’t have had enough space in my arms to carry my outfits.

Luna let out an airy laugh, the blue of her eyes shimmering beneath the fluorescent lighting. “Well you’d better get to trying them on. Rhayden told me to have you back at the mansion by six tonight. He’s got a surprise for you.” Luna’s voice sounded out a mirthful mischievousness, her light eyebrows wiggling about in a suggestive manner.

I couldn’t help the very inelegant snort that passed the purse of my lips, my breath hitching in light laughter that made my ears turn a warm pink hue at the sudden outburst of my giddiness from the mere thought of my Alpha having a surprise for me.

I hope it’s sex and cuddling and late night conversations. Those are wonderful.

Fuck!

I sound so sappy.

“Does this surprise of Rhayden’s involve both of us naked?” My tone was laced with an amused exasperation, cheeks tinting crimson at the words that came from my usually strict and formal mouth.

Luna cackled then, reminding me of a hyena if they had their vocal chords transposed into a more wasp like softness, still irritating and rambunctious to the human’s ear, the sound mocking and harsh although with Luna, it was more toned down. Still hysteric nonetheless. “With the way his mind seems to be in the gutter whenever you’re around him, I assume so. But, there’s some stuff leading up to the ‘naked’ part that constitutes for your surprise. And I was told to put you in the sluttiest lingerie piece I could find, orders made by your very own boyfriend.”

Oh gods.

Why was Rhayden going around ordering his best friend to get something skimpy for his boyfriend to wear?! Gah, the damn bastard didn’t have a mouth filter when it came to talking indecently and asking such things out of his friends. Rhayden could have just asked me, dammit.

He knows that you’d probably buy lingerie that covers up too much of your skin.

Rhayden knew me so well.

Stupid Gryffindork.

“Rhayden’s too much for me sometimes.” I murmured my words, the flush on my neck and cheeks deep and harsh, stomach warming with embarrassment and shame.

It seems even if I’m not with Rhayden, the man tends to force himself into my life regardless of whether he was around me or not.

I loved it.

And I hated it.

The werewolf was taking over every single aspect of my life and I didn’t have the power to stop him or the want to.
I jerked back when Luna spoke up again, her words leveled and simmering with a hint of a delighted demand. “Go try on the clothes and choose the ones that you like the most. And don’t worry about how much skin you’ll be showing, Saveri. You’re gorgeous.” The way Luna’s lips were curved up into a voracious, soothing half smile had caused my chest to constrict in the way that my emotions filled with a heady rush of companionship and elated happiness.

No one else had actually complimented me with the intention of being honest and nice except for Rhayden and now Luna. Rhayden calling me gorgeous of course makes Luna’s comment on my appearance not as important because in truth, Rhayden’s opinion only really mattered to me next to my own thoughts on how I viewed myself. But I liked that Luna was being sincere in the way her words sounded from the curl of her reassuring smile.

I get why Luna was Rhayden’s best friend. Without being so bitchy most of the time, the damn Gryffindor was a soft ball of energy. Like me. And well, that made me relate to her more. There’s no way I’ll be admitting that though. It was going to be a slow process on tolerating the blonde before me. I do have a reputation to uphold.

“Will do.” I breathed, the smallest tick of the edges of my mouth turning up into a pleased grin.

Before I could hear Luna’s response to my words, I decided that I had enough of the subtle heart to heart between the both of us, and turned on the heel of my feet to start towards the back of the luxurious store to the large, pristine dressing rooms.

The fucking bag I carried around with me was filled to the brim and honestly, I was extremely excited to try each and every lingerie piece I was given.

I was drunk.

The dizziness that throbbed in the dull corners of my temples were an insistent thrum that pumped in time to the harsh, alcohol ridden drum of my heartbeat. The heaviness that settled into the very bones of my limp like limbs caused my head to loll around my neck in an almost drugged out like state, my frame swaying from side to side. I could hear the soft hiccups that left the moist of my lips with every other blurred passing minute or so.

The laughter sounding around me was high pitched and tremulous with joy, unbridled and uninhibited. Pure breezed delight.

The lowlights of one of Hogsmeade’s bar that went by the name, Monstaffec, surrounded the writhing bodies of Hermione, Pansy, Luna, and I, resembling that of a low lull of fluorescent lighting, warmed and comfortable.

The place was filled to the brim with other intoxicated people, all of them wizards who either shouted, murmured, slurred or roared with hysterics across the large of the polished mahogany streaked floor. The rounded, old slim wooden tables were all pushed to the sides of the bar, cluttered and having created a huge circular space for the bundle of humans pressing up against one another to rock their sweat slicked bodies together along with the harsh bass like music humming and thundering throughout the whole of the bar.
My head was tilted back, the strands of my pale hair brushing back and forth across the wet of my forehead, my person dripping with exertion as I lost myself in the hum of the music skating over the expanse of my thrilled skin. I could make out the way Luna plastered herself right up behind Pansy to move their hips against one another in a sensual roll, causing a few spectators, both men and women, to watch the girls feeling up on one another in their perverse curiosity and kinks.

Hermione, astonishingly, had resorted to crowding up against me, pressing her chest against the line of my back and plastering the tall of her frame right up to the curve of my arse, playfully wiggling her fingers over my clothes skin that were lightly gripping onto the slim of my hips. The redhead guided the motion of my lower half to the beat of the music, laughing beneath her Butterbeer scented breath as she swayed with some hidden stripper like motives.

I was lost to the world.

All I could remember was buying practically more than half of the lingerie that I tried on back at the Victoria’s Secret store a few hours ago with my cheeks flaming from humiliation at what sort of things I bought, to being forced to come back to the wizarding world with Pansy, Luna, and Hermione and having been told that I was going to Monstaffec with them to drink and have a good talk.

Hermione apparated all our new clothes to the Xeyrus mansion.

We all ended up getting shite faced drunk.

Letting my head hang back in a gesture of blissful pleasantry, I felt the heavy lids of my eyes flutter open and close as the haze in my head switched on and off in its focus.

I didn’t realize the words I was mumbling to Hermione until a certain air of clarity filtered through my mind for a brief second in my intoxication. “I want Rhayden, Hermione. Please give me to him. I want him. Need to get fucked. Hard.”

Oh holy hell.

I’ve officially lost my godsdammed mind.

But the words escaping my moving mouth were true, each and every single one. There was this droning cadence of arousal that had settled low in the pit of my gut when I started to get dizzy from the various amounts of alcohol that my small frame had consumed within the last two hours.

I forgot that I got horny when I’m drunk.

Fucking fantastic.

And Rhayden wasn’t here to help me get fucked!

I heard Pansy laughing next to me as she breathed in raggedly at the same time Luna bent her curly head to my best friend’s neck and grazed her teeth along Pansy’s pale collarbone. “Then call him up! I’m sure he’d love to give his massive cock to you if you sound as desperate as you do now, darling.”

Instead of snapping at Pansy for her crude words, I just ran the tip of my tongue along the bottom divot of my lip and let out a careless, cut off breathy whine at the thought of my werewolf boyfriend shoving that lovely, hard, large prick of his into me-

“Malfoy … you’ve grown up to be such a saucy little thing. All pale skin with a dainty curvaceous
figure and an arse that should be illegal. It’s definitely nice to see you like this for the first time in a long time.” My head lolled around to the sound of a deep timbre of a voice, low and mocking but pitched with a rasp that grated on my nerves with how smoke tinged it seemed, the scratch in the man’s tone heavily evident.

Trying to focus my wandering eyes on where the sound of the voice came from, I didn’t have to do much hunting of said person since a very familiar man stepped right up into my space and crowded me up against Hermione’s swaying, drunk form.

Ah.

Shite.

Cormac McLaggen. The man that was a year older than me and had been on the Gryffindor Quidditch Team. Also a man whose family was involved greatly with the Ministry. I remember passing by this guy in the hallways. I was younger than him and didn’t think twice about associating myself with the man. I also remembered how oddly the way the mint green of Cormac’s eyes followed me whenever I would pass by him in the dining halls, unblinking and staring at me with a fixation that was too invading on my privacy and person.

It made me feel uncomfortable.

His attention was unwanted by my person.

But I completely forgot about Cormac once he graduated and set off to do whatever the bloody hell that he wanted to like every other wizard that completed Hogwarts’ required school years. The person standing oh so very close to me looked the same as he did the last time I saw him, hair a mass of curled golden, dirty blonde strands with a more defined jawline and cheekbones. Cormac’s body seemed to have gotten bigger in its muscle mass, his height tall and perplexing to my own. And as usual, the Gryffindor seemed to try to look intimidating with the way he was hunching over my shorter stature in an animalistic way, but I didn’t feel any fear or heavy pressure coming from him.

Cormac wasn’t Rhayden.

Rhayden could command a fucking room if he so much as wished it with being just a mere presence in the area.

Cormac tried too hard to seem confident. The only difference that I could make out of the the used-to-be Quidditch Player is the gravel of his voice, perhaps demonstrating that he had started to pick up the habit of smoking way too much for his own good.

My shoulders jumped when I felt the pop of a hiccup squeak from my parted lips.

I didn’t like how close Cormac was getting. “Hey. Can you back off a little. I feel like you’re suffocating my air bubble.” My tone was carefree and laced with the mingling of my haughty slurred words. I was trying to make myself sound strict and mean but I ended up sounding high and bratty.

Cormac raised his eyebrows up at me, a slow grin crawling up his face that I suddenly wanted to slap the hell off of him. “I think you like it. Shall I be the one to fuck you tonight instead of this ‘Rhayden’ guy that you keep mumbling about?”

Nope.

I don’t want Cormac’s slimy cock anywhere near me.
“Uhhhh, n-no. I’m good. Rhayden would kill you and I if you so much as angle that prick of yours near my arse.” I rolled my eyes at the man who let out a snort from hearing my response.

I was serious.

Why was Cormac laughing? Is he an idiot? Alpha would tear this Gryffindor apart. And I was not interested in the man, I stated it for fucks sake. He should take my obvious "no" as a signal to leave me the hell alone.

Luna piped up near my rocking figure. “I suggest you do as Draco said. He’s not nice and we’re not either. So fuck off.”

Hermione wrapped her arms around my middle and let her forehead touch the tip of my spine where it met my neck, breathing brokenly and grunting out in discomfiture. I could hear the redhead grumble out scathing, curse words to Cormac with the way she was speaking into my shirt and threatening to cut off McLaggen’s dick if he got any closer to me.

This girl was violent when she’s drunk.

It’s good to know that I’ve got back up if Cormac didn’t leave me be anytime soon.

A wave of nausea seemed to hit me smack dab in the middle of my forehead, causing a rioting throb in the caverns of my skull that made me blink profusely in an awful and quiet stupid gesture to rid the sudden hurt I felt from my large consumption of alcohol.

I staggered back, hearing Hermione chastise me with a murmur, her hands growing tighter around the slim of my hips to steady my swaying frame. We weren’t doing well with trying to stay up since the redhead was just as out of it as me at the moment.

It was a good effort to keep my body still though.

Fluttering my eyelids consistently, I stared up at Cormac with a slight narrow of my hazy gaze, watching the way the man shifted from foot to foot with the line of his sharp jaw working as if he was straining against something. “You’ve always been such a bloody git. But I noticed how much of a gorgeous poppet you were since I’ve first laid eyes on you, despite the way you act, I’ve always wanted to put you down a peg or two and make a complete mess out of your ars-”

I acted out of instinct. Pure drunken, angered instinct.

“You’re also want Rhayden to come and fuck you against the nearest wall.

I wasn’t capable of enough proper functioning to call up Rhayden on the weird muggle phones the girls carried with them and surely they wouldn’t be much help in calling Rhayden either given how fucked up we all were.

“Ah, but you are.” Cormac’s response turned into a darker tremor, the hue of his light green eyes shimmering wickedly beneath the shadow of his hooded gaze. The large muscles on his shoulder and arms flexed significantly as I watched, with dawning dread, Cormac whip his arm forward in too fast
a motion for my sluggish brain to catch.

I felt cool, gangling long fingers slide through the tendrils of my messy hair, a hand fisting my strands into a tight clutch. I let out a gasp at the sudden touch of a stranger, my body breaking out in horrified goosebumps at the the wash of knowledge on how my body, my *Veela* body, would soon react to someone other than Rhayden touching me for a given amount of time.

*You should have kept your mouth shut.*

**Idiot.**

I could see the girls stiffen in my peripheral view, feeling Hermione tense up along the line of my back as her breath stilted in her chest. I felt the stinging pricks over the expanse of my head from the way my hair was being roughly tugged back and almost out of my scalp with how much force Cormac was pulling at the strands. My features pinched into a grimace.

I only found Rhayden treating me roughly pleasant.

No one else should be touching me like this.

A sensation of a stab jabbed straight into the heaving of my chest and guts, violent and foreboding as my limbs went out of commission at the force of pain sluicing throughout the whole of my body, my mouth popping open to release a shriek of agony as the terrifying familiar feeling I felt when I fought with Harry came rushing back up my spine with an unwanted fire licking at my flesh.

My body *knew* that the man touching me wasn’t Rhayden.

I remember a *Veela’s* bond was strong enough to make itself feel revolted if someone else that had any sexual intentions towards my person touched me.

And I was doubling over in my fit of sickness as I tried rearing my head in every which way of direction to get the contact of Cormac’s hand off of me before the pain heightened into brutal proportions where I would find myself blacking out like last time. “L-let me go. I-I can’t breathe. Stop touching me.” My words were fast and tinted into venomous liquid as I flailed my weakened limbs out in front of me to shove at Cormac’s massive chest and push him away from my personal space.

The Gryffindor didn’t budge.

If I had my bloody wand I would have had this man bleeding out on the floor for touching me without my permission and causing this strain upon my body. Of course I wouldn’t use my magic too much, not enough to kill the arsehole, but to watch him writhe in pain the way I was doing right now.

It would teach the dumbarse a lesson.

I should have clawed at Cormac’s skin before he could touch me, but I was in too much hurt to do much of anything at all now.

I could make out Luna’s voice shrill with profanities towards Cormac, Pansy already stepping her way right up into the man’s space so she could wrap her long nailed fingers around the Gryffindor’s forearm and dig them into his flesh with a bruising force as she pulled his arm roughly and shoved the tips of her nails so hard into Cormac’s skin that stark red blood had started to leak out from her wounds.
Cormac hissed with pain and released the grip of his hand on my hair and scalp immediately.

The burning that broiled in the center of my abdomen briskly seeped away and left me with my sobering mind.

The pain was gone.

And I was dead tired now.

I felt a heavy weight settle into my arms and legs, making my frame rock backwards subconsciously and into Hermione’s awaiting arms that wrapped around my torso. “Bloody hell. You touch him again Cormac and I will personally disembowel you.” Hermione growled out her threatened words, voice rumbling with a ferocity that made my lips quirk up into a pleased smirk at hearing this proper girl turn into a Slytherin before my eyes.

I could hear Cormac’s grumbled words dissipating as the blurry figure of his person backed away and turned around to showcase the view of his shoulders, my eyes taking in the way the Gryffindor shoved his his arms through the crowd of rowdy folks as he stormed off in the opposite direction.

Luna was busy observing Pansy’s fingers for any marks on her girlfriend, her still drunken voice spewing out questions about Pansy’s health status and making sure she was alright.

This was nuts.

I let out breathy laugh at everything that just happened, my chest filling with a feather light static that made my limbs hum with warmth and my mouth spread into a strained, crazed smile that stretched the whole of my cheeks. I shook my head with joy and disbelief, the air wheezing past my lungs from the endless laughter spewing out of me.

The girls just looked at me with their faces pressed into confused yet fond expressions in response to my outburst and psychotic grin, raising their brows as they watch me go from gasping out in pain to trying to catch my breath from the amount of tittering I was doing.

I should have been angry still about what Cormac did, but the way Luna, Hermione, and Pansy acted on defending my honor and being their cheeky selves made me fill with giddiness. There was no way that I could keep my rage.

It felt like I had friends. Real ones. Not just Pansy.

It felt good to laugh.

The only way to make things even better was if Rhayden was here with me.

But I would take in this moment with open arms and hell, I felt free.

And still slightly drunk.

“You were supposed to be back at the mansion by six, but no, you decide to go get drunk off your pretty arse and get touched by a man other than me and then proceed to consume more alcohol than
this little body of yours can handle. When you’re completely sober tomorrow, I’m going to fuck you so hard to the point that you will no longer learn how to eat or drink anything else except my cum, you bloody brat.” The deep, husky timbre of Rhayden’s calm yet irate angered words tickled over the length of my back, the vibrato of his tone delicious to my senses and dark.

I smacked my lips together, my vision swimming with Rhayden’s gorgeous face as I was strewn across the silken black sheets of Rhayden’s bed, hair mussed up and sprawled around my face and head in a haphazard state. The room was spinning and I was staring up at the play of the moon’s shade streaming in through the balcony windows and falling across Rhayden’s handsome features, accentuating the curve of his cupid bow shaped lips that were set into a straight line of indifference.

Rhayden is so fucking hot.

And I drank way too much.

All I can remember is getting shot after shot of Firewhiskey after that whole shit show with Cormac and jumping up and down and swaying to the loud music flooding my veins like tempting poison.

Rhayden showed up out of nowhere right when I was about to take off my top since it got so warm in the bar, and literally hauled me up off of my feet and slung me over his shoulder like a caveman, manhandling me so thoroughly that my body was being jostled atop of my boyfriend’s shoulder as if I was in a car that was running over boulders.

I saw Weasley take the girls away right before Rhayden apparated both of us into the his room in the south wing.

Now I was restless, my legs lifting up into the air and colliding back into the bed, imitating that of an hyper child as I huffed and puffed out in dismay and the need to move around with my head up in the clouds.

Rhayden sat down across the bed with his legs crossing over one another, clad in a black sweats that clung to the low jut of his defined hipbones and the hem of his equally dark boxers. My eyes soaked in the way Rhayden’s shirtless torso displayed the harsh dips of his rows of hard abs, smooth skin tensing and relaxing with each steady breath he took as I felt the heavy molten lava gaze of his amber, shadowed eyes roam over the entirety of my moving figure. The dark chestnut strands of his tousled hair fell over the view of his gleaming gaze, looking like a terrifyingly beautiful god.

Rhayden silently watched me, making me fidget beneath his penetrating eyes.

I somehow was wrestled into one of Rhayden’s shirts that fell mid-thigh over my frame, the black, comfy top having long sleeves that I kept bundling up into the palm of my hands so I could play with them. I had nothing underneath, leaving my body bare and exposed if anyone was to lift up my shirt.

But I was already exposing enough of my figure to the open air around me with the way I kept wriggling about on the bed, the bottom of the top riding up the flesh of my thighs as I heaved sigh after restless sigh and watched Rhayden stare at me.

“How I get my surprise yet?” I breathed out my words, my hands lifting up from their grasp around the bed sheets to wiggle my fingers towards Rhayden’s shoulders.

“I wanted to touch Alpha.

I want Rhayden to touch me.

Rhayden raised a dark brow, leaning down over my lying form some more so I could grapple at the
Gryffindor’s strong, built shoulders and sink my nails into his flesh, my arms pulling back so I could tug the man down over me to blanket the whole of my person.

But Rhayden didn’t move an inch.

Instead, he let out a low chuckle, vicious and tinged with wicked amusement as I pursed out my bottom lip at the werewolf and let out an incriminating, high keening sound from my fussy mouth. “I had to cancel the surprise tonight since you got drunk. The surprise will be there tomorrow when you’re not a mess from all that alcohol you drank.” Rhayden’s voice came out in a hot murmur, seduction and cruel joy dripping from the lush of his mouth.

Fuck, this man is beautiful.

I can’t think straight.

Hah. I’m not.

Gods, I’m so stupid.

And aroused.

I watched Rhayden’s lips twitch, as if he knew what I was going to blurt out before I could, the crinkle in his gleaming eyes showing the devilish glee he emitted when the next words out of my mouth were pitched with a wanton moan that made my cheeks flush hot. “Fuck me, then. Please, Alpha.”

Rhayden was here.

With me.

And he was so fucking gorgeous that I needed his cock in my arse hours ago.

I flopped across the bed, gripping onto the werewolf’s shoulders as I heaved myself up in a dizzied frenzy, the only thought crossing my mind now filled with getting my boyfriend’s body against mine.

I forced myself into the space between Rhayden’s crisscross formed legs, letting my thighs part with a breathy exhale as I settled my bum on Rhayden’s lap and wrapped the length of my arms around his warm neck. The scent of rain and mint wafting around my being coming from the man’s body lulling me further into a dazed state of mind.

I felt the contours of my shirt ride high on my thighs as I spread my legs around Rhayden’s waist, tilting my head sideways and eyeing the way Rhayden’s mouth slowly crept up into a delicious smirk that had my prick filling with blood.

Rhayden’s large hands came up to settle on thighs, the blunt of his nails screwing their way into my flesh and eliciting a whimper out of my panting mouth, his hands burning brands over my naked skin as he squeezed my thighs with an iron grip. My plumping prick pressed tight against Rhayden’s navel, enticing my thighs to quiver and my heart rate to pick up its pace as I felt shivers rake down my back teasingly.

The Gryffindor let out a small “tsk” from the corner of his bemused smile, hair ruffling about in its dark shades of jasper brown and fascinating my eyes all the more. “I’m not fucking you when you’re drunk, Blondie. I want you wide awake and aware of everything I do to you. You’ll just have to wait. Why don’t you get some sleep instead?” The way Rhayden’s voice seemed to deepen an octave shook my chest within its foundation and had my back arching up into his hard chest, my
fingers tapping along the length of his shoulders with a rasp of a breath.

No.

I didn’t want to go to sleep yet.

Instead of doing what Rhayden asked me to, I let the bottom half of my body swivel around in a figure eight motion, hips jittering at the friction of the Gryffindor’s abs rubbing up against my hard cock, my breath fanning across Rhayden’s own parted lips.

Then rush of words I promised to keep to myself for as long as I lived, splurged from my slurred mouth. “I love how hard, lean and toned you are Rhayden. Love it when you push me every which way you want. My boy pussy gets wet and needy for your fat, long and rigid prick whenever you speak. I also love the way your mouth forms when you smirk or grin or give me that charming and filthy smile of yours. Did you know that I constantly think about you? Fuck, Rhayden, you can have me right now. My gorgeous, sexy A-ah!” My voice was warmed and pitching with whorish gasps, the rocking movement of my hips across Rhayden’s lap slow and sensual and my run on sentences being suddenly jilted when the werewolf abruptly snapped his hips up and pushed the length of his heated, clothed boner right up against the line of my arsecheeks. I was forced to bounce up and down on the werewolf’s lap, the colliding impact of my bum causing Rhayden’s prick to nestle more in between my cheeks and making me squeal out deliberately.

“Tell me more.” Rhayden’s tone turned into a deep malice, sinister and demanding, the sound burning through my limbs and chewing away at my bones with a feverish overwhelming possession.

“Ngh!” My response to Rhayden’s demand was pathetic, any thoughts in my brain scattering when the man dragged his hands over the front of my thighs with a sly grin to grasp the meat of them where they met the bottom curves of my bum and grab me with a biting clutch to drag my hips in a rolling movement that had my stomach trembling.

“You’re even more of a slut when you’re dunk, baby. Now tell me more.” Rhayden tilted his head forward, letting the plush of his bottom lip brush decadently against my own with an intimidating, awaiting hum. Voice hypnotic in their honey dipped tones.

His hands rocked my hips over his cock, sliding the smooth of his warm fingers down down down to grip both my bare arsecheeks and lazily roll his own hips up into me, motioning me along with his slow yet heated grinding.

“I-I- Oh fuck. A-A-Alpha, please fuck me.” I ground my hips down harder over Rhayden’s lap, letting the tip of my tongue flick out so I could run it over Rhayden’s upper lip with a gasping whine at the sound of a rough, rumbling growl escaping the werewolf’s mouth. The sound so very inhumane and brutal.

I shook in Rhayden’s lap now, hard and nerves flayed.

The Gryffindor clicked his tongue in chastisement, the black of his eyes pulsating with the golden hue, boring his gaze deep into my own. “No. You can beg so pretty for me all you want but baby, you’re drunk and I’m not going to fuck you when you can’t even see straight. Be a good boy and get some sleep. I’ll be right here when you wake up, alright Saveri?” Gods, the way this man said my name was overwhelmingly seductive. It rolled off of his tongue like sin and sex.

I rocked my hips some more over Rhayden’s, sucking in a sharp breath when the Gryffindor's lips pulled up into a curving snarl at my action and rocked up into me with a punch of his own hips, causing my body to jolt on the spot and my voice to crack with the squeal that pounced out of my
wet mouth. “I-l-l-like it when you say my name. I also love saying yours. Rhayden.
RhaydenRhaydenRhayden-”

My mouth was suddenly covered by one of Rhayden’s palms, the skin pressing against my mouth and interrupting my words as I stared, flustered, horny, needy, and worn out, at Rhayden’s constrained grim expressionless, handsome face. “Enough. If I hear anymore from those cocksucking lips of yours utter my name like that again, I will tear myself into you and you’ll bleed for me and I won’t give two fucks and that won’t be good when you're not in your right mind. You're making this very difficult. I won’t have sex with you in the state that you're in now. You don’t know how to tell the difference between what is what. I want you completely sober when we fuck, baby. Now come lay down with me and let’s sleep.” His voice was hard and filled with tension, as if he was fighting on terms with himself.

I was about to open my mouth to protest like a complete brat, but then my world shifted on its axis, causing my mouth to release a yelp in shock as I found my back being forced into the curve of Rhayden’s front. My breath rushed out of my lungs at the fast motion, head spinning in a tizzy as I unconsciously snuggled in closer to Rhayden’s warmth and still hard cock.

Rhayden’s being a fucking gentleman.

Gods, I love him.

I could already feel drowsiness settle into the center of the live wire of my brain, a low wave like thrum that signified the starting cycle of my sleep, eyelids growing with more weight as I let out a contented sigh into the night air.

I followed Rhayden’s orders this time.

“Promise to fuck me tomorrow?” I murmured with a yawn escaping my small smile.

The werewolf shifted behind me to throw his arm over the middle of my stomach and pull me closer into his front, our bodies plastered together, so close that it seemed as if our bodies had molded and became one together. I felt the caress of Rhayden’s soft lips touch the back of my right ear, scorching my skin. “Oh, you’ll get more than a simple ‘fuck’, Blondie. I’m going to ruin you.” His voice was warm and liquefying in its smooth state, warm and auspicious.

I gathered enough energy to respond before I fell into a drunken slumber, my words quiet in the dark of the room. “I like the sound of that.”
Whoo! So this chapter is a sort of prelude to some very bad stuff approaching, so get ready! Writing the interactions between the characters in this update was extremely exciting and I hoped you guys like it! The next update will be in two weeks.

Go forth and read!

UPDATE ON V:ASA STORY NEXT CHAPTER! READ AT THE END OF NOTES, PLEASE!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Rhayden

There's this low hum.

It felt as if it was a shard, pinched between protruding shoulder blades rubbing into one another, friction burrowing and numbing. I couldn't quite comprehend it. There's this odd sensation of a rush of blood hissing throughout my cool limbs, bubbling and poking against the very flesh holding my vessels in an obnoxious rhythm. It's crescendo deafening. The white noise, continuously high and cracking like the skin of my knuckles clashing against an object in vain and in wreckage, has followed me throughout the time I was held captive during the war.

Here.

I can feel that shallow dip in the hollow of my gut, relentless, continuous and utterly boring.

Eventually, the obscurity of my pain would dim and glow during unwanted intervals. My teeth would clench, snapping in irritation, of annoyance and cutting into marrow bone when the brewing, creature like blood flowing through my veins became too much. Sickening in my satisfaction.

After my torture, I would hunt without care. Focused on the dizzied frenzy of raw human flesh gnawed between my feverish mouth, in a state of charred lungs, suffocating, willing, and oh so tiring. I was tedious and devastatingly dreary.

I never felt fine after the war.

I often got bored of everything, a bitter aftertaste lingering on my seeking tongue whenever I was expected to socialize with the wizarding world and my friends. Often times, I wanted to vacate myself. The thrill of running amok in the darkest, shadowed hues of a forest and being the animal
I’ve become and had always been, sinking into my open mouth, desecrate and trapped, and drained of an essence that I had contained once.

Those fucking mumbles, carrying within me wherever I went, reminded me of the time I was pulled and picked apart as women and men laughed and jeered at the agony I was put under, mentally and physically. They were consistently sounding out murmurs as they spoke above my burning ache.

I had been forsaken, jilted in illuminate abandonment.

When my relative, Javien, had found me hidden beneath a decrepit building that had contained only one dim light that hovered above my knelt head, I couldn’t tell between what was real and what wasn’t. I was chained, from around my wrists and ankles, against a concrete, cool, laden wall with welts and limbs taken apart and put back together on my weary frame from the dark magic that Akeldama had used on me. Javien had immediately torn away at his own flesh on his wrist and made me chew on his proffered wound when he came to me.

I couldn’t remember Javien killing the small group of torturers before he had given me his blood.

When I drank in the rustic, metallic, liquid subconsciously, that’s when I felt the low buzz of overwhelming energy simmer within my shuddering chest, bubbling up within me like a waking presence that had slumbered for several years.

My werewolf blood had been triggered to awaken.

And it did.

I did.

When I had gotten the gist of what had happened to me from Javien’s explanation of what I was and whom my real parents were, I grew out of control. Before going back to Hogwarts, I was ravenous for blood to be shed, for my redemption to come, for the lingering, throbbing pain all over my body to stop hovering over my conscience thought.

I was going out of my mind.

But then, I had calmed down. I had come up with a plan after having one of my mentally deranged meltdowns. I figured that if I could kill each and every person from Akeldama, the sensation and knowledge that I could murder them all would sate the harsh, pained thirst my vengeance wouldn’t give up until I got rid of those who had done me wrong.

When I had come back to Hogwarts for my last year, I was the picture of a calmed, sinister demeanor, a rather charmed ridden one. It wasn’t hard for me to tap into the darkest parts of myself, I’ve always been rather morbid ridden since I was young what with being constantly bullied and viewed as a waste of space, but the events that had recently been forced upon me tinted my person even more, significantly so.

I didn’t regret becoming someone who was more powerful, in both mind, body, and spirit. What I did mind was the fact that throughout the shitshow that I had endured, I had forgotten about a certain pretty little blonde boy that had my attention ever since I met him when we were kids and just attending Hogwarts.

Draco Malfoy.

Oh, my focus narrowed down onto the petite Slytherin once I saw Draco walk through the dining hall with the pert of his cute aristocratic nose stubbed up into the air and his messy silver, pale snow
kissed hair brushing against the creamy milk shaded flesh of his soft cheekbones.

It felt like the heavy air I carried around with me went haywire when I watched Draco with the low lidded cadence of my stare as he sashayed his way passed my person, the swing of his hips enticing, his short petite and slim stature invading my gaze that traveled down the whole of his *tight* body.

Draco always looked so fragile, but he looked even more so at that time, and I had the urge to break him apart and put him back together by my own will, to have complete control over the feisty boy.

His arse was the perfect round shape, bum cheeks that I knew would fit deliciously in the palm of my hands and would have looked wondrous squeezed in my tight grips, skin that could turn a cherry stained red with some heavy slaps of my palms.

And *fuck*, those legs of Draco’s went on for miles, thigh muscles that clenched and tightened beneath his pristine Slytherin uniform pants making me imagine seeing those delicate legs kicking out with abandon, wrapped around my naked waist as I fucked my cock into his tight, rose petaled virgin hole.

I known Draco was a virgin by the mere scent he carried around with him, filled with a lightness that reminded me of peaches and cream, the smell ludicrous and ridiculously seductive, pure and untouched.

The sight of the blonde boy had made my cock stiffen so quick, I thought the blood rushing to my prick would have popped on out of me.

Draco had always been pretty.

He’d only gotten more beautiful.

Unbearably so.

And I couldn’t ignore him anymore like I had done before when I figured out that Draco was a soldier for Voldemort. But I knew after the war, that the brat was no longer loyal to anyone other than himself and I *wanted*, *craved* to make him all mine.

Malfoy was inevitable.

Especially when the moonstone, shimmering, water like film of his gaze haphazardly swept over me in a picture of lust addled curiosity, fear tinged and breathless.

I knew I had to have Draco then.

So I watched him, without his knowledge. The boy was oblivious to my gaze that tracked his every movement, clueless to the fact that I knew whenever he looked my way and that needy stare of his was stuck on me.

Blondie was giving me a headrush whenever he unconsciously ogled me.

Because that made me know he wanted me as much as I wanted him.

And when I caught him out near the lake in my wolf form, I had to get a taste of him. I had mated him without really meaning to, my mind quite often going hazy whenever the blonde was near, and that made my possessive attitude towards him shift into high proportions.

I had bonded with Draco.
Both my human and creature side got all worked up over the brat. I wanted to know each and every little thing about him. I had gone through books and informational sources, illegally, in the Ministry of Magic and found out through having sneaked into the Malfoy Manor (I had become obsessed) about Draco’s real name.

_Saveri._

Such a lovely name that dripped from the rumble of my mouth.

I decided to blackmail him then. I got him to grow even more attached and interested in me to the point where he couldn’t stay away even if he wanted to.

Throughout the happenings we had gone through together after, I found myself irrevocably having, with what emotions I had left, fallen deep for the blonde.

When I found out that Harry had hurt Saveri, I saw crimson. I was close to killing my best friend over the boy, I realized at that moment, that I loved.

My trauma, my inner turmoil and outer hurt, seemed to cease in its relentless pain throughout the whole of my body whenever I was around Saveri. The Slytherin had caused the deep seated anger nestled beneath my feverish skin to halt and dissipate from the times we spent together.

Saveri made me feel like I wasn't just an example of an empty, rage cloaked figure. He caused the pitch black fire inside of me to flicker with a golden hue and burnt orange, warmed flames. He fed both the darkest parts of me and what little of humanity I had left.

_I love him._

I know that Blondie didn't like my quest to mass murdering those who tortured me. Saveri, despite the affronted attitude he displayed around many others, was lovingly soft on the inside. I could tell that the boy feared and worried for my well being, but he understood my need to hurt those who had profusely hurt me, begrudgingly so, and was devastatingly kind about it.

Saveri has been the _only_ thing in my life that’s given me purpose and emotions that I thought I lost during and after the war. The blonde boy was my ruination as well as the air that I strived to _breathe_ in.

And now, as I brew in the harsh anger rioting in the center of my abdomen from having figured out about Cormac touching my property, my partner, and _my_ pretty veela, I wanted to _mutilate_ someone.

I sat in my silent rage, this sort of annoying itch burning away at my skin that wanted to crawl on out and venture forth with a dark want.

_No one touches Saveri other than me._

A thought that had been teasing in the back of my skull, one that I’ve tried reasoning to push away, kept resurfacing and I knew I was going to go along with the idea, even if Saveri would protest.

I was going to gut Cormac right in front of Saveri.

I planned to make my brat watch me tear apart a man who had laid his hands upon my _everything_, and make the boy take it all in. Take all the harshest parts of me that he has yet to still see and know just what kind of fucked up, mad and brutal relationship he got himself into.

I wouldn’t kill Cormac, of course I wouldn’t, only for the simple fact of _using_ Cormac as an example
to show others that whoever lays their hands on the very fine flesh of Saveri’s, I will do to them just as I had done to Cormac and worse. I will kill them. But I needed Cormac alive to show to both wizarding and muggle world what happens to those who touch what is mine.

This was both my werewolf and human instinct staking claim upon my mind. I was going to demonstrate my affection for my veela and warn others to stay clear of my boyfriend through blood and violence.

It was fucked.

I was messed up in the head, but Saveri will have take all of me like he has taken my cock so willingly and pliantly.

“Rhayden?” The soft murmur escaping the pink, moist gape of Saveri’s mouth interrupted my stream of thoughts, causing me to shift the slightest bit amongst the chaise lounge chair I lazed back in, a hot shiver running down my spine at the breathy, attentive rasp I heard come from the veela.

With both my elbows resting upon the arms of my chair, I let the right of my hand bring up the flesh on the tip of my thumb and rubbed it vertically along the sharp line of my jaw, the same sweats I fell asleep in when Saveri got drunk off his cute arse still clinging onto the defined set of my hips, low and comfortable.

I woke up at the arse crack of dawn and decided to settle back in my chair and watch Saveri sleep soundly in my bed, all slacken and sweetened in his state of rest.

The caramel dipped lashes of Saveri’s fluttered about in a demure manner that he wasn’t ever aware of, causing my prick to stiffen beneath my sweats and the steady beating of my heart to stutter at the way the blonde’s pale eyes looked up at me with a question and heat.

So fucking sexy.

I gave Saveri a hum in response, the vibrating of my voice thrumming beneath my chest. I watched in amusement at the way Saveri’s own chest rose sharply beneath the large fabric of my T-Shirt he wore, my enhanced hearing catching the rapid beating of his heart as he took in the whole of my body with a shy observation.

I took pleasure in causing the flush that spread up the slender neck of the blonde sitting cross legged a top of my black silk sheets, the bare of his tempting thighs making the left of my hand’s fingers twitch around their grasp on the arm of the chair.

Saveri needed to be bruised by my hands every single second of every day.

He looked good all marked up by me.

Mmm.

Raising my brows, I took in the way Saveri rolled the plump ruby red of his bottom lip into his wet mouth and let his pearly white, small teeth sink their way into the flesh, slow and deliberate as he chewed and watched me with a dazed warmth evident in his gaze.

Oh.

I knew what he was going to ask.

My veela was such a slut for me.
And I waited him out just to see him fiddle with the bottom of my T-Shirt and gain the courage to speak what he so clearly wanted.

Saveri was constantly endearing.

I wanted to eat him whole.

“U-Uhm … I’m sorry for getting so d-drunk last night that you had to cancel your surprise for me and uh I-I was wondering, w-well, are you going to keep your promis-s-se?” Saveri’s voice reminded me of the lull of rain, comforting, honeyed and soft spoken but at times can grow into a venomous crescendo that left others rather scared, but I found it cute whenever I heard the attempting mean vibrato in his breathy voice.

I let my lips tip up into a knowing grin, leisure like and etched in predatory mocking as I heard the uptick of Saveri’s pulse quicken at my measured gesture, those grey eyes large and waiting diligently for my response.

How adorable.

“What promise, baby? You have to refresh my memory about what I said last night, go on and say it specifically.” My voice came out lacking tone, barely no inflection in its low rumble.

Saveri let out a shuddering breath, the part of his lips cresting with a blood red throb from that distracting habit of biting his lips whenever he was nervous, excited, or lost in the process of his ever racing mind. I could make out the minute quirk of his pretty cock nudge up beneath the onslaught of the fabric of my shirt he temptingly wore.

His body reacts so deliciously to me.

I leaned forward, tilting my head and feeling the dark strands of my hair brush against my forehead and obscuring my gaze as the locks fell over my peripheral view. I peered through the strands of my mahogany colored hair, cock stiffening further from the sight of Saveri’s opal etched hair ruffled delicately in its appearance as he gathered my sheets with his dainty, slender fingers and fidgeted with the fabric.

Saveri moved restlessly, squirming beneath my stare.

If he kept doing that, I was going to have to throw away all my plans for the day and spend my time painting Saveri’s slim body with my cum and feed it to him, from both that filthy mouth of his and the rose pink of his puckered hole.

You’re always such a horny bastard when it comes to Saveri.

“You promised to f-f-fuck me, Rhayden.” Saveri’s voice came out meek as he turned a ruby red at the creamy pale of his flesh from his quiet admission, embarrassed from the words he emitted out loud in the silence procured between us that I created with the sole intention of making Saveri writhe in nerves and mortification.

Teasing Blondie was so damn fun.

And hearing him utter my name with that wispy tone of his made the whole of my body erupt in wicked goosebumps.

I liked hearing Saveri scream, beg and pant my name the most though. The mere thought of it made my prick throb painfully.
The Slytherin had no clue what he did to me.

My grin widened, causing Saveri’s breath to quicken along with the rapid beating of his heart at my action. “That comes later. I will fuck you, but you’re going to have to be a good boy and wait for it. We’ve got a few things to do today and then I’ve got to give you your surprise since someone decided to get tizzy and forget about everything.” I let my words drip with chastisement, low and deep from the concave of my chest.

Oh, I definitely had more than one surprise for Saveri today. One will be dealing with Cormac, the other dealing with Lucius, and the last one a fun little tryst for both Saveri and I since we haven’t hung out much outside of the mansion. I wanted to see the gown I bought put on Saveri when we go out.

You’re going to fuck him in it. Mess up his pretty doll like apparel.

I was going to lift up that lovely skirt Saveri will have on, bunch up the fabric at his tiny waist and shove myself into him, right in the Opera House I planned to bring him to tonight.

I couldn’t think much upon it now though, because I’d pop a nut and get too riled up to do anything today other than have Saveri ride my aching prick for as long as I wanted.

Bloody hell.

Today I wasn’t going to think about Akeldama, which was pretty easy whenever I was around Saveri.

Saveri huffed indignantly, jutting out his bottom lip in a precocious pout that I wanted to lean forward and sink the sharp of my canines straight into so I could suck and draw out his delicious blood into my mouth and hear him make a breathy **whine** for me.

“Fine. I’ll wait, but I at least would like a kiss-” I heard the indefinite squeak leave Saveri’s wondrous lips when I made a quick apparating spell formulate over the whole of my frame mentally and caused my body to appear in front of Saveri’s, rapid fast and most likely dizzying in its blur like motion to the blonde’s eyes.

I let my mouth pull up more into a foreboding grin, all dark, heated humor as I let my eyes zero in on the gaping “O” of Saveri’s surprised mouth. Lifting my knee up and settling it a top of the mattress a few inches away from the crossing of the Slytherin’s legs, I loomed over Saveri’s figure that visibly shivered from my sudden close proximity.

It was such a rush to have this much affect on my brat.

My nose picked up the more musky, saccharine scent of Saveri’s arousal, burning through my senses and causing my mind to shift on its thought process from one way to the next in a hyper manner, wrecking my very being in a way that made me want to leap forward and dig my claws into this petite boy before me.

Saveri smelled **desperate** and like the most high class whore, ready and sweltering with the needy fix for my cock.

His scent was overbearingly exhilarating.

It made my wolf huff and growl with ravenous fixation.

Letting my head move forward and shoving my way past Saveri’s personal space, I crowded in on...
him, making the cobalt of his gaze shift upwards as his supple body fell back from my impeding figure towering and closing him in.

I felt the muscles in my abdomen tense and relax at being so close to Saveri, my body reacting to this boy as a sharp sting of molten heat gathered around my groin and shifted lower, spreading throughout my strung up, rigid body with an intoxicating sensation I both reveled and tried to contain myself in.

Flicking my right wrist out, I tapped the heaving chest of Saveri’s with a light push and made the pretty boy fall backwards flat on his back with a light, moist gasp, a cruel snicker sounding from the curl of my mouth.

Just that one touch between us sent my mind into perfunctory chaos. Saveri’s skin eluded between a cool warmth, reminding me of the sensation of spring air breezing through a mystified meadow splattered with an assortment of pastel colored flowers. It made me want to roll myself around in Saveri’s refreshing heat. The brat felt good.

Compared to my furnace of a body, I found a light solace in the chilled fever that Saveri’s body eluded. Like dowsing myself in crystalline waters in the middle of the flickering flames of hell.

Relieving and befuddling.

“Why don’t you ask nicely for a kiss then, Saveri?” I murmured lowly, my hot breath fanning over Saveri’s open mouth as I laid the flat of my palms across the bed on both sides of the veela’s head. I soaked in the sight of Saveri’s milky white hair splayed out across the dark of my sheets, his clear gaze stuck on mine as he breathed rapidly and the scent of his want for me invading my senses.

Beautiful.

Saveri let his legs uncross beneath me and slightly let his thighs part, as if his body couldn’t help but allow me onto and into him. The Slytherin trembled beneath me as I pressed my lower half down against his own, the air quick to leave both our mouths as our hard cocks pressed against one another in a delicious tandem.

Saveri didn’t hesitate to become the slut he is for me. “Please! Kiss me, I want it Rhayden. Want it! Alpha.” The sugar sweet high pitched keen escaping the boy quaking underneath the weight of my form had me smirking with a carnal, menacing air, liking the syrupy cadence that bubbled on out of the blonde.

I could never deny such good begging.

I chuckled lowly, watching Saveri with the obsidian and amber flecks of my gaze as I brought my hips back with an inhumane pace and snapped them forward, making the veela’s back slide up the length of the bed and let out a delirious, wanton moan from the rubbing of our clothed cocks together, his head rearing back and the pale column of his throat bared in his lust.

I was enthralled by the sight of Saveri.

I didn’t give the boy much time to recover from the harsh press of our groins together.

Whipping my head forward, I made a roll of my hips over Saveri’s, pushing him further into the bed, and brought my mouth down over his open one.

I swallowed down the whine that ripped itself out of Saveri’s pink lips, letting my own move over his, sucking in that tempting bottom lip and jabbing the sharp of my teeth straight into the flesh as I
swiped my tongue over the expanse of Saveri’s needy one, downy soft and silken to the touch as I made the boy yelp out from my bite.

I smiled into his mouth.

*He tasted so fucking sweet.*

Like cotton candy.

I couldn’t help but let out a satisfied growl, disturbingly severe and rough, making Saveri cry out in abandon in that candied rasp of his.

Running my tongue over his gums and teeth, I ravaged my way into the brat’s mouth, shoving the hot of my appendage in and out of his pink gape with a sensual drawl that made Saveri’s hips twitch beneath me, his lower half trapped by the iron stability of my hips over his.

Everytime I touched this blonde boy underneath me, I often thought, this must be how it felt to hold salvation.

---

*Saveri*

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I rubbed the soap covered and liquid drenched loofah sponge down the flat of my stomach, circulating it over the circumference of my belly button as I mindlessly scrubbed myself clean, the lukewarm water trickling from the showerheads attached to the corners of the ceilings above.

Bubbles frothed over my pinking skin, the scent of peaches filling the whole of the large marble bathroom as I cleaned myself off of any dirt and grime, careful to keep my bruised and bitten lips from pressing against one another in an attempt to prevent the stinging, warmed pain from sluicing over my mouth.

Rhayden practically *fucked* my poor mouth, inside and out, just a few minutes ago.

I loved it.

And I didn’t mind the physical pain he left behind, I just made it sure to not further enhance the ache with how much my lips throbbed and burned now.

I was simmering in tension though, a frustrated sexual consume that made me huff and puff beneath the strain of the water pelting against my naked flesh, seething quietly.

I only got a bloody *kiss*.
Rhayden’s comforting weight on top of mine had suddenly left and I had blinked up at my boyfriend staring me down, glowing amber eyes intimidating with that same neutral line on his succulent lips, telling me to take a shower and get dressed for the day.

I reluctantly did as I was told with my prick crying out from not having any sort of release.

Rhayden was so mean!

Dragging the sponge between my legs, the sensation of tingles and a sheer wetness playing across the sensitive inner flesh of my thighs caused my chest to tighten in self awareness of my simmering arousal. I called out to Rhayden from the shower. “I’d really like to know where we’re going so I can dress appropriately for it!”

I was being petty.

Of course I was curious about why Rhayden told me to wear whatever I wanted when I asked him what I should be wearing for the places the werewolf was going to bring me, but I wasn’t angry about it. Rather, I was simpering about having not gotten any more skin on skin contact with Rhayden this morning. I wanted to yell from the childish tantrum I felt burning beneath my wet skin.

Rhayden must have noticed the snark hidden in the tight tone of my voice, hinting at a snappish inclination, because I caught sight of the tall, muscled and lean silhouette of the Gryffindor through the blurred sheen of the glass sliding doors to the shower, eliciting my breath to stall in my throat and my heart to drop into the pit of my stomach with an anxious heat.

“I suggest you stop the whining or I’ll just leave you here with a nice, vibrating dildo stuck up in that perky arse of yours for the remaining time of the day until I come back.” Rhayden’s voice was monotonous, an undeniably unnerving calm that made my body jolt on the spot with an electrifying countenance and a rapid warmed fear.

I’d be on edge all day if Rhayden did as he threatened me with.

I wanted to go out with the werewolf, and the thought of writhing alone in his room and waiting for the man to come back and let me find release made me both fearful and my cock twitch happily. But Rhayden and I haven’t spent much time outside of this place and I wanted to run around with him for once.

I’d have to suck up my sexual frustration and stop being a brat.

Alpha did say I had to be good.

I stood stock still behind the shower doors, feeling my body hunch over my frame in an effort to hide the shape of my nude form from Rhayden.

I couldn’t help but still feel shy around the man. Being naked regardless in front of anyone made me self conscious, even more so with Rhayden since he thought of my body so perversely, it was a reflex, an ashamed yet heated one. Watching Rhayden’s shadowed frame from the obscure imagery of the glass, I let out a reluctant yet complacent tone. “Yes, Alpha.”

Rhayden let out a grunt in response, his body remaining in motion similar to that of a brick as I could practically feel the glow of his shadowed black, golden eyes pierce through the shower glass doors and penetrate into my bare frame.

“Hurry with the show, Blondie.” The Gryffindor’s words echoed off of the bathroom walls, overwhelming and dark.
I nodded dumbly, knowing Rhayden could make out my quick non-verbal assent, before watching the werewolf walk out of the bathroom to leave me with my washing devices.

Gah. Fucking *tease.*

Since spring was on its merry way and the weather outside was filled with the beaming suns rays splaying across colorful blooming morning glories, peonies, and every other intricately shaped and sweet scented flowers, I had decided to go with an outfit that I wouldn’t have dared to wear outside into the public eye, something rather exposing of my body’s form and its flesh.

I was trying to be more open with my body, hoping to gain some of the confidence I felt with Rhayden whenever he looked at me with this deep seated *hunger* as he told me all the genuine, nice yet filthy aspects that he liked about my body.

I had slipped on a pair of high waisted ripped denim shorts that met a few inches above my mid thighs, snugly fitting and rather comfortable to move freely around in with the knowledge that I wouldn’t die of heat today. I paired that off with a soft mint green buttoned down long sleeve top that was made up of thin cotton material, tucked loosely beneath the waistband of my shorts. I had the three first top buttons of the shirt undone, revealing the pale column of my throat and my sharp collarbones. The shoes I decided to wear with the outfit were cute light peach colored wedges that wrapped three times up the length of my ankles.

I didn’t just shop for lingerie yesterday, I practically got a shit ton of clothes that the girls encouraged me to buy from all sorts of stores in the mall.

I had on sheer see through laced panties with cute miniature silken bows on the sides.

They felt extraordinary.

I spent a few ten minutes or more in the bathroom hyping myself up to just walk out of the room and *be* myself. I was worried about how my body looked, but I was so fucking tired of feeling ashamed for my infatuation with women’s clothing and making myself sick, mentally wise, from having not worn something that I’ve always wanted to. The girls knew about my crossdressing habits and they wholly supported me as well as Rhayden. Javien was used to men wearing feminine clothes since Lanai wore them so much, and so from what I’ve learned, I was completely over exaggerating myself with the hate I’d get from wearing women’s attire. Sure, I knew there would be people out there, especially those who hated me for being a Malfoy, that would spit vulgar words my way if they came across me in girls apparel but I had to be strong and do what I wanted to.

Rhayden will be there to support me if anything happened.

So after giving myself some pep talk, albeit anxiously and giddily, I made it out of the bathroom and found Rhayden standing by the balcony doors, peering outside and into the lovely garden he created. He wore black jeans and a charcoal grey T-Shirt that had a nice V neck which shown off the harsh planes of the beginning of his pecs, chestnut hair mussed and looking like a fucking model in front of me. The sharp lines of his cheekbones and strong jawline made the air in my lungs fluctuate rapidly, the shapely corded muscles of his abs, biceps and legs shifting beneath the fabric of his clothes with a defined fitness. This time, Rhayden let the forever shifting, woven like tattoos on his skin be visible.
to the human eye, accentuating the harsh lines of his body.

_Fucking holy shite. Alpha is always sexy and gorgeous._

I bit down on my lip as I spoke through shaken words. “S-So … I’m ready.”

Rhayden’s head shifted towards me along with his tall body, shoulder blades flexing beneath the onslaught of his shirt and enticing my eyes to follow the movements with a low lidded stare that I knew Rhayden caught since the damn man was so bloody observant.

Everything happened too fast then.

My mouth popped open to release a quivering yelp when I felt hot hands suddenly grasp both the cheeks of my arse, grip sinister and bitingly tight, as fingers shoved their way into my flesh like they were trying to bury themselves _into_ my skin there.

Rhayden had used his mentally high leveled magic and popped up right in front of me to easily lift me up off of the tips of my toes with the hot of his large hands on my arse and cause my legs to hike up and wrap subconsciously around his defined hips, my shocked hands grappling at his shoulders to grab onto the man like a Spider Monkey.

“ _Fuck, you look edible._ ” Rhayden’s tone came out in a thunderous roll of his tongue, snapping his gaze up to mine after a moment of sweeping his eyes down and back up my figure with a look of lecherous danger glinting in them.

I blushed profusely at my boyfriend’s compliment, placing one of my hands a top Rhayden’s strong chest and letting the own blunt of my nails bunch into the fabric of his shirt and dig into his own flesh, watching him through the widened stare of my eyes, a bubbling teasing lilt passing my mouth.

“Can’t do anything to m-me now. We’ve g-g-got to go places.”

Alpha’s lips twisted slowly up into a self deprecating smile, all sharp and no ounce of adoration, just downright dirty and quiet anger as his eyes flashed in front of me, squeezing my arse harder and causing me to wiggle in his grasp with a light breathy whimper. “That’s right, we do. But I can hold you like this while we get to the first spot.” The werewolf’s voice was deliciously harsh.

And then the nauseous feeling of apparition made my head spin just as fast as it calmed when Rhayden landed soundly on his feet, still holding onto me with a sly grin.

The bastard wanted to get back at my jabbing response by not giving me a warning when he would use that godsdamn teleportation spell!

Too caught up in narrowing my eyes at Rhayden with an indignant irritation and embarrassment, I didn’t quite get a good glimpse of my surroundings until I heard a _very_ familiarly posh and drawl like voice snark and rasp out an air of barely concealed surprise. “Why is my son being carried, _intimately_, by Neville Longbottom? Who surely has changed after the bloody war.”

Lucius Malfoy sounded royally pissed.

Snapping my head up to gaze at my father standing in the middle of his cell with chains wrapped around both his ankles and wrists that connect with the opposite wall from where both Rhayden and I stood, I caught Lucius’ murderous glare burning holes in the side of my boyfriend’s face.

I gaped.

Rhayden, the fucker, simply smirked.
Oh gods.

I started to shove at Rhayden’s chest in a gesture for him to put me the fuck down, which he surprisingly did but not without giving my arse a good, brutal squeeze to make me squeak out in affronted horror and shamed warmth.

“So you didn’t plan at all to ever tell me? By the way Neville was practically ripping out your bumcheeks, I have concluded that you’re sexually involved with him. My son has never let anyone touch him like that. And you have to remember, Saveri, family can tell when their relatives are no longer virgin.” Lucius’ chains rattled as he shifted closer, the clenching of his jaw displayed by the sufficient tensed muscles flexing in the sharp of his cheeks.

I felt my neck flush with a heady heat, scorching my skin as I tried not to shuffle on the soles of my wedged feet to keep myself looking calm and collected in front of my father, although I did use my restless hands to smooth down the wrinkles in my clothes from Rhayden’s manhandling on my person.

I saw Rhayden shrug beside me nonchalantly, using that disarming manipulative smile that made people look twice too fast just to catch the sheer handsome glimpse of Rhayden’s charm. The werewolf spoke with a sincerity that came out in a low murmur, standing confidently and relaxed near my rigid body. “Can I at least introduce myself properly, Lucius?”

Lucius’ pale brows drew down into a look of perplexed stern anger, the confused curiosity and shock at Rhayden’s rather relaxed response and the smile Rhayden gave causing both him and I to stare.

And to my fucking surprise, Lucius’ mouth straightened even more into a look of indifference as he gave a sharp nod towards Rhayden in approval of the Gryffindor’s request.

I was dumbfounded, my heart racing a mile a minute in anxious worry over my father’s soon-to-come cardiac arrest when he hears about Rhayden being the sole heir of the Xeyrus pack that he adamantly told me to stay away from.

I was so fucked.

Rhayden just had to go and bring my father into the knowledge of our relationship. Honestly, I didn’t mind but I would have liked being forewarned about having to tell Lucius about us before we just go barging on into his cell in Azkaban illegally! Hell, I knew this whole ordeal was going to come sooner or later but dammit, I was trying to prepare myself for my father’s tantrum, and I was sure it would come anytime now.

I, myself, was having a tiny heart attack session.

Despite what my Lucius has done to my mother and I, I still considered him my father and wanted his parental approval in some things. I unconditionally loved the cold hearted old man that shared my blood and I really couldn’t do anything about it just as I couldn’t do anything about my love for Rhayden.

“My name is actually Rhayden Xeyrus. I am the heir to the most infamous and renown werewolf pack in the wizarding world. My pure-blooded werewolf blood was awakened during the war and I
soon figured out who I really was. So I’m not Neville Longbottom, I was adopted at a young age and, well, Saveri is my bond mate. I care very much for him, so don’t start thinking that I’m using your son’s veela blood to make myself more powerful for the pack.” Rhayden was proficient in the way he spoke, every word crisp and clean and droned out with a dark wake in its tone that made shivers rake down my spine mockingly as I watched the almost casual like statements escape the cupid bow shaped lips of my boyfriend’s mouth.

Damn.

Rhayden was good with being blunt.

I inched close to him for comfort, feeling the warmth and the heady scent the Gryffindor radiated like he was my heroine fix.

Lucius’ body twitched from where he stood, his hands lying limp by his sides as he blinked at Rhayden with a look of perpetual shock, his features pinched in an expression of constrained pain, the smoky haze of his grey eyes dark and sweeping back and forth to my person and Rhayden. “I’m not going to even tell you to stay away from Saveri, because knowing how bonds work, my son has most likely bonded with you with his veela side and separating the two of you would mean extreme agony on Saveri. Have you … killed anyone?”

My father’s words made me get whiplash.

His quick blessing, seeming reluctant at best, was astonishing to say the least, but I could sense the slight tremor in my father’s hands and the fine shake in his voice.

Lucius was scared of Rhayden.

I let out a shuddering breath. “Father, Rhayden has killed many people, both muggle and wizard. But he won’t hurt you because you’re important to me as well as my parent. He’s not heartless. So no need to be worried.” I spoke through an exasperated voice, watching my father stare at me with weary cautiousness.

“Honestly, Saveri, one day I will drop dead from the countless troubles you get yourself into. Nev- I mean Rhayden … how in the bloody hell did you catch my son’s attention?” Lucius never swore, and when he did, I was always left bereft from hearing such curse words leave my proper father’s mouth.

Why did Lucius have to ask that sort of question?

I tried beating Rhayden’s words with my own, less vulgar explanation, but the Gryffindork beat me to it. “Ah, well, you see, your son’s a submissive veela who likes to be fucked and dominated, and his creature side sensed that in me and got attached. I’m also incredibly charming, hot and gorgeous with a lot more smarts than one could imagine so of course I caught Saveri’s eyes. I, too, had been fixated on your son since were were kids. Saveri is beautiful, sexy and incredibly intelligent in both mind and spirit. I couldn’t not have him.” Rhayden raised a brow at Lucius then, the words he spoke tinged with wicked revelry that made my breath catch and my body lean in towards the werewolf beside me some more.

Lucius’ gaze snapped over to my small action, pressing his lips together as he responded in kind to Rhayden’s words while watching me with the forever slit of his eyes. “I didn’t know you were gay, Saveri.” His voice was emotionless, laced with curiosity.

I gritted my teeth together to keep from jumping to conclusions on my father not liking his son being
into men. “I am. Does that matter, father?” I tried to make myself sound firm and not bothered, but I
could hear the slight tremble in my tone and I wanted to kick myself in the arse for it.

Now wasn’t the time to get more nervous.

If my father didn’t like his son being gay, then that’s that. I won’t ever see Lucius again because he
would be disgusted by me and probably wouldn’t like seeing my face ever. I’d only have a mother
left. I didn’t want that to happen, but if it did, I’d have to live with it because being gay wasn’t
something I could change and I had no desire to. I prefer men, specifically Rhayden, the person that
I’ve fallen so deeply in love with.

Lucius clicked his tongue then, rolling his eyes in that snarky manner that I took after from him. “No.
I don’t care for such things, if someone likes another, it’s not my place to judge them for who they
are attracted to. What I do care about is the fact that you kept this from me and how I had to hear it
from some bloody werewolf that’s lineage is made up of a bunch of psychotic creatures.” My
father’s voice had risen as the last of his frustrated words bounced off of the magically enhanced
cobbled stone walls that surrounded us, containing nothing but the three bodies that now occupied its
barren, cold space. Father wore the same outfit he did when I last visited him.

It was time for my own set of lips to straighten out into an indefinite harsh line as Lucius’ statements
sunk in, my chest heaving with a sense of annoyance and anger bubbling in the depths of my hot
veins. “Lucius, I don’t think it’s rather nice to call my boyfriend’s family mentally deranged. If
anything, you’re being hypocritical for saying those words. Hell, I’ve eaten a human because of the
veela that I was born as which you kept a secret from me. So you have no right to judge Rhayden
and his pack. And what did you expect? I hid this from you because I knew you would act like a
three year old child with a temper tantrum.” I let out a sigh then, the hitch in my voice descending
into that of a calm indifference as I furrowed my brows and stood straighter next to my boyfriend,
watching Lucius with the keen of my gaze that almost matched his own, although his was much
darker. “Listen, I know you’re upset, but I was going to eventually tell you. You’re not the easiest to
talk to you know.”

I instantly relaxed, the tense of my muscles going limp as I melted into the fast movement of
Rhayden’s right warm arm curling around the whole of my right side, simply tugging me towards
him with a lax pull. My body immediately followed his silent order to cuddle into the Gryffindor’s
heated body, my feet stumbling over one another to get close to the man. I couldn’t contain the heat
that wrecked my frame, curling around my groin like the lick of a blue flame, tingling with a
pleasurable energized hum.

Fuck, Alpha felt good.

The hard planes of Rhayden’s body pressing against my soft one made me want to stay in the safety
of his encasing arm.

His scent made the anxiety in my chest turn into a tranquil visage.

When Rhayden wanted to make his touch comforting, he succeeded exceptionally.

Lucius turned his head towards Rhayden’s direction, the motion quick as my father’s long mane of
straight paste white, fair hair whipped around his cheekbones. Although Lucius was in prison, he still
made himself look presentable with a cleanliness that I was sure that my father was obsessed with.
Gone was the nerved flare in Lucius’ smoky orbs as he turned to give a scathing scowl Rhayden’s
way, but he wasn’t fooling anyone, my father’s lanky frame was filled with rigidity that shown how
much he was unsettled by the dark presence Rhayden emitted. “If you dare hurt my son, I will find a
way to break out of this hell hole and make sure to drag you down into the infernal flames of the
underworld where you’ll suffer for eternity.” Lucius’ voice was rushed yet hard, the line of his jaw looking like the muscles were becoming so cramped it was as if my the old man would break at the seams any moment from both fear and anger residing within in.

My father’s pride to look nonchalant in the face of his terror was something I could understand, but he was being ridiculous.

It was endearing though. To see Lucius get protective over me given the notion that he barely often did.

I gave my father a lopsided, tiny lilt of my lips in response, watching, out of the corner of my eye, how Rhayden’s eyes pulsedated with that lava sheen of the citrine color, the black a foreboding shadow that seemed to thrum with a tourmaline shade. Positively immoral. “I’ve already hurt Draco, physically so to say, as in, fucking into his cute arse until he sobbed for more of the ecstasy mingled pain. Perhaps you should put me in hell now-”

My hands came up on impulse, eyes widening in sheer horror as my body practically turned into an erupting volcano with how red I turned from the dirty words Rhayden announced to my father. I turned my front flat against the werewolf’s rib cage, surprised my head didn’t roll off from how fast I twisted around so I could smack the palm of my left hand against the soft warmth of Rhayden’s lips, interrupting his sadistic tirade of a plan to get on my father’s nerves.

Alpha loved to cause trouble.

Fuck. Me.

I was babbling before I could understand what I was saying, frantically looking over at my father as he made a jerk of his frame against the chains holding him back, a snarl forming on the upturn of his mouth that looked obscure and not at all like my calm and collected father, his rage induced breaths loud as his chest seized from his strain against the rattling of his entrapment. “Rhayden is just talking father. Please calm down, ignore the damn Gryffindor and his unruly mouth. No need to get all worked up …” I snapped my bewildered gaze over to the smug look crossing over the insanely handsome features of Rhayden’s, hissing at him in mortified horror. “And you! Stop trying to get my father to kill you! You’re supposed to try and get on Lucius’ good side, Rhayden! I swear you’re the devil’s incarnate.”

The werewolf, in response, gave me shrug, a wicked smirk in place as he looked at the way my father looked ready to burst out of his splotchy ruby covered skin. My boyfriend made me both want to claw my eyes out and let him do every dirty thing he wanted to with my body right here on the grimy floor.

Rhayden rolled his glowing eyes all of the sudden then, flicking out the hot of his tongue to languidly run it along the skin of my palm, all slippery wet and scorching, the sensation of his appendage flicking over my flesh causing my traitorous cock to jolt beneath my shorts and cause a whine to emit from my lips, tremors washing within my frame as I quickly drew my hand back away from Rhayden’s mocking tongue.

He let out a deep chuckle that held an amused torment within its husky tone at my reaction and I assume, Lucius’. “I would never hurt your son with the intention to kill him. And I will do my very best to never make Saveri feel mental and internal misery. I would never want him to feel that way. I can promise you that I wouldn’t intentionally do so, but I may hurt Saveri’s rather sensitive emotions without my knowledge and will use all of my willpower to make up for it for the sole reason of never wanting to lose your lovely son. So stop having a snit fit, Lucius.”
I stared at my boyfriend.

_Gods, Rhayden was such a fucking wanker._

_A hot, caring, protective bastard he was._

The Gryffindor only made me fall deeper in love with him with every passing day we spent together. I was a _goner._

My father tugged at his chains, the ugly mar of his mouth soothing out just the slightest bit as he still openly seethed at Rhayden, hands still shaking from being around my boyfriend. “My son seems to have a fondness for mean men doesn’t he?”

My mouth dropped open, lips parting as I gaped at my father in an upsetting appall. “Hey! What do you mean by that?! Are you saying my taste in men are bad?” my voice came out more shrill than I wanted it to as I spoke to Lucius with a frown stretching the pout of my mouth. Lucius, the audacity of my father, imitated Rhayden and rolled his eyes as well.

What is happening!?

It seemed like the tense air filtering in this room no longer held and just gave an easy presence now. Looking at how the crease in my father’s forehead wasn’t as harsh as he watched me and Rhayden with the lull of his grey gaze, his pristine manner back in place with a hint of humor coating his voice. It seemed Rhayden’s words to my father about hurting me made Lucius quiet content.

Lucius, my father, who was always hard headed, had thawed in his rigidness with Rhayden. Perhaps father’s and Rhayden’s cruel bluntness played well together in getting each other to like the other.

No one really talked to my father the way Rhayden did, with a relaxed dark and truthful charisma.

Rhayden tapped his fingers along my side where he clutched me to him, making me twitch with a blush, the heat of his hands branding my flesh beneath the top I wore. “I’m approving Rhayden and your relationship, Saveri. Get with the program, son.” Lucius answered my question, his words dipped in a subtle affectionate sarcasm.

Rhayden scoffed at my father’s words, although it wasn’t with any demeaning intention, just exaltation.

I knew that even without my father’s blessing for mine and Rhayden’s relationship, that wouldn’t have stopped the werewolf from being with me and it wouldn’t prevent me from staying with Rhayden either. But it was nice to know that my other parent approved of us.

Lucius spoke again, this time, with his eyes roaming over the length of my body and his brows shooting far up his hairline with a shimmering surprise displayed in the little widening of his eyes, as if just noticing something. “I don’t mind you wearing women’s clothing, Saveri, but you do know that I will be out hunting whoever looks twice at you and most likely will crucio them on the spot. At least put on a light robe over your clothes to make me think that a little more coverage of your body will keep people away from wanting to get in your trousers.”

I totally forgot about my state of attire.

Surprisingly, father didn’t mind his child wearing the opposite of his gender’s clothes. Even if Lucius...
realized it or not, he has changed in the time he’s spent in Azkaban. I swear that Lucius would have blown a top if he saw me like this before having been entrapped in prison.

I was elated though.

I wouldn’t have to feel ashamed in front of my father, even if I was slowly gaining confidence in my hobbies and my body, my father’s opinion mattered to me and it would still hurt if Lucius went off and insulted my appearance instead of consenting to it.

Rhayden’s hand tightened around my side, causing me to jump out of my rush of thoughts as I saw the pitch black of his eyes harden and melt further into the amber colors of his gaze, his body stiffening on the spot against me while the curves of his mouth went flat in a look of unnerving, malicious calm.

I held my breath.
And felt myself jolt with quivers.

“I’ll be the one doing the killing if anyone decided to touch Saveri. No need to worry about that, Lucius.” Rhayden’s voice dropped into a sinister threat, shaking the foundations of my chest and skating across my flesh in a dizzying warmth, my initial reaction made up of fright and arousal.

Alpha is so possessive.
You get off on Rhayden getting angry on your behalf.

Lucius went still at the deep cadence of Rhayden’s response, his frame drawing in on himself without his knowledge with the slight step he took back from the werewolf, his eyes stuck on the both of us with an emotion I couldn’t place.

Before I could further analyze my father’s reaction, Lucius simply nodded jerkily at Rhayden’s words and waved the tremor of his hand in our direction in a sweeping gesture, as if shooing us away. “I don’t even want to ask how powerful you are, Rhayden, to be breaking into a highly secured magical prison. I think it’s best if you take leave and take my son with you since I’m sure someone will be notified of an intrusion in a couple minutes from the magic sensors embedded in these walls. You have my consent to be together, so go away. And, Saveri, I’d like it if you visited more often and told me what’s happening with both your mother and you these days. I don’t have to worry about you guys financially since you seem to be doing alright as a Malfoy and having a boyfriend who’s a Xeyrus. Rhayden’s family has a lot more money than us.” My father’s tone was filled with exacerbation but there was this lightness in the cool of his voice that shown how okay he was with everything involving me and Rhayden.

Jesus fuck.

This whole event was both a relief and exhausting to my mental state.

I didn’t know if I wanted to attempt to drop kick Rhayden for his not fair warning about visiting my father or snuggle up to the fit and tall body of the werewolf’s and let him give me a new bruised hickey on the other side of my neck.

The heavy darkness Rhayden emitted when mentioning someone touching me dissipated to obtain that intimidating and overwhelming fixture that he carried around with him everywhere once again.

I swear, Rhayden’s change of demeanor could give someone some serious schizophrenia, he did it so quick that sometimes I often wondered if I imagined the show of his differing emotions at times.
The Gryffindor nodded his head in silent understanding towards Lucius before angling his head down to stare at me with a piercing focus that made my brain fizzle and turn into a mushy pile of goop, my heart rate picking up at the vicious grin lilting up the lush of his lips. “Want to wrap those stripper legs of yours around my waist again and apparate on out of here?” His voice was filled with a teasing darkness.

I pursed my mouth to keep myself from sputtering in embarrassed vexation, peering through the mess of my hair towards my father to see him visibly frowning in disapproval and annoyance at hearing Rhayden’s words.

Kill me now.

“We can apparate now, but there will be no manhandling me this time.” I huffed out, blushing a crimson read.

Rhayden leaned his face close to mine, the hot of his breath fanning the subconscious part of my lips as if they knew they were to open whenever Alpha’s lips were near my own. Rhayden saw the way my mouth gaped slightly for him, his eyes gleaming with mischievous heat as the golden and pitch black of his gaze played in light and darkness with one another so beautifully.

“Ah, but we both know you like getting treated like a doll.” Rhayden spoke in a low murmur, hovering a breadth away from my mouth, giving me a slow, violating grin.

I went weak kneed at the sight that Rhayden made in front of me and his deviant, ominous husk of words.

My mouth opened and closed in shock and a lack of speech, my neck burning.

I heard Lucius mumble to himself over my short circuit of wit and brain functioning, causing me to remember where I was as I rolled my bottom lip into my mouth to suckle at it and wave a timid goodbye towards my father. “I shall leave now then, father. Until next time.” My poor voice was shaking tremendously, all because of the Gryffindor.

Rhayden nudged his head in Lucius’ direction, eyes slipping over to my father for the briefest moment before quickly moving on over back to me, or rather to the wet of my mouth, quiet avidly so. “See you later, Pops.”

The Gryffindor apparated both him and I out of my father’s prison cell in time to escape another posh aneurysm that Lucius was most likely about to have and probably is having right now.

I didn’t mind the wave of sickness from the quick teleportation spell this time, as long as I didn’t have to hear another one of my father’s tantrums.

It’s saddening that I got my need for throwing fits from my father’s side rather than my mother’s more calming angered reactions.

I found myself in the alleyway of one of London’s many cobbled streets, standing between two dark wooden large mansion like houses, the sun high in the sky above my head and Rhayden reaching his hand up to rub the few strands of my messy hair between his forefinger and thumb, watching the pale of my locks with a hooded stare. “Onto the next surprise then, baby.”

And fuck, I couldn’t go against Rhayden’s plans since he was him and was looking so damn handsome in front of me with the clear dark adoration in his eyes as he played with the strands of my hair in comforting countenance.
“Okay”. I wheezed my words out loud to Rhayden.

Father approved of us.

And I had my boyfriend with me for the whole day today.

I felt amazingly serene.

Alpha brought his head low, his brows level with my mouth as he brought the strands of my hair up to the genuine, small smile spreading across his striking features as he closed his eyes and brushed his wondrous bottom lip precariously over the locks of my opal shaded hair.

I fucking disintegrated on the spot.

My flesh felt alighted with thrumming electricity from the careful yet covetous gesture Rhayden just did.

My pulse was going nuts.

“Follow me, Saveri”. Rhayden’s fervid, deep murmur against the white hue of my hair sounded throughout the length of my body, spiking into my groin in flooded, simmering heat.

I just watched Rhayden and the way he breathed me in.

I’ll follow you always.

I couldn’t say my response out loud from how utterly sappy and stilted in words I felt at the moment, but I had a feeling the werewolf knew what I was thinking by the pleased, rumbling rasp of the werewolf’s hum, knowing and oh so Rhayden.

Chapter End Notes

Remember to check out my tumblr!: reimcai

It's specifically created to show my ideas and inspirations and I talk to my readers and answer any questions you guys' have!

UPDATE! IMPORTANT!

Hey, family issues occurred and so I'll be posting Tuesday, I'm so sorry. It will come, please be patient with me. You'll get a new chapter, just please give me time.

Thank you.
I give you this short chapter update! It's going to get very anxious from here on out but bare with me. This is helping the plot come along and remember, there are no "main character death" tags in this story, so don't worry. Next update will be have to be moved to the 18th or 19th of June because I have a wedding to attend during the weekend on the 9th and will have no time to work on it, I'm so sorry but I will give you guys an update, I promise! I need time and thinking space for my stories and I will have none during a busy wedding time *cries* Thanks for your patience and I hoped you enjoyed this chapter, it was very fun to write.

Thank you as always for supporting this story and giving it so much love. There will be more!

Now go and read my lovelies!

In London, the sun shone its bright golden rays across the expanse of the cobbled stones beneath my feet, a play of gleaming fluorescent jasper similar to that of a the palest orthoclase gem, shimmering among the rounded rocky floor. The radiating warmth from the spring atmosphere surrounding the whole of my frame caressed the slightly sweat slick sheen of my pale flesh, an all encompassing heat that wasn’t on the verge of scorching what with the cool comforting breeze sweeping over my person consistently.

The weather reminded me of the warmth Rhayden emitted.

I loved it.

Taking in the old money Victorian architecture of the mansions looming over my figure, I couldn’t help but gawk at the sheer massive space the houses took up. Although they will never be as large as Rhayden’s bloody castle, they still made the Malfoy’s mansion have a run for its money.

This was a part of London I haven’t seen yet.

Furrowing my brows as I walked at a steady pace beside Rhayden’s leisure like steps, I watched the man beside me breathe with a slow drawl, all calm and collected with the chestnut strands of his gorgeously tousled hair playing across his forehead from every tiny shift his lean and muscled body made whenever he took one step after another. The low lidded gaze of his amber obsidian eyes seemed to glow even beneath the bright of the sun pouring down on us both, the set of his succulent lips neutral and giving nothing away of the thoughts running rampant in Rhayden's rather vexing mind.

The cords of muscles belonging to his biceps and abs were prominent from the stretch of the fabric of his shirt expanding across his torso by each passing second I watched the werewolf beneath the low
of my lashes, heart hammering wildly at the sight the man procured beside me.

Powerful, dangerous and strikingly beautiful.

I sucked in a sharp breath then when the molten lava gaze of Rhayden’s slid over to my own, the curling tips of his lips forming into a voracious, knowing grin that made the subtle arousal in the weak of my knees set ablaze with energy.

“Are you checking me out, Blondie?” Rhayden’s voice was dipped in a low mocking lilt, rumbling in the depth of his chest with an evident satisfaction at having caught me openly gaping up at him and the sight of all his glorious self.

A flush, fast and inevitable, crept up my neck and to my cheeks, causing me to purse my lips in embarrassment as I quickly tore my gaze away from my boyfriend’s searing ones to act like the cobbled streets I was currently walking on were suddenly extraordinarily fascinating.

“N-No.” My answer was blunt with a mortifying stutter that shown the perplexing wave of warmth that flooded my system just from having Rhayden point out my “checking” him out.

Rhayden let out a snicker, so very dark and sinister in the way he enjoyed how nervous I got around him despite the fact that we’ve done many exposing, sexual things with one another.

I’m still shy around the werewolf, and I still had to gain the courage to actually admit out loud the large extent to which I constantly looked at Rhayden with a bubbling heat in the center of my gut, heavy and wanton.

“You can lie all you want, baby. But we both know how much I turn you on, so no need to deny it. Just as I won’t deny how fucking beautiful and sexy you are. I’m still surprised you haven’t noticed the many times I’ve checked you out at school before.” Rhayden spoke through a husky murmur, eliciting my head to rise back up and my skin to erupt in heated shivers at the delicious tone that the Gryffindor released.

The golden flecks of Rhayden’s eyes hummed with a pulsating light along with the smoky, charcoal pitch black that swarmed together with the amber, his gaze focused on mine with the raise of his dark brow in a teasing gesture that had my chest thrumming alive with the way my heart went a beat or two faster at the look Rhayden gave me.

Having lost my train of thoughts for a moment by just staring at the werewolf, I mentally shook my head back and forth to get back on track with the conversation Rhayden and I were having.

Remembering what Rhayden said, I jutted out my bottom lip subconsciously in a motion of a pout, tilting my head up to watch the Gryffindor from beneath my lashes as I rolled my eyes dramatically.

“You’re not the easiest person to read, Rhayden. I’m quiet observant of my surroundings, but when it comes to you, it seems you tend to catch me off guard the most. So I surely didn’t know when you were looking at me because you’re so bloody stealthy in everything you do.” My voice came out in a snark, the sides of my plush lips turning up to reveal a tiny haughty smile.

Rhayden tilted his head, the mahogany unruly locks of his hair moving with the motion enticingly as he shifted with a quick fixation that left my head reeling, my eyes having swiftly leveled with Rhayden’s own searing ones as I found his head leaned down close to mine and our steps faltering to a stop at the abrupt close proximity of my boyfriend towering and crowding in on me.

The oxygen in my lungs seemed to have seized to exist then.

Rhayden’s grin sharpened into a predatory countenance, eyes gleaming with wicked intent and a
shadowing force that left me breathless. “That’s good. Perhaps you shouldn’t know how deeply you’ve got me wrapped around the slender, creamy pale of your fingers. I stare at you constantly, brat. Know that I’m always watching.” The deep timbre of Rhayden’s tone made me let out a light whimper, that undeniable twinge of pleasure simmering in my chest and spreading out over my hardening prick.

Fuck.

Having Rhayden admit such a thing made me want him even more than I already did. Because in truth, the Gryffindor can make me do everything and anything if he so much as says so. It was both exhilarating and terrifying to have the knowledge that we both were so wound tight around one another.

And the way Rhayden smelled, so close to me, was amazing. The rainforest scent he carries around with him as well as the mingling fresh mint making my chest heave with need as I let the press of my lips fall open a sliver of an amount to attempt to taste the smell the werewolf carried.

The werewolf’s eyes flicked down to the slow part of my mouth, his grin turning into a Stygian smirk that always gave me the instinct to run or to let the man have his way with me however he wanted. The tip of his provocative lips on one side pulled up into a violent snarl that made my cock throb, all raw and cruel seduction in the way Rhayden’s lips formed and the handsome, sharp features of his face hardening even more in his stern lust. “You’re just begging for me to fuck you with that reaction you’ve got. Don’t tempt me. We’ve got to get your next surprise out of the way, and then perhaps I’ll kiss you to appease that slut of a mouth of yours and my hunger for it. So be patient.” His voice was set into a brutal tremor, demanding and possessive.

Right. The surprise. If you be good, you get another kiss.

Breathing in deeply through my nose, my eyelids fluttered about in a single moment of bliss at the wash of Rhayden’s scent invading my senses before I gathered up enough strength to keep my prick from plumping up even further and to make sure I didn’t tease Rhayden too much to the point that we both wouldn’t get on with the day my boyfriend planned out.

Just wait for your reward.

Be a good boy for Alpha.

“Y-yes. Okay. Let’s keep going.” I mumbled out my words, feeling my breath shake with the arousal flicking across my tongue and down my stomach with a heated infusion.

The whisky hue of Rhayden’s gaze flickered with a play of dark and light, before settling into a warm honeyed prominence, his mouth now a small uptick of a ravenous smile, charming and oh so dangerous. “Good. Come on, Blondie.” His words were neutral in the rasp of his voice.

Rhayden proceeded to turn his head away from mine to stand up to his full height and away from my own shorter stature to once again walk down the cobbled streets with me stumbling a little to catch up with his long strides, my limbs wobbling from the weakness I felt at having my boyfriend so close to me and not having him touch me.

“Can’t we just apparate on over to the place, why walk?” I spoke my words through a soft murmur, my eyes taking in the large mansion that was gated in shimmering intricately woven white iron. The house in front of me at least took up more than four or so acres with its towering height containing five stories high, the house coveted in a chiffon color scheme.
Rhayden let out a deep hum in response to my question, letting me catch up to his fast pace walking with some ragged breaths escaping my mouth from the amount of exertion I had to put my unfit body through just now. Rhayden stopped in front of the gate, his eyes shifting into a darker hue to display a sort of sadistic thrill in the emotionless depth of his face.

I shivered as I, too, halted in my steps beside my boyfriend as we both stood in front of the closed gate.

*Why are we here?*

“That’s just because I like watching those long legs of yours move and that cute arse of yours bounce whenever you try to catch up to me with quicker steps. It’s delicious. This walk was just for my own entertainment.” Rhayden drawled out his words with a deep rumble, staring straight ahead through the gated area as I looked up at him with a stricken look of embarrassed awe.

“You’re such a pervert.” My voice was timid in the way the pitch of my tone went higher in my shamed arousal, my gaze focused on the way Rhayden grinned so carelessly and mischievously as he suddenly raised his hand in one sweeping arch like gesture slightly above his head, as if signalling someone or giving a casual greeting.

“Oh, baby, you have no idea. Now, this surprise is going to take some mental strength on your behalf. I don’t want you running away. I want you to remember this. Don’t take your eyes off what I’m about to do, soak it in with those lovely eyes of yours and I’ll let you have a treat to satisfy that needy veela side of yours. Just know this though … you are not a monster, this is nature, and this is you and I getting to know each other in a more, well, fucked up way. You run, I will chase you down and fuck you without any preparation. Got it?” Rhayden’s heated gaze stayed on the gate, his mouth barely moving an inch and the only movement to show the sudden tension in the werewolf’s emotions was the flex of his jaw, straining and harsh. His words were clearly an order, the remorseless, callous smooth juncture in the silk of his voice making the hair on the skin of my arms stand up on their ends in unnerved and warmed sensation.

*What the hell is going on?*

I was about to ask just that before I stopped myself from saying anything when the abrupt creak of iron unlatching itself from their linked connections clicked in a stream of clanging sounds, my gaze settling on the way the gate before Rhayden and I split in half as the middle parted inwards, opening the entrance in a slow withdrawal.

I breathed in an air of shuddering anxiety and curiosity, my eyes flicking back over to the Gryffindor beside me to realize that the man had started forward again and nudged his head my way to encourage me to follow his lead.

And I did.

Even though I didn’t know what the bloody fuck was going on, I blindingly followed Rhayden because of how much trust I put in the werewolf.

Although I was nervous and confused to a high capacity, I knew that I wouldn’t be hurt with Rhayden and would be kept safe. But that didn’t reserve the fact that Rhayden was unpredictable and brutal when he wanted to be, and with the way the rigidity shown in the shifting muscles of Rhayden’s back beneath his shirt as well as the amber of his eyes turning into a low russet tone that demonstrated the morbid hunger that he let display in his gaze, I knew that this “surprise” was going to be a mind fuck one.
What did Rhayden mean when he talked about having to deal with my veela side and getting to know each other more?

_You’re going to eat someone with Rhayden._

No.

My heart rammed against my rib cage at the thought of Rhayden and I chewing on some unsuspecting victim, getting all hot and bothered by eating human flesh as my veela side comes forth and renders me drunk on the rustic, heavy, delirious taste of _blood._

I shivered at the thought, my mind going into disarray at the pure _wrongness_ of such an idea passing through the caverns of my head as well as the shameless warmed _want_ for it.

I couldn’t think much further on the topic at hand with the way I had to fall in step again with Rhayden’s own, the soles of my wedged feet crunching across the gravel pathway to the front of the mansion, the wandering worry of my gaze taking in the simple sprouting of tiger lilies and small morning glories adorning the vibrant green grass surrounding the walkway.

The place had a beautiful serene countenance to its presence, but it all seemed so bright to my eyes and forced, a perfection that was overbearing and rather spoiled in a way the house seemed to have never been used with how clean it looked.

_It didn’t hold the dark seduction Rhayden’s castle emitted._

Remembering how Rhayden raised his hand moments before the gate opened, I figured that someone was waiting for the Gryffindor’s arrival or my boyfriend used his magic to open the gates on his own whim.

This place didn’t seem like an area that Rhayden would occupy himself with.

_What are we doing here?_

Finally walking up the large glistening pearl etched marble stairs to the front door of the mansion, Rhayden didn’t even bother to knock on the fake cherry kissed redwood large doors and instead just twisted the golden handle belong to it with a quick turn of his hand and opened the entrance for me with a mocking brow, taunting me and making my stomach dip in warmed anxiety.

“You didn’t consent to my order, Saveri. ” Rhayden’s dark words cut through the haze of my combusting thoughts, causing me to flush a dark red in the wake of Rhayden’s glowing, observant gaze.

I immediately answered with a quake in my shy voice. “Yes … _Alpha._”

Rhayden ushered me into the house with a grunt of satisfaction at my response, his eyes trailing down the length of my shivering frame in a slow perusal that made my skin heat up even more and the tingling lust in my groin ricochet higher in its intensity, the touch of Rhayden’s burning gaze leaving my flesh exposed and my bottom lip to wobble in anticipated terror.

Trying to gather up the courage to ignore the obvious attempt on Rhayden’s end to make me more anxious than I already was along with making me more horny for him, I stepped onto the threshold of the large red wood covered foyer similar the color of the front doors, knowing that Rhayden was challenging me to follow his orders even when he was making me more nervous than I already was.

Watching the way Rhayden snickered to himself with a dark huff of amusement, not directed at me
with how the werewolf eyes were looking towards the left open entrance to the living room of the mansion.

Rhayden simply tapped his index finger that rested lightly against the outer his of right thigh, quick and almost unnoticeable if I had decided to blink in that moment.

Then the silence of the house seemed to dissipate from the wandless cast of magic on Rhayden’s end, and my ears rang with the shrill, gutted *scream* of a man crying out in agony in the direction the werewolf’s eyes were trained on.

I jumped from where I stood at the burst of sound, loud and broken in the person’s throes of pain from the way the man’s voice cracked and begged out for forgiveness in his constant babble of pleas coming from the living room.

*Oh holy hell.*

That voice, in the fuzzy daze of my memories when I was drunk yesterday, sounded awfully familiar to the haughty tone that belonged to Cormac McLaggen.

Snapping my head up to catch Rhayden’s indifferent gaze as he stared down at me with an animal disastrous like crave, I felt the breath in my lungs stutter as I gasped out in horror and befuddled shock, my body tilting to the side near the still agape front door, my brain whipping back and forth with the need to run as far away from this mansion as fast as possible but the inner, more filthy deepest part of myself wanting to stay and *obey* Rhayden in unadulterated interest and bubbling desire.

Rhayden acted like nothing happened with Cormac and I today, and I thought it somewhat odd that he didn’t show how angry he was about someone touching me and causing me physical pain when I was drunk.

Now, just knowing that the person yelling out as if he was being castrated with every passing second was Cormac, I felt this dark, sickening satisfaction mingling in with this pained, terrified arousal.

*Gods, you’re fucked up.*

But it wasn’t the notion that Cormac was getting hurt in general. I felt this rooted heat boiling in the pit of my gut in riotous warmth from how Rhayden most likely was going through all this trouble of hurting Cormac to show me and everyone else that I belonged to him, and that … it was *messed* up, but I found myself troubled from the way my body reacted so heatedly at knowing Rhayden was killing someone for the sole purpose of being a possessive bastard.

But of course, I was concerned about actually *killing* someone for having touched me. I still have that sense of logical knowledge that murder is bad, but my veela side, the *demented creature* side of me, reveled in it.

*Perhaps Rhayden is going to feed you.*

*You haven’t ate human in a while.*

Shiteshiteshiteshite!

I can’t want this. This is wrong. Oh gods!

“Rh-Rhayden, are you going to *kill* Cormac? I mean, sure he t-touched me but—” My breathy, worried words were interrupted by seeing how Rhayden’s lips turned more into a line of devoid
emotion as he stared me down in that intimidating obscurity of his, gorgeous and sinful.

“No. I’m not. But I’m going to hurt him and you’re going to watch me do it. This is to show others that they can’t touch you. I’m making an example out of him. And of course, I’m going to give you some of his blood and flesh as a reward for your pretty veela side. You need to know that I’d do anything for you, and others need to know that too. Cormac doing that to you is a no go. And even though you look like you want to run, you also look like you’re quiet aroused at me being so protective of you, am I right, baby.” Rhayden’s mouth turned up into a vicious devil like grin that had made my body run cold and hot at the same time, his voice dropping low and thunderous in my chest in debauchery.

*Alpha knows how wrong you are, and yet he still craves you so heavily.*

What is wrong with us?

*Remember what Rhayden said. You’re not a monster. And even if so, you have this man that will want you no matter how off the deep end you are.*

And I still have that need for Rhayden despite all the bad he emits and shows.

*You’re not killing Cormac. Just tasting him, being fed by Rhayden.*

I opened my mouth to attempt a protest that felt nothing sort of genuine and was just there to appease the sanity that I know I’ve lost quite a while back, but then Cormac’s screams stopped and a women’s voice, devastatingly familiar, sounded from the doorway to the living room, causing my words to fall flat.

“You’re guys are here. I did as you said, Rhayden. Lured the bastard with my own veela power and got him all magically chained to the floor. I had a little fun with him of course after figuring out that he’s working for Akeldama and was going after Saveri. Now he’s all yours, guys.” Fleur Delacour’s soothing, sultry, delicately confident voice slipped its way into my ears, calm and collected.

I turned my head to find the women that I had actually enjoyed the company of during the time before I was shunned from the whole wizarding world, standing before me. The soft curls of her Tuscan, gleaming colored long hair fell around her shoulders and down her slender back in beautiful waves as she shifted from one high heel, shimmering sky blue shoe to the next as she leaned the slim of her shoulders against the door frame leading to the living room. The cornflower hue of her low lidded eyes staring straight at me with an open adoration and kindness that she always revealed whenever we were together.

Fleur looked stunning with the silky form fitting short blue dress that matched her heels, the dress revealing the voluptuous cleavage she had from the low dip in the collar, complimenting the flawless white of her skin.

The girl reminded me of a goddess whenever I saw and interacted with her, although when I got to know her more, she became a snarky goddess in my vision and I loved her for it.

We had been good friends until she left Hogwarts after the war and never came back to school.

Fleur never contacted me and I assumed she didn’t want me to what with my status as an ex death eater.

Fleur must have seen the shock on my face at having seen her in this kind of situation with the way she gave me a wry smile. But I didn’t miss that words she spoke so easily.
Cormac was working for Akeldama. He was going after me.

And how did Fleur lure Cormac? It seemed that she got him to be in such a vulnerable state. Got him captured.

And why the bloody fuck did she know mine and Rhayden's real names?!

On instinct, I started speaking in my fluent language, the French tongue slipping past my mouth in a smooth transition, the wasp of my voice airy as Fleur and I watched each other. “qu'est-ce que tu fais ici?”

What are you doing here?

Fleur gave me a sigh, her lashes lowering before looking up at me once again with a determined glint in the Caribbean shade of her gaze, pushing her shoulder off of the frame of the open entrance to come sashaying over to my person, her height almost the same as mine but just a an inch taller, all curvaceous and gorgeous. “Je fais une faveur pour ton petit ami. J'ai été contacté par lui. Rhayden Je savais que j'étais un veela après Potter reniflé moi...”

I’m doing a favor for your boyfriend. He contacted me. Rhayden knew I was a veela because Potter sniffed me out.

Fleur’s smile grew lopsided as she blew out another weary, exalted sigh my way, her eyes flicking over to Rhayden who watched us both speak in our language, although the werewolf seemed to fixate those golden inky black film of his eyes particularly on my mouth with a strict, heated focus that made me blush.

Fleur continued to speak, although this time in English. “I’m a veela as well, Saveri. And after being told about what’s been going on with that Akeldama group from Potter when he contacted me about having to do a favor in finding Cormac for Rhayden, I couldn’t resist. Also, you are a dear friend of mine despite us not having talked for a while, which I do apologize for. I was going through … dominant veela changes after my mother told me what I was.” Her words were drawled out in quiet admission as she smiled so charmingly towards me, her nose somewhat tipped up in the air towards my person as if she was scenting me.

Rhayden and Potter worked fast.

Jesus fuck.

Fleur was a veela too, a dominant to say the least. And she didn’t like Akeldama. With the way I heard Cormac screaming, it could be well assumed that Fleur has done some of her own dark dealings for the past year.

Fuck. There’s constantly something new appearing, information wise.

I gave the blonde girl a wry grin of my own in return. “Il semble que nous avons traversé de nombreux changements.”

It seems we’ve been through many changes.

My voice came out tired yet light weighted, feeling my boyfriend’s gleaming eyes soak in the way my mouth curved around the French I spoke subtly. I went back to the English language then as I spoke again. “And I get it. I don’t hold any grudges against you for not having contacted me. Anyways, why are you smelling me?” My voice came out in that same Malfoy manor it carries around within it most of the time, all bratty and cautious.
Fleur flashed me her clean white teeth, devious yet endearing all at once. “I’m a dominant veela, Saveri. I grew a dick over a month after figuring out I was a veela, females go through a physical change once they get their first taste of human. I don’t mind the male genital though, I enjoy it very much and trust me when I say this … you smell fantastic, and a submissive veela gets my dominant one all riled up and want to fuck you with said formed penis. But! I won’t because Rhayden is giving me the stink eye and we’re good friends.” Fleur spoke in sweetened delight, although dark and teasing.

*Fucking christ.*

I could feel Rhayden’s heat double up in size next to me at the mere mention of having someone else besides the damn Gryffindor fuck me, the ominous perpetual eerie calm emitting from the deceiving lax of the man’s body beside my own.

I didn’t dare look over at Rhayden’s face, figuring that all I’d get to see is an expression void of any emotion that catered no clue into the workings of Rhayden’s thoughts or feelings.

Before Rhayden could have the chance to threaten Fleur, I spoke up with a frantic sort of high voice, a squeak leaving my lips as I rushed through my words. “Alright! That’s some new information that Rhayden and I both didn’t need to know. Now, can we get on with this ‘surprise’ Rhayden?”

I didn’t know how to feel about this whole ordeal, one one side my veela blood was humming within the hollow of my gut in prideful giddiness at the knowledge that our mate was providing me food and was showing the high amount of dominance, protection and threat Rhayden had, which were quite a bundle of facts that made my veela side ecstatic as well as aroused.

I was scared to admit out loud how much I, personally, was both scared and heated up at the fact that Rhayden was doing this all for the sake of showing me how harsh he can be as well as how much of a possessive man he was.

I shouldn’t *like* this.

But Cormac hurt me, and now knowing that the guy was working for Akeldama out of all wizard cults, made me rather thankful that Rhayden caught the arsehole before he could have gotten to me or anyone else. Cormac probably didn’t go any further in trying to kidnap me when I was drunk since I had some of the most powerful female wizards with me who could protect me well enough with their magic.

I never condone violence. I’m not that person.

*But you’re born as a creature that thrives off of it.*

*Just a taste of some human blood and flesh and you’ll be satisfied. You haven’t eaten such a thing in days.*

*You’re not taking a life.*

Ah, fuck.

Rhayden shifted next to me, catching my gaze out of the corner of my eyes with his own as he leaned forward with a slow lilt, the shifting muscles in his torso and arms bulging deliciously against his shirt as he visibly let the breath he took show with the heave of his chest pressing up beneath the fabric of his top.

The radiant flash of amber liquid and obsidian clashed with one another in a pulsating motion,
rendering me enraptured at the sinister glint Rhayden’s gaze gave away as he bored his eyes down onto me and caused my frame to shudder and stand profusely still with my breath gone from my mouth.

“Ready for some fun, Blondie?” Rhayden’s rumbling, husky of words fell from the tempting curves of his lips as he gave me a small, corrupt grin that made my prick thrum incessantly with blood and my heart to pitter patter nervously beneath the rise and fall of my anxious chest, torn between wanting to do as Rhayden said, to let myself indulge in the darkest parts of both Rhayden and mine but to also make a sprint for it out of this mansion and try to gain back any semblance of common sanity I had left in me.

I was about to speak, the words I was conjuring up to spill forth on the tip of my quenched tongue, but then I heard an indefinite sound of a thunk, so fast and deceptively loud that I let out a cry of ache as I staggered in the wake of pain sluicing into my ears at such a deafening crash of noise, any form of confession that I was about to make caught in my clogged throat as I stared wide eyed at the way Rhayden seemed to twitch from where he stood.

What the fuck?

And then I saw my boyfriend’s eyes, normally full of relaxed, closed off sensations, slightly drain in its brilliant colors, the skin on the sides of his eyes crinkling in the face of his own confusion, the sharp of his features having difficulty between choosing a look of tension and the release of of it as Rhayden’s brows furrowed in the depth of his bereft emotion.

I heard Fleur shouting in the distance, the normally cool tone of her voice shattering with confused anger and worry. But my ears were still ringing from the sudden sound that invaded my senses, and my focus was nowhere near Fleur, but on my boyfriend, who’s frame gave away a seizure like motion as if something from the inside of his lean and muscled body pulled at his guts and intestines with a sickening satisfaction every which way.

Something’s wrong.

Watching the constricted agony flashing across Rhayden’s face for the briefest moment, created a hole, deep and cavernous, in the center of my chest, an overbearing sensation of worry and fearful alarm pinching on the abrupt twist of my own normally calm face as I snapped into motion when I saw the way my boyfriend’s whole body gave away a pained induced shudder before he was falling sideways with the lids of his eyes slipping shut over the dull set of his gaze now.

“Rhayden!” My words were broken, the immediate hysteria clear in the splitting tones of my voice as I lurched forward in the quickest movement I could conjure up to reach the trembling of my hands out and underneath the werewolf’s dead weight arms with a fumble of my own.

I gasped out as Rhayden’s body fell forward and collapsed on top of me, a grunt of exertion leaving the wobbling, anxious line of my lips as I swayed on the two of my feet in an attempt to hold completely still as I tried to gather enough strength to ground my legs and make sure that both my boyfriend and I wouldn’t go toppling over.

Blinking constantly in the trepidation of my confused worry, I felt the easy breaths of Rhayden’s suddenly sleep added figure blow softly across the shell of my ears, warm and easy.

Alpha is still warm. That means he’s not dead.

He sure as bloody hell looked like it from the abrupt faded colors in his eyes as well as the way he seized on the spot and was practically knocked into a sleep like state.
The air in my lungs were quick as I tried to calm the racing of my heart as well as the profuse shake of my own body, trying to figure out what the hell was going on.

And when my frantic eyes looked up and over Rhayden’s towering shoulders, I could feel all the blood drain from my face and leave my skin more pale than it already was.

Those same black cloaked figures that were holding my mom captive a while ago were now gathered at the entrance to the mansions kitchen opposite from where I stood, the unsettling silence of the group of crazed magicians unwanted as they huddled together with their faces shadowed over from the black hoods covering the tops of their bent heads.

They did something to Rhayden.

_Akeldama._

_It’s them._

One of them at the very front in the middle of the group took a deep breath, the rise of their body prominent in the way they sucked in a large gulp of air, the person’s chest shaking beneath the robe of their clothes.

The person lifted his chin up into the air, just the tiniest bit to let the fluorescent light above our heads play across the set of their chapped, dry lips that inched up at the corner in a devious, un hinges crazed grin, revealing the yellow dusting stain of their crooked teeth.

I wanted to apparate then and there, with Rhayden right with me.

But I was powerless. I had no wand nor magic.

The person spoke swiftly, barging in on my thoughts of escape and causing a halt in my mind's workings from hearing their voice. The words they released carried a deep, gravel like tone that belonged to a male as his voice echoed throughout the now quiet of the house, the man's words covered in mocking dementia as he talked with uncanny happiness. “We _caught you._”
Chapter Notes

Whoo! So this chapter is here to set up some obstacles and all that plot/angst, so I hope you enjoy the shortness of it haha. The next update will be longer, I swear, I just thought where I left it off was pretty good for creating hype for the update after this one, yessss. Anyway, the next update for this story will be coming next month, on the second week, I think. Or possibly sooner. Stuff keeps getting in the way of my writing process and interrupting me from finishing my chapters for the days I want and expect them to be updated. So please be patient with me, there will be more *smirks*.

Read on, my lovelies!

There was this sort of haze that flooded the field of my vision, a groggy sense of a wakeful perpetuation that catered to the heavy weight in the space of my immobile limbs seeming to become lighter with each passing second.

I felt the nerves in my sleep addled body start to buzz in an aware, cautious fixation.

I don’t remember falling asleep?

Flicking the befuddled confused appendage of my dry tongue over the chapped flesh of my lips, I let out a hiss of ache at the abrupt sting that coated over the expanse of split skin across my mouth. I twitched across the uncomfortable hardened surface I felt stiff beneath the onslaught of my groggy limbs, the pain sluicing throughout the whole of my frame causing a riotous tremor to elicit down the length of my spine and boil a clusterfuck of distress in the pit of my stomach as my mind tried catching up to what was happening around me.

My lips were swollen and cracked at the flesh.

The sore stretch of my back was prominent in the strain of my spine.

What bloody hell? How was I asleep just now?

Gritting my teeth together to keep from yelling out in distress at whatever minute slight movement I made in the lying aching prone figure of my body, anxiety and a deep seated fear rammed straight into my chest, hard enough to make me release a huff of air as if I had been punched in the sensitive point of my sternum.

Something is wrong.

Opening and closing my eyes rapidly, the blur of my peripheral view started to erase the array of splotched colors in front of me to slowly ease back into a clear vision that caused my gaze to stray upon the high, black ceilings above me.

This doesn’t look familiar.
Where the fuck am I?

Gazing around the vicinity of the room I found myself in, I took in the ink black walls surrounding me, void of any intricate designs and no such windows embedded into them to indicate what time of the day it was.

Like an imprisonment.

At the front from where I laid, taking up the whole of the wall, were black, steel wrought poles that catered to space drastically familiar to a that of a “cell”, like I was being trapped inside of a cage made up of an onyx colored walls that embodied the whole term of “entrapment”.

The vicinity outside of the iron bars was made up of shadowed darkness that was flooded with no such light, the vision of my gaze shrouding with obsidian that seemed to consume the edges of my eyes from having stared too long at such a dark space outside of the cell.

I couldn’t help but let out a whimper of hurt and stricken nerves, my lips falling apart softly to release a shuddering sigh as a mass of events came barging into the caverns of my head, thrumming consistently with a sort of dreaded pressure, the panic rising high in the back of my working, unnerved throat as my dazed mind started to merge with memories that led up to the moment I woke with my body aching and confusion spiraling inside of my head.

Rhayden.

Akeldama.

A burst of hysteric energy slid its way into the quivering space of my stomach, causing my frame to jolt up with a grimace etched across my pinched features. Ignoring the soreness in the limp of my limbs as I sat up straight and whipped my head from side to side, the mess of my pale hair brushed across my cheeks as I swallowed around a dry throat.

Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck!

The last thing I could remember was having caught Rhayden from falling forward in his sudden state of sleep and finding Akeldama clustered in a random houses’ kitchen as one of them had proclaimed catching me.

And then I saw black.

I passed out.

Akeldama probably used magic to make me fall into a sleep like Rhayden and put me into this godsforsaken prison cell.

But where is Rhayden?

My chest heaved up with a panicked breath, the uptick in my pulse becoming harsh and loud in the ringing of my ears, the heat draining out of my frame to leave me cold and bereft of warmth as I could feel the blood dissipate from my face to create a sickening pale color across my features.

What did Akeldama do with Rhayden? What about Fleur?

What will they do to me?

Surprisingly, with no magical chains hooked around the trembling of my ankles or wrists, I didn’t
think twice to whip my free hands up and slide the shaking of my cool fingers through the messy strands of my hair, grasping onto the chaotic locks so I could tug at the strands in a prickling of self induced pain and panic.

*Calmdowncalmdowncalmdown.*

There was this need to open the wobbling worry of my mouth so I could scream out into the darkness of the cell I resided in, the anxious moue of my lips trembling in the midst of my nerve addled state from the intrusive thoughts that consumed my head whole.

How do I find Rhayden?

Is he … dead?

Ohgodsohgos! Shite, fuck!

How am I supposed to find a way out of this hellhole?!

Sucking in a deep breath, I gave another sharp tug on the strands of my hair, letting out an indefinite hiss through the clenching strain of my grinding teeth, eyes squeezed shut as I tried to breathe in a lungful of calming air in an attempt to calm the racing distress of my heart pounding rapidly against the rise and fall of my chest.

*Calm down.*

Even though I wanted to scream, it would be fucking hopeless with the way I was stuck in a cell in gods knows where. Akeldama isn’t dumb enough to have their prisoners heard while they yelled for help. There was no need to screech at the top of my lungs for a rescue that I was positive wouldn’t come.

So I kept my mouth sealed shut.

*Use your veela powers.*

I curled my fingers into the skin of my cold sweat slick palms, digging the blunt of my nails into the flesh as I curved my hands into tight fists and opened my eyes so I could gaze out into the space between the iron bars.

*You’re going to have to escape on your own.*

*No one is going to help you this time, Saveri.*

I didn’t even want to think about what happened to Rhayden.

I couldn’t.

I’d go into a full on mental breakdown if I let the worried, terrified thoughts about what could have happened to my boyfriend burst forth and out into the open where I could analyze and pick at such horrid ideas.

I couldn’t afford to do that.

I needed to keep a straight head on if I wanted to get out of this cell and find Rhayden as well as Fleur so we could all get the hell out of here.

*But how?*
Use that clever head of yours, Saveri. You’re a veela for f**k’s sake.

Rolling the bottom of my lip into the the warmth of my mouth, I let my the edges of my teeth jab down into the plush skin of my bottom lip so I could nibble on the flesh in a fit of unnerved, bad habit.

Use the strength that Harry showed you that veelas have.

I could break open the bars, perhaps?

If I give it a good quick or two with the energy I conjure up in the specific limbs that I’d be using to knock against the bars, surely the iron would give way and bend or break enough to let me slip through and out of the cell?

The unmistakable sounds of footsteps echoed outside of the room I was held captive in and outside of the bars to my right, causing my train of thought to become disrupted, my eyes zeroing in on at least five figures that came strolling in through the the shadowed space, this time without the black of their cloaks covering their shape and form.

And my heart came to an immediate halt when I caught sight of who followed after the four of them with that slow and easy gate of their long legs, the lean and muscled frame of their body causing my breath to stutter in my chest and the buzzing in my ears to turn into a harsh rush of static.

“Rhayden.” I breathed out the Gryffindor’s name through a quiet exaltation of both confusion and relief, the caution evident in the way my brows drew down into a nervous arch as I watched my boyfriend walk with that careless, dominating presence of his towards my cell with the other unknown figures whose eyes stared back at me with a sort of crazed, amused wonderment.

I didn’t like the way those people looked at me.

Like I was a specimen that they could fiddle and experiment with.

And Rhayden didn’t even acknowledge my announcement of his name. Instead, I watched with anxious eyes at the way the werewolf stood stock-still in the towering of his person, the mahogany, chestnut locks of his unruly hair sweeping across his forehead as he slowly tilted his head to the side. I was enthralled at the sudden movement of my boyfriend’s fit muscles shifting beneath the onslaught of the black long sleeved shirt he wore, his forearms exposed with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows and displaying the brutal play of his veins and the visible rune like tattoos moving in curves and intricate designs over the smooth, alabaster skin of his flesh.

Rhayden wore equally dark jeans that shown off his powerful thighs and the long, muscular set of his legs.

Always handsome and gorgeous, Alpha is.

And he didn’t have any visible injuries on his body.

Thank f**k.

But … Why was Rhayden with Akeldama? Not hurt? Nor in any sort of constricted imprisonment?

And that’s when I saw my boyfriend’s usually amber flecked, Stygian black hued eyes etched with this fine sheen of a watered down flimsy color, as if the golden and obsidian shade of his gaze was drowned out with a light brush of a glassy opal cover.
That doesn’t seem right.

Rhayden not having responded to me, nor having killed any of the people he followed after just a few moments ago who are clearly from Akeldama, and having that weird watery substance coveting the black and amber of his eyes, wasn’t something that shouldn’t go unnoticed.

They did something to Rhayden.

Chewing on the insides of my cheeks as I placed the sweat of my palms down over the flat of the hard bed I woke up in, I bent my elbows in an effort to push the weakened, ache of my body up and off of the bed, swinging my legs over the edge of the terrible mattress so I could plant my feet firmly on the concrete floor with a soft thud as I kept my eyes trained on the group of strangers and Rhayden.

I wasn’t planning on speaking first.

I wanted to know what Akeldama had on their minds by deciphering the words they spoke and the subject they were on once they started speaking. And if they wanted a reaction out of my knowing that they did something to Rhayden for him to not snap out at them and create a massacre with his own hands as well as keeping me safe, they wouldn’t get it. I wouldn’t show these people the complete and utter worry, fear and anxiety I felt at everything happening around me.

These people fed off of chaos and strife and agony, mentally and physically.

I wouldn’t give them more power over me, nor over Rhayden.

I’ll have to figure out what they did to my fucking boyfriend as well as how to hell to get out of here.

I needed to stay calm and collected.

One of them spoke up. A man who stood next to Rhayden let out a drone of a voice, the rasp of his tone somewhat cracking at certain intervals within the low quivering pitch of his timbre, azure eyes staring at me with wide, sickening fascination as the corners of his chapped lips tipped up at the edges to display a sharp grin. “Did you have a good sleep, pretty little veela ?”

I resisted sneering at the dirty blonde haired man that just spoke up, taking in the simple blue jeans he wore and the dark green T-Shirt that stretched too obscenely tight over the bulge of his massive muscles, eyeing him in open disdain as I tried to keep my gaze from sliding over to Rhayden so I could keep focused.

Alpha isn’t hurt.

He’s not dead.

You can find a way out, get Rhayden back to his normal self, and everything will be okay again.

Breathe.

Another person from the Akeldama group voiced their thoughts in the back of the little crowd, a feminine drawl that shook and reminded me of a subtle cackle with each word she spewed forth obnoxiously loudly. “You were asleep for three days straight. Tomorrow you’re going to use those powers of yours to gather up a bunch of people for us to kill. Isn’t that exciting?”

Fuck you.
And holy hell ... I was asleep for three days?! No wonder why my body ached. I haven't moved for such a long time. Did they do anything to me while I was passed out?

Fuck!

I'll have to worry about that later.

Even though I couldn’t see the woman who spoke up, I could tell that there was a sadistic smile stretched over her face.

And I wanted to slap the woman for it.

*Use your veela powers. Seduce them.*

*Eat them.*

Godsdamnit!

I needed to find out what they did to Rhayden first before I did any killing of my own. They must have used some sort of dark magic to cause Rhayden to act this way. If I went off and hurt them, they wouldn’t give me any information on what they did to my boyfriend.

I sure as hell wasn’t going to be used for killing people that were innocent.

I had to figure out what happened to Rhayden first, and then I’ll get to the escaping part of the plan.

*Don’t freak out.*

*And keep breathing.*

It seemed my silence irked the dirty blonde haired guy with the way he leaned more towards my cell with a snarl scathing his features, a flash of searing hellfire blue glowing within the dark of the space I was surrounded in coming from the round of his eyes. He swept his hand sideways, procuring a gangling, rotted forest green wand towards Rhayden’s direction in the next moment. I felt my heart slam painfully against my rib cage as I watched in trepidation for the werewolf to start convulsing in pain or something of the sort, but nothing happened.

The blue eyed man spat me in a voice dipped with disdain and hysteria. “Did you like what we did to your boyfriend? Hmm? He doesn’t remember you. Only knows that he has worked with us every since turning into a werewolf and has no memory of you whatsoever in his life. Right now I put a silencing hearing aid charm on him, which he won’t question because he probably thinks that what I’m saying right now is to be kept a secret for the sake of Akeldama. Such a good soldier he is.”

I resisted the urge to jump straight towards the iron pillars that separated the blonde haired man and I so I could slip the slim of my hand through the bars and claw at the guy’s obnoxious eyes until he bled out. My fingernails dug further into the sensitive skin of my palm as I let my teeth grind harder into one another, the ringing in my ears becoming deafening in the wake of my rage, my terror and my complete devastation at the words I just heard.

*Rhayden doesn’t remember you.*

Mothering fucking Christ!

I couldn’t prevent the way my body reacted in the knowledge of Rhayden’s dissipated memory of me, my head snapping to the side as the wide of my frantic eyes caught onto my boyfriend’s, the
almost blinding hue of his usually dark and enticing gaze seeming to have become shrouded in a bleary brightness that didn’t pertain to the magnetic, brutality Rhayden’s eyes often shown, only lessening such a sensation from the man.

It was as if I was looking at a version of Rhayden that made him look almost catatonic.

But he looked like he was functioning physically right. As for mentally, well, his brain was tampered with, and that wasn't good. It also made me see red.

*Remember what that guy just said.*

My breath stuttered to a halt, only for the briefest moments, before my heart thudded viciously enough against my chest a beat later to cause the air in my lungs to bounce over it’s steady rhythm.

The blonde guy was a fucking idiot.

He gave away what Akeldama did to Rhayden. It was enough leverage for me to sort through my large repertoire of magic within the confines of my brain where I’ve stored spells, charms, and magic history throughout the whole eighteen years of my life, and easily pluck a memory restoration spell out of my mind like it was children’s play.

I *know* how to reignite lost memories. Snape taught me such magic when I was seven and bothered my godfather to the point where the man snapped and actually taught me some magic for fun.

I just needed a wand.

And the same man that had given away so stupidly what Akeldama did to Rhayden, has a wand on him. He cast that hearing loss aide charm on Rhayden just now with that gnarly forest green wand still clutched in the vicinity of his skeletal like hand.

*You need to get him alone with with you.*

*Use your veela powers.*

*Seduce him.*

Alpha is going to get so fucking angry when he gets his memories back and finds out that I attempted to make some other man get hot and bothered.

I wasn’t going to think about what Rhayden is going to do once he goes back to his normal mental state.

Right now. The goal here was to get that blonde haired man’s wand, cast the spell to regain Rhayden’s memories, and get the hell out of here.

“Rhayden, what do you think of Akeldama’s new weapon?” The annoying blue eyed bastard spoke out towards Rhayden’s person, his voice carrying a subtle wicked glee as he swiped his wand towards the werewolf’s direction, most likely giving back Rhayden’s hearing so he could hear the man’s question.

A chuckle, low and guttural and oh so familiar, escaped the succulent shape of Rhayden’s mouth, the sound deep and vibrating the space beneath my chest as my boyfriend released a sardonic breathy laugh, dark and amused in its sinister drawl.

Rhayden’s watered down gaze took solace on my figure behind the bars with a cold expression, his
features giving nothing away but a countenance filled with void that left me hot and cold as I took in the way the Gryffindor’s head tilted down, the mussed locks of his dark hazelnut colored hair swaying along with his small movement. Rhayden’s amber black blurred eyes zeroed onto the whole of my frame, his gaze trekking down the length of my body in a slow perusal that had my thighs clenching together in heated interest as warmth flooded my groin at being held under the werewolf’s attention.

Although this time, Rhayden didn’t know me while he checked me out.

Alpha didn’t have a semblance of recognition upon my person. I could tell that Rhayden didn’t know me with the simple fact that he didn’t look at me in the way the man had starved for me over two years, there wasn’t that deep possessive air he emitted when he looked at me, but he still had that unearthly, harsh presence he carried around with himself everywhere as he stared me down.

I could tell though, even when Rhayden used that emotionless mask of his, that he was interested in me. His eyes flashed with a cruel hunger that I knew very well by now, but it was fresh and new. Like a predator having found it’s prey after being without food for weeks.

It was rather terrifying.

And deliciously dark.

Rhayden always gave me that kind of look, but this time, I could actually see the interest he held about me before he learned how to cover it up so strongly over years of cultivation on keeping his emotions in check when he was around me.

This right here. It was as if I was getting a glimpse of Rhayden’s slow descent into his malicious obsession over me.

And as fast as the werewolf shown his emotions of intrigue with me, the man slammed a wall down between us with the way his face shown a blank and blunt prominence, the wry golden and obsidian hue of his gaze becoming hooded as Rhayden brought his emotions back in check.

My chest gave away a heavy ache at the sight of Rhayden shutting me out.

Alpha will get his memories back.

He’ll look at me with clear possessive want once again.

You’ll be Rhayden’s “Blondie” and “Brat” again soon.

Don’t cry don’t cry don’t cry.

Take slow and easy breaths.

Get your shit together.

Fleur and Rhayden need your help.

“He seems a little too innocent on the appearance to actually lure people in. No one nowadays tends towards someone who looks like they’ve got no clue what to do when it comes to sex. I wouldn’t.” Rhayden’s husky, hot melted honey tone echoed throughout the entirety of the cell, the silence following his spoken response to the dirty blonde haired man making my lungs constrict on themselves in a pinching hurt.
Now is not the time to get insecure.

Rhayden doesn’t mean that.

Remember how he looked at you just a few minutes ago.

Remember how Rhayden looked at you constantly before all this shit happened.

This is a cover up.

Even though the werewolf is showing no leeway into his emotions, I knew that the man was lying even if he didn’t remember me. Maybe the thought of actually being interested in Akeldama’s (a group that Rhayden was forced to remember supporting and being involved with for years now) “prisoner” made him disturbed and worried. My boyfriend was lying to Akeldama and himself about thinking how my innocent apparel couldn’t interest anyone.

Rhayden loved to dirty pure things.

He ruined me, a person that Rhadyen thought and still thinks, is innocent and unsullied.

It still hurt to hear such a lie come from my boyfriend about me.

The azure eyed man huffed in acquaintance to Rhayden’s words, his spindly fingers flicking the disjointed green wand between his fidgeting appendages as he stood a good few feet away from the werewolf’s space.

Hah.

Even though Akeldama tampered with Rhayden’s memories and forced him to support their disgusting murderous group, it seemed the people were still scared of such a powerful person.

Wait until Rhayden gets his memories back.

None of these people will be safe.

I got a sick satisfaction from that thought. But I wasn’t going to admit out loud to it anytime soon or to myself quiet yet.

Time to set up the plan.

Rolling my bottom lip into my mouth, I let my lids grow heavy over my eyes that peered up at the blonde haired man from beneath my pale lashes, a flush creeping up my neck at the nerves, terror and embarrassment from the predicament I found myself in.

Ignore Rhayden.

Don’t focus on Alpha. You’ll end up seducing the Gryffindor, and even though that’d be nice, that’s not the focus here.

Since there was a way to give Rhayden back his memories and get out of here, I was going to have to go through with stealing the damn wand from the blue eyed arsehole by seducing him into my cell and getting him close enough where I can snatch his wand from him.

You may have to tear away his flesh for a good few seconds to render him weak enough to get the wand.
Do it quick though so the other members surrounding your cell won’t get a hold you and stop you from getting the twat’s wand.

My veela power affects those around me as well. I can render the Akeldama members in a somewhat vegetable state from the intoxicating pheromones I’ll be releasing soon and once I focus enough of it on the bastard with the wand, everyone will be too busy enraptured by my scent to stop me in time from giving Rhayden his memories back.

Rhayden … well, I don’t know how he’ll react.

Hopefully he gets drawn into my smell like the others. But would it be too intense for him since he’s a werewolf with a bloody good nose?

Fuck.

I needed to do this quick.

But just as I tried to gather up the energy from within the deep depth of my gut, I felt the air turn into a sizzling heat, overwhelming in the rushing air that wrapped around my body as the screeching sound of iron snapping and bending against its will cracked the quiet surrounding all of us and my vision became a swath of disarraying colors.

And then pressure, tight and foreboding, snagged around the width of my neck as I felt heated, maddeningly familiar hands, dig their fingers into my throat with a vice grip that had me popping my mouth wide open and gasping on the choke that festered in my lungs.

Blinking away the dizzying, nauseous haze from my wandering, unnerved eyes, I focused my gaze upon the person towering over me, the melting lava scheme and onyx fixation of Rhayden’s eyes boring down on me with such a cool indifference that it had me trembling in his hard grip.

Rhayden was choking me.

The wisps of his hair licked at the sharp lines of his defined cheekbones, kissing at the flawless smooth of his skin as he watched me suck in one panicking breath after the next with my stricken eyes staring up at him.

Fuck.

Fuckfuckfuck!

“Ah, you see … submissive veelas can’t use their power around their bond mate because they are already physically and mentally intimately attached to one another. There’s no need for seduction upon a mate that already wants you. Your veela side can’t use its powers with your mate around. So you can see where I’m going right, Saveri? Rhayden is your mate, you can’t do jack shite and you’re screwed. So, so pitying.” I could make out the blonde haired man’s wand pointed towards Rhayden’s person, probably once again muting his hearing so the Gryffindor wouldn’t be able to hear what he was saying. The man’s voice came out hyper and filled with malignant entertainment, his tone rasping in his breaking low pitches while he stared at me with such vivid sapphire tinged eyes that held heated delight.

Rhayden’s hands further tightened around my neck, the sheer power in his fingers forcing my airway to cut off in short stops as I writhed in his death grip, my hands snatching their way up towards my boyfriend’s in a fit of hysteria as I brought my nails down into the skin of his wrist where he clutched me with his hand. “Rh-Rhayden!” My tone was jilted in a shrill stutter, heart ramming against my rib cage painfully as I heaved in oxygen as if I was starving for its filter, my ears buzzing with a
screeching scatter of noise as I tried jerking my body out of Rhayden’s hand.

The fucking blue eyed arshole spoke up again from behind the bars that I could see were torn apart at the seams and bent outward by Rhayden’s doing, broken and useless to keep me in now. But I couldn’t move. I couldn’t breathe or even think straight or have enough physical energy to try and escape. “Since Rhayden is a pureblood werewolf, he can sense and smell an incoming veela’s power being used quicker than the rest of us and he knows to prevent you from using such techniques by physically harming you, only for a little because we need you, of course. We told him to do so before coming to visit you.” The man’s tone was rising higher in a crescendo of enjoyment out of my suffering.

And I … I wanted to cry and hurt every last one of the members of Akeldama for putting Rhayden and I through this fucking mess.

This won’t last long.

You’ll have Rhayden back to normal soon.

Stay calm.

You’ll figure out a way to get a wand and get out of here with Fleur and Rhayden.

The dirty blonde haired man swished that horrid colored wand of his around in a circular motion towards Rhayden’s rigid person, giving my boyfriend his hearing back as the man spoke with a careless drawl then. “You can let him go now, Rhayden.”

The werewolf immediately released his hold on me and took a voluntary step back away from my shivering form as I hunched over to plant my hands upon my quaking knees and heave one gulp of air after the next into my body in continuous strokes, blinking away the dark blue and black spots playing around in my vision. The regular, euphoric sense of Rhayden’s rainforest and mint coveted smell grew more faint from the lack of his close proximity that had just moments ago warmed my cool skin.

I wanted him closer.

I could feel my bottom lip wobble as I bit my teeth into the skin there and chewed on it to keep from crying out Rhayden’s name and calling him every curse word I could think up of coming from both the wizarding and muggle world as well as running up to him and snuggling into his lean and muscled frame.

You’ll have Rhayden's touch again.

Be patient.

You’re not dead. Rhayden didn't kill you.

Slamming my teeth together, I pressed my lips against one another as I sucked in a huge lungful of air this time, letting the oxygen soothe the ache down my throat where I could feel the throb of Rhayden’s now absent hand and fingers imprint upon the flesh there.

I had to suck it up.

And get out of here with my boyfriend and Fleur.

Now is not the time to get emotional.
“I’ll behave”. I murmured out to the Akeldama group watching Rhayden and I from outside the now torn cell bars, my voice sounding grated from the strain on my lungs and vocal chords that the Gryffindor caused upon my person.

They’re going to regret this.

You’ll use your veela powers soon, but first, you’ll need to get Rhayden’s memories back without using such techniques.

Use your brain.

You can do this.

For now, act civil.

Daring myself not to look at Rhayden for the sole reason of breaking down if I stared too long at my boyfriend that doesn’t fucking remember me and perhaps could have killed me just now, I decided to keep my focus on the blue eyed fucker behind him with his Akeldama cronies instead, keeping my face a mask of neutrality and serene defeated cooperation.

The blonde haired man smirked then, his chapped lips tipping up into a feral grin that made me want to chew away at his flesh and eat his human remains right then and there. “Very good, pretty veela.” His tone was blanketed in calm amusement and satisfaction, the sound irritating and unwanted upon my ears.

I couldn’t wait to hear his voice crack in his gutted pig squeals of agonized torture when both Rhayden and I get a hold of him.

Rhayden and I will win this morbid game.

And come out as the bloody winners, quite literally so.
Protero

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long awaited update! But here it is! There will be more, just give me some time, I'm updating other stories and working on other stuff so please be patient with me. The end of this chapter may make you readers want to kill me haha, but I love making you all get on the edge of your seats. This was a roller coaster ride of an update for me to write. Please have fun with it.

Thank you for the continuous support! It means the world to me, always.

Read on, my lovelies.

“I’d like it very much if you turned that ugly mug of yours around while I’m about to pee you fucking twat.” My voice came out in a long drawl of bored irritation, the tiniest jilted sound of vehement disgust coloring the monotonous hue of my tone as I paced back and forth within the cage of my cell.

The guard, tall and foreboding in the hulking mass of his body, sat lazed back in the rusted shade of his rickety steel chair, the bulging of his muscles overwhelmingly and obscenely stretching the black fabric of his V neck short sleeved shirt. The veins in the large of his triceps protruded disturbingly against the sickly pale sheen of his flesh, causing the man to look profusely stocked on steroids as he stretched the long of his muscled legs out in front of his person as the dark of his murky brown eyes tracked every shift of my body while I walked from one end of my cage to the next in an annoyed pace. The way the guard watched me, in the low lidded, unwanted focused haze of his stare beneath the mousy brown tufts of his unruly hair, made a shiver of nauseating attention race down the curve of my spine and back up in repugnant prickling sensation.

His voice, surprisingly high pitched for a man his size, came out in a disgruntled manner, leveled in the somewhat raspy light drawl of his tone as he rose the huge of his arms and folded them across his wide chest, raising a dark brow up at me in cocksure amusement. “I wouldn’t mind seeing that perky arse of yours while you turn around and piss, pretty boy.”

The contours of my jaw tensed, a harsh resounding click locking into place within my cheeks as the edges of my teeth clamped tight together in my attempt to keep my mouth shut and prevent myself from spewing out venomous words that I’d like to cut the man open with.

I needed to behave.

For now.

*You and Rhayden will kill each and every one of these bastards.*

The usually calm constructed facade I held within and outside of myself was running thin in the wake of knowing Rhayden was being mentally fucked with and I was being used as a sick pawn to kill massive groups of innocent people, both muggle and wizard, for the sake of a psychotic cult that
fed off of hatred and chaos.

Crimson red and pitch black clouded the surface of my vision during certain intervals of my time spent within this bloody fucking cell, a heavy substance that festered within the hollow cage of my chest and crawled up the stilted nerves of my throat to reach the wide of my constantly paranoid, widened eyes since I’ve found myself trapped in this place.

I was frustrated.

And angry.

I wanted out of this hell hole.

I wanted to be with my Alpha and give him back the memories he lost as well as fix up other magically damaged conjuring he was put under.

There will be blood on my hands by the time I get out of this cell. The terrifying aspect of my shocking darkened thoughts came from the fact that I can’t seem to find it in myself to care about who I was going to hurt in the process of escaping Akeldama’s clutches. These people have hurt thousands upon thousands of others that did nothing except be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

And they tortured Rhayden.

They’ll deserve every rip and tear and horror that will come to them in due time.

I will not be used for their killing sport.

And neither will Rhayden.

“Are you going to stand there all day and wallow in your own sorrows? I suggest you pee before we go out and make you reel in some fresh meat to slaughter.” The guard’s haughty wispy voice pierced through the constant stream of my thoughts, causing my back to grow rigid in response to the man’s words.

I needed to work quick.

There was no way in hell that I would be doing their bidding.

I sucked in a shuddering breath, the beginnings of a plan I’ve analyzed throughout the whole of last night bubbling up and around the inner workings of my head as I flexed the tensed lines of my fingers to dull the anxiety and fear coating my skin in an inevitable spread. I let my tongue flick out over the space of my bottom lip, wetting the flesh there in a bad habit of mine as I peaked out from beneath the messy strands of my pale blonde hair under the downy flutter of my eyelashes over to the guard, the sudden thudding race of my heart beat slamming profusely against my chest harsh as I gathered up the courage for what I was about to let myself do.

If I couldn’t use my veela powers to seduce, I’d have to resort to actually using my very own set of flirtation skills that carried no magic in its wake whatsoever.

The guard had been eyeing me up and down since he was forced to watch me last night and today, the filthy hue of his dark eyes tracing over the length of my figure in a sexually desirable, open prominence that made me physically sick, but so very aware that the guy was interested in my body.

I was prepared for a whole lot of ache when I try to get this guy to come into my cell.
He was going to end up touching me, which was going to make my veela side go fucking bonkers. But I was running on the hope of making Rhayden’s werewolf side crack at the knowledge that someone was touching his mate and hurting them. His werewolf side could physically feel my veela’s pain even when we were apart through a mental link of sorts. I remember my mother saying that a veela’s bond was strong and if a werewolf’s bond was just as strong, then surely Rhayden would snap out of whatever spell he was put under, maybe for the briefest moment in the wake of his werewolf’s rage, to come barreling in through my cell to shred this guard to pieces and allow me enough time to get the wand off of the damn guy and chant the spell that would break the curse Rhayden was put under.

I’d have to get the stupid guard in my cell and get him to touch me long enough to get my veela side to go into a fucked up state.

I didn’t want to do that though.

To have someone else touch me except Rhayden was sickening to my stomach, but this was the only thing I could think of in such a short amount of time for a way to get out of this place alive and intact with my boyfriend who should be equally alive and intact by the end of this whole shite show.

We’ll also have to find Fleur in the midst of everything. There was no way that I’d be leaving that girl.

*Prepare for an angry Alpha who will go on a killing spree once he gets his memories back.*

This plan better fucking work.

I was terrified, my gut heaving as I tried to calm the nerves bursting around chaotically inside of me. I needed Rhayden safe and this whole cult to become a simple sound of desecrated, muted screams though, and this was one of ways that my brain could muster up as a plan during such a horrid situation.

This was all I could come up with at the moment, and it had a fifty fifty percent chance of working out or not.

I’ll take it as it is.

Resisting the urge to grind my teeth in a brutal cause from my fit of anxiety, I gave the guard a small tilt of my lips, creating a sort of shy countenance over the lax sudden soft plush of my appearance. I could feel the rigid lines of my facial muscles descending slowly into a slackened fixation.

This sensation was something obnoxiously familiar.

Putting on a mask that is.

My face was pulled into a relaxed, downy innocence that I never quiet used before throughout the whole of my life, at least, not that I was aware of. I’m sure that Rhayden saw this sort of face, although not forced and more carefree in its appeal.

This was a fake drawl that I had to carry in hopes of tricking this stupid guard into thinking that I was letting myself be vulnerable in his presence, make him think that I was something to take easy advantage over so he could be inclined to step into this bloody cage I resided in and be coaxed into touching me like I was sure he thought about from the time we’ve spent together and noticing the mere want etched across his irritating face.

I let myself become open, but not truly.
Time to be a deceptive, manipulative little shite.

I had to get in touch with my Slytherin side, the bad one at least.

I was always good at putting masks on.

And the moment I looked at the man with my lips set into a pouting moue, I caught sight of his muddled eyes shadow over, darkening down into a shade of burgundy as he tilted his head and shifted the hard of his muscles in a twitching motion.

His interest shown.

Before I could begin to talk, to try and get the guy into my cell, the man himself ascended from where he sat, his large body lifting up and out of his chair as he grunted out lowly beneath his breath from the abrupt movement on his person.

My breath stalled in my throat as I stood stock still, my face filled with void to keep from revealing any sort of the distress I was reeling under as the guard tracked his way towards the front of my cage. The man raised his large calloused left hand up to wrap his spindly fingers around a metal bar, gripping the object hard enough that the substance made an unmistakable creak beneath the force of the guard’s grasp.

I internally winced at the screeching, broken noise invading the heavy silence surrounding the air between us.

Keep calm, you twat!

I released a taut breath, my body wanting to coil tight in on myself but my need to keep calm in the face of this shite storm overruling my physical wants prevented my form to fit into its self defense mechanism.

The man pressed the thin of his lips together from where he watched me behind my cell bars, my eyes making out the slight shifting muscles in his long fingers as they opened and closed around the metal object, straining about. “You know, I told the others that if they put me here, you’d probably end up fucked by my cock because of how much of a pretty boy you are. They simply told me to have my fun, but to keep you alive nonetheless by the end of it. I thought I could keep it in my pants, but really, you look fucking good standing there, defenseless with all that creamy pale, unmarked skin and doe eyed look.”

Akeldama wanted me to do their dirty work, but that didn’t mean they would treat me with respect in exchange for my helping them.

Nope.

This man, right here, was planning to rape me.

And my whole body wanted to seize up while the sudden urge to vomit projectile across the floor beneath my feet, gave a vicious wave of nausea to covet my body whole.

The guy won’t get that far with you.

I kept telling myself that Rhayden would come by then, all wolfed out and ready to tear into this guy for touching his mate. But with reality sinking deep into the root of my veins, I knew that if Rhayden didn’t show up to help his mate, then he would show up to hurt his mate since I would have to fight the guy off of me by using my veela powers in my attempt to take his wand from him with the very
little fighting skills that Harry had tried to teach me. I could fight against this guy, at least as much as I can, before Rhayden senses me using my veela powers and tries to stop me because of the spell he was put under. Hopefully I would have the guy’s wand by then and have him beaten some before my boyfriend comes and tries to chew me out. Quiet literally so. Either way, Rhayden would be coming down here and I will be giving him his memories back.

Beaten and bruised and bloodied if that was the consequence, and I fear it was going to be.

Something soft and heated, whispered passed the rigid line of my body, sweeping around my still figure in a fast motion like an incoming heat wave. What followed the odd sensation, was a pungent scent, similar to that of rotting flesh and leftover carcasses. The wretched scent followed the warmed gust of air, bitter in its wake and putrid as my brow drew down in a discomforted sense of confusion and disgust, my calm facade breaking a millisecond before I found myself jolting from where I stood as the guard who was once behind my cell bars was now looming over my person.

Quick.

And unnervingly too close.

I couldn’t help the way my breath stuttered within my lungs and out of my agape mouth, my heart jump starting from beneath my rib cage as I felt a sickness wash over my gooseflesh at the way this man before me started to crowd in on my space, invading and unwanted.

Ill intent covered his huge body and leering face with the way he hunched in over my smaller person, the shadow of his form consuming until a visible shudder surfaced over my limbs, eliciting the guard to stop in his towering movement to slowly tilt his head in a curious, sickened amusement, the dirt of his eyes flickering about from one point of my face to the next and downwards.

The man can use magic.

But not wandless magic.

He’s not powerful like Rhayden and Harry.

Before the broiling panic of my nerves settled fully into the the pit of my repeatedly rising and falling chest with how fast my breaths whooshed out of my mouth from the disturbing close proximity of this man and the simple knowledge of what he was planning to do to me, I let my eyes catch sight of the muddled hickory sleek wand lightly held in the curl of the guard’s left hand from my peripheral view without openly displaying my gaze catching the sight of the guy’s wand.

And then I released the anxious breath I held onto, only to find myself, in the few seconds between the guard reaching for my waist and my hand colliding straight into the man’s esophagus, trying to remember the sensation of gathering up that overwhelming supplementary energy I gained from eating that one human not too long ago.

It took just a slight tick in my mind to twist itself around and formulate the remembrance of such an intoxicating pleasure, the edges of my skull buzzing as if a hummingbird rattled around and flicked against the inner walls of my brain when my body seized up in a harsh drawl of air supply, an effervescence of another’s residue of life flooding my veins like a water stream.

Fast.

Splitting in its pace and rapid fire in my lungs.

I contained that energy in time to move on veela ingrained instinct.
The tips of my fingers formed into a row of straightened lines, stiffening the minuscule muscles within their flesh to harden beyond what a human’s anatomy could take, an essence I’ve gained gathering at the harsh of my hand as I whipped it forward in a blur like motion.

In an instant, I felt the heated squelch of raw flesh blunder apart and gush around the entirety of my hand, my fingers puncturing through the guard's chest in a disconcertingly fast motion.

The man didn’t even scream.

The mud drenched hue of his eyes were widened in a breath of shock, his pupils dilated in its large, expanding obsidian color, surprise flattering his hard features.

But he didn’t go down.

The wand in the left of his hand spewed forward towards my front, his teeth hissing out a curse before my ears could comprehend exactly what the man was spitting out in a vicious, shattering drawl.

But with the way he wrenched himself backwards on the wake of his unsteady steps, my hand withdrew from its confines within his chest, the space of my flesh drenched in crimson red as the stringent scent of metallic, copper blood overloaded my senses.

And where my hand had made a hole in the guard’s chest, was visibly put back together, all flesh and bone without a mark on the guy’s large body, intact and without the harm that I inflicted upon him just a few seconds ago.

*He must have used a spell, a rather high status one, to heal himself up so quickly.*

Fuck!

“I’m not that easy to kill, sweet tart.” The guard’s voice was shrill in his crazed, deranged musing, high in its intensity of ragged breathing as I stared, quite dumbstruck, in the face of the clear animosity draining out of the man and onto my frozen form.

I needed to move!

I have to get that fucking wand.

Before I could use more of my veela powers, the guard had snatched his arm out in such a fast uptake, my brain couldn't quiet keep up with his swift action.

Pain sluiced throughout the line of my body as the man’s hand wrapped around the width of my neck and easily carted me up and off of my feet in a nauseating motion to slam my back in a crushing impact across the hard floor, my eyes taking in a wash of varying colors when the back of my skull smacked in a devastating crack over the ground.

My scream couldn’t escape my mouth.

I choked on it.

*This man is a part of Akeldama. He feeds off of chaos. This guy is a lot stronger than a regular wizard.*

Blinking back the black and white spots invading my peripheral view, I scrambled against the tight hold on my neck, my body crying out in prickling *hurt* as I flailed about across the concrete floor
with my lungs pumping double time and scorching in its quest to stave off of the oxygen decreasing from my chest.

That’s when I felt the unmistakable touch of the man’s other hand flex over the bottom hem of my skirt, the cold of his fingers' rough skin teasing the upper flesh of my quivering thighs before letting out a deceptive, menacing laugh that pierced through my humming ears and shriveling heart.

I popped my mouth open, releasing a gurgled protest as I threw my arms out, trying to smack at the man everywhere and anywhere I could touch in hopes of rendering the bastard from going any further with this humiliating, degrading assault.

*You’re panicking, Draco.*

*Keep your head on straight.*

*Think, thinkthinkthinkthinkthink!*

My veela side wasn’t freaking out quiet yet enough to have Rhayden’s werewolf side go bonkers, and I haven’t used my powers much to gain my Alpha’s attention.

“*Fuck, you’re delicious.*” The guard poured his body over my own frantic, aching one, pushing the front of his massive frame across my small build as my hearing was disjointed from the heavy pressure coveting my throat, my eyes blearily staring up at the man’s discombobulated face that hovered over my own.

My face crumbled apart, my cheeks throbbing as the back of my head pumped cruelly within the hollow of my ears, my body spasming across the floor as I yelled out around a silent curse, terror shrinking inside the dip of my spine as I clawed and dug my fingers with a severe vehemence into the guard’s clothed flesh.

I felt the man duck his head low, a daunting chuckle passing his mouth that had neared the expanse of my upper right temple, his rotten breath sticky warm over my forehead as I jumped from where I was strewn across the ground, cringing and crying out from nauseous perplexity and fear as the slick of the guard’s tongue drew out to lay its appendage flat over the side of my cheekbone and drag all the way down to the underside of my quaking jaw.

*Fucking arsehole!*

*Get off me! Get off. getoffgetoff!*

My airway was getting cut off.

I couldn’t fucking breathe.

The alarming sound of my skirt’s fabric ripping apart from its seams had made my body grow unnervingly still, the panic fiddling within my bones stopping all at once in a horrendous slap of ice cold reality, my mind halting its thought process in heinous horror.

A jean covered hard cock ground itself against the exposed bottom half of my body, slipping and forcing itself between the cleft of my bumcheeks without penetration, the man above me groaning out in a heated, delirious rapture, abruptly snapping his hips up and pushing his prick more into the space of my arse.

*Nononononononono!*
Use your powers, you fuckwit!

Gathering up the little strength that I had what from the hurt of my spin colliding roughly against the hard floor and my throbbing head that was most likely cracked some from smacking over the ground, I ignored the acidic fire building and suffocating my airway and convulsing throat captured beneath a steel grip to suck in a large shaking breath to feel for that same energy that I created a few minutes ago.

And when the guard started to etch his spindly finger slightly above the top hem of my panties-

Wait!

Both his hands were occupied with my body.

The fucking idiot must have tossed his wand to the side in his pig like urge to rape you.

With my body screaming out in rioting pain, I felt the man start to inch my panties down the slope of my hip bones and well, that’s when I fucking lost it.

Everything happened so bloody fast.

The energy I mustered up beneath the hurt my body was being put under, burst forth with a destructive vengeance, my brain scrambling about in its overheated essence that sank into my very limbs and gave me enough power to slam my forehead into the guy’s jaw.

My head smacked forward, too quick for any human eye to catch, as the power barged into and out of me through every surface of my frenzied, overbearing electrified body, my gaze large and wild with an adrenaline rushed, panicked depraved high.

I didn’t even feel the splitting of my skin over the width of my forehead when all I could focus on was the squealing pain induced gargle escape the guard’s now unhinged jaw from the amount of force I pushed my head against his mouth, my ears delightedly ringing with the crack! of the fucker’s jaw muscles disengaging and breaking from its bone lockings.

He let me go then.

My throat was released, all the air seeping rapidly back into my thrumming, scorching lungs as I crawled backwards on the trembling of my sweaty palms and wedged covered feet, the swathe of colors playing across my vision slowly starting to show defined streaks and lines of my surroundings in a crystalline clear view while I coughed and hacked around my needy trek to feed off of the air my person so desperately needed.

But I didn’t waste anytime.

With my breaths wheezing past my slack mouth, I ignored the guard writhing on the floor and screaming bloody fucking murder like the pathetic sick fuck that he was as he wavered his quaking, stunted hands over his swaying jaw, to flutter my lids over my eyes in my attempt to quicken the clearing of my vision as I felt around for the man’s discarded wand.

With my body twitching from the beat down it had been put through, I couldn’t help but let out the tiniest whimper from my moistened, quivering lips while I slapped my hands across the hard, cold floor in search for the guard’s wand.

Where’s the wand? Where is it! Whereisitwhereisitwhereisit!
Fuckfuckfuck!

My vision was almost back to its regular state, a glassy sheen ascending into a clear slate as I narrowed my gaze and caught sight of the man’s wand sticking out of the back pocket of the nitwit’s jeans.

Eat him.

Chew on his flesh.

The fuck deserves it.

Do it.

Get the wand. And kill him.

No.

Kill him with his wand while eating him.

Yes.

I’ve completely gone off the deep end.

I didn’t care right now though.

I was hurting, I was almost fucking raped and my boyfriend has no memory of me!

With a hiss through the clench of my teeth, I sprang forward onto my knees, rushing my way over to the seizing man across the floor where his mouth hung open and blood oozed out of his mouth in spitting chunks down the sides of his cheeks, dripping precariously onto the concrete ground.

A laugh, high and breathy and completely disturbed, elicited from the part of my lips, hysterical in its sound as my mind spiraled out of its carefully controlled structure and dived straight into a black hole that was tormenting and wrong.

I was shaking from the excitement and veela energy coursing through my veins at a high speed level, getting off on the making of my own self enhanced malignant drug.

Grabbing a hold of the end tip of the guard’s wand, I pulled it out of his pocket to clutch it within the curled fist of my right hand in a quickened fashion, breaths deepening in buzzing trepidation as my heart beat ferociously beneath my chest.

I swung my left thigh up and over the lower half of the guard’s fidgeting body, his face upturned to stare at me with horrified prominence, so fearful in the appraisal of my person that perched on top of his own, my skirt torn and my mind gone.

Without a seconds hesitation, I hunched over the man’s frame to raise my other hand up in a deceptively calming pace, watching the way the guard wiggled in hesitation as the blood spewed forth some more from his broken maw of a mouth and his gaze turned into two brown shites of dawning terror.

I hummed, pitchy and child like almost, before stabbing the whole of the reddened hand that had been in this man’s chest straight into his shattered mouth.

I wiggled the tips of my quaking fingers around the crumbled mess of the guard’s teeth as he
shrieked like the fuck face that he was, animalistic in his deafening scream as I clenched my thighs around the outer meat of his own to keep him still.

Catching the bottom broken teeth of his jaw with the tops of my fingers excluding the thumb, I knelt my head down to gaze into the water tinged bubbles drifting up and gathering in the man’s large, wandering, hopeless eyes, making sure that his sight caught my own fucked up ones as I let a shite eating, impish grin curl up at the sides of my wobbling lips.

“Guess I’ll feed off of your chaos.” My voice, raspy with the burn it was placed under from my lungs and throat being deprived of oxygen, came out breathless and crazed, a tinge of a crude venomous tone highlighting the quiet unstable innocence that I gave away in the trace of my mind cracking.

Before the man could try to push me off of him, I used my veela powers to gather enough energy in the hand that was shoved into his mouth, to tug my fingers that were clutching onto the back of this man’s line of broken bottom teeth, down.

I smiled wider when I watched my hand tear away the man’s whole bottom jaw from his upper mouth in a sweeping, easy motion from the energizing strength I conjured up noticeably quick in my limbs, ripping his mouth apart with a light whooshing air of contentment escaping my small smile as the guy’s yell of agonized pain struck in his chest and was unable to escape the shock of his now void of a mouth.

Tilting my head, I drew the wet red of my hand up to the "O" of my mouth that circled over the slender lengths of my middle and index finger, a heady, keening moan emitting from my thrumming, aching throat as the taste of rich, smooth, ruby red blood touched my tongue and flowed thickening and intoxicatingly into the walls of my gums.

I suckled with a giddy, warmed joy around my fingers, blood washing down my wrist and arm as I smeared it over my lips and cheeks with Stygian fervor and euphoria.

I could tell the man was dead beneath me.

He stopped moving.

Stopped yelling out like an annoying banshee.

But I was too focused on the taste of human flesh to fucking care.

Then the bars of the cell groaned out loud in protest, creaking and shrieking out in its iron metamorphosis, causing my gaze to snap up in time to see the familiar shape of my boyfriend bending the damn bars open with a careless ease, the lean and muscled form of his tall, towering body covered in black fitted jeans and a deep maroon low cut neck sweater that shown off the sinuous cords of his hard chest and abs, the fabric shifting over the bulge of his triceps in a darkly captivating fixture.

Jesus fuck.

Alpha is always hot.

The unruly strands of his chestnut, mahogany locks touched feather light across his forehead and over the glow of his amber liquid, coal tinged gaze, still carrying that murky sheen of a hazed light color emphasizing his capture beneath a curse.

The set of his cupid bow shaped lips were in a neutral line, calm and collected with that cold
indifference as he watched me from where he stood, bars disfigured and open while he took an intimidating step into my cage, the fluorescent light flushing over the alabaster smooth tone of Rhayden’s hard flesh as it captured the sharp lines of his cut jaw and strong cheekbones.

But where the light touched him did nothing to deter the ominous energy he carried around him.

My boyfriend lilted his body forwards, the prominent lines of his muscled shoulder blades protruding from the back of his wide shoulders, a subtle shift in the already smothering air turning into a predatory, sinister fissure.

Rhayden was causing the air around us to thicken with the way his mere presence overruled the entirety of the room, the unnervingly empty calm that he emitted from the lazed, strong line of his body seeming to make the cell smaller than it already was.

The Gryffindor watched me.

Silent.

Carrying a primal ease that made both my body want to hide within its self and run towards this werewolf with a definitive need to touch my mate.

My heart skipped over a beat in a hiccuping rhythm, both transfixed and allured for the man before me.

That’s when I noticed, with an almost sickening realization, that I was going to have to fight my boyfriend.

There was no way in hell that I could cast a spell easily enough while Rhayden was attacking me for using my veela powers and for killing one of the Akeldama members because of the damn charm he was put under by them. He had to follow orders.

I’ll give him his memories back.

But I’d have to fight him to do it.

I’ll have to find time enough to cast the spell while Rhayden would be coming after me.

Fuck, that was going to be hard.

I spoke around my bloodied fingers, lips stretching wide over the wet, crimson appendages as my voice came out in a somewhat desperate whine, translucent in its breathy tones that shown the terror and awe stricken cadence that both my mind and body were going through as I stared at Rhayden from beneath the wet of my lashes, cautious and meek, I released words that I didn't know were coming out of my mouth before I could stop them, reverent and haunting. "Alpha."

That one word held every horror and love for this man in front of me.

My fight has just begun, and what an iridescently somber and preserving deliverance it will bring.
Here's the long awaited chapter updated. I apologize for the delays and the wait, but the story is still going, although it is nearing its end soon (the story is almost over, my dear readers). But here you all go. Please, enjoy. This chapter was fun to write and I hope you all like it. Leave any questions or comments! They are always appreciated.

Read away!

When I was nine years old, I often found the wide onset of my bright eyes tracing the swaying murky, jaded green leaves that hung off long sombered dangling branches belonging to the Weeping Willow tree situated in the large space of my mother's varying garden.

The curiosity of my child like mind had my tiny body racing out towards the back of my house to trample, barefoot, across the wide forest fields to get to that significant, melancholy insinuating tree whenever the blood orange wisps of dusk settled in at the end of every summer heated day.

I stayed beneath the brushing draping of greenery the tree provided well into the darkened night until my father called my name out for supper.

It is there that I would fall into a state of fear and oasis.

At that young age, I couldn’t grasp the concept of my sudden desire to be near something that resembled the one of nature’s many crying symbolisms.

The Weeping Willow seemed as if it was in a constant state of ache whenever I saw it out of the window of my house, a tree that looked utterly devastated in its hunched formation and in my nine year old’s vantage point, horrifying.

But I was inclined to get near the damn thing.

It brought out the inner stilting nerves of my own sheltered thoughts, ones made up of fascination, damnation, sorrow, anger and solidifying calm that felt empty or “too much” at times.

I was infatuated with the Weeping Willow.

When the fevered long days passed each time, my person walked out towards the saddened tree and sat beneath its leaves.

The tree reminded me of how human I was.

It allowed me to feel emotions that I was taught to keep to myself from my parents throughout my childhood, with its mere presence in my backyard, it drew me into its figure and hauntingly beautiful picturesque image.

The Weeping Willow reminded me of all the wrong and right.
And how, in one place or the next, there is something that can become a consonance for a piece of mind, a sheltered tranquility among the calamity this world brings in through a shroud of heavy inevitable weights.

A grounding yet wondrous and fearful aspect that peaks a personal interest to each individual.

That tree was what embodied such things for me when I was little.

It terrified me and oh, how it left me breathless whenever I caught glimpse of its shape.

The Weeping Willow was a safe haven for my childhood, one that was filled with paranoia, mentally fornicated walls, and constant anxiety.

As a child, I hadn’t thought twice about my striking interest in the large plant, but whenever I went to visit it, I subconsciously learned of the reasons for my action when it came to that specific tree through time.

It was daunting and brilliant.

It was my own self created home away from home.

I learned that I was always drawn to all that was brutally flawed and captivating.

There were many days I spent time with the Weeping Willow, although troubled by the dark closing in around my small prepubescent form in the late eerie silence the backyard instilled and the way the tree was shaped like the arch of a lamenting mother, it was exquisite.

Having the trees limbs fall around my person like a cascade of trickling waterfalls, I felt protected. From my mother, my father, the dark lord, and everyone else that has made me feel scared, unwanted and wasteful.

I fell in love with that tree.

With every significant brilliant flaw it gave me, I gave it my own in return. I wept, I screamed, laughed and played with a childish glee beneath the Weeping Willow. I was obsessed. I did practically every single thing under the tree as a child.

But then my father had it cut down.

I never cried so hard the day I watched random strangers take the tree apart by slicing its trunk open with a wave of their wands flickering in the solem air the night I turned fourteen. I sobbed and wailed at first when I heard the creaking of the plant’s body shatter and collapse in a thunderous pain induced groan as its leaves rustled like a sigh leaving a beloved’s dying chest. But when the tree hit the ground, I screamed silently, my chest caving in on itself with a heavy fortitude that felt very close to suffocation and a burn that felt bitterly cool to the point that I thought my body went into a shock of hypothermia.

My mother just stood there and watched me with the wide set of her confused eyes as I shuddered in front of her, violently and vulnerably so.

My parents never told me why they took the tree down.

And now, at this very moment, I stared at the one thing that could break me like the day I watched the Weeping Willow fall apart. But with the person I observed from beneath the honey slick of my long pale lashes, I knew I wouldn’t be able to get back up on my feet again if I lost them the way I
Rhayden, gorgeous with all that disastrous strength he carried in and outside of himself, was going to be the death of me if I was to lose my fight with him.

With the red drenched fabric of my top rising and falling above the onslaught of my erratic heaving chest, I blew out the stray strands of the loose ends of my opal shaded hair away from the knelt form of my head as I watched the way Rhayden observed me with that unnerving intensity in the murky black gold hue of his eyes.

Focused.

Unearthly intimidating.

And then the world fucking spun.

I felt sharp pain lace throughout the outer space of my right rib cage, the ache slicing through the suddenly frayed and open flesh wound as a burning pitch scorched across my skin there and bruised inside, creating a shocking sting of anguish to flourish around and inside of me.

My body became weightless, the sudden impact of Rhayden’s hand slamming against my side causing my person to spew across the damn cell and slam against the wall in a burst of sorts, the line of my spine cracking over the concrete surface as I toppled to the floor, my breath knocked out of my shocked lungs as I felt my breaths quake in short stops.

Despite the fact that my side was screaming in pain, I felt energy rush through my veins like the flood of spring water, new and quick and filled with an awning electricity that made the fast rhythm of my heart beat double in time and the ache over my ribs dull out in a significantly fast momentum, taking with it a revitalized sensation.

I was healing.

And the pain was subsiding by every passing second.

I felt air whoosh to my left, the heavy presence of Rhayden’s towering form closing in on my winded person at an alarming rate. Without blinking the dizzied focus of my eyes, an instinctual cadence forlorned throughout the space of my gut and splayed forth, my body moving without my mind having processed its individual action quick enough.

Whipping my left arm out with a whizzing sweep, I felt for Rhayden’s muscled right calf, pushing my extended limb forcefully against his leg enough to hear an indefinite shift of bones crackling in the meat of my boyfriend’s appendage, the discombobulating groaning of tendons tearing away from one another horrendous to my straining ears.

My own wrist seemed to snap out of its own accord, the fluctuation of my bones breaking at the small circumference from the amount of strength I pushed against Rhayden’s calf, had my mouth popping wide open to give a startled yelp the same time Alpha let out a small huff of a deep, incessant grunt above me as he staggered the slightest bit on his own two feet from my counter attack.

Fluttering the long of my eyelashes in a frenzied intake to clear the blur of my vision, I sucked in a large hiss of cool air that seemed to burn down the line of my working throat, lurching my torso forward from the sitting sprawl position I had fallen into to aggressively strain towards Rhayden’s towering form, an old ancient sort of body memory that caused my veela side to push forth and control every fighting aspect over the human side of my brain. A battle born intake of both creature
and logical conscience bubbling like molten lava in and out of my body.

I was fast.

I bloody fucking tackled Rhayden, whipping my body forward with a breath of energy leaving my parted lips, fast and downright careless as I slammed into both of Rhayden’s shins with the tensed muscle of my right shoulder.

Right as my own body touched Alpha’s, shock spurred straight into the heat of my abdomen, my lungs inflating with warmth and exhilarated apprehension as my limbs lit up like fireworks, bursting out in every direction at the simple knowledge that my boyfriend was touching me after such a long time without his presence to comfort my own.

It boggled both my veela and human senses, enough to leave me staggering a bit against Rhayden’s still standing frame, giving leeway to the pureblooded werewolf to ceaselessly grasp the fabric of my top at the back of my shoulder blades and pluck me up off of the ground to toss me to the side at a rapid pace.

I gave out strangled cry, my side screeching out in biting pain as I collided with the nearest wall in a dull thud, my vision so visibly fucked with a spray of incoming colors that were out of focus, as if my eyes were little marbles that had been rattled, my left arm twitching in prickling ache from its impact across the wall.

Fucking hell!

Rage spewed out of my mouth, the clench of my teeth spitting out my startled angered words as my voice strained at the scratching yell that fell out of the open, gasping moist wet of my mouth, the wide of my eyes finding the lean and muscled frame of Rhayden’s approaching figure towards my person in slow, predatory action, calm and collected and cold in the face of his neutral strikingly handsome features that my gaze was fixated on in wild, frustrated, sorrowed madness. “You promised me that you’d always protect me! Where is my Alpha right now! Huh?! Where the fuck are you?! Remember me, remember thi-”

I couldn’t form the rest of my heated statement, my words stopped short as my eyes imagery became crystalline, watching my boyfriend fucking pop out of existence in my line of sight to feel that same heavy ominous air that he released whenever he was closer to my figure.

To my left.

My lips curled up in a vicious snarl, swinging my left arm out to slam the open of my palm straight into Rhayden’s sternum, vitalized energy gathering and shooting out of the space of my hand with a lightning cadence as power floured through my extended arm and slapped into my boyfriend’s front.

The splitting of my wrists bones, again, left my brows to draw down in agonized hurt as my hand flopped down in a doll like motion, loose limbed and boiling in acidic sensation from the breaking of my joint.

I watched Rhayden fly back, the impact of my hit forcing his body backwards and slamming the line of his back against the cell bars with a clang of creaking metal under his weight, hearing an inaudible pained thunderous growl that rumbled within the hollow of my chest and crawled inevitably up my throat enticingly.

An unstable shudder flooded my system at the heavy sound that escaped Alpha’s mouth, my body shifting across the floor in a daze of want and need for the touch of the man before me, the mingling
of my veela magic coursing through my veins like wildfire and the pull of my bond with Rhayden eliciting a drugged out momentum to thud against the inner walls of my scattered brain.

*Focus, Saveri.*

Keeping my gaze stuck on the disheveled mass of chestnut hued, thick hair that fell over the magnetic pulsating amber obsidian watered down sheen of Rhayden’s eyes, I took in the way Alpha’s chest rose and fell beneath the slightly torn up fabric of his shirt, muscles contracting and heaving in a strong prominence as slivers of scratched smooth white flesh peaked through to display the sinuous chords and rows of hard abs.

Rhayden was bent inwards through the bars, some snapping beneath the hit of his body against their material.

My wrist was already healing on its own, unlike my side, twice damaged and slower in its process to trace back to its original unharmed state.

Pressing my lips together, I shook from where I pushed my aching arm against the wall to heave myself up on quaking limbs, dragging the scarred, torn skin over the vertebrae of my spine across the surface at my attempt to stand up straight, catch a good breath, and run towards the discarded wand I had dropped in the midst of Rhayden fucking me up every which way.

I’ll have to get the wand in time to cast the disarming charm on Rhayden so he can get his memories back and we can get the hell out of here.

The werewolf only needed a second to regain his wits before I caught sight of his feet shifting in a minute quick blur, hearing the bars groan beneath his weight as he pushed the soles of his feet against the metal for good support and with his eyes catching my own in a breathless, cruel focus, I briefly took in the shifting apex of the muscles of his legs as they went into a slight bend, before I drew in a winded breath and broke out into a chaotic sprint, abnormal to the human eye just as Rhayden pushed his feet against the bars and fired himself forward towards me in a sickening shot.

Everything happened so damned quick.

I bent at the right of my leg, catching my knee across the floor in a sliding motion in a grinding sluice, my eyes catching sight of the discarded wand nearing my person at a rushed sequence, my mouth dropping open to emit a strangled piercing scream at the pressured weight on my knee while I shot my arm out and stretched the line of my wanton fingers towards the end point of the magic device with a panicked fight.

My throat was caught in a vice grip, the flex of my Adam’s apple straining beneath Rhayden’s abrupt hold of my neck just as my fingers brushed across the end of the wand and missed it’s target, the air forced out of my lungs as it caught in the scorch of my chest, all airway cut off immediately.

The pureblooded werewolf dug the blunt of his fingers into the skin of my erratically convulsing throat, the press of his flat hand encircled around my neck pushing insistently as my body flung backwards in a wheeze of air that bit at my cheeks and whipped the strands of my hair at the skin of my face.

I gave out a silent yelp when my spine once against exploded across the flat of the wall, this time the force of Rhayden slapping me so carelessly against the surface with double the power than before had made the wall crack at the seams, crumbling away the chunk of its own material beneath the harsh impact that had made all the little oxygen I had left, groan out of my shocked mouth.
My head bounced off the wall in a disturbed thunk, a burning throb pouring out of the flesh of my temples as I felt the pressurized flow of blood spill like a silken drown from my nose and the punctured space of my back bruise enough to cause my lungs to spazz from the slam and draw out a coughing splurge of crimson copper taste from the corners of my bottom lip.

My vision was spiraling, my lungs were deteriorating, the healing process having slowed down further from the multiple beatings I’ve been put under within seconds of each other. My body was trying to catch up with the pain to ease it away, but it was slow from the amount of broken bones and limbs that I was sporting at the moment.

My head gave a nauseating hum that beat like a drum behind my eyes, a wince splaying out over my pained features as I tried struggling weakly in Rhayden’s grip.

Fuckfuckfuck!

I couldn’t see anything, my eyes were clouded with spinning objects with static white and pitch black splotches that dotted my peripheral view as my head lolled like a lifeless puppet and a spasming anguish choked out of my person from the lack of air that my body craved.

I could hear the vibrato intoned primitive snarl that left Rhayden’s chest and out his mouth, the warmth of his breath fanning across my forehead as I felt the the motor of the Stygian sound shake my form from how deep and low Alpha’s growl was.

My left hand rose up slowly, weak in its rise up, the intention to claw away at Rhayden’s hand that attached itself around my throat high and expected, but the bonded and pathetically besotted side of both my veela and human aspects spurred forth and instead, caused me to feel around for Rhayden’s right cheek.

The smooth of his skin was hot under the cool of my touch as I traced over the space of his features, flesh on flesh when the sharp line of his cheekbones prodded at my hand that ran down its slope softly, feeling his growl deepening almost demonically as I swept my palm down and caressed the edge of his strong sharp jaw.

I shook from where I stroked the pad of my thumb over the little corner of Rhayden’s mouth, the shape of his cupid bow lips velvet and warmed, my vision, constantly boggled, clearing away any array of shattered colors to showcase the werewolf in front of me.

I hiccuped from where I dangled from Alpha’s grip, the smell of blood invading my nose and the trail of warm red liquid dragging out of my mouth an odd sensation that dulled out the pain and caused me to focus on its scent and the heat of my boyfriend’s body so close to my own.

Rhayden’s face was only a mere few millimeters away from my own, the dark of his pupils dilated wide as the murky froth of the spell cast over his gaze thrummed on and off in flashes of struggling clearance and muddling. Rhayden’s hair was a mess, his jaw tensed and ticking as he huffed out harsh breaths across the part of my gasping lips while I tried to breathe through the tight grip he had on my neck.

Alpha would have killed me by now.

But there was a shaking in the space of his wide shoulders, back hunched forwards and crowding in on me as he pressed me further into the wall and shoved the long line of his muscled body over my own, a grunting groan falling from his mouth. A whimpering keen escaped my parted lips at the squeeze, opening and closing around my throat, indicating a catch and release that let some air into my lungs that I staved off on as I stood impeccably still.
Alpha was fighting against the charm Akeldama put on him.

And I was losing consciousness, a grey sort of haze fixating across my vision as I started to hyperventilate in the wake of my dwinding breaths that felt stunted and empty as I clambered for oxygen to filter through my lungs like a desperate child.

I couldn’t breathe.

Nonononono!

“The wand. Now, Saveri.” I jerked back against the sudden gravelly, tightened low murmur that came from my mate’s mouth, the sound familiar and causing a zing of heat and energy throughout the whole of my weakening frame as I blinked back my surprise and tried to sweep away the cloudiness that kept trying to consume my vision.

Looking at the werewolf in front of me, I saw Rhayden’s forehead crease in anguish at his mental push against the spell they cast on him, fighting against an invisible hold on his conscience as his gaze flickered from light to dark, gold and charcoal trying to override the murky stain of the charm Akeldama put Alpha under.

Rhayden was fighting against the spell.

But he couldn’t hold it for long.

And I took the opportunity of Rhayden’s sudden lax hold on my neck from him restraining himself, to gather whatever energy I had left within my body in the right of my hand in a missile like spiral of electricity, yelling out in ache as I pushed my palm that catered the power I had, against the werewolf’s abdomen.

My boyfriend went flying back.

And I didn’t waste time.

Dropping to the floor and hearing the crash of Rhayden’s body against the bars once again, I heaved in one lungful of air to the next as I dragged my knees across the floor in a fevered determination, shaking my head back and forth to clear away the murk in my eyes as I sought after the wand just a few feet away from me.

Come on, comeoncomeoncomeon!

I coughed and trembled in my trek to near the wand, a few centimeters now away from my hand as I heard Rhayden’s body shift against the metal moaning beneath his weight, and I knew that the spell was put back together in Alpha’s head when I heard a grumbling harsh, malignant huff of air escape from his direction.

Now or never.

Throwing my body weight forward by pushing up off of my aching knee, I screeched out in pain at the press on the broken bone I put pressure on and heaved forward in a quick sprawl towards the wand, my hand snatching the tail end of the gnarled wood.

And with a scream that tore out of my burning throat, I yelled out the disarming spell and felt the surge of my old magic flicker like a line of lit up lanterns and cast forth straight into the werewolf’s body that had been coming straight towards me in a horrifyingly fast drawl.
The silver, bright pale white light of my magic zipped across the room and forced its way into Rhayden, causing his body to stop in his pace after my person, turning rigid on the spot as his limbs somewhat shook from the force of my magic hitting him, the backs of his eyes lighting up with the color of my shimmering, moonstone shade of magic as if my boyfriend was turning into a ball of energy on the spot, overwhelmingly fluorescent.

With saucer sized eyes, I watched Rhayden shudder like he was put under some sort of exorcism, the white of his eyes taking over the original magnetic shades of his gaze before he fell to his knees in a hard thud, his body tilting forwards while his front smacked against the bloodied floor, frame stilling as he laid silent across the ground.

“Rhayden?” My voice came out raspy and high pitched, aching as my vocal chords scratched against each other in the force of any sound escaping my hurting throat as I started towards my boyfriend’s prone figure, worry marring my face as my lips drew down in concern and the whole of my body shivered from the exertion it was put under, the adrenalyzed high I was on ebbing away to leave a prickling agony that spread out over my flesh and inside.

Fuck.

Everything hurt.

I was going to pass the fuck out.

My mate was out-

“Fucking bloody hell, Saveri. Your magic damn near tried to kill me with its cleansing.” I stopped in my movement towards Rhayden at hearing Alpha’s grunted, low words echo in the quiet of the cell we were both in, my gaze fixated on how the pure blooded werewolf moved in a careless ease as if he wasn’t just smacked with my magic and was recently put under some evil cults spell.

He stood up without any struggle, pushing himself up and off of the floor like an energized damn dog, blinking back the magical smack he was put under before he drew his clear gaze down to my sprawled out figure, the molten tar of his intimidating gaze hardening into a darkened film at the sight of my practically mangled person.

I saw the flash of anger simmering in Alpha’s gaze then.

What’s worse then seeing rage spread across Rhayden’s gaze was something that was akin to the exact opposite of a reaction on his face.

The werewolf looked deceptively calm, an eerie chilled presence that caused my body to lock in on itself in defense and incoming fear as I shivered across the floor at the way Rhayden’s lips thinned out, his body disappearing out of my view like a fucking ghost and then reappearing right in front of me in that looming stature of his, quick to shove his hands, gently, beneath my none broken side and beneath the bend of my knees, hefting me up without any struggle as if I weighed like a damn flimsy piece of paper.

I couldn’t help the whine that bubbled out of my throat at the sensation of Rhayden’s hard body pressed softly against my weakened one, my eyes lifting up to meet Alpha’s gaze that stared me down, the black of his eyes practically having taken solace over the amber tinge, reminding me of something brutalized and violent in the face of his void of emotion.

“Harry, Ron, Hermione, my pack, and Severus are coming right now. I sent a magical call link out to them. You’re going to be with Severus while the others and I are going to kill the rest of Akeldama.
You cannot come with me. You're injured. Rest. I won’t take any arguments.” Rhayden’s voice came out in a soft droll, a dark tinge festering beneath the husk of his words that seemed to penetrate glass with how sharp the tone was, unholy and sinister compared to the calm over the striking features of the Rhayden’s face.

I quaked in his embrace.

His hold on my body tightened, shoving me against his front in a soft possessive cradle as he let my head roll over his shoulder, the span of my chaotic hair going every which way, an abrupt fatigue seeming to shove its way into my eyes and sliding down the length of my body and back up in weariness that settled in my limbs like a second weight.

And I didn’t mind.

Rhayden had his memories back.

Angry. Beyond belief with the way his reaction had come forth.

And his actions were that of a man who knew his lover.

“I'm glad you're back, Alpha.” I whispered out loud my repeating thought, over and over from trembling of my lips as I let my body sink into the hold of Rhayden’s strong arms, soaking in the radiated warmth he emitted and his fresh, musky intoxicating scent mingled with the bitterness of blood vacating my surroundings.

I was drifting away, consciously.

I was so tired.

And that’s when I felt Rhayden’s body give away a roiling tremor, the muscles in his arms turning hard as his chest rose sharply, a breath whooshing out of his mouth and rustling the stray hairs at the top of my head.

Did I do something wrong?

“I love you.” Alpha’s words came out in a breathless hushed awe of sorts, a pained tinge in the height of his declaration, seeming exalted and in awe, like a murmured proclamation that would seal a fate drunk in blood and tears and irreversible affection.

I blinked.

My heart quite literally stopped in my chest.

Holding my breath in my aching throat, I brought my eyes back up to meet Rhayden’s and I was floored at the gaze staring back at me then.

Holy hell.

Did I just hear that right?
This is the second to last chapter for this story. I hope you guys have enjoyed the story as much as I have in writing it. I hold this piece very close to my none existent heart and I'm pretty sad that it's ending but I have some other works that I have to focus on and I can't do that without finishing my other ones first. So, please, enjoy this chapter, my lovely readers.

Thank you.

Go on and read!

The once drowsy set of my eyes had now turned into wide awake, round orbs, the rush of blood in my system roaring in the back of my head as a ringing buzz echoed within the hollow of my ears.

My mouth parted, the soft breaths in my chest flowing past the gape of my lips as I stared up at Rhayden from beneath my lashes, my heart hammering wildly against the inside of my chest as if it was just waiting to bound its way up my throat and spill over Rhayden so it could lay itself bare for him to have and own.

Despite the weariness in the ache of my broken bones and battered and bruised body that Alpha was casually carrying bridal style, I pushed past the urge to fall into a deep unconsciousness from how tired I was and instead, spluttered in Rhayden’s arms with my cheeks having the ability to burn the damn sun itself.

Joy, unbridled and strong, started to expand within the pit of my gut as my stomach made a dipping motion catering to both relief, happiness, and serenity.

Rhayden’s obsidian gaze gleamed together with the amber hue that mingled within it, breathtaking in their vivid contrasting colors at they pulsated with a dark and open desire that the Gryffindor shown through the usually masked set of his eyes.

The werewolf’s striking features were shifted into a lax vulnerability, his brows carrying no set of wrinkled disgruntlement but smooth and hesitant yet confident expectation as he stopped walking and jostled my aching body into a soft cradle as he brought me up to meet the glow of his burning eyes.

And Alpha had spoken again, his eyes peering into my own as if he wanted to rip his way inside of my essence and settle his being in the crook of my body, branding me as his own like he always had but with more of a finality to it as the bastard had the audacity to repeat what he said with a smile that curved his gorgeous lips, slow and charming with the sincerity of a man in love could only show.

“I love you, Saveri.” His words were husked out in a proclamation, the low of his words silky and honey dipped in a way that flared my flesh in a searing invisible touch, my body filling with the air that I sucked sharply into my mouth as I blinked at Rhayden.
My brain was short circuiting, the fine tendrils of my sanity slowly piecing itself back together while at the same time a series of collapsing foundations I’ve built up for so many years crumbled in the face of Rhayden’s words.

The man was caught in my mind.

And was rendering me speechless.

It was fucking exquisite.

Flicking the tip of my tongue out to run the expanse of its appendage over the bottom of my lip in a thrilling, anxious driven bad habit of mine, I watched the way Rhayden’s black, burnt orange gaze fell to that simple action before dragging in a deep breath of his own as I gave him a smile that threatened to split the whole of my face, affection and giddiness filling my lungs as I breathed my words out to him like it was the last piece to seal the fates that intertwined us. “I love you, Rhayden.”

I felt the werewolf’s body give away the smallest hint of a shudder, the flex in his jaw loosening as he did something that I would have never thought to see him do ever since our adventure together. The man gave away a nervous, ragged laugh, low and throaty as if words astounded him at this given moment and he felt out of sorts and didn’t know what to do with himself then, gorgeous in the way his striking smile grew even more and caused my heart to stutter.

I matched his own joyous grin, my eyes wide as I took in the way he breathed faster than normal, his chest heaving up and down in harsh increments, an elated nervous action that I wanted to soothe immediately.

And I did exactly that.

With no care for the pain I was under, given that it was slowly receding due to my veela healing powers kicking in gear, I shifted in a quick motion. I swung my arms up to circle my forearms around Rhayden’s strong neck, hooking them together lazily behind his shoulder blades and taking him off guard momentarily by the minute widening of his eyes as I tugged his head down to meet my own half way, both our breaths rising high as I brushed the bottom of my lip over the edge of his smile, downy soft and feather light.

“I love you, I love you. IloveyouIloveyouIloveyou.” My voice was cracking at the seams of its meek tone although pitched with exhilaration as I spoke against the barely there press of both mine and the werewolf’s lips, breathing each other in like we were each others life source.

And Rhayden kept repeating the same words, his affection and care spilling past the deep mumble of his words as he plied my lips apart with a delicious slip of his hot, velveteen tongue, prodding expertly into the caverns of my mouth with a wicked filthy slide, causing my breath to stall in my lungs as he let out a pained, aroused stricken groan that mixed with the keening whimper that left mine.

Both our streams of love stricken words were cut short by the way our lips clashed with one another, my body growing limp in the cradle of Alpha’s arms as I pulled his head down further to get more of his taste on mouth, my tongue playing sensually with his own as I moaned lightly, a stirring heat in my groin that made me writhe the slightest in Rhayden’s grip as he sucked on my tongue and clamped his teeth around the plush of my bottom lip and brought it into his hot mouth to jab at with an rough grunt.

“I hurt you.” Rhayden’s voice came out in agonized heat, his mouth turning down into a disappointed ache that I wanted to ease away.
I pecked at the top of his nose, my smile forlorn and tired but resilient nonetheless as I shook my head at him. “Don’t think that way. They made you do that shite. I know you wouldn’t ever hurt me on purpose like that. So don’t put yourself down like that.”

Rhayden’s jaw tightened as he rubbed the strong of his cheek against my right temple, the tufts of his dark hair brushing across the skin of forehead as I let the scent of his body flood my senses, basking in his warmth and the powerful contours of his lean and muscled body pressing against mine.

“Don’t lose yourself when you kill the last of Akeldama.” I spoke out in a whisper towards Alpha, my simmering anger towards Akeldama hot and heavy from their actions towards Rhayden and all the innocent people they toyed with for their own gain and power with harsh corruption but at the same time concerned for my boyfriend’s well being.

Alpha rose his pitch black and jasper tinged gaze up to meet mine, his eyes searching my face with focused attention before the color of his eyes turned significantly into a dark pit of fire and coal, his mouth tensing as he gave a subtle nod my way.

“You’re going to watch us kill them, Saveri.” Rhayden’s words were harsh and cold, the monotonous drawl of his voice causing a rapturous shiver to skate down my spine as I sucked in a hard breath at my Alpha’s change of orders.

Rhayden wanted me to see him killing the people who hurt us.

And I had to watch despite the way my stomach churned at having to witness the countless puddles of blood and agonized screams, bodies strewn about with dismembered limbs torn and broken apart like pieces of discarded candies.

But I couldn’t deny Rhayden even if I wanted to.

We both knew that the sole reason of the Gryffindor forcing me to watch him kill the last of group left of Akeldama was because of his werewolf side feeling the physical and mental need to show their potential mate that it can protect them, provide for them, and do right by their mate even if it ends in a thousand bodies piling up just to display their worthiness and claim of them to their chosen bonded.

That’s what Alpha wanted to do in the first place when he brought me to McLaggen who had been trapped to do nothing and take Rhayden’s beating to show me that no one would be able to hurt me or even touch me with the Gryffindor as my mate.

Unfortunately, that didn’t happen since Akeldama had shown up and taken all of us and apparently, McLaggen was in on the whole scheme of capturing all of us. The idiot was a part of such a disgusting group.

But now, Rhayden was beyond pissed. I could tell with the way he held himself stiff, his body visibly turning into one long line of a statue as he took in slow and even breaths to keep the encompassing spiral of rage from spewing forth and taking hold of everything around him.

These people also tortured Rhayden.

He didn’t talk much about it, but I know that his need to take his revenge and kill all of them who done him wrong was something that he couldn’t quite control.

I would be there for him when he breaks down and realizes that killing those who wronged him won’t make up for the torture they put him under because it would forever be ingrained into him and no amount of killing will ever ease the ache of being forced to be weakened and taunted and cut up
and torn apart like he had been.

Even though I told Alpha to keep himself in check, I had a feeling he wouldn't.

Despite the fact that I had my own mean streak with my veela side, it wasn’t like I was proud of what I’ve done to living human beings. But I accepted the darkness that resided within myself and had to get used to doing shite that I would later regret since my veela side would start to get fussy over not giving into its primal instinct.

I was going to have to watch Rhayden.

So when the werewolf collapses, mentally, from the fact that his revenge didn’t do anything for him, I will be there to catch him and help gather the broken pieces that are haphazardly scattered in that dark gorgeous head of his, and run with his demons that decided to permanently stay there.

“Okay.” I responded, finally, in kind to Rhayden’s orders.

And without another word exchanged between us, Alpha nestled me to his chest and carried me to where the rest of the Akeldama group were, where hopefully our back up would already be waiting for us too.

*Time for carnage.*

I breathed raggedly, the rise and fall of my chest burning with the strain I put into my lungs as I cut off the circulation of my own oxygen in the midst of the anxiety driven ache flooding my system as I watched limb being torn from limb.

Torn body parts laid strewn across a once pristine linoleum floor, blood oozing from the ripped limbs and severed heads, some bashed so profusely into the grounds or the walls surrounding us to the point where brain matter would break apart and crimson would coat the area in the darkest matter.

The place looked like a slaughterhouse.

My back was pressed against the wall, one that wasn’t etched in someone’s guts and blood, my limbs weakened but slowly coming back to life from my veela’s self created healing process.

It was rather disturbing how my body grew warm at the sight of my boyfriend easily carting off people’s lives left and right, bludgeoning their bodies and creating a massacre of his own with the careless ease of the power of his own body.

He was drenched in remnants of some random person’s blood, ruby red painted over the sleek lines of his lean muscles, running down the prominent veins of his strong biceps, triceps and forearms to drip from the tips of his long, roughened fingers. The sharp of his features held red all over, the defined slopes of his jawline and cheekbones prominent as Rhayden’s shirt stuck to the hard rows of his abs, sticking over the contours of his chest with a wet seeping. The chestnut locks of his disarrayed hair were impossibly tousled with the damp red of the bodies he’s nonchalantly murdered.

And those glowing pitch black and amber flecked eyes of his narrowed into a look of quiet rage as
he doused himself in another’s misery with the slightest of a vicious snarl curled up at the tip of his lips.

With the profound breaths Rhayden released, I could make out his harsh breathing from a distance, the way he exhaled with the clench of his exposed gnashed teeth slightly thickened to a sharp point from the pure blood of his werewolf genes coming forth in the way his adrenaline spiked and the anger filled every blood vessel in this strained bones.

Alpha was beautiful in the way his pain and madness collided.

And how he tried to keep himself together despite his emotions trying to smash themselves against his walls with precise movements

I could make out the fine tremor in the tense chords of Rhayden’s muscles whenever he shifted about.

Rhayden’s pack was here alongside Snape, Hermione, Ron, and Harry. They had helped kill off a good amount of people before Rhayden and I came along. Now they were tired, gasping for breath as they held up each other by falling their tired bodies against one another in hopes of keeping themselves up, watching their Alpha and friend go on a violent homicide.

My breaths quickened when I watched my boyfriend twist the last person of Akeldama’s head in a snapping fixture, fast and merciless as the glow of the werewolf’s eyes flickered between the dark and light of their colors.

And then I felt my whole body grow stiff, my brows nosediving in a look of utter devastation and concern when I caught sight of Rhayden’s muscled shoulder blades hunching forward in a predatory prominence, a heavy, sinister air surrounding the whole of his visibly shaking frame while the unmistakable snap! of a sound of teeth clenching together came from the deteriorating sanity of the pureblooded wolf.

Fuck.

I whipped my gaze towards the group of werewolves, the Golden Trio, and Snape, my jaw tightening in a harsh grind as I looked over their way and gave a sharp nudge of my head in a silent gesture for them to leave.

They didn’t protest at all, having seen the firm worry carved into the strict lines of my neurally given face as they walked out the door without another word but for a few troubled glances bouncing back and forth towards Rhayden’s turned figure and my own from some of them, the nerves practically pulsating in the apprehension of their gaze.

Everyone knew that Rhayden was struggling now more than ever.

His revenge didn’t fill that ache he holds so close to his heart.

And the people here who helped him fulfill this dirty task, were both worried and fearful of what the pure blooded werewolf would do now that he had achieved his goals and felt no happiness for his achievements.

Once I watched the door slip soundly shut behind me to my left, I heaved in a breath of unease as I turned my focus back on the sight of my boyfriend moving with blurring movements, discarded body parts flinging against the walls in a sickening slap and splurt of blood at the tearing of their tendons, Rhayden having started up a vicious tandem as I found him completely becoming unhinged as he morbidly started ripping already strewn appendages apart around him piece by piece.
And the man looked fucking 

devastated.

The curl of Rhayden’s mouth formed into a trembling line of the most cynical, angered driven sombered snarl, the handsome lines of his features pulled into a strained, pained expression as his breaths came out with sharper inhales and exhales as the low murmur of his husked voice shook in the way he talked to himself with the blood of his enemies drying on the slick of his toned flesh.

Rhayden never shown himself like this.

And I could feel the anger and hurt that radiated off of his person in waves, as if I could simply reach out the tips of my fingers and trace the ache that emitted from the taut line of his strong body.

I felt an acidic burn at the back of my eyes and a cotton ball seeming to lodge itself and thicken with each passing second in the working of my throat, breaths hitching out of the part of my lips as I took unsteady steps towards my mate with tentative, cautious steps.

Rhayden’s chest kept heaving with faster beats of his breaths wheezing past the curl of his mouth, the rumbling thunder of his malicious growls escaping the depth of his stomach and shaking the air surrounding us. And the werewolf started to give away short bursts of air, the sudden shake of his head slowly rising into a rapid pace as he stopped the tearing of the already dead limbs around him and stood among the blood bath with his face morphing into agonized rage.

I was nearing the heat of his body, smelling the rancid scent of rotting human flesh and disregarding the urge to throw up at the assault of it all around me.

And when my feet made the minute sound of a slosh from the blood pooled around my feet, the black of Rhayden’s eyes consumed his gaze like an eclipse running over the fire, his body twitching the slightest as his expression turned into a pinched grimace, his attention snapping away from the floor he seemed to have had a sudden fascination with.

The Gryffindor was still shaking his head.

“This didn’t do anything. I can still feel pain around my body, how they tore away at my flesh, mocking me with their psychotic laughter as I was forced to take the pain they so profusely enjoyed. I screamed out for help for at least two days until my voice grew numb and I was made physically weak. But they kept me alive because they loved my suffering. Made me fucking watch them rape children on the muddied floors like the filthy fucking cunts that they were, hexing me here and there as I heard innocents scream and cry out. I couldn’t help anyone. I couldn’t help myself. I hurt. I hurt. Ithurtsithurtsithurts. I want all this to go away, I’m tired. I thought killing those who hurt me would satisfy the hole in my damn chest but it didn’t and I-I-I—” Rhayden’s was hysterical, his words scraping out of his mouth in a rough rasp that cracked like a broken shard, sorrow and confused resentment bubbling in the evident quake of his sanity.

And I was silently crying in the wake of his pain.

Tears fell down the slopes of my flushed cheeks as I choked on the meek sounds I tried to keep quiet for Rhayden’s sake, the ache in my chest soaking in my mate’s like it was its own pain.

“Can I touch you, Rhayden?” I forced my words to come out in a stabilized tone, filled with a calm that I didn’t feel at all but faked for the sake of showing that I was strong enough to shoulder the werewolf’s mental breakdown, to show that I was here for him if he’d allow me to be there.

I didn’t know if Rhayden wanted to be touched right now, what with the trauma he had from the war and in his state of panic at the moment, I didn’t want to make him skittish even more so.
But right when I took another step towards the Gryffindor, I heard a whispered, shaken exhalation escape the tremor of Rhayden’s lips as he suddenly whipped his front towards mine and collided into me with a force hard enough to make my breath whoosh out of my lungs and my balance stagger. “Yes.”

The wide of my stricken eyes turned into a narrow of hurt as my brows furrowed and I let the hot wet of my tears slick down my cheeks, the weak of my arms immediately coming up to pull my mate into the apex of my arms as Rhayden curved his muscles back over the small of my frame, towering over me but crowding in on my space as he pressed profusely against me, the red liquid over his flesh staining my own and the clothes I wore.

I felt the long of Rhayden’s forearms circle around my waist, tugging my front and bottom half straight against the hard of his abdomen as he pushed the nub of his nose against the space between my shoulder and neck, shoving his face there as the his body jerked from the werewolf’s warm silent sobs drenching my shirt.

I hugged Rhayden into me, clenching my jaw tight as I felt my mate break apart and try to put himself back together all at once, letting the flat of my right palm drag it’s way up the defined hard slopes of Rhayden’s shoulder blades, up the thick of his long neck and to the blood caked brown short strands of Rhayden’s hair at the bottom of his head. I slid my fingers through the long of his locks at the top and softly brushed the strands as I breathed out raggedly at the same time the werewolf did.

“No one is going to hurt you anymore. You’re safe. The war is over. **Breathe**. You are not weak, you never were. And it’s not your fault that those children had to experience such horrifying things as well as the fact that you couldn’t do anything. What they did to you was terrible. You deserve more than revenge, you deserve to feel safe, both outside and inside of your own skin. To feel happy. To feel loved. What they did to you does not define who you are. So you got to breathe, and breathe with me. In and out. You’re okay. You’re okay.” My words came out in a pitch of raw ache, wavering about as I tried to catch the hiccups from leaving my mouth and didn’t mind that the werewolf had no strength to give me a proper response in kind.

Bringing Rhayden’s body closer to mine, I let my hand resting against the solid back of the Gryffindor’s, clench the fabric of his T-Shirt into a tight fist as he pressed me closer to the tremor of his body. I soothed the werewolf with the soft murmurs of incoherent comfort into the mess of his locks, pressing the tip of my nose and the purse of my lips against the top of his head as I let the man hugging me to him feel the reassured words I spoke out against the dark of his hair.

We stayed like this for a while.

And breathed each other in, softly and slowly.

When I got Rhayden to calm down the day he slaughtered the last of Akeldama, I had told him that I’d always be there for him, to talk to or be someone he needed to just listen to him or even sit in silence as he stewed in the anger and hurt he would feel during times that it became too much.

And he, quiet in the way he brought my body flush against his own as he finally lifted his head to
show me the glisten of his dark and light aching gaze, had simply pressed the width of his forehead against my own and murmured out a quiet assent, lips shifting barely.

The werewolf didn’t want to see the others after having such a mentally draining event collapse on his person, so he had sent a mind link like message to everyone and told them that they were allowed to leave, thanking them for helping and getting rid of Akeldama for good.

Hermione had sent a magical mental message to both Rhayden and I about having found Fleur in a couple of rooms over, safe and sound although a bit roughened up.

After that, the Gryffindor apparated the both of us to the large space of his room and tugged me down with him when he plopped over the expanse of his bed and promptly fell asleep with my head settled on his chest and the right of his hand gripping my side in a vice grip.

Thankfully my body had healed well enough to allow Rhayden’s hold on my frame to be a hard grip without having the urge to recoil in on myself or cry out in pain.

We both fell asleep on the bed. Bloodied and tired.

And when a few weeks had passed, healing up and slinking our way back into Hogwarts with a profuse case of studying on the upcoming newt exams and an excuse of absence for the amount of time Harry, Hermione, Ron, Rhayden, and I were gone with Snape’s help, we had come back to the academy and finished our required course work so we could take our exams in the last three following weeks at Hogwarts after taking those two weeks off.

I got great scores.

As well as everyone else.

But Hermione, of course, had to beat me by one point in the exams for the sole reason of being an overachiever. I was kind of bitter for it, but after stewing in my own jealous rage, I had ran to the Quidditch men’s locker rooms to complain to Rhayden about Hermione besting me after the Gryffindor was done playing the academy’s last game and predictably won, only for the werewolf to order everyone to get out of the room and profusely fuck me against the lockers while making me turn red from the praises he teased out about how smart and pretty I was.

To say the least, I got over my petty jealousy about Hermione having one point more on the exams then I did, and went on my merry way with my life.

Now, with graduation only three days away, I found myself staring rather comically and avidly back at myself in the mirror in Rhayden’s large, pristine bathroom.

“You look fucking stunning, Draco” Luna mused her words out loud from the entryway to the bathroom, the slim of her shoulders pressing against the door frame with the long of her curly blonde hair shifting along with the tilt of her head, the tall of her body decked out in flannel pajamas pants and a tank top.

Tilting my head, I watched the heat suffice over my cheeks as I let my gaze roam over the slender, petite shape of my body, taking the compliment Luna gave me in kind.

Rhayden fell through with his promise of finishing our date, although it took quite some time to get back to it. The insufferable man had came up to me today and held out fabric covered up by sheer plastic, murmuring for me to get dressed so we can go out without telling where we were going.

Even when I barraged him with a million bloody questions, the werewolf didn’t budge once and
profoundly left me gaping after him as he left his room to “get things ready” as he so blatantly spoke out and told me to meet him in the kitchen when I was done getting dressed.

But I did as he told me too.

And I was stunned.

Rather than a suit, Rhayden had given me a gown.

It was gorgeous.

The bodice of the dress fit tight around my tiny frame, a corset of sorts that created a sleek open slit down the middle from where it curved slightly over my nipples at the top, creating a heart shape line as it shown the pale of my flesh from the valley of my none existent breasts, the open small slit connecting together at just above my belly button. The bodice stopped at the pinch around the delicate curves of my waist, accentuating the wide of my hips as it flared out into a large skirt that trailed a couple feet behind me, sprawling out and flowing lovingly across the floor, heavy and comforting.

The bodice had off the shoulder sleeves that formed into a wide U shape that dangled in thin material over the sides of my arms at the top, leaving the sharp prominence of my collarbones bear along with the slender shape of my long neck.

The gown created a sharp V line at the back, stopping at the small of my back and leaving the whole of my back practically exposed to any human eye, although elegant in the way it cradled my fitted form.

The colors of the dress was a shade between a cream ivory tone and the faintest hue of copper, so light in its color as well as peach faded. There were intricate golden fillet outlining the edges of the bodice and the long skirt with hints of curving, slight designed leaves all over it in a halcyon color.

It created a glow like shade around the light tone of my skin, my hair artfully unruly with the help of Luna’s fingers playing with the soft of my locks as she wetted them and ruffled the tresses to create an ornate aristocratic delicacy about them.

The opulent shade of my hair gleamed beneath the fluorescent lighting of the bathroom, shimmering lightly along with the nude colors of my makeup. Luna had painted my face with the skills of a professional, creating a natural look with the pale of my skin, giving the smallest amount of eyeliner that created a soft elfin like appearance as glitter fanned over my cheekbones and jawline, forming a dew like essence.

And she had given me a body luminizer that I had to practically swath all over the bare of my person where my flesh was displayed to the air, letting my skin give away an incandescent glisten.

My lips were the favorite part of my attire though, having put on lipstick that gave away a rose petal color, light yet dark in the cherry kiss of its shade with a pink lemonade gloss that was rather brilliant in its mixture with the lipstick, causing my mouth to seem more pouty than it usually was, soft and wet.

“Thank you.” I breathed out my appreciation for Luna’s input on my outfit and how I looked.

Sadly, Pansy couldn’t be here to freak out over my attire given that she had some family matters to attend to what with her mother having grown sick with some flu and since Mrs. Parkinson no longer had a husband ever since he died in the war, Pansy was the only one to be able to take care of her mother.
And Luna was going straight to Pansy after I left with Rhayden to gods knows where.

Turning away from my reflection, I momentarily forgot about the soft golden high heels I worn beneath the gown and staggered about for a bit before regaining my balance with a flush burning high up my collar when I glanced up at the same time Luna tipped her head back and a joyous breathless laughter left her lips.

The heels were gorgeous, but I had to get used to them since my brain deterred the knowledge of walking in said fancy shoes after not having done so for a good month or so.

I still had no idea why I was wearing this gown. The only clue I could find was either Rhayden was taking me out to a fancy restaurant or some elite ball that he got us admittance to attend.

Turning up my mouth slowly into a shy smile towards Luna, I gave her a tiny tilt of my head as I spoke in a leveled tone. "Rhayden told me to meet with him in downstairs. So I should get going. Thank you for all your help tonight and tell Pansy I miss her dearly."

Luna grinned back at me, the gorgeous lines of her features softening as she pushed herself off of the doorframe and nodded silently my way. "Have fun tonight. Tell me all about it when we see each other again."

I didn't get a chance to respond back to Luna before she apparated on the spot with a flick of her unicorn horned carved wand.

The last month had been hectic and it was nice finally getting to relax and finish the date Rhayden and I were on before everything went to shite.

And with a deep breath, I decided to walk out of the bathroom with the clicking of my heels sounding throughout the quiet of the mansion to go to my mate.

I couldn't wait to find out what that pure blooded werewolf had in mind for us tonight.

Shivers raced down my spine and back up in heated anticipation with the slightest touch if anxiety given the fact that the last time Rhayden and I wanted to go out, both of us got kidnapped.

But I knew if we were to get in a sticky situation, we'd make it out regardless since the werewolf and I were stubborn and didn't go down without a fight, and because we'd be together. If not, then we'd do our best to get to each other and keep ourselves safe and sound in the process. I believed in our capabilities if something like that Akeldama incident were to happen again, although I didn't want a similar repeat of it.

With the slam of my heart pounding against my rib cage, I went to Rhayden, excited and a bit wary for what he had in store for us.

Gods knows what the Gryffindor had in mind for the night.
The breaths in my throat came out in a short stutter, the erratic beating of my heart accompanying the rhythm of the fast rising and falling of my chest as I walked down the long spiralling large polished stairs with the soft clinking of my high heels tapping away across the marble floor and the trail of my gown’s skirt following behind me.

Rhayden was nowhere to be seen.

I kind of wanted my boyfriend to be at the bottom of the stairs so we could have this cliche moment where he would be looking up at me with that striking face of his in adoration while I gazed down at him with a shy smile.

But of course not.

The werewolf was definitely not something akin to “cliche”.

Luna had told me that Rhayden was waiting for me in the kitchen, so I tried to quicken my steps on the stairs without falling flat on my face and ending up in medical care for the rest of the night that was supposed to be mine and Rhayden’s date.

But I was beyond clumsy, so I wobbled and huffed and puffed my whole way down in aggravation as I did my best to keep my heels from nicking the bottom hem of my gown every so often so I wouldn’t kill myself over the stairs.

I was not going to die on the day of mine and Rhayden’s first actual date.

After at least four minutes of physically fighting with my dress, I decided that I had had about enough of struggling when I knew damn well that I had a capable boyfriend to help get my arse down this seemingly now endless staircase.

“Rhayden! This dress is bloody heavy and I am a clutz, you know that to be true. So for the love of merlin, help me get down these godforsaken stairs!” I squeaked out loud, mouth popping a sliver of a bit open to release the gasping high pitch hiccup of surprise out from my throat when Alpha had visibly appeared in front of me like some new found entity, my body jolting over the stairs.

Rhayden was only a few steps below the one that I stood on, the amber glow of his melting golden
gaze mingling with the darkest matter of black peered up at me with a sharp predatory like focus, the contrasting light and dark colors his eyes held captivating me.

I was about to open my mouth to snap at my boyfriend for almost scaring the living shite out of me, but all my lips gave away was a fumble of silent words that seemed to die on my tongue as I took in the sight of the werewolf before me.

Rhayden was the literal definition of a devil wrapped in sex and sin.

The man’s long and lean muscled body was fitted and contained beneath a black suit. The onyx shade of his trousers complimented the stretch of his long strong legs and powerful thighs, having settled snug around his waist. The werewolf had on an equally dark black long sleeve blazer with silk at the front flaps where the opening displayed a vest and a button up top beneath it, sporting the exquisite dark hue of his formal tie that fitted beneath the top of the vest after overlapping the long sleeve button up at the front. The suite shown off the wide width of Rhyaden’s shoulders and the contours of his muscled long arms and the back of his shoulder blades, accentuating the harsh cords of his powerful sleek body. His shiny black leather oxford dress shoes made him pull off an immaculately gorgeous appearance.

Noticing the gleaming golden cufflinks Rhayden worn, I almost keeled over and turned into a damn puddle right then and there.

Warmth, fast and heated, coursed down the length of my body and back up in incredulous rolls and waves, my body growing hot as I felt a needy throb pulsate in my nether regions and in the obnoxious flutter of my gut.

Trailing my gaze up the length of Rhayden’s hard body, I took in the provocative shape of his lips and the harsh exquisite lines of his jaw and cheekbones that could slice the damn water itself, skin alabaster and smooth. His hair was arranged in an unruly yet refined style, the silken chestnut and mahogany strands of his locks detailed in an enticing mess that touched his forehead and the sides of his face in a whisper of a kiss.

And I was practically gaping down at my boyfriend now.

My brain seemed to shut off right completely.

But then Rhayden shifted on his feet, taking the last few remaining steps between us in one fluid motion at a time all the while staring straight through my very soul with the intensity in those black gold eyes of his.

My breath faded away into the air surrounding me as I stood positively still, my mind halting in its process of thoughts as I was left flabbergasted by the sheer power and easy confidence the Gryffindor emitted as he neared my figure, the sluice of his muscles shifting in that animalistic magnetic way that his presence and his body displayed.

I let out a wet gasp, the rose gloss of my lips parting on an intake of breath as Rhayden’s body moved too fast for my gaze to catch, his frame now only one step below mine as he tilted forward and caught the stricken shock of my eyes with the clashing colors of his.

I reared my head back at the sudden close proximity of the werewolf, the heat of his skin warming my flesh in a wave of comforting yet aroused sensations, the thrill of this dangerous man near my body causing my breaths to come out in short bursts of air as adrenaline inevitably pumped through my veins with that certain flummox of shame, need, and fear colliding into the center of my chest as it broiled down into my groin in quick succession.
Rhayden’s face was now only a few scant millimeters away from mine, the glow of his amber shadowed eyes searching the expanse of my surprised face as I blinked down at him in confused heat, taking in the familiar musk of his scent like it was my own personal high.

The Gryffindor’s eyes softened in the harshness they usually procured although with a scorch that left me breathless in the wake of his gaze. The jasper mahogany strands of his unruly hair fell slightly over the pronounce golden brilliance of his burning eyes as he stared at me in the silence surrounding us, strained with a tension that made the beating of my heart pitter-patter in cruel increments while my pulse skyrocketed.

I couldn’t move.

I felt trapped.

Then the man before me let his gaze roam down the length of my body in a lazy, open filthy trek. The way Rhayden’s eyes took in every slope and exposed flesh of my body was damaging to my human psyche, sliding over the sharp of my collarbones to the delicate curve of my waist, touching me without physically doing such an action with the searing of his eyes tracing every nook and cranny of my frame. His eyelids were heavy over the pulsating colors of his gaze, hooded beneath the long of his dark lashes while the magnetic curve of his lips tipped up at the corner, salacious and slow.

I caught sight of his hands, which had been currently in his pockets, lifting out of the confines of his trousers to reveal the different set of golden rings adorning the lithe stretch of his fingers.

I squeaked when Rhayden’s right hand shot out to grasp the sides of my face below my chin, lifting my head up as he took another step up and towered over me now, my gaze stuck on his as I was forced to tip my head back. Rhayden’s thumb and middle finger lightly held my face between his hand as the cool touch of his rings over my face emitted a tremor out of my body, the smooth of his fingers’ flesh caressing my skin lightly.

I felt the hard front of his body brush up against the soft of my own, the muscles of his right leg sliding between the valley of my thighs over the gown to demand access there with a subtle commanding shove.

My body turned to putty then.

Rhayden looked down at me, his smile both sharp and endearing at the brilliant flash of his white teeth and cheeky grin, exhilarate and dirty, as if he was both in soft adoration and dark infatuation. His voice dropped into a deep gravel as he spoke out to me. “You look gorgeous, my pretty Brat.”

My breath hiccuped in my throat at the compliment Rhayden gave away, the heat of his breath fanning over the gape of my mouth as my body subconsciously melted onto him from the way I let our fronts press close together, my lips nearing the Gryffindor’s as I breathed in his exhales while he breathed in mine.

“My breath hiccups in my throat at the compliment Rhayden gave away, the heat of his breath fanning over the gape of my mouth as my body subconsciously melted onto him from the way I let our fronts press close together, my lips nearing the Gryffindor’s as I breathed in his exhales while he breathed in mine.

“Thank you. You look devilishly handsome, my Wolfboy.” I rasped my words, breath exalting out of my mouth as I felt my body grow lax in the touch of Rhayden’s body on mine, the warmth, scent and overall presence of the man in front of me purely clouding my every logical thought.

I leaned my head up, mouth parting as I felt Rhayden huff out a heated breath over the moist of my lips, the dead weight of my hands finally growing into action as I absentmindedly reached them up to curl my fingers into the lapels of Rhayden’s blazer, the sharp of my nails digging into the fabric so I could bring him physically closer to me.
My lips neared the Gryffindor’s, my eyelids growing heavy with warmth and the intention to kiss the man in the state of my open crave for him.

I wanted to kiss-

Rhayden let out a low, malicious breathy chuckle, my breath halting in my lungs and scattering my thoughts when I felt the werewolf shift away from my body, my eyes snapping open in confusion to watch Rhayden’s grin grow downright sinister as he softly turned his head away with a confident ease. His dismissive action brought his cheek to brush over the bottom of my lip, the smooth of skin sliding over my mouth in a torturous tease as he turned his head away.

The bastard of man had taken a stair step down, putting his hands back into the front pockets of his trousers with a lazy foreboding movement, tilting his head sideways as he stared at me with a raise of his brows, the black gold of his gaze gleaming with an evil taunt and bemusement.

“Since your incapable of taking the stairs down into the kitchen, then why don’t I apparate us to the location for our date now? I was going to give you something downstairs but I can give it to you while we’re at our destination.” The Gryffindor’s words came out with a smooth drawl, low in the soft of his murmur as he watched me dazedly try to gain my wits back to myself as I felt hot and bothered from the exchange between my boyfriend and I just a few seconds before.

I heard what Alpha said, but my muddled brain was stuck on the fact that Rhayden didn’t fucking kiss me when I so obviously wanted him too! And the man had the balls to actually grin the way he did when he turned his head away from me like a damn fucking tease. What in the bloody hell!?

Trying to control the bratty attitude that so badly wanted to snap out at my boyfriend, I simply lifted my head up high and gave the man a forced smile that I tried to make look calm and collected, but it felt strained.

Rhayden didn’t seem to notice or bother with my godsawful attempt at an easy smile in front of him, just waited patiently for my reply at his words as I tried to calm the beating of my heart and my cock down.

Why didn’t Rhayden kiss you?! 

Instead of wanting to throw a tantrum right here, I sucked it up and nodded my affirmation to the Gryffindor’s words, my voice light and breathless in its neutral sound. “That sounds fine with me.”

Rhayden’s grin spread more, and without fucking telling me, the werewolf apparated both of us in an instant.

My boyfriend was going to get beaten to death by my high heels by the end of this date if he kept up this thing with his mocking.

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My jaw had almost hit the damn floor with how I was left gawking down at the view before me, my ears thrumming with the profound rush of blood bubbling up to the space of my head as a dizzed high seemed to fluctuate there. This sensation was not induced by the nausea that usually followed after an apparating spell that was cast upon one’s body, although I had the mild need to upheave my
guts every time the teleportation spell happened and such a need had occurred a few seconds ago, but this time the fluttering toil rioting inside of my gut was more inclined towards a stunted awed and giddy shock.

Rhayden had apparated us smack dab into the *Teatro di San Carlo*, one of the most beautiful opera houses to have existed. Located in Naples, Italy, the magnificent building was founded in the early years of the 18th century.

My breath had quiet literally left the space of my chest as I looked around me in utter infatuation. The opera house was huge, at least taking up a good few large buildings combined together, the ceilings vast and high above my head from where I stood up in one of the individual private boxes on the second to last row circling around the entirety of the opera house. Colors of deep blood red and brilliant golden tones created a vast soft yet striking scheme with engraved carvings of intricate art curving and curling around the pillars and polished stones outlining the rows upon rows of private watching boxes.

Lovely spheres of fluorescent lighting containing a sort of dewy sunlit glow about themselves spaced a few feet apart from one another as they were placed above atop the pillars of each private box.

Right in the middle of the opera house on ground level were columns and rows of crimson chairs facing the wondrous stage at the front, a long walkway to separate the seats in the middle as it led towards the stage that had a large drape of weighted beautifully arched ruby red fabric above the sleek artists’ platform of performance. Above the stage and the drapes was an upside down wide “U” arch made up of the same shimmering stone surrounding the opera house.

And where the high ceiling lingered over my head, a breathtaking piece of painting covered the whole of the curved wall above, an intricate and colorfully perfected drawing and depiction of Greek Mythology including the Greek god Apollo and the goddess Minerva created by the Artist, Giuseppe Cammarano. The splashes of ornate fading blues and yellows with an array of swathed colors gracing the ceiling in a form of gorgeous interceding lines created a work of pure beauty.

It was surreal having to gaze upon such gorgeous architecture and art.

I’ve never been to an opera house.

People already seated themselves, filling up the rows in proper suites and gowns that adorned their bodies in a classy formal attire, others standing out and blending in with the masses while the orchestra settled themselves into their designated seats, tuning their instruments and silently memorizing their pieces’ music notes by finger placements and soft mumbles.

My body thrummed with anticipation, chest heaving with unadulterated excitement as I whipped the sudden exhilarated flush of my face to the side with the intention of looking over at my boyfriend in complete gratification for this amazing surprise only to blink confusingly at Rhayden’s outstretched hand that held a breathtaking set of opera glasses.

I stared at the object placed precariously over the open palm of the Gryffindor’s hand.

The opera glasses was made up of pure gold and the softest peach tone of marble containing amber flecks, smoothing around the bifocals that shimmered in a bright cleansed gleam. The stunning designs of detailed golden leaves engraved delicately into the marble were brilliantly beautiful, the stem where one was supposed to grip to hold up the opera glasses to see the performance from far away was the same golden marbled content as the rest of the object.
The thing practically *exuded* a look of being made up of more money than the damn *Masjid Al Haram* building in Saudi Arabia.

“These opera glasses are yours, Saveri. And you’ll get to use them a lot from now on with me.” Rhayden’s low murmur of a voice broke me out of my own reverie, my chest concaving in on itself as I lifted my eyes away from the expensive object in the Gryffindor’s hand to look up at the man looming over me from beneath the pale of my lashes.

I was at a loss of words for once.

Rhayden provocative lips tipped up at the corner to reveal a charming smile that rendered me useless on the spot, the crinkling of his skin at the corners of his eyes displaying how his grin went wide to show the enthralling overjoyed flummox of his emotions. The gorgeous man beamed down at me as his gaze gleamed with a swath of varying clashes of pulsating onyx and amber.

The man had the *nerve* to let out a breathless laugh, slightly shaky as it left his upturned lips to reveal a sort of relieved anxiety while he tipped the glasses to the side in a careless fixation, making my brain snap to attention as I made a squawk of affronted shock at seeing the glasses purposefully drop away from Rhayden’s hand.

The object practically fell out of Rhayden’s palm and into my own with the way my magic instinctively gathered up in the pit of my gut, up my stomach, and out of my pores to catch the item from clattering across the ground into a million pieces, leaving me gasping like I’ve run a marathon as I felt the cool touch of the object magically placed in my hands in the next second.

I just did wandless magic, so effortlessly. It was damn right *energizing.*

But still, why the *fuck* did Rhayden decide to drop my damn glasses!?

“You bastard! Why did you drop the glasses? You clearly did that on purpose, you stupid Gryffindork. Oh my *gods,* how dare you try and throw my gift away, I would have *died* if you broke it!” I was breathlessly screeching in a whispered hiss towards Rhayden as I clutched the delicate glasses in to my chest with my lips pursing into a frustrated pout while I whipped my wild eyes back up to Rhayden with a narrowed gaze.

But all my anger dissipated immediately when the Gryffindor was simply staring down at me with a raise of his brows, the smile still on his striking face and leaving me dumbfounded.

“I finally made you turn *mute.* I got you completely off guard and speechless. I was quite nervous over you liking your gift, but with that reaction you had, I’m guessing you like what I gave you. That makes me extremely happy, Love.” Rhayden’s words sounded out in a deep cadence, rasped and pitched in a calm yet riveting tone.

I stared at my boyfriend.

And *snapped.*

In a good way, of course.

Letting out a rather pathetic excited and affectionate squeak, I moved my glasses into my right hand in a tight grip so I could fling my arms up and around Rhayden’s neck, sliding the front of my body along the werewolf’s hard one. I laughed brightly and felt wonderfully *loved* and giddy, wiggling my way onto Rhayden’s front as I pressed us close together from how I yanked the man’s body down towards my short stature so I could clutch at him with a fevered need.
“Of course I love the gift, Rhayden. Thank you. There was nothing to worry about at all, you know I like expensive things but what’s better was that you were the one that thought of giving me a gift in the first place. I love it, I love all of this, with bringing me to an opera show, getting me this gown and being you. Thankyouthankyouthankyou!”. My voice had gone at least two octaves higher in the trill of my excitement and affection and for once, I didn’t give a bloody fuck.

Rhayden let his breath brush over the back space of my nape at the left of my neck as he drew his arms up and wrapped them around my waist so he could effortlessly tug me up against him some more, his heat surrounding me as I breathed raggedly in my adrenalized joy.

“Gods, you’re adorable,” Rhayden mumbled his words in a rumble into my ear, causing a shiver to quake through my body in response, the man laughing at my body’s reaction to his words as he continued to speak. “You’re welcome, Blondie. Also, congrats on using your magic wandlessly just now. Although I wished you could have gotten that skill when my memories were literally scattered from being under Akeldama’s control a couple weeks ago.”

I huffed out indignantly, turning red at the cheeks from hearing Rhayden’s praise and jab. It was quite a shame at how I finally mastered using wandless magic simply by the threat of Rhayden’s given gift to me getting broken instead of coming forth when it was a life and death situation.

Sometimes I wonder how my own mind works.

Odd thing I was.

“Shut it, Wolfboy.” I grumbled out my words beneath my breath, peeling myself away from Rhayden when I saw the lights of the opera house dim down into a twilight darkness to indicate whatever show we were about to watch was beginning.

I was already bending down with the intent to sit in my large seat, the chair a plush wine kissed red with golden trimmed legs and arms and soft rich velvet fabric for the comfortable looking cushions that gave away a vision of pure luxury. But I didn’t have the chance to sit. With my mind lost in the daze of my overjoyed emotions, I didn’t realize what my boyfriend was planning silently next to me.

I let out the tiniest of an exalted breath when Rhayden made a dark, chastising “tsk” of a sound to my left and grabbed me by the waist with one hand curling around my right side as he bodily dragged me across the marble floor.

I was too stunted to react, letting my boyfriend manhandle me like a rag doll. Rhayden’s capable, strong hands plopped me over the top of his muscular spread thighs to accommodate me sitting on his lap. The heat of his body encircling me whole and the physical touch of his hard frame pressing all along my arse, the backs of my thighs, and the length of my spine created a sizzling inferno straight to my rousing prick in a lulling crave.

"Do the people running this show know we're even here? Do we have tickets to this?" I whispered my words towards Rhayden to the right of my side behind me, resting my whole body against him with a slight contended sigh.

The werewolf suddenly conjured up two tickets and a booklet that shown the concert's list of performances playing tonight in his left hand wandlessly, waving the golden papers around with barely any care in the world. He let the jut of his strong chin rest over my left shoulder as he breathed low and calm over my exposed skin there, giving me a flash of his teeth with a harsh playful grin.

I gingerly took the booklet out of his hand and scanned the list of music scores and such with an excited smile crossing over my face.
They were playing Chopin and Tchaikovsky tonight.

I loved their work.

"The main facilitator for the Teatro di San Carlo is actually a wizard so I just had to talk with him and wave money around in his face to get us these seats. They know I'm here with you because I sent them a mental linked message of our arrival. You can sit back, relax, and enjoy the show, Saveri." Rhayden spoke slowly as the lights completely went down around us as the audience hushed now, his words a low rumble over my skin and in my chest.

I nodded at Rhayden's words, letting my body grow lazy over the Gryffindor's lap as I wiggled over him in a comforted fit and giddiness.

This was bloody brilliant.

My boyfriend knew me so well.

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