

Tasting Darkness By Jessicahall

Chapter 3

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They could kill me, and I felt like they genuinely wanted to crush me like a bug beneath their shoes. I have never felt so small in all my life.

“Six years, Aleera, six fucking years, and you have the guts to ask for our help. We should have let them fucking kill you. Have you even got magic left because I can’t feel it?” One of them screamed at me.

I have feared no one more than my mates. I knew who they were and what they had done. Now I was second-guessing my decision to call on them.

One of them grasped my hair, my head ripped back, forcing me to stare at the eyes of the one I feared most. Darius Wraith. His name is constantly in the media; nobody in the world feared anyone more than they did Darius Wraith.

And to think he is one of my mates, not that the three others have stellar reputations. No, they were just as dark and twisted as he was. I never understood how I could be fated to be theirs; they were pure dark magic while mine was not like theirs, mine was, well I wasn’t exactly sure, but it is both, yet I felt the urge more to my pure white magic more, it made no sense why the fates punished me this way.

They could not get their hands on my magic. It would be dangerous in the wrong hands, and their hands would be the worst. They didn’t need more power, especially Darius. He is a Demonic-Fae, and they’re the strongest of the Fae. He, too, like myself, was the last of his species.

Demon and Fae, and here I am, the last of my kind, and mates with the last of his. What were the odds, two dying species fated to each other as if we should create a more incredible monster?

“Fucking answer me, Aleera, say something,” He bellows as I clutch at his hand, trying to free his tight grip. He yanks my head back harder by my hair, and I cry out, my hair ripping painfully from my scalp.

“Please, just let me go,” I beg him, now wishing I chose death. I was an idiot for even calling on them. A fate with them would be worse. Darius laughs at my pleading, but he lets go, shoving me back to the ground. His presence was suffocating me already.

“Never. You belong to us, Aleera. We gave you time, and we could have come for you when you were thirteen, but we didn’t, and still, you ran from us. We are your

fucking mates," He yelled. His hands glow with his anger, and I watch as he fists them. Ready myself for the blow.

"Bloody monsters," I whisper before I can stop myself, stupid no brain to mouth filter. I instantly regret the words I never intended to speak out loud.

"What did you say?" I shake my head, not wanting to repeat myself, knowing that would be a mistake when someone suddenly nudges me from behind. His foot connected with my thigh hard, and I could feel my thigh bruising.

"Darius asked you a question. Answer him," someone says behind me, his voice velvety smooth, but the coldness of it sent chills down my spine.

My hair was yanked again, my head jerked back painfully at an odd angle, and I saw the man behind me. His dark hair falls into his green snake eyes when he glares at me. If he weren't so homicidal looking, I would say he was hot, but the look of rage on his face made me want to cringe away from him. So he must be Tobias Kade, I could tell by the fangs protruding from his mouth and, from what I know of him, he is Vampiric-Fae, a fucking bloodsucker. Nice to meet you too fuckface.

"Answer him now Aleera, I want to go home, or we will leave you here to rot," He says, with a cruel smile, and by the look in his eyes, he heard what I said. I say it, and chances are they may leave me here to fend for myself.

Tears roll down my cheeks, and I hate that I cry when I'm angry. I also cry when happy and sad too. I just suck when it comes to emotion. Emotion to me is like squirting onion juice in your eye. I guess that's me, an onion girl, has a nice ring.

"I said bloody monsters," I spit at him through gritted teeth; his smile chilled me to the bone when I felt fingers wrap around my throat, and Tobias suddenly lets go of my hair. Darius glares at me, his fingers cutting off my oxygen, and I clutch his hand. His grip tightens.

"You have no idea the sort of monsters we can be. You would have been better off letting them mutts rip you to pieces because we will never forgive you for what you did. You will wish you never called upon us. I will make you wish for death," he snarls before letting go. I suck in much-needed air, choking on my stolen breath. My throat feels damaged as I try to breathe through my mangled windpipe.

"Grab her, and let's get out of here," Darius says before hands grabbed and tossed me someone's hard shoulder.

The air around me heats and warps, rippling like a stone tossed in a lake, and I am pulled through a portal they created. The motion and whooshing noise made my stomach turn before being thrown against the concrete floor.

My head bounces painfully off the ground when he throws me off his shoulder. I hit it so hard darkness swallowed my vision for a few seconds, and I clutched my

head in my hands and gritted my teeth through the pain that just exploded in my skull before hearing creaking and the slam of metal on metal.

Opening my eyes, I look around to see I am in a cell. Tobias locks me in with a key. He didn't even glance in my direction before turning on his heel and walking away.