

Tasting Darkness By Jessicahall

Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Darius Wraith POV

I stared out the window overlooking the castle grounds. This place was older than dirt and passed down through the generations, though we had renovated the castle to our taste. My father was old-fashioned, and I would not miss the gaudy drapes and the ugly furnishings he had throughout this place. We had made it more functional for our needs and that of the army we were building here.

Tobias would handle Aleera until I could get over my shock and anger at her calling on us after all this time. All this fucking time, and then she suddenly wants us to save her. Not a fucking call, not a letter, nothing.

Nothing for six bloody years. To say I was angry was an understatement. I wanted to hurt the girl, strangle the life out of her. She needed to feel the agony she caused us. She would regret running from me from us.

Kalen and Lycus didn't say a word, yet I could feel their eyes on me, watching me and waiting for the explosion that would come, yet despite hating her, every goddamn thing about her, I have never felt so relieved at the same time. She would pay for betraying us, for nearly destroying us. Hearing the door open, I look over at it to see Tobias walk in. His anger was as hot as mine.

He hated her just as much and, with good reason, what she took from him, what it had cost him, pained me still. She took so much from us, more than she could ever or would ever realize, but she would pay; Aleera would pay for what she had done.

We would have loved her, we already did, we would have looked after her, but she threw it in our faces.

"Well?" I ask him as he drops into the armchair next to the fireplace, his shirt all creased, and he looked unkempt for the first time in ages.

"Hopefully, she freezes to death," He mutters, glaring at the flames licking at the wood as he tosses more kindling in. I hated that look on his face, the look he had when he re-lived that night. That night would forever haunt him. I look away, unable to handle seeing his torment.

"Where is she?" Kalen dare asks, and I look at him; his blue eyes instantly drop to the floor as if embarrassed he asked, no he is embarrassed because he still cared

for her, and he should be after the damage she caused. Lycus watched him with a worried expression, and I knew why he was concerned.

Kalen's obsession with her almost killed him last time when she never answered our call, and by the time we got to her school, she was gone. We thought she needed time to get her head around the idea of us, but after a few hours, we realized we misjudged her.

"She is in the cells," Tobias answers him with a sigh before rubbing a hand down his face like he was tired, and he was. The anniversary is coming up, and this time of the year, he never slept much, and I would have to exhaust him or put him under when he went too long without sleep. Tobias would become unstable and driven by his instincts. We had lost a few men to his grief. Having her here was going to make him worse.

I watch Kalen as his head snaps up before he realizes I am watching him. His face shuts down, instantly recognizing his mistake. He was our weakness, and we couldn't drop our guard around her. I nod to Lycus, and he pats Kalen on the shoulder and nods toward the door. Kalen reluctantly gets up and follows him. I will have to pull him in line later. We won't lose him to her again. She has taken enough from us, and I won't allow her to do it again. She either falls in line, or she will rot in that cell for the rest of her life.

"We should have let them kill her," Tobias mutters. He reached for the bottle that sat on the coffee table between the armchairs that circled the fireplace. Moving toward him, I watch as he twists the cap off the bottle before bringing it to his lips, swallowing down the amber liquid. My hands fall on his shoulders, and Tobias flinches, only relaxing when I squeeze gently. He knows I would never hurt him. We were friends long before we became mates. I trusted this man with my life, and he trusted me with his.

"She will pay for what she has done," I tell him, and he drops his head back to look up at me standing behind him.

"I want her to hurt, and I want her to bleed like we have all done for her."

"Then make her," I tell him.

Tobias turns his stare back at the fire burning for a second, his green eyes reflecting oddly from the flickering light of the flames. His expression darkens as his mask slips back in place. The same icy demeanor that made people run just at the sight of him. He could be cruel, he was nearly as sadistic as me, and he knew it.

"Aleera will wish for death long before we grant it to her." He chuckles softly, shaking his head before tipping the bottle to his lips, and I take it from him, making him growl at me. His drinking had become worse, making me worry he was developing a drinking problem. My jaw clenches at the angry look on his face as he glares up at me.

"You want revenge fine, but do it sober," I tell him.

"And after?" He asks, and I stand upright. My lips press in a line as I stare at the flames, my mood plummeting further. Sometimes I hated the mate bond, hated it with a passion. It was the worst feeling, craving someone but hating them simultaneously.

She nearly ruined all of us; Aleera nearly killed Kalen. We almost lost him because of her selfishness. We just need to remember everything she took from us.

"Then we kill her. We don't need her".

"Are you sure that is a wise decision? We need her. I fucking hate her and wish nothing but death on her, but she is our power keeper. She would strengthen us, complete us."

"We have survived this long without her, and I don't want her touching my magic. She doesn't deserve to after what she has done," He nods in agreement bending forward and leaning his elbows on his knees. The tension in his body was evident as his back muscles tensed under his shirt, his arms flexing and straining against the fabric.

"She has no magic. I couldn't feel it. Could you?" Tobias asks me while looking over his shoulder at me.

"She must have burned herself out. I couldn't sense it either, but she has manifested; otherwise, she wouldn't have been able to call on us,"

"What was she doing there in the first place? That was bloody stupid of her. Not even we would take on a Lycan City on a full moon."

"Well, maybe you wouldn't," I tell him, and his lips tug at the corners.

"Yeah, but you are crazy enough to," he says, and he was right. I feared nothing, and I didn't have to. Nobody in the world feared anything more than my name.

"Would be an enjoyable challenge," I tell him, and he looks over at me and smirks.

"I think Lycus should deal with her for a few days. I don't want Kalen near her. Not until he has control of his emotions. Probably best I steer clear of her, too. I may just kill her," Kalen says, snatching the bottle back, and I have to agree. These would be testing times, with her under our roof and tested she would be.