

## CHAPTER 33

Jane woke to a pounding heart, the sheets soaked in sweat. A bad dream? No, it was real. Raw emotions flooded her as she recalled almost killing Charak. Consumed by the rage and fear, the power just took over, almost costing a life.

She swung her legs over the edge of the bed. Sitting up, she took a deep breath and listened as her heartbeat slowed to normal. A strong need to find Thuron willed her out of bed and out the door.

She found herself at the doorway to the War Room. There was stillness in the room, a hushed quiet. Janee stopped outside the door, not quite ready to go in, listening for even the faintest sound.

“Listen to your mother,” Janee heard Charak finally say. Who was he talking to? Who was he talking about?

“Thuron, please.” A feminine voice pleaded. It was Divinia.

Divinia was Thuron’s mother? Without thinking, Janee burst through the doorway. She stalked up to Thuron. “She’s your mother,” she growled, pointing at Divinia.

“Watch out brother, she’s mad now,” Charak’s sarcastic voice cut through her anger.

She glared at him. “Careful, you don’t want to incur my wrath ... again.”

Charak shrunk back in the chair, a sliver of fear passed through him. “I think I’ll stay out of this one,” he told Thuron.

“Janee?” Thuron interrupted, bringing her attention back to him.

A small buzz of energy started to fill the room. Divinia placed her hand on Janee’s shoulder, trying to get her attention. She hoped it would calm her down. Janee just shrugged it off, keeping her focus on Thuron. “Is this why Divinia was so intent on us Joining? Did she want

her little boy to be the next king?” Janee didn’t know why she was so angry? Maybe it was the weeks of being manipulated, kidnapped, drugged, and just having her life in such upheaval? All which caused her feelings to spin out of control.

“You know that’s not true,” Thuron stressed.

“No?” she countered, throwing her hands up in the air. “No, I don’t. I don’t know what’s real or not anymore.”

“Janee,” Wyunik’s quiet voice begged her to settle down. Energy shifted through the air. Janee had a good heart, was strong, but to see her like this, he felt a strong twinge of fear for the first time.

Janee chose to ignore Wyuick, in fact, ignore them all. This was between her and Thuron. Keeping her eyes on Thuron she commanded the others in the room to leave. She sensed their hesitation, their fear, but they needed to go. “Leave ... now,” she commanded, her voice edged with steel.

Thuron saw the worry in Divinia’s eyes, he nodded, letting her know it was okay to leave them alone. With one last glance, she followed the others as they shuffled out the door. Thuron instructed Lucius to secure Charak then swiveled his attention back to Janee. His fear now replaced with annoyance.

“Shall we,” he said.

“Shall we what?” she shot back.

“What is really bothering you?” he asked instead.

That one question stopped her. What was bothering her? Her eyes downcast, her shoulders slumped, she stood before him as if defeated.

He placed a finger under her chin, raising her gaze back to his. “Little One, you do not believe I would hurt you? Or, that I would marry you just to be king? Do you?”

His gentle smile swept over her as she shook her head no. “I’m afraid,” she finally whispered, her eyes full of sadness.

“Of what?” he asked, his voice quiet and gentle.

“This power sweeping through me.”

“I know, but I am here, and together we will master it.” Thuron wanted to assure her, but was that enough?

The thought of what might have happened to her still haunted him. Powerless to stop it, he pushed her up against the wall. His mouth lowered, hesitating for a moment, mere inches from her lips.

The desire he saw encouraged him to continue. Once he got a taste of her, it was too much and he could resist no longer.

Small bits of energy sizzled in the air. Brazen now, she pulled his head in closer and deepened the kiss—the kiss she had been waiting for since she met him.

Thuron pulled back, breathing heavily. He looked down on this little imp, never had a woman affected him so.

Janee's glazed eyes looked up at him, taking a moment to catch her breath, she smiled. Reaching up, she stroked his lips with her fingertip, mesmerized by the action. She leaned in to get closer. Her eyes still fixed on his mouth. Breathless, she commanded, "As your queen, I command that you do that again."

That one command sent him over the edge. He hauled her into his arms, ravaging her lips as he carried her over to the table. Janee yanked on his shirt, trying to pull it over his shoulders. Her appetite for him became ravenous. But, just as he started to lower her on to her back, sanity (or was it insanity) took over. He let go and took a few steps back. Pain, unlike any he had ever felt, filtered through him from the loss.

His gut clenched and his hands knotted into fists as he realized what he was about to do. Never had he lost such control. Desire drove him wild. He couldn't think of anything else but being with her, of burying himself inside. He tried to slow down his breathing and force the pain of disconnecting with her into the back of his mind.

"What... Why, why did you stop?" she whimpered, her voice hardly able to speak.

Thuron brushed his hand through his hair and turned his eyes away. It was too much to look at her. "I can't do this," he answered.

Dazed and confused, she pulled her shirt together. "Why?" she almost cried.

Finally, he looked back at her, the pain in his eyes made her heart stop.

"I will not take you here, rutting like wild animals," he growled.

A small giggle escaped before she could stop it. Smiling up at him she purred, "We were about to rut?"

Thuron glared at her, annoyance replacing his pain. "This is not right and you know it," he growled.

“I know no such thing,” she replied, pushing herself off the table to stand in front of him.

“You are a Queen. We must wait until we are wedded and the Joining is complete,” his voice brusque.

Lifting her regal chin, she scowled at him, “Then we will have a long wait.”

“I don’t understand...”

“I will not marry you or complete the Joining,” she hesitated. “At least not yet.”

“Why?”

“Because we have a lot to figure out before I commit to you. For instance, how do we control our combined powers? And, what are they?” His confused expression made her stop for a moment. “Okay, fine. I need to be sure, okay?”

His features softened, “Yes, yes it is okay.” This he understood. Didn’t he walk away from the Joining for the same reason?

Janee felt gratitude for his understanding. Smiling at him, she said, “Maybe we should, you know, date for a while.”

“Date?” he asked, his confusion back.

“Yeah, you know, go out sometime, hang out, get to know each other. That kinda stuff.”

Before he could gather a response, Divinia entered the room.

Janee smiled at her, grateful for the interruption. She needed a reason to escape. With a quick peck on his cheek, she turned to leave the room. As she passed Divinia, she gave her a quick nod, reassuring her everything was okay.

Hesitating at the door, she said, “I’ll see you later.”

Divinia looked expectantly at Thuron, his confused look on his face matching her own. “What was that?” she asked.

“She wants to date,” he replied, still watching the door.

“Date?”

“Yes,” he answered, as if just noticing her for the first time. “Date.”

“What does that mean?” Divinia asked.

“I am not sure exactly,” he answered. “Something about a way for us to get to know each other more. In other words, I think she just needs some time.” He strode to the door, as he was leaving he heard Divinia whisper, “not too much time, I hope.”