

CHAPTER 2

1 MONTH LATER

SKYLAR POV.

I wake up with a start to my alarm clock going off signalling that it was half past seven in the morning. Grunting I reach over and put it off. I turn to lie on my back thinking of what will be happening today. Today my mom and I will be moving to her old pack. We only waited until now because me and my wolf, Gemma, were recovering. Most of my cuts have healed, but left a few scars behind due to my slow healing. The scars should also fade away in time. "Are you ready for today?" asks Gemma. "I guess I have to be." I spoke. "Besides, the further we get away from here the better I'll feel." I got up and went to the dresser and take out black underwear, black leggings and a loose blue long sleeved top. I go to the on-suit bathroom to do my business and take a quick shower. After the shower I look at myself in the mirror. I still have some bruising around my neck and arms, my forest green eyes that used to be so bright and full of life look dull and my shoulder length jet black hair has lost its shine. I sigh and turn away from my reflection and get dressed. I leave my room only to be greeted by the delicious smell of bacon and pancakes. My stomach rumbles as Gemma jumps up and down in my head, breakfast is her favourite part of the day. I follow the smell down the hall and into the kitchen where I'm greeted by my mom sitting by the kitchen counter while Mac flips a pancake. Mac is the guy that met us at the border and drove us to safety. He's an old friend of my mom from her old pack. We were currently staying in one of his packs safe houses that is located around the country for emergencies. "Good morning, Sky." my mom says. "How are you feeling?"

"Morning mom, morning Mac". "Fine, just nervous about the move". I said while going to sit next to her. I'm scared that Alpha Damon will find us as we are still close to his territory. I haven't had a decent night's sleep since we escaped. Knowing that he is still so close terrifies me. "Don't worry Sky, in a couple of hours we will be far away and out of his reach" says Gemma. Mac puts a plate with three layers of pancakes topped with bacon and syrup in front of us. Turning to collect his own he joins us at the table and we all start eating. For a moment I catch Mac staring at my mom when he sat down and a ghost of a smile touches my lips. This is not the first time I've caught him staring at my mother and each time I'm more and more convinced that he might fancy her. "What time do we leave?" My mom asks Mac, oblivious to his staring as she concentrates on cutting her pancakes into bite sizes. Mac snaps out of it and answers. "At ten. I'll be driving us there myself so we should get there around about nine or so." He answers before stung a bacon strip in his mouth, chewing and swallowing. "My sister has already let me know that your cabin has been set up and it's not too far from the pack house. I figured that you two would be more comfortable on your own than in a crowded pack house." he says while glancing at my mom again and then to me with a small smile.

"Thanks again for everything Mac. I don't know what would have happened if you weren't there." My mom says glancing over at me before quickly looking back at her plate and taking another bite. I lower my head down while eating my breakfast. These days I don't say much and I wasn't always like this. I used to be loud, making jokes, pulling pranks and... happy, but now it feels like such a long time ago. Alpha Damon broke a piece of me that I don't think I will ever be able to get back.

FLASHBACK

I fall to the floor and my hand automatically goes to my left side of my face as I stare back up at him. HE PUNCHED ME!! "A-Alpha Please..." before I can say anything more, he grabs both my arms and pulls up and pins me to the wall in his office. Slamming his body against mine while his usually ice blue eyes, now turned black, stares angrily back at me. His short dark brown hair standing wildly with a grimace on his face making him even more menacing. YOU WILL BE MY MATE!... he growled at me making me shake even more out of fear. "P- please I let me go" "I can't be your mate" I whimpered out looking away from him. I try to push him away but his grip tightened on my arms and pulls me forward before slamming me back against the wall, hitting my head so hard I start to see little black dots and feel my body going numb...

END FLASHBACK

"Skylar. Skylar?" I jump when I hear my mom calling my name. I turn my head to look at her. "Are you alright?" She asks concerned. "Y-yeah I'm okay" I say but she still looks worriedly at me. She gives Mac a quick glance, then back at me. "Sky? do you..." Before she could finish, I excused myself from the table. "I better go finish packing" I say before walking out the kitchen and back to my room. Once inside, I close the door and lean back against it, taking deep breaths I try to calm myself. "Are you okay?" asks Gemma. I also feel her restlessness, knowing that she also saw the flashback memory of that night the alpha summoned me to his office. That is only one of the many memories that sometimes haunt my dreams, making me scream myself awake in fear. This memory, that is currently echoing in my mind, was the one that the alpha first laid his hands on me after I refusing him again. He never found his mate and eventually gave up. To think I used to look up to him. He was very strict but a fair alpha to his pack was always friendly and protective towards his people, especially to me and my mom and even more so after my dad died a few years ago in a rogue attack. He was always so charmingly nice to me and tried to make me laugh. He was even there to help me with my first shift into my wolf, Gemma, when I turned sixteen, but not long after that it all started. He called me to his office one day and once I sat across from him, he

asked me if I have found my mate. I felt a little confused at his interest but I answered him truthfully and told him I didn't.

FLASHBACK

I remember him smiling brightly at me while standing up from his desk, coming around the edge, towards me. Crouching in front of me he took my hands in his and rubbed circles on the insides of my palms, all the while not breaking eye contact."Skylar? I have a proposition for you." Feeling uncomfortable under his gaze I look down at his hands holding mine. "Y-yes alpha Damon?" He lifts one hand to my chin and bring it up so that I can look him in the eyes again. His blue eyes looking bluer than ever. "Will you be my mate?" My brain stalls for a moment before his words register in my head. "What!!!" I blurt out stupidly just as Gemma barks in warning in my mind. No. I must have heard wrong. Is he really asking this of me? ME!? TO BE HIS MATE!? "Yes, I would like you to become my mate." He confirms. "You are a young strong woman who will strengthen the pack just as I will become stronger with you by my side as luna and I have no doubt whatsoever that you will lead my strong pups to lead this pack one day." He states as a matter of fact, already making it sound as though I've already agreed to this. I stare at him, dumbstruck... This has got to be a joke,

right? Not that it matters and even though he doesn't look it, he's literally old enough to be my father. A strange knot forms in my stomach and I can feel Gemma pacing in my head, growling in warning this time. "We need our own mate." She simply states in my mind. "I'm sorry. I-I can't be your mate!" I say while taking my hand out of his and getting up carefully from the chair. Still keeping eye contact out of respect I add, "I only just turned sixteen, surely there are other more willing unmated females in the pack with more life experience than me, that would love to be your mate and more suited to the role as luna!" I say, choosing my words carefully. "I-I would also like to have a chance to find my own mate." I add and that's when I realized I made a mistake. He moved

so fast that the next thing I knew I was pinned against the wall of his office with his body. His eyes turned a darker shade of blue, almost black."I do not want any of those pack whores...! I choose you! I want you. Pure and untouched." He says as he niffs my neck, nose brushing my skin lightly, sending goosebumps over my skin. His breath is hot against my cool skin and a shiver runs through my body. "I will be the only one to touch you." He says running his one hand up my arm, "I will be the only one to know what you taste like." He says in a low voice close to my ear and dips his head to my neck and sucks on the piece of skin between my neck and shoulder and I have to bite my bottom lip to stifle a moan.

"And I WILL be the first and only one to take your body, in any which way I please, to feel how your tight pussy protests as I stretch you over and over again." He whispers huskily in my ear and this time I can't hold back a moan as I gasped, when he bends his knees to move down my body a foot or so, dragging down his jean covered hard cock, past my abdomen and down my front, before grinding himself in between my legs, slightly parting them and then straightening his legs once more to stand up straight, dragging

me up against the wall on him. I closed my eyes to this intense feeling that was building up between my legs, that he's grinding on. It would be so easy to just give in to this wonderful feeling but Gemma's growl of protest reminds me that this is wrong. I should save myself for my mate and only him, but I knew that if I was going to have a chance of leaving this office intact, I couldn't anger alpha Damon again and kept those thoughts to myself. "I will give you a week to process this. That should give you enough time to see yourself as my future mate." He says, still pressed up against me that I have to breathe deeply through my nose and grind on my teeth to keep me from giving in. "I can give you everything you want Skylar. You only need to accept me."

FLASHBACK ENDS.

The sound of a door slamming brings me out of my thoughts. "Don't worry Sky. Soon we'll be far away from here" Gemma comforted me. I nod to myself. But will it be far away enough? I start gathering the little possessions and clothing I had and start stung it into a bag my mom gave me yesterday. After packing I sit, legs crossed on my bed, looking out the window.

This is going to be a long day; I say to myself.