

## Personal

EMILY'S POV

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"You don't know me." I shake my head in disbelief. "I want to know you," he acts so calmly about it that it baes me to my core. "And I want to leave, so it looks like we both aren't getting what we want." I stride past him, sitting down on the bed.

I don't know why, but it's where I feel safest.

"Why do you want to leave? I am gifting you shelter." he sounds so condent, but it's not a favor. It's not a gift. It's f\*\*\*\*\*g torture. "I didn't ask for shelter, did I?", "It's a gift, people don't ask for f\*\*\*\*\*g gifts." he seethes.

He dramatically rolls his eyes before turning to the dresser, "There are some clothes if you want to change.", "What I want, is to leave." Why does he keep on expecting me to stay?

His jaw rolls as he slowly turns to look at me again, "Anyone will kill you on sight," He warns,"They won't.", "You are a rogue," he growls. "I have a mother! I have money saved! I can take care of myself!", "In the human world?" he scoffs, making it sound like the worst possible thing. "Yes," Anything is better than being here.

"Not a chance," his eyes hold curiosity as he stares deeply into my eyes, but it's not just that, it's more. "Just tell me why you want me." I don't know where the hell I am, or who this man is and it's becoming clear that I have been kidnapped.

"Just accept the gift," he demands, "I don't want your f\*\*\*\*\*g gift!" I yell at the top of my lungs. Nothing I've done or said has gotten a reaction out of him, except this time.

His eyes darken, and he storms over, closing the distance between us and he hovers over me while I sit on the bed, leaning back as I stare up at him agape.

He's really pissed off, and it's funny. His shoulders sink after a few seconds and he steps back, looking more relaxed, but still furious. "Can I leave now?" I ask blandly.

Nicholas pinches the bridge of his nose before turning away from me, heading to the door. He stops with his hand on the handle, glancing over his shoulder while ddling in his pocket, "No."

I stand, wanting to run over to escape as he unlocks the door, but when he turns in the frame, letting go of what held his authority back, I freeze, every muscle in my body aching as fear takes over. The familiar sensation of fear makes goosebumps erupt all over my skin and I now know where I know him from.

He is the Alpha who killed Alpha Cade... He is the black wolf.

I stumble back a few steps, staring at him with wide eyes. "You," I seethe, my ngers curling as white-hot rage pulses through me. "Yes?" he calmly asks, the edges of his lips curling into a smile. "You killed my Alpha." I state, "Oh that," his disinterest boils my blood, "He did not deserve it. What did he do to you? He doesn't even know you!" I step forward, blinded by rage as I lift my hand to slap him, but I fail as he catches my wrist beside him, shoving it down. "Don't," his simple demand makes my blood turn cold, yet the rage doesn't seem to fade.

My heart is racing, "He did nothing to you," My voice cracks, "He sent a bomb to my pack,", "He doesn't have bombs! He isn't like that!", "I hope to have a beta so devoted to me,", "You don't have a beta?", "No, interested?" his eyebrows raise, a small smile forming on his face. "Screw you!", "I suggest you change your tone.", "Or what?", "Or I just might have to shut you up myself,", "Then kill me and get it over with,", "I didn't say I'll kill you, I have other ways." his sly smirk leaves me baed.

The second Nicholas locked that door, I ran to the window, but it was bolted shut. I pace around, staring at every object in the room until my eyes lock on a small metal box on the vanity. I stride over, feeling its weight. I clasp the small metal box in between my hands, striding over to the window. I stand in front of it, staring down at the ground that's three stories down, and I mentally curse Nicholas.

I step backward, inhaling a deep breath before I toss the metal box against the window, claspng my hands over my ears as I look away, but instead of glass breaking, the metal box falls to the ground. I stare at it dumbfounded before I stride over. White-hot rage fuels me and I hit the window, only for my knuckles to shift out of place and I curse, loudly. It's not f\*\*\*\*\*g glass. It's bulletproof windows. I stare at the only exit with hatred, tears resting on the rim of my eyes as I bite my lip.

I'm trapped.

I sit down against the wall below the window, staring at the bed and the dresser. My gaze bounces to the vanity and I can't seem to stop looking around.

The walls feel like it's closing in on me.

I push up from the oor and storm towards the door.

I grab the handle, pulling with all of my strength and it rips off. I heave as I stumble back with the handle in my hand, and my gaze bounces from the handle to the door that's slowly swinging open. Nicholas isn't smart enough to keep me here, so it's a free-will kinda life.

I stride towards the door, opening it and as soon as I step out into the hallway, I freeze when Alpha Nicholas stands there, leaning against the wall with his ankles and arms crossed.

Shit, he's still here.

"Took you longer than expected," he shrugs. "What?" I ask baed. "You failed, you clearly didn't pass the training." he stares at me with disappointment, as if expecting more. "Training? This isn't training." I grit out. "Clearly," he snorts.

"I passed my training,", "I know," What does he mean he knows? Did he know who I was? Does he know who I am? Did he choose to kidnap me? All of the tiny pieces fall into place...

The way he stalked me like I was his prey when my leg was broken...he didn't just kill me. He watched me. He wanted to observe me. He didn't ask me my name, and it's because he knows who I am. "You know who I am." I state, "I do," he nods, "It wasn't a question." I clarify, "That I know too." he lifts his foot, kicking off the wall and his arms drop. "So you know my name?" I ask, "Yes, Emily." the way my name rolls off his tongue sends chills down my spine. "Why did you kidnap me?" I ask, "Kidnap?" he snorts, laughing lowly as he shakes his head, "That's a bit excessive,", "No, it's literally what this is. I am being kept against my will, by you." My eyes widen as I try to drill the truth into his head. His straight lips curl up into a smile, "I heard about you, and I got the opportunity to have you. Wouldn't you have taken it too?", "Kidnap someone? No."

His cheeks hallow as he bites the insides, clicking his tongue against the roof of his mouth as he stares at me, "I think you would,", "You don't know me,", "Debatable." he shrugs. But it's not. It's not debatable. "You're Emily Coffey," he tries to convince me otherwise. I start to applaud him slowly, "Congratulations." the sarcasm drips from my tongue like venom. "You're the only child," He adds, which catches me off guard. "And your dad died. He was the beta, and then you took over." He's a f\*\*\*\*\*g creep. "So you know big things in my life, wow." I scoff, "I told you, I know you." I realize that it's useless to argue with someone who can't be reasoned with. "Woo-hoo," I sarcastically wave my hands in the air as I stare at him blandly. "Now we all know that you're a creep." his little snort makes me roll my eyes when he smiles.

It's scary that he knows all of this about me, and all I know about him, is his name and title. "You can call me a creep all you want, but it's not what I am. I observed you,", "Creep," I chip in, which makes his smile falter. "And I chose you,", "Still a creep." I deadpan, "Wait what?" I ask confused, "Chose me for what?" His eyes sparkle, "How about you ask me ve personal questions, then I will answer that one.", "I'm not here to play your stupid games." I grit out. "Well..." he sighs, sitting down on the oor with his legs stretched out. "I'm here for the long game, so or you can play or you can go back into that room.", "That has no door?" I snort. Does he really think I'll stay there? "An unbreakable door is on its way, so it's really your choice."

If I can make him trust me, I can escape him. "Fine." I huff, staring at the oor as if it's dirty. "It's clean," he deadpans. My gaze bounces to his and I glare at him through my lashes as I slowly sit down. "What's your favorite color?" I ask irritably, "Grey," he deadpans while staring right into my eyes. "It looks more like dark grey, almost black, all over the place." I shrug. His eyes narrow and his head leans forward, "It's more silvery." he beams and realization smacks me hard. He's talking about the color of my eyes. I glance at the oor, "What kind of food do you like?" I change the subject to something that can't be turned into something personal. "Steak. Grilled dark outside and pink on the inside." his eyes glance over my tanned skin, stopping at my pants.

I gulp down a lump in my throat as my cheeks turn red. "Stop that," I grit out. "I don't know what you're talking about," he grins. He knows exactly what I'm talking about. "Any siblings?" I keep the questions short, "No." he shrugs. Finally, a normal answer! "Where are your parents?", "Dead," his tone turns cold. "Do you have a girlfriend? A crush?" I shrug, excited that it was my last question, and now he has to answer the other one. "Depends," he shrugs. "On what?", "You," his eyebrows momentarily raise as he smiles at me. "Why?", "To answer your important question earlier..." he sighs, letting his head drop back against the wall. "I chose you because I am going to claim you as my chosen mate."

What?