

3: An Offer

KATHERINE

The man who didn't bother to tell me his name stopped at the door. After he knocked and got the go ahead to come in. He nodded for me to go in and then he moved back.

My stomach sank when I saw his intention.

He wasn't exactly an angel but I would pick him any day over his alpha. I'm shaking just from the thought of seeing him again.

"He doesn't like to be kept waiting," he nods to the door when I hesitate to enter.

"—I..."

"Go in. Now." His tone left no room for argument.

I breathed in and hoped for courage before turning the knob.

I was used to feeling dread whenever I was called to this ope. Usually it meant Natasha reported me and I was going to be punished.

That fear is now multiplied tenfold at the thought of seeing the man from a few days ago.

He was seated behind the desk when I walked in, his eyes straight on the door like he was expecting me.

He probably was.

I felt the urge to apologise. In the end, I chose to stay quiet.

I've learned my place all my life to know not to speak when not spoken to.

"I hate lack of punctuality." He spoke, his voice as strong and smooth as I remembered.

It made the hairs on the back of my neck stand. I nod and clear my throat.

Thinking it was wise to speak, I apologised.

"Don't do it again." His reply is clipped. His voice held no warmth.

He had a frown on his face. His entire demeanour telling me this wasn't going to be a warm interaction.

If it was about what happened a few days ago, I was more than okay pretending it was nothing. He could just ignore my existence which I guess is what he is already planning to do.

"I had the pleasure of talking to your, would have been alpha about you." My breath caught in my throat when he stood.

He rounds the desk, his strides slow and purposeful. He looked like a predator and unfortunately for me, I'm the prey.

"He let me know such wonderful things about you." I wanted to scoff at that.

Jackson would rather die than say anything good about me. But I don't tell him that, knowing it would be best if I kept my mouth shut.

"Mate." He said, as if testing the word on his mouth.

He stands in front of me. I ght the urge to wince and move back like I really want to. Instead I brave it out and stand still, my hands balled into sts.

The wounds I caused the last rst time I saw him have healed, but I can feel myself breaking the skin again.

"What do you want from me?"

I stuttered. What he said about not taking a luna was clear in my head, so I didn't have any stupid thoughts.

He tuts, eyeing me up and down. His grey eyes have gone a shade darker. The voice in my head tells me to run.

"Talking back," he mutters, moving my sticky black hair away from my face. "I'm going to have to teach you some discipline."

I hold my breath, expecting him to pull out a whip or something.

"I like my women to be respectful, and compliant."

I bite my lips hard, tasting blood on my lips. It doesn't make me stop.

He moves back, then walks around me slowly. My breath hitch higher with every step of his that I hear.

I'm waiting for the whip, or cane or...something. He didn't just say discipline for nothing. And the anticipation...the fear, was making me tremble.

Balling my hands into sts isn't going to stop it from being obvious.

"Walk to the desk."

I snapped my head in his direction, not sure I heard correctly. I haven't fully turned when a large hand covers my throat. I'm pulled back against a hard body, mine going rigid in response.

"Don't hesitate when I tell you to do something." He whispers harshly. "When I tell you to you something, you f*****g do it, no questions asked and with no f*****g hesitation!"

He wasn't yelling but the force of his tone made me nod without even realising. My lips are trembling so bad, probably why I didn't apologise.

He releases me, muttering something that I don't catch. I was too busy trying to catch my next breath.

"I'm keeping you as my woman." There was no hint of question or argument in his words. "Understood?"

I bite my lip hard. He takes a step toward me and I nod quickly, my head jerking.

"Use your words." He demands.

"Yes, I understand." I croak out.

He looks up and smirks at me. Bile rises up to my throat.

I swallow it down, knowing the consequences will probably make me wish for death.

"Your only use will be for my pleasure." He says, his voice lowering. "And I'll give you everything you want."

I want to yell that I'm not a w***e. I don't need his gifts.

If I dared speak, I probably won't make it out of here alive and I would rather that doesn't happen.

Instead, I nod once again. His warning growl makes me quickly use my words.

"Good." He nods. "Go out and meet Trey, he'll take you to shower. You look like lth."

With that I was dismissed. I quickly rushed out of the ope before he changed his mind and decided he wanted me to do something else.

When I ran out, the other man who I presume is Trey, was nowhere to be seen.

I look around the place before heading to the living room, expecting him to be there. I don't see him.

My attention strays to the door. There was no one there.

Escape. The thought hits me hard.

But even if I make it out, and somehow miss his guys, where will I go? I know nowhere and I have no one.

Would I rather stay here and be his playmate, someone he used when he wanted? No.

I refuse to end up that way.

I have never been given an option in my life. My mother chose to have me, only to end up dying and leaving me all alone in an unknown world. Leaving me with a father who couldn't take care of himself, talk less of me.

He ended up leaving me too. Even if he was never really there, it was comforting to know he was around.

I couldn't do this to myself.

Without giving my mind the opportunity to come up with all the ways this could backre. I was already running out of the house.

To my luck, there was no one at the door.

I run for the woods, ignoring the pain shooting through my bare feet. I'll take anything, as long as it gets me out of here.

I keep running, with no direction and no destination in mind. I have only one thought. I need to get out of here and I let that propel me forward.

I put one leg in front of the other and repeat that action over and over again.

My lungs burned in my chest and my heart threatened to stop more than twice. I still didn't stop.

The trees around me grow denser and I'm starting to go into the darker part of the woods. Something tells me to stop, but another keeps pushing and I listen to the latter.

I wanted to escape, I needed to leave.

Just when I thought I couldn't take it anymore, I caught sight of something bright up ahead. I willed my legs to move there.

It looked like water.

I haven't had anything to eat or drink in days. I didn't know where I had the strength to run this far. I have lost sight of the pack house and any part of the woods I would say I knew.

It was scary, but also liberating. The taste of freedom was—

"Ah!" I screamed, my arms ailing when I felt myself falling.

Everything goes dark for a while as I go down, and when it stops, I feel myself landing with a thud.

I huff out a breath, pain shooting down my spine and through my legs.

What happened?

I blinked, wanting to be sure my eyes were open.

I looked around the place I was, panic making my heart hilt in my chest.

The ground beneath me trembles and I hear something move. I hear loud breathing, followed by a grunt.

Not sounded like...my thoughts are cut off when I hear a growl. Angry and menacing.

Not seeing where I was going and not caring, I started running again. My hands are outstretched in front of me, helping me nd my way.

I'm running in pitch blackness. My legs are shaking so bad, I don't know how I keep them moving. I only know that I can't stop.

When I feel like I'm not going anywhere, a ashlight shines through where I am.

A force pushes me from behind, I don't know what it is but I don't care. I'm propelled forward and I land on my hands and knees.

I looked up, seeing the sun still bright in the sky, and the trees looking green.

I roll onto my back, looking up at the sky that threatens to blind me. I'm grateful to look at it again, after seeing nothing but black for what felt like forever. I'm aware it couldn't have been more than a few minutes.

I'm still trying to catch my breath when I feel the back of my neck tingle with awareness. I crane my neck to the side, wanting to see if there was anything or anyone that could be watching me.

God, I was so dumb. There were other wild animals in the woods. What if I encounter one? I have no ghting ability or wolf speed.

I'll be dead in seconds.

I didn't escape from one death just to meet another.

I won't allow it.

Using every last ounce of my strength, I push myself up. I wobble on my feet when I stand.

I have to stop and take in a breath before I am even able to take another step.

"Stop right there." An angry voice booms from behind me.

I turn, my eyes meeting that of the man who dragged us from the laundry room.

I stare at him for a second before I start running again, going in the opposite direction of where he stood.

I hear him curse from behind me before his thudding footsteps follow me. I could count the amount of steps I made before I hit something hard and fell back on my ass.

Someone.

It wasn't something.

Shiny black shoes are the rst thing I see. I risk looking up and furious gray eyes stare right back at me.

"That was very stupid of you."

That is the last thing I heard before I feel pain on the side of my head and everything went black.