



Chapter 32

Anastasia

I raised my chin dismissively as Caius lowered himself into the armchair across from where I sat. Knight had just ventured off to Goddess knows where, leaving me alone with the buffoon.

"I give it five minutes before we strangle the man," Ziva said helpfully, "Two if he opens his mouth."

Caius swiveled his eyes my way, fire burning in their depths. From a distance I heard the quiet rumble of thunder. "You kicked me in the balls. I recommend not doing that again."

A trickle of excitement passed through me at his unspoken or else.

I lifted a brow, "Oh, you still have feeling down there? With how uptight you are I assumed otherwise. And I'm so frightened. What exactly are you doing to do to me, Alpha?" I didn't miss how his stare flicked down to my bare legs, or how his nostrils flared as I flashed him a smirk. "Bruise my ass? Tie me to your bed? Hunt me down in the forest like a feral beast? We both know you're all talk, and no action."

With a snarl he moved to stand from his seat when the door flung open. The two of us froze, identical looks of confusion on our faces as Knight sauntered into the room.

"Why are you wearing my suit?" Caius grumbled.

Knight smoothed his hands down the slate grey jacket covering his faded Iron Maiden shirt and pulled up a chair, positioning it so that it faced Caius and I. When he finally sat down, there was a clipboard in his hands. 3

"Where the hell did he get that from?" Ziva asked. "He's really taking this whole therapy thing seriously."

Folding one leg over the other, he gestured to an empty space across the room. "Legally I have to inform you that Ghost is here watching in case anyone gets handsy. He's been instructed to use force if necessary."

Knight gave me a long look.

I placed my elbows on the armrest and gestured to the man across from me. "If he doesn't call me a whore then I won't have to."

Caius bared his teeth, "Not once have I called you a whore."

"Oh, please. You practically alluded to it the numerous times you accused me of trying to seduce you!" I shot back. "At this rate I'd have better luck seducing a wooden board! It would probably be more pleasurable too."

Knight retrieved a cigarette from his pocket, placed it between his pouty lips, and lit the end with an old-fashioned lighter. He took a few puffs, the bitter smoke swirling throughout the room.

I released a growl, waving a hand in front of my face to disperse the vile scent. "What kind of therapist smokes during a session?"

He looked at me. "What are you my fucking boss?"

I let out a loud sigh and tipped my head back, resting it on the chair. "This is pointless."

Knight took a long drag and tapped his pen against the clipboard. He scribbled something on the page, then looked up. "I sense some hurt towards my brother's actions, Anastasia. Perhaps a result of some form of childhood trauma?"



Oh, I'd show him trauma.

I froze time and reached over to snatch the cigarette from his mouth. After snapping the damn thing in half, I shoved it between his lips and sunk back into my seat. Time resumed and as Knight went to take another drag, he frowned.

He held it between two fingers and inspected it. "Did you break my cigarette?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

Caius exhaled sharply. Sensing we weren't going to make it out of this unscathed, he ran a hand down his face and settled further into the chair. "A question for a question?"

"Fine." I said reluctantly, "You start."

He didn't hesitate. "Why did you run away from your pack?"

I folded one leg over the other, ignoring the strange thrill that came when Caius's eyes once again flicked down to my bare thighs.

"To be blunt, my father is a piece of shit." That earned a snort from Knight, making me wonder if their father had been the same way. A thread of anger worked its way into my voice. "I've trained and studied my entire life to take over my pack, but when the time came my father refused." My lips peeled back as I bared my teeth. "The prick wanted to marry me off. He wanted to let some — some male run what is rightfully mine while I stand on the sidelines as the perfect trophy wife. Why should I stick around and play broodmare? I know my worth and I know what I'm capable of. I'm Anastasia Lasko, and I am no man's prize." 1