

Chapter 33

Both Caius and Knight said nothing. The two stared at me as though they'd never seen me before. It felt good to remind them how little they knew about me, and how wrong they had been in their assumptions.

Knight lit another cigarette and began scribbling something on his clipboard. "Well that explains your reaction to my brothers paranoid suspicion you're trying to sleep with him. Your father clearly only kept you around for the heirs you'd eventually provide, which is bound to upset anyone."

"Are you even licensed?" I snarled. "Or are you just here to piss me off?"

He narrowed his eyes, gave me a shrewd look, and began scribbling something on his clip board. Muttering so quietly I almost missed it he said, "...has anger issues." 2

To hell with seduction. I was going to kill the Blackwell family.

I froze time, snapped his cigarette in half, and tied the laces of his boots together for good measure. As immature as it was, it made me feel better. Pretty sure a therapist would call that a coping mechanism. ?

While Knight pondered his second broken cigarette, Caius opened his mouth to ask another question when I cut him off.

"Ah, ah. It's my turn." I said, "What happened with Marjorie Windsor?"

The name sounded familiar, but I couldn't quite place my finger on who she was. I had likely learned her name as a young teen when I was studying the various packs in this country. I had to learn the name of each Alpha, along with the members of their family.





It was likely that Marjorie Windsor was one of them.

Knight chuckled and tapped his clipboard with the pen. "Good question, good question. He and Marjorie —"

Caius's expression shifted into a glower as he promptly cut his brother off.

"Marjorie and I were in a relationship. She cheated. We ended things."

I folded my arms over my chest, only to tip my head to the side when Caius pointedly looked away. A chill swept over me as I realized why that was. Since I'd been moments away from heading to bed I didn't have a bra on. I'd been blessed in the breast department, which meant every curve was on display.

Oh well.

"That's suspiciously cut and dry, which leads me to believe there's more you're not saying." I lifted my leg and nudged one of his meaty thighs with my toe. He caught my foot in his hand and held it, glaring daggers at me whilst I blinked innocently. "Look, I get you have this brooding, caveman thing going on, and it works for you—really, it does, but I opened up to you, Caius. It's only fair that you set aside your issues and do the same."

Caius squirmed—actually squirmed—in his seat. If I didn't know any better, I'd say the man was uncomfortable.

"I was going to marry her." He said flatly, "I was going to marry her, and she cheated on me with another male. She is now engaged to him."

The obvious reluctance to speak about her, paired with the rigid way he sat, and the sheer emotionlessness of his voice told me he had cared



about Marjorie Windsor. He had cared about her a lot.

Jealousy wasn't an emotion I was particularly well acquainted with, and yet I recognized it the moment it flooded my veins. Shaking my head, I pushed the sensation aside and yanked my foot out of Caius's grasp.

I was clearly losing my mind. Why else would I give two fucks that Caius had cared for that woman? Maybe I needed medication. Medication solved everything, right?

Knight stuck a third cigarette between his lips, lit the stupid thing, then continued scribbling on his clipboard. "As you can see, Caius's trust issues and general disliking for relationships were exacerbated by Ms. Marjorie Windsor. Of course, that's not where it all began—"

"Knight," Caius snarled. "If you want to keep your head attached to your shoulders, I suggest you stop talking."

Knight rolled his eyes. I froze time and snapped his cigarette in half again. When it resumed he cursed and flung it across the room.

"Damn it, Anastasia. I know it's you doing this."

"I have no clue what you're talking about." I gestured to Caius, "Your turn."

Caius took a few moments to think. He ran his fingers through his hair, which was already messy considering he had showered before coming into the room.

He cleared his throat, "You and your ex. Why did you break up?"

I felt my brow twitch. Taking a moment, I chose my words carefully. I wasn't sure I'd ever fully speak about my time with Jayden Warner or



how he'd treated me. Deep down there was a well of shame that arose whenever I thought of him. Of how he put his hands on me. Of how I let him. 1



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