

## Chapter 0007

Anastasia

If there were three things I was good at it was stealing, stripping, and lying my ass off.

Jasmine, my old roommate, liked to say that I was a professional bullshitter. Other than Evangeline, she was the only one who truly knew me.

We'd met a year ago on the busy streets of San Francisco when she quite literally ran me over with her moped. The girl was a terrible driver, but that moment solidified our friendship.

As it turned out, Jasmine was a werewolf as well. She'd separated from her family and pack and didn't speak to them much. It was one of many things we shared.

When it came time to pack up and leave, she moved with me. The girl quickly became my soulmate, but in a platonic sense. That was until three months ago when she vanished out of thin air.

I pushed all thoughts of Jasmine from my mind, along with my vow to find her by any means necessary. It was time to put my game face on and lie my way out of this mess.

"I lived there as a child," I shrugged off his question with the perfect amount of indifference. "Their motto really stuck with me. Something about slaughtering my enemies and bathing in their blood really gets a girl like me going, y'know?"

Knight snorted his posture relaxed as he leaned against the wall. It

was Damon that gave them all away. He glanced at the two-way mirror for a fraction of a second. Someone was behind it listening to our conversation, and for whatever reason, their opinion mattered.

Alpha Caius's eyes glazed over, a tell-tale sign that he was deep within a mind-link. If I were a betting woman, which I was, I'd bet he was speaking to whoever was behind that window.

His scowl deepened and fury flashed within his golden eyes.

I tapped my nail on the chair's arm rest. "You look angry, Alpha Caius. Did your little friend behind the two-way glass say something you didn't like? He's watching me, isn't he? What did he say? I love being psychoanalyzed."

Knight cocked his head, "How'd you know it's a he?"

"Call it a hunch."

Alpha Caius snarled loudly, promptly ending our conversation. The door to the interrogation room swung open, slamming into the wall. The guy with the buzzcut and dark eyes swept into the room like a wraith. I couldn't even hear his feet hit the floor. Even his body was built for stealth, slender yet chiseled with subtle amounts of muscle.

'Oh, he's spooky.' Ziva's awe gave away that she was slightly impressed by the guy. 'I could still tear his throat out though.'

'Of course you could.'

Buzzcut placed a hand on each of my armrests and proceeded to get all up in my face. I took in a whiff of his breath and clicked my teeth.

"Drinking on the job?" I looked over at Alpha Caius with disdain, "You

people are so unprofessional."

Alpha Caius pinched the bridge of his nose, a tremor running through his body. I tried not to snicker at how easy it was to rile him up. Clearly there was something wrong with me because I wasn't afraid.

"What is it, Ghost?" Damon asked, shuffling forward. He wore a wrinkled dress shirt partially untucked from his slacks. The top few buttons were undone, revealing a hint of chest hair.

"That's such a fitting name for you. It's cause you're like a ghost, right? All quiet and spooky. I think I should've been named Sunshine since I'm so perky."

A vein on Alpha Caius's forehead throbbed, "Do you ever shut up?" 2

"No. I'm a talker. I can't seem to help it. Isn't that what you wanted, anyway? For me to talk."

Knight snorted as he toyed with the stud in his lower lip. Alpha Caius shot him a glare, but otherwise ignored him as he towered over me.

"Ghost here has a range of talents. For one, he can tell when a person's lying. He's going to ask you some questions, and since you love to talk, you're going to answer them."

I swiveled my stare to Ghost, who had moved back a few feet during my little back and forth with Alpha Caius.

A smile curled at my lips, one full of promise. "Good luck, Ghost. From what I've heard I'm a pretty good liar."

It had been my mother who trained me. As lovely and warm and kind-hearted as she'd been, she had taught me from a young age to

protect myself and my gift at all costs.

Ghost kept his emotions on lockdown. I could tell as much when not a single glimmer of anger or annoyance flicked across his face. Even the dark depths of his eyes remained cold and unmoving.

"What is your name?"

His voice was like smoke curling all around us, quiet and unassuming.

"Taylor Swift," I replied, "If you let me go, I'll give you free concert tickets. I can tell Alpha Caius is a die-hard fan." 5

"Cute." Ghost's eyes burned into my own. "How long have you lived in the Eclipse Pack? When did you leave?"

"I lived there until I was seven. You see, I was an orphan. My parents took one look at my gorgeous face and tossed me onto the street. So, naturally, I did what any homeless child would do, and I joined the circus. I've been traveling the country with the troupe ever since. Well, until Henrietta got me tossed from the show. That bitch always was jealous of how many swords I could fit up my—" 2

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