

## Chapter10

Rory's Pov

"I don't know if you remember, there was a whirlwind of things happening earlier. My name is Samantha. You can call me Sam or whatever you like. Get some rest. There are some clothes in the wardrobe but tomorrow if you'd like I can take you shopping to pick out whatever you like." she had a smile on her face when she offered and I blushed.

"But I don't have any money. I...my assets from my parents, I don't have access to them." I said embarrassed.

"Oh honey, it's my treat. Caroline and I are due for a mother daughter day anyway. Why don't you tag along."

"I don't want to intrude." I said, not meeting her eyes. She put her hand on my leg and squeezed it gently.

"It wouldn't be an intrusion. I'm inviting you. I understand how lonely you must have been. I know human life is far different than living as a wolf. If you need more time that's ne too. Take all the time you need. I am here for you. We women need to stick together" she said with a wink. "But don't worry about money. It's on me. My treat. But if you want help getting your parent's assets or seeing what's left of them after the attack on the Yellowstone pack I can help with that too. Whenever you're ready, darlin'. There are soaps in the bathroom if you'd like a shower or bath, fresh towels and linens in the closet. And I'm serious, don't take what my son said to heart. I know you're smart. I know you're capable. It's just going to take time to adjust and I'm sure you have tons of questions yourself. I'll do my best to answer them. In the meantime though, get some rest, I'll see you tomorrow for breakfast." she said before standing and leaving the luxurious room. She softly shut the door and I heard the click as it latched.

Her words comforted me. She didn't think I was illiterate or an imbecile. She didn't treat me like I was fragile. She treated me like I was normal. Like I was any other wolf in the pack. Am I in the pack? Is this my forever home?

Shaking off my thoughts I made my way to the bathroom and grabbed a fresh towel out of the closet before turning on the shower. God, it had been 15 years since I had my last shower. How on earth did I not smell worse? Perhaps Rosa bathing me as a pup helped but it wouldn't surprise me if I had eas at this point.

Steam lled the bathroom and the heat from the water caressed my skin as I stepped in. I nearly moaned at how good it felt. How it eased the tension in my aching muscles, how it drained the stress from my mind.

I held my head under the water for a while just letting it run over me. I could live in this shower forever. How long would the hot water last here?

I grabbed a bottle of body wash and lathered it up in my hands before rubbing the soap over my whole body before rinsing. And for good measure, I washed my skin twice. My skin felt raw from scrubbing so much but I felt clean. I felt amazing.

My hair was next. It was so long. So much longer than I remembered. The coppery red hair fell down my body in waves as the water dripped down it. The soap smelled like vanilla and sugar. I loved it.

When the water started to cool despite being turned all the way up I got out of the shower and wrapped the towel around my skin. I stepped up to the vanity that had two sinks and beautiful marble counters. The cabinets were a navy blue with gold accents and it brought out the white and gray countertops. It was completely different from the mauves and pinks from the bedroom.

This Paisley girl had amazing taste. It was beautiful here.

I took my hand and wiped the fog and perspiration off of the mirror and gasped at my reaction. This was the rst time I was seeing my face in 15 years. I didn't recognize myself.

From my plump lips, to my soft button nose my blue eyes were the same but framed with longer and thicker lashes. My cheek bones were dened as I had lost the childhood chub on my face. I looked like my mother. I looked like a woman.

I touched my face while looking at my reaction. My nose was denitely my nose, my cheeks were mine, my hair was mine. I touched every part I could see just to make sure what I was seeing was real and not just a trick on the mind.

Pulling myself away from my own selsh vanity I sought out the clothes that Samantha had said were in the wardrobe. I opened one drawer and found a pair of cotton pants and slid them up my legs. They were softer than a cloud. I grabbed a threadbare tee shirt and slid it over my head. It was just a plain gray tee shirt but I brought it up to my nose and inhaled.

Cinnamon. It smelled amazing.

My eyes nearly rolled into the back of my head and I groaned. The scent reminded me of the Alpha. He had similar hints in his scent. The cinnamon, the burn of whiskey. Maybe that's why I liked it so much.

His mother did say I was his second chance mate. But he doesn't want me. I don't blame him. He lost the one he truly wanted and based on the picture I saw I can't compare. He doesn't look at me the way he did her.

I would love to nd a happy ending. I would love to nd the perfect one for me. But the goddess got it wrong. Fate got it wrong. Because I knew one thing for sure. My mate hated my guts. He loathed my very existence. I would never be the one he wants and that was setting me up for a lifetime of sorry and pain and I refused another ounce of discomfort on my body or my soul.