

## Chapter Five

The Alpha didn't stay long after his bold declaration. The second the women's screams and pleas reached my ears, making my blood run cold, he turned around, dragging his eyes away from mine as he stalked back to the car he had stepped out of.

He got in. And a few of the warriors that had come with him slowly approached us, eyes dark with murderous intent.

Yet I foolishly remained rooted to the spot, my knees trembling as I tried to make sense of my situation, tried to wrap my head around all of it. My back was drenched in cold sweat, and coupled with the panicked screams and the high-pitched ringing in my ears, my mind was a mess.

"Please! Don't let them take us!" I heard Alisha's desperate wails. "Celine!" She cried.

Yet there I was, standing there foolishly, unable to make a single move.

He picked me.

Why the hell did he pick me?

The two Gammas circled me, amused grins splitting their faces as they took in my trembling state.

My face burned with both shame and anger. Goddess! I was furious—words couldn't describe just how intense that emotion blazing through my chest was.

Why did it have to be me? Why did I have to be in this situation? I lifted my eyes and met theirs rather deantly, not bothering to mask my emotions.

That was when I noticed the Alpha's car hadn't driven off. But the women were being dragged off, being thrown into the trailer we had been in for a week, and being taken away. I felt a chill coming from that car like I was being watched, peeled open, scrutinized.

"Look at that...she's mad!" The bald gamma chuckled as he pointed at my face, seemingly relishing the state I was in.

He was sick!

They all were!

I had to—

The buzz-cut gamma's hand reached out and held mine before I could bolt. Great. Just when the strength had nally returned to my legs.

"Ignore my brother, Luna," he spoke slowly, his voice different from that of his brother's. It was softer, calmer. Like a man who barely found amusement in anything.

"Rest assured you won't be hurt as long as our Alpha wants you for himself..."

"Is that supposed to reassure me?" The words left me with a nasty sneer before I could stop myself.

Their eyes widened slightly like they didn't expect me to speak back—hell, even I was surprised by the words that left me. I had spent a significant part of my life holding back. Anything and everything just to keep the people around me comfortable and satisfied.

"It seems this one won't go without a ght," the bald one murmured to his brother, eyes alight with sick excitement.

The buzz-cut's brows furrowed deeply. "I am sorry, Luna."

What was he apologizing for?

As I tried to make sense of his confusing apology, I felt a sharp, familiar prick at the side of my neck.

I barely got out a gasp before my limbs lost all sensation and my body went crashing down. I knew I was caught by strong arms, but I couldn't feel anything, not when my mind had become a sea of muddled thoughts of panic and hatred swirling into one.

Just like that day one week ago, I felt my consciousness fade.

And just like that night one week ago, I felt the chill of unnatural golden eyes watching me.

...

I awoke with a start, eyes snapping open as my hands reached out. I grabbed nothing but air, and my eyes burned with sensitivity.

I felt something soft beneath me and something thicker above me. I was in a bed, and by the looks of things, not just any bed.

My eyes took in my surroundings—unfamiliar, and the air was frigid, cold. I was in a spacious room with dim lighting. The massive king-sized bed barely took a quarter of the space, with crisp white linens against deep charcoal walls.

The bedroom looked like something straight out of a Victorian era movie yet, at the same time...

Brushed steel lamps cast soft shadows, while modern art pieces broke up the stone walls, creating a striking balance between ancient architecture and contemporary design. Thick velvet curtains framed tall, arched windows, and behind the glass was a wide expanse of white that stretched as far as the eyes could see.

Snow.

Memories came crashing into me, along with the harsh realities of my current situation. The Alpha had chosen me.

Me!

My heart began to race, and my breath came out in spurts. My legs barely had any strength in them, but I knew I had to leave—before anything else could happen.

My ngers gripped the sheets tightly as I looked around the room, in search of a weapon... and an exit.

I dragged the thick sheets off my body and stepped down from the bed, inhaling deeply before I stood. There were four doors in the bedroom—one had to be the exit, or at least, lead somewhere.

My legs felt like a foreign object attached to my body, and as I took my rst step, everything spun, and my ass plopped back down on the mattress.

"Leaving so soon?" That deep voice didn't give me much time to recover. I stiffened up, my muscles going rigid with tension as my head snapped up and golden eyes appeared in front of me.

The Alpha of the North.

Funny how hearing countless stories and rumors of a person would make you think you know what they look like or how they think. But nothing prepared me for this; nothing prepared me for him.

Towering over me, he stood with arms crossed, muscles straining against a tight black t-shirt that revealed every sculpted line of his powerful physique.

His white hair, stark and silvery, contrasted sharply with his bronzed skin. A jagged scar sliced down the side of his face, leading to an eye of faded molten gold that pierced through me with such intensity that the very air seemed to crackle with tension.

His gaze was predatory, narrowed, and calculating, radiating a dangerous energy that made the space between us feel suffocatingly small, even though he hadn't moved a single muscle. The weight of his scrutiny was like a physical force, pressing against me, promising violence with every controlled breath.

I exhaled. A million and one thoughts raced through my mind as I mulled over his question. There was a tilt in that voice that had me on edge. I wasn't sure if he was mocking me or threatening me.

"Where am I?" The rst question nally left me, and I was surprised by how steady my voice was.

"My home, my room," he simply said, taking a step forward, slowly closing the distance between us.

I held my breath as his words sank in.

His...room?

"You...you can't keep me here!"

"Oh?" A white brow raised. "I can't?" He lowered his eyes, openly staring, eyes taking in my dirtier, more pathetic state. His lips twisted into what seemed to be a frown.

"What makes you think you have a say, pet?"

Pet?! Did he just call me a—

"Your husband has given you to me to do as I please," he said.

"Bullshit!" I snapped. "Kane would never do that! He is probably looking for me as we speak! You will not get away with this, you...you monster!"

Wouldn't he, though?

Now I was just throwing empty words. He was trying to rile me up. I already knew Kane didn't sell me out. I was certain of it.

He took another step forward, and I moved back, my butt gliding across the sheets.

"Tall words for a sold-off Luna," he scoffed. "You belong to me now, Celine," the Alpha rasped. His voice was deep, thick with desire that should have scared me but it didn't. Yet the chill in his unusual golden eyes said otherwise.

"I belong to no man!" I sneered, tilting my chin up in challenge, refusing to back down from that heated glare.

A low chuckle left his chest, the sound of it sending ropes of heat down to my lower belly, inciting a hunger I never imagined I could feel.

Strange...what is this feeling?

"That is where you're mistaken, pet," his voice was low, dangerous.

"I am no man," he declared, his golden eyes settling on my quivering lips. "And I, for one, will enjoy breaking you."