

CHAPTER 8

Everyone was busy preparing for the festivities. They had decided to celebrate the full moon a day earlier so that they can excite themselves, for the bloodbath which was sure to arise the following day.

Rhey was checking on the preparations progress when she felt eyes on her, and not just any eyes, his. She tilted her head slightly following the direction of his scent. Her eyes clashed with his and she instantly regretted having turned around. He was shooting her a deathly glare as he pursed his lips. But for all that is holy, she couldn't look away. Not when her mate looked that deliciously sexy. He was dressed in a tting faded black jeans that molded his glutes perfectly. His grey polo shirt clung to his biceps like a second skin. Rhey swallowed hard letting her eyes roam over his body shamelessly not bothering to hide the fact that she was ogling. He was her mate dammit! She thought bitterly, and yet she couldn't even approach him as she desired.

A thought crossed her mind. She didn't have to be the only one suffering. Parting her way through the crowd, Rhey found herself at Akoko's doorstep. She raised her hand to knock but even before she could do it the door opened. Akoko looked like she was expecting her.

"Come in,"

Rhey stepped inside and Akoko locked the door.

"I reckon you want to reverse the spell,"

"I do," Rhey admitted with an embarrassed sigh. "I shouldn't have done it, to begin with," she admitted honestly. Akoko smiled, she had thought just as much.

"It's in the past," she comforted.

"Let's unmask your pheromones and that stubborn mate of yours will not stand a chance." Her devious smirk told Rhey the elder already knew of her intentions. She wanted to drive Tommy crazy with her scent because no mate can resist such temptation. It's what got her and Tommy fooling around, to begin with. She hadn't been able to ignore his scent, despite her anti-mate resolve.

Akoko prepared a concoction for her to drink. She then proceeded and drew a magical circle, the same one they had used to cloak her pheromones. Rhey stepped in the middle and Akoko began chanting. A rushed gust of wind pulled Rhey from all sides for a second or so and just like that the spell was lifted. The Alpha was left feeling drained, but nonetheless, happy.

After leaving Akoko's, Rhey headed straight to her chambers and laid down. Somehow she drifted to sleep and woke up hours later feeling much rested. She quickly visited the infirmary and checked on Logan before she began preparing for the party. She took a long time getting ready which was so unlike her.

"Mmmh, that's a dress," Ryan observed his daughter coyly. It was obvious she had put extra effort into her looks. The simple make up on her face was proof enough.

"How do I look?" She asked nervously.

"Tommy will love it," Ryan informed with a chuckle and Rhey blushed hard.

"I am not..." she began with the intention of refuting her father's claim but trailed off. "Are you sure it's not too much?" She asked instead,

Ryan grabbed his daughter by the shoulders and held her still. "I'm sure you will be the most beautiful woman tonight, and your mate will be a fool not to see it." Rhey relaxed letting a small smile curve on her lips.

"I love you," she told Ryan kissing his cheek. "Now go and get your date."

Ryan's eyes widened and he hesitated. It was true that he had invited Lily as his date, but he hadn't told Rhey about it because he was unsure of her reaction.

"Go," Rhey insisted picking up on her father's dilemma. "You deserve to be happy papa, and I promise to be more supportive henceforth."

Ryan's lips stretched in a wide smile. "Are you sure?" His anxiety couldn't be disguised.

"Yes, I'm sure," Rhey responded. Ryan leaned in and kissed her forehead, "I love you." She smiled making it easier for Ryan to leave. Once he was gone she gave out a deep shaky exhale and sank onto her bed. She wanted to support her father's happiness, but she couldn't help but feel a little sad. It felt like Ryan was forgetting her mother, and it wasn't a pleasant feeling.

Determined to forget about it even if it was just for a night, Rhey walked towards the full-length mirror of her wardrobe. She checked her reaction adjusting her body-hugging dress. Once she was content in her looks she left to join the party which had already begun. She could hear happy chatters from afar signalling how riled up the crowd was.

"Damn girl!" Julian exclaimed whistling dramatically. "You sure do know how to clean up."

"F**k off," she jabbed his ribs making him groan playfully.

"Oh boy, Tommy doesn't stand a chance," Julian stated contently twirling her around. He then linked his arm with hers and began escorting her to the party. Rhey fought back a smile but lost miserably. Julian laughed, "the plan was to make Tommy squirm, wasn't it?" He wiggled his brows suggestively drawing a chuckle from his friend.

"Damn right it was," Rhey conrmed. "I didn't know what else to do," she voiced her fears. Julian stopped and turned to face her, "Tommy is mad at you, and still in love with you. "

"How can you be sure?"

"The same way I know you've unmasked your pheromones," Julian answered smoothly making Rhey suck in a rushed breath.

"How do you know? Can you smell it?" She asked nervously, "is it that obvious?"

Julian laughed. "Calm down," he held her shoulders. "It was a lucky guess," Rhey clicked her tongue and shoved him lightly.

Julian was about to give a retort when they heard a growl. Unmistakable ferocious growl. Turning slowly Julian came face to face with a pissed-off Tommy. His eyes were blazing gold which meant he was barely holding his wolf in.

"Heeey, buddy..." Julian attempted a distraction as he stepped away from Rhey cautiously. He knew better than to step between the two. Tommy being a typical male werewolf, didn't like Julian touching his mate. Especially since he hadn't marked her. It was something he couldn't control, wolves are just possessive in nature like that.

"Good luck with that," Julian shot Rhey a devious smirk and took off leaving Rhey with a dangerously aroused Tommy, who was stalking towards her like a predator eyeing its prey.

Rhey took a step back when Tommy got closer. The Beta growled in displeasure stepping forward to her face. He roughly grabbed her by the waist and slammed her against his muscular frame.

Rhey gasped, her hands automatically going to his chest in an attempt to push him off.

"Stop it," Tommy roared pulling her closer leaving no tangible space between them. He buried his nose in her neck and took a deep whiff.

It was the rst time smelling her pheromones and he couldn't get enough which is understandable. After all he was three years deprived of pleasure. He had been busy playing poker in the hall where the celebrations were taking place, when he rst caught the whiff. At rst, he didn't know what it was he had scented. That's why he left the hall to pursue it. When he saw his friend holding his mate, that's when it dawned on him. He was smelling her pheromones, something he wasn't able to do until now. Which meant she had gotten rid of whatever spell she had used to mask it.

"Thomas..." Rhey moaned shakily feeling his hardening c**k press against her belly. Tommy let out a breathless grunt, lowering his hands to caress her bottom. He squeezed her butt lasciviously.

"Stop it..." she whined squirming and only succeeded in rubbing her hardening n**ples over his hairy chest. "Please..." She begged unsure of what she truly wanted. Tommy stepped back and looked at her inviting lips. He leaned and captured them in a punishing kiss. There was nothing gentle in the way he nibbled and sucked them on. He would have probably taken her there and then if Nora hadn't interrupted them with an awkward cough.

Rhey felt mortied. Her eyes darted around unable to meet Nora's gaze. "They are waiting for your toast," Nora told an embarrassed Rhey and left. Once she had turned her back to them, she smiled gleefully. Gerald was right, her son and his mate would nd their way back to each other.

Left alone in a sheepish situation, none knew what to say or do. A silence hung over the two lovers before Rhey broke it, "I will head inside." She uttered.

Tommy nodded but he didn't loosen his hold on her and neither did he trust himself to talk. He wanted to throw her over his shoulder and take her to his bed where he would have his way with her till they both passed out.

After a little hesitation, Rhey nudged his hands off her and walked off swaying her hips a bit more forcefully which fueled Tommy's lust. He rushed after her and spun her around, "I will be waiting." His simple words were lled with promise. He kissed her swollen lips once again before he reluctantly let her go.

It was torture, unduly torment. Rhey thought restlessly waiting for a perfect opportunity to slip away. It was over three hours since, but she could still feel his rough hands over her body. The way he caressed and gripped her soft skin felt heavenly. And she wanted more of that touch.

"At least pretend that you enjoying the party," Julian teased knowing full well that his Alpha was just bidding her time.

"I am enjoying," she argued weakly.

"Of course you are," Julian retorted sarcastically. "For the past thirty minutes you've been glancing at that exit, I think you would rather enjoy a certain someone." he wiggled his brows suggestively.

There was no use denying it, Rhey realized. "I will go insane if I don't ditch this party soon."

"It's obvious," he chuckled. "Let's take a walk,"

"What?" She wondered what her crazy friend was driving at.

"Do you want to get out of here or not?"

"I can't just walk..." She began but Julian cut her off.

"Are you afraid that perhaps people will know where you are heading..."

"Let's go," she cut in hastily getting on her feet. Julian smirked knowingly leading the way. He escorted her out and even before they made it to her house Tommy showed up. Looking just as restless as he felt. He had been pacing around for hours trying to reign in his wolf to no avail.

"That's my cue..." Julian said watching his two friends stare at nothing but each other.

None acknowledged his words either. Lost in each other's scent, Tommy did what he had been craving to do throughout the night. He scooped his Alpha up and threw her over his shoulder and headed straight for his chambers despite her objections.

"I can't be gentle, not tonight." He rasped stripping her naked hurriedly.

"Don't be," it was all the encouragement he needed before he began discarding his own clothes in haste.

Minutes later, he had her writhing below him as he rode her just as he had fantasized. Hours later they had both lost count of how many times they had c'm

"Are you tired?" He asked ipping her over on the knees.

"No," he started dropping tiny kisses along her jaw and down to her neck. He lingered at the juncture between her shoulder and her neck. The spot he was supposed to mark. He suckled the tender esh making Rhey tilt her head further.

"Do it," she encouraged. Tommy froze, he hadn't realized the position they were in. His actions were lust-ridden. He quickly pulled away to Rhey's dismay.

"Sorry, " he offered poorly angering Rhey. She quickly got off the bed and picked up her discarded dress. Tommy didn't understand why she seemed so peeved.

"Why are pissed?" he was honestly confused.

"Doesn't matter," Rhey shot back dressing instantly.

"You didn't expect me to mark you, did you?" Tommy insisted curiously and when Rhey didn't answer he let out a bitter laugh.

"So that's it," he bellowed.

"Am I supposed to come crawling back to you just because you unmasked your scent?" The disbelief in his tone was palpable.

"I thought..."

"You thought what?" His voice raised angrily.

"Forget it," Rhey rasped. She had never felt that humiliated. "I am done chasing you, just as I am done apologizing."

"You never did any chasing, love, and you are deluded to think otherwise." Tommy barked with a scoff. "And as for your shitty apology, it's not accepted. Had I not come home with Amelia, you would have kept lying to me." Rhey attempted to talk but he shushed her and continued.

"My response to your pheromones is as expected, I can't resist your scent. But that's all there is, a quick lay. You can go back to pretending I am a trivial part of your life."

"I never said..."

"You didn't have to, years of deception speaks for itself." Tommy surmised calmly taking a seat on the messy bed.

"You will never forgive me, will you?" Rhey asked in a small voice.

"No, I don't think I will." He conrmed

"You are free to leave," Rhey muttered facing away from him to hide her moist eyes. "I will not keep you here against your will," she breathed softly. "After the upcoming battle, you can do whatever you please."

She began walking and when she was by the door she stopped.

"And if you need to reject me, do so." And she left ,her heart breaking with each step she took.

But she didn't stop. Even as tears sprang in her eyes. She kept walking, with one destination in mind.