

Chapter 7

"She's your mate and she deserves to be here," Mr. West says calmly.

"She is not my mate," Alarick says slowly. He slams his hand on the counter next to Mr. West's plate. The counter shakes a little due to the impact. Alarick exits the kitchen and I hear him saying, "She's trying to fool you all!" Mr. West pushes his plate away, getting angry with his son's behavior. He gets up from the stool and leaves the kitchen. Everyone else in the kitchen has stopped eating except me. I continue to eat, not bothering about the heated argument that Mr. West is having with his son somewhere in the pack house. Due to my enhanced hearing, I'm able to hear their every word and so are others.

Mr. West: "You need to stop behaving like this!"

Alarick: "And you need to stop thinking that she is my mate!"

Mr. West: "She is your mate! Why are you not accepting it!"

Alarick: "She is not my mate! She's trying to fool you all, just like Angelina!"

Who is Angelina?

Mr. West: "She is not trying to fool us!"

Alarick: "That's what you think!"

Mr. West: "Chriselda is your mate and you need to respect her! Stop acting like a jerk!"

I don't hear Alarick saying any further. So, I know that the heated argument is over. Mr. West comes back in the kitchen, sits on the stool and resumes eating. Everyone does the same. No one dares to talk again. Mrs. West gets up and takes out a plate from the cabinet. She puts food on the plate, preparing the food tray, probably for her son. "Chriselda, can you take this to Alarick's room?" she requests as she gestures towards the tray.

"If I take the food to him then he won't eat it," I say. "He'll probably throw the food out his window."

Mrs. West looks at me. She doesn't say anything because she knows I'm right. She just takes the food tray herself and exits the kitchen. An awkward silence falls during the dinner.

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A er dinner, everyone retires to their rooms. I lie on my bed and try to sleep. But sleep doesn't come to me. I find it hard to sleep when I'm at any new place so it takes time for me to adjust to my surroundings. I toss and turn in my bed, trying to get some sleep. But a er tossing and turning for a while, I finally give up on sleep. I sit on my bed and think of calling Matt. But if I call him then he may get worried and may tell me to come back. And I'm not ready to go back to my pack...yet. It will be too soon for me. The other person who I think of talking to in this late hour is Beta Charles. He seems like a friendly guy and I find it easy to talk to him. I remember the conversation that I had with him today in the noon. He can be my potential friend.

I get up from the bed and proceed to go to Beta Charles' room. I hope he's awake. There's darkness in the pack house. I'm grateful that I'm a werewolf because werewolves have the ability to see in the dark. When I reach Beta Charles' room, I think of knocking at his door but that may wake him up and others in the pack house. I turn the knob and open the door a little as I peek my head inside the room. The room is in darkness. Is he asleep? "Beta Charles?" I whisper, calling out to him.

I see Beta Charles slowly opening his eyes. When he sees me, he is shocked. He immediately sits up and that's when I notice him wearing only his boxer briefs. Blush spreads on my cheeks. I turn my head away from Beta Lewis' partial naked body. From the corner of my eye, I see him covering himself with a pillow. "Yes, Beta Chriselda," he says and I turn my head towards him. I find him little embarrassed because of his under-dressed state.

"Did I interrupt your sleep?" I ask.

"Not at all," he says.

"Can I come in?" I politely ask.

"Yeah, sure."

I enter his room and close the door behind me. I go to his bed. He shifts and makes place for me to sit on his double-sized bed. "Can I call you Charles?" I ask.

"Yeah sure," he replies.

I sit on his bed and tell him, "I'm finding it hard to sleep."

"Then you should go and lie down beside Alpha Alarick. I guarantee you, you'll fall asleep within seconds," he says. We both share a laugh.

"I wish that could be the case with me," I say. "If your Alpha finds me lying on his bed then he will push me o the bed..." We talk a little until I find my back tired due to the sitting. "Can I lie down on your bed?" I ask.

"That would be inappropriate," he says. He is already lying on his bed.

"It's not like I'm asking to sleep with you," I say as I move him further to create some space for me to lie down.

"But-" he starts to say but I interrupt him.

"Chillax," I say as I lie down beside him.

"Alarick will kill me if he sees you in my bed," he says.

"He won't. He doesn't even want me as his mate. So, you don't need to worry about him." He doesn't say anything. I remember Mr. West and Alarick mentioning about some Angelina when they were having a heated argument. "Charles, who is Angelina?" I dare to ask.

"She belongs to our pack and is obsessed with Alarick," Charles tells me. "She was so crazy for him that she even started claiming to be his mate. She even tried fooling Alarick into believing that she is his mate. But Alarick didn't believe her."

"Oh," I say. "So, Alarick thinks that I'm another Angelina."

"Yeah, something like that."

"Charles, do you think I'm Alarick's mate? Or do you think I'm pretending to be one?" I ask him.

"I think that you're Alarick's mate," he answers.

"What makes you think that?"

"Alarick's father believes that you are his son's mate. That's enough reason for me to believe that you're Alarick's mate and my Luna. Chriselda, Mr. West is a very smart man. Alarick says that you're trying to fool him but no one can fool Mr. West. He was our Alpha. He is experienced. By looking at any person, he can tell whether a person is lying or not."

"The thing that is important is to make Alarick believe that I'm his mate," I finally say.

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I open my eyes slowly, a yawn escaping my mouth. I stretch my hands and accidentally hit something. When I turn to my side, I see Charles sleeping soundly beside me on the bed. I instantly sit up. I look around and find myself in Charles' room. But I thought I had returned to my room. I must've been too sleepy to move my legs towards the direction of my room. I should quickly get out of here before anyone finds me in this room. It won't be good if the Alpha's mate is found in his Beta's room. I tip-toe towards the door so that Charles doesn't wake up. I exit his room and close the door behind me without making any noise. When I turn around, I see Alarick looking at me from a distance.

Shit.

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