

## The Rules

Caliana's POV

I knew that they were domineering men, but seeing them like this, sitting looking like Greek gods and exuding their aura is different. My wolf and I whimper, but I force myself to stand tall. I'm an Alpha's daughter after all.

"Hello, Caliana," a handsome man in his mid-twenties stood up. From the pictures on the internet, I recognized him as Jamal. The second brother and face of the company. He was the pack beta too. I tried to remember what was said about him in the article.

'The golden angel of the west,' He looked like one, he had a friendly mask on but behind it, he was as dangerous as the rest.

"Hello," I greeted him timidly. He held my hand gently and guided me to a seat next to Alpha Edward, who didn't even spare me a glance.

"Caliana, welcome to the family, these are my brothers; Marcus and Marcos, the twins," beta Jamal introduced. The twins are good looking too, with only small features that tell them apart, like their hair and eyes, while Marcus has dirty blonde hair, and brown eyes like Jamal. Marcos had jet-black hair like Alpha Edward and mesmerizing gray-blue eyes.

The twins wave at me, and curtly nod, their faces as serious as their elder brother.

"Do I have to introduce her to you, brother, or will you do that honor?" Jamal asked the Alpha, who sighed in exasperation, as if this was boring for him. Why did he hate me?

"Well, I'll do it then," Beta Jamal smiled. How is he able to be so polite? The Chasia brothers were supposed to be conceited and rude.

'Jamal is the angel,'

"That one there is Edward, the eldest," he said quickly, and I nodded. My eyes rushed to Alpha, to see if he'd nod or just look at me but he didn't and it broke my heart.

As we started to eat, Marcos and Marcus talked about their killing, and they explained in detail how they slayed over ten Lycans. A chill went down my body and choked on my salad, making them go quiet and look at me. I bit my bottom lip nervously. I was hoping that they would forget I was there for the rest of the dinner.

"I gave his heart to the wild wolves and their masters' bodies to my lions. It was exciting."

"Wasn't the other guy alive though?"

"It was so fun to see. I think we should host games like that during the festivities,"

The thought that Marcus would suggest offering people to lions and wild wolves for sport made my stomach churn. I got up, ran to the nearest faucet, and threw up all my dinner... I heard the twins laugh and I shook my head, deciding not to go back there and just go upstairs to my room.

I wore my black silk dress for bed, before I could close my eyes, the door opened and the Alpha walked in. Alpha Edward was standing there, taking steps towards the bed with a look of menace in his grey eyes. I held the mattress tighter. He put a knee on the bed and grabbed my chin so that I'm facing him. At this point, my heart was about to fly out of my chest and I had goosebumps on my skin. My wolf was howling in happiness at this proximity to her mate.

"Hello, Mate," His voice was deep and sexy. My breath convulsed and he smirked. "I just came to tell you the rules," he said, retreating from me as quickly as possible. I whimpered at the loss of contact.

"What- what- rules?" I stuttered in a quiet voice. He stared at me, almost longingly, but he blinked before his facial features hardened.

"You are here to please me and I will do as I want. You cannot run away because I'll find you and kill not only you but your whole pack and, lastly, no one will know about our bond," he warned, and before I could open my mouth to speak, he left the room.

Tears welled in my eyes but I refused to cry. If he didn't want to accept the bond between us, that was fine. However, I couldn't help but worry. Was this the life that was destined for me? A life of rejection and misery?

## Comments (2)