

4 - Entangled With The Savage Alpha - Berrybloom

4

Dawn

I jolted up from a very upsetting nightmare. I was alone, naked, and in an unknown place.

My gaze hastily flitted around the room and tried to piece together what may have brought me here.

My eyes landed on a pair of freshly folded clothes, then on a note that was on top of it. I slowly reached for it. As soon as I touched it, a familiar scent hit my nostrils and everything that happened last night returned with a bang.

My hands flew to my chest as I tried to suppress the memories of his hands on me. It was like I could feel every touch from his powerful hands. His voice rang in my head. I remembered his command, my madness and suddenly I remembered the most important thing.

I should be dead. That man was supposed to kill me after everything. Everyone knows that you don't give a rogue a chance to live. Rogues couldn't think straight. They only had an appetite for death and nothing more.

But then, I didn't feel any of the anger that threatened me implode within me last night. I was neither angry nor weak or tired. I felt like I was back to my normal self. I was in a state that was better than my normal one. In my normal state, I was always tired and weak.

Instead, I felt replenished. I felt strengthened. I could feel myself glowing. Did this have anything to do with last night or did it have something to do with my nightmare?

Goosebumps, scattered all over my skin at the thought of my nightmare. I'd been in a weird realm where my wolf and I were being hunted by a dark scary formless being. I couldn't make out what it was or why it was after us.

My stomach grumbled and I yawned. Now that I was not raving mad with anger, I began to feel bad for what I'd done. What was I supposed to do next?

I couldn't run away. I didn't have the balls to. And even if I wanted to, where would I go? But at the same time, I couldn't let them marry me off to an old man.

I may not have been destined for love and all the nice things but I was definitely not going to let myself fall into the pit they wanted me to.

I snatched the clothes off the bed, a bit annoyed at the man from last night. How did he manage to get me back to sanity? What exactly did he do? Who was he?

I pulled on the shorts that fit me like a glove and pretty top that accompanied it. I was impressed. They had no previous scent on them, meaning that they were brand new plus they'd become the prettiest outfit I owned.

I got off the bed to see brand-new sandals that matched my clothes and my grin widened.

The fact that he would go this far for me made me a bit teary. Ignoring my dirty feet, I slipped on the sandals and began stopping around the room.

I was happy. Ridiculously happy. But like always, my happiness was short-lived.

The door flew open. Alex and a couple of male wolves I recognized from the park barged in. They circled me in seconds. I didn't stand a chance. Someone grabbed my arm, and I yelped as I was tossed to the floor and secured in silver chains in less than a minute.

The burning sensation of the silver hurt so much that I screamed the loudest. They dragged me out like a criminal.

"Careful, she's rogue." Alex spat,

"If she is, why are we wasting time? Kill her already." One of them sneered.

"She doesn't look like it." Another added.

Alex paused and yanked my hair backward so that he could see my face. He studied me dispassionately for a second then sighed.

"I could swear she turned rogue last night after I rejected her. She almost killed her sister before taking off."

They all groaned.

"It's your fault then." Someone said, "Wouldn't be the first time a woman is going crazy about you."

They all snickered. Alex smiled smugly before letting me go. We resumed walking.

"What does this mean though?" Yet another one of them voiced. "Is she rogue or not?"

Alex shrugged, "Either her father or her new husband will be the judge of that. Not me."

A growl escaped my lips. Rage similar but not equal to what I felt last night began to bubble within me.

Most of them stopped and stared.

"That's definitely not rogue, that's a scorned woman." One of them snickered.

I felt a lot angrier. The pain from the chains that were scorching my skin faded and all I could think of was ripping out their hearts.

I had never been a violent person. I wasn't capable of it. And it was so shocking that I was reacting this way. I began to wrestle with my captors, hitting them with my body so that the silver chain would burn them like it was doing to me.

"Definitely rogue." One yelled.

"Stop this fucking clown act right now!" Alex demanded.

I hated him. I hated him most of all. Plus I was only getting started. I charged at him, intending to topple over him and sink my teeth into his neck.

But someone yanked my chain back and I fell flat. I wasn't done yet. I sprang up with surprising agility, ready to fight, ready to set myself free. I growled at them daring any of them to step closer.

Suddenly, someone grabbed my neck from behind and injected something into me. I toppled to the floor in seconds.

"She's not rogue." Alex sneered as I fell into oblivion, "Just angry, stupid, and late."

I woke up to the sound of mutterings. The rancid air told me that I was back home.

Grace was bitterly complaining about something. My father was trying to console her. Alex and Sophia were in something that sounded like an argument.

I didn't dare move. I already knew what fate awaited me if they discovered that I was awake. I stayed as still as I could and tried to plot another way out of there.

All the bravado I'd felt earlier had slipped away and my ever-present fear and anxiety took center stage.

"What are we going to do?" Grace whined. "They'll soon be here."

Father grunted something in response and Grace hissed.

“She's up to no good. She's always ruining things.” She continued.

“We can tell them to give us a while. We can tell them that she's sick.” Father suggested.

“Do you hear yourself?” Grace scolded, “The longer she stays in this pack, the smaller Alex's chance of becoming Alpha becomes. He has already done the wrong thing by mating with Sophia while her elder sister is still unmated. He did that for us, he sacrificed himself for our sake so that we can become the parents of the new Luna. Is that how we want to pay him back.”

“But I already signed the marriage contract before Alex mated with Sophia. So technically, he is not in the wrong.”

“I know darling. But she needs to go.”

“She cannot go like this,” Father complained. “We don't want them to change their minds after seeing her.”

“Sophia!” Grace hissed, “Tell you mate to give her some more sedatives. And then you tend to her wounds and make her a bit presentable. They'll soon be here.”

Sophia complained about something and Grace screamed, “Stop whining and do as I say, unless you want to kiss your new position goodbye!”

Alex grunted and I felt another needle prick through my skin.

“You don't need to do much.” He whispered to Sophia. “Just find a jacket and put it on her. It'll cover up everything.”

I heard her take a deep breath as I slowly fell back into deep unconsciousness.

When I woke up again, I was hungry. I was so hungry that I could barely recognize my surroundings.

“She's awake,” Grace said in a weird high-pitched voice and fluttered to my side.

My vision cleared a little, and I realized that I had been scrutinized by an unknown werewolf.

“So she's not dead.” He mused and stroked his jaw.

I could feel Grace nodding as she propped me into a sitting position like some sort of doll.

“She's scrawny, pale, dull, and underweight.” The strange wolf assessed, “Are you sure she's in good health?”

I swallowed. Was this the man they were selling me to? He looked younger than I thought.

“She is.” My father assured, his eyes were fixated on the bag which was by the stranger's leg. I automatically assumed that it was the money that'd be handed to him on my behalf.

“My boss will not like this.” The stranger complained. “Why is she so badly bruised?”

My heart plummeted. Of course, he wasn't the one. He was here on behalf of the old man who I was about to be carted off to.

“Don't worry about that, she heals pretty quickly,” Grace promised.

He grunted dismissively and got to his feet. “Feed her. I'll be back in a few minutes to make my final decision.” He said and walked out.

There was a collective sigh of disappointment in the living room.

“Didn't I ask you to clean her up and make her look presentable?” Grace accused, wagging her finger at Sophia.

“But you told me this was okay enough.” Sophia shot back.

“This is not the time to point accusing fingers.” My father barked. “Do everything you can to make her look presentable. We cannot lose that money.” He finished pointing to the bag of money that was left behind by the man.

Money always brought out the sinister side of my father. He licked his lips impatiently and gestured to me.

Grace sighed and then gripped me.

“Careful.” Father hissed, “We do not need any other mark on her body.”

Grace loosened her grip and gestured to her daughter, “Bring the first aid kit and makeup to the kitchen. Now.”

She dragged me to the kitchen and set a plate before me, “You better behave!”

Sophia trailed in and tossed her makeup kit on the counter.

“Where's the first aid kit?” Grace asked.

Sophia rolled her eyes. "We can just cover it up with makeup."

Grace held the tip on her nose and tried to bite down a growl. "EAT!" She screamed when she realized that I was watching.

"She's bleeding Sophia. We need to stop the bleeding first." She gritted out.

Sophia harrumphed and stormed out. Part of me wondered how all of them were going to cope since they wouldn't have me to order around and lash out at anymore.

I took a bite of my meal and groaned. This was maybe the first time I wasn't getting stale leftovers in years.

Before Sophia returned with her first aid. I'd already consumed everything Grace set before me.

Together, they pulled off my clothes and treated the wounds they'd created with disdain.

Sophia was the most pissed off. She stabbed me more times than I could count. And when they finally dragged me back to living, our guest was already waiting.

This time around, he was another man. My heart stopped beating at the sight of him. He was a lot older than my father but looked better than him.

Everything about him screamed power and affluence. Alex, who was supposed to be the most dominant of all of us, couldn't even look him in the face.

"Take her," he grimaced without sparing me a glance.

Grace shoved me into the hand of the man who'd assessed me earlier. Instead of holding me like a criminal, he handled me gently.

The older man tossed another bag at my father who looked like an excited puppy.

"You just sold her off." He sneered. "From this moment she has no ties with any of you. She belongs to Golden Crest. You have no right to visit, demand anything, or even think of her."

The chilling finality in his tone scared me. Was he the man that I was supposed to spend the rest of my life with?

A dark and strict aura surrounded him. My wolf whimpered in fear.

My father grinned foolishly and agreed to his terms. "We'll never ask of her again."

The older man grunted, turned and walked away. And the man who'd been holding me pulled me after him.

The living room was quiet as we proceeded out. I looked back at my family for the last time.

My father was too busy holding the bags of money. Grace was by his side, trying to take a peek. Sophia smiled sinisterly and Alex looked indifferent.

The only person who seemed to care was Sophia. She was excited because she already knew that my suffering fate was sealed. We both knew that I was going to suffer more than I did at home wherever I was going and she loved it.