

5 - Entangled With The Savage Alpha - Berrybloom

5

Dawn

I was led into the back seat of one of the most expensive vehicles I'd ever seen in my entire existence.

The two men discussed my fate outside, the older man was visibly angry. He didn't gesticulate or raise his voice, but the fear in the eyes of his associate was clear as day.

Watching them made the temperature in the car drop and I folded my arms as fear rang through me. How was I going to survive this? The mean-looking older man terrified me. He looked like someone who didn't take no for an answer and never forgave anyone.

How was this my new reality? I glanced at the door handle and wondered if I should make a run for it. It was the right thing to do. Yet I already knew that I wouldn't get far enough.

Sitting in the car drained me of all my energy. I wanted death. It seemed to be the only thing that may put me out of my misery.

After discussing, the two men headed to separate vehicles, and another man whom I'd never seen before entered the driver's seat. He flashed me a warm smile before starting the car and following the two cars before us.

I looked back at my old home. No one was outside to bid me farewell. They were all inside, probably rejoicing at their good fortune. They'd gotten rid of me for a huge sum of money and by removing me, they had guaranteed that Alex's soon-to-be position was secured.

I hated them. I hated all of them and I wished that I'd never see them again.

My former pack members stared at the entourage as we drove by. I understood their curiosity. werewolves rarely used vehicles because they could easily get to where they were going in the blink of an eye.

In Creekside Pack, vehicles were only used to transport goods, rogues, or unruly pack members. We hadn't seen automobiles as sleek and shiny as this one in forever. Heck, our old and ailing alpha didn't have anything like this.

We drove to the pack house where I was led to the Alpha's study. He was barely out anymore and could barely move. He didn't spare me a glance nor did he say a word to any of us.

He only listened as the old man told him that I no longer belonged to Creekside Pack and that he wanted my connection with them to be cut off.

After a moment of silence, he gestured for them to bring me forth. His attendants yanked me towards him.

When I was younger, I used to be terrified of him. Now, I only pitied him. Creekside was falling apart and there was nothing he could do about it. I'd believed so much in Alex, but now I was certain that he would even worsen things if he was made Alpha.

The old Alpha must have heard my thoughts, because he glanced up and locked gazes with me.

I staggered back from the effect of the power he wielded. His body might have been weak, but his wolf was immortal.

Two hands held me in place and pushed me until I was close to him. He held my face and placed my forehead on his.

I could feel him reviewing my memories. I could feel him searching my brain for information. It didn't matter that I wanted to forget everything. He released everything from the depth of my mind.

It felt like I was being forcefully submerged in it all. Pain, fear, heartbreak, sorrow. They were all I'd experienced all my life.

I didn't know that I was crying until he released me.

"Luna." He croaked, his eyes narrowing for a second.

I sobbed. It hurt. Everything that I'd experienced in my short life hurt.

"Why are you taking her away?" He asked like he didn't see the reasons in my memories.

The old man shrugged. He seemed to be the only one who wasn't affected by the presence of the Oldest Alpha wolf.

The Old Alpha looked at me once more and shook his head. He gestured to my right hand and I reached out for him.

He took it and in quick motion, he slashed my palm with a claw. The effect was immediate. I was flung across the room by an unknown force.

“It is done.” He sighed from across the room. “She is no longer connected to you or the pack. She has nothing to do with Creekside Pack.”

His golden eyes were fixed on me even as I was pulled to my feet by an unknown hand. Something felt weird. Something about those golden eyes felt familiar.

I heard an echo in my brain saying, “Mine. Mine. Mine.”

I could feel my connection to Creekside fading but not my connection to him. But there was no going back now. My fate had been sealed.

The old man grunted and walked out and I was pulled along.

I took one last glance at the Old Alpha. His eyes were closed now and he seemed a lot paler than he was moments ago. Everyone knew that his time was almost over. Something told me that it was sooner than everyone expected.

It's why they were trying to crown a new alpha before he finally gave up the ghost. Because of his ill health, the pack bond had become weak and the pack members were becoming unruly.

Creekside was an old pack that was filled with poor werewolves and Omegas. They were also mostly greedy and didn't care for each other. This realization came with the loss of my connection to the pack.

And although it hurt, I was glad to finally leave it behind.

We trooped back to our respective cars and we continued our journey out of Creekside. I felt my bond to the pack slowly fade. By the time we reached the borders, I didn't feel like there was a time that I was ever part of them.

I'd become a lone wolf. It had officially become only me against the challenges I was to face. I had no alpha, no leader. I was alone.

The cars of the Old man and his associate branched off and headed in another direction as soon as we were out of Creekside. It spooked me.

I wanted to ask the driver what was happening, but his countenance had drifted to a stoic one. My intrusive thoughts began to create the scariest scenarios.

Soon, I drifted off to sleep.

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When I awoke, I was in a different car and we were ascending a slope that snaked its way into the looming mountains.

My heart skipped a few beats.

Was this the feared pack that was in the mountains?

I'd heard rumors of them. They were unruly and uncivilized. Their Alpha was a beast. A savage. Apart from a few rumors, no one knew anything about them.

Anxiety clawed at my chest. It felt like my situation was about to get even worse. I cursed my father, Grace, Sophia, and most of all, Alex. I wish I had never met him.

Could I run away? I wanted to. Desperation had me at my wit's end. I didn't want to become a slave the second time. I didn't want to sleep with a man that I wasn't attracted to. Neither did I want to carry his children.

I hated my existence. Why couldn't I be lucky for once in my life? I didn't want death but I was tired of slaving and suffering.

We entered a dark tunnel that led us through the mountain. It was a short drive and we finally came out of it, I gasped at the beauty surrounding me.

The landscape was the most beautiful and delicate that I'd ever set eyes on. There was a valley filled with lush greenery on one side and the other were tall trees. The sky was clear with occasional puffy clouds here and there. I saw butterflies and other small fauna.

An archway with the wording, "Golden Crest," welcomed us as we turned and descended into the valley. We soon approached their civilization. It was a cute mixture of modern buildings and cottages. Nothing about the people I saw on the streets seemed unruly. They looked better than Creekside.

It was charming and beautiful. Everything felt peaceful and serene. All my fear had dissipated and I felt a lot more relaxed without even knowing it.

I wish I could go back to Creekside and debunk their silly rumors. The werewolves here were miles ahead of them. They didn't live in the mountains, instead, they were surrounded by it. They seemed to be more in tune with nature than Creekside would ever think to dream of.

We drove past the residential areas and began ascending the slope. That's when I saw the towering mansion that seemed to be carved into the mountains.

My breath hitched at the massiveness. While everything about the valley was cute, this part of Golden Crest aimed to terrify visitors and it was doing a wonderful job. It reminded me of the rumors of the Savage Alpha who resided within it.

Why were we headed in that direction? Was I going to be marked by the alpha immediately? What if he rejected me? What would my new owners think? Shouldn't I meet my new owners first?

There was no escaping Golden Crest and I didn't know if that was a good or bad thing.

The car finally came to a stop and the door opened.

"She's here. She's here." Voices whispered.

The anticipation in their voices scared me. Should they have known that I was coming?

"Marcus has done it this time." Someone groaned as soon as I got out of the car. "Rhys will definitely lose it this time."

Who was Marcus? And who was Rhys? I'd thought that the old man was Rhys but my instincts believed that he was Marcus.

"It's a good thing he isn't around. He's in for a surprise." Another person murmured.

A huge guy grinned and took my hand.

"Welcome to Golden Crest, Dawn," he said with a flourish.

I blinked, unsure of how to reply.

Undeterred by my reaction, he led me into the well-furnished pack house.

I was led past the public areas where I ignored curious glances, deeper into the house until we were in what I assumed to be the Alpha's Lair.

Within me, I was writhing in terror. The Alpha's Lair was a huge house of its own.

"You must be famished." My guide told me, "Creekside is very far. Marcus instructed us to gorge you with food the moment you arrive."

"Marcus?" I muttered,

He chuckled, "He's Rhys's only relation. Their relationship is awkward and funny."

I nodded. "If that's the case, I prefer to see the Alpha first."

My guide glanced at me, "You're eager huh? Unfortunately, Rhys is away. But don't worry, he'll be back tomorrow once he finds out what Marcus was up to when he was away."

I didn't understand what he was saying.

"Aren't we going to see the Alpha?" I asked,

He shook his head.

"Then why am I here?" I questioned, a bit frustrated.

"Because as of right now you're married to Rhys Hallowvern, the Alpha of Golden Crest Pack."

I missed my next step and almost tumbled over.

"What?" I blurted out. No one told me that he was an Alpha.

"Now, now, the last thing we need is you getting a single bruise. Neither Marcus nor Rhys would be happy about that." He said steadying me.

I could barely pay attention to what he was saying. The words Alpha kept ringing in my ears.

He led me to a room and bid me goodbye with a smile.

Tentatively I opened the door to see a group of beautiful women in it.

"Ahh, she's here." They gushed.

They pulled me inside helped me remove the clothes I was wearing, and guided me to a sweet-smelling bath. Everything felt surreal as I washed my body and when I was done they began to hand me different oils to pamper my skin.

All the bruises and scars I thought would never leave disappeared in an instant. They then helped me into the prettiest dress I'd ever seen and led me to dining.

Different dishes were set out on a platter but I was too nervous to take more than a few bites. When I was done, I was led to a strange room.

As soon as I stepped inside, I realized how tired I was. I collapsed on the bed and fell into a deep sleep. The last thought that came to mind before I drifted off was that something about the scent prominent in the room was soothingly familiar.