

Chapter 0010

[Denali's POV]

I look from Rosco to his father and back while any sense of hope that things would become better recedes.

"Don't worry," I continue, forcing a smile. "I won't cause trouble and will leave quietly."

It pained me to say this, knowing what was on the line, but I was humiliated, insulted, and shown that this whole ordeal wasn't Rosco's wish. Because of that, I couldn't possibly stick around since I knew it would only cause more discord.

"Thank you for the kindness you've shown me these past six months." I continue, fighting the tears that want to come. "I really appreciated it."

Done speaking, I turn and make my way out of the room while the two men continue to stare at me. However, neither moved to stop me, further confirming that they truly didn't care if I stayed or if I went.

Letting out a shaky breath, I make my way downstairs and then out the door of the large mansion.

Above, the sky is a sickly green, and lightning flashes, indicating that a storm was brewing, and I had limited time to find somewhere to go.

Pulling my bag close to my chest, I start to make my way down the long path that leads to the street beyond. When I reach it, the first drops of rain start, and before I can even reach the outskirts of the city, it begins to pour.

Cursing my horrible luck, I begin to make a run for it but stop as a sleek

black car pulls up beside me and honks.

Frowning, I wait as an overly tinted window begins to lower and Rosco is revealed.

"Get in," he orders, pushing open the passenger side door. "Now."

For a moment, I don't speak or move as I try to make sense of what he is doing. Did he really expect me to get in after the way he treated me? I still had my pride.

"Don't make me repeat myself," he warns.

"No."

The word is leaving my lips before I even realize it and when Rosco's expression shifts from mildly annoyed to extremely, I know that it wasn't what he was expecting.

"You're going to get soaked," he huffs, clenching and unclenching the steering wheel. "Stop being stubborn."

"I'm fine," I counter, beginning to walk again. "Thanks anyway."

Ignoring the growl of frustration that escapes him, I continue to move.

I didn't know what he was thinking—treating me like a pariah and then chasing after me—but whatever he had planned wouldn't work.

At least, that was what I thought until I found myself being lifted and thrown over his shoulder.

"What are you doing?" I gasp as he begins to carry me back to the car. "Put me down!"

"Nope," he responds. "See, I can be stubborn too."

Eyes widening, I fight the urge to try to kick Rosco in the face as I'm thrown into the backseat of his car and the door is slammed in my face.

Scrambling up, I claw at the door handle, only to find that the child lock is on.

"What are you planning?" I hiss, feeling true fear for the first time since meeting Rosco. "I left just like you wanted! What else could you possibly..."

"Shut up!" He growls, revving the engine to life and then speeding off. "Don't say a word until we get to where we are going."

Biting down on any further argument, I brace myself for the minute the car stopped. I just had to wait until the door opened, and then...

"Don't even think it," Rosco warns.

"I don't know what you mean," I snap, shooting him a glare in the rearview, and to my surprise, I find that there is a small smile on his lips. "What?"

"Your thoughts are written all over your face."

Narrowing my gaze, I cross my arms and don't speak again until we reach our destination, which ends up being a bar in the heart of the city. What the hell was this man planning?

"Are you coming or not?" He asks when I don't move to get out of the car. "Or do you perhaps want me to carry you again?"

"No!" I gasp, scurrying backwards. "I can walk myself."

"Then get out," he sighs.

Growing quiet, Rosco waits until I do as I'm told and then begin to shiver due to the chilly wind left by the storm and my wet clothes.

"Here," he huffs, pulling off his coat and throwing it over me.

"Um, thanks," I murmur, not hesitating to pull it on. "Remember, you were the one who gave it to me when you decide to take it back."

"You can keep it," he counters. "I don't like when other people touch my things."

Rolling my eyes, I don't bother pointing out that I've touched his entire being. At least he was acting kind of decently, but it was weird. What in the world was he planning, and why was he suddenly trying to act friendly?

"Instead of standing there trying to figure me out, why don't you come inside and have a drink? We will talk then."

Shrugging, I begin to move, following Rosco into the bar and then to a booth in the back. After I'm settled in, he heads up to the counter and orders us some drinks while all the women standing around eye-fuck him.

When he returns, I find myself being sized up.

"Here," he announces, passing a glass with a clear liquid in it to me. "Drink up."

Not moving, I eye the cup while wondering exactly what he could have ordered me, and when another annoying smile shows, I know that he's enjoying my hesitance.

"Don't worry, little bit," he chuckles, taking a swig of his own drink. "It's just water."

"Don't call me that," I huff, taking the glass and downing its contents. "And please explain why you're suddenly forcing me to join you here when you couldn't wait to get rid of me."

Growing quiet, I wait as Rosco takes me in with an unreadable expression, and when his light-hearted attitude turns serious, I find myself wishing I hadn't said anything.

"First," he begins, leaning closer so he can take me in. "I need to apologize for my actions earlier."

"Apologize," I gasp, my eyes growing wide. "Don't tell me all this is for an apology."

"It isn't," he assures me. "And if I didn't need your help with something, I wouldn't even be bothering."

"My help?"

Raising a brow, I urge him to continue. This was strange indeed; I went from being hated to the core to being needed.

"Tell me," he sighs, grasping his hands together. "What is the relationship between you and the alpha of Emerald Moon?"

"He's my father," I respond instinctively, though I know that isn't the answer Rosco is looking for. "We..." I continue, wondering if I can actually speak openly. "It's complicated."

"Complicated?" He repeats, seeming to not quite understand the word. "What's so complicated about it? Either you hate each other or you're

close, and if it were left up to me, I would guess the latter, so why don't you tell me what you really mean?"



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