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Chapter 0002

[Denali's POV]

"Yes! Harder! Harder!"

My stepsister, Anastasia's, muffled moans called from the other side of the wall. They were followed by the light tapping of her bedframe, and they echoed around me, making it impossible to fall asleep. Of course, the minute our parents go out for a pack gathering, she brings a man home.

This was the norm for her; with her good looks and popularity, everyone wanted a piece, and she happily gave it. I wasn't saying that she had a bad reputation throughout the pack, but she didn't have a good one either. However, our parents still considered her the golden child, as she recorded everything and kept it as blackmail to keep everyone quiet.

Groaning, I turn over and reach for my earplugs so I don't have to listen to her antics. I had plans for the next day and needed all the sleep I could get.

"Do you like it rough?"

The voice of the one who is with her stops me before I find what I'm looking for and turns my blood to ice.

"Yes! Alexander! Harder! Fuck me harder!"

At her words, my heart lurches, and I find myself wondering if I'm simply mistaken, as there is no way it can be my Alexander; he wouldn't do such a thing to me, not after everything we had been through and how hard we had to fight to be together.

Remaining silent, I extend my senses to hear better what is happening but stop as a much-too-familiar energy presses against my skin, followed by a passion-filled cry from Anastasia.

"Yes, Alexander, I'm cumming! I'm cumming!"

"That's right, baby, cum for me!" He growls happily as Anastasia's cries ring out. "Look at you; you're a fucking geysir."

Unable to sit back and listen any longer, I get up and quietly make my way across the room and then into the hall. What the hell was I even doing? Did I actually intend to catch them in the act so that the betrayal was further concerned? You're damn right, I was, and that was why I continued to move.

The scent of alcohol and sex reaches my nose as I slink to Anastasia's room. As I reach it, I find that the door is slightly ajar, allowing me to peek inside without being seen.

Immediately, my heart shatters as I see Alexander's muscular back with the familiar dragon tattoo that I paid for him to get on his eighteenth birthday. It ripples as if it is alive with each of his moves as he fucks Anastasia, who is mewling beneath him in delight.

Lifting a hand to my mouth, I stop the cry that wants to escape from what I'm seeing, as I don't want them to catch me spying like some pervert, but no matter how much I want to look away, I just can't.

"Are you sure she isn't here?"

Alexander's voice is filled with worry, which makes this whole situation so much worse. Even when he was wary of being caught by me, he still happily fucked her. How did that even make sense?

"No," Anastasia pants. "Now stop worrying about her when your dick is in me. I'm the one that you're with, not her!"

"Okay," Alexander growls, grabbing her hips and yanking her hard against him. "You have my entire focus."

Unable to watch anymore, I turn and stumble toward my room, but stop as the front door opens and the sound of my parents' voices drifts upstairs. They're loud as they move until I'm sure that they're at the bottom of the stairs.

"Girls!" My father bellows, further confirming my assumption. "Come down here!"

Eyes widening, I turn and watch as Anastasia comes out of her room with Alexander in tow. When his eyes rest on me, they widen with shock before he moves to try to explain his presence, but I simply give a warning snarl before heading downstairs, where my father waits.

"Denali," he says, eyeing me curiously. "Is something wrong?"

"No, father," I respond, tearing my gaze away in shame over what he was about to discover. I was already enough of an embarrassment to him and even the pack; this would just further confirm that, and even though it kills me, I can't stop it from happening. "Everything is fine. Better than fine, really."

I already knew that when he saw Anastasia and Alexander together, he would be over the moon, as Alexander was an alpha's son and therefore the perfect match for her. From the start, he never thought that we fit, but because Alexander was so determined to be with me, he allowed it.

"Daddy!" Anastasia calls before my father can question me further. "You're home so early!"

"Yes," he says slowly, taking in Anastasia as she makes her way downstairs with Alexander in tow.

"I guess this means my surprise is ruined," she giggles when she reaches him.

"Surprise?" My father repeats, raising a brow. "What do you mean?"

"Alexander and I are mates!" She announces happily.

Eyes widening, I snap my gaze to Alexander as he averts his from me.

Mates... Did she really just say that they were mates?

That was pretty fucking funny considering the fact that he was mated to me.

"Mates?" my father repeats, seeming in disbelief. "But I thought that he and..."

"No," I say quickly, not wanting to hear Alexander's denial, not after everything we had been through. "No," I repeat more strongly, trying to keep my emotions in check. "I'm sorry we lied to you, father. We were never mates. I hope you can forgive me for my deceit."

As I speak, I drop to my knees and kneel, keeping my forehead against the cold marble as I feel all eyes on me.

"This," my father begins, his voice laced with confusion, "will have to wait. Denali, get up this instant before you embarrass me."

Nodding, I quickly scramble to my feet just in time to watch a man with striking white hair and piercing blue eyes, dressed in a butler's uniform, stroll into the house.

"Welcome," my father booms, greeting him while forgetting about the situation at hand entirely.

"Thank you for granting me this meeting," the man responds politely. "Are these two your daughters?"

"That's correct," my father chuckles.

"Mmm."

Growing quiet, the man takes Anastasia and me in for a few moments before furrowing his brows and rubbing his chin.

"They are both beautiful, but what of their personalities?"

Personalities? Why is this man asking such a thing, and why is he even examining us?

"Anastasia is obedient," my father responds immediately. "But Denali has a bit of a temper."

"Then the one named Anastasia will do," the man nods. "The master likes his women to be obedient. Please do pack her things; I'll be waiting outside."

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