

Chapter 2- "Rules...?"

1237 Words

Adelina's pnt. of view

I found myself standing outside the gates of my parent's mansion, they have locked me out since three o'clock, although Demitrey said that his driver would be here at four o'clock.

They just couldn't wait to get rid of me. And my so called sisters want to sneer at me, saying that I don't deserve to be with Demitrey, if only they knew that I didn't want to be with him.

I mean my "dad" is quick to call me a slut, yet whenever he gets my mom drunk just to sneak to my sisters' room to have s*x with them, they're the perfect angels.

I wouldn't give a ying f**k in the world if one of my sisters got chosen, but since my dad needs his little f**k buddies around, he would rather get rid of me.

See another reason why "dad" hates me is because I don't just open my legs and say welcome. Instead I ght him off. I've stabbed him, burned him, and cut him, just to get him to stay away from me.

So since I'm not an easy f**k, hey why not get rid of me?

Well for that matter I don't mind going with Demitrey, for I'll always have more integrity than my entire family put together.

"Hey Aden." Suddenly came Peter's voice from behind me. Pulling me out of my thoughts.

"Peter pan!" I squealed excitedly, jumping into his open arms.

"Hey baby girl, how you doing?" He asked softly, yet his tone indicated his worry.

"I'm alright. Just ready to get this over with." I said trying to smile, except we both knew that my smile wasn't that convincing.

"It's gonna be okay. I have a present for you." He said with a mischievous smile.

"Really?! What is it? Gimme! Gimme! Gimme!" I jumped up and down, my current situation suddenly forgotten.

"Uh uh, not before saying the magic word." He scolded.

"Please may I get my gift now..." I said sounding annoyed.

"And...?" He pursued.

"You devilishly handsome human sculpted by the Gods." I said cringing at my words towards him.

"Of course you may!" He said pulling something out from his pocket.

You see, a few months ago Peter and I made a bet, and we decided that whoever won the bet would have a certain name we'd make the loser call us whenever we want to.

As you can tell, I lost the bet, and Peter being so full of himself, chose that nickname, and I was tortured and penalized to call him that until God knows how long.

Anyway, he pulled out the object from his pocket and said "ta-da!"

My eyes widened as the object glimmered in the sunlight, and I drew in a gasp as I said "no way!"

"Yes way. Here take it!" He said placing the object in my hand.

"You got me a phone!" I exclaimed, my excitement resonating in my sentence, as I looked over the brand new Samsung that sat comfortably in my palm.

"Yep! My number is already saved on there, and so is Carissa's. We also took some pictures so you could remember us by, and I downloaded your favorite songs." He explained.

I couldn't hold back the tears that escaped me, and I soon engulfed him in a bear hug as I said "thank you Peter pan." Although it was mued, since my face could only reach his chest even though I was on my toes.

Yes people, I'm short, at 5"2 tip toeing can only get you so high.

"No problem Aden." He chuckled then kissed my head.

As soon as we pulled away, a car approached us, and when I checked the time on my brand new phone, it was exactly 4:00.

At rst I couldn't see who was driving, but when he stepped out of the car my breath got caught in my throat.

It's him! But what is he doing here?

I thought he said his driver would pick me up?

He walked up to us, his eyes drifting between Peter and I, then he picked up the luggage that was sitting in front of me without saying a word and threw it in the trunk.

He then came back and took the duffel bag that was hanging on my shoulder, but suddenly froze, just as I did the same.

His ngers were touching the skin on my shoulder, and I could feel it.

The tingles, the uttery feeling in your stomach.

I couldn't help it when my eyes connected with his own, and I felt it! Our bond!

"Mate!" Came Aden's voice in my head, my wolf.

"I know." I replied back to her in my mind.

"Say something!" She urged.

"Like what?" I asked.

"I don't know." She replied, then refrained to the back of my mind.

Before I could say anything however, he quickly ripped the bag from my shoulders, and repeated his actions as before, then he headed to the driver's side as he said "let's go."

What?

I looked up at Peter and hugged him again, and he once again kissed my head, and I whispered "I'll talk to you later Peter pan."

"See you later Aden."

"I would like to get home today if you don't mind." Came Demitrey's cold answer.

And as if on cue, I pulled away from Peter, and headed to the car.

I mean jeez mate, would it kill you to open the door for me?

"We need to talk. I have a few rules on how I run my pack, and everyone has a role. For your role I've chosen specic rules that you must abide to. If you follow them, I'm sure your stay with my pack will be comfortable enough." He nally spoke up, after what felt like

hours of silence. But his voice, so deep, so smooth, I could listen to it all day, although it sounded cold, mean even. I guess that's the way he talks.

"Okay." I said. Slightly turning my body giving him all my attention, although I wanna give him so much more.

"1. Only speak when spoken to.

2. You must address me as sir at all times.

3. You are to stay in your room unless called out of your room by me.

4. You are not allowed in my oce unless given permission.

5. You are not allowed in my room. Ever.

6. You must show respect to your superiors which are Serena, my beta, and I.

7. You must not have contact with any males from my pack.

9. You must do what you are told.

10. Stay out of my way.

Failure to follow and obey these rules will earn you punishments." He said with a dangerous tone, not for once sparing me a glance.

"What?" I asked breathless.

But he ignored me.

What did he just say? Stay out of his way? Wait! But aren't we mates! I know we are! I felt our connection! And I know he felt it too! So why is he speaking such nonsense?

"Demitrey what are you talking about? Aren't we mates? This is a joke right?" I asked exasperated, hoping just hoping that he was joking.

"That's sir to you!" He said his voice suddenly darker, his accent a bit thicker, " and I don't have a mate." He said, and my heart stopped.