

**Chapter 8.**

CASPIAN.

I ran as soon as I was out of the hotel. I ran without direction, without knowing where I was headed to. I just kept running until I found myself in a secluded park.

It was already past midnight and the place was almost free of humans, except for one couple cuddling up on a bench under the starless night.

I guess the heavens were mourning with me. No stars were out tonight, and the moon was hidden behind the clouds.

I took a seat on a nearby bench and let the night air calm my broken heart. It was cold. The temperature was low tonight, just by the look of light frost on the leaves of the bushes beside the bench. But it doesn't bother me. My heart was cold enough to feel anything at all.

My wolf, Zion, faded into obscurity in the back of my mind the moment I walked out of the hotel room. I wasn't sure if he didn't care or if he was hurt. He was giving me no hints, but if I based it on his reaction when Andrea told me that Riley would claim her, I would like to assume he was hurt as well.

I knew it was stupid to leave Andrea alone in the hotel, but I couldn't stop the hurt radiating out of my body, and the last thing I wanted was to throw hurtful words at her or destroy anything in the room. 1

I didn't have the right to blame her. If she developed any feelings for Riley, it was all my doing. Maybe he was there for her when I wasn't. 1

I pushed her away when she was already in my hands. All of this was my fucking fault. 3

I let out a deep sigh as I leaned my elbows on my knees and palmed my face, thinking of ways to steal her away from Riley.

I was still baffled as to why she chose to invite me to her ball instead of Riley if they were together. 3

Was it because I was important too? Or was she just paying gratitude for the money I spent on her?

I wanted it to be the first reason, but I couldn't stop the pain crossing my chest from the possibility of the latter. She was very vocal the whole day about the money I spent on her and how she didn't want me to spend more on her.

But the jealousy in her eyes, the possessiveness in them when Shannon was around, was something I couldn't just ignore. 4

She has something for me. Maybe not as much as what she felt for Riley, but I have a place in her heart.

And I'm going to do every fucking thing possible to dig a deeper space in there. I had time until she turned eighteen. 1

With new energy in my body, I stood up and started running back to the hotel. I had no idea how far I'd gone, but it didn't matter as I sprinted fast towards the hotel.

I would start anew. It didn't matter if Riley stood between us. I will make my move until she tells me to stop.

The hotel lobby was empty except for a few of its staff. I nodded at the receptionist, who threw a smile at me while batting her eyelashes before I headed to the elevator.

Sweat was trickling down my body as my body cooled down from all the running when fear engulfed me at the thought of Andrea running away. It only hit me now that she might have thought I was mad at her and would leave the hotel. 1

With big steps, I hurried and opened the door. Her smell still lingered, but she was nowhere in the bed or anywhere in the room.

"Andrea!" My breathing hitched as I closed the door, my hand coiling into a fist. I was about to punch the wall when I heard a muffled sound somewhere.

My eyes darted to the bathroom as light illuminated the door. She must be there.

I didn't even consider what she was doing there.

I just wanted to see her and my heart dropped at the sight of her in front of me.

She was vomiting in the toilet, with her shirt covered with her own puke. My eyes shifted to the wine bottle beside her. It wasn't the same one we had earlier. Did she order a new one?

I crouched beside her and gathered her hair together at her back. I reached my hand to her back, wanting to help her, but she raised her hand to my chest and tried to push me away.

"Go away! I smell horrible," she said in a croaked voice as she kept pushing me. "Please, go away..." 2

But I remained where I was, and proceeded to rub her back gently. Nothing smelled worse than death. The puke smell doesn't bother me. This was nothing compared to the smell of dead and decaying bodies I

have grown accustomed to smelling every time my pack is attacked. 1

She tried to vomit again, but nothing was coming out now.

She wiped her mouth with her arm as she looked at me, guilt flashing in her eyes. "I'm sorry. I won't drink too much again..." 1

"It's okay, we need to clean you up." I assisted her up and directed her to the shower. She was staggering with her steps.

I was contemplating whether I should take off her shirt, but I didn't want to scare her or think I was taking advantage.

I opened the shower and left her standing under it. She leaned her palms against the tile walls and rested her forehead against them, as water cascaded over her body.

I knew I should go and leave her, but I was scared she was too drunk and would soon fall on her back.

Her body jerked up, and then she strode past me and crouched in front of the toilet, spewing more vomit. After a while, she stood up and groggily went to the sink to gargle water.

All the while, her wet shirt was hugging her perfect body, leaving me frozen in my spot. I could fucking see her erected nipples through the mirror, and despite the mess that she was, I couldn't stop my body from reacting to her.

"Oh, Goddess!" She gasped softly as she closed her eyes and leaned her hands on the sink counter. She looked tired, and then she turned around abruptly, and before I could react, she vomited in front of me. My eyes widened as my clothing was now smeared with vomit all the way up to my neck.

"Oh, Goddess!" She shrieked and started to panic. She was cleaning the vomit off my shirt with her hands, and I couldn't stop myself from chuckling. She was making even more mess.

"Hey! Hey!" I grabbed her wrists and restrained her from touching my shirt. "It's okay, I can take it off."

She nodded and started pulling the shirt off my body without any care. She was really fucking drunk! Now the vomit was all over my face as the shirt slipped off my head. 7

I laughed as I wiped my face with the towel I grabbed from behind me, and not long after, she started giggling too.

"You need to shower." She turned my body towards the shower and placed her little hands on my back as she pushed me forward. 1


I still had my sweatpants on and I had no plans to take them off. I was hoping she wouldn't look down or she would see my pants tenting up.


Water cascaded over my naked torso and it didn't slip my eyes the way she bit her bottom lip as her eyes lingered on my chest. And before she could move away, I grabbed her wrist and dragged her under the shower with me, our chests colliding. 1


"You need to shower too," I told her in a hoarse voice, my eyes drawn to her lips as my arms coiled around her waist, pulling her closer. I was sure that she felt my erection from the way her eyes rounded, but she didn't look down.

She arched her chest away from me, as her eyes roamed my face before they drifted to my naked chest. She rested her palms on it before tilting her head up to look at me, swallowing hard before she squinted her eyes


and parted her lips to speak. "My shirt is dirty too, I should take it off..."


Fuck me! What was I supposed to say? 

My words got stuck in my throat as I watched her grip the hem of her shirt and pull it slowly off her body without taking her eyes off of me, while my arms were still snaked around her waist. 

I could feel my dick getting harder as my eyes feasted on her breasts as they bounced once they were freed from her shirt. 



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*Here's the first one for today! Sorry for the messed-up chapter numbers yesterday and the wrong name on Andrea's POV. And my editor is still on holiday so the edited version is not yet approved. Hopefully,* 

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