

CHAPTER 6 You Can Cry

Adira's POV

Strong long arms were holding me tightly and as much as I tried to wiggle out of them, I couldn't. I sighed and inhaled his scent, it was alluring like fresh-cut grass. I took this time to study this man, my mate. I still couldn't believe it. My fingers caressed his face, he had a stubble beard that suited him well and high cheekbones, his black hair was nice too and I couldn't resist running a finger in it and then his lips, his cherry lips were inviting and I could kiss them now. I jumped when his eyes suddenly opened and a slight smile graced his lips.

"Good morning," He greeted,

"Good morning," I responded, trying to get out of bed but he held me tightly, making my heart pound out of my chest as faint tingles rush up my body. He looked at me with his onyx gaze, taking me in and I swallowed, maintaining eye contact with him.

"Have you taken me in?" His voice was manly and deep, it made me shudder. My gaze fell on his bare torso and I swallowed. I raised my hand and touched him before nodding. He was a cocky one and knew how handsomely breathtaking he was. He brought his cherry lips to my forehead, the gesture seemed innocent but it almost brought me to tears when I sensed the aura of purity around it. Ever since I was a child, I could decipher auras and hence didn't cower to others. My parents said it was rare and must have come because I was one of the special wolves born under the full-blood moon once in decades. "Are you alright?" Wyatt noticed my somber state.

"Yes,"

Waytt McMillian. The Alpha of Alphas. He was the most powerful man walking the earth and was worshipped for his notoriety. How could he be mated to me? Maybe he was wrong but everything will be cleared the next blue moon.

"I need to go," I whispered. He frowned, he looked even more handsome when he frowned. He reluctantly let go of me and I got out of bed. I checked the digital clock and it said 09 am.

"Why are you in a hurry?" He groaned, throwing a shirt over his bare torso.

"I need to check up on Lucas," I said, he extended his hand towards me and I took it. We walked out of the lavish guest room. I felt so many eyes on me and I held them. The twins looked at me with vexation, while others stared in envy and jealousy. I just wanted to go to my cabin now. Unlike most of them, Lucas and I stayed at a cabin not far from the pack house.

As we exited the house, we came face to face with Grayson and Stacy. I stopped in my tracks, making the king stop too. Stacy glared at me once before she fakes smiled at me, I didn't smile back though. My eyes met the man next to her, he was staring at me, covetousness clear in his eyes as he looked at our joined hands, I almost felt guilty and pulled away but the king growled and held my hand tighter.

The two wolves in front of us composed themselves and bowed low to their king, he didn't even acknowledge me.

"Good morning, king Wyatt," Grayson greeted, he tried to sound cheerful but failed. The king went past them and I followed, leaving Grayson and Stacy standing there.

We walked for a few minutes without speaking, I was getting more apprehensive because he seemed upset with me.

"That's me," I said, pointing at my lovely home. It was the smallest cabin in the pack but it was our home. It was well-kept and maintained.

"Why do you stay here instead of the packhouse?" He asked, looking at the house in confusion.

"Well, I'm not well-liked in this pack," I decided to tell him the truth.

"Are they mistreating?" A strong aura surrounded him again and I pulled away, he was a scary man indeed.

He took a calming breath, burying his face in my neck. My scent calmed him.

"No," With the way he was acting, I had to lie because he might go there and kill the Alpha. A smile made its way on my lips at the thought that he was angry my pack was mistreating me.

"The Alpha said my parents were traitors to the pack, so they killed them and they hate me for being their child," I shrugged, acting like it didn't bother me. His eyes were boring in mine. Void of emotions but from the way his jaw was clenched, I knew he was angry.

"You are Meryl and Ben's daughter," He whispered, caressing my cheek with his fingers.

"You knew my parents?" I asked, surprised. My parents were quite popular because they were strong and both were original strong betas line, which was uncommon for a pair. Usually, betas were mated to warriors or gammas.

"I knew them, they helped my mother and I once upon a time,"

"My parents weren't traitors," I croaked and he nodded.

"I know that. They were good people and someone was just working against them," He said, cupping my face. Tears welled in my eyes at the thought of them, and how everything changed since their deaths.

"You can cry," He said softly, and like he pressed a remote, tears streamed down my face, and he pulled me into an embrace.

"Adira!" An angry voice boomed and I was startled out of king Wyatt's arms.