

Chapter 5

I had been living those rules, since the day Steven moved us into the pack house. During that time he had been helping Drake with his Alpha duties. Drake parent's had been killed two years earlier and that was why Steven was helping him, it also the main reason we moved into the pack house. It was strange that Steven kept me around because it was obvious we couldn't stand each other. I just didn't understand why he didn't send me to my Uncle Rico's, but there was a lot I didn't understand. It didn't help that no one talked to me or help me understand, but it all came clear a few months later. During one of Ambers cruel taunts she told me that Aunt Claire and Uncle Rico had been killed by some rogues shortly after my mother had died.

"Bang.....Bang....Bang," someone knocked heavily on my door and snapped me out of my random thoughts. "FAT DOG.....Time to clean up.....Move your fat ass before I go in there and drag down stairs." Kyle shouted loudly at the close door.

"God.... I hated that bastard," I groaned to myself as I dragged my feet towards the door. Kyle was the next Beta, in the next few months Steven would be stepping down and Kyle will be taking his place.

I open the door and make sure the hall way is clear, and made my way down below. Quietly I peek around the corner into the kitchen and made sure it was empty before I step inside. "All clear," a little grin formed on my face because an empty kitchen was a promising sign. On normal nights people lingered around the kitchen area, but on nights like this clean up went pretty quick. I was excited at the thought of finishing early that I tossed off my gloves and rolled up my sleeve, and then went to work. Within moments I settled into a washing rhythm and my hand quickly raced through the piles of unclean dishes. Forty minutes had

passed and I was down to my last few plates, so I glanced over my shoulder to check the time. It was still early, so I thought it would be a good idea to prep some desserts for the next day. I dried that last plate and started pulling out ingredients for tomorrow's dessert. I quietly hummed to myself as I set out the items I need to make lemon squares and berry pie.

I pulled out the bowl and started mixing the ingredients together "Man I loved to bake." Something about baking help me forget about the bad things, so it wasn't a surprise that I tended to get lost in my own baking world. I was so distracted that I didn't even notice that someone had entered the room and was watching me. It wasn't till I got ready to cut the Lemon square, that most heavenly aroma assailed my senses. I tipped my head slightly and sniffed the air around me as I stood rooted in place. My mouth watered as the dark rich smell of almonds, cherries and dark chocolate wrapped around me. The smell called out to me but somehow I fought and went back to the task at hand. I turned toward the butcher block to get a knife out, so I could cut the squares but was hit with another wave of that delicious aroma, my hand stilled on the knife as I cocked my head slightly towards the direction of the smell, and that is when I saw him.

A tall handsome blonde man stood in the kitchen entry way and he was watching me. He causally leaned against the archway frame in one of those relaxed model poses. I stood there froze as my eyes scanned up and down his body. He was absolutely gorgeous; it was a good thing my face was covered because I was practically drooling from the sight of him. My eyes couldn't get enough of him as they slow drank in every inch of him and there was a lot of him. The stranger had to be around 6'4 and was totally cut with lean muscle just like a professional swimmer. His white T-shirt wrapped around his body like a second skin and it showed the definition of each muscle as tight shirt tapered down to his narrow waist. "Not an inch of fat," I thought as my eye traveled

lower. His fade light blue jean hugged his narrow hips and legs in a sexy casual way that drives women crazy. That guy was sexy from head to toe, I smiled as I noticed his bare feet.

I watched the stranger shift positions and cross his arms off his massive chest, I staring so closely I could see the muscles in his arms flex. My hand was still wrapped around the knife as I stood there gawking at him. I wasn't sure how much time had passed but I wasn't the only staring. I yanked my hood down covering my face for reassurance and pulled out the knife from the butcher block, I took one last look at the gorgeous man and forced myself to turn away. I took a calming breath and focus my attention back to the task in front of me, but I could still feel his probing gaze lingering on me.

A nervous fluttering started in pit of my stomach from his nearness, but I ignored it and him. I knew he hadn't moved but his present was so overwhelming that the walls were closing in on me. "I had to get out there," I thought as I quickly I cut all the lemon squares. All I had to do was wait for the pies to come out of the oven, but I was starting to get a little antsy waiting since time seemed to drag on.

I felt a hand on my shoulder as body went rigid as a throat cleared next to my ear. He slowly turned me around slowly to face him but I kept my head down so that face remained covered.

"What do we have here? Who are you little one? What are you doing in my kitchen?" His deep rich voice curled around me and made me shiver in delight.

"I'm Katya, and I'm making desserts for tomorrow. Do you want a lemon square?" I said in soft nervous voice.