

## Chapter 8

(Drakes Pov)

"Mmmm baby.....You taste so damn good," Amber whispered in between kisses. I grunted at her in disgust but it only made her more aggressive. "I love it when you make that sound, it makes me so damn horny baby. Let's go upstairs and fuck," Amber whispered into my ear as she rubbed herself against my body.

I slowly opened my eyes and looked down at Amber's beautiful face. Despite her lovely looks I couldn't get excited about having sex with her. Every imperfection seemed to be amplified and all I could see was her flaws. Everything about her seemed to work on my nerves, the way she dressed, her smell, her personality and that damn annoying voice of hers it all made me want to push her away. We broke eye contact and I quickly glance around the room. It was empty, my little mate was gone. Where the hell did she go?

My wolf snarled at me, "Get rid of that stupid annoying bitch and let's go find our little mate. I want her and we both need to be near her."

My body stiffened in anger as I growled back at him, "You can't be serious. She is just a child and what we need is a woman. We need someone who is sexy, desirable, lusty, beautiful, a woman just like Amber. Plus that fucking ...DOG... was found with the Rogues that slaughtered my parents. That little bitch deserves to be treated like shit and what better position for her to hold but pack slave."

"Like you said she is just a kid Drake, you can't hold her responsible for her family's actions. How can you be so stupid, that is our mate? Do you really think that whore Amber is going to give us what we need because you're wrong?" My wolf barked back loudly at me.

"No, you're the one that is wrong. Amber loves me more than you think and one day I will make her my Luna. She will make a fantastic Luna. Amber is smart, caring and treats Logan like her own, and not to mention the whole pack loves her. See she already has the great makings of a good Luna, as for that little bitch. That piece of trash will never amount to anything close to what we need. Plus one day they will come and rescue that little bit of nothing, and I will be waiting to destroy the rest of those damn Rogues."

"You are so damn blind to what is in front of your damn face. For god sakes..... think with your head and not your damn pecker man. You know deep down inside Amber is none of those things. She is a self-centered bitch and we both know it. Katya was made for us, and I have feeling our little one is going to be very special one day. Mark my words Katya is going to be more of a women then Amber could ever hope to be." My wolf argued back.

"PFFFFF.....as if. Your delusional if you think that little fat ugly girl is going to be a better women then Amber is. You might as well slap some lipstick on a pig and make it our princess because it would be the same thing if we made her our Luna. Honestly she isn't even cute and she is kind of fat. The only pretty thing about the girl was that cute dimple..... and those stormy grey eyes of hers.....Oh...yea and that midnight silky hair of hers...but--tt other than that I bet she is going to be quite the fat cow." I said with a smug confidence.

My wolf barked back at me in a threatening tone. "Don't ever speak about our mate in that way. She is lovely just the way she is, and I think she is beautiful. That girl is not only pretty inside but outside and I can feel it just by being in her presents. I can tell she is kind, sweet, smart and caring. That is exactly the kind of Luna this pack needs. Your just being a superficial asshole like Amber and letting the past cloud your judgment."

I screamed back at him. "She will never be our Luna. NEVER.. She will never be good enough for us or this pack"

Amber's whinny voice broke my attention away from my wolf. "Baby, are you listening? Let's go upstairs," she said wiggled in my arms invitingly.

"Yea, baby I will meet you up there in a few. I just need to finish a few things in the office". I leaned down giving her a quick peck on the lips before she walked away.

I glanced around the empty kitchen and I couldn't help but wonder where my little mate ran off to. Something at the stove caught my attention and I notice the little pie was missing. "Logan," I whispered to myself as I dashed up the stairs to his room. The door to his room was cracked open and I pushed it slightly to peek inside. "Empty," that is strange and his blanket was missing to. "Where did that little runt run off to?" That is strange that they are both missing they must be together, maybe they were in her room. "Now, where the hell was her room again?" I tried to think where her room might possibly be and then I remembered Kyle once ranting about getting the dog out of the attic. I thought it was strange at the time but now it makes sense. "She has to be there," I thought as I dashed up two flights of stairs. I walk into the abandoned hallway that led to three doors. The first two door where tightly closed but the last one on the end was cracked open and I could see the light of the room spill into the hallway.



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