



Chapter 3

Alessia's POV

I have been in here for what I would assume has been up to a day. It could have been longer, but with no window to tell the time of the day, I wasn't sure.

Yet no one has visited me in the cell I'm being kept in except the guards. They just drop a plate of food through the hole and then walk away, ignoring every one of my questions.

My leg has fully healed now- took it long enough- and I can finally start thinking of a way to get out of this mess. First, I just have to find a way out of this cell that has about a thousand guards lined up outside. Easy peasy.

With a defeated sigh, I curl up on the single bed in the cell- the only piece of item it has. My arms wrap around myself as I rock back and forth.

If I miraculously found a way out of here, where would I even go? I couldn't go back home. I can't bear to see my Mom still lying on those cold tiles.

Tears run down my cheeks, blurring my vision of the stone walls in front of me. My Mom was the only person I had in my life. She had been the center of my world and now, she was gone.



I will never get to hear her sweet voice. I won't get to see her smile directed at me or her nod of approval whenever I did something that made her proud. I will never get to taste her special lasagna. Without her, what was even the use of living?

No, I can't have thoughts like that.

I sit up and wipe away the tears that just keep on falling. My Mom would hit me over the head with a pan if she could see my miserable, defeated self.

I need something to keep me going.

'Mate,' Zuri whimpers.

I knew about mates from the little that my mom told me about werewolves but it wasn't a lot.

The idea of there being one person made especially for you seems almost surreal to me. I never imagined that I would find mine. That fact that I never met any other wolf had just made it next to impossible.

Yet, here he was. My Mate. The person that I was meant to spend my life with and also the person that has thrown me in this cell.

'Mate,' Zuri whimpers again, and I roll my eyes heavenward.

She didn't care that our mate could have us killed at any





moment. All she wants to do is cuddle and run alongside his wolf.

Hate to break it to her but I doubt that will ever happen.

Pushing thoughts of my mate out of my head, I struggle to focus on other things. Namely, who those people were, and why they were after me and my mother?

It was obvious that they had been carrying out the orders of someone. So the question was who wants me dead? And why?

I need answers. Answers that I won't get if I stay locked up here.

The sound of the clanking of keys pulls my attention to the door. One of the men from the previous day currently has a bundle of keys in his hand which he uses to unlock the door.

"Follow me," he says in a dry tone as he opens the door and starts walking away without another glance in my direction.

Left with no other choice, I lift from the bed and follow him out of the room. I'm momentarily blinded by the lights that shine into my eyes when we finally leave the dark tunnels leading to the cells.

When I open my eyes, he's now a few paces ahead of me.



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"Keep up," he says without turning back to look at me.

I hurry to catch up with him.

We stop at the front of a black mahogany door and he gives the door two swift knocks.

"Come in," answers a deep voice from the other side. A shiver goes down my spine and goosebumps break out on my arms as my head registers who the voice belongs to.

'Mate! Mate! Mate! Go to mate!' Zuri is literally having a field day in my head.

"Let yourself in," the man simply says.

That's the last thing he says to me before he walks back in the direction we're coming from. He leaves me standing in front of the door with no idea of what to do.

"Come in," comes the voice again, this time with a hint of impatience.

With a deep breath and a quick prayer to the heavens, I open the door and let myself in.

He's sitting on his desk which is placed at the center of the room. It makes the big ass room seem small as he takes up every inch of it with that air of power that swirls around him.



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I shift from foot to foot, wondering what to do next.

"Are you going to stand there all day," he asks dryly and I jump at the irritation in his voice.

I don't know much about werewolves or rather I know nothing about them, but is that how a mate ought to act?

I quickly close the door behind me and walk to the front of the desk he's seated behind.

"Who are you?"

I looked up at him from the floor which I decided was the most interesting thing in the room. My brows knit together in confusion. "Excuse me?" I guess it's a well-warranted question but my brain has a hard time catching up.

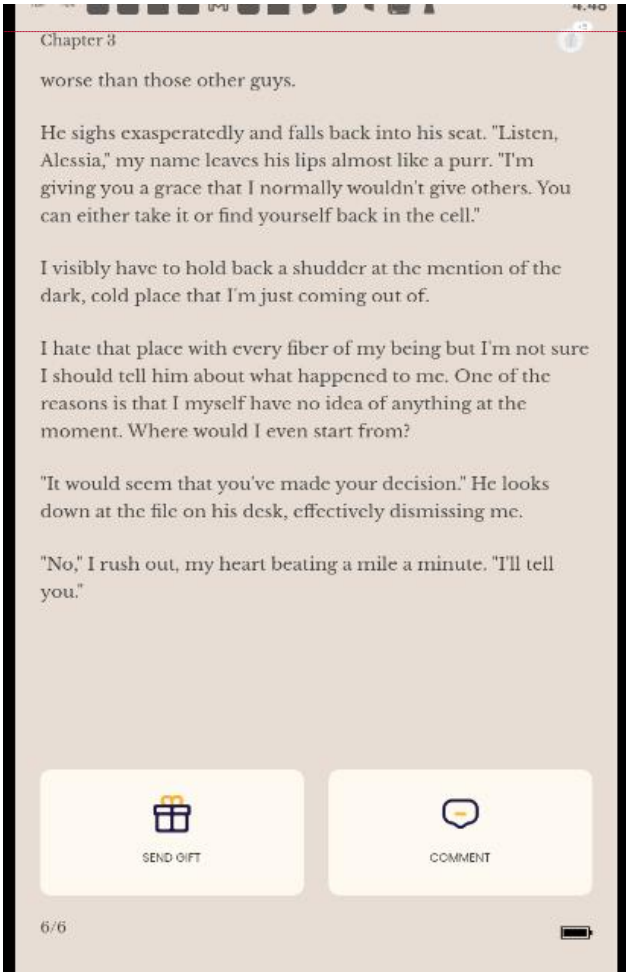
"Who are you?" He repeats, this time slower like he's talking to a dimwit.

My cheeks flush in embarrassment. "I'm Alessia." Then I decide to continue, "I'm very sorry I landed on your territory. I was in a bit of a situation and"

"What situation?" He asks, leaning forward in his seat. He raises an eyebrow at me as I ponder over if it would be wise to tell him about it.

I know nothing about him and for all I know, he could be





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