

## Can I Have You?

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Violet POV

I stifled a gasp.

The Alpha of the White Fur pack was my mate? Goddess. He was the most cruel Alpha in all of America. No. No. No. No.

He was staring at me intensely, his hands clenched into tight fists, every muscle in his body strained with tension.

“Take her to the dungeons.” He sneered.

“No,” I protested in the hope that he would acknowledge me as his mate and help me out of my misery, but the way he was looking at me, it explained everything. He hated me and would reject me.

He walked towards me with disgust. Leaning down, he wrapped his long fingers around my neck tightly almost to the point of pain and growled “You will come with me to the White Fur pack.”

Even through all the pain, my head became dizzy when I picked up his scent of mist and pine. I trembled as delightful shivers ran down my body upon his touch, which felt more like a caress over every sensitive part of me. I coughed, surprised by the power of his touch. It was as if the chill in my bones would return if he removed his hand.

“Take her now. Lock her up and call me when she is ready.” He looked at me with a wicked smile. Shoving me, he rose to his feet and after giving me one last look of disdain, he walked away, leaving me in a puddle of mess.

The warriors picked me up. I got up with a limp, my thigh covered in blood from Sade’s bite. They covered me with a rag and dragged me to the dungeons of the White Fur pack where I was shoved inside a dark prison. The man who brought me here scoffed, “I am Jackson. You should be thankful that our Alpha didn’t order us to eliminate you instantly. I don’t know his plans, but I don’t like them.”

As soon as he left, I curled my arms around my knees and placed my head in between them, exhausted mentally and physically. Because of a lot of blood loss, I gave in to the inky darkness that slowly surrounded me and I fell on the cold ground with a thud.

Hours later, the scent of pine and mist enveloped me, forcing me to flutter open my eyes, but I was too weak and I clutched onto a hard and warm body and went back to the comfort of my darkness. When I woke up again, a fever swept over me and I wanted to call my father for help, but my lips felt sealed together. I focused on my mouth, willing it to open, because then I would be able to ask for water. A warm body pressed against me and my heart sped up, breathing deeply. It smelled wonderful, lush and decadent. It forced me up, but I thrashed against it wanting nothing more than to go back to my darkness.

“Stop fighting me!” he ordered, and I felt like I had to obey his command. My jaws were opened forcibly and something poured inside my mouth. It was warm and tasted like metal and honey. Like elixir. I moaned and sighed at the feel of the warm liquid down my throat and slept again.

It was still dark when I got up next. My body felt like it had never ever borne torture. I wriggled my toes, lifted my palm and turned my neck to the left and then to the right. I stilled as my gaze locked with the arctic green eyes of my tormentor. My mate. He was lying right next to me, playing with my hair, watching it slip through his fingers. I gasped at his silhouette against the silvery moon that threw its cool rays through the curtain of the window. My heart fluttered like a trapped dove in my ribcage and my lips parted.

“What’s your name?” he asked, his voice a deep rumble.

“Violet Clark,” I replied, struggling to lift myself up.

He pinned me down. “I am Dane Llyod, Alpha of the White Fur pack. And don’t get up.”

Dane was leaning so close to me that our breaths mingled. He smirked when I found myself leaning in his touch.

“You were unconscious for two days,” he said, staring in my eyes. “How are you feeling now?”

Gods above! Two days? “Better...” I bit my lip.

“This is my cabin,” he said. “And from today onwards, you will stay here.”

I nodded obediently with a smile as a smirk formed on his face.

“What were you doing with the rogues?” he asked me in a harsh tone.

I tensed and got up. “I was with my rogue father and stepmother, who decided to ditch me,” I fed him the truth after debating what I should say and looked away. I was sure that he would reject me after learning this.

“So you don’t have anywhere to go,” he remarked.

“No,” I said in a breathy voice. My wolf was jumping inside. She was happy that we will stay with our mate now.

He got up, walked behind me and made me turn my face. My cheeks heated under his scorching gaze, burning with desire. He leaned over and kissed me in a rough, hot and urgent way. Sort of claiming. When he pulled away, he said, “I want to know you, mate. In every possible way.” His lusty words found their way to my belly and I burned hotter at the thought of him claiming me. Intoxicated by his scent, starved of love all my life, I wanted to flow in this beautiful feeling.

Instinctively, my hands roamed up his chest, brushing over his broad shoulders and his corded neck. My hands twined around his neck. I pushed myself against his body and my lips against his. Our mouths meshed. He forced mine open to explore me with his velvety tongue. Our breaths mingled and our hands couldn’t get enough of each other. Desperate for more, I clutched his silky soft hair.

“Can I have you?” he said, his voice demanding, his Alpha aura licking my skin in complete submission.

“Yes.” I wanted to submit to him.

In the next moment, he crashed his lips on mine, his hands trapping my head from behind as if I was his most prized possession. Dane’s mist and pine scent was like a drug to me. A potion that went straight to my head but gripped my heart. Before I knew it, Dane was above me, staring down at me with his intense green eyes that turned golden. He dragged my dress up, his claw grazing my skin. I shivered in anticipation as something coiled tightly in my belly.

For the first time, I felt tiny because of the sheer size of the wolf above me. He had muscles packed over muscles. He straddled me and removed his shirt. I gasped. He had a beautiful body. And then we lost control of ourselves and our sense of time.