

# Won't Accept You

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Violet POV

That night Dane didn’t leave me even for a minute. He was relentless, and I wanted to give him all I had. And all I had was me, my virginity. I came with no status, no money or family. My only family abandoned me to be killed after injuring me. It was Moon Goddess who had bestowed this opportunity on me and I wouldn’t dare to lose it.

By morning, I was thoroughly exhausted. I snuggled into his chest and went off to sleep. When I woke up in the morning, he wasn’t there. But every part of my body was singing. I stretched my limbs, feeling great for the first time in my life. I think I was the luckiest she-wolf born. My wolf, Opal, was cartwheeling inside. ‘I am so happy, Violet,’ she said. ‘Our mate loves us, but where is he?’

I giggled as I walked to the bathroom. ‘He must have gone to the pack, Opal,’ I informed her, as if she should have known it already. ‘After all, he is the pack’s Alpha. He must have gone for his Alpha duties.’

‘Yes!’ Opal pricked her ears up and I could feel her thrill. ‘Ask him to take you to introduce you to his pack.’

I hesitated as I stood in front of the mirror. There were so many love bites all around my body. As I examined them with a blush, I also noticed how my breasts and hips were curvier. I don’t know how that happened and planned to ask him about it. Did they give me some kind of potion? Every wound on my body healed so well it was as if it was never there.

‘You have to ask him to take you to his pack,’ Opal reminded me.

‘Yes!’ I said and then walked under the hot water shower. After enjoying it for almost half an hour, scrubbing and rubbing my skin hard until it was raw and shining and pink, I came out draped in a fluffy towel only to find a lady in the room with breakfast. She was wearing a blue apron over a white dress. With light brown hair, she had a kind demeanor.

“How are you, Violet?” She greeted me with a smile and set down the tray that had fluffy buttered bread with bacon, lemon chicken, and steaming coffee. “I am Zena, your maid.”

A maid? I was the maid in my family, and now I had a maid? “I am well,” I replied, feeling slightly awkward.

“Oh, you can change in front of me,” she chuckled sweetly and took out a pair of blue denims and a black t-shirt with lacy underwear and bra.

Though I was surprised and jealous as to how come there were female clothes in the lodge, I just nodded, collected the clothes and slipped into them. While having breakfast, I said, “Zena, I would like to go and meet Dane’s pack members.”

Zena stiffened. "I am sorry, but Alpha Dane has given me strict orders that you can't leave," she said.

I stopped chewing the meat as I stared at Zena, trying to understand what she meant. I licked my lips as I debated whether to ask her to clarify what she meant.

‘What is she trying to convey?’ Opal asked, rather growled. She hated to stay in confines.

Emboldened by her words, I asked, “Why can’t I leave? I am Alpha Dane’s mate and one day he has to take me out to meet his pack members.”

The tension hung thick between us. She looked away, as if contemplating what to reply. When she faced me, she said, “It is not my story to tell, but you can’t meet his pack members as well. At least for now. Basically, he has ordered us that you can’t leave the lodge until further orders.”

I swallowed hard, my mind conjuring up all scenarios. Why would he imprison me? Why was he hiding me?

“Violet,” Zena sympathized. “I am so sorry that you are a rogue, but you have to understand that Alpha Dane is the strongest wolf in all of America and he is known to hunt rogues. So you have to give him time to find a solution to this problem.”

My mouth dropped to the floor. I lost my appetite. There was something that she wasn't telling me. This wasn't the whole story. “I am a ‘problem’?”

Zena shook her head with a sigh, as if pitying me. She got up. “I am here if you need anything. Alpha Dane is going to come by evening.”

“I want to see him now,” I demanded.

“Sorry, you can’t. He is too busy. He can’t come before evening, or maybe tomorrow.”

After Zena left, I paced my room for hours, unable to think anything about the situation. My mind was in complete turmoil. I needed to speak with Dane in order to allay my fears. But there was one thing that continued to prick me at the back of my mind. While Dane claimed me, he didn’t mark me. Why was that?

By afternoon, I was mentally tired. I decided to go out for a short walk, but the moment I stepped out, I saw there were a few warriors hiding in the woods. They came out and stopped me. “You are not allowed to leave the lodge!” growled one of them, looking down at me. I gasped as he caught my wrist and dragged me back to the cabin.

“What the hell is happening?” I yelled at him. Grabbing me by my arm, he shoved me into the house and closed the door.

“I told you not to leave, Violet,” Zena sighed.

I spun and faced her, rage bubbling in my chest. “Why? I have to talk to Dane now! Call him now!” I yelled, trying to suppress my fears.

Zena clenched her jaws in silence. Her silence was irritating. I stomped to my room and crashed on the bed. I didn’t know when sleep took over me, but I felt well-rested when I woke up next. Feeling hungry, I went downstairs to the kitchen. I took a cursory glance at the newspapers opened on the island table and walked to the fridge to take out an apple. As I took the first bite, my eyes fell on a picture on the front page of the newspaper.

The image in the newspaper punched the air out of my lungs. Dane was standing with a beautiful blonde with green eyes, his arm wrapped around her waist. He was wearing a tux while she wore an olive silk dress that fell to her knees. She was smiling and looking at him with pure love in her eyes while he had that smirk on his face mingled with a look of victory.

The text beneath read, “Famous model, Emily Thorpe, got engaged to a wealthy businessman, Dane Miller, today in the afternoon. According to the sources, they are set to marry in the next fifteen days. Emily and Dane have known each other since childhood and want to finalize their love in the form of matrimony.”

My mind became numb.

The text continued, “Emily’s agency is very happy to announce the engagement. They are saying that Emily will be completing all her assignments and then retire to focus on her marriage.”

My heart silently shattered into a thousand pieces. I felt as if someone had plunged a dagger into my heart and then twisted it. Tears flooded my eyes, and I felt as if I was going to faint. I shrieked. Zena rushed to me, shouting my name.

Zena helped me go up to the bedroom as I clutched my chest. My mate betrayed me. He cheated on me.

Zena made me lie on the bed and tucked me into the comforter. She sat on the edge of the bed and stroked my hair, mumbling softly about how unfortunate I was. I curled up in my bed in a fetal position after she left, unable to think or make out of the situation. Dane had sex with me last night. We were mates. How could he get engaged to another woman?

It was too dark when the door of the room banged open and he strode in. “Violet!” I was in a mess. My eyes were swollen, I had a fever, and my limbs refused to move. I was numb. But his touch sent shivers down my body. His touch soothed me. I was dying to feel him and so I found myself pathetically snuggling in his chest, clutching his shirt like it was the last straw.

So many questions bounced in my head, but my throat was choked as hell. Eventually, in a hoarse voice, I managed to ask, “Will you marry me?”

He scoffed. “Violet, I can’t marry you. My family and my pack won’t accept you, but—” he pinched my chin and lifted my face. “But you will stay in this lodge forever. And that’s an order.”

“As your mistress?” I asked.

“You may think whatever you like.”

“But you won’t mark me. You will mark Emily.”

“I have to mark her,” he said, as if this was undisputable. “She is the daughter of the Alpha of Red Claw pack and my fiancée.”

“You can’t accept me because I am a rogue?”