

Chapter 47

Arya's POV

I am thinking about whom could have sent those men to get my sister-in-law, could it be Erickson, last time at the match he showed interest in her and didn't bother hiding that he lusted for her, and now, my brother is losing his shit over this, his woman has got 24/7 protection even though she doesn't know it.

After replying to some work emails, I go into the shower for a relaxing bath. I lay my head on the border. I must have fallen asleep because I woke up to images of my mate.

Drying my body with a towel, I go to bed.

Laying on the bed, my thoughts drifted to Jacob, he was hurt that I wanted to take a break but it was for the best, our relationship was moving fast and I needed time to recollect my thought.

My phone rings and I reluctantly check to see who it is, Jacob. I sigh and end the call. I receive a text from him.

'Are you alright?' I don't respond, another notification comes

'Call me whenever you need me, Arya,'

The next day, my brother woke me before five to go and investigate what happened but it was futile, no one saw them enter the territory and their scents were concealed.

He orders a search in most territories to check if they are any more shifter slayers,

'It's almost noon, let's go home and rest,' I complain tired, we've been moving up and down but I have a feeling he just wants to avoid his mate for some reason, Leondre was hurt that she kept the truth about her powers a secret even though we suspected already that she could be a special wolf because of her bloodline.

'Have you talked to her about what happened last night, about her powers?'

'No,' His eyes are cold and are exuding his Alpha aura.

'Talk to her, maybe she was just scared and..' I tell him my thoughts about it.

Once I reach home, I refresh and rest before going to Anaiah's room, I need someone to go to the club with. Anaiah protests and complains as she has never gone to the club before but I insist and she accepts.

'Fine, it's not like Leon cares. He's avoiding me since yesterday,' I give her a quick hug and pick out a sexy outfit for her. I do her make up and damn, the queen looks divine but she's a little shy in her outfit, however, she will suck it up. I wear a sequin dress that reaches mid-thigh and heels. We make our way downstairs. The servants we meet giggle and compliment how beautiful we look and Ana is so sheepish! Too cute. I drive us to the nearest club in the city, and because they know me, we don't stand in line. We get into the club and I smile at the familiarity of the place, a large bar, and the dance floor with different colored lights with loud music. I drag Ana to the bar

'Hi, beautiful ladies,' The bartender smiles and I wink and wave, he's cocky and cute. 'What are you having?' He asks in an Italian accent.

'Tequila shots!'

'Four shots coming your way,' Anaiah is looking around uncomfortably, and almost cringe when men wink at her.

'You need to loosen up and drink,' I say as I hand her the drink. I thought she won't drink it but she did. I smile and we kept going and taking more. Next, we go to the dancefloor,

'Dance!' I cheer my sister-in-law on. Timidly she starts to move her petite body softly to the rhythm of the song. She is enjoying it.

We are dancing together and having fun but I can't shake the feeling that someone is watching me. My eyes scan the area but I see no one suspicious.

Ana has gone back to the bar, taking more shots. I'm glad I forced her to come, she does feel better. The bartender is talking to her and I gasp seeing that she's flirting back, brother is killing someone's son tonight.

'Where's my mate? The servants said you went out!' Growls my brother in the link, I roll my eyes

'It's a girl's night out,'

'Where the fuck are you,'

'Language brother and ask her yourself,' I retort. He is silent and closes the link. Asshat.

We continue having fun, dancing with strangers when I hear a very familiar growl in the crowd and people screamed and scatter, we stop dancing as my big angry brother advances towards us. His eyes are fixed on the guy who was dancing with his mate.

Oops.

'Get your fucking hands off her waist before I yank them,' He growls and the man shivers, backing away from the angry king. He glares at me but I only wink at him, Leondre is the strongest Lycan to ever live, he is ruthless, people tremble at the mention of him but I know he can never hurt me.

'Let's go home,' He says to his mate.

'No,' She says quietly. He sucks in a breath and calms himself.

'Why?'

'Because you hate me,' Leondre's eyes soften at his mate's words and he cups her face, kissing her forehead. Do they even realize that the music has stopped playing and everyone is looking at them?

'I'd never hate you, baby, I love you,'

'You've been avoiding me for three days,' She cries.

'And I'm sorry about that, love. Can we talk about it at home?'

'No, Leon, I still want to party, please stay with me,' For the first time, my brother looks around the place and scowls.

'Not here, let's leave Princess Arya to her ratchet clubs, I'll take you somewhere else to continue the party, okay?' Ana smiles and nods, he carries her out of the club, and only then does the DJ play the music. The crowd cheers and the party continues.

As I dance, I twirl around only to be met with the man I thought I would never see again.

'Stefan,' I breathe, looking at the mate who rejected me more than two years ago.