

Mated To The Alpha King (by Gabriella)

Chapter 9

The moment he left, I take a deep breath and try to calm myself. Now that he's gone, I feel a little bit better. But my wolf is saddened by his absence. She wants me to go after him but I'm too tired to do so. Ignoring her pleas to find him, I finally stand up on my feet, knowing I look like a terrible mess. My wedding dress is ripped already and I have no choice but to put it away.

Looking around, it's only then that I realize how big the whole room is. This is obviously his bedroom. It's very clean and almost everything has the color black. I see shelves on the right walls. Tapes of old songs and books from Greek philosophers are neatly arranged on each row. I have to say I'm impressed. Although, everyone calls him a savage, I can pretty much tell he's the kind of savage who has good taste.

His bedroom is the definition of perfection. I mean I know he probably has maids to take care of everything but I think it's just amazing how a werewolf so feared can be so... sophisticated. Expensive lamps, tables, and sofas are at every part of the room and the bed is big enough for the two of us. From the corner, I find a door which I assume leads to his bathroom. Without a second thought, I stride towards that door and find the most beautiful elegant bathroom I've ever seen in my entire life. Not even my own bathroom looks this big. I see the big bathtub from the corner which looks like it will fit more than two people at once. I hope to the gods I will never have to use it with him.

Looking at the large mirror to my left, I gasp at the sight of my face. I look so horrible, like a ghost with smeared make up and my hair like a bird's nest. I proceed to remove my damaged wedding dress, folding it neatly on the counter. I look at the facial products beside the sink and decide to use his facial wash. I have to admit this product smells pretty good.

Finally, I finish washing my face after a few minutes. My skin is looking so fresh and clean now. I take a quick bath and find myself looking at his closet for a spare t-shirt. I just remembered my things are not here yet so I will have to borrow one of his. I sincerely hope he won't get angry at me for this.

Searching through his closet, I soon find a big white shirt that looks comfortable to sleep in. I dry my hair with a fresh new towel and brush my teeth with a new toothbrush I found underneath the sink's cabinet. It's strange to think this big bathroom will also be my very own bathroom in the future. I'm not used to this kind of high-level royalty. No wonder everyone him the Wolf King, he has conquered enough packs to have more than enough gold for himself and his pack. Not to mention he has the largest territory among all great Alphas.

I finally finish up and head back to the bedroom. But something else catches my eye, a wide balcony right in front. Slightly opening the windows to the outside, I instantly hear the sound of the party that seems like a hundred miles away. From a far distance, I see mountains I've never seen before, tall trees scattering around the place, and my wedding party in the far right being held without me. I know my parents and best friend are there and I badly want to be with them... but it will be inappropriate to go back to the party right after the Alpha announced we'll be going to bed.

Besides, my wedding dress is already ripped. I can't possibly go out in this shirt. The pack will make fun of me and my parents will scold me for disgracing our family name. Not to mention Alpha Blake will be mad. I gaze back at the Shadow pack members that are dancing to a song I don't recognize; faces I haven't seen before. This place is so different. And the pack is filled of strangers. Will I ever feel like I belong here? Taking a deep breath, I look up at the night sky. It's the same full moon back at home, shining brighter than the sea of stars. At least, I'll have something to feel familiar with in the next few days to come.

With a sigh, I look back at the bedroom, wondering where he is. Why is he not back yet? It's not like I want him to be here right now but I'm starting to wonder if he's ever coming back to me. To tell the truth, I'll be happier if he won't sleep beside me tonight. But my wolf is craving his presence and she wants to be touched. I mentally roll my eyes at her with amusement. Sorry, foxy lady, you won't be getting laid tonight. With a deep breath, I stretch out my tired arms, yawning sleepily. I should probably rest.

Closing the windows, I turn back to the big bedroom, looking at the mess we've made. It isn't much so I go straight to the bed, tucking myself in and making myself at home. After a few random turns, I sigh in defeat. I can't sleep! I can't stop wondering where he is and what he's doing.

Shouldn't he be in bed with me right now? Is he with another she-wolf? Making love with her instead of me? My mind is going crazy! It's not like I'm jealous or anything. My wolf is extremely worried about my mate and it's forcing me to stay awake and search for him. I anxiously stare at the closed door, waiting for it to burst open with an angry Alpha. But it didn't. If he does come in, right here right now, will he force himself on me? Will he get mad at me for wearing his shirt without his permission?

No matter how hard I try to relax, my wolf is still craving for his touch and the warmth of his body. Standing up from the bed, I go back to open the balcony windows, looking at the party and searching for him. He's not there. I go back to the bedroom and start pacing back and forth while biting my nails. This is so frustrating. Where is he?

Finally deciding to go out and find him, I rush towards the door when it suddenly bursts open, revealing a half-naked Alpha Blake. I jump in surprise at the sight of him heaving with deep breaths and wearing nothing but the black pants he wore from the wedding. What happened to his polo? He's obviously done something that requires work. From his head down to his ripped chest, drops of water are rolling down his skin making it look like he bathed in his own sweat.

He gazes down at me with a blank expression, his eyes roaming all over my body. I squeeze in my legs, my mind aware that I'm only wearing a shirt with nothing underneath. Something tells me he can sense my discomfort just by the look on his face. Before I can say anything, a frown knits on his face and he starts striding towards me with deadly eyes.