

Chapter 2

ALEXA.

I closed my eyes and bit my bottom lip as I waited for the whip to destroy my nightgown. I knew I sounded petty, but I was just trying to be brave. I needed to think of something to distract me from the pain that will come.

I counted and kept waiting, but the whipping never came.

Instead, I heard someone scream, as if a commotion was happening behind me.

I opened my eyes and turned around just in time to see the last of the few men left behind leap from their seats, transform into their wolves, and flee, leaving me behind.

I had no idea what was happening. Was this a sick kind of joke to leave me here for the whole night?

But then one of my father's men came to me and tried to untie the rope.

"What's happening?" I asked him.

"A wolf pack found us!"

"Did you mean they would want to kill us?"

"Of course! You're so stupid to even ask that! "

"Can you untie it faster?" I ignored his remarks. I was more scared that they would reach us before I was untied.

"You owe me, slut! The only reason I came to help you is so I can f*ck you tonight!"

My eyes stung with tears, but my wolf, Serenity, told me not to say anything. She said she had a plan and I just needed to remain quiet until we were free from the rope. But he couldn't untie it. Either it was too tight or he was too scared that he couldn't concentrate.

"Don't you have a knife? Or use your paws!" I exclaimed, but it looked like he wasn't listening.

"Shit!" He growled as the noise became louder and the sound of paws thudding the earth echoed around us. My heart was beating erratically as it dawned on me that this might be the end of me.

"Please, please, faster..." I begged him as I tugged the rope harder, but it was no use.

"F*ck! You're on your own!" He gave up! He let go of the rope and turned around, ready to shift into his wolf, but before he could, a brown wolf launched on him and ripped his head off in an instant.

My eyes widened as his blood splattered all over my face and some of it in my mouth, making me taste his blood as I watched in horror as his head rolled off the ground.

Tears trickled down my face as the wolf before me turned his attention on me, baring his sharp fangs. And just when I thought he would leap to attack me, he backed away and let out a loud howl instead.

Soon, the earth shook as more paws thudded the ground. They were heading in our direction. And I knew I was doomed.

And I was right. I stood before more than ten wolves, with all their eyes on me as I hung, tied up on a tree.

A big black wolf emerged from the back, and everyone made way for him. I knew he must be their Alpha because of the aura that filled the forest in his presence. And it didn't take long before he shifted into his human form, as he continued to walk and approach where I stood tied up.

He was naked, as were all those who shifted into human form, but that was the least of my worries. The man looking straight at me was giving me a death glare, and I knew death would be my only way out.

He stopped in front of me and cupped my chin with his fingers, tilting it up to meet his eyes.

"Alexa..." He knew me. His voice was so powerful and cold that it sent shivers of fear down my spine. "Where is he?"

"He?" I repeated after him, my face showing confusion.

"Achilles." He spat his name laced with hatred, and I knew I was in a bad position. His hatred for my father was surging off of his body.

"He ran away when your men came. I don't know where he is." I hoped he would read the truth in my eyes.

"Kill her!" He ordered almost immediately.

My lips quivered as tears trickled down my face. "Please..."

But the man didn't care. He was just looking at me with no emotions at all. "I want her head."

"Please... spare me," I begged again, my voice almost inaudible.

He let go of my chin and I hung my head low in defeat.

Death was better than being ravished and abused. I should be thankful. I tried to console myself and my wolf. I'm a rogue. I knew this was where my life was heading. I should just accept it.

I closed my eyes and waited for the time that they would cut off my head when the wind blew in my direction. My mouth watered as I caught a whiff of the most intoxicating, delicious smell I have ever smelled in my whole life.

Am I dead already? Are my body and senses being returned to the moon? If this was the afterlife, then I would welcome it wholeheartedly. It didn't look or feel bad at all.

"Don't touch her." A calm but authoritative voice erupted in the thin air, and it reminded me I was still alive.

I tilted my head up, looking for the owner of the voice, and my eyes caught sight of him. He has the bluest eyes I have ever seen, and the

moment our eyes locked, I felt something snap into place, and the whole forest just vanished in my sight.

It was just him and me.

'Mate...' Serenity whimpered in my head and my jaw dropped open. The man with black hair hanging over his eyes with a perfectly sculpted nose and jaws is my mate.

I let my eyes wander over to his naked form, and I knew he was just perfect. I have seen naked men when some of my human friends sneaked out porn films for us to watch. But the men in those films were nothing compared to the perfect way my mate's body was sculptured.

He has perfectly chiseled abs and muscular biceps. And to top it all off, he was huge down there. And it wasn't even on erect yet. I shook my head and snapped myself out of my trance. I shouldn't be thinking naughty thoughts about him when my head could roll-off at any moment.

But I couldn't help the happiness surging in me. My heart fluttered in my chest. I never thought I would still have the possibility of meeting my mate. And did he tell them not to touch me? Did it mean he wanted to save me?

Hope rose in my heart and my lips were about to curl into a smile, but it was wiped off even before it happened.

"I need her to trap Achilles." He added in a cold voice, and it crushed my heart.

"Do you hear yourself, Aeon?" The man in front of me turned around to face the man he called Aeon, my fated mate.

It was only then that it dawned on me how powerful his aura was. It had the same aura as the man who ordered my death. But regardless of whether he was a powerful wolf or not, he only wanted me as bait to catch my father.

I should have expected it. No one in their right minds would want a rogue for a mate, especially if he was a powerful one. I always knew this, but why does it still hurt?

A hand grabbed a fistful of my hair and tugged it upward, tilting my head higher as I hissed in pain. "Look at her, Aeon. Who would leave their beautiful daughter in the hands of their enemy if they didn't have an agenda in place? And don't tell me you're falling for their trap?"

"That female doesn't even look like she could hurt a fly. A useless one to use for a mission." He mocked me before he let go of a bored sigh as if he found talking about me a waste of time. He began talking again as he walked toward us. "Look father, when did I ever fail you? Trust me on my plan. I want that rogue. She's a perfect tool for my plan, and I promise you, in no time, you will have Achilles' head in your hands, served on a golden plate."

"Are you sure you're not lusting after this female?"

"I know who I want. But yeah, maybe I can feast on her body for a while." He smirked like a devil while hatred brewed in my chest. "I can do what I want with her, maybe make her suffer. But I can assure you, at the end of the day, the end goal is always to kill Achilles."

The man holding me didn't say anything. It took a moment before Aeon spoke again.

"Do you think I have a hidden agenda?" He chuckled sarcastically, and he certainly looked like a devil to me now. "When did I ever think of other people instead of our pack, father? She's just a f*cking rogue, but she's my best chance to catch Achilles. And I'm not letting that chance slip by."

His father let go of my hair before he walked to where he was and patted his shoulder. "I know you won't disappoint me. But let's make it clear, the moment that rogue shifts into her wolf, she will be killed. I didn't want to take any risks and endanger my pack. Do we have a deal?"

"Yep. It's a deal." He answered him, but his gaze was locked with mine and I was sure he could read the hatred in my eyes.

His father patted his shoulder once more before walking away without any more words, with a few men trailing behind him.

"Krane, give me a neck shackle."