

CHAPTER 56

Winter POV

God, it's ridiculously cold in here. Langdon's shirt is doing absolutely nothing to keep the chill at bay and I sit there, my arms folded, shivering, and trembling as I wait to see if I'm let out. Langdon had better be right about this, I think sourly. Otherwise, I might just let Sabriel do whatever she wants to him and his precious bachelor pad.

Should have pissed all over his house, given him something to really be angry about. Especially if he was going to punish us both this way.

Sabriel, is your answer to everything going to be piss on it?

Well, I could do the other thing, but you're too much of a lady to let me. Or are you?

That's disgusting

Says you. I call it Karma.

I hope Langdon comes back to let me out soon. I can tell that the sun is beginning to set and it's only going to get colder at nightfall. I doubt I can make it through the night without freezing to death, shifter or not. Plus, I'm so annoyed, I feel like punching the wall, but that's not going to make anything better.

I closed my eyes and leaned back against the hard bricks of the building, my body aching all over and my stomach growling in hunger. Then, a miracle of miracles, I hear the loud creak of the dungeon door opening and then tense as a familiar scent wash over me. What on earth is he doing

here? I'd been so sure that he would have just left me down here. Sabriel, of course, is smug. The damn wolf is cocky as hell.

Of course, our mate is coming. He can't resist us. We're the most beautiful creatures he's ever seen. Or at least I am, although you're pretty cute too.

Wow, so humble Sabriel.

I tell it like it is. It's not my fault you don't like it.

He's probably just come to yell at us or something.

Winter, has anyone told you that you are way too pessimistic? Why do you have to be all doom and gloomy? Save that crap for Halloween.

You're way too optimistic.

Well, one of us has to be.

Sabriel is driving me insane, prancing about excitedly in my mind, while all I can hear is the loud thudding of my heart, beating wildly in my chest. I feel a small spurt of hope, despite all of my protestations. His footsteps are loud like he's storming downstairs and that doesn't bode well at all. Even Sabriel has stopped her prancing and is listening nervously. He sounds like he's angry, but with luck, it's directed at Langdon and not at me. A girl can hope, right?

"God dammit" he mutters to himself as he walks down "fucking Langdon. I swear to god, when I get my hands on him, I'm going to rip his head off his body."

That seems perfectly acceptable to me Winter. See he's defending our honor.

I honestly just think he's mad at Langdon Sabriel. It has nothing to do with our honor.

Pity, I'm rather bloodthirsty.

Of course, you are. Has anyone ever told you that you're strange, Sabriel?

Not as weird as you.

That's debatable, I think idly to myself as he finally reaches the end of the stairs and comes crashing over, his eyes wild and his hair all disheveled. I gulp. He looks half crazed and now I'm thinking it's safer to be in the cell than out of it with him. I guess he sees the fear in my eyes because he straightens up and attempts to smooth his hair down somewhat and make himself more presentable.

"Right then" he snaps, "Langdon should never have locked you up. But you" he booms, pointing his finger at me as I cringe, "should never have even left the house" he roars, "I put you there to keep you safe. Why is that proving to be so difficult?" He sounded completely perplexed.

Right. Not to keep me away from his so-called girlfriend. Is he kidding himself right now? I roll my eyes and he stares at me incredulously, not able to believe that I'm showing him such disrespect. Well, he started it.

He fumbles slowly inside his pockets and produces a key, examining it thoughtfully. I resist the urge to reach for it as he begins to pace back and forth.

"This is the last thing I need" he mutters, glancing at me, "the last thing I want. Why does it have to be so hard though" he exhales, staring at me intently, and I squirm at how intense his gaze is. Maybe Langdon doing this was the last straw and Kai has finally lost his senses and his mind.

"I just broke up with Candice," he says irritably, and my heart skips a beat at the words. Hope fills my body, even though I'm certain there is a but coming. There's always some sort of string attached. I don't even know why he's bothering to tell me this. I'm not the reason for his breakup unless

she found out about me, and even so, that wouldn't be my fault. Or is there a reason behind his telling me? Sabriel is almost dancing for joy.

He slowly unlocks the cell door and pulls it open. "Well," he says quietly, seeming to calm himself down somewhat, "are you coming?"

I stood up and slowly went towards him, Kai backing away so that I could walk out. My body is trembling and my mouth is dry. Was he just going to abandon me with Langdon again? Is that why he wanted me to come with him? Or worse? Was he going to throw me out of the pack and leave me to fend for myself? I feel nauseous, my stomach churning as I try to remain calm.

"Come on" he barks impatiently, and I follow him upstairs to the main area of the pack house, astounded when he begins to ascend the stairs.

I've never been upstairs. It was forbidden for myself and other omegas to go up there. It was explained that the Alpha didn't want lowly omegas to enter his rooms, apparently several of them had tried to seduce him and he got tired of it. Marias was one of the few he entrusted to clean his private rooms. He's an enigma, this Alpha Kai who's supposedly my mate.

I'm in awe as he ushers me down the hallway and into his bedroom, or at least I presume it's his bedroom, ushering me in frantically and closing the door. I looked around with interest. The room itself is massive, huge in fact. The four-poster bed looks so inviting with its beautiful green bedcovers and I sit down, feeling just how soft it is. The room doesn't contain much besides the bed, just a dresser and wardrobe. I can't even see much in the way of personal effects and that makes me feel sad for some reason. It's not the homeliest feeling of bedrooms.

He watches me looking around, a small smile on his face. Then he stands in front of me and I blink, looking up at his big hulk of a body. He looks tentative, hesitant and I brace myself for whatever it is that he's about to say. But he manages to surprise me.

"Listen," he says gruffly, folding his arms and staring intently down at my face "I just left Candice because my wolf and I can't keep ignoring the mate bond anymore. Turns out she was only interested in being Luna anyway", he muttered, and I felt sympathetic towards him. That must have been horrible for him to find out. It must have been one hell of a breakup. The sympathy fades quickly, however, when I remind myself just how badly he's treated me thus far.

"I don't know what to do with you," he said quietly. Every time I look at you, I'm blown away by your beauty and your innocence. I've been rejected before and it sucks. If you want me to reject you, however, especially after the way I've treated you, I can look into how we do it?" He doesn't sound too enthusiastic about the idea though, but I could be reading him wrong.

I shake my head. I don't really want to go looking for another mate and, despite everything, my heart is screaming out for him. I feel more than I ever felt with Johnathon. I want him. My mind is screaming. Sabriel is screaming it in my mind. He looks pleased. Was he hoping that would be my response? Or did he expect it? Then he does the unthinkable and swoops down, his lips landing on mine as he kisses me, roughly, his tongue demanding access which I eagerly give him, my arms holding onto his as I try to keep upright on the bed. Sparks fly between us and Sabriel is giddy in my mind. When he finally lets go and backs away, I feel disappointed. I really hope he's not about to apologize for this kiss like the last time. I don't think my heart could take it. But instead, he gives me a wicked grin that makes my heart start to beat loudly in my chest.

"I think it's time we tried being proper mates, Winter, don't you" he drawls, and I can't help it. My mouth opens wide in shock as Sabriel screams out in joy in my mind. Was he finally accepting me? Or, my heart skips a beat at the thought, am I just a replacement for Candice now that she's gone?