

Chapter 11

Niklaus

"She's telling the truth,"

"I know," I say, not even looking at Shelby. There was no doubt about it; I could see on Verena's face just how shocked she was that it wasn't the Goddess' doing. I don't think she's lying, either. "Have you ever heard of something like this?"

Shelby shakes her head. "Never in my life, but I could smell witchcraft all over it and not the good kind, either. Blood magic starts when the witch or warlock sells their soul to perfect their craft, and you have to be extremely powerful to be able to pull something like this off. We're talking about changing the future here," she says.

I can't help but clench my jaw at this. "So, it has to be someone who knows her. Someone close to her? If what Verena said is true, then her future wasn't all that good, so someone wanted her to have a do over. But she said she didn't know any witches."

I don't fucking know what to believe anymore. This woman crashed into my life and told me things no one else could know. How did she know about the potential arranged marriage? It all points to her telling the truth, but a stubborn part of me doesn't want to believe she could be from the

future.

It sounds too incredible to believe.

"Well, as I've said, I will do a bit of digging so we can see what we're dealing with," Shelby says. "I'll keep in touch. And Klaus? Don't push her away. My guess is right now, she's extremely confused and vulnerable. Given what she went through with Lucan and her trust issues, the wrong thing could make her bolt."

I frown. "Why the fuck are you telling me this?"

"Because you like her," she says with a grin. "And don't give me that look. We grew up together, I know you, remember?"

"Fuck off," I grumble and she bursts out laughing.

"I love you too, cousin," she says and gives me a kiss on my cheek before walking off. I can't even be properly pissed off with her because I don't want to admit that I like Verena in any capacity.

With a growl, I walk to my office. There's still a funeral pyre to attend later, and with this news Shelby has just given me, I'm sure I'll play the pissed off Alpha well.

Verena

It's been hours since they left my apartment and I'm sitting cross-legged on my bedroom floor, not knowing where this

is gonna go. I don't remember the last time I spoke to the Moon Goddess because I had given up on believing in her.

Why would she mate us with people who are abusive and manipulative? Surely those people don't deserve mates, right? Well, apparently the Goddess is just, so I just had to live with the fact.

Sighing, I look up at the ceiling. "I don't know how to start with this," I say out loud. "You already deemed me guilty before you've even looked into my heart, so why should I even bother with talking to you?"

"I thought you blessed me with this second chance to redo my life, but I was sorely mistaken. Apparently you don't give do-overs even if that person deserves it, so please tell me what I've done to deserve your ire? I rejected the man who would bring me nothing but pain and death. I did it for me. So please, Goddess, tell me what I am doing wrong this time. Should I have stayed with my emotionally abusive mate and died at my sister's hand again? Is that what you had planned for me all along?"

There's nothing but silence, save for my rapidly beating heart. Of course, what did I expect? She was always quiet. Why should she answer me now?

Huffing in frustration, I get to my feet and decide to give Martha a call and tell her I'll come in to do my job today. I can't sit in this apartment with only my thoughts for company; I'll go fucking crazy at this rate.

Fifteen minutes later, I'm dressed in my uniform and on my way to Alpha Niklaus' apartment since no one else is allowed to clean it but me. I take my time today since he's gone to the so-called funeral for his little sister, so I know he won't be home early.

As usual, I keep the library for last, but in order for me to clean it, I need to walk past the room with the black door again. I can't tell you how many times I've thought about going in there. But as he said, curiosity killed the cat, and the last thing I want to be is dead.

So I pretend not to notice it as I walk past and head straight for the library. It takes me longer to clean in here as I clean between the books and his library is quite vast. But like I said, I'm taking my time today, so with my earphones in, I get started.

You know that prickle in your neck when you can feel someone watching you? I've been feeling that for the last half an hour since I started cleaning the library. As soon as I am done cleaning between the books, I turn around to grab the microfiber mop, only to rip out my headphones and scream.

Alpha Niklaus is leaning against the doorframe, one hand nursing a glass of alcohol while the other is in his pocket. His black shirt is unbuttoned all the way and his tie hanging loose around his collar.

Gods, why is he so sexy?

"You seem to like screaming for me, kitten," he says, his gaze sweeping over me. "I wonder what it would take for me to get you purring." 1

My face heats in response to that, and I swear I don't know what words are right now. He raises his glass and takes a sip of whatever's in there, just watching me for a reaction. My usual quips evaporate when he pushes from the doorframe, places his glass on a side table, and walks over to me.

As usual, I walk back after not having learned my lesson from when he's done this before. Pretty soon, I am pushed up against the bookshelves with his hands next to my head, caging me in.

"I... I don't think this is appropriate, Alpha," I stammer, his rich sandalwood and vanilla scent not making this easy at all. Placing my hands on his chest, I try to push him away, but I might as well be pushing against a wall. "Please move."

"Are you sure that's what you want?" he asks, cocking his head to the side and giving me that smirk that has my heart beating faster.

I swear my brain is short circuiting because my mouth is opening and closing, but no sound is coming out. Do I want him to move? Do I want to push him away from me?

But he doesn't wait for my answer before he leans forward and kisses my neck, dragging his tongue from my nape to my ear and groaning. I suck in a sharp breath and my knees start to buckle, now 100% certain that my brain is short circuiting.

"Fuck, why do you always smell so good?" he groans into my ear. "Good enough to fucking devour. I wonder if you taste just as sweet."

I whimper when he gently bites down; not hard enough to leave a mark, but hard enough for the sensation to head straight to my core. He pushes his body up against me, and his cock grinds against my belly.

"Alpha..."


"Even your voice gets me hard," he growls. "What is it about you that turns me this fucking feral?"

My eyes roll back in my head and I let out a whimper, but as soon as I feel a growl rumbling in his chest, it's as if my sanity has snapped back.

All I can see is Lucan's face after he's taken from me without asking, then leaving to spend the night with my sister. His knowing smirk because I won't protest, because I was the epitome of a good wife and loyal Luna.

Because he was the Alpha, I had to obey.

With a burst of anger, I push Alpha Niklaus away and glare at

 +20 BONUS

him. The look of surprise on his face tells me he expected me to just fold underneath his persuasions. Maybe if I were the same person Lucan married, but not this time around.

"All you Alphas are the same," I mutter before running out of his apartment.

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