

Chapter 15

Niklaus

I shouldn't have been around her last night. I was so close to fucking snapping that I probably would have dragged her into my Black Room if I could still smell her wolf's scent.

Only Verena would push an unmated Alpha on a full moon night.

Now I'm sitting opposite the Rogue Omega who took the brunt of my rut last night and watching her sign the NDA. I can tell she wants us to continue whatever happened, but I never keep the same Omega woman after the full moon.

What's the point, anyway? I needed her for one reason and one reason only. Relationships are not for men like me, not when we have empires to tend to. Until I have a Luna, this is all they're good for.

"I'm done," she says and slides the papers over to me. I catch her gaze, and her eyes flash Omega gold. "If you need —"

"That will be all, Stella," I say as I page through the paperwork, ignoring the scent of her surging disappointment. She gets to her feet and I can feel she's about to ask me something, but then she walks out of my office.

Am I an asshole? Yes, I have to be. It's better than having a clingy one-night stand who can't take a hint.

My cell phone rings and when I look at the caller ID, I can't help but roll my eyes. Kristina has been calling me nonstop since we left her at one of our safe houses. She's probably calling just to tell me how bored she is.

With a sigh, I answer. "Yes, Kristina?"

"Nickyyyyy," she groans, and I pinch the bridge of my nose. "I am so boreeeeed!"

"You know why you have to stay hidden, right?"

"Yes, but—"

"No fucking butts," I say and she giggles, which pisses me off more. "You're literally on an island."

"Yeah, by myself! There's nothing to do here," she complains and sighs heavily. "Can't I come back yet? I miss my friends, and there's not even any internet here!"

"Krissy," I breathe, leaning my forehead against my fist. "If we didn't receive intel in time, you would have died. What part of 'it's not safe' do you not understand? Do you want Ma to grieve for her only daughter?"

Asshole older brother, right? But it's the only way to deal with a bratty teenager.

She sniffs. "No ... Okay, I understand. I'm just going a bit crazy over here, Nikky," she says, and I can almost picture her worrying her bottom lip between her teeth.

"I know, but give me some time to figure out what to do with you and Ma. I don't know if she's safe here either, so I might

be sending you all back home," I say, knowing I should have done it weeks ago. "I'll chat to you later, okay?"

"Okay. I love you,"

"I love you too, Krissy," I say and hang up before I can feel even more guilty than I already do.

I know she's not happy where she is now, but it's my job to keep her safe, not to coddle her when she can't get her own way. She knows that only works with Mitri, but Mitri isn't the one calling the shots.

"Fuck, this day has been long," I grumble as I get to my feet and stretch. Usually I feel good after a full moon, but honestly, I feel like I want to break shit. Something tells me it's not only because everything has gone to shit today, but because of a certain pussycat I craved last night.

Gods, I would have seriously hurt her if she had been the one in the Black Room with me last night, especially since she's no longer a shifter. It's a good thing I pushed her away or I wouldn't have been able to control myself.

Getting her in that room, though ... I'd love to see her on one of my racks, begging me to fuck her. But knowing her, she'd be a brat and that would only make me lose control. 2

I take a deep breath and decide to call it a day. I need to unwind and the only way to do that would be in the rooftop gym. Ideally, it would be to finish two bottles of whiskey, but I am not in the mood to get shitfaced tonight.

After heading to my apartment to change into my gym

clothing, I head up and go straight to the weights. I have to clear my mind; I'm feeling like a fucking caged animal right now and I have no idea why.

Maybe I should have taken a day off and gone to the estate to shift and forget. That probably would have worked better, because when I look at my watch after working out, I notice that it's ten at night already.

"Fuck," I mutter and wipe my face with my damp towel before heading to one of my lockers. I still want to have a swim before I go home.

But Fate is a funny fucking mistress, because the woman who has been on my mind all day is already in the pool.

After changing into my swimming gear, I stand there and watch her gliding through the water; carefree and not paying attention to anything around her. With a smirk on my face, I get into her lane without making a sound and dive deep, making my way toward her in the cool water.

She still hasn't noticed me, but as soon as I pull her leg, she stops swimming and breaks through the surface. I hear a muffled 'hello?' and pull her leg again, causing her to scream. When she swims away toward the pool wall, I follow her and as soon as she gets there and breaks through the surface again, I have her caged against the wall.

Sputtering, she nearly screams before I put a hand over her mouth. She blinks, the horror in her eyes turning to confusion and then anger. "Hello, kitten," I say with a grin.

"Alpha?!" she shrieks and tries to push me away. "Why would

you...! How—”

“You should really pay attention to your surroundings, pussycat,” I tut, shaking my head. “What if I had been someone who wanted to take advantage of you?”

She scoffs and rolls her eyes. “Please, I know how to fight,”

I raise my eyebrow at this. “Oh, you do? Show me then,” I tease, cocking my head to the side. “Push me away.”

I already know she’s moving her knee toward my groin, so I block it with my leg and spin her around so she’s pressed up against the wall and I’m at her back.

“Oh, you’re so easy to ... take advantage of, Verena,” I whisper into her ear and move her wet hair away from her neck. She shivers in my arms. “But since you’re in my territory, I won’t allow that to happen.”


“You’re ... literally doing it right now,” she gasps, then I move away, and she spins to face me, looking resigned. “I’m no longer a shifter, Alpha Niklaus; you don’t have to pretend to be interested in me.”

Her statement causes me to frown. “You think I was interested in you because—”

“I was an Omega. Yeah, word gets around,” she says with a disbelieving scoff. “That’s what everyone I work with says. Rumour got around that I opened my legs for Alpha Niklaus, that’s why I got the position I did and the privilege to be the only one allowed in his apartment.”

I blink, and a sliver of fury slips through me. That’s the

rumour going around? Guess one of my Omegas violated the NDA. This is why I prefer them Rogue.

I move close to her so she can feel just how interested I am in her. "If I were only interested in your designation..." I trail off, my hands slipping under the water as I move between her legs and wrap them around my waist. "Would I be this fucking hard right now?" 

She gasps and her eyes widen. "You don't ... have to pretend —"

"I am not fucking pretending," I growl, rubbing my cock against her core. "And you can't honestly say you don't want to fuck me, either."

"Your ego is bigger than your cock, Alpha," she says, rolling her eyes and I draw my hand to her throat, while still grinding into her center. She moans and her head falls back.

"Wanna test that?" I grin, the hand on her throat moving down to her breast and I notice her nipples are hardened little points. Moving my head closer, I drag my teeth over one nipple and I groan when she whimpers.

"Well? Do you? Or..." I trail off and move away from her. "Unless you want me to ... go?"

She seems to sober up when I move away, and places both hands on my chest, offering me an apologetic smile.

"As much as ... I want this, I don't think we should," she says, shaking her head. "You're my boss and I'm dealing with a lot right now. Us fucking would ... just make things worse."

"Worse?"

She nods. "I lost my family, my wolf, rejected my mate because just loving him led to my death and now the Goddess hates me. Adding ... this," she says, gesturing between us. "Knowing you only want me for sex, isn't a good idea. It will just leave me more broken than I already am."

I get where she's coming from, and honestly, it fucking sucks, but I respect a woman who can turn me down twice while thinking about her own mental wellbeing. And honestly, that just intrigues me more.

I reach out to cup her cheek, and she actually leans into my hand. "You're stronger than most she-wolves, and I'm not just saying that because you've turned me down twice now," I say with a smile and she chuckles. "But I don't just want you for sex, Verena."

She shakes her head, and I drop my hand. "There can't be anything between us, Niklaus—"

"For now," I say with a grin. "Unfortunately, you intrigue me and, well ... Let's just say I can get quite possessive."

Her eyes widened. "I'm not yours—"

"For now," I say again, then I swim to the other side of the pool as slowly as possible, listening to her heartbeat fading as she walks away from me again.