

Chapter 7

Verena

I'm pacing the floor again, waiting for this Martha to show up and tell me what my duties will be. It pisses me off that Alpha Niklaus thought I would turn my nose up to work, as if I have a choice.

As I said, work is work and if I want to survive, I will need to get by. My name is not Anabella; I don't use my looks to trick people into getting what I want, and I am not superficial.

Although, I swear to Goddess, the way he looked at me made me nearly hit out in hives. Why do I always feel so nervous around him? From what I can tell, he's not like Lucan, but I need to remember that he is an Alpha and the only thing Alphas do well is take and abuse.

I can't trust him. I need to make enough money so I can get my mother out of Crescent Fang, escape and move out of the country. There's no life for me here, not anymore, and I feel like my mother is in danger. I wouldn't put it past Lucan to use her to bring me back since I insulted and disrespected him.

A knock on the door snaps me out of my thoughts, and I rush to open it. I find an older lady standing there, blonde hair aged to grey, shorter than me, and a look in her eye that tells me she's seen it all. I decide then that I already like her.

"You must be Verena," she says with a smile. "I'm Martha. Alpha Niklaus sent me to speak to you about your duties starting today."

Today?! I try not to look too surprised, so I step to the side and tell her to come in. Well, I guess this is it, then. Working for another Alpha; and as the thought sets in, I realise how terrified I actually am.

"I'm guessing you've done cleaning work for upmarket hotels?" she starts and I nod. "Good, because you've been put in charge of cleaning the upper floors; in other words, the VIP rooms. You'll have a team of two others working with you, so it won't take too long."

I stare at her, mouth agape. The VIP rooms? Why would Alpha Niklaus put me in charge of those when he barely knows me?

"Okay, is there anything specific I need to know about them? Anything that gets done differently up there to your normal rooms?" I ask. I mean, I've worked in different places before, and know that those who pay extra money, get special treatment.

Martha goes through what will be expected of me and my team and I listen carefully, taking it all in. Our uniforms are a black button up dress with a white collar and black tennis sneakers; the standard, I suppose. "It sounds simple enough," I say with a confident nod, and she raises her eyebrow.

"It is, but there are a few rules for when you're cleaning the

Alpha's apartment," she says, and I nearly choke on air.

"The Alpha wants me to clean his space?" I ask, my voice unnecessarily high pitched. The thought of being in his space just feels ... odd.

Martha shrugs. "He asked for you specifically and said you're the only one allowed in, so listen closely. You're only allowed to clean the kitchen, the living and dining room, the library, and his bedroom. You're not allowed in the room with the black door and his office, unless he's there and he asks for it."

He wants me in his apartment alone. Do I worry about this now or later?

"O-okay, that's understandable. But why me alone? Wouldn't it go quicker with my team?"

Martha shakes her head. "He wants one person in, so if anything is out of the ordinary, he knows it can only be pinpointed to that person," she says. "You must understand that the Alpha is a very powerful man, and he does not trust easily. But him asking for you specifically means there's something about you that's trustworthy. Don't mess it up, Verena."

"Oh," I say, nodding. "Okay, that's reasonable. Well, I'm ready when you are, so please lead the way."

This seems to make her smile, and for the next few hours, Martha takes me and my team under her wings and shows us the ropes. It felt nice working, I won't lie; knowing I'm earning my keep and doing something instead of moping

around.

The VIP apartments are MASSIVE compared to the others; they're not apartments, but literal penthouses. I see now why a three-person team is needed to clean them. I was dreading cleaning Alpha Niklaus' place myself, which is why I left it for last.

The cleaning took longer because of Martha instructing us and telling us what cleaning materials to use, where and how to use them. So I think as soon as we'll get into it, we'll be done with these VIP rooms by noon every day.

By the time 7pm came around, I was ready to hop into a warm bath and soak the day away. But I still had his place to clean, so I suck it up and press the elevator code to his apartment. I have to get this over with, and besides, he most likely won't be there.

As soon as the elevator doors open, I walk out and get started. I try not to be impressed by his decor and how different it looks to the other apartments, but it's hard. The man has taste, and it matches perfectly with how he portrays himself.

Blacks, silvers, gunmetal greys, and hints of reds are spread across the place. It may sound dreary with the lack of colour, but it's truly not; it's actually quite beautiful.

I'm done with his bedroom and walk toward the library, but then I notice the door Martha told me not to go into ... the room with the black door. I wonder what's behind it; to be honest, I've been wondering that since she told me I'm not allowed in there.

It's probably like a weapons room or something, seeing as he's a Greek criminal kingpin. But that annoyingly curious side of me wonders if that's exactly it. I mean, if it were a weapons room, it would be locked, right? Should I —

"Curiosity killed the kitten," Alpha Niklaus' low voice snaps me out of my stupidity and I leap back from the door as if it burnt me.

I turn to face him and he's standing with his hands in the pockets on his slacks, the top two buttons of his shirt open and his usually slicked back hair tousled. He takes a step toward me and my heart drops.

"I was just ... uh...heading to your library—"

"Do you want to see what's inside the room?" he asks, that husky tone of his sending a shiver up my spine. "I could show you ... but then again, I don't like sharing my secrets."

He comes to a stop in front of me as I'm pushed against the wall because stupid me didn't think to move back when he started walking. His rich sandalwood and vanilla scent is causing my head to swim; and the proximity is not helping.

"You don't have to show me anything, Alpha," I say, swallowing hard. "I apologize for being curious, and I'll be on my way now."

He smirks, then he takes a few steps back and nods. "Very well, Verena. You have a good night," he says, then he turns on his heel and walks away from me.

I take deep breaths before sprinting to the library and try to

keep my mind occupied, so it doesn't drift to the insanely gorgeous man in this apartment with me. Seriously, no one should be this hot while speaking, and it's honestly causing my mind to short circuit.

And he wants me alone in here, for what reason, exactly? It can't be because he trusts me since he doesn't even know me. So what is it? I should confront him about it, but I think I've seen enough of him for today.

Apparently fate doesn't think so, because who do I see, shirtless and walking in only his boxers when I walk out of the library toward the elevator? I try not to stare, but it's hard when the epitome of perfection is standing there being all domesticated like.

Goddess, the arms on this man. And the washboard abs. And the chiselled chest just made for a tongue to run over. Holy shit, I am full on eye-fucking this man with my mouth hanging open.

There's not one single tattoo adorning his body, which I find strange, I won't lie. I watch as he walks around in the kitchen, seemingly fixing himself something to eat, and he doesn't notice me.

Good, so I can sneak—

"Would you like to join me for a bite, Verena?"

Of course, this day would test me like this.

"Uhm, that's alright. I should head out," I say as I wipe an invisible speck of dust from my dress. He looks up from

what looks like pasta and smells like heaven, then he smiles.

"I insist," he says, gesturing to a stool at his marble counter. "I'm sure you're hungry by now. Martha tells me you've been working since nine this morning."

I look down at the cart and sigh. I am quite hungry and the thought of making myself dinner seems far off. So I do what any stupid woman would, and join the predator at his dinner table.


He watches me approach and pushes the plate towards me. My mouth waters at the plate in front of me; cheesy, bacony goodness. "T-thank you for this ... and for the position," I say as I slide onto the stool.

Nodding, he takes a bite of the pasta. "I'm glad you're fitting in well and I hope you'll come to see it as your home one day."

I blanch and stop as I raise the first forkful to my mouth. Uhm, that would be a NO; I will never see this place as my home. But I don't tell him that, instead I smile and put the food in my mouth.

What is it about good food that makes you moan? Gods, this pasta tastes divine, and it's completely unfair how this man can seemingly be so good at everything. I'm about to tell him how delicious it is, when I nearly drop the fork.

His eyes have gone Alpha crimson, and I can faintly hear a growl rumbling in his chest. What the hell? Why is he looking at me like that? 1

 +20 BONUS

Before I can ask, he seems to sober up and we eat the rest of our dinner in silence. My departure is as awkward as anything, and I stumble over my words and feet before swiftly running like a newborn calf out of that place.

Because I realised he only started looking at me like I was food after I moaned. I didn't want to think more about it. But that notion went out the window because that was the only thing I could think about as I lay in bed.

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