

## Chapter 5

Sierra

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I woke up feeling well rested for the first time since I was 12. Stretching my limbs out through the soft cotton sheets on a chilly morning was truly one of the best feelings. The warmth from my blankets mixed with the crisp fall breeze coming in through the window was addicting, to say the least. I sat up in bed and rubbed my eyes that were still heavy with sleep. A door slamming shut brought me back to reality. I wasn't alone, and 'we'll talk in the morning' was just around the corner now.

I reluctantly climbed out of bed, now remembering I had basically passed out in the lingerie that Luna Tammy sent me off with last night. I looked around the modest room. It had the queen bed in the middle of the room, a long wood dresser across from the foot of the bed, and two matching night stands. There were also three doors, one leading to the rest of the house and the other two, I guessed, were a closet and a bathroom. There was one window that gave a beautiful view of the treeline leading to the forest. The room itself was painted white, the curtains and bedspread a pale yellow.

'Knock Knock'. I looked at the bedroom door that was being swung open to reveal a very sweaty, very muscular looking man. Brandon. I quickly grabbed one of the sheets to cover myself up from his lingering eyes. His eyes turned from their normal brown to black, a werewolf's natural response to lust or sometimes even anger. Since I was basically naked, I'm guessing the former.

"Sleeping beauty nally wakes" He smirked, his eyes continuing to rake over my body as I struggled to fully wrap myself in the sheet I had yanked from the bed.

"Mhm" I managed to squeak out.

"Very slick" my wolf taunted.

"Not helping" I yelled back, frustrated beyond belief that the sheet wouldn't free itself from the bed.

"Shy are we?" Brandon asked, still watching my every move. "I've never met a werewolf who was shy about being almost naked."

"Yeah....well I don't exactly get out much." I retorted. Most werewolves were completely new with public nudity. But not me. I hardly ever got out of the house and I wasn't able to shift, so I didn't get the ice breaker that most other wolves got.

"You're a virgin, aren't you?" He said it as more of a statement than a question, completely throwing me off guard.

By the way my face heated up and his little laugh, I knew he knew. I looked away from his direction, too embarrassed to look at him. In the werewolf world, most lose their virginity very shortly after they get their wolves. Werewolves were always caught naked and generally had pretty drool worthy bodies, thank you metabolism, and they were the horniest creatures on the planet, worse than rabbits, so it was very uncommon to find a virgin after the age of 18. Some find it to be repulsive if you were one after a certain age. I learned that from hearing the older kids talk in the orphanage.

"Why am I here Brandon?" I could feel my temper rising, my normal docile demeanor was running low.

"Testy testy" he observed. "Why don't we both get dressed and we can discuss it in the living room?"

It was so hard to peg this guy. First he looks at me like a piece of meat, then almost kills me, cares for me and tucks me into bed, makes me uncomfortable, and is being nice now? I was getting a whip lash from his mood swings and he had the nerve to call me testy?!

"I don't have any clothes" I stated.

"Wear something of mine, top drawer". He pointed to the long dresser. "Your Alpha should be bringing you stuff over shortly."

"I can't wear your clothes!" I protested. I didn't exactly have a whole wardrobe of my own either, only 3 sets of raggy cloths.

"Fine, that just leaves that little red dress from last night, I think it's still over in that heap of clothes", he pointed to a pile of dirty laundry. "Have at it"

I scoffed at him and then headed towards the dresser to claim some of his clothes as my own for the time being. I dug through the drawer, settling on a white t-shirt and a pair of dark blue navy sweatpants. Brandon had disappeared into the bathroom, hopefully to shower.

The living room was very basic, a tan couch that had seen better days, a small coffee table, and a small screen TV. I sat down on the couch and waited for him to come back so we could have this 'talk'. Brandon strolled through the room a few minutes later like he owned the joint and plopped himself down next to me, getting comfortable while I felt stiff like a board.

"Sooo...?" I questioned.

"Wanting to get right to the heavy stuff, huh? he laughed.

"No time like the present," I retorted.

"Where to begin..." He looked lost in thought. "My Alpha called me into his office yesterday morning saying he had a mission for me. It wasn't until the car ride over here that I was given the details of my mission. Your Alpha called my Alpha asking for help training warriors and asking for support when King Edward eventually sends his men to do his dirty work, as I explained last night. Your Alpha doesn't seem to want to go before the king just as much as mine, so he has asked my alpha, who will also be refusing, to aid in the war against the king."

"But I don't understand why wouldn't they help?"

"Probably because they have something bigger to hide" he answered matter-of-factly.

"So now what? You know my alpha lied about who I was. What happens now?"

"I've already spoken with my Alpha about it, and he wants us to proceed as if we don't know who you really are. Your Alpha seems to want to play games, Alpha Victor usually doesn't tolerate such behavior. He is, however, hell bent on getting as many packs to rise up against the king, so for the time being, your Alpha needs to know we are serious about being allies," he said nonchalantly.

"Excuse me?" I said, jumping off the couch. Dread washed over me once again.

"Fret not, we just have to make them think we are marked and mated." He answered as he stood to his feet. "You might not like how I plan on doing that, but it's better than the alternative." I gulped as he cornered me. I felt like his prey. He was a predator after all. "Do you trust me?" he asked.

"I have no reason to, but I also have no reason not to." I contemplated.

He tilted my chin up to look into his eyes. "At this moment, you can trust me. Lets go". He grabbed my hand and pulled me to follow him.

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Brandon

I led Sierra back to the bedroom, it would be easier to contain her should the need arise. Alpha Victor didn't take kindly to her Alpha lying to us right from the get go. After I told him my suspicion about 'Heather', he also did some digging and it was soon confirmed that Heather was not actually Heather. We spoke on the phone this morning and agreed that we should keep the illusion that we were in the dark about everything. He also had me pick up a fancy little device to use on Sierra which I went to discreetly grab this morning from one of our scouts on my jog. When I told him she was a mere rogue, a slave, I knew he wouldn't want me to mark her, not for real at least. He was a power-hungry man after all, he wouldn't want his top warrior mated to someone of such low status. He wanted me to get as much intel on this pack, and find their weaknesses, so we could take over Alpha Carl's pack with ease. Alpha Victor did not keep alliances with traitors.

I led a very nervous Sierra to the bedroom and pushed her back to sit on the bed. "I have to make this believable. I was supposed to have done this last night. If your alpha sees you unmarked, it'll raise suspicion. I have a meeting with him later today, so we need to do this now."

"Do wha-" She began to ask.

I cut her off when my lips came crashing into hers. She tasted sweet, though she wasn't my mate, so I couldn't quite place the exact taste. She tensed for a moment but I was determined to have her enjoy at least a small part of this. I was almost certain this was her first kiss because of how timid she was.

"Open", I said through our kiss.

She hesitantly obliged, allowing me to explore and devour her hot wet mouth. When she finally began to relax, I coaxed her to lay back on the bed. I snaked my arm around her middle, lifting her back so she was in the center of the bed. I broke our kiss and, for a moment, it seemed as though she missed my intrusion. Maybe living with her wouldn't be so bad after all. That is, if she ever forgave me for what I was about to do.

"Trust me." I whispered in her ear, causing a shiver to run through her. I grabbed a strand of her hair and pinned it to the bed. The less she moved, the better. My lips found her neck and peppered her with kisses before I took a mouthful of her soft flesh and sucked hard, undoubtedly leaving a hickey.

"Oohhhh" She moaned. Goddess she was making me hard.

"Focus" My wolf Burk reminded me. He wasn't especially fond of me being a man w\*\*\*e when he was content we would one day find our mate. I knew that would never happen. Alpha Victor wouldn't allow it.

She was wearing one of my t-shirts, that needed to go. I needed her neck fully exposed. I quickly extended a claw and tore her top off, haphazardly throwing the scraps across the room. My mouth wandered across her collarbone, leaving a number of hickeys in its wake. I could smell Sierra's arousal fumigating the room. It seems the virgin liked it a little rough, noted. It was now or never. I discreetly reached into my back pocket, careful to grab the rubber handle and not the silver. My Alpha had a special...collection...of devices. This was specially made to fake a marking. Don't ask me why he already had it or what he used it for prior. I'd rather not know. It was a couple inches wide, with two spikes that mimicked a werewolf's canines. The silver would prevent the marks from healing. Hopefully, whoever she ends up with one day will understand. Werewolves were very possessive of their mates, seeing her already marked would be a big deterrent. That is, if my Alpha decided to let her live after all of this. Ah well, not my problem. I began licking her marking spot, preparing it. Our saliva would help ease the blow of a marking as well as seal the wound after the fact. Then, in one quick motion, I plunged the marking device into her sweet, soft flesh.

"AAAAHHH-HH" She screamed out in pain, thrashing out in pain.

"Hold still" I ordered, putting my full weight on top of her body. I slowly removed the device and licked the wound closed, feeling semi-guilty at the hysterical Sierra crying beneath me. "The pain should subside soon. We'll leave in an hour to meet with Alpha Carl. I'll find you some clothes." I got up off of her and high-tailed it out of there. I had a job to do and couldn't afford to get attached to a mere rogue slave girl, a lowly pawn in a game of chess.

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Sierra

AHHH!!! I screamed out in pain. My neck felt as though it was on fire, as though a blade had cut through it.

"He is protecting us" my wolf added. "don't ght him."

"How is this protecting us?" I cried.

"Hold still." Brandon said, removing whatever he had just stabbed me with and then licking the wound clean.

My tears began to freely fall. Did he really just mark me after saying he wouldn't? I felt myself shaking like a leaf and curled myself into a ball on the bed, seeking any comfort I could. Brandon said something else before leaving the room but I didn't care. I just cried.

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I wasn't sure how much time had passed. My eyes were red and puffy from crying. A knock came from the door before it swung open.

"We leave in ten" Brandon said. "Put these on, don't shower." He threw a pile of clothes with tags still on them onto the bed. I ignored him.

"Either you put them on or I will drag you out of here as you are." He said before leaving the room, slamming the door shut once again.

"He means well", my wolf said. "Get your self-pitying ass up and get ready. We've dealt with a lot worse and this was meant as an alternative. He saved us for mate."

"Why can't my life be normal? Why did my family have to die?" I sat up, my shaky hand carefully reaching for my tender neck. I could feel two puncture wounds slowly beginning to scab over.

"Everything will work out for the greater good. It'll all be worth it in the end," Sierra added.

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An hour later, I sat in Alpha Carl's office, perched on Brandon's lap on full display. Brandon had bought me a pair of dark blue skinny jeans and a burgundy sweater with a scoop neck that showed off my 'mark' and hickeys. The men talked business for quite a while, training schedules, number of warriors, blah blah blah. I found it amusing to be sitting in Alpha Carl's office as the 'mate' of an important guest and not vacuuming the carpet or doing his laundry.

Brandon had said it would probably be best for me to keep quiet, he didn't want to give away that he knew Alpha Carl was lying. I didn't mind, I didn't want to talk to either of them at the moment. Alpha Carl wouldn't even look at me anyway. My eyes wandered throughout the room, briefly landing on Brandon's forearm that was now exposed from him rolling his sleeves up.

"How did I not see it earlier??" A diamond surrounded by what looked like two crescent moons.

"You were too focused on his abs and lips", Sierra snorted.

"What is your tattoo?" I linked Brandon, his lips twitched in what I thought to be a smirk for half a second. This was the first time I acknowledged his existence since he marked me.

"A pledge", he answered a moment later, never breaking his conversation with Alpha Carl. "I'm a dangerous man, Sierra." His expression darkened.

A chill ran up my spine at his words. Hopefully, I would never have to see his dangerous side, though I had a feeling it would happen sooner or later. Goddess help me.