

## Chapter 6

Sierra

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I woke up from yet another blissful sleep, 4 days in a row now, this time with a muscular arm wrapped around my center. I didn't mind so much, and if I did, I was an adult who could choose to sleep on the couch', says Brandon. But I didn't want that. I liked waking up in an actual bed and I really liked to feel like I was wanted. I liked to feel another person's touch, I liked having someone to talk to. The jury is still out on what way Brandon seems to want me. Sometimes he was totally platonic and indifferent towards me, other times his very erect manhood trying to break free from his pants spoke for itself.

It has been a week since Brandon 'marked me'. My neck has since healed, leaving two fake bite marks. After much debate with my wolf, I eventually agreed that him marking me was for the better, though he could have gone about it in a different, more consensual way. We still didn't trust him though.

To my surprise, Luna Tammy had someone drop off "my stuff", they continued to play the charade that I was their daughter who they loved and cared for. It was actually working out in my favor quite well. I now have a new wardrobe. I couldn't help the cheeky smile that came over me at that thought.

"Why are you so happy this morning?" Brandon mumbled from under his pillow, one of his brown eyes cracked open to stare at me.

"Oh, it's nothing, just appreciating being the daughter of an Alpha again." I said with a small laugh.

"Again?" He asked, sitting up. "You didn't tell me you were the daughter of an Alpha." his tone changed from sleepy to alert in half a second.

My smile faded. All my memories came flooding back. Goddess, I missed them so much. "It doesn't matter now, they're all gone." I answered. I could feel tears threatening to fall.

"Wait, you said you were a slave...?" He questioned.

"I was the daughter of Alpha Andrew of the Clear Water pack. Our pack was attacked many years ago. I'm the only survivor to my knowledge. I highly doubt anyone else made it out though. I was found by Alpha Carl and put into the orphanage until I came of age. I shifted that night, but never since. No one believes me when I tell them that. Anyways, because I didn't shift at 16 like most, they made their 'maid' since, according to them, I wasn't capable of anything else." I admitted feeling very embarrassed. I never told anyone this, not in years at least, not to anyone who cared. I played with my hair, avoiding Brandon's blank stare.

"I'm sorry for your loss." He answered, seeming to be in deep thought. "Why don't we go out and do something fun tonight? It's Saturday after all. I don't have training in the morning and you haven't even left the house yet. Lets go have a pick me up."

"Yeah? Like what?" I perked up.

"Is there something you'd like to do? I'm guessing you haven't had much of a choice in recent years," he asked.

"Hmm..." I thought for a minute "I know!" I exclaimed.

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Three hours later....

"Ya know, when I said you could pick what you wanted to do, I didn't think dying of hypothermia would be at the top of your list." He shivered.

"Big baby, you are a wolf, aren't you? The cold shouldn't bother you this much." I shot him a look and continued to tread water.

"Yes, but it's October, the water is freezing, wolf or not." He shuddered. "I was thinking, maybe dinner, a movie, grab a beer or something. I guess I should be more specific that hypothermia is off the list."

"My mother always used to say that nature had healing properties, and I have always loved the water." I closed my eyes and oiled on my back, embracing the cold. "This is exactly what I needed."

"We could have at least gone skinny dipping, it would have at least been a better view", he scoffed.

"Don't be pervy" I smirked.

"Okay, well, since I'm well past having blue balls, I'm calling it. You take your time but, I'm drying off." He went and grabbed a towel we left at the edge of the riverbank.

"I'll only be a few more minutes" I called. I took a moment to appreciate the scenery once more. It didn't compare to my pack, not by a long shot, but it was something. The river was only a few feet deep at this section, the waters slightly murky still from our intrusion. There were big gray rocks on either side of the riverbank. A few trees were nearby, having lost most of their vibrancy, succumbing to the change of season. The sky was getting gray and cloudy. If I had to take a guess, rain would be coming soon.

I emerged from the water and a pouty Brandon sitting on one of the big gray rocks, struggling to get dry.

"Thank you" I said as I sat down next to him, pulling my knees into my chest and wrapping my towel snugly around me.

"I'm picking what we do next time." He shivered.

"I mean for everything. You protected me."

"I'm going to stop you right there. I was given orders to do a job. That's all this is; a job. I'm not a good person and I'm not your friend." He snapped.

"Did I offend you somehow?" I asked, dumbfounded. "Your emotions are giving me a whip lash."

"I need a beer." He said, standing to leave. "Lets go."

"Prick" Sierra scoffed.

"Tell me about it."

I rolled my eyes but inevitably got up and followed him back home. It was a quiet walk back, both of us stewing about something apparently. We quickly got dressed into some dry clothes and headed out. I made sure to wear a scarf to hide my neck. I still wasn't a fan of my new fake marking, even if it did keep me safe for the time being.

A ten minute walk later, we approached a shack of a place with neon signs illuminating the front of the building. "Neal's" was written on the side, its white paint chipping off, revealing the red brick blocks beneath it. I vaguely remember passing this place once or twice when I was living at the orphanage. I'm pretty sure I had been daydreaming and wandered off, thankfully my wolf guided me back safely.

"Here, knock yourself out." Brandon said, handing me a twenty.

"What is this for?" I asked.

"Go buy a drink, loosen up a little." I'll find you later, he said before disappearing into the crowd.

"Save it." My wolf ordered.

"Okay bossy, I wasn't going to spend it anyway."

I tucked the money away into my jean pocket and walked deeper into the crowded bar. I eventually found an open seat at the bar, and asked for a water from a very unamused bartender. I began people watching. Boy were they interesting. I saw a number of males try to make advances at some of the she wolves, some were successful and practically ran out of the bar, while others were shot down and moved onto the next warm body. Then there were the party animals, those who spent the entire night ingesting their bodies around the dance floor, some were even dry humping one another. Too much PDA for my liking. I turned back to the bar, sipping my water and looking at all the half-empty bottles of expensive liquor that crowded against the back wall, wondering if I should go look for Brandon.

"From the guy over there", the bartender said, sliding a drink my way.

"Huh?" I looked around to see who he was talking to.

"You, water girl. That guy over in the corner bought you a drink." He said as he cleaned out a fancy-shaped glass.

"Why would he do that?" I asked.

"Oh Goddess." He rolled his eyes and walked away.

"When someone buys you a drink it means they like you." A she wolf sitting two stools away from me said "Drink it." she smiled before throwing back her shot glass.

"Someone likes me? How could they when they don't even know me?" I asked.

"Don't overthink it, Hun, just drink. Cheers!" She said, clinking her glass with mine.

"Umm, okay." I lifted the glass to my lips and took a tentative sip. Whatever it was burned going down but left me feeling warm inside after.

"Chug it girl!" The she wolf encouraged, tipping the glass higher, making me drink more.

I felt a slight buzz once I finished it. I think I heard the bartender call me a 'lightweight', whatever that meant. Thankfully, the buzzy feeling shouldn't last long. Werewolf's metabolisms were twice that of humans, so it took more to keep us drunk or high, or so I learned in school.

"I'm Amber, by the way." She introduced herself, her words slightly slurred.

"Sierra. Its nice to meet you."

"Is it though?" Sierra chimed in.

I made light conversation with Amber, eventually giving in and spending the money Brandon gave me on a massive burger and fries. The man who bought me a drink sent another, which I gave to Amber.

"You did get a drink, huh? Good girl. Lets go." Brandon smiled, he looked unsteady on his feet and smelled like smoke.

Our ten-minute walk back home took twice as long on account of Brandon using me as a crutch. He had too much fun, that I was sure of. I somehow managed to get him out of his shoes and pants and onto the bed. He did it for me once, I could at least do that for him.

"Mmm, come here." He said

"What?" I asked, taking a step closer.

He grabbed my hand and pulled me on top of him, straddling his hips. "Such a waist. A slave like you shouldn't be this beautiful."

I let in a sharp intake of breath, his backhanded comment catching me off guard. I went to move off of him, but his grip only tightened.

"Let me go!" I yelled, yanking one of my arms free from his grasp.

"Come on, be a good little slave and get on your knees." He said, tipping us over so he was now on top of me, crushing me with his massive weight. "Or better yet, your back." His mouth crashed into mine, I tried to push him off of me but that only seemed to turn him on more, in one swift movement he had both of my hands pinned above my head in on of his hands. His free hand reached under my shirt and bra, his fingers beginning their assault on my n\*\*\*\*s.

"Stop" I yelled, biting his lip, enough to draw blood. It surprisingly tasted good.

He moved away from me, and felt his lips with his free hand, revealing blood on his fingers. His now pitch black eyes raked up and down my body with lust.

"So we do like it rough." His voice was husky, his chest heaving for air. "I can do rough." His eyes held a gleam that I never wanted to see again. He drew a claw out and dragged it across my cheek. I could feel tears beginning to fall.

"Please stop." I begged.

"Your body wants this, just take it."

He used his claw to tear my pants off, exposing my panties. "I wonder what you taste like? Lets find out shall we?" He dipped his fingers underneath my panties and reached in between my wet folds. "Mmm, so wet already", I bucked my hips in protest.

"Let go of me!" I spat.

Ignoring my protests, he ripped my panties off in one clean motion. He readjusted us so his legs kept mine spread apart and began massaging my clit. "Don't worry, I'll be sure to break you in, front and back" he said, moving his fingers to massage my back entrance. Something snapped in me at that moment, something fierce, a raw energy I never knew I had.

"I SAID STOP." My hands broke free and a blast of red flew out of them and crashed into Brandon, sending him ying across the room. I took the opportunity to run out of the bedroom, across the hall to Brandon's oce. I slammed the door behind me and pushed the desk up against the door. And then I cried.

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I must have fallen asleep at some point. I woke up to the sun beaming in my eyes through the window. Yesterday's events ooded my memory and I immediately sat up. I was still half naked, the desk still acting as a shield against the door, the house quiet. I looked at the clock, it was a little after 5am. Brandon usually gets up at 6am to go lead training. Was last night truly the influence of drugs and alcohol? If so, I never want to be around anyone like that again. Brandon should wake up sober, and hopefully things can go back to normal.

"Fat chance," Sierra said deadpan. "He's a piece of s\*\*t, he almost took what belongs to mate."

Brandon's oce looked empty, unusually empty. Bare walls, a metal desk with nothing on it, a swivel chair, a wooden bookcase with no books on it, a green upholstered chair and a wooden end table with a small drawer. When Alpha Carl brought over the warrior cases, Brandon told me I wasn't allowed in his oce, for privacy reasons. After a few minutes, my curiosity got the best of me. It didn't take long for me to find the key to his desk drawer that was hidden in the end table drawer on the other side of the room.

I unlocked his desk and began sorting through everything. The first was a small drawer filled with sticky notes and a few pens and pencils. It looked like there was a letter on every single pack member. How interesting. I looked for Heathers first, and of course hers was missing. How perfect. I wondered if I had a letter? I quickly went to the "W" section and flipped through the papers. Nothing. Figures. I went to the last drawer. There were only a few letters in it. I pulled them out and began flipping through. I stopped when I found a letter with a symbol that matched Brandon's tattoo.

"Sienna, what am I looking at?" I asked.

"I'm not sure, but I have a bad feeling..."

I opened the letter and began to skim through the papers.

'I solemnly swear to uphold the laws set forth.....'

'To maintain a pure bloodline.....'

'To kill all hybrids and those that would protect them.'

'Signed, on this day, Brandon Turner 5/26/08'

"Oh Goddess!" I quickly covered my mouth hoping he wouldn't hear me. I searched through more papers and found a map. On it were locations of packs, some were crossed out, others were circled. I searched for a minute before landing on one that broke my heart.

'Clear waters', a big 'X' covered it.

"What are we going to do?"

"We need to get out of here, in case you don't remember, you shot that slimy bastard across the room last night. Last I checked, regular werewolves couldn't do that kind of thing." Sierra said very matter-of-factly.

"Sierra?" Brandon called.

Shit! s\*\*t! s\*\*t! I quickly folded up the map and stuffed it in my bra.

"What do you want?!" I snapped back.

"Why are you in my oce? What happened last night? I don't remember getting home", he said through the door.

"You don't remember last night?" I questioned in disbelief.

"This could be our only saving grace."

My wolf was right.

"Go get me some clothes rst!" I yelled.

"Clothes? Why do you need clothes?" He asked.

"Just do it!"

A minute later, a knock came at the door. I hesitantly moved the desk back and opened the door a crack to grab the clothes. I dressed back as quietly as I could, put away the letter and locked the desk back up, putting the key back in its not-so-secretive home.

"Can I come in?" He asked.

It took me a moment but I reluctantly agreed. "Fine." I unlocked the door and a moment later he came walking in.