

Chapter 3: 3.

Looking around the room, there is not very much detail to anything. There is a big queen bed to my right, adorned in white sheets and comforter. I walk over to the dresser that Jeremy told me about and open the top drawer. There must be 20 pairs of underwear in here, and even more bras! What the hell!

I open the next drawer down and it is filled with camisoles, t-shirts, shorts and pants. In the bottom drawer it seemed to be pajamas and socks. Oh pajamas did sound nice. I grab a black nighty with it's matching robe, and a pair of black boy short underwear and head to the bathroom. I lock the door just in case anyone gets any funny ideas.

Oh my!! The tub is huge! I cannot wait to get in this bath. I turn on the water, test it until it is just the right temperature and then add bubble bath to the water. The scent of Lavender and Vanilla fills my nostrils and it immediately starts to relax me. I strip down and enter the water, laying back to close my eyes and relax.

I try to go over the events of today in my head. What the hell is going on in my life?

Why did my mom sell me? Who did she sell me to? How did it benefit her and why now? Who was this Alpha and what did he want with me. I haven't even shifted yet, starting to wonder if I ever will.

All these thoughts swirling around in my head, I could not think of a single answer to any of these questions. Pulling the plug on the bath, I step out and grab a towel. I dry my body off and put my hair up in a towel. I lotion my face, and open the drawer to pull out toothpaste. As I start brushing my teeth, I realize I feel right at home. This is my toothpaste, it was my bubble bath, shampoo, conditioner...how the hell did they know everything I use? My heart starts to race as I rinse my mouth out.

I don't know if I can wait until tomorrow for answers. Not that I really have a choice anyways. As I finish braiding my long blonde hair to my right side, I tie it and then put on the night dress. Looking in the mirror I can see the exhaustion written all over my face. My hazel brown eyes staring back in the mirror, with dark circles under my eyes. Then I notice a purple bruise around my neck. "oh my...fucking asshole" I could kill my moms boyfriend. Really wish I would have had the chance.

Letting out a deep sigh, I put on the matching robe and walk out of the bathroom. I look around the room to see what there is to do, and there is nothing. No TV, no paper and pen, literally nothing to do to pass the time. I make my way over to the bed and plop down on it. I try to make myself comfortable in the bed, lord knows it is a very nice bed, but something wouldn't let me go to sleep. There is something bothering me, the feeling that something is going to happen. I lay there, staring up at the ceiling, praying for sleep.

****Author's Note****

Hey everyone! Bare with me, I am having trouble figuring out in which direction I would like to go with this book, if I would like to follow more traditional paths, or if I should switch it up a bit. I would love to hear any of your thoughts, likes, dislikes, critiques, etc.



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3 comments



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