

# LOVING THE GAMMA

## Chapter 2

**JANNA.**

In just over a month, I would be turning eighteen.

If I had a choice, I would rather stay with the humans, but like what my father kept telling me, this was my fate, and I could never run away from it.

My name is Janna Marie Galhart.

I am a shifter. And so are my parents. But we live among humans.

My father, Jason Galhart, was supposed to be next in line as the Alpha of the Black Shadow Pack after my grandfather, but he gave up his right to become the next Alpha to be with my mother, Jessica Sawyer, his fated mate.

In the beginning, he tried to stay away from my mother because he already had a Chosen Mate, the future Luna of his pack, and together they had a son, my half brother, Jacob.

But as much as my father wanted to reject my mother, he couldn't fight the pull of the mate bond. In the end, he left his Chosen and his son and ran away with my mother to live among humans.

And because of that, my half-brother, Jacob, became the next Alpha. It was only a year ago when my brother welcomed us back into his life. And that was why I was forced to visit his territory once in a while.

And today would be the last day before I headed off to the Black Shadow Pack territory for a whole month's stay. I promised my brother that I would stay there until I shifted into my wolf, which would happen on the last full moon before my eighteenth birthday.

Since today was my last day before I head off to live with the wolves, I was lucky that I was able to convince my father to let me go out and have fun

tonight. I told him it was my friend's birthday party, but in reality, I would be hitting the club with Michael, my boyfriend, for almost a year now.

He knew I would be gone for a month, and he has been hitting on me to give him a parting gift before we separate ways tonight. In short, he wanted to have sex. But I wasn't ready for it yet, like I always told him. And I was grateful that he wasn't making a big issue out of it.

That is, until recently.

We've been messing around, which means kissing whenever we can, but we haven't gone all out. Not that I didn't want to, I wanted to experience it, of course. But a part of me kept saying that Michael wasn't the right man to give up my virginity.

Maybe because a part of me believed that I had a fated mate somewhere out there.

I'm a shifter. And one of the blessings the Goddess, Selene, bestowed upon us was the fated mates she had chosen for us.

Although I grew up among humans and had not been exposed to the ways of the wolves, my mother never failed to tell me about Mates.

And even if I wasn't happy knowing I was a shifter, the idea of having a soulmate somewhere out there was still appealing.

"Hey, sexy girl..." Michael's breath ran through my neck and I could smell alcohol on it as he leaned closer. "One more shot?" he asked, sliding another shot of vodka on the bar in front of me.

"Thank you!" I smiled at him cheekily as I took the vodka shot, clinking it into his rum glass before taking a big swig.

I had no idea how many shots I had already taken. I might be a werewolf, and we wouldn't get drunk easily, but since I didn't have a wolf yet, it could still affect me, so I tried not to go overboard with my drinks.

Although, I was making an exception tonight since it would be a long time before I could go out with Michael again.

But now I'm starting to regret it. My head was already buzzing and the voices around us were already starting to irritate me.

Fucking werewolf hearing! I could hear everything, even the opening, and closing of the main door of the bar, and I was way, way away from it.

My head tilted to look at Michael, my elbows resting on the bar while my knuckles were holding my chin up. He was looking at me as if he was waiting for something.

"What's wrong? Something on my face?" I asked him in a voice louder than usual since it was really crowded and noisy tonight, my lips twitching into a wide smile.

"You're beautiful, Janna." He stepped closer and wrapped an arm around my body, while his other hand was rubbing my bare shoulder.

"Hmmm... Thank you." I giggled before resting my head on his chest.

He smelled really good, and that aftershave cologne he used suited him well. And did I say utterly attractive? But I wondered why I don't feel the same excitement I felt whenever...

I stopped myself before my thoughts could go further. I don't want to think about another man tonight. It would be unfair to my boyfriend. I should only be thinking about him.

Michael kept rubbing my shoulder, his lips brushing my forehead.

"I think we should go home. I told Dad I'd be home before midnight." My voice came out hoarsely, my throat already drying up from all the vodka I had taken. My head continued to buzz and I felt a little lightheaded like my eyes were starting to close.

I shouldn't have taken too many shots.

"It's not midnight yet, we have time. We can stop by at my place and hang out for a while, then I'll drive you home." His voice was low and husky, and I felt my body starting to heat up as if I was craving something.

"No. I want to go home... Please. Dad will hunt me if I don't go home on time." I answered him, and I saw a flicker of annoyance flash in his eyes, but they were just split seconds, so I might have just imagined it.

The next thing I knew, I felt Michael lifting me up in his arms, bridal style, and walking us out of the bar.

I rested my head on his neck, my arms wrapped around his neck. I just wanted to rest for a while because I couldn't feel my head anymore.

"You smell so good, love. I want to fuck you." His voice snapped me out of my reverie, and my body jolted from his arms.

He wasn't expecting my action, and I was able to get away from his arms immediately as I slid my body down and rose on my own feet.

"I'm sorry. Can we go home now?" I placed my hand on my forehead and leaned against the wall. I didn't know why I reacted like that when I was used to hearing him say those words to me. And I would always brush him off.

But something in the way he said it was off. I felt like he wasn't going to let me off the hook this time.

I looked around. We were in the back alley of the bar and it was too dark. My heart started to thud loudly, and I could feel my core throbbing.

I don't know what was happening. I felt so aroused that I wanted to touch myself, but I was scared at the same time.

It wasn't before long that Michael pressed his front into my back. His erection was evident. I closed my eyes and swallowed hard. My body was reacting to his presence, but my mind was screaming for me to run.

Michael turned my body around abruptly and pinned me against the wall, raising my arms over my head before he crushed his lips into mine.

Everything went in a blur.

He was touching every part of my body and kissing me hard. He said I was wet, but I didn't want this. I didn't want his hands on me.

I wanted to move away from his body, but I couldn't.

I tilted my head to the side to stop him from kissing me while begging him to let go of his hold on my arms. "Stop! Please... I'm not ready yet."

"I can't, love. I waited so long... I'm just taking what's mine." His voice sounded different, not like the sweet Michael I was used to hearing.

"Michael... Please stop..." My voice broke, as his lips sucked the skin on my neck. This was my fault. I shouldn't have drunk too much. "Please... let me go."

I begged him in a low voice, but instead, he just pressed his body closer to mine, leaving me with no space to move.

And then, he let me go. Just like that.

I slid my body down, my back still pressed against the wall, until I was slumped down on the ground.

I felt so violated. His hand was all over my body, under my clothes, everywhere that I couldn't stop myself from shaking as tears streamed down my face.

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## **AARON.**

After four hours of driving non-stop, I finally reached the Galhart residence. It was almost midnight but there were still lights in the receiving area, so I was hopeful they were still awake.

Jason opened the door, and he was surprised to see me. He didn't expect me to come today and told me that Janna had gone off to her friend's birthday party and would be home soon.

I went inside and chatted with them, but after more than an hour of waiting, I was already getting impatient. I asked Jason if I could pick her up since I wanted to be back at the territory before morning. I had a scheduled debriefing with a new set of warriors joining our Elite Class, and although my second-in-command, Timothy, could handle it, I wanted to be there.

Jessica, Jason's mate, gave me the address where Janna was supposed to be and her luggage, which was already packed.

But before I could leave, Jason went up to me and walked with me to my car.

He slipped a piece of paper into my hand with the addresses of a few bars in the city. He said he had quite a few challenges with Janna when it came to going out. She always ended up in one of those bars whenever she went out, and Jessica had no idea because Jason was the one who always went looking for her.

It seemed that Jason was at fault for spoiling his daughter.

I turned off the engine of my car when I spotted Michael's car in the parking lot of the first bar listed in the paper. Jason was also smart enough to let me know Michael's plate number since he was sure Janna was with him.

The bar was crowded and reeked of alcohol and sex, and, of course, it smelled like fucking humans all around.

It didn't take too long before I spotted her. My annoyance just grew upon seeing her cuddled in her boyfriend's arms.

They fucking don't look good together.