

# LOVING THE GAMMA

## Chapter 3

AARON

They just fucking don't look good together.

My anger was rising, but I blamed it on her. She was fucking wasting my time here when we should have been driving back to the territory.

I wanted to take her away from her boyfriend, but my bladder was already bursting. So instead, I headed off to the restroom.

As soon as I was done, I wanted to go to her immediately, but there were two females who blocked my way and started flirting with me. If this was another time, I would have given in since I was a free man now, but my desire to take Janna away from her boyfriend was stronger than my urges right now.

But she was nowhere around the bar when I came back.

Fuck! Why did I take so long in the restroom? Instead of speaking politely with those females, I should have shoved them away.

I could hear my heart thudding loudly despite the booming music and restless crowd. I panicked upon not finding her. If I lost her and Michael took her somewhere, I would never find them.

And then I heard the swing of the back door. I rushed towards it and caught a whiff of her faint scent.

I pushed the door open towards the back alley of the bar, and my heart clenched at the sight in front of me.

She was pinned against the wall, and Michael was hovering over her body. They were kissing, and he was touching her all over.

It shouldn't be my problem because they have probably done this before, but I couldn't deny the pain that crossed my chest. I don't have an explanation for it, but I just found myself growling and hauling Michael across the alley.

A loud thud echoed around us when his body hit the ground. He was on his fucking ass and was about to launch himself on me when it dawned on him who I was. Instead, he rose to his feet and ran away, not even giving Janna a second look.

Fucking coward!

I was still scowling when I turned around, ready to raise hell with Janna. For Goddess' sake, I was not her fucking babysitter!

In a few strides, I was already in front of her. She was sitting on the ground, clutching her dress to cover her legs. My mouth was ready to throw tirades at her when I noticed her whole body was shaking and her face was wet with tears.

I crouched in front of her, and the look on her face broke my heart.

"Janna?" My voice came out low, and my hand reached out to her chin and tilted her face up.

Our eyes met, and not long after, a flash of recognition showed in her eyes as she flung her arms around my neck and pressed her body into mine.

"Aaron..." Her whole body was still shaking as she continuously cried and kept murmuring my name. "You came..."

I was lost for words as my own arms wrapped around her.

What the fuck did just happen? Wasn't the one I witnessed earlier consensual? Was Michael assaulting her sexually?

We stayed in the same position for a while. I just let her cry in my arms as I rubbed her back gently.

"Janna, we need to go. I will carry you, okay?" I asked in a low voice, trying not to scare her more.

"He ripped... my under...wear, I don't... have anything under..." She was stuttering in between her sobs, and my anger at the fucker just kept growing.

I didn't say anything and just lifted her in my arms carefully while making sure her bottom was well covered. She was still holding on to me as if I was her saving grace and rested her head on my neck.

"I told him to stop, but he just kept going... I shouldn't have drunk too much." She kept mumbling against my skin, and in spite of the situation we were in, I couldn't stop the tingles her body and breath were sending down my spine.

"Shhhh... It's not your fault. Regardless of whether you're drunk or not, a no is a no." My jaw was clenching, but I tried to sound calm.

I fucked a lot, but I know when to stop. A no is a fucking no. And just because they were together didn't mean he could just push himself on her anytime he wanted.

One day, I would come back and teach the motherfucker a lesson he would never forget.

I carefully placed her on the passenger seat and buckled her seat belt before taking the soft blanket I had in the backseat of my car and covering her thighs.

This would be fucking long drive.

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We drove in silence, I just let her be in her own space, but twenty minutes into driving, the smell of her arousal filled the air.

My body went into a bewildered state as Ark, my wolf, wanted to surge forward so badly that it was harder for me to control the steering wheel.

"What the fuck, Janna?" I snapped at her, my eyes focused on the road as I tried to spot a place where I could park the car.

"Hmmm..." She moaned instead of answering, and in an instant, my eyes dilated into full black.

Fuck! I already had a notion of what was going on beside me. I tried to control my wolf before I tilted my head to look at her.

And fuck this! Her eyes were closed, her mouth parted, and her hand was under the blanket.

She looked like she was in a trance as ecstasy was written all over her face.

I felt my fucking dick harden under my pants as I hit the break hard and opened the door. I jumped out of my seat and slammed the door before walking a few steps away from my car, tugging at my hair in frustration.

My intuition was right, the fucker drugged Janna that she couldn't stop herself from being horny, and seeing her like this was driving me to the same state.

The fuck! I kept cursing as I crouched on the ground a few meters away from my car. I know this drug doesn't wear off immediately and there was no fucking way I would drive for four hours with her beside me because, I swear to the Goddess, I would lose my own sanity if she kept moaning like that or if her arousal kept swirling around me.

I closed my eyes and tried to calm myself. I thought of Jake and Gavin, and all my fucking warrior friends, to help control my fucking hard dick right now.

"Aaron!" Her voice snapped me out of my thoughts, and I slowly turned my head towards the car, still crouched on the ground.

She had rolled the window down on my side of the car, and her palms were leaning against it. A teasing smile played on her lips, and I could tell she was trying to suppress her laughter. "I'm okay now. We can go..."

She-devil in disguise, having fun with my misery.

I let out a deep sigh before rising to my feet and walking towards the car. I didn't say anything until I started driving.

"We'll drive back to your house," I told her in a cold voice.

"Why? No, we're not! My parents can't know what happened tonight!" She said, in a loud voice, her eyes glaring at me.

"And there's no fucking way I'll drive with you doing that thing beside me. I'm a fucking man, and I can't promise you that I won't be tempted to touch you!" I told her in one breath that I regretted it immediately after it came out of my mouth.

"But you said, a no is a no! If I say no to..."

I hit the brake harder again. Our bodies jolted up but were held back by our seatbelts before I tilted my body, leaning my face close enough to hers that I could feel her breathing on my skin, "How fucking sure are you that you will say no to me?"

Her eyes rounded before she raised her hand and palmed my face, pushing it away from hers. "Arrogant jerk! If I can say no to my boyfriend, then I can definitely say no to you!"

The same hand she used to touch herself and fuck it, it smelled fucking sweet and arousing.

I snickered before starting the engine. "Yeah right, but why are you moaning my name while you're touching yourself?"

She wasn't. I was just being a jerk.

Her face turned bright red, and her eyes widened. "I did not!"

"If you say so," I winked at her before flashing her a smug smirk. This is going to be fun.

She slumped back in her seat and crossed her arms over her chest. She didn't look or talk with me for the rest of the ride until we reached their house.