

Chapter 4

JANNA

I felt my cheeks starting to burn at his words. Did I really mean his name? I won't deny I was thinking of him, because who would I think of when he was the one beside me? And he was gorgeous and all, and yes, he was the one beside me. I have a valid reason, right?

But I swear I did my best not to open my mouth, so how could it be possible that he heard me?

I held my breath as I sank into my seat, wishing for the car to swallow me whole. There was no way I would admit to him that I was thinking of him.

We drove in silence until we reached my home, and I left him immediately after I told him he could take any of the three rooms on the left side of the second floor of the house. Those rooms were for guests, while the rooms on the right side belonged to me, my parents, and one that Dad had reserved for Jacob.

I didn't have the confidence to face him, not because I was embarrassed or something, but because I could still feel the heat in my body like my sex hormones were surging, and the last thing I wanted was for me to do something that he would just slam on my face the next day.

As soon as I entered my room, I took a cold shower and slipped into my short satin pajamas, and prepared myself for bed. But instead of sleeping, I felt the need to touch myself again, and I didn't hesitate this time.

But it had been two hours now and I was still wide awake.

The events of the night kept coming back, and no matter how I tried to justify Michael's action, I don't think I would be able to move on from

this. I knew he snuck something into my drink because I had never felt this horny as if I was salivating to lick someone.

And I knew I could never trust him again. 1

My heart clenched at the thought of losing Michael because I loved him, but I thought he loved me enough to respect my decision to wait until I turned eighteen before we could take it to the next level, but he couldn't wait for another month. Just one more month. 3

I shoved the blanket off my body and stood up from my bed, heading for the door. I couldn't sleep, so I'd better do something to ease the pain in my chest.

My feet led me to the kitchen, and I didn't even bother to turn on the lights. I went straight ahead and opened the fridge looking for my favorite cookies and cream ice cream. And when I found it, I popped the cover open, picked up a spoon, and sat on the floor, my back leaning on the middle counter, facing the fridge.

"Hmmm... Goddess! This one is good!" I moaned softly as the ice cream melted in my throat. I was so lost in my own world that I didn't notice someone coming into the kitchen.

I shoved another spoonful of ice cream in my mouth and closed my eyes, sucking the spoon like my life depended on it, only to be startled when I felt something brush against the side of my arm.

My eyes snapped open as I turned to the figure sitting beside me, eyes squinting as I took in all of him, the spoon still stuck in my mouth. He had a sleeveless shirt and shorts on him, extra clothes that he always had available in his car. He was wearing simple clothes, but he was oozing with sexiness.

"I honestly thought you were having fun pleasuring yourself again here," Aaron chuckled, as he took the tub of ice cream in my hand and scooped it with his own spoon.

My eyes widened at his words before I pulled the ice cream from his hand. "What are you doing here? You should be sleeping."

"I can't sleep. And you?"

"Can't sleep too..."

He scooped another spoonful as I glared at him, but he just ignored me and continued eating. "So, care to tell me what happened at the bar? Did you take some pills or something?"

"I don't want to talk about it, but just to clear my name, I didn't take anything. So it wasn't my fault that I acted that way or that I thought about you while I was doing it." I explained in one breath, and it was too late when I realized my mouth slipped.

Aaron choked on the ice cream and started coughing before he slowly turned his head to face me. A smug grin slowly tugged on his lips, and damn it, he does look devilishly handsome. 2

"So... you were really thinking about me, huh?"

"No, I didn't say that. All I said was if you heard me say your name, it's because you're the only one besides me. You're the only person I could think of at that time."

"Okay. Fair enough." He leaned closer, his mouth on my ear, and I felt goosebumps rising on my skin. "Can I tell you something?"

"What?" I asked in a low, almost breaking voice.

"You didn't moan my name, but thank you for telling me you're thinking of me..." He said it so fast before he stood up from the floor and rushed out of the kitchen, chuckling on his way out.

My eyes widened, and with fast reflexes, I grabbed one of my bedroom slippers and threw it his way. "Asshole!" 1

I stood up and slammed the tub of ice cream on the kitchen counter before following him. He was already sitting on the large sofa in the viewing room and was scanning the TV channels.

"How could you?" I asked him in a hushed tone.

"Shhh... Forget it. I was just kidding. Sit!" He tapped the space beside him, his face void of emotions.

My brows furrowed at the sudden change in his mood. He was laughing just earlier.

I swallowed hard before I sat beside him, leaning my back against the soft cushion. "You're not going to tell Jacob about what happened with Michael, right?"

"Hmmm.. I'll think about it."

"You know, Jacob might hurt him if..."

"He deserves it, Janna. You're lucky that you're a wolf, and the effect is not the same as it is with humans." He cut me off as he leaned his back and placed an arm on the headrest of the sofa, exactly on my back, his skin brushing against my shoulder.

Was he about to cuddle me? I swallowed hard, but he didn't do anything, and it was taking so much of me not to show that he was affecting me

tremendously.

Goddess, was I crushing on my brother's Gamma?

"Janna, I won't tell your brother on one condition."

"What condition?" I swallowed hard again. Oh my, was he going to ask something of me?

"Stay away from him. I don't want to find out that you're still seeing him once you come back from the territory. There are a whole lot of better men out there. Or wolves." 

I let out a deep sigh before nodding my head, I didn't know if I was relieved or disappointed with his condition. I was actually expecting something else. Naughty thoughts again.

I wrapped my arms around my body and rubbed my arms with my palms, trying to console myself for whatever reason.

I saw his head tilted down at my angle and asked, "Are you cold?"

He didn't wait for me to answer. He reached for the folded blanket sitting on the other side of the sofa and covered my body with it, before placing his arm on my back, but this time, he lowered it up to my shoulder and pulled my body into his side.

He didn't say anything and just continued watching the TV as if what he was doing was just a natural thing to do, and I just let him.

I bit my bottom lip, suppressing the smile that was itching to curve on my lips. I stayed in the same position, clutching the blanket in my hands until I slowly lowered my head into his shoulder.

I waited for him to react, but aside from his steady breathing, he seemed unbothered by my action. Maybe he was so used to holding women like this, it doesn't phase him anymore.

I let out a deep sigh before giving in to my heavy lids and closing my eyes. I felt him pull me closer to his body as his head rested on top of mine before darkness took over my senses.

"Ahem!" I heard someone clearing his throat, making me grunt in annoyance. I still wanted to sleep, so I inched a little and dipped my head further into my pillow, only it didn't feel like a pillow because it was not as soft, but it felt comfortable, and damn, it smelled so good.

"Janna!" I heard my father's voice, and I squinted my eyes and let one eye flutter open to see him looking down at me.

"Morning, Dad..." I said in a throaty voice before I yawned, stretching my arm before I realized I was actually on the sofa on top of someone. 1

My body was covered with a blanket, but I knew my legs were tangled with someone, and the memory of what transpired last night came into my mind.

I jolted up from laying down and snapped my head at the man beside me on the sofa.

Aaron was holding his breath and was looking at me, biting his bottom lip. He was trying to avoid looking at my father. 2

I swallowed hard and shifted my eyes to my father, "Dad, it's not like what you think." I tried to reason it out.

My father just looked at Aaron and then back at me before turning around. "Put on your day clothes and go to the kitchen. Your mom has prepared breakfast already." 



Cassandra M  Author

"This one got to be my favorite chapter up to this point :) Hoping you're enjoying the Gamma's book! And I needed to ask you, dear readers, for a favor. I still haven't found the perfect name for Janna's w" 

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