

Chapter 21 Why Haven't You Marked Me Yet?

Anaiah's POV

I touch the side of the bed to find Leondre is not there, I scowl and drag myself out of bed, ignoring the burning sensation between my legs. I get into the shower and smile when the hot water hits my skin. After cleaning myself thoroughly, I go to the closet, picking out a simple black dress that reaches my knees and pumps.

I hustle downstairs, I meet some pack members who politely greet me or look at me like I am dirt however, I try not to get intimidated.

"Hello," A short pretty lady with big curls and a slim figure smiles cheerfully at me. I wave back with the same energy.

"You are Anaiah, right?"

"Yes,"

"The King asked me to keep you company today as they are busy with work at the headquarters," She informs me cheerily " Oh my name is Angie by the way," She extends her hand to me and I shake it.

"Don't worry, I'll try to be good company, so what do you want to do?" She asks.

"Um, can you show me around the packhouse?" I ask, she nods and takes me outside. The packhouse is very impressive and magnificent. Angie is very chatty and cheerful, she mostly skips and does not walk, I like her.

We have met some interesting Lycans who are quite friendly. Darius and Justine are a gay couple who stay not far from here.

By the time it was evening, I was beginning to miss my mate, my eyes roamed to the door but it didn't open, and when I asked about him, Angie said he was busy with work.

"Can I at least talk to him," She looks unsure, glancing down at the phone in her hand,

"He'll call I'm sure," She says and I decide to leave it. We go to one of the tv rooms to watch a movie on Netflix. The movie is a comedy and the whole way through we couldn't stop laughing.

"I like Kevin Hart," Says Darius, getting up to get more snacks. We play ping pong and the guys are amazing at it so I don't even join. After eating a sandwich, my eyes couldn't open anymore and I went to bed. In the middle of the night, I felt the bed deepen and his scent enveloped me, however, I was too tired to move but he kept me in his embrace.

"Good morning, my love," I hear the voice of my mate, the only sound I want to wake up to every morning. He kisses my lips but I move away.

"What?" He asks, squinting his eyes. I point at my lips and he smiles in realization, he grabs both my hands and pins them over my head, bending down to kiss me. He bites me and I gasp, giving him a chance to shove his tongue into my mouth.

We share a burning kiss and my lips move against his in sync, in one with my mate, he sits on top of me, making sure not to put all his weight on me.

"Good morning, love," I greet. He is smiling as he stares at me lovingly.

"I missed you yesterday, Did you have a good day?" He asks, I sit up when he gets off of me. I'm straddling him and my arms are over his broad muscles.

"I missed you too,"

We discuss our day and he tells me that he was busy at the headquarters in town and he was also handling some issues with other Lycan packs.

"Is something wrong?" I ask, worried but he shakes his head

"Nothing I can't handle," He tells me, going in the direction of the closet only to realize he was in the shower. I follow him and help him with his tie. He looks gorgeous in a suit.

"I'll be gone for a few hours and then when we come back, we are going to dinner at my parents so pick out a dress and Angie will help you," He informs me. I nod my agreement even though I'm a little nervous to be meeting his parents.

Arya told me that they are lovely so I have nothing to worry about I guess. He puts his hand on my neck and kisses me and then my neck, I bring my fingers to my neck where his mark is supposed to be and frowns,

"What is it?" He asks.

"Nothing," I dismiss him and turn to walk in the direction of the bathroom but he grabs my wrist and twirls me to him, we are so close and his neck is bent so that he puts his forehead over mine

"What is it, baby?"

I debate on whether to tell him or not, will I look desperate if I do?

"Why haven't you marked me yet?" I blurt out, he freezes and I examine his facial expressions. He is conflicted, is something stopping him from marking us? He sighs and then smiles

"I will, I was just thinking you're not ready for that yet," He seems unsure with his answer.

"I am, but you are hesitant, are you hiding something?"