

The Rejected Werewolf Princess by Didiadeyemi Chapter 1-5

Chapter 1

I always thought that turning eighteen would be this monumental point in my life. I thought I would wake up and finally get my wolf like everyone else.

But when I woke up this morning, it all felt the same. As a stripper, they already have enough to despise me for, but as a runt, I am the bane of their existence, the worst thing that could ever happen to a werewolf.

It was already late, so I rushed over to the club that I usually work. It is situated at the other side of town. It is strictly a werewolf bar, but the occasional human stumbles across it once in a while.

It screams money and sophistication and most of the people who come here are higher ranking wolves who are tired of work and want to unwind by watching a woman dance all over them.

I was lucky to even get a job here; they wouldn't hire omegas like me but the owner- Rick took a firm liking to me. He said I had the body of a stripper; slim waist, perky boobs and a round ass. He hired me on the spot, on the only condition that ninety percent of my profits go back to him.

"Someone has personally requested you for a private dance," he said as he sat next to me, "It's a party with some kids and they want you to dance."

"Do I know them?" I asked but he waved off my question.

"That's not important," he assured me with a hand on my shoulder, "If you do this; you will be walking home tonight with two hundred dollars from that private dance alone; and I'll even let you take home twenty percent of your profits today."

I bit my lips as I thought about it. This is the best offer I can get right now. With that amount, I can finally get new shoes because my old ones are ripping apart seam by seam.

"I'll do it." I agreed and his smile widened.

"They're in room ten," I started to rise but he grabbed my arm, "These are powerful people Camilla; you will do whatever it takes to make sure that they are happy." I nodded and he let go of me.

I took steady breaths to calm myself and made my way into the rooms

My excitement dulled the feeling of anxiety bubbling in me. I thought nothing could possibly make me rethink my decision until I opened the *door* and saw the people in there- Lisa, Peter and Chris.

They are the best friends or should I say, squad of the future Alpha, Tyson Woods. They are also my biggest bullies in the pack. Speaking of Tyson, I can't see him here. I had half a mind to run out of the room but they had already seen me.

"Do you think Tyson will love his present?" Peter asked with a sadistic grin on his face.

"I think he'll like it better if she was naked." Chris threw out, "Go on runt, strip."

I forced back the bile in my throat and did as he asked. I tried to remind myself that this was a good deal and I couldn't ruin it or Rick would fire me. By the time I was naked; all guys were staring at me with lust in their eyes.

"For a runt you sure do have a great body," Chris mused

"You're not allowed to fuck them, Chris," Lisa said with an eye roll, "Go dance on the pole or something."

I mechanically moved my legs over to the pole. I had just climbed the platform when the door opened and a scent I had never smelled before filled my nose. It was something I couldn't explain but it had an undertone of familiarity to it.

It hit me like a freight train just as I heard someone say, "Mate."

There was a collection of gasps, followed by a loud squeal as Lisa rushed to her feet and ran towards the door.

"I knew it Tyson," she threw herself into his arms; "I knew we were mates."

“Not you,” he said as he threw her off.

A frown marred her beautiful features and that was when everyone seemed to remember I was in the room because all eyes turned to me. Their expressions were comical at best because each person had a different expression on their face.

Chris looked downright amused, Peter looked confused, Lisa was furious and embarrassed and Tyson, I forced my eyes to meet my mate’s and I wasn’t prepared for the hate and disgust that I saw swirling in his pupils

I stayed frozen, I didn’t even dare breathe. The atmosphere was so **tense** that you could cut it with a knife and it felt like a ticking bomb that could detonate at the slightest provocation.

After a beat of silence, Lisa spoke, “You have got to be kidding me,” she all but screamed, “This runt is your mate and I’m not.”

That seemed to snap everyone out of their stunned state because Chris burst out laughing. He laughed like someone who was drunk on happiness or wine. His shoulders shook and tears escaped his eyes.

“So what happens now, Tyson?” he teased, “Are you going to take her to daddy dearest?”

“Fuck no,” Tyson spat, “Why would I want a useless runt as a mate?” I took that as my cue to leave and I started to get down from the platform but I was stopped, “Where are you going??

“I was,” I stuttered as I faced my mate, “I thought I should leave.”

Tyson laughed this time, a mocking sound of amusement, “Someone paid for your time; do you really think I’ll let you walk away without enjoying it first?”

“Tyson,” Lisa began.

There was an undercurrent of fear in her voice and I realized what her problem

is. Lisa and Tyson have been friends with benefits for a long time and she thinks that if he is in my presence for too long, then he will leave her for me.

“Don’t worry babe, I wouldn’t touch her with a ten inch pole,” he pulled her to his side, “If I’m correct, Chris paid for her time. So he gets to have his fun with her.”

My cheeks burned as embarrassment crawled up my spine. There is nothing more disgraceful than your saying he wouldn’t touch you and practically throwing you into the arms of someone else.

late

“What are you waiting for Camilla?” Chris asked as he spread his legs, “I’m waiting for my private dance.”

I fought tears the entire time I was in that room. I didn’t dance for just Chris, I also had to dance for Peter and it felt disgusting to have them freely touch me while Tyson sat in the corner of the room making out with Lisa.

As soon as the two hours were over, I rushed to pull my clothes on. The way I hurried to put them on, you would think I was being chased. I had gotten to the door when I was stopped by Chris’ voice.

“You’re a great dancer,” he said, “I think I’ll be visiting here more often.” He turned to Tyson, “You don’t mind that, do you? She is your mate after all.”

I saw his actions for what they were; he was trying to goad Tyson. Tyson realized it too the moment I did. His friends would never let it go that his mate is a lowly omega. Knowing Tyson, his pride and ego was bruised today, and Chris isn’t letting it slide.

“I, Tyson Woods of the Two Moons pack, rejects you Camilla as my mate.” He practically spat the words at me, “Accept it or reject it, I don’t give a fuck.”

Chapter 2

The pain hit me square in my chest. It felt like my chest was being peeled open by a flaming hot knife and the tears I had fought to hide fell down my cheeks slowly. Lisa laughed as she saw my face and I hurried to wipe them away but they didn’t seem to want to stop.

“I-,” my voice was hoarse; “I accept your rejection.”

I felt the exact moment the bond snapped. I saw pain flash across Tyson's features and he flinched slightly but he hid it well. It made me feel good to know that I wasn't the only one feeling the effects.

I didn't wait to see if he would show any other emotions; I turned on my heels and rushed out of the door. I didn't stop running until I got to the pack house and I was in the comfort of the old storage closet I call my

room.

It's so small that three people can't stand comfortably side by side but I'm grateful for it. I use an old bed that one of the pack members threw out. I took it from the trash, cleaned it and made it my own.

I flopped on the bed and the tears I had managed to hold back finally fell. The emotions were finally catching up to me and I felt like I was going to break. I had always thought that finding my mate would be the only escape that I would have from this terrible life but it turned out that I was

wrong.

Finding my mate was a torture that I didn't expect.

I didn't leave my room again until afternoon so I could buy something to eat. I'm not allowed to use the cooker and I can't keep one in my room, so I either buy my food or pray that there are leftover scraps for them to give me.

On my way back, I saw Chris and he winked at me as if sharing a deep secret. I rushed back to my room after that. Chris' presence brings nothing but trouble and pranks, and his version of a prank is never fun. By night, the severity of my situation started to bear down on me. I am

Tyson's mate- I was Tyson's mate, and he rejected me. **News will travel** soon and it will give people even more reason to hate me.

While I was thinking about that, I heard the knob on my door **jiggle**. My spine straightened because it is late, no one should be in my room this late. No one even comes this far into the basements on a normal day.

The door flew open and I let out a small scream. I recognized the scent as Tyson's and my heart clenched. Even though our bond is broken, there will still be lingering feelings until one of us takes another mate.

He walked into the room and stared at it in disdain. The moment his eyes met mine, I was hit by his intense hatred, but there was something else there, something I couldn't put my finger on.

"All day," he began, "My friends have not stopped teasing me about the fact that you are my mate." He spat the word 'you' as if it was a curse word.

"I'm sorry," I offered and he laughed humorlessly.

"All day; I've been thinking of how I could have been given a slut for a mate." I felt his words like a slap and I took an involuntary step

backwards. "But then I remembered last night in the club, and I realized that sluts are good for one thing."

I realized his intention and I tried to run but his hand wrapped around the back of my shirt and he pushed me against the wall.

"Please, you don't want to do this." I begged and he pinned me with his body; that was when I smelled the alcohol and wolf's bane on his breath.

It takes a lot to get a werewolf drunk; they usually have to drink a lot and mix it with wolf's bane for their inhibitions to be lowered even a little bit.

I tried to fight him but even in his state, he was still a lot stronger than me. Even though I screamed and cried, he still pushed his way into me. I hoped that people would hear my screams and come to save me but it was in vain.

I screamed until my voice was hoarse and until the tears stained my skin but no one came. If they had, they did not care.

If someone had asked me how I expected to lose my innocence, I would

have said on a bed by a mate who loved me. I got the mate part right, but **not** the others. I lost it to my mate who rejected me twenty four hours **ago**, against the wall.

As he emptied himself into me, he pushed me to the floor like I was nothing but trash beneath his feet. I couldn't stop the tears that were freely flowing from my face. I didn't know if it was because of the pain. between my thighs or if it was because of the pain in my heart.

"How could you?" I croaked from my position on the floor. "You rejected me, why wasn't that enough for you?"

My legs had given out and I fell to the ground in a heap. I couldn't bring myself to move. He was at the door but he paused and turned to me. The hatred in his eyes hit me like a freight train and I tried my best to look away but his eyes kept me captured.

"You're still my mate and you're a whore. Your body is mine whether you like it or not."

Chapter 3

I didn't move from my spot on the floor until the early hours of the morning. I lay on the floor and stained the cement floor with my tears.

I didn't know when I slept off, I just opened my eyes when sunlight shone directly into them and I realized that it was already morning.

I forced myself to my feet and my knees wobbled as I forced myself to take steps. I was sore and in pain all over. I wanted nothing more than to lock myself in my room for the next week but I don't have the luxury of that.

I need to work because I need the money. And even if I could get those days off, I need an excuse, I can't tell them that- I can't tell them what happened.

I went to the bathroom first to get a bucket and rag to clean up the floor and the wall that was stained with traces of my blood. My hands shook as I cleaned it up because all I could picture and feel was Tyson pounding into me over and over again despite my pleas.

When I was done, I went round to do my chores.

I was mopping the dining room when I saw Lisa walk in with some of her girl friends. She saw me and a sadistic smile grew on her face.

She stepped over the places I had just cleaned with her muddy shoes and laughed as I picked up the mop to clean it again. As I Walked past her, her spine stiffened and she pushed me hard. I fell to the floor with the bucket and water spilled all over the floor.

“You fucking whore,” she spat, “You just couldn’t take his rejection; you had to find him and fuck him.”

“I didn’t,—
,” I began but she picked up a vase and threw it in my direction. Thankfully it shattered next to me and not on my face.

“I can smell him on you, you bitch.” She screamed, “How dare you?”

I wanted to explain and I wanted to tell her that I didn’t want it and that he forced me but I didn’t bother trying to defend myself to her. Lisa will hear and believe what she wants to hear regardless of what I say. I only

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wish she wasn’t doing it in front of her friends who are snickering to themselves.

I knew that they were going to spread the rumors around and it was only going to make things worse for me. My silence seemed to anger Lisa, because she pulled me up by my hair and slapped me across the cheek. I staggered back from the impact of her hit and tripped over the bucket again and fell hard on my ass.

“She isn’t worth it, Lisa,” one of them said, “You’re going to meet Tyson remember.”

“I have to put this whore in her place,” Lisa said, “And I have to let her know that she doesn’t go fucking other people’s men.”

“You’re going to be Luna, not her, never her.” The girl argued, “The knowledge that her own mate doesn’t want her is enough.”

Lisa finally relented, but not before shooting me one last look, “Watch your back.”

Because of Lisa’s stint, I had to spend another half hour cleaning and got to work an hour late. The girls were whispering amongst themselves. When I got there but I ignored them and made my way to the manager’s office.

As I walked in, she gave me a once over, “I don’t know why you’re here. You didn’t deem work so important yesterday.”

“I’m sorry, I was-,”

“Save your lies,” she cut me off, “Just because you were mated to Tyson doesn’t give you any new privileges. If I heard correctly, he rejected you.” I inhaled deeply; I didn’t expect news to travel this fast.

“I’m sorry,” I begged, “It won’t happen again; I swear it.”

“I can’t trust you on that.”

The first **tear** dropped and I fell to my knees, “Please; I need this job.”

She watched me through her glasses and I saw the hidden excitement behind her eyes. She likes the idea of me begging her. After a while, she nodded and gestured for me to stand up.”

“If you are late again; you are fired.”

I was embarrassed and I was ashamed that I had to go on my knees to beg to keep a job but I didn’t have any other choice so I nodded and rushed out to start work. Throughout the day, the girls would make passing comments about me being a rejected mate. One of them even outright refused to stand next to me because ‘she doesn’t want my rejection to become contagious to her.

It hurt to see and hear them say all these things but there was little I could do about it. By the time the day was over, I all but rushed to take off my apron.

I had just hung it up and was about to leave when one of them stopped

1. me.

“Where are you going?” she asked, “Your hooker job?” I didn’t rise to her bait, instead I just nodded. “In case you didn’t hear; the Alpha just ordered an emergency pack meeting.”

“How would she hear?” another girl mused, “She isn’t a part of this pack so she doesn’t have the pack link.”

It used to hurt at first knowing I wasn’t a part of the pack. It still does, but not as much as it used to. Instead of debating with them, I just followed behind them as they walked to where the meeting was being held.

I followed them to the lawn of the council hall. Alpha Jackson was already standing there with Tyson next to him. I saw Lisa standing at the far left with her own father, the Gamma, and to the right was Alpha Jackson’s Beta and his son, Chris.

Everyone was gathered here and they were whispering to themselves. We all wanted to know what this meeting was organized for. It is very unlike Alpha Jackson to schedule these. In my life, there has only been one and that was to publicly grieve the loss of his mate.

Alpha Jackson stepped up and held up a hand to silence everyone, “I was not the one who gathered you all here today.” Everyone started murmuring amongst themselves, “It was my son; your future Alpha.” He took a step back and Tyson walked up to the front. Everyone went silent as he approached, wondering what he was going to say.

“It has come to my attention that a certain rumor about my mating has been going around.” People started to stare at me, and it took all my strength not to take off or dig a hole in the ground and bury myself, “I have come to tell you all, that it is nothing but a lie.”

The words stunned me. The entire council hall went silent and people stared at me with accusing and amused eyes.

“The rumor was started by an omega who has been obsessed with me for years,” what the hell is he saying? “My mate has and remains Lisa Anderson; the daughter of our wonderful Gamma. She is to be my Luna; not some omega runt.”

The pack laughed at his words but embarrassment crawled up my skin. I fought back the tears because people were staring at me. I will not give them the satisfaction of seeing me cry.

ems me cry.

“The rumors are disrespectful to my mate and I, and I felt the need to publicly put them to rest.” He continued, “The instigator will be punished accordingly. Have a nice day.”

After he said that, people started to disperse and I held back a scoff. After all of this, he still wants to punish me. This is punishment enough; the looks and the whispers.

I forced my legs to carry me in the direction of the pack house and ignored everyone’s words. It was hard because they weren’t even trying to hide the fact that they were talking about me.

They called me every word in the dictionary, from “Disgusting” to “Desperate” to “Whore” and “Home wrecker”.

As I took in the room and thought about how I would have to deal with this for the rest of my life, I decided I was done.

I grabbed the small duffel bag and cast one last glance at the pack house that had been my home for eighteen years and took off into the woods.

I don’t know how long I ran or how far I ran, but I didn’t stop until the sounds of weapons and different voices yelling over each other. I sat up quickly and tried my best to listen to what direction they were coming from. If I can hear them then it means they aren’t too far away.

“Find her,” I heard Tyson growl, “She couldn’t have gone too far. I can still smell her.”

Chapter 4

I ran as far and as fast as my legs could carry me. I could feel blisters begin to form on the soles of my feet but I didn’t stop; not even when tripped over some

e roots and scratched up my entire arm and face. The pain I felt was only a dull thump at the back of my mind. All that mattered to me was getting as far away from the pack as I could **get**.

I can only imagine what Tyson would do to me if he found me. His ego would be bruised that someone ran from him- his favorite punching bag no less. If I'm found, he will make my life a living hell. And it's not just him; the rest of the pack will think I ran because I have something to hide. I will never get another second of peace again.

The thought was enough motivation for me to push my legs harder. My chest burned, my feet hurt and my muscles were sore but I pushed on until I was forced to come to a stop.

I stopped in front of a tree that had the markings of the pack crest and I knew where I was- at the pack border. I looked around to make sure there were no members of the border patrol around. They wouldn't hesitate before handing me over to Tyson.

I exhaled deeply and took a step over the pack line. It felt like both a knife to my heart and a breath of fresh air. What if life outside the pack is worse than life inside? I have never been anywhere but this pack and I can't imagine what my life will be like outside of it.

I knew that Tyson would feel the bond breaking and would come searching for me so I kept running. The bottom of my soles tore as I pushed them past their limits but I didn't dare stop. I needed to put as much distance between myself and Tyson as I could and that meant running as much as I could.

It was nightfall when I finally brought myself to stop. My feet were bleeding and the smell of blood permeated the air. I leaned against a tree to catch my breath and I was so concerned with resting that I did not notice the insignia of a pack crest on the tree until I came face to **face** with two border patrol wolves.

My first instinct was to flee and I had begun gearing up to do so when one of them let out a growl that had me freezing in my tracks.

"Stop," I froze on instinct and turned slowly until I was staring right in their emotionless eyes.

I raised my hands to show them I meant no harm but my sudden movement had them pointing their spears at me. They had a different pack insignia on their armor so I knew they weren't Tyson's men but I still can't trust them. They'll send me back to Tyson the moment they know who I am.

"Who are you?" one of them asked but I stayed silent. I did not want to risk putting myself in harm's way by giving up my true identity.

"Is she deaf?" the other one asked. "Maybe she's a rogue or a spy."

"Let's just take her back to the Alpha."

"I don't want any trouble," I raised my hands higher as a pleading note crept in to my voice, "Just let me pack my bags and I'll leave."

"I can't let you do that; you're on our territory."

"I didn't know that. It was an honest mistake, just let me leave and we can forget that this happened."

"We cannot do that."

I made a split second decision and tried to run out from between them but they anticipated my move because one of them grab my arm in a bruising grip and flung me back against the tree so hard that I cracked my head against the wall and I feared I had a concussion.

I tried to fight *my* way out of the hold but he told me that if I fought he would only make my suffering worse.

It took both of them to keep me stable and drag me to the pack before finally throwing me into a cell. As soon as the door slammed shut I screamed as loud as I could.

"Shut the bitch up before Alpha has our heads." I heard one of them say but that didn't stop me; I screamed louder.

One of them moved towards my cell but suddenly froze and I saw both of them stand at attention to respond to someone who walked in. From

the aura and raw power that filled the room, I knew that it was their Alpha.

I waited with bated breath as I felt him make his way towards my cell. I kept my head down because I didn't want to anger him but an unknown force had me lifting my head the moment his feet reached the front of my cell and I let out a gasp.

He was tall, so tall that he blocked out every beam of light that I couldn't properly make out the features of his face but I knew he had dark hair and he was well built. I couldn't even spend a lot of time taking in his features; all I could think was 'it can't be.

It can't be- I have never heard of it happening to someone so quickly. It has barely been three days since Tyson rejected me.

"Get her out of there," his voice was all gravel edges.

"Alpha we found her on the territory." One of them began but he cut him off.

"I don't care where you found her; get my mate out of that cell."

Chapter 5

As if possessed, the guards rushed over to open the cell doors. One of them hooked his hand under my pits to lift me up. I didn't have enough time to balance myself right or even fix my shoe so when I was placed on my feet, I was placed directly on the bruised and peeled skin which made me wince slightly.

I didn't expect anyone to notice but my mate did because he let out a growl of warning in the direction of the guard.

"Did you hurt her?" he asked and the guard shook his head fervently.

"We didn't touch her Alpha; I swear it."

My mate- it still feels weird to say- shot him a dark glare, walked into the cell and lifted me into his arms in one quick move. I was so shocked by the action that I froze up and my body went completely rigid.

He took note of my body language and I could feel his eyes boring into my skin but we were too close and I was too nervous to look him in the eyes so I kept my eyes trained on my palms that were fisted together in my lap.

He carried me out of the cell but instead of taking me back to the direction of the pack house; he took me to a beautiful cream carriage. It was unlike anything I had ever seen before. The seats were made of the softest black suede and it was pulled by two extremely large horses.

It was when he put me down that I finally gathered the courage to look up at him.

He had most luscious dark lashes that framed his electric grey eyes. His hair was as dark as the night and his features were like one carved from stone-high cheekbones, a defined jaw line and a scruff of facial hair that covered the top of his lip and

his chin.

He got in beside me and a guard came over and shut us inside. I couldn't bring myself to speak and he didn't bother speaking. Instead, he leaned forward and lifted my bruised foot. I tried to jerk it away from his hold but he had it in a tight grip.

He inspected my torn and worn out shoes with a blank expression and for the first time in a long time, I actually felt shame at the fact that I was an omega. What was the moon goddess thinking by pairing me with an Alpha each time? He is probably going to reject me like Tyson did and I honestly won't be surprised.

He slowly loosened the knot I made with the fabric and peeled the worn out shoe off my leg. When he saw the state of my foot, his eyes darkened.

"How did you get hurt?" I wasn't expecting his question so I jumped slightly. I saw his frown deepen when I jumped and I knew he would ask about it so I hurried to respond to his first question.

"I was running."

"How long were you running?" this time I responded with a shrug, "Who were you running from?"

"My pack," I kept the answer short and clipped because I didn't know whether or not I could trust him with the truth. If there is one thing I learnt while I was in Tyson's pack; it is that the elites are loyal to each other. One wrong word and he could have me shipped back to Tyson with a bow around my back.

I think he wanted to ask another question but the carriage lurched to a stop. He got out and instead of letting me walk by myself; he lifted me again and led me in the direction of what I would call the biggest cottage I have ever seen.

It was three stories high with stone walls and normally the size would take away from the cottage vibes but it didn't. There was ivy crawling up the stone walls and the garden at the front of the house was a sight to behold. As he walked us to the front door, I saw the hint of a lake at the back of the house. It was like the house was plucked fresh out of my favorite story book and placed in reality.

The inside was more minimalistic with polished wooden and glass furniture, white couches and the spotless cre

My mate carried me into a room and deposited me on the bed.

Chapter 5

"The bathroom is right there, freshen up and be out in half an hour for someone to look you over"

"I'm fine, my feet will heal"

"I wasn't asking. If you don't do it. I'll do it for you." Without another word, he turned on his heels and left the room.

I was left staring at him in shock for a few minutes before I finally gathered myself together long enough to limp towards the bathroom. The tub was carved from the finest wood and shone spotlessly as sunlight hit it from the open window.

I sat in the tub because the under of my feet were starting to burn badly and I washed myself while sitting I admit I couldn't clean up as well as I wanted but I have gone days where I haven't bathed at all and right now, I will take every luxury I can

get.

It was after I got out of the bathtub that I realized I didn't have my bag with me so I didn't have any clothes to change into. I left my dirty clothes in the room but when I went to retrieve them, they were gone and replaced with a simple grey button up shirt and black dress pants.

The shirt fell to my knees and the sweat pants were too big for me. Thankfully it came with a rope but even after pulling it as tightly as I could; it was still a little big. I rolled up the ankles because it dwarfed me completely and judging by the smell. it belonged to my mate.

There was a soft knock on the door. I waited for whoever it was to walk in but instead they knocked again. I realized at that point that they were waiting for my response so I said a quick come in.

My mate appeared with a nice looking woman next to him. She was a bit older than me with beautiful blond hair and warm blue eyes. She was wearing a white coat and holding a small duffel bag that I assume has some doctor's equipments inside.

"Hi, I'm Lucy," she began, "If it's okay with you, I'd like to check you out." She waited for my response so I shrugged, "Can you tell me your name?"

"Camilla,"

"Well Camilla, are you hurt anywhere?" I shrugged again and gestured to my feet.

She asked me to lie on the bed and then she took a seat at the edge. I watched her expression and saw her wince when she took in the state of my feet. I tried my best not to look at it too much while I was bathing but from the little I saw, the sole was completely torn up.

She didn't recoil in disgust or even chide me. Instead, she took out some cotton balls and rubbing alcohol and took her time cleaning it. Whenever I winced or pulled back, she would utter soft words of encouragement, leave me to rest for a minute or so then continue cleaning it up. When she was done, she wrapped my feet in bandage and gave me a warm smile.

"With normal werewolf healing you should be as good as new within a day." The moment she said that I felt my insides completely deflate; I should have known I wouldn't be able to run from it. "I'll be back around that time to check on you."

"I don't have a wolf," I said softly but I knew she heard me because she froze.

She cast a worried glance at my mate who was still standing by the door but I didn't lift my eyes to see his expression- I already know what I will find there.

“No problems,” Lucy said after a beat of silence, “I will get some supplements that you should help you heal and I’ll give them to have them brought to you. Hopefully within a week you should be brand new.”

“Thank you”

“I also recommend you eat better. You seem vastly malnourished and in need of a better diet plan.”

After dropping that final bomb, she bowed slightly to my mate and left the room. He waited a second before making his way further into the room but I kept my gaze down on the floor.

“Why won’t you look at me?” that wasn’t the question I was expecting him to ask.

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You re the Alpha.”

“My name is Ryker, not Alpha.” he corrected and my breath hitched.

I’ve heard about him before. I once overheard the pack guards talking about an Alpha Ryker Caine. They called him the man that monsters fear because of his ruthlessness and brutality. They said he tortures his pack members for fun and hosts. a public and random execution every month.

Fear gripped my insides like a clawed hand and I pushed myself as far into the bed as I could. He froze mid step and a bitter smile grew on his lips.

“I see you’ve heard of me,” it wasn’t a question so I didn’t bother with a response, “Are you hungry?”

“No,”

“Do you like the clothes?”

“Everything is fine; thank you.”

“Help me out here,” he threw his hands up in exasperation, “I didn’t want a mate and I definitely didn’t expect you to stumble across my pack territory. But you can’t just sit there cowering like a wounded puppy.”

As much as I hated to admit it, his words stung and I pulled up my knees so I could hold them close to my chest.

“I didn’t mean it that way.” He began,

“If I can have my bag that your men took, I’ll be out of your hair.” I assured him, “You can reject me and I’ll leave.”

“I’m not rejecting you,” I was stunned by his words.

“You said you didn’t want a mate.”

“I did, but you didn’t stumble on my pack by accident and there’s no way in hell I’m letting you go out in this condition.”

“So, what are you saying?”

“Welcome to the Blood Stone pack; it’s your new home.”

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!