

# The Rejected Werewolf Princess

## The Rejected Werewolf Princess by Didiadeyemi Chapter 6-10

### Chapter 6

I stared at Ryker for longer than would normally be deemed appropriate because his words took me off guard. He didn't say anything as I tried to process everything that had just transpired.

In the span of two minutes, he told me he didn't want me but he was going to keep me either way. Trying to think about what his reason was gave me a headache and I desperately wanted to beg him to do us both a favor and reject me.

"Why?" was what I ended up blurting out when I finally found my voice.

I regretted it instantly because it brought his sharp eyes back to mine and the intensity of his gaze had me directing my line of sight to the tiles in front of me. I started counting them absentmindedly as I waited for him to respond.

"You stumbled on my pack looking like you had been in a fight and lost, and like you said; you don't have a wolf so you can't heal yourself." He said slowly, "Even if you weren't my mate; it would be cruel of me to let you leave."

"I meant, why won't you reject me?"

"I- he opened his mouth to speak then closed it, "Because I don't want to." That was a bullshit answer and we both knew it but I decided to let it slide.

"Doesn't it bother you that I don't have a wolf?" I couldn't keep my insecurities from bleeding into my question and I hated myself for that.

"Come," he ended up saying after a beat, "Dinner should be ready by now."

I knew he had avoided my question and he knew that I realized. I also knew what he would have said if he had answered- so did he. Whether he said it or not; it's obvious that my lack of a wolf bothers him.

I started to get up from the bed but he stopped me.

I don't know what I expected him to do, but it wasn't for him to walk over to me and pick me up. I let out a noise that was a mix between a squeal and a protest. He didn't acknowledge my obvious discomfort but I tried to channel it louder by squirming so he would notice.

He must have noticed because he spoke clearly and with no hesitation, "Lucy said to stay off your legs as much as possible; its either I do it or you sit in bed all day. Those are your only two options."

I reluctantly relaxed long enough for him to reach the living room. He placed me on a chair in the dining room and left. I thought he would come back; even when the servants placed my food in front of me, I waited.

One of the servants returned and took a look at my empty plate, "Is it not to your liking? If there is something else you would like then please let me know."

"No, it's perfect," she seemed to relax when I said that, "Where did Ryker go?"

"Alpha Caine left a while ago. He probably won't be back until much later."

When she said that I felt stupid; of course he wouldn't eat with me. He literally told me he didn't want me. It was incredibly foolish of me to think that he would be any different than Tyson.

I tried my best to eat but my appetite was lost and I couldn't eat more than a few bites without feeling sick. I went looking for the servant but the house was too big and there were too many rooms- I ended up getting lost.

My soles had started to hurt so I resigned and tried navigating my way back to the room. I finally found it after almost twenty minutes of walking.

I decided to use this time to admire the interior of the room. It was a typical male designed room with black walls and massive four poster bed against one wall. There was a table and chair overlooking the balcony on my right. To the left were two doors, one that I know leads to the bathroom and the second that I assume leads to a closet.

"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 host 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."

Chapter 6

I stared at Ryker for longer than would normally be deemed appropriate because his words took me off guard. He didn't say anything as I tried to process everything that had just transpired.

In the span of two minutes, he told me he didn't want me but he was going to keep me either way. Trying to think about what his reason was gave me a headache and I desperately wanted to beg him to do us both a favor and reject me.

"Why?" was what I ended up blurting out when I finally found my voice.

I regretted it instantly because it brought his sharp eyes back to mine and the intensity of his gaze had me directing my line of sight to the tiles in front of me. I started counting them absentmindedly as I waited for him to respond.

"You stumbled on my pack looking like you had been in a fight and lost, and like you said; you don't have a wolf so you can't heal yourself." He said slowly, "Even if you weren't my mate; it would be cruel of me to let you leave."

"I meant, why won't you reject me?"

"I-," he opened his mouth to speak then closed it, "Because I don't want to." That was a bullshit answer and we both knew it but I decided to let it slide.

"Doesn't it bother you that I don't have a wolf?" I couldn't keep my insecurities from bleeding into my question and I hated myself for that.

"Come," he ended up saying after a beat, "Dinner should be ready by now."

I knew he had avoided my question and he knew that I realized. I also knew what he would have said if he had answered- so did he. Whether he said it or not; it's obvious that my lack of a wolf bothers him.

I started to get up from the bed but he stopped me.

I don't know what I expected him to do, but it wasn't for him to walk over to me and pick me up. I let out a noise that was a mix between a squeal and a protest. He didn't acknowledge my obvious discomfort but I tried to channel it louder by squirming so he would notice.

He must have noticed because he spoke clearly and with no hesitation, “Lucy said to stay off your legs as much as possible; its either I do it or you sit in bed all day. Those are your only two options.”

I reluctantly relaxed long enough for him to reach the living room. He placed me on a chair in the dining room and left. I thought he would come back; even when the servants placed my food in front of me, I waited.

One of the servants returned and took a look at my empty plate, “Is it not to your liking? If there is something else you would like then please let me know.”

“No; it’s perfect,” she seemed to relax when I said that, “Where did Ryker go?”

“Alpha Caine left a while ago. He probably won’t be back until much later.”

When she said that I felt stupid; of course he wouldn’t eat with me. He literally told me he didn’t want me. It was incredibly foolish of me to think that he would be any different than Tyson.

I tried my best to eat but my appetite was lost and I couldn’t eat more than a few bites without feeling sick. I went looking for the servant but the house was too big and there were too many rooms- I ended up getting lost.

My soles had started to hurt so I resigned and tried navigating my way back to the room. I finally found it after almost twenty minutes of walking.

I decided to use this time to admire the interior of the room. It was a typical male designed room with black walls and a massive four poster bed against one wall. There was a table and chair overlooking the balcony on my right. To the left were two doors, one that I know leads to the bathroom and the second that I assume leads to a closet.

The room was bare of decorations, pictures or even art- It was a spare room I took a seat on the fluffy mattress and that was when I noticed smeared blood on the floor. I looked at my feet and realized I had bled through the bandages.

I muttered a small curse and rummaged through the drawers next to me for some bandages but I came up empty. I looked in the bathroom hoping to find something but I came up empty. My feet had started to sting badly and I was leaving bigger bloody footprints which meant more work for me,

I decided to look out the door silently praying I would find a servant, I wasn't so lucky, but I saw a guard. I had to calm myself before I approached him.

He took one look at the trail of bloody footprints behind me and stood at attention, "Are you hurt? Should I call the Alpha?"

"No: I just need some bandages if that's okay. There's no need to call him."

He didn't look convinced but he nodded and left. He returned after a few minutes with a bowl of warm water, a rag, a maid and some bandages.

"It's okay," I assured the maid as she waited by the door, "I can do it myself." She didn't look convinced but she nodded and

left.

I carried the things into the bathroom and sat on the floor while I unwrapped the bandages the nurse had done. I cringed when I looked at the shredded remains of my feet. I carefully cleaned the bottom and dried it off with the rag before wrapping it again.

I was doing the second foot when the bathroom door flew open and Ryker burst in. My heart caught in my chest at the raw emotions that seemed to be emitting from him.

"What the fuck happened in there?" I realized he was pissed because of the stains I left

"I'll clean it up once I'm done, I swear," I assured him but his expression didn't change, "On second thought; I could clean it right n-,"

"I don't care about the stupid stains," he cut me off, "What happened to your leg? I thought Lucy wrapped it."

"She did; I got lost and I think I walked too far without shoes. It's my fault; I'm sorry."

He ran his hand through his hair in frustration and I saw the way the corner of his mouth tightened and I figured this would be the moment where he grabs me by the back of my neck and throws me out of his pack for being so destructive.

He took a deep breath before taking the bowl and bandages from me and sitting on the floor in front of me. I stared at him in confusion and shock as he cleaned up my second leg and wrapped it.

When he was done, he picked me up and carried me to the bed. I tried to protest but he shot me a dark look that had me sitting in place quietly. He took the rag and bowl and went on his knees. I watched in shock as he cleaned up the bloody footprints in silence.

When he was done, he rang a bell that I assume alerts the servants because within two minutes, there was a knock on the door. He handed the dirty things to the maid and she handed something to him. When he turned back to me, I saw that it was a tray of food.

“I was gone for less than two hours and you got blood everywhere.” His tone wasn’t mean or accusing, but I still found myself saying sorry, “Stop apologizing for everything.”

“I’m sorry,” it slipped out before I could stop it, “I’ll just be quiet right now.”

“I was told you barely ate; did you not like it?”

“I did- I just can’t eat a lot.”

“Can’t or won’t?”

“Can’t,” the word left my lips softly and he froze in place.

He slowly made his way over to me and placed the tray at the foot of the bed. In it was oatmeal and sliced fruits along with a glass of milk and another of water.

“Where were you running from?” he asked and I shrugged, “I won’t ask again Camilla.”

“I was running from my mate.”

The words hovered over us like a plague and I saw several unreadable emotions flash across his features before he finally settled on a mask of indifference and coldness.

“Explain,” his voice was cold and detached when he spoke and a part of me wanted to refuse to speak but another part knew that this was the wrong time to try to test my boundaries.

I am still an omega and he is the Alpha of this pack- mate or not, he can have me thrown out in a second.

“He rejected me and I ran away.” I kept it short and concise but it was enough for him because he let out a sigh of relief. “I can’t say any more; I’m sorry.”

Ryker nodded as if he understood, “Eat,” he said, “I won’t leave until you do.”

Somehow, I found myself reaching for the bowl of fruits. Fruits are something I have never had the luxury of eating- they were left for the actual pack members. I picked up a slice of mango and slid it through my lips.

I couldn’t help the small smile as the flavors burst over my tongue. I took another slice and ate it. I savored each taste and each fruit and was shocked to see that I had finished it.

I looked up and noticed Ryker staring at me in understanding. I flushed pink when I realized I had eaten all that in front of him. He didn’t make it uncomfortable, instead he cleared his throat.

“I’ll have someone bring another bowl for you,” he took a step back, “Goodnight Camilla; I’ll be back in the morning and so will your bag.”

Without another word, he walked out of the room leaving me to stare at his retreating back wondering what my confession would mean for the next day.

## Chapter 7

I couldn’t fall asleep the entire night. I tossed and turned but couldn’t find rest because I was concerned about what the day would bring. The bed was too big and too soft that I ended up pulling the blankets to the floor and wrapping myself there.

The floor felt more similar to my old bed than the actual bed but I still couldn’t find rest. It was like I was engaging in a race with sleep and it had over an hour’s head start.

Somehow the night felt too long and too short at the same time. It was like the sun was taking its precious time to rise and when it finally did, it felt like it came too soon. I didn't dare breathe as I saw the sun begin to rise because I knew it was a new day and my fate would finally be decided.

In the early hours of the morning, I heard footsteps stop just outside my door. I held my breath and didn't even blink. After a few seconds, the steps retreated and it wasn't until I couldn't hear them anymore that I let out the breath I was holding and rushed into the bed. The last thing I would want is for Ryker to come in and see that I lay his sheets on the floor and get insulted by it.

I figured that since someone else was already awake; it was a good enough time to get up. I dressed the bed and found a rag in the bathroom closet that I used to dust down the wooden tops and every inch of the room. I was washing the bathroom when I heard a knock on my door.

I barely had time to wonder who it was before I heard footsteps and saw Ryker making his way towards the bathroom. When my eyes met his, I saw frustration and annoyance swirling in them. I started to wonder if maybe I didn't clean the room well enough.

"What the fuck are you doing?" the words were barely out of his mouth when he pulled the rag out of my hand.

"I was cleaning," I thought it was obvious, "If I didn't clean it well then I'd be happy to do it all again."

"Do you not know how to speak English or do I have to spell it out for you slowly?" he ran his hand down his face in frustration, "I told you to stay off your leg."

"I'm sorry," my voice was barely over a whisper, "I figured you would want me to clean since I'm staying here. Why else would I be here?"

"Because you're my mate," he all but screamed the words, "There are maids to clean the room if you think it is so dirty. You have one job; and it is to sit in bed and heal. So help me, if I see you on your feet again I will strap you to the fucking bed."

My eyes

widened at his threat and my breath hitched in my throat. I subconsciously took a step back and bowed my head in apology. The last thing I wanted to do was upset him and it seems like I did just that.

He raised his hand and I instinctively flinched and pushed myself as far back as I could but I was already at the wall so I ended up curling up against it.

His hand froze mid air and he put it down slowly, "I-," for the first time I saw him lost for words, "I wouldn't- I should go. You should freshen up."

He turned on his heels and was out of the room within seconds. I was so confused as to what had just transpired. One moment, he was pissed off at me and the next he was leaving the room so fast one would think he saw a ghost.

I stared at the door for a while, thinking he would return but he didn't. When I was convinced he wouldn't be returning, I decided to do as he asked and freshen up. The last thing I want is to piss him off more in case he returns.

I took a little longer than I normally should have because the under of my feet stung more than usual and I decided to soak it in a bowl of hot water.

When I returned to the room, there was a maid laying out clothes for me on the bed. As soon as she saw me, she squeaked and bowed low. I was confused as to who she was directing the gesture at and even had to look around the room before I realized she was bowing to me.

"I have laid these out for you" she said. "I hope you like them this is the height of women's fashion here."

"Thank you" was all I could say and she gave me a curt nod

"If you need some help with your corset-,"

"Corset," I didn't realize I had cut her off until she nodded. "What is that and why would I need one?"

A look of shock took over her features before she schooled it, "It's meant to support your breasts," she picked up a cream material with ropes, "This is a corset and you wear it as an undergarment. Please; let me show you."

I reluctantly allowed her come close and she cinched the material around me. It was tight- not so tight that I couldn't breathe but tight nonetheless and it felt strangely uncomfortable. I've never used one before; I probably would never have. been able to afford it.

I always wondered how the other women in the pack prevented their lady bits from flapping around when moving: I guess I understand now.

She helped me into the other outfit which consisted of weird comfortable pants that stuck to my skin- the maid referred to them as leggings- and a silk top that fell to my mid thighs. It felt weird on me and looked like nothing I had ever seen.

In Tyson's pack; the women usually wore extravagant dresses. The only women who wore trousers were we the lower women and the servants. It is a huge change from what I'm used to but I chose to trust that the maid knew what she was talking about.

Just as we finished getting dressed; there was another knock on my door and Ryker walked in with a tray of food in his hands and the nurse- Lucy behind him. The maid bowed to me and then him before quickly exiting the room.

I saw Ryker's eyes subtly rake over my body in appreciation but he made no attempts to come close to me. Instead, he settled for dropping the tray which I realized was filled with fruits and porridge on the table by my bed.

Lucy gave me a small smile, "Is it okay if I check on your feet?" I sat up on the bed and watched as she took her seat at the foot of the bed, "Feel free to eat while I work."

I thought it was a weird request but I took a slice of mango into my mouth and watched her quietly.

"The Alpha tells me that you like to be on your feet a lot," she offered up casually, "I know it's practically impossible to stay off your feet but if you want to heal then you have to stay off your feet."

"I'll try."

She cleaned my feet with rubbing alcohol again and wrapped it up. When she was done, she opened up her bag and took out two prescription bottles and

set them on the table right next to my food. I tried to read the words on it but I couldn't make out the writing.

"These are supplements," she explained, "Made and produced right here in the pack. They should help supply your body with the nutrients it needs to heal you right."

I eyed it carefully, "Thank you."

"Just take one pill three times a day from each bottle and you should be fine." She offered me a warm smile, "I'll be back in another week to see how well you're doing. If you need anything, don't hesitate to let me know."

She left right after that and it was just Ryker and I in the room. I kept my eyes on the bed sheets and ate my fruits in silence. It was uncomfortable eating while he was watching but I knew he did it to make sure that I was actually going to eat it all.

When I ate what I could, I took the two bottles and popped the pills. I set them back on the table and gathered the courage to cast a small glance at him. I was surprised to see that he was staring at the tray and not me, but his eyes held sadness and disappointment.

He must have felt my eyes on him because in an instant, his eyes snapped up to mine. I quickly looked away but it was

late

"I'm sorry for eather today" my eyes snapped up to his immediately.

## Chapter 7

His eyes were sincere but that wasn't what shocked me. In all my life. I have never heard anyone apologize to me and the first person to do so happens to be an Alpha.

He picked up a small bag beside his feet and I was surprised I didn't notice it earlier. He took something out of it and I had to analyze it for a few seconds before I realized what it actually was.

It was some sort of slippers but it was completely made of fur except for the soles which were made of some other material.

“I had it made for you,” he began. “It is made of pure cotton and although it will not completely take away the pain when you are walking around; I am assured that it will help ease it and make walking around easier.”

I didn't know how to respond to his gesture. It was quite possibly the only nice thing that anyone has ever done for me in my life. All I could do was stare at him in silence as he put the slippers by my bed and left the room.

## Chapter 8

I avoided Ryker for the rest of the week. Well, I avoided him as much as I could, considering the fact that I was living in his house and passed him on ever corridor. He also made sure to sit with me whenever I had to eat and to keep a close eye on me because he didn't trust that I wouldn't hurt myself.

I have been here for a week now and I don't know if I'm more or less terrified than I was when I arrived. He hasn't said anything about us being mates and I am scared to bring it up. I don't know what exactly his plans are for me and I am terrified to find out. His silence could be a good or a bad thing but I don't know him well enough to come up with an answer.

A part of me wishes I stayed with Tyson because at least I knew him and I could predict his moods and responses. With Ryker: I'm in uncharted territory.

When he arrived with my breakfast, I was contemplating whether or not to talk to him about it and it must have been obvious on my face because all of a sudden, he sent the maid out of the room.

As soon as she left he turned to me, “What's wrong?”

“I don't understand,” I was wrecked with confusion, “What do you mean?”

“You have been biting at your fingernails and picking at your food for the past ten minutes. It is either something is wrong or you aren't happy with the meal.”

“Nothing is wrong with the meal.”

“So something is wrong with you,” I stayed silent, “I'm listening.”

“Why am I here?” the words flew from my mouth before I could stop them, “You've kept me indoors and I understand why; I just don't understand why you won't just reject me. I wouldn't be hurt by it, I swear.”

“I’m not rejecting you Camilla,” his voice was curt but somehow warm at the same time, “And I have not kept you indoors. because I am hiding you; I have kept you indoors because I wanted to give you time to heal and get used to the environment before you had to start meeting people.”

“My feet are healed now,” my voice was a whisper as I pulled up my feet to show him.

There were still little scratches there but the major bruising was gone and I could stand and move around it for a while without feeling pain and without it bleeding. That didn’t mean I stopped using the fluffy slippers though. Quite the contrary actually; they were very comfortable and they looked really good..

“If you’re ready; we could go out today.”

I was taken aback by his kindness and the soft manner in which he spoke to me. In all my life, no one has ever spoken to me that way: like I was worthy of their words, like I was their equal and it warmed something in me but at the same time put me on edge because I didn’t know how to react to it.

I didn’t know if he was doing it because he truly believed me worthy or because he simply wanted something from me. Whichever it was; I wasn’t ready for it. So instead of using my words, I just nodded.

He understood what I was trying to convey because he gave me a curt nod and walked out of the room. Shortly after, the maid returned to get me ready.

When the maid was done dressing me, she led me downstairs to where Ryker was waiting in the living room. He led me outside to where the carriage was waiting and he opened the door for me to get in.

I had forgotten what it felt like to be confined in such a small space with him. Our knees knocked against each other with each bump of the carriage. I could feel his domineering presence as it filled up the entire space. It was overwhelming and exhilarating at the same time.

Throughout the ride, I could feel the weight of his stares on me but I kept my eyes trained on the outside window and w

taken up every ounce and inch of my attention and I hated it.

The carriage moved slowly until we arrived at a huge building. If I were to assume, I would say it was the pack house judging by the sheer number of people who were walking in and out of the building.

A man opened the carriage door and Ryker helped me out. As my feet hit the floor, all eyes were on us. I tried my best to focus on the building and not on the people.

It was a four floor building with stone walls that were painted a mute cream color. All the windows were made of tinted glass. so I couldn't see inside but I could bet my soul that they could see me.

Ryker gestured for me to walk with him and I made sure to follow a few feet behind him. He noticed what I was doing because he slowed his steps and came to stand right next to me. I was confused and unsure by his actions and tried to fall back but he quickly anchored his hand at my lower back.

The movements made my spine straighten and my breath hitched in my throat. I saw an unfamiliar expression cross his face but before I could decipher it, he had schooled his expression back to cold and unfeeling.

People stared as we walked and the moment we moved past them, whispers followed. It reminded me of being back at the Two Moons pack and I was grateful for Ryker's hand that kept me from running out of the pack house and never looking

back.

When we approached the staircase I thought we were going upstairs but instead he led me down. By the time we reached the bottom, my mouth fell open. It was some sort of lounge for the guards.

Most of them were still in their uniforms but a few had changed into casual clothes. As soon as they sighted us, they stood to their feet and there was a chorus of Alpha' I knew most of them were unsure of how to address me because they all stared at me with curious expressions.

"Where is Lauren?" Ryker asked.

"She went to take a shower; she should be out in a few minutes Alpha." One of the guards replied, never taking his eyes off

“Tell her to meet me in my office.” He didn’t wait for a response from any of them; he led me back up the stairs. As soon as we left, I heard the whispers start.

If Ryker was bothered by it; he didn’t let it show. Instead, he kept a blank expression on his face and led me up the stairs to the fourth floor. There was one door at the far end of the corridor and that was where he led me too.

He took out a key from his pocket and opened it and my eyes widened as I took in the large room.

I have never seen a room this big in my life. There were two large bookshelves that lined the wall behind the huge wooden table and leather chair. A couch sat just to the right of the door we came in through and further to the right was a large balcony that overlooked the entire pack house. To the left was a huge filing cabinet and a door that I can’t help but wonder what exactly it leads to.

He shut the door behind us and let go of my body. Somehow I felt both relieved and disappointed and I hated myself for the latter feeling because the last thing I should be doing is getting attached to someone like Ryker Caine. He might just be as worse if not worse than Tyson.

“This is where I am most of the time,” he began, “I’ve been working from home for the past few days but from tomorrow I will be doing most of my work here.”

“Okay,” I didn’t know how to respond so I settled for a simple response.

“Before Lauren comes; there’s something you should know.” He cleared his throat before continuing, “Please sit.”

I settled for the couch but when I looked up. I hated the way he towered over me. It made me feel helpless and powerless and I felt like he had the upper hand. I felt like at any moment, he could hurt me and it made my heart race.

I took a deep breath before I spoke, “Can you please sit down?”

I waited for him to lash out or hit me for speaking out of turn but instead he gave me a curious expression and took the chair on the opposite end of his table but turned it to face me.

“Can I ask why you did not want me to stand?” he asked after sitting.

I wanted to stay quiet but I realized that he deserved some sort of explanation after doing what I asked without any hesitations.

“I don’t like it when people tower over me,” my voice was barely over a whisper, “I don’t know why or how to explain it but I don’t like it.”

“It won’t happen again.” From the fierceness and ferocity of his voice; I knew it was a promise and somehow I knew he would do everything possible to make sure he kept that promise.

“Thank you.”

He gave me a small nod, “As I was saying earlier; I need to tell you something before Lauren arrives.”

I braced myself to hear whatever he was about to say but just as he opened his mouth to speak; there was a knock on the door and it opened to reveal a beautiful blond haired girl.

She walked in with an air of confidence, “I heard you sent for me Ry-,” she trailed off when she saw me and her smile fell. “Well this is a surprise; hi, I’m Lauren.”

## Chapter 9

Lauren was beautiful by every standard known on earth. She was tall and slim with a toned body and the slimmest waist imaginable. Although she was slim, it was obvious that she worked out a lot because her muscles were defined and she moved with an air of grace and confidence that can only come from someone who can defend themselves.

Her long blond hair fell to her armpits and she had wide doe eyes. Her lips were thin and highlighted with pink lip gloss. She was wearing black leggings similar to mine but paired with a fitted top that stopped just below her belly button and showed a silver of skin.

“Is this a new recruit?” she asked and her voice was the softest silk.

“No,” Ryker cleared his throat before continuing. “Camilla this is my head general- Lauren.”

I was shocked when he said that. I have never known a woman to train and I have never known a woman to be head general. It is a coveted position and for it to be held by her- as innocent and small as she looks- then she must be as strong as hell and tough enough to keep all the men in line.

“Hi,” I couldn’t help the small whisper I used when I spoke- I was already terrified of her.

“Hey; don’t worry, I don’t bite,” she gave me a small smile then turned to Ryker, “So who is she?”

“This is Camilla; my mate.”

Lauren’s smile fell at those words and she turned to me with barely hidden venom in her eyes. I saw her clench her fist at her sides and rotate her neck slightly before turning back to Ryker with a calm look.

“I didn’t know you found your mate and we spoke a few days ago,” she stressed the word spoke and alarm bells rang in my head.

I looked between Ryker and Lauren and I knew. I should have known the moment she had the slip up and called him by his name instead of his title and the ease and familiarity with which she spoke to him. They are probably in a relationship and he brought me here to reject me in front of her.

“Lauren you will be in charge of guarding Camilla,” I was taken aback by Ryker’s words.

“With all due respect Alpha Ryker,” Lauren began, “I am pack general; not a baby sitter. I can recommend some guards who would be honored to watch over her.” She all but sneered the last part.

“You are the best Lauren and I will have no one but the best watching the future Luna; is that clear?”

She knew she couldn’t argue with him. He all but dismissed their relationship the moment he referred to me as the future. Luna and she couldn’t keep pushing or she would be punished. She must know what he does to traitors

and people who cross him because she pulled the fakest smile I have ever seen onto her lips.

“Yes Alpha; when do I start?”

“Tomorrow; you are to be at my house at 6: 30 a.m. and you are allowed to leave only when I arrive. Is that clear?”

“Crystal,” she gave him a short bow and with one last venomous look at me, she turned on her heels and left the room.

Ryker buried his face into his hands in what I assume was frustration and all I could do was stare at him quietly. He finally lifted his face and when he looked at me, he knew that I knew. I saw the acknowledgment flash through his eyes.

“She doesn’t have to watch me,” I said quietly, “I can’t imagine how uncomfortable it will be for her.”

“Don’t speak of things you do not understand.” His voice was cold, “It was not like that between us.”

“I’m sorry,” I pushed myself as far back as I could into the couch, “I apologize.”

Regret flashed across his features and he opened his mouth to speak- maybe to apologize- but I turned my head and stared

out the window. I was right earlier; I can see outside.

Through the corner of my eyes I saw him run his hand through his hair in frustration before standing and going to his desk to probably get some work done.

I sat in Ryker’s office quietly while he busied himself with work. A maid came in and dropped a tray of food in front of me that I pointedly refused to touch. I could see that it infuriated Ryker but he said nothing.

She returned after a while, presumably to take the plate back but when she saw the dish still empty, she froze in confusion. She leaned down to pick it up but Ryker stopped her and asked her to leave. As soon as she walked out of the door, he put his pen down and turned to me.

“Cut the fucking attitude,” I looked up at him in confusion, “Eat and stop throwing a tantrum.”

“I wasn’t throwing a tantrum; I’m just not hungry.”

“Even if I have to force feed you; I will do it. So pick up the spoon and eat.”

I hated the way my body instantly moved to do his bidding. It was embarrassing and demeaning but he had spoken in his Alpha tone and whether I was a pack member or not, I felt the urge to comply.

When I was done eating, I pushed the tray as far away from me as I could and curled up into a ball to face the balcony. I didn’t want to face Ryker at this time; not after realizing that he could literally order me to do anything and I would have to oblige. It made me feel how I felt when I was at Tyson’s pack and I hated it.

“Camilla,” Tyson began but I refused to turn, “I didn’t mean to-,”

“Is it okay if I walk around the pack?”

“You don’t have to ask me.”

“You’re the Alpha,” I whispered, “All my actions have to go through you.”

Out of the corner of my eye I saw him clench his jaw but he didn’t speak. He kept his hands fisted on the table and I saw him mutter a few words under his breath before he closed up his documents and stood to his feet. I watched as he walked past me and towards the door.

“Get up, let’s go.”

I watched him with equal parts confusion and anticipation, “Is that an order?”

“No, it’s not,” his voice dropped an octave and was softer than I ever thought it could be, “I just want to talk.”

Regardless of what he said, I knew it was an order. There was no way I would sit here and refuse to go with him and he would accept it. He probably said that only as a formality and I would hate to see what he would do to me if I were to refuse.

I forced my feet to stand and I slowly walked over to him. I kept my head down in an attempt to not anger him and walked out of the door. He led me downstairs to the carriage and just before I entered, I caught sight of Lauren giving me a dirty look.

I tried to ignore her because a part of me did understand her anger. If my theories are correct then they were together and he just ditched her like she wasn't worth anything because of me.

The carriage ride was slow and I kept my eyes cast in my lap for the entirety of it. I knew the action annoyed Ryker but somehow I still couldn't bring myself to look up at him although I could feel his gaze on me the entire time.

By the time the carriage pulled to a stop, I was out of there before Ryker could even get to his feet. I thanked the coach man and all but ran into the large house and made my way into the room.

A maid walked in after me holding a plate of food and I thanked her for it but was about to send her away when Ryker walked into the room. I was not expecting his presence so it forced me to stop mid sentence and stare at him.

Excuse us" he said to the maid and with a quick bow, she was out of the room before I could even speak.

She shut the door behind her and it was just the two of us. I could feel the annoyance rolling off him in waves and I didn't want to do anything to annoy him even more so I stood in place, occasionally shuffling my feet and keeping my eyes cast on

the floor

"Is there a reason I'm being ignored?" he asked finally,

"I'm not ignoring you," it was a lie and we both knew it.

Bullshit," he moved one step closer and I took one back effectively bumping into the nightstand, "Why can't you stand to be

next to me?"

"That's not true; I was next to you in the carriage." I was grasping at straws at this point; I would have said anything if it meant getting him out of my space.

"And I sat in your office."

"You couldn't even look at me both times," I knew he was telling the truth so I didn't bother denying it, "Look at me,

Camilla"

I forced my eyes up to his and it took everything in my power to not look away. The sheer intensity of his gaze had me cowering on my insides and to make it worse, I couldn't make out the emotions in his eyes so I didn't know whether he was five seconds away from killing me or just plain annoyed.

He stepped closer to me and I couldn't help but flinch. When I saw the guilt on his face, I instantly felt bad. He looked genuinely hurt by my reaction and I didn't know how to respond to that.

"The first time I thought it was a mistake," he began slowly, "But now; you flinched, I saw it."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize," he cut me off, "What happened to you? What made you into this shell of a person that you can't even look at me or be around me without flinching?"

"I'm sorry," I didn't know what exactly I was apologizing for, but I was apologizing for everything.

For not being the perfect mate that he probably wanted, for flinching whenever he got close, for making him feel guilty. I didn't know which it was but I knew I had to apologize for it all because it was my fault.

It was my fault that I was like this and it was my fault that he had to meet me. If I had just ran in the opposite direction then. he probably would have continued his life with Lauren but now he is burdened and saddled with me and I know that is a fate I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy.

"I am so sorry."

"No, Camilla," he stopped me, "I'm sorry. I went about this all wrong and I will fix it."

I didn't know what he meant by that but from the determined look on his face, I had a feeling that I was going to find out soon enough.

He moved closer to me but he seemed to realize what he was doing at the last moment because he took a few steps backwards. He gave me a soft smile, the first true smile I was seeing on his face and then he turned on his heels and left the

room.

I stared at the door longer than I should have. Part of it was in confusion and the other part- I'm not exactly sure. But I know that even while I ate, while I changed into comfortable pajamas so I could sleep, I was thinking about the weird exchange.

## Chapter 10

I realized I was getting too used to this lifestyle when I woke up the next morning and sat in bed waiting for someone to lay out clothes for me and bring me breakfast.

I sat for five minutes before I realized how ridiculous I looked and went out to do it myself. Tying my corset was almost impossible but I somehow managed it and even after so many days of wearing one- I still hated it.

As I went to pick out an outfit, I caught sight of my bag at the bottom of the wardrobe. It looked completely out of place there and I remember the day Ryker had it brought for me, he stared at it like it was infected. He suggested burning it but even though I wanted nothing more than to put Tyson behind me, a part of me didn't want to let it go.

I let my hand brush over the rough material softly before I pulled away and took out a simple grey outfit. I put it on and wore the pink fluffy slippers that Ryker had given me and made my way down to the kitchen to find something to eat.

When I got to the kitchen, I was shocked to see Lauren there. She was in a heated conversation with the maid who usually brings my things- I should really learn her name soon. The maid gasped when she saw me effectively bringing the conversation to an end.

"I am so sorry," she began, "I was talking to Lauren and I must have lost track of time. I will have your breakfast brought upstairs in less than a minute."

"It's alright," I assured her with a small smile, "I'm right here; I can always have it downstairs." I turned to Lauren, "Hi, I didn't know you were coming today."

"Well, it is my job to babysit you; of course I have to be here." She said through a forced smile, "What do you have planned for the day?"

“Nothing; I’m just going to explore the house.”

“You can’t,” I was shocked by her harsh tone, “Ryker does not like people going through his stuff and that includes his house; so if there is anywhere that you want to go that is allowed, I will take you.

I didn’t know how to respond to her and even if I did, I wouldn’t. I know people like her. It is like dealing with Lisa all over again and I know she’s just trying to mark her territory. I wish she knew that I didn’t want anything to do with Ryker. In fact, he is the one who refuses to reject me..

From the way she was standing, I knew she was expecting a response from me and I wasn’t going to engage in the conversation so I turned to the maid who was watching us both with wide eyes.

“Can I have breakfast now please?” as soon as the words left my mouth, she spurred into action and swiftly assembled a plate of eggs, bacon, ham and toast with a side of sliced fruits and orange juice.

She knows I won’t finish it, but I assume that Ryker instructed her to pile up my plate because no matter how many times I tell her that she gives me too much, she never reduces the quantity.

I took my tray from her and made my way to the dining table that I passed on my way. In all my days in the house, I have never seen it used so I figured it was just for decoration and sat at the head of the table.

I was eating when Lauren walked in. As soon as she saw me, she stormed over to my side and stared at me with folded hands.

I didn’t know why she was standing in front of me so I ignored her and kept on eating.

She must have gotten annoyed because she finally spoke, “You’re in the wrong seat.

I finally looked up at her. There was no one here when I got here.”

“That is where Ryker is supposed to sit. You shouldn’t be sitting there. It is reserved for him or his mate.”

“But I am his mate,” my voice came out quieter than I expected.

was being honest, I was terrified of her in that moment.

“He doesn’t love you, and he will never make you Luna,” she spat, “Why do you think he picked me of all people to watch you?”

“He said it was because you were the best.”

“Don’t tell me that you are really that naive,” she scoffed, “He wanted to make sure that I let you know your true place. I am the one he wants to be with. Why else didn’t he wait for you? He was satisfied with having me on every surface of this house.”

“The clothes you’re wearing, even the room you’re staying in, they are all mine. You are just an inconvenience to him and he doesn’t know how to handle it.”

“Please stop,” I hated the way her words seemed to pierce through my skin and it took all my willpower not to cry, “I don’t want to do this.”

“We’re not doing anything sweetie; I just want to make sure that you understand.”

“I understand; please stop.”

The last thing I wanted was another case of Tyson and Lisa but I knew that was exactly what I had just walked into. The victorious smirk on her face was a reminder of everything I already knew- there was no way that Ryker would want me of all people. He was just keeping me because he had to.

I looked down at my plate but I had lost all my appetite. I pushed it away from me and rose from the seat. I left it on the table knowing that the maid would pick it up and I started to make my way back upstairs when Lauren stopped me.

“What the hell are you wearing?” I turned to see a furious expression on her face, “I asked you a question.”

“Clothes,” my response was more of a question if I was being honest.

“Not on your body, on your feet,” she walked over to me, “Where the hell did you get those? I spent weeks scouring for those and I had them brought in by a special service.”

“Ryker gave them to me. I was hurt and he got them to help me feel better.”

“Take them off now,” I was stunned and a part of me wanted to refuse. She must have seen it because she stepped into my space and reduced her voice to a menacing whisper, “I won’t ask again.”

Against my better judgment, I took them off and handed it to her. As soon as she had it in her hands, she clutched it to her chest with a small smile.

“You better learn your place you little-,” she trailed off and in an instant her entire demeanor changed.

She conjured up the sweetest smile I had ever seen and looked down at me as if I was this precious gem worth protecting, “I hope you’re okay.”

I was about to ask what she was going on about when I heard footsteps. I turned towards the door only to see Ryker walk into the living room. She must have heard him approaching with her werewolf senses. This is one of the few times I wish I had a wolf so I could have known too.

“I see you’ve officially met Lauren,” he said, “I wanted to be here to do the proper introductions but I got called out to a pack meeting.”

“It is fine,” Lauren waved him off, “We already did that; she was actually just going back to her room.”

I took that for what it was- a dismissal. I made my way towards the stairs and had taken one step when Ryker called out my name. I froze on instant as he made his way towards me.

“Where are your shoes?” he asked.

On instinct, I turned to Lauren and she discreetly shot me a death glare. Ryker already noticed the direction of my stare so

he turned to face her as well.

“Where are her shoes?”

I expected her to panic a little but she was the epitome of calm as she brought it out from where she was hiding it behind her back. I was shocked at how easily she was going to admit to what she did when she was just trying to hide it.

"I complimented the slippers and she was saying she didn't like it and asked if I wanted them. Of course I said and she took them off and gave them to me," the lie flowed effortlessly from her mouth that I couldn't help but stare at her in awe.

"Is that true, Camilla?" I wanted to tell him no but the look Lauren shot me promised evil things if I didn't agree so I nodded, "You should have told me, I thought you loved them; I would have gotten something else.

"It is fine," I lied, "I just want to go upstairs now."

"I'll have new slippers delivered for you before the end of today." I couldn't respond because what would have escaped my lips would have been a sob so I settled for a nod, "I'm glad you guys are getting along: I have to go back now."

I nodded again while Lauren gave him an enthusiastic goodbye.

After he left, she turned back to me with those hate filled eyes, "I'm glad you at least have some sort of self preservation," her lips turned into a cruel smile, "Thanks for the slippers."

I watched her walk away as a lone tear escaped my eyes. Those slippers were the first things I truly owned that were my own. They were not bad or faulty and I did not have to steal them or work really hard for them- they were given to me.

It was the first actual gift that I got and I loved it. I should have known that it wouldn't last. The things I love tend to be taken from me. As she walked out of the room, I felt a piece of myself leave with her.