

Chapter 6

I shriek in fear, my eyes widening when I see him. He's here, King is in my house, and I'm still in Mooncrest. Fuck. Double fuckity fuck!

"Hello, Mate." He smirks.

"Ma'am," Lisa clears her throat. "Alpha Kingston is here." She says.

Like damn right he is. My chest is still heaving from being startled. "I can see that," I sigh. Lisa gives me an awkward smile before she leaves the room. I'm left with a glowering Kingston. "What are you doing here?"

"A little bird told me you're leaving and I thought I should swing by and say goodbye," he deapans. "We are mates after all."

Mates? I scoff, "You rejected me."

King shrugs, "Changed my mind."

"Changed your mind?" I frown, "What the hell is that supposed to mean? You almost broke my wrist last night and—"

"Stop playing the victim," he sneers. "That character is old don't you agree? And besides, I'm not falling for it, I know who you are."

"Who I am is someone leaving," I feign a smile. "You will never hear from me again, so goodbye, is that satisfactory? Or would you like for me to kiss your ring as I leave your lordship?"

He doesn't speak, he glares again. I try to leave but his hand wraps around my wrist, and he hauls me back. "You are not going anywhere, Mate. You're staying right here, and we are getting married."

"Have you lost your mind?" I snap, trying to wiggle free from his grip. "



Why would I marry you? You changed your mind, and you have a girlfriend. Marry her instead.”

“I would want nothing more than to marry her, it's easy.” He grumbles under his breath, “But if I'm to become Alpha in this lifetime, then I have to marry you. My father is set on the idea for some reason, and it's a small sacrifice to make for the good of the pack.”

Sacrifice.

Marry you. He says it like it's some slur, like he is doing me a favour by taking back his rejection. “I don't owe you or this pack anything, King. And you're not going to stop me from leaving. You have no claim on me.”

“Do I not?” his head tilts.

“No,” I snap. “You don't even want me, you want to turn me into a pawn for your amusement, but tough luck asshole, it's not happening. I won't play this game.”

“There's no game here, Mate.” He says, still not letting go of my hand. I would have disappeared quietly, but it's good that he's here, I can crush his ego and break this cursed bond. “I Aeliana Hartley of Mooncrest pack reject you, Alpha Kingston Vale as my mate. I reject all bonds and sever all ties. Accept my rejection.”

King pauses, twists my hand, and snickers. “No.” He says, pulling me into him. “I Alpha Kingston Vale reject your rejection.”

My jaw drops.

Can he do that? That's unheard of, it's crazy, he is crazy. “You are mine now, Aeliana. The fates have decided, and you're not going anywhere.”

“You can't stop me,” I kiss my teeth, once again trying to walk past him,




but he grabs me by the throat and slams me against the wall.

I hardly have time to recollect before he leans into me, sniffing my neck. "And we're scent matched too." He says, his tone laced with venom. "How fun?"

Fun? No, He hates it. I hate it too but what he does next makes me lose all feeling in my legs.

I feel his tongue over my skin, and I freeze. "King, please don't."

"Don't what, Aeliana? Claim what fate has forcefully given me?"

"You're hurting me," I choke out. "Please don't—" the rest of the words die on my tongue. His fangs stick into my neck, and I let out a soundless cry. He doesn't take his time, he bites so hard that it bleeds, I grab his wrist to stop him but he holds on tight. This doesn't feel anything like a mate's mark, it feels like punishment, ownership. His tongue swirls around for a bit, almost kissing the wound and then he stops. 

My chest tightens. I'm marked. Marked by the man who abandoned me.

He releases my throat and I fall to the floor, my heart hammering in my chest. "Hmm," he says, his voice vibrates through me like never before. Still shaken, I look up at him and he smiles widely. "Try to leave again, and I'll show you exactly what happens to those who get in my way."

"You can't do this," I sob, touching my neck.

"It seems pretty done to me."

I can't help the tears that come falling. I can still feel his teeth in my neck, the way his tongue traced the wound until it stopped bleeding. He took away my choice of being marked. "I hate you."



“You think I want this?” He snickers. “Being mated to you is my worst nightmare come alive, but if you dare run from me? Make sure you can hide well because I will hunt you down, Mate.”