

THIRTEEN

"First, you tried poisoning me and now, you deal me another betrayal?" The Alpha Prince rummaged through a dresser with his broad back to me.

While my wolf howled in happiness at our proximity, the man in me shivered in terror, knowing that this was bad – terrible for me. 1

I had stopped denying we were mates. I couldn't deny it for much longer, not with the way my wolf kept yapping at his proximity and the fact that I still had my head on my shoulders. I knew without a doubt that if we weren't mated, Prince Valens would have severed my head from my shoulders the minute he knew I'd tried to poison him.

"To have your lips on another?" His words sounded cool. Too cool. Dangerously cool. It made me fear he turned his back to get out a weapon to destroy me or something equally as cruel but when he turned, he hadn't gotten out anything.

"You wound me." His words sounded sincere. Sincere and angry. Seriously angry.

"I'm sorry, Alpha." I bowed my head to show the depth of my repentance even if I had nothing to repent for. I didn't kiss Lucien. I didn't want to kiss him. He'd put his lips on mine and the Beta burst in and without waiting for me to put in a

word, he dragged me to the alpha to report my 'transgressions' as he called them. 1

"It isn't your fault," he said. A bit of the tension in my shoulder drained but a knot formed in my stomach when I saw the tight look on his face that spelt doom and disaster.

"It isn't?" I asked while I tried to swallow down the lump in my throat, the knot in my stomach tightening.

"It's mine." The tension returned to my shoulder tenfold. It felt as if a heavy weight was placed on me which made me sag into the chair. In reality, I was sinking into the chair to hide from his wrath.

"I – I –" I didn't know what to say but after I stuttered once then twice, he filled the tense silence.

"I shouldn't have let you go." The words would sound romantic if not for the way his grey eyes which indeed looked soulless then glared at me. As he said that, the door opened and two men came in, one coming in with my single bag of clothes I kept in the basement.

"Alpha. Luna." The two men bared their necks to the side as a sign of respect to their leaders before they presented my bag to the prince like a specimen in an investigative process.

"What is this?" Prince Valens cringed away from my bag. It made my heart ache.

Looking at it from an objective angle, I noticed it wasn't spectacular. In fact, it was dirty. The original cream colour

of the bag had turned a dirty brown. Not because I didn't wash it often, but because it sat on the dirty floor of the basement room so if I washed it today and placed it back on the floor, it changed colours in two days at most. 1

"It's my bag," I answered, my head bowed in shame.

"I asked you to move all her things here. Where are the rest?" He asked his men. They shuffled on their feet, sensing the rising anger in his voice. His crisp voice heated and it made my wolf pant to go to his side and comfort him but I knew he wouldn't want anything like that. He would push me away before I got too close so there was no point in trying.

"It is the only – we tracked her scent and –" The men didn't know how to tell him that this were the only things I owned besides from the clothes on my back.

"This is everything I own." Shame coloured my words and my face. I looked at my feet as the whole place went silent after my confession.

I hadn't done anything wrong but I felt ashamed that he already saw me then. Why would a prince want a girl who has nothing to her name? He'd conquered packs, inherited his father's throne and led many men to war. He had close to fifty packs under his rule while I had a dirty bag that contained all my belongings.

"Leave." Tears blurred my eyes at his cold words. I struggled out of the plush chair I'd sunk into to hide from his wrath. The door clicked softly which made me raise my head. The

other men exited the suite and it made me realize he meant them and not me. It may be he meant all of us. I couldn't take any chances so I stood too and made my way to the door but his crisp voice made me pause.

"Sit down, Aysel." I fell back into my seat without waiting for him to say anything else. "Why is this the only bag you own?" The anger in his words made me shake in my seat like a leaf. I tried to calm myself down but I couldn't. I couldn't stop fearing the man that stood at close to six foot five with thick muscles and power stamped into every inch of his skin.

"It – it fits everything I own," I muttered. How could I tell him that the Redville pack hated me and the only things I had were the things Celeste had gotten me; things that I salvaged from the many times Skylar came to my room to empty it of everything I managed to salvage?

"Why?" That simple question had me peeping up at him because his voice went uncharacteristically quiet and even more dangerous. "Where are your clothes? Your jewellery? Your electronics?" The more things he mentioned that I didn't have, the angrier his words seemed to get.

"I – I have a phone." I brought out Celeste's old phone which she gave to me after she got a new one for her birthday. He took one look at it and I knew I should have kept it hidden in my back pocket.

"What is this?" He hissed.

It wasn't a great phone as Celeste used it for two years

before she got another and she didn't leave it in the best condition, but it wasn't bad. I'd put a fancy cover on it but I couldn't afford to change the cracked screen yet. 1

Before I could reply to him, he grabbed the phone out of my hands and smashed it on the floor with the force of an angry bull. Glass from the broken screen pierced my feet as he smashed it close to me. I held my breath to stop a wince of pain. 1

He squatted down before me to look at my leg. I tried to pull it away from him but his grip felt stronger than steel as he held me close, pulling the tiny, almost invisible shard from my toe.

"We keep hurting each other." He let my leg drop after he pulled the glass. 1

"Are you – are you really not going to reject me?" I felt I had to ask. I had to be sure. I had to know that this man – this great man who had a legend surrounding him, this man whose word was law and who was the most important being of my kind – I wanted to know if this man was serious about keeping me as a mate when I had nothing.

I wasn't even pretty; I looked plain with my dark brown hair and dull brown eyes. I wasn't pretty. I wasn't rich or titled so why would he choose to settle with me when he could have a parade of beautiful alpha females before him at the snap of his fingers?

"If you mention the word 'reject' around me again, you're

going to be punished." He vowed. I nodded in understanding even if I understood nothing. "You're going to be staying with me in this room until we find a house suitable to make our home." I nodded again, deferring to him on instinct.

"Yes, Alpha."

"I require a lot from you as my mate." I nodded again. "One of them will be not to agree with me upon everything I say." I nodded again but when I understood what he meant, my head snapped up.

Weak.

He already hated my weakness. I expected disgust to paint his face but he still wore his stony mask to hide his thoughts.

"I know no boundaries. Stops do not apply to me. I take and I take until there is nothing left to take. If you do not make me stop, I will bulldoze through you. Do you understand what I mean, Sagira?" 

He would ruin me if I let him. He wanted me to learn to stand up to him but I couldn't even stand up to Skylar! I nodded anyway..

"You have a long way to go but you must get there. And fast. I have to sink into you, Sagira, and if I do that now, I would tear you apart; destroy you before I get the chance to cherish you. You will get stronger: I demand it."