

CH 11 - Alek

ALEK POV

I had been following her on purpose, watching her as she practically ran out of the school like she was chasing something. I knew exactly where she was headed: to nd that f*****g prick, and I was done letting him get away with it, whatever it was. I'd seen him eyeing her for ages, then he had the audacity of asking her to go to the prom, together, and I couldn't let that happen anymore. No way in hell.

My gaze drifted down to her as she walked ahead of me, oblivious to my presence. Damn, those jeans—God, she was killing me. Her curves, especially her ass... It practically talked to me. My c**k stiffened instantly, like it always did when I was near her. I couldn't help it. She looked so good, and I wanted her.

Wanted her badly.

I could almost hear her curves saying "bite me, spank me". And that's exactly what I wanted to do. My c**k painfully hard, as it always did when I was near her, thinking about her.

I followed her to the football stadium, ready to throw down if it meant keeping her away from him. I didn't care. I'd steamroll him, crush his little world just enough to make sure she'd never go anywhere near him again. He wasn't going to get the prom, and hell, he wasn't going to get "anything". She was mine, whether she realized it or not.

But then, something happened. I didn't expect it, but boy was I happy about it!

The prick wasn't walking toward her, wasn't getting close. No, he was standing across the eld, sucking the face off some redhead!

My lips curled into a grin. "Perfect". It was almost too perfect. I couldn't help but chuckle to myself. This was it. This was the moment where I'd won. He would never go to prom with her now. Hell, she wouldn't even want to go with him after this. That was my silent victory. She would be safe. She would be right where she belonged—alone, in her room, surrounded by her books. Her safe place.

I let out a sigh of relief. Everything was under control. No more drama. Just...peace.

A quiet smile curled on my lips, but then, something shifted. My wolf stirred inside me. The relief I had just felt melted into something sharp, something hard in my chest. I looked back at Amber, and I saw it. The way her body was slumped, her shoulders pulled in like she was smaller than she was. Her nose was red, her face pale, and her eyes—her beautiful, blue eyes—were lled with tears.

Fuck. I hated seeing her like this. I hated the way her tears stung my chest. I hated that someone else—some f*****g asshole—was pulling raw emotions from her. "I" hated that feeling, every time.

Without thinking, I stalked over to her, my steps heavy, purposeful. Before she could even react, I pulled her into my arms. My heart pounded as I dragged her away from the eld, away from the asshole who had made her cry. I needed her away from that. I needed her "safe". Away from prying eyes, away from anyone who wasn't me.

I searched her eyes as I held her close, trying to make sense of the feelings tearing through me. My wolf was pacing, restless, furious. I focused on her face, trying to see what she was feeling, but the emotions were a mess. She didn't know what she wanted.

"Amber," I said her name softly, my grip tightening a little as I looked at her, hoping for an answer I knew wouldn't come. What do you feel for him? I wanted to ask. What the hell do you feel for that prick?

My breath became erratic as my thoughts took over. The jealousy, the possessiveness—hell, I didn't even recognize myself anymore. Was this how I felt every time I saw her with him? With anyone? Every single time? Yes.

I felt it in my bones, the burning in my chest, the ache that spread through me.

I hated it. I hated seeing her with him.

But I couldn't stop myself from wanting to know... Did you feel it too? Did she feel that burning in her chest when he looked at her?

No, I couldn't think like this. It was too dangerous.

Too f*****g dangerous.

My sts clenched, and I turned my head, forcing myself to calm down. I locked eyes with her again, my wolf still urging me to do something, to make sure no one else touched her.

"Why do you care?" she whispered, and I looked down at her face, her tear-streaked cheeks. A single tear rolled down her face, and without thinking, my thumb wiped it away. My breath caught in my throat, my heart thundering in my chest as I touched her skin.

I didn't know why I cared so much. But I did. I always had. And now, with this ache in my chest, it was hard to breathe.

"God, I want to make her smile. I want to erase all of this pain from her."

I licked my thumb, the taste of her tear lingering on my tongue, and her eyes narrowed at me. Her voice was sharp as she shot back, "So now you've developed a fetish for my embarrassment? For my pain? Does it turn you on to see me hurt, to see me suffer because of someone else?"

She wasn't yelling, but the venom in her words hit me harder than anything. The way she looked at me—ery, challenging, hurt—it burned through my chest. I felt the sharp pang of guilt and frustration, but it only made my c**k harden more. God, I hated myself for feeling this way, but I couldn't stop it. And I knew, deep down, that she was angry at me for wanting to protect her.

"I love your tears," I muttered, my voice rough. "But I love them when they're for me. Only for me."

Before I could say anything more, she pulled away, wiping her face with her sleeve, looking at me with a mixture of anger and confusion.

I didn't want to stay here. I couldn't. If I stayed, I'd make things worse. So I stormed off before I could say something even worse. I didn't want to make more of a fool of myself, but damn it, that look in her eyes—it felt like a punch to the gut. I couldn't leave it like this. I couldn't keep pushing her away, but I also couldn't keep letting my emotions control me. I needed to get away, clear my head, do something to distract myself before I completely lost my s**t.

I walked into the locker room, already late for hockey practice, not bothering to explain myself to anyone. I swiped into my gear, my mind still reeling from the encounter, and joined the guys who were already running drills on the ice.

Coach was waiting for me, and of course, he wasn't happy. "You're late again, Alek ," he barked, eyes narrowed. "What the hell is your problem today?"

I didn't even acknowledge him, just pulled on my gloves and grabbed my stick, preparing to jump into the drills. The team was already in full swing, but I wasn't focused. I wasn't even thinking about hockey. My mind was on her, Amber, and how much I hated the way she looked at me. How much I hated the way that prick had made her cry.

I felt a sudden shift, a ripple through the pack link, and I couldn't help but connect with my brothers.

"Where's Wyatt?" I shot through the mind link, my ngers curling tighter around my stick.

"Did you already have fun with him without me?"

I could almost hear Aaron's grin. "Oh no, brother. He didn't show up."

My eyes narrowed, and I sent a quick glance toward Alan. "Wouldn't you know anything about it?"

"No! Of course not! I was looking forward to kicking his ass here!"

I could feel the frustration building in all of us. We didn't need to waste time on this guy. We were already on the hunt.

"Guess we should hunt them down," I added, a sharp edge to my voice.

"Them?" Alan and Aaron asked in unison.

I didn't hesitate. "Christian made Amber cry."

There was no need for more. None of us needed to hear anything else. The anger in my chest ared again, hot and raw. Christian was already on our s**t list. But now that Amber had seen his true colors, we could do what we'd always wanted. We could beat the living s**t out of him, no questions asked.

And if Amber hated us more for it? Well, that was a problem for later. Right now, all I could think about was making sure he never hurt her again.