

CHAPTER TWO

AMBER POV

I was curled up in my room, the edges of the worn paperback soft against my fingertips. I was waiting for Vic, I nally promised her we would go shopping together for the prom, well actually she gave me no choice.

She was late, as usual. And what was the best way to spend time? Reading a book. It wasn't just any book—it was a romance about a villain-turned-reluctant-hero who became the ultimate protector for the woman he loved. He was ruthless, dangerous, and entirely unhinged when it came to her. It was the kind of escapism I craved, a break from the chaos of pack life and the constant feeling of inadequacy.

The scene I was reading? Spicy. So spicy that my cheeks were burning, on re actually...

The male lead had just pinned the heroine against a wall—funny how these tropes followed me even in ction—and his lips were trailing down her neck. His hands explored her body, their connection so vividly described I could practically feel the intensity radiating off the pages. He was rough and tender all at once, his words a blend of dominance and devotion.

My breath hitched as I read the next line.

"You're mine," he growled against her skin, his voice like dark velvet. "Every inch of you, mine to claim, mine to devour."

Oh goddess. This book was going to be the death of me.

I closed the book for a moment, clutching it to my chest. Why did these ctional men always seem to know exactly what to say? And why was I getting ustered? By a book. Again.

It wasn't even the rst time. These little escapes into steamy romance novels were my dirty secret, a guilty pleasure no one could ever nd about. I couldn't let my brothers, Victoria, or—heaven forbid—the Savage Triplets know. I'd never hear the end of it.

Just as I tried to refocus on the story, my bedroom door burst open with all the subtlety of a hurricane.

"Alan!" I gasped, nearly dropping my book.

He strolled in like he owned the place, his green eyes scanning the room. His gaze landed on me, then the book in my lap, and his lips quirked into a smirk.

"Amber!"

I gasped, sitting bolt upright. The book tumbled out of my hands and onto the bed as Alan strolled in like he owned the place.

"What the—Alan!" I snapped. "Get out!"

He ignored me, sning the air like a predator catching the scent of prey. His dark blonde hair was slightly disheveled, as if he'd just rolled out of bed, but the sharp glint in his deep green eyes made my heart race. And not in a good way.

"Are you alone, nerd?" he drawled, his lips curling into a smug smirk. "Or is there some lucky guy hiding in your closet?"

I rolled my eyes, snapping the book shut and holding it tightly against my chest. "I'm alone, can't you see? Now get out!"

He ignored my demand, taking a step closer. "And what were you doing all alone in here? Because,"—another exaggerated sniff—"I smell naughty things."

Just. Freaking. Awesome.

"Oh, please!" I snapped, doing my best to keep my voice steady. "You're hallucinating. I was working on a literature assignment."

He arched an eyebrow, his smirk widening. "Literature assignment? Is that what you're calling it these days?"

My heart pounded as he leaned closer, his green eyes gleaming with that devilish mischief that always set me on edge. I knew he could hear my heart racing—I could practically feel the smug satisfaction radiating off him.

"Give me that," he said, snatching the book from my hands before I could stop him.

"Alan, no!" I lunged for it, but he danced out of reach, ipping the book open with one hand.

"Oh, what's this? 'His hands slid down her body, tracing every curve as he worshipped her with his lips.'" He read aloud in an exaggerated, mocking tone, laughter bubbling from his throat.

My face burned hotter than ever. "Give it back, you jerk!"

"She gasped his name as he moved lower, his touch igniting her in ways she'd never imagined possible.'" He burst out laughing, clutching his stomach. "Oh, this is gold. Absolutely pathetic."

I wanted to die. Right there. Just let the earth open up and swallow me whole.

"Alan, I swear to the goddess, if you don't—"

Before I could nish my threat, the voices of my younger brothers, Robert and Rett, echoed down the hallway.

"Alan! Move your ass, it's your turn on the PlayStation!"

Alan glanced toward the door, then back at me. "Be there in a sec!" he shouted, his voice laced with irritation.

He turned back to me, his smirk now replaced by something darker. Something predatory. He stepped closer, his presence overwhelming in the small room. His scent—pine and musk—led my nostrils as he leaned down, his lips dangerously close to my ear.

"If you want to know what it's really like to have a man between your legs," he whispered, his voice dripping with wicked intent, "come nd me. Last oor of the pack house. Second door on the right."

A shiver ran down my spine, a mix of anger and discomfort twisting in my gut.

"Not a chance," I hissed, forcing as much venom into my voice as I could muster. "I'm not one of your booty calls, Alan."

His eyes darkened, a icker of something primal ashing in their green depths. Before I could react, his hand shot out, grabbing me by the throat. In an instant, I was slammed against the wall, his speed a blur.

I gasped, my hands ying up to claw at his wrist, but his grip was rm—not enough to choke me, but enough to remind me of his strength.

His green eyes glowed with a yellow halo, his wolf pushing to the surface. His voice dropped, deep and gravelly, as if another entity was speaking through him.

"Being a delta's daughter won't save you forever, Amber," he growled. "Sooner or later, you'll be beneath me, worshipping me, begging for mercy as I f**k you until you can't even remember your name."

My breath hitched, fear and fury battling for control.

And then he was gone.

I crumpled to the oor, clutching my throat as I stared at the empty doorway. My heart raced, my mind spinning as I tried to process what had just happened.

What. The. Hell.

Alan had been a bully since the beginning of high school, but this? This was something else entirely. Something darker.

For a moment, I sat there in stunned silence, the room spinning around me. Then, slowly, I picked myself up and locked the door, my hands trembling.

I didn't know what Alan's problem was, but one thing was clear: he was dangerous.

And I had no idea what I was going to do about it.

"Ambyyyy move your ass downstairs" Vic shouted, as if i was the one getting late.

"Coming!"

I practically ran across the stairs to get the hell out of there, I just hoped to spend some hours without crossing the triplets' path.