

Her CEO Stalker and Her Second Chance Mate

Chapter 4

Creedon

How? She'd slipped past every defense of my household and my city. She was supposed to be mine, and she not only rejected me in front of everyone, but she managed to escape me. I'd show her who I really was, she'd regret the day she rejected me. I hadn't realized what she was to me before, but I knew now. At that moment, when her words rang out in the room amongst my business partners, I was sure she had no clue what she was doing; what she had done to me. What she had unwittingly done to herself. Since then, all I could feel was rage, and the constant pain of the rejection she had cast upon me. How hadn't I put it all together before? The need to be near her, the obsession I had with the smart woman who rose from the ashes of her upbringing. I had learned a lot about Addy in the days she lay comatose in my bed. I tried to force her body to recognize and accept mine. All of my pursuits had failed, I needed her mind to change, not her body. The moment I cornered her in the elevator, I realized this woman who appeared human, had to be much more; she was so much more. Addy belonged to me, even if I could never place her in full public view again, I'd own her one way or another.

She was my goddess-given possession, the only thing that could quell the rage, and harness the feral animal I now struggled to keep at bay. Without her, I'd lose my everloving mind, so I dug into the human mate I had been shackled to. She'd arisen from nothing. Her mother died not long before she completed school, before coming here, and yet I wouldn't have ever known. She never said a thing, or maybe I wasn't listening, but that's no excuse. This was her fault and I'd crash and burn the world down on top of her just to get her back.

She had been gone twelve hours and I already had a team digging into all possibilities of her whereabouts. How had someone of such vital importance to me escaped my claws? The pain throbbed deep in my chest. Her scent on my pillows was a reminder of exactly what I had lost.

The guard cowered in the corner. The man charged to watch the door. He wouldn't get my mercy. He had cost me far too much. My fangs descended, my claws itching at my fingertips. His moments were numbered. Just as Addy's freedom was. When the beast took over and all was said and done, he'd be dead, and Adelaide would be mine in the end.

The phone rang and I snatched it up off the table. "What do you have, Hugo?"

"We've found her apartment, but she's not here. Looks like she's dug through her dresser and the bathroom, but there is no rhyme or reason to it," Hugo informed me.

“Look in every crevice, there must be something that alludes to her next move. Find her and you will be rewarded”

“To what end boss? She's just another office bitch to play with. There's plenty more complacent ones to be had,” he questioned. My fangs grew longer.

“Now, not only does your life depend on you finding her, but so does your wife's,” I snarled while hanging up the phone. Hugo was my best man, but I wanted results, not excuses or being questioned. Nobody questioned me!

“We need to leave a calling card, she likes flowers,” I offered. He grunted on the other end. My mate needed a present to let her know her place.