

3 - Entangled With The Savage Alpha - Berrybloom

3

Dawn

As soon as I was inside the forest, I shifted to my wolf form. I couldn't recognize myself or my wolf. I wanted to howl out, but the fear of being hunted had me running.

Then hunger came. I tried to ignore it until I began to feel dizzy. And so for the first time in my existence, I hunted by myself and ate to my fill.

I wanted to be as far away from them as possible. I wanted blood. I wanted to spill all their blood. I could feel my humanity slipping away and I loved it.

I ran, a blur through the night, feeling the wilderness beckoning. The moon watched silently as I tore through the forest, my senses heightened, and my instincts untamed.

I ran until I was bored of it. I transversed the forests but found myself unable to cross into another territory because I was still bonded to the pack.

I was losing my mind. I knew it. I loved it. I wanted to go fully rogue. I'd always been weak but this gave me power. I ran until I felt a change in the air and a delicious scent. I'd crossed into another pack territory but this was a neutral ground.

Loud music ricocheted from within it. It was a small clearing within the forest that housed a bar. There seemed to be a party going on within it.

Without even meaning to, I returned to my human form. I considered strutting in naked and killing anyone I found, but the idea of killing innocent people didn't sit right with me. I only wanted to wipe out my family.

I sighed. I hated that my humanity still lingered. After a while, I found some clothes and headed to the bar. I was on a mission to find the delicious scent that led me there.

The bar was dim, except for the flashing lights. People screamed at the top of their lungs and danced their sorrows away.

It was a world I'd never entered before, and the pulse of music guided me inside. The thump of the bass echoed the wild rhythm within me.

The atmosphere was electrifying. It was filled with laughter and clinking glasses. I allowed myself to be swept into the music, losing myself in the chaotic dance that

mirrored the storm within. Bodies moved in a rhythmic frenzy, a sea of faces obscured by the haze of excitement.

Once in a while anger surged within me, a searing fire that threatened to consume my sanity but the music eased it away.

I thought about everything and nothing. I thought about how I didn't get to enjoy my life. I was a slave. I missed out on everything.

But it was too late now. I had embraced the intoxicating power and fearlessness that accompanied the descent into rogue territory. The thump of the music reverberated through my bones as I moved my hips. I allowed myself to succumb to the rhythm, dancing till I became one with the music.

Drawn by the irresistible aroma, I followed it through the pulsating crowd until I stumbled upon the source.

Amidst the vibrant chaos, my eyes locked onto the owner of the delicious scent that drew me here. He sat in a corner, his huge, viking features illuminated by the dim lights. His green eyes were fixated on me.

Without questioning the boldness that seized me, I approached and took a seat at his table. His first words, a single word, cut through the noise. "Rogue."

Laughter bubbled up from within me, an uncontrollable release. It was a wild and untamed sound.

Before I could respond, he stood, took my hand, and guided me to a quieter corner of the bar.

Giggling, I asked him, "Where are you taking me?" His gaze held mine, and I could feel the magnetic pull of attraction.

He was a beautiful male and more importantly, I could feel the power oozing out of him. I couldn't detect what type of wolf he was because my rogueness was clouding my senses. I didn't care anyway.

"You're a ticking time bomb. I ought to kill you." He responded gruffly. I could hear the seriousness in his voice, I knew he meant everything he said, but I couldn't care less.

Laughter spilled from my lips again. "Before you do that, grant me one wish," I retorted.

"Why should I?" He grunted.

"It's the last thing I deserve," I confessed. My anger began brewing again. "I deserve one last thing, don't I. After being treated like crap all my life."

He rolled his eyes. "Every rogue thinks they've lived crappy lives. It's your craziness talking."

I laughed bitterly. "Yes. How does being used as a slave in your father's house sound? How does being betrayed by your family and worked to death sound? Do you want to know why I'm like this? Today my mate betrayed me and slept with my sister and my whole family watched and applauded him. They hit me for feeling bad. He then rejected me without remorse. Like if it wasn't enough they blamed me for being too weak to pay off their debts and finally, they sold me off to an old dirty bastard to make babies for him!"

He raised an eyebrow, intrigued, and asked, "What's your last wish?"

With a daring glint in my eyes, I said, "Kiss me."

His reaction was a mixture of surprise and amusement. "Why?" he inquired.

"It's the last taste of humanity I want before you take it away," I confessed, vulnerability surfacing in my voice.

Within a second, he pushed me against the wall. "I'm angry on your behalf." He growled into my ears.

I loved the feeling of him against me. This was heaven. It was better than anything I'd felt in my entire life.

He leaned in, and our lips met in a collision of heat and desperation. The kiss was a chaotic blend of passion and turmoil, a fleeting connection in the unraveling chaos within me.

I smiled. I love that I denied Alex my first kiss. This man was going to kill me and he deserved my first everything.

He growled as we broke apart, I could see the conflict in his eyes. His wolf seemed to be trying to break through the surface. "Out of all things, why would you ask for that?" he inquired.

"Because even rogues deserve a taste of something beautiful," I replied, a wistful smile playing on my lips.

He let out another growl that shook me to my core. Then pulled me along.

"Fuck it, you're intoxicating." He said.

We were barely inside the room before our lips met again.

His hands roamed my body as he pulled me into the dark room. His fingers splayed over my waist as he ripped off the shirt I was wearing.

“Those don't belong to you.” He growled onto my lips, they don't have your scent on them.

“Does it make you mad?” I tease and sucked his bottom lip.

He made a guttural sound and tugged down my pants next. The ripping sounds told me that there was no way those clothes would be usable after now.

I didn't care though. My body was too busy buzzing with awareness to think about the consequences. After all, I'd be dead after what was happening was over.

I could feel that dark part of me become bolder. The thrills running up and down my spine were only ramping up my insanity. My wolf was becoming unrecognizable and I was losing a grip on reality.

I held him closer and fumbled with his clothes, wanting to feel him, the way he was feeling me. I suddenly felt overwhelmed. My vision became blurry, my breaths rapid and regular.

“Hey.” He said softly, his voice seemed far away. It's like I was being pulled under.

“Look here.” He commanded, his eyes piercing blue eyes seemingly flickering to amber in the dark. “Fucking fight that insanity and be in the moment.”

I blinked, my hands stilling as I found myself drowning in the authority of his wolf.

This would have been a good time to take a step back and really question who he was. Maybe if I was in my right mind, I would have cared. I would have been able to discern the hierarchy of his wolf. But the darkness and rage flaming within me only wanted satisfaction and cared for nothing else.

He stepped away from me and I whimpered, already missing his warmth.

He smirked, but the seriousness in his eyes froze me over. “You're not listening sweetheart. You're letting yourself go. Stop that.”

The command in the last sentence slammed into me, causing me to stagger backward. I could feel it suppressing my rage. It was bringing back my weak humanity. I hated it. I think I hated him. He was ruining my moment.

I bared my teeth, unwillingly to let go of the unbridled freedom that came with my insanity.

He all but chuckled, “Defiant. I like it.”

“What do you think you're doing!” I spat. I hated that despite my current annoyance with him, my body wanted him.

This was my chance to be as wild as I wanted for the first time in my 25 years alive and this stranger who smelt ridiculously good thought he could get away with ruining it!

I caught his eyes raking my naked body, unabashedly.

“Keeping you from self-destructing.” He growled.

All traces of blue had disappeared from his eyes, his wolf was fully present now. Its power rattled me.

“Is this some kind of setup?” I asked bitterly. Why was it so hard to get anything I wanted?

“Fucking hell, Omega. Back down. You're seconds from turning full rogue.”

I burst into laughter. The word Omega, hit hard. I've heard it every day of my life. I scorned it. It snapped the last thread of self-consciousness I had left and I lunged at him.

My fingers dug into his shoulders. He hissed and threw me off. His scent mixed with that of his blood was sending me into a frenzy.

A howl threatened to escape my mouth. In a flash, I was pinned against the wall, with his hot ragged breaths hitting against my skin.

“Who the hell are the fools that did this to you, sweetheart?” He barked. “Where are they?”

I stopped fighting him. Somehow, the fact that his anger was not directed at me, made me feel a lot better. I'd thought he was angry at me for attacking him, but he wasn't. The hot magma of anger that was threatening to erupt cooled down. And I purred.

“Fucking hell,” he hissed, “You're a walking timebomb you know that?”

“Yes.” I sighed, “End my misery.”

He dragged my lips to his again, devouring and tasting me. I forgot everything I was and what I was becoming because of those sinful lips.

With a grunt, he snatched me off the wall and placed me on the bed. Together we undressed him, our lips never leaving each other.

His wicked tongue teased my body in ways I'd never experienced. His mouth rocked my hard nipples till I thought I would explode. His fingers, carefully skimmed and teased the most tantalizing parts of sensitive skin. And when he finally thrust into me, I swore I could see the stars.

We moved together in reckless unison, with me screaming in pure derision as he rammed into me until we both climaxed.

We were insatiable. One time wasn't enough. Neither was two or three. We went on and on until we were both exhausted. As I was slipping into the confines of unconsciousness, I told myself that this was the best way to die.

I knew he'd kill me before dawn broke. It was his duty. And I wasn't mad. I was happy.