

TWENTY-FOUR

The last time I ever had a new outfit was during the feast of the moon when I turned eight. I still remembered the look on my mom's face when she picked out that dress for me. She'd almost gone into tears rambling about how fast I was growing and how perfect the dress looked on me.

'I bet this was made especially for you Ray,' she'd told me. Even if I wasn't exactly a fashionable kid, the look on my mom's face made me fall in love with the dress. Every day until the war broke out, I admired the little green dress, counting the days till I got to wear it again. But it never came. My parents did the worse and I lived the rest of my life putting on rags that I picked out from the dump at Silver Moon.

Ailana gave me some of her clothes, but I could never wear them at Silver Moon. Zayden found them on me and ripped them off my body, telling me how unworthy I was of the dresses. He went on to threaten Aila and we thought it best that she stopped giving me her clothes.

In Silver Moon pack, used dresses donated by some higher ranks were shared amongst Omega's but I never got anything because I was the slave, the traitor. I was worse than an omega.

As we continued shopping, I knew I didn't deserve all the expensive things I was purchasing. After a few dresses, I told Scarlett that I'd bought enough, but she laughed it off and looked at me ridiculously. She started to mention all the functions and events I'll have to attend, and the people I'll be meeting. I got jewelry too, expensive ones that made me cringe at the price tag. When Scarlett noticed, she reminded me who I was mated to and assured me that money is the least of the problem.

By the time we were done, it was already late afternoon and I was exhausted from changing into different outfits seeing it wasn't something I was used to. Then came fear. Scarlett may not know it but I

wasn't Draven's mate, and I wasn't supposed to be spending so much. I tried to kill him, and now look all the things I bought with his credit card. Maybe he'd add gold digger to all the bad things he thought I was. I bit my lips awkwardly.

The store was to deliver all the items we bought, so we drove back to the house and I was saved from explaining my sour mood because Scarlett was on the phone with Vadirr all through the ride. She kept on giggling and making gestures, blushing and rolling her eyes, and for a minute I envied her. Vadirr was a strong and bulky man whereas Scarlett was petite compared to him because she'd been a werewolf before transitioning to a Lycan. But he was soft around her. His smile was deep and one could literally see him relax when they were together.

I'd hoped Zayden would come to love me like that someday, but now I can only hope he rots in hell. Now that I was no longer at Silver Moon, I wondered why he hadn't gone ahead to mark someone else. He may as well get on with it because I'd no longer feel it if he were with another woman as long as I was far away. My wolf has suffered enough, and we needed to move on, but as long as he didn't go on to mark another, I was still bound to him.

I tried to prove my worth to him during the early days when I found out that he was my mate, I tried to make him see that I was not the worthless piece of trash that the pack labeled me and that I'd never have supported my parents if I was old enough and they'd asked for my opinion. But it was pointless. Zayden hated me even before he knew we were mates and I had to be one of the worse things that ever happened to him. I lost all zeal to prove to him or anyone that I was anything but what they labelled me.

Did I do wrong by not telling Draven the truth? What if he found out that I had a mate and lied about it?

'It's not a lie if you don't tell it' My wolf whispered in my head.

She had a point. There's no way he was going to find out because Zayden made sure the secret remained between us. And I didn't lie, I just prefer to keep that part of my life hidden forever. Maybe I can pretend like it didn't happen. Mena has suffered too much in her life time. Besides, Prince Draven already hated me, I don't need to give him more reasons to hate me. It's already too late to go back now.

We dropped Scarlett off first and she waved her goodbye still on the phone with her mate but promised to check on me before dinner time. I thanked her and waved her as the ride continued. The closer we got to the castle, the louder my heart drummed in my chest. I prepared myself for all the names he'd call me as soon as he realized how much I'd spent, that is if he didn't already know.

But I started to feel a headache as soon as we took the elevator leading to Prince Draven's quarters and my palms started to sweat. If Smythe noticed my sudden discomfort, he didn't show it. He escorted me to the Prince's quarters and only left after I was safely in.

Draven was home. It was hard not to notice the presence of a man so strong. First thing I did was pull off my shoes. I was glad the store volunteered to deliver the items rather than have Smythe bring them with us. At least, Draven wouldn't get to see how much items I'd bought. Gullt tore at my chest. Would he whip and torture me for wasting so much money?

I moved with caution towards the room, but the sound of someone screaming made me stop in my tracks, and I whirled around in the direction it had come from. His home office. What the hell was that? I listened carefully and then I heard it again. A female voice. Was he torturing someone? My legs started to move in the direction of the sound

and the closer I got, the clearer the sound was.

And then, all at once, I knew what it was. Loud screaming, moaning and the sound of skin hitting skin. My headache increased as I stopped in front of the office, the shoes I'd been holding in my hands falling to the ground as they slid off my fingers and my mouth dropped open.

The door was ajar, and Draven stood with his back to me, naked from the waist down. Heather was bent over, her hands gripping the table, her legs on the floor spread widely apart, and her upper body pressed against the table, also naked from her waist down. His hands held her hair at the back of her head as he rammed into her from behind.

Files and papers laid scattered on the floor, the computer system was turned over and shoved to the extreme end of the table with some of the wires out of place. The table clattered with every thrust into her, and more items spewed to the floor.

"Yes..." Heather screamed and I stood there in shock, just watching. I'm not sure how many seconds or minutes I stood there but the moment Heather's eyes met mine, I felt my headache increase. Heather smiled at me and increased her moaning.

My whole body felt like it was on fire and then I started hearing the voice in my head again. It wasn't my wolf. It was that same voice. It was trying to say something to me, but I never made any meaning out of it.


Draven froze, stopping his movements but didn't turn around.

I covered my ears with my hands as I tried to shut out the noise, but it only grew louder.

"If you are not going to join us, do well to excuse us," Draven spoke without turning back, his voice not giving off any emotions.

I closed my eyes and turned away as I started to feel pain seer through my body. I was going to shift. It's not the first time, but I experienced pain anytime I did because I didn't get to shift so often. Mena was never really interested in coming out at Silver Moon, but right now, she was going to.

It felt like the world was spinning, but I ran. I ran as fast as my legs could carry me, using the steps instead of the elevator. I wasn't thinking, I just wanted the noise to stop and to let Mena out. People stared as I ran, someone followed me, maybe Smythe or some other guard, but I didn't stop to see who was following me. I didn't make it out of the building before my bones started to crack, and within minutes, I'd shifted to my wolf form.

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