

Worthless to Priceless The Alpha's Rejected Mate

#Chapter 11 - Read Worthless to Priceless The Alpha's Rejected Mate Chapter 11

Chapter 11

Chapter 11

GREGORY'S P.O.V

I cannot remember the name of the she wolf in front of me but one thing I do know is that she knows how to take a dick. I frequented her a lot because she did things just as I liked; she didn't touch me, she stayed silent and she allowed me use her like my own personal rag doll.

I had her face pressed into my office table as I slammed into her from behind. The only sounds coming from her were grunts and means as I spilled into the condom. I pulled out of her and went to dispose of it. The last thing I need is one of these she wolves getting pregnant and demanding to keep the child; the clean up would be messy.

I had righted my trousers in the bathroom and returned to the office when I saw her still n*ked and in an instant I was hard again. She grabbed her clothes and made to leave but I stopped her gestured for her to kneel in between my legs on the

floor.

She obliged in an instant and without having to say a word to her, she took me out of my trousers and began to suck. I was so lost in the pleasure that I didn't hear the door to my office open until I heard Brittany's disgusted gasp.

"What are you doing?" she asked but I ignored her, "We need to talk."

I turned to her in annoyance, "If you want to talk then talk."

The girl on her knees widened her eyes at the knowledge that I wasn't going to stop what we were doing to attend to Brittany. If Brittany wants to talk so badly and cannot wait then she is welcome to do it now.

I saw her frown deeply and she sat on the chair on the opposite end of my table. She started to place her hands on my desk but she eyes the girl between my thighs and settled for placing her hands in her laps instead.

"The wolves have returned from their hunt." She began and my interest was piqued.

I turned to her with a raised brow, "Is she dead?"

From the sneer on her face, I could anticipate the answer so I wasn't all that surprised when she said, "she is alive."

My annoyance burned through me and I grabbed the hair of the girl between my knees and pushed her deeper on my cock. She gagged and spluttered but she allowed herself be used by me to get out my frustration.

"Did you not hear me?" she asked and I knew it took all of her willpower not to curse like she wanted to, "She is still alive so this is no time to celebrate. We cannot celebrate until she is dead and rotting in the ground."

I looked down at the girl in front of me and pulled her to her feet. She stared at me with wide eyes and I saw her eyes briefly flash to Brittany who was sitting with a disgusted expression.

"Get out," I said and she nodded then rushed to put on her underwear. I stopped her with an arm on her wrist, "You misunderstood; get out now."

Still n*ked, she clasped her clothes to her chest and ran out of the office as if there was fire on her heels. I waited until she was gone

and I gestured for Brittany to lock the door behind her while I righted my trousers.

"How is she still alive?" I asked, "Those wolves are the best at their jobs. How hard can it be to kill one girl?"

"She drove into the Dark Fangs territory."

I was shocked. Only someone extremely stupid or extremely brave would risk something like that. Although in regards to that pack, stupid and brave might just be the same thing. I chuckled darkly to myself; there is no way that she is getting out of that pack alive.

"Why are you laughing?" Brittany sounded frustrated, "Our plans have gone to dust but you are laughing and celebrating."

"Let me give you a little lesson about the Dark Fangs pack Brittany I leaned forward with my hands on the desk, "They live in solitude and their Alpha is a ruthless monster. They do not take kindly to strangers and rogues. She was dead the moment she crossed their territory. It is good for us because now we can wash our hands clean of her."

"Do you mean that?" she asked and I nodded.

I could almost see all the ways they would torture Amelia. I hear they like to use wolfsbane and silver. I once heard that they injected a wolf with a silver concentrate every day until he ran mad and his wolf broke.

Of all the packs in the world, they have the fiercest reputation and it is my luck that Amelia had to run into their pack. I couldn't help my smile of victory as I thought of all the things they would be doing to her right now. Would they rape her? Would they beat her? Maybe they would skin her alive. I can almost hear her screams.

"You have nothing to worry about Brittany." I assured her, "Amelia is as good as dead."

"I think it would be wiser if we made sure. Just so we know that we have all our loose ends tied up."

I stayed silent for a moment and finally nodded. Brittany is right, it is best to make sure that everything is tied up before you celebrate.

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"I will send an emissary to the pack under the guise of an alliance or a request for help."

"I thought the Dark Fangs stayed in solitude," her brows creased, "they will never agree to that."

"The point isn't for them to agree. It is for the emissary to find out what he can about Amelia crossing their border and the ways in which she was killed."

Brittany smiled darkly and I knew she finally understood the plan. She stood to her feet and brushed off invisible linen from her dress. She made her way to the door but she paused with her hand on it and turned her eyes back to me.

"Remember why we are doing this," she said then added softly, "you said that it is for mom."

She left and the room descended into silence. Her last words hung in the air like a large elephant threatening to suck out all the air in the room and suffocate me. I stood to my feet and made my way over to the window to try to get some fresh air but none of it seemed to be working.

My feet began to lead me and I found myself in front of the large bookshelf. I combed through all the books until I finally found the one I was looking for. The book was old and worn out with the faded red spine and the colorful cover.

It was the only book on the shelf that wasn't a self help book or a book about werewolves and it was "The Secret Garden", I opened it and thumbed through the pages until I found what I was looking for.

The picture was folded in squares and it was worn out from age and frequent use. Before opening it up, I could tell you exactly what was in the picture frame by frame because of the amount of times I have seen it.

The picture was taken in a living room of sorts and an elegantly dressed woman stood by a bookshelf. She was wearing a long black dress and her neck was adorned in pearls. In her arms, she held a smiling infant of a little under a year old with mousy brown hair and hazel eyes- Amelia.

The woman was a splitting image of Amelia and not anything like my mate who was elegant and had jet black hair and the brightest green eyes

I stared at the picture in disdain and made my way to my drawer and took out a lighter. I walked over to the balcony and held the picture out as I lit up the edge. Within seconds flames overtook the entire picture.

"I guess you wouldn't need this anymore Amelia," I said as I let the ashes flutter down to the garden below.

AMELIA'S POV

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I heard laughter- it was loud and carefree, the kind that you made when you were around friends and you didn't need to hold back. It was the kind that warmed you from the insides and I knew I had to find the source of it. I looked up to see father and Brittany. At first I doubted that the sound came from any of them but Brittany's mouth fell open and the same carefree laughter filled the air.

I looked around trying to see if I could recognize my surroundings but I couldn't. From what I could see, we were in an open field. There were tall fruit trees all around us but mainly it was an open space of grass with a small water fountain at the edge almost completely hidden by some trees.

I was on one end of the clearing, leaning against a tree with a book right next to me while father and Brittany were on the other end. He was holding a baseball bat and she was pitching balls at him for him to hit. She was horrible at pitching and sometimes she threw them too low or too high but he didn't seem to mind and he would just patiently retrieve the ball for her to throw it again.

The first thing I realized was that my father was smiling. Each time he hit a ball very high, they both laughed with reckless abandon. I haven't seen father smile in a very long time and I was marveled by how much younger and carefree he looks when he smiles.

I felt a tug in my chest as I watched how much fun they were having and I realized that I wanted to be a part of it too. I watched them for a few minutes longer before I finally gathered the courage. I left the book where it sat and made my way over to them. They

didn't notice my presence at first, or maybe they ignored me but I walked over until I was within earshot.

"Can I join?" my voice was soft but like a knife it cut through the air and I felt the exact moment everything froze.

As my words hung in the air I realized what a grave mistake I had made. Their smiles fell instantly, their shoulders tensed and both of them turned to me with barely concealed disdain in their eyes almost as if they were angry with me for interrupting their fun, almost as if I was an inconvenience and they wanted nothing to do with me.

I wanted to shrink into myself and take back the last few minutes. I wished I never walked up to them as I noted the coldness with which they regarded me- I was an outsider and they wanted me gone.

"What do you think you're doing?" Brittany asked with a sneer.

"I'm sorry," I said quickly, "It was a mistake."

"What would ever make you think that we would want to play with you?"

"I just wanted-,"

"I don't care what you wanted," she spat, "dad and I are having fun and we don't want you here. If you want to play so much then go play with mum."

What did she mean by mum? I wanted to ask but she had turned back to her game with dad and they were both pointedly ignoring me. I sighed in defeat and was about to go back to my tree when I noticed movement by the water fountain. I made my way closer and I realized that there was a woman standing there, she was hidden by the trees and that's why I didn't see her earlier.

She wore a flowing dress the color of a sandy beach and she had the exact color of hair as me. Somehow I knew if she turned around then she would have the same hazel eyes I have gotten used to seeing in the mirror. I ran over to her and wrapped my arms around her waist from behind.

"Mum," I began, "They won't let me play with them."

She ran her hands over mine softly and she slowly disentangled me from her b*dy. She turned to face me and as I looked up. at her, I realized that her face was clouded by shadows. No matter what angle I tried to look at her from, I couldn't see her face.

That was when it hit me- I was dreaming. I couldn't put a face to hers because I have never seen her. Father told me that she died of an illness a very long time ago and he refuses to speak about her or even show me pictures of her.

Tears blurred my vision and I wiped them away quickly, I was determined to spend as much time with my mother as I could but when I looked up, she had gone a few feet further from me.

I wasted no time in running after her but it seemed like the closer I got, the farther she got. I turned back to my father and sister but they were too engrossed in their game to care.

I chased after my mother deeper and deeper into the forest until we got to a lake. I rushed up to her and just when it seemed, like I was going to reach her, I heard a loud bang.

The sound jerked me from my dream and I looked around to see that I was in my car. I rubbed at my eyes at the memories hit me like a freight train. I remembered the wolves that my family sent to kill me and the pack I took refuge at. I

remembered the Alpha at the lake and I blushed. I remembered how I ran and hid until he was gone then I got into my car and drove into a more secluded spot so I could rest for the night.

I heard the same bang that woke me from my sleep and I sat up straight. I didn't know what it was so I decided to look at my side mirror but then an emotionless face appeared at my window and I screamed loud.

The face morphed into a frown and the owner placed a hand over their ears. A flash light was shone into the car and I saw the face of a young girl probably around my age. She had dark brown hair

and a faraway look in her eyes as she gestured for me to get out of the car.

I was skeptical but I figured she couldn't be any worse than the guards who would have probably just dragged me out. I rolled down the window instead to be safe and stared at her as I waited for her to speak.

She cocked her head to the side as she scrutinized me and then she whistled, it was soft and melodious and it was so quiet that you would have barely heard it.

I wondered what she was doing but a familiar bird perched on her fingertip. I recognized it as the bird that led me to the pack. She stroked the bird's plumes softly and I was astonished by what I can only assume is magic.

"Did you send him?" I asked and she nodded with a small smile. "You were the one who helped me; thank you."

"There is no need for you to thank me," she assured me, "my friends told me you were in trouble and I decided to help. Why don't you come out?"

I realized she was no harm because if she wanted me dead, then she would never have helped me get into the pack in the first place. I got out of the car quickly and that was when I noticed that the girl was in a long dress and she was barefoot.

“Don’t your feet get hurt?”

“It helps me feel closer to nature.”

She spoke in an almost whimsical tone. Her choice of words and the breathy nature with which she spoke had me wondering if she was even from this world or if she was some sort of fairy godmother who was sent to protect me.

She whispered some words to the bird and it looked at her as if it understood and flew away. i couldn’t stop my mouth from falling open in awe and astonishment. She noticed my staring but if it bothered her, she didn’t say anything.

Instead, she turned to me with a warm smile, “the Alpha is looking for you.”

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Chapter 13

AMELIA’S P.O.V

The hair at the back of my n*eck stood on end when I heard her words. Fear gripped me and it took every effort I had to not begin to hyperventilate. I was scared and terrified and I wanted nothing more than to crawl into a hole and hide.

I tried to recall the man I saw coming out of the lake. He was shrouded by shadows and he looked every bit the terrifying monster I have heard about. I couldn’t help but remember the stories I heard father and the members of our pack say and I wondered if he was looking for me so he could finally punish me for coming onto his territory and running away from him.

“The Alpha is looking for me,” I repeated and she nodded.

“My name is Clara by the way,” she said in a sing song voice, “I am going to take you to him.”

I swallowed down my fear and looked up at the girl, "Is he angry with me?" I asked, "For running away at the lake. Did I somehow disrespect him?"

"What are you talking about?" she sounded genuinely confused, "How would I disrespect him."

you have

"I don't know. I know I shouldn't have crossed the border without a formal arrangement or invite and I shouldn't have run from him because now it makes me look like a criminal. But I promise that if you let me go right now, I will leave in the morning and never return. I just need to rest for the night."

I hoped that she would feel some sympathy for me as a female herself and she would allow me escape. All I need is a few minutes rest and I will be out of here before anyone even wakes. I don't want to see the Alpha, I don't want to be punished by him and I pleaded with the girl in front of me to understand and relate to me.

I tried to gauge her expression but it was carefully blank with cracks of confusion bleeding into it. She looked at me like I was speaking a foreign language and she was struggling to understand. I wasn't against dropping to my knees to beg her and I was contemplating doing it when suddenly she laughed.

She didn't laugh like anyone I had ever heard before. Her laugh was soft and melodic like a note from the piano or like something was specifically programmed to sound that way. She

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laughed softly and calmly and it was like the wind was made specifically to carry enhance her voice.

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"You have no reason to be scared of the Alpha or anyone here for that matter," she said once she had calmed down, "I assure you that we are of no harm to you."

“Then why is he looking for me?” I couldn’t help but ask, “Why is he asking for me if he doesn’t want to punish me.”

She sighed softly, “I can’t answer that question because I don’t know why he is asking for you.”

I wanted to bury my head into my palms in frustration. Of course he wouldn’t tell her. She looks so soft and innocent to be able to deal with the realities of the kind of punishment and torture that goes on in their pack. I wouldn’t be surprised if she is in the dark about everything that happens.

“Whatever the reason is,” she continued after a beat, “I can assure you that we are not your enemy. All the evils you have faced today have come from your own family.”

She said it with such assurance and determination that I couldn’t help but take a step back. I started to wonder who this girl was and what exactly she knew about the evils I had faced and about my family. She spoke about them like she knew them and I wondered if she was sent by them too.

I knew she wasn’t because something about her seemed trustworthy but it was scary and a little weird that she spoke so surely about my own family. I analyzed her once more to make sure I hadn’t seen her somewhere before but she looked as unfamiliar as before.

“What do you know about my family?” I asked slowly anticipating her next words. It is possible she knows more than I do and I could learn something new from her.

“I only know what you know,” she answered with a soft but sad smile, “They sent those wolves after you and they tried to have you killed. I can only see what my birds show me and that is all they think is necessary.”

“That was how you knew to help me,” I deduced and she nodded, “Are you sure you don’t know anything else?”

She shook her head, “I don’t but you’re more than free to ask the Alpha after you complete his

request and come with me.”

I stared at her for a minute and realized that there was probably no way I was going to get

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out of having to see the Alpha so I nodded. She smiled in relief and took a turned around for me to follow her through the woods.

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A part of me thought about using the opportunity of her facing away from me to run but another part of me considered her trustworthy and followed her. She said they are not my enemies and for some reason, I believe her. It does not mean I am not a little apprehensive but it means I think I am safe for now.

I noticed that the birds overhead were following us. They were flying on trees that we passed and after a second of observation, I realized that they were following her and not me. They moved when she moved and they stopped when she stopped.

We didn't walk far before we got into a car. It was a deep green color, almost like the color of moss and it was small but expensive looking. She gestured for me to get into the passenger side and I did. She didn't speak as she started the car and soon we were driving in silence. I saw her try to avoid the trees but we still slammed into a few of them.

"I don't know how you managed to avoid slamming into a tree," she joked, "I have lived here all my life but I still can't drive in this forest without an accident. How did you do it?"

"I don't know," I admitted, "I've never driven in a forest before and I did bump into a few trees but I guess I just chose to trust my instinct."

"I

guess it is a little good to know that I am not the only one who cannot navigate it properly." She chuckled and I found myself smiling a little, "What do your instincts tell you

now?"

"They say that you're trustworthy," I said after a moment of silence, "And that you're not planning to kill me."

She laughed at that and once again I found myself marveling at how melodious the sound was. It was like a song that I wouldn't mind hearing on repeat. I found myself smiling alongside her and that was when I heard the birds outside.

They chirped in line with her laughter and I realized that was what made it as melodious as it was. It was almost like the birds were an extension of her. I looked out through the window and saw a few of them flying over the car almost as if they were following her.

“How are you controlling them?” the question left my lips before I could stop it.

She turned to me briefly before looking back into the road in time to avoid slamming into a tree. I felt guilty because I was the reason she had to look away for a second.

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“I’m sorry about that,” she said once she had gotten us back onto the road, “What was your question?”

“I asked how you were controlling them,” I jerked my head outside, “The birds I mean, they do whatever you ask and they listen to you. How do you do that?”

She smiled almost knowingly and for a second I thought she wasn’t going to answer. I assumed I had overstepped and it was a private thing so I turned my attention back to the window and focused on watching the birds flying overhead.

“You could find out how,” she began after a minute of silence and I turned to her, “But only

you stay.”

if

“Stay where?” I brows crunched up in confusion.

“Stay here of course.” She said as if it was the simplest thing in the world.

She turned back to the road and although I had a million and one questions in my head, I couldn’t force any words out of my mouth. I just stayed there staring at her with my mouth agape as she drove through the woods.

Soon, we got out into a clearing and I saw a massive building in front of us. It was at least three stories high and was the color of warm milk. Lights shone from every inch of the place and I instantly knew it was their pack office judging by the number of people going in and out of the building.

“Here we are,” she said as she turned off the ignition, “Are you ready?”

SEND GIFT

Chapter 14

Chapter 14

KADEN'S P.O.V

After my mate ran away from me, the first thing I did was go back to my house. For some reason, my wolf was acting like a b*tch in heat during puberty and was day dreaming of all the ways we could take our mate.

I couldn't get the image of her soft and luscious curves out of my head and as soon as I got into my house, I stripped off my clothes and went in to take a cold shower. It helped a little and I was able to get the boner down and get a grip on my emotions long enough to think about something other than f**king my mate.

By the time I got out of the shower, I decided to look for something decent to wear. My wolf whined about wanting to make a decent first impression on her since we scared her off the first time and I ended up choosing a tailored black suit with a navy blue tie. I knew it was over the top but my wolf was overjoyed by my choice and I could feel his glee and desire.

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“You need to calm down,” I warned him, “I don't care if you're in heat but you cannot be acting like a horny high school boy who is ing a girl for the first time.”

“She isn't any girl,” he tried to defend; “She is our mate.”

“I don't care,” I retorted, “The last thing we need is to be walking around with a boner when we are trying to talk to her. She will think I am a pervert so I need you to calm down.”

Gas

I could tell he wasn't happy with me but he knew I right and he reluctantly retreated into a far corner of my mind. I was thankful for the silence and I started to gather my things to leave when I heard the front door open.

Whoever it was didn't even bother to be silent judging by the fact that I could hear it from my room which was upstairs and I instantly knew who it was. Only one person would bother to walk into my house at this time without consulting me beforehand and it is the one person I have been trying to avoid.

The door to my room opened and my mother walked in with a frown on her face. Her hair was tied in a perfect chignon at the base of her neck and she was in a form fitted gown her neck was adorned with pearls. In her hand she held a black clutch and she looked me

over once.

gown and

“Where were you?” she asked, “Gianna was waiting for you and you never showed up. Why

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didn't you go for the date?”

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“I had an important diplomatic meeting,” she raised a brow and I knew I would have to lie better than that, “There were some rogues that lingered at the pack borders. There have also been some

issues about some land disputes. I couldn't get out of the meeting.”

She hummed and I knew she was about to complain or probably even set another date for me with Gianna as a chance to redeem myself but I wasn't interested in it. I checked the watch on my wrist and cursed under my breath.

“I have to be somewhere right now mother,” she opened her mouth to complain but I cut her off, “I will see you when I can. Please lock up the house when

the house when you leave.”

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I left her standing in the middle of my room and I knew that she would be upset about it but I couldn't bring myself to care. I got into my car and drove off to the pack house when I got mind linked by Caleb and he told me that my mate had been found and was on her way to the pack office.

I wanted to get there before her so I broke every speed limit known and I arrived at the pack office ten minutes earlier than I should have. I made my way to my study and did a

last check up to make sure I looked presentable. I made sure my tie wasn't crooked and popped in a mint to give off a good impression then I waited.

It only took a few minutes but I heard a knock on the door and Clara appeared with my mate in her hand. Clara was barefooted and I could see her muddy footprints filling the hallway and I knew it would be torture for whoever was tasked with cleaning it up but my attention wasn't on her, it was on the girl next to her.

In my study, I could see her clearly. She was at least a whole foot shorter than me and she curly brown hair the color of melted chocolates and warm hazel eyes that shine a different color

depending on the angle of the light hitting her face. She had a map of freckles all over her cheek and she had curves in all the right places. She was soft and demure, especially in the way her eyes took in the entire office carefully.

I saw Clara cock her head to the side like a lost puppy as she looked over my outfit. I could almost see the wheels turning in her head and the questions in her eyes as she stared at my suit. I am almost never dressed up like this. If anything, this might be the second or third time she is ever seeing me in a suit and I knew she wanted to ask why but she settled for bowing instead.

She turned on her heels to leave but I saw my mate tighten her hold on Clara's hand. It was such a subtle movement that I would not have noticed it if not for the fact that I was steadily analyzing and staring at my mate.

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I frowned at her little action and wondered whether she didn't want to be alone with me. I haven't done anything to scare her and I dressed up so I would look a little more approachable. I have also been clenching my fists to stop myself from acting out since the moment her scent filled my nostrils and the entire study.

My wolf who had been quiet in my head began to whine and pace. He was agitated at not being able to touch his mate and her obvious refusal and not wanting to be in the same room with us had begun to set him on edge.

"This is your fault," he accused me, "You must have scared her in the forest and now she wants nothing to do with us."

"I haven't done anything," I shot back, "Maybe she is just apprehensive because she doesn't know us."

"You scared her. I've told you so many times to try being more approachable but you don't listen. Our own mate is terrified of us."

I knew he was going to do nothing but rant and blame me the entire time so I shut him out behind the wall. I knew he was going to be displeased about it when I restored our connection but I figured I would deal with that later.

I exhaled deeply and tried to calm my raging urges as I pushed off the wall that I was leaning on. Clara slowly detached her hand from my mate's and exited the room. The door clicked shut behind her and the sound was so final. I was alone with my mate and there was no one or nothing between us.

I wanted nothing more than to close the distance between us and pull her into my arms. I wanted to hold her and feel her warm curves as she presses into my b*dy. I wanted to claim her and make her mine and make her feel me for days whenever she thinks about me but when I took a step close to her, she cast her eyes on the ground. She barely reached my shoulder and I found her small size cute. I know she's not small- she's average, I am just

very tall.

I knew she was terrified of me and I knew I couldn't do any of the things I wanted to. I dug my nails into my palms to try and calm my urges as I closed the space between us and stood right in front of her. She didn't look up, she didn't even glance at me.

I took in her entire b*dy language from the way she stood, to the way she avoided my eyes and I realized that nothing about her felt like she was even acknowledging me as her mate. Even if she was scared of me, she should still feel the bond or some sort of attraction but she acted as if she wanted to be anywhere but here and with anyone but me.

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SEND GIFT

Chapter 15

Chapter 15

AMELIA'S P.O.V

Fear ran through me like a live wire and I was worried that he could hear my heart beating out of my chest. I was scared that because of how fast it was beating, it would break through my chest and splatter on the floor in front of us. That would be a messy sight but it would be better than the palpable fear.

He was tall, I would say he is at least a foot taller than me. I barely came up to the middle of the chest and he wasn't just tall, he was huge. He looked like he worked out daily and he was well built. I was terrified of him and even though the nice girl from earlier—Clara—had told me that he wouldn't hurt me, I couldn't bring myself to believe her.

I trust her but nothing about this Alpha seems calm and forgiving. The suit he was wearing gave off the vibe of regal and terrifying and I couldn't help but wonder what he was going to do to me. Maybe he would punish me for stumbling across his territory and running away from him or maybe he will just banish me from the pack.

I couldn't help but hope for the latter option. Banishment will be a better idea than being punished because I don't think I am strong enough to handle the punishment that I will be given at his hands.

I was staring at his well polished shoes and I felt him step closer to me. Something foreign pulled at my gut almost as if it was compelling me to look him in the eye. I didn't see him well the last time and I couldn't help but want to analyze the contours on his face. He stopped right in front of me and I could feel the heat of his skin through his clothes.

I got this foreign urge to just close up the distance between us, rest my head on his chest and feel the heat of his skin on mine. I didn't know this man but there was this urge to just allow him hold me

and some part of me was convinced that all my problems would cease
in that moment.

'Stop it,' I murmured to myself as I tried to scrub those images out of my head but it felt like they had been cemented in place.

It felt like the more I tried to fight them, the deeper they burrowed in the recesses of my mind until my cheeks were heated and probably resembling a tomato as I clenched my fists to stop myself from making any stupid decisions that will probably end with me being imprisoned or whipped.

Besides, I had just lost my mate. Even though I wasn't sure whether Blake was my fated

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Fear ran through me like a live wire and I was worried that he could hear my heart beating out of my chest. I was scared that because of how fast it was beating, it would break through my chest and splatter on the floor in front of us. That would be a messy sight but it would be better than the palpable fear.

He was tall, I would say he is at least a foot taller than me. I barely came up to the middle of the chest and he wasn't just tall, he was huge. He looked like he worked out daily and he was well built.

I was terrified of him and even though the nice girl from earlier—Clara— had told me that he wouldn't hurt me, I couldn't bring myself to believe her.

I trust her but nothing about this Alpha seems calm and forgiving. The suit he was wearing gave off the vibe of regal and terrifying and I couldn't help but wonder what he was going to do to me. Maybe he would punish me for stumbling across his territory and running away from him or maybe he will just banish me from the pack.

I couldn't help but hope for the latter option. Banishment will be a better idea than being punished because I don't think I am strong enough to handle the punishment that I will be given at his hands.

I was staring at his well polished shoes and I felt him step closer to me. Something foreign pulled at my gut almost as if it was compelling me to look him in the eye. I didn't see him well the last time and I couldn't help but want to analyze the contours on his face. He stopped right in front of me and I could feel the heat of his skin through his clothes.

I got this foreign urge to just close up the distance between us, rest my head on his chest and feel the heat of his skin on mine. I didn't know this man but there was this urge to just allow him hold me and some part of me was convinced that all my problems would cease in that moment.

'Stop it,' I murmured to myself as I tried to scrub those images out of my head but it felt like they had been cemented in place.

It felt like the more I tried to fight them, the deeper they burrowed in the recesses of my mind until my cheeks were heated and probably resembling a tomato as I clenched my fists to stop myself from making any stupid decisions that will probably end with me being imprisoned or whipped.

Besides, I had just lost my mate. Even though I wasn't sure whether Blake was my fated

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mate or not due to the fact that I don't have a wolf, he was going to be my chosen mate. The last thing I should be doing is fantasizing about another man, much less the notorious Alpha of this pack that I know nothing about.

The air between us stretched thin with tension and apprehension. It felt like I was going to get choked by the silence. The tension warped around me and filled the air so much that I was certain I could reach out and grab it. I felt the Alpha stiffen in front of me and I knew he was about to speak. I realized that this was the moment my fate was to be determined and I scrambled for words to reduce whatever sentence he was going to pronounce on me.

"I am so sorry," I rushed the words out so quickly that I wasn't even sure he understood me correctly.

"What are you sorry for?" his voice was like gravel and stone and everything husky.

"I should have never crossed your borders without permission. I am so sorry for doing that. I would never have done that if not for-," I began but I trialed off. "It doesn't even matter why I crossed, I am so sorry and I swear it will never happen again."

"It is-," he began but I was on a roll with my apology and it didn't even register to me that he had started to speak.

"I was also very rude to you at the lake. I should never have run away from you like that. I was just taken off guard and I was so worried and terrified. I am so sorry and I hope you don't punish me because I honestly meant no-,"

"It is fine." He said suddenly and I went silent.

I blinked once then twice and played his words over again in my head to be sure that I heard him say it was fine. He is known for killing people for doing less and here I was apologizing and his only response was 'it is fine.

Against my better judgment I found myself sneaking a glance at him through my lashes. I almost stumbled back when I saw that his piercing eyes were fixated directly on me. He wasn't blinking or looking away, he was analyzing me as if he was worried that if I blinked I would disappear. His eyes were so captivating that I couldn't look away but the intensity of them had me taking a subconscious step backwards.

His hands reached out to steady me and this time my head fully snapped up to his. His hands wrapped around my shoulders and he held me so I was standing upright. All of a sudden his hands released me and I saw him mutter some words under his breath as he crossed the length of the room and took a seat in the chair on the other side of the room.

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"Please sit," he said and I hesitated to take his order but then I remembered that I was in his pack and at his mercy so I swallowed down my fear and sat down. "My name is Kaden, what's yours?"

Kaden was such a masculine name and it fit him perfectly. I have never paid much heed to names and people but his name somehow captures his entire essence.

"Amelia," I muttered softly under my breath but he caught it.

He repeated my name and something about the way he said it felt foreign. He spoke it softly like a reverence and no one has ever said my name like that before; not even Blake.

"You didn't stumble across my pack by accident Amelia," he began and I turned to him in confusion. "I know all about what happened."

"You do?" I asked and he nodded.

"I know about the men who were chasing you. My Beta- Caleb- you haven't met him yet. told me all about it. He told me that you were in danger and I asked him to clear the pack borders so that you could find refuge here."

"Why did you do that?" the question slipped out before I could stop it. "You don't even know me, why help me?"

He didn't respond and I thought I had gone out of line so I turned my gaze back to my hands folded in my laps and I played with my fingertips while mentally cursing myself. There was no need for me to ask why, I should have just said thank you and moved on with it. He probably thinks I am ungrateful and he might be wondering how well to get rid of

1. me.

"If I'm correct, you don't have a place to stay, right?" he asked making me snap my head back up to him and I nodded slowly. "I want to offer you a place to stay at my house."

Suspicion and worry filled me as I took him in. If I agree, I would be staying in his personal home. Judging by the things I know about him that would be a terrible mistake. It would be like walking straight into the lion's den and hoping not to get eaten. It would be like dangling raw meat in front of a wolf and hoping he wouldn't attack.

I am nothing but an intruder in his pack. If I stay at his place, I will inevitably do something that will upset him and he will punish me or kill me. At this point, I didn't care how ungrateful I would seem, I shook my head quickly.

"Thank you for your offer but I can't," I said softly. "I can always just sleep in my car."

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Chapter 15

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"There are dangerous animals in the woods Amelia," he reminded me and my face fell. "If staying at my place will be too uncomfortable for you then would you prefer to stay with Claire?"

The words were barely out of his mouth before I was nodding eagerly. I know Claire and I trust Claire. We might have just met but I do and I would love to spend the night at her place. Maybe she can finally tell me how she manages to control the birds.

"I will inform Claire of your arrival." He told me, "I am also assuming you are her age so that means you must be in school. If it is in your interest then you can enroll in school as well."

I paused, "I thought I was only staying the night."

"Unless your attackers have mysteriously disappeared or given up on you then I think it is best if you stay here until further notice."

When I stumbled here, I expected cruelty and punishment, not to be given a place to stay and an offer to enroll in school. I was suspicious but I also wasn't stupid or ungrateful so I decided to take his kindness.

"Thank you," I told him as I stood to my feet. "I am so very grateful for this opportunity to be welcomed into your pack."

"You are not a part of the pack yet Amelia," he reminded me. "But if you report to me about your life and education every week then it will give me a better chance to investigate you and decide if you are a good fit for the pack."

"Really?"

"Yes, so Amelia, do we have a deal?"

I knew I wouldn't get a better offer than this anywhere else, not even with the kindest Alpha in the world. I must have caught Kaden on a very good mood and I was determined to make the best of it before he changed his mind so I nodded.

"Yes, we do."

Chapter 16

Chapter 16

KADEN'S P.O.V

It was a simple touch, just the grabbing of her shoulders and yet my dick was as hard as granite. I mentally cursed my wolf for acting like a teenager going through puberty for the first time and I rushed to take a seat behind the table hoping she wouldn't notice. I doubt she did because I'm sure she would have gone screaming for the hills if she knew how just an innocent touch got me hard.

I tried my best to relax myself during the conversation but it was like each word out of her l*ps was an aphrodisiac. I will admit that I spent more time staring at her l*ps than actually listening to the conversation but that is the fault of my wolf and not actually my fault.

When she started to apologize, I felt a foreign pain in my chest as my wolf all but screamed. at me to comfort her. If it was left to him, he would have pulled her into his arms to calm her down but I had to remind him that she was terrified of us and if I were to try that, she would probably pass out from fright. He blamed me for her fear before finally retreating into the back of my mind and allowing me assure her.

I should have told her that it was Caleb who cleared the border for her and I had nothing to do with it but some sick part of me wanted her to look at me like I was her hero. She was already so attached to Clara and if I told her that it was because of Clara and Caleb that she was currently safe within the pack, she would have given them all her gratitude and I wanted to give her a reason to not be too terrified of me.

She managed to calm down after I had told her that I was behind her entrance into the pack and that was when I dropped the final bomb. I wanted her to stay with me. I didn't want to allow her out of my sight and I wanted to be able to keep a close eye on her but she was so quick to refuse.

It actually annoyed me a little but I forced myself to calm down and I reluctantly gave her the option of staying with Clara. I was very annoyed that she accepted so quickly but I forced myself to realize that, Clara was just a girl and there is no possibility of Clara doing anything with her. She probably just wants to feel safe and that is all there is to it.

After we settled on where she would stay, I sent a quick text to Clara. I didn't expect her to respond as quickly as she did because Clara is rarely ever with her phone but she admitted. that she had never left the pack house and within two minutes, she was leading Amelia out

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of my office and to her house.

I wanted nothing more than to go with her and convince her to stay with me. I wanted to grab her shoulders and tell her that I was the better option but I knew it would only scare her more so I fisted my hands beside me and made sure to take deep breaths through my nose

so as not to scare her.

As soon as she had gone through the doors, I breathed through my nose and tried to calm my still hard member. It took almost ten minutes for me to calm down and once I did, I picked up my phone and called the one person I can count on to listen and give me good advice in times like this.

Caleb picked up on the second ring and his voice sounded labored through the phone. I'm sure he was either running or working out.

"How is she?" he knew it was about her. I'm not surprised and I heard some shuffling and then the shutting of a door. "Sorry, I wanted to go somewhere private. Have you spoken to her?"

"I just did, she's terrified of me." I admitted and Caleb snorted.

"Did you expect any different? Clara tells me she is not more than 5 foot 4 and you're a massive fucker who is obsessed with her."

"I'm not obsessed," I muttered and Caleb hummed in disbelief. "I wore a suit so she would feel less intimidated."

Caleb laughed. It was a full bellied laugh filled with amusement and I could almost imagine him wiping his eyes and bent over as he fought to catch his breath. I rolled my eyes at his dramatics because only Caleb would laugh at me like that without a care in the world.

"I'm sorry that was hilarious," he wheezed as he managed to catch his breath. "Have you ever looked in the mirror when you're in a suit? You look like you're just about ready to rip someone a new asshole if they talk to you. the

wrong way.

“That’s not true and you know it.”

“Okay cassanova, let’s assume it isn’t. How did things settle? Did you manage to convince her to stay in the pack? I’ve been tracking the men who were chasing her and they’re still

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hanging around the borders. If she leaves now, they might get to her.”

“She agreed to stay,” I told him and he sighed. “Can’t we just kill the men?”

“They aren’t exactly on our borders so it would be a breach of the peace treaty you signed with the council.” He reminded me and I wanted to say fuck the peace treaty but I also knew that he was right and although I can handle it, the last thing I should want is a fight with the council. My pack would survive it but it would be an unnecessary strain.

“Just keep an eye on them,” I told him after a beat of silence. “Amelia will be staying at your house. She wanted to stay with Clara and I gave her permission to do so.”

There was a beat of silence and for a second I thought he had hung up the call. I checked the phone but I saw that the call was still ongoing and I put it back against my car but I still couldn’t hear any sounds.

“Can you hear me?” I asked and I heard Caleb clear his throat.

“Yes I did, I’m just shocked,” he let out a deep breath. “You allowed her stay away from you. That has to be some sort of miracle or record. I honestly thought you would tie her up and throw her over your shoulder if she refused.”

“That’s not funny Caleb,” I responded dryly but he snorted.

“Have you seen yourself Kaden? You are the last person on earth that I would have expected to do something like this. You’re a possessive bastard.”

“I just want her to be comfortable.”

found the entire situation amusing. To be

He hummed under his breath but I could tell he honest, I liked that he was able to make light of the entire situation because it helped me feel like I wasn't going crazy. Caleb's humor is exactly the breath of fresh air I needed to be able to handle the situation.

"So are you serious about her?" Caleb asked after a beat. "I know you've said that

you don't really want a mate but if you're letting her stay then it has to be serious right. Is she going to be your Luna?"

I thought about what Caleb said. I wasn't exactly sure how I felt about Amelia and before

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today, the idea of a mate was as unpleasant to me as wet dog but seeing Amelia seems to have thrown a curveball in my plans. I'm not sure where she fits into all of this but I am sure as hell that I don't want her anywhere I can't watch over her.

"The mate bond is a strong this," I said slowly, "It is almost impossible to fight. I believe that Amelia is a good person inside and out and I think it is worth giving a chance."

"I never thought you of all people would say that," he murmured, "I thought I would die before I would see the day that you would want to settle down."

I rolled my eyes,

my eyes, "Shut up

Caleb."

"Yes sir," he said but I could hear the slight teasing and mocking tone in his voice."

I decided to ignore his mocking instead of rising to take his bait.

“Make sure that she doesn’t lack anything. Everything she needs should be put on my tab and all her bills should be sent to me. I want her treated and respected like anyone would do for me.”

I could practically feel his shock on the other side of the line but he muttered something along the lines of agreement.

I was about to end the call when I heard Caleb’s voice. He spoke so softly that if not for my Alpha hearing I would not have heard him.

“What are you going to do about your mother?” he asked and I realized that in all my plans. I hadn’t once thought about how my mother would react. “She won’t be quick to accept Amelia as

of her friends. “nate and you know it. She is hell bent on mating you with the child of one

“I can deal with my mother,” I said trying to let him know through my tone that there was no room for discussion but he didn’t seem to catch on.

“Your mother can be really scary sometimes. I mean-,”

“Caleb,” I cut him off and he fell silent. “Remind me again who the Alpha of the pack is.”

I think sometimes because of our relationship Caleb forgets who I really am. I think he

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forgets what I am capable of and the kind of power and position I hold not just in the pack but also in the world. Men cower at the sound of my name and Alphas pee their pants.

"You are," Caleb said softly in an almost resigned tone. "Your word is law."

"Don't ever forget that."

I didn't wait for a response from him before I ended the call.

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Chapter 17

Chapter 17 AMELIA'S PO.V I am almost embarrassed at how quickly I rushed out of the room when Clara arrived. She was still barefooted and she smiled softly at me as she shut the door behind her. As we walked through the office walls, I took my time to really admire the expensive interior of the place. Clara led me to her car and as soon as the doors were shut and I was sure we were far away from Kaden and his super Alpha hearing that I know every Alpha possesses, I turned to Clara. "Kaden was nicer than I thought he would be," I admitted and she turned to me with an amused smile. "I thought he would be upset for disrespecting him at the lake earlier but he told me it was fine." "I knew there was nothing to worry about," Clara said softly. "Kaden can be scary sometimes. but he is a fair leader. You did absolutely nothing wrong." "I was just expecting to be punished," I mumbled. "Also, I'm sorry to be such an inconvenience. I know you're taking on a lot by having me stay with you." "You're not an inconvenience, it would be amazing to have someone around who is my age. I love my grandparents and my brother but sometimes they can be overbearing." "You live with your grandparents?" I asked and she hummed. "What are they like?" "Well my grandmother is the nicest person in the world. She is so sweet but she can also be a little scary and my grandfather is just quiet. He mainly keeps to himself and sits on the rocking chair while drinking tea and reading the newspaper." "They sound fun." I have no other family except for my father and Brittany and even before this, I would never have spoken about them with the same kind of affection that Clara spoke about her family. She spoke like they were so important to her and dear to her heart and I knew without a doubt that she loved them and they loved her. it warmed my heart to see but it also gave a bittersweet feeling and a pang of pain and longing right in the center of my chest but I quickly brushed it off. 1/5

Emergency calls only G Chapter 17 100 100% 11:22 "Will they be upset to have me?" I asked and she glanced at me incredulously. +5 "Of course not," she said as if I was stupid for even considering it. "I'm sure grandma is already making a huge meal for you right now. Fair warning, she can be very overbearing. but she is only doing it because she cares. She will probably stuff you full of food until you pop." I chuckled at her description and she squeezed my palm softly in a calming manner before returning to the wheel. I appreciated how she was trying to calm me down and assure me of everything and I relaxed in the chair. I trust Clara and if she says her grandparents will like me then I will believe her. The drive to her house took a little over fifteen minutes

and although I had come to terms with where I was going to be staying, I still felt nervous butterflies flutter in my belly. I hesitated in getting out of the car and if Clara noticed, she didn't say much about it. Instead, she stood and waited patiently for me to join her by her side. We walked towards the front door and before Clara even raised her hand to knock, a woman appeared on the other side. She was a splitting image of Clara although many years older and she was wearing an apron that was stained with flour. She had a warm smile on her face and I saw smile lines and wrinkles framing her face. Her graying hair was tied up in a bun but she looked so young that I would never have guessed that she was her. grandmother. "You poor thing," she cooed as she looked over at me. "Come in please." She stepped aside for Clara and I to walk in and the first thing I smelled when I crossed the threshold was cinnamon and coffee. The house smelled lived in and something about the atmosphere was completely cozy and warm. It felt like being wrapped in a long and warm hug and I felt all the tension drain out of my b*dy. I saw Clara's grandfather sitting on a wooden rocking chair with a newspaper in his hands just like Clara had described but he put it down when we walked in. He also looked as kind as her grandmother and he offered me a soft smile.

"Clara why don't you take her to the guest room?" her grandmother asked, "You can take a bath dear and maybe Clara can help you with some new clothes. Dinner should be ready before you're done." 2/5 Emergency calls only G Chapter 17 "Thank you," I said softly and she waved me off. OD 100% 011:22 Clara led me to a room down the hallway. She showed me her own room which was two doors down from the one I was supposed to use and when I walked in I was in awe. I was expecting a small room like the one I was used to at home but instead, I was met with a room almost three times that size with a large four poster bed in the middle. There was a vanity and a walk in closet. The bathroom was almost as big as the room and completely tiled. "This is amazing," I breathed and I saw Clara grin. "I'll lay out some clothes for you before you return," she said and then she was gone. +5 I spent longer than I should have in that shower and it was mainly because I couldn't bring myself to get out. It was so big and comfortable that I didn't even realize I had spent so much time until the water in the tub went cold. I got out and saw a pair of sweatpants and a top that Clara had left out for me. They fit me perfectly and I towel dried my hair before stepping out of the room. The smell of food carried me to the living room and I saw Clara's grandmother setting out plates on the dining table. She smiled when she saw me and beckoned me over. "Thank you for having me," I said to her and Clara who had appeared from the kitchen holding a dish. "I don't have any money right now but I can do chores or jobs around the house I can do to earn my keep." "Don't worry about it," Clara said. "All your needs are going to be funded by someone. Don't bother asking who, just sit down so we can have dinner." Even though she had said not to bother, I couldn't help but worry about who was funding it. Was she

lying just to make me feel better or was there actually someone that was going to handle everything? If there was, then who was it? Was it Kaden? He wouldn't actually do that, he doesn't even know me, right? The thoughts were swirling in my head but I took a seat at the table next to Clara. She offered me a smile and I waited until everyone else had started to dish out their food before. I hesitantly reached for a bowl of

pasta. "I know we haven't done the introductions yet but my name is Pamela and that's my 3/5 Emergency calls only G Chapter 17 100 100% 11:22 husband Devin." Clara's grandmother said. "Now what's your name and how did you. stumble across our pack?" "My name is Amelia," I swallowed. "My mate left me for my sister today and my father thought it would be a good idea for me to go to another pack to finish school to avoid the shame that would come from it. On my way driving, some wolves attacked me." I told her the story of how the birds saved me and how I stumbled into the pack and came across Kaden. I rushed through that path because even thinking about Kaden had me feeling a type of way that I didn't want to think about. Pamela was listening with rapt attention and wide eyes and by the time I was done, she was shocked. "Who could have wanted to hurt you so badly?" she asked, "Why would they send wolves after you. Do you have any enemies?" "I didn't at the time," I said softly. "They were sent by her father," Clara added. "The birds saw him planning the attack and I was able to warn Caleb and Kaden." Pamela put a hand over her mouth. "I am so sorry that happened to you Amelia," her voice was so soft as if she was trying to comfort me with her words. "I'm glad you're safe here."

"It's all thanks to Clara. If she didn't have the skill with the birds I would probably be dead." "Yes, Clara's skill is amazing," Pamela smiled softly. "It runs in the women of the family. Her maternal grandmother could talk to horses and she was an amazing warrior. Her mother was also an amazing warrior, it was a shame when she and her mate died in battle." I saw Clara's smile waver slightly and I knew that she probably still missed her mother. We drifted the topic over dinner to softer matters like what I planned to do now that I was in the pack and my hobbies. By the time dinner was over, I wanted to help with the dishes but Pamela shooed me to the room and told me to get some rest. I reluctantly walked into my room and once the door was shut it was like the weight of the entire day finally fell on my shoulders. I crawled into the bed and pulled the blanket up to my chin. If anyone had told me yesterday that Brittany and father would have tried to kill me, I would have called them 4/5 5/5

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liars. But here I am in a foreign pack simply because they wanted me dead. I can never go back and that means I am no longer the Alpha's daughter. In the span of one day my entire life has crumbled and I am no one.

The silver lining to all of that was that Kaden had granted me a blank slate. I never expected. his kindness but I am grateful for it. Tomorrow I will talk to Clara about starting a

university part time so I can also find a job. I have been given a second chance at life and I am not going to let it pass me by.

I allowed the new found hope consume me as I drifted off to sleep.

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Chapter 18

Chapter 18

KADEN'S POV

Clara had been giving me updates on Amelia's progress at the house. She texted me when she took a bath and when she ate dinner. My skin itched to see her and to find out how she was doing. The texts weren't enough for me and I wanted to see her for myself and see how she was doing. When Clara told me that she was asleep, I instantly got into my car and drove to their house..

I knew what I was doing felt crazy but I needed to see her. It was already difficult for me to know that she wouldn't be living under my roof but I needed to see her to make sure that she was fine. Their house is a twenty minute drive from the pack office but I got there in under ten. I probably broke every single speed limit and road safety rule known but I couldn't bring myself to care.

I knocked on the door and it took a few minutes before someone pulled it open. My skin itched with anticipation as the door finally swung open. Clara stood there in a robe with wet hair but I couldn't be bothered to even look over her. She bowed to me and I saw confusion swirling in her eyes as to why I was standing at her doorstep so late at night.

"Caleb isn't here yet," she began slowly as I crossed the threshold and made my way into the house. "I could call him but I'm not sure how long it would take him to get here."

"I'm not here for Caleb," I said simply and her eyes widened as her mouth formed an o in understanding. "Where is she?"

"She is in the guest room down the hallway."

The directions were barely out of her mouth before I found myself walking down the hallway she had pointed to find her. Pamela and Devin were nowhere to be seen and I knew they were probably

asleep. If they weren't Devin would have been sitting on his rocking chair and Pamela would have probably offered me cookies like she always does.

I got to the door that Clara had directed me to and I slowly pushed it open so it wouldn't creak. Her scent hit me immediately and I felt myself harden instantly. I muttered a small curse under my breath as I fisted my hands to stop myself from doing something terrible. I repeated the words 'she is asleep' like a mantra in my head to remind myself of all the reasons I couldn't just jump into bed with her.

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I slowly made my way over to her side of the bed and watched her as she breathed softly. In her sleep, she looked more beautiful and she looked calmer. She looked soft and like she had no problems at all. I reached out and softly pushed a stray strand of hair out of her face and I couldn't help but reach down and stroke my finger down her face softly.

She didn't stir as I touched her and I let out a sigh of relief at the softness of her skin against my fingers. My fingers were so big on her face and they were so coarse from years of work while her skin was the softest and silkiest material I had ever seen in my life.

"Can you feel her wolf?" I asked my wolf in my head. I wanted to know if he could feel the same way I felt about her.

I felt him stir inside me before he spoke, "I can't," he sounded almost annoyed by the fact and I froze.

If he couldn't feel her wolf then that meant one of two things- either her wolf was asleep like she was or she was wolf less. If her wolf was asleep then he should still be able to feel her energy but he can't feel a thing- maybe it is because she was weak when she arrived and her wolf hasn't had time to rest up yet. I could feel my wolf getting slightly annoyed by the fact.

"Her wolf is probably asleep," I told my own and I felt his annoyance decrease slightly.

I stared at my mate's sleeping features and I felt this insatiable urge to lean over and press my l*ps to her. I could almost picture how it would go and I could almost feel how soft her l*ps were but I had to restrain my urges and remind myself of all the reasons I couldn't do that. The first being that she is currently asleep and the second being that

she is terrified of me and would probably end up screaming if I were to wake her up like that.

I wanted to nuzzle into her n*eck and inhale her scent for hours on end. I wanted to bottle her scent and bathe myself in it. I wanted to drown in it and forget all my sorrows in her because I knew her scent had the power to do that.

“She smells amazing,” my wolf commented and I agreed with a hum. “You know that if she doesn’t have a mate then she wouldn’t be able to smell your scent, right? It could explain why she was so scared of you.”

“She has a wolf,” I growled to mine. I didn’t want to acknowledge the fact that she couldn’t smell my scent the way I could hers.

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I didn’t want to acknowledge the fact that I was the only one who felt some kind of way towards her. It brought a foreign feeling of pain in my chest, something similar to longing and a distant cousin of want. I have never felt something like that in my entire life and I never want to feel it again.

I shoved away every thought and every feeling of her not having a wolf and decided to just focus on her presence. My wolf seemed to agree with my decision because he went quiet in my head and I took a seat at the edge of the bed and watched her.

head and I took a seat at t

I didn’t know how long I stayed in that room until I finally exited and I saw the clock read that an hour had passed. It felt like mere minutes to me and somehow it still didn’t feel like enough time. I walked into the living room and I saw Caleb sitting on the couch with a mug of steaming tea in his hands and when he saw me, he smirked.

“I hope you didn’t take advantage of the poor girl,” he mused. “It would be a shame for her to have her first k*ss with you while she was asleep.”

I rolled my eyes at his antics and I saw him snort and try to hide his smile. I knew he was just trying to push my buttons but I ignored him and took a seat on the couch next to him.

Clara returned from the kitchen and she was fully dressed in a long night dress. She handed me a cup of tea and although I prefer coffee, I took it from her and took a sip.

She disappeared down the hallway, probably to her room and left Caleb and I alone. I waited until I heard the tell tale sound of a door clicking shut before I turned to Caleb. He seemed to get the hint that I wanted to talk to him about something important because he turned to face me.

“What have you been able to find out?” I asked.

“I was able to track down the wolves who were chasing her and I was shocked to realize that they are rogues. They don’t belong to her father’s pack so I am thinking he hired them to kill his daughter.”

Anger burned through me at the thought. How could anyone be so cruel as to want to kill his own daughter to the extent that he would hire rogues to do the job for him? How could any parent be so cruel as to want to harm their own child? My rage simmered beneath my blood and I wanted nothing more than to find her father and rip his head off with my bare hands but I took deep breaths to calm myself and remind myself that killing him would yield no results.

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“Why would he want to kill her so badly?” I asked once I had regained control of myself. “Is there some kind of bad blood within the family? What were you able to find out?”

“I didn’t find much,” Caleb admitted softly and almost bashfully. “But I was able to find out that Amelia’s mother died while trying to protect her. It could be the reason why her father hates her so much. It is not a justification for his actions but it is the only answer that I could find as to what could have caused some sort of rivalry between them.”

I nodded but I wasn’t fully convinced. That cannot be enough reason why a father would hate his own child to the extent of wanting to kill them. A parent’s duty is to protect their child and if Amelia’s mother died doing that then she was i

doing her duty. It makes no

sense why her father would hate her and try to kill her for that.

“There has to be more to the story.” I told Caleb and he nodded.

“If there is more then we will figure it out. I will try and see what else I can find out but I think our best source of answers is Amelia.”

“You’re right but let her sleep, she has had a very long day. When she wakes up, we can start asking her questions.”

He nodded and I could see that he wanted to say something but I felt a pressure at the back of my skull that indicated that someone wanted to mind link me. I let down my walls and I instantly heard the voice of one of my guards in my mind. It wasn’t the fact that a guard was mind linking me but it was what he said that had my spine straightening.

“There is a man at our borders,” the guard said. “He says he is the father of the girl who crossed earlier and he wants to speak to you.”

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Chapter 19

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AMELIA’S PO.V

I woke up feeling better and more rested than I have in a very long time. I freshened. up in the bathroom and I exited the room to find Clara standing in my room. She led me to her room and to her wide closet so I could pick an outfit for myself. I teared up at the fact that she gave me a choice which is something I haven’t had in a very long time.

I chose a simple blue floral dress that flowed to my mid thighs. It had thick straps tied into bows and although it was a bit free on my b*dy, it still showed off the curve of my hips. especially because the torso had a corset like look and really cinched my waist in.

“This dress looks better on you than it ever has on me,” Clara mused as she took me in. “You look absolutely beautiful.”

My cheeks warmed at the comment and I found it hard to look her in the eye. The only person who had ever called me beautiful was Blake and I always thought he was lying

but to hear someone else say it brought a warm feeling into my chest and a slight flutter in my stomach.

“Thank you,” I managed out softly. “I promised to pay you back for all of this as soon as I am able to find a part time job.”

“You don’t have to pay me back,” she waved me off. “Consider it as a gift from me to you. It has never looked this good on me so you can have it free of charge. I would be doing a disservice if I didn’t give it to you.”

“I really appreciate it.” I told her and she gave me a warm smile.

She may not want payment for this dress but I will find a way to pay her back for her kindness towards me. Kindness is a luxury and a rare feeling that I hardly ever experienced and here she is giving it all to me. She has to be a special breed of person to be so kind hearted and warm to me- a stranger.

“You might want some shoes with that dress,” she said and suddenly she was rummaging through her closet before she pulled out a pair of sneakers and handed them to me. “I think we wear the same size shoes and I rarely wear shoes so you can have these.”

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Chapter 19

“It’s alright, I can just wear mine.”

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“But they’re d*rty,” she exclaimed and I opened my mouth to complain but she shoved the shoes into my arms. “Just take these; they will look perfect with the dress.”

I hesitated but I nodded. I made a mental note to pay her back for the shoes even if she wouldn’t collect payment for the dress. They looked expensive and they were also very comfortable too. I have to admit that they do look really nice with the dress.

“We should go out for breakfast,” Clara said suddenly snapping me out of my thoughts. “Grandma hates it when breakfast gets cold.”

I allowed her walk in front of me as we made our way to the living room. I saw Devin on the rocking chair with a newspaper in his hand while Pamela was setting plates on the dining table. I was about to say hi to them when I noticed another person in the room.

He was seated at the dining table helping Pamela out and from his features; I knew he had to be related to Clara. They have the same color hair and eyes although he looks more formidable and scary while Clara is all soft edges and silk.

Pamela was the first to notice me and she beamed wide. "I hope you slept well Amelia."

The guy's eyes snapped up to mine and I had to look away. He wasn't as terrifying as Kaden but he still put my on edge. It wasn't in a bad way but he just exuded a sense of power and authority and I knew he would have to be one of the high ranking officials in the pack.

My steps faltered but Clara wrapped a soft hand around my wrist and pulled me over towards the dining table. She sat right next to me so I wouldn't be too uncomfortable and Pamela placed a stack of pancakes and bacon in front of me. I was shocked that she served me before herself seeing as I was the guest but I noticed that she made sure everyone had gotten food, even Devin, before she even took out a plate for herself.

"Thank you," I whispered to her but she waved me off as if it wasn't such a big deal.

I couldn't help but notice that the male had his eyes on me. It wasn't in an uncomfortable manner, it was more like he was assessing me and trying to figure me out. I fought the urge to squirm in my seat.

"Amelia, this is my brother Caleb," Clara said as if she noticed my discomfort and unease.

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Chapter 19

"He wasn't here last night when you arrived because he is the Beta. He usually works very late so the only time you might see him would probably be during breakfast."

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I lifted my eyes to see him sporting a soft smile on his face which I quickly returned. When he smiled, he didn't look as terrifying as he did at first and he actually looked more like a normal person and not like the Beta that Clara says he is.

A phone rang and Pamela excused herself to answer it. I noticed that sometime while we were eating, Devin had managed to leave without anyone noticing. It was just Clara, Caleb and I and I couldn't help but feel a little bit uncomfortable.

"So Amelia," Caleb began as he sipped quietly on a mug of tea. "I know how you arrived at the pack already but do you know why you were targeted and chased by those rogues?"

I knew that someone was going to ask that question sooner or later. I expected it to be Kaden but knowing that Caleb is the beta, it makes a little sense for him to also be curious. He probably wants to make sure that I am not going to be a liability to the pack.

It hurt to think about the situations that brought me to the pack. Especially now that I knew who was behind it all and I didn't want to answer the question but I also knew it would be disrespectful considering how welcoming this pack has been to me. They could have thrown me out on my ass

but instead they chose to welcome me with open arms and the least I can give them is an explanation as to what happened.

"I don't know why they wanted me dead," I admitted. "I had just been rejected by my boyfriend and my father suggested that I go to another pack for my university. I was on my way there when I noticed that I was being followed and I made a split second decision to come here instead of going where I was sent."

I smiled ruefully. "Maybe they wanted to get rid of me so my boyfriend could be happily mated with my sister."

"Why did your boyfriend reject you?"

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I was expecting the question but it still didn't dull the ache in my chest. I knew what the answer was but I was hesitant to speak. I couldn't help but think about whether predicament will make them think any less of me. Would it change everything? Would I be turned into a slave here like I was at home?

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Chapter 19

I could make up a lie and tell him or I could simply say that I don't know but he is the Beta. I am sure he has vast resources that I cannot even begin to imagine. He will find out sooner or later and I would rather he finds out from me than he finds out from someone else.

"I don't think I have a wolf," I admitted and I felt silence fall around the entire room. "He wanted to be Alpha and he knew he couldn't get that with me because I haven't gotten my wolf form yet so he went for my sister."

I could tell that he was surprised, it was written all over his face and I expected him to call me names or call me a runt. I was even prepared for them to throw me out of their house and tell me that I didn't deserve to be there. I had braced myself for every possible worst case scenario but I hadn't braced myself for the next words that came out of his mouth.

"It doesn't matter what your status is," he said softly. "All your misfortunes ended the moment you stepped onto our borders. It is a pleasure to have you with us Amelia."

I stared at him jaw slack wondering if I had heard correctly. I turned to Clara and she had a soft smile on her face. She reached for my hand and squeezed it softly in hers as she threaded our fingers together.

"You're one of us now," she told me with a smile. "You have nothing to worry about."

After breakfast, I decided to retire to the guest room. I wanted to be alone to think about what had just happened and I was lost in thought when I heard a knock on my door. I assumed it would be Clara so I made a non committal sound to alert her that she could come in. I stood up when I noticed the multitude of people walking into my room holding shopping bags in their hands.

I stood to my feet and watched wide eyed as not less than ten different people walked in holding bags from different stores. I was able to catch a few names and I knew those clothes cost nothing less than thousands of dollars. I slapped my hand over my mouth as I took in

the scene.

"This has to be a mistake," I said but none of them paid me any heed as they started placing the bags in front of my closet. "I didn't order these and no one would waste so much money on me. I think you're in the wrong room, Clara's is down the hall."

"They're not for me silly," Clara teased as she walked into the room.

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Chapter 19

She was barefooted again and she practically glided across the floors as she took a seat on my bed. The people who brought the clothes exited just as quickly as they came and shut the door behind us leaving us in complete silence.

I glanced at Clara with a puzzled expression and she simply gestured to the bags on the floor. I reached into one and pulled out a pair of jeans. I almost threw up when I saw the price tag but I chose to ignore it and looked at the size. I was shocked to find that it was perfectly my size. I thought it was a fluke and dipped my hand into four more bags only to realize that every single thing was my size even down to the underwear and shoes.

“Who would do this for me?” I asked incredulously. “I’m just a stranger; I would never be able to pay you back for all of this. I can’t take all of this, it is too much.”

“It is what we do for all our new members,” Clara said dismissively and my eyes widened.

I couldn’t believe my ears. I have never received this many clothes from my father in my life and here I am receiving them in the most feared pack in the world simply because I am a new member. I had to pinch myself to make sure I wasn’t hallucinating and I turned to Clara only to see her staring at me with slight amusement playing on her lips.

“We have to register you today,” she told me, “But you’re going to do it in your new clothes. Are you ready?”

I nodded and with her help I was able to pick a cute outfit of jeans and a floral wrap top. Once I was dressed, she sat me down and did some light make up on me. It felt good to have someone dote on me for once and when she was done, she turned the chair around so I could look at myself in the mirror.

I almost couldn’t recognize the girl staring back at me and it took all my willpower to not reach up and touch my face to make sure I was the one. I looked beautiful. I heard Clara murmur some words under her breath but I didn’t quite catch them so I turned to her.

“Did you say something?” I asked but she shook her head with a small smile playing on her lips.

Chapter 20

Chapter 20

AMELIA'S P.O.V

Clara drove me to the front of a really large building. It had glass walls but I couldn't see the inside and she explained to me that they were one way mirrors. There was a scary looking guard in front of the doors screening people who went in and my skin prickled at the thought of having to even speak to him.

During the drive, she had explained the basic breakdown of the things I would have to do. She said I would have to meet a woman at the desk who would just ask for my details and issue me a new identity card. She would have to ask some invasive questions about my family but for my safety and comfort, they had called her in advance so I could have the interview in a quiet place without people eavesdropping.

"Unfortunately, I can't go in with you," Clara said and I shot her a wide eyed look.

What does she mean? I'm not sure if I can do this by myself. The very thought of stepping out of this car is terrifying. I know I am safe but I can't help but feel like everyone is silently watching and judging me. I don't know if news of what happened has gotten out yet but if it has then I could be facing terrible stares. I don't know how the people of the pack will react to me and I am not sure if I am ready to face it alone.

"Are you sure you can't?" I asked and she offered me a sad smile, "Even if it is just for a few minutes. I can do the rest myself and I will find my own way back."

"I'm sorry, Amelia. I have something really important I need to take care of."

I realized that I was being selfish. She didn't have to drive me all this way but she did and I should be thanking her for it instead of demanding that she drop everything she has to do through the entire process. She has already done in order to hold my hand and coddle me so much for me when she didn't have to and I shouldn't be asking for more.

I realized that it was time for me to take charge of my own life and the new opportunity I had just been given. Not many people get the chance to start over but I did and it would be smart of me to take it with both hands.

"Thank you for bringing me here," I gave her a wide smile as I finally forced my shaky legs

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Chapter 20

out of the car.

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She gave me a thumbs up of encouragement and I turned to face the large building. I wasn't sure how long my bravado would hold by I exhaled deeply and walked over to the front doors. I saw the guard peering down at me through his thick black glasses and when I stopped in front of him, I cleared my throat.

"I'm here to register as a member of the pack."

I was glad that my voice didn't shake but the more the guard peered at me, the harder it was to hide the slight tremor in my hands. Finally, he nodded and gestured for me to go in. As soon as I was safely on the other side of the door, I let out a sigh of relief.

The interior was so magnificent that I spent a full minute staring at it. There were marble tables occupied by busy men and women either interviewing other people or on the phone. The place vibrated with life and it was like everyone there was in a hurry.

I realized I was blocking the door when someone cleared their throat behind me and I flushed pink and I quickly moved aside and allowed other people pass. I walked down the hall like Clara had instructed until I got to the last woman on the left. She was wearing a red button up shirt and a plain skirt that was obstructed by the table she was seating at.

There was no one in front of her so I walked straight up to her and cleared my throat which made her look up at me.

"Hi, my name is Amelia and Clara told me to meet you."

Her confused expression immediately morphed into a smile and she gestured for me to follow her. She took me to the edge of the room which was isolated from the rest of the room by a mini barricade. It wasn't much but it was enough to give me a semblance of privacy as I took a seat opposite her.

She opened a laptop in front of her and looked up at me. "Is it okay if I have your full name?"

I gave her every bit of information she asked for to the best of my ability. I couldn't answer any questions on my mother because my father never told me about her even when I had asked. I felt embarrassed at not being able to answer her questions but she

gave me a soft smile and never made me feel like I was stupid for not being able to answer her questions.

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Chapter 20

She asked me to stand on a scale so she could get my weight and height. I flushed when she stood to her feet and I realized she towered over me. I always knew I was short but seeing Clara- who is around my height- made me forget just how short I actually was.

I have never checked my height before so I was surprised to hear her mutter 5 foot 3 under her breath.

“Is that a bad thing?” I asked sheepishly and she turned to me as if she wasn’t expecting that question from me.

“There’s nothing wrong with being shorter than average,” she assured me. “I have a cousin who is even shorter than you are and she is doing perfectly fine for herself. No one really pays attention to height anymore.”

I decided to take her word for it and watched quietly as she tapped away on her laptop. She looked up when I felt the hair at the back of my neck stand up. She suddenly looked very nervous and I saw her bow. I knew it wasn’t at me so I turned and saw Kaden standing behind me.

He was in a button up shirt and jeans and even though he looked more casual, he still looked very formidable and I wasn’t the only person who felt that way because I could see the lady in front of me was nervous. There was a slight tremor to her fingers that wasn’t there before.

“Alpha,” she said and her voice cracked slightly. “I wasn’t expecting you here today.”

“I came to check on the work.”

She looked slightly perplexed but she didn’t say anything else. I glanced at Kaden out of the corner of my eye and I felt that undeniable pull towards him. In the light I was able to admire his features properly and admire the sharp curve of his jaw line and the depth of his eyes and how the sun gave them an intriguing look. They looked like something straight out of a watercolor painting.

My eyes unwillingly went down to his chest where the first two buttons of his shirt were undone and I couldn't help but stare at his toned chest. His skin was like fine bronze and it looked like it was sculpted with careful hands. He must be so obsessed with physical training to be able to get a b*dy like that and it took years to achieve that look.

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Chapter 20

"We were just finishing up here," the lady said and I let out a discreet sigh of relief. "I have asked all the questions I need to."

"Have you done the test?" he asked and I froze.

Clara didn't tell me anything about any test. All she said was that I would have to answer:

few questions and that would be all. I wish she had warned me about the test because if it is one of physical strength then I am going to fail. I should have known that all this was too good to be true because there is no way I would just be accepted into the pack with no strings attached.

"Have you forgotten that every new member has to take a physical test to ensure if they are able to serve on the patrol team?" Kaden asked and for a second I could swear I saw confusion swirling through her eyes as if she had no idea what he was talking about but it disappeared as soon as I blinked.

"I'll take the test," I said softly and both pairs of eyes turned to me. "I can take it now if you

want."

"Perfect, I am here now so I will help you with the test."

I wasn't expecting that response from him and my blood ran cold. I sat there immobile wondering if there was any way I could get out of it. I am already so intimidated by him and then add in that pull to him I cannot explain and doing a physical test with him might be more than I can handle.

I knew I was between a rock and a hard place. If I refused, I would risk being rude and disrespectful to him after he already gave me this amazing chance. I was out of options so I ended up nodding.

He opened his mouth to speak but then he froze and his eyes glazed over. I recognized it as mind linking because I have seen father and Brittany doing it before and I have always wondered how it worked but no one ever explained it to me.

By the time the tension left his shoulders and his eyes had cleared, he turned to me with a sad and somewhat somber expression.

"I am afraid we might have to reschedule that test," he said as his voice took on a more serious expression. "I have been called away for an important matter. I will have the new

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Chapter 20

date for the test communicated to you."

As he left, I couldn't help the small sigh of relief than let my lips and I wasn't the only one because the woman in front of me let like a wing had he lifted off her shoulders. I even saw her mutter with worth under her thumb make dry out. She caught me staring

me and she cleared her throat

"I will have your identity card sent to your relatives" she said so me before sending to her feet. "That is all for relatives, thank you"

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Chapter 20

date for the test communicated to you.”

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As he left, I couldn't help the small sigh of relief that left my lips and I wasn't the only one because the woman in front of me looked like a weight had been lifted off her shoulders. I even saw her mutter some words under her breath but I couldn't make them out. She caught me staring at me and she cleared her throat.

“I will have your identity card sent to your address,” she said to me before standing to her feet. “That is all for today, thank you.”

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