

Worthless to Priceless The Alpha's Rejected Mate

#Chapter 5 - Read Worthless to Priceless The Alpha's Rejected Mate Chapter 5

Chapter 5

AMELIA'S P.O.V

I woke up with a pounding headache. I looked down and realized that I was still in my dress from the party and that was when the memories slammed into me at full force. I forced back the tears that had gathered in my eyes and cursed when a stray one fell and I had to wipe it away.

I am used to having horrible birthdays. One time, my father forgot me at home and took Brittany out for ice cream and cupcakes. When he returned and saw me, he dismissed me without apologizing and I cried for a week after that.

This birthday however trumps all the bad memories and the bad birthdays. I knew Brittany didn't like me so much but I would never have imagined that she would do something like this and take my boyfriend from me. And Blake- I thought he loved me and I was so sure that he would fight for me.

Thinking about him brought another fresh wave of tears and even though I tried to fight them, they still fell. I was wiping away my tears when my door opened in a rush and Blake crept into my room.

As I looked at him, I remembered why I fell for him in the first place. With his curly brown hair and his innocent eyes, his lean arms that used to hold me close and his lips that used to whisper words

of encouragement in my ears. He looked a little scared and confused but most of all he looked determined.

"Please leave Blake," I found my voice although it was shaky, "I don't want to see you and I don't want to talk to you."

"I know that but you have to listen to me."

"I don't have to. I want you to leave. Besides, shouldn't you be with your new mate."

"For fuck's sake Amelia," the harshness of his voice had me stopping mid rant, "This is important and I really need to talk to you about it."

I swallowed deeply, "What is it?"

He poked his head out of the door as if he was checking to make sure that no one was there. When he was satisfied, he made his way over to my bed and leaned down so his lips were by my ears.

"I don't want anyone overhearing us," he explained, "I know that what I did today was horrible."

"Blake-," I began but he cut me off.

"Let me finish please." He cleared his throat before continuing, "I also know that I am the last person that you want to hear from but I need you to listen to me. You aren't safe here and I cannot tell you more than that but you need to leave."

"I can't leave Blake. This is my home and my family. I have nowhere else to go." I didn't realize I had started raising my voice until he slapped his hand over my mouth to keep me quiet.

"I know you don't trust me anymore but trust that I have your best interests at heart. You need to leave."

Footsteps interrupted us and he flew from my bedside and leaned against the wall. By the time my father and sister opened the door, it was as if he was never by my side in the first place. He looked at them and walked out of the room.

I would have thought the last few minutes were an illusion if not for the pleading look he shot me before he exited the room. Brittany gave me a victorious smile before exiting the room after him.

"You are awake," father's voice was devoid of emotion, "You disgraced us out there. What were you thinking, falling on the floor and crying like a child over a boy?"

"Why don't you love me father?"

I wasn't sure if he was more shocked by my question or by the fact that I answered his own question with a question. He looked at me with a quizzical expression before he finally schooled it back into neutral.

"What are you talking about?"

"You know what I'm talking about," my voice cracked on the last word, "Why don't you love me the way you love Brittany? Did I do something wrong? If I did then I am so sorry but all I want is for you to love me."

He let out a deep exhale, "Amelia you are upset and that is why you are saying all of this. The Blake boy is not worth your tears."

"I loved him father and Brittany took him from me."

"Listen, I cannot interfere in matters of the heart but I know this is hard for you and that is why I am here to give you an option." I sat up higher, suddenly curious as to what he was about to say, "I have spoken to a neighboring pack of ours and they are willing to accept you there for college."

"You want to send me away,"

"No, but I don't want to watch you hurting." He placed a hand on my head and I wondered when last I had seen him do that, "You can leave tonight. I will even help you pack."

I thought about his offer. I have never left this pack before, in fact, I haven't even finished exploring this pack. It has been my home since I was born and leaving it sounds scary. But it also sounds better than having to show my face around daily while people talk about how Blake left me for my sister. Distance might also be a good thing because it might help me get over Blake and Brittany's betrayal.

I looked up at my father who was staring down at me waiting for my response and I nodded. His face broke out into a smile and he helped me out of my bed and helped me pack all my things into a bag.

When we were done, he gave me a soft smile and led me to his study where he kept his car keys. He took down the key for his black SUV and handed it to me. I was shocked by his actions. I learnt to drive a while back but he has always been adamant that I never touch his cars.

"Thank you," I pulled him into a hug, "Thank you so much."

"You should leave before Brittany returns." He gave me an envelope that contained some money, "This should help you on your journey."

I gave him one last squeeze before dragging my bag out of the house and shoving it into the backseat of the car. I saw him standing on the porch watching me and I gave him a small wave before I put the car into drive and started off to the next pack.

THIRD PERSON P.O.V

Once Amelia was out of sight, Gregory went back into the house and waited the few minutes he knew it would take her to reach the pack border before dialing the number of his beta who picked up immediately.

"Amelia ran away. She stole my car and the money that we kept aside for the renovations," Gregory said to his beta, "As of this moment, she is now a rogue and is to be treated as such."

"I will let the border patrol know." His beta said and effectively hung up the call.

Gregory turned the phone around in his hands and the ghost of a smile grew on his lips. He knew that because Amelia's wolf was subdued then she wouldn't feel the effect of being a rogue but other wolves would and the neighboring pack would kill her before she was able to explain.

Chapter 6

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CALEB'S POV

When I woke up this morning, the last thing I expected to happen was to be ambushed by my sister. Kiara has always been a little special, growing up she would speak to the animals and she claimed they would respond back.

My father always thought she was crazy but we soon realized that she did have a gift. She was a seer and sometimes the birds would whisper things to her. Sometimes they were good things and sometimes they were warnings that something bad was about to happen. Regardless of whatever it was, we all learned to take Clara seriously.

I knocked on Kaden's door and I didn't wait for him to respond before I entered because I knew he wouldn't. I am the only person who willingly comes in here. Every other person is too scared or is dragged in here for punishment.

The rumors about Kaden started a while ago and they have done nothing but spread. Before all that, Kaden was my friend and that is all I will see him as. I don't know whether or not he actually killed his father for the crown and I don't particularly care to ask. All I know is that Kaden is my friend and I will do my duty to him as his Beta.

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He was hunched over his desk with some papers in front of him and a wild scowl on his face. I didn't need him to look relay the most prominent features of his face which are two long scars- one on his cheek and the other cutting from his temple to the top of his right eye.

"Clara heard something today," I began and he finally sat up.

More than anyone, Kaden respects the things Clara says. He doesn't like to speak to her himself because she always speaks in riddles and he finds that those things annoy him but he always respects her and tries his best to do the things she

says.

"What did the birds tell her today?" his tone was a little jarring and a tad bit mocking but I could see from his expression that he was genuinely curious.

"She says that a girl- an Alpha's daughter- was stripped of her identity and thrown out of her pack today."

"I don't see how that concerns me."

"She is adamant that the situation is dire and she feels sympathy for the girl."

"If I bothered myself with every family squabble we would be in ruin," Kaden kept his eyes fixated on the papers in front of him, "I don't know who the girl is but as long as she does not cross our borders then she is not our problem."

I nodded and exited the office. I knew Clara wouldn't be too happy about his response but she would understand. It is very hard to get Kaden to care about someone who isn't his immediate family or friend. He has always been like that, ever since he was a child and nothing has been able to change him so far.

I walked out of the pack building and made my way to the back where the gardens sat. When I saw dark brown hair identical to mine and a girl sitting cross legged and feeding the birds, I smiled to myself.

My sister spends more time in this garden than she spends anywhere else. It has always been her second home and I think she likes it more because of the birds. She calls them her friends and her

eyes. At first I found it amusing but I realized that because of her powers, she actually could see through their eyes.

Sometimes she can see as far as several packs away if one of the birds shows it to her. I have never understood how it works but it has been a great help to us in times of battle and warfare.

"I can see you brother," she said softly and I looked up to see a bird perched on a tree next to me.

I made my way out from the pillar I was leaning behind and I walked over to her. She tapped the ground next to her and I sat down gently, not wanting to scare the birds or disrupt her peace.

"He didn't have a positive response, did he?" she asked and I shook my head, "it is okay though, I expected that."

"Why is this girl so important?" I asked and she shrugged, "Does she mean anything to us?"

“Does she need to mean something for us to worry about her?”

Clara has always had a soft heart, She would cry at happy movies and she sobbed when she found out how chicken was made. She stopped eating meat because of her birds so I'm not surprised that she feels pity for this young girl that she has

never met.

She closed her eyes and stroked one of the birds softly, “her father is a terrible man Caleb.”

I was shocked by the sudden change in subject, “why would you say that?”

“He wants her dead,” she sighed softly and looked at me, “He has done cruel and terrible things to his daughter and now she is all alone.”

“We cannot help everyone Clára.”

She stayed silent and for a moment I thought she was actually upset with me. I wouldn't have blamed her for it though. She wanted to help this girl and I was telling her that she couldn't without offering a better course of action.

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I know Clara and I know that she will not let this go. Even if we refuse to help, she will do everything she can to help this girl if she truly believes that she is worthy of help. That is one of the things I love about her.

“I can see her,” she breathed in a whisper, almost as if she was scared to utter the words. “She looks so scared and petrified. She is so young too; I think she might be my age.”

So she was an eighteen year old girl who had lost her entire life. In that moment I understood why Clara felt for her so much. I can't imagine Clara being on her own right now. She probably wouldn't survive a week in the forest and she knows that. That might be why she cares so much about this girl because she sees herself in her.

I held my sisters hand softly and stroked the back of her palm. While I understand her pain and her pity, Clara has to learn that we are not in a position to save everyone.

“Clara,” I began and she hummed in response. “The girl will be fine. If her father is such a terrible person like you said then she might be safer away from him.”

“She is safer away from him but she looks so alone,” she trailed off for a second and I saw her cock her head in confusion. I was about to ask what she was seeing when she gasped and let out a scream.

She started to shake as if she was convulsing and I knew what was happening- she was seeing something. I have had my fair share of experiences with her when she is seeing but each times seems to scare me more. She flails around and if care is not taken, she could actually hurt herself.

Worry filled me in an instant and I pulled my sister into my side. I couldn't stop her from seeing what she was seeing but I could offer my protection. I wrapped my arms around her and stroked her hair as I tried to remind her that she was safe and she was with me.

The birds around us didn't move. If anything, they moved closer to Clara and took spots around her b*dy. I knew she was seeing through their eyes and that was why they were close to her.

It took a while, but she finally calmed down and all that was left of her episode was her shuddering breaths and the subtle wracking of her b*dy as she sobbed softly. I didn't force her to speak; I just kept my arms around her and held her tightly as she regained her composure.

“Her father,” she began with a soft voice, “He sent warriors to get rid of her. She doesn't know and she is on her own out there.”

KADEN'S PO.V

Chapter 7

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After Caleb left my office, I was thankful for the blissful silence. I ran my hand through my hair in barely contained frustration as I stared at the stack of papers in front of me. The worst part of my job is the paperwork and if I had my way, I would delegate the job to someone else but I don't trust anyone to take care of my pack the way I would.

I was trying to figure out the budget allotment for the next few months when my phone rang. I glanced at the screen and felt

the frustration build inside of me as I saw my mother's name flash across the screen.

I had half a mind to ignore her but I knew she would only keep calling so I picked up the phone and put it on speaker.

“Hello mother,” I tried to keep the frustration out of my voice, “To what do I owe the pleasure?”

“You have a date in an hour.”

That’s my mother- she never wastes her time with pleasantries or greetings. She just goes straight to the point and makes whatever demands she has of you. More like she forces you into her demands because she also never takes no for an answer which is why I didn’t bother fighting her on it.

I should have known that she would be calling because of a date. That is the only reason she has called me in the past few months. She is hell bent on setting me up with the daughter of one of her friends or family. She is of the opinion that I need a mate as soon as possible and fears that I will not find mine or she will not be of the right status.

“Who is the girl?” I asked after a beat of silence.

I could feel her happiness at me agreeing through the phone as she spoke, “her name is Gianna and she is the daughter of my second cousin removed.”

“Mother,” I began slowly hating that I was going to have to disagree with her, “I cannot mate with her if she is family.” “She is a beautiful girl; you will both have beautiful offspring.”

“We will have unhealthy offspring,” I corrected, “Look at our history and see what has happened with families that interbred.”

I knew my mother was upset that I had refused her. Her silence was enough indicator of her frustration.

“I already organized the date for both of you.”

“You should have asked me first.” I said softly.

That must have been the wrong choice because she ended the call without saying another word. I knew the right move would have been to call her back and apologize but I could feel the tell tale signs of a headache forming and the last thing I wanted was to speak to my mother longer than I should have. If I want to make her happy then I might have to just suck it up and go for the date.

I was still debating the idea when I felt my wolf stir up inside me. He was restless about the idea of the date and I knew it based on the way he was pacing in my mind.

“You can’t go for the date,” he said defiantly, “We have to focus on finding our mate.”

I almost rolled my eyes at him. My wolf has been adamant about finding our mate and has been against all the dates my mother has been setting for us. Each time I have gone, he shuts me out and refuses to speak to me until I am back home.

"I cannot refuse mother and the girl might not be as bad as you think." I tried to reason with him but he was against the idea because he turned his back to me. "If the girl is an airhead with a terrible character then I will reject her on the spot. She might be a good candidate."

He must not have noticed the teasing note in my voice because he frowned, "She will not be as good as our mate. The moon goddess knows what is best for us and our mate is going to be exactly that. Your other half will be equally as good," he paused and analyzed me, "or as bad as you are."

After saying that, he promptly went to ignoring me and I resisted the urge to pull at my hair. My mother and my wolf are annoyed with me and I cannot appease one without risking angering the other one.

I rubbed my fingers against my temple to try to reduce the migraine that was already forming. It seemed to be working but

office door opened and I knew that whatever peace I had gotten was over just as quickly as it started.

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I looked up to see Caleb. He had a look in his eye that was a mixture of panic, hurt and worry. I was instantly on alert because it takes a lot to rattle Caleb. There is a reason I made him my Beta out of everyone else. Part of the reason is because he is my longest friend but the other is because I can count on him to be ruthless when the time is right.

"What happened?" I asked and he hesitated for a second before speaking.

"Clara had one of her scary visions."

I finally understood the tremor in his b*dy. I have only experienced one of her scary visions and it was enough for me to never want to see it again. Caleb has experienced every one of them with her and I'm not surprised he is like this after it.

"What was it about?"

"The Alpha's daughter," I almost rolled my eyes and Caleb saw that he was losing my interest because he rushed over to my side, "She is in danger."

"How does this concern me exactly?"

"She is being chased by rogues and she thinks they are the same ones who were attacking the pack."

On a normal day, I wouldn't have cared but I was in a bad mood and I needed a way to deal with my frustration. I was also willing to do anything so I didn't have to think about my mother's demands. I stood to my feet and I saw Caleb let out a sigh of relief. I knew he wouldn't have stopped unless I had agreed to go with him.

"It is a good day to kill some rogues, don't you think?" I asked and he smirked.

"I couldn't agree more."

Caleb led me out and towards the car so we could drive towards the border. Caleb was relaying directions to me from Clara through the mind link. I didn't know where we were going or what we were looking for and for a second, I wondered if Clara had seen wrong.

"Are you sure this is the place?" I asked Caleb and he nodded.

"Clara said she was heading this way and we should see her soon."

I was about to say something when I saw the car. I couldn't see the girl inside clearly but she looked panicked as she tried to outmaneuver the rogues that were chasing her. The car was beaten up on some sides from where she kept bumping into the trees. It was clear she was young and inexperienced and it only annoyed me further.

My wolf stood up in agitation. If there was anything that got his interest just as fast as the topic of our mate, it was rogues. He shared my mutual dislike for them and I could feel his anger.

"You wouldn't mind ripping off a few heads, would you?" I asked and he growled.

I stopped the car and my feet had barely hit the ground when I shifted effectively ripping my clothes in the process. I didn't mind because there were always clothes around the forest for situations like this. As I rushed towards the rogues, I let out the loudest growl that I could muster.

Chapter 8

Chapter 8

AMELIA'S P.O.V

As I drove, all I could think about or even feel was the pain from the betrayal my family had just dealt to me. I tried to push the thoughts out of my head but it swarmed my every thought and pore. It still felt unbelievable to think that Brittany and Blake could have done that to me.

As I thought about my family, I couldn't help but think about the warning that Blake had given me. I still don't know why he warned me or what he was trying to warn me about. He just said I wasn't safe and I wonder what he meant by that. Was that his own way of saying that he still cared about me? Or was that his own twisted way of looking after me after what he had done?

"Darn you Blake," I muttered, "You're a real asshole." I realized how crazy I must look to be talking to myself in the car so I instantly went silent.

I drove in silence when suddenly I started to hear the chirping of birds above my car. I hoped I would out drive them but it was like they kept on following me. The chirping got louder and I heard one land on the roof. Another one landed on my side mirror but flew away and landed on the roof with its companion.

I didn't mind them but I hoped they wouldn't pee or poop on the car because it would be a nightmare to get out and father would be so mad at me. A bird once pooped on him and I couldn't wash it out of his shirt so he had to burn it. I can only imagine how bad it would be on a car.

The forest seemed to get quieter the more I drove and the only sound was the birds. I was grateful because the eerie silence was starting to scare me. I wondered if I should break off a piece of bread for them when I heard the snapping of twigs behind me.

I glanced into my mirrors but I couldn't see anything. I reached into the glove compartment and saw a loaf of bread. I broke it into half and shoved a large piece into my mouth then wound down my window and held out a little piece in my hand. When nothing happened, I was about to pull my hand away but then a bird landed in my palm and took the piece. "You're so pretty," I breathed as I took in the medium sized black bird. "I wonder what type of bird you

are."

My loneliness must have been worse than I anticipated because that can be the only reason why I am communicating with a bird like it understands me.

I broke off another piece and handed it to the bird. Its large beady eyes assessed me and it pecked my hand softly then flew back to the roof. I smiled to myself because I have never touched a bird before and I wanted to do it again.

I was feeding the birds and eating when I heard another twig snap. The bird that was in my hand flew to the roof immediately and this time I wound up my window and continued driving.

I looked through my mirrors and even glanced at the back hoping to catch a glimpse of whatever animal it was but I still didn't see anything. I was about to chalk it off as my

imagination when I saw a large figure collide with my windshield. At first I thought it was a bear but when I saw the snarling teeth, I realized it was a werewolf.

It growled at me and it took all my willpower not to scream. I know I should have moved or tried to shake the wolf off by speeding up with the car but I was frozen in shock. The wolf had saliva dripping from the sides of its mouth and the eyes were black leading me to realize that it wasn't a rogue.

Rogues have red eyes and are usually more feral but this wolf looked at me with intelligence- almost like it had looked for me. It smashed its paw into the windshield and I knew it wanted to kill

me.

My survival instincts kicked in and I gripped the steering wheel hard and hit the accelerator. I veered a sharp right not caring where I was going and the sudden change in speed and direction threw the wolf off the bumper of my car.

It snarled in pain and I wasted no time before I hit the gas and started moving forward. Blake's warning shot in my head and I knew that this was probably what he was warning me about. I knew the only person who would want me dead was my sister. She never liked me but I would have never guessed that Brittany would stoop low enough to send wolves after me to kill me.

In that moment, I didn't care about safety, I just hit the gas and the car was moving faster than I had ever driven in my life. It was hard to control it at this speed and I kept bumping into trees and flying over rocks but I didn't care. I was determined not to die and I was willing to do anything to do so.

I got to a fork in the forest and I knew the left part led to the pack that father was sending me to. I wondered if they had told the people in that pack to kill me on sight too. I knew it would be a major risk to go there so I turned right towards the Dark Fangs pack.

I haven't heard much about it because the people mainly live in secrecy and solitude but I know that their Alpha is rumored to be an atrocious monster. Rumors say that he slaughtered his entire family so that he could take the position.

I didn't know what waited for me there but I would take my chances at the hand of that monster than at the hands of my family. They have already tried to kill me once and who is to say that they won't try it again. I also chose it because I knew that anyone with half a mind wouldn't dare to go into it.

While I was worrying, I saw a bird flying in front of my car and it looked back almost as if it was watching me then it took a sharp right. I don't know whether it was desperation or just pure stupidity but I found myself following that bird. I hoped I was going the right way and not leading myself to a dead end.

As I followed it I couldn't help but think about how my life had taken such a drastic turn. A few hours ago, I was getting ready for my birthday and now I am following a bird through the trees. I found myself laughing despite the dire situation because of how pathetic it sounded. All of this is simply because my own sister decided to steal my boyfriend.

I glanced at the rogues through the rearview mirror and they glanced at each other in confusion which solidified my earlier thoughts that they were sent by my father and sister. They looked unsure and faltered for a second but they continued to chase after me and I muttered a small curse under my breath.

"You better know where we are going, little bird." I muttered under my breath. "My life is in your hands."

I was trying to avoid a tree so I swerved to the right and into one of the wolves. I didn't see him in time and I knew I wouldn't be able to maneuver around him. He prepared to jump onto the car and I knew he would do it successfully but then the weirdest thing happened.

Some birds flew down from the trees and simultaneously started to poop on the wolf and scratch his b*dy. I thought it was weird that they all did it at the same time but I didn't have time to watch it, I turned back onto the trail and continued following my guide bird. I knew the other two were still on my trail.

I had never seen birds act like that and I began to wonder if the birds were deliberately helping me but it seemed crazy to even think about. Birds were not that smart and they couldn't act of their own volition. I knew the moment I got close to the pack border and I knew that if I didn't die at the hands

of the rogues then I would die at the hands of the border patrol. They didn't take kindly to strangers and that is what I was.

I muttered a prayer to the goddess hoping that something miraculous would happen to get me out of the situation and just as I was praying, I saw it- him. The wolf was larger than any I had seen in my life and I watched as he attacked the rogues with such ferocity that I was stunned to my core.

Chapter 9

Chapter 9

KADEN'S POV

I wasted no time tearing into those rogues. On first sight, there looked to be just three but I noticed there were at least three more hidden in the trees. They thought they would be able to overpower me due to their number but after I ripped into the throat of the first one, they seemed to realize that it wasn't going to be that easy.

The smart ones ran in the opposite direction and I mind linked Caleb to ensure that they didn't get away. I wanted them all dead and I didn't know why I was feeling such fierceness over a girl that I didn't even know. I killed them all without breaking a sweat and soon their bodies lay around me while blood stained my fur.

It wasn't until I was done killing them that I looked up at the girl I saved. She had stopped driving and I could see her watching me through the mirror. She was frozen in place and then a strong breeze blew her scent into my nose. My wolf immediately went into a frenzy and I didn't need him to speak before I knew. I felt that bond lock into place deep in my chest and I knew what she was.

"Mate," my wolf growled and before I could stop him, he started moving.

*In wolf form, he was stronger and he had most of the control. I couldn't stop him from running towards the car and I saw pure and undiluted fear take over her features. She looked at me like I was going to kill her and she stepped on the gas, driving as fast as she could towards the border. I had to wrestle back control from my wolf because he didn't understand why she was running away and wanted to go faster so he could catch her.

He was not happy about me taking control from him and he protested. I followed the girl but I kept a good distance away from her to ease her fears. It didn't seem to work because I saw her glancing

me through the mirror ever so often. I mind linked the border patrol to clear the way for her. I didn't want to terrify her further. They didn't ask any questions and did as I instructed giving her space to pass.

She drove towards the forest and in her panic, I saw that she was bumping into trees and rocks but it didn't seem to deter her. I wanted her to stop so I could get a proper glimpse of her but she didn't seem to share the same sentiments. I wondered if she didn't realize that we were mates or if her fear was too great that it was stopping her from finding out.

"Kaden," I heard Caleb's voice in my head. "Where are you? I tried to get the rogues but a few of them escaped into another territory and I didn't want a pack war on our hands."

"Just keep an eye out for them."

“Are you alright? You sound like you’re panting. Were you able to catch the girl in question?”

A large crash dragged me back to the present. “I’ll talk to you later, Caleb.”

I broke off the mind link before Caleb could ask any more questions and I took in the scene in front of me. She had crashed the car into a tree and immense panic took over me as I rushed over to make sure she was alright. I could feel my wolf struggling to take control and I had to fight to keep him at bay. I couldn’t trust him to be logical in a situation like this.

“Screw logicity, that is our mate,” he snarled and I made sure the wall was in place before I made my way over to the car. I shifted as soon as I was close, not caring about my n*kedness.

I pulled the door open and I let out a sigh of relief when I realized she was still breathing. She was slumped forward against the steering wheel and there was small blood on her forehead but otherwise, she looked alright. I raised my hand to wipe away the blood when I realized my own hands were bloody.

I quickly snatched it back because I didn’t want her covered in the blood of those rogues. I searched her b*dy for any obvious signs of injury and when I didn’t find any, I took a slow step back.

I found a rag in the car and I used it to wipe the blood off her forehead. It was more than I initially expected and it coated my hands. There was a foreign feeling in my chest when her blood touched my skin. I had killed so many men and I never cared about their blood before but with her- it felt wrong.

I would have taken her out of the car but due to the way she panicked earlier, I knew that having her wake up anywhere else but inside her car could be a hazard so I reluctantly took a step back and made my way to the pond to wash off the blood from the rag and my skin.

AMELIA’S P.O.V

My head was pounding like someone was making a construction site out of it. I let out a groan and lifted my hands to my forehead. My fingertips came back stained with blood and for a second I was confused but then the memories came flooding back. I looked around in a panic and when I didn’t see anyone, I let out a sigh of relief.

I looked into the trees for the birds that had saved me but there was no sign of them. It was incredulous to think that they acted because they knew I was in danger but the fact remained that they had helped me so I got out of the car and dropped my voice to a whisper.

“Thank you,” I said hoping that somehow they would know.

It occurred to me then just how quiet the woods were. There were no birds chirping, it was almost like they had all gone into hiding and I wondered why when a flash of movement caught my eye. There was a lake to my side that I didn’t notice before

and I saw a ripple before I saw him.

Rising from the lake like a fallen angel was who I presumed was the Alpha of the pack judging by the sheer power that he exuded. In my entire life I have never felt raw power this strong. It was overwhelming and my wolf and every pore in my b*dy wanted nothing more than to bow and submit to him.

He had long dark hair that fell to his shoulders and his entire torso and the entire of his left hand was covered in dark ink. I couldn’t make out his tattoos from here but most of them were writings and I saw a few drawings on his b*dy. It was an intricate work of art and it made him look more unreal and ethereal.

His entire b*dy looked like it was carved from stone and when he looked up. I felt my breath hitch in my throat. On his face were two deep scars and I wondered what could have possibly caused a wolf as powerful as him to scar like that.

He kept rising from the lake and I tried to keep my eyes away from his lower b*dy because he was n*ked. My eyes fell on his and fear gripped me as I noticed the way he analyzed me like a wolf stalking his prey. That knowledge was enough to unlock my legs and break the freezing spell that he had cast on me.

I knew that if he got out. I was going to be his lunch. My mouth was dry and it was like I could not breathe- I had to remind my lungs how to work. While I knew the car would be quicker, I also knew that it would be easier to track so I turned on my heels and I ran as fast as I could into the trees.

Chapter 10

Chapter 10

KADEN’S PO.V

I wanted to clean off the blood so when she finally looked on me, she would not be scared. I could only imagine how terrifying it would be for her to see her mate for the first time caked in the blood of the rogues who had tried to chase her. didn’t know much about her but I knew that she was fragile and she would fear.

I sunk under the water to get clean and clear my head. It was something I had been doing since I was a child. I would go under water and just allow the noise cancel out. I didn’t know how long I was under but I stayed until I couldn’t anymore and I came out.

As soon as I did, her scent hit me like a freight train and it took everything in my power to stop my wolf from charging at her like a crazed man. Her scent was the most tantalizing thing I have ever had the privilege of coming across. She smelled divinely feminine with berries and flowers and an underlying scent that I have never come across before. Most wolves I came across nowadays bathe themselves in artificial perfumes that drown out their natural scent but whatever she was using seemed to enhance it.

I could clearly see that she was awake in the car because her eyes had caught mine. She was staring wide eyed and I could see the rapid rise and fall of her chest. I hoped she recognized me in my human form but I couldn't tell because I couldn't get a clear read on her from the distance.

As I got closer, her scent got stronger and I knew without a doubt that I wanted to have this girl. I wanted everything about her and I wanted to bottle up that scent and keep it to myself. Something about her scent called to me and I knew that it was mine to keep. I had never put much thought to having a mate before but now that I had her, I never wanted to let her go. She stared at me with wide eyes and I took her in. I finally took her in for the first time. She was small with curves in all the

right places and the leggings she wore accentuated her rounded hips. I couldn't help but think about how they would feel in my palms.

I couldn't make out her features well because of how dark it was but I knew that when I got closer, I would see everything I needed to. Our eyes locked and I noticed that they were brown and wide, almost shaped like the innocent eyes of a doe.

I smiled at her and she turned on her heels and ran. I was annoyed that she had ran from me a second time and I tried to calm my wolf down as I watched her figure retreat from me. It took all my willpower not to chase after her the way I wanted to but I knew I would just terrify her more.

My wolf wanted nothing more than to shift and chase after her but I realized how hard I was. It was embarrassing how just her scent had managed to get me harder than I have been in my entire life. I couldn't risk shifting because my wolf form amplifies my emotions and desires and I don't want to catch up to her while sporting a raging boner. I tried to calm myself down but her scent lingered in the valley and my erection refused to deflate.

I almost ran after her n*ked and in human form but I heard the chirping of birds above me and I knew that they were Clara's spies. The last thing I want is for her to see me n*ked. I forced my frustration down and swam over to the other side of the lake where my clothes lay.

I hid behind a tree and dressed up. By the time I got back to the car, her scent had faded into the wind and I knew I wouldn't be able to find her by myself. The thought

frustrated me and like a creep, I found myself sniffing the inside of her car to retain her scent. .

It hit me that she was a stranger in the pack and must not know her way around so I mind linked Caleb.

“The girl got onto our territory. She crashed her car in the woods but she ran out on foot. I want her found and brought to

me.”

I could feel his confusion through the link. “Do you have any idea what direction she went in? it will be easier for me to search for her if I know where she is going.”

“She went south, I doubt she will leave the woods so check south of the lake with the waterfall.”

“Of course,” he spoke but he didn’t cut off the link and I knew there was more that he wanted to say. “Is there a reason that you’re so interested in the girl? I thought this was about the rogues but it seems that I was wrong.”

“My reason doesn’t matter. Can you find her or not?”

“I will have my men search for her immediately. She will be brought to you as soon as she is found.”

I trusted Caleb and he had the best team of spies in the entire werewolf kingdom. I knew if anyone could find my mate then

it would be them.

“One more thing, try not to scare her.”

Never in my life had I worried about scaring someone before and Caleb knew that because his surprise knew no lengths. I. could feel the curiosity shift into awareness and amusement.

“She is your mate, isn’t she?” he asked but I was in no mood to tolerate his teasing.

“Find her, Caleb, then we can discuss.”

1/2

cut off the mind link and reluctantly made my way back into the pack.