

Chapter 6: 6.

As I stand there in the dark, I contemplate what I am going to do next. I see a dimly lit hallway to my right and I quietly walk towards it. Just then, I hear a crashing noise. I pause in my steps, waiting to see if I can hear anything else and there is another crash. It sounds like it is coming from upstairs so instead of walking into the hallway, I make my way towards the grand staircase. I feel as though something is drawing me upstairs. As I get to the top of the stairs, there is no more crashing sounds, but I can see a stream of light coming through the crack in a door that was left slightly ajar. I quietly make my way to the door, trying not to pull attention to myself. Who knows if I am even supposed to be out of the cellar. I take a deep breath and gently push on the door to open it. It is the most magnificent of scenes I have ever seen, with a large mahogany desk in the middle of the room. The office is empty but it looks as though someone just pushed everything off the desk. Broken picture frames and a broken vase of flowers lie on the ground in front of the desk.

I walk over and pick up the picture frame to take a look at who was in the picture. It is a picture of two children playing, a girl and a boy. Must be the kids of whoever's this office is. I gently put the picture frame down on the desk and bend down to pick up the flowers. These gorgeous roses were all over the floor, a beautiful shade of orange. As I pick all of the roses up, I bring them to my face, I close my eyes and inhale the sweet aroma that they give off. I stand up and open my eyes to be met with a pair of emerald green eyes. I am too frozen by fear to move an inch so I just stay there staring at the man in front of me.

"Hmmm...a little late to be wandering around somewhere you don't know, don't you think?" His deep masculine voice was heavenly. I looked down to the floor, looking for the words to say, I finally managed to whisper "I...I...woke up to a loud noise and couldn't stay in that room." The fear inside me was causing me to shake uncontrollably as I stood there waiting for my punishment. I felt two large fingers underneath my chin, lifting my face until my eyes met his. I could feel the electricity coming off of his fingertips. "Do you feel those sparks?" He asked me. It felt as though he was looking for something. "Are you electric?" I questioned.

He let out a deep laugh, with the most gorgeous smile I have ever seen. He took a step closer to me until there was only an inch between us, "no I am not electric, but I am a werewolf."

"Oh, please don't hurt me! What is it you want from me? I have nothing to give you!" I started to panic as I took a few steps back, only to be met with him pushing me back into the front of his desk.

"No one said anything about hurting you." He whispered as he stared into my eyes. He took his hand and caressed my cheek as he spoke.

"Then what do you want from me? I am not werewolf as my father did not pass that gene onto me, and my mother is human." I explained.

"My dear, why do you act as though you are a frightened little kitten? Have I given you any reason to be scared of me?" He asked with a look of displeasure on his face.

"You...you have not...but I know..who YOU are, and I have been told stories." I whispered.

He inched closer, as if that was even possible, and moved my braid away from my neck. He gently kissed the side of my neck where my bruise was as he asked "and do you always believe everything you hear? Who am I love? Hmm?" He questioned.

My heart started racing again, although this time it wasn't from fear. It was from this inhumanly sexy man standing in front of me, with his lips centimeters away from my neck. I struggled to try to compose myself as I whispered "you are Alpha Damien. The most feared Alpha in the whole country."

Damien then placed a kiss onto my collar bone, and another one on my shoulder before coming back to look into my eyes as he asked, "and how about you love? Do you fear me Amber?"

I stared at him for a minute while I thought of my answer. Was I scared of him? Has he done anything to cause me to fear him?

"I...I don't know Alpha Damien. I am your prisoner, my mother sold me to you, so that in and of itself is cause for me to be scared. I don't know what my future holds, but it can be nothing good if I do not own the rights to my own life." I replied to him.



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