

Chapter 2 Take me home

Liana

Blindly I run down the street as tears stream down my face. I cannot believe this. I have seen it with my own two eyes, but it still feels surreal.

I have no idea how far I have run but my feet are hurting and for the first time I notice my surroundings. In my devastating state, I have run out of the residential area into town. A neon sign, Spike's, catches my eye, and I decide to go in.

I am tired and thirsty. I need the rest. It is not like I have to get up early tomorrow anymore.

The music is too loud and the bar too smoky for comfort, but I prefer it like this. At least if someone notices I have been crying, I can blame the smoke. I push past people until I find a chair at the bar, and I take a seat.

"What will it be?" A bearded man asks me.

"Vodka tonic," I order. "Make it a double and keep them coming."

"Are you driving?" The man raises his eyebrows.

"Nope," I shake my head. "I don't even own a bicycle."

"Okay," he shrugs nonchalantly as he turns away to mix my drink.

Absentmindedly, I look at the people as I wait for my drink. What a fucked-up night to be surrounded by people celebrating life. I am disillusioned, disappointed, sad, heartbroken and angry.

"Here you go," the man puts my drink down and I smile weakly before I finish it off immediately.

"Easy, girl," the man smirks. "Or you'll regret it in the morning."

"I will not possibly regret it as much as I regret today," I motion for him to bring me another.

The man only shakes his head as he hands me another drink. This time, I drink it slower as my mind dwells on the day I met Wyatt. Coming from a poor family, my prospects were not high. But I clawed my way from doing dishes in a restaurant to junior manager. My parents were so proud of me. Then Wyatt and his friends visited the restaurant one night while I was on duty. The second he looked at me, I could see the lust in his eyes. He kept coming to the restaurant until I agreed to go on a date with him.

Only after two years did he tell me that he was a werewolf and explained the mate bond to me. Initially, I was scared but also altered that I was chosen for him. I – the girl that was never good enough for the rich kids – were chosen as his mate.

Now that I think of it, Gwen was also part of his group the first time I saw him. And she always was. Gwen was friendly and warm, and I quickly regarded her as a friend.

"Fuck me," I mumble as I finish my glass and wink at the bartender for another.

I was so blind and naïve. I went to Gwen with all my insecurities and questions about werewolves and Wyatt. And she was so helpful every time. Now I know better. But now is too late. I have quit my job at the restaurant and moved into the pack's borders. Now I am nothing more than a puny human surrounded by wolves with no mate, no place to live and no job. I am back where I started –

being poor with little to no prospects. I have no choice but to move back to my parents' trailer and start from the bottom.

A murmur rustles through the bar and curiously I stretch my neck to see what the commotion is about. People are making way for a man that is walking to the VIP section. High cheekbones with full lips. Square jaw and a straight nose. His black hair is neat and short in his neck, but long and wavy on top. But it is his emerald green eyes that make my mouth turn dry. His stare is cold and direct, and it feels like he is looking right through me.

Deliberately I look away when I realize who he is. That is the Alpha's son, Axel. I have never met him before, but Wyatt has told me plenty about him. A ruthless narcissist, that is what Wyatt called him. And from what I can remember, Axel is due to take over as alpha at the end of this year.

I look at my watch and am surprised to see it is past midnight already. I have lost track of time and of the number of vodkas I have thrown back. My head is fuzzy and my legs wobble when I stand up. Unsteadily, I grab hold of the counter to steady myself and not fall over.

With fumbling fingers, I manage to shove enough money out of my back pocket to pay for my drinks and tip the bartender. I pull a face when I realize that I do not have enough cash for a taxi to get home. I left my cell phone and wallet at Nina's when I left and only took cash for transportation. Oh, well, this mishap suits this disastrous night perfectly.

I turn around to leave and bump into a man's chest.

"Sorry," I apologize as I grab onto his arms to not land on my ass.

The arms and chest I am standing against are rock-hard and muscular.

"Hmm," I smile as I squeeze his biceps. "Nice."

"Are you always this forward?" The man growls and slowly, I look up at his face.

My breath hitches in my throat as I recognize Axel. He looks at me emotionlessly and something inside me snaps. I gave up everything for a man and he tossed me aside like nothing. Now this gorgeous devil is looking at me like nothing and I am not nothing, damn it.

"Take me home," I blurt out the words.

"What?" He frowns and for a second I swear he was about to smile.

"You heard me," I keep my composure, but I already regret what I think I am about to do.

"Are you drunk?" He looks at me suspiciously.

"As a skunk," I confirm.

"Go home, little girl," he pushes me aside. "Before the big, bad wolf catches you."

"Why?" I challenge him and he turns to me in disbelief.

"Do you have any idea who I am?" He hisses at me.

"Does it matter?" I raise my eyebrows. "I don't recall asking you your name or offering mine. But I do remember proposing a night together."

"Just leave," he huffs.

"Why?" I ask again. "Can't you get it up?"

I hold my finger up between us and bend it like a wilted flower.

"Let's hope you don't regret this," he grunts as he grabs my hand and drags me after him outside of the bar.

Neither of us says a word as we cross the street to the closest hotel. I do not make eye contact with anybody. Which is hard because everyone is looking at us curiously. But it does not seem to bother Axel at all.

By the time we reach the room, I have sobered up enough to realize what I have done. For a second I consider apologizing and leaving but then I decide against it. Why should I? This man is drop-dead gorgeous, and I am certain every female – and some males – would die to be in my shoes right now. And what do I have to show for my miss goody two-shoe lifestyle? Humiliation and a broken heart. I deserve a little fun.

The second the door closes behind us, Axel starts taking off his clothes and I stare at him with big eyes.

"What are you waiting for?" He grunts. "Undress."

I do not say a word as I kick off my sneakers and start undoing my jeans.

"You're taking too long," Axel complains and pulls my t-shirt over my head. Shame threatens to engulf me when I am only in my underwear, but he does not seem to care. In fact, he does not even seem interested.

He picks me up and places me on the bed before he unhooks my bra. His mouth is warm and rough as his lips capture my nipple and I lay motionless as he sucks and nibbles on me. I have no idea what is to be expected of me.

His hand trails down my stomach until he settles between my legs and a strange warmth pools in my nether region. He gently starts stroking me and I unexpectedly moan softly.

"That's better," he mumbles against my breast as his fingers keep on stroking and rubbing me. Embarrassment overflows me as I feel the moisture between my legs, but he seems pleased as he groans against my skin.

He lifts himself and settles between my legs and I close my eyes tightly to not look at him. He penetrates me hard and fast, and I cannot contain the scream that escapes my lips.

I bite hard on my lip to keep myself from making a sound as he shoves into me over and over. My fingers curl into the linen as I absorb the pain.

Axel releases a loud growl as he reaches his climax, and his breathing is heavy as he smiles at me.

"Again," he says before kissing me.