

Celeste José:

The initial frozen state of my body shuddered when his hands grabbed my back, and he forced his body onto mine.

I put my hands on his chest and pushed him back in shock. His actions caused me severe disgust. It suddenly took me back to outside the room of my bedroom when I caught my mate with my maid. I felt like this time, my friend was in the same place as me.

“Stop f\*\*\*\*\*g!” I yelled at him and then raised my hand to smack him so hard that his face turned to the other side. He remained silent and frozen while I breathed heavily in anger.

“How dare you do this to Mallory?” I yelled, jumped off the couch, and stood with a dignified posture.

“That’s your issue. You’re always considering others. Snatch someone from someone for once. Perhaps, dare to pursue your desires. I’m simply revealing my concealed emotions because I’ve come to realize that I’m the one who can care for and shield you better,” instead of showing remorse or acknowledging his mistake, he retorted angrily.

“Snatch someone from someone? ‘Protect me’?” I was stunned by his words. How could he “Utter those words so casually?” I couldn’t believe how effortlessly he spoke them.

“Look, it’s fine. Sometimes, werewolves choose different mates, even if they have existing ones. If Mallory truly cares about us, she’ll understand and step aside to allow us to be together,” he said in a gentle tone, edging closer. But I had to extend my palm to halt his advance.

I had never seen him in that way before. The fact that he was making Mallory the scapegoat was revolting. He had witnessed my tears when my mate cheated on me. How could he comfort me while subjecting his own mate to the same pain?

“You are the last person I’d ever choose to be with. Do you know who you remind me of? My husband! The alpha of the pack, and you two are quite similar. Neither of you seems to care about your true mates,” I hissed and jabbed my finger at his chest. He winced but tightened his grip, pulling me closer.

“Maybe that’s what it takes to be with the love of your life. The moon Goddess clearly has no clue what she’s doing. If Mallory were truly my true mate, why do I feel this overwhelming attraction to you?” He attempted to lower his voice, aiming for a seductive tone, all the while struggling to draw me nearer as I squirmed, trying to free myself from his hold.

“Let me go, you despicable jerk,” the moment those words slipped from my lips, I saw him glaring at me, frozen in his tracks. He appeared as though he had just encountered the greatest shock of his life.

“Even if Mallory wasn’t part of the equation, I’d never have accepted you. I’ve always regarded you as my brother!” I yelled, finally extricating my finger and attempting to slip past him. But he seized my arm and flung me back onto the couch.

As he clambered on top of me, restraining my hands, I realized it was time to put up the fiercest fight, or else this night would be etched in my memory as a disaster.

“You believe an omega like you can take on a scout like me?” he hissed, grappling to maintain his hold on me as I continued to squirm, making it increasingly challenging for him.

What he failed to grasp was that, despite being an omega, my combat skills were spurred by my sheer determination to stay safe. I maneuvered my head over his hand and sunk my teeth into him as hard as I could.

“ARGHH!” he screamed, but quickly delivered a punch to my face. For a moment, the world around me descended into darkness. The sensation of losing control over one’s body was utterly disconcerting in this situation.

He pressed his weight against my face in an attempt to force me down, but I bit him once more, this time near his shoulder. The way he screamed this time indicated that my added kick, combined with the bite on his shoulder, had struck right between his legs. I flipped him over, and he crashed to the floor like a sack of potatoes, his hands covering his groin.

“You don’t deserve an ounce of respect, you jerk,” I muttered as I swiftly got to my feet and removed the USB from the laptop. Before he could pursue me, I had dashed out of the house and reached my car.

He started bombarding my phone with calls, but nothing could make me delay any longer. I started t

he engine and hit the road, determined to escape from his clutches.

Once I had driven a considerable distance from his house, I pulled over to the side of the road and buried my face in my hands.

"I'm such a cursed person. First, I ruined my own relationship, and now I've wrecked Mallory's," I lamented, my sobs muffled. I had no idea where to go from here. Walsh had truly upended everything for me. In the past, I at least had friends to turn to, but now, I was once again entirely alone.

As I sniffled in the seat, my gaze landed on my bag in the passenger seat. The zipper was open, as I had hastily stashed the USB in there. I could see its contents, including the address the Alpha King had given me earlier.

'You're not to blame. What these alphas and werewolves do is not your fault. Just because they're—' Estelle hesitated, perhaps noticing where my attention was focused.

'You're not seriously considering it, are you?' Estelle asked, her voice laced with concern.

'I don't have a place to stay,' I admitted, gazing at my injuries in the mirror. His punch had given me a black eye and a split lip.

Estelle remained silent, allowing me to come to a decision. My mind was filled with thoughts of how I would ever explain this to Mallory.

At this moment, I was longing for someone to be by my side, someone to hold me tightly. This strong feeling led me to make a decision completely irrational.

I drove my car to the Royal apartments. I took the elevator, clutching my purse in both hands in front of my body.

Upon reaching the top floor, I took a deep breath and proceeded to the only apartment on that level. The Alpha King had requested numerous luxuries; I hoped one of them included hosting a guest for the night.

I gave a gentle knock on the door, opting not to ring the doorbell out of anxiety. The man who answered the door appeared momentarily taken aback, though his expression quickly shifted.

He seemed to have just taken a shower, with his black hair messily falling onto his forehead and his black shirt unbuttoned, revealing a heavenly view.

"I hope you don't mind the injuries," I whispered, but before I could finish the sentence, he grabbed me by the back of my neck and forcefully pulled me inside. He pressed his lips against mine and pushed me against the wall.

The intense, animalistic s\*x was exactly what I needed to escape from the harsh reality. Soon enough, his hands spread my legs wide as he forcefully removed my panties and thrust roughly inside me. He was so rough that he didn't even want me to walk into the apartment; he f\*\*\*\*d me right at the entrance. With each thrust, I clung more to his body.

All I could hear at that moment were our breathless moans and grunts. My p\*\*\*y hungrily held onto his shaft as if it had found its peace.

His strong body held onto mine, allowing his d\*\*k to violate me deep inside until there was no space left between his balls and my skin. It was like I was in another world. My body felt a peace I had never experienced before, even as his d\*\*k went in and out of me like a hot, big iron.

"Ah!" I bit my bottom lip, feeling the gentle drop of my strap and my boob bouncing out. His eyes hungrily stayed on my n\*\*\*\*s as his c\*\*k moved in and out of me.