

Taken By My Alpha Chapter 5

Her face grew grim as the shadow of guilt covered her. She stepped forward and grabbed my arms, pulling me into a hug. She broke down in tears, “I am so sorry, darling. I shouldn’t have hit you.”

I tightened my grip on her body. It was unbearable to see her cry like this.

“You are the only one I have left, Heather,” she whispered in sadness, “I don’t want anything to happen to you.”

She pulled back from the hug. Her eyes were red. I felt bad seeing her like this. She had already cried so much since last night and now I made her cry again by saying things in anger.

She put her palm on my face gently, her gaze filled with concern, “I want you to be stronger, and safer, Heather. In the future, don’t talk to alpha unless it’s absolutely necessary. I don’t want his attention on you.”

I nodded my head. It was not like I had any choice in my interaction today with him as well, but I couldn’t convince mom otherwise.

“Finish your dinner. I have to do something important.” she murmured and kissed my cheek.

I watched her back as she gulped down a glass of water before walking out of the house. With a heavy heart, even though I wasn’t hungry anymore, I tried to fill up my mouth with food.

Ten minutes passed, I had covered the dishes and put the remaining food in the fridge when the doorbell rang. Confused, when I opened the door, I found Beta standing in front of me with his shoulders leaning against the doorframe.

“All good, miss VIP?”

His eyes took in my face and the teasing smile from his lips instantly vanished, “what’s wrong with your face?”

I instinctively put my hand on my cheek to cover the red print, “What are you doing here at this time?”

His brows stayed furrowed in concern, “Alpha’s orders. You need to come to the packhouse with me.”

My heart started thumping in my chest. Why would Alpha call me to the packhouse at this hour? And mom wasn’t even here!

I didn’t have any other choice than to close the doors and follow him. Alpha’s orders were law in the pack. As much as I would have loved to avoid a confrontation with him again, as mom had wanted, I couldn’t ignore his orders.

Beta Alfred took me to the packhouse and led me straight to the same office that I had come to on my first day. He knocked at the door, when Alpha asked to come in, I stepped inside and heard the door getting shut behind me.

When I looked up, my eyes widened as I saw mom standing by the couch with alpha. I saw Alpha Tiberius’ eyes stuck on my reddened cheek and his jaw tightened visibly.

“What happened to your face?” he asked, calm as an ocean. But I could see the thunder behind his calmness.

“Nothing.” I said way too quickly, nonchalantly, and with indifference, “I was walking and texting at the same time so my face bumped into the wall at home.”

The stern look never disappeared from his face. He stared at me for a moment, then glanced at my mother before returning to me with a look of scrutiny. He didn’t believe my excuse, but thankfully, he didn’t try to pry any further.

“Your mom says that you want to participate in the trial?”

For a moment, I was taken aback. I peeked at my mother who stood with her arms crossed on her chest, looking straight at me. She had already decided for me. I couldn’t disagree.

I nodded, feeling the blood rush in my ears at the mere thought of fighting with powerful wolves two days later, “Yes, alpha.”

His lips thinned into a straight line as his gaze bored into me and then mom. He didn’t say anything for a few moments; he just stared. Then, “Alright,” he finally said, “if that is your decision.”

He walked up to me. My head tilted back to look at his face as he extended his hand and handed me the hairpin from this morning, “Since what you had wanted isn’t going to be fulfilled, you can ask for something else from me in the future.”

My fingers had just touched his when I felt a jolt of electricity run through my body, making me take a sharp breath quickly and snatch back my hand. My whole body felt like it was on fire, and my heart was beating so fast I was sure he could hear it. I knew I shouldn’t have done it, but I couldn’t help myself. I wanted to feel more of him.

He let out a low chuckle and lowered his hand but his eyes didn't leave my face, "I know what we have to do."

Mom and I looked at him with confusion.

"You will be receiving a private training session from me tomorrow." he finished and turned around to walk back to the table and lean against it.

Is it an invitation to get myself killed by his hand and get exposed earlier than I had anticipated.

"Alpha, we can't trouble you with that." mom rushed to my side to save me, "it won't be fair to other students. Heather can't receive any special treatment."

Alpha was unphased by my mom's words, "It is only fair to Heather since she is new and doesn't know anything about the fight trials of this pack."

Mom's fingers tightened in a fist while I felt her shiver beside me. She and I had the same fear, same concern in our minds but we couldn't disobey the alpha.

"I will see you tomorrow." he smiled encouragingly while looking at me, "Alfred will drop you back at home. I have to talk to your mom about something."

My hand trembled as I gripped the corner of my cloth in nervousness. My gaze slid to look at mom who patted my arm in assurance and asked me to return first.

With worry still clouding my heart, I came back home with Alfred. It seemed like hours had passed with me pacing back and forth in the hall with my mind making thousands of assumptions about what could have

happened. When the door opened and mom walked in, I quickly ran to her,

“What happened? Why did Alpha hold you back at the packhouse?”

She seemed tired but not hurt or worried, so it gave me a bit of comfort. She walked in and sat on the couch before explaining, “Alpha scolded me for being too harsh on you. He thinks I am very strict on you.”

I took a deep breath and sat down beside her. I rested my head on her shoulder when she continued,

“I want you to be polite to alpha, Heather,” my mom demanded, placing her hand in mine. “But just stay away from him as much as possible.”

“Okay,” I muttered, knowing I cannot decide at all what can happen tomorrow.