

# The Love Of A Lycan - Chapter 11

Chapter 11 - DARK SIDE

Everybody's got a dark side

Do you love me?

Can you love mine?

-Dark Side, by: Kelly Clarkson-

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Anne gave the hot billionaire a hesitant sheepish smile before she answered him. "She refused to come out of her room, I couldn't persuade her."

Without waiting for another explanation, Torak had taken another step towards the door, didn't even bother to ask Anne the direction to Raine's room.

He could track his mate's scent just fine without their help. The refreshing smell of the damp earth after rain, it soothed his strain nerves. For

Lycanthropes and werewolves, their mate's scent was stronger than any other scents that they could smell.

His mate's smell brought him along the hallway and down the stairs that seemed connected to the basement. He frowned.

Why did his mate live in a basement?

He followed the stairs to the dim hallway, at the end of it, he saw Calleb's grey wolf form pacing back and forth in front of an old wooden door.

Torak used his lycan's speed to approach Calleb.

In the next seconds, he stood in front of the door and turned the knob, but it was locked. He trailed his fingers on the surface of the wood.

He was considering to bust it down with force and made his way to his mate, but it would startle her and scare her. The last thing he wanted was his mate to be afraid of him.

He could feel her fear when he held her earlier and that made him uncomfortable.

[What happened?] He asked Calleb through mind-link.

The grey wolf stopped walking as he sat on his back leg while looking up at Torak. [Supreme Alpha, she is able to see me in my wolf form and because I followed her, apparently it scared her.]

Torak glared at Calleb that made the wolf lower his head straight to the floor.

Not long after that, Raphael, Anne and Mrs. Lang approached them. They were running down the stairs and almost lost their breath when they reached him, except Raphael of course, he didn't even break a sweat.

"Mr. Donovan, how did you know this is her room?" Anne asked, puzzled.

Yet, Torak was so impatient to even hear her question as he asked hurriedly.

"You have a spare key to open the door?"

"Yes, yes..." Mrs. Lang was still panting when she pulled out a bunch of keys from her pocket. "She always locked herself inside the room, so I am always ready with her key room, in case she did something stupid inside there." The old woman grumbled while she put the key inside the lock and turned it over.

The 'click' sound echoed in the dim hallway when the door finally opened.

Torak took over the knob door from Mrs. Lang's hand as he pushed it open and impatiently walked inside the room.

He balled his fist when he saw how poor the condition inside his mate's room, his bathroom was bigger than this. Inside that small room which only consisted of a small bed, a small cabinet and small table, he saw Raine curled on the corner of her bed. Trembling while hugging herself, burying her face between her knees.

Torak stopped on his step.

"What are you doing sitting there? Mr. Donovan had been waiting for you." Mrs. Lang scolded her. "Hurry and pack up your things." it seemed almost as if she couldn't wait to get rid of Raine.

"Get out." Torak closed his eyes to hide his eyes that had turned black. With the way Mrs. Lang talked to Raine, he couldn't help but imagine the poor treatment that they had been giving her and the way she had been living in fear made him unsettled.

When there was no movement, he faced them with fury burning in his eyes.

Patience has never been a forte for any lycan.

"I said. GET. OUT!" Torak stressed every syllable in his words.

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