

The Unwanted Wolf

Chapter 7

Mark led me to the main room while he went to make some phone calls. He seemed a little stressed, but I was afraid to ask him about it. I didn't know him well enough, and I figured he would share the details if he ever felt comfortable enough with me. I sat on the couch and checked my phone while waiting. It was starting to get late. My stomach growled, and I realized I had hardly eaten all day. I'm sure I had something I could eat quickly when I got home.

"Hello," a voice said in my ear, causing me to jump.

I turned and saw a blond boy standing behind the couch, leaning forward so his face was right next to mine. He looked on the thinner side and had a wide smile on his face.

"Hello?" I said. I felt nervous that his face was so close to mine.

"You're her, aren't you?" He c****d his head to the side.

"Well, I'm me. Not sure what you mean though." I set my phone down next to me, so I could have my full attention on this stranger.

"What a coincidence. I'm me as well." He stood up straight and put his hand out to me. "I'm Scythe. I'm Mark's right-hand man.

I gingerly reached forward and took the man's hand. He had a strong handshake, but it wasn't overpowering at the same time. "I'm Adira. Nice to meet you."

"Ah, so you really are her." Scythe took back his hand. When I c****d my head to the side, he continued. "Everyone is talking about the girl Alpha is worried about."

"Everyone?" I gulped. I shouldn't have been surprised. "What are they saying?"

Scythe put a finger on his chin and looked to the ceiling. "Well, they are impressed that you survived a wolfsbane attack. You must have a strong wolf. They are also really curious about the girl Alpha is so worried about he keeps pacing the house in the middle of the night."

I knitted my eyebrows. "He was that worried about me?"

Scythe nodded. "Mhmm! He gets that way with official pack members, but never with wolves he doesn't know. Don't get me wrong,

Alpha is very generous to those in need, but he will practically kill himself to make sure his pack is safe.”

I smiled at this thought. “He sounds like a very caring Alpha.”

“He’s the best. Without him, I don’t know where I would be right now.”

Sythe leaned closer to him. “He must really like you. You must be pretty special!

I felt myself blushing at that comment. I had never felt special in my life, at least not in a good way. I had always felt unwanted. Before I could respond to Scythe, my stomach growled again, much louder this time.

“Someone’s hungry!” Scythe practically sang. He grabbed my hand and pulled me off my feet. “Come on. Let’s go find you something.”

“Oh that’s not necessary,” I said as Scythe pulled me towards another room. “I can just find something to eat when I get home.”

Scythe waved his hand. “Nonsense. You’re hungry now, and there is no need to make you continue waiting.”

I had a feeling he wouldn’t let up, so I decided not to argue. Food sounded amazing anyway. Scythe led me into the kitchen and let go of my hand. I was instantly impressed with the size. It was practically the size of my entire apartment. The cabinets were a deep mahogany, which complimented the black granite countertops. There was a bar separating the kitchen and the dining room. Several bar stools were lined under the bar.

The kitchen was empty except for Scythe and myself, but I could imagine the place filled with people. People would be sitting at the bar, while several people cooked in the kitchen. Kids would be running around, going in and out from the sliding glass door that led to a large back yard. It would be lively and hectic and homely.

“I’m pretty flexible with what I eat. Do you need any help?” I asked. I felt weird standing around while he looked for something for me to eat.

“No, no. You sit. You’re the guest after all.” Scythe continued to rummage in the fridge for a moment.

I moved to sit on the counter and watched as he pulled a few things out of the fridge. He quickly got to work, humming as he heated up the leftovers on the stove. The scent hit me, and my stomach growled again. It was absolutely heavenly. Scythe walked over to me and set the plate in front of me. It was filled with pasta, broccoli, and a piece of chicken.

“Did you make this?” I asked, practically drooling.

He chuckled in response. “No way! I can’t cook this well. I only reheated it.

Alpha made this for the pack the other day.” He sat in the seat next to me. “Go ahead and eat up!”

I smiled and took a bite. It tasted even better than it looked. I shook my shoulders a little while eating. Warm food and a friendly face made this place seem even more like home. I could see myself growing fond of this place quickly.

After a few more bites, I forced myself to set down my silverware to slow down a little. I could eat the entire plate way too quickly if I wasn’t careful. I grabbed a napkin and wiped off my face.

“So is there anything else I should know about this leader of yours?” I asked. I found myself wanting to know more and more about Mark. I was fascinated by everything, and he was different from all of the other werewolves I had met.

“Why don’t you ask him yourself?” a deep voice said from behind me. I jumped and yelped, surprised that someone was behind me. I must’ve been so focused on my food that I hadn’t even noticed him come in. I turned and saw Mark with a huge grin on his face. He was clearly pleased that he was able to sneak up on me.

“How long have you been standing there?” I asked.

“Long enough.” Mark’s smile grew even bigger as he mocked my shoulder shimmy.

I reached out and smacked Scythe’s arm playfully. “Why didn’t you say he was standing there?”

Scythe shrugged and giggled. “I thought it would be funny seeing you embarrassed. I’m definitely not disappointed.”

I frowned in response. “Well, there’s no need to tease.”

Mark leaned forward and brushed a strand of hair out of my face. “There’s no need to be embarrassed. I thought it was really cute.”

I felt my face reddening at his touch. Everything about this moment felt perfect. I could myself falling for this man, and it didn’t make any sense. I didn’t know him. I didn’t know his pack. I was getting into dangerous territory with my emotions. I had to get myself in check. I stared into Mark’s eyes, and the fears floated away, at least for the moment.

Scythe cleared his throat, breaking up the moment between Mark and myself. “So uh, how did that important phone call go?”

Mark’s hand dropped and the smile on his face completely faded. “Jori has agreed to let us have a meeting under one condition.”

“Don’t tell me,” Scythe said, shifting in his seat.

Mark nodded. “Unfortunately, yes.”

“What does he want?” I asked, feeling out of the loop. “If it’s going to cause issues, then don’t do it. I’m not worth it.”

Mark knitted his eyebrows in response. “You are worth everything.”

Scythe stood up and started backing out of the room. “And that’s my cue to leave.”

I barely noticed Scythe leaving. My heart was fluttering from Mark’s words.

“I just don’t want to cause any unnecessary trouble for you. I also don’t want you to regret anything.”

Mark cupped his hand on my cheek. “I know you don’t feel the bond as strongly as I don’t, likely because of your circumstances, but I want you to understand something. You are worth it to me. I will do whatever I can to prove that to you.”

“But you don’t even know me,” I said more quietly. “You don’t know my likes or dislikes or my annoying little habits that will drive you crazy. What if you get to know me, and the more you learn, the less you like?”

“Impossible,” Mark said, no doubt to be found. He sounded so sure of himself. “But if you will agree to it, I would love to take you out on a date. We could get to know each other better that way. We have a few days until the meeting with my old pack, so we have sometime.”

“A date?” I liked the idea of this. I had been on a few dates in my life, but they were few and far between. I never could get myself to go out with a guy more than once. “I like that idea.”

“Great! How about tomorrow?” Mark was beaming with excitement.

“I have to work in the morning, but I should be free in the evening.” I felt giddy at the idea of going on a date. “Speaking of which, should probably go home soon. It’s getting late.”

Mark hesitated at this. “I was hoping you would actually stay here tonight. We have plenty of guest rooms, so you can have your own space. I’m just worried about you going back to your apartment until we’ve had a chance to check it out. I would also like to assign a guard. We still don’t know how you were poisoned, and I don’t want to take any risks.”

I felt unsure about this suggestion. I knew I would sleep better in the comfort of my own bed, but Mark had a point. I would likely be safer here at a pack house than at my apartment, but it felt weird breaking my routine. “I suppose staying here one night wouldn’t hurt. Is the guard

necessary though?"

"Until we know more about who attacked you and why, I think so. You've been through so much already, I would hate for you to go through more." Mark grabbed my hand and moved a little closer. "Please?" I nodded my head, unable to say no to this man. I could tell he just wanted to protect me, and that just made me want to get even closer to him.

Mark smiled out of relief. "Thank you. I promise this won't be for forever. I will do what I can to fix this."

I smiled in return. This all felt too good to be true. "So do you have any spare clothes I can change into? I would prefer not to wear this to bed."

"I'm sure Rie has something you can borrow. She's kind of the momma wolf of the pack. You finish eating, and I will go ask her. I will be right back." Mark leaned forward for a moment, and then hesitated. With a smile, he turned on his heels and left the kitchen.

I finished eating my food and then took my plate to the sink. I wanted to make sure I at least cleaned up after myself. I didn't want to cause an extra burden. Mark returned with a pile of clothes as I was finishing up.

"You didn't have to do that," Mark said, approaching.

"I wanted to. I appreciate everything you are doing, but it's still a little weird relying on other people. I want to make sure I'm not a complete burden," I explained, drying my hands.

Mark nodded, understanding. He handed the pile of clothes over to me.

"These are from Rie. She said there are pajamas and clothes for tomorrow in there. She wanted to meet you, but I didn't want to overwhelm you with meeting too many people."

I grabbed the pile of clothes. "I appreciate that. I'm not sure how much energy I have left today." I laughed out of discomfort.

Mark held out his hand. "Let me show you to your room."

I grabbed his hand and he led me up the stairs to the third floor. It almost looked like a hotel room on this floor with all of the doors lining the hallway. Mark stopped in front of one of the first doors and opened it for me. I walked into the room, but he stayed outside.

"The bathroom is the door across from this room. If you need anything, my room is the one all the way at the end of the hall to the left. Don't hesitate to reach out if you need anything." Mark leaned against the door frame, watching me.

"I won't." I hugged the pile of clothes, feeling grateful and nervous about

everything. "Have a good night."

"Good night Adira," Mark said. His lips curled into a small smile as he said my name.