

Chapter 5

Ava's POV

Ok...deep breaths.

I chew on my ngernails while I try to get a grasp on my new reality.

I found my mate. My mate is basically a God. A beautiful, huge, Lycan King God.

I throw my hands against my forehead and let out a groan.

There is no way this is going to work!

He is way too good looking for me, way too powerful and important.

It's only a matter of time before the newness and excitement of nding his mate wears off and he realizes how plain, boring, and completely not queen material I am.

Will the mate bond be strong enough to keep him interested in me?

I lower my hands down my face and squeeze my cheeks with my ngertips with another groan before I stand up.

I can't just sit here. I catch a glimpse of a mirror across the room and take a step towards it before hesitating.

Oh god, do I even want to see what I look like??

I slowly walk over to take a look and let out another groan of misery when I see my rection.

Oh. My. God.

I. Am. A. TRAINWRECK!

My hair looks like I just got caught in a tornado. It is kind of still in a braid at the very bottom, but the top layers are a wavy, poufy disaster all around my face and shoulders. It is completely out of control.

My dress is wrinkled and twisted in weird areas, and the coffee stain...oh no. Its huge. Massive. It covers most of the front of my dress and I cannot believe King Cameron didn't say anything to me about it, because there is no way he missed it.

In fact, how did it not spread to his shirt?? I can still feel the dampness when I pull at it.

I chew on my thumb nail for a moment while studying my reaction.

I need to go change super quick. And I need shoes. I glance at my bare feet, wishing I had went with my sister when she asked me to come along to get a pedicure a couple of days ago.

I also wish I had listened to her and straightened my hair. Or even put on some make up.

Ok, I grab the hair tie out of the bottom of what is left of my ridiculous excuse of a braid and quickly throw it into a sloppy bun and, my mind made up, I walk briskly to the bedroom door.

I'll sneak out super quickly. I can run home and change, throw on some mascara, brush my teeth again, straighten my hair a bit, and rush back. I'm sure he'll be with Alpha Caleb for long enough.

As I creep down the hall, I remember I put my cell phone on the coffee table. I'll grab that on the way out, I'm sure Lily has been blowing up my phone. I see my discarded at by the end table and pick it up, making a note to grab the other one on the way out too.

Maybe I can nd out why Caleb is back sooner than expected when I get my phone. What happened to change the plans? He didn't even let me know...

Well, why would he? We don't have that kind of relationship anymore.

I wait for the familiar knot in the throat, but it's not there, just a tiny little ip in my stomach, but not nearly as intense as before I met King Cameron.

My stomach gives a huge lurch at the thought of King Cameron. What if he decides he doesn't want me as his mate? What if I fall head over heels in love with him and he ends up rejecting me?

I clutch the railing at the end of the stairs as I'm suddenly lled with waves of pain and I feel tears forming against my eyes.

I can't even think of that. I swipe at my eyes and move quickly to the hall to grab my phone, trying to push away all these emotions that are trying to overtake me.

I peek into the hall and notice it's empty except a few younger pack members talking excitedly at a table at the far end of the room.

I run quickly to the coffee table, grab my phone, and keep running, swooping up my other discarded at as I cross to the entrance.

I reach the door and take one step out when I collide with a wall of concrete.

I grunt in pain and start to fall backwards when the wall grabs my shoulders.

I look up at the wall and see it's one of the Lycans. He has light brown hair and cold dark blue eyes. He looks at me in an unfriendly way that makes me slightly terried of him.

"Ava, King Cameron wishes for you to wait in his room for him."

"Oh!" I try not to wince at his pressure on my shoulders. Is he meaning to squeeze so hard?

"I was going to go change really quickly and come back..." I trail off as his face stays cold and unchanging.

Ooook. Well. Aren't the friendliest lot, are they?

I try looking around me desperately for someone I know. I see two more Lycan's standing about fteen feet away, watching our interaction, neither are smiling.

I feel like a little kid being told I need to raise my hand to go to the bathroom.

I chew on my lip and crane my neck to look up. "You can walk me home if you want, but I'm uncomfortable in this dress and would like to change." I pull my dress away from me with two ngers and wave my other hand that holds my cell and shoes in a vague circle in front of me to make him look at the stain.

"And you are hurting me." I add deantly, staring into his eyes that had brievely looked at my dress and back up to my face.

I watch his eyes go blank for a brief moment and realize he must be mind linking with King Cameron.

I try not to inch at the growing pressure on my shoulders and cross my arms in front of me, tapping my bare foot against the porch oor.

His eyes clear and he looks down at me. I try not to shiver.

He nods to himself and the next instant I am lifted into the air and over his shoulder.

"Hey!" I drop my shoes and phone in surprise and push against his back with my hands to hold myself up.

"Hey! Put me down!" He ignores me and takes quick, long steps back into the hall and towards the staircase.

"My phone! My shoes!" I point at them in vain, he doesn't see. He doesn't care.

I notice the younger pack members in the hall have all stood up to watch me being carried across the hall.

I feel my face aming red and reach behind me to hold my skirt tight against my legs to make sure I'm not exposing myself.

This is humiliating.

I'm carried up the stairs, down the hall, and into the Alpha suite, where I am dropped back into the loveseat, not exactly gently. I glare up at the man that I now totally despise and he puts his hands back down on my shoulders, pressing me down into the cushions.

I wince.

"Stay here." He growls at me, glaring menacingly at me before turning and going to stand in front of the bedroom door.

Uh, for real? I rub my shoulders as I glare at the man behind me.

I start to turn back around when my eyes catch sight of the white landline phone at the guest desk in the corner of the room.

I start to stand up, then hesitate, glancing back at my guard.

I clear my throat. He looks at me.

"I'm going to get up and make a phone call to my sister. I was supposed to help her with some things today and she will be worried about me."

His face is hard and expressionless as he stares at me.

I tap my ngers on the back on the couch that I'm leaning against while looking back at him. Does silence mean ok?

I mean, since when does a person need permission to make a freaking phone call? This is ridiculous.

I turn around and stand up, not looking over at Mr. Scary guy while I make my way over to the phone. I take my time walking around the desk, and when he doesn't move towards me, I pick up the phone and quickly dial my sister's cell.

"Heeello?" My sister answers the phone in a small, confused voice. She sounds slightly frazzled.

"Lily!" For some reason I let out a sigh of relief. "It's me!"

"Oh my god, Ava!" She elongates the rst A in my name. Her voice is high and dramatic. "Tell me what happened when you went upstairs with King Cameron! I have been texting and calling you and you haven't answered! Is he really your mate? He is so gorgeous! And kind of scary...their all kind of scary, actually. Don't you think?" She's talking fast and not giving me time to speak.

I glance over at Scary guy and he's rolling his eyes.

Lycan hearing, he can hear everything she is saying.

I turn my back to him and sit down on the edge of the desk and lower my voice.

"Lily, I dropped my phone, it's by the front entrance door on the porch. So are my shoes."

"Your shoes?" Lily sounds really confused. "Why are your shoes outside? Why did you leave your phone there? You should have kept it with you, you knew I needed your help today. And now Caleb is back..."

"I know, I saw him." I say without thinking.

"You saw Caleb? How?" Lily sounds suspicious. "I mean, I saw him for like a second before he ran off to see King Cameron. Did he go to nd you too?"

"No! I mean, no Lily, I'll ll you in later. Listen, could you do me a favor?"

"A favor?" Lily sounds offended. "Really, Ava? I mean, can you not see how overwhelmed I am today already? I can't believe you would even ask."

I throw my head back in frustration.

"I know Lily, and I'm sorry, but I'm...I'm a little tied up at the moment." I glance behind my shoulder at scary guy.

"Is there any possible way you, or maybe you could send someone, to go grab my shoes and cell, and possibly a change of clothes from the house, and bring them..." I hesitate. "Um, bring them to King Cameron's room."

There's a squeal on the line. "Oh my god! So, you were hooking up with him! I can't believe it! Is he really your mate?" She sounds nearly hysterical and I can feel scary guy's smirk and my face turning red again.

"I really can't talk right now Lily." I cut her off. "But if you could just do that for me, or send someone else to, I would really, really appreciate it."

"I guess...I'll try..."

"Thanks Lily! Bye!" I hang up before she can ask any more questions.

I hear scary guy snort.

I look over at him and he has a smirk on his face as he looks at me.

"She's the biggest airhead that I've ever seen. How in the world is she your Luna?"

Ok, now, I know that my sister is a huge airhead. I am totally guilty of thinking what a horrible Luna she will be several times myself. And I might roll my eyes at her ten times a day, BUT, she's my sister, and it's not ok for some random asshole to talk bad about her to me.

I hop off the desk and stick my chin up, my hands on my hips, glaring daggers at him.

"She is NOT an airhead. She is very kind. And she's very...very..." I hesitate slightly. Ummm... "And she is my sister!" I nish lamely.

"So, don't you talk bad about her!" I wave my nger at him.

He laughs and shakes his head. "Whatever you say, Ava." He elongates the rst A.

Something about the way he says my name makes my hair stand on the back of my neck.

I turn away and look back at the phone on the desk.

Where is King Cameron? I don't like being left alone with this scary guy. I feel like a prisoner, and I am not ok with that.

I look back up. "Where is King Cameron? When will he be back? Why are you keeping me in here?"

The smirk falls off his face and he stares at me hard.

"He'll be back when he is back. He asked you to wait for him, you didn't listen, so now I am here making sure that you do."

"Am I a prisoner?"

The scary guy stares at me.

"Am I a prisoner?"

"You are being ridiculous." He looks away.

I'm not quite sure what gets into me, but I walk to the door, reach behind scary guy, and try to pull on the handle.

His large hand covers mine on the handle and squeezes painfully.

"Oww! Get off!"

"I said to stay here."

"I am not a prisoner! You can't force me to stay in here with you, get off of me, you are hurting me!" I try to release the doorknob and pull back, but he squeezes even harder on my hand and I feel like all the bones in my hand are breaking.

"Ouch, stop!!"

The door opens and for a brief moment, I have no idea what is happening as my hand is released and I stumble backwards.

I look around and King Cameron has scary guy up against the wall, his forearm against his throat.

He's growling something in his ear and scary guy's face is expressionless as he gives the faintest of nods, his face turning purple.

I try not to drool as I look on, King Cameron's entire body is taut, hard muscles bulging against his shirt. A terrifying look on his face as he slowly lets scary guy go and watches him leave the bedroom.

He says nothing as he passes me, but I can feel his dislike like for me as clearly as if he yelled "I hate you!" as he walks by.

The door closes and I look at King Cameron again, instinctively taking a step back at the look on his face.