

Chapter 0011

Caius

Who did this female think she was?

Never in my years had I met someone I wanted to throttle more than this pint-sized, blue-eyed, golden-haired, thieving little nuisance of a she-wolf.

She steals my favorite car, then proceeds to march around my home like she owns the place. I knew I should've tortured her for information, but drawing the blood of a female wasn't my thing. That was all Knight, and the thought of him pulling the answers I desired from her veins left me with a sour taste in my mouth.

I would rip the truth from her, not my brothers.

'Throw her back in the forest with a pair of silver cuffs on her wrists. She'll learn terror once we start hunting her down.' My wolf, Tempest, snarled viciously.

His words brought me back to that moment where the girl had run from me, fleeing for her life. There had been a split second where, after pinning her down, feeling her bare body writhe beneath me, I wanted to fill her with my cock and rut her into the damn earth. Even worse, she had become fucking aroused.

It had nothing to do with the girl, and everything to do with my twisted desires.

She marched past my brothers and I, a towel wrapped snug around her body. I glared pointedly at Knight, warning him to keep his

fucking mouth shut. Now wasn't the time for his childish teasing.

"I'd really rather not have this conversation naked, so I'm going to get changed. You four make yourself comfortable." She purred, slipping into the walk-in closet with a smirk that made my vision go red.

Keeping true to his namesake, Ghost's voice slipped into my head via mind-link.

"My gut tells me she's hiding something, Alpha. Something more than the location of your car. I knocked several times, yet she claimed she did not hear."

Interesting. There was a chance she might have been distracted, missing Ghost's knock, but I doubted it. The girl was on alert, wary of her new surroundings. She wouldn't have let her guard down for a moment.

"Did you see anything suspicious while you were watching her?"

Ghost's ability was what made him the perfect spymaster. He had shown up at our pack as a young boy, dumped on the front step of our father's house by an aunt who couldn't stand his cold stare and silent way of moving about. We took him in, and the rest was history.

"No." I could tell how much he hated saying that. Ghost was a masochist, punishing himself for what he saw as personal failures. "All she did was lay in bed. No sign of any latent ability. She either doesn't have enhanced speed, hasn't used it, or is so fast the eye can't pick her up."

"We'll have to keep watching. I know what Knight and Damon claimed, but until we have proof of her ability I won't write anything

off."

The girl emerged from the closet wearing a sleep set I had purchased for Marjorie. Even now the sound of her name sent a fury rolling throughout me, shortening my patience. Her body held curves that Marjorie's did not. The slope of her soft hips and full thighs threatened to draw my stare.

"Speak, girl." I snarled, well aware that I was coming off as an asshole. It mattered little to me how she felt. "I'm sure I don't need to remind you why you're here. Considering you have yet to tell me where my car is, I might not feel very inclined to listen to you."

Her lips were full and plump, the kind that would feel like heaven with a cock forced between them. The thought faded from my mind as she pursed those lips, forcing them into a pout.

"First of all, my name isn't girl. It's Anastasia."

Anastasia. I rolled the name around in my head, tracing the syllables with my tongue. Given her skill for lying, I had to force myself not to look to Ghost for confirmation.

Taking in her honey-blond locks, blue eyes, and the proud tilt to her delicate chin I decided she did look like an Anastasia.

"As thrilled as I am to finally have a name for my new prisoner, that doesn't make up for my missing car."

She rolled her eyes at me, and I had to fight not to grab her by her pretty throat. Pretty? What the fuck possessed me to think that?

"I can't get you your car back, but I have something better to offer you." Flicking her hair over her shoulder, she lowered herself into an

armchair with the grace of a Queen taking her throne. "You might not believe a word I say but believe this. You're going to want to hear me out. Quite frankly, I don't want to die, and I don't see this little back-and-forth thing between us panning out well for me. Not with your glaring anger issues, anyway."

Enjoying the way I towered over her, I remained standing. I folded my arms over my chest, the tension in my back an annoying throb.

"What could you possibly have that I want?"

The corner of her lips curled, telling me I'd walked right into her trap. "Me, of course. My name is Anastasia Lasko, sole heir to Alpha Augustus Lasko and future Luna of the Eclipse Pack. I'd say it's wonderful to meet you, but we both know that would be a lie."

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