

## Chapter 0022

Anastasia

"This is Maverick, my head of security." Caius grunted, forcefully tearing his eyes away from the skimpy dress I had on. "He and his men will be watching our every move while we're out."

It was the night of our first official date, the one where our blossoming relationship would be presented to the public eye. Going to Mercury, one of the most popular werewolf clubs in Seattle, had been my idea. We needed something casual, but in a heavily populated area to draw out the men hunting us.

We had assumed they belonged to my father, which was the most likely option, but I wasn't ruling anything out. Alpha Caius and his brothers had been looking into the missing wolves for a year now. Those men could've easily been sent to silence Caius.

My heels clicked as I waltzed over to Maverick, the sound sharp in the quiet night.

My jaw threatened to drop as I took in the older male before me. He was well over six foot tall with arms as big as my thighs and a face that had seen better days. It was still handsome in a brutal sort of way, what with the scars and all, but it was his eyes that sealed the deal. They were deeply set, and such a bright shade of blue that they appeared almost white in the moonlight. His hair was buzzed short, much like Ghost's, only Maverick's had a faint spattering of grey that hinted at his age.

I eyed the thick scar that ran vertically up his throat and jaw, ending

just below his cheekbone.

"Mav's a bit of a legend around these parts. I'm sure you've heard of him." Knight teased from where he leaned against the garage door, his hands fisted in the pockets of his frayed jeans. "Maverick the Butcher. Maverick the Rogue. Maverick, slaughterer of—"

"I think she gets it." Damon murmured.

"If you and Caius continue to ruin my fun then perhaps I'll run away."

Caius cut him a dry look, "Don't go doing us any favor's now."

I had to admit my faux boyfriend looked utterly mouthwatering in the dress shirt and slacks he had on. Both were black as night, bringing out the brilliant gold of his eyes and the warm tones of his hair. Even better, they hugged his muscular body, leaving very little to the imagination.

"Don't forget he's an asshole," Ziva muttered, "If you embarrass us by panting over him I swear I'll never let you live it down." 1

There was something familiar about Maverick and the titles Knight had given him. When it finally clicked I was starstruck.

"You're Maverick, the famed wolf-warrior."

Maverick flicked his eyes downward to where I stood. The man could've easily crushed my spine with his bare hands, and for some reason that fact made him even more interesting.

He grunted, "Yes."

"The one that's been missing for the last like thirty years."

"Yes."

I bounced on the balls of my feet, an excited squeal leaving me. I grabbed his hand, which was as large as a damn catcher's mitt, and shook it enthusiastically. One of his thick, bushy brows lifted and his eyes flicked to Caius, only to return back to me.

"Oh my Goddess! It's such an honor to meet you." I gushed, positive there were stars in my eyes. "I've been studying your fighting style since I was a little girl. Is it true you trained in Japan with the famed Mangetsu Pack? Oh, is it also true you formed your own unit of fighters to take back the pack your brother stole from you? Wait, don't answer that." The questions kept pouring out. I mean, I was meeting one of my idols for Goddess sake! "Is it true you trained Alpha Lilac Einar's father, the legendary Titus?"

Alpha Caius's hand fell on my shoulder, "Ms. Lasko, I believe that's enough."

Was it my imagination or did his lips just twitch? No, it had to be in my head. Alpha Caius was allergic to joy. A mere smile would probably send him into anaphylactic shock.

I shrugged him off with an irritated snort. "Excuse me, but we're kind of having a conversation here."

"A one-sided conversation." Damon said quietly.

I quietly debated the merits of freezing time to kick them all in the balls, but decided at the last minute it was immature. Before she went missing, Jasmine and I were all about personal growth and shit. She'd be so proud of me. 1

I turned back to Maverick, whose hand I was still shaking.

### ENJOYING THE BOOK?

Give it a rating to show your support!



Not interesting at all

Very interesting



Comments



Support