

Chapter 0017

I grabbed a short, forest green dress with a low-cut front and made my way to the dressing room. Alpha Caius looked up from his phone, which he'd been tapping away at for the past hour, and grimaced.

"I expect you to show me everything you've chosen so I can ensure it's appropriate."

Appropriate? I'm a grown woman, damn it.

I shoved the forest green dress back onto the rack and snatched up an icy blue number that was the exact opposite of the word appropriate. I also grabbed a pair of matching pumps to complete the look.

Slipping into the dress was easy enough, and I sighed at having something that actually fit my body. The clothes in Caius's closet were clearly meant for a woman smaller than me.

The dress had a low neckline that dipped between my breasts and cinched in at the waist. Silver embroidery crawled up the skirt, which rested around mid-thigh, and was peppered with little pearls. Fighting a smirk, I slipped the pumps on and exited the dressing room ready for a fight. 1

Alpha Caius took one look at me and scoffed. His voice was thick with annoyance as he said, "Absolutely not."

The sunlight outside began to vanish behind a bank of grey storm clouds. A quiet rumble of thunder sounded in the distance.

I looked behind my shoulder, then pointed to myself. "Are you talking

to me?"

His nostrils flared and that little vein on his forehead jumped. Standing, he turned to the perky brunette. "Out. Now."

She stammered, "I'm sorry, Alpha?"

"You and all your associates get out. Take a half hour break. My girlfriend and I need a moment alone. Be sure to turn your cameras off as well. I will know if they aren't."

Tossing a glare my way, she flicked her hair over her shoulder. "Yes. Of course, Alpha."

I waited with my hands propped on my hips for her to scurry away with the rest of the employees. Did I care that he commanded the woman to turn the boutique's camera's off? No, not in the slightest.

I could handle the caveman.

He dragged his eyes down my frame, the anger within them blotting out what hid beneath. "You will not be buying that."

"Yes, I will."

Thunder rumbled a bit louder this time.

The suit he wore barely contained his muscles, especially as he tensed before me. "I will not have some stripper standing at my side pretending to be a Luna."

Oh no he didn't.

My vision turned red, "You sexist asshole."

I ripped off one of my pumps and hurled it at his head. He ducked just in time to avoid the projectile, though it did hit the wall with a satisfying thud.

"Throw another shoe and I'll—"

I threw another shoe. 2

Alpha Caius flicked it to the side with a snarl and stomped his way up to me. I didn't flinch, didn't freeze time, didn't do all the things I was perfectly capable of doing because I didn't want him to think his size intimidated me.

I hadn't expected his hand to close over my throat, or for him to push me back against the wall.

Heat pooled in my lower belly. Arousal and anger combined, mixing into an intoxicating sensation I'd never felt before. How was it possible to hate a man and want to rip his clothes off at the same time?

Minus his lackluster personality and penchant for flying off the handle, Alpha Caius was exactly what I craved in a man. Fast enough to hunt you down, and strong enough to overpower you. A man who would take your control and crush it with his bare fist.

Too bad he was a raging dickhead.