

## Ch 2

Garrett

Garrett stepped out of his VIP room as he pulled his dress shirt on, and he heard Wyatt snort with amusement. He knew why Garrett came out here half naked, and still didn't have shoes on; to annoy that man even further. Garrett turned and looked right at that man. He was of average height and had fair looks, with dark hair that was now messy.

He was wearing the latest fashion and looked to be one of the city's wealthy elite humans. Garrett thought he was punching above his belt, with that beauty in there. He was now stalking towards him and looked to have the purpose of beating him one. That was amusing to Garrett.

He watched him come stalking down the hall towards him, sts balled. As Garret casually did up the buttons on his shirt. He simply leaned out of the way as the man swung out at him, "That's my girlfriend, you f\*\*\*\*g son of a bitch."

"Not anymore." Garrett smiled and dodged the second hit. He heard Wyatt actually laugh out loud. His Beta didn't need to step in, the man was just human. "I hear she saw you having s\*x with some other girl next door."

"What I do is my business." He grated out.

"I hope she was worth it. Prettier, was she? In your eyes."

"It's none of your business." The man grated out and tried to punch him again as he launched himself at Garrett.

Garrett sidestepped him, and he stumbled passed, and put a foot into the man's back, and watched him go sprawling on the ground on his face. Then he was yelling in anger as he got up, was all red-faced and fuming, launched himself at Garrett once more.

He shot his hand out and snagged that man by the throat, slammed him up against the wall. "Enough, you have no idea who I am, or who you're dealing with." He leaned right into him, an arm across the man's chest, put enough pressure on it to cause him pain and effect his breathing ability somewhat. "Wyatt my friend," he addressed his Beta "let's just have a look at VIP room two's cameras shall we. Let's see if his new girl was prettier than the lovely girl. I just got to comfort."

Wyatt snorted "I doubt it, I saw her, brieiy."

Garrett raised an eyebrow at his Beta, who chuckled "Gotta lock your doors, boss." He shrugged.

"Get off me asshole."

Garret huffed. There was no need for profanity. "I'm the a-hole?" he asked, as his eyes moved right back to the man "Watch your language. I own this club, and you're the one that was cheating, I believe. I'm currently single and happy to mingle. You, on the other hand, should have kept it in your pants. Then perhaps your girlfriend, Hmm, ex-girlfriend from what I heard from her, who saw everything."

"I got it boss," Wyatt turned his phone around to show him the footage of that man doing a blonde girl. She wasn't all that pretty, he didn't think.

"Now, why would you do that girl? When have you got a perfect beauty attached to you already?" Garrett shook his head. He didn't understand. This man's girlfriend was a perfect ten, the girl in the video was maybe a seven if she was lucky.

"That's none of your business." He muttered, but his eyes wouldn't meet Garrett's anymore.

"You...own this place?"

"It is now. And yes, I do." Garrett smiled at him. "Wyatt, have this piece of trash removed and banned from my club, along with that blonde as well. If she's still here. There's not supposed to be s\*x in this club. Find out who he is and have him billed for the deep clean of the room as well."

"Sure, thing boss," Wyatt nodded.

"You had s\*x in this club." The man grated.

"It's my club, and I'll do as I please. You, on the other hand, would have been told the rules upon entry." It was a rule, there was no s\*x in this club, especially considering wolves got really rough sometimes, and they didn't need humans seeing that. VIP room one was his and his units. No one else was allowed to use it. His unit were all mated as well, so it was only him that might break that rule, and he was the Alpha, so could do as he pleased in his own club.

It only took a couple of minutes before his Gamma, Ryan and Delta, Dallas to arrive and haul that man away. He stepped back into his VIP room and looked down at his lover for the night, half naked on the oor and still out cold.

He shook his head, but a smile touched his lips, he'd exhausted her, or that, combined with the alcohol she'd already consumed, had knocked her out cold. "Grab her purse and nd out who she is and where she lives." Garrett stated as he found her top to put it back on her, didn't worry about the underwear or bra.

"Is one Miss Harmony Preston." Wyatt told him, waving her driver's license at him.

Garrett smiled down at her, Harmony, he thought to himself and sank down on the couch to pull his shoes on, looked at her the whole time. She had been more than good for him. One little human woman had taken all his needs and handled him well. Not often one found that, especially for such a tiny little thing. She was maybe ve-ve if she was lucky, and maybe 50kg ringing wet if that, but had the curves of a Goddess. A perfect hourglass gure.

He had Wyatt pick her up, he couldn't be seen carrying a girl around, it would be all over the pack, and his mother would be on him in a second. Not that it was a full moon or anything, but she would want to ask him a million questions. She was out there hoping and praying every day that he would nd his second chance mate. Drove him a bit batty some days.

But having Wyatt carry her after Ryan and Dallas had removed that man, it would be seen as something had gone on upstairs and he and his unit were simply dealing with it, that was all. That was ne, nothing would get back to his mother this way, and she'd leave him alone about the young lady.

They would take her home themselves; it was the least he could do for her, seeing as she had sated his needs. Ridden herself to an o\*\*\*\*m and let him have her for as long as he wanted to, until he'd gotten a happy ending as well, a human delight. He used her keys to let them into her apartment building, and then her apartment itself. It was a small one-bedroom place, but it was neat and tidy. Decorated with Christmas tinsel and a Christmas tree that had a stack of presents under it as well. The place was cozy, he thought absently.

He followed Wyatt into her bedroom and watched the man put her on the bed and make her comfortable, head on her pillow and all. Garrett put her throw rug that was laid out neatly over the end of her bed, over her and looked about the apartment. She had some photos up on the walls of her and her family, when she was a small child. He heard Wyatt wander off, knew he was looking through her things in the bathroom.

"She's on birth control boss, and is taking it as expected from what I can see." He called out to him.

"Good." Garrett nodded, she was not his Mate, and he'd not knotted himself to the girl, but she was human and getting pregnant was easy for them, he was not out to get her pregnant either. Had not actually been at the club looking to hook up and hadn't used protection either. This could have been a potential problem. Seems all was well.

He strolled out of her bedroom and looked at the photos she had on the wall, photos with her friends and one of her and her parents. It looked like her university graduation. He put her purse and keys on the kitchen table, as he saw more pictures of her.

Of her and that guy, "His name?" he asked Wyatt.

"Damien Blackwell."

"Blackwell you say...as in Blackwell Industries?"

"Yes." Wyatt nodded.

Her boyfriend was one of the city's wealthy bachelors. He was in quite a few of the photos. Clearly, they'd been going out for a while now. He shook his head, he didn't understand people like that man, who had a gorgeous girlfriend but still needed something else on the side.

He walked over to her mantle over a gas replace and looked at more photos. "We should go boss." Wyatt commented.

"Mm," he nodded in agreement, though he was now curious, this woman had photos on all her walls, though as he looked at the ones of her parents, he couldn't see any recent ones. None of her and that jerk, with her parents either.

He touched one and frowned, turned and looked at the others, "What do you make of her parents, Wyatt?" he asked out of pure curiosity.

His Beta looked at the photos and frowned, "Nothing, human I guess."

"Not that, look at the room and then her parents." He couldn't see any recent ones at all, yet there were recent ones of all her friends, even the jerk she'd been dating quite a few of them, though she wasn't likely to be dating him anymore. If she recalled what happened last night; what he had been doing with that other girl, she'd seen it for herself. Caught that man in the act.

"Likely they've died and that's why nothing is recent." Wyatt stated after going and looking at the other photos, "Seems to be surrounding herself with memories in this place."

Garrett sighed, it was likely, it was his thought, he'd just wanted to see if Wyatt felt the same.

Though now when he thought about how drunk the girl had been, and her having no actual family, if she didn't recall anything! She was likely to stay with the scumbag, probably didn't want to be alone and with no family anymore. That was why she surrounded herself with photos, was likely an only child, and lonely.

He nodded his head, he couldn't allow her to stay with that man even if she was lonely. She deserved much better.

He walked over and shed her phone out of her purse, tried to turn it on and found it ngerprint locked. Walked back into her bedroom and pressed ngers to it until it unlocked, and called himself. Then deleted his number from her phone, and put it back in her purse. "What are you doing, boss?" Wyatt asked curiously.

"Just making sure she remembers what the boyfriend did to her." he leaned on the counter, and logged into the nightclub security system with his phone, and found the footage of her boyfriend and that blond girl and sent it to her, tagged the message 'Just in case you forgot what he did last night.'

"She could track you with that."

Garrett shrugged, and looked around the room. "The beauty in there deserves better." He spotted a permanent marker and smiled to himself. Plucked it from the pen jar she had, and walked around the room and put a big X through the man's face on all those photos, wrote the word cheating asshole on one, useless bastard on another, and then 'don't forget to dump his ass.' On the one on the mantle. Then he put that marker back in the pen jar and smiled to himself.

He heard Wyatt laugh, "Got yourself a bee in your bonnet." He stated as they headed out.

"A little, I suppose." He nodded, he wouldn't normally bother to interfere in human lives, but those big blue eyes of hers, lled with tears, had sucked him right in. And knowing she was utterly heartbroken; he'd been there. "Kindred spirits I suppose you could say." He nodded, as they left, making sure that her apartment door was not only closed but locked as well.

"Let's hope she dumps his ass right away." Wyatt nodded and clapped him on the back. "Come on let's head back to the pack. I'm all clubbed out, want to snuggle up to my Mate."

Garrett nodded, he relaxed in the car on the way back to the pack. He really did hope that being alone and not having any family wouldn't convince her to take that jerk back. Hoped he would see her later on in life happy, with a smile on her face. She deserved that. Hopefully she'd nd someone that could make her happy. Get married and have a bunch of kids, a family of her own.