

Chapter 0048

When we get back to the packhouse, it's time to start getting ready. After showering again, I get dressed in black dress pants and pair it with the black dress shirt with peacock green cuffs, color and trim that I got specifically so it would match Cara's dress. I'm really hoping she accepts the gift and wears it. If she does, we will look like we dressed as a couple, which is exactly what I want.

After pulling my hair in a man bun and putting on my dress shoes, I'm ready. I head over to my parents' room and knock on their door. I learned at an early age to wait for a response before walking in. Some things a child should never see their parents doing. And once seen, cannot be unseen. I shiver in disgust at the memory.

I hear my mother's voice, "Come in sweetheart."

I walk in and see my mom putting her earrings in. "Well, don't you look nice." She says and I walk to her and kiss her cheek. "Thanks mom."

"Are you ready or should I grab Chase and head over without you?"

My father walks out of their closet buttoning his shirt. “We’re just about ready, but if you want to go without us, we’ll be right behind you.”

“Ok, I’ll grab Chase and see you there.”

I head down the stairs to the Beta floor and knock on Chase’s door before walking in. I didn’t smell a she-wolf, so I know I’m not walking in on anything. “Hey man, you ready?”

He’s brushing his hair. “Almost.” He turns and looks at me. “Damn, that’s a good idea.” He grabs a hair tie and pulls his blond hair into a man bun too.

I smirk at him, “Easy is best.”

He smirks back, “That’s what she said.”

We’re laughing as we head down the stairs and my nose is assaulted with the overwhelming scent of rosewater. I look up as I get to the bottom of the stairs. Sheila is standing there in a skin tight fire engine red dress that is so low her tits are about to fall out at the top and so short that you can see the bottom of her ass cheeks hanging out at the bottom. How did I ever find her attractive? Now, she just disgusts me.

“Sheila, what are you doing here? Why aren’t you at


the party?" I ask as she attempts what I can only assume is supposed to be a sexy walk toward me but falls very short of the mark.


She runs her fingers up my chest. "What do you mean? I'm your date, remember?"

I look at her like she is crazy. "What are you talking about?" I ask, and Chase chimes in, "Yeah Sheila, what are you talking about?"


She gives me a look like I've got two heads. "Yesterday at school. I said we should get together today for your birthday."

I can feel my brows drawing together. "When was this? And did I answer?"

"We were talking yesterday morning and when I asked you said 'Sure'." The smile, that I'm assuming is supposed to be sexy, is back. "So, here I am so we can go together. And luckily we match." 

I'm about to blow a gasket, when Chase steps in. "Alpha doesn't want to have any one make assumptions about him having a date tonight since he might meet his mate, being 18 now. But if you need a ride, you're welcome to come with us." 

I give a look and he shrugs. "She squeals and jumps


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up and down, and I have to admit I was in a trance waiting to see if her tits would pop out. Surprisingly, they didn't."

We walk out to one of the waiting limos and Chase opens the door for Sheila and whispers as I go to get in, "We should start a pool to see if those tits fall out of that dress tonight."


"All you man, I have other plans for tonight."

"No worries." He says as he claps me on the shoulder. "I'm always willing to be your wingman."

When we arrive at the club that my mother rented out for the night, Sheila puts herself in between Chase and I, putting her arms through each of ours, effectively walking in on both our arms. As soon as we walk in the door, I disengage myself from her and head to the bar. 

I'm thankful for small favors that Cara hasn't arrived yet and didn't see my entrance.

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Chapter 0049

As we walk up to the club, my stomach feels like a swarm of bees have suddenly taken up residence and I feel nauseous.

As soon as we walk in, it feels like the entire room goes silent and everyone turns to look at my father and I. I feel a slight blush on my cheeks and I'm ready to bolt, until I see the warriors all incline their heads, almost as one, to my father. I forget that most of the pack rarely sees him. He'd be considered a hermit if it wasn't for me living with him and Alpha Anders visiting every week.

Luna Calista moves to us and Alpha Anders follows a step behind her. She takes my hands and hers, smiling fondly at me while Anders shakes dad's hand. He offers my dad a drink and they head off toward the warriors who all look like they've just won the lottery. Luna Calista tells me how beautiful I look, her eyes twinkling at my jewelry.

I self-consciously reach up to touch the pendant around my neck. "What a beautiful set of jewelry. Did you have it made?" She asks me kindly.

"No ma'am. It was a gift."

“What a lovely gift. Come. My son would love to meet you.”


I smile at her. What else could I do? It's her son's party and she insisted I attend. I look up and see that Rik is welcoming my father to the party and thanking him for coming, but his eyes are on me.

I reluctantly follow Luna Calista over to Alpha Anders, Rik and my father. I notice my father is slowly getting swarmed by the warriors, especially those that are closer to his age. My dad is a legend. Any warrior worth his weight knows who my dad is and will take this opportunity tonight to meet him and speak to him as long as he can.

My attention is drawn back to Rik when Luna Calista stops. “Rik, this is Cara Nelson, Clint and Lily Nelson's daughter.” She turns to me, “Cara, this is my son Rik.” I can't help myself, I have to get the dig in. “Yes, thank you, Luna. We've met before.”

“Oh.” She looks confused, looking at her son. “I thought you said you had never met Cara honey. I guess I'm a day late and a dollar short.”

I immediately feel bad. I hadn't meant to make her feel awkward, only to put Rik on the spot.

“Actually, it was just a fleeting conversation at school, nothing formal.” I put my hand out, giving him my best fake smile. “Alpha Rik, what a pleasure to meet you.” I stress ‘meet’ so he gets it that I am not letting this go. 

He takes my hand, but instead of shaking it, he brings it to his lips and gently kisses my hand, his eyes never leaving mine. I immediately feel a jolt of pleasure that goes straight to my core and I feel my tiny, insufficient thong getting soaked.

His eyes pierce mine, and I see his nostrils flare. Shit, can he smell my arousal?

“The pleasure is all mine Cara.” He says in a voice that is deep and gruff and I’m suddenly reminded of my dream from last night. I feel my cheeks flush pink and I struggle to gain control of my emotions. “Well,” my voice sounds much higher than normal, “Happy birthday. I hope you enjoy your party.” He gives me a knowing smile. He knows he’s affecting me.

He’s still holding my hand and I’m desperate to disengage myself from him, when another couple steps up to wish him a Happy Birthday. I take the opportunity to step away, but not before I hear him

say, "Save me a dance Cara." It's more of a request, not a question, but I still look at him and nod my head yes. It is his birthday after all, and I have no intention of offending the next Alpha and the guy I most likely will spend the rest of my life protecting.

I turn to where my father is surrounded by warriors. They are all in their element and dad is the center of attention. While it's not his usual place, he is a natural. I watch while he chats with pack members, talking "shop" about training, methods, takedowns and of course, everyone continues to tell him how tough I am.

I'm standing aside, waiting to ask if dad would like a drink, smiling as I watch my father enjoying himself, when I feel a warm body step up behind me. I turn my head and see Trevor. I turn fully and smile at him.

"Hey Trevor, how are you?"

He looks at me and whistles. "Damn girl, you dress up nice." I strike a pose before laughing him off.

He nods his head at my jewelry, "Nice rocks. Did those come from your mystery man?"

For a moment, I am worried that he is my mystery man. "They are," I respond, waiting to see how he responds.

 +15 BONUS

“Wow. Smart move. Your guy really wants to make an impression.”


I cock my head at him, “What do you mean?” Jason comes up behind him, sees my jewels and whistles. “Holy shit. Are those from the guy? Have you figured out who it is yet?”

I turn to my friend. “Yes, they are from the guy. No, I don’t know who he is.” I turn back to Trevor who hasn’t stopped looking at the necklace pendant. “What do you mean?”

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