

Chapter 2

The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf

Chapter 2

Chapter 2

Quietly preparing the platter, I hear a loud thump; someone is angry. I'm just glad I'm in here and not out there with all

that commotion. I pull my hood up to hide my bruised eye. I can't cover my split lip so figure I'll just bite over my lip to

hide it when needed.

After approaching the counter, I ask the first man for his order; I avoid eye contact and keep my head down for all the

orders. All these guys sound very grumpy and annoyed. Jim comes over to me.

'Alpha, I mean Ryker, over there, would like a vanilla milkshake with some cookies.' I nod and write down the order; I have

served everyone except for Ryker.

Lifting a big platter of biscuits and dips, I wince with the weight in one hand; my broken rib is under strain.

Ryker stares at me.

Pausing for a moment, I inhale a deep breath and hold it, to brace myself for the pain, lift the platter again and put it on

the table where most of the men sit. In the kitchen, I exhale while keeping my hand pressed against my ribs. Shit! Ryker's

order. Quickly walking to him to serve him his order, he stares directly at me and squints; wondering what or who is under my hood.

All the other men are shouting over each other about some guy named Zenith, and a town called Shady Crest, and something about rogues, which is strange because Jim referred to me as a rogue earlier. A map is sprawled across the table in front of Ryker; the men are drawing circles and squiggly lines on various parts of it and talking about setting up posts here and there.

I'm suddenly feeling really nervous, as the diner becomes quiet and all eyes are on me; I could sense them on me. I

nervously place the milkshake and the plate of cookies on the table next to the map.

'Milk and cookies sir,' I say, softly.

'Wait,' Ryker says, before I can leave his table. 'What is wrong with your ribs?' Ryker asks.

'Nothing sir,' I reply, wondering how he knew I was in pain.

'You struggled to hold the platter; it's causing you pain,' he observes. 'Why do you smell so strongly of vanilla and

cookies?' He asks.

'It might be the vanilla milk and the cookies,' I say, turning in the direction of the kitchen.

'Remove your hood rogue!' He demands. I freeze; I look at Jim for help.

'Astrid, go and have your break love. Ryker, I told you to leave her out of all this.' I run to the kitchen and out the back door.

'She should smell like a rogue if she is a rogue. She smells like vanilla and cookies,' Alpha Ryker declares.

'She literally just served you a milkshake and cookies,' Jim explains. Alpha Ryker lets out a growl and glares at Jim.

'I could smell her before she served me. My wolf is extremely restless right now. I'm struggling to keep him back,' Ryker explains, holding his chest.

Everyone in the diner freezes, looks at each other and back at Alpha Ryker.

'What?' Alpha Ryker yells. His Beta wolf, Seth, stands up.

'Alpha, you don't seriously think she could be your mate, do you?' Seth asks. Alpha Ryker laughs.

'I would never be mated with a rogue. I'm an Alpha. It's unheard of. The Moon Goddess matching an Alpha and a rogue?

Don't be ridiculous,' Alpha Ryker says.

My breathing finally slows down. My watch reads 8:45pm. In fifteen minutes, I can go home. Hopefully Dad will be passed

out drunk. I go back inside and wash up all the cups, mugs, and plates. The men leave the diner, and I breathe a sigh of

relief, as I hear all of their car doors slamming. My body relaxes knowing they have gone. Thinking Jim is behind me, I am

just about to tell him that I'm leaving as well, but it isn't Jim standing behind me. It's Alpha Ryker.

I avoid making eye contact with him; I'm aware my hood could fall at any moment, revealing the abuse I suffer on a daily

basis. His breathing is very noticeable.

'I'm sorry sir. My shift is over. If you need anything else, please see Jim,' I say, gently. His arm suddenly barricades the

space between me and my exit, as he presses his palm against the wall. I jump back in fright.

'Remove your hood,' he demands. I shake my head.

'No. Jim! Jim!' I yell, as I try to move backward. I'm suddenly pressed against the wall with nowhere else to go. I'm

trapped between his body and the brickwork in one swift movement. He leans over me before planting both of his hands either side of my face.

‘Jim is busy saying goodbye to his pack members out front. He thinks I’ve already left,’ Ryker whispers, twirling my long brown hair in his fingers. He inhales my scent.

‘You smell so good; even my wolf is struggling to stay calm,’ he confesses.

‘You, you, have a pet wolf?’ I’m crying and scared. Ryker laughs at my question.

‘Are you frightened of me Astrid?’ He asks. I nod.

‘Well, if you are what my senses are telling me you are, and also a rogue, then you should be scared. I don’t know if I

could have a rogue as my mate and my pack might not want one as their Luna,’ he explains.

‘I’m sorry sir. I’m confused. I’m not sure what you mean. Rogues, Lunas and Mates. I promise I won’t be a problem to you if you just let me go home; we will never see each other again,’ I whimper.

‘In a moment, Astrid,’ he whispers, looking down at my face, my hair, and my figure, clumsily clothed in my work uniform.

‘Please. I just want to go home. Please let me go.’ I beg.

‘I will let you go if you are not my mate,’ he says.

'I don't know what a mate is. You're an arrogant, vain, obnoxious human being. Please just let me go,' I plead. Unleashing an angry growl, he punches the wall above my head. I drop to the ground in fright.

'Do not insult me like that again. How dare you refer to me as an arrogant, vain, obnoxious human being,' he scolds.

Hugging my knees, I cry.

'Please just let me go home...' I sob.

He takes a step back and pauses, staring at me. He is in deep reflection; curiosity, and a pensive expression consume his

handsome, chiselled face.

'Alpha Ryker! What is the meaning of this? Astrid, are you okay? Why is there a hole in my wall?' Jim shouts, before

helping me up off the ground; the pressure of his hand on my broken ribs makes me shriek in pain.

'Astrid, you're hurt. Your ribs. Please tell me they aren't broken,' Jim says, worried.

Ryker's face softens as his concern for me replaces any anger he previously felt toward me. He takes a step closer to me,

inhaling the air around me sharply. I move behind Jim; still sobbing quietly. Ryker looks away; me distancing myself from

him has offended him somewhat. His fists are clenched by his side as though he contains something within himself he

cannot control.

'Ryker! What did you do to her? She's just a young innocent girl! Did you break her ribs?' Jim shouts.

'I didn't touch her Jim. She called me an arrogant, vain, obnoxious human being. I got angry and punched the wall,' Ryker explains.

'Well, she got most of that right,' Jim yells, 'because you are being an arrogant, vain, obnoxious--' Ryker stops him.

'Jim. Point taken! I'm an asshole! But she is acting like she doesn't know what a mate is. She's pretending she doesn't

know she is a rogue!' Ryker shouts.

'That's because she doesn't know!' Jim yells. Ryker gives Jim a confused look, then looks at me. I'm just as confused.

'Look. I don't know what game this is, but I don't want to do this anymore. Just let me go home and neither of you will

have to worry about seeing me again,' I say, tears still cascading down my cheeks.

'Astrid. I'm so sorry about Ryker. Please. You don't have to leave your job here at the diner. You know you're safer here

than at home,' Jim explains.

'What do you mean by that?' Ryker asks.

'Mind your own business,' I snap. Ryker is taken aback. He crosses his arms.

'I was safer here Jim, but Ryker has some sort of agenda for me. I don't know what. Thank you for being kind to me and employing me all this time but I can't work here anymore,' I cry, and give him a kiss on the cheek goodbye; his eyes are teary. Ryker lets out a growl. I go over to the stool where my handbag is, and swing it on over my shoulder.

'You! I feel sorry for whoever you seek and refer to as your mate! To be with you would be a curse!' I shout. He is deeply hurt at my words; he can't even look at me. Before I can storm off and leave, Ryker is instantly holding my wrist. He flings my hood off my head swiftly, and with the sharp eye contact we make, I feel a magnetic rush of endorphins and dopamine sweep through me; my stomach lurches at the instant feeling of butterflies. I am suddenly pulled into another world; everything around me vanishes; he and I are the only thing that exist.

I'm so confused. I don't know what is happening right now. I feel so strange. I'm lusting after him and he was so threatening two minutes ago. I'm so mesmerised by his eyes; this feels almost like a trance. Ryker is staring into my green

eyes intently, before his eyes briefly change in colour. 'You're my mate,' he whispers, stepping closer me. I unwillingly snap out of the magnetic, lustful trance. 'Stop. Don't you dare touch me,' I yell. Jim stands there with a shocked look on his face.

'Alpha, are you sure Astrid is your mate?' Jim asks in disbelief.

'She's a rogue. This is not happening. Shit...' Ryker mumbles to himself, brushing his hand through his hair, stressed.

'You're right. Whatever you think is happening, is not going to happen. We can agree on that,' I yell. Ryker stares at me.

'Who did that to your face?' He asks calmly.

'Mind your own business,' I yell, hastily leaving the kitchen through the diner, and running out the door.

Read the novel series *The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf* Chapter 2 by author Jazz Ford and update the next chapters of

this series here. At Chapter 2 of the novel *The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf* the details are pushed to the climax. Will the

female lead's love for the male lead be reciprocated? Follow the *The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf* novel Chapter 2 series here.

• • • The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf

• • •