

## Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 16

JESSICA'S POV

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The ride over to the Dark Wood Pack was tense. The entire car was silent and when we arrived at the pack, the entire pack is up, the aura's of the wolves around us makes me uncomfortable, like I want to bow to the first person I see.

The power Lycan's possess is so unique, it makes the rest of us feel inferior, like they are the alpha's, all of them.

Real alpha's won't feel what I feel, but it the feeling of submission is strong.

"Come." Nathaniel snakes his arm around my back, his hand resting on the opposite waist and he pulls me into his side. I glance at my parents as they get out of the car and guards surround them.

There's an entire crowd near the pack house, looking at me. "Relax." Nathaniel whispers as he leads me toward the large castle-like home. "Where will my parents sleep?" I ask, looking up at him as we walk into the house. "In the spare room until we build them a home." he glances down at me, ignoring the rest of the pack as they try to pester him with questions.

I could hear murmurs about me, girls being rude as they comment on how my hair is dyed, how unhealthy skinny I am.

I try to shut it all out, but my curiosity has gotten the best of me.

"Hey." he nudges me and I realized that I have been walking slower. "Sorry." I mutter as I continue to walk into the house. I could feel the temperature difference as we walk in.

"Wow." my mother's voice snaps me out of my own thoughts and I halt to turn to her. "It's beautiful." I smile as I take one more glance around. The ceilings are high, there are paintings hung upon the wall, the stairs are more magnificent than what I remembered and the floor is so shiny that I think if I look directly down, I would be able to see my reflection in the tiles.

“It’s fancy.” my father mutters. He hums and I glare at him. He only hums when he’s thinking about something he knows he shouldn’t say.

“Thank you. I work hard for this.” Nathaniel mutters. “Work hard? What do you do?” my father snorts, “Dad!” I bellow. My cheeks heat in embarrassment. He’s questioning a Lycan without a care in the world, it’s humiliating.

“It’s fine Jessica, your father is just curious.” he talks to me, but he’s looking at my dad with a challenge in his eyes.

“I have multiple companies that I run, as well as the pack itself, sir.” he nods to my father and I stare up at my mate in shock.

Did he just call my dad sir?

“Like what?” I father’s tone is making me want to crawl into a hole and stay there until after their fight.

“Butchery, property, internet, electricity and more.” Nathaniel shrugs it off. I’m impressed, but how does he find enough time in his schedule to do everything and be everywhere? I’m sure he has people working for him, but owners have to show up at their business at some point.

“And how do you get around?” my father in interrogating him.

“Dad, it’s none of your business.” I sneer at him. He’s never been this disrespectful, he’s never humiliated me like this in front of anyone, not even Nick.

“Jessica, go to your room.” he snaps at me and I stare at him in shock, “Don’t act feral father.” I threaten and he glares at me. “Nathaniel welcomed you into this house, into his house and you’re grilling him!” I yell at my father, “It’s disrespectful and humiliating.” I scoff, crossing my arms.

Nate rests his hand on my shoulder, “Your dad doesn’t know me, he’s trying to know me.” Nathaniel breathes out. “What he said.” the knowing smirk on my father’s face makes me want to throw something. “But can I suggest we do this in the morning? I’m sure everyone is tired.” Nathaniel suggests in a demanding sort of tone and I’m caught off guard when my father agrees.

He was so determined on grilling him at this moment and now he just drops it? He’s playing at something.

“Goodnight Jessica.” My father sighs before a guard escorts them to a room on the bottom floor.

I stare and wait until they are gone around the corner and only then do I turn to Nathaniel with an embarrassed look, “I’m sorry.” I confess. He begins to laugh as he cups my cheek, “Don’t be, he’s a dad.” he sighs before taking my hand, “Now tell me what happened.” he slowly blinks. “What do you mean?” I try and ignore the horrible flash backs going through my mind at ultra speed.

“Come on.” he swipes my hair out of my face and I could still feel my bruised face. I haven’t eaten in three days, my body isn’t healing as it should. It’s taking longer and now he’s seen my bruises.

“I have multiple companies that I run, as well as the pack itself, sir.” he nods to my father and I stare up at my mate in shock.

“That.” he points out, “He just threw me into a wall.” I shrug as I roll my eyes. “He did what?” he growls, stepping back. If he gets this angry because I said I was thrown into a wall, what will he do to Nick if I told him the truth?

“Don’t be silly, he was just mad and scared.” , “Scared? Of what?” he snorts, his arched eyebrows furrowing together in a frown. “Of what the pack would say and do without me.” I shrug. Amusement flashes through his eyes, “What do you mean?” , “I mean that I built that pack with Nick. I put my blood and sweat into that pack , I worked my a\*s off to get where I was. I was loved and respected, three guards died to protect me! Three!” I bellow. Tears form in my eyes as I stare at him, he has this stupid look on his face, he looks confused. “It was their job.” he breathes out and I sure as hell hope that’s not his way of comforting.

“No, their job is to listen to me when I told them to stand down, to just let him shoot me instead of them.”, “What?” he frowns, grabbing my arms, “Jessica, you would have been dead by the time I got there. You’re lucky I got there when I did.” , “He wouldn’t have pulled the trigger, don’t you understand?” I yell and I press my lips together when Louis enters the house, staring at us awkwardly.

“Did I interrupt something?” he asks and I turn my face away, wiping my face from the lonely tear that rolled down my cheek. “No, just excuse us.” Nathaniel grits out and I listen to his footsteps going up the stairs, “Look, a soldier makes sure their Luna is always safe, even before the alpha because that is

what the alpha would want, even without actually saying it.” he sounds so sincere.

“They died, because of me. They were shot, by their alpha, the person they trusted and they were murdered in cold blood.” I seethe, “It’s not your fault, you did not pull that trigger. He can be stripped of his title because of what he did.”

An idea pops in my head as I stare at the floor and I glance up at Nathaniel, “Are you willing to take in an entire pack?”

## **Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 17**

NICK’S POV

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Rage, pure rage is all what I feel. My hands shake with anger, my body stiff as a board, my mind spiraling as I think of every aspect of my life.

She’s gone, she is really gone. I can’t believe she left like that...

I sit on the damp grass and stare at the dead bodies before me, the guards standing with thin pressed lips, helping get rid of the deceased.

“Nick!” Tiffany’s high pitched voice echoes through my head. I love her, but that voice of hers sometime can send my nerves in shock.

My forehead rest against my palms, “What?” I sigh through gritted teeth.

“What happened?” Her panicked voice comes closer before she settles down next to me. Her hand rests on my shoulder and I turn my head to face her, “I got mad.” I glance down between my parted knees and the gun lies there.

What kind of alpha am I when I kill my own people?

‘A feared one.’ Remus shrugs it off. My wolf is going to love this new found power. He hates being kind, the only person he was ever kind to just left and the only one he loved is still here.

“You did this?” She asks in a shocked tone. I nod and she removes her hand off my shoulder. “Well done.” she beams. My head snaps up and I stare at her

smile that's spread across her face, "What?" I frown. "You did well to show who is alpha." she shrugs, glancing down at me. Her fingers drag through my hair and even though this made her happy, it makes me feel like I lost, like I failed.

This isn't who I am.

"I was angry, I didn't mean to do that." my head drops into my palms once more, "Still a good thing." she shrugs and I glance up at her, "Where were you?" I seethe. She was nowhere to be found when I came out here, "I was in the house, watching you. I say you should have shot her."

I push myself up from the floor, staring at her with narrowed eyes, "You watched?" I ask to make sure that I didn't hallucinate that she just said that. "Yes, I am not the Luna, well I wasn't, and I didn't want to get in the way." she shrugs, her eyes glistening. "I am proud of you." she inches closer, her hand dragging up my chest to around my neck and she locks her fingers behind my nape.

"You are?" I c\*\*k my head at her, "Yes, very masculine and it's hot." she inches closer before pulling back, taunting me.

"Well..." my hand on her waist snakes to the small of her back and I pull her flush against me, staring down into her eyes. "I can show you something that will have you hot." I breathe against her lips before I move my head next to hers, "That will have you dripping." I whisper and she digs her nails into the back of my neck.

"Show me." she pulls her head back, staring up at me with a seductive look.

I glance over my shoulder, watching as they get rid of the bodies, "Goodnight." I say and everyone turns to me, looking shocked and they just nod with straight faces. They are upset with me now, but it will get better. It always does.

I lead Tiffany back into the house and she's practically running behind me to catch up.

"Are you upset?" she asks as I slam the door and I just stare at her, "Because you don't have to be. You didn't do anything wrong." she kicks her shoes off. "I didn't need to kill them." I shrug as our hands slide away from each other, "You did because they weren't loyal to you." she comes closer, being all loving

and caring. "They paid for their betrayal." she murmurs, her lips move so little, it's attractive. "They thought they were protecting Jessica.", "Jessica who?" she grins, tilting her head to the side innocently.

"You know who." I roll my eyes. She inches closer, "She doesn't exist here anymore. She resigned her position, took her parents with her, and left." she shrugs.

I shake my head lightly, "What? Her parents? How do you know that?"

Fear flashes through her eyes, her lips part as if wanting to talk and I don't know what I expect, but she presses her lips into thin line, staying silent, "Tiff..." , "I saw them." she blurts out, throwing her hands in the air, "I followed her and her pathetic mate off to the woods. I hid and their entire army didn't even notice." she snorts, rolling her eyes. "You followed them into the woods instead of coming to me first?" my voice absentmindedly raise. "Don't yell at me, I didn't do anything!" she yells, "You're yelling!" I bellow.

She throws her hands in the air, turning her back to me, "Unbelievable." she scoffs under her breath. "Okay, just...I need a shower." I wave this entire yelling competition off, "I'll join you." she beams, suddenly chirpy and joyful. I turn on the first step, "No, I just need to clear my head." I sigh before heading upstairs.

I walk into the room, glancing around as I stand frozen in the doorway. Her things are everywhere, her scent is still lingering in the air.

Jessica's scent is so strong, it's like she's still here, but she isn't...

When we started dating after being best friends for so long, I saw the rest of my life with her. We both knew that finding out mates was a low chance, almost impossible. Over the years, mate's have been scarce, people have been taking chosen mates for decades and look at us now...we both found our mates, our bond still intact and we are never going to see each other again.

I walk over to the closet, opening the doors and I stare at her clothes, all perfectly folded and hung. My hands absentmindedly trail over her clothes and I grab one of her favorite sweaters, bringing it to my face.

I inhale her scent and images of her flash through my mind.

I can not believe that she left me, I can't believe I pointed a gun at her, my entire body wanting to pull that trigger, but my heart couldn't. I watched her throw herself in front of the guards, protecting them from me and I found it charming how she was willing to sacrifice herself, because she has a big heart.

She loves these people and she loves me, and yet she still ran off with her mate.

I never thought of getting rid of her when Tiffany showed up, but then again, I never expected Tiffany to move in.

I sit down on the couch, holding her sweater in my hands, bringing it to my face now and then, thinking of how beautiful she is.

"You know who." I roll my eyes. She inches closer, "She doesn't exist here anymore. She resigned her position, took her parents with her, and left." she shrugs.

"Nick." Tiffany's cold tone makes me look up and I stare at her, "Yes?", "What are you doing?" her eyes flick to Jessica's sweater, "Nothing." I shove the sweater onto the couch and stand up, walking over to her standing there, watching me with curious eyes, "Is that hers?" I frown, "Yeah.", "Are we going to burn it?", "What?" I snort, "Burn it, I want our home free of everything that she owns and touched." she shrugs and my mouth drops open agape, "That's everything, including the house. Don't be stupid." I roll my eyes, "I'm not stupid, I want a fresh start. I start that doesn't involve her. I want things that are ours, just yours and mine. I want us to go shopping and redecorate. We can keep the house." she shrugs. "There's no time for all of that Tiff." I sigh.

Her words hurt, because without Jessica, I wouldn't have been able to do anything. For years she has been my rock, for years she's helped me, treated me well, did things for me that no one else would.

I remember when my dad's beta's daughter kept on flirting with me, she was always around, shoving her boobs in my face when she stands in front of me. It sickened me and one night, Jessica saw how irritated I was and came up to me, kissing me in front of her.

We acted like we were together for weeks in front of that girl, but we were just friends and never even kissed again until we dated.

Everyone thought that she was weird, but I remember the first time I saw her, she was alone in a field of flowers, picking them to gather for her dying grandma. She was sweet and even gave me a flower too.

It was all I could think of for days and my mother laughed when her flower died and I was upset.

I knew she was special and now I lost her.

I have so many memories of her and us together. She's the love of my life, the real one, one that isn't bound by magic and I lost her.

Perhaps she'll come back, perhaps she will see that I am the only man that she truly loves.

I want to fight for her, but I would die. Her mate is a Lycan, which I didn't even know was around here. I was startled to see him, he's not much taller than I am, but his aura is powerful, he looks strong.

I will die if I fight for her, lose the chance to tell her how sorry I am for what I have done to her. I will leave my pack without a leader and with the looks of it, Tiffany does not have much experience with all of this.

"Then let me do it, I can show you what I like and you can tell me if you like it before I buy it. All I need is your card." she shrugs, "You have your own money." I glare at her, "But it's for both of us," "Then I will send you an amount and you will bring me the receipts for your purchases. I expect you to pay half then." I shrug.

Her eyes narrow, "Fine." she seethes before walking to the bathroom. I stare at her as she slips her shirt off and my eyes trail her skin.

She stops in the doorway, glancing at me over her shoulder, "Are you coming?" she asks as she takes the rest of her clothes off.

## **Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 18**

JESSICA'S POV

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Nathaniel's eyes almost pop out their sockets when I asked about taking in an entire pack. "No." he deadpans, looking at me with narrowed eyes. If he wasn't my mate, I would be sure that his glare was going to make me drop dead on the spot. "Well then I don't want anything happening to Nick." I cross my arms over my chest.

Nathaniel's eyes drop to my chest and I scoff before uncrossing my arms. His gaze flicks up to me, "Look, I won't mingle the normal wolves with the Lycans, do you know what havoc it would bring? Did you think about all the fights it would cause? Did you think about how your old pack would feel surrounded by such power?" he preaches to me.

I want to argue and tell him that it won't be as bad, but as he lists every single reason not to merge the two packs, my idea just starts making less and less sense. I want more for my people, more than Nick and Tiffany, but I have to consider all the facts.

"I can't be your mate." I shake my head and his jaw falls open, his eyes growing large in shock. "What?" he seethes, "I can't. What about my people?", "These are your people now." he grits out, pointing at the door.

My gaze drags to the door and I stare at the large wooden surface, wanting to feel the homey feeling that I had in my own pack, but it doesn't surface. "It doesn't feel like it." I sigh, turning my head to face him again.

"Of course it won't. We haven't even started our relationship yet because of Nick." he growls out his name like it's venom, and in a way, he is. He is the venom that I let into my life when I was vulnerable and young. If we didn't end up together, I would have been free, but if I didn't get with him, I wouldn't have been at that party because I'm a mere omega. If I weren't at that party, I wouldn't have met Louis and then I wouldn't have met Nathaniel.

If it weren't for Nick, I would never have met my mate, but he would have met his.

"He's an alpha, he's territorial." I glance at the floor, "He's no alpha, he's a skank." Nathaniel scoffs and some sort of overwhelming anger fights its way past my walls. "He's not a skank!" I growl, leaping toward Nathaniel, wanting to attack him and he catches my wrists, turning me around in one swift motion and he pulls my back to his front. His touch immediately calms my racing heart, the anger fades and all I feel is humiliated. "Calm down." he whispers

against the shell of my ear and I rest my head back against his chest. "I'm sorry...I don't know what came over me." I whimper.

I'm on the verge on tears. The pent up anger, resentment, longing and loss is all too much, it's like swirling my mind, taunting me.

"It's okay, you're still linked to him but don't worry...It'll be over soon." his tight grip on my wrists lessen and he holds me from behind.

I hold onto his muscular forearms, resting my chin against his skin and I take a deep breath.

"I don't want to hurt you." I mutter and he lets me go, a loud chuckle rippling from his chest. "You can't hurt me even if you tried."

I turn to him, my cheeks red with humiliation and I just nod. He captures my chin between his fingers, tilting my head up, "I mean you can, but a huge part of you wouldn't let that happen." Zola, my black wolf, is howling in my head. She is loving this attention, not because it's attention, but because it's his. My entire body is electrified by the simple touch of his fingers and I can't even imagine what it would feel like when his hands are really on me, feeling my skin...

I gulp as I try to think of anything else while my colorless orbs flick between his beautiful emerald ones.

"Let's get you into a hot bath and into bed." I frown at the mention of a bath. "You don't like bathing?" he frowns with a hint of curiosity glistening in his eyes. "I did, but not anymore." I mutter.

The last time I took a bath, I was almost drowned and knocked out.

I don't think I will ever bathe again.

"Then shower it is." he mutters, but his voice seems so far as I think of how it felt to have all of that water coming through my mouth, nose...I could feel myself choke on the water and I couldn't do anything except kick and try to get rid of Nick's hand that was holding me down under the water, "Jessica?" Nathaniel's voice snaps me out of my thoughts, "Sorry." I shake my head, rubbing my fingers across my temple. "What's wrong?" he grabs my shoulder when I try to walk to the stairs. "Nothing." I shrug it off, "I just need to unwind."

“Alright.” he gulps before moving his hand to the small of my back, his thumb rubbing up and down as we ascend the stairs.

I never thought I would live anywhere else... I freeze midstairs, turning to him, “I don’t have clothes.” I mutter. A smile takes over, “I don’t have any clothes because I just left.” I chuckle through a scoff, “I didn’t think to take anything. My parents don’t have clothes.” I really start to laugh and my chest starts to heave.

Nathaniel stares at me worriedly as I babble and he suddenly grabs my face with both hands before pressing his lips to me. I calm as our lips wrestle and then slowly pull away. “That’s one way to calm you down.” he winks, smiling with his perfect row of teeth.

I smile, looking down at my fingers before looking up at him, “Yeah, I guess.”, “Now calm down because there is clothes, it might not be yours but there are clothing, for you and your parents.” he sighs at the mention of them.

He didn’t really sign up to bring my parents to his pack...”Are you sure it’s okay that they are here?” I ask and he shrugs, “I don’t mind, as long as your father settles with the grilling.” he rolls his eyes and I giggle, “I’ll talk with him.” I smile and he nods.

We continue walking up the stairs and I’m stunned to see Louis sitting on the couch in the upstairs living room, “All better?” he teases as we pass him and Nathaniel flicks him on the head as he snorts.

“Rude.” Louis bellows teasingly before we head into Nathaniel’s hall and into his room.

As we walk into the black interior room, I stare at it once more in admiration. It really is something from this era.

“Here are some clothes.” Nathaniel walks over to the bed where there are piles of clothing, stacked and folded perfectly.

Everything from underwear to pajamas and daily clothes, even shoes in front of the bed.

I gulp as I try to think of anything else while my colorless orbs flick between his beautiful emerald ones.

“Thanks.” I sort through the lot and make a pajamas pile before I turn and head into the bathroom.

I take one glance at the bath and my entire body stiffens as I move to the shower. It’s not even the same bath, but the sight of the thing has my mind going crazy.

I hurriedly strip from my clothes and climb into the shower, avoiding the sight of the bathtub.

I use the new bottles of shampoo and shower gel to wash myself and my hair before getting out.

Walking back into the room, Nathaniel sits on the bed, reading a book and I absentmindedly stare at him in awe. I have never seen an alpha have time to sit and read, yet here he is, sitting on the bed, wearing grey sweatpants, no shirt and just reading.

He lowers his book and I inch closer. I don’t want him to think that I weird for staring at him.

He looks good, “Oh, you’re done.” he grins as he closes the book after folding the corner of the page and puts it beside him. I nod and sit down on the end of the bed. “I’m going to shower and then I’ll go sleep on the couch.” he motions to the door, “What? No, I don’t want to put you out. I’ll sleep on the couch.” I argue. This is his room, he should have the right to sleep here. “That wouldn’t make me a gentleman.” his eyes narrow on me, but the smile on his face makes it less scary.

“You won’t even sleep comfortable, I’m tiny, I can and will sleep on the couch. I just need a pillow and blanket.” I shrug and he laughs, “You are stubborn, aren’t you?” he marches back to his bed and I stand, “And kind too.” I add, which draws a good laugh from him.

“Fine, take mine, I will use my other ones.” he shrugs as he throws a pillow at me and pulls his duvet off the bed and he walks to the door, “Come.” he nods his head and I follow him. Louis has luckily disappeared from the couch and I presume that he’s in his room.

“Are you sure? I feel bad. I can sleep on the couch.” Nathaniel hesitates as he stands with the duvet crumpled in his arms. I stride forward, grabbing the

duvet from his arms, “I’m sure.” I smile, “You should sleep in your own bed. I am the guest after all.” I shrug as I throw the duvet open over the couch.

His hand wraps around my wrist and he turns me to him, his hand cupping my cheek, “You are not the guest, this is your home now too, but if we sleep in the same bed, I can’t promise to not screw your brains out.” he grins and his words form heat between my legs and I squeeze my thighs together, “I get it.” I force a smile and the sudden need to sneak back into his room when he’s in bed is strong.

I want him, I wouldn’t do that to Nick...would I?

‘He did abuse us, what is a little pain?’ Zola’s teasing voice makes me smile.

“What?” Nathaniel asks, his olive orbs flicking between mine. “Nothing, goodnight.” I smile before pulling the duvet open and I crawl underneath it. “I’m just down the hall if you need anything.” he winks before turning around and he leaves.

I glance back to an empty hall, biting on my lips as I wonder what he’d actually do if I just went there...

## **Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 19**

JESSICA’S POV

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“Nick don’t!” I plead as I try and move the brick wall of men out of harms way, but the guards are rock solid, standing in front of me, protecting me. I winch at the loud bang and the guard in front of me falls limp like jelly and his body hits the floor. The circle of guards around me move one step, closing me back up. I scream as I try to break through the masculine wall. Tears stream down my face until every single one of them is shot dead, lying on the floor around me. Nick has the gun pointed at me, his gaze darker than ever, his face emotionless as he stares at me.

“Traitor.” he growls before his finger pulls the trigger and a loud bang erupts around me.

I jolt up, glancing around frantically, moving but no pain shoots through me. I glance down at my perfectly healthy body and pull the cover down onto my body as if to hide away.

“He’s not here, he’s not here...” I mutter to myself over and over as I calm down. I glance around casually and notice that it’s only one in the morning. I sigh before sitting upright and I glance down Nathaniel’s hallway. There’s no light coming from under his doorway and the house is completely quiet.

I toss the duvet aside and throw my legs off the couch, hissing when my bare feet touch the cold tiles. I stand up, tip-toeing over to Nathaniel’s door. I slowly turn the handle and push the door open, thanking the Moon Goddess that the door doesn’t make a single sound. I poke my head into the room, glancing around until my eyes land on his silhouette laying on the bed under the covers, his light snores fill the room and I suddenly feel too guilty to wake him up.

“Come in Jess.” he grumbles in a sleepy voice. I can’t help but blush, a small smile creeping up my face as I step into the room and close the door behind me. I know that he’s half awake, but I still tiptoe into the room all the way to the other side of the bed. I sit down on it, looking at his relaxed features. He’s very handsome, his face has strong bones, his lips are full and soft. His eyebrows are perfectly thick and his eyelashes look so long when his eyes are closed.

“Stop staring.” his one eye pings open and I nibble on my bottom lip, smiling when he lifts the duvet and I climb underneath it.

I put my legs straight and shimmy down . My upper back is propped up with the pillows behind me and I pull the duvet up to my waist. “Why are you here?” he slowly blinks, trying to keep his eyes open, “I couldn’t sleep.” I lie and he hums, making my head turn to look at his taunting hum. “What?” I frown and he sighs, adjusting his pillow that’s smushing his face, “You’re lying.” he starts to yawn and I roll my eyes, “I wasn’t.” , “Your hair is messy, meaning you slept and when you said you couldn’t sleep, your heart skipped a beat at the lie.” he tilts his head, both his emerald eyes now open and staring at me curiously.

“I wasn’t lying!”, “Oh look, another beat skipped.” he props himself up on his elbow, “What’s wrong?” he asks with furrowed brows. I gulp, my eyes falling shut for a second before I avert my gaze to my hands.

Nathaniel snakes his arm past my legs and pulls me closer to him, my body immediately lowering under the covers and I turn my back to him. He pulls me even closer by the waist until my body is firmly pressed against his, the warmth radiating off him makes me cuddle into his embrace, "I had a dream." I confess as I stare out of the big window. The sky is full of stars, there isn't one cloud in the sky to cover the beauty of the night. "A nightmare." I correct myself. He hums as he nuzzles his chin onto my shoulder, making me immediately feel warmer. "About?" he asks in such a gentle tone.

Nick always spoke gently with me, he had patience and he loved me, until Tiffany came along and he started yelling at me, abusing and taking advantage of my love for him.

"Nick and how he shot those guards. They were standing around me like statues and when one dropped, the circle got smaller, caging me in like I was an animal and in my mind I know that they were protecting me, but I didn't want them to. I didn't tell them what he did to me to turn them against him and follow me...I just wanted them to not fight you or your army, but they took my side and protected me, they sacrificed themselves to keep me safe and I didn't even deserve it." I snort, "I was leaving them with him." I sigh and his hold on me tightens and he pulls me closer, holding me to comfort me, but all I feel is trapped, like in my dream.

"Stop." I pull his hand off me and he immediately lets me go. I turn around, facing him. "I feel trapped when you do that." I tell him and he pulls his arm off me gently, "I'm sorry." he mutters and I shrug it off as I pull the duvet to my shoulders, "It's not your fault." I admit and he nods, "If it makes you feel better, my army would have done the same too. You know we're taught that our luna is the most prized possession, do you know why?" he smirks and I shake my head, listening to his deep voice. He calms me in a way that not even the best spa day could. I love how safe he makes me feel, I even had the courage to break out of that hole because I knew that he was on his way to me, I knew he was coming to save me.

"Because in the old days, the alpha's were actually the prized possession.." I snort, "Obviously, they are the pack leaders. It makes more sense." I mutter and he smiles, "But..." he drags out as he stares into my eyes, "The alpha's were so in love with their mates, their luna's were everything to them, their sun and moon, their happiness and their oxygen...so the alpha's starting preaching about how his mate was the prized possession of his pack and so everyone began to say it, every Luna was the glue that held the alpha to the pack and that is why the Luna's are so important. The real Luna's, the

mate's." he grins, "It all just became a regular thing in the packs and that's why the Luna's are so praised and important these days."

I nod as he talks, smiling at the sweet story. Whatever alpha who started it must have loved his mate dearly.

"How do you know that?" , "My sweet Jess, I am descended from the Moon Goddess herself, our ancestors have told tails to all generations, we still have that tradition. Every year, the night before Christmas, we come together and tell tales. It's how our legacy lives on, it's how the stories are told over thousands of years. Some are new and some are very, very old." he scoffs and it turns into a chuckle.

Nathaniel snakes his arm past my legs and pulls me closer to him, my body immediately lowering under the covers and I turn my back to him. He pulls me even closer by the waist until my body is firmly pressed against his, the warmth radiating off him makes me cuddle into his embrace, "I had a dream." I confess as I stare out of the big window. The sky is full of stars, there isn't one cloud in the sky to cover the beauty of the night. "A nightmare." I correct myself. He hums as he nuzzles his chin onto my shoulder, making me immediately feel warmer. "About?" he asks in such a gentle tone.

Our fingers slightly graze one another's and heat forms at the base of my spine in an instant. I squeeze my thighs together, my chest heaving as I panic. All of this is so nice, it feels safe and peaceful and I could tell that Nathaniel was tired, his eyes are narrowed sleepily and if I move, I am sure he'd smell the arousal that's forming every passing second.

Nathaniel is big, his shoulders are broad and muscular, I have no doubt that he needs his sleep to charge his body and mind.

His hand gently takes mine and I try not to move much as we stare into each other's eyes.

I could feel the bond between us grow, because every passing minute, I want to be closer, I want to feel his touch all over me, but I am still bonded to Nick...something that I now regret.

I remember the night we did it, he was so sweet and kind...he asked me if I was sure, that if I don't want to wait for my mate and that's the night we made our promise, a promise both of us had already broken. But I'm the evil one



because I left, I didn't even say goodbye to my pack because of Nick, yet I still can't fathom the thought of bringing him pain.

I know him, I have known him for most of my life and I know that he's hating himself for killing his own people, for almost killing me...It's enough pain and if I sleep with Nathaniel tonight, it's no doubt that I will cause him pain too...

'He beat us.' Zola growls in my head and I avert my gaze down to the duvet.

'I know, but he was upset.' I defend him. I hate that I am defending him, but every time I think badly of him, my mind and body wants to tear itself apart until I think something good and tell myself I am over-exaggerating.

Nathaniel's hand lets go of mine and his arm snakes over my waist. He pulls me closer in one swift motion. I gasp as our lips almost touch and I pull back an inch, leaving space for us to breathe, "What do you want to do?" he asks in a low tone, his olive orbs flicking down to my mouth repeatedly. My breathing gets heavier as I feel his hot breath on my cheek. It's so warm...he's so warm.

"Nathaniel..." I shake my head, "I'm still..." his eyes flick to my mark and he shrugs, "Look what he did to you, what he did to his own guards. He almost shot you Jessica, don't you want some sort of revenge?" his voice is luring me closer to him. I nod, struggling to control my breathing and my eyes flick down to his full lips. He doesn't even hesitate a second to crash his lips against me and I groan against his mouth in appreciation of how soft and delicate everything feels. My entire body is ignited and electrified and our lips wrestle, the once delicate kiss turning into something needy and hot.

## **Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 20**

JESSICA'S POV

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When we started kissing, it was even better than our first. It felt like everything stopped and I am a hundred percent positive that it became a core memory that's now engraved in my brain.

He pulls me on top of him, his hands capturing the hem of my shirt and he pulls it up. I carelessly lift my arms and he tosses the material to the side once it's off me.

His hands roam down to my breasts, giving them a squeeze that makes me gasp. His hands travel down to my waist before he pulls my upper body down against his, his hands staying there, his fingers digging into my skin. Our lips wrestle and my raven hair falls to the one side, acting like a curtain while we viciously make out.

He slips his tongue past my parted lips, devouring my mouth and I start to suck on his tongue, making him groan in pleasure. He pulls me back by my waist and I release his tongue. Our eyes lock and his once emerald orbs are now a bright silver, like a ring glowing around his orbs. "Did I hurt you?" I ask in a mere whisper, "No, but do that again and we might break this bed tonight." he grits out before he pushes me off. I shriek as I fall onto the other side of the bed and within seconds, he's settled between my thighs.

Both of our upper bodies are bare, the magical feeling of our skin grinding against one another makes me squirm in pleasure.

He leans up, kissing me, his one hand beside my head and the other travelling my body, roaming it like it's curious. He feels every part of me until he stops at the waistband of my shorts.

He breaks our kiss, pulling his face back as his fingers trails just above my waistband, making me suck in a deep breath.

With him looking at me like I'm his everything and the heat building between us, I can't think of anything else than praying that he would rip my shorts off and sink into me.

"I don't mean to be anything other than grateful that you're in my bed, but are you sure?" he asks as his finger slips into my waistband, hooking it.

I begin to chew on my bottom lip as I think of how much pain I was in, "Hey." his fingers slip out of my waistband and he cups my cheek, "Don't get in your head." he pulls my mind away from the thought of Nick.

"Sorry." I sigh and he c\*\*\*s his head before dropping down beside me. "It's fine." he sighs before handing my shirt to me.

I sit up, my entire face feeling hot as I tug my shirt back on.

I watch Nathaniel from the side of my eye as he sits back, resting his hands behind his head. "I'm sorry." I say again, hating that it came out a little

annoyed. "It's fine, really." he chuckles lowly and he drapes his one arm around my neck before pulling me into his side.

"We've been cheated out of our big moment by history but it's not the end of the world." he kisses the side of my head as I lay in his arm. "Should we sleep?" I frown, hating that the thought of Nick got in our way, again.

I wish nothing but the worst for that a\*s once our bond is broken.

It's going to be strange to not wear his mark, it's one thing that the muscle in my index finger has been use to trail every single day.

It's a part of me and now it's going to be removed.

"I guess." he sighs before reaching for we shimmy under the covers and fall asleep cuddling.

I stayed awake for hours after Nathaniel had fallen asleep and somewhere in the middle of the night, I passed out in his arms.

—

Waking up with Nathaniel kissing my neck sent my body in overdrive and I turn in his arms, crashing my lips to his. "Goodmorning." he mutters against my lips, "Hi." I beam as he pulls away.

"We have a lot to do today." he mutters before tossing the duvet off him and he gets up.

I sigh as I stare at him walking off to his closet and when he opens the closet door, I notice the tattoo on his back.

"What's on your back?" I frown and he shrugs as he puts his t-shirt on. "It's nothing. Just a stupid tattoo I got when I was drunk." he snorts before turning to me. "Shall we go eat breakfast?" he asks and my stomach rumbles at the thought of food. "I guess we shall." I smile as I get out and he bends down in front of the bed, "Here, the tiles get cold." he hands me a pair of slippers and I put them on before we head downstairs.

As we walk down the hallway, everything is still quiet inside the house, until we get downstairs and he leads me into the kitchen where Louis is standing behind the stove.

“Hi.” Nathaniel mutters, “Good morning.” I beam and sit down at the counter when Nathaniel pulls the bar chair out for me.

“Oh, you’re awake. I thought you two would sleep in.” he wiggles his eyebrows at Nathaniel, “We didn’t.” Nathaniel grits out, glaring at his beta as if he were an enemy. “No late night?” Louis pushes, “No.” I prop my elbows onto the counter, my hand absentmindedly moving to my neck as my finger trails my mark.

Nathaniel moves around, getting things from the fridge as Louis moves around him effortlessly. They move in sync around one another and I can’t help but think of Nick.

We use to live like that too, moved around one another everywhere because we knew each other’s next moves.

After we ate, Nathaniel made me go upstairs to shower and get changed while he cleaned up and I brushed my hair while he got dressed right behind me.

It all felt so simple, like I’ve been here for weeks, even months, but it was only my second day living here, third day if I count the night I came over.

He showed me around outside and it was beyond beautiful. Every pack member had it’s own home and the gardens and buildings were beautiful. I could tell this place was here for thousands of years just by the look of the buildings and the big trees that were around the place.

“What’s that?” I freeze under a big tree and I look up at the little wooden house that looks like it’s been here forever. The wood looks old and rotten.

“A treehouse I built.”, “It looks old.” I stare at him, “It’s just worn down. Nobody takes care of anything around here.” he shrugs before tugging me away from the tree, as if he didn’t want me near it.

“But the wood looks rotten, how long ago did you build it?” I frown, “I can’t remember.” he shuts my question down and I just follow him to an old looking church that’s far from the rest of the homes.

It’s a part of me and now it’s going to be removed.

He knocks and I can’t help but feel creeped out by the place. I smile when someone opens the door and whoever it is, is wearing a gown, over his head

and entire body. "It's me." he takes my hand and he brushes past the person who steps back and slams the door shut.

"Nathaniel." the woman's voice makes me look at her and she takes off her gown, showing her glowing face. She doesn't look any older than thirty years old. "Elder Marie." he bows his head to her and my jaw just drops. She can not be an elder, she's so young!

Nathaniel clears his throat and I glance at him. My eyes widen as he gives me a warning look while bowed, "I'm sorry." I mutter before bowing my head to her, "No worries, I look young." she chuckles, "But it's only because we have magic keeping us this young." she whips her blonde hair over her shoulder before walking past us.

"Is this Jessica, your mate?" Elder Marie asks, "Yes." he clears his throat as we follow her down the long hall between the benches.

It's so dark in here, cold too. It's like the sun never gets in.

"And you want to remove her chosen mate's mark?" she asks and I can't help but wonder when Nathaniel told her all of this.

He probably told her the night he left me at home to say goodbye.

"It's dark in here." I comment and Nathaniel looks at me, "It's a sacred place." he mutters and I get creeped out more and more as she leads us to the back and opens a wall. A f\*\*\*\*\*g wall.

Lights flicker on as we descend the stairs and I can't help but clutch his hand in a deadly grip.

I feel like I'm walking through a grave.

As we walk down a tiny hall and into a big room, there are others too and Nathaniel immediately bows his head and I follow his lead, trusting him even though my heart is pounding in my ears.

Zola also doesn't like it down here, I can feel her anxiety, the way she wants to claw out of me to run away.

These elders have a different smell on them, but probably because they are Lycans too.

'Or it's because they keep themselves young and rot from the inside out.' Zola snarls and I press my lips into a thin line to keep myself from laughing.

Zola and I have a great sense of humor, her more than me, but she always makes me laugh, even if I'm about to die.

"Come sit." Marie gestures to the horrid-looking chair in the middle of the room. The walls are covered with racks and little bottles everywhere.

I tug on Nathaniel's hand, pulling him closer, "I don't like this." I whisper under my breath. "There's nothing to worry about." Elder Marie turns to me, smiling, "You're strong, I can sense it. You'll survive effortlessly." she beams before turning her back to me and she takes something off the rack.

"It's safe, trust me." he smiles and I inhale a deep breath as he walks with me to the chair.

Something feels wrong...like way wrong...