

## Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 21

JESSICA'S POV

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I inhale a deep breath as I sit back and try to relax, but my entire body is stiff. Nathaniel takes my hand in his and I glance at his large hand. Two women appear by my side and suddenly strap my hands to the chair. My head frantically flicks between them, "What are you doing?" I bellow and Nathaniel's hand suddenly leaves mine. My eyes lock on his, "What are they doing?" I kick as I try to free my arms from the restraints. "Calm down, it's for your own good. It might hurt so it keeps you from hurting yourself." he explains in such a calm manner. "Hurt? How much?" I snap at him. I guess I knew that this would be painful, but he never told me I'd be strapped down like an animal and the trapped feeling makes me think of how Nick tied me to the chair.

"You have to calm down Jessica." Nathaniel stands a distance away from me while the elders move around me, "I can't." I shake my head, my chin trembling as my bottom lip wiggles. "I can't do this, stop it. Please!" I cry out and Nathaniel moves closer, "Close your eyes and listen to my voice." he breathes out in a caring tone. I shake my head, my eyes pleading with him to stop this. "Close your eyes." he takes my hand, his thumb rubbing over the top of my hand gently. "Trust me, you'll be fine." every fibre in my body wants to listen to him, but my mind is spiraling with the memories of being tied up mere days ago.

The beating, his dark eyes, the way Nick spoke to me. "You don't understand." I choke on my own words, "I do, but you have to think of me." he breathes out.

What the hell does he mean by he understands? I told him nothing of what Nick actually did to me.

"Calm down, listen to my voice.." his olive orbs flick between my colorless ones.

I inhale a deep breath before I let my eyes fall shut. "Good." he squeezes my hand. "Now imagine that we're in a wide open field of flowers, butterflies flying in the air, birds singing." he continues to talk about a lovely place and I do my best to listen and imagine what he's describing.

“Now sit your head back.” his fingers press against my temple and I lay my head back against the headrest, chewing on my lip. He removes his hand and before I could lift my head again, it’s strapped down along with my feet.

I squeeze my eyes shut, “Nathaniel.” I whimper and he squeezes my hand. “I’m right here angel.” he breathes out, “But I have to step back and not hold your hand right now.” he lets go of my hand and takes my wrist, placing it on the armrest, “Hold onto the edges.” he places my hands in the right position, “Now part your lips.” his hand trails up my arm and I hesitantly open my mouth. I open my eyes and see him bringing a cloth closer to my mouth and I clamp my lips into a thin line, “It’s so that you don’t break your teeth Jessica. In case you bite down.” he explains and I stare at the white cloth that looks clean, but how do I know it is?

“Is it clean?” I mutter, barely parting my lips to speak. “Cleaner than ever. I won’t let them infect you with some disease, I would still like to kiss you.” he shrugs, making me laugh through this stressful situation.

“Now open your mouth.” he brings it closer and settles it in between my teeth.

“Can you breathe?” I nod as I’m unable to speak and he smiles at me. “I’ll feel like hours, but it only takes minutes, alright?” he gives my arm one last squeeze before backing up and I keep my eyes locked on him, ignoring whatever the hell these women are doing.

I always thought that all the elders were men and women, but I haven’t seen a male here once since we walked into the hell of a church.

I notice Elder Marie beside me and I glance at her from the side of my eye, “Are you ready?” she asks, smiling so tightly that it looks extremely fake. I shake my head and she clicks her tongue, “Well we’re sorry to hear that, but we have to start.” she shrugs it off .

I don’t understand why she would ask if she didn’t even care about the answer.

“The injection.” she demands while holding her hand out and my eyes widen at the large needle. She holds my jaw, feeling my mark for a vein below before she pinches my skin where my mark is and the urge to growl because she’s touching my mark is high. I want to snap at her hand and rip it off.

I take a deep breath through my nose and her scent is very different from Nathaniel's...she doesn't even smell close to a wolf.

I groan when the needle pricks my skin and I could feel it enter.

"Sorry." She mutters and pulls it out. I sigh, my eyes flicking across the ceiling and my eyes begin to water as my neck start to burn.

"Does it burn?" she asks and I nod. "I need the lazer." she holds her hand out to a small machine . I try to ask her what the hell she's doing, but I can't talk and it only comes out as noises. "Calm yourself." she mutters and I roll my eyes and groan as the burning intensifies. My teeth bare as the feeling of a thousand needles start to prick on my mark and tears stream down my face. My hands are clutching the chair with every bit of energy I have and my entire body is stiff.

I try to find Nathaniel, but I can't see him.

I moan and groan in pain, trying to tell her to stop but she ignores me.

I feel like an animal that's being experimented on and never in my life would I have trusted this if it weren't for my mate.

Nowhere in wolf history does it say that one could get rid of the mark a wolf has claimed you with, but here I am, in a sketchy church basement getting rid of the one thing that was apart of me for so long.

I never thought I'd get rid of it.

"Almost done." she mutters as she pulls my skin to make the mark tight and I begin to see black dots as the energy in my body is drained away. I wonder if Nick could feel this...I wonder if he was in pain too...

"Is it clean?" I mutter, barely parting my lips to speak. "Cleaner than ever. I won't let them infect you with some disease, I would still like to kiss you." he shrugs, making me laugh through this stressful situation.

I suddenly stop thinking of Nick as my eyes flutter, "Marie!" Nathaniel's voice booms and within a blink of an eye, he's next to me, holding my arm, "Don't fall asleep." he pats my cheek, trying to keep me awake. I try my best to keep my eyes open, "Do not fall asleep. If you sleep, you die." he grits out, the fear in his eyes are comforting. "Stop this!" he stares at the elder Marie, "Nate, you

know we can't." she grits out, "We only have one chance and this is it." she explains while still working on my neck.

I try to keep my eyes open as long as I can as I focus on Nathaniel, "I don't f\*\*\*\*\*g care!" he growls. "Just a few more seconds..." she mutters and Nathaniel looks down at me, his eyes blazing red, "Don't give up." he mutters and a strong will to just fight overtakes my body. He wipes the tears from my face, "Nathaniel!" another Elder snaps, "Did you just..." , "Shut up." he growls while looking up at one of them. I can't get the picture of his red eyes out of my mind.

"All done." Elder Marie lifts her hands and stands up right.

I let out a hurling scream as my body stiffens and exhaustion overtakes me as my body falls limp and all of the pain slowly fades away.

"Get the restraints off." Nathaniel demands and reaches for the cloth in my mouth, removing it as the others take away the restraints keeping me tied to the chair. Nathaniel cups my face with both hands and I lowly groan when his fingers trace the sensitive skin my mark use to be. I could already feel that it's gone because the thought of Nick just brings murder to my mind.

I want revenge and I want to bring him pain.

"Are you okay?" he asks, wiping the small strands of my black hair out of my face.

I try to speak, but I can't form the words and when I try to nod, my head just falls limp to the side.

"f\*\*\*\*\*g hell." he scoops me up, "We can heal her Nathaniel." elder Marie mutters in a secretive way and he stops, staring at them, "I don't think so." he seethes before turning on his heel and he marches out of this weird place. My head hops as we ascend the stairs and I feel extremely cold as we walk through the church, or at least I think it's a church.

It's built like one and there are a lot of seats...but it doesn't feel like a safe place.

"I'm sorry," he mutters repeatedly and once we step out into fresh air, I relax when the sun hits my face.

Everything is so warm out here, so lively and that place is cold, like death.

Nathaniel marches into a bright white building, “I need a doctor.” he seethes and I could hear light footsteps running around anxiously before I’m put down on a bed. “She had her mark removed,” he explains before I’m rolled away and I suddenly see black everywhere...

## **Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 22**

NICK’S POV

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What the hell is happening??? The sharp burn that pulses through my entire body makes me want to black out. Every muscle in my body is stiff, my hands fisting the bed and my teeth are grinding against each other painfully.

“Oh my goddess!” Tiffany freaks out as she comes back into the room. I could hear the cups break against the glass that she just dropped as she runs over to me.

“Ahhh!” I roar loudly and when she touches me, she hisses in pain before jolting back an inch.

“You’re hot!” She freaks.

Her high pitched voice is not helping for the pain and I watch through rapidly blinking eyes how she runs over to the bathroom.

She comes out with a wet cloth and presses it to my forehead, her eyes frantically looking at me and even though the cool cloth makes the heat go away, it feels like it’s burning my skin off like acid.

She holds me down as I begin to shake and everything suddenly just stops. The pain, the stiffness and then I feel it...

The bond that linked me and Jessica together all these years, it’s gone.

I lay breathlessly on my back, staring up at the ceiling with narrowed eyes, “Are you okay?” Tiffany cups my face, her brown locks hanging in my face as she stares down at me from the hovering position she’s in.

"I'm fine." I gulp down the lump in my throat. I suddenly feel very empty, lighter, yet heavier...like my body is being weighed down to the bed by the fact that I can no longer feel her.

Whenever she was away or even in the next room, out of sight, I could still feel her presence lingering around. Even when she left with her mate, I found the comfort in the lingering feeling of her presence in my body...but she's gone...she's left for good.

"What happened?" Tiffany helps me up and a pounding headache forms in my temple right behind my eyes. I squeeze them shut and I see her, sitting in a chair, strapped. I pry my eyes open, glancing around to make sure it's not real and I relax at the sight of my beautiful mate.

"I don't know." I shake my head as I sit back against the headboard. "Are you okay?" her eyes frantically flick between mine as if I'm going to fall right over and have another attack...I don't even know what it actually was. All I do know is...she's gone.

Does this mean she's dead? Did her mate kill her?

I swing my legs off the bed, "Wait!" Tiffany grabs my arm, pulling me to a halt. I turn my head to her, "What?" I frown, "Just calm down for a second." she mutters, smiling as if hiding the fact that she's concerned.

I find it attractive that she cares, but I need to know what happened to Jessica...I need to know why I can't feel her anymore.

"I'm fine, please." I sigh and reach for my phone on the nightstand. I pick it up, calling her cell.

It just rings and rings and there's no reply.

I almost crush the phone in my hands, "I f\*\*\*\*\*g knew it." I seethe as I toss my phone onto the bed and stand up. "What? What now?" Tiffany crawls to the edge of the bed, sitting on her knees. "He killed her. That's what!" I bellow as I rip the closet door open and it cracks, the one hinge falling off. "Shit." I grit out as I let the door hang on the top hinge. "Who's her?" Tiffany gets off the bed and I could hear her soft feet pitter patter closer to me. "Jessica. That is what happened, I felt her death." I grab clothes and shove it on before I turn and Tiffany is staring at me with a confused look, "Who the hell cares?" she snorts, shaking her head. "You might not care, but the pack and I do. If I felt it, so did

they.” I brush past her and I leave the house just to be ambushed by a group of people.

“Alpha, did you feel that?”

“Alpha, what’s wrong with the luna?”

“Alpha, where is Luna Jessica?”

The question’s that I’m bombarded with consume me and I snap, “Stop this !” I bellow and the entire group that was in my face steps back, “We’re just worried.” a little kid stares up at me, her chin trembling. I lower onto my haunches in front of her, smiling at her, “Me too. I’m going to find out.” I rise, “I promise, but it will take time.” I smile before I march over to my car and I drive off, leaving the pack with no answers. I don’t even know where I’m heading, all I know is that the pack should be close, but I don’t know where their pack even is.

I drive around for an hour, driving up in every dirt road but I find nothing and continue my search for three more hours until I find the pack where the guards at the gate is even intimidating to me.

“Can we help you?” The guard stands tall. He’s buff with short hair, a scar on his arm, “I need to speak with Alpha Nathaniel.” I try to keep my cool as a million memories fly through my mind and every single one is of her.

I don’t feel in love with her anymore, but the need to know if she’s alive is strong and I can’t help but need to know.

“One second.” he steps away , whispering to another guard before walking towards the gate. The entire territory around the gate is surrounded by trees, leaving no other way to enter except on foot, but I bet there are guards everywhere, ready to pounce and this is the safest place to enter, the easiest to get by.

The guard comes back, looking at me, studying me, “He’s on his way.” he mutters coldly. His eyes are lifeless, brutal even like he wouldn’t mind snapping my neck right here.

“I can just meet him inside...” I shrug and that makes his eyes narrow on me, giving me a warning look and I slowly sit back against my seat, “I’ll wait here.” I turn the engine off and pull the handbrake up.

It's less than two minutes when Nathaniel marches through the gates that shut behind him and he freezes when he spots me sitting in the car. I can't help but want to rip his head off. I push my door open and the guard slams it shut, keeping me in the car, "What the hell?" I bellow, "It's fine, let him get out." Nathaniel makes his guard stand down and he steps back so that I could get out.

I slam the car door and walk up to him, "What are you doing here?" Nathaniel seethes, his eyes trailing over me like I am dirt under his shoe. "Where is she?" I bellow even though we're close. My voice just absentmindedly raised. "It has nothing to do with you anymore." he crosses his big arms over his chest and I snort, "You don't intimidate me." I grit out, stepping even closer even though my hands are shaking with fear.

Something is off about him, way off.

"I don't need to, I won. She's mine." the small smile that settles on his face makes my hands fist beside me, "You killed her!" I leap forward and my eyes almost bulge out of their sockets as he grabs me by the throat and he keeps me in mid-air. His eyes turn a vibrant red color, "I did not kill her." he grits out, slow and sadistically. "I felt it." I hold his wrist as I try to pull his hand off me.

"I did not kill her." he says even slower before shoving me back and I fly through the air, hitting the front of my own SUV before my a\*s lands on the hard ground, dust flying around me. I stare up at him and his chest is heaving, "Make this man leave or kill him." he seethes before turning, "What did you do?" I jump up from the ground, leaping forward to attack from the back but his guards grab my arms, pulling me back and he turns, chuckling, "The best thing I could ever do for her, I unlinked her from you." he talks down at me like I disgust him. "My mark will be right where yours were, bigger, better, sexier." he smirks as he backs away and my blood boils.

That is impossible!

A claimed mark can not be removed, ever. It's never happened before and he did it.

"What kind of monster are you?" I bellow as I'm dragged to my car door and shoved inside. The guard stands with his hands on the window sill of my car, glaring at me, "We really don't like killing unless it's necessary, don't make it necessary." he taps the window sill before stepping back and my gaze drags back to the gate where he was a second ago and now he's nowhere in sight.

“What is he?” I look at the guard standing with firm crossed arms, “Something you don’t ever want to piss off.” he grins and I can’t tell if he’s teasing me or if he’s serious and just proud of what that man is.

I turn the ignition on and reverse out of there, keeping my eyes on the road behind me in my mirrors until I could find a place to turn around and once I flick my eyes from one side mirror to the other, a person appears behind me and I hit the breaks. I twist my body to look behind me and notice Nathaniel standing there with crossed arms with a devilish grin on his face. I sigh, wanting to get out but as I turn to the front and reach for my door handle, he’s beside me, “Look...Nick, was it?” his taunting tone does nothing but piss me off. “I don’t want to kill you, because I could tell you use to mean something to her, but if I have to...I will.” he leans with his elbows on the window sill. “I came here thinking she’s dead.” I grit out, “She’s not.” he clarifies. “I know now.” I sigh, “Did you really search that long just to find my pack?” he asks, “I didn’t do it for me.” I seethe, “Then for who?” he raises his eyebrows, “My pack.” I glare at him. “The pack you could easily pull a gun on? I don’t think that’s true, but whatever makes you sleep at night.” he straightens his back and steps back. “Get out of here before I hunt you down.” he continues to walk back until he disappears into the woods and I can’t help but stare at the spot he disappeared at. He’s something else...he’s the devil, I swear.

## JESSICA’S POV

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Waking up in a cold and strange bed is worse than expected. The confusion of where I was the minute my eyes flicked open caused an about unnecessary panic to form, the discomfort and body ache that follows is just the bonus and don’t get me started on the way Nathaniel was sitting beside my bed, staring at me.

When I subconsciously woke, I could feel his eyes on me even before my eyes were open and before I knew that he was there.

His stare on me is caring, yet annoyed, like he wants to be here but his mind is in another place. “How do you feel?” he sits forward, reaching for my arm and his warm touch stings against my cold skin. “Cold.” I snort.

I’ve never felt this cold before in my entire life. It’s a new founded hate, something I wish would never happen again.

His emerald orbs flick over the length of my body as he stands and he marches over to the closet, bringing a wool blanket over to me before throwing it over my body. I don't feel immediate warmth like I imagined, but it's already better than being exposed to the cool air.

"Aren't you cold?" My teeth chitter chatter against each other as I speak. "No." he sits back down and I can't seem to ignore the sour look on his face, "What's wrong?" I ask while I glance around the pure white room. "And where are we?" I mumble under my breath before Nathaniel could even speak.

"The medical building and it seems like this little mark remover brought pests to our land." his hands press together firmly as he sits with his elbows resting on his knees. "Pests? Like insects? But why would it have done...", "Nick." he grits out, his jaw tense. "Nick?" my eyebrows raise as my eyes widen, "Why would he come here? How did he know where your pack is?" I frown.

Nathaniel's tongue circles his inner cheek, "How would I know?" he snorts, "And his excuse was that his pack asked, because they apparently felt it too." he sighs and his chin rests on his fisted knuckles. "Well it probably broke the luna bond as well." I shrug.

I have no single idea about how all of this works. "I guess...he thought you were dead." he snorts and my eyes widen, "You told him I wasn't, right?" I sit up, clutching the blanket closer to me. "Of course, I wasn't going to let him think I killed you." his eyes narrow and my heart races.

Nick would freak out if I were dead, probably get himself killed if he chose to attack Nathaniel...but why would he care? We are not bonded anymore, he has his mate and I am history.

He doesn't really care about me, hell, he almost shot me, if it weren't for Nathaniel, I would be dead.

"Did you chase him off?" I ask, my body now relaxed as I begin to feel warmer, "Well I didn't invite him in for tea." he sits upright, "Now tell me how you're feeling?" he changes the subject so smoothly, it's impressive.

"A little cold, but fine nonetheless." I shrug and he hums before standing, "Are you sure?" his hands rest on the bed beside my body. "Positive." I smile and he nods, "Then let's go. You've been here long enough." he mutters before pulling the blanket off me.

We leave the medical building and head straight back to his house, the greasy smell coming from the kitchen making my stomach rumble loudly. My cheeks heat up as he stops and looks down at me with an amusing glint in his eyes, "Go upstairs and get dressed to keep yourself warm and I will make us something to eat." he leans in, kissing me on the temple and I rush upstairs, halting mid staircase and look down at him disappearing into the kitchen.

I never not worried about Nick before and I just leaned into Nathaniel like it wasn't something, because it isn't anymore. Nick and I are not linked and I am not hurting him.

I continue up the stairs and notice a girl coming down, she has beautiful blonde locks that flow around her, her eyes are bright and big. "Hi." she beams, "Hi." I mutter as we pass each other on the steps and I awkwardly glance over my shoulder at her, tripping as I skip a step and my knee hits the edge of the stairs as I push my arms out in front of me to stop my fall. I could feel the beautiful girl's eyes on me as I straighten my step, "Are you okay?" she asks, "Yeah!" I hum, not daring to look back at the judgemental look on her face as I rush up the last few stairs and down Nathaniel's hall and into his room.

Who the hell was that?

'Perhaps Louis' friend.' Zola shrugs. A friend, a lady friend...

'How do you feel by the way?' I ask her and she just hums, saying it's fine.

I'm totally distracted by the clothes I'm looking through. I want something fuzzy, something warm to keep me from freezing out of my own body.

I settle on a pair of black tights and a baby blue wool jersey with sneakers before I head downstairs and I hear the girl's laughter coming from the kitchen. My stomach suddenly feels like it's sinking and I rush down the stairs, my hand gripping the staircase tightly and I march into the kitchen, freezing when I see her sitting on the counter, her thighs parted and Louis starts in the middle of her knees, holding her legs as she feeds him strawberries.

"Jessica, have you met?" , "Don't introduce her unless she's going to be here longer than a week." Nathaniel interrupts and Louis freezes, his eyes flicking from his best friend to the girl, "You're right, just call her blondie. She doesn't speak much English anyway." Louis snorts and my eyes widen. Did he bring a girl home to use and ignore again? I'd be pissed if someone did that to me.

“She was about to leave anyway,” Louis mutters, “Devi andartene.” his accent is good. He looks at Nathaniel, “She’s Italian.” he beams and she hops off the counter, looking at him with a frown. I gasp when she slaps him and walks out, giving me a sadistic small smile before brushing past me. The front door slams shut and I stand frozen, my eyes flicking between Nathaniel and Louis, “Is she even a wolf?” I bellow and Louis’ lips form a round O before he darts after her.

“He brought home a human?” I frown, “Isn’t that against our laws?” , “Our laws?” Nathaniel pops a strawberry into his mouth.

“Yes, the wolf laws.” I point out and he hums as he chews, “No, our laws are different.” he shrugs and I nod.

These Lycan’s don’t see themselves as wolves, they see themselves as better. Better than us, better than everyone.

“Imagine if she went out there and saw a wolf.” Nathaniel snorts before he laughs and I hum, “Yeah.” I scratch my nose.

“Oh here.” he grabs something out of the microwave and I smile at the toast with avocado and bacon on it, “You do eat avocado, right?” he asks, freezing before stuffing his mouth with another strawberry. “I do.” I smile and sit down to eat.

The night came quickly, but so did the disappearance of Nathaniel. He left when it became dark, he told me had a business dinner to attend and it’s now ten pm, most restaurants are closed at this time of night, yet he’s still not back and what kind of business dinner has someone dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, it was so informal but before I could advise him on his attire, he left after kissing my cheek.

I stayed home the entire night, staring at my new phone, still fuming at the fact that Nick was here and he tried to call me.

I want to call him, to say everything I feel about what he did and to wish him the worst in everything, but everytime I pick up the phone, I just put it down because I am better. I believe I am better than this, than him and then Tiffany.

I sigh and pick up my phone and call Nathaniel instead, “Hello?” he yells into the phone, the music in the background sounding very loud, “Hi, where are you?”, “Out for drinks! Be home soon!” he bellows and ends the call. Out for

drinks? Who takes business partners out for drinks in such a loud place? It sounds more like a club instead of a bar.

'Calm down. He loves us, but he has responsibilities.' Zola mutters annoyed and I just nod before turning the tv back on.

It's half an hour when I hear muffled voices and a giggle of a woman and then footsteps, stumbling and cursing in whispers. "Shhh." Louis' voice makes me look at the stairs and I see him coming up with a brunette. He freezes, his eyes narrowed when he looks at me, "Where's Nate?" he asks and my heart sinks. Did he not take his beta? "Wasn't he with you?" I frown.

His eyes widen, a lazy smile creeping up his face, "Oh right." his head sways and he clutches the brunette closer to him, "He'll be back soon, nothing later than one!" he beams before stumbling down his hallway with a completely different girl in his arms.

I stare at the time, as if it might just magically change before I continue to wait for my mate to come home...

## JESSICA'S POV

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I wake up when two strong arms scoop me up, slowly and gently and my body is cradled in two strong arms. Inhaling the scent, I tense and jolt. I'm immediately put down and Louis' eyes are wide as he stares at me, "What are you doing?" I shriek, feeling disoriented as my brain is still adjusting. "Calm your t\*\*s Jess, I was just going to put you in bed." He holds his hands up like he's a thief. "Why? What time is it?" My eyes find the time on the clock and it's three in the morning.

"Where's Nathaniel?" I mutter under my breath. "Still not home. I was going down for water and you were asleep on the couch. It looked uncomfortable." He shrugs. I don't know how he could be so chilled or he's just really good at hiding something.

I step forward, my eyes narrowing into slits, "Where is he?" I grit out, which makes him snort before he starts to laugh.

"No offence Jessica, but no one in this pack will ever be scared of you. They might respect you once you're Luna, but they won't fear you. You're a normal

wolf and as your friend, I don't think intimidation will work, ever." He shrugs and my lips part and I stare at him agape.

"He's out, it's not a big deal. He loves you and won't hurt you." He shrugs and I chew on my bottom lip as he slowly walks back, "Go to bed." He mutters before turning in his walk and he heads down the stairs. Out of anger, I follow him down, "Louis!" I bellow his name so loudly that I think the entire pack heard. "Go to bed Jess." He yells.

"No, I want to know where the hell he is!" I stomps down the stairs, halting when the door flies open and Nathaniel enters, his skin stained crimson from his mouth, down to his neck and over his clothes.

"Nathaniel!" I gasp and I rush over to him to look for injuries. "Hi." His eyes glance around before looking at me, "Are you okay? What happened?" My eyes trail over him, but he doesn't seem to be in any discomfort or pain...

"Just a little fight." He shrugs it off as he takes his jacket off.

"Nathaniel, this is a lot of blood...are you hurt?" My question is answered by a snort. "No." He sighs before taking my hand in his. "Let's get you to bed to sleep. You need rest." He turns and walks me to the stairs and I just follow, like a lost puppy.

"Wait, no." I freeze at the bottom, "Jessica, come on." He sighs, turning to face me. He's taller as he stands a step above me, "You need rest.", "What I need is answers." I demand, "There was a fight at one of the clubs, no biggie." He shrugs, "A club? You said you went out for a meeting." I cross my arms and a hurt expression takes over his face. "We went out afterwards, do you think I went to a meeting with a forty year old something? No, the CEO was like twenty six."

I guess I could see his point..."But why is there blood around your mouth?", "Because someone hit me Jess, but he got what he deserved. I'm a Lycan, my wounds already healed."

Also true...Lycan's have faster healing powers, but something just feels off...

"Can we go upstairs now? I really just want to take a shower and sleep." The tired look in his eyes make me give in and I follow him upstairs.

While we lay in bed, the hours slowly go by but I can't sleep again, but when he gets up at six am sharp, I pretend I'm still asleep, wanting to follow him to see where the hell he's going. There was no alarm, he just woke phone, got out of bed and got dressed.

I wait until he's out of the room before I put clothes on and follow him out of the house and I stop when he marches up to that hell hole of a creepy church with a cooler bag in hand.

Before I could follow him there after he walked in without knocking, Louis appears behind me, "You're stalking." He whispers and I jump in a fright, turning to face him. "Goddess, you are everywhere!" I snap, making him laugh. "Go back to the house Jessica..." his tone is low, as if warning me. "But why did he go to the elders?", "Because he does that every week, f\*\*k knows why but when I tried to find out too, I almost died. So I suggest you go back home." He mutters before grabbing my wrist. "Let me go!" I snap as he pulls me back to the house, but he doesn't let go. "Louis!" I shriek, probably waking up numerous of wolves. "Shut it." He snarls and I comply, his authority overwhelming every fibre of my being.

I sit on the bed when my phone rings and I glance at the name, my eyes widening when I read Nick's name.

I answer, scolding my subconscious for willingly just wanting to answer. Years of love and care doesn't just go away, not when it was real love and friendship, "Jessica, I need your help!" Nick's voice is tainted with worry and exhaustion. "Hi Nick." I mutter sarcastically. "Hi, sorry." He sighs and I could hear how tired he was just by the sound of his voice.

"What's up?" I ask curiously. Nick has never been one to ask for help, not even indicate that he needs it and here he is, calling me early in the morning, asking for it. "Those two pregnant women won't stop getting at it, in the day, night. They keep pestering me, not listening and blaming it on hormones. They snap at Tiffany when she tries to help and they are asking for you!" He bellows. "I'm sorry...but this is hard on the pack...you leaving has made things worse. Please just come talk to them!" The desperation in his voice makes me want to laugh, but I can't refuse them.

Those people have been my family for my entire life, I knew those women since I was a kid, they were older girls, but still kind and accepting when I became Luna.

“Yeah, sure,” I smile at the thought of them wanting me instead of bitchy Tiffany. “Are you sure? Is your mate okay with it?” He asks and I glance around the room, not knowing what Nathaniel would even think of this...but I don't care. He's been secretive so I can do whatever I want. “Yes, totally. I'll let you know when I'm on my way.” I smile and he thanks me before we end the call.

I look around the room and then my eyes land on the bloody pile of clothes on top of the table and I snort before I go take a shower.

I stand in the steam of the shower as the heated water pools over my head and down my body like a waterfall, soaking me until my skin is slightly red and totally warm before I wash myself and massage my scalp as I wash my raven hair.

I get dressed in a pair of trousers that looks like it's for business and a beautiful white blouse to go with the beige colour pants. I put a jacket over the blouse to make it more casual and put sneakers on, but just as I was about to leave the room, Nathaniel enters, his eyes trailing over me. “Showered without me?” He pouts in a flirting manner. “Well you showered mere hours ago.” I shrug as I tuck my phone into my pocket, “Excuse me, I have to go.” I mutter and when I try to walk past him, he captures my wrist, stopping me.

“Where are you going?”, “To my old pack, there's an issue and in the people's eyes, I'm still Luna and they are asking for me. I didn't get the chance to say goodbye and explain, remember?” I grit out and his eyes narrow on me, “You can't go alone.” He grits out, “I'm not going to be in danger.” I frown at him, “You are not going alone.” He seethes, “Well you aren't going.” I snort, “Yes, I am. I am the only one who can protect you.” He lets go of me and grabs a jacket. “Let's go.” He brushes past me. I stare at his back as he walks in front of me and my teeth grind against one another as I follow him.

I don't want him to come with me, but who was I kidding...he's never going to trust Nick and I know that I shouldn't either. It's been two days since I came here, why would Nick's anger just fade?

‘Maybe because the bond broke and he isn't that obsessed with you anymore.’ Zola deadpans and she has a point, but there isn't a reason for him to have me go and deal with it, he is the alpha. He could have just asked for advice or set up a video call, but then again...those two pregnant ladies were so out of control the last time, I can't even imagine what they'd be like now.

The entire ride over was slow and quiet, Nathaniel didn't say anything all the way there.

Once we're at the gate, I send Nick a text saying that we're here and the guards immediately let us in when they see me.

"They're not very good." Nathaniel mutters as we drive inside and I can't stop glaring at him. They are good, they are the best guards and they train hard, but they know me and will let me in because of their loyalty.

Nick stands outside the house that was once ours with Tiffany clinging to his arm like she's scared I might take him and I can't help but notice the murderous look on Nathaniel's face...

## NICK'S POV

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My eyes narrow on the car as it drives up to us and my jaw ticks when Nathaniel gets out, looks me dead in the eye and walks around the car to open up the door for Jess. She smiles and he swings his arm around her neck, holding her close like I would actually do something. I need her help, I don't want to hurt her again.

"Jessica." I smile, wanting to walk up to her, but Tiffany's hold on me is tight. "Nick." Her face is expressionless, her eyes dull when she looks at me. "Nick." Nathaniel's small smile is forced, but the hint of evil in his eyes doesn't go unnoticed.

"Tiffany." Tiffany introduces herself, waving, her eyes sparkling as she stares at Nathaniel.

"We know." Jessica grits out, "He doesn't." Tiffany shrugs with a sly smile on her face.

"He doesn't have to." Jessica snaps, "Insecure much." Tiffany snorts as she tosses her hair over her shoulder, making Nathaniel snort in disapproval. "Oh how I love a b\*\*\*h fight over me, you..." his eyes narrow on Tiffany, "Are no match against my mate." The disgust on his face makes my blood boil and I step forward, but so does he. "Stop this!" Jessica bellows as she grabs Nathaniel's arm, pulling him back. "Sorry." Nathaniel mutters, taking her hand, bringing it to his lips and he kisses the top gently.

I glance at the floor, clearing my throat, "The two wouldn't leave the party area, do you know..." before I could say anything, she cuts me off, "Yeah, thanks." She deadpans before turning on her heel and she marches away. My eyes automatically lower to her round behind as she waltzes off with another man and regret fills me immediately. "Go and make lunch, I'll be back soon." I tell Tiffany and she c\*\*\*s her head at me, "Where are you going?" She pouts, making my heart soft. I love her, but she's a little self centred.

"I need to make sure my pack doesn't follow her to hers." I grit out, acting mad and she nods, "Good idea, French toast with cheese?" She offers and I hum before walking after my ex mate.

I catch up to them pretty quickly because of their romantic looking stroll and I move in next to Jess.

"I'm glad to see you're alive." I mutter, catching both of their attentions unexpectedly. "What?" She frowns, a small smile still on her face. "You thought I died?" Her smile falters. "Well it is the only thing that I could feel when you removed your mark." My eyes flick to her neck and I feel a big sense of relief to know that he hasn't claimed her yet.

Perhaps I can persuade her to just come back, to leave her mate.

'We don't need her,' my wolf, Remus, growls in my head. I know he feels like that, but I need her. She's been handling the caos and issues since we took over and now I'm left to do it because Tiffany simply doesn't want to.

All my real mate wants to do, is throw parties, redecorate our house and have s\*x with me every day, sometimes five times a day, not that I'm complaining, but I simply can't find time to do everything.

"Oh, well I'm alive..." she shrugs and the awkward silence falls in place.

It's a first for us, the awkward silence, we never had the issue to talk and I can't help but feel it's because of Nathaniel.

I know it's because of him because Jessica is naturally chatty, but never did I find her annoying, not like I do with my mate.

I love Tiffany, I love and accept her for who she is, but sometimes, she's too much.

But who the hell am I kidding? I wasn't able to leave my mate, so why would Jessica leave hers? She looks so happy, full of life and I'm happy that she's happy, I just wish it was with me instead of with him.

"Settled into your new home?" I ask and Nathaniel snorts, "Are you really going to act kind after what you did?" He snarls and shame fills me up. My eyes meet the grass and I glance up at the pack house and then at her.

"I was just...mad." I sigh, "I know. It's fine." She grits out, looking at Nathaniel and I bet she's giving him her warning look that always made me want her immediately.

She is attractive when she becomes bossy and I loved it, I still do, but it's too late.

When entering the pack house, we could hear screams, not the kind of an attack, but the loud yelling of hurtful words and Jessica doesn't hesitate to run over to the main ball room, freezing, "What the hell?" She bellows and once Nathaniel and I enter behind her.

The ballroom is a mess, decorations broken and torn, glitter literally everywhere.

"Luna..." the one woman falls in complete silence and I could tell by the looks on their faces that they were both ashamed.

In fact, they should be.

"What is going on here? This looks nothing like sharing." Jessica crosses her arms, her long black hair falling down her back, shining.

She looks healthy.

"She came on my side!"

"No, you came onto my side and tried to change my decorations!"

"I did not!"

"You so did!"

Their voices become louder and louder, the yelling starting all over again.

“Enough!” Jessica bellows, clearly pissed off and the entire room falls silent. The people helping clean up the mess these two women have made freeze and they all stare at her. Jessica has never been this discourteous towards people. She never yelled, only raised her voice calmly to get everyone’s attention.

“This is nonsense, if you two can’t act like ladies and work together, this entire thing is cancelled.

My jaw drops open, “What?” I step forward and Nathaniel just stands next to me, staring at his mate with amazement.

Jessica turns to me, “It’s over Nick. If people can’t appreciate the free space and the help and they just keep on destroying everything, take it away.” She shrugs.

I’ve never seen her like this. She always wants to help, she’s always willing to make a plan, but she’s different now.

I guess she really has no feelings left for me or the pack.

“No, figure something out.” I frown at her, which makes her scoff, her head jerking back as do she looks offended. “I am not your f\*\*\*\*\*g mate, if you want solutions, do it yourself or have Tiffany do it.” She sneers and turns to the women, “I am not your Luna anymore, you all felt it. So stop asking for me because I won’t be coming back.” She tuts, her eyes flaming when she turns and walks up to Nathaniel, but when she looks at me, her eyes soften, sadness filling them. She stops in front of Nathaniel, turning her head to look at me, “I won’t bother you again. Promise.” She offers a small smile and my heart sinks as she walks away.

How could she ever think that she’s bothering me while being here?

I am the one who asked her to not go, to stay here, with me. She is the one who left no matter how munched I expressed that I needed her here, but she is blinded by the love of the magical bond tethering her to her mate.

I know she loves this pack, I know she loves me, but she’ll never feel it again, not unless she breaks off their bond and there could still be time, she could still reject him, but I need to talk to her, alone.

I turn on my heel and strut after them, “Jessica.” I call out to her, freezing when she turns to look at me, “Can we talk?” I ask, my eyes not leaving hers once. She glances at Nathaniel and he tells her that he’ll get the car and kisses her, with tongue, in front of me. His jaw sharp as his fingers raking into the roots of her hair.

My teeth bare as I watch, but I patiently stare at the grass until she waltzes over to me, glancing back to Nathaniel numerous times.

“What is it?” She sighs, crossing her arms over her chest. Her grey orbs stare into my green ones and I can’t help but admire her deep orbs.

So many memories...so much love...

“Nick.” She calls out to me, her eyes widening as she snaps me out of my trance.

“There’s something I need to talk to you about.” I confess and she hums, “It’s not easy, it’s hard...but we can do it.” I mutter, failing to say what I really want to say. “What?” She frowns and I’m rethinking everything. What if she really doesn’t love me anymore, not because she met her mate, because of what I did to her.

“I miss you.” I blurt out and she blinks a few times, her eyes widening. “And before you say anything...I want you to know that you are always, always, welcome here. This is your home, your parents’ home and they are welcome back too.” Her lips part to say something when Nathaniel drives up, making her look at the car and then at me. “Goodbye Nick.” She breathes out and I grab her wrist, “Stay.” I beg. She stares at me for what feels like the longest time and Nathaniel gets out of the car, slamming his door shut, “Please.” I beg before he reaches us and she grabs me by the throat, walking me back before getting in my face, “Don’t ever touch her.” He sneers before shoving me onto my a\*s and he puts her in the car, but she looks back before the door is shut, putting a door between us but I know behind those tinted windows, she’s still looking at me.

I can feel it.

JESSICA’S POV

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I can't believe that Nathaniel shoved me into the car like an object. My arm hurts from his tight grip he had on me.

I stare at Nick as he sits on his a\*s, glaring at my mate and I just turn away. Nick is not someone I have to be concerned about anymore. He has his pack, his mate and he can move on, because I have.

I had enough of waiting for him to let her go and he couldn't.

"What the hell was that?" Nathaniel slams his door shut behind him after getting into the car. I stare at him, "He told me to stay." I admit honestly and he snorts, his blazing gaze flicking past me and I grab his hand before he could get out.

"I told him no. So can we please just leave this place and go home?" I try my best to batt my eyelashes seductively. He might have grabbed me tightly and shoved me into the car, but he did make sure that I don't hit my head by placing his hand between the car door arch and my head and he made sure I was safely inside the car before shutting the door in my face.

Nathaniel sighs, his hand raking through his dark hair before he speeds off.

"Can you slow down?" I snap as he speeds through the gates, not caring about the guard he almost hits.

"This is ridiculous." I throw my hands in the air, seething while Nathaniel just grips the steering wheel in a deadly grip.

"Stop acting so innocent." Nathaniel finally speaks and I'm shook by his words. "Excuse me? What did I do?" I sneer. My eyes narrow into slits as my body is turned to him. "You know what I mean." He mutters disinterested.

It's like he wants to fight, but he doesn't.

It's all very confusing.

He himself is strange, he's closed off and caring at the same time, but it's like he's taking his personal feelings put of our relationship.

He keeps things to himself, like the elders and where he went last night.

It's very frustrating when you try to understand a closed book, especially when you don't know why it's closed.

“I honestly don’t.” I deadpan, “You wanted to come here, you wanted to be here. You wanted to see him.” He seethes.

“I didn’t! I know those women, I have handled them before.” I grit out as I face the front.

“I would have loved to help them fix their problems, but they went too far. They are going to hurt one another soon and I was not having it.” I snort.

Realization hits me that he’s being jealous, that he’s scared that I’d just come back...hell I almost left alone to come back this morning when Nick called waving the white flag and asking for help.

But I would have come no matter what, if this pack that I grew up in needed me, I wouldn’t hesitate to say yes, but by the angry looks of Nathaniel, I might have to just to save my relationship with my mate.

He hasn’t marked me yet and without claiming me, he could reject me any moment.

It’s strange how for years on end I imagined how I would meet my mate.

It would have been an accident, perhaps in town or at a ball. Never did I think I’d meet him because I went home with someone else and my mate just happened to be the Lycan Alpha.

Anyway, I would have stood my ground, keeping my chin up while I stood in the most beautiful gown while I told him that I could never be with him because I love someone else.

But it’s not like that anymore...

“You don’t have to lie, I just want the truth.” He sighs and I slowly turn my head towards him, “I love that pack, I do. But it’s my past and you, my greatest love, are my future.” I smile and it feels weird to call him my love.

All I ever called him was alpha Nathaniel or just Nathaniel. I never once tried Nate since his beta is using that nickname and I felt the need to have my own Nickname for him, but there isn’t much.

Nathaniel stares at me and I smile at him and he stops looking ahead of the car, his gaze focusing on me.

“Nathaniel!” I gasp as I glance to the front of the car and we’re heading straight for a tree.

He pulls his handbrakes up high as he turns his wheel, his eyes focused on the big tree trunk his side of the car is sliding toward and I shriek all the way until the car comes to a steady halt a foot away from the tree.

“Well that was close.” Nathaniel scoffs with a smile on his face. “You can’t do that!” I smack his arm and he gasps sarcastically, staring at me with a teasing gaze.

“Calm down, I wouldn’t let anything happen to you, ever.” He promises and I could tell that he’s serious.

My pale orbs stare right into his vibrant ones and I couldn’t ignore the hint of orange darkness in them.

“You are beautiful.” His hand raises between us and he twirls a strand of my black hair around his finger, all while staring into my eyes.

His tainted emeralds flick down to my slightly parted lips and I tense when he slowly leans in, so smoothly, not making any sudden moves as we slowly pull together like magnets.

Slow and then all at once .

We’re both hovering over the console between our seats, our lips wrestling while his hand rakes into my hair from the bottom, his hand fisting my hair as he pulls me closer, his other hand reaches for my waist and he pulls me onto his lap all while his seat shoots back and I straddle him, his hard c\*\*k poking me right between my legs.

His hands are fast under my shirt, kneading my breasts over my bra and the sudden uncomfortable feeling settles in my stomach.

I can’t do this here...

It’s so close to my old home and I want new things.

I want it to be comfortable and hot, nothing more and nothing less.

“Wait.” I mutter when his hand reaches behind me to unclip my bra.

“What?” He freezes, his hot breath fanning against my collarbones.

“I don’t want to do this here...” I frown down at him. His eyebrows arch together, “Do what? We’re only making out.” He shrugs and my lips part and form a very wide O

“Continue then.” I toss my hair over my shoulder before dipping my head and I crash my lips against his hard and fast.

Making out in a car makes everything more intimate because of the close quarters we’re stuffed in.

We tumble to the side and I shriek as I hold onto Nathaniel while the car feels like it’s about to tip over.

His hand snakes around the small of my back, holding me to him and his other hand pressing against the roof of the car. His head frantically turns from the one side to the other as he holds me in a firmly tight grip.

“Oh my goddess!” I squeal as something hits the car and we tip over.

## JESSICA’S POV

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“Nathaniel.” I shriek as he holds me to his chest with just one arm holding me. “Calm down.” He glances around with his other hand pressed against the roof of the car. He gently lets me down, “Crawl out.” He nods his head towards the door and I do as he says.

I turn and sit down, watching him crawl out behind me.

He stands up, dusting his hands off as he glares around, looking into the woods, “I want to know wh the hell did this.” He seethes and I watch him walk up and down in all directions, staring into the woods like he could see deep into them.

“I bet it was Nick.” I cross my arms and he inhales deeply, “I bet so too.” He seethes and I stare in awe when he flips his car back onto its wheels.

I’ve never seen someone just flip a car, but I am sure that I can do it too. It’s just more fun when you’re watching a very attractive man do it. I loved the way his muscles tensed and popped out.

He's strong and perfect.

"I can smell him," Nathaniel's nose scrunches up and I look around and then up when I feel eyes on me.

Nick sits in the tree, staring down at me with disgust. Is he seriously judging me for making out in a car?

"Nathaniel." I call out to him when Nick glares at me, "Can we just go home? I don't want to be here." I glance at the car, wondering if it could even drive after being flipped.

"If we can get out of here." He sneers as he marches over to the driver door, pulls it open and pops the hood of the trunk before taking a glance inside.

I stand patiently waiting, wondering if Nathaniel would even see him because his scent is strong, yet covered by all the pollen from the trees.

If he moves now, Nathaniel will see him and he will kill him- I think.

Since I was little, we were taught about the three pedigrees of wolves.

The Alpha's, The Beta's and the Omega's and then we were taught about our superiors, the Lycans.

They said that Lycans were the strongest, the fastest, the sharpest and also the worst temperament. They get very annoyed easily and that was why we should always show respect.

As I grew up, I thought it might be crap, but then I met Louis and saw how easily pissed off he could get and he wasn't even my mate, who is the Lycan Alpha.

"Is it working?" I sigh as I lean my arm against the car. "Should be fine." He reaches up to the bonnet and his muscles pulse as he pulls the hood down and I stand up right at the sound of the loud bang.

He turns the key in the ignition and the motor roars alive.

"Get it, I don't ever want to be here again." He seethes as he gets into the car and slams his door shut. I sigh and pull the door open, glancing up at Nick and he shakes his head at me. Refusing to listen to him, I just get into the car and we drive off.

Call it paranoia, but I can't help but hear something rattle, or it's my imagination and I'm fearing the worst.

Death.

I don't know what Nick did to the car, but for him to be hiding in a tree after throwing us over...must have been something.. it the real question is why?

Why would he try and harm me? Because I wouldn't stay in his pack?

It's not fair that he can move on and I can't. I deserve it.

"I'm going to pull over and then we're going to leave the car right here, alright?" Nathaniel makes me frown as I don't know why he's whispering. I nod when he presses his finger to his lips and he slowly pulls off on the side of the road.

"Oh come on." He bellows when he hits the steering wheel and my eyes are glued to him as he smirks at me.

"Just stay in the car while I check it out." He opens his door, passing the hood of the car and he slowly opens my door, letting me out of the car. My lips part to speak, but he lightly presses his hand over my mouth before dragging me down the small hill of the road and I'm glad that the road is quiet or it would have looked like he was kidnapping me.

When we're far away from the car, he removes his hand that has been blocking my breathing. I swat his hand away, glaring at him, "Let me breathe at least," I snap, making him pull a guilty face that he feels bad about. "I didn't mean to." He apologises to me by a kiss on the cheek and my face heats up from the inside to the outside, probably making me look like a tomato.

"Why did we pull over? Was there something wrong with the car?" I frown as I glance back at the SUV standing next to the road. "Bugged, someone out a tracker on it, I don't know where the thing is, but it's in there. Could be underneath." Nathaniel shrugs as he glances at his car,

Why would Nick need a tracker to find us if he already knows where Nathaniel's pack is? None of this is making any sense to me,

My shriek is muffled as Nathaniel pushes me up against the tree, his breath fanning my ear, "Look." He whispers and I stare as some guards of my old

pack and Nick inches closer from afar. They don't directly walk up to the car as they stand in the woods.

"What are they doing?" Nathaniel breathes against my neck as I stare at them through bushes.

"You know his tactics." His voice is enchanting as he talks me into telling him the perfected tactic Nick and I have worked on for many years.

Whoever we thought looked suspicious at events, parties and just simple dinners, we tracked their cars. It's juvenile and idiotic, but we stayed ahead on attacks and made aliens because of the information we had.

We were good friends to a lot of packs and now he's doing it alone.

"Tell me where he'd put it." He breathes out, squeezing my hand while my eyes are fixed on Nick, looking around, searching for us because we aren't in the car.

"I'll show you when they leave." I mutter...not knowing what was waiting...

JESSICA'S POV

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Nick and the guards don't stay long, they just disappear into the woods and as I try to step out from behind the tree, Nathaniel grabs me tighter, holding me in place. "They are still here." He whispers so softly that even my ears struggled to hear him. I turn my head, looking up at him and his eyes are focused on the wood behind the car.

I pick my phone out of my pocket, putting it on silent before I type a message in my notes.

Goddess knows that I have no clue how to whisper that softly for only him to hear and then we'd be caught.

My hand shake as I type, the nervous feeling only intensifies with every movement of a finger.

I don't know why Nick would bug our car, he has no reason to and then he follows us... like we were about to do something beyond idiotic.

I hand Nathaniel the phone and his eyes flick over my message and before he could frown and ask me about it, I slip out from his grip and I start to walk out of the woods towards the car. "Are you almost done?" I yell back at him and I could feel the tension building in the distance between us. He finally emerges from the woods, "Yeah." He mutters and I move to the car, purposely slipping and falling right next to the door and I reach under the car, feeling for the tracker that Nick himself would have planted when he tipped our car.

I should have known when I saw him in the trees, how could I mislook it?

I can't feel it and I push myself up, "What happened?" Nathaniel's caring voice appears behind me as I dust my hands off from the dirt.

"I slipped." I shrug and as he opens the car door, Nick emerges from the woods too.

"Why were you in the woods?" He seethes, his tone controlling and his eyes blazing with anger. "Nick?" My eyes widen in surprise, even though I knew he was out there, but I didn't think one second that he would come out here and face us.

"What are you doing here?" I frown, folding my arms in front of my chest. "It doesn't matter." He seethes, shrugging the question off like it doesn't matter. "It does, were you following us?" I seethe, acting mad even though I'm not.

I just wish that he'd leave us alone.

"What? No." He glances to the side and I click my tongue, sighing, "Oh Nicky..." a low growl comes from behind me and I could feel the jealous vibe coming from Nathaniel, which is strange because we haven't even claimed one another.

"I know this is hard, but you can't be hung up on me. We're over." I tut, offering a small smile and even though I know that he knows we are over since he met his mate, I know pissing him off and embarrassing him will make him storm off.

"I know we are." His hands fists next to his side, his forest orbs now darkening. "Then stop checking up on me Nick, understand and accept that we are now with different people. Our mates." I smile and his eyes flick to Nathaniel, "Now please get the tracker off the car and go back home, we just stopped. We are not planning against you. So stop being paranoid. You know

that I would never hurt a pack I built.” I stare into his eyes that are slowly calming and going back to its basic green colour. “I didn’t track you.” He deadpans, lying straight to my face. “How did you know where we are?” His face pales and I hum, “Just tell me where it is and we can go our own ways.”

“It’s not on the car.” He shrugs and my eyes furrow into slits, “Excuse me?” , “It’s in the car.” He sighs before pulling the back door open and he takes a chip out of the seat.

How did Nathaniel know that the car was tracked?

Every second I have more and more questions while I’m with him. He’s a mystery, avoiding to answer me and even though it’s luring and attractive, he’s a walking red flag.

“Thanks, now go home.” I snatch the chip from him and let it drop to the ground, stomping on it and I smile down at the shattered pieces. “And if you ever do that again, we might have to give you a reason to use one.” I deadpan before getting into the car and I slam the door shut. I stare at Nathaniel as he stares Nick down, his eyes a strange maroon black colour, almost a dark crimson.

He stares at Nick as he steps forward, “I have had enough of you and your bullshit. One day, she will get fed up with your schemes and lies and tricks and then she is going to want you dead and I will happily make her wishes come true with a bright smile and it will be the last thing you see.” He threatens Nick, but instead of feeling like I need to protect Nick, I just ignore it because it will be true.

My feelings for Nick was pure because he was a good man, he was a great friend, the best even, he cared and he tried and he was always there for me, but this Nick, lying, manipulating, trying to control me...it’s a totally different person and I want nothing to do with him even though my heart still loves him...but I’m not in love with him anymore.

Nathaniel turns his back to Nick and rounds the car and I keep looking at Nick through the mirror, waiting for him to pounce, but who am I kidding? He isn’t suicidal. He knows Nathaniel will kill him and call it self defence, a fight that will last less than a minute.

“We’re never going back there again.” Nathaniel snorts as he speeds off and my eyes flick to the side mirror or last time and I see Nick sitting on his knees, staring at our car driving away.

I wish I could understand him, I wish I had access to his mind like his wolf. Hell I wish I could tell what Nathaniel was thinking most of the time too.

Perhaps they are both wrong for me. Both of their names start with an N, both of them are complicated but only one of them was made for me.

“Fine by me.” My hand automatically rests on his hand on the gears and he turns to look at me, smiling, “I meant it. What I said...” I giggle at the thought of murdering Nick, but in the back of my head I know I don’t want that.

All I want is sweet revenge and him having to live without me is enough of it.

“I know.” I thank him.

Arriving back at the pack, I feel small again as we walk into the house. The memories of this morning was crashing into me and my mood suddenly falls.

“What’s wrong?” Nathaniel spins me around before pulling my back to his chest, his chin resting on my shoulder as he bends forward.

“Where were you this morning?” He lets go of me and I turn to face him.

It’s difficult to hold his gaze especially when his aura bursts through.

“What do you mean?” He grits out, clearly mad that I caught him sneaking out.

“You went to the elders.” I point out and he hums, shrugging. “Why?” , “We have meetings.” His hand slips from mine and he tucks them into his pockets, “We’re you spying on me?” He frowns and I shrug, “I guess I was...it’s just...you came home so late last night and early in the morning, you sneak off with a cooler bag with goddess knows what’s in it. I just... I feel like you are hiding things and it’s just not what I want.” I confess.

‘Offloader.’ Zola snorts teasingly and my heat cheeks in embarrassment as I realise that I just told my mate, he might not be the person for me.

The Moon Goddess is probably rolling over in her grave to get up and to come and haunt me, if she even has a grave. Was she even a person like us?

'No.' Zola huffs and I press my lips into a thin line.

"Hey." He captures my chin in between his fingers. "I get it. I just...we barely know each other so let's take it slow. I don't keep secrets, but I have things I do on my own and that's just how it's been for such a long time." He smiles and I guess I have no other choice than to just accept it.

"Okay." I nod and he leans in, slowly closing the distance between us as he kisses me. His hand drags down my side and the other down my back and with every inch his hands move more down, I'm tugged closer to him until my back is slightly bent back as he hovers over me and I gasp into his mouth as he hooks the back of my thighs and I'm lifted into the air.

My legs clamp around him and I giggle as he walks me into a wall, pressing my back against it. As he presses his body against mine, I could feel his hard wood poking me through the material of my pants.

He hums, almost groaning as his tongue devours the inside of my mouth and I want nothing more than to reach between us and undo his pants, to feel how hard and wet he is underneath my touch.

His hands are massaging my bottom as he roughly kisses me.

"Stop." I mutter against his lips and as if in instinct, he drops me to my feet, moving away from me. "Did I hurt you?" He asks concerned and I giggle, shaking my head, "No, but I do have questions..." I mutter and his tongue drags across his bottom lip.

"Like?" I could tell that made him uncomfortable, but he was willing to hear me out.

"Like why you went out on the first night I was unclaimed again...didn't you want to...claim me?" I ask embarrassed. I feel like a needy girl with a thousand questions. "Goddess, I did. But it was work, I would never just go out unless I really needed to." The regret in his orbs make me feel at ease. It at least shows that he did want to stay home...I hope.

"I promise I'll make it up to you." He grins as he steps closer again and a deep blush overtakes my cheeks.

JESSICA'S POV

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I shriek as I'm thrown onto his bed, the soft mattress denting beneath my weight and my legs are bent as my calves are hanging down the side of the bed, my toes not even touching the floor.

"Shoes off." Nathaniel demands and as crazy as his demand is, it's still attractive and seductive.

Goddess, if he asked me to throw my panties out of the window, I would at this point.

We both take our shoes off and I sit on the edge of the bed, gawking at him when he pulls his t-shirt over his head, tossing it aside.

I remove my blouse without him saying a word. The slow undressing as we stare into one another's eyes. The tension just keeps on building, my core tightening when his hands drop to his pants and he slowly undoes the button.

The sound of the zip being undone races my heart and I never felt so nervous before. I want to feel what he's feeling, I want to know what he's thinking and soon enough, I will.

I fully undress as he does, but not once do we remove our eyes from another. The room is becoming hot, or it's just me getting turned on by him.

As he walks closer, my eyes flick down to his perfect body. No marks, no scratches, nothing. He's glowing like a bulb, his skin looking so smooth and he stops in front of my knees that are squeezed together, his hand dropping and he slowly bends forward before his fingers slips in between my knees and he pulls my legs apart. His eyes trail down my body as he inhales deeply through his nose, his orbs lighting up like a ring light instead of becoming dark of lust.

"Your eyes..." I mutter in awe as he steps in between my thighs.

It's like he realizes something and he squeezes his eyes shut, his jaw tightening as he glances to the side.

He looks back at me and his eyes are their normal olive colour, "You didn't need to...it was beautiful." I mutter under my breath and his eyes light up again, making a small smile creep up my face.

I reach up to touch his face when he pushes me down on the bed, grabbing my wrists and pinning it to the bed above me, "Scoot up." He demands and I hook my foot on the edge of the bed and move my body up with the help of his strength.

He settles in between my legs as he crashes his lips against mine hungrily and I can't help but look at him while we make out.

His lashes are long, his eyebrows perfectly bushy and the way he tastes while I devour his mouth with my tongue is exquisite.

His free hand trails up the side of my body, feeling every curve of me and he slowly rocks his hips against mine, his hard wood poking my stomach and I arch my back absentmindedly, my body wanting him to fill me up. "Nathaniel." I mutter against his lips, my thighs wet from how wet I am. He hums in response as he kisses my cheek, down to my jaw before sucking on the sensitive skin on my neck, nibbling in the crook where his mark is suppose to be.

"Don't stop." Is all I could say as my body feels like it's being ignited in pleasure all over. A low chuckle vibrates from his chest as his hand slides down the side of my body, his elbow of the hand pinning down my hands, resting beside my head and I whimper when his body raises, the loss of contact making me begging for more of him.

I gasp when his large hand cups my p\*\*\*y, his fingers dragging up my clit, smearing his fingers with my juices.

My nails dig into my palms as my toes curl. He dips his fingers inside of me and I could feel my walls stretch around his fingers.

"So f\*\*\*\*\*g tight." He nips at my bottom lip, pulling it and he lets go.

"And wet." He pumps his fingers in and out a few times before removing his hand and I watch as he sucks my juices off his fingers, one by one.

He lowers his body against mine before he rocks his hips forward slowly, his tip teasing my entrance as he rolls his hip forward and as he slides right in, the glow around his orbs fade and he freezes for a second or two before slipping out of me and he gets off the bed.

“f\*\*\*\*\*g hell.” He grabs a pair of shorts that fit him perfectly. It sits loose around his muscular thighs and fits him like a glove around his a\*s .

“What’s wrong?” I grab my shirt, leaving my underwear on the ground as I get dressed.

“Intruders, stay here.” He demands and I ignore his demand as I slip into my trousers and run after him while being fully aware of my erected n\*\*\*\*\*s bouncing around in my shirt.

He shifts, darting towards the boarder where multiple guards are standing with guns and some in wolf form.

I try and run faster, but it takes longer since I’m in human form.

When I finally arrive at the boarder, Nathaniel is shifted back in all his clothing, yelling at someone.

I make my way through the crowd of big men and I freeze when I see Tiffany standing there, naked and covered in dirt.

“Please!” She yells, sounding terrified and as I step out from behind Nathaniel’s broad shoulders, she sighs in relief at the sight of me.

“Jessica! You need to help me!” She takes a step forward, limping and I keep my gaze on her face.

I don’t want to see her naked body, even if it is a normal occurrence for us wolves.

“Somebody get her a f\*\*\*\*\*g shirt!” Nathaniel bellows and as I look around, the men around me stand looking at the ground or the trees above.

They aren’t use to it.

Do all of them change with their clothes back on?

Do they absorb the material or something?

One of the men take their shirt off and they toss it at her, “Thank you, thank you!” She puts it on and I relax knowing that she’s covered.

“Please, I just need a place to hide.” She bats her dirty eyelashes at my mate and I step forward, “Then go find shelter somewhere else.” I snarl.

I don't know why she's here, I don't know why Nick isn't with her and I am not willing to walk in here.

Call me insecure, but she already ruined one of my relationships and the way she's disregarding me like I'm nothing is a sign that she doesn't care what happens.

“I can't.” She whimpers and a part of me wants to care for her, but I simply can't.

She's done too much damage in my past and hell will break loose if I let her try and ruin my future too.

“Why not? Just go back home.” I deadpan without a care in my tone.  
“Nick...he's gone feral!” She shrieks and I don't believe her for one second.

“Shall I call him?” I c\*\*k my head at her and fear flashes through her eyes.  
“You have his number?” She asks in a mere whisper and I nod once.

“You do?” Nathaniel's deep tone makes a shiver run up my spine. “Of course I do. How do you think he contacted me to help?” , “But he broke your phone.” Tiffany's eyes narrow on me.

“Ever heard of a sim swap? Or are you from the old ages?” I taunt her and she stares at me, frowning before looking at Nathaniel.

“Please! There was something chasing me!” She yells, acting terrified.

I start to laugh, “So first it was Nick and now there's a monster chasing you?” I raise my eyebrow at her.

“Never mind! But if I die, my death will be on your hands!” She bellows.

“Wait.” Nathaniel grits out and I turn, looking at him agape as I wait for him to speak.

“I'll have someone take you home.” He seethes, glancing at me.

“What?” I snort, glancing back at her relieved face. “There are things in these woods Jessica.” He sighs before turning to the side and he looks at one of his

guards, "Have a maid get her clean before she gets in a car and then drive her back to the West pack." He demands and a guard grabs her by the arm as he pulls her past the boarder and heads straight to the pack.

"Are you kidding me? She's lying!" I yell, making her look at me and then at her. "Thank you." She smiles at Nathaniel before giving me a death glance as she walks away.

Nathaniel grabs my shoulders, "Listen to me...you care about that d\*\*k, she is his mate. She'll go back. I don't want her dead and then he comes crawling back to you. So someone will take her home and all will be right. But Jessica...there are unseen things this side of the woods, it's why we live here because no one comes here. Monster's you haven't heard of live among us and it's why no one knows where our pack is." He explains, the worry in his eyes making me believe him.

"Fine." I grit out, but she's lying and I am going to find out why.

## JESSICA'S POV

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When I excused myself and followed the scent of that w\*\*\*e, I found my way into a small building and I freeze when I hear the loud banging of a door slamming shut.

"f\*\*\*\*\*g hell." I hear someone mutter and I round the corner to a beautiful girl, wearing cleaning clothes. She freezes in her tracks, her honey orbs dragging up and down my body as she inhales deeply through her nose, "Who are you?" She asks and I feel kind of at a lost. I'm not their Luna, hell I've been here a few days...I could just tell her who I belong to...who I'm mated to.

"I'm Alpha Nathaniel's mate, Jessica." I smile as I hold out my hand and her eyes widen in surprise.

He really didn't tell many people he found his mate I see.

"Oh, hi." She bows her head to me and it feels strange. "No, please. I'm not your Luna yet." I smile and her lips part as if she wants to say something, but she just turns it into a smile and nods.

“Is that other girl in there?” I point to the door behind her and she glances back over her shoulder at the door, rolling her eyes as she huffs. “Yes, beware of her attitude,” she rolls her eyes and then fear flashes through them, “Oh, I don’t even know if she’s your friend...I...I’m...”, “If you’re going to say sorry, don’t.” I stop her, “She’s not my friend. I don’t even want her here.” I sneer and the girl smiles before walking off.

She doesn’t seem very chatty, but then again, I wouldn’t want to talk to a stranger either.

And that is all I am in this pack, for now.

I walk closer to the door, ready to confront her when I hear her whisper. I press my ear up against the door, staying as silent as possible as I listen to her side of the conversation.

“Mom, tell dad to stop talking so much into the ear piece, I can’t think.” She hisses in a whisper and I want to laugh because first off, she can’t think, I believe her brain cells were left in her mother’s womb.

“I have to go, the stupid maid is about to come back any second now.” She says a little too loud and I sigh before stepping back a few feet and then loudly march up to the door, knocking.

I don’t want her to know I was listening, I want to make her sweat and see her ear piece, because why was it with her mom and dad?

I truly loathe her parents, they set my relationship up to fail, but I believe it was all her idea...the way she speaks to them is awful, it’s ruthless and I bet she gets everything she wants.

‘Maybe she wants Nathaniel.’ Zola mutters just as she opens the door and I try to stay calm even though what my wolf just said, is making me crazy.

“Oh.” She rolls her eyes before turning her back on me and she walks further into the room, using a towel to dry her damp hair.

“So Tiff,” the sarcasm dripping from my tone is too much and she freezes, glaring at me, “What are you actually doing here?” I ask while she massages her sculp with the towel.

“I already explained myself.” She deadpans and even she knows that she isn’t doing a very good job at covering her tracks. She probably can’t even remember what she said earlier.

“What chased you?” I ask and she slowly turns to face me after hanging the towel on a hook, “I didn’t see.” She shrugs, “It was big and ugly and super fast. But not faster than me of course.” She whips her hair back over her shoulder and the urge to laugh is making my throat hurt as I keep it in.

“How big?” I ask and she shrugs again. “Like non existent high? Because I mean...” I step forward slowly with my hands behind my back, “It wasn’t real.”

Her eyes narrow on me, “It was.”, “Then why are you not traumatised?” I c\*\*k my head and her mouth drops agape, “Or it’s probably because you aren’t such good of an actor,” I snort and her jaw tightens as she bares her teeth.

I really hope she breaks one, that’s one thing that can’t just heal.

“I am traumatised!” She bellows, making me snort as I nod.

I find it very amusing that she thinks that I am falling for her little lies. Hell, it’s big lies and even though Nathaniel says there are things in these woods, I’ve never seen anything out of the ordinary.

“Sure you are.” I tease and she begins to scream, throwing a tantrum and I can’t help but laugh.

“Jessica!” Nathaniel’s voice echoes through the place and I turn, “In here!” I bellow and I look at her.

She suddenly glances around and then throws herself into the wall, purposely hitting her head, “What are you doing?” I snap. She is totally insane!

“Jessica?” Nathaniel appears behind me and as I turn to look up at him, he’s looking at her on the floor, frowning deeply.

“What happened?” He asks and before I could talk, Tiffany does first. “She threw me into the wall!” She screams like a spoiled brat.

I snort, “Sure, I threw you into that wall standing here.” I roll my eyes and Nathaniel looks at me, “Tell me what happened.” He demands in a very dominant voice, but this time, it’s not sexy and I don’t find it attractive.

It scares me, he's scaring me and it shouldn't.

"She heard you coming and threw herself into the wall because she is crazy." I deadpan. I don't care if Nathaniel believes me or not, even though it would sting if he didn't, but I know what I saw.

She is the crazy lady that lives in her own coo coo town.

I glance back at her and she slowly gets up, acting like her shoulder is hurt and Nathaniel is quiet.

"I didn't, you are just saying that because you did this to me." She sneers, growling at me. My eyes widen at her unspoken threat and Nathaniel steps in between us, picking her up by her throat.

I stare agape as her eyes almost pop out of her sockets and her feet are dramatically kicking around while she tries to pull his hand away from her.

"You do not come into my home and growl at my mate." Nathaniel seethes before tossing her across the room.

As she hits her head, the ear piece falls out and Nathaniel looks at me before picking it up, "She was talking to her parents the entire time, they can hear everything." I deadpan and he drops it to the floor before crushing it underneath his feet.

Just when I think he's going to kill her, he grabs a fist full of hair and he begins to drag her out of here, right to the boarder of the pack. I smile as I watch her scream, kick and try to grope things to hold onto, but she has no power here.

He pulls her up to her feet before shoving her off our land, "And if I ever smell you near here again, you will f\*\*\*\*\*g pay with your life." He seethes before ordering his men to make sure she never comes back here.

"No! You can't do this!" She yells as he takes my hand and we walk away.

I literally can't stop smiling as we walk back to the house, every part of me is ignited from excitement and I'm turned on by how he stood up for me.

I don't stop looking at him, how pissed off he looks, the betrayed look in his eyes...it's not that scary anymore- or I am too excited about how he threw her out.

I hope whatever is out there, will tear her to shreds. She thinks she can do anything, but she can't and she has just been served what he deserved.

This is what I wanted from Nick, to feel secure about my position in his life, but he couldn't give that to me and now I have my mate, who has my back and he truly loves me.

## **Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 23**

JESSICA'S POV

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Waking up in a cold and strange bed is worse than expected. The confusion of where I was the minute my eyes flicked open caused an about unnecessary panic to form, the discomfort and body ache that follows is just the bonus and don't get me started on the way Nathaniel was sitting beside my bed, staring at me.

When I subconsciously woke, I could feel his eyes on me even before my eyes were open and before I knew that he was there.

His stare on me is caring, yet annoyed, like he wants to be here but his mind is in another place. "How do you feel?" he sits forward, reaching for my arm and his warm touch stings against my cold skin. "Cold." I snort.

I've never felt this cold before in my entire life. It's a new founded hate, something I wish would never happen again.

His emerald orbs flick over the length of my body as he stands and he marches over to the closet, bringing a wool blanket over to me before throwing it over my body. I don't feel immediate warmth like I imagined, but it's already better than being exposed to the cool air.

"Aren't you cold?" My teeth chitter chatter against each other as I speak. "No." he sits back down and I can't seem to ignore the sour look on his face, "What's wrong?" I ask while I glance around the pure white room. "And where are we?" I mumble under my breath before Nathaniel could even speak.

"The medical building and it seems like this little mark remover brought pests to our land." his hands press together firmly as he sits with his elbows resting on his knees. "Pests? Like insects? But why would it have done...", "Nick." he

grits out, his jaw tense. "Nick?" my eyebrows raise as my eyes widen, "Why would he come here? How did he know where your pack is?" I frown.

Nathaniel's tongue circles his inner cheek, "How would I know?" he snorts, "And his excuse was that his pack asked, because they apparently felt it too." he sighs and his chin rests on his fisted knuckles. "Well it probably broke the luna bond as well." I shrug.

I have no single idea about how all of this works. "I guess...he thought you were dead." he snorts and my eyes widen, "You told him I wasn't, right?" I sit up, clutching the blanket closer to me. "Of course, I wasn't going to let him think I killed you." his eyes narrow and my heart races.

Nick would freak out if I were dead, probably get himself killed if he chose to attack Nathaniel...but why would he care? We are not bonded anymore, he has his mate and I am history.

He doesn't really care about me, hell, he almost shot me, if it weren't for Nathaniel, I would be dead.

"Did you chase him off?" I ask, my body now relaxed as I begin to feel warmer, "Well I didn't invite him in for tea." he sits upright, "Now tell me how you're feeling?" he changes the subject so smoothly, it's impressive.

"A little cold, but fine nonetheless." I shrug and he hums before standing, "Are you sure?" his hands rest on the bed beside my body. "Positive." I smile and he nods, "Then let's go. You've been here long enough." he mutters before pulling the blanket off me.

We leave the medical building and head straight back to his house, the greasy smell coming from the kitchen making my stomach rumble loudly. My cheeks heat up as he stops and looks down at me with an amusing glint in his eyes, "Go upstairs and get dressed to keep yourself warm and I will make us something to eat." he leans in, kissing me on the temple and I rush upstairs, halting mid staircase and look down at him disappearing into the kitchen.

I never not worried about Nick before and I just leaned into Nathaniel like it wasn't something, because it isn't anymore. Nick and I are not linked and I am not hurting him.

I continue up the stairs and notice a girl coming down, she has beautiful blonde locks that flow around her, her eyes are bright and big. "Hi." she

beams, “Hi.” I mutter as we pass each other on the steps and I awkwardly glance over my shoulder at her, tripping as I skip a step and my knee hits the edge of the stairs as I push my arms out in front of me to stop my fall. I could feel the beautiful girl’s eyes on me as I straighten my step, “Are you okay?” she asks, “Yeah!” I hum, not daring to look back at the judgemental look on her face as I rush up the last few stairs and down Nathaniel’s hall and into his room.

Who the hell was that?

‘Perhaps Louis’ friend.’ Zola shrugs. A friend, a lady friend...

‘How do you feel by the way?’ I ask her and she just hums, saying it’s fine.

I’m totally distracted by the clothes I’m looking through. I want something fuzzy, something warm to keep me from freezing out of my own body.

I settle on a pair of black tights and a baby blue wool jersey with sneakers before I head downstairs and I hear the girl’s laughter coming from the kitchen. My stomach suddenly feels like it’s sinking and I rush down the stairs, my hand gripping the staircase tightly and I march into the kitchen, freezing when I see her sitting on the counter, her thighs parted and Louis starts in the middle of her knees, holding her legs as she feeds him strawberries.

“Jessica, have you met?” , “Don’t introduce her unless she’s going to be here longer than a week.” Nathaniel interrupts and Louis freezes, his eyes flicking from his best friend to the girl, “You’re right, just call her blondie. She doesn’t speak much English anyway.” Louis snorts and my eyes widen. Did he bring a girl home to use and ignore again? I’d be pissed if someone did that to me.

“She was about to leave anyway,” Louis mutters, “Devi andartene.” his accent is good. He looks at Nathaniel, “She’s Italian.” he beams and she hops off the counter, looking at him with a frown. I gasp when she slaps him and walks out, giving me a sadistic small smile before brushing past me. The front door slams shut and I stand frozen, my eyes flicking between Nathaniel and Louis, “Is she even a wolf?” I bellow and Louis’ lips form a round O before he darts after her.

“He brought home a human?” I frown, “Isn’t that against our laws?” , “Our laws?” Nathaniel pops a strawberry into his mouth.

“Yes, the wolf laws.” I point out and he hums as he chews, “No, our laws are different.” he shrugs and I nod.

These Lycan’s don’t see themselves as wolves, they see themselves as better. Better than us, better than everyone.

“Imagine if she went out there and saw a wolf.” Nathaniel snorts before he laughs and I hum, “Yeah.” I scratch my nose.

“Oh here.” he grabs something out of the microwave and I smile at the toast with avocado and bacon on it, “You do eat avocado, right?” he asks, freezing before stuffing his mouth with another strawberry. “I do.” I smile and sit down to eat.

The night came quickly, but so did the disappearance of Nathaniel. He left when it became dark, he told me had a business dinner to attend and it’s now ten pm, most restaurants are closed at this time of night, yet he’s still not back and what kind of business dinner has someone dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, it was so informal but before I could advise him on his attire, he left after kissing my cheek.

I stayed home the entire night, staring at my new phone, still fuming at the fact that Nick was here and he tried to call me.

I want to call him, to say everything I feel about what he did and to wish him the worst in everything, but everytime I pick up the phone, I just put it down because I am better. I believe I am better than this, than him and then Tiffany.

I sigh and pick up my phone and call Nathaniel instead, “Hello?” he yells into the phone, the music in the background sounding very loud, “Hi, where are you?”, “Out for drinks! Be home soon!” he bellows and ends the call. Out for drinks? Who takes business partners out for drinks in such a loud place? It sounds more like a club instead of a bar.

‘Calm down. He loves us, but he has responsibilities.’ Zola mutters annoyed and I just nod before turning the tv back on.

It’s half an hour when I hear muffled voices and a giggle of a woman and then footsteps, stumbling and cursing in whispers. “Shhh.” Louis’ voice makes me look at the stairs and I see him coming up with a brunette. He freezes, his eyes narrowed when he looks at me, “Where’s Nate?” he asks and my heart sinks. Did he not take his beta? “Wasn’t he with you?” I frown.

His eyes widen, a lazy smile creeping up his face, "Oh right." his head sways and he clutches the brunette closer to him, "He'll be back soon, nothing later than one!" he beams before stumbling down his hallway with a completely different girl in his arms.

I stare at the time, as if it might just magically change before I continue to wait for my mate to come home...