

Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 31

NICK'S POV

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I've been running around the entire time looking for Tiffany, but no one has seen her, yet there is no car missing, meaning she had to leave on foot because I searched every inch of this entire pack.

I become restless as I call her parents, but they don't even answer their phone and I can't call her because she left her phone in our room.

As I head to the border, I'm ready to shift and search for her, but I halt in my steps when she comes out, wearing a t-shirt.

"f*****g hell, where the hell were you?" I bellow as I come closer to her. She smells like another male and my jaw tenses, but the sight of her tear stained face makes me weak.

"Tiff..." my eyebrows furrow together and I frown as she comes running into my arms.

"Nathaniel...Jessica's mate...he had me kidnapped." She starts to cry as her face is buried in my chest and all I see is black as I hold her to me. "I'll kill him." I growl and she shakes her head, clutching my shirt in her hands, "Don't leave me." She cries and my heart sinks.

I thought that they were giving us a warning...but kidnapping my mate is unacceptable. I thought we left on good terms...but if they want a war, I will give it to them.

The entire day Tiffany has been clinging to me, she seems so scared but every time I asked what was wrong and what happened, she shuts down and cuddles into my chest. I haven't done anything except be with her. I had to cancel several meetings by calling three people and every time, she's ask who I was calling.

I don't know why she wouldn't just let me sort this out and I can't help but wonder if he threatened her and I don't even know when they took her...or how.

Maybe when they came over, they weren't alone.

A shiver runs through my spine as I think of what they could have done to her because she came home in just a shirt, but then again...maybe she shifted as she ran home, but where would she find the shirt? It's definitely not one of ours.

My heart is yearning to know because without knowing....I can't do anything to help her.

"Just tell me what happened." I rub her back while she lays in my arms. "Uh-ah" she mumbles and I blow out a breath.

"I need to know or I can't help or do anything, why won't you tell me?" I try and talk and gently as possible, knowing that she doesn't want to tell me, but I have to try.

"Can you just leave it alone!?" She snaps as she props up onto her elbow, staring at me with narrowed eyes."Yeah, alright." I offer a small smile, but she rolls her eyes and turns her back to me before pulling the duvet over her shoulders.

"Can I turn off the lights?" I ask in a low voice and she doesn't answer.

I sit up, sighing as I reach for the light and I turn on my side to lay down, staring out of the window and I can't help but thinking of her.

I never had to ask so many times about what was wrong because we had a really good relationship. I really thought that some part of her still cared for me, that she loved me and wanted to see me happy, like she is. I don't fully accept her new life because I do miss her...but I'm happy she's safe and loved.

I just wish that Tiffany and I had that bond that Jessica and I use to have, I want to feel involved in her life and look at us...she was kidnapped and she doesn't even want to tell me what happened, how it happened and why it happened.

I don't blame her for the why...because she probably has no clue. I didn't tell her I tracked their car. I didn't tell her that I was looking out for my ex mate and I can't imagine how scared she must have been.

Nathaniel and his entire pack aren't normal wolves like us, they are the wolves. The top rank ones, the ones with authority, even their omega's can kick my a*s and that is why all the people fear them.

I had hoped that Jessica would be too afraid to stay there, but she's living there, being happy.

I wouldn't even be mad if she came back crying, I'd accept her, but it is too late for her to be Luna again...that is now Tiffany's soon to be title.

The pack doesn't love her as much as they did Jessica, but it's because they don't know her yet, it will all change...she'll become better, our relationship will become great and open, it just takes time.

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Waking up to an empty bed, I begin to panic until I hear the water of the shower running and my tense muscles relax. I throw the duvet off before heading into bathroom.

I watch as she rinses her dark hair under the water and for a split second, I think it's Jessica with her pitch black locks...I shake thoughts away as I undress and join her in the shower.

"Hi." She smiles as she snakes her arms around my neck, holding me to her. "Hi." I beam as I kiss her temple, nose and then lips.

She leans into me, her slippery skin pressing against my semi dry one and she kisses me back. It's like the little disagreement we had last night didn't even happen.

Her hands tighten around my neck and she pulls me closer and closer until I sweep her off her feet and I press her back against the tiled wall. She gasps as my hardwood presses against her and I can't help but love her at this very moment.

After showering, we get dressed and she acts normal, like she wasn't missing for goddess knows how long.

We head downstairs to eat and she greets everyone with a small smile.

I pull her to the side and she frowns at me in confusion, “You don’t have to put up the brave face.” I touch her arm and she steps back, her eyes widening, “Excuse me?” She looks so confused...Did they give her something to forget that she was taken? But that can’t be possible, they aren’t witches...but they did remove the mark..they are something.

“You being kidnapped...” my eyes narrow and I see the moment it hits her, the exact moment she realises. “It wasn’t too bad, I was just emotional. I’m fine.” She smiles and even though I want to argue with her, I can’t.

“Are you sure? Do you want to go talk to someone about it?” I offer and she nibbles on her perfectly plump bottom lip, “I think I do.” She nods, and before I could suggest a therapist, she interrupts me, “I think I’ll go visit my parents.” She beams and my eyes widen, “Your parents?” I absentmindedly snort. The last time she was in need, they sent her off to me and it derailed my entire life.

I shot my own people and I almost shot Jess, even though I knew I couldn’t do it, I sometimes still have nightmares about it.

The way she screamed echoes through my ears, the way her face became full of fear...the look in her eyes when she looked at me.it haunts me.

“Yes, why?” Her eyes narrow on me and I sigh, nodding. “No reason, do you want me to take you?” I offer and her face scrunches up as she shakes her head, “No, I’ll just take a car,” she shrugs and I nod, “You sure? Are you going to be able to drive ?” I ask for reassurance and she sighs, her jaw tightening, “I said I’m fine,” she grits out and I throw my hands in the air, “Alright, if you say so..” I shrug and she gives me a questioning look before brushing past me. “Where are you going?” I ask as I turn and follow her, “To get my bag and my phone.” Her tone is harsh, unkind and not caring before she waltzes up the stairs.

I wait at least five minutes before she comes back down, looking chirpy and excited before she hooks her arm into mine, “So what car am I taking?” She beams and it makes me laugh. I have shown her our cars and I know she likes the look of my sportscar, but she can’t drive that thing, no one does except me.

I let Jessica try it once and she almost crashed.

“The safest one, for sure.” I chuckle as we walk into the garage and in the glass box is all the keys. I walk her to the suv and her face scrunches up in

disgust, “I am not being seen in that thing unless I’m dead,” she grits out, stomping her foot as she grunts and my head snaps into her direction, my eyes flicking down to her foot and I burst out in a fit of laughter, “What was that?” I snort. I never seen or heard someone do that. “What was what?” She snaps and my eyes widen at her feral tone. “Nothing. But it’s the only car you can take.” I shrugs and her eyes narrow on me, “I want to drive that one!” She turns on her heels and points at my sports car, “Cute, but no.” I deadpan, showing her I’m serious. “Excuse me?” She sneers, “I said no.” I shrug, smiling and her eyes narrow on me. “I want to.” She grits out every word. “No is no, goddess, did your parents never teach you that?” I c**k my head at her and she swats the SUV’s keys out of my hand and stomps over to the glass case with keys before taking every single one, opening the car to see what it is and hangs it back. I capture her wrist as she reaches for my sports car’s keys.

“I said no.” I growl and she snarls at me before elbowing me in the ribs, knocking the air out of my lungs and I haunch over, growling lowly in pain and she grabs the keys, squealing as she runs off to the car and I force myself to run after her even though it feels like I might drop dead right this second.

“Tiffany!” I growl loudly, making her halt in her steps as she reaches for the car door. She looks at me as I slowly inch closer, “Don’t, that is my prized possession.” I grit out and she opens the door, “So am I.” She winks before sinking into the car and shutting the door. Before I could open the door again, she locks the doors and I can’t find myself to bust the windows to get to her, it would hurt me, the car and her,

I found the car, standing in front of it and the car roars to life. I am not letting this car leave this garage.

Not unless it is over my dead body.

“Move!” She yells through the window she cracked open an inch and I stare her down, shaking my head. She begins to lean on the hooter, repeatedly pushing it to make me move, but I don’t until she turns the car off.

I round the car as she opens the door, “You really are self centred,” she sneers before shoving the keys into my hands and she walks to the SUV.

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JESSICA’S POV

After our moment was ruined by that skank, the moment I was excited about since I met him, since my mark was removed...we didn't get back to it after going back home. It was disappointing because I really thought he wanted to do it too.

Maybe I did something to make him mad, but he hasn't been hostile with me. He's very touchy with me, not in a s****l way, but he plays with the ends of my hair, twirling it between his fingers. He holds my hand and he does this little thumb rub over the top, which is soothing and it makes me feel at ease.

Waking up the next morning, he isn't in bed or in the room, so I put on a robe and look for him.

Is it so hard to just wake up and stay in bed? I mean I just wanted to roll over and see him, to wake up in a good mood, to feel his hands holding onto me, but every time we get to bed, he's distant. He'd disappear or just fall right asleep and I know that he's busy and tired...but a few minutes of love and cuddles wouldn't hurt him, would it?

As I trot down the stairs, I freeze when he starts coming up, our eyes locking and a smile creeps up his face, "I thought that you would still be in bed." He sighs, glancing down at the tray of food in his hands and I inhale a deep breath through my nose, smiling when the sweet smell of pancakes and syrup with a side of bacon fills my nose.

"I can get back into it." I shrug with a teasing smile and he laughs, "Hurry." He winks and my stomach flips over as I turn on my heel and jolt to the room, giggling all the way. I could hear his laughter thicken and growing deeper as he slowly follows me.

I plop down onto the bed and wait just for a few seconds before he walks in, smiling, "Oh, you're awake." He teases, jokingly acting like we didn't just meet on the stairs.

I giggle as he marches over and sits down next to me, "Breakfast in bed." He beams and I smile as he puts the tray onto my lap and takes his plate.

Looking down at the sweet gesture, I think back to when Nick use to do this for me, it didn't last long, only about a few times a month after we mated and then it just stopped.

Nathaniel will probably stop too...

"What's wrong?" His hunky voice snaps me out of my day dream and I guiltily look up at him. "I just...I'm really grateful for this." I smile covering for myself. I don't think he'd be happy if I started talking about Nick, he despises him, yet I know he wouldn't just kill him because of me.

"Well I am grateful that you would actually eat my things." He jokingly teases and I stop as I was just about to take a bite, "Why?" I frown and he starts bawling in a fit of laughter, his head rolling back as he chuckles, "I'm kidding, I'm sorry. They're actually really good. It's uh....a recipe that came from generations before me." He scratches his nose and my eyes widen, "Oh, well I can make some mean pancakes so let's try them." I wink before taking a bite and I groan as it feels like my mouth is exploding in pleasure.

"Oh my goddess." I mutter as I savour the sweet taste. I look at him with big eyes, smiling as I chew.

"What is in this?" I ask after swallowing the first bite and immediately move on to my next.

I couldn't even eat three of them, their so fluffy and made me feel full after the second one but it was so good that I just had to have another.

"It's a secret, don't ask." He seems serious for one second before he starts to smile and I awkwardly giggle, feeling like I overstepped.

"Well, it is one delicious secret." I mutter as he takes the ray and puts it beside the bed before he gets under the covers next to me, turning on his side while he stays propped up by his elbow.

His hand snakes over my really full stomach, slowly and he pulls me closer to him. My body inches closer as I turn in my side too, mirroring his half laying position.

"Tell me..." he starts as his eyes trail down to my breasts that's squeezing together in the thin black silk top I'm wearing.

“If I would kiss you now...” he leans in, his eyes focusing on my lips and then back on my eyes, “Would you be satisfied?” He breathes out against my lips before slowly brushing his soft mouth over mine.

The light hovering making me feel crazy because I just want to pounce him.

His hand trails down my waist to the outside of my thighs before he rails the silky shorts up and his fingers dip under the material.

I gasp when his fingers brush over my soaked panties, teasing my clit as he puts pressure on it and he takes advantage and crashes his lips into mine, slipping his tongue right into my mouth.

“Or this?” He pulls his lips away, using his finger to rub circles over my s*x .

He slips his fingers underneath my underwear and uses his arm to push my thighs apart.

His wrist gets caught and he grunts before taking his hands away from my pants, “On your back.” He demands and I turn, looking at him as his hand slides down my stomach into my pants , “And eyes on me.” He grins as he stares at me, my back arching when his fingers slip into my panties and ruffles through my wet folds, costing his fingers with my juice.

He hums as his wrist bends and my lips part when he shoves a finger inside of my tight cunt. He doesn't say anything as he starts to slowly pump his finger in and out of my entrance, his thick knuckles stretching my walls.

“Nat-” my gasp is cut off with another as he shoves another fingers in.

My hips start to rock up and down with his pace as I whisper as his thumb starts to rub circles on my clit and my toes curl as tingles erupt through my body, a pleasure shock making my muscles tighten

He wiggles around next to me, cursing under his breath before he pulls away and sits back on his knees, removing his shirt before crawling in between my calves. He holds out his hand, pulling me onto my knees and he pulls me against his warm body by the waist.

My scrunches the silk material of my shirts in his hands as he slowly lifts it, undressing me in broad daylight, but it's not like anyone can see us.

I thought this would happen at night, when the house would be silent and dark, when Louis would be out sucking a girl's face, but no. It's happening in the day, where the sun is shining into the room and where he can see me, clearly.

He tosses my shirt onto the pillow before shoving me back, bringing my ankles in the air and I watch intensely as he lowers in between my thighs and he hooks his fingers into my shorts, slowly removing them, his fingers digging into my skin on the outside of my thighs, making me drip onto the linen below me.

Once I'm fully undressed, he holds my one ankle in the air, making me giggle and my voice just disappears as he starts placing kisses on my ankle, slowly moving up to the inside of my calf, my knee and to my inner thighs.

He pushes my thighs apart as he buries his face between my legs, his tongue flicking over my entrance and my legs clamp at the sides of his head as I try and control myself.

"Relax." He mumbles as his eyes make contact with mine and I do...his dark red like eyes making me stare in awe.

I have never seen red eyes before, but it looks familiar, like I have seen them.

Where have I seen them?

'Stop ruining the moment.' Zola snaps at me and I forget what I was thinking of as his tongue drives into my entrance.

"Oh." I moan as my back arches and he slips a pillow underneath my a*s in a blink of an eye.

My hand drags down my stomach and I rake my fingers through his thick hair.

My legs start to tremble and he abruptly stops and crawls upward, his big silhouette almost crushing me as he lines his hard wood teasing my entrance.

He uses his hand to lift my waist as he slides into me, muting my gasp by crashing his lips to mine.

I could feel myself stretch around his large, thick c**k that's pulsing inside of me.

He hums into my mouth, the vibration sending shivers down my spine.

In one swift motion, he flips up, holding me tightly against him.

I giggle as he settles on his back and my legs are spread over his body, one on each side and his hands immediately rest on my waist but I already start to move my hips and he grins up at me as I ride him to his rhythm.

“F**k.” He starts to buck his hips, the sound of our skin slapping together echoes through the room.

His hand snakes to the small of my back and he pulls me down onto him, his hand dragging up my back before his long fingers rake through my hair. He flips my raven locks to one side before cupping my cheek, the intimate feeling making me squeal from the inside.

His hand moves to the back of my neck, his finger gripping my nape as he tilts my head and he lifts his head, starting to kiss my jaw down to my neck.

My legs clamp at his sides as they shake, the feeling of just letting go has me grinding against him faster, “Hold on.” His free hand squeezes my thigh and before I could tell him that I am so close, his teeth sinks into my flesh, making me o****m immediately as my body stills, but he doesn’t. He rocks up into me, my walls crushing his insides and the feeling of his teeth and lips sucking on my skin.

“Nate.” I moan as I try to hold onto my consciousness and I can’t even say his full name.

“Come on.” He groans as he starts to lick my neck, cleaning the wound and sparks fly through me, making me giddy and tired.

His rocking hips halt as he groans and I relax as he slowly pulls out. My body falls limp onto him and he gently continues to lick my neck until it slowly starts to heal while rubbing my back.

“Nathaniel.” I mutter sleepily as I start to see black spots in my vision. I could hear him answer, but it sounded so far away, like he wasn’t even in the room with me and my eyes just fall shut as I relax.

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JESSICA'S POV

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Waking up to whispers was not what I was expecting...My eyes flick open, but no one is in front of me, but the whispering continues and the sun isn't at it's brightest anymore.

"I thought you weren't going to..." I could tell Louis was in the room and I finally realize that I'm completely naked under the covers.

"I wasn't...I never do, but she wanted to...and when we were doing it...The idea of not marking her just faded and everything inside of me just wanted to...like if I didn't do it, I would die." Nathaniel sighs and my heart slightly breaks.

He didn't want to mark me?

But I'm his mate...

I could feel Zola slowly fade, because she didn't want to hear this and neither did I, but my curiosity is getting the best of me.

"So this one is serious?" I could hear the teasing tone Louis was using...

But what did he mean by this one? We all get just one mate, don't we?

"I guess so." I want to know if he's smiling...I want to know if he's frowning but the warm feeling in my chest is definitely not coming from me...

I can feel him...I can finally feel him.

"Are you going to...", "Just go." Nathaniel demands and Louis laughs. I hear his footsteps across the floor and I close my eyes, afraid he might be looking at me and the door slowly closes.

I wait a few minutes before turning onto my back, slowly opening my eyes and my gaze locks on his as he sits on the couch.

"Hi." I force a smile and he sighs, "What did you hear?" He asks and my heart drops into my stomach. "What?" I ask confused. "I can feel your confusion." He grits out, "Because I was awake a minute ago." I frown.

I know that I shouldn't lie, that I should ask him about what he said...but I can't. I am scared of what the answer might be...

"Hours actually." He snorts as he lowers his leg and my eyes trail down to his naked chest .

"Hours?" My eyes widen and he nods, "I think your body needed the rest." He leans forward, his elbows resting on his knees, his hands holding one another, "But I knew you were awake...I could feel it." He shrugs and I chew on my bottom lip as I sit up, staring at him with narrowed eyes, "Then care to explain?" I frown and the sly smirk creeping up his face makes me uncomfortable.

"It's a story for another day." He shrugs as he stands up and walks over to me, sitting down on the bed. "But I am one of many I hear." I grit out as jealousy creeps into my chest.

"No, there's no one like you Jessica." He reaches for my face but I pull back, "How can I believe you when you won't tell me what's going on?" I raise a questionable brow at him, "Because I will trust you blindly and I expect you to do the same." He shrugs and I hate that he just played the trust card.

I do trust him, he saved me...he came for me and I owe him a lot. Nick could have shot me, not that he would, but he could have.

"Fine." I huff as I get out of the bed. I reek of s*x, it's all over my skin, "Where are you going?" He asks as I cover myself with the light linen of the bedding. I hum a*s I walk to the bathroom door, standing in the doorway before I drop the material, "To shower." I shrug and his eyes fall to my a*s as I glance at him over my shoulder, "You are welcome to join." I shrug, blushing when he stands up and I walk into the bathroom, heading straight for the shower.

After Nathaniel drilled into me as he pinned me to the shower wall, he gently washes my hair, my body feeling like I'm being pampered all over by just having his fingers massaging my scalp.

"I was thinking..." he starts and I hum in response as I couldn't form any sort of word, "We should have a Luna ceremony for you." He mutters and my eyes ping open and I turn to look at him, "That's sweet...but who would follow me? I am less than any of these people." I snort.

I feel like I'm nothing because all of these people are Lycans...they won't listen to me because they are in a higher position than I am.

"Jessica..." Nathaniel smiles sweetly down at me, "It doesn't matter if they are ranking higher because they are Lycans." His thumb drags over my cheek, "It's leading that they want, not to be shunted around."

"Well when you put it like that..." I smile warily. I just can't imagine myself running around here, doing things and asking them to do it too, they are of higher rank. I wouldn't even listen to me if I were them.

"I am not saying it to make you feel better, it is what it is princess." His smile is so soft that it melts all of my worries away.

"When will the ceremony be?" I change the subject of my insecurities. I don't want him to think less of me just because I do. I want him to see my best side, I want to make him proud and see the real me.

I can lead, I have done it for a few years and him telling me he wants me to be his Luna is a big deal because he doesn't need one, he is an amazing alpha and for him to want me to be his equal is more important than the idiotic thoughts inside of my head.

Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 34

NICK'S POV

—

Tiffany came back home after hours of being away and when she returned, she looked happier, lighter.

I was working in the office when I heard the screeching of a car stopping in front of our house and I went outside to greet her.

"Nick!" She beams as she wraps her arms around my neck and a wide smile on her face. "Hi." I hold her tightly against me, happy to know that she's back home safely.

"How was the drive?" I ask and she steps back, her one hand resting on my chest as she leans into me while looking up into my eyes. "Great, the car isn't soo bad. It's actually very fancy inside." She shrugs, making me laugh.

She likes the SUV because it's fancy inside, I like it because it's safe and it travels like a dream.

"I know..." I smile as my hand snakes to the small of her back. "Did you enjoy your visit?" I ask and she frowns, "Huh?" She asks confused, "Oh." Realisation hits her, "I didn't go to my parents house." She shrugs and I frown at her.

Why didn't she go there after she said she would?

"Then where did you go?" , "I went to the mall, I did some shopping and you know what...I do feel better." She shrugs as she turns on her heel and walks to the trunk of the car and all I can do is pray that that entire back of the car isn't filled with shopping bags.

She opens the trunk with the car's key and the trunk slowly opens as I round the car to the back, standing next to my mate and she squeals at the sight of all the bags. Some are small and some are big but the trunk is overflowing with it.

"f*****g hell Tiffany, how much did you spend?" I stare agape at the trunk as she grabs a few bags, "Relax, it was my own money." She shrugs it off and my insides twist, but to see her so happy and excited makes it all worth it though.

"I don't care about who's money it is sweetheart, it's a lot." I frown and she shrugs, "Just grab some bags, will ya?" She beams as she marches over to the house.

I do as she says and follow her into the house and up the stairs, putting everything on the bed like she instructs me to.

"I didn't try them on, so I might take some back. She starts rummaging through the bags, "Can you get the rest?" She asks, batting her eyelashes at me. "Sure." I mutter and turn to leave.

After getting everything out and putting it in our room, I try to leave but she makes me sit down on the couch, "This is the fun part, I promise." She grins as she starts to undress and I sit stunned, my eyes not leaving her body once as she begins to try on a big amount of clothes.

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My mouth begins to drool when she pulls out a lace red night gown and when she puts it on, there's nothing I can't see. The little dress comes just below her s*x and a*s, the see through material hugs her body tightly, the thin straps shows off her collarbones, her breasts are pushed together by the wiring around her breasts.

"Woah." I mutter under my breath and she grins at me, spinning around to flaunt it.

"I thought you might like it." Her grin turns into a wide smile and I sit, staring at her in awe. "I do." I clear my throat as she walks over, her walk is like a lion stalking it's prey, it's slow as she bites her bottom lip while smiling, "How much?" She asks as she climbs onto my lap, her legs on either side of me and my hands automatically rest on her thighs, "A little too much I think." My eyes trail from her flawless face down her neck to her breasts.

She leans in, her face a little above mine, "What do you think?" She asks as her hand drags across her chest.

I lick my lips as she leans in, her hair falling to the side, "I think..." I start as my hand drags up her thigh, my fingers digging into her skin. I could smell her arousal, but the teasing is what counts...it's to get her to drip onto my lap, to make her nerves a wreck as I touch her.

"I think that dress is really pretty...", she hums, "And?" She asks, "And I think that it brings out your eyes." I glance up at her darkening gaze, "And?" Her lips stay parted as she breathes deeply, "And..." my hand slips in between us, my thumb rubbing her soaked underwear, making her head roll back..."And that it looks really sexy on you." I grit out. She starts to rock against my hand and I lose all self control as I grab her and get up from the couch. I walk over to the bed and throw her onto the piles of clothes in between the bags.

Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 35

JESSICA'S POV

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The entire week has been a fairytale, like something from a movie. It's like my heart has been singing, my body been dancing in floating air.

Until tonight, where I get back from reading to a kids group and Nathaniel isn't here, he only left a note.

A f*****g note.

'I went out for a meeting, I'll be back late. Don't wait up for me.'

Reading the note brings back the memories of how worried I was the other night when he came back in the early hours of the morning.

"What the hell." I mutter as I crumble the note up and toss it onto the bed.

I undress and go take a long hot shower until the water turns cold, smiling as I get out.

A part of me knows that he has his own life, apart from me, one he had before me and I still can't fathom why I get so jealous and mad.

I know that meetings are important, but why is staying out late necessary?

Does he go to a meeting and then go out to party or does he have young clients that want to go and he needs to please them for business?

I trust him, but he's hiding something, whether it's a mistress that I would definitely know about, or it's some cult beyond this pack.

It could be the pack itself because these elders aren't old, they aren't normal either.

Wolves believe in traditional magic, like the good witches that live among humans...not the kind that whatever they used to remove my mark...

Perhaps these elders are witches, evil ones at that.

On the other hand...Nathaniel doesn't seem like the type of alpha that would follow evil witches, or any witch kind.

I dress into comfortable pajamas and just as I'm about to crawl into bed, a knock on the door stops me.

"Who is it?" I yell as I stand next to the bed.

“Someone trying to job you!” Louis sarcasm has me rolling my eyes as I smile. I walk over to the door, opening it and I c**k my head to the side, “Oh all mighty thief, what could you possibly seek?” I tease and he snorts, shaking his head. “Very funny.” His eyebrows hop up and then down.

“I am ordering something from the restaurant and wondered if you are hungry?” He genuinely seems like he doesn’t care, but he’s still asking.

“You don’t have to do this.” My lips press into a thin line. He’s trying to look after me, probably by Nathaniel’s demand, but I don’t need it.

“Do what?” His eyes squint into slits.

“Care for me. I’m good.” I force a smile and he glances into the room, as if Nathaniel might be here before he brushes by and enters the room.

“Look, it’s my fault you are here.” He shrugs and my heart sinks. “Does Nathaniel not want me here?” I ask with tears ready to form in my eyes.

“I didn’t mean it like that. He loves you and wants you here.” He corrects himself and I blow out a relieved breath, smiling. “Then don’t feel bad, I want to be here.” I shrug and the way the silence falls between us and how he looks at me makes a shiver run down my spine...

“What are you hiding?” I ask in a shallow breath.

“Me? Nothing. But this pack has many secrets Jessica and you seem to pure to handle them all.” He crosses his arms. “Like what?” I ask, knowing that he won’t actually tell me.

“I can’t tell you.” I should have seen that coming.

“Then why say anything at all?” I frown at him, “Because you’re different.”, “From who? All of you? I know that.” I scoff.

“No, from those who came before you.” He murmurs, shrugging as he head to the door.

I grab his arm out of instinct, making him halt in his steps and he turns to look at me, “What does that mean?” I ask desperately.

All I have heard is those before me, like I’m not like the rest, the others...it’s all screwing with my mind.

“You’ll find out.” He shrugs and my grip tightens on his arm, my nails digging into his skin out of anger. “Just tell me...” I breathe out, “Is he seeing multiple people?” My eyebrows raise as I wait for his reply.

His eyes flick between my dull orbs, “No, he would never.” He smiles, “His loyalty is something you never have to worry about, ever.” His smile is small, offering some sort of comfort to the discomfort he caused by saying all of the things he did.

“Then why warn me? Why apologize?” I snap, my sanity slowly losing its path.

“Because one day you’ll blame me and I want you to remember that I tried to help.” He shrugs, but the tone he’s using...the pity makes my heart sink into my stomach.

“Why can’t you tell me?” I beg him, “Because it’s physically impossible.” He sighs, looking defeated more than ever.

I snort at his choice of words. I know that he’s loyal to his alpha and he would never betray him, but he’s over exaggerating right now. He can tell me, but he doesn’t want to. He doesn’t want to compromise his relationship or his position in this pack and I do respect that.

“Do you want to eat or not?” He changes the subject before I could say anything else, leaving me standing with no choice except if I want to eat or not.

“I could go for a chicken burger.” I shrug and his eyes almost pop out of their sockets, “What? Chicken?” He snorts before it turns into a bawl of laughter.

“What? I like it.” I frown. I hate when people make me second guess or make me feel belittled about what I like and what I don’t.

“Just trust me and get the beef.” His serious tone makes me agree faster than I could blink and he’s out of the door, on the phone.

I take my phone from the nightstand, my finger dragging across my bottom lip as I think of what I should text Nathaniel.

My fingers hover over the keyboard as I stare at his name at the top of the screen.

Me: Hi

I hit the send button and when he immediately reads the lame text, I sit down on the bed as I watch the dots appear on screen.

Nathaniel: Hi

Well that is lame too. I guess I should have been more exciting.

Nathaniel: Is everything ok?

My fingers run along the keyboard as I just type random letters to seem like I am replying while I think of something to say and when my autocorrect turns one word into s*x, a light goes on in my head and I clear the confusing letters that is scrambled across the text block.

Me: No...

I bite down on my lip as I watch the dots appear.

Nathaniel: What's wrong?

Me: I have an ache...

My teeth almost breaks the dry skin of my lips as I hit send and watch as he types.

Nathaniel: Ask Louis to help, there is some cream around the house.

I roll my eyes at his response because I just know that he isn't catching on.

Me: I don't think you'd want Louis to help me with my ache.

Nathaniel: Why?

I could feel my face heat up when I shimmy put of my pants and take a picture of myself, sending it to him.

Me: Because it's an ache only you could fix.

I throw the phone onto the bed beside me as I squeal and I inhale a deep breath as I try to calm my racing heart.

My phone dings and my heart rate spikes through the roof, but even though I am afraid to look at the reply, I dive for the phone and check anyways.

Nathaniel: F**k

I blush at his response and before I could even start to reply, my phone rings and his name flashes on the screen.

I gulp as I swipe to answer and I hesitantly bring the phone to my ear, "Hello?" My voice is shaky, "Don't you dare f*****g move, do you understand?" The noise in the background has me wondering where he is, "Yes..." and before I could ask him where the hell he is, the call ends and I am left sitting naked on the bed, wondering how long I have to wait.

I fully undress and I move to the full length mirror in the bathroom, biting my tongue as I open the camera and take a few pictures while covering my breasts and I send it to him with a clock. He doesn't read or reply to the texts and I glance at the shower, then the big bathtub and then at the ceiling.

I could hear the door open and before I could tell Louis to give me a second, Nathaniel appears in the bathroom door frame, loosening his tie while his eyes trail my body hungrily.

"How did you..." I frown, knowing that he wasn't even near the pack.

His shirt is removed in seconds, "Don't speak." He demands as he closes the distance between us and he kisses me while his hands roam my naked body.

The kiss blows every single thought right out of my mind, leaving me speechless and with an empty brain, especially when he starts to lower the kiss to my cheek, jaw and then neck.