

Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 36

JESSICA'S POV

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Laying breathless next to the love of my life will forever be miraculous. To be able to feel the warmth radiating off him, the subtle waves of calm and chaos mixed in the crisp air between us...it's something indescribable.

Nathaniel lets out a deep sigh as he stands up and my head rolls to the side, my eyes trailing over his back muscles as he sits on the edge of the bed, stretching his arms above his head.

His shoulders sink as he lets his arms down and he stands, grabbing his boxers and then his trousers.

I frown and prop myself up onto my elbows, my raven hair falling down my neck into the space between my upper back and pillows. "Where are you going?" I pout.

He couldn't possibly be leaving again? Could he?

"I have to go back." The light snort he gives sounds like he doesn't want to, but there he is, getting dressed.

"But you just got home." I pout, hoping that I could convince him to stay.

He slowly turns as he buttons his shirt, "Just because you asked so nicely, I slipped out." He grins and my eyes land on the crimson stain on the collar of his pure white shirt.

"Nathaniel, there's blood on your shirt." I sit up, unconsciously holding the duvet to cover my breasts.

He tries to glance down at it, his jaw pressing against his chest.

"It's fine." He puts his blazer and tie on, covering it.

"Put on another shirt." I frown, "No, I don't want to ruin another." He shrugs.

I stare at him agape, unable to fathom why he would ruin another. "I don't understand." My head lightly shakes from left to right. "And that is okay, you don't have to, not right now anyway." His smile is mischievous.

My lips part to confront him, but the thought of getting Louis in trouble makes me stop and press my lips into a thin line.

Nathaniel rounds the bed to my side, leaning down and his hand cups my cheek, his long fingers brushing through my hair as he presses a kiss to my temple. "I'll be home soon." He mutters against my forehead before pulling away and the overwhelming feeling of betrayal makes my heart sink into my stomach as he leaves.

He says all these things about trust, about how I should trust him like he trusts me, but he's secretive and he doesn't answer me with straight facts.

I sit on the bed, tears resting on the rim of my eyes and I reach for my phone, dialing the number I have comfortably called over the years when I'm upset like a disease.

"Hello?" Nick's voice fills my ear and I just freeze when I realize how wrong I am right now.

I shouldn't be calling him...I shouldn't have thought of calling him.

"Jess?" He calls out to me and I slightly pull the phone away from my ear as a tear slides down my cheek. I should end the call.

End the call Jess...

"Hello?" He sounds lost and I sigh, "Sorry..." I inhale a deep breath, "Is my...do you still have my things?" I ask with a fake smile on my face as if he could see me.

"I do." Nick sounds uncertain and I don't doubt that Tiffany had already tried to get rid of it all.

"Can you send it over perhaps?" I gulp, "Sure, first thing in the morning." I could hear the smile in his voice.

"Thanks." I croak, "Are you crying?" He asks and I hesitate to answer. "No, just tired." I lie.

I shouldn't share my feelings about my relationship, especially not with an ex.

"Oh, get some rest." He mutters and I thank him before he ends the call.

I sit staring down at the phone when a knock interrupts my thoughts.

"Yes?" I ask unsurely, "I have your food!" Louis yells as if I won't hear him talk normally.

I hurriedly put on a robe before opening the door and he stands there with a paper bag.

"Here you go." He holds it out to me while his eyes study my messy hair and flushed cheeks.

"Thanks." I force a smile, but it just falls again.

I close the door and eat on the bed, the fries tasting really salty and I stare at the beef burger in the polyester container, blowing out a shaky breath before I pick it up and take a bite, my eyes widening at how unexpectedly good it tastes.

"Oh my..." I groan and devour the entire thing.

Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 37

JESSICA'S POV

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Waking to the sound of the lightly creaking door makes my eyes pop open wide, but I don't move because everything is still dark. The only light is the moon shining in from the window.

"Are you asleep?" Nathaniel's voice comes from the door in a whisper and I just close my eyes, choosing to avoid him instead of sitting up and saying that I'm not.

I was asleep, until he creepily came into the room, ruining a perfectly good night's rest.

His footsteps are heavy as he marches to the bathroom and he quietly closes the door. It's only mere seconds until I hear the shower and I turn to face the bathroom door, glaring at the wooden surface that is letting light shine through the supposedly sealed door.

It gives the room a light glow and I can't help but just lay here in bed and stare at nothing in particular.

I blink after a long minute when my eyes begin to feel dry and I stare at the ceiling when I turn onto my back.

The shower's water shuts off after a few minutes and when the door opens, steam comes floating in, heating the cool air up.

"Oh." Nathaniel halts in his tracks as he stares at me with his hand on the bathroom light switch.

"Hi." I mutter after realizing that I was suppose to be sleeping. "Did I wake you?" He asks . "No, the ghost did." I sit up and his eyes flick down to the shirt I'm wearing.

It's one of his, I put it on after I couldn't sleep.

"I'm sorry." He switches the bathroom light off and marches over to the bed, wearing just his boxers.

I immediately turn my back to him and pull the duvet to my shoulders.

"Are you mad?" He asks in a mere whisper.

"No, I'm tired. It's Goddess knows that time and I want to sleep." I snap harshly and cuddle into my pillow.

I fall asleep in mere seconds and wake up to hands crawling all over my body as the sun shines into the room.

"Ah- ah." I pull away from Nathaniel even though my body was aching to inch closer, to just levitate into his arms to let him touch me all over.

I get out of bed and drag my sleepy body to the bathroom without looking at him.

I take as long as I can in the bathroom before walking out and I freeze when I see him sitting on my side of the bed, his eyebrows furrowed together as he stares down at my phone.

“What’s this?” He holds it up and I roll my eyes as I strut over, tensing when I see a message from Nick.

“On the way.” Is all it says and I remember that he’s sending my things over.

“I asked Nick for my things and he’s sending it over.” I shrug and his eyes are lit with anger as he stares at me, “Are you leaving?” He frowns deeply, “I just said he’s sending my stuff over.” I grit out annoyed, “Are you deaf?” I raise my voice at him. “No, I’m not.” He stands, towering over me.

“Then stop acting like it and listen when I talk.” I snap and he steps forward, glaring at me and I step back, but not because of fear, no. I c**k my head at him, putting my hands on my hips, “Do not try and intimidate me!” I growl loudly and his eyes widen.

“I didn’t...”, “You did.” I interrupt him.

“I’m sorry.” His hard face turns soft, looking pathetically sad.

“Sure.” I huff as I turn on my heel and walk to the closet.

I get dressed in front of him and leave the room without looking at him.

I hear him talking to me as I leave, but I throw a deaf ear and walk anyway despite him calling after me.

I patiently walk down to the school, greeting a lot of people that pass me...some girls glaring while faking a smile, some older ones who seem confused as to who I am and once I waltz into the school yard, I am greeted with a lot of squeals, hugs and smiles by little children.

I always wanted children, Nick and I even tried for a year...yet he couldn’t have any so we stopped, but a big part of me always thought that I was the problem because who ever heard of a infertile alpha?

The kids drag me by the hand into the classroom to read to them, the teacher, who is an omega comes to greet me with a kind smile.

“They loved how you read to them yesterday.” She giggles as her eyes drag over the tiny bodies.

“I loved reading to them too.” I smile as I watch the kids scurry around, looking for a book for me to read to them.

They settle on a wolf story, like most of these books are and I start reading about how the big wolf wasn’t what he said he was.

It’s about a tale of a human who’s a wolf, hut then he wasn’t an actual wolf, he was a beast.

JESSICA’S POV

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“Jessica.” I turn my gaze away from the children, all of them sighing and booing, some begging me to continue reading.

“Hold on little ones.” I close the book, keeping my finger at the page we’re at.

“The alpha is outside, waiting for you.” The girl smiles and my smile fades for a second before I plaster it up again.

“I’ll be right back, the big alpha is summoning me.” I pull my face as if I were in trouble before setting the book down on the little chair I sat on.

I gracefully walk out of the classroom and I didn’t expect him to stand there, dressed so casually, yet still looking as handsome as ever. “What are you doing here?” I frown. I did not want him to come here, I don’t like being interrupted just because he wants to talk.

“I came to see you.” His dazzling smile does nothing to fool me. He wants to make up, to talk about the ultimate scandal I have done but I did nothing wrong. I asked for my things back and I had the right to do it.

“For what? I am busy reading to kids. Didn’t you ask if I was busy?” My eyes narrow on him, “I don’t need to.” He shrugs, making my blood begin to boil.

I inhale a deep breath when a kid passes us and skips into the class.

I really don’t know why I enjoy reading to kids...but the way they smile and laugh, the way their eyes sparkle and it’s like I can see their minds working.

I love creating a safe space for their minds and reading a book is just that.

It's hard to imagine that what each of them sees is different in so many ways.

"So you just ignore that I am busy, neglect the respect that I need and just show up here and dismiss the little work I do that is important to me?" I snap and his emerald eyes widen, "Well when you put it like that..." he mutters as his eyes flick around the hall.

"Yeah, when I put it like that." I snap sarcastically and he drags a hand through his dark hair, looking up at the ceiling.

"Don't be mad at me." His bottom lip pops out, curling into a pout and the little sad pathetic eyes makes my heart swell.

"Stop that." I roll my eyes, but I'm not strong enough to fight the smile that creeps up my face.

"I can't, I don't like you being mad at me." He reaches for my hand, his fingers linking with mine and he fiddles with my hand. "Well I don't like you just f*****g me and then leaving like I'm some sort of booty call." I grit out, forcing the smile down.

"Well...lets be clear here..." the devilish smile creeping up his face makes me frown, "You booty called me home." The way he jokingly pulls his face, I can't help but giggle a little.

What he's saying is kind of true, I did tease him and all he did was come home to please me while he was suppose to be somewhere else.

"I did no such thing." I scoff even though I am guilty of doing exactly that.

"Sure you didn't." He drags out teasingly.

I get red in the face and I start to fiddle with his fingers, squeezing them, picking at his skin with my nails...he's making me feel small, but in a positive way.

He makes me feel like a giddy kid, like a shy child...

"I didn't." My lips pop out in a pout.

"Okay pumpkin." He steps closer, stroking my hair out of my face.

“Your things arrived.” He changes the subject, “Oh...when?”, “Just before I came, that’s actually why I’m here.”

Now I really feel stupid, “Why didn’t you just tell me that?” I roll my eyes, “Because you were clearly mad at me and I wanted to fix that first.”

“I don’t know what to say...” my eyebrows hop as my gaze falls to our linked hands.

“I want you to say yes to a date, for tonight.”

My gaze flicks up to him, my eyes narrowing, “You were out the entire night last night.” I point out, “I know, but what’s another night out in town? The city is alive on Friday’s, the people are fun. It’ll be a great night.” His eyes blaze with excitement as he tries to hype me up for the night.

I chew on my bottom lip, my teeth dragging to the side of my mouth.

“Come on, just say yes.” He begs and my insides twists, the lingering thought to decline and stay home fades as his smile just widens with every passing second.

“Fine.” I huff, rolling my eyes as a smile creeps up my face.

Nathaniel grits out an excited yes and grabs me, pulling me closer and he wraps his arms around me, hugging me and my feet lifts off the floor and he spins me around.

I giggle as he sets me down, “Be ready at seven and wear comfortable shoes, it’s going to be a long night.” He winks and the way his cheek dents makes my heart flutter.

“Casual or fancy wear?” I ask as he turns to leave. He stops in his tracks, his body turned to the side and his eyes trail over my body, a grin taking over his face.

“You’d look good in anything.”

I stare at him agape as he walls off and I feel all giddy as I turn on my toes, my fingers linking as my body tenses and I run back into the classroom to continue reading to the kids.

Running home after reading to the kids, I check the time and it's three in the afternoon.

I never thought that reading to so many different classes of children could take up so much time.

I calculate the time I have in my head before I run myself a bath, scenting the warm water with some rose bath salts and pedals that were dried out and places in a glass jar.

I soaked my body in the water for an entire hour as I shaved, washed my hair and listened to some music while I relaxed.

I set an exact alarm for four pm and got out to dry and style my hair while I sat in the robe, singing along to old ABBA songs.

I put on a light layer of make up and rummaged through the boxes that were delivered to me earlier and I toss all the good dresses on the bed, smiling when I take out my baby blue one that sparkles.

I stare at the dress, remembering how much I loved it when I first saw it and then how conscious I felt when Nick told me I looked like a first class hooker in the damn thing.

His precise words were, "My f*****g hell, look at you." The first words made me smile, but then it got worse, "You look like a first f*****g class w***e that's looking for her big hit."

The emotional pain I felt has always lingered in my chest, but I couldn't bring myself to get rid of the dress.

It's nothing like I have ever seen before, the way it fits me perfectly is extraordinary and the material is soft and the way it shines under the slightest light is pure magic.

After I finish, it's half past six and I do the finishing touches on my hair and put on my plain white stilettos that are as comfortable as slippers.

Nathaniel haven't been in the room, he hasn't gotten ready yet and it makes me nervous because it feels like he forgot about the date. It feels like he forgot that he asked me out.

I pace around, walking up and down as I go through everything in my mind, making sure that I didn't forget anything when there's a knock on the door.

I open the door and Nathaniel stands tall in a suit, flowers in hand and his hair gelled back.

"Wow." His eyes trail over me, from the top to the bottom and the way his eyes light up has me blushing.

"You look...wow." The stunned look makes me giddy and I giggle as I smile.

"Thank you, you don't look so bad yourself." I tease and he jokingly rolls his eyes before handing me the flowers.

"I already put up a vase on the dresser." She sleek grin on his face makes me blush as I want to laugh at how he thought of everything.

I put the flowers in the vase and he holds his arm out and I hook my arm into his before we make our way to the car.

He opens the door all gentlemanly like and I get in, my eyes staying fixed on his muscles that fill the suit up.

My eyes absentmindedly follow his silhouette through the darkening sky and I smile as he gets in.

It's an hour's drive into the city and I admire all the lights, all the people roaming the streets, making the city look full of life but if we have done this in the week, the place will be dull, the restaurants empty and most of the shops closed, but on the weekend, it's like a never ending party.

"I love the city like this." I beam as I stare out of the window, ready to bounce out of my seat and live life.

It's exhilarating when I'm around such a lively place, it makes me realize how quiet and comforting the pack life is, how appreciative I am of the bond and closeness of a pack.

JESSICA'S POV

Walking into a fancy restaurant, the shimmering lights fall on my dress. There are various tables with couples and even families. Even the children are well dressed in pretty dresses and little boys in suits.

The entire room is gloomy, lit by candles and soft light and it all seems so elegantly perfect.

Nathaniel's hand rests on the small of my back as we are seated at a comfortable little table that has a small bouquet of roses in the middle, two candles on each side.

"This is so cute." I smile as we sit down.

"It's a very great restaurant, it should be elegant, not cute." He gives the waiter a glance and the poor fella just goes pale with fear.

"It's perfect, not too extravagant." I try to fix the building tension and the waiter smiles as he hands us our menu's and asks us what we would like to drink.

There's something off about this place, but I try to shrug it off and read through the list as I feel pressured to make a decision right away.

"Come back in a few." Nathaniel mutters politely and the waiter leaves.

My gaze only flicks up and I stare at him embarrassed through my lashes, "You don't have to know right away." He reassures me and my chest suddenly feels lighter, until I hear a high pitched giggle that fills the room.

My head immediately turns around to the table across the room and it's like a nightmare come true because in the dim light under a small candle lit corner, sits Tiffany and Nick, smiling and enjoying themselves and all I can think is that this isn't Nick.

He hates coming into the city, he hates spending unnecessary money because he has this mindset the economy might break and then he'd need the money.

"f*****g hell." Nathaniel's voice snaps me out of my absentminded stare. I turn to face him, inhaling a deep breath, "It's fine, I don't think they saw us." I shrug it off.

"I think they did." Nathaniel's hostile glare is directed past my head and his eyes move to the isle side right before a shadow falls over me and I glance up to the side, looking right into Nick's blazing olive orbs and I actually thought that Tiffany would have been the one to come over and say something since she usually has a lot to say.

"Hi." , "Can we help you?" Nathaniel and I both speak at the same time and my cheeks heat in secondhand embarrassment.

I didn't think Nathaniel would be so hostile, but then again, when he planned this night, it didn't include my ex.

"You two have some nerve." Nick seethes as he slides his hands into his trouser pockets.

Just as I was about to ask what his problem is, the clicking of heels and Tiffany's pink dress that's similar to mine catches me off guard and I'm quiet.

My eyes flick between the two and I clear my throat, "Have a nice evening." I mutter, hoping that they would catch the hint and leave.

"Thanks!" Tiffany beams, her voice makes me want to squint my eyes shut and claw my ears off just to never hear them again.

"Let's go." Tiffany tries to pull him away, but he shrugs her off and slams his hand onto the table, "Don't think that she stayed quiet about what you did." He seethes and I could feel the people's eyes around us on me. It feels like insects crawling up my spine and neck before their little feet rummage through my hair.

"I had every right to." Nathaniel scoffs and Nick's eyes blaze with anger, "You had no right!", "It is my land. I can throw her out however the hell I like!" He seethes and the confusion on Nick's face sets me back. "Throw her out? You took her." He hisses in a whisper because all of the people around us are humans after all.

"After she begged for help." I help defend Nathaniel and Nick's glare flicks to me before his eyes soften. "Nick, I said leave it. Let's go." Tiffany is trying really hard to get him away from us. She's hiding something.

"What did you tell him?" I snap at her and she stills, freezing as her guilty gaze falls to me, but she quickly covers it up, "The truth." She whips her s**t colored

hair over her shoulder, the sleek look on her face does nothing to convince me that she didn't lie.

"So you told him you showed up naked at our pack because something was chasing you?" I bat my eyelashes, my hand gliding across the table and Nathaniel takes my hand gently.

"What?" Nick's confusion is priceless and Tiffany's baffled expression is even better.

"You said he kidnapped you?" Nick asks her all confused and Nathaniel snorts, "Why in the universe would I choose to kidnap her? She's annoying and she is the only thing keeping you away from what's mine." Nathaniel growls and the way he said I am his makes me wet between the legs, my stomach flipping in excitement and my heart thundering in my chest.

I glance at him with the deepest red blush on my face, feeling ready to just crash into him and kiss him.

"You did! I escaped." Tiffany stomps her foot like a child throwing a tantrum and I press my free hand to my mouth as I snort of laughter.

Her blue eyes grow dark in anger and I assume embarrassment before she takes Nick's hand, "They are lying Nicky." She pouts, trying to persuade him to believe her, but I could tell that he believes Nathaniel and I, because what Nathaniel said was a hundred percent true.

Tiffany is the only thing keeping Nick away from me.

Nick begged me to stay in his pack, to go back and I can't wonder if she knows this.

"Come on Nick..." I sigh and he glances down at me, his eyebrows furrowed, "After asking me to go back to that pack, you should know that Nathaniel wouldn't do anything to your mate." I shrug, "What?!" Tiffany bellows over dramatically, like always and the manager of the restaurant inches closer. "What is going on here?" The medium sized man asks with a guy twice his size behind him, hopefully the security guards.

"These people are pestering us on our date." Nathaniel grins as his eyes lock on Nick and I could feel the cold tension between the four of us.

The manager turns to Nick and Tiffany, "I'm afraid I am going to have to ask you to pay and leave. You are causing a massive disturbance." He politely tells them and I suck my lips into my mouth as I try not to laugh.

Nick stares at the man and then his gaze flicks to Nathaniel and then me before he pulls out a stack of cash and shoves it into the man's hand, "Keep the change." He deadpans before turning and as he tries to take Tiffany's hand, she swats his hand away and stomps off, "I am out of here!" She bellows so loud that her annoying voice bounces off the walls and she storms out.

Nathaniel gives my hand a squeeze as I keep my laughter in and when they both leave and the manager apologizes and leaves too, I burst out in a fit of laughter and I try my best to keep it quiet to not disturb the rest of the people's evening's.

"I can not believe that woman." Nathaniel chuckles, shaking his head as he stares at me.

His thumb drags over my fingers repeatedly as I slowly stop laughing and I just sit and stare at him with a smile.

"How could you not believe it? She's a manipulator, a child in a woman's body." I snort a little too deep and he starts laughing, which has me laughing again too.

"I can't believe she told him we kidnapped her." I tut, shaking my head.

I hope they end up fighting, perhaps Nick will then see how mad in the head she actually is.

I don't want them to split, I am happy that he is happy, but I do hope that he knows how crazy she is and can be.

"I can...she was sniffing around and got mad that I eventually caught on. It's not like you to throw people into a wall." He scoffs.

"How would you know? You know little of me." My eyes narrow into slits and I give him a teasing look.

“I know enough, plus- we have the rest of our lives to get to know one another, don’t we?” He grins and the way his eyes has this little shimmer makes me feel like I’m ready to leave too.

The waiter comes back with his little notebook in hand and I stare wide eyed at Nathaniel for help, making him laugh and he orders me a white wine and for him a whiskey on the rocks.

We enjoy each other’s company as we eat and drink our liquor and when he pays and we leave, we drive deeper into the city instead of out of it.

“Where are we going?” I giggle as I struggle to put my safety belt on.

Nathaniel gently lets go of the wheel, using his long legs to steer as he leans over and clips it in for me.

What he just did is mind blowing yet sweet.

“I am taking you out for the entire night, you didn’t think dinner was all we were going to do, right?” His one eyebrow is raised at me and I shrug, “Well no...but I thought after...”, “I am not letting those two dipshits ruin our night of fun.” He interrupts me and I just smile and wait until he finally stops the car again.

JESSICA’S POV

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Walking into a very dark room with flashing lights everywhere was not what I was expecting until I heard the music because I have never been the party type. I had a good time when I was younger, but since I began taking life seriously, I didn’t think about partying unless it was in my pyjamas with Nick.

“You don’t like it?” Nathaniel yells over the ear bursting music. I smile nonetheless, “I do!” I lie as I gaze around the building filled with drunk people dancing.

The beat of the song has my body kind of wanting to loosen up, to feel everything that I do.

The way my limbs just want to slowly start moving along with the melody is catching me off guard, but I enjoy it because it's something different, something I can use to just fall out of my routine with.

I love staying busy, I love reading to the kids even though I'm just doing it because it's the only place that needed help.

Nathaniel doesn't seem to have much of a social life so there isn't much planning for parties or events at all. We have nowhere to be and if we do, it's still months away.

His hand rests on the small of my back as he leads me to the bar and I hop onto the high chair while he stands next to me, his arm stretched out behind me.

I can't help to think that he's being really sweet for protecting me or he's being really territorial at this moment.

There are plenty of beautiful women in this place, no one is ever going to look at me if I stand next to them.

As we wait to be served, my eyes land on Nick and Tiffany in the middle of the dance floor, making out in between the sweaty people and vile just rises in my throat. I carelessly turn my head, looking at the amount of liquor behind the bar and then I look up at Nathaniel, his eyes trying to catch the bartender's attention.

"Nathaniel." I smile, hoping that I won't ruin the moment. His gaze drops down to mine, his eyebrows raising in a silent reply. "Isn't there some place else we could go?" I ask nicely. He frowns at me with a smile still on his face, "Why?" He asks concerned and I now believe that he hasn't seen them yet.

I nod my head backwards and his eyes flick past my hair, the smile on his face fading before it completely disappears.

"What the hell are they doing in here?" He seethes while he fishes his phone out of his pocket. He barely touches the screen before pressing the phone to his ear. He turns his back to me just as the bartender comes up and he wipes his hands, leaning them on the counter as his hungry eyes trail down my body. "What can I get you cupcake?" He yells as he leans over the bar, a sly grin on his face. I immediately feel lost and I sit back, glancing at Nathaniel now a foot away from me, screaming into his phone.

I look back at the bartender, grinning as I lean in, "I'll have a tequila sun rinse and for my boyfriend over there..." I point over my shoulder at Nate, "Whiskey on the rocks." I smile and I feel like I won as he pales at the sight of Nathaniel.

The bartender clears his throat as he stands upright, giving me a nod before jumping right into work.

My skin erupts in shivers when a arm snakes around my shoulders and I glance up to the side at Nathaniel, "Everything okay?" I ask with a soft smile and he starts to chuckle as he shakes his head at me. "It will be any second now, great job at throwing Enzo off." He snorts as he nods his head in the direction of the bartender, "You know him?" I frown confused, but then again, it seemed like he knew Nathaniel, "I hired him dear." He laughs when Enzo puts down our drinks on the counter, "Boss, hi." His eyes are wide and that mixed with his pale complexion is priceless.

"Enzo, I see you've met my girl." Nathaniel squeezes my shoulder and my cheeks blush when he calls me his girl.

I am his girl, his mate and he's all mine.

"I did." Enzo clears his throat, "Excuse me." Enzo mutters as he turns away and helps the next customer.

"He's shy tonight." Nathaniel frowns, "It's probably because he flirted with the boss' girl." I beam as I swing to the side in the chair, staring up at him with a smile. "He did? I probably missed that." The teasing regretted look on his face has me giggling and I take out his out stretched hand and hop off before taking my drink and he leads me to a corner, grinning with his eyes focused on Nick and Tiffany, "Why are you smiling like that?" I frown up at him. "Just watch." He takes a sip out of his drink, slurping on it when three big men waltz into the club, heading straight for Nick and Tiffany.

I stare in amazement as they grab both of them by the arm and even though Nick tries to fight them off, they freeze, glaring down at them and I notice the light rings that flick through their orbs and I glance up at Nathaniel, "Who are they?" I frown in confusion, "My people I hired to work here," he shrugs , "Wait, this is your bar?" I ask in amazement, "It is, I just told you I hired Enzo." He snorts, "I thought you meant like you helped him get hired." My eyebrows furrow together, "No.I hired him." He grits out in an explanatory manner. "I see that now." I clear my throat.

One of the guards come over to us, "Sir, he wants to speak to the owner." The man in front of us is buff, it's just muscles on muscles, the veins in his body is almost popping out of his veins.

"I'll be right back." His hand drags down my bare arm, making sparks erupt through my entire arm and fingers.

"Are you going to leave me alone here? Really?" I stare at him in shock. I don't know anybody here, I don't mind being alone, but why does he insist on me staying here when I can just walk with him? "I guess not." His fingers slide in between mine and he takes my hand and tugs me along.

I'm no spoiled brat or a mean person, but I can't help but feel giddy inside when Nick realises who the bouncer is dragging along with him. The way his smile falls and the way Tiffany stomps her foot from afar before whispering something into Nick's ear has me giggling as we walk closer. I sip on my pink drink when we stop in front of them, "You wanted to see me?" Nathaniel grins as he throws his free hand over my shoulder, grinning at them and it feels like I want to squeal in excitement.

I can't believe that it's a coincidence that we both had date nights on the same night, nor that we accidentally ended up at the same restaurant and club.

"The owner, not you." Nick sneers as his eyes flick to me. His stone cold gaze turns soft when our eyes lock and my heart just falls into my stomach. There's just something about the look he gives me that is asking for help, screaming for sympathy, but this isn't my club nor is it my choice to let them stay.

"I am the owner." Nathaniel shrugs carelessly, his tone cold and his eyes even colder.

"You two are ruining everything!" Tiffany shrieks as she stomps her foot and the attention seeking action just isn't funny anymore, it's starting to get annoying. "We are? You two stomp up to our table in the restaurant, you two waltz into my club and think that I'm just going to let you stay? f**k no." Nathaniel seethes and he seems to be pushed over his limits tonight.

What was supposed to be a fun night has turned into a public rivalry that seems to have no end.

"We did nothing wrong here! You can't kick us out." Tiffany seethes in a high pitched tone, almost bursting my eardrums.

“I have every right to ask you to leave the premises. I own this place, I own the land you are standing on and we don’t want to see you, ever.” Nathaniel seethes.

Some part of me is feeling sorry for them, they too are new mates, not as new as Nathaniel and I, but new enough to want to spend some time together, even if I know that this entire night was none other than what Tiffany wanted to do.

“Just go home, this is nothing like you.” I sigh as I stare at Nick. Nathaniel’s hold on me tightens as Nick stares me down, “No, I like this, this is nothing like you, so why don’t you just go home?” He sneers, pulling Tiffany closer to him. “I am actually enjoying my night.” , “Just because you are ruining ours, you don’t party, you work. You love to work and you hate this, don’t act like you like it just because it’s his club,” he rolls his eyes, “How would you know? We never went out, we never did anything together. All I could do is work because that is all you did,” I snap at him, “No, I partied with my friends because you worked.” The argument between us is really getting heated up, “Great, imagine all the time wasted because you didn’t want to spend time with me.” I yell into his face. “Jessica.” Nathaniel mutters against my ear and I immediately calm down. I turn my face into his chest before looking up at him, “I’m going to the bathroom.” I mutter and turn to leave.

I don’t know where the bathroom is, but I look for it until I find it and hide inside, hoping that they would be out by the time I eventually leave.

The bathroom itself is luxurious, it has pure white tiles, the stalls aren’t small like other places. It’s clean and it smells good in here, if it weren’t a bathroom, I would totally party in here.

Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 38

JESSICA’S POV

—

“Jessica.” I turn my gaze away from the children, all of them sighing and booing, some begging me to continue reading.

“Hold on little ones.” I close the book, keeping my finger at the page we’re at.

“The alpha is outside, waiting for you.” The girl smiles and my smile fades for a second before I plaster it up again.

“I’ll be right back, the big alpha is summoning me.” I pull my face as if I were in trouble before setting the book down on the little chair I sat on.

I gracefully walk out of the classroom and I didn’t expect him to stand there, dressed so casually, yet still looking as handsome as ever. “What are you doing here?” I frown. I did not want him to come here, I don’t like being interrupted just because he wants to talk.

“I came to see you.” His dazzling smile does nothing to fool me. He wants to make up, to talk about the ultimate scandal I have done but I did nothing wrong. I asked for my things back and I had the right to do it.

“For what? I am busy reading to kids. Didn’t you ask if I was busy?” My eyes narrow on him, “I don’t need to.” He shrugs, making my blood begin to boil.

I inhale a deep breath when a kid passes us and skips into the class.

I really don’t know why I enjoy reading to kids...but the way they smile and laugh, the way their eyes sparkle and it’s like I can see their minds working.

I love creating a safe space for their minds and reading a book is just that.

It’s hard to imagine that what each of them sees is different in so many ways.

“So you just ignore that I am busy, neglect the respect that I need and just show up here and dismiss the little work I do that is important to me?” I snap and his emerald eyes widen, “Well when you put it like that...” he mutters as his eyes flick around the hall.

“Yeah, when I put it like that.” I snap sarcastically and he drags a hand through his dark hair, looking up at the ceiling.

“Don’t be mad at me.” His bottom lip pops out, curling into a pout and the little sad pathetic eyes makes my heart swell.

“Stop that.” I roll my eyes, but I’m not strong enough to fight the smile that creeps up my face.

“I can’t, I don’t like you being mad at me.” He reaches for my hand, his fingers linking with mine and he fiddles with my hand. “Well I don’t like you just f*****g

me and then leaving like I'm some sort of booty call." I grit out, forcing the smile down.

"Well...lets be clear here..." the devilish smile creeping up his face makes me frown, "You booty called me home." The way he jokingly pulls his face, I can't help but giggle a little.

What he's saying is kind of true, I did tease him and all he did was come home to please me while he was suppose to be somewhere else.

"I did no such thing." I scoff even though I am guilty of doing exactly that.

"Sure you didn't." He drags out teasingly.

I get red in the face and I start to fiddle with his fingers, squeezing them, picking at his skin with my nails...he's making me feel small, but in a positive way.

He makes me feel like a giddy kid, like a shy child...

"I didn't." My lips pop out in a pout.

"Okay pumpkin." He steps closer, stroking my hair out of my face.

"Your things arrived." He changes the subject, "Oh...when?", "Just before I came, that's actually why I'm here."

Now I really feel stupid, "Why didn't you just tell me that?" I roll my eyes, "Because you were clearly mad at me and I wanted to fix that first."

"I don't know what to say..." my eyebrows hop as my gaze falls to our linked hands.

"I want you to say yes to a date, for tonight."

My gaze flicks up to him, my eyes narrowing, "You were out the entire night last night." I point out, "I know, but what's another night out in town? The city is alive on Friday's, the people are fun. It'll be a great night." His eyes blaze with excitement as he tries to hype me up for the night.

I chew on my bottom lip, my teeth dragging to the side of my mouth.

“Come on, just say yes.” He begs and my insides twists, the lingering thought to decline and stay home fades as his smile just widens with every passing second.

“Fine.” I huff, rolling my eyes as a smile creeps up my face.

Nathaniel grits out an excited yes and grabs me, pulling me closer and he wraps his arms around me, hugging me and my feet lifts off the floor and he spins me around.

I giggle as he sets me down, “Be ready at seven and wear comfortable shoes, it’s going to be a long night.” He winks and the way his cheek dents makes my heart flutter.

“Casual or fancy wear?” I ask as he turns to leave. He stops in his tracks, his body turned to the side and his eyes trail over my body, a grin taking over his face.

“You’d look good in anything.”

I stare at him agape as he walls off and I feel all giddy as I turn on my toes, my fingers linking as my body tenses and I run back into the classroom to continue reading to the kids.

Running home after reading to the kids, I check the time and it’s three in the afternoon.

I never thought that reading to so many different classes of children could take up so much time.

I calculate the time I have in my head before I run myself a bath, scenting the warm water with some rose bath salts and pedals that were dried out and places in a glass jar.

I soaked my body in the water for an entire hour as I shaved, washed my hair and listened to some music while I relaxed.

I set an exact alarm for four pm and got out to dry and style my hair while I sat in the robe, singing along to old ABBA songs.

I put on a light layer of make up and rummaged through the boxes that were delivered to me earlier and I toss all the good dresses on the bed, smiling when I take out my baby blue one that sparkles.

I stare at the dress, remembering how much I loved it when I first saw it and then how conscious I felt when Nick told me I looked like a first class hooker in the damn thing.

His precise words were, "My f*****g hell, look at you." The first words made me smile, but then it got worse, "You look like a first f*****g class w***e that's looking for her big hit."

The emotional pain I felt has always lingered in my chest, but I couldn't bring myself to get rid of the dress.

It's nothing like I have ever seen before, the way it fits me perfectly is extraordinary and the material is soft and the way it shines under the slightest light is pure magic.

After I finish, it's half past six and I do the finishing touches on my hair and put on my plain white stilettos that are as comfortable as slippers.

Nathaniel hasn't been in the room, he hasn't gotten ready yet and it makes me nervous because it feels like he forgot about the date. It feels like he forgot that he asked me out.

I pace around, walking up and down as I go through everything in my mind, making sure that I didn't forget anything when there's a knock on the door.

I open the door and Nathaniel stands tall in a suit, flowers in hand and his hair gelled back.

"Wow." His eyes trail over me, from the top to the bottom and the way his eyes light up has me blushing.

"You look...wow." The stunned look makes me giddy and I giggle as I smile.

"Thank you, you don't look so bad yourself." I tease and he jokingly rolls his eyes before handing me the flowers.

"I already put up a vase on the dresser." She sleek grin on his face makes me blush as I want to laugh at how he thought of everything.

I put the flowers in the vase and he holds his arm out and I hook my arm into his before we make our way to the car.

He opens the door all gentlemanly like and I get in, my eyes staying fixed on his muscles that fill the suit up.

My eyes absentmindedly follow his silhouette through the darkening sky and I smile as he gets in.

It's an hour's drive into the city and I admire all the lights, all the people roaming the streets, making the city look full of life but if we have done this in the week, the place will be dull, the restaurants empty and most of the shops closed, but on the weekend, it's like a never ending party.

"I love the city like this." I beam as I stare out of the window, ready to bounce out of my seat and live life.

It's exhilarating when I'm around such a lively place, it makes me realize how quiet and comforting the pack life is, how appreciative I am of the bond and closeness of a pack.

Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 39

JESSICA'S POV

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Walking into a fancy restaurant, the shimmering lights fall on my dress. There are various tables with couples and even families. Even the children are well dressed in pretty dresses and little boys in suits.

The entire room is gloomy, lit by candles and soft light and it all seems so elegantly perfect.

Nathaniel's hand rests on the small of my back as we are seated at a comfortable little table that has a small bouquet of roses in the middle, two candles on each side.

"This is so cute." I smile as we sit down.

"It's a very great restaurant, it should be elegant, not cute." He gives the waiter a glance and the poor fella just goes pale with fear.

“It’s perfect, not too extravagant.” I try to fix the building tension and the waiter smiles as he hands us our menu’s and asks us what we would like to drink.

There’s something off about this place, but I try to shrug it off and read through the list as I feel pressured to make a decision right away.

“Come back in a few.” Nathaniel mutters politely and the waiter leaves.

My gaze only flicks up and I stare at him embarrassed through my lashes, “You don’t have to know right away.” He reassures me and my chest suddenly feels lighter, until I hear a high pitched giggle that fills the room.

My head immediately turns around to the table across the room and it’s like a nightmare come true because in the dim light under a small candle lit corner, sits Tiffany and Nick, smiling and enjoying themselves and all I can think is that this isn’t Nick.

He hates coming into the city, he hates spending unnecessary money because he has this mindset the economy might break and then he’d need the money.

“f*****g hell.” Nathaniel’s voice snaps me out of my absentminded stare. I turn to face him, inhaling a deep breath, “It’s fine, I don’t think they saw us.” I shrug it off.

“I think they did.” Nathaniel’s hostile glare is directed past my head and his eyes move to the isle side right before a shadow falls over me and I glance up to the side, looking right into Nick’s blazing olive orbs and I actually thought that Tiffany would have been the one to come over and say something since she usually has a lot to say.

“Hi.” , “Can we help you?” Nathaniel and I both speak at the same time and my cheeks heat in secondhand embarrassment.

I didn’t think Nathaniel would be so hostile, but then again, when he planned this night, it didn’t include my ex.

“You two have some nerve.” Nick seethes as he slides his hands into his trouser pockets.

Just as I was about to ask what his problem is, the clicking of heels and Tiffany’s pink dress that’s similar to mine catches me off guard and I’m quiet.

My eyes flick between the two and I clear my throat, "Have a nice evening." I mutter, hoping that they would catch the hint and leave.

"Thanks!" Tiffany beams, her voice makes me want to squint my eyes shut and claw my ears off just to never hear them again.

"Let's go." Tiffany tries to pull him away, but he shrugs her off and slams his hand onto the table, "Don't think that she stayed quiet about what you did." He seethes and I could feel the people's eyes around us on me. It feels like insects crawling up my spine and neck before their little feet rummage through my hair.

"I had every right to." Nathaniel scoffs and Nick's eyes blaze with anger, "You had no right!", "It is my land. I can throw her out however the hell I like!" He seethes and the confusion on Nick's face sets me back. "Throw her out? You took her." He hisses in a whisper because all of the people around us are humans after all.

"After she begged for help." I help defend Nathaniel and Nick's glare flicks to me before his eyes soften. "Nick, I said leave it. Let's go." Tiffany is trying really hard to get him away from us. She's hiding something.

"What did you tell him?" I snap at her and she stills, freezing as her guilty gaze falls to me, but she quickly covers it up, "The truth." She whips her s**t colored hair over her shoulder, the sleek look on her face does nothing to convince me that she didn't lie.

"So you told him you showed up naked at our pack because something was chasing you?" I batt my eyelashes, my hand gliding across the table and Nathaniel takes my hand gently.

"What?" Nick's confusion is priceless and Tiffany's baffled expression is even better.

"You said he kidnapped you?" Nick asks her all confused and Nathaniel snorts, "Why in the universe would I choose to kidnap her? She's annoying and she is the only thing keeping you away from what's mine." Nathaniel growls and the way he said I am his makes me wet between the legs, my stomach flipping in excitement and my heart thundering in my chest.

I glance at him with the deepest red blush on my face, feeling ready to just crash into him and kiss him.

“You did! I escaped.” Tiffany stomps her foot like a child throwing a tantrum and I press my free hand to my mouth as I snort of laughter.

Her blue eyes grow dark in anger and I assume embarrassment before she takes Nick’s hand, “They are lying Nicky.” She pouts, trying to persuade him to believe her, but I could tell that he believes Nathaniel and I, because what Nathaniel said was a hundred percent true.

Tiffany is the only thing keeping Nick away from me.

Nick begged me to stay in his pack, to go back and I can’t wonder if she knows this.

“Come on Nick...” I sigh and he glances down at me, his eyebrows furrowed, “After asking me to go back to that pack, you should know that Nathaniel wouldn’t do anything to your mate.” I shrug, “What?!” Tiffany bellows over dramatically, like always and the manager of the restaurant inches closer. “What is going on here?” The medium sized man asks with a guy twice his size behind him, hopefully the security guards.

“These people are pestering us on our date.” Nathaniel grins as his eyes lock on Nick and I could feel the cold tension between the four of us.

The manager turns to Nick and Tiffany, “I’m afraid I am going to have to ask you to pay and leave. You are causing a massive disturbance.” He politely tells them and I suck my lips into my mouth as I try not to laugh.

Nick stares at the man and then his gaze flicks to Nathaniel and then me before he pulls out a stack of cash and shoves it into the man’s hand, “Keep the change.” He deadpans before turning and as he tries to take Tiffany’s hand, she swats his hand away and stomps off, “I am out of here!” She bellows so loud that her annoying voice bounces off the walls and she storms out.

Nathaniel gives my hand a squeeze as I keep my laughter in and when they both leave and the manager apologizes and leaves too, I burst out in a fit of laughter and I try my best to keep it quiet to not disturb the rest of the people’s evening’s.

“I can not believe that woman.” Nathaniel chuckles, shaking his head as he stares at me.

His thumb drags over my fingers repeatedly as I slowly stop laughing and I just sit and stare at him with a smile.

“How could you not believe it? She’s a manipulator, a child in a woman’s body.” I snort a little too deep and he starts laughing, which has me laughing again too.

“I can’t believe she told him we kidnapped her.” I tut, shaking my head.

I hope they end up fighting, perhaps Nick will then see how mad in the head she actually is.

I don’t want them to split, I am happy that he is happy, but I do hope that he knows how crazy she is and can be.

“I can...she was sniffing around and got mad that I eventually caught on. It’s not like you to throw people into a wall.” He scoffs.

“How would you know? You know little of me.” My eyes narrow into slits and I give him a teasing look.

“I know enough, plus- we have the rest of our lives to get to know one another, don’t we?” He grins and the way his eyes has this little shimmer makes me feel like I’m ready to leave too.

The waiter comes back with his little notebook in hand and I stare wide eyed at Nathaniel for help, making him laugh and he orders me a white wine and for him a whiskey on the rocks.

We enjoy each other’s company as we eat and drink our liquor and when he pays and we leave, we drive deeper into the city instead of out of it.

“Where are we going?” I giggle as I struggle to put my safety belt on.

Nathaniel gently lets go of the wheel, using his long legs to steer as he leans over and clips it in for me.

What he just did is mind blowing yet sweet.

“I am taking you out for the entire night, you didn’t think dinner was all we were going to do, right?” His one eyebrow is raised at me and I shrug, “Well no...but I thought after...”, “I am not letting those two dipshits ruin our night of

fun.” He interrupts me and I just smile and wait until he finally stops the car again.

Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 40

JESSICA’S POV

—

Walking into a very dark room with flashing lights everywhere was not what I was expecting until I heard the music because I have never been the party type. I had a good time when I was younger, but since I began taking life seriously, I didn’t think about partying unless it was in my pyjamas with Nick.

“You don’t like it?” Nathaniel yells over the ear bursting music. I smile nonetheless, “I do!” I lie as I gaze around the building filled with drunk people dancing.

The beat of the song has my body kind of wanting to loosen up, to feel everything that I do.

The way my limbs just want to slowly start moving along with the melody is catching me off guard, but I enjoy it because it’s something different, something I can use to just fall out of my routine with.

I love staying busy, I love reading to the kids even though I’m just doing it because it’s the only place that needed help.

Nathaniel doesn’t seem to have much of a social life so there isn’t much planning for parties or events at all. We have nowhere to be and if we do, it’s still months away.

His hand rests on the small of my back as he leads me to the bar and I hop onto the high chair while he stands next to me, his arm stretched out behind me.

I can’t help to think that he’s being really sweet for protecting me or he’s being really territorial at this moment.

There are plenty of beautiful women in this place, no one is ever going to look at me if I stand next to them.

As we wait to be served, my eyes land on Nick and Tiffany in the middle of the dance floor, making out in between the sweaty people and vile just rises in my throat. I carelessly turn my head, looking at the amount of liquor behind the bar and then I look up at Nathaniel, his eyes trying to catch the bartender's attention.

"Nathaniel." I smile, hoping that I won't ruin the moment. His gaze drops down to mine, his eyebrows raising in a silent reply. "Isn't there some place else we could go?" I ask nicely. He frowns at me with a smile still on his face, "Why?" He asks concerned and I now believe that he hasn't seen them yet.

I nod my head backwards and his eyes flick past my hair, the smile on his face fading before it completely disappears.

"What the hell are they doing in here?" He seethes while he fishes his phone out of his pocket. He barely touches the screen before pressing the phone to his ear. He turns his back to me just as the bartender comes up and he wipes his hands, leaning them on the counter as his hungry eyes trail down my body. "What can I get you cupcake?" He yells as he leans over the bar, a sly grin on his face. I immediately feels lost and I sit back, glancing at Nathaniel now a foot away from me, screaming into his phone.

I look back at the bartender, grinning as I lean in, "I'll have a tequila sun rinse and for my boyfriend over there..." I point over my shoulder at Nate, "Whiskey on the rocks." I smile and I feel like I won as he pales at the sight of Nathaniel.

The bartender clears his throat as he stands upright, giving me a nod before jumping right into work.

My skin erupts in shivers when a arm snakes around my shoulders and I glance up to the side at Nathaniel, "Everything okay?" I ask with a soft smile and he starts to chuckle as he shakes his head at me. "It will be any second now, great job at throwing Enzo off." He snorts as he nods his head in the direction of the bartender, "You know him?" I frown confused, but then again, it seemed like he knew Nathaniel, "I hired him dear." He laughs when Enzo puts down our drinks on the counter, "Boss, hi." His eyes are wide and that mixed with his pale complexion is priceless.

"Enzo, I see you've met my girl." Nathaniel squeezes my shoulder and my cheeks blush when he calls me his girl.

I am his girl, his mate and he's all mine.

"I did." Enzo clears his throat, "Excuse me." Enzo mutters as he turns away and helps the next customer.

"He's shy tonight." Nathaniel frowns, "It's probably because he flirted with the boss' girl." I beam as I swing to the side in the chair, staring up at him with a smile. "He did? I probably missed that." The teasing regretted look on his face has me giggling and I take out his out stretched hand and hop off before taking my drink and he leads me to a corner, grinning with his eyes focused on Nick and Tiffany, "Why are you smiling like that?" I frown up at him. "Just watch." He takes a sip out of his drink, slurping on it when three big men waltz into the club, heading straight for Nick and Tiffany.

I stare in amazement as they grab both of them by the arm and even though Nick tries to fight them off, they freeze, glaring down at them and I notice the light rings that flick through their orbs and I glance up at Nathaniel, "Who are they?" I frown in confusion, "My people I hired to work here," he shrugs , "Wait, this is your bar?" I ask in amazement, "It is, I just told you I hired Enzo." He snorts, "I thought you meant like you helped him get hired." My eyebrows furrow together, "No. I hired him." He grits out in an explanatory manner. "I see that now." I clear my throat.

One of the guards come over to us, "Sir, he wants to speak to the owner." The man in front of us is buff, it's just muscles on muscles, the veins in his body is almost popping out of his veins.

"I'll be right back." His hand drags down my bare arm, making sparks erupt through my entire arm and fingers.

"Are you going to leave me alone here? Really?" I stare at him in shock. I don't know anybody here, I don't mind being alone, but why does he insist on me staying here when I can just walk with him? "I guess not." His fingers slide in between mine and he takes my hand and tugs me along.

I'm no spoiled brat or a mean person , but I can't help but feel giddy inside when Nick realises who the bouncer is dragging along with him. The way his smile falls and the way Tiffany stomps her foot from afar before whispering something into Nick's ear has me giggling as we walk closer. I sip on my pink drink when we stop in front of them, "You wanted to see me?" Nathaniel grins as he throws his free hand over my shoulder, grinning at them and it feels like I want to squeal in excitement.

I can't believe that it's a coincidence that we both had date nights on the same night, nor that we accidentally ended up at the same restaurant and club.

"The owner, not you." Nick sneers as his eyes flick to me. His stone cold gaze turns soft when our eyes lock and my heart just falls into my stomach. There's just something about the look he gives me that is asking for help, screaming for sympathy, but this isn't my club nor is it my choice to let them stay.

"I am the owner." Nathaniel shrugs carelessly, his tone cold and his eyes even colder.

"You two are ruining everything!" Tiffany shrieks as she stomps her foot and the attention seeking action just isn't funny anymore, it's starting to get annoying. "We are? You two stomp up to our table in the restaurant, you two waltz into my club and think that I'm just going to let you stay? f**k no." Nathaniel seethes and he seems to be pushed over his limits tonight.

What was supposed to be a fun night has turned into a public rivalry that seems to have no end.

"We did nothing wrong here! You can't kick us out." Tiffany seethes in a high pitched tone, almost bursting my eardrums.

"I have every right to ask you to leave the premises. I own this place, I own the land you are standing on and we don't want to see you, ever." Nathaniel seethes.

Some part of me is feeling sorry for them, they too are new mates, not as new as Nathaniel and I, but new enough to want to spend some time together, even if I know that this entire night was none other than what Tiffany wanted to do.

"Just go home, this is nothing like you." I sigh as I stare at Nick. Nathaniel's hold on me tightens as Nick stares me down, "No, I like this, this is nothing like you, so why don't you just go home?" He sneers, pulling Tiffany closer to him. "I am actually enjoying my night." , "Just because you are ruining ours, you don't party, you work. You love to work and you hate this, don't act like you like it just because it's his club," he rolls his eyes, "How would you know? We never went out, we never did anything together. All I could do is work because that is all you did," I snap at him, "No, I partied with my friends because you worked." The argument between us is really getting heated up, "Great, imagine all the time wasted because you didn't want to spend time

with me.” I yell into his face. “Jessica.” Nathaniel mutters against my ear and I immediately calm down. I turn my face into his chest before looking up at him, “I’m going to the bathroom.” I mutter and turn to leave.

I don’t know where the bathroom is, but I look for it until I find it and hide inside, hoping that they would be out by the time I eventually leave.

The bathroom itself is luxurious, it has pure white tiles, the stalls aren’t small like other places. It’s clean and it smells good in here, if it weren’t a bathroom, I would totally party in here.