

## Rumour has it...

JESSICA'S POV

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Nick stopped coming to our room two weeks ago...I sleep alone nowadays, but I got use to it and it's now comforting, I love coming into a room, jumping or falling onto the bed effortlessly.

I sit in Nick's oce, rummaging through papers that need to be done. I have to sign for the food orders and my eyes ick over the list of trucks that have to enter the premises.

Before I could sign the papers, the oce door ies open and Nick barges in, snarling and growling at me.

"Are you insane?" he bellows loudly and I stare up at him with a bored look. "Excuse me?"

He's heaving in front of his own desk, his gaze dark and eyes narrow.

"You had her attacked!" he slams his sted hands on the desk, letting a snarl rip from his throat.

"I did what?" my face scrunches up in confusion. "Don't play dumb, I know you are , but there's no need to act like it." his harsh words make my eyes widen.

I let my pen drop onto the papers in front of me as I uncross my legs and I stand up, staring into his cold gaze amusingly.

With my hands resting on the wooden desk in front of me, I lean forward, glaring at him, "What is wrong with you?" I shake my head in disapproval of his tone.

Not once has he raised his voice, gotten mad or snapped at me...but look at him now, thinking I would hurt his little mate for revenge.

If I wanted to kill her, I would have done it myself.

"What is wrong with me?" he snorts, his thumb dragging across his bottom lip.

"You went after my mate, sending people to do your dirty work." he snarls with a disgusted look on his face.

"If I wanted to kill her, I would...but now it sounds like even the pack doesn't like her...so maybe..." my hand drags to edge of the table as I walk around it, "Maybe I should kill her, I mean...It would be my duty to the pack." I grin at him and he stares at me with rage lled eyes.

"You will not!" he bellows and I stop in my tracks, "Look at you...at us...what you are doing to us." I sit on the edge of the desk, my one leg straight to keep me up.

His eyes soften, his arched eyebrows furrowing together, frown lines forming on his forehead between his eyebrows.

"What I am doing? You are trying to kill my mate." he grits out, his tone lled with anger, pure anger that comes from being protective over what is his...I was once that...his.

"I am your mate!" I bellow, knocking the wooden statue of a wolf right off his desk with the back of my hand.

Horror lls his eyes but it's quickly replaced with sorrow and guilt.

He steps back, gulping the lump down that's lunged in his throat, "You're right..."

I roll my eyes, sighing as I stare at the hook of the desk in front of me. "I am, but you don't care. Not anymore." I stand, staring up into his eyes. He's staring at me with pity, "I'm sorry...I got caught up in the moment with Tiffany..." a soft snarl escapes my lips and it makes him step closer, but he doesn't lift his hand to reach for me.

All I want is for him to comfort me, to choose me, but I know that will never happen.

"I don't want to ght with you anymore Jess..." my heart utters at the little nickname he uses.

It reminds me of better times, of all the years we've been friends, lovers and more.

We were partners and now we're at each other's throats.

"Don't call me that..." I sigh, glancing away from him.

"I'll do better...I'll shift my time." his words make my gaze ick up at him, "Don't, I know you don't want to."

I don't want him taking pity on me, I hate it. I hate knowing that he doesn't love me anymore...

"Please, I love you." he closes the distance between us and he brushes my hair out of my neck before his ngers lightly brush over my mark.

I inhale a sharp breath as the pleasure builds in the base of my spine. I lean into his touch when his hand turns and he cups my cheek.

"I do love you Jess, you are my rst love." his hand slides down my arm, the warmth of his hand sending a shiver down my spine.

It's a tingling feeling that makes my nervous system shiver and mix up my entire thoughts.

I want to hold him at the same time I want to shove him away and scold him, but his touch makes me weak...

"Stop," the word falls from my lips in a soft whimper and he does stop...

"Tell me how to x this." his voice is pleading with me, "Stop taking her everywhere...I am your rst mate, I am your true love, not something bounded by fate with some magical spell. I am your Luna and you are treating me like the other woman. Let's make this clear, I am not the other woman, I am the woman. These people, our pack...they don't trust her and neither do I. They don't respect her because all they see is their leader sad and the other fooling around with a whore." a little growl escapes his lips.

"See? You are treating her as the Luna, where she is not and I am. Your Luna is your top priority, and yet, you are failing that simple duty."

His lips part and then press into a thin line, I guess I left him speechless.

"I'm sorry."

His apology makes me snort, "No, you aren't.", "I am, please let me x this.", "How? How would you x this?" I cross my arms over my chest. "Let me take you to the gathering tomorrow night, you and me, side by side, like we use to be."

It all seems too good to be true, but I guess I should accept...for the pack's sake.

"Fine, but weren't you taking Tiffany?" my eyebrows raise and he lets out a heavy sigh, "I'll talk to her. She'll understand."

I am sure she will.

"Fine, now can I get back to this?" I motion to the papers beside me and he nods, his hands folding behind his back before turning on his heel and walking out of his own oce.

I wish he would have stayed...to want to talk...but all of this isn't because he loves me. It's because he loves her.

He knows that he needs my approval because I am the Luna, the most precious thing to the pack, not Tiffany because she is just the other woman, even if he treats me as such.

He's failing and needs to keep me on his side to protect her, but I guess if I want this to work, if I want to get him back on my side, I'd have to deal with whoever wanted her dead in the rst place. I'm pretty sure that the maids know something, they always know everything.

I nish my paper work before I head out and people gather around me as I head to the pack house, calling out to me, "Luna!" is all I hear while I walk.

I halt in front of the pack house, standing on the steps to overlook them all, "What can I do for you?" I smile gracefully, "Who's that woman with the alpha?", "Isn't he your mate?", "Is the alpha cheating on you?"

I see that Nick has been very busy in public...

"Tiffany is the alpha's fated mate." I announce and gasps ll the air around me and I inhale a sharp breath. "And I would advise all of you to be kind to her, you don't have to like her but she is now in our lives." I force a smile and a woman walks towards me, her hands clasped together. "But Luna...how could this be? Fated is so rare..." she shakes her head, seeming confused.

I was too...

"It is rare, but not impossible." I gulp down the lump stuck in my throat.

"Please...If you know anything of the attack...let me know." i force a smile,turning halfway before glancing back at the crowd standing with me, "And just be friendly, remember I am the luna." I tease, winking at them and I get a few giggles and snorts at my stupid joke.

After asking almost every maid and servant if they heard or seen anything, they haven't, which is unheard of. Something could happen in the privacy of a home and this pack house would vibrate with news and whispers.

I continue the rest of the day to ask around the pack and like expected , they all hate her, like I do.

They think she's a threat and I am tired of defending her to every single person.

But they see her as I see her, a brat, a low life ruining other people's homes and lives because she does not have one.

I pity her because even her mother couldn't wait to get rid of her and now she's dumped here, staying in my house...I hate that Nick had her moved in after she whined her expensive watch was stolen, the same one she was wearing two days ago and surprisingly found...

A liar, a manipulator, a w\*\*\*e and a homewrecker all wrapped into one little human body.

Coming home after hearing nothing, I nd Tiffany sitting on the couch, sning as she cries.

Pathetic.

I slam the door behind me and head for the kitchen, "How could you?" she sneers from behind me and I turn with wide eyes, amazed that she's talking to me.

"Excuse me?", "You are trying to steal him from the only little time I have with him!" she yells at me and I raise my hand sarcastically, "Okay." I roll my eyes and turn around, my body tensing when the vase I just replaced hit the wall beside my head and I turn with bright eyes focused on her, "Are you insane?" I bellow, making her whimper and she clutches her head between her hands.

"Forget it..." I sigh and she rushes over to me, grabbing my arm, "You will suffer for this." she seethes before looking down at the broken glass around and beneath our feet and she lets out a scream.