

Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 61

JESSICA'S POV

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Nathaniel hasn't spoken to me since I went quiet after asking me if I had any questions. He sounded so serious and I just couldn't find myself to answer him, because I had no more questions.

The only think I'm happy about is that he didn't turn cold on me, he actually did the opposite. He only said okay and washed my body, scrubbing my back in soothing circles. He held me while I fell asleep and the heat of his body keeping me warm.

I woke up to his side of the bed being empty and cold as I ran my hand over it, but as the door opens, I smile as he brings in a tray with food on it.

"Morning." he smiles, but his tone is off as he puts the tray on my lap. "How did you sleep?" I make small talk because I could feel the tension growing between us. "Good." he nods. I was about to ask him if he ate too when my phone starts ringing and I glance to my bedside table, noticing it's just a number, but it's a number I recognised all too well.

It's the number that's connected to the West pack's packhouse, one I dialed a thousand times to check up on when I was busy with other things.

I reach over, silencing the call with a heavy heart as I turn back to the tray of food on my lap.

"Who was that?" Nathaniel's eyes glance between mine and my phone. I shrug, "Packhouse number from my old pack." I mutter, my teeth gliding along my tongue.

His eyes narrow on my phone before looking back at me, "Why would they call you?" he asks dumbfounded and I stare at him as if he might be stupid, because right in this moment, I think he is.

"Maybe because their alpha isn't returning home." I shrug and he rolls his eyes. "Of course, but they have a luna." he shakes his head and I can't help but snort. My snort turns into a laughter and he c***s his head at me, "What is so funny?" he doesn't look pleased with me in this very moment. "The thing

that's funny is...is that Tiffany is self obsessed. She has no luna qualities and when I actually went over there, they still called me Luna because she can never be one, hell I bet she doesn't even want to be one." I scoff and the atmosphere in the room shifts to something colder than it already was.

"She was chosen to be the alpha's mate, I'm sure she'll survive." he mutters as his eyes flick to his hand that's dragging across the duvet.

"I'm sure she will." that comes out more sarcastic than I planned and Nathaniel stares at me with a serious expression for a good few seconds before he starts to laugh, "Fine, we both know that you are right." he sighs before dropping back onto the bed with his back.

"I know." I start to giggle along with him as I start to eat.

Just as I take my first bite, not even chewing, my phone starts ringing again. I sigh, turning to see it's them again.

Nathaniel props himself up on his elbow, tilting his head to the side, "Just answer it." he sighs, but I refuse.

I love my old pack, but they need to learn to get by without me.

I swallow my bite, leaning over to the phone and silencing it.

"No. I am not their luna anymore." I put my foot down, but my heart aches just as I say the word. How can I let the people down that looked up to me?

How will they see me if I don't answer the phone.

I notice how the screen goes off from the side of my eye, the guilt in my chest fading just a bit and before I could even think about taking another bite of the delicious food, it starts ringing again.

"Oh my f*****g word." I grit out, turning to the phone, "Just answer it!" Nathaniel bellows, not in an angry way, but supportive one.

I sigh, picking up the phone and I stare up at him before I slide my finger across the screen, answering it.

"Hello?" I mutter in a low voice.

“Luna Jessica, please, we need help!” I recognize the head omega’s voice. “Where’s Nick?” is my first question, but I already know the answer to that, but I don’t want them to think I know where he is.

Nick deserves what he’s getting.

“He’s not here, please. There are unpaid bills, we have no water, I don’t know what to do.” the panic is clear in her voice.

“Where’s Tiffany?” I ask calmly, but the woman just snorts, “She’s in Paris! Alpha Nick came back without her and he said he was going to do some work, but then he vanished.”

I glance at Nathaniel, my tongue ready to just say I’m on my way, but I can’t do that anymore. I have a new pack, a new life...It’s not my problem.

‘Isn’t it?’ Zola’s sarcastic comment makes me rethink everything and she is right. It is my problem because I left Nick tied to a tree.

They don’t have an Alpha or Luna because of me.

“I’ll be right there.” I mutter as I stare Nate dead in the eye and he rolls his eyes, clearly disappointed in my choice.

“I can’t help it!” I throw my hands in the air before moving the tray aside.

“I’m sorry.” I mutter as I climb out of bed and walk over to the closet.

“I get it.” he sighs. I glance over my shoulder at him, smiling, “You do?” I ask confused and he hums, “If it were this pack, they didn’t need to call second time because I would have answered the first.” he scoffs, raking his hands through his perfect raven hair.

Everything about him is so perfect, his looks, his heart, his understanding nature.

I feel like I don’t even deserve him.

After I get dressed, Nathaniel drives me over to the West pack, the place that was once home but isn’t anymore. We pull up to my old home, the one thing that was my comfort is now my worst terror.

As I walk inside, my eyes almost bulge out of their sockets at the sight of all the pink balloons and decorations.

“What the hell?” I grit out and realization hits me when I read the happy birthday sign stuck to the wall.

“Oh my...” I mutter, my voice just trailing off.

“What is it?” Nathaniel asks as he closes the door behind us, his eyes scanning the place, “You surely liked pink.” he murmurs as he comes to a standing halt next to me.

I swat him on the arm and he jokingly jolts, rubbing where I had hit him.

“Ow!” he deadpans jokingly and I snort, shaking my head, “This was for her birthday.” I mutter as I inch to the kitchen.

“Who’s?”, “Brunette Barbie’s of course, it was her birthday yesterday.” I kick a fallen balloon to the side.

“And where is she now?” he asks and I start to smile, which turns into a laugh, “In Paris alone because of me.” I grin devilishly.

I shouldn’t be smiling in the house that holds so many memories of Nick and I, but I can’t help but feel giddy inside at the thought of him leaving his own mate on her birthday just because I said I needed him.

It feels good, but I kind of feel bad for her. No one deserves that on their own birthday.

“How is it because of you?” Nathaniel tucks his hands into his jean pockets. “Because I asked Nick if we could talk, I felt like I needed advice and he was my only real friend, he left her at the airport, so it’s my fault.” I explain the situation and he awkwardly does a short hum, making me notice his disapproval.

I turn to him, “I forgot it was her birthday, it’s not like she’s important to me.” I snort, “But Nick is?” he asks, c*****g his head at me and I freeze.

“What do you mean?”, “You asked for his advice, didn’t you? Because you care for him.” he points out the obvious, but it’s in the wrong tense. Yesterday I did care about him, before he tried to strip me of my happiness.

Not again. I don't ever want to see his face again.

"Cared, he thinks he owns me. I'm done with him." I scoff and the silence fills the house, screaming so loudly that I clear my throat and turn, "I'm going to the office to check his laptop for payments." I walk out of the kitchen and make my way to his home office.

I open the door, my eyes landing on the messy desk, his laptop sitting on the middle of it, his chair sideways and the memory of him coming into the office, screaming at me makes my blood boil.

This is for the pack, not him.

I remind myself why I'm here as I march over to the chair, turning it before sitting down.

His desk is now covered with photo's of him and Tiffany, most of them are selfies and they all look edited.

I sigh as I open his laptop and roll my eyes when I notice his wallpaper is of her too, this one is a little bit more explicit of her, wearing a tiny pink see through lingerie dress.

I grimace at the sight and open his banking app, scrolling through the details.

As I wait for the page to log in, I glance at his desk drawers and turn to them, opening the first one and my heart stops when our photo is laying there.

It was a photo from my Luna ceremony when I took the title and my heart aches at the happy smiles on our faces.

Oh how things have changed so much is beyond my belief, it almost feels surreal.

Staring at the photo, I remember how we danced, we waltzed around the ballroom like we've been dancing for years and we were alone.

It was almost magical, scratch that, it was. It was one of the best nights of my life and now it's nothing except a memory.

I shake my head as I close the drawer and focus back on the banking app.

My eyes widen at the sight of purchases, one's I'm sure that he didn't make but I move over to the water bill and begin to type in all the correct things before hitting the pay button.

Nathaniel walks into the office, stopping in the door frame, resting his shoulder against the wall.

"It's a nice office, cozy." he mutters as his judgy eyes trail the room.

I mentally scoff, shaking my head.

I know that he doesn't think it's nice because his office is twice as big and twice as better.

The payment goes through and I let out a breath before logging out.

"All done, let's go." I stand and he stands upright, holding his hand out in front of me, "Hold on." he grins, but it's not just any grin...It's the grin that tells me that he has an idea.