

Rejected You Alpha, for A Beast – Chapter 62

JESSICA'S POV

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“What is your idea?” I turn my head, holding out an ear as I walk to the front of the desk, leaning against it with my bum.

“Well...” Nathaniel’s grin is over the moon, I could tell that he was excited, the way his eyes sparks and lights up makes me blush because I have realized that when he’s really, really turned on, it’s like a ring light appearing on the edges of his emerald orbs.

He slowly closes the distance between us, his knees brushing my legs apart before he steps in between them.

“This might be his desk, but let’s claim it.” the smile spreading across his face has me smiling, feeling all giddy inside and I turn my head to the side as I look down beside me, “This desk?” I ask seductively as my fingers brush over the wood.

His hands slam down onto the desk on either side of me, his body leaning forward and I turn to look back at him, his dark orbs making my stomach flutter.

“Exactly this desk.” he breathes out in a whisper, his breath fanning my face and I hum, “Why not?” I shrug and he reaches behind me, closing the laptop and scooting it to the side before he slides his other hand across the desk, papers, pens and clips flying to the side before falling onto the floor.

I giggle, as I scoot back onto the table and gasp when he pulls me to the edge of it, my dress railing up to my waist as his hands slip underneath the fabric.

He crashes his lips against mine as his hands slides in between us. His fingers brush over the fabric of my slightly wet panties, dragging a moan from my throat when he slides the material to the side and slips two fingers inside of me.

I could feel his lips twitching up into a grin as our mouths wrestle, seeking dominance, but how could I not let him win?

My hands slide down his sides until I grab the waistband of his trousers, pulling him closer before I start loosening his pants.

“Mhh.” he groans as I unzip his pants, sliding my hand into the waistband of his trousers and I wrap my fingers around his thick pulsing c**k, palming him.

I tug his boxers down, hooking my feet around the back of his knees and I pull him even closer, his fingers sliding out of my cunt and he takes my hand off his hardwood before aligning it with my entrance.

The surge of exhilarating power courses through me in excitement.

I have always wanted to do this on his desk, but Nick was too caught up on it belonging to his father and it would be disrespectful, but now I don't care as Nathaniel slides right into me.

My one arm hooks around his neck, my other hand holding onto the edge of the desk as he slowly rolls his hips back and forth, sliding in and out of me teasingly.

My breaths are uneven as I cling to him, pulling him closer even though we can't get any closer than we already are.

Our clothed bodies are pressed against one another, our breaths mixed in the air captured between us.

Just as my spine starts to tingle, we both jolt when the door that Nathaniel kicked shut springs open and I feel the blood draining from my face when Nick walks in full of mud, his hair hard, his face scraped and his eyes seething when it lands on us.

“What the f**k?” he bellows, his hands fisting.

Nathaniel covers me with his body, slowly tucking his junk into his boxers before doing his pants and he turns. I fix my dress and hop off the desk, “What are you doing here?” Nate asks, c*****g his head at Nick who's blinded by rage.

Nick doesn't hesitate to get into Nathaniel's face, “What am I doing here?” he snorts, shaking his head, “What the f**k are you doing here?” he grits out and my insides twist at the sight of his dark orbs.

“Doing your job.” Nathaniel scoffs and I wiggle myself in between them.

“I had to come do a payment for water, since there is none.” the judgement in my tone makes Nick glare down at me, “Because I was suppose to do it yesterday when your shitty bat crazy mate came and kidnapped me.” he seethes and I feel Nathaniel’s body move, but I pull my arms back, caging him behind me.

I don’t want an unnecessary fight breaking out, especially not in this tiny space.

“Well we see that you are fine so we’ll leave.” I deadpan and I grab Nathaniel’s hand, pulling him past Nick as we leave.

I push Nathaniel out of the door when he tries to turn back and I stand frozen in the door frame, looking back at my ex.

“I know it’s not my place, but you don’t abandon someone on their birthday, especially not for an ex.” I stare at him with disappointment and his jaw tightens as his head twitches.

He turns, grabbing a small statue that was on the edge of the desk in the corner and tosses at my head, but I jolt away and it hits the wall.

Nate grabs my hand, shaking his head as he pulls me down the hall and we run out of the house.

Climbing into the car, my pent up energy just explodes and I start to laugh uncontrollably, which makes Nate stare at me with amusement as he reverses out of here and turns around, but as soon as we’re out of the gate, he starts laughing too.

“Did you see his face?” Nate bellows as he laughs and I nod, “And how dirty he was?” I add and my life suddenly feels calm, no matter what nonsense Nick brings into it.

I don’t know how he escaped, but he did and now he’s back, again.

NICK’S POV

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Their heavy footsteps running out of my house is the straw beyond the last straw.

Never in my life did I imagine coming home to find Jessica screwing another man on my father's desk, the desk I had admired for so many years since I was a kid. The betrayal breaks my heart, I told her...I told her how much this desk meant to me and she simply didn't care that it would hurt my feelings to have s*x on here, especially with him.

I absently stare at the broken statue pieces laying on the floor, scattered from the outside against the hallway wall to some pieces laying inside of my office and sigh before walking out of here.

I head up to my room, popping every balloon that is still tied to the railing of the stairs. I strip out of my clothes, tossing them into the bathtub before I get into the shower, opening the faucet and I let the cool water spill over my body, calming me until it turns hot.

I wash my hair that is filled with dried mud, scrubbing my skin with the sponge until I feel clean.

I get out of the shower and notice my phone that's still on charge. I walk over to my side of the bed, the towel wrapped around my torso and I unplug it before dialing Tiffany's number.

I stand in front of the window, staring out of it onto the park, watching the men train as her phone rings before she answers, "Hello?" she giggles and I frown when I hear the busy background. It's loud music, but even louder with the voices.

"Hi." I smile at the sound of her voice, "Where are you?" I ask and she goes silent, "Who's this?"

My mouth drops open agape as I blankly stare at the windows in front of me, "Nick, your mate.", "Oh." her happy voice is gone and before I could say anything else, she ends the call.

As I was about to call her back, wondering why she hung up, her name pops up on the top of my phone.

Tiffany: Don't call me, you made your choice to stay home on my birthday. Screw you Nick.

My eyes just fall over the text repeatedly, my heart pulling as I read it over and over again, not knowing why she wouldn't just hear me out.

I know I f****d up, I realized that the minute I watched the plane take off, but she's my mate...She can't leave me, could she?

Me: Can you just hear me out?

blocked

My eyes widen as my heart speeds up. She actually blocked me. How can she just block me like that ?

My heart ache turns into pure anger and I toss the phone onto the bed, watching it hop until it lands on the edge, almost falling and a part of me wishes that it would just fall over for the satisfaction of it, but it doesn't.

I get dressed and grab my phone, knowing that there is only one thing I can do.

I have to show up to where ever the hell she is and talk to her.

The heart ache in my chest doesn't go away as I book my next flight out to Paris, but all I can do is hope that when I get there and see her, it stops.

I grab my bag that I haven't unpacked yet and drive to the airport and wait for my flight, the pain in my chest getting worse, but I shrug it off as I board the plane and blame it on my fear.

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As we land, I immediately go to the hotel I booked and gave them my ID and they gave me a key to access our room. As I walk in, her things are scattered everywhere and I sigh as I put my things down.

As I'm about to leave, the door clicks and relief fills me that she's back here. I stand in the middle, ready to see how beautiful she looks when she barges in, stumbling, but that's not what causes my heart to race, no.

It's the man with his hands on her, stumbling in just as drunk.

Her eyes meet mine and fear flashes through those ocean orbs of her, but the pain in my chest doesn't stop.

“Who the f**k are you?” the man seethes, frowning at me like I’m the enemy.

“Her f*****g husband, who are you?” I step forward and his dazed gaze goes clear as his eyes widen.

“You’re married?” the guy looks at her with a disgusted look.

“I…” she looks at me, confused and surprised, “She is.” I grit out, walking over to him and he slowly backs up, raising his hands in the air. “I’m sorry man, I didn’t know!” is all he says before running off.

NICK’S POV

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“Get out!” Tiffany screeches, pointing at the door. “No, tell me that you weren’t going to do what I think you were about to do.” I stare her dead in the eyes. She crosses her arms, her jaw ticking side to side as she presses her lips into a thin line.

“f*****g hell Tiff, do you not even love me?” I bellow, holding my hand to my chest as I hover over her.

Her eyes stare up at me through her thick lashes, “It’s just a stupid bond.” she grits out and that’s when I suddenly realized that I was all alone.

“You don’t mean that.” I grit out, staring at her with pleading eyes.

I need her to take that back…She can’t mean that.

“I do and even you know it.” she shakes her head, “What do you mean?” I c**k my head at her. “Why did you get off the plane?” her eyes tell me that she already knows the answer, that I have been caught, but she wants me to say it. She wants to hear it come from my mouth.

“Something came up.” I shrug and she smiles sarcastically as she nods, “Something… or someone?” her smile falls.

“Fine, do you really want to hear me say it?” I snap harshly and her eyes become glassy, “Yes.” she seethes.

“Jessica called and said she needed me, but it’s not what you think.” I try to cover my a*s, but she starts laughing, “Isn’t that always the line before the bad

news follows?" she laughs, but it's not because of joy, it's filled with sarcasm and hurt.

"No, nothing happened. She just needed to talk." I shrug and she rolls her eyes, "There are these things, called a phone if she wanted to talk." she seethes, "You would have felt if something happened!" I argue, "Would I? She bared your mark and I doubt that the bond faded when the mark disappeared. How would I know if you dipped your c**k into her? Perhaps I wouldn't have felt it." she argues back and my heart sinks.

She thinks I cheated on her.

"What happened is I tried to get her away from that psychotic hybrid of a mate and she ran off. I went home to book another flight when that monster showed up and kidnapped me to help him find her. They left me tied to a f*****g tree the entire night!" I bellow and Tiffany just starts laughing uncontrollably.

"That's a good one, she wouldn't do that. She's too...soft." she shrugs and I stare her dead in the eyes, "I am really glad that you think that Jessica is still soft. Because she's not, she's living with a cold-blooded killer and she's choosing to stay with him. It makes her just as bad." I shake my head.

I will never see the girl I fell in love with again, because she has been brainwashed and now the old Jessica, my sweet Peaches, is just gone.

"Whatever Nick, just go. You still chose her over me, on my f*****g birthday and that hurt." she grits out, wiping her cheek from the imaginary tears.

But everything she's saying is true...I chose my ex over my mate and that makes me feel like the biggest a*****e in the entire world, hell it doesn't even hurt this bad knowing that I almost killed Jessica...

Does this mean that the love I have for Jessica is all in my head? Perhaps because we have been together for so long that it became my first thought to protect her and love her instead of my mate?

I hate myself for it, I should have stayed on the damn plane and celebrated my mate's birthday with her...instead, I f****d up.

"Let me make it up to you." I beg, reaching for her hand and she pulls back, shaking her head only once.

“No, you can’t make this up to me. My birthday was yesterday, I had to sit and eat dinner alone,” she seethes, her lip scrunching up as her voice breaks, “Do you know how that feels? To sit in a restaurant your significant other booked for your birthday and have to sit there alone while someone asks you where the other person is? Do you?” she yells and all I could do was look at the floor in shame.

“I always knew you still cared for her and I know that I am spoiled and a little bit self centred, but I always choose you. Always.” she grits out and my heart shoots into my throat.

“I just didn’t think you’d choose her over me.” her teeth sink into her bottom lip as she fights the tears resting on the rims of her eyes.

“I hate myself for it, but I can make this better, I can.” my own eyes sting as she stands in front of me, trying to keep herself calm and collected, but I could see storms forming in her ocean orbs, not the ones that splash against rocks high, no...The ones that sink boats and drown the people.

“You might fix it in your own eyes, but never, ever in mine.” her judgemental eyes trail over me before she scoffs and walks off.

I stand frozen, staring at the wall that was behind her as I try to think of something that will make her stay, anything.

“I was going to propose.” I sigh, turning to look at her, but she doesn’t even spare me a glance as she stares out of the window.

“No you weren’t.” she mutters after a minute of silence.

“I was, I just had to pick up the ring when we got here, but I was...last night.”

She whips around with blazing eyes, “How do you do that?” she bellows and I frown in confusion, “Do what?”, “Lie, are you that scared of being alone?” she yells.

“I am not lying.”, “Yes you are, because if you had such big plans, you wouldn’t have gotten off the plane unless she was dying! You are trying to cover your a*s and I might seem stupid, but I’m not. I had plenty of men as boyfriends before you, some human and you are the worst of all. Just accept that I’m not coming home with you and go die alone!” she yells at the top of her lungs and I’m sure even the reception people downstairs could hear her.

I tuck my hands into my jean pockets, nodding, "Fine." I gulp and pad over to my bag that's on the bed. I pick it up and pull my wallet out. I take out a stack of cash, everything I have and leave it on the bed.

"Go treat yourself, I'm sorry." the words sting, my head pounding as I try to think of ways to get her to trust me, but there is none.

I walk to the door, stopping in the door frame as I hold the handle, "And I never thought you were stupid. I do love you." I breathe out and she just glares at me with red eyes.

Flying has never been this depressing. It's always fun travelling, I did it a lot when I was a kid, but never have I felt this empty and alone.

I made Jessica hate me and I think Tiffany hates me even more...Perhaps I was always destined to be alone, to screw everything up...

Perhaps the best way to learn is just to accept that I was never going to be loved like I loved her.

NICK'S POV

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Sitting on my couch for hours, thinking over every single thing I ever did, ever said and ever felt for Tiffany, I realize it will never be the way I felt for Jessica...

Did the Moon Goddess screw me over?

Did she wire me wrong?

Was I never meant to find my real mate?

A spark erupts all over me and I glance up at the ceiling, wondering if that was suppose to be a yes sent from her, but then again, it could have been the cool air that's circulating through the house, the house I had built for my first love, the person that knows me from the inside out.

"Can't you just send me a real f*****g sign?" I bellow and the someone suddenly knocks on the door.

My head snaps at the white painted wood and I stand up, walking over to it. I unlock the door and Tiffany barges in, wait- does this mean I'm suppose to be with her?

A few men follow and my eyes widen, "Who are they?" I ask as I grab her arm, stopping her from walking up the stairs.

She turns, swatting my hand away as she glares up at me, "My movers." She deadpans and my eyes widen, movers? Is she leaving me?

I take her hand, pulling her into the kitchen with a fight, "Let go of me!" she tries to pull free and I ignore her pleads as I continue to walk with a tight grip on her.

I close the door as we enter and I stare down at her, "Where are you going?" I ask and she crosses her arms, her breasts pushing together in the tight pink top she's wearing. "Back home, where I'm actually value to the people." she shrugs and I c**k my head at her, glaring. "Are you leaving me?", she snorts, "Wasn't that clear when I told you to leave?" she raises her eyebrow.

Her cheeks are red, her eyes still glassy and I could tell that she has been crying.

"How did you get here so fast?", "Private jet, daddy's gift." she shrugs and everything suddenly feels really cold.

"You can't just leave, we'll both grow weak." I point out the fact that she'll get weak and would not be able to protect herself.

"I was waiting for this." her eyebrows hop as she stares at me with a blank expression, "For what?"

She hums as she rounds me, "We'll talk after." she winks and I just know that in this moment, that was the last time I'd see her smile again.

She waltzes out of the kitchen, leaving me standing like an i***t. I could hear her footsteps rushing up the stairs and I turn to the cabinet and walk over to it, opening it and I stare at the bottle of bourbon standing alone, just like me.

I reach for it, unscrewing the cap and I take a swig from the bottle, not caring that Tiffany would call me a name for looking like a drunk, because in this moment, it didn't matter.

Nothing matters because in a matter of an hour, this house will only hold the things that belong to me and no one else.

The bottle is half when she comes waltzing in, finding me sitting on the counter with the bottle in my hand, my knees wide apart.

“You’re still here.” she sounds surprised and I just nod, not being able to look her in the eyes.

“Well let’s get this over with.”

My head snaps up at her, “Get what over with?” , “The rejection.” she shrugs and my eyes widen.

“What?” I plop the bottle down next to me before hopping off, but my elbow hits the bottle and it falls to the floor, shattering.

Tiffany screams as if she’s being murdered as she bounces back and her angry orbs flick up to me, “Are you kidding me?” she seethes, “It’s just a f*****g bottle, leave it.” I wave it off and take a step toward her, “You can’t reject me.” I grit out, “But I am.” she shrugs, stepping back, “I, Tiffany, heir to the Deep Mountain pack, reject you, alpha Nick from the West pack.” The rejection knocks the wind out of my chest and I haunch over, glancing up at her. Her eyes are squeezed shut as she stands with her hand resting on her chest.

As I catch my breath, I stand upright, “This can’t be what you want...” I shake my head and she looks down at the floor, her eyes trailing over the liquor before her gaze flicks up to me, “If you ever loved me, like you claim, you will accept my rejection and let me go.”

I suck my lips into my mouth, shoving my selfish thoughts aside as I stare deep into her tired looking eyes.

“I, Alpha Nick, accept your rejection, Tiffany.” I could feel the bond break, it’s like a plastic rubber shooting against my heart, leaving a stinging feeling.

I notice the tear sliding from her eye and she nods, backing up without saying a word and she leaves.

JESSICA’S POV

Laying peacefully in my mate's arms, the ringing of my phone wakes me from my light slumber. I force my eyes open when all they want to do is fall shut and continue to stay that way. I wiggle out of Nathaniel's strong arms, making him hum as his arms slides off my waist.

"Go back to sleep." I whisper, glancing back at him to make sure he doesn't wake up before I pick my phone up, unplugging it. My eyebrows raise in surprise when I see Nick's name flashing on my phone and I silence the call, staring at the screen with amusement.

How dare he call me after what he has done.

But the hole in my stomach swirls as a very bad feelings falls over me and I answer the call before it ends and slide out of bed silently, hoping that I don't wake Nathaniel.

I'm not keeping the call a secret, I'll tell him in the morning.

I step into the bathroom, turning on the light and I close the door, "What is it?" I snap harshly.

"Oh, Jessica." Nick beams and I fume at the nice tone he's trying to use on me. Does he think by being friendly that it will score him brownie points or something?

Does he think that I will just forgive him and we can be friends again?

If he does, he's f*****g delusional.

"What do you want?" I keep my tone sharp and cold, "Don't be like this." he whines like a kid. "Are you shitting me Nick? After what you've done, you better have a great f*****g reason for calling me..." I pull the phone back, noticing that it's one in the morning, "One in the f*****g morning." I seethe and he starts to giggle, like a little girl, "But the moon is so pretty, like you." he murmurs and I frown, is he on drugs or something?

"Are you drunk?" I ask and there's this silence, it isn't awkward, it's heart stopping, "Yes." he finally answers and I inhale a calming breath, my shoulders sinking.

“Then go to bed Nick.” I roll my eyes as I stand on the rug in the bathroom. The tiles are cold, my toes and fingers are icy and I just want to go back to bed and sleep.

“Wait, I called for a reason.” he slurs his words even more, “Are you drinking right now?” I seethe and he goes silent for a few seconds, “No.” he drags out, scoffing.

“But anyway, I need you to do me a big favor, as old friends.” he mutters and his side has interruptions. grumbling sounds coming through the speaker. “What is it?” I sigh, not wanting to waist any more precious time on my sleep.

“I want to ask if you could perhaps look after the pack, pay the bills, obviously with my card.” he chuckles, blowing out a long breath.

“What? No. It’s your pack.” I argue. “Not for long.” his voice is hoarse and I could hear liquid and then him gulping.

“Oh my f****g hell, stop being a dramatic drunk Nick and wherever you are, leave and go home.” I seethe, anger bubbling in my chest.

“You know what?” I wait for him to finish the sentence, to hear him say that I’m right and that he’s going home to sleep off whatever has gotten into him.

“What?” I finally ask when he doesn’t continue speaking. I rub my feet over each other as I shiver.

“You’ll do the right thing and I know that because you, Jessica Fellon, the greatest love of my very short life, are kind hearted and you love them.” he sounds like a maniac, rambling about Goddess knows what.

“Thanks, but go home. I am not taking care of the pack while you go do whatever with your mate.” I deadpan, ready to end the call, “She rejected me and left.” his words have me tensing, the hole in my stomach growing with uneasiness.

“What are you talking about?” I ask for clarification, because knowing him, he can exaggerate and she probably just stayed wherever he had booked a flight to for her birthday.

“I went to see her...” his voice becomes low and it cracks, “In Paris, I took her to Paris, well I would have but then I left her on the plane for you, very big

mistake.." he scoffs, "But then she came to the hotel room with a guy and she was about to cheat on me, we had a big fight and I came back and found you f*****g your mate on my father's desk and when you left, she came home too, but she packed up her things, rejected me in my own kitchen while I was drunk and I was f*****g stupid enough to accept, because she asked so nicely and said if I loved her, I would let her go, so I did and now I'm out here, standing on the ledge of a beautiful view...Oops." my heart stops at the realization where he actually is and the oops didn't sound like an oops, it sounded like he could have just died. "Nick, step back from the ledge." I beg, holding the phone so tightly as if it were his lifeline.

"No, I almost fell, but I'm fine, "Anyway and now I'm talking to you, not as my ex, but as my best friend, and I'm asking you, please, when I'm gone, just take care of our pack, the one we built and put so much work into, please Jessica, I need you to do that for me."

My heart is thundering against my chest as my mind spirals, "Are you at that ledge where I was or where the waterfall leads into?" I ask, trying my best to sound interested in the view, "Oh, well it's only fit I die where you almost did." he chuckles, "It's beautiful here, luring...It's a good place to...you know." he scoffs, laughing for just a second before the silence fills my ears again.

"Nick, please don't do this. Your pack needs you." I try to convince him to go home.

I'm a hypocrite, yesterday I wanted to hurt him, I wanted him to freeze in those woods, to shiver in pain like I did, but I didn't actually want him to die, even though I said that. He's done horrible things, but knowing that he's standing on the edge of a cliff, ready to throw himself over because of Tiffany...it's making my entire body stiff because I'm panicking.

I can't think straight as I pace to the door, stopping because I'm afraid of what Nathaniel would do if he knew how worried I was about the guy who kidnapped me to try and save me from him, not only once, but twice and both times I almost died.

"Nick, you have to listen to me." I beg of him, "I'm listening." he beams, laughing lightly now and then, "You can't kill yourself because of Tiffany." my words fall from my mouth, sounding a bit harsher than I had planned, but it's already.

“What? I’m not...I, it’s not because of her.” he murmurs and my heart stops beating as realization hits me, not the kind you feel when you fall in love when seeing the one for the first time, but the kind that flatlines in terror, “It’s because of you.”

Guilt creeps up my heart at his words, tears forming in my eyes, “You can’t, I’m not even worth it.” I shake my head, belittling myself in his eyes to try and help him, but mostly the West pack.

The pack needs him, because without him, they have no one else to lead them, to send them for the best training, to teach the little one things from generations before us.

He promised his life to that pack the day he took his alpha status and now he’s throwing it away because of a broken heart.

“Jessica...” he sighs, “Don’t you see? You are the light of my existence and I know I f****d up, I know that, but I can’t live without you, ever. There’s no hope, no life, no love, no right head space after you.” he murmurs and my eyes fall shut as I feel an overwhelming feeling of missing him, not in the way how we use to f**k or kiss, but in the way of how we laughed, how we made jokes and how we were always there for one another.

Nick might have kidnapped me, but I see now that he was just trying to protect me, but what he doesn’t see is that I didn’t need the protection he was offering, because I was always safe.

He didn’t see what I saw in Nathaniel, all he saw was the person who took me away.

“Nick, don’t you see that your pack is your light? The people in there are your family, your friends, your people and you have to lead them. They only get one alpha every fifty years and...”, “And what will happen when I die? I don’t have children, I don’t have a mate, I don’t have anyone on my side!” he bellows and the tears just start to flow, my chin wobbling.

I hold my hand over my mouth as I try not to make a crying sound, because I know that Nathaniel will hear it and he will come check up on me.

There’s a lot Nathaniel and I have to figure out, but is this a part of it?

“Just...do me a favor in return then?”, “What?” his sad tone makes my heart ache, “Don’t do it until your bottle is finished and know that I still care.”, “You do? Do you still love me?” I could hear the spark returning in his voice, “I think I always will, but I won’t come back to you. I am in love with Nathaniel.” I mutter, hating that I chose to tell him that in this very moment.

“Sweet, I’m glad you’re happy, I really am.” he sounds sincere, but how could I trust his words.

“I want to see you..” I tell him and it’s like the atmosphere changes over the phone.

“You do?” he sounds happy, “At least one last time.” I mutter, chewing on my lip as I mentally scold myself.

“Yeah, I’ll wait.” he murmurs and I could hear his smile, it’s something about his voice that just changes, making it more clear and chirpier.

“Just, wait. I’m on my way.” I mutter and end the call.

What have I just gotten myself into?

I walk out of the bathroom and slowly pad over to the closet for warm clothes, hating that I’m afraid to wake Nathaniel.

I know that he should know about this, but how can I wake him and confide in him knowing that he won’t let me go?

JESSICA’S POV

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I get dressed in the bathroom with the door open to minimize the sound I’m making. I really don’t want Nathaniel waking up, catching me sneaking out even though I know that if he wakes up and I’m not in bed, he’ll be pissed as hell. I wouldn’t call what I’m doing reckless, but it is stupid...But I just...hearing Nick say that he needs me to take care of the pack, that I’m the reason for him wanting to end his life...the guilt will be too much and I need to stop him.

I tiptoe out of the room with only socks on while holding my shoes in my hand, I glance over my shoulder as I stand in the door frame, staring at Nathaniel sleeping peacefully.

'I love you.' I mouth before tiptoeing down the hall, glancing behind me every two seconds until I reach the living room up here, freezing when I see brown hair sticking out over the backrest of the couch. It's silent, the tv loud and Louis is not moving a muscle.

I hide my shoes behind my back, slowly moving to the stairs while I glance at him over the couch.

He's sleeping, thank the Goddess.

His body takes the entire couch, his legs stretched out onto the rest of it as his head is supported by a pillow.

My teeth clamp when I take the first step and the stair makes a cracking sound.

I glance back, inhaling a silent deep breath when I notice that he didn't move a muscle.

I hurriedly tip toe down and grab the car keys before leaving the house. I put on my shoes after closing the door behind me and I dart to the car, my face icy and I can't feel my nose as I unlock the car, flinching when it makes a noise. I look up at our bedroom window as I get in, starting the car and I drive off.

I take my phone out as I drive out of the pack, dialing Nick's number.

"Hi. You called me, I was just about to call you to ask you a favor." he mutters, his words slurring. "What favor?" I frown as I swerve the car to miss the holes in the dirt road.

"To take care of the pack for me, I...I won't be coming back." his voice sounds tired and I could hear his teeth chattering.

"I told you I wasn't going to do that." I'm confused as to why he's calling again. Did he forget he already asked me?

"No, you need to..." he sounds so alone and devastated.

“Please.” he begs and my heart squeezes, “Why do I need to take care of the pack?” I ask once more, hoping that he’d stay on the line with me. “Because I’m done.” he scoffs, laughing a bit. “I’m done.” he murmurs, this time his voice makes my eyes sting with unshed tears.

I blink them away, gulping down the big lump that formed in my throat, “What do you mean?” I ask, trying to sound just as confused as I was when he first called. He’s so drunk off his a*s that he doesn’t even remember calling me earlier and that’s how I know that he’s almost done with that stupid bottle.

“I mean I’m done Jessica, for f**k sakes!” he bellows and the call ends.

I step on the gas and drive as fast as I could.

I watch as the line goes sixty, eighty, one hundred, one twenty, one forty, one sixty and every inch it goes higher on this straight road is exillertating. Arriving where I almost froze to death, I slow down and pull over onto the grass, jumping out of the car and I rush into the woods, my legs hurt as I dart over the fallen trees and I could hear a faint sob, screaming and groaning and once I arrive at the very same cliff I almost died, Nick is a few inches away from the cliff, tugging on his hair with the bottle next to him.

“Nick.” I try to talk soft and gently and his head whips around and he stares at me, “How..how did you know where I was?” he breathes out in a stutter. “You told me.” I bite down on my lips as I walk closer to him, “Can you come over here?” I ask softly and he frowns at me, the hurt clear in his eyes.

“No.” he murmurs, “Please.” I offer a small smile and he grabs the bottle next to him, standing up and he throws it over the cliff, his foot slips and I dart forward, grabbing his arm as I pull him away from the cliff and we stumble back, his body weight crushing me as we land on the floor.

“f**k, f**k, f**k!” he bellows as he rolls off me, pulling me up, “Are you okay?” he asks, the white of his eyes red and his hair a mess, “I’m fine.” I mutter as I sit up and manage to get to my feet, “Are you?” I ask as I hug myself, “I’m fine.” he grits out, my heart pulling into two pieces.

He pulls his knees to his chest, his arms folded around his legs as his hands hold one another in front.

“Why did you have to come here?” he bellows, his head lowering as if he’s in pain. He starts to rock, his hands reaching into his hair.

“Nick, I’m here to take you home.” I admit, “No...” he mutters loudly, “No, no, no.” he continues in a mere whisper, every word tainted with pain and hurt.

It aches to see him like this, he was never one to show pain and suffering and now everything is just pouring out of him.

“Jessica!” Nathaniel’s voice makes my blood run cold and my body tense, I turn to see him and Louis both running up to me and he wraps his arms around me, hugging me tightly before pulling away, his large hand cupping my face as he steps back and his eyes trail over me. “I’m fine.” my hand wraps around his wrist and I pull his hand down.

His soft eyes filled with relief turns cold, his eyes narrowing when his gaze lifts past my head, looking directly at Nick, “I f*****g warned you, you piece of shit.” he tries to walk to him, but I grab his arm, pulling him back before I step in between, “He didn’t do anything, Nate, look at me!” I cup his face, pulling his gaze down to me. “Look at me!” I bellow, my chest rising and falling as panic shoots through my entire body, every bone aching of the cold, every muscle shivering.

“Please, just...He..” my mouth stays open as my eyes flick between Nate’s confused ones.

“I’m sorry for everything.” Nick interrupts and my heart drops into my stomach as I turn and find him standing on the edge, “Nick...”, “No, he’s right. I ruin everything, you, my own mate, my life and I’ll eventually ruin my pack too.” he shrugs and as I step toward him, ready to speak, Nathaniel grabs my hand, stopping me.

I don’t take my eyes off Nick as I try to get my hand back, “Don’t do this.” I beg Nick with tears resting on the rim of my eyes. “It’s me or him and I know you love him.” Nick offers a smile, my body aching to just run over and pull him back.

I turn to Nathaniel, yanking my hand and Nate’s body stiffens as his eyes widen. My gaze immediately flicks to Louis’ and he turns away, closing his eyes and I know that he did it.

My chin wobbles as I turn, Nate’s hand taking mine once more and my knees give out when I hear a splash and the spot where Nick stood is empty, his ghost only remaining.

“No.” I cry out as I get up and rush to the cliff, looking over to see a circle in the water where he fell.

“No, no, no.” I cry, leaning forward but two strong arms wrap around me, pulling me back and my body goes limp in Nathaniel’s arms.

“He’s gone.” his mouth is pressed against the shell of my ears, “It’s over.” his warm hands rub up and down my arms to comfort me and some sort of relief fills me knowing that he won’t be here to ruin my life anymore, but a big part of me that loved my best friend since I was a kid is crushed.

“Maybe he’s not dead.” I mutter as I stare blankly at the spot he was a mere minute ago.

“I’ll check.” Louis clears his throat, strutting past us and he glances down.

“There’s blood, a lot of it filling the water.” he doesn’t turn to look at me and my head falls back against Nate’s shoulder.

“Tell me this isn’t happening.” I beg and his one hand pats my head, “I wish I could, but I can’t.” he sighs.

JESSICA’S POV

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Nathaniel has gathered a group of trackers and guards and we went back to the river stream to look for Nick and some big part of me was praying that he would be found in the woods on our way down there, that he’d be alive and he made it out of the river, but no...on day three of searching, we found his body and I had called Tiffany to inform her when I went back to my old pack.

She didn’t care and said good riddance, I wanted to yell at her, to tell her that I knew she never loved him, but I simply just ended the call and informed the pack of the passing of their alpha.

We held a ceremony last night and I stayed at the West pack while Nathaniel went home and took care of ours.

I was bombarded with a trillion questions about what will happen to them, what they could do to survive and the most frequent question was if I was going to be their leader again.

Every time their faces dropped when I told them no, my heart broke. Those people are my family, but I could no longer help them. I no longer had access to their pack bond and all I could do was provide for them.

Sitting on the couch with a cup of steaming coffee in my hand while feeling all the guilt eating me up from the inside was not what I was planning this morning, but I feel uncomfortable sitting on the couch in the house that was once mine filled with Nick's belongings.

A knock on the door has me freezing and I slowly get up, knowing that I can't avoid everyone for always and I open the door to find Nathaniel standing with a bag of food, flowers and with his arms spread wide for a hug.

I rush into his strong arms that gently wrap around me and I relax as his scent fills my senses.

"Are you okay?" he asks and I nod against his chest before letting go of him.

"I need to choose someone to lead the pack, someone that everyone respects and will listen to and I agreed to do all the payments from Nick's bank account until the money was finished, but it never will be. I'll train the new alpha for a few weeks on how to do payments, but I'll still need to help out." I sigh as I drag my hands through my hair.

"I didn't ask you what you needed to do, I asked if you were okay?" Nathaniel mutters sternly and I blankly stare at him, not knowing how to even describe what I feel.

"I feel fine." I nod as I say it and I wait for the huge load of sadness to fall onto my chest, crushing me, but it never comes.

"I can help you." he shrugs and I roll my eyes as I shake my head, "I can't let you do that. The people are sad, but they're also vengeful and I am going to have to ask you to leave soon because they blame you." I chew on my bottom lip and his eyes widen, "I didn't do anything." he strides into the house and puts the food down on the table.

"I did not touch that man." he murmurs angrily. "It's not about Nick, they're mad that you were the one who took me away." I explain and he turns to face

me, "Well then I am guilty." he shrugs and we both burst out in a fit of laughter.

—

I finally chose a strong leader for the pack that everyone approved of and helped him during the entire month.

I've been exhausted going back and forth every single day and as if one hour ago, I only have to go in once a month.

Nathaniel plops down onto the bed next to me, smiling at me and I lazily turn my head, looking at him with a curious expression.

"What?" I ask as I lay on my back, my hands resting on my stomach.

"I want to show you something." , "Really? Right now?" my eyes narrow as a wave of exhaustion rolls over my body.

"Yes right now, because you've been working so hard and I know you're tired, but this will be thrilling and relaxing." he gets up and rounds the bed before pulling me to my feet.

"I just want to sleep." I whine, "You can sleep in tomorrow." he beams and I guess that is a bonus.

"Fine." I huff as I put on my shoes and he grabs my beige wool sweater and puts it over my head. "Is it outside?" I frown and he laughs, "Of course it is.", "But the sun is going down." I pout and he grins at me, "That's the point."

I put the sweater on and when I walk to the door, he clears his throat and I turn to look at him standing in front of the open window.

"Where are you going?" he asks and I frown at him, "Outside?" I mutter unsurely and he holds out his hand, "Not that way."

I walk over to him, trusting him blindly as he climbs out, standing on the small ledge and he helps me out and onto his back before he jumps off to the ground.

I'm amazed on how it doesn't feel like falling, but flying and we land with a thud.

“Hold on.” he glances at me over his shoulder and I tighten my hold on him before he starts running into the woods, jumping far over the fallen trees and everything is fast, zooming past my head like a bullet of a gun.

We stop at the top of a mountain and I gasp as the view takes my breath away.

Nathaniel slowly lets me slide down, his hand never leaving mine as I stand next to him, staring at the beautiful pink orange sky. I can see the reflection in the stream from down here, how the shade of the trees look darker next to the sunset and Nathaniel pulls me in front of him, pulling my back to his chest and wraps his arms around my upper body, holding me as we watch the perfect sunset go down.