

# **The Alpha's Little Rogue by Lovey Dovey #Chapter 91 - Read The Alpha's Little Rogue by Lovey Dovey Chapter 91**

## Chapter 91

Chapter 91 Alessia's POV My throat closes up as I stand in front of the big black door. The only thing standing between me and my father. A man that I've never met yet has influenced every area of my life. I stall, anxiety curling up in a ball inside of me and making my knuckles stop mid-air. Through the door, I pick up the scent from within the room and it curls my stomach, making me feel like I have to throw up. How does a person who's still alive have the smell of someone dying? "You don't have to go in if you aren't ready," Caden mutters softly behind me and places a hand on my shoulder, giving me a reassuring squeeze. "We can come back at any time. It doesn't have to be today." We both know that to be a lie. It has to be today. From the little Caden has told me, my father is severely ill, and postponing this meeting any further is out of the question. Apparently, Jude has been feeding him the deadly venom in tiny dosages each day, killing him slowly. They found the pack doctor that had been working for Jude but the irreversible damage had already been done. My father barely has a week left to leave and if I don't do this now, it may be too late by the time I finally mutter up the strength to go through with it. "I'm fine. I can do this." I nod determinedly and knock twice on the door, holding my breath as I wait to hear the sound of my father's voice for the very first time. "Come in," a sickly voice says and it ends in a cough. I feel tears well up in my eyes. I didn't expect him to sound that bad. It sounds like even that small sentence has taken a lot out of him. "Alessia." Caden turns me around with a hand on my shoulder. His face softens once he sees the unshed tears in my eyes. "You might not like what you see on that bed once you walk in and I want you to be very sure that you can handle it." In what state is my father for Caden to be giving me such a heads up? I ponder over his suggestion for a moment but then shake myself out of it. I can't keep putting this off. It has been going in for

days now but today is the day I plant my feet in the ground and say no more. I'm just going to walk in there, talk to the man, tell him what I have to say, and then walk back out of the room. "I can do this, I repeat, adding strength to my words so that I can believe them myself. Caden looks at me skeptically but drops his hand away from my shoulder and points to the door. "Your father is waiting for you in there and I'll be right out here. We'll leave when you're ready to go." I nod, appreciating the kindness and support that he has been showing to me ever since he dropped this bomb on me. A surprise, given that he probably has his crises that he's battling himself. Finding out about Jude didn't only turn my world on its axis. It did the same to Caden. I can't even imagine how he must feel to have found out that Jude got away. The man that he had been chasing for half his life was so close to him but yet managed to slip through his fingers. d' d' M M MB B B B B B M Chapter 91 80% 11:43 We haven't talked about the other thing he said that day. No words have been mentioned about how Jude is the same man who ordered the attack that had his previous mate killed. He took away his

first mate and drove a second mate into his arms. It's a blanket that hangs in the air and covers over us. I haven't brought since then and we both came to a silent agreement to ignore the connection between our lives. It up "I won't stay in there for long." I tell him. I plan on just going in there and telling Thomas- I found out his name from Caden- that I'm happy that we've finally met but I don't plan on building a relationship with him. I know it isn't his fault that we were separated- according to what Caden told me, the man had no clue of my existence until a few days ago but I don't think I can form a relationship with him and have him taken away from me a few days later. It will kill me. So, I'm going with the safe option here. Meet him and tell him to his face my reasons for not wanting to get closer to him.

"You can take however long you need. We aren't in a rush here." He smiles softly at me. "Don't hurry." Well, that is one advice that I'm not going to be taking into consideration but I nod anyways and push the door open, bracing myself for what is going to greet me. The room is pitch black but thanks to our supernatural powers, I make out the figure on the bed. A man with a head of white hair and protruding bones. It's so bad that the muscle on his face is almost completely gone, leaving just skin and bones. I cover my mouth with my palm as I choke on a s o b. This is worse than what I ever imagined. It's like he's withering away right there on the bed.. I don't think I'm ready for this. Is it too late to run out of this room and try again another day? The cough that he lets out answers my question and I close the door behind me.

## Chapter 92

Chapter 92 Alessia's POV Walking into the room, I inch closer to the bed even as my mind screams at me to run away and never come back. To pretend that the man lying on the bed doesn't exist and just live my life the way I've been. world. living it before he waltzed in and imploded my "Alessia," he draws out. "Is that you?" I swallow the lump around my throat and nod, but then remember that Caden told me that he lost his supernatural power. "Yes, it's me." Stopping just at the edge of the bed, I sit down on the seat placed beside the bed. "You came to meet me." A smile graces his lips, making him appear less sick. "I want to see you. Can I?" Biting my lip, I hold back an ugly cry and nod even though I know he can't see it. Standing up, I walk over to the light switch mounted on the wall and turn it on, pausing for a second to get my bearing back before turning around. He gasps, his eyes wide with wonder. "You look just like her," he whispers, a faraway look in his eyes. I could see him clearly in the dark but it still didn't prepare me for the image of him in a bright white light. As though it was possible, he looks even worse than he did a minute ago. "Don't look at me like that?" He says sternly and I drag my gaze up to his eyes to find strength in them. "I can still get up from the bed and own myself in any fight." I laugh, pressing my palm against my mouth to hold in the bubble of laughter that's trying to make its way out. My father smiles, a laugh escaping out of his mouth. That laugh dies down when he erupts into a coughing fit that shakes his lithe frame. I rush over to his side and reach for the cup of water on his bedside table, pressing it against his dry

lips. He takes two sips from it before pulling away and dropping his head back on his pillow with an exhausted sigh. "I hate when that happens," he mumbles. "I'm guessing it happens a lot," I say, dropping the water back on the table and taking my previous seat. "I don't see how you plan on fighting anyone when you have a coughing fit every few minutes. I dare say that it's going to put a flaw in your plans," I tease, drawing a soft smile out of him that has me smiling as well. "Even your smile looks like hers," he says with a wistful look in his eyes. "And you have her eyes and her hair." I smile at him and tuck my hair behind my ears, suddenly feeling shy. "How did you meet her?" I ask, interested in hearing about their story. My mother never even told me his name. There was no way that I could have coerced her to tell me about that relationship. JJ JM MM BBD Chapter 92 G He smiles, his gaze drifting away. "She was in a bar that I went to." A pause where his face takes on a dark 1 look. I had just lost my mate and I went there to drown my sorrows in a bottle even though werewolves don't get drunks, I didn't care about that. I sink into the seat, getting ready for the story about to be told. "She was there alone. She had just moved into town and was on her first night out." He smiles. "That's when I saw her, dancing in the corner all by herself and unaware of the attention that she was drawing to herself." He chuckles. "She was always so oblivious to those sorts of things. Never believed that everyone in the room had their gaze on her." I smile, imagining my Mom's younger self in a bar, having the time of her life and unaware that she had just caught the attention of a grieving Alpha. "I was bewitched from the very moment that I set my eyes on her. The rest part of the story is basically a clique. He blushes the first color that I've seen on his skin. "It was kind of boring from that moment."

"I want to hear about it, I say and meaning it. I love hearing about their story. I want to know about everything that has been hidden away from me. He looks over to me and I don't know what he sees in my eyes but he nods in understanding. "She had a run-in with the wrong crowd and I swept in and saved her. I asked for her number afterward and she just turned on me. She said she didn't need my help and that she had everything under control." I laugh. That sounds like something my Mom would do. The woman hated looking weak in front of anyone. "What happened afterward?" I'm so invested in this story. He sighs. "She left and I didn't see her after that until a week later. He coughs, causing my worry to rise but after a while, he quiets down. "Sorry about that," he apologized, his cheeks had color in them but this time they were caused by his embarrassment. "It's ok," I say, reaching for the glass on the table and feeding the water to him. He thanks me and clears his throat as I place the glass back on the table. "So where was I?" "You were telling me about how you two met again a week after the first incident, I remind him and he nods, his face brightening up a bit as he tells his story. 1 As I watch his lips move, his expression changing, and varying with the tone of whatever it is he's saying, I realize one thing. I can't ignore his existence and go back to the way things once were. I stay in that room for an hour, letting my father talk about my mother and I laugh, smile, and frown in that hour. My heart feels full when I stand up from my seat and say my goodbyes to him. Turning off the light that I'd previously turned on, I exit the room and close the door softly behind me. Caden straightens up from the wall he is leaning on and arches a brow at me. "How did it go? Did you go – Chapter 92 through with it?"

I had confided in Caden about what my plan was and though he didn't try to convince me otherwise, I know that he didn't also agree with me. "I want to come back tomorrow." He smiles knowingly. "We'll be back."

## Chapter 93

### Chapter 93 Alessia's POV

For the past few days, I've been spending my mornings with my father and my afternoons with Jake. Hence why I have a platter of junk food in one hand and a pile of DVDs in the other. Jake isn't allowed to do anything other than lying on his bed so I've been visiting him with snacks he isn't meant to have. We watch movies throughout the day, catching up with his list that he says we have to finish. Today, we're heading for the Vampire Diaries series. Surprisingly, there's someone on Earth who hasn't watched that series yet. I push open his door with the heel of my foot because both my hands are currently occupied, and force my way into the room. Jake has his head on the wall with pain etched on his face. His expression changes as soon as he notices my presence. I've been noticing that he does that more often, as though he's trying to reassure me by putting on a false facade. Smiling at him, I walk into the room and place the goods in my hand on the bedside table. "How are you feeling today?" I ask, holding his gaze and daring him to spew his lies to me. He smiles a cheeky smile. "I was in a bit of pain but I feel so much better now that my girlfriend is beside me." My eyes widen and my head whips to the opened door. Thankfully no one is outside the door. "Keep quiet," I say, shushing him with a finger on my lips as I quickly rush over to close the door before someone overhears the idiot. "Caden is going to have your head on a stake if he hears you." He simply rolls his eyes, that nasty smile still present on his lips. "What is he going to do to me? Kill me?" He snaps a finger in the air, as though he just remembered something. "Oh, yeah. I almost forgot that I'm already dying." He starts laughing but I just stare at him blankly, not finding his joke funny in any way. I don't want to give him false hope by saying that there might still be a chance for him to get the

antidote but I also don't want to hear him talk about dying in that manner. It's something that has been set in stone. "That was a good joke and you know it," he accuses, still letting out soft chuckles. Rolling my eyes, I move over to his bed and sit in the free space beside him. "How are you feeling?" I ask, getting a peep at his real emotion when he lets down a gulp but then it's gone before it even settles on his face. Chapter 99

I'm ok, but I'll feel even better if my girlfriend gives me a kiss. He turns his cheeks to me, fishing for something that he isn't going to get. I take a snack bar from the bowl of junk food I brought along with me and spank him with it. His eyes fly open and he gasps at me, a mock expression of shock on his face. "Why does my girlfriend keep treating me so harshly?" He pouts, jutting his bottom lip and taking the appearance of a constipated cow. I roll my eyes at him, forcing my smile to stay down. I can't indulge his behavior. If he thinks that I find what comes out of my mouth even a bit funny then he's never going to stop saying stupid sht like this. "I told you to stop calling me that," I chide, standing up and taking the first DVD of the series with me and walking around

the bed to the control system. I had brought up the suggestion that we should simply stream the series on Netflix but Jake had been insistent on doing it the old-fashioned way. Hence why I'm on my knees and struggling to get the hang of the f u c k i n g control system! "Stopping calling you what?" He asks mischievously. I roll my eyes, smacking the back of the DVD player and wishing it was Jake's head. "You know what I mean. Is it supposed to take this long to load?" "You mean my girlfriend?" I don't have to look at him to know that he has a stupid grin stretched across his face. "Yes. Stop calling me that. I'm not your girlfriend. I'm just your pretend girlfriend."

After Jake had blurted out his proposition, we had come to an agreement that we'd play pretend. That way he can get the experience of what having a mate is like without actually doing anything serious. It's pathetic but it was what he wanted and there's no way that I'm saying no to him when I'm the reason he's on that bed. I smile triumphantly when it starts playing and quickly walk back to the bed to slide under the cover with Jake. "Come closer. I want to cuddle with my girlfriend," Jake whines. I roll my eyes but do as he says, shifting closer to him until I can feel his body heat radiating to my side. We fall silent as we watch the movie begin. Jake does ask me to pause the movie randomly and explain to him what's happening but other than that, he isn't such a bad movie partner. Halfway through the third series, I hear light snoring from beside me and look over at Jake to find him fast asleep. He has been falling asleep faster these past few days, the venom wearing him down. I frown as I

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look at the paleness of his skin. His health is deteriorating and there still isn't an antidote. 92% 10:42 Sighing, I turn off the movie and slip out of bed, taking care not to wake him up. I reach for the duvet and draw it up to his shoulders. Staring at him, I lower my head to his and drop a kiss on his right cheek, the kiss that he has been h a s s l i n g me for since forever. Then I walk out of the room and close the door softly behind me.

## Chapter 94

Chapter 94 Alessia's POV It's been two days since it happened and I still can't wrap my head around the fact that Jake is gone. It had been like every other day that we shared together. I had walked to his room with a pile of movies and junk food. We had watched the movie together and Jake had kept on interrupting the movie like he usually did just like every other day. Except when he fell asleep and I covered him with the duvet, I lowered my head to kiss him like I always do when I notice something very wrong. The pain that was usually visible on his face even while he was fast asleep wasn't present. His face looked still and before. That's because he wasn't breathing. After dragging the pack doctor to the house and forcing him to revive Jake and then yelling at him when he failed to do so, I had crumbled beside his bed and wept for G o d only knows how long. He passed away in his sleep with me right beside him and I couldn't do anything. I know my reasoning is flawed because even if I had noticed what was happening, there was nothing that I could have done but I can't help but feel like I've failed him in some kind of



way. A knock lands on my door and I ignore it like I've been doing for the past two days and bury myself into my cover. "Alessia," Caden growls out, sounding more annoyed than he did an hour ago. "You have to come out of there and at least eat something. You're going to perish if you keep acting this way." Groaning, I bury myself deeper under my cover, trying to hide away from his loud voice. All I want to do is stay in my room and cry all day. Is that so hard for him to understand? A He keeps knocking unrelenting and I push the cover away from my body with a groan. "Leave me alone, Caden!" I'm five seconds away from opening that door and letting him have a piece of my mind. But opening that door will just give him what he wants so I cover myself back up and keep on ignoring his attempts at getting me to open my door.

There's silence and I sigh in relief, closing my eyes and getting ready for another round of sleeping. Who needs food when one can just cry and sleep all day long? Not me. Just as I feel myself drifting away, I hear the sound of keys j i g g l i n g and my ears perk up at the sound of my door opening. I bolt out of my bed but it's already too late as Caden opens my door and walks into the room, tarnishing my sanctuary with his presence. Gritting my teeth in anger, I march towards the brute and poke him in the center of his chest. "What are you doing in my room? I clearly told you that I want to be left alone?" Caden simply ignores me and walks around me to my window. He drags back the blinds and I 1/3 Chapter 94 A 92% 10:43 whine, shutting my eyes as the light hits me hard. My room which has been dark for two days straight now has light streaming in, adding to the anger inside of me. "Do you know that this is an invasion of privacy?" I almost laugh once the words leave my mouth. I'm pretty sure that there's no room in the pack house that's out of bounds for him. He could just waltz into any room he desires without any penalty but this is my room and he's dam n well going to respect my privacy. "I'm talking to you," I say when he keeps mute and leaves me screaming like a hormonal teenager. He finally turns his gaze in my direction, his eyes trailing up and down my body and leaving me feeling self-conscious. "This has to stop. You've had your moment to grieve but I'm not going to put up with you locking yourself in this room. That ends towards. The lid on my anger flies off. "Who do the hell do you think you are to talk to me in that manner?" He inches closer to me, his breath fanning my face. "Your mate who's sick and tired of watching you cry over another man all day long. Do you think I enjoy watching you wither away by locking yourself in this room?" "That other man saved my life. If it wasn't for him, I wouldn't be alive," I bite out. "So, forgive me if I need a few days to myself to get over his death."

"And you can keep mourning him just not at the expense of your health." I hear the reasoning in what he's saying but I'm still fixed on the way he carelessly referred to Jake as another man as though that was all he was. Jake was a hero and my best person. In the few days that I spent playing his pretend girlfriend, I realized that I deserved so much better than what Caden kept throwing my way. This isn't the way that I'm meant to be treated. The week that I spent with Jake has taught me that and I'm tired of settling for less than I deserve. Jake wouldn't want this life for me. "I want to reject you," I state firmly. Caden stills, his eyes running over my face, probably trying to decide if I'm being serious or not. Finally, he rolls his eyes, "We aren't having this conversation again. I already told you that no one is going to be rejecting the other."

We're mate and that's the way that it's going to stay." Frustration wells up inside of me. What is wrong with him? Why doesn't he ever listen to me or try to understand what I need? I can't keep living like this. Not anymore. "I Alessia Cara reject you Caden Salvador of-" "Wait," Caden holds out his hand, panic written in his eyes. "Don't do it. Just give me another chance and I promise that I'll do better this time." How many more chances am I going to keep giving him?

## Chapter 95

Chapter 95 Caden's POV I have my work cut out for me. How do I make my mate fall in love with me in just two weeks? Today, she showed up at breakfast after only eating in her room for days. I'm taking it as a sign that's she ready to start socializing with humans again. I'm also taking it as a sign to start my courting. Two weeks. She gave me two weeks to change her mind about rejecting me I'm losing my mind here. I've been thinking about the best thing I can do to convince her that I'm serious about changing but no matter how hard I think, I keep coming up with nothing. "F u c k!" I yell, not realizing that I said it out loud until Alex approaches tentatively and with concern in his eyes. "Is everything alright there?" He asks, narrowing his eyes at me when I answer his question with a groan. "Is it something that I can help you with?" I groan again but then stop short, thinking his words over. Alex is the only person in my close friend group who is happily mated and shackled with the baby. I almost slap myself on the forehead as an idea comes to mind. I can't believe that I didn't think of this sooner. Who better to ask for advice than someone who has gone through what I'm going through right now? Alex and Scarlett didn't always see eye to eye. In fact, there was a time when I was sure that they would rather reject each other than even come within a hair length of the other. Yet, fast forward to two years later and I'm fighting to get Alex off her so he can do his duties. He's perfect for what I need. "How did you get Scarlett to fall in love with you?" I ask and he stares blankly at me. I start second- guessing myself. Is it a good choice to ask Alex of all people for love advice? I mean, his mate had a knife pressed against his neck before and threatened to make him bleed to his death. I sigh, already regretting any decision, and sigh again when I hear footsteps approaching us. Great, Raphael has come to join in on the fun. 1

"Forget about what I asked," I rush out but of course, Raphael catches it. "What should Alex be forgetting about?" He stands beside us and throws questioning glances at the both of us. "Why do you guys always exclude me? I'm starting to get jealous," he pouts. I pin Alex with a death glare, indirectly relaying to him that he better keep his trap shut. If Raphael finds out about what I asked Alex, it will be the end of me. He will never let me hear the end of it and I can't spend all my life avoiding him. I mean, the idiot stays in the same house with me and sits beside me when we eat. 1 Chapter 95 I forget that this is Alex that I'm referring to. The ba s t r d isn't scared of anyone. He starts singing. He turns to Raphael, shock still written on his face, "Caden just asked me about how to make Alessia fall in love with him." Raphael and I both let out a gasp of surprise. That b a t a r d twisted my words. That isn't what I said but I guess it's pretend obvious to figure out what I really asking when I phrased the question in such a way. "Why is he trying to make Alessia fall in love with him?" Raphael asks and Alex shrugs before turning to

face me with a knowing look in his eyes. "You screwed up didn't you?" He asks dryly and I answer the question with a groan, back to my no- word answers. Raphael turns to me. "Here's what you will want to do. First, you will have to take her on a date, wine and dine her, and then when her defenses are down, you attack." He smiles proudly and Alex and I exchange confused gazes with each other. Though I have to admit that not everything that Raphael said was crazy. Taking her on a date isn't such a bad idea. I could take her to the new restaurant that opened in town and we could have a romantic dinner together. The more I think about it, the more it sounds like a fantastic idea. Dinner is. "Here are a few things that you will want to avoid," Raphael says and I turn my focus back on him

which I instantly regret. "Don't tell her that her dress doesn't match her complexion and don't ever think of saying that she looks fat in what she has on." He shudders as if he just remembered something. ↑ Again, Alex and I exchange confused glances with each other. I know it isn't wise but I find myself asking the question on both our minds. "Why would I do something like that in the first place?" I wait for my answer and I'm not exactly surprised when Raphael blinks up at me dumbly. "What if she asks how she looks in her dress?" "You lie?" Isn't that a universal rule in the dating handbook? Rule number one on the first page- never tell a woman that she's fat to her face. "How was I supposed to know that? She did look fat so I told her the truth," he states matter of fact. Alex and I whine, scrunching our faces up, both of us able to imagine what happened after that encounter. No wonder he has a haunted look in his eyes. 2/3

I shake my head, pushing Raphael's idiotic ways to the back of my head. My main focus should be on Alessia and our pending date. I just have to look for a way to ask her out and have her agree to go. I have my work cut out for me.

## Chapter 96

Chapter 96 Alessia's POV Day two of me having dinner in the dining room and I have to say that it isn't all that bad. As long as I can ignore the stares and whispers that follow me everywhere I go. The fact that Caden and Raphael are still sitting on either side of me isn't helping the rumors to die down and by this time, I've actually given up. Let people say whatever it is they want. I'm done with trying to keep things on the low to pacify them. They should come up with whatever tale it is that they desire. Caden and Raphael have been sharing suspicious gazes with each other and it's hard to not notice it when they sitting down on either side of me or when they don't even bother to hide it. Tired of the secrecy, I groan out loud, drawing their attention. "Is anyone of you going to tell me what this is about?" I ask exasperatedly, knowing that it's something that concerns me because I'm very sure that I heard Raphael whispering, "Tell her." to Caden. I wouldn't even call it a whisper because I'm sure that the people on the other side of the table also heard it. He has a lousy whispering voice that he definitely needs to work on. Caden shoots a glare at Raphael before turning to face me. "I have something that I wanted to ask you." I arch a brow in question when he suddenly goes quiet. I'm not a mind reader. I'm going to need him to actually voice out this question. "I'll tell you about it after dinner," he finally says and Raphael groans, dropping his head



on the table, causing half the people in the room to turn in our direction. This time he gets a glare from both Caden and me and has the nerve to smile sheepishly at us before muttering an apology under his breath. I roll my eyes, turning my attention back on the plate and suddenly losing my appetite. All I can think about is what question Caden wants to ask him that has him looking unsure of himself. Picking at the food on my plate, I push it around, ready to end dinner, and find out what it's that

Caden has to ask. "Aren't you hungry? Do you not like the food that was served?" Caden asks, worry evident on his face. "I can have the chef make another meal for you if it's not up to your liking." "No," I rush out, blushing when a few people glance our way at my outburst. "Don't do anything like that," I beg, this time in a much softer voice. I'll legit kill myself if Caden goes to bother Mrs Smith 1/3 σ S M D G D DI Chapter 96 all because of me. It will be a fate far worse than that. "The food is perfect." I make a show of shoving a fork full of the food into my mouth and smiling around a mouthful. Caden smiles back but doesn't look completely convinced. He spends half of his dinner by throwing glances my way. It's something that he just recently started doing. He always looks at me as though he's waiting for something to happen. I'm not stupid enough that I can't piece the puzzle together. This watching started after Jake's death. Caden probably thinks that I'm going to do something stupid. I appreciate his concern but I sometimes wish that he wouldn't watch me like I'm a dynamite that is about to explode at any moment. With him watching me like a hawk, I eat the food on my plate, forcing the food that I don't have an appetite for down my throat just so that he doesn't actually seek out poor Mrs Smith and have her make another dinner for me. I sigh happily as I place the last piece of broccoli in my mouth, chew on it, and wash it down with the glass of water beside my plate. Half of the people in the dining room had cleared away their plates and that's when I realized that I spent more than half an hour on my plate. Raphael is gone but Caden is still right beside me with his empty plate in front of him. He waited for me to be done with my dinner? That's oddly...sweet of him. "You're done?" He asks with a raised brow and I nod in answer. He smiles at me, picking up his plate and mine as well, stacking them together.

I open my mind to tell him that I'm more than capable of taking my plate to the kitchen but decide to keep shut at the last moment. There are times that I have to pick my battles wisely and this isn't one that's worth fighting. I follow Caden silently into the kitchen and stand behind him as he dumps the dishes into the sink "What did you want to tell me earlier?" I question, my curiosity coming back in tenfolds. I so badly want to know what all those whispering was all about. Caden turns around, leaning against the kitchen counter and taking a look around the kitchen. We're the only ones present, creating the perfect atmosphere for a private talk. That's one of the reasons why I brought up the conversation here. He coughs and scratches behind his ears, looking almost...shy? Ok, now I'm really invested in finding out what this is all about. "You don't have anything you're doing tomorrow night, right?" He asks. Chapter 96 I answer his question with a blank stare. Caden knows about my whereabouts twenty-four seven and he definitely knows that I don't have anything lined up for tomorrow evening. "I don't," I answer anyway. "How about going on a dinner date with me?" He swallows and lets out a nervous laugh. "What do you say? Will you go out on a date with me?"

## Chapter 97

Chapter 97 Alessia's POV After agreeing to go on a date with Caden, I had managed to walk up to my room without embarrassing myself by letting out a squeal or a scream. As soon as I'm in the comfort and privacy of my room, I do that and more. Giggling into my pillow, I try to force the huge grin on my face down a notch or two but it stays the same. I reprimand myself, telling myself not to be so happy all because of a date. He still has to work hard to earn my forgiveness and a simple date isn't going to make all the hurt that he has caused me disappear. But I have to admit that it's a good start. Standing up from my bed with my smile still intact, I walk towards my wardrobe and pull the door open. Digging inside it, I reach deep for the shopping bag that I know is shoved in there. I smile once my fingers brush against the nylon and pull it out of the wardrobe. Walking back to my bed, I reach into the bag and pull out the dress that Caden has secretly gotten for me. Hugging it to my chest, I walk in front of the full-length mirror and hold the dress against my front. It's still absolutely beautiful like it was the first time I saw it. It's a perfect dress for tomorrow's occasion. Unable to resist the urge, I twirl around with it cuddled to my chest and laugh at my silliness. I can't believe that I'm this excited over a simple date. I've gone on dates with other guys while I was in high school but none of those dates have even had this effect on me. None of them had ever made me feel this giddy and excited. Puffing air between my cheeks, I force my smile down and once it doesn't look like my face is about to split into two, I turn away from my reflection and walk back to the wardrobe. Taking out a hanger, I use it to hold the dress up in the wardrobe and close the door, already anticipating tomorrow evening. I'm going to feel like a princess in that dress and I can't fuckin' wait. Walking back to the bed, I brush off the empty nylon onto the floor and climb into my bed and under

the cover. As I close my eyes, I imagine what awaits me tomorrow night. \*\*\*\* The wait is excruciatingly long. Throughout the whole day, all I've been able to do is fix my gaze on the wall clock mounted in my room, counting down each minute and second that passes. Wondering when the hour hand is going to get to eight so that my date with Caden can commence. Yes, I know that I'm absolutely pitiful and shameless but I'm way past the point of caring about how I come off. Once the clock strikes seven. I hop into the shower and spend an unnecessary amount of time in there. Then I hop right out and walk over to my wardrobe, picking out my dream dress. Stripping out of the towel wrapped around my body, I slide the black dress onto my body and go to stand in the mirror. Like before, the dress is a perfect fit, hugging me in all the right places and ending in a slit that starts from the middle of my thighs. The overhead light catches on it as I twirl around in front of the mirror, getting a three-sixty-degree look at myself. I have to say that I look beautiful, the best that I've looked in a very long time. I quickly work on my hair, pulling it up into a simple hairdo and holding it up with pins, leaving my neck exposed. I leave it that way, not bothering to accessorise with a necklace. Caden always spent an unhealthy amount of time showering my neck with kisses while we were at his secret home. I know he loves my neck and I'm going to use that knowledge to drive him crazy. Smiling to myself, I place simple stud earrings in my earlobes and that's it. I use a little bit of mascara and a nude lip gloss on my lips. A knock comes on my door as I'm putting the final touches on my appearance. "I'm coming," I rush out,

keeping my makeup kit back in the drawer that I brought it out of Throwing one last look at my reflection in the mirror, I pick up my handbag and walk towards the door. Breathing deeply through my nose to cool down my nerves, I open the door and have to fight to keep my mouth from dropping open.

I drag my gaze up his body to find him having the same issues as me as his eyes trail leisurely up my body, leaving me feeling like I have nothing on. "I'm so sorry but I have to do this," Caden announces and steps closer to me. My brows furrow together as I try to make sense of his words, What is he apologizing for? Did he already change his mind about taking me out on a date or he is- My head quiets down and everything stands still as Caden draws me into his embrace and places a kiss on my lips. A simple kiss that deepens when I snake my arms around his neck and pull him closer to me. We kiss for what could have been mere seconds or minutes when Caden pulls out of my embrace and presses his forehead to me. "You look absolutely breathtaking in that dress," he whispers, short breaths coming out of his lips in pants. 2/3 At that moment, I felt absolutely breathtaking like he said. Like a princess in the arms of her prince charming.

## Chapter 98

### Chapter 98 Alessia's POV

I've never seen Caden in anything other than sweatpants and a t-shirt. On very few occasions have I seen him in jeans but never have I seen him in a suit pants and button up sleeve shirt. We walk through the living room to get to the door and I ignore the hundred pairs of eyes that follow us on our way out. It's obvious from the way that we're both dressed that we're going out on a date. Caden simply draws me into his side and whispers words of comfort in my ear as we pass the crowd, telling me not to let their stares get to me. We get to the car in one piece and Caden opens the passenger side for me and helps me in, resulting in me grinning like an idiot throughout the entire ride to the restaurant. Caden and I talk about simple subjects on the ride there, ranging from how this is the first time that he will be trying out this restaurant and any other topic that crosses our mind. By the time we get to the restaurant, the energy in the car is warm and easy as we share a laugh over a joke regarding Lucy, that Caden just retold.. Caden parks the car in a free space in the parking lot and I open my door just as Caden is rounding the car to get to my side. "I wanted to help you out of your car like a gentleman," he says, throwing a playful glare at me. "You'll get to do that when we get to the pack house and if you play your cards right, I'll even give you a good night kiss." Moving closer to him, I place my lips beneath his ear. "It won't be a kiss on the lips." With that said, I pull away and walk away from the car and Caden. Caden's gaze does dark at my words and I giggle as I pretend not to notice him discreetly trying to adjust his suit pants. He clears his throat when he gets to my side and avoids my gaze, sending me into another set of giggles. "Let's go get dinner," he says, wrapping his hand around my waist and pulling me into his side, completely ignoring the fact that I can't keep my laughter under control. He looks down at me and

smiles mischievously. "Two can play this game." That statement wipes away every trace of laughter out of me, leaving behind a healthy dosage of fear. I know the sort of control that Caden has over my body and I know that he's an expert when it comes to welding it. What if he puts me in an embarrassing position in the restaurant?

Just as soon as that thought enters my head, it disappears. There's no way that Caden will do something to humiliate me in front of a crowd. I trust him. I still at that thought. I trust Caden. When and how did that happen? "Is everything alright? Are you feeling ok?" Caden asks, looking down at me with concern and that's when I realize that I've stopped walking. I had been so disturbed by my internal conflict that it projected its results outside of my body. "I'm fine," I answer, smiling up at him to put his mind at ease because I know that he won't hesitate to drag us back into the car and back to the pack house if he suspects that I'm anything less than perfect. So I push away that thought to the back of my head. I will decipher it when I'm alone and in the comfort of my room, not when I'm on a date with my very handsome mate. He nods, still stealing glances at me as we walk towards the restaurant but at least, he isn't ushering us back into the car and back on the road. We get to the restaurant and the waitress shows us to the table that Caden booked for us- a seat that face the window, allowing us to gaze up at the beautiful sky outside while we eat our food. A perfect seat. When the waitress comes back, she takes our orders and leaves again with a promise to be back soon with our food. "So, how are you liking the date so far?" Caden asks, looking at me expectantly. I laugh, finding this side of Caden very cute. "We just got here. I'll grade you when we get back to the pack house." I don't tell him that he's already at a perfect score and that unless he does

something crazy like stripping down to his brief then that score is going to stay that way till the end of the evening. That's how much I looked forward to this evening and it hasn't disappointed me in any way. We're seated in front of a beautiful view. Caden is being a perfect gentleman and our food is on the way. Very few things can put a bad spin on this day. The waitress comes back with our food and wine. Caden pours the wine into our glass cups and we cheers to new beginnings. We eat and talk throughout dinner, sharing our interests. I definitely did not peg Caden as the sort of guy to have a secret like for puzzles. I teased him about being a nerd and he glared at me but I did catch him hiding a smile behind his cup when he goes to take a sip out of it. Overall, our date is shaping up to be the best date I've ever gone to. When Caden tops it all a surprise dessert consisting of a milkshake covered with strawberries and chocolate, it up with

immediately becomes my best date. Yes, I'm a sucker for chocolate. Sue me. Ta ;

## Chapter 99

Chapter 99 Alessia's POV I wake up in a puddle of sweat and a familiar pain in the pit of my stomach. Oh, no. This can't be happening again. Has it already been a month since the last time? I fly out of my bed and rush to the calendar hanging from the wall. My fingers fly across the paper and my heart sinks as I confirm my suspicions. It has

already been a month since my last heat. Dear G o d, what am I going to do? This is so not the time for this to be happening. Caden and I just started making things work out for us and now this heat is about to make a big mess of everything. I walk towards my bed, falling face down on it. Gripping my pillow I push my face into it and groan but that groan ends in a moan of pain as I clutch my stomach. I have forgotten just how painful these flashes are. I can't do this on my own. I need Caden. Pushing through the pain, I force my way into the bathroom because there's no way that I'm going to let Caden put his hands on me when I stink and still have yesterday's breath. Absolutely no way in hell. I scrub all the necessary areas that need to be scrubbed and hop out, whining and groaning all through the process of pulling my clothes on. After getting dressed, I race out of my room and up the stairs to Caden's room, knocking frantically on his door. A sleepy Caden opens the door, his sweatpants hanging on his hip with his hair a mess. All in all, he looks like a hot mess that I can't wait to climb. "Alessia, what are you doing here?" He asks in a raspy voice with concern etched on his face. "Did something happen?" Ignoring his question, I fall into his arms and pull his head down to mine, sighing in relief as I feel his lips on mine. This right here is exactly what I need. Caden pulls away, panting as he tries to take in air into his lungs with wide eyes. "Is it already happening again?" I nod, settling for his neck and giving him time to catch his breath. He groans when my teeth sink into his neck.

"Let's go into my room. I don't want someone to come across us like this," he says but I don't make any attempt to pull away from him or his delicious neck. Caden groans and slides his hand down my legs, his fingers circling my thighs. He effortlessly lifts me and wraps my legs around his waist. Walking backwards he takes us into the room and I use my foot to slam the door shut behind us, my lips continuing their ministrations on his neck. UZN 92% 10.44 Mwk bow Lex make him ours, my wolf growls, trying to make an appearance and take over control. I push her down, the memory of what happened the last time she tried something of that sort very vivid in my head. I'm not about to have a repeat of that mess. Take me to bed." I whisper into his ear before pulling his earlobe between my teeth and biting down on it. Caden growls, his head on thickening between my legs. I would love to have that thing inside of me but I know that can't happen. I'll just have to make do with what I have. Not that Caden's mouth and fingers are poor substitutes but having his cock inside of me will probably feel fucking amazing. I tighten my legs around his waist and my hands around his neck, giving me the leverage I need to bang onto his body and grind my pussy into his cock. Caden's hands tighten around my hips, stilling my movement and I let out a soft whine. "Though of that. I'm trying to talk to you here," Caden groans out, his green orbs nearly black. "How am I meant to concentrate if you keep doing that?" He has been trying to talk to me? I blink at him, my brain needing a moment to catch up. "What do you want to talk about? Can't it wait until later? I really need you right now." Somehow, it seems as though this heat wave is worse than the previous one I had. I don't remember feeling this crazed and horny for Caden's touch. Even as he's trying to reason with me, my hands are still exploring his broad shoulders and wide back. I miss placing my legs on those broad shoulders while he eats me out like I'm the best thing that he has ever had.



"No, it can't wait." Caden words pull me out of my daydreaming and back to reality. I whine, dropping my head on his shoulder and feeling his body vibrate as he lets out a chuckle. my foot. "It won't take long." His hands let go of me and I slide down to the floor and onto "What is it about?" I ask crossing my arms across my chest and pouting, annoyed at him for leavin me in this state. Does he want me to crawl on the ground and lick his feet before he touches me? The funny thing is that I might actually do that if that's what it takes to have his hands back on my body. Besides, his feet don't look all that bad. I wouldn't mind taking that big toe into my mouth and twirling my tongue all around it, and then- I shake my head, terrified at where my thoughts are leading me too. I need Caden's hands on my body right this instant or else, I might just perish. What on earth does he want to talk about? "I want to mate with you."

## Chapter 100

Chapter 100 Alessia's POV My head whip up so fast that I'm shocked I don't get whiplash from how fast I was. Did I hear him correctly? Did Caden just say that he wants to mate with me? I turn my confused gaze to him. "You want to mate with me?" I blinked dumbly at him. What brought this on? I'm not complaining but I wonder what could have caused such a change in the man standing before me. He nods, smiling brightly. "Yes." His smile dies down. "You don't want to?" "No!" I rush out, clearing my throat and blushing when Caden chuckles. "I want to mate with you." "Good." His gaze goes dark. "Now that the topic is out of the way, let's move on to more exciting things." He walks towards me and I don't object as he pulls me into his arms and presses his lips on my mind. He walks us back to the bed, stopping when the back of my leg hits the wooden frame of the bed. I go tumbling down and Caden's body is on mine in the next second, his lips taking mine again. Moaning into the kiss, I wrap my arms around his neck like a leech and my legs around his waist as I press him hard against my pussy. "Slow down there," Caden says in between kisses as he detangles my leg away from his waist. "Any more of that and this will be over before we even start." His lips leave mine and I open my mouth to let out a protest but what comes out of my mouth is a moan as Caden latches his lips on my neck sucking on the skin there. "I can't wait for you to bear my mark here." His teeth sinks into the skin he just kissed, sending a jolt that goes straight down to my pussy. Who is this man and what has he done to the Caden that I once knew? I'm not complaining though. I love this side of Caden and I don't want him to change anytime soon. Giggling because his breath is tickling the side of my neck, I turn my head to the side, offering my neck as a sort of sacrificial lamb like a slut. "You can mark me if you want." "Not yet," he says. He places one last kiss on my neck and moves away, sliding down my body. "We are going to be in a good place when we bear each other mark for the first time," he whispers,

showering my cleavage with kisses. I understand and agree with the words that come out of his mouth but I silently wish that he wouldn't give a damn about such things and just mark me already. I would love to be baring his mark when he slides his cock into me for the very first time. He sits up, pulling my shirt as he goes and I assist him by lifting my arms over my head and making his work easier. That clothes lands on the ground and a few seconds later, my sweatpants Chapter 100 join it. Next, my panties

also join the heap of discarded clothings. Once I'm completely naked, Caden lays me back on the bed, his gaze trailing hungrily over my exposed flesh. "I've dreamt about this moment for days. The day that I finally get to completely own your body." He slides out of the bed and stands at the foot of the bed, his gaze still sliding over my body. "You have no idea how beautiful you look laid out on that bed and waiting for my touch." My legs clench together at his words, a wave of wetness sliding out of my p u s s y. Enough of these filthy words, I want his c o c k inside of me. I can't wait any longer. Getting onto my knees, I crawl to the edge of the bed and slide my finger through the waistband of his sweatpants, dragging down it down until his hard c o c k pops out. Then I leave the sweatpants hanging under his a s s and grip his c o c k in my hand. "Enough talking. Show me what you have lashes. really got," I whisper seductively, peeping up at him from beneath my Caden chuckles and pushes his sweatpants the rest of the way and onto the ground. He kicks it away with his foot to the side of the room once it's off him and widens his stance, drawing my attention to just how spectacular my mate's body is. I can't believe that in a few minutes, I'm going to have my body clinging to his as he slides into my sex. At that thought, my hand on his c o c k moves faster, pumping him harder and watching in wonder as a bead of c u m appears on the tip. Using my thumb to wipe it away, I lift that hand to my lips and suck the thumb into my mouth, holding Caden's gaze throughout the entire process. His gaze darkens, a growl escaping his mouth...

I laugh at his expression but that laugh abruptly stops when I find myself on my back with Caden above me. "You're a little tease and you're about to get what's coming your way." That's all the warning I get, before Caden slides down my body, taking my nipple into his mouth and sucking on it until it becomes a hard pebble. I moan, gasp, and dig my fingers through his hair, begging him to keep doing whatever it is that he's doing with his tongue. I might just die if he stops his ministrations on my breasts. Thankfully, he doesn't. Instead, he uses his hand on my other nipple as his tongue sucks harder on the one inside his mouth. If this is how paradise feels then I'm ok right now on this earth. I don't need anything else but Caden's mouth on my nipples, doing whatever it is that he's doing right now.