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Ron

I find myself once again sitting across from her. She knows how much I hate coming here, yet she refuses to go to my pack house: Dam, shady ass witches.

"Why are you always scowling at everyone in here?"

The amusement in her voice says how much she enjoys this.

"Because you witches are shady and sneaky as hell."

She rolls her eyes, "Like you, wolves are never up to no good? Like now, what is it you are here for?"

Growling at her. "Did you make it or not?"

"Always so impatient,"

She leans down and picks up a small shackle next to her. Digging into it, she pulls out a small bottle.

"Here, " she slides it across the table. It will only last an hour, and then you, my Cinderella, will be yourself again."

Snatching it from the table, I look at it,

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"Only an hour?"

"Yes. one hour, that's the best I could do."

I keep my eyes on the bottle in my hand as I turn. One step down now; I need to learn his land and find an in so I can slip in. I cant have either one of the boys help me. Landon has not spoken to me in three days now and Harrison is up to something, He been avoiding me.

"Is there anything else you need from me?"

Peering up at me, she is smirking. She knows this isn't easy, and she will rub it in my face. When I first came to see her about helping, she flat-out refused to help me when she heard who I was messing with; of course, I had heard the rumors about him, but I did not care. He plays by the laws that we are to follow. I do not. I make my laws and rules. I will run my pack as I see fit. Harrison may think he calls the shots now, but he is sorely wrong. Itw ill be my pack till the day i die.

"Would you be able to help me with the layout of his land?"

Setting the bottle on the table,

She looks from it to me. Squinting her eyes.

"Why would you need my help with that? Cant you send your scouts to do your dirty work? I already have enough of my hands in it. Im not looking to

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cross Alpha Jaxson any more than I already have. You may not value your life, but I, on the other hand, do."

"Why are you always so dramatic? Like he would know you helped?"

She scoffed.

"This will be the last time. After this, I will not bother you anymore."

She twisted her glass in her hand as she listened to my words,

She let out a sigh,

"Last time."

Nodding my head, "Last time."

"I will contact you when im done. and let you know what I find,"

Standing up, I grab the bottle. "Sure thing." I move away from the table and out of the building,

Climbing in my car, I put the bottle in the center compartment. Now I have to wait till she is done. Soon, this will be done, Im sure my boys will fight me on this but they will learn to understand why I am doing this. It is all for the better of the pack. If she would have been older and i wouldn't have had pups already i would mate her. But she was to young back then and i already had my boys. Even

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though I have wondered what she would feel like, I bet she is so tight and fresh. Not loose and used goods.

Maybe I will sample her before I let the boys have her; some fresh meat would be a good change for me. Seeing as im not turned on by my mate

AG

Ads-free >

anymore. She is so bland that I'm surprised I was able to have pups with her,

Dam it, im hard just thinking about her. Adjusting myself with a groan, I start the car. I'll find myself an omega when I get back. That will have to do for now,

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Rose

"Are you nervous?" Jaxson asked. He sat in the chair against the wall. Today, I was getting my leg unwrapped. Jaxson brought me to the clinic himself. I was more than ready to have it off; it would make getting around easier.

Shaking my head, "No, not really. Just ready to have it off."

He nodded his head, "I'm sure. At least walking will be easier."

"Yeah. I won't be hobbling like a polo stick when I go to the bathroom."

He chuckles.

The last few days have been good. He sits with me, and we talk about anything and everything. He didn't pressure me about what had happened to me. We joke and laugh which is something I have not done in a long time.

The pull I feel toward him and his scent is getting stronger each day. I'm able to pick up his scent more and more. I find myself wanting to touch him to feel the sparks. He, of course, does not argue and lets me fiddle with his hand and fingers; it calms me.

If I can't fall asleep, he will sit with me, and I will play with his hand until I do. When I wake up due

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to a nightmare, he calms me down and stays until I fall back to sleep. The other night, I woke again, not from a nightmare. I just woke up, and he was asleep in the chair beside my bed.

Warmth spread through my chest, seeing he had stayed with me.

Harley and I have talked about mates. I told her what I knew about having a mate, but she could explain more. Hearing what she had to say and knowing that Jaxson is an Alpha and how he has been so patient with me makes me look at him differently. I have always thought Alphas were like Alpha Ron and his boys. The only thing that mattered was what they wanted, not what someone needed.

I see the difference between Jaxson and Alpha Ron.

Jaxson cares for his pack. Where Alpha Ron only cared about himself and his image. It was never what the pack needed but what he wanted. And his boys were spoiled and thought everything would be handed to them on a silver platter.

"True. You won't be a wibbles wobbles anymore," He chimed at me.

Throwing the pillow at him. "Shut up." I laugh.

He caught the pillow.

"Thanks." He tucks it behind his head, leaning back. Closing his eyes,

"Hey, that's for the patient."

"Well, the patient didnt want it." He shrugs. "I cant let good pillow go to waste now, can I?"

"Butthead," I mumble under my breath.

He peeks one eye open. "Did you call me a butthead?"

Sitting up straighter."Yes, I did." I stick my tongue at him.

"I dont think I have been called a butthead since. Like the third grade."

Lifting my shoulders, "Maybe not to your face."

"That's harsh, women," He places his hand on his chest, "Im so hurt right now." He sticks his bottom lip out,

Oh my god, is he pouting,

"Are you pouting?" I asked, holding my laugh in.

"Alpha, do not pout, you big baby."

"Now im a big Baby. What with all the mean name-calling?"

"You started it. You took my pillow."

"You threw it at me."

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Lifting my hands, "See totally a butthead."

"You better take that back, twinkles."

The other thing he calls me is Twinkles.

"Or what?" I hold his stare. I surprised myself. But with him, it is so easy to be like this.

He stands slowly, walking towards me,

"Or I may have to tickle you."

Gasping i hold my hand out. "You wouldn't dare?"

I made the mistake of telling him how ticklish I was when he tried helping me one day, but every time he touched my side, I squirmed and laughed.

"Oh, my little twinkles. I would." He gets that grin on his face.

I was already laughing as he stepped closer.

"Jaxs." I giggle. "Dont you."

I did get to finish when he attacked me, tickling me. I tried rolling away, but with this dam-wrapped-up leg, I couldn't.

"St... Stop... Im.... I'm.. a ... Injured..." I couldn't finish as i was laughing to hard.

"Take it back."

Im gasping for air.

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"Alright! I take it Back!"

He stops his attack. He was leaning over me, his hand next to my sides. Both of us were breathing hard. I got lost in his eyes again.

He started to lean closer. The door swung open, making us both jump. I pushed against his chest, making him stand up as I sat up.

"Ah well, it looks like you two are getting along,"

The doctor chuckles when she sees us.



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