

The Silent Alpha by StephanieLight Chapter 13

Chapter 13: Wingman Part 1

*** Zane***

After dinner, Talia shows me around the kitchen to help me familiarize myself with the chores she expects me to complete while she's at work.

"Plates and cups are up here," she instructs, pointing to the top cabinet.

"Kota has his plate and cups down here. Always use his plates and cups to feed him. He will break the glass ones and hurt himself. Also, he will try to help you with the dishes. It's just an excuse to play with the water. You can let him wash his own dishes but give them a good rinse yourself when he's not looking," she chuckles softly, my heart fluttering at the gentle sound.

I wish she would laugh more... I wish I could make her laugh...

"You can find all the cleaning supplies under the sink here to clean the kitchen. There's also a supply closet in the hall with other things like bleach and floor cleaner. The closet is locked so Kota can't get into it. Keep it locked at all times," says, opening a small kitchen drawer to reveal the key to the closet.

She thinks for a moment, trying to figure out what other information I need.

"Oh, here's a list of contacts!" she exclaims, rushing to the for Kota, which reminds me, "I will need to clear you to pick him up tomorrow."

She writes a note to herself on the sheet.

“This is the extension to the clinic where I work so you can reach me, this is my phone number, and this,” she points to the last number hesitantly, as if struggling to decide if she could tell who that phone number belonged to.

“Look, you have to promise me you won’t tell anyone what I am about to tell you.” I raise an eyebrow at her and she laughs at herself.

“Oh right. You don’t talk,” she mumbles sheepishly.

“You get what I mean though so promise,” she demands.

Unable to actually give her my word that I would never tell a soul her secret, I cross my heart and she nods in approval.

“This is the number to the bookshop Gwen works at. She’s a witch,” she whispers.

“If Kota is ever hurt, you take him to her. Forget the hospital. They won’t know what to do with him. He’s not human.” The blood drains from my face.

Talia is in alliance with a witch, the mortal enemies of half werewolves? I turn to the little boy watching playing with his wolf. He’s not human?

“He’s a wolf,” Talia mutters in distaste.

“But he won’t ever become one of you. I’ll make sure of that.”

Her words sting but I ignore her comment as Grayson’s voice fills my head. So she’s had a mate before...

Grayson whispers, remembering must have not ended well for her to hate mates so much.

The thought of her being hurt by another wolf angers me.

Who could be so stupid to have given up a life time with her and Kota ?

“Gwen is currently on a trip but she should return soon,” Talia says, interrupting my thoughts.

“I know witches and wolves don’t get along but she is family. You will treat her with utmost respect. Am I clear ?” I don’t like the idea of a witch being near her but I nod at her request.

She finishes the tour of the house and takes Kota to bed.

I unpack the shopping bags from my trip with Agnes and I hop in the shower to get ready for work.

It’s nice to have a little moment to myself after feeling suffocated by Talia’s constant glares.

She didn’t like me yet, but she could at least try not to give me a murderous look every time our eyes met.

Steam follows me as I step out of the shower and I walk into the bedroom, wrapped only in a towel.

I rummage through the drawers and pull out a black t-shirt, jeans and underwear.

As I slip on a pair of boxers, the faint scent of lilac and rain fills my nostrils and I hear a gasp from behind me. I turn immediately to find Talia staring at me like a deer caught in headlights.

My mind becomes flustered and I scramble to cover my manhood, tripping over the towel and crashing onto the bed with a groan.

Words cannot express the sheer embarrassment that courses around my thighs, my d**k on full display for her.

She bolts away from the door, muttering an apology as she scrambles out of the room.

Grayson howls with laughter at my display of idiocy, unable to contain his sheer delight at my fumble.

You are such a dork, he wheezes uncontrollably.

I lay on the bed, unable to muster any strength to move, every muscle in my body frozen from the mortification.

Not only had she seen my d**k, she had likely seen the scars on my body, I realize, my heart rate soaring.

Would she be disgusted by them? Grayson stops his laughter and sighs.

I don't know.

Feeling sick to my stomach, I contemplate not going to work at all but I remind myself that I have a responsibility to Agnes and now to Talia. I could not skip out on work even if I felt like fainting. I finish dressing and after a useless pep talk from Grayson, I slowly make my way towards the kitchen, finding Talia reading on the couch.

"A-are you alright?" Talia asks, her voice soft as a blush flushes on her cheeks.

I sigh in relief that she doesn't bring up my scars and nod, looking away in my own embarrassment.

Just then, Micah knocks on the door, ready to take me to work, Talia does not spare me a glance so I simply go to Agnes's room and kiss her goodnight.

"Easy for you to say," I groan.

"She doesn't want to murder you." Agnes kisses my cheek.

"Be patient." I nod, kissing her temple and running out of the house to Micah's caf.

Work at The Masque is uneventful, only a handful of drunk clients attempting to bother the waitresses and dancers.

Several of the strippers offer me a dance as a thanks for my service but I refuse. I had Talia to think about.

She had made it clear I could not speak to other women and I would not disrespect her wishes, no matter how challenging they were in my line of work. She, Kota, and Agnes came above anyone else.

Relief fills my muscles when the clock strikes four am and I hurriedly clock out, Micah, Niki and I groaning with exhaustion.

I'm dropped off at the house and I tiptoe quietly inside.

Having not slept at all in the past 36 hours, every muscle in my body screams for a warm bed.

There's no way she'll let me share the bed with her, I sigh. Are you an Alpha or not? Grayson growls, his mind also tired.

Only by blood, I remind him, recalling all the names my father spewed at me for my lack of spine.

take you seriously if you let her walk all over you like everyone else has in your life.

Weil what do you suggest, mutt? I growlin annoyance.

I'm doing everything in my power to please her. This is HER home after all.

Which she agreed to share with YOU, he growls back.

So by default, you have some say here too. I still don't understand what he means and he heaves a heavy sigh.

Grab a pen and paper, he says, instructing me to write a note for his plan. With the note in my shaking hands, I quietly sneak into the bedroom, finding the pillow and blanket folded neatly on the floor for me.

Not a chance, Grayson snarls.

We deserve a warm bed tonight.

I gulp nervously and begin to undress down to my boxers and find the pair of pajama bottoms I had bought to make Talia more comfortable around me.

Now dressed for sleep, I pace back and forth, unable to bring myself to climb in with her.

Just f*****g do it. I'm tired! Grayson snaps inhale a large breath of air and let it out nice and slow.

With whatever confidence I can muster, I tiptoe to the left side of the bed with the most space left and lift the covers up slowly.

At a snail's pace, I take a seat and swing my legs under the covers.

At the sudden shift in bed.

She reaches for the bedside table and turns on the lamp, the room filling with dim yellow light.

There's a small dagger in her hand pointed at me but when she sees it's just me sitting beside her, a glare of death settles on her face.

“What the f**k do you think you're doing?” she snarls, throwing the dagger back in its place in the bedside table.

“You're supposed to be sleeping on the floor.”

Don't give in...

Grayson warns.

Hand her the note.

Determined to look like the strong Alpha Grayson made me believe I could be, I hand her the note which she rips out of my grip and reads aloud.

“You can either share the bed with me or take the floor yourself. Either way, I'm sleeping on the bed.” She looks up at me with fire in her brown eyes.

“This was not part of the agreement!” she snaps.

Grayson tells me to stand my ground and I point to the paper again, unwilling to move.

She stares angrily at me, refusing to move an inch herself.

Seeing that neither of use was willing to move and she was not going to attack me, I settle into the bed and pull the covers to my chin.

Her breathing goes heavy and she lets out a frustrated scream into her pillow before smacking me with it and shoving it between us.

“You better f*****g stay on your side of the bed or I swear to god I will take that f*****g dagger and shove it up your ass!” she screams, turning her back to me and turning off the light.

I turn to the side to hide my grin, unable to believe Grayson’s idea had worked.

See ? Grayson snaps.

It’s not that hard to take a stand.

Shut up and take the win already, I sigh sleepily, just grateful to not be on the floor again.

I curl up on my side and after a few minutes, I let myself drift off into the darkness.