

## Chapter 29

### Alexander POV

It was hard for me to not stare at Emily. I was in awe; she was so beautiful and strong, and she was mine!

Breakfast went down smoothly, and at least I didn't make a fool out of myself. It was difficult to keep my cool and not to openly drool.

Everything about Emily had me compelled. Her scent was like a siren calling me with a silent melody I could only hear; her beautiful, full, rosy lips were memorizing, and I constantly drowned in her serious oceanblue eyes.

I stole glances every now and again, taking mental pictures.

I couldn't help tracing her beautiful face inside my mind. She didn't have a clue how much I struggled not to be able to touch her. I burned at the need to hold her in my arms and bury myself inside of her.

Ghost purred in my mind—he was happy to be close to our mate, and he couldn't wait for Emily to show her wolf.

Yet Ghost was constantly trying to link up with Emily's wolf, and the more he tried, the more frustrated he became.

"She refuses to remove the block," Ghost whined. "I just can't understand why she doesn't want to talk with me."

"I think Emily instructed her not to," I said. "Let her be; you will get your opportunity to link up with her wolf."

"It better be soon!" Ghost growled. "I waited long enough for her."

"So did I, buddy," I said. "So did I."

I never blamed Ghost for keeping me from marking Emily that night, yet I couldn't help wondering if things might have turned out differently if I had.

Would we have had a pup by now?

What would the pup have looked like? Would the pup have had Emily's eyes and her beautiful smile?

Would we've been a happy couple?

My thoughts trailed off, deeper and deeper into whatifs, and it sort of made me frustrated and miserable.

We could have been happily married by now! Emily could have been by my side as Luna!

"Mate wants to see the pack training schedule and techniques," Ghost mused, bringing me back to my presence. He was sitting in silence watching us interact, and even though he tried to take control of me a few times, I managed to hold him off. "Should we go down to the training camp and show her how strong we are?"

"Do you think that would impress her?" I asked, wondering.

"I think she might see it as a challenge," Ghost said.

"You think?" I cut him off, and a small, teasing smile followed on my lips. "I wouldn't mind seeing her in action. We both know she is trained to use her abilities."

I just wasn't sure how well she was trained to use those abilities.

I had started reading some of the old books explaining how to unlock my abilities, yet some seemed impossible. I needed guidance, and I was hoping Emily could show and teach me.

"Neither would I," Ghost mused. "She is strong, but I am not sure how strong!"

"Do you think she would like to do some sparing?" I asked, hopeful.

"Yeah, she might even surprise all of us," Ghost mused.

"Sure," I said, moving my attention back to Emily and stretching my hand out to her to take.

I wasn't sure if she would dare take my hand. She was very careful not to touch me.

"Such a gentleman," Emily said, chuckling under her breath, and surprisingly, she placed her hand in mine.

"Oh, my goddess!" I sighed, satisfied, when the electric sparks moved between our hands.

"She is not holding back." Ghost mused excitedly. "That's a start in the right direction."

It was one small step for Emily and one huge leap for me.

"F\*ck," I internally moaned, intoxicated.

I was enjoying the electric spark feeling wherever our skin touched. I became a prisoner at will, enjoying the sweet torture of holding her hand. It was even more potent than I could remember.

"This must be what heaven feels like!" I sighed happily.

"This is better than heaven!" Ghost yapped happily.

Everything happened so fast. One second, I was still daydreaming like a teenager over his first crush. The next second, my arm was pinned behind my back, and I moaned out loud.

"What the f\*ck just happened?" A ghost yapped out, bewildered.

We had never been caught off guard like this before.

"I don't know," I said. "I just got distracted for a second."

Ghost rolled his eyes at me, annoyed.

"She's clever," he commented. "Good luck getting yourself out of this one."

"Never lose focus," Emily mused behind me, and I shivered, feeling her move closer and her hot breath fanning the side of my face.

I kept still, enjoying the warmth the sparks provided between us—that was until I felt her accidentally brush her breast against my back.

My cock twitched, and I swallowed hard. There was no way I could prevent this. I was about to have a fullblown erection inside my pants.

"F\*ck!" I internally swore, with Ghost laughing his ass off at me. If Emily doesn't step away from me soon, I will lose control and f\*ck her here and now. We will never leave this office until we are both satisfied.

I tried to think of something else, which didn't work, and my boxers became soaked with my precome.

I need to warn her.

"Emily," I said, my voice husky and low. "If you don't let go of my arm, neither of us will be leaving this office anytime soon."

Emily's breath hitched, scenting my arousal, and she slowly let go of my arm, taking a quiet and calculated step back.

The office suddenly fell silent.

Was my arousal affecting her?

"Did you break her?" Ghost growled, getting to his feet, worried.

"I haven't done anything," I argued, yet I could hear Emily's heart racing.

Emily's sweet arousal hit my nose, causing Ghost to go wild inside my mind.

I pushed him aside and blocked him off. The wall between us would only last a minute or two, just long enough to get everything under control again.

I turned my attention back to Emily, listening. Her arousal had filled the room, overpowering mine. It was so sweet that I licked my lips; it made me hungry to have her, feel her, and hear her little moans while I pleased and f\*cked her.

"Do you want me, little mate?" I asked, my voice husky and full of lust.

"Do you want me to please you? F\*ck you?"

When no answer slipped through her lips, I slowly turned around to face her.

Emily stood frozen in her spot, her face flustered red and her eyes shifting between black and blue.

Was she fighting her wolf to keep control?

Did she have the same problem as I did?

Seconds ticked by, and I started to get worried. Wasn't she strong enough to control her wolf?

I took a step closer, cupped Emily's face in my hands, and lifted her head to meet mine.

"I will never force you to do anything against your will, Emily," I whispered to her. "That I promise you."

Emily slowly closed her eyes, taking a deep and calculated breath.

"Thank you," she whispered after a moment, opening her eyes.

"Come on," I said, taking her hand and kissing the top of her finger. "Let me go show you our gymnasium; it is much bigger than it used to be. I think you would love and appreciate it."


Emily nodded, and we headed to the door in silence.

I never expected to get a whipping from my mate and learn so much about her in one afternoon.

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Chapter Comments



 Watch Ads to Get 8 Vouchers

## Chapter 30

Emily's POV

The pack members gasped in surprise when they saw me entering with Alex by my side, yet neither of us gave them much attention.

My gaze moved over the gymnasium, noticing that it was much bigger than I remembered.

"You should see the outside," Alex said proudly. "We have even made the training area bigger."

I nodded, looking at all the expensive equipment they were using, yet something didn't add up. I made a mental note to compare the purchase with the equipment on hand and followed Alex out.

My eyes widened seeing the outside; it was nothing like what I expected.

"We have extended the original trail through the forest," Alex said, going down a few steps. "And added shorter ones for the pups to run and stay fit."

Alex looked so relaxed and proud while he showed me around.

Most Alphas gave the tours of showing me around to their Beta to handle, yet here we were, Alex, taking time off out of his very busy schedule and showing me around.

"Are the pups still only starting their training at age 10?" I asked.

"No," Alex said, turning to face me. "I had to change that. Our pups start at age 5."

"Isn't that too young?" I asked, getting closer to him.

"I don't believe so," Alex said. "The younger they start, the better. Especially with the constant rogue attacks. We can't be too careful."

I understood his concern.

"What kind of training do you do with the pups?" I asked.

Lex started at the age of three, learning the basics of hiding and knowing where he needed to go if the pack was under attack.

"We teach them skills to help them survive," Alex started. "We have different levels of training. The smaller pups mainly play in the yard."

Alex stopped and pointed to the area he called the yard. There were things like jungle gyms set up with tires and ropes, all in colorful colors of red, green, yellow, and blue. It looked more like a little school playground, except there were no swings to ride on.

I nodded, and we got closer.

"Everything teaches them to balance while they play," Alex explained. "We are teaching them how to evacuate and where to go. We constantly do pack drills."

"Until what age do they play here?" I asked, interested in knowing.

"It depends on the pup, but usually at age seven," he said.

Alex started walking in a different direction.

"What does their training schedule look like?" I asked.

Alex chuckled.

"The pups are trained daily from 3 pm to 5 pm," he said. "All other pack members train at their scheduled times."

I nodded in understanding and followed Alex down a path going toward the forest.

"This is where we train the group from 7 to 15 years old," Alex gestured. "It is very similar to what you just saw, but just on a bigger and more technical scale. We teach the pups combat skills and how to defend themselves."

There was a training mat centered in the area, and a few pups were sparing, others were climbing ropes, and others were doing the obstacle course.

We moved further down the path, and the sound of water roared close by. We must be close to the waterfall and river.

"It's part of the senior training," Alex said, reading my mind.

I was interested to know how the river formed part of his new training schedule.

We walked in silence for the last couple of yards when the senior training area came into view.

"Isn't that Alpha Cole?" I asked, surprised to see him on the training mat.

"And your father," Alex said. "I did tell you that all wolves train. I wasn't joking about what I had said."

"At what age are they retired from training?" I asked.

"When they have one foot in the grave," Alex said, seriously.

Was he kidding me?

"Alpha is pulling your leg," Luke said, getting closer. His blond hair was soaked, and he had a towel thrown over his shoulder. I guess he has just finished training.

"Elder wolves are excused from training when they cannot shift anymore, but they still need to do the basic training on how to evacuate."

I nodded.

"But a certain Alpha has been skipping training for a while," Luke said, hinting at Alex.

"Why have you stopped training?" I asked.

"I haven't," Alex said. "I just don't get time to come down here and train with the pack. I have my own daily routine in the gym."

"So how do we know you are still fit to be an Alpha?" I challenged.

"Pick any wolf here," Alex said, taking the bait. "And I will show you I am still capable of bringing them down."

"Challenge accepted," I said, passing Alex and calling the pack members closer.

"Your Alpha here says he could take any of you," I announced, and my gaze fell on Alex. "I would like to see that happen. I am hoping to randomly choose someone to spare against your Alpha."

The pack members nodded, liking the challenge.

"Everyone ready?" I asked, and the group cheered.

I closed my eyes, extended my arm, and started spinning around a couple of times. When I stopped, my finger pointed into the crowd, and I opened my eyes.

"F\*ck," I mentally cursed. I selected my father.



"It seems like Beta John is the lucky one," Luke announced, getting onto the mat.

My father narrowed his eyes at me, yet he didn't say anything as he got onto the mat.

Alex got closer as well, took off his shirt and shoes, and threw them on the bench.

"Good luck," I said to both, and I ran off the training mat.

I found a spot and took a seat, my gaze moving over Alex's perfectly sculptured, tanned body, and for a second I wished I could run my fingertips over each perfect line and muscle.

Just thinking of it had my underwear soaked, and I got up and moved uncomfortably away, hoping no one would sense my arousal.

Luke called the two contestants closer, and they shook hands.

"Keep this fight clean," Luke said, looking at Alex. "No use of abilities, and the first one to tap out loses."

Both nodded in understanding.

Luke gave the signal and stepped away, but before the actual fight started, Alex had found a way to pin my father to the floor.

My father tried every technique he knew to try and get Alex to let go and move away from him.

That was barely a minute; I gasped, surprised.

"Maybe you should put him in his place," Willow mused. She was in the mood for a little fun.

Before I could refuse, Willow grabbed control, stepped on the mat, and challenged Alex to a duel.

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Chapter Comments



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