

The Daughter of Wolf Executor Chapter 20

A small blanket is draped over her body, while she rests peacefully. Smiling I quietly close her door, walking the length to her before sitting on the floor. Leaning my back against the bed, my neck turned to see her soft face. The clip board sits on the side of me, but my attention is on her. Lips parted just a little as she breaths softly, making her hot breath fan outward. Eyes twitch before returning to their relaxed state, moving the blanket over her bare arms she sighs happily. As I sit more relaxed then I have been all month, I go over the party for Alpha Serge.

It occurs to me that Fina will see the Alpha, frowning how am I gonna get out of this one. She's not ready for that shock, and frankly I'm not ready to tell her. I can't even link her, because even that will give away my title. Rubbing a hand over my face, my eyes revert back to her sweet face. Serge is going to have to tell his pack, but when she finds out it will make her furious. Its bad enough all my pack members know, if I were to complicate things further she's bound to hate me more. Sometime I swear being Alpha has no perks, then again I suppose I could always think of something.

After an hour or so I am linked that dinner is ready, knowing she needs to eat I force myself to wake her. Running my finger tips over her arms, she twitches causing me to smile. Yawning as I say her name, her lashes flutter till they grays peak out.[www.NoVé\(1\)w\(é\)rm.\(c\)Om](#)

"Jackson?" Rubbing her eyes, pushing herself up.

"Hi love, dinners ready" Nodding she yawns again, causing a squeak to come out at the end. Blushing at the mouse like noise, she looks away.

"Did you just squeak?" Playing with her.

"No" Frowning, causing me to laugh.

"If you say so love, come on" Holding my hand out to her. Placing her smaller one in mine, I help her up. Walking down with her, a few members nod their heads behind her. Smells of tonight's dinner steams out of the kitchen as Kem walks out.

"Fina, Sir" Nodding.[www.NoVé\(1\)w\(é\)rm.\(c\)Om](#)

"Hello Kem, coffee good?" She asks, winking which causes him to blush. He swallows down a piece of corn bread, before moving off to the side. Fina enters the kitchen grabbing two plates, handing one to me. Everyone eyes her, as I had completely forgotten that my plate is specially made. Damn these little things, taking the plate I link with Lisa.

~Give my plate to the Enforcer~

~Yes Alpha~

Smiling my way through it, Fina smiles back placing things on her plate as I do the same. Taking her hand before she heads to the dinning room, she looks puzzled.

"Lets eat on the patio" Nodding to the outside.

"Okay" Following me outside, the white patio furniture reflecting off the pool. Sitting down she growls, looking up she seems to have forgotten a drink.

"I'll be back"

"Don't, I'll have it brought to you" Linking Lisa to bring her a drink, Lisa comes out smiling as she places our drinks on the table. Fina thanks her, before frowning at me.

"That wasn't necessary" Dropping in her chair.

"Are you really going to fuss about it?" Chewing the corn bread.

"It just doesn't seem necessary, I have two perfectly good working feet." Sipping her drink. Pausing as the folk is ready to enter my mouth, I grin at her.

"You are something else, you know that?" Shrugging off my question, we eat. She seems perfectly content here, making my nerves at easy. I had been worried about the sudden transfer, and wanted to spend more time with her. But do to the out break that wasn't possible, leaving the angel to fend for herself.

"So what do you like to do Fina?"

"What do you mean?" Sipping her lemonade.

"Hobbies, likes dislikes?" Relaxing in my chair.

"Oh, well I like to read...and paint" Nodding I slip a arm being hind my head.

"Do you have art supplies?"

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"No, I was going to get them at the mall...but" Her face sinks, causing me to hold down the protective growl for her breaking heart.

"I understand. How about I have a member get you some things. That way you can do something for me" Lifting her head, she tilts it.

"Like what?"

"I need the nursery repainted. The woman have been fussing about the color, not that I see the problem with black." Her face twists.

"You painted the nursery black?"

"Yes"

"That's horrible, why would you do such a thing?" Sighing, I can see where this is going.

"What would you have done? Painted happy kittens and puppies frolicking in the forest?" Laughing she shakes her head.

"No, but I wouldn't of painted it black"

"Well now's your chance, I'll have a member pick you up whatever you want." Taking a sip.

"Can I do whatever I want?" Resting her arm on the table, to support her head.

"Ummm as long as its not to frilly" Giggling she agrees.

~Fina~

With a project I feel better about being in this pack, I was really getting bored just sitting around. Asking Jackson if I could take Sam to the store, he agrees handing me a credit card of order of the Alpha. Rolling my eyes I take the card, slipping into my wallet. Jingling the Cutlass keys in my face, I nip my lip as I snatch them from him.

"Be careful"

"You were suppose to wait till I was in the car to text me that" Teasing him. Huffing he waves me off, before heading into the office. I heard someone call Alpha, causing me to turn quickly hoping to see the man behind the pack. But the door quickly closes, frowning as Sam calls for me. For the longest time now, I feel uneasy about this Alpha. Its not like Alpha's to not show themselves around their pack, its as if he hasn't the time to over see things.

Pulling into the parking lot of a large craft store, Sam and I head in picking out things I need for the nursery. With everything I need, we head out. Sam helps me take everything into the already cleared out room, pulling off wrappers and lining the paints and paintbrushes up. Before leaving me Sam asks if there is anything else I need, seeing as how I'm good I send him away. I've always loved painting, its calming. Unlike most wolves who don't like the smell of the paints, I loved them.

Blue tape is covering all the molding, and a few inches from the ceiling. I've already known what I wanted to do, so before putting paint to brush I sketch out my design. Two hours later one wall has been full sketched, stepping back I am more then pleased. Taking the first of many colors I get to work, small strokes as the paint hit's the white wall. Every hour I take a break, getting a drink or munching on a snack. All four windows are opened, letting in a nice breeze. Its cold but the room needs to ventilate, all I need is to hear Jackson giving me a hard time about paint poison.

After the sixth hour, I am complete with one wall. Sighing I call it a night when a knock at the door comes through, opening it I see Sam.

"Dinners ready...wow" Peaking around me.

"You think its okay?" Chewing the lining of my cheek.

"Okay? Its freaking cool. Damn I wish I was a pup"

"Really" Laughing as he turns around giving me a thumbs up.

"So are you going to do the rest of the walls?"

"Yea, I wanted to do the four seasons. So this being the winter one it will fade into Autumn then spring and summer." Moving my hand around, from one wall to the others.

"That sound cool, wanna paint my room when your done?"

"Depends, what you wanted" I was under the impression he wasn't kidding. But as his face looked surprised, then turning excited he grinned like a child.

"Cool, I'll have to think of something now" Rubbing the back of his head. After closing the lid, we headed to dinner.

Jackson had told Sam he was busy, so he couldn't eat with me.

Tomorrow was the party, and everyone was again running around like crazy headless chickens. Kem was yelling while throwing his hands into the air.

"Kem what's wrong?" Giggling behind him.

"I'm going to kill someone" clenching and unclenching his fists.

"Well that sounds messy, need a helping hand?" He sighs heavily, before nodding.

"Please."

"Okay where do you need me?"

"Kitchen if possible, can you cook?" Making an irritated sound, I wave him off.

"Can birds sing?" Walking off. Entering the kitchen flour is covering a large table, while woman are arguing about how to make rice. Laughing they look my way, before smiling.[www.NoVé\(1\)w\(é\)rm.\(c\)Om](#)

"Fina, are you here to help?"

"Yea I think so, what's with the crazy mess?" Walking deeper into the kitchen.

"Were having a hard time deciding what to cook first"

"Well start with getting all the turkeys ready, they take the longest. Then the mashed potatoes, and gravy"

"Have you done this before?" Another asks, wiping the flour off her hands.

"Once or twice" Helping pull the wrappers off the turkeys.

"We must look like a bunch of idiots" She was tall with blonde locks, and stunning brown eyes.

"Not at all, I was aware you don't normally hold parties. We use to have to many at my old pack, so this works out nicely for me" with relaxing shoulders, they seem less worried now. After we settled all the birds we stuff them, slipping all into a large oven. Sam comes running in with a bowl, yelling about something.

"I got it, see I awww" Stepping on a small pile of flour, his feet are slipped from under him. The bowl goes up into the air, landing flat on his stomach. Gushing out air, we laugh.

"Sam you alright?" Leaning over the island. His face is flushed and blushing.

"Yea" Slowly getting up. The woman are still giggling as he sets the bowl on the counter, its contents are grapes.

"Sam what are these for?"

"There for the fruit salad" Shrugging.

"Ohh okay" A few men walk into the kitchen, laughing as Sam's back is covered in flour.

"What an idiot" One grumbles. Glaring I round the island before Sam has anything to say. Grabbing the mans ear, I yank him down to my level.

"Awww ooww" Lowering himself to me.[www.NoVé\(1\)w\(é\)rm.\(c\)Om](#)

"Listen here buck face, you ever make fun of Sam again and I'll have you twins in a glass jar. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes... sorry"

"Don't apologize to me"

"Sorry Sam, owwo" Pushing him away, I point for them to get out of the kitchen. Turning around after they leave, I see the woman looking shocked along with Sam.

"What?" Dusting off my apron.

"Are you afraid of anything?" Sam asks.

"No not really, why?"

"No reason"