

The Daughter of Wolf Executor Chapter 28

With my fighters looking out for the rogues and the War bear, I can relax a little with my angel at least for now anyways.

~Fina~

School has been weighing heavily on my mind, ever since Jackson has mentioned it. I mean who wouldn't want to learn more, okay well not everyone is like me so I get that. But I had asked before ever knowing of Jackson, but father said it was a waste of time since I was going to become a Enforcer. That Painting was very going to get me anywhere, and what the hell did I need to go for anyways.

Father was convinced I'd take over the role as Enforcer, and just live my life like he had. Sorry dad really not my idea of a good freaking time, specially if I have to be Jex Enforcer. Gagged"

Currently in Jackson's shower cause I still felt the need to wash off the layers of filth, I got on my sliding through the mud to slap a bear...literally. Tell Jackson what happened seemed more like a story you tell your kids to excite them, the wild adventures of Fina and her Rogue battle ending in the Bitching of a Warrior Bear.

Needless to say he was a little speechless, as he eyed me as if I were telling the biggest fib around. Not that I blamed him, it had sounded a little to crazy even for me. But you gotta do what yea gotta do, and that plan had seemed the more logical one...okay I lied it was the only damn plan I had at the moment. Rising my hair out as my eyes follow the thick lather down the tiny drain hole, only to add body wash.

I hadn't planned on staying with him, but he was very convincing. After he asked me to stay, I gave him a look. I'm not some easy woman he can have because he's Alpha, and I'm well me. I've got morals and I use them, not that there always right but never the less I use them. He's reply to my said look, was my room was trashed and he had already had someone gather some items for me. Seriously I could of grabbed my own shit, there was no need to have someone gather my things. Sheepishly grinning at me cause he knew I wanted to start world war three on his ass, I sighed heavily instead and told him I got dibs on the shower first. Not that he cared he agreed without any fight, even started the shower for me. I'm never going to get use to being pampered, if this is what a mate does for you I really don't see why they reject others in the first place.

Rejection that word in its self, should be stripped from google and burn at the stake. The definition isn't as bad as the actual word, ifs when you put it at the end of something more personal.

"Fina I reject you"

When you add the persons name, it becomes a thousand times more hurtful. You can almost feel the words dagger like tip pushing into your flesh, as the speak rips it back outward. As if he can somehow sense my thoughts, a knock on the bathroom door brings me back.

"Fina you alright?"

"Yes, I'll be out in a sec"

"Okay" He sounds hesitant, like he knows something is wrong with me. Its amazing how this man is more caring, then not only my ex mate but also my father. I don't understand why there are so many horrible stories about him, he's nothing like what they say he is. Maybe its more like the Beauty and the Beast, but I just don't see it. Rising off again, turning the shower off I grab the fluffy black towel he placed on the sink for me. Black now there's a bathroom color, use to the normal fluffy white ones I suppose black is a better color for him.

Opening the door towel tightly wrapped around me, I see Jackson laying on the bed. One hand behind his head, while the other clicks the remote. His feet are crossed as he looks bored, turning to me he smiles tossing the remote and motioning for me to come to him. Crawling on the bed I drop my head next to him, that smell is wonderful calming me down.

"Feel better?" Kissing the top of my head.

"Yea, you can take one"

"I'm good" My head picks up, raising a brow.

"No offence or anything, but you don't seem like perfection right now" Snorting at my comment, he gives me the best smile.

"Baby I always smell like perfection." Rolling my eyes I can't believe he just said that.

"Got an Ego I see"@Ww.N(c)V(o)lW@rm.(o)o@

"And don't you forget it, it needs extra attention to" Leaning over me, as I yelp.

"Jackson what do you think your doing?" Pushing my hands on his chest, as he stairs down at me.

"There is a stunning woman in my bed, in only a towel you didn't really think I was just going to let her get away did you?" The twinkle in his eye means he's messing with me, but on another level I no he's all for it.

"Your not getting any, so go take a shower" Nodding my head to the bath.

"Aw your breaking my ego." I can't believe I made him pout, the bottom lip sticking out is almost laughable.

"You'll live" Patting his cheek. Huffing his annoyance, he reluctantly pushes off me heading for the shower. Finding it harder to think when he tosses the shirt to the floor, I can't believe a man that looks like that even bothers to look at me. Never seeing him work out, or even bother to do training I find it interesting how he has built himself up to look that good.

As the door clicks closed, there is a moment of silence before the water turns on. Jumping off his bed grabbing my clothes, quickly just incase the bugger decides to be forgetful and come back out. I've caught onto his games, he has a thing for coming back and checking on me. I'm not really sure why, and I've never bothered to ask him about it. Though I am starting to think its because he thinks were mates, not sure how I feel about that either. It was a huge shock to my system hearing him say those words, like a cold ice bucket dumping over my head.

At first I was enraged, like he thought this was some kind of sick joke to him. This wasn't something I found funny, nor was I impressed with his little spiel. I wanted to rip his throat out, after clawing him eyes to little pieces. Once I was back to being my more normal self, I gave it some thought. Jackson wasn't one to just say random shit, though he had said a few things to me that weren't true. Like how he doesn't take part in lying to me, yea haven't forgotten about that one.

But on a more serious side, Jackson hasn't ever been untruthful to me. I understand why he didn't tell me about himself, cause yes I might of gone the same way as everyone else. But then again I might of not, never being one who follows the pack anyways gets you looked at funny. So maybe this was a good thing that he said we were mates, no one would ever mess with me. I could pretty much do as I pleased, Kem already seemed to like me. Along with a few of the males, and the females here didn't seem all that bad.

Maybe I should have been put into this pack sooner, I seem to fit better then I did with my real pack. Jex never really cared to begin with, so why other then my parents ~more like my mom~ should I care about them. With the last of my clothes on I jumped back into the bed, finding my spot where it was still slightly warm. Flicking through the tv, I found a rerun of Friends and just went with it. At some point the tv was turned off, and I was pulled closer to a hot body.wW.nóveIwO+r.M.©vm

My eyes were heavy from the lack of sleep, and with all the running I did I was more tired then not. His soft spoken words lulled me deeper, as I felt his warm lips press against different parts of my body.

Blinding light hit my eyes, making them squeeze tighter. Groaning as my draped my arm over my eyes, to feel something pull me. Turning my head, I caught the deep smell of pure male. Smirking while I left my eyes closed, hearing the amused rumble.

"Something funny?" His voice deep sending another smirk across my face.

"No" Shaking my head, pushing my nose into his chest.

"Hungry?" Humming as his chin laid lightly on his head.

"Very" Yawning, stretching outward. Fluttering my eyes open, the sight of him. Nipping his chest, sending him jumping a little bit.

"Hey now?" Rubbing the somewhat tender spot.

"What?" Sitting up, keeping the blankets to my chest. His eyes shamelessly roaming, as an arm snaked around my waist. Running my fingers through what I could only think was a rats nest, I tried my best to look somewhat decent.

His eyes seemed to intensify before he groaned, huffing out as a hand rubbed his forehead. Titrng my head, my hair fell to one side.

"Something wrong?"

"Alpha Serge is here" He grumbled, looking more irritated. Using this as my chance to get up, flinging the sheets off the bed. Blushing heavily as I remembered I didn't have clothing on last night, turning just a little to see his eyes darken. Biting my lip I walked into the bath, picking up my clothes from last night. By the time I had emerged he was fully dressed, in black slacks and a black button up.

"Don't you own color?" Leaning against the door frame.

"Color sends the wrong message" Pushing his feet into boots.

"Really? And just what message would that be?" Amused. Slipping his left foot into the boot, his eyes lifted.

"One I don't want others thinking." Standing to a full height. Surely he didn't need those boots, as his height was already tall enough.

"Does that apply to me?" Batting my lashes. Snorting at me, he took one good step grabbing me by the wrist.

"Never! You will always be the exception to the rule" Kissing my cheek. Humming in pleasure, I'd have to remember that.

"I need to go, please get something to eat." Sending me a scolding look. Rolling my eyes, with arms folded.

"I don't need you parenting me, I am very capable of keeping my health good" Brushing past him, opening the main door. Chuckling behind me, he stopped once he stepped foot out his door.

Returning to the Alpha he needed to be, I suppose it was a bit of a shock to see him so formal. But then again he was an Alpha, not just any Alpha either.

Stepping down the stairs, Alpha Serge had seated himself in a large leather chair. At the sound of our foot steps, he looked up from the windows view.

"Well now, good morning" Pushing out of the chair, heading to Jackson.

"Morning, excuse me" Nodding to the Alpha, before quickly giving Jackson a glance. They began talking, which I tried not to ease drop. Passing the entrance into the kitchen, I saw two woman eating.

"Good morning Fina" One said, taking a bite of her toast.

"Morning." Opening the fridge.wWw.nóveIwO+r.M.©mI

"The nursery is beautiful" Chirped the second.

"Oh, thank you" Blushing, as I poured myself a bowl of cereal.

"Did you go to school to become an Artist?" Asked the first, her blonde hair handing straight.w@w.nóveIwO+r.m.c©m

"No, but I was thinking of going" Shrugging as I took up a seat next to the other woman, her reddish hair cut short.

"That's a great idea" Blonde sang. Smiling as I slipped the full spoon into my mouth, they quieted lightly about school and other random things. Still never socially uncomfortable, I kept chatting. Hoping my silence wasn't taken as being rude, I just didn't know what to say. Clearing my bowl, I headed back to my room. Opening the door I sighed, I did make a bit of a mess last night. Smirking at the memory of me tossing shit at him, how he let me get away with that will be unbekownst to me.