

MY ALPHA'S WOLFLESS DAUGHTER

Chapter Twelve

Ayla

I awake with a groan, my head pounding. Feeling dehydrated from all the crying I did yesterday. And my stomach screamed at me for food I didn't eat yesterday either. I felt like a mess as I tried to lift my head off of the very hard pillow I was lying on. Why did the pillow smell like a forest in the morning? The morning dew mixed with evergreen and pine.

I was trying to put my memories of yesterday in order as I wiggled my cheek against this hard pillow to make it more comfortable. It wasn't until the pillow groaned did my eyes shot open and I threw myself up and off of the body I was lying on. I peeked over my shoulder to find Nate, mostly naked, smirking at me. I internally cursed myself for being such a weirdo. There was no way I could play this off.

“Ayla, are you okay?” His voice is husky from just waking. I instantly clutched my thighs together. f**k, his morning voice was so sexy. He was sexy and here I was, a complete mess.

Nate sat up, kissing my bare shoulder. My robe had fallen off my shoulder, almost exposing my bare chest. Nate’s lips against my shoulder caused goosebumps to explode all over my body and I held back the shiver.

“Ayla?” He mumbled.

“I’m okay. Sorry, I probably look like a hot mess.” I sighed, trying to hide my face against my knees.

“Did you at least have a peaceful sleep?” He asked me, kissing my shoulder again.

“Your chest is quite hard, but your scent makes up for it.” I said, before I clamped my hands over my mouth. f**k, I had no filter.

Nate let out a laugh. Warm your heart, laugh. I couldn't help but giggle. His laughter was contagious. I felt ridiculous, and I hope he was laughing with me and not at me.

“And what do I smell like?” He chuckled.

“Morning forest,” I shrugged, without looking back at him.

“And you like it?” He rested his chin on my shoulder.

“I don't not like it,” I said, playing with my lips.

This man made it hard for me to focus on anything. I need water and food, not this god of a man that keeps

kissing my bare shoulder, turning me on in ways I never thought were possible. I should have licked him, then I'd at least know how he tasted.

My inner skank wanted to climb on top of this gorgeous man who wanted me for some odd reason. And rip off my robe and taste his entire body. How could I have such a shitty day yesterday but wake up feeling happy? How can someone I've only spent a few hours with awake make me feel like anything is possible? Like this is some fairytale, and he is my knight in shining armor.

I realized I went into my head and internally face palmed myself. Could this get any more awkward?

"Anyway, how was your sleep?"

"It was good. Didn't expect to wake up to a chest rub."
He chuckled.

“Oh, do wolves not like belly rubs?” I asked seriously, looking over my shoulder at him.

“What?” I asked before he burst out in a fit of laughter. I could feel my cheeks heating. Could I embarrass myself anymore than I already have? f**k.

“That was dumb. I’m sorry.” I said, before hiding my face on my knees.

“I’m sorry, Ayla. I’m laughing with you, not at you. And to answer your question, Duke would love a belly rub.” He chuckled, resting his chin on my shoulder again. His arms went around my waist as he moved closer.

I snuggled back into him, and he pulled me closer. My stomach growled loudly as I was enjoying the moment. I could feel my face heating up again.

Really, stomach, you couldn't give me time to recover from my previous embarrassment.

"Why don't I find us some breakfast and you go get ready?" Nate mumbled against my shoulder. I nodded, and as soon as he moved, I missed his touch. I missed his body pressed up against mine.

Nate moved around the room and I had to look away before I really embarrassed myself and started drooling. Damn, this man is fine and that perfect ass. f**k. His body looked like it was carved from marble.

"I'll be back." Nate said. He leaned in and pecked my cheek before he left the room. I flopped back on the bed, letting out a loud sigh.

"Fuck." I breathed out before climbing out of bed and heading to the bathroom.

I started the tub, deciding to have a bath. While the tub was filling up, I looked at myself in the mirror and groaned. My eyes were puffy and red. My face was blotchy and my hair was a mess. I was the definition of a hot mess.

After drinking four glasses of cold water, I splashed cold water on my face to help with the redness. I felt better after drinking some water, even though I didn't look any better. I ran my fingers through my hair to help with the knots before shutting off the taps.

Slipping the robe off, I climbed into the tub, enjoying the heat that seeped into my achy body. I felt completely relaxed as I leaned back in the tub, my body almost completely submerged in the water.

I held on to my mother's necklace, forcing myself to think about what happened yesterday. My mother was a future queen, but she left. She trapped my father so

her mother wouldn't marry her off. Was the man really that bad for my mother to think that trapping my father was the better option? The thought had my stomach in knots. My grandmother wanted me to marry this man's son.

I wish she was still alive so she could answer all of my questions. Why did she keep me from my family? And what did my father say about some people wanting my scales? Looking down at my legs, I find it hard to imagine they would turn into a fin.

As a little girl, I dreamed about being a mermaid. What little girl didn't? But now that others are telling me it was true, it's still hard for me to believe. I don't think I truly believe werewolves exist until I see one. And how would I even get a tail?

When I was a child, I would beg my mom to take me to the beach and the ocean. She would always take

me to the mountains instead. Maybe she felt something for my father? She had a wolf necklace. But why wouldn't she want him in my life? There are so many unanswered questions, answers I'll never get as the one person who has them is dead.

"Ayla?" Nate's voice called out, pulling me from my black hole of thoughts.

"I'll be right out." I answered. I sunk my head under the water, wetting my face and hair with the now cool water.

When I was done, I climbed out of the tub. After I was done drying off and my hair was braided, I pulled on the robe again before entering the bedroom. I found Nate sitting on the bed with a tray of food and a couple of mugs filled with coffee.

"I wasn't sure what you liked, so I grabbed some of

everything.” He shrugged, and I couldn’t help but smile at his thoughtfulness.

“Thank you. Everything looks wonderful.” I smiled.

“So, Luna Julie brought you some clothes to wear.” He said, sipping his coffee.

“Luna?” I asked him, confused. I sat down on the edge of the bed in front of him.

“Werewolves live in packs. The luna is mated to the alpha. The alpha is the leader of his pack, alongside the luna. We also have different ranks within the pack. But we all answer to the alpha and luna.” Nate explained. So a pack was like a monarch.

“Matt is the alpha?” I asked him and he nodded.

“Your father is the alpha of my pack. Your

grandfather, Jim, handed down his pack to Alpha Atlas.” Nate explained. So, even in the wolf world, I’d be a princess.

“And what’s your rank?” I asked him and he tensed.

“You already know I’m a mermaid princess. What could be worse than that?” I giggled, trying to lighten the mood.

“My father is Alpha Atlas beta. I guess in terms of rank, I would be your beta, since you are Alpha Atlas’ oldest child.” He explained. I let out a sigh.

“Ayla, I know this is a lot to take in. And I’ll answer any questions you have about wolves. Also, if you’re not too freaked out, Duke would love to meet you.”

Nate said, taking my hand. The longer his hand touched mine, the more these tingles filled my hand and up my arm.

It was the strangest sensation, but it heated my core, making it hard to focus as I watched Nate, watching me. My heart warmed until a question entered my mind, twisting it painfully in my chest. I turned away from him and let out another sigh.

“Are you here because my father ordered you to?” I asked, trying to keep my voice steady, but the thought burned my chest.

“Ayla, please look at me?” He pleaded, his voice sounded pained. He squeezed my hand, and I looked back at him.

“If anything, your father ordered me to stay away from you. Duke also attacked him a few times this week.”

“I don’t understand. Why would Duke attack his alpha? That’s bad, isn’t it?” I asked him and he

sighed.

“First, I should probably explain what a mate is to us,” he said.

“And there’s that word again. Is it not a partner? Boyfriend, girlfriend, husband, wife?” But before he could say anything, his eyes clouded over.

It was eerie as I watched his eyes coated with a film of white. It wasn’t thick, you could still see his eyes, but it was creepy, like staring at a void. His eyes finally cleared and I’m sure my face said it all as his face went to worry as I watched him.

“First. Werewolves can communicate through our minds. We call it a mindlink. It’s how we can communicate while shifted to our wolves. It also helps when we don’t have phones,” he explained. My mind was completely blown. Like that was the most bizarre

thing I've heard. But then it makes total sense. Maybe I just figured the wolves talked like cartoons.

"Wow." I breathed out.

"So you were talking with someone in your mind?" I exclaimed, maybe a little too excited, making him chuckle.

"It was my dad. He asked me to meet him." He said.

"Do you have to leave?" I asked him, a little panicked now. I'm sure he had to get home, but I didn't want him to go. Nate made all of this bearable. I don't feel so alone when I'm around him.

"Alpha Matt invited me to stay, and I accepted his offer." Nate said, and I let out a breath.

"Oh, that's good." I breathed out, not sure what to say.

“Why don’t you finish eating and get dressed? And we can meet up downstairs.” He asked, and I nodded.

“Nate, can I use your phone? I’d like to call Xander to check in on Bluey. His father is, was my boss and I want to make sure he didn’t leave her.” I asked him.

Nate stood up from the bed. He pulled his phone out of his pocket, unlocking it, before he walked over to me. He leaned down and kissed my cheek before handing me the phone.

“Take all the time you need.” He whispered before he left the room.

When he was gone from the room, I already missed him. Even though I could think more clearly with him not so close, I would trade clarity over being away from that man any day.

The picture on the screen was of a big black wolf, and I wondered if it was Duke. He was gorgeous. His fur was so black it looked almost a dark blue in the sunlight. Pulling my thoughts and eyes from the black wolf, I dialed Xander's number. Thankfully, I had memorized it over the years.

"Xander," he answered.

"It's me." I said.

"Ayla, f**k. Where the hell are you? And whose phone are you calling from?" He rushed out.

"I'm with my uncle. It's a long story. Nate is with me. I'm safe. I just wanted to check on Bluey. Your father," I couldn't finish what I was saying and Xander let out a sigh.

“I’m sorry, Ayla. I didn’t know. But I have Bluey at my house and she is safe with me. I would let nothing happen to her or you.” He said, and it brought tears to my eyes.

“Thank you, Xander. I really appreciate it.” I told him.

“Did Nate explain?” His voice changed with the change of subject.

“He did. It’s a very long story. But did you know about me? Are you one?” I asked him.

“I know about you, Ayla. It was my job to protect you. Not that it was much of a job. I didn’t know that my father was going to take you to your grandmother’s,” he answered.

“So you are one, like me?” I asked him again, and I heard him sigh.

“Yes.”

“I don’t understand? How are you not near the sea? Do you have to be near the ocean?” I rushed out, my mind filled with so many questions that my mouth couldn’t keep up.

“My orders were to blend in and protect you. But then the wolves found you. I was only trying to protect you, Ayla,” he explained.

“Thank you, Xander. For everything. We can talk when I get back to the city. I have to figure this all out first,” I told him.

“Be safe, Ayla,” he said before ending the call.

Instead of sitting on the bed and wallowing in whatever the hell this all is, I stuffed some food in my

mouth and found the clothes Luna Julia brought for me.

I pulled on the black leggings. They fit me well but were a little snug in the hips. But the good thing about leggings is they are very moldable. The tee she left, not so much. I put my bra on and my breasts were about to explode out of the v-neck. It fit well, besides my breast looked huge.

Sighing, I put on the socks and the runners she had also left. Maybe my uncle had a sweatshirt I could borrow. I felt exposed as I looked at myself in the mirror.

I finished most of breakfast, my coffee and Nate's coffee, before I left my room with the tray in hand. As I walked to find the kitchen, I noticed there were doors that lined the hallway I was walking down. This place looks more like a hotel than a house. But it was

empty. I didn't even look at the time on Nate's phone. Maybe it was earlier and everyone was still sleeping. But why would anyone else be staying in Matt's house? I wonder if he and Julie had kids. I would have cousins. But then I had to ask: why would my mother rather I see my uncle than my father?

Again, there were so many unanswered questions and no way of getting any answers. I wish my mother would have at least left a diary or letters. Something to explain all of this. To explain her side of this mess. I don't want to hate her, but with the evidence staking up, it was hard not to resent her.

I walked down a few flights of stairs until I was on the main floor. I think anyway. This place was massive, and I didn't notice it yesterday. An older woman walked up to me and took the tray I was carrying. Before I could object, she pointed to a door and left with the tray.

Did my uncle have house staff? With this house, he has to have money but staff? That was just so weird to me. I understand maybe someone to help clean, but to cook? Why am I more taken aback by him having staff than the fact that he is a werewolf?

Shaking my head, I entered through the door. The woman pointed out. It was a good thing she took the tray as I would have dropped it as the person I never wanted to see again came into view.

“Ayla, you are a princess, not some w***e. You could at least put your breasts away.” My grandmother said. She was sitting with my father, Matt, and Jim. I didn’t even notice the room. I was too focused on the people in the room.

“I don’t care what they told you. I’m not going with you.” I growled out. The feeling of betrayal churned

my stomach painfully. My uncle said I would be safe.

“Ayla bear, please sit down. We all have things we need to explain to you.” Matt said, standing from his seat. But I couldn’t do this right now, and not without Nate.

I felt like my world was spinning out of control. Would they really help her marry me off to some man I’ve never met? I know Nate would never hurt me or be a part of whatever they are planning.

“Where’s Nate?”

“Ayla, it’s a marriage. It’s not the end of the world. Stop being so selfish.” My grandmother huffed. I couldn’t believe what she was saying.

“Selfish. Selfish. You think I’m selfish? You watch people from your ivory fucken tower, judging us

peasants, without living in our lives for one goddamn day. At fifteen, I was forced to my knees by a monster. Forced to do what he demanded so I could eat. And then I didn't even eat the little food that was given as my reward for being such a good girl. I gave it to the other children, praying he would leave them alone. But I'm the selfish b***h?" I yelled at her.

"If it's so important, you marry him. I'm done with this bullshit." I said coldly, turning around to leave.

"Mermaids don't have mates. So if you think this wolf will protect you and claim you, you are in for a rude awakening, granddaughter."

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