

## MY ALPHA'S WOLFLESS DAUGHTER

### Chapter Thirteen

#### Future Beta Nate

My dad asked me to meet him in his room. I guess we needed to talk, but I wasn't sure about what. I wouldn't be rejecting Ayla, and Alpha Matt invited me to stay here with her. She and I haven't had time to come up with a plan about where we are going. But she can feel the bond. Maybe not all of it, but she feels something and I will win her over.

I knocked on his room door, and he called out for me to enter. I stepped into the room and immediately my father turned his attention to me.

"Close the door, Nate. We need to talk." My father said, his voice serious.

"Dad, what's wrong?" I asked him, while closing the

door.

“Son, take a seat.” He motioned to a chair by the bed. He sat down on the edge of the bed and I sat down on the chair.

“Dad, what is going on?” I asked him, after a moment of silence.

“Son, Ayla’s grandmother is here. She’s meeting with the alphas to talk about Ayla. She is the next in line for the western sea kingdom. Her grandmother, the current queen, has made a deal with the king of the northern sea for Ayla to be mated to his son, the future king of the northern sea.” My father explained. I jumped up from my seat and paced the room.

Duke was on edge now and so was I. How the hell can they just mate her off to someone who was not her mate? I’m her mate and I’m not letting her go. She

feels the bond and I don't care about her grandmother's deal. Ayla is mine, and I won't be letting her go without a fight.

"I know this is not what you want to hear, son. But this deal is to strengthen both kingdoms. The eastern sea is threatening war and, with their numbers, could wipe out the western sea." My father continued.

"And how is this Ayla's problem? Whatever caused this war to be set in motion has nothing to do with Ayla. And I'm not giving up my mate. She feels the bond, dad. And now you are asking me to give her up? I can't do that." I firmly told him, crossing my arms across my chest. My father sighed before standing up from the bed. He came over to me and gripped my shoulder.

"I'm not asking you to do anything. Nate, I'm warning you. I don't want to see my son get his heart broken

over things we have no control over. You are entering a world you know nothing about,” he said.

“And Ayla knows nothing about either world. But she has me and I won’t let anything happen to her. The fact she is a mermaid princess changes nothing for me and Duke.” I said.

“Whatever happens, Nate, your mother and I will always be here. I just wanted you to be aware of the situation,” he told me.

“Dad, I appreciate it. Thank you.”

“Now, let’s go meet the alphas. Hopefully, the meeting is going well.” He said, leading me out of the room. I followed him to a meeting room.

The three alphas and an older woman were sitting around, discussing in hushed tones. Looking around, I

didn't see Ayla. Did she not come down yet?

"Is this the young man who is claiming my granddaughter is his mate?" The woman snapped.

"Claiming? I am her mate." I told her, confused.

"Mermaids don't have mates. We claim who we want. So you and your wolf must be confused." She huffed, and Duke let out a growl.

"There is no confusion. Ayla is our mate, and she feels the bond." I growled out, not liking her tone.

"Ayla's destiny is with another. So you will reject her and move on with your life, little Wolf. This matter is above all of you," She said firmly. I looked over at the other alphas.

"And you are just going to let her do this to Ayla? She

has been through hell the last couple of years and the family she found is just going to abandon her all over again? I'm not rejecting her, and I'm not sorry about it," I said bitterly.

I left the meeting. There was nothing they could say to change my mind about rejecting Ayla. That may make me selfish, but I've been waiting four years for my mate and I wasn't just going to let her go.

I stormed out of the pack house. Looking out at the ocean, I found Ayla sitting in the sand by the water. I could see she also wasn't having any of their bullshit. The wind blew and the cool fall breeze cooled my hot skin. I was furious at what they all proposed.

Walking closer to my mate, she didn't notice me. I watched as goosebumps from the cool autumn breeze chilled her skin. She was cursing and mumbling under her breath as she looked out at the

ocean. Ayla was sitting with her knees up and her forearms resting on her knees. She was so deep in her thoughts; she didn't notice me sitting down behind her.

I pulled her back between my legs and into my chest, causing her to jump, finally noticing me. She was stiff for a moment until she relaxed, leaning her head back against my shoulder. I wrapped my arms around her waist and held her close as we watched the ocean waves crash against the sandy beach. Resting my chin on her shoulder, we were cheek to cheek.

Tingles flooded my body, and I knew I could never let go of this feeling. The feeling of having my mate in my arms.

"Nate, my life is such a mess. I'd understand if this is too much for you." She whispered the last part. I held her tightly to my chest before kissing her cheek.

“Ayla, I should explain what a mate is to us,” I said, and she nodded.

“For werewolves, our mate is the other half of our soul. They complete us. At eighteen, we can sniff out our mate. And being twenty-two, I’ve been waiting four years to meet you, Ayla.” I told her and she turned her head to look at me. I could see the tears in her eyes as she stared at me, confused.

“My grandmother said mermaids don’t have mates.” She murmured.

“But you’re not just a mermaid, Ayla. Your father is a wolf. And you have been feeling the bond. Maybe not as strongly as I am, but it’s there for you, too.”

“And what am I feeling?” She asked, still looking at me. I could get lost in her stormy grey eyes.



“The pull to me. My unique scent. The way my touch gives you goosebumps.” I purred, leaning into her neck, planting soft kisses down her neck. She let out a soft moan as her hands gripped my forearm and I was instantly lost in her.

The smell of her arousal hit me like a truck as I sucked along her collarbone. She moaned again before her hands found my cheeks and she pulled me away from her neck. Before I could protest, she crushed her lips to mine. Her arms wrapped around my neck, her hands in my hair.

Ayla licked my bottom lip before I thrust my tongue into her mouth. Tasting every inch of her mouth while her tongue played with mine. Her taste was addictive and I couldn't get enough, uncaring that my lungs were screaming at me for oxygen.

Her body felt like heaven in my arms as I held her to

my chest. The world faded around us until it was just us, sitting on a beach, kissing like it was our last. Duke was purring in my head, his tail thumping away. My heart pounded in my chest and my c\*\*k throbbed in my pants. This woman could have all my babies, my heart and soul.

And as quickly as it started, it ended suddenly as Ayla was ripped from my arms. She let out a scream, and I was quickly on my feet. It took a second for my eyes to adjust to the light again. But when they did, Duke let out a growl.

A few men were around us and one had his arms wrapped around her waist as she struggled to get away from him.

“Ayla!” I yelled out, before a fist slammed into my jaw.

Ayla let out another scream and this time I was hit

with a force that threw me backwards. I landed in the sand on my ass. My neck snapped up and all the men were on their asses, and the man was no longer holding her.

She was now standing in the water with the water flowing around her, protecting her. I could only make out the silhouette of her body as I stood up, watching. What the hell was going on? And did she cause the force?

When the water finally dropped around her, we all gasped. I wasn't sure who these men were, but I'm sure they were mermen. All but one of them dropped to their knees as I watched my mate in awe. How could any of this be possible?

Ayla was now standing in a black shimmery satin full-length dress with a slit up to her hip. The dress fell off her shoulders, exposing a sitting black wolf howling at

a crescent moon. It looked like a tattoo and it was right under where I would place my mark. The tattoo shimmered like her dress in the sunlight, which should not be possible.

Her hair was now pulled over her right shoulder and a lone dark purple flower was placed over her left ear. Standing with her feet in the ocean, she looked like a goddess. The waves move the dress, causing it to shimmer different shades of purple and blue.

Ayla didn't even look around at the other men. She rushed over to me, grabbing my cheeks, pulling me out of the trance she had me in.

"Nate, you're bleeding." She breathed out, rubbing a thumb over my split lip.

I didn't hesitate as I wrapped my arms around her waist before I crushed my lips to hers. She gasped,

and I deepened the kiss. She tasted salty as I tasted her, claiming her as mine.

“She’s the Black Pearl Queen.” I heard someone gasp and Ayla pulled her lips from mine, but I still held her against my chest.

“Queen Andrea, how is she claimed?” I heard a man growl.

I held my mate close as I looked around to find the alphas, my father, her grandmother, and a few other men I didn’t recognize.

“Claimed?” Alpha Atlas asked, stunned.

“When a mermaid is claimed, the flower is over her left ear, unclaimed it’s the right.” I heard the mermaid queen say. I looked at my mate to find the purple flower over her left ear. But how? We haven’t mated,

and I have marked her.

“I’m not sure what any of this means, but if I’m claimed, then I can’t go along with your plan to marry me off.” Ayla said, glaring at her grandmother.

“You say it like I actually wanted to claim you.” One man said. Ayla turned to look at him. He was the man not on his knees after seeing Ayle change.

“Ayla, this is Prince Silas of the Northern sea.” Her grandmother introduced them.

“And this is his father, King Samuel.” Ayla watched the king intently.

“Why didn’t my mother want to claim you?” She asked him and her grandmother gasped.

“Ayla!”

“It’s a simple question, Andrea. My mother felt claiming my father was the only way out and I want to know why? I want to know why you demand that I claim his son?” Ayla demanded.

“Well, if you weren’t such a selfish brat, I would have answered all of your questions earlier, but you stormed off like a child.” Queen Andrea told her.

“And now you all can kill each other. Have fun.” Ayla told them, before taking my hand.

We started walking back to the pack house. I could tell my mate had enough of dealing with her grandmother. Maybe it wasn’t the king that was the problem for her mother. Maybe it was her mother’s mother.

“Ayla bear, I think you should hear them out.” Alpha

Matt called out. Ayla whipped around, and I noticed everyone was following us.

“Out of everyone here, I thought for sure you’d be on my side in this.” She told her uncle, sounding hurt.

“It’s not what you think. I’ll always have your back. But this is a way for you to learn about yourself,” he said. And Ayla let out a sigh, and I squeezed her hand.

“Okay, fine. But I need a moment to process all of this.” She said, looking around at the people.

“Ayla, what do you need to process? You have learned nothing. This isn’t about you and what you want. This is about your people. Now step up and do what you have to do.” Queen Andrea said to her granddaughter. I let out a growl, not liking how she was talking to my mate.



“And if I’m a queen, as you so blatantly pointed out, then I can tell you to f\*\*k off. I’m going to do what I want, when I want to. Stay around or don’t. I don’t give two f\*\*\*s. But I now know why my mother ran. If I had been raised by you, I would have run as well.” She told her before walking back into the pack house, pulling me with her.

“She’s a breath of fresh air, isn’t she?” I heard the prince laugh. I pushed my lips in a line.

“There’s no way we are losing our mate to that guy.” Duke growled in my head.

“Agreed.”

Ayla didn’t say a word as we walked back to her room. Now that we were alone, I could truly take in her new look. I wonder if this is the stage before her tail forms? Did mermaids actually have tails, or is that

a myth? Werewolves don't just shift under a full moon and we look like wolves, not half man and beast. Maybe them having tails weren't correct.

As much as I would like some answers, I won't push her to speak with her grandmother. I've never met a queen before, but she was definitely a queen b\*\*\*h. I can see why her mother ran. But I still don't know why she would run from the king? I didn't get a bad feeling about him or his son, as much as I hate his son. It's the grandmother I get a bad feeling about.

And what is this war about? Is it really so bad they figure marrying Ayla to the prince will make a difference? I was so stuck in my head I didn't realize we were back in Ayla's room. She looked beautiful as I closed the door behind me.

She looked to be stuck in her thoughts as well. She even jumped when I wrapped my arms around her

waist. I turned her in my arms so I could look at her.

“I’m sorry, Nate. I know this is so much.” She breathed out, resting her head against my chest.

“Everything will work out, baby. And I’m not going anywhere,” I said. Leaning down, I kissed her cheek.

“That dress is gorgeous.” I whispered, gripping her.

“Too bad I’m out of clothes.” She huffed, and I chuckled.

“You can wear some of mine?” I offered, and she nodded against my chest.

“Nate, can we lie down for a bit? I’m feeling overwhelmed by everything.” She whispered.

“I’ll go get some of my clothes for you.” I told her,

kissing her forehead.

“You could just move your stuff here? If you want, of course. Sorry, I probably overstepped.” She rambled, trying to pull away from me, but I pulled her back against my chest and looked down at her.

“I’ll go get my bag.” I said, and she smiled up at me.

I left the room to get my stuff from my room. Before going back to Ayla’s room, my father was in my head.

“Nate, everyone is staying for dinner. Ayla needs to listen, and I need you to help with that. I’m not taking sides, but she should know the truth.”

“Dad, I understand, but right now, she is feeling overwhelmed by everything. I’ll let her know about dinner, but I will not sit there and let her grandmother degrade her.” I told him.

“Nate, just don’t claim her until after dinner. She needs to know the entire truth before she decides.” He said before closing the link.

“What the f\*\*k is that supposed to mean?” Duke growled in my head.

“I don’t know, but I don’t like it.”

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