

MY ALPHA'S WOLFLESS DAUGHTER

Chapter Nine

Ayla

“I missed you.” I blurted out. I instantly internally face palmed myself. I’ve known you for two days and now I miss you, because that doesn’t scream crazy at all.

“I mean, wow, umm, I’m sorry, that was weird.” I tried to backtrack, but it only made it worse.

“So you didn’t miss me?” He asked.

“No, yes. I’m sorry. I must sound like a crazy person. I don’t know, it’s hard to explain,” I told him.

“Uh, huh?” He said, smiling at me.

“What?” I chuckled.

“Nothing. Are you always this nervous?” He asked me and internally cursed myself.

“No. I just don’t want to come across as crazy,” I said, and he chuckled.

“How about you let me worry about what is crazy and tell me how you are feeling?” He said. Looking at him, I was thankful when the doorbell rang.

I don’t think I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you. And I want to rip your clothes off, taste every inch of that gorgeous body and then f**k you on my new couch, wouldn't sound crazy.

Walking to the door, I thought it was too early for it to be the pizza, but who else would be here this late? Opening the door, I found Xander. He was still dressed in his uniform.

“Ayla, is everything okay? I was on my way home and saw lights on.” He rushed out, pushing past me into the house. I hadn’t even closed the door behind him when I heard him yell out.

“What the f**k are you doing here?”

“I could ask you that same question.” I heard Nate say.

“Don’t act like you give two f***s about Ayla, wolf boy.” Xander said when I went back into the room from the foyer.

“Xander, what the hell?” I rushed out, coming up beside him.

“Ayla, you shouldn’t be hanging out with the likes of him.” He sneered.

“You’re the one that blocked my number.” Nate growled.

“And what if I did? Ayla deserves so much better than you, and don’t think I don’t know what you are!”

Xander yelled, moving towards Nate. I stepped in the way to prevent the fight that I’m sure was about to break out.

“Both of you, stop.” I yelled.

“Does she know what you are?” Xander asked Nate.

“Xander, I don’t know what you are talking about, but you had no right to go into my phone and block a number.” I told him, looking up at him. Nate’s chest hit my back and one of his arms snaked around my waist.

“So, you’re just going to give up everything for him?”

Xander growled out.

“Xander, I don’t know what you are talking about. I’m not giving up anything.” I told him, confused about what was happening.

“You have until the full moon, wolf. You tell her or I will.” Xander yelled, before storming out, slamming the door behind him.

“What the hell was that?” I breathed out. Nate pulled me back into his chest.

“Are you okay?” Leaning down, he whispered into my ear. His breath on my neck caused goosebumps to explode all over my body, and I fought the urge to shiver.

“What was Xander talking about?” I asked him, turning in his arms to face him. Before he could say

anything, the doorbell rang.

“That better be the fucken pizza.” I said out loud as I moved towards the door. I am way too exhausted for any of this right now.

Opening the door, I found the delivery person holding the food I had ordered. Taking the order, I thanked him, before closing the door behind me and making my way back into the kitchen and living room area. Nate was leaning over the kitchen island as I put down the boxes. Turning around to grab some plates, Nate spoke.

“Ayla, about what Xander said. It’s just a lot to explain all at once.” Nate sighed. Turning around, I looked at him while he was watching me.

“Are you married?” I asked him. And he shook his head.

“Girlfriend?” I asked him, and he shook his head again.

“Any children I should know about?” He chuckled and shook his head.

“That’s a big no.” He said, and I looked at him, putting the plates on the island.

“Are you sure?” I asked him.

“Very sure, Ayla. I don’t have any kids and I’m very unattached.” He answered me. I finally felt like I could relax. Opening one box, I put a couple of pieces of pizza on a plate before handing it to Nate.

“Then everything else can wait until you are ready to tell me. I’m basically a stranger and I don’t want you to feel you have to tell me your entire life story in one

night.” I told him and he let out a breath.

I put two slices of pizza on my plate before moving back over to the living room area. Bluey had stretched out across the couch, so I sat on the loveseat and Nate sat down beside me.

“If I had a child, is that something you would be okay with?” He asked me. Sitting on my leg, I turned my body, so I was facing him, my plate balancing on my thigh.

“Children are innocent. I would never come between a father and his child. It would be hard to see the woman he had a child with, but when you love someone, you love all of them, including their children.” I answered him.

“I don’t have any. I was just curious.” He said before taking a bite of his pizza.

We fell into silence as we ate, and when I was finished, exhaustion finally kicked in. Putting my plate on the coffee table, I leaned back on the couch, resting my head on Nate's shoulder. It had been a long week and having Nate here made me feel better about sleeping in a new place. I knew no one would hurt me with Nate here.

"Ayla, you okay?" Nate asked, and I nodded on his shoulder.

"Would you like me to leave?" He asked. And I knew I didn't want him to leave.

"Where would you go? And you don't have your truck." I said, sitting up so I could look at him.

"I could get a cab and go to a hotel. It's no big deal." He shrugged.

“You could just stay here?” I asked him, playing with my lips nervously.

“Are you sure?” He asked me and I nodded.

“I’d offer you the couch, but it looks like it’s taken.”
Standing up from the couch, I told him. I took our plates to the kitchen and put them in the sink.

Nate followed me and when I was done, I grabbed his hand and led him to my room. I had a big enough bed for both of us. After walking into my room, I went to the closet to get changed.

“Ayla, are you sure?” Nate called out.

“Only if you want to,” I said back. Did he not want to be here? I was getting nervous. Were the feelings I was feeling only one-sided? Did he not feel the same

way? But then why would he have kissed me and apologized for kissing another girl?

My feelings were all over the place as I changed into a pair of shorts and a tank top. Walking out of the closet, Nate was already lying in bed. The blanket was covering his legs, but his chest and abs were on full display. I felt self-conscious climbing into bed beside him. My stomach wasn't flat, and I didn't have a thigh gap. Nate looks like he was carved out of marble and I was average at best.

Nate patted his chest, and I snuggled into him. He had turned off the key light, leaving the lamp on the nightstand on. Nate was warm, and I snuggled closer to him, throwing my arm over his waist. He wrapped an arm around my shoulders, pulling me close before leaning over and shutting off the lamp. I felt him kiss the top of my head before falling into blissful darkness.

I woke to Bluey snuggling into me, and Nate was gone. Looking around the room, the sun was coming in through the curtains and I knew it was morning. I found my phone on the nightstand. When picking it up, I had a message from Nate.

Nate: Ayla, I had to head home, and I didn't want to wake you. Text me when you're up. Heart emoji, Nate.

His text made me smile as I stretched. At least he left a note before leaving. Bluey rested her head on my leg as I leaned back against the headboard.

Me: I hope everything is okay. I'm just waking up now. I probably should enjoy my day off. Wish you were here. Heart emoji, Ayla.

Putting my phone on the charger, I got up to shower

and clean up the house. I still had to go get a few more things for the house and then I should be good for the next little bit. I should probably get some groceries as well.

After my shower, I got dressed and got the house clean before making a list of things that I still needed and a grocery list. I felt rested and excited for today. I'm not sure, maybe it was Nate, but I slept so peacefully last night. Everything about that man excited me, and I felt giddy as I ran around the house.

There wasn't much to clean, it was only me and Bluey, but I figured I'd do a deep clean since I was sure I'd be busy all week again. When I was done and just about to head out, the doorbell rang. Sighing, I answered it to find my boss, Mr. Ferguson.

"Sir, is everything alright?" I asked him, confused about why he would be here. He's never visited my

home before.

“Ayla, may I come in?” He asked.

“Yes, of course.” I said, moving out of the way so he could enter, closing the door behind him.

“Come, take a seat. Would you like something to drink?” I asked him.

“Nothing to drink. But we need to talk.” He said, taking a seat on the couch. My stomach was in knots as I sat down on the loveseat. Did I do something wrong? Is he firing me?

“Ayla, I need to take an out-of-town case, and I want you to come with me.” He said, and I let out a breath.

“Sir, of course. Sorry, I thought the worst.” I admitted.

“Can you be packed and ready to go within the hour? We’ll be gone for a few days.” He asked me.

“Sir, I have Bluey,” I said.

“Xander, said he would watch her. Everything is covered, Ayla. Just pack a bag and meet me outside. Oh, and maybe change.” He said before getting up from his seat and leaving.

I went to my room to change and pack. I also wanted to text Xander to make sure he was indeed watching Bluey. After last night, I’m not even sure if we are still friends. I texted him first.

Me: Xander, your father is here, and he needs me to go out of town with him. He mentioned you would watch Bluey?

After I sent the text, I went to get ready and to pack a

small suitcase and my toiletries for the trip. I didn't even know where we were going. What happened to the case that we were working on? I must be missing something.

When I was all packed, I threw my phone charger in my purse before checking to see that I had a text from Xander.

Xander: yeah, I'll be watching her.

Me: Xander about last night. Is everything okay between us?

Xander: I'm not mad at you. Have a good trip. I'll be over after work to get Bluey.

Me: okay. Have a good day at work.

Sighing, I noticed Nate hadn't texted me back yet. He

must be busy. He said that he had to head back. Maybe something had happened. Before I made sure I had everything, I let Bluey outside. I fed her and let her back in before leaving. I found my boss parked in front of my house, waiting in his expensive SUV.

I put my suitcase and work bag in the back and moved to the front passenger side and hopped in with my purse. Mr. Ferguson was working on his phone and I waited until he was done before I asked him anymore questions about where we were going. He put his phone down and drove out of my neighborhood.

“Sir, where are we going?” I asked him.

“To a little beach town a few hours from here. A friend of mine needs my help,” he answered.

“And the other case?” I asked him.

“I passed it off. You did a great job with the phone records.” He praised me.

“Thank you, sir.” I smiled at him before looking out the window. It was going to be a long drive to wherever we were going.

Before we left the city, Mr. Ferguson stopped to get us both a coffee before we pulled onto the highway. I had this sick feeling in the pit of my stomach as we traveled in the direction away from where I knew Nate was. I didn’t want to be away from him. Pulling out my phone, I texted him.

Me: going out of town with my boss. He took a case involving a friend of his. It’s a beach town a few hours from where I live. Hopefully, I’ll see you when I get back.

Putting my phone away, I gazed out the window as we drove down the highway. After finishing my coffee, I felt tired as I rested my head against the window. My mind was racing, but for some reason I fell asleep, waking when Mr. Ferguson shook me.

“I’m sorry, sir. I’m not sure what came over me.”
Before I yawned, I told him.

“It’s okay, Ayla. We are here.” He said, and I looked out the window to find him parked in front of a mansion. A beach and the ocean were behind this massive home. There was even a fountain in the driveway. I exited the vehicle in awe as I looked around the property. The case has to be tax fraud, I thought as I looked around.

Someone came out of the house to grab our bags as I followed Mr. Ferguson inside. The inside was just as magnificent as the outside. The light coloured stones

that made up the outside matched the white marble on the inside. Everything was simple and elegantly done. This place was beautiful as we made our way into one of the living rooms.

“Charles, you got her here.” A woman said. She stood up from her seat. I thought I was seeing a ghost as I gasped out.

“Mother?”

“I’m your grandmother, Ayla. It’s good to finally meet you.” She said, giving me a hug. She looked like an older version of my mother and I was in shock. Is she the friend Mr. Ferguson mentioned? But then he knew who I was this entire time?

“Come, seat. We have so much to discuss.” The woman said, leading me over to the couch. Mr. Ferguson took the chair the woman was sitting in

when we arrived.

“I don’t understand. What is going on?” I said, looking at my boss and then at the woman sitting next to me.

“This is your home, my dear. And you will stay with us.”

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