

Chapter 1 - Her Alpha's Orders

Jo-anne POV

For a year now, Jo-anne had been Mated to the future Alpha of the Eclipsed Moon Pack. She had tried for a year to learn about him, do the things that he liked, was being taught by his own mother how to be the Luna of the pack, for when the time came.

It didn't matter to Westley how much she tried, he didn't care, never asked her anything. He hated being Mated to her. No matter how many times he demanded to know why she did this to him, Jo-anne could not answer him. She did not know anymore than he did, about their Marking and Mating.

She had woken up in a bed next to him, Marked and Mated by him, she had been the first to wake up. Her body had ached all over, and there was considerable pain between her thighs, had stumbled out of the bed after shoving an arm off of her, she'd had bruising to both her wrists and her inner thighs and there were bite marks all over her body.

That was all she knew about it. When she had looked at the man in the bed her heart had, damned near stopped beating, Westley Carlton, the future Alpha of her pack's sleeping body on the bed. Had been more than horrified. She had no memory of what happened to her.

Her father, Heath, had come bursting into the hotel room, looking frantic and worried, had likely been looking for her. She could see it was daylight outside, must have been missing all night. He had taken one look at her bruised state and started yelling at Westley. He'd woken up with the bang of the room door, her father was demanding answers as to why he would Mark and Mate his daughter

Westley, who had been staring at the man quite taken aback, had turned and looked around the room, landed his green eyes on her, looked more than shocked to see her standing there desperately trying to pull her clothes on, gotten out of the bed as he'd touched his neck his eyes had widened and then he'd yelled at her "What did you do to me?"

Jo-anne had burst into tears. She didn't know what had happened. This couldn't be her fault, she'd never even had a boyfriend. She had just woken up like he had.

Her father was still ranting and West, who yelled at him to shut the hell up, as he'd found his pants and yanked them on. To West's shock and hers, her father had not shut up, he'd pointed a finger right at West, right in his face and snapped at the future Alpha of their pack.

"You're in the wrong here. I will see to it you are made to honour what you have done to my daughter."

West had punched him right in the face, to Jo-anne's horror, and stormed off out of the room. Leaving her father lying on the ground bleeding from his nose. She had run over to him and helped him up. "Dad, are you okay?" she'd asked.

"Don't worry Jo-anne. Alpha Damien will make this right. I assure you." He'd taken her right to the Alpha's office. Alpha Damien had looked at Jo-anne, the state of her. The Mark on her neck, he could smell his son Westley on her and asked her to sit down and explain what had happened.

Sitting had been very uncomfortable and she'd nearly cried in pain. Damien had noted it, called for the pack doctor. He'd already heard West's side, the man was standing in the room glaring at her the whole time, uncaring for her pain, it seemed. Jo-anne had told her Alpha she didn't know, woke up like this in a bed with West, that she had no memory of what had happened or how she had gotten there.

she had been informed she'd been missing feared kidnapped

"Honey, you been missing for days."

"That's true." Alpha Damien had told her "four days, in fact, we have had search parties out looking for you. West and Terrence even out there looking for you."

"Well, now we know why he never found her." her father had grated out angrily.

"I did not take her," West had yelled.

Alpha Damien quietened them down, and sighed again. Her father had stood and told Alpha Damien that West was now responsible for her. He had to take her as his Mate whether he liked it or not. Or he would report the boy's actions to the Alpha Council himself, so the boy could be punished to the full extent of the wolfen laws.

Her father was not much in this pack, a simple border patrol man, but he had stood his ground on his daughter's behalf, the law on his side. West had yelled that it was ridiculous to make him stay Mated to the girl seeing as neither of them knew how it had happened.

At that point, her stepmother, Karen, had come running into the office with the pack doctor following her, looked at her state, gasped and tears had spilled down her face. Surprised Jo-anne quite a bit, they had not really gotten along since she was like 12, not hatred or anything just didn't get along. "Who did what to my little girl?" she demanded to know hugging her gently and then told her it was all going to be okay.

There had been a lot of yelling while the pack doctor had checked her over in the Alphas private bathroom, he'd sighed apologised for her current state, wasn't even his fault, she'd nearly cried, not even West had apologised. He'd given her some pain

killers and told her though her wolf was young she would be able to heal her up good as new in a few days.

Alpha Damien had come to the decision that Westley must honour what he had done. Regardless that it seemed neither of them could explain it, she'd been moved into his room that afternoon as his Mate, not that he had been happy about it.

Now she sat on the balcony railing eating her breakfast, a piece of fruit, alone as always,

Today, though she would not be going to her Luna lesson, she no longer saw a point to it. She had asked him to reject her just yesterday. It was the 3rd time she'd asked this year. He'd gone to his father on the matter as she had requested it. He could not and apparently neither could she. His father had said 'no' because if the council were informed, and Alpha Damien believed her father would go to them and tell them. West could not only be stripped of his title, he could be punished severely, or if they saw fit to make an example out of him, being that he was Alpha-blooded, could execute him. West had not rejected her on the account of saving his own ass.

West had Alpha ordered her a week ago to tell him what happened that day, why she'd done this to him. Once again she'd not been able to tell him.

Jo-anne had focused on her studies from then on, it hurt her every time he alpha ordered her, and it had not been the first time. once she got permission, she could stay on campus. West wouldn't care at all, would be glad she was gone for a few years. Probably find some she-wolf to fuck while she was away and the minute he did she could reject him, that was her out and she wanted it. Kinda hoping somewhere deep down that's what was going to happen, as much as she would feel it and be in severe pain. It would get her out of this Mate Bond.

He had not cared when she stopped attending her Luna lessons, didn't even question her about why. Never brought it up.

6 MONTHS LATER

West stormed into their room fully ticked off about something and glared right at her. His Alpha aura had rolled right off of him so strong as he stared down at her, she'd bared her neck to him instantly, had no choice but to. But it had not been enough for him. "Why'd you do this to me?" he'd yelled at her, forcing more of his Alpha aura down onto her.

Jo-anne had been forced down onto her knees, blinding pain ripping through her body. She wasn't even trying to fight it, knew better by now, but it didn't matter, it still hurt, even her wolf Clova was now whimpering in pain.

"I...I didn't." she gasped out pain in her voice for all to hear.

"You did." he roared at her "I order you to tell me, why you did this to me." his Alpha aura was being pushed over her in waves one after the other.

Jo-anne found herself all the way down on the floor, head bowed touching the actual floor, as submissive as one could get, there were tears pouring out of her, blinding pain was ripping inside her head, Clova was howling in pain curled into a tight ball. Pain was pulling at her entire body. "West, I didn't do this to you." she answered him he'd used everything he had to compel her to answer him, she couldn't lie to him, had never lied to him about it.

Sadly, this was not the first time he had Alpha ordered her to tell him what had happened that day, but this was the first time she felt like it was going to actually kill her. She could smell her own blood, see it on the floor, feel it dripping out of her nose as she lay there bowed so low to him under the force of his will.

T.J had come bursting into the room yelling at him to look at what he was doing. Reminded him, that she was his Mate, that she couldn't physically take it. West had not seemed to care at all. It had taken T.J telling him it was going to kill her, if he didn't stop. Only then had he let go of her and stalked out of their room, slamming the door behind him.

She'd just lay there on the floor sagged down and sobbed, so much pain wracking her body, she was unable to move. It had been to much this time. T.J always came to her rescue. He was West's Beta, but had been her friend all her life, couldn't recall a time he wasn't there to help her. Always seemed to know when she was in trouble and came running.

He'd picked her up off the floor and cradled her in his arms in his lap. "He doesn't mean it, Jo-Jo. He's just very confused," he tried to tell her.

But West was not confused. How many times would it take him doing this to believe her, even under the weight of his Alpha order, she could not answer his question.

That had been the day, the last time she had spoken to West. He'd not apologised to her, never had, not once. He wanted answers and she couldn't give them to him. Jo-anne had buried herself in her studies and had already applied to the university she wanted, was just waiting for her letter of acceptance or rejection. She had stayed away from him when and where ever she could. Couldn't really hate him, he'd never physically laid a hand on her, their situation, neither of them wanted, but were forced to be in, due to the wolfen laws that would see him stripped of his title.

She'd woken up one morning a month after he'd order her so low she thought she was going to die, to find him close to her. It was a little odd, he never slept next to her and since that day she had, stayed well on her side of the bed, on the edge, as far away from him as she could get.

3 MONTHS TO HER 18TH BIRTHDAY

Jo-anne did not get involved in the planning of her 18th birthday party. She hadn't even talked to a single soul in 4 weeks, she knew people were starting to look at her, but enough was enough. When would it all end?

She was lying in their bed, had gotten out of the bed and she was just lying there staring out the window.

"What's wrong with you Jo-anne?" he'd asked, seemed annoyed with her.

She'd not replied, he would likely know she was not going to, had yet to say a single word to him since the day he had last Alpha ordered her. Why would today be any different?

Saw his pack card drop on the bed next to her face, her eyes moved to it briefly, before returning to the window, she could see birds flying about freely, they looked so happy.

"Get up and go and buy yourself a dress for yourself for the announcement." he told her "Mother is harping at me about it."

Why he thought she would take his card and spend his money was beyond her. She had a pack card of her own, given to her by him the week after she'd been moved in here. She'd never once used it. Had never once even worn the clothes his mother had purchased for her either. They all just hung in the walk-in, tags still on them. She didn't want his money. Had never wanted this or his money.

' So free' she thought as she watched the birds flying around, got up from the bed and pushed out onto the balcony to watch them.

"what are you doing?" West snapped at her, by the echo in his voice he was in the bathroom. He didn't like it when she was outside naked for all to see.

Jo-anne didn't care, she was going to be free, just like those birds. Put a hand on the railing, climbed up and stepped off without thinking, heard him scream her name, kind of sounded horrified, she thought absently as she flew to freedom. Closed her eyes. "Free." she whispered. Could feel her wolf panic inside her mind and force shift her to try and take the blunt force of their impact to the ground. She was tougher and stronger and more likely to survive a 4-story fall to the hard ground below. Heard her wolf Clova howl in pain and then there was blessed oblivion.

Jo-anne woke up in the pack hospital broken and wolf-less it seemed. West was sitting next to her bed. She didn't look at him, didn't need to, to know it was him, could smell him, knew it was him. Why he was there? She didn't know! Stared at the ceiling.

She spent a month in that hospital bed, peaceful, got to sleep all by herself every night. West visited every day, morning, afternoon and night. Not once did she look at him, not once did she speak to him. He didn't try to touch her, just sat and, from what she could tell, just stared at her. She kept her eyes closed when he visited or just stared at the ceiling blankly. She liked the white ceiling was like a white blanket around her mind.

T.J visited every day too. He held her hand and talked to her, told her repeatedly that everything was going to be very different from now on. That things would be better. Sometimes begged her to talk to him. She did not, not even when he pleaded sadness, etching his every word. She did not talk to anyone.

Was returned to West's room for continued bed rest when she was allowed to leave the hospital, really did not want to be there. But it seemed she had no choice. Was still his Mate.

The doors to his balcony were nailed shut, from what she could tell, all the windows too, there would be no repeat of her 4-story drop to the ground, it seemed, she was caged in now.

Found herself not only in bed with him, but with his body pressed up against hers and his arms around her every night. Could only have been Volt. West would never touch her like that. His wolf had loved Clova and he probably missed his Mate. West should have just rejected her and been done with it. At least he had not once tried to have sex with her.

Woke up mid-morning the day before her official announcement as the future Luna to find what, under normal circumstances, would have been the most beautiful black mermaid style dress hanging on the walk-in door, crystals on the bodice, pretty like diamonds, she thought absently as she stared at them. Lots of ruffles and feathers, layers upon layers of them from the knee down. It was a strapless dress.

But looking at it, all she could think, was there is my funeral shroud to wear for the rest of my life, one I don't want. One she knew West didn't want either. It was hanging there the colour of that dress said it all, black, the colour of that dress represented nothing but the darkness that surrounded them both.

She had found a way out, or thought she had, only to survive it somehow.

No! she would not wear that dress, got up out of the bed where she had laid for the past two months, picked up the letter of acceptance where she was going to live on campus.

West had delivered it, brought it right to her, told her she had gotten into the university of her choice when she had not opened it, he had. Actually said something nice to her for the first time ever during their Mate Bond.

That had been the only time he'd said anything remotely nice to her. He'd told her, he was proud of her, that she had worked hard, and it had paid off. He'd been sitting on the bed next to her, her eyes had remained fixed on the other side of the room. Jo-anne had not cared to look at him for the past three months, felt nothing at all, not even anger, not sadness, just nothing.

Now as she stood there looking at that dress all dark and black, hated it. She would not wear it. Walked over to her walk-in and got dressed, in something other than pyjamas for the first time since leaving the hospital. Packed her one suitcase, the same one she came with. She would leave with just what she had come with, had never wanted anything from him, except maybe his heart. Maybe. But had never gotten that, couldn't even get him to like her. He never would.

Stood staring at the dress, she didn't know how long for, then just suddenly yanked it off the hanger, walked over to the fireplace and shoved it in there, and lit the thing on fire, stood and watched it burn. Then took her suitcase and put it in her car and drove away from the pack-house.

The pack's gates were closed. She pulled up and looked at the guard. He looked at her a little more than shocked. No one had seen her in months. "Open the gate." she told him. He couldn't actually say no, she was Mated to the future Alpha and, as of tomorrow, was supposed to be the future Luna to this pack.

Jo-anne watched as the gate opened, saw the guard frown as he looked in the backseat and saw her one suitcase there. She said nothing. Pressed down on the accelerator the moment the gates were open for her to pass through, and drove out. Got only 20 feet when there were suddenly two guards running in front of her car.

Here it is, she knew this would happen, she'd not left that bedroom in two months, not spoken to anyone the whole time. Now she was driving her car with a suitcase in the back. They had mind-linked West to tell him she was leaving pack territory and he'd told them to stop her.

Well, she was old enough to be the future Luna and could finally do as she pleased, including reject him.

"Stop the car." one of them was yelling at her. They were both standing with their hands on the hood. Now she had stopped, she didn't want to injure them. Put the car in park, pulled the hand brake on and got out, left it running though. Leaned on her car and waited. It didn't take long to hear his car coming or for him to get out and slam the door.

Angry. What else is new, it's how he always was with her.

Couldn't remember a single time he'd ever even once smiled at her. Probably was handsome, she wouldn't know. He'd never looked at her with anything other than irritation or anger.

"Where are you going?" he demanded to know.

Jo-anne turned to look at him. This would be the first time she had turned her eyes on him in three months, not since she had stepped off his balcony. She looked at him, felt nothing as she looked into his dark green eyes, no regret, no love, no sadness, not even anger, just nothing. "I'm leaving West." she told him calmly, they were the first words she had spoken to him in six months, since the last time he'd Alpha ordered her so bad, T.J had, had to stop him before it killed her.

"You're leaving...6 hours before your officially the future Luna."

"Yes," she nodded, "I'm done West." she was amazingly calm, she thought to herself. There was no animosity to her words, she wasn't trying to hurt him. She was setting him free, as well as herself. " You don't love me. No matter how hard I tried to please you, you couldn't even like me. You never will."

"Jo-anne," he sighed, seemed less angry with her, that was new.

"No West." she shook her head slowly "It's time and you know it. You told me, throughout our entire Mate Bond. It's all my fault. I'm to blame. You...voiced this many times." she reminded him calmly of all the things he'd ever told her. She was not looking for a fight, just laying it all out for him to see that she had heard him.

"Jo-anne please it's.." almost sounded like he was pleading with her.

Unlikely, she dismissed it with a wave of her hand to cut him off. Not something she'd ever done before. "Don't bother West, it's just a lie."

"Your party is all set. You'll officially be announced as the Future Luna to this Pack. Tomorrow...and you're choosing now to leave!" he was back to being angry again. Angry, she'd had the gall to cut him off likely.

"Yes." she nodded.

"I won't let you."

She tilted her head ever so slightly to the right, he won't let her. Pursed her lips for a moment and then a sad smile touched her lips, she couldn't understand him. He didn't want her, had never wanted her, not for a single second. For two whole years she'd been a burden to him, the person who had ruined his life.

Breathed a deep sigh and looked right at him "I, Jo-anne Morris, formally reject you Westley Carlton, as my Mate." she stated calmly. It didn't even hurt, she thought, I am really done. It was supposed to cause one pain. But nothing, she felt nothing.

Saw his green eyes fill with anger, and she could feel it coming off of him in waves. "I won't accept it." he snarled at her.

"Then that, is your problem, West. I am done. Accept it, don't accept it." she shrugged. "I am leaving, to get my degree and live, a normal life. Whether you choose to live in pain by not accepting this, is up to you."

Jo-anne could already feel his Mark burning off of her neck, she had made her decision, and though he had yet to accept it, it appeared the goddess was on her side and releasing her whether he liked it or not.

Her rejection of him was what they both wanted realistically. West had only, never said the words, because his father had not allowed him to.

Jo-anne turned to get in her car.

"Wait, you can't do this," again almost sounded as though he was pleading with her, why was he even fighting her on this? It's always what he has wanted.

"I have done it. Accept it and move on West. My birthday present to you. Your freedom. Go and find someone that can make you happy. Someone..." she sighed softly "you actually want. Neither of us are happy and you know that. Use my party to celebrate your freedom from me,"

"Jo-anne please, don't do this."

"Accept it West or live stuck to me, in pain forever. I do not care, anymore."

"Fine." he yelled at her, all angry again, "I Westley Carlton accept your rejection, Jo-anne Morris, you are no longer my Mate." he was practically screaming at her at the end.

Jo-anne sighed and got into her car, she drove away, she had set them both free, they could both move on now. Both of them could now live their lives as they pleased, find happiness.

Chapter 2 - Her Alpha's Orders

Jo-Anne POV 10 Years Later

Jo-anne was all packed, most of her belongings already given away to good will, just a few boxes left and they were all being shipped back to the Eclipsed Moon Pack, to go into storage until she was due to return in 2 years.

Alpha Damien had put quite a few rules on her while she'd been out here away from the pack, working off pack territory, in an art gallery after completing her university degree's.

Had obtained two degrees, spent a good 6 years at university living in a dorm room. Now she lived in a third floor studio apartment with a small balcony where she enjoyed sitting and having a cup of tea every morning and every night before retiring to bed.

The rules he'd given her were simple and manageable, no visiting other packs, even allied packs without first requesting his permission and getting it. No moving without requesting his permission, and allowing him to approve it. She must report monthly on her income and a percentage of it would be allocated back to the pack, so she was contributing to the pack even though she was not in the pack currently.

That any other pack who approached her and wanted to hire her for her artistic talent as a portrait artist had to all go through him. She had to contact him and report immediately before agreeing, was not allowed to say yes ever, only he could approve outside pack requests. It was not his allied packs that he was concerned about obviously. But the packs that were not allied to his at all, that she had come across and wanted her to work for them.

She also must at all times wear the packs' symbol as either a pin on her clothing or on a necklace. She'd opted for the pin.

Word had been spreading in the past 3 years of her skill and Alpha wolves and high-ranking members, did like to have portraits of themselves or their Mates. Some packs had grand hallways where they displayed portraits of all the Alpha's, who'd run the packs, she knew because the Eclipsed Moon Pack had just that, though all their portraits were hung in the grand library on the 2nd floor of the pack house. Growing up, all she had ever wanted was to have one of her paintings go up there.

Not likely to happen anymore.

So, all her art work commissioned or not, anything she produced and sold, a percentage was given to the pack to help it grow, made her a productive member of her pack even though she lived an hour and a half away at all times. Never went back there, not for anything at all.

Alpha Damien had informed her that art for other packs had to go through him to keep her safe from harm. Alpha Damien knew and understood why she had not returned home, heck everyone in the pack would know why.

To Jo-anne's surprise, after she had left the pack, unexpectedly and without permission, to live on campus, not only had it been approved, but both Alpha Damien and his Mate Luna Natalia had paid her a visit in person.

Had appeared at her dorm room, shocking her completely. Had thought they were going to turn her rogue. But they had not, had asked to come in for a chat. Which had been them asking her how she was doing, seeing as what they knew of her and West, being his parents. Maybe they had felt responsible for her mental well being at the time.

Jo-anne had rejected their son, they didn't seem to mind at all, didn't even bring him up at the time. Just wanted to know that she was alright. Had actually offered and paid for all of her university tuition and told her of a wolf psychologist that they thought might be a good idea for her to see, had actually already made her an appointment and told her she would be seeing him.

She had actually needed it, spent 2 years in therapy with the man they recommended. Not only had she been able to confide in him all her thoughts and feelings, when Clova had returned to her, he had helped the two of them work out their issues over what Jo-anne had done to her own wolf. Clova could now understand, though she had been very happy with Volt, her Mate. Jo-anne had not been happy, and could now understand why she and West had never gotten along, due to the unfortunate circumstances.

That they were not fated Mates and that with West and her being forced to be together it just couldn't work out between them, no matter that she had tried. There was too much anger in the man over it. Clova had been sad that Jo-anne had walked away and rejected West, that it meant she and Volt were no longer Mates either, but had come to accept it.

Jo-anne had managed to heal herself and unite with her wolf. She had studied and gotten a Bachelor of Arts, focused on oil paintings and watercolours, and also had a Masters Degree in Language and Linguistics. She was a fully dedicated artist with her first international art exhibition about to be launched in Seoul, South Korea, in just a few days, she had managed to apply for and secure a job within an art gallery assisting with Art Exhibitions. This is what she did here in Seattle when not painting.

Was happy to be moving there for the next 2 years, but was then required to return to the pack. To work from the pack for good. An art studio would be built for her, seeing as she was rising in popularity among the ranked members of their allied packs. She had already, in the last year, painted 3 portraits of Alpha's and their Luna's, some standing together and others separate for each of their offices.

These 2 years away from the pack in Seoul, Korea she had really had to fight for. Alpha Damien and his Beta Jonathon had turned up at her apartment when she'd done the stupid thing and hung up on her own Alpha over him, originally not allowing it. Had to hang up or she had been going to incur punishment, for losing her temper and yelling at him. Not something someone like her was ever allowed to do.

She had been thinking about going rogue to get her own way, was still debating it when there had been a knock on her door hours later, opened it to find Alpha Damien and Beta Jonathon staring at her. Thought she was going to be seriously punished, but apparently just a very serious sit-down discussion was all he'd wanted, as to when she would be returning to the pack.

Alpha Damien had pressed hard on the matter, did not want to have to force her to come home due to her and West's past relationship, but told her it was time to come

home. She couldn't just stay away forever. So, in the end, this agreement had been made, 2 years in Korea, then she had to return home for good. No if's and's or butt's. He would build her a studio within the packs grounds and she could have it tailored to her needs and wants.

If she did not agree to his request, he would simply take her back to the pack right then and there, order it if need be. Jo-anne had agreed, she'd really had no other choice, this was her first overseas exhibition and she really did want to go. There was only one other condition. She had to go home and pledge her loyalty and allegiance to Westley. As he was taking over as Alpha of the pack. Her attendance was mandatory.

Jo-anne had stared at him for a long minute. She had known it would happen sooner or later "Saturday." she'd nodded. Knew it was West's birthday on Saturday. So, of course, that was when he would be sworn in. She was a little surprised that it had not happened before now. The man was 32 or would be on Saturday. Was a little curious as to why his father had put it off for so long. But did not question her Alpha. It was his pack to run as he saw fit and handing down to his Heir was also up to him, when he did that.

"You'll come home Friday," Alpha Damien had told her.

"My flight is Sunday afternoon."

"I know your itinerary. I approved it," he commented "Friday Jo-anne. I mean it. Or I will rescind your contract, all of them."

"Yes Alpha." she had bowed her head respectfully.

It was Friday now, she was only an hour and a half from the pack. There was no real rush, technically had til midnight to turn up, but had the distinct feeling that wouldn't go down well with Alpha Damien. So was ready to go. It was only 10am and the pack's movers would be here shortly. They had called and told her they were only 10 minutes away. Her suitcase, just a carry-on for her flight on Sunday, was sitting by the door along with her hand bag and passport and tickets all safely tucked in the front pocket.

She was only a little bit nervous to be going home. Her life here in Seattle had turned out to be good for her, she'd made plenty of friends and had actually been able to go back to her normal happy self after a few years. Loved living out here, people were nice to her, no one expected anything of her, she was allowed to be, just who she was.

Jo-anne often had dinner out, went night clubbing to dance with her friends, spent time shopping and had spa days, even the occasional girls' weekend away. Life was really good now. She had set herself free and turned her life around. Living her life the way she had always thought it would be, before West.

A shiver shot through her body and Jo-anne gasped, "Not now" she muttered, the movers would be here any minute. "Goddess let it pass quickly." she prayed, as her hand hit the wall to support herself.

Her whole body was trembling, her back was suddenly hot all down the moons, something that had just appeared on her back when she had turned 18, had woken up at 3 in the morning all hot and sweaty and felt this burning sensation moving down her back, only to see in the mirror as 5 moons appeared down her spine, from her neck to the middle of her back. Phases of the moons, and some star constellations around them as well.

She had looked it up after taking a photo for reference, 'Celestial Moon Phases' it was known as, and ever since she had gotten them, the shivers had come. That's what she called it, because she had not known what it was, but it always started out as a shiver deep and warm. Then it evolved into more.

Pleasure was starting to roll through her body within a minute of it starting, a moan escaped her as both her hands were on the wall, goddess it was so strong today, closed her eyes and bit down hard on the cries that were trying to escape her as the pleasure started to rip through her body, between her legs was wet and hot and her insides were pulsing as the waves of pleasure got faster, felt her knees buckle, and sank down on to them, her fingers all pressed against the wall, knuckles white, her back arched and she bit down harder on the cry that was welling in her, even Clova was howling with pleasure inside her mind.

Heard the door bell ring "No." she moaned, there was no way she could get up and get it. To let them in, the waves were quicker and it was coming so strong, had no choice but to wait it out. Finally, it passed and her orgasm left her sagged to the floor a little exhausted. Still trying to recover from it. She heard the door bell again.

Jo-anne pushed herself up off the floor, 'Goddess they are going to be able to smell me.' she knew her panties were soaked through. She could smell her. Called out "just a minute." so they knew she was there. Though it was likely they already knew, their wolf's hearing would have picked up everything. Would have heard her in this apartment moaning and cumming as she had an orgasm out of bloody no where.

She just had to own it, like every other damned time wolves were around to hear it and smell it.

Walked over to the door, took a quiet breath in to steady herself, plastered on a smile and opened the door, could tell instantly they had heard her moaning in orgasm, she'd not been able to hold it in, never could at the end. Some times it was over quickly, other times it took a long time and then there were nights when it happened multiple times.

The two wolves smirked at her knowingly "Gentlemen." she greeted them "Come in." she stepped aside as though nothing had happened a minute ago, as though the scent

of her arousal was not still all around her. "Lock up after you leave please." she told them and handed one a key, then grabbed her suitcase and handbag and left the apartment as though she didn't care at all. As though they had not just heard her or could smell her.

Heard them laughing as she walked down the stairs, on somewhat still shaky legs. Sometimes she could recover quickly, other times not. Today seemed it was, a not, day. Still trying to breathe normally as she got in the car, she took a minute for herself to close her eyes and just breathe, try and relax.

Chapter 3 - Her Alpha's Orders

Jo-anne POV

This was not the first time it had happened around others. She had no idea why it happened, and there was no pattern to it at all. Although it was mostly an early morning or middle of the night thing, her shivers could come on at anytime of the day or night. She had experienced it at all times of the day and night.

The drive was thankfully uneventful. One shiver, it seemed was enough this morning, the gate was closed like normal. Pulled up and got a very shocked look from the guard on duty, he'd actually been one of the ones here the day she'd left, had stopped her car from leaving, she realised, heard her formally reject West.

"Jo-anne?" he asked

"Yes," she answered his question "Alpha Damien request I come. Please open the gate."

"Of course Lu...Jo-anne." he stumbled over his words, nearly called her Luna, she realised.

The gates opened and she drove through. Nothing, it seemed, had changed that much in 10 years. She parked her car in the visiting pack's parking, off to the side of the pack-house. T.J. was already coming down the stairs at the front of the pack-house towards her, grinning right at her. Gosh he'd gotten so much bigger. And wow, a head full of dreadlocks all tied back neatly.

She hopped out of the car and smiled right up at him "T.J." he picked her clean up off the ground and hugged her tightly, she hugged him back. "You got big." she laughed.

"You're a sight for sore eyes Jo-Jo." he laughed right back and then put her down. "Now let me look at you."

Jo-anne turned around for him and smiled as he indicated for her to turn once more. She did and he laughed again, "That's my good girl."

"I'm no girl anymore." she teased him.

"I can see that. Turned out lovely too." he reached over and flicked her long cinnamon brown hair with a finger "let your hair grow too. Suits you."

"Thanks."

"Hey what is that?" he frowned, tilting his head slightly to the left, grabbed a fist full of her hair and tilted her head over to look at the right side of her neck.

"Oh, my tattoo." she smiled up at him.

"Marred you pretty skin." he frowned at her now.

"It's Art. I designed it myself. It's Clova."

"Hmm," he let go of her hair finally. "Might not want West to see that Jo-Jo, he won't like it."

"Why would he even care?" she frowned up at T.J.

He shrugged "The man is not a fan of Tattoos, is all."

"That's his problem, not mine. Its not like he'll be looking anyway." she shrugged.

"Hmm...Alpha Damien said I was to bring you right to his office."

"Alright." she nodded.

T.J. moved her hair to cover her neck again and then looked right at her. "West is in there Jo-Jo." he stared at her for a moment.

"Whatever it is T.J., it's fine." she told him.

"Has a girl on his arm. Just thought you might like the heads up." he told her. She could see worry in his light grey eyes.

"That's alright T.J. I'm glad he's happy and found his Mate." she smiled, was genuinely happy for him.

"This way, then," he nodded.

"Wait." she turned to her car and got out the present she had bought for West. It was his birthday after all. She couldn't come empty-handed. Saw T.J. raise an eyebrow at her but say nothing.

She was walked into the Alpha's office. Alpha Damien was sitting behind his desk in his chair, he smiled right at her and she greeted him with a smile back "Alpha."

"Good to see you again, Jo-anne. What have you got there?" he asked.

"A birthday gift for West." she told him, still smiling.

Her eyes moved to the man in question, Westley Carlton, tall at 6ft 6inches, compared to her 5ft 10, almost a full foot taller than her. She looked up at him, her ex-Mate, he was standing off to the right of his father's desk. His dark green eyes were locked onto her grey ones, he stood wearing a pair of dark grey slacks and a light grey button-down shirt, suited him. There was no smile on his face, he looked impassive, she thought. She smiled up at him, a genuine smile.

"Hello West." it had been 10 years since she'd seen him, or spoken to him. He did not say a word, she walked over to him. "Happy birthday." she held out the gift she'd purchased for him. His eyes moved to it, but he did not take it. Unhappy she was here, Jo-anne thought.

Put the gift down next to his father's desk. "I'll leave it here for you. If you don't want it, that's okay, you can throw it away." her eyes moved to the beautiful woman on his arm. Smiled right at her and extended her hand "Nice to meet you, I'm Jo-anne."

"Hi. I'm Miranda." she smiled right back. Appeared very friendly.

"That's a pretty name." they shook hands.

Jo-anne took a step back and looked at them as a couple. He'd finally found his Mate and she was a beauty. "You two look really good together. I'd love to take some pictures of you." she offered. She had her camera in her suitcase, never went anywhere without it.

"Oh, I would love that. West darling what do you think?" Miranda turned her smiling face up to him, she was more than a foot shorter than him, it would look really good, like he was her protector.

West, however, did not say a thing, but that impassive look turned into a frown. Wow, he hadn't changed much. Though his hair cut was new, he had both sides of his head shaved and his dark blonde hair was slicked back with hair gel. A new look. She liked it, suited him, she thought absently, made him look more imposing as an Alpha, she thought.

"Well, just let me know, Miranda." she smiled at the woman still looking up at West with hopeful eyes. Turned her eyes back to him, "Congratulations West, on finding your Mate." and she really did mean it. Though it must have only just happened, the girl was not Marked by him yet.

“Alpha Damien, you wanted to see me?” she turned her attention back to her Alpha.

“Just to make sure you arrive,” he stated, “you may go. T.J. will show you to a room while you are here.”

“Thank you Alpha.” she bowed slightly and turned to T.J. smiled at him “So, where you putting me?” she teased him as they left the office.

He cleared his throat, “Don’t say it like that Jo-Jo.” He closed the door after glancing inside “first floor, no balcony.” he commented.

She sighed it had been 10 years. “You know I live on the 3rd floor with a balcony, I Seattle right.”

“Alpha’s orders,” he murmured.

Jo-anne shrugged “So T.J. What’s on down at Maxi’s tonight?”

He laughed “You want to go dancing?”

“Yep and catch up with my friends, I’m only here for the Ceremony and then off to Korea.”

“What?...Since when, the Alpha has not given permission for that.” he was staring at her now.

“Yes, he has. I got a 2 year contract out of him.”

T.J. frowned down at her as they walked up the stairs. “Oh, you mean Alpha Damien then.”

“He is the Alpha.” she chuckled “Who’d you...Oh.” she realised he had been talking about West.

“Hmm, I doubt West will agree to that contract.”

“Not up to him T.J.” she stated, and it wasn’t the contract was with her Alpha and that was Damien, West’s father. He couldn’t over rule it. “So you going to come out tonight then, up for some dancing?”

He laughed down at her “You sound like your old self...you know before.”

“I know, all good here, I assure you.”

T.J. hugged her. “I’m glad, I was really worried about you Jo-Jo.”

"Don't be, I'm fine now. I promise." she smiled up at him.

He nodded and then looked right at her, like really looked at her. "Clova is with you!" he stated, sounding shocked.

"Yes." she nodded "Dancing?"

"Sure pick you up at 9." he opened the door for her and showed her into her room, a simple room for visiting wolves. 1 bed, 1 bath and a comfortable couch to sit on. That was it. She had a view of the path down to the training grounds but that was pretty much it. Used the mind-link to contact a few of her old high school friends and organise them to have lunch with, and then dinner. She also found out a few of them wanted to go to Maxi's that night too.

Excellent everything was falling into place, it was almost like being a teenager again, though they were a little shocked to hear she was back in the pack, they all seemed happy and willing to hang out and socialise. It actually felt good to be home. Perhaps when she returned in two years everything would be just fine. She might just have a look around and see where was a good place for her art studio to go, while she was here.

Chapter 4 - Her Alpha's Orders

West POV

Knowing Jo-anne was coming did not go down so well, he'd stalked out of his father's office, soon to be his office. Slammed the door shut behind him. He understood why, but didn't honestly see why she had to be here. She was still loyal to his father, wasn't that enough?

The girl, he sighed, the woman he corrected his own thoughts, was a woman now, would be 28 now, her birthday had come and gone, just like it had every damned year she wasn't here. He hated that day.

West did not want to see her. Knew that his father and mother had seen her on occasion, his father and the current Beta had seen her at least once every year for the past 10 years. Had contracts for her to sign. She seemed happy living away from this pack, out there in Seattle.

He lived here and she was an hour and a half away. Had never come back, not once. But now that he was about to take over as Alpha, his father was insisting on her coming back to the pack just for his swearing in ceremony and to have her pledge her loyalty to him. West doubted she would come.

Stalked all the way to his old room, unlocked it and banged inside. Stared at it, still all sealed up. No-one came in here but him, usually only to break shit. The entire place was already destroyed, only the bed wasn't.

Trying to calm himself down, why didn't she just refuse to come. Hell he didn't care if she pledged or not. Hell she could go and find another pack for all he cared. Heard his wolf Volt snarl at him inside his mind at that thought.

'Fuck you Volt.' he shot right back at his wolf.

His damned wolf still missed Clova, whined about it annoyingly some days. She was lost to Volt forever. Jo-anne had killed her.

Even with this knowledge, his damned wolf still not only liked the damned woman, but missed her. It ticked West off more than anything else. He knew where she was. He knew what degrees she'd gotten, even knew what marks she'd scored. A perfect damned student, no real surprise there, always did get good grades even in high school.

He kicked a piece of already broken chair clear across the room and leaned on the door, closed his eyes. How could he even look at her? Didn't want to. She had been completely hollowed out the last time he'd seen her. Nothing left on the inside, rejected him. Not that he blamed her for that. She had been right. They were not happy, had never been.

'You were an asshole.' Volt shot at him.

'Shut up Volt.' West knew his wolf blamed him for the loss of his Mate, and never ceased to let him forget it.

He and his wolf arguing what else was knew. Had been like this for more than 10 years, 12 in fact. Volt loved Clova and West could not allow himself to love Jo-anne, Volt just couldn't understand it. 'You will not touch her when she comes, or I will shoot myself up with wolfs-bane, to punish you.'

'Hurt yourself only.' his wolf snorted back and stalked off to the back of his mind.

Where was Miranda? He needed a distraction. Stalked out of the room to go and find her, the woman always enjoyed a good fuck. Found her, grabbed her hand and took her to their bedroom. "I'm in the mood. You want to?" he asked, already pulling his shirt off.

She smiled all bright-eyed at him. "Sure."

"On your knees." he stated as he took his pants off.

She knelt, liked being told what to do, stepped over to her, grabbed her head and pulled it to him “Suck.” he’d stated and she had, just like that. Always did, it was good, but he’d had better, he thought absently. Pulled her off him a few minutes later and bent her over the couch, ripped her underwear off, kicked her legs apart and pounded the hell out of her, till he was done. She was gasping and moaning the whole time. He looked down at her afterwards.

“Oh West,” she sighed, “your so good.”

“Mm.” he headed for the shower and just stood there under it, might need to pound her again later, he thought, as the hot water fell over him. His mind drifted...he probably would.

She’d been sitting on the couch when he’d come out of the bathroom, smiled right up at him, seemed happy enough, he thought. “I might want to do that again later.” he told her and heard her giggle. The girl liked it rough, and that’s how he did to. It’s why she’d been in his bed for the past 2 years.

West knew everyone was expecting him to Mark and Mate her once he took over, including her father and his. She was alpha-blooded and their pups would be strong, he supposed, but she was not his Fated Mate, though she did seem to really like him.

Always smiling at him, always good to go a few rounds in the sack, never said no to him when he wanted it. Though still not his Mate, and he’d had better sex before, a lot better in fact. Though he could give it to Miranda multiple times a night if he so chose to, he’d once had a girl who he just couldn’t stop fucking, sometimes endless hours of her moaning and crying out his name in pleasure. He shook his head, that had been ruined.

Stalked out of their room and left Miranda there, he was certain she’d had better as well. It never seemed to take her long to recover from sex, a minute, maybe two, and the scent of her arousal was gone the minute they stopped. It would be different if he Marked the woman he knew that. West had been Mated to another before, not his Goddess-Gifted Mate either, and the sex there had been more than good, but look at what that had done.

No, there would be no Marking and Mating of her or any woman, she-wolf or any creature that was not his Goddess-Gifted Mate. Miranda could leave anytime that she wanted to and he’d told her as much, on more than one occasion, every time she brought up being his Luna, in fact. She was not going to be it. It was that simple.

West watched as T.J. his best friend, and Beta lit up completely. They were in his father's office. Only one person in the entire world could make T.J. look so freaking happy and excited, Jo-anne was here. He watched as T.J. left the office to go and greet her, heard his father yell after him to bring her right here to the office.

West's heart was suddenly beating furiously inside his chest, he was going to have to see her, look right at the woman, not something he had ever thought he'd have to do. Would have continued with her contracts but would have let T.J. do it all, never have brought her in. didn't want to look at her. Not ever. To many bloody memories he had of her.

'Relax.' It was his father, Damien's voice inside his head, had picked up on West's hear rate 'She is fine now son, I assure you.'

West didn't answer, he did not want to see her. She'd left him and for very good reasons, laid them all out in fact right before she left. Just to remind him of his actions and feelings towards her. But still he didn't want to see her.

Watched her as she walked right into his father's office, smiling and happy, so full of life now. Being away from him, had been really good for her, it appeared. Pain pulled at his chest. She was wearing a white dress with tiny blue flowers on the bottom half of the skirt, and a blue unbuttoned sweater, blue heels and light make-up, that dress fit her perfectly, he noted, and the skirt flared out as she walked. Her cinnamon brown hair was a lot longer, had been shoulder length before and was now all the way down her back. Those pale grey eyes of hers, when she turned them on him, and he had not been expecting her to look right at him, had stopped looking at him long before their relationship ended. He knew why. It was his fault.

Had not expected her to look at him, let alone smile up at him like that, like she was truly happy to see him, a genuine smile that reached her eyes. He couldn't speak, was barely holding himself together with her in the room. He had no idea what to say to the woman, had never imagined he'd ever come face to face with her again.

She had left this pack, left him 10 years ago and never come back. Never thought that she would ever come back.

Jo-anne tried to hand him a birthday present and even told him happy birthday. He couldn't understand. How could she just walk in here, look right up at him, like that, and be all happy? Like nothing had ever happened. Had she simply forgotten it all? He felt Volt push forward to look right at her, as she smiled up at him, she had gotten taller. He realised maybe 5ft 10 now, not that much shorter than his 6ft 6. Her eyes were defined by black eye liner and mascara. It suited her. Volt was very happy, he noted looking down at her. Was wagging his tail inside West's mind.

'Clova.' his wolf practically purred inside his mind.

'Gone remember.' West reminded his wolf. There had been no Clova for the last three months of their Mate Bond, no Clova the day Jo-anne had rejected him. She had basically been human by then. Something else he had to deal with.

'Clova's back, I can sense her.' Volt told him, seemed quite excited about it. Likely his wolf was not wrong, she did smell different. Though he breathed in, smelled her. Not like she used to, he thought, different to when they had been Mated. That was odd. His eyes moved right to her neck, as she turned and put his gift down, perhaps Marked by another, but not just his old Mark scarred her neck. But still she smelled very different. Something was different about her.

To his complete surprise, she turned and introduced herself willingly to Miranda, and then congratulated him on finding his Mate, he did not correct her, neither did Miranda, for that matter. Thought they looked good together. West was listening to her every word. She really did mean it.

Offered to take their picture, professionally so. He knew she could, and was good with a camera, part of her Bachelor of Arts degree. Damned woman had many talents for the pack to use. Miranda thought this was a good idea. He did not. At some point, the girl would leave him. Likely find her Mate and leave. He did not need pictures of her.

T.J. took her to her room, on the first floor with no damned balcony. He'd made sure of that. He was not going to see a repeat of that day. Not ever. If there had been a room on the ground floor, that is where she would be.

West heard her tone and that it was completely teasingly and fun. Implied she thought T.J. was going to put her in his bed. Bloody unlikely. Saw T.J. look right at him 'Not going to happen West.'

'Fucking right it won't.' West had shot back more than angry.

West knew the two of them had always been close, even as the girl had grown up T.J. had always been right there. It was weird, to say the least. Just always knew when she was in trouble or pain. The two were connected on a deeper level.

The time she broke her arm in high school, in gym class. T.J. had shot up and out of his chair, tearing out of the classroom, scared the hell out of damned near the whole class including the teacher. He'd even known exactly where she was. West had gone after him that day, thinking something had been terribly wrong with T.J's father, mother or sisters, but no.

They had both been 17 at the time and Jo-anne just 13, and he'd tore through the school, barged right into the gym and shoved people out of the way uncaring of who's children they were, in order to get to her.

She had been sitting on the gym floor crying, holding her arm. West had watched as T.J. had scooped her up and told her everything was going to be okay. West had driven them in his car to the pack hospital. T.J. had sat in the back seat holding her the entire way. She'd stopped crying the minute he'd picked her up, his presence had comforted her instantly. It was really weird has always been.

West had seen it before, too. The girl couldn't seem to stub her toe without T.J. knowing about it. If she wasn't four years younger than T.J. and had been the same age as him, it could have passed for a twin bond. Werewolf twins were as connected as what he saw in T.J. and Jo-anne. It was just plain weird.

T.J. had saved her life once, from West himself. Stopped that thought right in its tracks. Not going there.

Though when she had gone missing at 16 T.J. had not been able to find her at all. The man had been completely frantic, shot out of his chair, breathing hard, clutching at his chest. West had thought he'd been having a heart attack. Then he'd stumbled about. His eyes closed "Jo-Jo." had come out of his mouth.

West recalled asking him what was wrong.

"Can't...Gone." he'd gasped, pain etched in his voice.

"Gone?"

"Can't...I can't feel her." he'd managed to finally say,

Feel her, that explained a lot, he could feel her like she was a part of him.

They'd gone looking for her. Well, T.J. had gone running around the pack looking for her and West had trailed him. No-one it seemed, had known where she was.

Then her parents had come in and reported her missing that very night. Just a few hours later, T.J. had not been wrong.

West honestly had thought at the time, hell his whole life. That Jo-anne was going to be T.J.'s Mate, his Beta's Mate. Till that fateful day, he'd woken up in that hotel room, Marked and Mated to her, with no memories of how it happened, still to this day had no memory of how he'd gotten there or of there Marking and Mating. Just what she had looked like before he had fled the room away from her.

Jo-anne was finally out of the office and out of his sight, clearly happy to be with T.J. nothing at all had changed between them it seemed, She had left them both standing at the pack gates just 6 hours before she turned 18, her birthday would have fallen on a full moon that year, she had left them both neither he nor T.J. knew if she was his Mate. Deep down inside, West still did suspect it. T.J. was un-mated as was West.

He supposed the next full moon would tell him all he needed to know. Didn't want to think about it to be honest. He had no idea how he would feel about it, react to it for that matter. She had been his Mate for two years, give or take a few days, he only knew he was not looking forward to it. It was only a few days away, in fact.

Pulled Miranda out of the office and back to their bedroom, she'd raised an eyebrow at him "I want to, do you?" he'd stated flatly.

"Sure, not like you..."

"Just get naked already." he'd cut her off, pulling his clothes off the minute he'd walked into their room. Pulled her onto the bed. "You, on top. Go for it." he'd told her.

Miranda had smiled right at him "Sweet."

It wasn't often she was on top, his hands rested on her thighs while she bounced up and down on him, getting herself off. He lay and watched, but his mind wondered else where. When it came back she was lying on him, he realised all done, he hadn't even gotten close.

"What's wrong west?" she asked him.

"Nothing." he'd sighed and rolled her off of him.

"You want me to turn over?"

"No, it's fine." he got out of the bed and headed for the shower. She was not going to be able to sort him out, it was that simple. Only one thing was and he would do it himself. Hated himself for it but did it anyway.

Chapter 5 - Her Alpha's Orders

Jo-anne POV

It was so good to see all her old friends again. Lots of hugs and "oh my goddess your back's" she found that most of them had been Mated off. No real surprise there they did lead full pack lives, not out in the human world like she did, isolated off from other wolves most of the time.

Most of them were also mothers, but all of them were happy to have dinner out with her. It seemed, a night away from the kids, probably a rare thing, was a good thing. It started as dinner but quickly turned into drinking and soon they were all laughing and having a good time. Chatting about old times and new times. Just catching up on everything she and they had been up too.

She had missed them, not one of them asked about what happened between her and West. Either they didn't want to upset her, or had guessed. She did leave him. What he had told his parents or the pack she had no idea. Had never cared to ask.

Some of them knew her and West never got along. Her closest friend, Ella, knew she never really did and the entire pack knew West wasn't happy about it, it was clear to all in the pack. No-one envied her being his Mate, that she was certain of.

'Where are you Jo-Jo?' T.J.'s voice came down the Mind-Link.

'Having dinner and drinks at the Tavern.' she answered him. It was nice to hear his voice inside her mind.

'On my way to join you.'

T.J. arrived and none of her friends were surprised to see him at all. Greeted him easily "Beta." they'd all said, he'd smiled right back at them "Ladies." his tone all smooth and full of charm, setting them all off giggling, as he'd hugged Jo-Jo right in front of all of them.

They opted to walk down to Maxi's, only about a 20 minute stroll. The music was already pumping "shots." she'd yelled over the music. Several of her friends were shocked by this. She had not been allowed to drink before she left, under age, and West would likely have gone ballistic if she'd come home drunk or, at least she always thought so, never saw him drink either, for that matter.

3 wolven loaded shots later, and they were all on the dance floor. T.J. however, was leaning on a wall just watching, drinking a beer. Yuck she hated beer. She beckoned him onto the dance floor. He did not budge, just shook his head and stood there 'stickler.' she shot at him via the mind-link.

He just smiled at her and raised an eyebrow. She was bumped into a few times, but this time the man that bumped right into her landed both his hands on her hips as if to steady her. She knew better his hands lingered and didn't let go. "Oh, sorry...Why don't we dance together." he smiled at her, brown eyes glinting.

"Move away." T.J. was suddenly next to her.

Jo-anne was yanked from the man's grip. She had been going to remove his hands anyway.

"Hey sorry Terence, I didn't know she was here with you."

"It's Beta, to you, move along." He growled right at the man, who bowed his head and backed away quickly from them, apologising again.

Jo-anne turned her eyes up to his, questioningly, he was still staring after that un-mated wolf. She laughed "Just dancing T.J."

"That wolf has sticky fingers," he stated, still felt all Beta to Jo-anne.

“Hey come on T.J. lighten up. We’re all, well most of us un-mated here, try to relax a little...you might even hook up yourself, if you relax and play nice.” she teased him.

T.J. was suddenly frowning down at her, then she was pulled off the dance floor and pushed onto a bar stool. “Are you looking to get laid Jo-Jo?”

Jo-anne snorted “Why now T.J. are you interested?”

He was just staring at her. “Knock it off Jo-Jo.”

“Then why ask?” she prompted him. She was not out here looking to get laid, had already had two shivers today, and the second one had been a lot longer and stronger than the first one. She thought it wasn’t going to stop, goddess had climaxed twice with it. That was more than enough.

“No reason,” he shrugged.

“Well then, let me go and have some fun. I don’t get to hang out with my own kind that often, what’s a little fun going to hurt?” she hopped off the chair.

“Don’t go screwing any one Jo-Jo...please.”

She turned and looked right at him “meaningless sex. I’ve had enough of that to last me a lifetime.” she stated, and walked back onto the dance floor, and she had. That is what it had been her entire Mate Bond to West. Meaningless sex.

Besides with her shivers, she had all her needs sorted out and didn’t get all she-wolf angsty, no desire to go and just have sex with just anyone. Didn’t need it at all. Already twice today, once this morning before coming here and then again near lunch time, at least the 2nd time she’d been alone in her room and had been able to shower and change get the scent of her arousal off of her.

More shots with the girls, lots more dancing and laughing going on, T.J. it seemed was only here to keep all the un-mated males away from her, and he was doing just that, laying down his Beta aura with everyone of them that got too close to her. Stupid. She was a free, un-mated she-wolf and, realistically, if she wanted to, could date any un-mated male in the pack or have meaningless sex with them, for that matter.

“Jo-Jo. We need to get going.” T.J. told her.

“Why?” she was leaning on his chest, her arms around his waist.

“It’s near 2 in the morning, you have to pledge loyalty today,” he told her.

“So?” she waved her hand at the others around them. They did too.

“Come on, you’ve had way more than enough to drink. You’re drunk and can barely stand.”

“I am wasted.” she grinned up at him, leaned back a little and looked up at him, tugged at his shirt “Dance with me.”

“Enough Jo-Jo. Home now.”

“I don’t have a home.” she sighed “Not here, not til I get to South Korea, anyway. I have a home there now.”

“If you get there,” he sighed and picked her up bridal style, “Come on back to your room.”

“Ah, you stickler.” she poked his chest.

“Mm, the Beta remember.” he was carrying her outside. The night air was nice and cool.

“Got a stick up your ass.” she giggled. “Like Westley does.”

“Hey, knock that shit off.” he frowned down at her.

Jo-anne reached up and grabbed his face, moved his mouth with her hands for him “I got a stick up my ass.” she said for him and giggled, leaned into him a little bit sleepy.

He pulled his face away from her hands. “When’d you start being a toad?”

“Always was.” she sighed and curled into his big arms “You’ll put me to bed?” she yawned and closed her eyes.

“Hmm, I suppose.” was the last thing she heard him say.

Jo-anne woke in her bed, still fully clothed but shoes off. Smiled and shook her head, he had put her to bed. Then she recalled telling the Beta their new Alpha had a stick up his ass. Oops. Bloody wolven alcohol loosened her tongue every time. Oh well, only here for another 24 hours.

She doubted T.J. would tell West, it would likely send the man into a rage and he’d come banging on her door or busting it in to punish her. Wouldn’t be the first time she’d taken the brunt of his anger. Showered and dressed, she’d missed breakfast. It seemed nearly 11am, the ceremony would begin at 3, no rush. She could go for a run and let Clova out. She could feel her wolf liked the idea. Better get permission first, hadn’t been here in years.

‘T.J.?’

'Yes Jo-Jo.' he replied right away.

'Can Clova go for a run?' she asked.

'Best not this close to ceremony. After Yes, I don't see why not.'

She sighed 'Alright.' she acknowledged him.

'Jo-Jo, you'll be last today, it seems.'

'What a shocker.' she nearly laughed 'it's fine T.J. I understand. Do you think he would mind if I took some proper photo's of the ceremony? I'm sure his mother and father would want them.'

'I don't see why not, just...'

'I got a good zoom lenz.' she finished, knowing she had to keep away from West.

'Alright.' he cut the link.

Considering how warm a reception she had gotten from West yesterday, she was not all that surprised that he had placed her last to swear loyalty. It was usually done by ranked order. Guess she was pretty low in his mind. Didn't want to see her, or deal with her. She had given him his freedom and he was still annoyed and angry with her.

Got her camera out and spent time just cleaning it and making sure it was good to go.

Stood at the very back of the ball room and took pictures of him all dressed in his formal suit, pack colours she noted, very traditional. He looked good, though even now being the actual Alpha, the man did not smile. Not at his father, or even his own mother. They however, were both smiling proudly at him. Even Miranda looked happy and proud of him. Did he never smile.

He had as a teenager, she was sure of it, him and T.J. always together and laughing. Til what happened to them. Then nothing. Turned him into an angry man, she supposed. Stopped taking photo's after his whole Alpha Unit had formally been announced and they had all pledged loyalty to him and his pack.

Stood and waited patiently for her turn, saw her father walk up to pledge his loyalty, hadn't seen the man in 10 years. He looked much the same though unhappy. Then her stepmother and half sisters, they all looked annoyed. West, to her surprise, looked to be completely fuming. Why she wondered?

Finally, it was her turn, she walked up on the stage, heard several shocked gasps and comments get flung around, which were gone the second, West snarled angrily at his pack. His Alpha Aura rolled out of him at them, for once it wasn't directed at her. A

miracle, she thought absently. She walked right up to him, no hesitation in her steps and his eyes were locked on hers. His jaw she noticed was ticking like crazy.

Oh, he really did not want to do this, she realised as she held her hand out, palm up for him, he had to cut her palm just a small nick, nothing more than a centimetre, and then his and ask her to swear her loyalty, then press their palms together and accept her loyalty that was it took less than a minute.

It was a solid minute of him staring at her, still nothing, he wasn't going to do it. She realised "It's okay Alpha." she addressed him properly with his formal title "If you don't want to. I'll understand if you wish to turn me rogue." the quiet in the room suddenly felt very different, she knew the whole pack were all listening, they all knew she and West were ex-Mates. He was still just staring at her. She lowered her hand. "I'm leaving for South Korea tomorrow, it's fine Alpha." she reassured him. Part of her had always known this day would come, that he'd cut her loose. Today was that day, it seemed.

Then he suddenly had a death grip on her left wrist. "I demand you pledge your loyalty." he practically snarled at her. She felt the blade slice across her entire palm.

Jo-anne's eyes widened as she turned to look at her hand. It was supposed to be a small nick. His blade had sliced clear across her palm. She could see her own blood dripping from her hand onto the floor. Knew the wound would not seal and close over till his blood merged with hers. It was a special ceremonial blade. Enchanted for this very thing, to keep the wound open till loyalty was pledged and accepted.

Heard Alpha Damien swear from his place on the stage.

"Pledge." she heard West, Alpha Order her about 10 seconds later.

Her shocked eyes moved to his and the words were forced out of her "I, Jo-anne Morris, pledge my loyalty to you, Alpha Westley Carlton and your pack, The Eclipsed Moon Pack."

West was still just standing there staring at her, her blood flowing freely. He'd not even cut his own hand yet. Then she was suddenly yanked forward, right up close to him, his mouth touched her ear. "You will not be leaving this pack, Jo-anne. I forbid you to set a single foot in South Korea." his words were deathly quiet in her ear, only those close to him would have heard his words.

Her eyes widened again at his words. He couldn't do that. She had a contract from his father saying she could go. Then he stepped back and cut his palm, pressed his hand to hers, her fingers automatically laced with his, "Welcome home Jo-anne." he stated, sounding much calmer now "I accept your pledge of loyalty to me." she felt it, the tether to him, inside her mind now always there for him to track her at will.

He let go of her hand the second it was completed and turned to his pack, effectively dismissing her. Jo-anne looked to the floor a small pool of blood there. It was also, she noted on the sleeve of his dress shirt, she turned and walked away as the cut on her hand healed over finally, she sighed softly and left the stage. So much for that. She touched the scar hoping it wasn't going to affect her painting.

It was getting late and he was making some speech to the pack. Knew that West would not care if she slipped out and so did. All the way out of the ball room and into the cool night air. She took a long deep breath in and let it out slowly everything would be fine, shook her head to clear it and headed for her room.

Put her camera away and headed back outside, time to go for that run. T.J. had said it would be alright after the swearing in. That was now done, so it should be good. She stripped off her clothes just outside the mud room and let Clova shift them into her silver wolf, steered her away from the ball room and the party to celebrate the new Alpha, it would go all night long.

Headed south into the woods, Clova seemed happy to be back on pack territory, running freely. She chased a few rabbits and wandered about smelling everything, from trees to plants on the ground, did some digging in a small burrow on the ground, but nothing came out and moved on to lay down by the lake after having a drink from it. Sat and looked up at the night sky felt peaceful.

Turned her head at the sound of paws on the ground behind her, wagged her tail as her eyes landed on Volt. He was stalking towards her, she stood up to greet him, head lowered slightly in respect.

'Go Clova, move away, he's not your Mate anymore.' Jo-anne reminded her, but Clova didn't move, it was the first time she had seen him in 10 years. felt happy looking at him, Jo-anne noted.

'West, what are you doing?' she shot down the mind-link to her new Alpha, more than concerned about his wolfs behaviour.

'It's not bloody me.' he shot right back, sounding more than angry to her.

Then Volt was on Clova mating her, and Clova didn't even try to fight him off, accepted it, her ex-Mate, now her Alpha mating her. Jo-anne had no control and neither did West, it appeared.

Clova lay down on the ground afterwards, Volt sat next to her. They could no longer communicate with each other the way they had used to be able to when bonded, but it was pretty clear they still had residual feelings for each other.

'Alpha, your Mate...I'm sorry.' she knew what it would do to Miranda.

'Forget it, Jo-anne.' he replied, 'Volt's problem. Try to make Clova leave before he mates her again. And he will, I believe.' sounded oddly calm about what had just happened.

'Yes Alpha.'

Jo-anne urged Clova to get up and go back. Surprisingly enough, she did just that. 'I'm sorry Alpha.' she apologised again for the distress it would have caused his Mate.

He said nothing at all.

'How could you, Clova?' He's got a Mate, Miranda!' she chastised her wolf.

'Volt wanted me. He is my Alpha.'

'You can still say no.' Jo-anne sighed and shook her head.

'Never say no to my Alpha.' Clova replied simply.

They were shifted back, where she left her clothes and put them back on. Jo-anne went right to her room, this was not good. Was likely to ruin West's bond with his Mate. Goddess, we're going to be put in the cells for this for sure. Punished terribly.

She showered and sat on her bed. Biting her lower lip worriedly, Clova was already asleep inside her mind. Sated it seemed, what was Jo-anne to do? She didn't know. Would West come banging on her door and turn the full force of his anger on her? Goddess she hoped not. Just have to get through the night, she'd leave first thing in the morning.

West would have Alpha training first thing tomorrow. It would be the perfect time for her to slip away without having to see him or him her. It was likely the best option for both of them. Keep their wolves apart. Seems being around each other was not a good idea.

Best to just go, she definitely thought. Keep Clova away from Volt and vice versa. Jo-anne didn't understand it wolves only Mated their Mates and Volt and Clova were no longer that. Hadn't been for 10 years.

She had not expected Volt to Mate Clova, had thought it was going to turn into a wolf fight, to be honest, and with Volt being a lot bigger and stronger than Clova, who was quite small compared to him. Only an average-sized wolf, there were many wolves bigger than she was in this pack.

Clova could actually pass for a regular wolf out in the wild. She barely stood a metre high from her paws to the tips of her ears, and fighting, had no training there. She'd not been allowed to train in her wolf form. West had stated no. Because it meant she would have to be naked in front of others and he did not approve of that, he may not have

wanted to be Mated to her, but he still didn't want others seeing her naked. It was the Bond and nothing else. She had always known that.

Chapter 6 - Her Alpha's Orders

West POV

West knew she was out there taking pictures of him, could hear her talking quietly to some of her friends, seemed she had picked up right where she had left off with them as well. Heard her laugh softly a couple of times, as he stood up on the stage in the ballroom, being given his official title. Was now the actual Alpha of this pack. It was now his pack.

His father had held off on it for a long time, stated he had wanted to wait until West found his Destined Mate, so this pack would be strong with his leadership. But the years had gone by and West had never come across her, he'd been to plenty of mating balls and visited many packs. They'd even had mating balls here and he'd seen many unmated she-wolves during full moons, nothing it seemed.

Possibly lost her due to being Mated to Jo-anne for that two years. Could very well have come across her during those two years and because he was mated to another wouldn't have even known it, neither would she have been. West also had other thoughts on it but had never voiced those.

When he'd come across Miranda two years ago and she'd climbed into his bed and ridden him hard and fast with all she had completely out of the blue and she'd wanted to come home with him, he'd let her, she'd approached him, fucked him good and proper and he'd simply let her. When he'd come home with her trailing him, his father had asked the question "is she?"

"No." had been West's answer.

But it was two years later and she was still in his bed, sleeping in his suite every night. Only when he was away on business or within another pack did he find another to pull into his bed. He often did that, he was not faithful to her at all.

It did not much impress his unit, they too were expecting him to Mark and Mate Miranda, all bar T.J. that was. That man knew he would not. He was the only one who understood him, what his reasons were, T.J. didn't even bat an eyelid when West took a she-wolf from another pack back to his bed. If the woman was willing, then why not? Occasionally they'd shared a she-wolf.

Heath stood before him, and West wanted to rip the man's head off, two years of his life ruined because this man had refused to allow him to reject his daughter, after what had happened. A part of West understood the man's need to protect his child, but the way he had gone about it had been so very wrong in West's mind.

Her stepmother, Karen, followed and he could no longer contain his anger. This woman was a money-grubbing creature if ever there was one. Spent two years spending pack money, like it grew on trees, as had both her and heaths two daughters, they were just like their mother it seemed.

The only satisfactory thing, the only thing that had given him great pleasure and joy had been stalking over and into that bloody mansion of theirs out on the lake, a house Karen had demanded on getting as part of being the future Luna's mother. The morning of Jo-anne's 18th birthday. And he had waited, until that day, waited all night, stalked around and waited, knew her actual time of birth was in the early hours of the morning, had stalked over at sunrise and kicked in the damned door, near kicked it off the hinges.

Had informed them that Jo-anne had officially rejected him and their Mate Bond was over the minute she had turned 18, that she had left the pack of her own accord and de-ranked them on the spot, right back down to nothing where they had come from.

Told them to get the hell out of the house and go back to their old home where they belonged or leave the pack altogether. Karen's eyes had nearly bulged out of their sockets, though she'd still had the gall to tell him that all her things, indicating every gaudy thing she had ever bought, would not fit into that house.

So he had claimed it all for himself, and sent them away with nothing. Then he'd set the bloody house on fire, stood and watched it burn, would not allow anyone to put it out, contain it yes, so it didn't affect the rest of the pack, but stop it from burning no, and then, when there was nothing left, stalked the hell away from it.

To this day, there is a burnt patch of land out there, nothing built on it. His father had let the teens use it for bonfires on weekends. The place still burned on a regular basis.

It had not surprised his mother or father that he had done this to them or burned the house down for that matter, they had kind of just looked relieved. Although they liked Jo-anne they too had had enough of her greedy family, and the constant demands. That bloody family thought money grew on trees.

When Jo-anne's name was finally called and she stepped up on the stage, she was wearing cream chiffon slacks and a pink silk capped sleeve blouse, her hair was pulled up into a loose bun on top of her head, there were a few strands loose, framing her lovely face, T.J. was right she had turned into a lovely woman. She was again wearing small heels and make-up.

She'd never once dressed like that when they'd been Mated, jeans and tee-shirts, or shorts and tee-shirts, only owned one dress when she'd moved in and only wore it, when told to for higher-ranked occasions, it wasn't even a formal dress, a simple dark blue sundress.

Jo-anne had never once bought anything with his money, never even used the pack card he'd had to give to her, with un-limited funds on it. Put it in a draw by the bed and left it there. Didn't want it. Never even signed the card. He'd never asked her why.

Saw that there was a tattoo on her neck and damned near lost it, wanted to grab the woman and shake her stupid for doing that to herself, marring her skin like that. Barely contained his rage about it.

Heard the people in his pack "Oh my goddess, it's Jo-anne."

"What's she doing here?"

"though West had kicked her already."

"Surprised she had the guts to come back at all."

He'd taken that anger about her tattoo and rolled at the pack, snarled at them all, his Alpha aura pouring out of him, this was difficult enough without having to listen to them, they'd shut the hell up. He didn't need to hear what they thought about her. They had no idea about anything that had gone on between him and her, and it would stay that way.

Miranda also had no idea who Jo-anne was to him. He'd never brought it up, who had been his previous Mate. He'd seen her look at his scar of a mark many times, but the woman had been smart enough to never ask the questions, probably from the look on his face every time he caught her looking at it, was more than enough to make her not do it. Always made him angry when she stared at it.

Now she was likely to start asking questions he did not want to answer, wasn't likely to answer either. Probably get the most vulgar response out of him about it, in no uncertain terms. If she was smart enough she would leave it well enough alone. If she was looking for him to start yelling at her and finding herself the brunt of his anger, well, that was her issue.

Jo-anne held her hand out to him, palm up as all the others had done. He did not want to cut her, he'd seen enough of her blood to last him a lifetime, he could feel his jaw ticking as he stared down at her, into her light grey eyes. They kind of looked a bit different, a bit more on the silver side around the outer edges and definitely had silver flecks in them, they were shining in the light's glare.

"It's alright Alpha." her voice was soft but reassuring. He didn't like the way she called him Alpha, had always called him West or Westley.

"If you don't want to. I'll understand if you wish to turn me rogue."

West was ready to strangle her for saying that, right here in front of everyone, and it was suddenly very clear to him she actually meant every softly spoken word, she would be okay with it, and she wouldn't judge him for it either. Who was she now?

The atmosphere in the entire ballroom changed. He could feel it. The hush he'd gotten from snarling at them all, was now more intense, they were all waiting for him to do it. He realised, that his whole pack, not only thought he would do it, were expecting him to do this to her, that it was his every intention, why he'd left her till last so they could all watch him do it.

West stood staring at her, disbelieving that she could be okay with this, then saw her lower her hand away from him. She too was waiting for it, he realised, pain touched him. Was this what she wanted of him?

"I'm leaving for South Korea tomorrow anyway. It's fine Alpha."

Rage built in him, white hot, hearing those words, and not just in him, in Volt as well, his wolf, it seemed, was just as furious about her leaving the pack after she just got home. Barely here for a day and already planning on leaving.

Who the hell said she could leave, could up and bloody move overseas. He bloody well had not and he would not be allowing it under any freaking circumstances. She was finally back here in the pack, and here she would bloody well stay.

His hand shot out and grabbed her wrist. "I demand you pledge loyalty," he stated instantly. He slashed the blade across her palm aggressively. He couldn't help it. How dare she return, only to leave him again.

Saw her eyes go very wide at his actions, turned to look at her palm. He knew it was dripping blood everywhere, also knew that it would not seal over and close until she pledged her loyalty to him and he accepted it. Heard his father swear in the background in front of all, at what he had done. Well, there was more swearing to come father, he thought angrily "Pledge." he Alpha Ordered her, rolled his aura right at her, though only a little, just enough to gain what he wanted from her at this said moment.

Her eyes moved right back to his. She still looked very shocked, then she pledged her loyalty, not because she wanted to, but because he had Alpha Ordered her to. It's not supposed to be done this way, supposed to be willing done by all pack members, but he'd made her would not have her leave.

Stared right at her, angry that she would dare to come back only to tell him she was leaving yet again. He would not stand for it. Yanked her all the way to him, her body a mere inch from his, he could feel her body heat, leaned right down and pressed his mouth against her ear, "You will not be leaving this pack Jo-anne." his voice was a bare whisper, his father and Beta might pick it up if they were straining to listen. It was just for

her “I forbid you, to set a single foot in South Korea.” He knew she had an art exhibition about to be launched over there, knew a lot about her.

Saw every damned contract that had ever been made between her and his father. Knew just how many other Alpha Males had gone to her, Mated and un-mated. Hated it, in fact. Who knew how many of those damned un-mated Alpha’s tried to bed her or had bedded her? Looking at her now, she was very attractive and Alpha’s did love to fuck anything that was willing. He knew he was one.

West stepped back, cut his palm as angrily as he had hers all the way across and put it to hers. Her blood blended with his, he actually felt a little bit of relief wash over him, he had control over her now and her actions. She belonged to him, one of his pack members to do as she was told. He was not letting her leave, it was never going to happen. Who knew what the hell she would come into contact with out there in the human world?

“Welcome home, Jo-anne” he said, and actually meant it, felt calm suddenly. For once, no anger in his words where she was concerned “I accept you pledge.” the tether between Alpha and pack member connected and he let go of her hand instantly. Turned away to face his pack, to give the speech his mother had written for him to let the pack know he would do his very best to lead them and continue to make the pack prosperous and keep them all safe.

Announced a few new plans he and his father had discussed, about the new business he had started and would officially be under way soon. A private wolfen only airline, to be based out of Olympia, it was already underway and all packs, even un-allied, could use it, once a treaty was signed before each and every flight from each and every member that wanted to fly with his company.

The wolfen council had debated long and hard over its approval and in the end, all packs had been given a run down and allowed to vote on it. Most wolves he knew hated flying in human planes, too cramped and crowded for their size and the noise was horrid to their sensitive hearing. Let alone the smell.

They already had their own private terminal and 6 planes ready. It would all be finalised by next week, already it had sold out flights. They were already in need of more planes.

West stepped back after raising a toast and nodding to the D.J to get the celebration going. It started instantly. Miranda was at his side, sliding her arm through his, smiling up at him. “You were wonderful.”

“Mm,” he looked down at her. What did she see in him, he wondered.

“Darling, you need to go and change your shirt, that girl's blood is on it.” she said, touching his sleeve.

“Agreed.” West nodded and left to do just that. Wanted a minute to himself anyway. He had been surrounded by people all day, not one second to himself, not even when getting dressed, his father had been there talking away at him reiterating what he had to do for like the 10 thousandth time.

Pulled his jacket and tie off, was unbuttoning his shirt when he saw a glimmer of white outside his window moving away from the pack house towards the woods, strode over and looked outside. ‘Clova.’ indeed it was a small silver wolf, would look white from up here and with the darkness around her, a tiny silver wolf, though she too looked a bit different, had darkened fur down her back now, West was a bit uncertain if it was Clova, she’d never had a dark steak down her back before.

‘It is Clova.’ Volt shot forward to see her as she trotted off into the woods and headed south towards the lake.

‘Don’t be stupid.’ West told him and turned away, it couldn’t be, Clova was all silver no black, ‘It’s not her’, he told Volt.

The next thing West knew, Volt was in complete control and running down the pack-house, tore right out of him the second that they were outside, and he was going after her. ‘Enough Volt. She is not you’re Mate anymore.’ he could feel Volt forcibly pushing him further into the back of his own mind. They had always been at odds over this. It seemed 10 years passed and their-age-old argument was still the same.

West was fighting his wolf for control with all he had, but was not even close to winning. His wolf was watching Clova as she ran about chasing rabbits here and there, smelling about and digging around, just playing out in the night, probably didn’t get much time to be out living in the city.

West was suddenly completely curious as to when Jo-anne had regained Clova, and it definitely was Clova, but that new marking down her back, a steak of darkened fur that was new. Definitely did not have that previously. Clova had been gone from Jo-anne in the last three months that she had been here with them.

Volt stood and watched from a distance as Clova stopped at the lake to drink and then just lay down and look up to the sky. West could feel Volt trying to talk to her, like he had been able to once upon a time, could no longer do it. Their bond and connection had been served by Jo-anne the day she had rejected him.

Stalked his way over to her, seemed frustrated that he couldn’t, wanting to get closer to her, to try again. Saw Clova turn and look right at him, her eyes were different to he noted, green with a flicker of silver in them just like Jo-anne’s had now. Something had happened to them in the past ten years, changed them. Clova wagged her tail at Volt and then she stood up.

‘Volt, don’t you dare do what I think you’re about to do.’

'Fuck you West.' his wolf shot at him.

West was really fighting, to try and regain control now. His bloody wolf was going to Mate Clova and he knew it. Could damned well feel the excitement building in Volt at the prospect of it. 'It won't be the same Volt and she won't like it.' he yelled at his wolf.

Volt ignored him as Clova bowed her head to him. Showing respect to her Alpha Wolf.

Heard a slightly panicked Jo-anne come down the mind-link 'West what are you doing?'

'It's not bloody me.' he shot back at her. He was still trying to get any sort of control over Volt, but it seemed he had none at all. Even now, as he was fighting, he could feel Volt pushing him further away to maintain his own control, to get what he wanted.

Volt moved right to Clova, smelled her, put his nose right to her sex, to West's horror, licked it, and to his shock Clova did not resist at all as Volt step over her and then started to Mate her. There was nothing he could do about it once it started, not that he'd been having any luck in trying to stop his wolf in the first place. It also appeared Jo-anne had no control over Clova at this point.

The two of them just had to sit back, watch and wait it out. Volt was not taking it easy on Clova, he was Mating her furiously, he'd not mated anything in ten years and was taking what he wanted, for as long as he wanted it seemed, and he was really enjoying himself. West could feel it. Damned connection was making him feel it as well. Clova was taking it all, didn't once try to pull away from Volt or get out from underneath him, just like old times, let Volt Mate her continuously until he was sated.

Volt had no interest in Miranda's alpha wolf, she was a pretty wolf too, black like Volt with a white underbelly and four white feet, but not once had he even rubbed up against her. Yet just one look at Clova and he had lost all his control, it seemed.

Clova lay down on the ground afterwards and Volt sat next to her, his tail was flicking slightly, he was very pleased with himself and Clova's relaxed state. West could feel Volt knew he had satisfied all of Clova's needs, but would do it again soon if she was up for up.

Volt looked down at her, felt happy to see her, liked the marks down her back, kind of looked like moons. All these years, Volt had thought Clova had been lost to him forever, as had West for that matter. Now she was here and next to him. Right where Volt wanted her, it seemed.

'Alpha, your Mate. I'm sorry.' he heard Jo-anne's voice come down the Mind-Link, sounded very apologetic to his ear. She was blaming herself, he could tell, even though it had not been her fault. Volt's fault completely.

‘Forget it, Jo-anne.’ he told her this would not affect Miranda in anyway, she was not his Mate as Jo-anne believed she was. ‘Volts problem, try and make her leave.’ he said calmly, it was too late now, he could not be angry with Jo-anne over this, it was not her fault and he knew that. All pack members were allowed to roam the pack in wolf form freely at all times. She had done nothing wrong. ‘before he Mates her again and he will, I believe.’ he told her of his wolf’s further intentions, in the hope that now Clova might give back some control. Volt had yet to relinquish any. He was staying in control while Clova was with him, it seemed.

Heard her apologise again, called him Alpha again, hated it.

He and Volt watched as Clova got up and walked away. Volt followed her all the way back to the pack-house, not because he was going to mate her again, just to watch her. His eyes were also on the look out for other un-mated wolves, it seemed. Protecting her. Though with Volts sent on her, any un-mated wolves would be stupid to attempt anything.

It was really weird. Volt turned and left the minute she started to shift, it appeared he didn’t want to see Jo-anne naked, only interested in Clova. Odd, his wolf had liked Jo-anne as much as Clova. He had rubbed himself against her as a girl more than once during their mating. She’d always petted his head and smiled down at him, always friendly to his wolf. Even after she’d stopped talking to him, she still smiled at Volt.

‘You don’t get to look at her.’ Volt told him as he ran off into the woods.

‘I don’t want to...you’re the one screwed up Volt, Clova is not our mate.’

West was shifted back some time later and had to walk almost an hour back to the pack-house, butt ass naked. Showered and lay on his bed and just stared up at the ceiling, Volt was sound asleep in his mind. What the hell was he supposed to do now? He had no idea.

Was still naked on the bed when Miranda walked in and stripped off, climbed into the bed. “You want to bend me over?” her hand was sliding down his body to touch him.

West brushed her hand away. “Not really.”

“What? But you’re the Alpha now. Come on, as hard as you want, any way you want it.” she stated.

West didn’t miss her meaning, she would take it up her ass if he wanted to do it that way.

“No. go to sleep.” and he rolled over away from her. He didn’t want her touching him right now.

“What’s wrong with you?” she snapped, angry with him it seemed.

“Go fuck someone else, if you’re unhappy.” West shot right back at her.

“That’s just plain mean West.” she got out of their bed and left the room, completely naked. He didn’t hear her putting clothes on.

He knew it was mean, it’s how most people saw him ‘mean and cruel’, but at least he was alone. He briefly wondered if Miranda would actually go and find another man to fuck, closed his eyes, he didn’t really care, let her.

Volt was sound asleep in his mind, yet here was West awake and unable to fall asleep, it was going to be a long night, he thought.

Chapter 7 - Her Alpha's Orders

Jo-anne POV

Jo-anne woke with the sun, dressed and stood by the window, kept the curtain closed all bar the gap she was looking out of. She was waiting. West had yet to come banging on her door, angry about what had happened last night. Neither had Miranda, for that matter.

She herself had a terrible night's sleep, every damned noise had woken her, and her eyes had moved nervously towards the door, expecting it to explode and find West or his Mate standing there.

There they all were, finally. Westley, T.J., Ricky and Cole, all of them headed off to the pack's training grounds. Wests' first official day of running the pack, and the first order of business to train with his Unit. Jo-anne already knew his routine or had done, being Mated to him for two years. Unless he’d changed things up Sunday morning, the first crack of light, they would all meet up for Alpha training.

Though West had always been up a good hour or sometimes more before sun up, to pull her across the bed for sex, Sunday’s she shivered, he’d always had more energy on a Sunday. She’d often just lay there and try to recover from multiple orgasms on a Sunday. While he’d gone off to training. She never understood what it was about Sunday’s that turned him on. Never asked either.

Jo-anne waited and watched them, until they were completely out of sight, the training ground on the other side of the hill from here. Then she picked up her handbag and grabbed her suitcase. She did not want to run into West, have a run in with him before she left.

Every one in this pack knew she didn’t live on pack territory, and had heard her say she was off overseas today, so it would not arouse suspicion for her to be leaving the pack

this morning, not like the last time she'd left and West had been informed. No one would bother to tell him this time, or interrupt his first day as the Alpha with something as trivial as a pack member who lived off territory, heading off territory and home.

She placed her belongings in her car, and drove away, smiled at the guard at the gate. He opened it for her without issue. When she told him she was headed back to Seattle, he didn't even bat an eyelid, just nodded and stated "Alright." let her pass unconcerned.

She hadn't planned on leaving this early, her flight wasn't until the afternoon and had been hoping to have lunch with T.J. before heading out, had actually been going to ask him to drive her to the airport so her car could be brought back to the pack. Now she would have to get it picked up and transported back after she left. But with what had happened with Volt and Clova, this was a better option, she thought.

Clova seemed happy today, did not object to leaving the pack, resting comfortably in her mind. Mated by Volt, but not his Mate, didn't seem to bother her at all. Most wolves would only Mate their Mates with exception to rogues, who would Mate anything. Didn't seem upset about leaving, guess that was on the account of them not being actual Mates anymore. She had slept all night, Volt had mated her good and she still felt sated it appeared.

Jo-anne spent the day walking around the city, looking at the sights, to kill some time, took some pictures. She had lunch at a small cafe and emailed through some of the pictures of the Alpha Ceremony to Alpha Damien, one's she thought would make for good family photos and keepsakes, adding a line of apology about not getting any with West smiling.

Received a reply right before she was getting on her plane that it was perfectly okay, not to apologise, the boy didn't smile ever. Hadn't in a decade that he knew of. Thanked her for the photos and wished her well on her trip. She'd smiled. Alpha Damien had been a good Alpha fair and just, a little more lenient with her than most she thought. She knew why. Appreciated it.

The flight was long and noisy, and as they announced they were preparing for landing, Jo-anne started to feel restless and uncomfortable. As the descent of the plane started she felt outright agitated and started getting nauseated. Tried to shake it off, drank some water and sat taking a few deep calming breaths to try and help. It worked, though only a little.

What the hell was wrong with her? She had been here a couple of times before, there had never been an issue, she'd never felt like this coming into landing. Though all her other visits had been short trips a few days and once a week. She had been excited for the trips. Just as she had been about this move.

Jo-anne really liked it here, like the people, their culture, absolutely everything. It's why she'd actually gotten her language and linguistics Masters. She had always wanted to come and live here.

Even loved watching the Korean dramas on Netflix, heck only ever watch Korean or Mandarin dramas and hardly ever watched anything else. They were a roller coaster of emotions. Could make her laugh, cry and feel happy or annoyed; the actors she loved. Not to mention loved looking at handsome devils, all of them. She was really excited about coming to live here.

She was sitting in her seat, as the plane came in for landing wanting to vomit, her stomach was in complete knots and rolling around all over the place, she could barely sit still in her seat. The stewardess must have noticed and came down and handed her a sick bag regardless everyone was to remain in their seats.

Jo-anne had thanked her and used the bag to breathe to try to help calm herself down, seeing as the contents of her stomach had yet to be brought up. Kept her eyes closed and kept telling herself to calm down. She'd lived away from the pack for a long time. This was no different, just further away.

The plane touched down and she felt throbbing inside of her head, instant headache, just what she needed, a freaking headache on top of all else she was feeling, still nauseated, and restless.

Thankfully, all her stuff had been sent ahead of her and she only had her carry-on luggage to deal with. Pulled it down and disembarked the plane, just trying to breathe the whole way across the gangplank from the plane to the terminal. The minute her foot hit the actual airport terminal, pain shot right through her and she gasped and stumbled, reached out for anything to grab onto there, was nothing there, and fell onto her hands and knees.

More pain raced through her body, from her hands and knees, shooting up her arms and legs, tears blurred her vision, as waves of pain started to rack her body. Where her actual skin was in contact with the terminal, it felt like it was burning her. Her palms and knees felt as though they were on fire.

She was assisted off the ground and into a chair just by the exit of the plane, by the stewardess ushering people off the plane. The pain eased a little, only her feet were burning now. She looked at her hands. The heat dying down, there were no actual burn marks there, all psychological it seemed.

Jo-anne lifted her feet up off the ground and a wave of relief washed over her, as the pain started to ebb away from her. She was just trying to breathe. She could hear the staff calling for paramedics, and raised her hand to them. She was starting to feel better, she did not want to worry them or bring medical attention to herself, she was not human.

Sat staring at the ground, bit her lip, it only seemed to hurt when she was touching the actual ground, closed her eyes and tried to breathe 'I forbid you'. Wests' voice suddenly echoed inside her mind. 'no' he couldn't do that. Couldn't forbid it, didn't accept her pledge until after he had said that. Surely it wasn't that, it couldn't be.

Jo-anne slowly put her feet back down on the ground and instantly, pain course through her feet, she lifted them right away and again the pain eased off once more. How could this be? Obviously, when he had stated that to her, he had meant it as an Alpha's Order. Although he'd not yet accepted her pledge, he had been sworn in as was the Alpha of her pack. It would hold.

Jo-anne sat there, she had to get through customs yet. Stand and wait in line, how could she? When just touching the ground caused her pain. She couldn't even leave this country without first getting through customs and actually being in the country. She was not going to be able to stay here, had to leave. There was not going to be a choice in the matter.

She needed to go from here in arrivals to the departures and buy a ticket out of the country and to do that she was going to have to be standing, walking, likely running the whole time, waiting in line for tickets, waiting in line to board the first flight out she could get. Goddess waiting in line for security checks. This was a nightmare.

Agony awaited her, hours of it, it seemed, but what other choice did she have? She couldn't sit here on this chair looking like a crazy person. Sooner or later she was going to have to get up, or they would make her. She would wait until the entire plane was empty and most of them were through customs. Only then would she get up. She could see the line from here. This was a real living nightmare and there was nothing she could do about it either.

If West had meant every word he said?

Then calling him to ask him to relinquish his order, he would know she had disobeyed him, was actually here in Seoul, Korea, would likely be even more mad at her. She could call T.J. she supposed, but again, the same problem. He'd have to tell West.

She had no idea if he would just leave her here in pain and not care, or if he would send for her to be brought back and punished for defying him. Likely wouldn't matter that she had not known it was an order. One did not defy their Alpha without punishment.

She did not know what her punishment would be, had, had nothing to do with the man in ten years. Had no idea what he was like anymore or how he liked to punish his insubordinate pack members. Had only seen him briefly when at home in the pack. He'd seemed just as angry with her now, as he had been when Mated to her. This was only likely to tick him off even more.

Jo-anne could do nothing but brace herself for the pain she knew was coming, forced herself to stand up, bit down hard on the pain that was shooting up both her legs and into her body. Defying an Alpha's Order was always painful, excruciating and could literally kill one, depending on the order given and being defied.

Somehow, she made it through customs, thankfully could speak their language fluently and managed to convince them that she was suffering from and really intense migraine headache and just needed to get to her apartment and rest up, that she had medication for it in her apartment.

Found the nearest seat on the other side of customs and sank down again, lifting her feet off the ground, put her head on her knees and closed her eyes, breathed deeply and slowly, trying to get past the pain that was wracking her body and calm herself down. Calm Clova down, who was also in pain with every step they took.

There was no way she could spend two years here, it would kill her long before then. Stayed there on that chair until as much of the pain she had been feeling subsided, it never actually entirely went away, just lessened. Lifted her head and wondered how the people in the airport would feel about her walking along the chairs to get to where she needed to go.

Jo-anne knew it would not look good and that the airport would not like it, it would draw attention right to her and likely bring security as well, and how could she explain to them? that just standing on the ground was hurting her. She could not. Perhaps if there was a shifter of any kind around, she could have asked for help. Looked around, smelled with all her wolven ability, nothing.

She did know there were shifter packs here in Korea. Kitsune's came from Korea. Not that she had ever met one. But now she would gladly ask for assistance from any other shifter, surely they would understand her plight. Help her.

There was nothing about, she didn't smell anything other than humans. She needed to get up and find her way to the departure side of the airport and book herself on the first flight out, regardless of where it was going. Anywhere would do at this point, it didn't matter what country, just not the one West had forbidden her to be in.

Took several deep breaths, gritted her teeth and left the arrivals, got directions for departures and hurried there as fast as she could, didn't care about anyone seeing her using Clova to assist with the speed of their dash from the arrivals to the departures, climbed right onto a chair, tears streaming down her face.

Dashed them away and tried to calm down, it was getting worse, even just sitting here, was starting to cause her pain 'I'm trying to leave.' she told herself, trying to convince that part of her brain that was under her Alpha's order, that part of her that was attached to him and keeping the order in place. That she was trying to comply with the order, willing to obey it, so that it would ease off and give her and Clova a break.

It did not work, Clova had retreated to the back of her mind, couldn't cope anymore with the pain. Jo-anne let her, wondered if she could buy something silver to wear. It would cut clover off from her, and hopefully save her from the pain that they were feeling. Yes, it would burn her skin and likely leave a scar. She already had scars, so she could handle that. It was Clova she needed to protect now. Her wolf had already been through a lot in their lives. She would not cause her pain. If there was a way to disconnect her and save her from this, she would do it.

'Do it.' Clova whimpered inside her mind.

Find a flight first. She had to get inside the airport to where the shops would be, looked up at the board, the next flight out, Singapore. Turned her phone on and logged in to book it via a travel app. Only a few seats left, all in first class had to do it, spend the money, paid a fortune for it. The only thing that mattered was getting out from under her Alpha's Order.

Got her ticket and headed for the gate. There was only an hour till the departure. She had to rush to the gate, spotted a jewellery store, stopped and bought a silver bracelet and put it on, damned near cried out in pain. It was excruciating and compounded on top of the pain she was already feeling, but Clova was disconnected from her and unable to feel the pain she was in within a minute. Better for her wolf.

Moved to the terminal, unable now to use Clova's speed had to just go at normal pace, it was at the other end of the damned airport. By the time she got there, it was at least boarding. But still she had to stand in line and wait her turn. At one point, so racked with pain she knew she was going to throw up, ran for the closest bin and vomited the contents of her stomach, stood there holding the bin, shaking, it was all starting to become too much.

If she passed out here, she would not make her flight, she would likely be transported to a hospital close by and that would not help her at all. The amount of time she would be in here under his order, the stress on her body, she might not survive it. She was starting to sweat, she noted, felt clammy all over.

Got back in line for her flight, it was shorter now. The stewardess was looking at her questioningly. They didn't want a sick person on their flight. "Morning sickness," she stated, it would explain the sudden vomiting and the nausea she was feeling, her pale complexion and current clamminess.

Thankfully, they believed her and she was allowed to board, sank down in her first-class seat and felt the waves of pain start to ebb away, asked for a bottle of water and a sick bag, just in case, then breathed deeply in and out and closed her eyes, the minute the plane was up and off the ground she started to feel better.

Took the silver bracelet off once all the pain was gone from her altogether, dropped it into the pock of the chair in front of her, a perfectly good waste of money, but she would

not be picking it back up and taking it with her. Leave it there. Some other lucky person could find it and claim it as theirs.

Took Clova a good 10 minutes to return to her after the bracelet was removed. There was a burn mark on her skin around her wrist, added to the ones she already had there from when she had been 16, so it didn't matter, it would just blend in, with the scars already there once it settled down.

Her permanent reminder that someone had taken her and for 4 days she had been under silver restraints before she'd woken up next to West. Resisted the urge to rub at it and make it worse as it pained her a little.

How was she going to explain this to her new employer? She did not know! How was she going to explain it to the gallery owner? who was holding her art exhibition, that she could no longer attend the exhibition herself. She also did not know. Goddess her apartment and all her things, how was she supposed to deal with all of that as well?

Just one Alpha Order, and her life was in complete turmoil. West likely hadn't even known what he'd done. Who knew if he even knew about the contract she had made with his father? It was likely, but then, why had he forbidden her? If he knew what was going on. Hadn't that meant that he'd also had to approve it? If so, why'd he suddenly change his mind?

6 and ½ hours to Singapore, she had time to think about it, but still there was a lot she could not explain, perhaps she needed to call Alpha Damien and explain. He was the one who had approved this. So perhaps he could fix it. She was definitely not going to call Westley, that much she knew with full certainty.

She should be able to find work in Singapore, she did speak three languages and had a good portfolio. Hopefully, she could find something soon. Her bank account had just taken one hell of a hit though, so she would need to find somewhere cheap to stay, til she got a job, then she could get a small apartment somewhere.

Jo-anne took a deep breath and stepped off the plane when it landed. No pain. Thank the Goddess, headed out through customs and sat down to use the world's number 1 airport, Changi Airport, to use its free wifi, to start job hunting and looking for a cheap hotel to stay in.

Took the opportunity while she was here to look around. This place, this airport, was a photographer's dream.

So many places and things to photograph, she found herself in the butterfly garden, stopped and looked around. Wow, it was amazing, couldn't help but smile as she watched the butterflies fly about, her camera at the ready, started taking pictures. Through the lens of her camera she found herself looking at a lady who had a smile on her face, her hand raised and there was a butterfly on her thumb, stretching its wings

slowly. Took several pictures. When the woman lifted her hand to make it fly away, snapped another, it was a great shot, pure joy in the woman's face.

Jo-anne excused herself for bothering the lady and showed her the pictures, offered her them. How could she not? She just looked so darned happy and full of life. She was very photogenic too, a stunning woman. The woman, Eu-Meh, she introduced herself as smiled and called out to a man. He strolled over and they all looked at the pictures Jo-anne had taken.

Jo-anne handed over her business card and explained she'd just arrived today, though the suitcase she was trailing probably let them know she was either arriving or leaving, she guessed. Told them she was more than happy to email them a copy of the pictures at no cost.

Was given a business card by the man, Steffan Lang, CEO of the Lang Corporations and he told her he was more than happy to pay for the photo's to email him tomorrow with a price, he wanted all of them.

Steffan seemed a little bit surprised that she spoke Mandarin. She just smiled and told him she actually had a Masters in Language and Linguistics, and could speak 3 languages; Mandarin, Korean and English. Gained his full attention.

Started asking her questions, talking quite quickly, he was testing her and she knew it. Jo-anne smiled and let him, answered all his questions, even fired a few back for the fun of it. After 10 minutes, he laughed, nodded his head to her and said well done. Glanced at her card, it was the one for her Art degree, stated oil painting, water colour painting, sketches and photography.

Asked her if she had one to go with her Masters in Language and Linguistics. Which she did, fetched it from her bag, and handed it over, told him to call her if there was a need of her translation skills, that she was actually looking for work.

Watched the two of them walk away and continued on her way around the airport. This place was amazing, took photos in the Crystal Garden, the Enchanted Garden and just walked around for several hours amazed by everything. It was no wonder this place was considered the world's best airport.

Jo-anne took photos of everything, spent many hours there, handed out a few of her cards to people, she took photos of, deleted those photos of people unhappy about her taking their photos right in front of them so they knew she respected their choice. Apologised for overstepping her bounds.

Then booked herself into the airport's crown plaza hotel for the night before setting out into Singapore tomorrow morning.

Chapter 8 - Her Alpha's Orders

West POV

He trained the boys very hard this morning, ran them a good 15k's at his pace, set the sprinklers off on the obstacle course before the run, so it would be a complete mud pit, super slippery and hard to manage, everything would be hard to climb and manoeuvre over or on, then made them complete it twice and then do an hour of hand to hand combat. He did not hold back, which meant they couldn't either.

Trained them for two and a half hours and then made them hit the pool for half an hour laps. West could feel T.J.'s eyes on him as he climbed out of the pool, but West said nothing, they were all exhausted, even he was tired right that minute. Lack of sleep and pushing himself to damned hard, but he needed to, had to get it out of his system.

He didn't normally push them like this and they knew it, but West had really needed to get anger at Volts actions out. His damned wolf was still very pleased with himself. West was concerned that it was going to happen again, and didn't know how to stop it at this point. Volt, it seemed, had way more control at the time, and so it appeared did Clova at the time. Knew that being in the same room with Jo-anne might be a very bad idea, their wolves could mate in human form as well as wolf.

West had yet to speak to his father, about this bloody Korea thing she had mentioned to him. When had that happened? He'd not seen a contract of any kind in regards to her going to Korea or for how long she would be gone. He'd seen the last two times, one for education and one for work, so they had been approved.

He showered and changed, headed for his office, to try and figure it out. Pulled up her file, blinked in surprise at the new photo attached to it. She was smiling happily, he recognised the dress. It had been taken on Friday. She was smiling at the camera, very happy, a genuine smile. T.J. took it. He was certain. Had to have been, for she was smiling directly at the person taking it, she only ever smiled like that around T.J.

Flipped passed it to her contracts and sat down, it didn't take him long to find it. Only signed a week ago, he noted. Read it and was more than annoyed to see his father had approved her to stay in Seoul for a two-year period of time, without having to return at all in those two years. His only stipulations she had to come home and pledge loyalty to West before she left and she continue to send revenue to the pack via all portraits painted for other packs, now at a mark of 75% to the pack, an astronomical amount. West thought, what was she supposed to live on while over there?

His father had even agreed to build the woman an art studio, allocated funds for it already West noted, everything set up for when she returned, so that she could continue to paint portraits of Alpha's and their Mate's or Ranked members of packs. Keeping her in a place where she could continue to bring money into the pack.

West had not actually seen any of her paintings, or at least he didn't think so. It was possible he had, just never taken notice, he guessed. Any of the portraits in the allied

packs he'd been to could well have been hers. He'd never taken that much notice or asked for that matter.

He moved his eyes to her pending contracts. Four in process, all, Alpha's he noted. One he knew was un-mated, the other three he did not recognise at all. It seemed she was in high demand. There were already photos attached to the contracts. Obviously, once they'd been approved, the photo's would be sent to her in Korea. They were all formal portrait photos, he noted.

All Alpha males, it seemed, had good looks, and were well built, just like he was. West was just glad that these men did not sit for her to paint them. That would not bode well. He knew the un-mated one's would want a piece of her, and could charm any female wolf just about. He didn't like it. Would make sure only she would paint from photographs if she was to keep this up.

There was even an address in Seoul and a picture of an apartment. He supposed it was where she would be staying, or would have been, not anymore, not since he had forbidden it. She wasn't allowed to leave the pack anymore. He'd told her so.

West wanted to rip up the contract his father had made, but couldn't it wasn't his signature on it. Put it on the desk and put the rest away, he would have to discuss it with his father and she was going to have to be here, in this room for that. Best he wasn't alone with her anyway.

Heard Volt snort at him and his thoughts. Sounded somewhat amused to West.

T.J. strolled into his office and put food in front of him. Obviously, he'd been to the main kitchen, seeing as breakfast was over, "Thanks."

"What happened?" T.J. asked, sitting down.

"Nothing," West replied.

"Do you really think I believe that?" T.J. shook his head.

"Believe what you want." West said, picking up the bacon and egg bagel to eat it.

"Mmm, my Beta instincts are telling me, that something happened. Spit it out West. So you can stop punishing us over it."

West raised an eyebrow "I didn't punish any of you. Now that I'm in charge, we need to train harder is all."

"Bull...you vanished last night and didn't come back. Think that I wouldn't notice?" T.J. stared right at him, his eyes were narrowed.

Trust him to notice “I was around.”

“Bull...spit it out. Or should I presume...Jo-Jo knows the answer to my question and go and ask her.”

West glared at his Beta, he knew that T.J. would actually get up and go and ask her or mind-link her the question. He also knew that it was likely Jo-anne would confide in the man. She always told him what he wanted to know. Trusted him completely, without reservations at all.

“Leave it, Terence,” he muttered.

“Not if you are going to continue to punish us for it. That’s not fair to us West.”

West could feel his jaw ticking, watched after a minute of silence as T.J. got up to leave. The bloody man was going to go and find Jo-anne and ask her, he just knew it.

“Fine.” West snapped “Shut the door.”

T.J. shut the door and turned to look at him expectantly. No-one else in this pack would dare to look at him like that, with the exception of his mother and father, and expect to get away with it, without being punished for it.

“Volt saw Clova, apparently she is not dead.” West told him.

“I know, I sensed her, so...?”

“So, what do you think happened?” West stated flatly.

“Enlighten me West. It could be a number of things.”

“He Mated her is what happened.” West grated out, still angry about his wolf’s behaviour.

“Human or wolf form?” T.J. asked, coming back across the room to sit down and look at him, didn’t seem all that surprised or even annoyed.

“Wolf on wolf.” West sighed “Clova didn’t even fight it, and I couldn’t control him, couldn’t stop him no matter what. Seemed Jo-anne had no control of Clova either.” he explained to his Beta.

“So, what now then?” T.J. asked, leaning back in his chair.

“I don’t know. I can’t very well go and talk to her about it. Goddess only knows what will happen.” he shook his head.

"Sounds like Volt, would likely, Mate her again." T.J. half smiled and shook his head slightly, found it some what amusing it seemed.

"It's not funny, Terence. We're not Mates anymore. Volt shouldn't be touching her period. Shouldn't even be interested for that matter." and he shouldn't be wolves, only mated other wolves, if they were Mates. Volt should not be interested in Clova anymore. It has been ten years for crying out loud. Get over it already.

"Sounds to me like you got yourself a big problem." he leaned forward. "I can talk to her if you like, tell me what you want to say to her and I'll relay it and then get back to you."

"No," West shook his head "I'm just going to let it go. What's done is done. If Jo-anne wants to discuss it, let her come to me."

"And what about Miranda?"

"What about her?" West stared at him.

"Come on West. Neither you nor Miranda corrected Jo-Jo on Friday, about the two of you being Mates."

"Hm, she did apologise for Clova." West nodded.

"What? You blamed her for this?" there was suddenly a very hard edge to T.J.'s voice. "Made her apologise to you?"

"No." West shot back angry at his Beta's tone. "I did not." he took a breath and calmed himself, tried to let go of the irritation he felt with the tone his Beta was using. He knew why T.J. was suddenly angry with him. "I know it was not her fault."

T.J. raised an eyebrow at him. Guess that statement surprised him more than a little, West actually admitting something wasn't Jo-anne's fault. New to his ears and his Beta's for that matter.

'Alpha, rogues incoming North border, patrol section one.' his conversation was interrupted by his border patrolman.

West shot to his feet 'How many?'

'A lot, likely 2 dozen Alpha.'

West connect a pack wide mind-link 'Rogue attack, all alert North patrol 1' and was headed out for the location instantly as was T.J. hot on his heels.

Volt shifted him as soon as they were outside. Already he saw shifted worries heading in that direction and women and children outside the back of the pack-house headed inside for safety, everyone knew what to do.

Not even in charge for one day and already attacked on the northern border, though he knew the northern border was open to attack regularly, never like this, wolves were all over the place, dozens of them, more than two dozen, there was fighting all around him. He had his unit, plus all his warriors were fighting and trying to push them back across the border to keep his pack safe.

It was a mass of snarling and growling, constant fighting, even his father and the previous Alpha Unit were now there amongst the fighting to assist with the killing of the rogues. Took more than an hour to get it under control and, seeing the destruction afterwards, he'd lost the border patrolman and two of his younger warriors and had more than a dozen men that needed to be taken to the pack hospital, injured quite badly and in need of medical attention.

This day it seemed was not going well. West and his Unit as well as his father and the old Alpha Unit helped the injured to the pack hospital, while a few stayed behind to deal with the dead bodies of the rogues, pile them up and burn them outside of pack territory.

There were none left. He'd counted 35 dead rouge wolves and had seen half a dozen flee. Let them run away, he had injured men to attend to, and he could allocate some trackers later to hunt them down and see if they were going to be of further problems to his pack and where they had come from.

It was his duty as the Alpha now to go and visit his dead warriors' families and give his condolences. Make sure that there was someone around to look after the now Mate-less she-wolf of one of the younger warriors and she was pregnant with their first pup. Sobbing uncontrollably at the loss of her Mate. West could only hope that she didn't lose the pup she was carrying from the stress she was now under.

He'd had to document the entire battle and the injuries and the dead, as well as now had to deal with Miranda's sudden clinginess. Apparently, now worried that something was going to happen to him, she had not been like this before he'd become the Alpha. Odd.

He'd tried to make her go away, he had things to do, was too busy to deal with her, she had burst into tears and buried herself into his chest and he'd had to stand there and wait it out. Mind-linked his mother to come and take her away in the end.

His mother did just that, asked Miranda to go with her and see the families to make sure they were all doing well, a Luna's job, he realised. Almost stopped her, but if he did, the girl would likely be all over him, so let his mother take her to attend to it.

His whole Alpha Unit was looking at him, they were wondering if he was going to allow it or not, he supposed. West ignored it and went back to writing his report when Volt suddenly snarled inside his mind 'Clova?' gaining his attention. He knew what his wolf wanted. To make sure Clova was unharmed. She would have been here in the pack-house, he'd never allowed her to learn how to fight. Not a Luna's job to be out there fighting on the front line. If she couldn't fight, she wouldn't want to assist.

He sighed and tried to connect to her via the Mind-Link, got nothing at all. Frowned and tried again, still nothing. Volt was up in his mind snarling 'Find her.'

"T.J. where is Jo-anne?" he asked his Beta.

His whole Unit was suddenly looking at him again.

"I don't know West, why? I'm not keeping track of her, you never asked I do that."

"Call her." he snapped, irritated by the man's reply. He always knew where the woman was. Watched as his Beta tried to Mind-Link her, Jo-anne might ignore West after what happened, but to not feel her at all was weird. It was almost like she wasn't even in range. She would not, however, ignore T.J.

West saw the man frown and then shake his head "Can't it won't connect, like she's too far away." he finally answered.

"Go and find her now." West shot at him.

T.J. didn't hesitate to get up and leave the room. His eyes moved to his Gamma and Delta, they were both sitting back watching him. "What?" he snap at them.

"Nothing, boss," they said in unison, but were still watching him.

He knew they were thinking it was weird that he was looking for his ex-Mate, but Volt was stalking around inside his head like crazy, something was wrong, she couldn't be hurt that much, he knew T.J. would already have bolted off to find her. So, where ever she was she was likely fine.

T.J. came back in less than ten minutes, shaking his head. "She's not here West."

"What do you mean? She's not here?" there was an angry edge to his voice.

"Her room is empty and has been cleaned."

West stood, his anger ignited.

"Her car has gone West, left to go back to Seattle or..." T.J. didn't finish the sentence.

Anger was rolling off of him now “or?” he grated out between clenched teeth.

“Korea boss. Didn’t she say she was going to Korea today?”

His whole desk was flipped over and everything smashed onto the floor, both Ricky and Cole leapt out of the way. “Someone, fucking find out where she is!” he roared at them all.

Stalked out of his office to go and find his father and get some damned answers. This was his fault.

West had forbid that woman from going to Korea, told her she would not be leaving this pack and she had not listened to him, or outright defied him. Perhaps gotten permission from his father, he was going to find out which it bloody was. Found his father in his suite with his own Beta Jonathon, T.J.’s father, they were having a drink it seemed. Banged the door shut and glared right at him.

“West, you seem upset, son?”

“Did you give her permission to leave this pack?” he snapped at his own father, not something he would have done yesterday.

His father looked right at him, “Who are we talking about?”

“Jo-anne,” he yelled “Who the bloody else would I be raging about?”

“Son, she has a contract, with a flight out today, she is allowed to leave.” his father informed him casually.

“I forbade it. Told her as much myself, last night,” he grated out.

“Hmm, I did hear you. But that contract has my signature to it. It is still valid.” he stated, still calm.

“The hell it is. I’m the Alpha now, she pledged loyalty to me. My order stands.” he snapped.

“Maybe the girl didn’t realise that, West.”

“I want her travel plans. You must know them.” he demanded.

His father stood and looked right at him. “I do know them West. Organised it all myself. Let if go West, she is happy and well now.”

“She will be in this pack, if I have to drag her ass back here myself. What flight? Which airport?” he grated out.

Watched as his father glanced down at his watch, “Already in the air, son, would have left an hour ago.

West's anger was rolling off of him. “How could you just let her leave like that? You don't know if she'll be safe over there.” he yelled, his fist balled at his side, he couldn't punch his father but he bloody wanted to, it would just end up an Alpha on Alpha fight and he knew it. His father might have stepped down, but he was still a man to be reckoned with. West had never attempted to try and take him on, didn't know if he could.

Turned and stalked out of the suite he'd grown up in, slammed the door behind him linked to his Beta ‘Terence, get my damned car and call my damned pilot to ready my jet, we need to go and retrieve her from Korea, it seems.’

‘On it West.’ came back the reply.

An hour ago, the flight left an hour ago. His brain was ticking like crazy, it was a two and half hour drive from here to the airport hanger in Olympia and he'd have to file a flight plan as well. Stalked off to his room to get his passport. Stopped in on Terence's room and grabbed his passport, took a few minutes to find it, then stalked all the way down stairs and outside, Terence was just pulling up in his Masarati Levante.

Jo-anne was going to land a good 4 hours ahead of him, got in the passenger seat and snapped “go.”

“West, perhaps I should go alone.”

“The hell you will.” he snarled at his Beta as he drove away from the pack-house.

Mind-Linked Ricky his Gamma to tell him he and Cole were in charge of the pack until he got back, would likely be gone a few days, got an affirmative response and severed the link.

Damned woman was infuriating, just went about doing as she bloody well pleased it seemed. Reject him, live off pack territory for a damned decade, only to come home so she can have permission to move to another country. Defy his bloody orders not even 24 hours after he had issued it.

She was going to come home, kicking and screaming for all he cared and for once he realised he and Volt were actually on the same page, their thoughts aligned for the first time in over a decade. Volt wanted her home as well. Today, West was going to give his wolf exactly what he wanted without issue. If Volt mated her all the way home in their private jet, so bloody be it. Punish her for leaving in the first place.

Chapter 9 - Her Alpha's Orders

Jo-anne POV

Calling her new employer Ji Ah, and trying to explain to her that it was now no longer possible for her to come and work for her at the art gallery was not fun. She had been really looking forward to this job, and it had taken a lot to get this job secured, not just interviews but contracts and phone calls to Alpha Damien. Who wouldn't approve anything or even consider a contract until she had received confirmation of getting a job.

Now the only thing she could tell Ji Ah, was that, due to unforeseen circumstances back home, she could no longer take the job, and apologise profusely.

Jo-anne had also had to call the Art gallery's Director, who was displaying her own Art Exhibition, and apologise to her as well, that had not gone down well at all. Jae Hwa had gotten quite angry with her, because Jo-anne was supposed to be there already, her exhibition due to open the day after tomorrow. Jae Hwa had pulled Jo-anne's Exhibition altogether.

Insisted that she'd breached their contract and informed her, in no uncertain terms, that Jo-anne would be required to pay the full price of the setting up, pulling down, storage and repacking fees, plus shipping it back to the States. Among other things, and then there was an actual breaking of contract fee to boot.

Jo-anne had sat on the bed and listened to her, she had demanded an address to send the bill too. Jo-anne currently didn't have a billing address and the only thing she could do was to send it back to the Pack care of Westley Carlton. Her new Alpha. It was his fault this had happened and so he could foot the bill, which she knew was going to run into the thousands.

If he didn't like it, his father would have to step in and sort it out, seeing as it was actually his fathers' contract that Westley had breached.

Her apartment was again another nightmare. Alpha Damien had already paid for the first and last months' rent and now was about to lose all that money too, it seemed. All because his son had Alpha Ordered her apparently, not that he had said those actual words to her, to not set a single foot in Korea, and she found herself unable to literally put a foot on the ground without excruciating pain shooting through her entire body.

She begged the real estate agent to send all her things back to the Pack's address, couldn't pay for it on the spot and asked them if they could do it C.O.D, the answer had been 'no', so she had then had to ask them to call her contact in the States her previous Alpha, Damien Carlton and sort it out with him themselves. Assured them he would sort it out and then prayed that he would.

The man would likely have no choice, it was his contract that his own son had breached, though whether he knew that or not at this point was another matter altogether.

Her phone had rung several times, unknown numbers to her, so she had dismissed them each time. She had bigger things to worry about and was not about to deal with stupid telemarketers or crank calls. Checked out of her hotel room and headed into the city, she had to find a cheaper place to stay and book herself a room in the city. Some place with easier access to public transport for travelling to and from work once she got a job.

She had thought about going back to the Pack, but with what had happened between Clova and Volt, she didn't think it was a good idea at all. Jo-anne had no idea what had happened between West and Miranda afterwards. Could only imagine a massive argument, and it had not escaped Jo-anne's attention that Miranda was an Alpha-blooded she-wolf, she did not want to get in a fight with the woman.

There was no way Clova would win, they were just a patrolman's daughter, nothing special. Would obviously apologise, but could not explain why it happened, it had been Volts doing as far as she knew. Volt had wanted to Mate Clova and had stalked her to do so. Whether West would admit that to his Mate she had no idea. But it wasn't like she could make his wolf Mate hers. He was the Alpha. No-one could make him or his wolf do anything they didn't want to do. That had to go in her favour right.

So for now, she intended on staying put here in Singapore, though she really did need to pick up work and quickly so. She'd emailed Steffan Lang those photos of his wife along with an invoice seeing as he'd insisted on paying for them, and he'd emailed back that afternoon with confirmation of payment, so she had a few more hundred dollars to her name.

She spent the afternoon in an internet cafe trying to find a cheap place to stay until she could get a job, probably take a week or two, and booked a room at a place called Fragrance Hotel – Oasis, then to save some money, had strolled along to the place, a very long walk to, but save her some money, checked in and flopped down on the bed a little exhausted from the long walk and pulling her suitcase along behind her the whole way.

Woke up to find her phone flat and had no way to charge it. Had to go and find a store to buy a power adapter to plug into the wall socket to charge her phone and plug her laptop into, then sat and started job hunting. Had looked up Steffan Lang. He was the CEO of a large advertising company.

Wondered if the man had any use for her skills, looked at the company's information and hiring process. Nothing was advertised, but she thought it wouldn't hurt to send her portfolio. She had already spoken to the man himself and he had asked for her business card.

Pulled up her Linguistics and Language portfolio and translated it into Mandarin and sent both the English and Mandarin copies to the company's HR department. Then she

did the exact same thing with her Arts portfolio, in case there was an opening for a photographer within the company. You never know.

Sent a short email to Steffan Lang himself, to explain what she had done and hoped if a position became available he'd consider her application. Prayed he didn't think she was overstepping boundaries, but what could it really hurt? Only say no, at the worst.

She was not expecting a reply at all. He would be a very busy man, she could imagine. Looked up a few of the local art galleries and decided to spend the rest of the day with her camera and found herself at the Cuturi Gallery, spent an hour and a half just looking at the beautiful artworks. Took several pictures from the open air patio of the surrounding neighbourhood.

Then wandered off to find Aliwal Street to look at the street art it was famous for, and take some more pictures. Loved it, so bright and colourful. Then off to a place called The Vintage Camera Museum.

Then went to the Gardens of the Bay, and spent the remainder of the day in complete amazement and awe of the beautiful park and by the Goddess, the most beautiful thing she had seen, the Singapore solar-powered trees, walked all over the place, stopped and ate at a local food truck and waited for night to fall so she could see it all aglow, in all its glorious splendor.

It was so beautiful night and day. Couldn't stop smiling, didn't even mind when it started to rain. Oh, she was definitely coming back here again, likely to spend a lot of time here just sitting with her camera, she thought.

Stopped walking to answer her phone, was bumped into by a couple hurrying out of the rain, and fell down and scrapped her knee, waved the couple off, with a smile and accepted their apology. Clova would heal her in no time. "Hello." she managed to answer the phone.

"Miss Morris, it's Steffan Lang."

"Evening Mr Lang." she greeted him.

"Turn to your right," he told her.

Jo-anne turned to look to her right, and saw him standing by a car with an umbrella in his hand and smiled, raised a hand to him.

"Come this way. My wife Eu-Meh spotted you, we were here. It is her favourite place."

Jo-anne nodded "Alright.". She walked over to him, his wife smiled at her as he opened the car door.

“Get in Jo-anne, I wanted to ask you something.” Eu-Meh told her.

“Of course.”

“Hop in, we’ll all go and have dinner together.” Eu-Meh stated with a smile.

“I’m a bit wet.” Jo-anne informed her and she had been strolling along in the rain.

“It’s fine.” Eu-Meh waved it off.

Jo-anne got in the car and strapped her seat belt on. Steffan got behind the wheel and they drove off. “It’s very beautiful here.” Joanne smiled at her.

“It’s my very favourite place. I noticed...” she smiled right at Jo-anne “you were taking photos.”

“I was pretty sure that I got some great shots today and this evening.” Jo-anne looked right at her “Do you want to see them?”

Eu-Meh laughed softly “Nothing gets past you, I see.”

Jo-anne chuckled, turned her camera on and moved it so that Eu-Meh could see the photo’s she had taken. She had taken a lot, it seemed. Not even Jo-anne had realised till right now just how many she had taken. Had just let herself fall into shooting what ever took her fancy without a care in the world.

They ate at a restaurant called LAVO, an Italian place and Steffan seemed happy enough to let her and Eu-Meh just chat and look at the photo’s and discuss the option of Eu-Meh purchasing a few of them from her. Then they insisted on driving her back to her hotel.

Steffan raised an eyebrow at her. She just shrugged, “Limited funds,” she explained.

He nodded “I looked into you. Korean Art Exhibition about to start.”

“Unfortunately, it fell through at the last minute. But yes there was supposed to be one.”

“Come to my office tomorrow, bring those pictures for me to look at. I need a present for Eu-Meh.”

“Alright, what time?”

“I’m free at 2pm.”

Jo-anne nodded, told him she would be there and headed inside, to lay down on her bed and smiled to herself. What nice people. Already paid for photos and now, by

chance, she would be able to sell some more. She loaded everything from her camera to her laptop and scrolled through them, picked out all the ones Eu-Meh had liked and then added a few more that she herself liked.

Smiled at the ones she'd taken with children blowing bubbles and having fun, she'd taken a seat and captured some of the bubbles floating up in front of the giant trees. Eu-Meh hadn't seen those ones, and added them to the file.

Jo-anne really liked them, beautiful, almost magical, definitely whimsical, she might just frame one or two herself to go in her place when she got one, might even paint one, she thought, or 2 or 3. Really did like them, could do a whole series, she thought, just for herself.

Arrived at Steffan Lang's office ten minutes early, not wanting to be late, give a good impression. He nodded to her, when she was shown into his office, no smile she noted, all business she thought, probably very busy.

Jo-anne kept it professional as well. He looked at the pictures and selected a few of them, told her of a place she could have them printed right there in the building and that he would like to have one of them framed today. Knew of a place, but she would have to stay and wait, bring it back to him. It was Eu-Meh's birthday and they were going out for dinner.

Asked if she could bring it right to the restaurant, once it was framed. Jo-anne nodded, then looked down at her attire, grey slacks and a blue blouse and wondered if it was suitable for walking through the type of restaurant he would likely take his wife out to for her birthday.

"I'll have a dress ready for you and I'm certain Eu-Meh would love for you to stay for a drink before she and I have dinner."

"Thank you."

She was given the details of the framing place and informed he'd send her in a car, surprised her "just taking care of you, in a new country and all." he'd added.

Jo-anne told him it wasn't necessary but he insisted, seeing that he was the one rushing the job. She didn't argue. Just let him.

"I'll have the driver pick up the dress while you wait for the framing. I've called ahead already and they are waiting for you."

"Thank you." she smiled at him.

The man did like to get his way, it seemed, and was prepared to do anything to surprise his wife. It was very sweet. She left on her mission smiling to herself, it was good to work, seemed that lady luck was on her side.

The dress provided for her was an A-Line, V-neck, asymmetrical chiffon cocktail dress with a ruffle in what the tag said was vintage mauve in colour. It was very pretty. She was wearing small black heels, so they were okay with the dress. Checked her appearance, her hair was up in a ponytail, she pulled it out and braided it loosely down and around the right side of her body, pulling gently at the braid to enlarge the sections, neatened it around her face and picked up the framed photo and headed into the restaurant.

Was shown to the table where both Steffan and Eu-Meh were seated, she sat down and smiled at them, handed the framed print to an apologetic looking Steffan.

"What's wrong?" she asked him.

"I'm sorry Jo-anne...I had no choice."

She frowned at him, not understanding what he meant or what was going on. Turned to look at Eu-Meh, who looked a little nervous to be honest.

Then she felt a hand slide down her neck, right to her mark spot, then a pair of lips hit her ear "Jo-anne." West's voice filled her ear and his scent hit her.

Chapter 10 - Her Alpha's Orders

West POV

It was confirmed that his order for her not to set foot in Korea was in effect. Trying to figure out where she went after she got off the plane was the issue. Being here would have caused enough pain for her to want to flee and leave. So where did she go was now the question?

She could fly out of Seoul and go anywhere in the world. T.J. was unimpressed by the fact that West had put an Alpha Order on her, knew the minute it hit her, he was restless and agitated, had outright demanded to know what West had done. West had told him the truth.

T.J. had stood and stared at him. "If she can't get out, it could kill her," he'd yelled at West.

It would not kill her, he'd informed T.J. just make her really want to leave and, yes, there would be pain, but that she was the one who had defied her own Alpha's Order, right away.

His Beta, his best friend, was very angry with him, that much West could see.

Stalked around on the plane for well over an hour and a half, nearly two hours before he'd settled and sagged into a chair, glared at West and stated "You're an ass hat, you know that right."

"I did it, because she is not safe by herself out here, Terence."

"That's a load of bull." he'd shot right back. " You just want her where you can see her."

"That too." West admitted "But what pack members live overseas? It's completely ridiculous and you know it." and it was, his father was stupid to allow her to live off of pack territory for this long.

West understood why. He was the reason why. But she should have been made to come home years ago, regardless of how it made either one of them feel. She was not safe to be alone in the world, an un-mated she-wolf, with no one to protect her, anything could happen to her. He'd never liked it, not one bit. She-wolves went missing all the time.

West paid a very large sum of money to many people in the airport security to have them check the footage for her. Got to see her stumble and fall the minute she put her foot on Korean ground. Sat with her feet off the ground, tested it and then put her head on her knees, as it dawned on her.

His forbidding her to come here, was an actual Alpha Order not to come here. She had obviously not realised it, Volt was unhappy about seeing her trying to walk around the airport, or her dash from departures, smart girl left right away.

He was punched in the jaw by Terence when they saw her go into a jewellery store and come out wearing a bracelet "Silver." T.J. had grated "Look what she is resorting to."

"She'll be fine." West stated he was unhappy about his Beta punching him one, but it wouldn't be the first time he'd done so during their friendship. He'd stared at T.J. a little on the angry side but had, in the end, let it go.

She was actually keeping her feet off the ground where it was possible, though watching her run over to a bin and vomit, worried him more than he let on. Was his Order doing more damage to her than he knew? He hoped not. Was informed the flight she had boarded went to Singapore, headed with T.J. right back to his plane to file a new flight plan and they were headed for Singapore.

"Do you think she'll go back to the Pack? Once in Singapore," he queried out loud.

"Unlikely." T.J. stated "Probably thinks that you will beat her for this."

"I have never laid a hand on the girl, Terence. Not once."

"I know that West." he nodded "I'm just saying, she might think it. Defying an Alpha's order is punishable. She would know that."

"So you think she will run then?" he sighed.

"I don't know. Stay clear of you maybe....Head home....I doubt it." he shrugged.

"A hunt it is then, I guess."

"Lots of people in Singapore, West. Tracking one woman might not be that easy."

"You're here for a reason Terence." he looked right at him pointedly.

"Ah, so it's not to stop her from bolting away at first sight of you. Its to track her for you."

"I'm not stupid Terence. You and Jo-anne..." he let it trail off, hated the thought that T.J. was likely going to end up as Jo-anne's Mate. Not that there was anything he could do about it. On the bright side, he would always know where she was, he supposed. Turned to look out the window.

Heard Volt snarl inside his mind 'Deal with it Volt, even you see it.'

'Not going to happen, Clova is mine.'

'No she is not. Not for the past ten years.'

'Mine,' he snarled. 'already Mated her again.'

'Stupidly so.' West shot at his wolf and felt him stalk away to the back of his mind and stay there, unhappy himself. With the possibility that Clova may end up being Lark, T.J.'s Wolfs' Mate and not his. Volt had seen enough of T.J. and Jo-anne to know there was a serious connection between the two of them. West had always seen it, since childhood.

Hadn't even stopped when he'd found himself Mated to the girl. T.J. had taken that news in his stride, had actually looked after Jo-anne that first week, while she had recovered from her injuries. West had stayed away from her, had not wanted to look at her at all.

Turned his thoughts to something else altogether, he would not go down memory lane, hate it when he did, their Mate Bond had been unhappy for both of them and certainly not healthy for either of them.

'Stop it.' he chastised himself, realising he was tripping down memory lane. It's in the past, let it stay there.

He'd seen her in the pack, his father had told him she was 'well now' and, for all appearances, she did look well, smiled and laughed, hung out with her friends from school, had even gone out dancing and gotten drunk from his understanding.

Gotten along with Miranda even, seemed genuinely happy that he had found his Mate, that he had been able to move on. Even bought him a gift. A gift she had tried to hand to him herself. It was still in his office, still wrapped and untouched by him.

How would she even know what to get him? He'd never spent time with her like that, barely even talked to her in the two years of their Mate Bond. He didn't know what it was, probably some kind of framed print. That's what it looked like, though of what he had no idea. He wasn't likely to open it. Didn't want her to get him a gift. He'd never gotten her anything ever.

Why she'd even bought him a gift he didn't know. He would not have bought her one. She'd certainly not like the only thing he'd gone out of his way to get her. Had set it on fire, in fact, and let it burn to ashes, only the diamonds had survived the fire.

They now sat in his safe in a bag doing nothing now. He hadn't even cleaned them, they were still covered in soot, they were a firm reminder to him to never buy gifts, ever. That gifts from him were unwelcome. West closed his eyes and tried to relax for the rest of the flight.

He had the best Jo-anne tracker in the entire pack, sitting across from him, they would find her, and he would get her back to the Pack, where she belonged. Terence was like a Jo-anne radar. He would be able to sense that girl out quicker than West would be able to pick up her scent or track her with the tether.

They landed just after 9pm Singapore time and hired a car to drive into the city. It was weird driving on the left side of the road, but at least it was late enough that traffic was relatively light.

He'd already booked them into a hotel and they were heading for it. His pilot, Tony, was staying at the airport hotel, quicker for him to ready the plane, when he was ready to leave after they picked her up.

West had been prepared to bribe the security to check the footage here but Terence shook his head "still here, somewhere." he stated.

West did not doubt the man, not when he seemed to have a Jo-anne radar built right into his DNA, it seemed. Right from the day she was born as well. Would likely have died as a baby if not for Terence that night.

Both he and T.J. crashed out in the hotel suite, awake for well over 24 hours.

Ordered breakfast and he made a couple of calls to the pack. First being to Rick his Gamma to find out Jo-anne's mobile number which his father or Jonathon would have, it hadn't been in her file if he recalled correctly. Curious about that, perhaps his father didn't trust him with it. Though why? He had known where the woman lived, the exact address in fact.

He was told he had to call Miranda. She was apparently frantic, not knowing where he was. He'd not informed the woman of what he was up to or where he had gone, it was none of her business. But apparently he had to call her. His mother had stated, she's the future Luna, call the woman, she's upset you just disappeared. Told him he had to learn to be considerate of her feelings towards him.

West had not wanted to call her, didn't feel the need to explain himself to her at all. So had not. She had called him in the end. Demanded to know where he was.

West had informed her "Out finding a lost pack member." to which she had asked why he'd had to be the one to do it, that's what trackers and retrieval teams were for, then had practically demanded him to come home to her.

Saw T.J. look right at him, he could hear her on the phone, shook his head, but said nothing. West had told her "He would be home when he got home." and that she was to "not ever dare demand things of him. It was not her place to do so." He was the Alpha.

She'd yelled right down the phone at him "I have every right. I'm going to be the Luna."

West had looked at his phone, hit the end call button, fully annoyed with her.

How many times had he told her she could leave if she wanted to? He had no intention of making her his Luna. He'd not once ever told her that he would be. Had never even eluded to it. She just presumed, because she had been in his bed for the past two years and was alpha-blooded, that he was going to take her as his Mate, once he was the actual Alpha.

She had called him right back and he'd rejected the call instantly. She'd not called back a third time. Ricky had finally called back with Jo-anne's number and he'd dialled it right away. It was not picked up and there didn't appear to be a message service. A few times he'd gotten a busy signal and then by the end of the day it had been turned off.

Angered him to no end. How could she be so bloody careless as to turn it off? If something happened to her, she might not have time to turn it on to make an emergency call. Yet it was off.

The woman had clearly lived on her own for far too long. Did as she damned well pleased at all times, it seemed. T.J. and he were out driving around in the car. West

was driving so that T.J. could focus on her himself, but nothing, it seemed. He could only sense she was still here, tired, he thought.

The next day, T.J. wanted to try a different approach to trying to find her, go to some of the local art attractions, it was her thing. So they hit art galleries and museums, one after the other, but frustratingly, again nothing.

It wasn't until late that evening as they were standing up on an observation deck, to Singapore's famous and beautiful, even he had to admit, Solar Powered Trees, that T.J. sensed her close by. The pair of them were on high alert for her. Tried to mind-link her several times if she was here in the park, she was definitely close enough for him to link to. It wouldn't connect, it was more than unusual. He'd been able to when Volt had stalked Clova, so why not now? Could feel her nearby with the pack tether. Just unable to mind-link her.

It started to rain, not that he cared, saw people heading away. Umbrella's opening and people hurrying and running to get out of the rain. Heard T.J. swear and rub at his knee. Smiled to himself. Knew right away it was Jo-anne as T.J.'s head whipped around "there." he'd stated, pointing, and they saw her down on one knee, waving a couple off, obviously had knocked her over.

She was smiling, picked up her phone and answered it. He tried again to mind-link her while he was looking right at her, focused solely on her. Couldn't reach her again and frowned as she turned and raised a hand. His eyes followed her direction, a man standing by a car not too far away, and then she was heading off in his direction.

"Terence?"

"I can't reach her." he shook his head. "odd, it's like she is there but not picking up on me trying to reach her."

"Get that number plate," West stated and headed off on foot at speed. He couldn't very well use Volt in front of all these people, it wouldn't go down so well, the car was gone by the time he got down there.

How on earth did Jo-anne manage to find a well-to-do man to escort her around in just a day? The woman, it seemed, was a bloody man magnet. He didn't like it. 'Tell me you got that number plate.'

'I did.' T.J. answered him.

He came down to meet up with West. "Who do you think he was?" T.J. asked him.

"I don't know but that was a Mercedes, so well off." West frowned. "Not even here a day and she's got some man at her side."

T.J. laughed softly "Did turn out lovely, so why wouldn't she West. You know yourself, humans find us attractive, she is arm candy and a half."

"Knock that shit off." West snapped at him. He didn't like thinking others would use her like that. Arm candy had many in-connotations to it. He didn't want to think about those. "We got to find someone to give us access to that car's info."

"I know a guy who could likely talk me through it." T.J. smiled.

"Why are you so happy?" West shot at him. The girl had gotten away. What was there to be happy about?

West watched as the man shrugged at him. "She's fine, that's all that matters to me."

West was more than annoyed, the full moon was on them tonight. It would set in a matter of hours, anything could happen, hell that man could be a shifter for all he knew, her Mate for all he knew and T.J. wasn't even concerned that she, possibly his own Mate had vanished in some strangers car. West, on the other hand, was bloody furious, she'd gotten away from him, yet again.

They returned to the hotel and T.J. called his guy, explained the situation. The guy offered to do the job for a fee, stating it was unlikely that T.J. would be able to do everything needed. West had nodded and let the man. It only took him 2 hours to get the call back with the information they were looking for.