

Chapter 11 - Her Alpha's Orders

West POV

Steffan Lang, of Lang Corporations, a very large advertising firm, paid that man a visit first thing in the morning, didn't have an appointment. So he announced himself as Westley Carlton of Wolf Airlines, needed a good advertising company for his new airline and wanted to speak directly with Steffan Lang himself.

He and T.J. had shopped for appropriate business wear, before coming here, made sure to buy expensive and look like a CEO would. He was the owner of Wolf Airlines and though he had no intentions of using this company for advertising, he knew this man could bring him closer to Jo-anne.

They had to wait almost an hour and he was certain in that time some one would be doing a background check on him, his human portfolio was good and he was very wealthy and, indeed, was the actual owner of Wolf Airlines. They would find everything in order. Including his picture, he'd looked right at the security camera's so they would get a good look at him and see it was actually him.

They were escorted up to the top floor of the building and a nice friendly woman ushered them in to Steffan Lang's office. It was larger than West's office in his Pack, he realised. The man seemed to like his space.

"Mr Carlton, What may I do for you?"

"Jo-anne Morris," he stated, getting right to the point. Saw the man frown instantly, clearly knew this was not about building a business relationship with his company. "My ex-wife," he stated. It's how the human world would see them "Is missing. I believe you've had contact with her."

"And how would you know that? If she is missing?" he countered West.

"I saw you call her to your car yesterday." West stated as he looked at the man's desk, a picture of a pretty woman was there. "Your wife?"

"What do you want? Mr Carlton!" Steffan stated flatly.

"My ex-wife. I thought you already understood that."

"She is not here. Took some pictures for me is all."

"How do you contact her?"

"Email or phone." the man sat down. "I have nothing for you, Mr Carlton, simply a chance meeting at the airport and then again yesterday."

"I don't believe you," West stated flatly, and he didn't believe him. The man's heart rate was beating faster than normal. "Where is she?"

"How would I know?" Steffan Lang looked right at him.

He could play this game, it seemed.

"I don't want to threaten you, Mr Lang."

"Then don't. I won't take it kindly."

West looked right at him, rolled his Alpha Aura at the human, felt the change in the man, knew his aura brought out fear in humans, made him look fierce and frightening at times. Steffan Lang was only getting a small dose of what West could actually produce. It was only enough for him to realise he was in trouble. To bring about fear of West in him.

"Where is she?"

The man shook his head. "I can see why she is your ex-wife."

Though West could smell this man's fear, he was one tough bastard, it seemed.

"You will help me Mr Lang...Or that pretty wife of yours." he left it unsaid, just stared at him pointedly, knew the man would understand the unspoken threat against his wife. Not that West would actually follow through with it.

Saw Steffan's jaw start ticking "Get out of my office." he snapped.

He really was a tough bastard, it seemed. West, liked the human, but that wasn't going to help him. West actually laughed "Not going to happen."

He watched as Steffan Lang picked up the phone and called for his security. Heard T.J. sigh, yes they were about to fight it out, poor humans had no idea. He raised an eyebrow at Steffan Lang, nothing more.

Stood and stared at the man. Waited for security to arrive, both he and T.J. stood taller and broader shouldered, then the four men that entered the office a few minutes later to try and remove them as their boss expected them too.

West looked at T.J. "I got this boss." he smiled, then cracked his knuckles, it took him all of 3 minutes to put the four of them on the ground. He was still smiling when he was done, didn't even break a sweat.

West turned to look at Steffan. "Got anymore lined up you need us to put down."

Steffan was looking at his men all unconscious on the floor around T.J., who was looking very pleased with himself and ready to take on some more. He looked up to West with a frown on his face. "I assure you. My man can do this all day...Now, Jo-anne."

He shook his head slightly.

West was over it, stubborn human. He leaned down on the desk. "Then make plans with her, dinner will do and let me know where..." he was staring right into Steffan's eyes, allowing volt to push forward to the surface, which West knew would make his naturally dark green eyes glow bright green.

Saw Steffan lean right back in his chair, fear rolled off of the man, he and Volt spoke together "Tell me you understand."

Steffan finally nodded "I..I understand."

West felt Volt move away. It was not normal for him to allow Volt out around humans. But this human needed the extra push, it seemed. West picked up a pen from the man's own desk and handed it to him, "Time and place, write it down, make sure she comes. If not, my man and I will come visit you privately."

Steffan sighed, took the pen and wrote down a time 7pm and a restaurant. Handed it to him.

"Good man. We'll see you at 7. if you decide not to be there or cause me any trouble." West moved his eyes to the photo on the man's desk and then back to Steffan. Pointedly. Watched as Steffan nodded, good he'd gotten the message.

West turned and walked to the door, stopped looked back at him. "I don't want trouble, just Jo-anne," he stated flatly, and then walked out of the office with T.J.

"Enjoy that, did we?"

"Piece of cake, humans" he snorted. "Fun, just a game for me."

Now it was just a waiting game til 7pm.

They were already waiting in the restaurant, saw when Steffan and his wife walked in. Neither of them looked happy. West made his presence known and heard Steffan state "She's on her way now."

"Good," West had simply said and walked away. Back to the far corner and out of sight, she would not be looking for them, or trying to scent for any shifter's so where he was sitting was fine.

He had an untouched bourbon in front of him, when he saw her walking in. Blinked completely surprised by her outfit. T.J. gave a low whistle, and Volt snarled inside of his mind, wanted to punch the man, was not allowed to. She was neither of their Mates. Volt had no claim on the woman and right that minute neither did T.J.

West's eyes couldn't help but move over her, as she walked in, her hair was loosely plaited down the right side of her body, her natural hair colour, cinnamon brown, fit perfectly with that dress, and that dress fit neatly around her ribs and clung to her ample breasts, and the skirt sway about her long legs, only now did he realise how tall she had gotten, those legs seemed to go on forever.

She was smiling softly as she walked, didn't scent him or T.J. wasn't looking for them, had no idea, apparently, that he was looking for her, had followed her all the way here to bring her back. Watched her as she walked over to Steffan and sat down.

He got up and strolled over to her table, heard Steffan apologise to her, for what he knew was about to happen. Watched her turn her head to look at a very nervous woman, Steffan's pretty wife.

He reached out and slid his fingers all the way down her neck, slowly and softly, as he leaned down, rested his fingers right on the scar from his own fangs and pressed his lips to her ear softly. "Jo-anne" he heard her suck in a breath "I believe you are supposed to be at home. Where I told you to be."

Saw her light grey eyes turn on him, her face a mere inch from his. She was very startled to see him, definitely had not been expecting him to come for her at all. Silly woman, should have known better.

"West!"

He stayed right there, so close to her. "Yes Jo-anne, did you think, you could just up and leave...without my permission." she was still just staring at him, tried to mind-link to her and it connected easily and instantly 'I am your Alpha now. I believe I told you, you weren't leaving the pack...Even welcomed you home.'

'I...I have...a contract with your father.' she stuttered back. Her heart was beating a little faster than normal. Not fear though, he didn't smell fear on her. Interesting.

'Not anymore.' he informed her, stood up and looked down at her "Please get up Jo-anne, we will be going home now." he said aloud.

"But I."

"No buts, Jo-anne," he told her, and when she didn't move, "I can make it an Order if you like." he told her casually, but he would do it.

The look on her upturned face told him, she knew he would do it. Recalling their history, he presumed, not that she had ever been warned about it before. This was the first time he'd ever given her the option. They both knew it.

She turned to look at Steffan.

"I'm sorry," he apologised.

"Don't be, I'm pretty certain, you didn't have a choice."

West watched as Steffan said nothing. She was right. Everyone here knew it.

"Up Jo-anne, we are going home." he finally removed his hand from her neck and on purpose pulled her chair out, so she would get up.

"I hope you like the photo," she said softly. "Don't worry about this." she indicated to West as she stood "I'm fine, I assure you." Then she turned and walked away from the table, must have spotted T.J. heard the smile in her voice when she greeted him. Turned and followed her, saw T.J. and Jo-anne hug and then walked off with him as though West didn't even matter. Bloody bond between the two of them, hated watching it sometimes.

She was walking right in front of him and he was frowning the whole way, she actually had her hand in the crook of T.J.'s elbow, walking next to him like she was his Mate. Walking, he noted, just like Miranda hung off of him at times.

Not that he stopped her, he didn't share his woman well mostly, even if they were just there for him to bend over, when he wanted to. Miranda was allowed to hang off him, till he found his fated Mate. He liked a woman who was up for it, whenever he wanted it.

T.J. opened the back door for her and she got in, was not even putting up a fight, he noticed.

"Can we go to my hotel and get my things, before you take me back?" she asked casually.

"Of course Jo-Jo." T.J. answered her, west could hear the smile in his Beta's voice.

"You drive." West told him, handing him the keys, as he reached down and flicked the child safety lock on the door and closed it. She was not getting out unless he let her out.

The hotel she was staying at was small and cheap according to him, compared to the suite he'd purchased in his hotel. She seemed un-phased by his presence in the doorway. Hadn't even brought up how she'd felt in Korea, didn't even seem angry about it.

Chatted the whole time with T.J. who was reclining on her bed, which annoyed both West and Volt, he could at least be up and helping her with her packing, not that she had much, she just didn't seem to be in a rush, kept stopping to answer T.J. or chuckle at some stupid thing he said.

Just one suitcase, he noted. Like she had arrived in his room at 16, and left him with at 18, didn't need much, he guessed.

"Where'd you get the dress?" he asked as he watched her move about the room, double checking that she hadn't left anything behind. It swayed with every step she took.

"Steffan Lang bought it for me." she told him without hesitation.

"Excuse me." He growled more than annoyed now. She'd not worn the dress he'd purchased for her, yet would wear a dress from a total stranger, it seemed.

She was looking right at him, as she lent over to do the zipper of her suitcase up. "I guess he felt guilty about...this." she commented.

"And you just accepted it. From a man you don't know?"

She shrugged at him. "I didn't have anything to wear to dinner, so why not!"

His jaw was ticking like crazy. The girl had never once accepted a single thing from him or his mother, yet she was happy to accept gifts from men she didn't know. He could feel the anger rolling off of him, couldn't help it. "Get in the damned car." he shot at her and stalked off away from the room. T.J. would bring her.

Was standing by the car smoking a cigarette when she came out of her hotel, she blinked right at him "That's not good for you." she told him as T.J. opened the car door for her.

He knew it wasn't, was his one really bad flaw, and wasn't likely to give it up now. Had been smoking when he was angry for 10 years now. His mother hated it, his father too, neither had been able to stop him. Her comment was unlikely to either. He stubbed out the cigarette and got in the car.

T.J. drove them all to the airport and handed the car back, while West ushered her to his private Jet. She seemed fine with going and sat where he told her to as he stowed her luggage away.

The minute T.J. was back on board, he told the pilot to take off, was sitting staring out the window. The woman didn't even seem concerned about being brought home. Watched her slip her shoes off, curl up on the seat and just chat casually with T.J. about what he'd been up to and who he was currently dating, when he'd gotten dreadlocks, all of which T.J. answered, even told her about his current bed buddy, someone she knew.

They were talking so easily and freely, she didn't even get upset or annoyed in the slightest with him talking about his current she-wolf, just laughed along with him, asked a few very inappropriate questions about the man's sex life. Told him she bet Silvia was kinky in bed. He'd just laughed and winked right at her.

It was as though they had never been separated at all, just picked up right where they left off. She paid West no attention at all. Like West wasn't even there on the plane. Eventually fell asleep, curled up in the chair, West tossed T.J. a blanket to cover her and then the man sat across from him.

"It's good to have her back...Back to her normal self I mean."

"Agreed." West nodded, kept his eyes out the window and off the woman needed to.

"So what now, West?"

"Nothing, she can work from the pack." he shrugged.

"Not what I meant."

"What do you mean then?" West asked him, though he knew what he was talking about.

"Come on West, Volt already Mated Clova, you're going to have to deal with it, discuss it with her."

"Why? She seems okay just letting it go. And I really don't want to get into it with her."

"So what? You're just going to pretend it didn't happen then?"

"Yes, if that suits her, let's do that." He didn't want to think about it, just let it go. It wouldn't happen again. He could order her not to shift into Clova while she was on pack territory. That could work, he supposed.

Chapter 12 - Her Alpha's Orders

Jo-anne POV

Staring right into West's deep dark green eyes from barely an inch away, her heart rate picked up. She had not been expecting to see him. Jo-anne couldn't really find any words to say to him at this very moment. She had not been expecting him to hunt her down at all, let alone do it himself personally.

She thought if he wanted her to come back to the pack, he would just have sent some of his trackers, or maybe his retrieval team. Possibly even just T.J. that would be the most likely option. West knew she and T.J. had a good relationship, that she trusted him

with her life. That he would likely be the best person to send and have no problem picking her up and bringing her back to the pack.

But for West to come himself, personally. Right after, he had taken over the pack. Would have had to leave the day after taking over to be here. That more than confused her about him. He'd not said anything to her, when she had arrived, and when he had finally spoken to her it had been somewhat threatening. Clearly, he had not been happy to have her home in the pack once more. So why was he here?

She could tell from his words he was still unhappy.

Why he had touched her like that, was in fact still touching her, she didn't understand that at all. His fingers had brushed down her neck softly, almost intimately. That's how it would look to anyone watching. All the way down to her mark spot, he currently still had his hand resting on it.

Kind of felt a little bit like he was trying to make a point. If there had been other wolves around, or any shifters for that matter, it would have made a very clear statement to them all. That she was his. You didn't just go around touching people's mark spots, it was too intimate a gesture to be played with.

They were not Mates anymore. Yes, she retained the scar from his bite, as he did hers, but he'd never, in all the time that they had been together, even touched it. The only time he had ever shown any possessiveness was actually over her naked body. Other than that, nothing at all.

She heard him loud and clear in her mind 'I'm your Alpha now.' and internally sighed to herself, he was going to be putting his Alpha foot down on her once again, it seemed. Why? When he had Miranda, would he even care?

Jo-anne had thought, to be honest, he would have been glad to see the back of her, after Volt and Clova had Mated the other day. Against both his and her wishes. But here he was, trying to take her home.

He pulled her chair out and she knew in that instant, she was actually going to have to get up and go. Or he would man handle her in front of the entire restaurant. She didn't doubt he could do it, or would, for that matter. So got up and turned to leave, so as not to make a scene. Not that she thought West would care about that. The man did as he pleased.

Jo-anne was not at all surprised to see T.J. standing not too far away, being that he was now officially the Beta of the pack. Where the Alpha went, so did the Beta, a natural thing to see within werewolf packs. She smiled right at him and greeted him, hugged him "Good to see you again."

“Glad, you’re alright.” he’d returned, knocked his fist gently on her chin and then she turned and fell into step with him. There was no point in arguing or trying to flee, both of them would be faster than her, and running away from West, when he’d come here personally to retrieve her, would probably tick him off completely.

Jo-anne couldn’t help but talk about the amazing things she’d seen here, and ask T.J. what he thought of Singapore. He’d liked what he’d seen so far. Though commented here on business, Jo-Jo not pleasure.

She was that business, she guessed.

They chatted all the way to the car. West didn’t say anything at all. The man had never been one to talk to her, or pay her the slightest bit of attention when out in public. So it didn’t surprise her at all, and she knew better than to try and strike up a conversation with him. She had tried for the first year of their Mate Bond, it had gotten her nowhere. He was here today just being an Alpha, and retrieving what he thought was his, she guessed. Technically, she was she supposed, as one of his pack members.

Briefly wondered as she watched him lean down and use the child safety lock on the car’s door, to make certain she couldn’t get out, unless she was let out, what he was actually thinking. But did not ask. He would only talk to her, if he so chose too. That was how it had always been. Nothing had changed on that front, she knew.

Jo-anne watched as T.J. dropped down on to her bed and stretched out, made himself comfortable, like it was his room and he had not a care in the world, smiled at him and teased him about needing a nap did he. He’d chuckled and stated he did, he’d over exerted himself, putting four humans down today.

That had made her stop and look at him. She’d snort and laughed. Yeah right, no human would be an issue for T.J. a piece of cake most likely. One deep aggressive growl from Lark and it was likely they would all have run away from him in fear.

Now she could understand why Steffan Lang had been apologetic and Eu-Meh had looked so nervous, they had definitely been threatened by West, and T.J. had obviously shown his brute strength to get West’s message across.

Jo-anne knew that Steffan had done nothing to warrant West’s fury.

She was curious as to how they found her so quickly, but let it go, West would likely have used that tether in his Alpha brain to track her down, and she knew T.J. could always find her, ever since she was a little girl, not one single scraped knee had gotten by him, not even when he had been a boy.

She smiled to herself. She had scraped her knee yesterday, in fact, right before getting into Steffan Lang’s car. ‘Ah’ she thought ‘he must have been close by and seen her.’ That’s how they had found Steffan Lang. Tapped his knee as she went past him, he

smiled right at her and looked at her knee, it was all healed up. So he had been close enough to feel it at the time. Knew exactly what it had meant, when she tapped his knee.

When West asked her about the dress she was wearing she'd told him honestly and turned to look at him as he'd growled right at her. Seemed more than a little angry about it. Why? She couldn't understand.

It was just a dress, admittedly a very pretty one, she thought. She looked good in it, felt good in it. Actually, she owned quite a few nice dresses. She was hoping they were on their way back to the pack. Hopefully, some of them were quite expensive.

Needed to have nice clothes to work in the gallery, and so had bought nice clothes. Felt good in them, liked to dress up, she supposed.

West got even more angry when he heard that Jo-anne had just accepted it and wore it without issue. The man was behaving weirdly, to say the least. Jo-anne knew they didn't have a good history, terrible one in fact, but she had let it all go. It was neither of their faults, she didn't blame him, never really had. But it did appear he still held some contempt for her, or something else. She didn't know and was not going to bring it up. Had dealt with it years ago, gotten past it.

There was anger rolling off of him like no tomorrow, next thing she knew he was yelling at her "Get in the damned car." and then had stalked off out of the room. Her eyes turned to look at T.J. questioningly.

He just shrugged at her, smiled, shook his head and stated "The man's cranky."

"Always was." she commented drearily.

"Come on, let's go home. I'm craving the biggest damned stake there is." he hopped up off the bed, grabbed her suitcase and they headed down stairs and outside.

Jo-anne was completely shocked to see West standing by the car smoking a cigarette. Wolves didn't normally do that, and he had not been smoking when they had been mated. Never once had she smelled it on him. Couldn't help herself but tell him "That's not good for you." He didn't acknowledge her words at all, but did stub it out and get in the car, the minute she was in the backseat with the door closed.

West said nothing to her as he walked her to the private plane he had waiting. One hand curled around her elbow, the whole way. Jo-anne wasn't sure if it was because he thought she was going to bolt away from him or try to run away. She was not that stupid, Volt would easily catch her, even with Clova's speed assisting her, they were no match for his Alpha wolf.

Or if he was simply directing her, because she had absolutely no idea where to go, he didn't say a word, until they got on the plane, "Sit there." he'd told her, pointing to a seat. She had done as she was told. Wow, this plane was really something, she thought as she looked around. It had deep cream leather seats, could seat 10 wolves comfortably, there was a small bar and a three-seater lounge on the left side down the back near two doors. She was curious about that one had to be a bathroom for sure the other?

West walked comfortably about and stowed her luggage easily. He'd been on this plane before. It was probably his plane, she thought as she watched him sit down. She knew that both he and T.J. had pilot licenses, though there was a pilot on board, and the minute T.J. was on and had pulled the door shut, West called for them to take off.

Jo-anne dozed off sometime later. It had been a long few days for her, but with T.J. around she felt completely comfortable and safe. He'd always been her protector. Likely always would be.

Jo-anne's eyes snapped open as a hot shiver shot through her body, the shivers were coming 'No, not here.' she thought panicking, shoved herself up from the chair, nearly tripping over in the blanket that was over her, hadn't been there when she'd gone to sleep. Was tangled around her feet, finally managed to get to her feet.

Found both T.J. and West staring right at her, clearly surprised by her sudden and agitated movements 'Crap, no, no, no.' she thought this couldn't be happening now "Bathroom." she gasped out urgently, both of them were staring at her wideeyed and both of them point down the back of the plane. She ran and yanked open the first door and thankfully, it was the right one.

Slammed it shut and locked it.

"No." she whispered to herself, putting both her hands on the walls to steady herself for what was to come, this couldn't be happening, not right now, not with both West and T.J. out there.

An Alpha and a Beta. She was not going to be able to hide it from the both of them, not with their senses so keen and strong enough to pick up bare whispers, and with how she had practically thrown herself out of that chair and nearly fallen over, run down here. They would both be looking in this direction and listening in all likelihood.

Jo-anne stood there biting her lip, waiting for the damned shivers to start and completely take over. She'd never had control of it, never been able to stop it or put it off either. Closed her eyes, even if she could somehow keep the moans of pleasure from escaping her, the scent of her arousal would not go unnoticed, not in this tiny plane.

Stood waiting more then mortified at what was about to hit her, how was she going to ever be able to explain this? Let alone come out of the bathroom afterwards? Face either of them? West knew what she sounded like during orgasm, smelled like. It was

never getting past him. Goddess would it bring out his wolf? Would Volt take over and try to mate her?

Nothing...Nothing happened. Just the heat on her back and it to now was passing. "Oh, thank the Goddess." she sighed softly and sank down on the closed toilet lid 'please don't do this to me now.' she prayed. Glanced at her watch to see what time it was. Then realised she had no idea how long they had been in the air for. Or how far into the flight they were.

"Jo-Jo...you alright in there?"

Jo-anne bit her lip, how was she going to explain this, explain her crazy dash to the bathroom? Probably had looked like a mad woman. "um...yeah." she finally answered, so embarrassing.

"You sure?"

"Yes T.J." she told him. She had to find an excuse. Stood up and looked at her flushed and embarrassed face, knew that he was still outside the door. Took a deep breath and closed her eyes, 'you can do this. Been doing this for a very long time.' she told herself.

Opened the door to find T.J. staring down at her, a questioning look on his face. He'd know she wasn't in pain, he would feel that. That was an interesting thought. Did he to feel it when she got the shivers? No, she thought. He'd never felt anything when she'd been Mated to West.

"Um...a bit embarrassing." she halfheartedly smiled at him, and it was all she could manage. "Is this?...West's private plane." she asked quietly.

"It is." she heard West's voice come from down the plane where he was sitting, obviously listening to their conversation.

She took a step out of the bathroom, T.J. took a step back but didn't leave, and she looked over to where she knew he had been sitting. He was looking directly at her, watching her.

"Um...do you have any...female hygiene products on board?" she asked very awkwardly.

Saw West raise an eyebrow at her "In my bedroom there are supplies for female guests." he nodded.

"Do you think..." she took a breath "May I borrow." shook her head "stupid word...can I have one? Would Miranda mind?" she finally got out. It was the only thing she could use to keep their questions at bay, and her utter embarrassment over the situation would be completely acceptable, as well as her dash to the bathroom.

“Why would Miranda care?” he asked. “Go ahead.”

She turned and saw T.J. looking at her quizzically. She glanced at the door next to him, pointed to it. He nodded, she pushed it open and stepped in, closed the door and looked around as she heard T.J. walk back down the plane. Closed her eyes briefly and took in a breath.

This flight could get very awkward, she now realised, biting her lip, she opened her eyes. There was a large bed in here. Had a grab bar above the headboard, shook her head, did not need to think about that or why it was there. She could well imagine West only liked it one way, as far as she knew. Walked across the room to a set of inbuilt draws and opened the top draw.

Blinked in surprise at the handcuffs and other items that were in the draw, several different types of sex toys and plenty of protection, she noted. No surprise there. She had been on multiple types of contraception when they had been Mated. He had not wanted a baby with her, that was for sure.

West had made sure she was not only on the pill, but also had a contraception implant in her arm and he'd also insisted on an IUD as well. Told her outright there would be no child between them. She had actually been thankful for it, too young to want one anyway, and with how they were mated, she hadn't particularly wanted one with him either. Had just done as he'd told her on that subject.

Heard the door to the room open, “Not that draw.” West stated calmly, as though a draw full of sex toys meant nothing, he reached around her and closed it. Then he moved her, his hands were on her hips, moved her to the right of him and leaned down to open the bottom draw.

Jo-anne did not look at him, bit her lip. Couldn't look at him, the man had only ever put his hands on her hips like that when he'd wanted to...he'd been...they'd been...having sex. He stood up and looked right at her. Jo-anne kept her eyes firmly on the wall in front of her.

West leaned right over to her ear. “What's wrong, Jo-anne?” his voice was soft in her ear, his lips brushing against her ear lightly, “Does this surprise you?”

“No.” she answered him simply, the fact that he still had one of his hands on her hips was the issue right this minute. The man had never touched her, unless he wanted to have sex, and he was touching her right now. For the second time today, she realised.

“You seem...uncomfortable.” he sounded slightly amused, she thought.

“I need you to go West. I have an issue, I need to tend to.” she kept her eyes fixed on the wall, refused to look at him.

"Mm, forgot about that for a minute." he said and leaned away from her, his hand slid off her hip and he walked away "Might not want to open the other draws." he now sounded very amused, then he left and closed the door.

Her eyes moved to the other draws instinctively. He had said it on purpose, likely. Perhaps wanted her to snoop and see what was in those other draws. She did not want to know. Let her eyes move to the draw he had opened, there were indeed feminine hygiene products in there. She was going to have to use one, regardless of the fact that she didn't need one.

Picked one up and closed the draw, stepped into the bathroom again and applied it.

Hated knowing that they were both out there and if so chose to, could hear everything she was doing. Washed her hands and returned to the cabin. They were both watching her.

Jo-anne looked away more than uncomfortable under their watchful gazes, sank back down in her seat.

"Need anything else?" West asked, still sounding fully amused to her ear.

"No thank you, Alpha." she murmured and turned to look out the window. "When will we land?"

"A few hours still," T.J. answered her.

Jo-anne nodded and continued to look out the window, sent up a prayer that she would be spared a full blown shivers, whilst in either of their company, here on this plane, or the car on the way back to the pack.

Let her mind wonder to what she was going to do when they got back to the pack. She was going to have to talk to Alpha Damien about West breaching her exhibition contract and them paying for it all. She could not afford it right now. She had also not been intending on breaching her contract.

West had forced her too, so technically he, the new Alpha, was the one at fault, and should have to foot the bill. Though how she was going to tell him that. She a no-body in the pack. Held no rank or standing within the pack. Trying to make her Alpha pay for the breach to her contract it was not going to go down so well.

Jo-anne could see herself directly under his wrath once more. Was not looking forward to it at all. Alpha Damien was likely her best bet, she thought, she would rather approach Alpha Damien than West, and it was Alpha Damien's seal of approval that West had broken anyway. Let the two of them sort it out.

West POV

West knew that it was a lie, and he was certain that T.J. did as well. West could not smell any blood. When Jo-anne had shot out of her chair, more than startling both him and T.J., all his Alpha senses had kicked in on high alert. T.J. had been sleeping with his chin on his chest snoring softly, and West was pretty certain all his Beta instincts had kicked in as well.

West, on the other hand, had been sitting staring at her, watching her sleep over there in the chair not more than 4 feet from him. She seemed quite comfortable around him. It was odd considering their previous relationship. His eyes had been moving over her body, she was quite tall now, though she could still curl up into a tiny ball, it seemed.

When she had woken and struggled to get out of that chair and not trip over the blanket, West had noticed that her face looked very flushed, and she seemed to be in a full-blown panic. Why? He was very curious about it. Perhaps having a bad dream?

Her reaction to the pair of them staring at her, and what could she expect when you burst up out of a chair like that and startle everyone on board? Practically yelled the word Bathroom at the pair of the, she hadn't cared who answered her either.

Then for her to flee that quickly, had gained his full and undivided attention, he'd heard her say "no" in a whispered kind of panic to herself. No what? He wondered. And then, like two minutes later, "Oh, thank the Goddess." sounded very relieved, now that in itself was very interesting. Whatever she had been expecting to happen had not and she had sent up a prayer of thanks.

He was fully intrigued.

Jo-Anne he could hear, was actually embarrassed and West could hear the nervousness in her voice, even when talking to T.J. That was also odd for the woman. They could talk about anything, practically had talked about anything and everything, including T.J.'s current sex life. So what could be so embarrassing to her that she couldn't bring it up with T.J.?

Whatever it was that had made her bolt from one end of the plane to the other, she wanted to hide it. She had a secret he didn't know about. That in itself was odd. He knew everything there was to know about her. Or at least he had thought he had, seems she was hiding something. He wanted to know what it was. Was going to find out what it was.

That excuse of menstruation, and West knew very well it was an excuse, he smelled nothing. Had him on purposely strolling into his bedroom after her, just to get a better smell of her. Only to find her looking in the top drawer of his bedroom. There was quite a nice selection of adult toys in there, all to please women, some handcuffs to add to his pleasure and the need to completely dominate any sexual partners he had here on this

plane. As well as several boxes of protection because he was cautious and didn't need some she-wolf getting pregnant, that wasn't his fated Mate.

West noted that she had just been standing there staring at it, he'd closed it easily, she did not stop him, not that he thought she would, he was not at all embarrassed or ashamed about it. He had needs and liked to sate them on a regular basis.

She herself knew he liked sex, they had been mated after all and had sex a lot, though not as much as their wolves had, but still several times a week, sometimes several times a day. Occasionally, all night long, the poor girl had, had to put up with his insatiable sexual appetite on occasion. Not often, but it did happen.

He put his hands on her hips and moved her to his right, solely because there wasn't much room and he didn't want to just pull her out of the way, but when he had leaned down to open the draw, he'd not smelled any blood at all. A complete lie.

Jo-anne seemed quite a bit awkward to him and he noted she was just staring at the wall in front of her. It hadn't been like this with T.J. in the room, so only like this with him when they were alone. Interesting response, he thought. His hand was still on her hip.

Left it there, as he spoke to her, his mouth brushed right up against her ear, she did seem very uncomfortable with his close presence, and when she told him she needed him to go. West did not believe it was because she needed a product from his bottom draw at all. Slid his hand off her hip slowly instead of lifting it, was really watching her. She appeared to be trying to ignore him. Really trying to.

Couldn't help himself but tell her she might not want to look in the other draws. It actually amused him. Her response to him being so close to her. Though her covering up something? What could it be? She had been sleeping prior to this little lie.

Made West wonder if Jo-anne had been having an erotic dream. When he thought about it, how she'd looked, she had been flushed in the face, it was possible, and then running to the bathroom and then praying, perhaps she didn't want he or T.J. to smell her arousal.

'I'll mate them.' Volt told him.

'You will not.'

'If she wants it...needs it, I will and you can't stop me.' he heard Volt say with certainty in his voice.

'Go away Volt.' West stated flatly. He was still annoyed about what had happened between their two wolves back in the pack, though no longer angry, just annoyed now. Though West had to admit it did appear that Clova was happy with a one-off mating, had gotten up and left when Jo-anne had asked her too.

Jo-anne used the bathroom and the product. He shook his head. Nearly laughed to himself, he saw T.J. smile at him, they both knew it was a lie. But she was fully committed to it apparently. She did not want either of them asking her questions about what was going on.

She sat quietly in her chair, after looking away from him and T.J. "Need anything else?" he'd asked her, still amused by her determination to play this little charade out. The woman had to know that both he and T.J. could tell if she was lying about it. But perhaps she thought neither one of them would pry, seeing as to what she'd come up with, to cover up whatever she was trying to hide.

"No thank you Alpha." had come out of her mouth, and he had suddenly lost all amusement in the situation, evaporated in an instant. He had a bloody name, she knew that and how to use it. Had just done so in his bedroom. Had done so for the two years, they were Mated to each other.

Saw T.J. raise an eyebrow at him, and his sudden change of mood, West just turned and looked out the window, he didn't want to discuss it, and even if he did, he would not be doing it with Jo-anne sitting across from him.

West was tired by the time they landed in Olympia. T.J. drove them back to the pack, seeing as he had gotten a fair amount of sleep, even Jo-anne it seemed, was able to go back to sleep after her charade, which she was still maintaining at this point. Why? He had no idea.

West, on the other hand, had not gotten a wink, he'd tried, just couldn't, it seemed, even attempted to go and lye in his bed for awhile, but nope, that had not worked either. Apparently, Volt wanted to be out there where they were. So, had been made to go back out there, was told 'you walk or I walk us.' West had gotten up and gone back out there. Volt could be very annoying at times, it seemed.

T.J. parked his car in West's garage and they all got out, Jo-anne kind of just stood outside the garage as T.J. closed it, didn't know what to do with herself, West thought, and she technically had no where to stay at the moment either. Having just returned to the pack and not been allocated housing.

"Terence, take her back to the first floor."

"Sure West."

"Jo-anne." West looked right at her, a part of him really wished she was not still wearing that bloody, pretty dress. She turned and looked right at him. Had no real choice, he was all Alpha at that moment, full authority showing in his voice. "You will not leave this pack again. Without my permission. Am I making myself clear?"

"Yes Alpha." she nodded, though didn't sound that happy about it.

“Good, now go to bed.” he stated. Turned and walked away from her “Same room as before Terence.” West shot at his Beta, he would bloody well know where she was, and his Beta would not be putting her in a room with a balcony. Period.

West left the two of them to walk by themselves. He was too damned tired to do anything else other than head for his bed and get some shut eye.

Didn’t even bother to shower, just pulled all his clothes off and climbed into his bed. Started, Miranda apparently, she swore at him in her shock. Then snarled at him about being gone for so long.

“Shut up, I’m tired.” he’d snapped back at her, only to hear her whine right away at his comment. He was too tired to deal with her throwing a tantrum, turned his face away and closed his eyes, she continued to whine. He snapped his arm out and pulled her into his body and she seemed to shut up and snuggle into him. Thank the goddess.

Woke up to Miranda’s hand going to town on him, looked right at her, she smiled at him, clearly over her tantrum, he grabbed her head and guided it to his hardened cock. She knew what to do. West closed his eyes and let her. He didn’t mind at all, it was a good way to wake up.

“West.” she had stopped and was looking up to him.

He knew what she wanted, it was all in her tone, pulled her up his body, kissed her hard and then rolled her over and give it to her just how she liked it hard and fast, then he stretched out on the bed next to her. Listened to her, her breathing was calm within less than 2 minutes, and her scent of arousal was already leaving her. Internally sighed, got out of bed and headed for the shower.

“You want I go with you?” he heard her ask.

West stopped and looked at her with a raised eyebrow. She was no longer aroused, he could tell “You want to go again?” he questioned.

“Sure, I liked it.” she smiled at him.

West shrugged and waved her into the bathroom ahead of him. Why the hell not, he thought. She smiled right up at him, happy it seemed, with the thought of round 2, she was easy on the eye, her blonde hair, blue eyes and tight little body, an ass to grab and hold onto, all them squats and lunges she did. Good for her, that always helped. That he had every intention of telling her to touch herself till she was all hot and bothered, knowing this would turn him on, then he’d turn her around and give it to her good and proper.

West strolled down to get some breakfast, quite relaxed, it was late in the morning, most had already eaten, so he took his food to his office to eat, only to find his father in there, sitting in his chair. "heard that you were back," he stated.

"What are you doing?" West asked.

"Cleaning up your mess, son." his father told him curtly.

"What mess?" West hadn't even been here. How on earth had he created a mess?

"Jo-anne's contract, of course." his father's eyes turned right on him, "going to cost you a pretty penny."

West frowned "What are you talking about? I null and voided her contract. It cost me nothing."

"Hmm," his father nodded at him "But son, did you think about the apartment she had in Seoul? the job contract she had in Seoul? Or the Art Exhibition she had over there either?" he was leaning back in the chair staring at him pointedly.

The answer was 'no' and not only did West know this, his father also knew this. He frowned. "No, I guess not."

"Well, West, I have been fielding calls while you were out there, on your own mission to bring her back. Do you want to know what damage was done, or do you not care at all?"

West sighed, he knew even if he didn't want to know. It was clear to him, his father was going to tell him anyway. He was here making a point about it. "Go, ahead, surely it can't be that bad."

Watched as his father leaned forward in the chair and rested both his arms on the desk, stared right at him, "Money wise, nothing to the pack. However, her Art Exhibition son. Was cancelled because she couldn't show up for it."

West stopped eating now, "What? Why? The artist doesn't need to be there." he'd been to many art galleries no artists had been there. Sometimes he supposed they were.

"It was part of her exhibition contract, that she was there for at least the first week."

"Oh." West had not known that.

"Oh, indeed, West. Now all her art work, is being repacked and sent back, at your cost, son. I did try to sway the art director, but how was I supposed to explain to a mere human that you Alpha Ordered Jo-anne, not to set foot in that country. So she physically could not."

West shook his head, there was no way to explain that to the humans. If it had been a shifter gallery they would have understood, he supposed.

“Son, it breached her contract and the Art Gallery is billing everything to you. From gallery space, for the entire length of time, that her art would have been on Exhibition. To the receiving and unpacking of it. The setting up and pulling down of the Exhibition, repacking and shipping it back not to mention all staff wages for all of this. And there was a fee for her breaking the contract as well. Might owe her an apology, Westley.” his father finally finished.

West sank down “Just pay it.”

“Oh, the pack is paying for it. Her apartment was also full of her belongings, now has to be shipped back. Again, at your expense, West, and that apartment, you’ll be taking a loss there too. The real estate informed me, if they can’t re-lease it, you’ll be paying the rent on it until they can.”

“Anything else?” West asked.

“Yes, going off on an Alpha filled-rage to hunt one person, might just not be the best thing, without thinking it through, or knowing all the facts, Westley. Just a little Alpha to Alpha advice there.”

“Well, if you hadn’t gone and approved it in the first place, none of this would have happened now, would it father?” West shot back at him, annoyed.

“And just what do you think would have happened if I hadn’t approved it?”

West was frowning now. “What?” didn’t understand what the man was implying.

“Pretty certain, our Jo-anne, would have just left. Likely gone rogue to do so.”

“I doubt she’d have gone rogue over it.” what she-wolf was the stupid.

“Might want to ask Jonathon’s opinion on that if you don’t believe me. The way she argued with me about going. Her own Alpha at the time.” he shook his head “Still might do it West, if you’ve ticked her off enough, and once a rogue, any order you’ve placed on that girl, will be invalid and she can do as she pleases.”

West’s frown deepened, he didn’t think she would do it. But his father was right if she did, no order he placed on her would work. “Her family is here. T.J. is here.” he rationalised.

“She hasn’t had anything to do with any of them in a decade. I don’t think they are of great concern to her. I suggest, Westley, you apologise to the woman.”

West was not going to apologise, he was the Alpha and his word was law. She had to abide by it, it was that simple. If he so pleased, he could very well lay down a bunch more orders for her, and she would have to abide by them all. Each and every bloody one of them.

His father was staring at him pointedly, "I heard you," West stated.

"So, should I apologise for you, then son." his father snapped, sounded angry and obviously knew that West wasn't going to. His father got up out of the chair and stalked out of the office.

"If you want," West replied to the empty room and got up to sit at his desk. To actually look at the amount it was going to cost the pack. Blinking in shock, damned near 10 grand so far.

His father had estimated it all out, and left it on his desk for him to see. Then, as he lifted the top paper was the contract his father had signed for her two-year stay, and the company she would have been working for, the contract he had signed to say she could work there. He'd written down the monetary sum total of her estimated earnings for that two-year period and written in bold red pen down the bottom of the page Must Be Paid, as contract breached by new Alpha, not pack member, and his Alpha seal was on it, therefore West had to pay it.

West glared at the total, damned near 100 grand. What the hell? She was costing him a fortune, not to mention the cost of his private jet, pilot and the fuel for his jet. The accommodation he'd had while hunting her, the money he had shelled out to bribe people into tracking her throughout the airport to find out where she had gone, as well as that money paid to the computer hacker in Singapore and the car hire while over there. Bloody hell, maybe he should have thought about it, before going off all angry to retrieve the woman.

West was taking quite the hit. One bloody woman cost him damned near 150 grand, for a 2 day jaunt overseas. He was not going to apologise if she had not left the pack in the first place. Like he'd told her not to, he could have saved an easy 40 grand. Bloody woman was causing him trouble.

Chapter 13 - Her Alpha's Orders

Jo-anne POV

A full blown shivers woke her up this morning. She'd managed to get to the bathroom and turn the shower on, and stand in there while it hit her, washed over her and was sitting on the floor afterwards, her head back against the tiles, trying to catch her breath. Well, at least it had not hit her on that plane last night. Only occasionally did they stop mid shiver. Who knew why? Not her, that was for sure.

She showered and headed into the pack's town centre for brunch. Sat and watched as pack members went about their business, some of them smiled at her and said hello or good morning, she returned their greetings. Others looked at her as if wondering why she was here at all. A few saw her and dismissed her altogether. Guess it was to be expected, a mixed response to her presence here in the pack again. Seeing as what she used to be last time she was here.

Saw both her sisters walk past, smiled right at them, had not seen them in a long time only up there on stage for them to pledge their loyalty to West. They had grown up a lot, she now realised. They both looked at her and frowned as though they didn't know who she was, and then continued on their way.

Jo-anne frowned, she noticed the uniforms of the packs laundry that they were wearing, simple pale green dress. Why would they be working in the laundry? she wondered.

"Don't worry about them love." the cafe owner told her. "Annoying young ladies, both of them. Think they are better than their standing."

"They're my sisters," Jo-anne replied, looking up at her.

"Oh, sorry, they don't much look like you." she commented.

"Different mother," Jo-anne clarified for her.

She had grey eyes and cinnamon brown hair with lightly tanned skin. And her sisters both had dark brown hair and pale skin, lots of freckles across both their noses and dark brown eyes. Both were also, she noted, short, like their mother Karen, they both took after her, it seemed. Didn't get their fathers' height. Unlike Jo-anne who stood at 5ft 10 inches, both her sisters would be lucky to make 5ft 5inches.

But both of them should know who she was. She might be 9 and 7 years older than them respectively, but she had lived in the same house as them until she was 16 and she'd not left the pack until she was 18. They would have been 11 and 9, so surely they would recall her.

"Why do they work in the laundry? Do you know?"

The woman, Jean, her name tag read, just looked at her for a moment, a little oddly "Do you not know?"

"Know what?" she had no idea what the woman was talking about.

Watched the woman glance at her sisters up the road and then sighed and looked back at her. "Jo-anne right?"

"Yes."

"I wasn't here for what happened between you and the Alpha, came here after I met my Mate about 6 years ago, but rumour has it, Alpha Westley, de-ranked them when you left. The day after you left, I think it was."

Jo-anne's eyes widened in complete surprise, no, she had not known that. Alpha Damien had never once said anything to her about it. Not in all the years she had been dealing with him. Not even when he and Luna Natalia had turned up at her dorm to make sure she was alright, nothing.

"My father? You wouldn't happen to know what happened to him, would you?"

"Border patrol, my Mate shifts with him sometimes. He's a patrolman as well. Heath keeps to himself mostly from what I understand."

Jo-anne sighed that was a relief to hear. She thought for a minute that West had de-ranked them right down to Omega status. She had not meant to hurt her family when leaving West, though at the time hadn't thought about anything or anyone else, just wanted to get out, to set him and herself free of their Mate Bond.

She guessed he was happy to get rid of her family right away.

Though Jo-anne knew that they had all been ranked up, by the end of her first week of being West's Mate, she had not been there for it. Had only heard about it. She also knew that they had gotten perks from it, to go along with their new title, as the future Luna's mother. A new house out on the lake and eventually new cars as well, but she had not been a part of that, and she'd barely seen them at all. Her schedule had been very full once she'd been moved into West's room.

Still in school and then right after school she'd had to attend Luna Lessons, and occasionally she'd had to attend the higher-ranked events, not that she had ever wanted to. Then, when she'd had enough, she had just turned to her studies. She'd seen her sisters in passing and her stepmother, but Karen had gone back to ignoring her, the moment West had been forced to take her as his Mate.

Her sisters, she'd never really been close with them. Spoiled the both of them, right from birth, Karen loved and doted on them, unlike her, not her flesh and blood, so not closely bonded unfortunately, not that Jo-anne hadn't tried to be a good daughter to the woman. She was the only mother Jo-anne had known, and wanted the woman's approval.

She'd always been just polite to Jo-anne, never cruel or mean, just a little on the indifferent side. Guess having a reminder of her Mate's first Mate, hanging around all the time, hurt her. A constant reminder that he'd had a Mate before her, loved another before her, bore a child to that other woman as well, kind of put a rift between them, she sighed.

Jo-anne had heard that Luna Natalia and Karen were the ones planning her 18th birthday and that it had been going to be a massive deal. West had hated it. Told her at one point it was a waste of the packs money, the amount of money being spent on it was ridiculous, glared right at her.

Jo-anne had told him not to bother with it at all, she didn't want a party. And it had been the truth. That had been a week before she'd stopped talking to him altogether.

Perhaps she should go and visit them, though if West had de-ranked them that quickly, they might not be happy to see her at all. She didn't know. Not really getting along with her stepmother and then being de-ranked, because Jo-anne had rejected West, probably wouldn't go down so well.

Jo-anne sighed and stayed put for now. Thinking about it made her wonder what her rank in the pack was for that matter. Probably just like her sisters, she had no idea. Perhaps T.J. would know. She was pretty certain it was very low. She sighed, guess she should find somewhere in the pack to live. She couldn't stay in the pack house with no rank.

"Jean, are there any available places to live in town?" she asked as she paid for her meal, though it was unlikely, this was a good sized pack 1500 when she'd last been here, but homes were generally built on an as-needed basis.

"I'm not sure, perhaps you could try over in the un-mated apartment building. There are always rooms becoming available over there."

Jo-anne nodded "Thanks, I guess I should." though she didn't much like the idea. That place was just one big free for all. Un-mated male and female wolves who didn't care to wait on their Goddess-Gifted Mates lived there and they were happy to sleep around with anyone. Even when she had been growing up, her father had told her to stay away from it.

Jo-anne headed back to the pack-house, strolled through to the library. No matter what rank you were, the library was available to all. She took herself up to the second floor of it where all the portraits of all the previous Alpha's and Luna's were. Alpha Damien's portrait was here now she saw.

West must have removed it right away from the office. She wondered if he'd want one of himself. Doubted very much, even if he did, that she would be the artist to get to paint his portrait. Though she was very good at it. Made quite a tidy profit, well had until Alpha Damien had jacked the packs fee right up. She knew why, to make her want to come home.

It would go right back to 25% once she moved home. Incentive to come home she thought absently.

West, however, was not a fan of hers, she'd already gotten two Alpha Orders on her, one not to set foot in South Korea, a place she really did want to go and be in. The second not allowed to leave the pack without his permission. Why would he do that? Want that? She didn't know, the man was a law unto himself. She'd never understood him, apparently never would.

"Jo-anne?" a female voice gained her attention.

She turned around and found herself face to face with Miranda, the future Luna of her pack. Smiled a little nervously at the woman "Hello." were they about to get into a fight, about what happened between Volt and Clova. Though her tone had not implied hostility.

"I heard from Alpha Damien that you're quite a good artist."

"Yes, I do oil paintings and watercolours, mostly some acrylic."

"Excellent." she suddenly smiled brightly up at her and grabbed onto her arm. "Could you paint a portrait of West and I? One of us together."

"I could, though I doubt West would want that."

Miranda laughed and waved a hand at her, "Oh, don't worry about that, he's a teddy bear at times. I want to give it to him as a gift, once he makes me officially the Luna."

A teddy bear at times. Jo-anne did not believe that, but if it was true, she would like to see it for herself. Definitely would not believe that unless she saw it with her own two eyes. Nothing so far since coming back here, had led her to believe that was a truthful statement.

"If you think, it won't make him mad. That he would be okay with it, I don't see why not." she nodded, wasn't going to say no to the future Luna.

"It will be all good. But I do want him to be smiling in that portrait."

"That might be a bit of a challenge. The man has never smiled when I am around." she told the woman honestly.

It was really weird, the woman seemed so happy and still willing to be with West after what his wolf had done. Perhaps he had explained it to her, who knew. But it was pretty clear to Jo-anne that Miranda had no idea it was Jo-anne's wolf that had hurt hers.

Jo-anne was not about to be the one to tell her either, that was up to West. If she did say anything, even so much as apologise to Miranda, and it brought trouble to West and Miranda's relationship, West would certainly hunt her down and punish her. Best she stay out of the Alpha's business.

"He hardly ever smiles. Might need to sneak about and take a few photos when he's not looking. I noticed you have a good camera as well, and Luna Natalia already showed me some of the swearing in ceremony photos you sent them."

"I do got some nice shots, I think, last time I was here."

"The last time you were here? Did you go somewhere?" she asked, sounding a bit confused.

That surprised Jo-anne. Had West not informed his Mate where he had gone? Or why? Goddess, this poor woman must have been frantic with worry. "Um yeah...just gone a few days though." she nodded.

West, it seemed, had done as he pleased and didn't even have the courtesy to inform his Mate, and she was still smiling about the man. This woman surely was indeed smitten with him. He should start treating her better. But then he might. Behind closed doors, Jo-anne had no idea.

"Oh, good! There is an Alpha's meeting here in the pack later this week. All the allied packs Alpha's are coming, to have an official first meeting with West." she was smiling happily "it's so exciting, even my father is coming. You might be able to get something then." sounded very excited for West.

"I can certainly try." Jo-anne nodded to her.

"Thank you, and please don't tell him. I really want it to be a surprise."

"Okay, that I can do." she couldn't refuse her future Luna.

Watched as the woman headed off out of the library a bounce in her step, happy as can be. Either West treated her very well behind closed doors or she was putting up a very brave front. It had only been a few days since Volt had mated Clova. If it was her and her Mate or his wolf had done that, feeling the pain of betrayal, she doubted she would be able to forgive him, let alone be so happy out in public like that.

Shook her head slightly. Not her problem, she guessed.

She sank down on a chair and looked up at the portraits. She was going to need a very large canvas. Life size would be best. She was also going to have to buy all new oils, the ones she'd had had been shipped off to Seoul, now hopefully on their way back to her, but who knew? She'd already spoken to Alpha Damien this morning. He'd linked her to tell her he was trying to sort out the mess West had created. She had thanked him not much else she could do.

She was quite upset about her lost art exhibition, but she knew no matter how upset or angry she was, she could not go storming into her Alpha's office and scream at him for

it, likely end up in the cells for it. Or have him roll his Alpha Aura right at her till she was on the floor begging for him to stop and apologising to him. Not going to happen, been there before, did not ever want to feel that again.

Chapter 14 - Her Alpha's Orders

Jo-anne POV

Jo-anne return to her room and sank down on the couch to access her art supplier in Seattle. She selected the right size canvass, she already knew a life-sized one would be the best option. And she knew how tall West was, so that was easy. If she did a portrait of him from the hips up it would get his whole physic and that would also show Miranda too.

She wondered as she sat that if she could get a picture of the two of them, one with his arm around her would be the best option. But even on the day she had arrived, he'd not had his arm around her. He had his hands in his pockets and Miranda had been holding onto his arm. At the swearing-in ceremony she had not been able to get a picture of them together at all. The woman had been standing off to the side of the stage.

That in itself was a little weird. He was the Alpha now. Why hadn't he claimed her or announced her. She shook her head, perhaps he was just waiting for the full moon so she could have a ceremony all for herself. It would be the normal, she guessed. Though if that was the case, wouldn't it have been...While he was hunting her in Singapore? Damn, had she ruined the woman's Luna Ceremony? Did it get put off because West had gone off to bring her back?

No, that would not be the case. West would never do that, he would just have come after her once it was over, he would not and his mother and father wouldn't have let him ruin the woman's Luna Ceremony, and she didn't look pissed off at all. So no must be going to be on the next full moon.

She headed into town again and picked up a few sketch books and some pencils. Returned to her room and sank down on the bed to sketch out a few poses that she thought would be good for the two of them. Simple, standing next to each other like the first time she'd seen them though with his arm around her. One with her sitting on his lap. If she could get a photo of them, when they were alone and maybe chatting amongst just themselves, surely he'd be smiling in that. How hard could it be? Or one where he was at his desk sitting and she standing next to him. That would make for a nice picture. She had no problem seeing Miranda smile in all the pictures.

West, on the other hand, could be a problem, guess she was likely to have to go and sneak around the pack trying to snap a few pictures of him, could do it from a distance and use the zoom to get up close. So he wouldn't know what she was doing.

Looked around the room she was in, couldn't paint in here, if she got oils on the carpet, it would likely get her into trouble. She really did need to find a place of her own, with room to put up her easel and lay out all her paints so she could start working.

'T.J.'

'What's up Jo-Jo?'

'I was wondering if there was accommodation available over in the un-mated apartment building.?' she asked him.

'Why would you ask that?' sounded as though he was frowning

'I can't stay in the pack-house forever T.J.' she commented.

'I'll discuss your accommodation with West and get back to you.' he told her and cut the link.

Jo-anne shook her head. Why would he need to discuss it with West? She was, by definition, an un-mated she-wolf. It is technically where she should be staying. Got up and headed over there herself. She could find out on her own. West was unlikely to care where she stayed as long as she didn't physically leave the pack. It wouldn't bother him.

She walked across to it. It was a large 4-story building. Nothing in this pack was allowed to be taller than the pack-house from memory, it looked neat and tidy, every room appeared to have a balcony that she could see. A brown brick building with large windows, she could see people were home in their apartments. Goddess she could see some of them having sex right this minute.

Adverted her eyes and kept them focused on the front door, did they not think to close the curtains, who wanted to be on display like that, guess some wolves just didn't really care, only out to sate their primal needs and forget about the world around them.

Stepped inside the building and over to the woman behind the desk. "Hi, I was wondering if there is anything available?"

"Yes, would you like to see the rooms?"

"I would thank you." Jo-anne nodded.

The woman's name was Nancy, she was a Mated wolf, pretty filigree adorned her neck, smelled a bit like a warrior, probably mated to one. No actual warrior would do this job, she thought absently. She was a nice woman, friendly enough, looked a little surprised to see Jo-anne here.

But other than the look of shock which had only been fleeting said nothing about it. Guess being West's ex-Mate and being here looking for a place to stay was not something she was expecting. But where else was she going to go? She had not lived on pack territory for a decade and didn't have anywhere to live.

Nancy seemed happy to chat, she told Jo-anne there was to be no mating in the hallways, no mating in the pool or spa down stairs either. That none of the rooms had kitchens and most un-mated wolves ate in the pack-house dining room for all meals. No real surprise on that one. There were actually two separate wings in the building, one for the males and one for the females. There was limited parking and currently no spaces available. If she had a car, it would have to be parked over in the visiting allied pack's car park off to the east of the pack-house itself. That didn't bother her, it was where her car was now. She'd organised it to be picked up and returned to the pack before boarding her flight. Nil issue there. Used the same pack movers.

Nancy showed her a room on the 1st floor. It was a simple room, bedroom and bathroom with a small balcony that had a chair and table on it. No real room for her easel and art supplies. There was a room on the 3rd floor, the same as the first floor. The exact same lay out only, had a view of the pool and spa, on the inside of the building.

The room on the 4th floor was much the same. These rooms were no different to dorm rooms, she realised, probably didn't need to be seeing as only the un-mated stayed here, once they were mated off, could apply for a house to be built or move into one that was ready and waiting for a family.

The view, however, was really nice. It was at the very front of the building, and she could see over the town centre from here. "It's nice up here. I like the view." she told Nancy as she leaned on her elbows on the railing to really look at it. "What do you need from me, to get this place?"

"Just come down and fill in the paperwork, I'll stamp it and that's it." Nancy informed her.

The process was very simple. I guess it was easy to prove she wasn't mated anymore, and that was likely all you needed to do, she guessed.

"What the hell are you doing?" was roared from the ground below as the two of them stood looking out at the view.

Jo-anne and Nancy both turned their attention to the ground below to see what all the fuss was about. Not often did you hear yelling like that around the pack, usually only when a Ranked member or the Alpha and his Unit were on the warpath. Someone was in trouble, that was for sure.

Jo-anne found herself looking right at Westley, who was glaring up at her, fumingly mad it appeared. Was he talking to her, he was looking up at her? Then he was gone just like that inside the building.

Nancy looked at her a little shocked. Jo-anne shrugged at her. She didn't know either.

"I'll take it." she told Nancy.

"The hell you will, Jo-anne." Westley burst into the apartment and latched his hand around her wrist, was yanking her through the apartment. Her eyes were very wide, he must have used his Alpha Wolf speed to get up here so darn fast. Didn't think she'd ever seen him move that fast before.

"It's just a room." she pulled at her wrist in his hand, had a bloody death grip on her and would not let go, was already pulling her down the stairs.

"Not on the bloody 4th floor with a balcony you won't be." he grated out.

"West I'm fine." she tried to tell him.

"No." he snarled at her, as he dragged her out of the building altogether and was stalking off towards the pack-house, still had hold of her and no matter how much she tried he was not letting go. Pulled her all the way into the pack-house and to her room on the first floor, not listening to a word she'd said. Didn't care that she had been struggling to make him let go of her the whole way, or that people were watching for that matter.

Banged her door open and shoved her through it, then stood glaring at her. "You will stay right here, what is wrong with this room?" he snapped at her.

"Why are you so mad?" she didn't understand him.

He was fuming still, she realised, backed away from him when he stalked into the room, stalked her clear across her room until she had no where to go, till her back was up against the wall, her eyes were on his and his had never left hers.

West was mere inches away from her, put a hand on either side of her, caging her in between his arms, leaned right down until his mouth was pressed against her ear "If you think for one second. I will let you live outside this pack-house Jo-anne. You are mistaken. You will stay right here in this room, where I know where you are. Where you have no Fucking balcony." she could hear anger touching every single word.

"That's ridiculous, I've lived on the 3rd floor with a balcony for years." she told him, and it was the truth.

"I don't care." he grated "In my pack, you will do as I say."

“Then I’ll leave West, perhaps.”

He cut her off, his hand was suddenly on her chin, tilting it, brought his face right to hers, his lips almost touching hers “I forbid you to leave Jo-anne.”

“That’s insane,” she gasped at him. “you don’t want me here. And it’s pretty clear I tick you off too much.”

“Deal with it.” he grated, staring right down at her, his eyes were starting to glow, Volt was right there on the surface with him now.

“I order you...to live in this room.” they snarled at her together. His Alpha Aura was rolling off of him, she gasped and bared her neck to him. Had no choice, his aura was demanding submission from her.

Then he was gone, like a shot out of the room, banging the door closed and she was alone, standing up against the wall. Closed her eyes and took in a deep breath, let it out slowly. Opened her eyes as a shudder rolled through her, that was a memory she did not need. Was still standing there 5 minutes later when her door opened and West stood there and looked right at her, for maybe 10 full seconds.

“I’m sorry.” he said, then closed the door and was gone.

That’s a first, she thought, West apologising to her after he Alpha Order her. He’d never done that before. Apologised, yes she realised, but his Order still stood. He did not rescind it. The man clearly had issues. Maybe he needed therapy, she thought. It might do him some good. It had helped her.

So not allowed to leave the pack and now ordered to live in the pack-house, who knew what went on in that man's head, or what he wanted of her. He had a Mate, why did he even bother with her at all anymore? She had no idea.

Clearly, coming back to this pack, had been a mistake on Alpha Damien’s part. He should have left her out there in the human world, never have asked her to come back. It would likely have been better for the both of them, though at this point Jo-anne was really thinking it would have been better for West.

She herself was fine now, had been happy with her life, with herself and she and Clova had been settled and comfortable, now she was once again in the man’s line of sight. In his line of fire it seemed.

For although Jo-anne had set him free of her, which she knew he had wanted. Knew he’d found his Mate now too, he still couldn’t deal with her at all. Her presence irritated the man, no matter what she did, it was likely always going to irritate him. She’d never been able to make him happy.

He was still angry after all these years, probably still blamed her. She sighed heavily and flopped down on the bed to stare up at the ceiling, guess she was just going to have to stay well clear of him. Not much else she could do at this point. Though with that portrait to paint...ah heck she was going to have to hunt the man, when he wasn't looking.

The future Luna had requested her as much, sneak about and take pictures of him. Goddess, if he caught her she was going to be in trouble.

Chapter 15 - Her Alpha's Orders

West POV

His eyes moved right to T.J. "Say that again?" he asked, a slight hard edge to his voice. Not that he needed to hear it again. He had heard it perfectly clearly the first time. She wanted to know if there was a room available in the un-mated accommodation. Was the woman completely crazy?

That place was just a way station for young horny wolves to go and fuck anything and everything that was living there. They would all know who she was. What she had once been. Those un-mated wolves might like the idea of fucking a previously-ranked Luna wolf. Some of them would more than like it, he could well imagine.

Most she-wolfs stayed at home, in their family homes until mated off. Clearly, she didn't want to go back to her family's home. Guess, living on her own, she was now too independent to do so. Not that West wanted her anywhere near her own family either. He even stayed away from them, seeing that they had not left after he had de-ranked them. Just slunk away back to their previous home as he had demanded of them.

West was still staring at T.J. who had not repeated himself. The look on his Alpha's face probably spoke volumes. He had allocated the woman a room, right here in the pack-house for that matter. It wasn't much, but it had all that she needed: a bed and a bathroom, a comfortable couch to sit on, TV with all the pay channels available. The only thing it didn't have was a kitchen. She could eat in the pack-house dining room or in the town. He didn't really care about that.

The room she was in was no different to the rooms in the un-mated apartments. Actually, the furniture was nicer, due to the fact that it was a room for visiting packs ranked members. What more did she want? a bloody suite.

"I guess that's a no." T.J. nodded at him. "I didn't much like the idea either, I'll tell her later when I see her."

West nodded, his Beta was not stupid and also knew what it was like over there. But now he couldn't focus on anything, he just knew deep down that damned woman was

going to defy him. Seemed she liked telling him 'No' nowadays. He didn't like it all, her newly found independence annoyed him.

"I'll do it myself." he muttered to T.J. after about 5 minutes of trying and not being able to get any work done. West got up from his desk. It appeared he was going to have to lay down some ground rules where she was concerned. Perhaps she had forgotten what it's like to live inside a pack and do as you were told.

West took a moment outside her bedroom door to calm himself down, didn't want to be yelling at her. A simple statement should do it. Knocked on the door, got no answer. Knocked again and called out her name. Nothing. Put his hand on the door handle and turned the door knob. The door was not even locked.

Who leaves a door unlocked when not in their room? He looked inside, not there 'Oh she didn't go over there already' his anger was rising already. He just knew that she had, bloody woman doing as she pleased yet again.

West turned and stalked down from the first floor and through the pack-house.

"West darling."

"Not now." he snarled at Miranda on his way past her and out the front door of the pack-house, headed over to the un-mated apartments. He could already see wolves going at it on the 2nd floor, they hadn't even had the sense to close the damned curtains. This is why she will not be allowed to stay here.

To his absolute horror, he saw Jo-anne up there on the 4th floor, leaning on the balcony railing. West's heart damned near exploded out of his chest, was suddenly beating all erratically at the sight of her up there leaning on that railing.

"What the hell are you doing?" he and Volt roared up at the woman. Saw her turn her head and look down at him, then Volt was up front and racing them as fast as he could go, up to where she was using all his Alpha speed, fuelled by adrenaline, in order to get her away from that balcony.

They burst into the room in time to hear her say she'd take the apartment.

"The hell you will, Jo-anne." left his mouth before he could even think it through, then Volt had a grip on her and they were dragging her away from that balcony and out of the building. Back to the pack-house, West didn't care who saw him either and he knew she was struggling against him and his grip trying to make him let go, causing a scene.

Didn't even care when he pulled her right through the pack-house front doors and past a very shocked looking Miranda, up to the first floor and shoved her into her room, the one he had allocated to her.

It appeared she didn't understand why he was mad at her. How was that even possible? He'd bloody well told her, not on the 4th floor with a balcony. How the hell did she not get it? Then asking him why he was so mad, that made both him and Volt fume with anger. It should be obvious, he thought. Stalked into her room, stalked her across the room, saw her back up and away from him, all the way to the wall. Didn't care, he would tell her in no uncertain terms what he was thinking.

Pinned her up against that wall and told her "If you think for one second. I will let you live outside this pack-house, Jo-anne. You are mistaken. You will stay right here in this room. Where I know, where you are. Where you have no Fucking Balcony." he grated out at her, angry that he had to explain it to her.

West did not care that she had been living in Seattle on the 3rd floor with a balcony for the past 4 years, and told her as much. He was the Alpha now, not his father. She was going to do as he told her to or he would order her to do it.

Telling him she would leave, infuriated him. Had he not just retrieved her from leaving, less than 12 freaking hours, they had been home and here she was stating she was going to leave him yet again. He had already told her once and then had to remind her she wasn't allowed to leave this pack. Grabbed her chin and leaned right down. His eyes were locked right onto hers a mere inch away "I forbid you to leave."

"That's insane. You don't even want me here. It's pretty clear I tick you off too much."

Yes she probably thought he was insane, probably sounded like it right now, but he had his damned reasons. As for not wanting her here? Had he not tried, he practically begged her not to leave that day. She was very wrong on that account. He had not been the one who'd wanted her to leave and, yes, she did bloody tick him off. At every turn it seemed, because she couldn't follow a simple order. It wasn't that bloody hard.

"Deal with it." Volt was pushing forward, they were way too close to her, but his wolf, it seemed, didn't want her trying to leave either and both of them believed she would. Again, finally, he and his wolf were in agreement about something. "I order you...to live in this room." his aura rolled out of him at her to make it official, to make sure she knew it was him as the Alpha ordering her.

Hearing her gasp and seeing her bare her neck to him, made West realise he was pushing too much on her. He'd not meant to do that. Shot out of the room at full wolf speed. His anger had gotten out of control. He'd not meant to hurt her. Just now with his Aura. He hadn't meant to make her bare her neck to him like that "Fuck." West punched the wall in front of him.

He knew he and Volt had pressed the issue too hard. Even Volt, right now, was annoyed and cranky with himself. It would not have hurt just Jo-anne but Clova too, Volt was not happy with himself any more than West was right this minute.

Took a few minutes to calm himself down and then went back to her room. Opened the door, saw that Jo-anne was still standing exactly where he had left her. Looked nervous to him. 'shit'. He thought 'this is not good.'

"I'm sorry," he told her, and meant it. Then he closed the door and walked away. Didn't want to see that look on her face. Was she afraid of him?

He'd not meant to roll so much aura at her. He had told himself, he'd never do that to her again, yet here he was doing exactly that. Just like he always had. Seemed he couldn't keep himself in check. West did not want a repeat of their past history and Jo-anne certainly did not need that either.

He returned to his office, all he could do was apologise, and he'd done that. Hopefully she would accept it and hopefully she understood he had really meant it.

In his office he found Miranda standing there staring at him. "What is going on?" her hands were on her hips.

"Nothing." He snapped right back at her and went to sit down at his desk.

"What is going on with that girl?" she asked him directly.

"Nothing, she defied an order I gave, I punished her is all." he informed her curtly, he did not have to explain himself to her. Why was she suddenly demanding that he needed too.

Heard T.J. sigh heavily and looked right at him "She is fine Terence." he stated flatly.

"Guess I'll go and see for myself." he stood up.

"Why? You would know if I'd hurt her, wouldn't you?" West shot at him, the man would.

"What is going on?" Miranda suddenly yelled at the top of her lungs, and stomped her foot at him.

West turned his head slowly to look directly at the woman, she dared to yell at him. Her blue eyes were glowing with a green tinge, her Alpha wolf was with her now and he could feel her pushing her Aura at him. This was the first time she'd ever tried to assert herself, West realised. She had changed since he'd become the Alpha, he realised. Thought she held more power in his pack. Even with him.

"Get out." he snarled at her, and rolled his Alpha Aura right back at her. No-one had the right to speak to him like that.

"I will not." she shot right back, balling her fists by her sides, still glaring at him, looking for a fight it seemed.

West smirked a little nastily at her. "Do you want a fight, Miranda? Do you really think you...can take me on," he would, if necessary, to put her in her place.

He saw a tiny bit of fear touch her, then she simply turned and stalked out of the room and slammed his office door shut without saying a word. West sat back down. Volt did not like that she had challenged him like that either. Wanted to put her in her place, it seemed.

"Terence."

"Boss."

"Go spend the afternoon with Jo-anne."

"Sure. Doing what exactly?" he nearly laughed, almost teasing him.

West glared right at his Beta. "Just keep Miranda away from her."

"Oh, sure thing." T.J. stated and left the office.

West just knew that Miranda was going to cause trouble, she was an alpha-blooded female she-wolf, who thought she had a claim over him. Had seen him drag Jo-anne through the pack-house, and now she was spoiling for a fight.

If Miranda saw T.J. and Jo-anne together, she would calm down instantly. Those two already have a strong connection, they bloody looked like Mates half the damned time. She would see it and leave Jo-anne alone.

Heard Volt snarl at him, for the thought of his Beta and their Ex, but did not say anything. West ignored him. This was the easiest way to keep Jo-anne off Miranda's radar and calm the alpha wolf inside of her, without him having to actually explain who Jo-anne was to him. Didn't look like, telling her the truth would go down so well with her.

West also knew that Jo-anne would have no problem with spending time with T.J. at all. He didn't like it, but had to deal with it. The full moon had been and gone and now both he and T.J. had to wait for another month to find out about her.

She, too, had not found her Fated Mate in the past decade, none of them had, it was really weird, their little triangle. The only problem he had with the next full moon was his mother had already organised a mating ball for that day. 5 other packs would be in his territory when the moon set.

West rubbed his temples, sometimes he wished he was an only child. But no, his mother and father had to go and have a whole litter. West had 5 younger sisters, and 3 of them, triplets, had just turned 18, this ball was for them.

Trying to find them their Mates, she'd invited only packs with un-mated Alpha's at that. Damned woman was trying to piss him off. He could swear it. Not that West had been expecting Jo-anne to be in the pack for it. So he hadn't objected to it at the time, knowing it would be the first mating ball he actually held as the new Alpha of the pack.

His mother currently still held the Luna position of the pack, until he had his own. Though he guessed she'd been expecting him to announce Miranda at his swearing in or any day now. But he had not. Would not be.

He was likely going to have to go and find Miranda and put that woman in her place, firmly so. Roll her bloody aura at him like that. She wasn't even a member of this pack. Yes, she had resided here for the past 2 years, in his bed, but still she was not a pack member, something that ticked her father off to no end, that West had not claimed her yet.

There was currently an Alliance between her father's pack and his pack. Due to the fact that she resided here, but he'd not made it. She had followed him here. West had not asked her to come. Her father, Alpha Thomas of Black Lagoon Pack, had not been overly impressed. She was not the future of his pack, but still his daughter. The man had a son to take over from him when he was ready, not that much younger than West if he recalled correctly. Miranda was the man's second youngest child, had two older brothers, and unless they both died, she'd likely be mated off to another packs Alpha, or a ranked member, being an Alpha-blooded she-wolf and all.

West made her attend every mating ball. If she found her destined Mate he would wish her luck and push her at him gently. He would not stop her from leaving and he doubted she would stay, if her goddess-gifted Mate showed up. West was also not about to go and get into a fight with another Alpha male or Ranked member of another pack over a woman.

Yes, he liked that she did as she was told on every occasion, and he liked that she never said no. But that was not all he wanted. He did want other things for himself. Just never let himself have them, couldn't. He would never allow himself those small things he wanted that might actually make himself happy. He had no right to be happy. So he avoided it, denied himself and would continue to do so.

Rubbed his temples and sighed 'Terence, take Jo-anne around the pack and find a place to build her that art studio, please.'

'Sure thing West...you got any idea where you want it?'

'Let her pick a spot.'

'You're sure? She might choose...somewhere far away!'

West sighed, bloody woman would do, he supposed, 'In sight of the pack-house then, I guess.'

'Alright West.'

'Thanks Terence.'

'Just calm down a little, hey.'

'Mm.' West cut the link to his Beta, easier said than done.

West refocused back on his work, at least now he had one less thing to worry about today. She would be safe with T.J. and happy to boot.

Chapter 16 - Her Alpha's Orders

Jo-anne POV

T.J. dropped down onto her bed next to her and smiled right at her. Jo-anne raised an eyebrow at him questioningly, it hadn't been that long since West had dragged her into this room. Perhaps he was here to check on her. "What?" she asked him. Rolled over onto her side and stared right at him.

"Guess who just got told to spend the rest of the afternoon with you?" he was grinning at her, obviously it was him.

"I don't know." she smiled at him "The grim reaper, if it come from West." she snorted.

T.J. laughed "What did you do to piss him off, Jo-Jo?" he asked.

"Oh you know, exist." she half laughed. "Seems my existence is enough."

"Huh!" he seemed a bit confused "That's not it, not today anyway. What did you do?"

"Nothing just went and looked for a place to live is all."

T.J. sighed and sat up, looked down at her. " You went on over to the un-mated apartment, didn't you"

"Yes, why is that such a big deal to him T.J. I am un-mated." she reminded him.

"He's just a grumpy bastard."

"Always was T.J. I see nothing has changed."

"So you up for going out to do something?" he asked.

“Yeah I guess...” she waited as his eyes glazed over, Mind-Linked by someone in the pack.

“Hmm, seems I have a mission attached to you.”

“Goddess what did I do now?” she huffed and flopped back down on the bed.

T.J. laughed and got up. “Come on.” he reached down and grabbed both her hands, pulled her up onto her feet. “Find a place for your art studio to go, is the mission.”

“Oh.” that was a nice surprise she thought. “Alpha Damien actually going to follow through on my contract even though West broke it?”

“No. West is. Came from him.” He was smiling at her now, seemed very happy.

“What?” she was frowning up at T.J. now.

“Come on, West said, anywhere, as long as its in sight of the pack-house.”

Jo-anne shook her head, one minute angry with her and issuing orders out, then the next giving her an art studio. Perhaps his father had forced his hand, that was likely it. “The man is nuts. Can you see the lake from up there?”

“I don’t know. Maybe. Not likely I’d be allowed to take you to the roof to find out either Jo-Jo.”

“Goddess, I’m fine can’t you all see that?” she was annoyed, years of therapy and living freely had done her a world of good.

“Hmm, still West will likely go ballistic. Do you want that?”

“No.” she answered him honestly, and Jo-anne really did not want that.

“Come on, let’s go look from my room. I got a corner suite and can see lots of the pack from up there.” he grabbed her hand and led her out of the room.

“I’ve never been in your room before,” she commented.

T.J. laughed “first time for everything, Jo-Jo. It’s not the same room as before, when you were here. I’m the actual Beta now got a whole suite to myself, pretty darn cushy up there.” he told her as they walked up the stairs.

His suite was indeed cushy, as he called it, walked around and showed her the entire thing. It was like a whole apartment up here, 1 massive master bedroom with en-suite and walk-in that was massive, not even all his clothes filled it half way. There were 2 other bedrooms, she’d raised an eyebrow at him. He’d informed her for his pups when

he found his Mate. Only wanted two, she supposed. There was a large fully stocked kitchen and a dining room, plus a massive living area.

His room was at the eastern end of the pack-house. He had a full wrap-around balcony from his bedroom to the dining room and the view was grand indeed. He could look south down into the packs town centre from the dining area, and from his bedroom he had a full view to the east and up north. It was impressive. She asked if he had been allocated or got to choose it. Picked it himself, he smiled proudly at her.

She wondered why it was all the way down the opposite end to where West's room was, or had been he could have moved rooms, she thought, their room had been in the west wing at the front of the building and nothing like this, just a very large spacious room, not a suite like this.

They were standing in the corner of the balcony looking out over the pack. She looked all the way around "So anywhere insight of the pack-house hmm?" she could see a very long way from up here on the 4th floor where the Alpha and his Unit all resided.

"Yes, that's what West said." T.J. smiled down at her.

"So, you know I can see the very far reaches of the eastern border from here." she pointed it out to him. It was up on a hill. There was a road that went all the way to it and the edges of the borders were all cleared of trees.

"Mmm, I see it. Might not be what he meant, Jo-Jo."

Jo-anne shrugged, "It's technically in sight of the pack-house is it not? And I imagine the view down the valley into rogue territory is probably pretty."

T.J. chuckled "Yes I guess so." then he cleared his voice "What about over there," he pointed to the tree line to the north of them.

"I don't know, got a better view of it?"

"Let's go over and look at it. There's a nice stream not far from it and a little bridge too, quite pretty." he mimicked her words back at her.

"Since when?" she asked. There had never been one there before.

"Lots of things have changed while you were gone." he commented,

Jo-anne supposed that it was very likely she had been gone 10 years. "Let's go look, to keep T.J. happy."

"Over there, I'll be able to see you, from here. That makes me happy, Jo-Jo."

She laughed as they left his suite. "You creepy perv."

He snorted with laughter and shook his head, "I ain't no peeping tom, besides, it's just an art studio. Not a living space."

"Could be a little room out the back. I don't need much T.J. never did."

"I know Jo-Jo."

They walked out of the pack-house and over to the area he'd picked out for her, she did like that it would back directly on to the woods. She could wander outside and roam, maybe pick up inspiration when not working on an actual contract.

"I like this place. He pointed out the Alpha's office windows from here, "Even when I'm working I can check on you."

"It's not too bad." she admitting though if he could see her, then so could West.
"Where's this stream and bridge?" she asked him.

He walked her into the woods just a short 10 minute walk and there was a pretty stone arch bridge, crossing over a stream. She smiled as she walked onto it, there were flowers all along the banks on either side, it was very pretty, he was right. "Why T.J. do you bring all your girls here?" she teased him. She could see it would make for a very romantic spot, especially under a full moon and a sky full of glistening stars.

He laughed down at her "Na. I like the lake better. I just thought you'd like it, is all."

She smiled "it is nice. I guess this place will do." she nodded, she could see herself sitting right up on the bridge sketching away, could see herself painting the bridge itself with all its flowers along the bank. Both oil and watercolour, for that matter. It would look good even covered in snow when deep winter sets in.

"Good, I'll let West know."

"So what now? Your mission is over."

"I still have to spend the afternoon with you. It's a nice day. Why don't we walk and catch up properly?"

It was a very nice way to spend the afternoon. They took a late lunch in one of the town's cafe's and walked right around the lake. Jo-anne noted her family's old home was not there, asked what happened. He told her it caught fire, with a shrug, and said nothing more on the topic. They did not return to the pack-house till dinner time, and she sat with T.J. for her meal so comfortable around him.

West appeared and sat down at the other end of the table, Miranda with him, no surprise there. Even now the girl had eyes only for him, it seemed. She smiled at Jo-anne and asked her how her day had been.

“Good, spent it annoying T.J. all afternoon.”

“Who’s T.J.?” she questioned.

“What?...Oh, Terence here.” she’d forgotten for a minute that she was the only one to call him T.J. It was not something anyone else did ever, their thing, like he was the only one to call her Jo-Jo.

“T.J.” Miranda smiled at her Beta “it’s cute.”

“You will call me Terence.” T.J. informed her a little curtly, frowning at her.

“Oh, will I?” she replied, leaning back in her chair.

“Yes.” he snapped at her. Even Jo-anne was a little surprised by his tone. She knew it was their thing, but he’d never really yelled at others about it before.

“Miranda, only Jo-anne here, gets to call him that.” West interrupted them, glaring at each other “They have a...special bond.”

“Oh,” Miranda said and then looked from Jo-anne to T.J., smiled “Oh!” she giggled “I see.”

Jo-anne highly doubted it, it wasn’t like that at all, but she didn’t correct the woman and neither did T.J. or West, for that matter. It was not unusual for people to think there was something more between her and T.J. Even in school when she had been younger, people had commented that two of them were really close and she’d heard on more than one occasion people say they thought she and T.J. would likely end up Mate’s.

Not that she’d ever been around him in that manner, or looked at him like that. She doubted he looked at her like that either, they were just really close. They did have a very close bond, it was unmistakable and she did trust him completely, she supposed.

Jo-anne shook it off, and turned her attention to the future Luna of her pack. She was talking with everyone, she had gotten up and wandered away from the table to talk to people, knew nearly everybody, Jo-anne realised. Wondered how long she had been here in the pack? If she was Wests Mate, why had he not Marked her yet? Wondered if there was perhaps some sort of Mating Alliance, that was preventing him from doing so until a certain time. It was possible, she thought.

The woman, it seemed, was very friendly, a happy and smiling critter, the total opposite of West himself, she thought. The man did not smile ever, even his father had told her

as much. For Miranda to be that happy all the time, he must be a very different person behind closed doors.

"I like her." Jo-anne suddenly said, turning to West "Got yourself a good Luna." she smiled right at him, the pack seemed to like the woman as well. That was a good thing too.

West was staring at her now, with narrowed eyes, almost as though he couldn't figure out why she had said that to him. She was just trying to let him know she was happy for him, really truly happy for him.

Then she stood up, she had finished her meal. "I'm going, have a nice evening." she addressed both of them. Waved to Miranda, the woman smiled and waved back, and then she walked out of the dining room, heading for her room.

She had chosen a place for her art studio and, according to her contract, she was allowed to have a say in the design of it, and seeing as the contract was going to be honoured it seemed she might as well go ahead and sketch something up, that she liked.

Chapter 17 - Her Alpha's Orders

West POV

Hearing Jo-anne tell him, she liked Miranda and that she thought she would make a good Luna, irked him. She may very well do, but not his. Why she would even tell him that, he had no idea. She didn't even sound one bit upset about it. Another woman taking her place next to him. Not even the slightest bit jealous at all by the sounds of it. Bothered him quite a bit.

If she had turned up here with a man on her arm he'd not likely have handled it well at all.

She waved and smiled at Miranda, like they were friends even. Miranda, he noted, had smiled and returned the wave. Made West frown, when had they spent time together, to get so chummy like that. He didn't know, and he didn't like it.

"Picked a spot for the Art Studio." T.J. interrupted his thoughts. "Lucky for you I was there to guide her, in making the decision."

"Why is that Terence?"

West watched as his Beta leaned back in his chair and stared right at him "Because my friend. You can see the eastern boarder from the pack-house."

West frowned right at him. Was the man high? "No you can't."

"Yes you can, from my room." T.J. smiled right at him, happy with himself it seemed.

"Jo-anne was in your suite?" his eyes narrowed on the man.

"My bedroom, to be precise." he smirked. "Liked being in my room. Thought it was nice."

West wanted to punch the man in the face, resisted the urge to do so. "So where will it be going?"

"Hmm, don't know if I should tell you. You're too grumpy with her."

West watched T.J. pick up his cup of coffee and sip it. The stubborn bastard would keep that to himself too until the construction started and then he might go about it around West. The man could keep all manner of secrets. "What do you want, Terence?" He knew how to play this game with his Beta.

"For you not to yell at her the next time you talk to her. Then I will tell you." he was looking right at West, fully amused with himself.

"That's it?" He didn't believe it. There had to be a catch.

"Baby steps West." he laughed "I think you'll like the spot I picked."

"Will I be able to see it from the pack-house?"

"That was the condition, I believe." he nodded.

"Don't think I won't punch you in the face, Terence."

His Beta shrugged at him indifferently. "Wouldn't be the first time you and I came to blows over Jo-Jo now, would it West?"

West frowned, no it would not be. T.J. and he had, had several fist fights where she was concerned. West knew that T.J. was very protective of her and that's the reason for it. Massive difference of opinions over her. Only one had gotten completely out of hand and his father, Damien and T.J.'s father, Jonathan, had, had to get between the two of them and pull them apart before one had killed the other. Tossed both there asses into the cells, over it actually, and neither had been allowed out until they had calmed down, which had been difficult, seeing as Jo-anne had been lying in the hospital bed damned near dead.

West had let it go, he'd let them all go, in fact, T.J. had been right on all occasions. West just had not been in a good place at the time, in any of the times to be honest, though in that last one he had let all his anger and emotions out, and T.J. had taken the brunt of it, unfortunately.

There had been no-one else he could take it out on, and when T.J. had punched him right in the hospital, West had turned on him and all hell had broken loose, an Alpha on Beta, show down that had been very loud and aggressive.

Yet here they were still friends, still hanging out and getting along. Perhaps it was the fact that they could, just punch the living hell out of each other, to get their anger and frustrations out at each other, on each other that made them so close. West was not the easiest person to get along with. In fact, he didn't really get along with anyone. Yet T.J. was laid back and got along with all.

"You will tell me."

"When I see you, be nice to the woman. I will tell you." T.J. nodded.

West huffed in annoyance, "You're a royal pain in my ass."

"I know, but you need me to be."

West also knew that was true as well. T.J. was the only person in the entire pack, who not only knew everything about him. Including what had happened between him and Jo-anne, but how West actually felt about all of it as well. Essentially, why West was the way he was, he supposed, was the best way to explain it.

Miranda sat back down. "Where did Jo-anne go?" she looked to T.J. for the answer. Good she thought they were more than friends. Which is what West wanted.

"Her room, maybe an early night." he told her.

"You didn't want to go with her?" she teased him.

"No." T.J. said simply "I'm going out for a bit tonight, West."

"Go." West nodded, the man was likely off to visit Silvia, his current she-wolf.

"We could go to bed early?" Miranda looked right at him, he didn't miss her meaning.

"I have work to do. Go if you want to."

"West come on." she urged him.

His eyes turned right on her. "You want to discuss your attitude from earlier." he shot at her, he was still more than pissed off about her trying to lord it over him in his own pack.

"No." she pouted. "Why won't you claim me already?" she got up and walked away from him, got about a dozen steps and stopped and looked back at him. "I waited patiently till

you became the Alpha. It's time West." she snapped at him, that last part. Right in front of a room full of his pack members.

West stood, and stalked after her. She wanted to have it out, then let's have it out. After her attitude today and now this, disrespecting him in front of a room full of his pack members, he grabbed her arm and took her right to his office, closed the door and stood staring at her for a solid minute.

"Have I ever told you, I would claim you?" he stated flatly.

"No." she folded her arms across her chest.

"Then why are you pissy about it," he asked, somewhat aggravated himself.

"You are the Alpha now. You need a Luna and we've been exclusive for 2 years West. It's pretty obvious that you like me."

West took a deep breath and shook his head slightly "And how many times have I told you, you can leave anytime that you like?" and he had said it, a lot.

"You're just pushing me away. That's why you say that."

"No it's not, I do mean it. We are not Mates Miranda, our relationship is all sex, nothing more." he told her honestly.

"You like sex." she stated.

"Yes I do." he admitted. But who didn't?

"2 years West. Together just you and me, doesn't it mean anything to you? The whole pack, your parents and my father. All expecting you to Mark and Mate me."

"We are not exclusive, Miranda." he corrected her. It was the second time she'd said it.

"Yes we are, I live with you. In your bed every night."

"Alright, I can't deny that, when I am here you are in my bed every night...How ever, I am not exclusive to you. When I am not here, I do fuck others," he told her plainly.

Watched her eyes go really wide. She had no clue, how was that possible? How could she not know she had been on his plane, seen the draws, it was pretty obvious or should have been. She hardly went anywhere with him, so obviously, those sex toys and protection were not for her. He thought she knew and simply turned a blind eye.

"No you don't." she shook her head "I don't believe you."

“Ask Terence, Ricky or Cole even. If you don’t believe me, you will not be my Luna Miranda. Stay for the sex or leave if you want to. I’m not offering to Mark and Mate you. When I announce a Luna, it will be because she is my Goddess-Gifted Mate. Not a chosen Mate.”

West watched as tears welled up in her eyes, and sighed. He knew what he had said was harsh but she needed a reality check, it seemed. “You have known this for a long time. Why are you suddenly crying about it?”

“You don’t care. Why talk to you at all, West?” she turned to leave his office, stopped in the doorway, stood for a minute and then looked right at him “I love you West, why can’t you see that.” And then she walked away.

West sighed, rubbed his temples ‘loved him’. What on earth had he ever done to warrant that? He’d never, not once given her so much as a single flower, no gifts ever, never even said one romantic word to her, all they did was fuck, when it suited him and how it suited him. He couldn’t understand how she could turn that into love.

He wasn’t even nice to her. If he was completely honest with himself, treated her like a play thing, she seemed to like it, so he’d never had a problem with it. Perhaps it was time to send the woman home to her father. He would be here in a few days. He’d encourage her to return home. Better for her that way, she would not get what she wanted from him.

West stayed in his office and worked till midnight, before heading to his room. Miranda was in there. That surprised him, he thought she would have gone off and found an empty room to sleep in, at that revelation that he was having sex with others, clearly not.

He showered and got in bed. She was not asleep, she did, however roll over away from him and hug into a pillow. He sighed internally, he had a feeling she was going to be hard to get rid of. Sending her home with her father was definitely the best option for her. He’d better tell her.

“Miranda?”

“If you want sex, go find it else where.” she shot at him.

West actually nearly laughed out loud, she was actually going to throw a tantrum, it seemed.

“It’s my bed, you leave.” he told her and stretched out his hands behind his head.

She actually kicked him then rolled over and hit him. The second hit he grabbed and stopped her, deflected the next. Oh yes we were going to have a full blown tantrum, the woman was completely naked, he noted as he grabbed her other wrist while she lashed

out at him, used his size and strength to pin her down to the bed beneath him “Do you really want to fight me?” he spoke down at her. Damned woman was squirming like crazy underneath him, within a minute he didn’t want to fight, and pressed himself right down against her so she could feel he was fully aroused by her right that minute

“No.” she finally whispered “I don’t want to fight with you...I just.”

“Just what Miranda.”

‘Nothing, get off me West.” he got off her.

Lay back down on his side of the bed, and watched her sit up. “You may go anytime you like, I’ve always said that.”

“I’ve never found my Mate West. Neither have you.” she climbed right up on top of him. “Why don’t we just?”

“No,” he cut her off, “you will find him, go to sleep.” he told her and put his hands on her waist to move her off him.

“I’m not tired West.” she pouted down at him.

The woman was crazy: “Goddess Miranda, you’re angry at me, and you still want me to fuck you.”

“I like sex with you.” she was sliding herself against him.

West shook his head. “I’m not going to change Miranda.”

“Will you?” she looked down at his hard cock.

“Sure, how you want it?” he asked. He was hard might as well put it to good use.

She giggled and grabbed him, pushed herself down on him and started to ride him. He was not done when she was, flipped her over and pounded in and out of her till he was done. Took a bit of doing today, his mind being else where. Laying there on the bed next to her and staring up at the ceiling, she wasn’t likely to go anywhere, not til one of them found their Mate that was. He knew it and she knew it.

He closed his eyes and thought it was a pity she wasn’t his Mate. The girl would do anything and everything. Nothing, it seemed, was off limits. She really did enjoy sex in all its forms. If she had been his Goddess-Gifted Mate, it might have actually been nice.

Chapter 18 - Her Alpha's Orders

Jo-anne POV

It was late at night, she'd on purposely waited till this late hour before venturing out of her room. The pack-house was all dark, the lights out, it seemed every one had turned in for the night. Jo-anne knew Clova was feeling restless and wanted to get out for a run, she had on purpose put it off and waited til now.

Slipped down the omega stairs at the end of the first floor corridor and let Clova shift her the minute she stripped out of her clothes, she ran off into the woods to just run as fast as she could, being free on the pack's territory, all pack members were allowed to roam freely in wolf form, always had been able to. She had been allowed to do that even when Mated to West. Thought that had usually brought Volt right to Clova for a good mating or two.

Jo-anne had on purpose put this off for hours, worried that if they came across Volt he would mate Clova again. Clova didn't seem opposed to the idea, it seemed either. Her only thoughts on the matter 'If my Alpha wants me, I will let him have me.' So Jo-anne had waited til now, it was nearly 2 in the morning.

Waited to avoid Volt, the pack-house in complete darkness. When she'd glanced out of her room, it was likely that he was up in his room on the 4th floor with his Mate, she'd felt safe to let Clova out.

Found herself by the North Eastern border, face to face with her father's wolf Jester. He was a brown wolf with black markings on his face and two black front paws, stood a head taller than Clova. Jester tilted his head to the side as though he didn't recognise her. Jo-anne knew that Clova had new markings on her fur. When she had returned to Jo-anne she had whimpered in pain upon her first shift, as the same pain had gone through her as it had Jo-anne when she had gotten her celestial moons, down from her neck to between her wolfs shoulder blades and her eye colour was also a little different had silvering on the outer edges of her iris's she did look a bit different.

But still Jester should be able to recognise her. She was his child after all, 'Dad!' she mind-linked him so that he and his wolf could be certain it was actually Clova standing before them.

'Go away, Jo-anne.' he told her flatly, his voice sounded cold and emotionless.

'Dad please. I had to leave.' she tried to explain to him. She knew she'd given no warning that she was going to up and leave, hadn't known she was going to do it herself until it happened.

'Then you should have stayed away.' he snapped at her and Jester turned to walk away.

She tried again to reach him only to have his wolf turn and snarl aggressively at her. Clova backed away from him slowly, he was bigger than her and knew how to fight, took on rogues when they attacked the border was a strong wolf compared to her.

Backed away to show his wolf that she did not want to fight him, even lowered her head slightly to show respect to his wolf, but to her shock and then horror, Jester suddenly lunged right at her and bit her right on the shoulder, tore a chunk right out of her.

Clova howled in pain and the minute Jester's teeth were gone from her, turned and ran away from him. Jester didn't give chase, just let her run away.

Jo-anne didn't understand, neither did Clova. For that matter, why would they attack her? She'd not done anything wrong, she was limping, lame on her left front leg, pain coursing through her shoulder and radiating down her leg.

'shift us back, Clova.' Jo-anne told her softly. It would be her shoulder and there would be no limping or trying to walk on it. The wound would cause less pain in human form. Clova felt hurt not just physically but emotionally as well, as confused as Jo-anne was about what had just happened.

Sank herself down against a tree, blood coming from her wounded shoulder, painful it was. Tears welled in her eyes, she didn't understand his response to her. Why would her own father attack her?

'Jo-Jo?' she heard T.J.'s worried voice come down the Mind-Link.

'T.J.' she sobbed, unable to hide her sadness at the situation.

'Where are you? I'm coming.'

'I don't know,' she said, looking around. She had not exactly been keeping track of Clova's movements, they were supposed to be safe within the pack. Not attacked by one of their own. 'some where between the pack-house and the North Eastern boarder.'

'Stay there. I go you.'

'I...I need clothes.' she told him.

It did not take him long to find her, and he hunkered down in front of her. "Jeez Jo-Jo, what the hell happened?"

She just shook her head, didn't want to talk about it, he was already looking at the bite mark and missing patch of skin on the back of her shoulder. He'd come in human form fast on two or four feet. Pulled his shirt off and helped her to put it on over her wound, apologised at the pain it caused her, she just shook her head, it didn't matter.

"Pack hospital now." he stated, his Beta tone showing, took her right hand in his and walked her off at a hurried pace "who did this to you?" he asked her.

"It doesn't matter." she whispered, not wanting to tell him the truth of the matter.

"It bloody does matter, Jo-Jo. Pack members attacking other pack members is unacceptable. You know this." still in full Beta Mode, she realised.

Jo-anne didn't say anything, it would just get her father into trouble. She walked next to him, keeping pace with him, her hand in his, holding onto it tightly, silent tears falling down her face. She didn't even know what she'd done wrong.

Clova had backed away from Jester, to show she was no threat to him, that she had been willing to leave, even lowered her head from him in a submissive gesture. It didn't make sense to her or to her wolf.

Jo-anne was sitting on the hospital bed in a hospital gown, one arm out of the sleeve, the doctor and T.J. had carefully removed the shirt from her wound. It had become stuck to her on the walk there and peeling it off had caused it to start bleeding again.

T.J. was now standing right there watching the doctor as he set about trying to stop the bleeding and was meticulously cleaning the wounds, a full set of wolf teeth marks over her left shoulder and down on her back.

"When did you get that?" he asked her.

Jo-anne turned to look at him, his eyes were on her back, her hair was pulled down the right side to keep it out of the doctor's way and he was obviously looking at her celestial moons. He couldn't see them all, likely just the top one and part of the second one was all.

"Years ago," she answered him simply. Truthfully, he probably thought it was a tattoo, she and Clova were the only ones to know it was not. He said nothing about the markings, curious in all likelihood was all.

"I have to report this Jo-Jo. Who attacked you?" he asked again.

She just shook her head slightly. "It doesn't matter."

"Yes it does. You will tell me. Or you will tell West." he stated flatly.

Jo-anne closed her eyes. West would find out anyway, "Can we just let it go T.J. please just this once, you don't have to tell him. It's not that bad."

The door to the room banged open and West was staring right at her. Jo-anne didn't even need to open her eyes to know it was him, she could feel anger rolling off of him. She knew what his anger felt like, had spent two years living with it, it was an unmistakable feeling for her.

"Jo-anne?" he asked, controlled anger in his voice.

"Yes Alpha," she replied, but did not look at him, responded to his Alpha tone though.

"Who did this to you?" he asked directly.

"No-one," she whispered, she didn't want to tell him any more than she did T.J.

"Terence?"

"She won't tell me either." T.J. responded to his Alpha's unspoken question.

There was a long silence in the room, and when she finally did look up, she found West just standing there watching her. He said nothing. Jo-anne just knew what was coming, he was debating with himself whether to Alpha Order her to tell him. Why he debated with himself she didn't know.

She knew that he would do it in the end, didn't care. Her lips were sealed, the only way she would tell him or T.J. for that matter would be if one of them ordered her to tell them, she was not going to volunteer the information. West would punish her father for this.

West might not like her, or having to deal with her, but he was the Alpha of the pack now, and T.J. was right. Pack members attacking other pack members for no reason would be punished. If she said anything, West would haul her father in and punish him likely severely. Jo-anne didn't want that, she just wanted to know why Jester had attacked them? Why had her father sounded so cold towards her?

He stood as did T.J. and waited, just staring at her, "She'll need some stitches, Alpha."

"Do it." West stated flatly, then he turned and left the room. T.J. followed him out of the room.

It surprised her that he didn't order it out of her. He'd never had a problem ordering her before. Why not now?

A dozen stitches she got, Clova would heal her up as good as new in a few days, the doctor told her. He was looking down at her. "Been a long time, Jo-anne, since you were in this hospital."

Her eyes moved to his. "Has it?"

"You don't even remember, do you?"

"Guess not." she shrugged, had a fair idea of what he was talking about, but at that time she had not cared to know who was taking care of her, hadn't cared about anything.

"You need to talk to Westley about this."

“About what?” she was a bit confused. Was he talking about her past or the bite.

“Who attacked you? I don’t like seeing you like this. I’d prefer not to have to patch you up again.”

“Alright.” she nodded, she too would prefer not to have come here to be patched up again.

“So you will tell him then, who it was.”

“It was an accident,” she said, but didn’t believe it. Wanted to believe it, really wanted to believe it.

“Hmm.” he left the room after taking all the bloodied and used wound care products with him.

Jo-anne put her arm back through the sleeve of the gown and fixed it properly, West walked into the room a few minutes later and closed the door behind him. Here we go, she thought.

“Jo-anne, please...tell me what happened, how as the Alpha, can I assist, if you don’t let me.” he sounded quite calm to her.

She sighed “I startled another wolf and it bit me. That is all that happened.” she answered, hoping he would believe her.

“Alright. Who was the wolf?” he enquired almost casually.

“What does it matter? It was an accident!”

Jo-anne knew he was trying to be calm in order to get her to tell him what he wanted to know. She was not so stupid. Saw as he rubbed his temples and waited, it was his tell, she’d picked that up long ago, it meant he was unhappy about something.

His green eyes moved right to hers after a minute, then he walked over and sat right on the bed in front of her, looked right at her. “I will not punish them, if it was, as you say, an accident.”

She didn’t believe that, it took him all of about 5 seconds to realise she didn’t believe him either, shook his head and sighed “I’m not going to order the information out of you Jo-anne. I do need to know what happened. Your side and theirs though.”

“I already told you, I startled them and they bit me by accident.”

"I don't believe you," she heard him state, and then he got up. "I'll investigate, shouldn't take that long, seeing the time of night, not many out and about, border patrol mostly." he walked to the door.

Jo-anne wondered if he'd already gotten the information. He certainly was hinting at something and mentioning border patrol likely meant he knew something, but she would not tell him, and if he did investigate the matter? What would her father tell him?

"No shifting until this has been addressed." he told her right before he left the room.

T.J. returned her to her room, then stood there and stared at her long and hard. A frown on his face. "You've changed while away."

"I grew up T.J. that's all."

"Hmm, you used to trust me," he commented, sounding a bit hurt to her own ears.

"I do trust you." she told him honestly.

"Then tell me Jo-Jo, who was it?"

"No." she answered him "I'm tired T.J."

He stood there and stared at her for another full minute, then turned and left the room. She was tired, she realised, tired and confused. Clova was in the back of her mind, she felt sad to Jo-anne.

Chapter 19 - Her Alpha's Orders

West POV

'West.' his Beta's voice woke him.

West was tired, too darn tired, couldn't have been asleep all that long, he supposed 'Terence?'

'Pack hospital now.' he could hear the stress in the man's voice.

West's Alpha instincts kicked in, nothing stressed that man, well almost nothing. Volt's head raised inside his mind.

'Jo-Jo was attacked by a pack member.'

'What?' West was up and out of the bed in a split second and already looking for clothes. 'How bad? Who was it?' Volt was all attention now too.

'I think Clova took the attack, she was naked and crying when I found her. Told me she needed clothes.'

'How bad is it?' his heart was beating fast inside his chest, Volt was now prowling around in his mind. He could feel worry coming from his wolf for Clova.

'Not so bad, she'll be alright.'

'Who was it?' he repeated himself.

'She won't tell me.'

'On my way.'

West was now wide awake, pulling on his pants 'shower.' his wolf snarled at him 'smell like her.'

West didn't care, Joanne knew he and Miranda were together, it would not surprise her or bother her, from what he'd seen earlier. But his damned wolf had his feet glued to the floor, it seemed, fighting him for control, West found he was not winning either.

'Fine' he snapped at his wolf. Stalked into the bathroom and showered quickly, dried and dressed 'happy now.' he shot at his wolf.

Volt just snort at him but said nothing. He was finally allowed to leave the room and head for the hospital. It was still dark outside, no wonder he was tired, probably only had an hour or so of sleep.

Made his way to the packs hospital.

'Terence, she told you yet?'

'No. is quiet on the subject. Upset about it actually.'

West was angry, was the woman so stupid as to not want to report an attack on herself. He knew Clova had no fight training, could only run away. He'd not wanted her to train. Wanted to make sure she would stay away from all attacks, remain inside the pack-house, where she'd be unharmed if shit hit the fan.

More anger rolled off him as his Alpha hearing, picked up her soft voice as he came down the hospital corridor to the hospital's Luna suite. "Can't you just let it go T.J. just this once. You don't have to tell him. It's not that bad." She was in that room trying to convince his Beta not to report to him, the attack on her.

His hand hit the door and it banged open. He stood staring at the scene in the room. Her head was bowed, she had a hospital gown on her left shoulder and arm out of it,

there was a large wolf bite on her shoulder, Terence was standing just to the left of her and the pack doctor Patterson, was cleaning the wound.

West could see several sterile combines covered in her blood, on a wound trolley next to the doctor, there were gauze patches on several of the teeth marks on the top of her shoulder, still bleeding, he noted, her healing ability, either not activated, or Clova not being allowed to roam about freely all the time which had reduced her healing abilities, perhaps didn't even recall how to heal her. He didn't know.

Dr Patterson glanced at him briefly before turning back to the job at hand. He was the very man that had saved Jo-anne's life at 17, and here he was attending to her again.

West knew that he needed to maintain control. Volt was fuming inside of him at the site of her, at the smell of her blood in the room, not something either of them ever wanted to smell again. This was not her fault, he had to remind himself "Jo-anne?" he asked her, trying to reign in his anger at her bloodied appearance.

"Yes, Alpha." she acknowledged him.

Did not lift her head to look at him, her voice sounded a little more than sad to him. T.J. was right. She was upset about this. Wolves were normally angry creatures about being attacked, only ever sad if it was someone they knew, someone that they trusted and had not expected to attack them. Their Mate usually brought about this kind of response. West knew she didn't have a Mate, T.J. would never hurt her, nor Lark his wolf, for that matter. So who?

"Who did this to you?" he asked her a direct question. He was the Alpha she had to tell him.

To his annoyance, she whispered "no-one." It was a bloody lie. Look at the state of her, she didn't want to tell him. Was she protecting that person? His eyes moved to his Beta "Terence?" he asked, knowing the man would not miss his meaning.

"She won't tell me either," his Beta told him, and it was his Beta all up front.

West's eyes moved back to Jo-anne. Why wouldn't she say anything about this? It was his job to deal with pack members and pull them into line. She recalled that surely. He turned his eyes back to the wound, definitely a wolf's bite, so likely T.J had been right. Someone's wolf had attacked Clova. There was a possibility they didn't recognise her. But unlikely she had the pack's scent on her, he could smell the unique pack's scent on her, it kind of smelled like wet moss.

Jo-anne finally looked up to him, met his eyes, sadness in them. He didn't know what to do with her. To be honest, was not going to Alpha Order her to tell him he'd already done that to her twice in the last 24 hours, hurt her the last time because he'd been

angry, she was just looking at him, waiting for him to do it and he knew it. Why would she think other wise, with their past history.

“She’ll need some stitches Alpha.”

“Do it.” West stated flatly. It wasn’t the first time she’d been patched up. He turned to leave the room. T.J. followed him and closed the door behind him.

“ Who was it? Did you scent anything?”

“Possibly, I’d have to look into it.” T.J. nodded at him.

“Hazard a guess for me. Wolves are generally angry about being attacked, unless...” he trailed off.

“I think it was her own father. Heath, well Jester his wolf.”

West looked right at the man now. “You certain about that?” It didn’t make much sense. Heath had been protective of his daughter. Why would he or his wolf attack her? He knew she looked a bit different, smelled slightly different as well, but that man would know his own blood. “ It doesn’t make sense,” West admitted.

“No, it doesn’t, he was a good father as far as I recall.”

West agreed with that. Jo-anne had been a happy child, only not happy after waking up next to him at 16.

“Is he on patrol tonight?”

“Mm, North Eastern border.”

“Where did you find her?”

“Between the pack-house and the North Eastern border.”

West sighed “So it is likely you’re right then.”

T.J. just nodded.

This was not good. She was very unlikely to tell him anything if it was her father. It would definitely account for her quiet and sad demeanour, she was likely confused about what had happened. Likely, had not expected it either, what child was afraid of their own father, one who on all accounts had loved his daughter, something was off and he knew it.

Dr Patterson walked out of the suite and looked at West and shook his head. "I don't like having to patch that girl up every time I see her, Alpha."

"I don't like it either." West agreed with him.

"She'll be fine, smells different to me than the last time I patched her up."

"That she does," West acknowledged. The woman did look and feel different to him, smelled slightly different to him, why he had no idea. He didn't even know if she knew she smelt different. He did know she would have seen the difference in her eyes and likely Clova's as well, but why were they different? That was the real question.

West walked into the room and closed the door. He was not worried about being alone with her right now. Volt wouldn't do anything while she was injured other than want to hold her, he thought. But his wolf was still mad. It appeared about the insult to her wolf, Clova, felt certain if they were still bonded Clova would have told him without hesitation.

"Jo-anne please...tell me what happened." he asked calmly. There was no point in yelling at her, it would likely not help the situation. "How as the Alpha can I assist if you don't let me?"

"I startled another wolf and it bit me. That is all that happened." she told him. He knew it was a lie, too much sadness in her eyes for it to be the truth.

He let it go, the lie.

"Alright." he acknowledged "Who was the wolf?" Let's play it her way, perhaps he could get her to tell him if she thought he believed her.

"Why dose it matter? It was an accident." she countered him.

What was wrong with this woman? He rubbed his temples, was it so hard, to give up a name. He was just trying to find out what happened and get to the bottom of it, punish those who needed it.

That was his job as the Alpha. She would know that 'Ah' he thought 'that was it', if she gave up her own father, he West would punish the man and she did not want her father to be punished by her Alpha.

West walked over and sat right on the bed in front of her. "I will not punish them, if it was as you say, an accident." he tried to reassure her, but he was going to beat the man senseless and toss his ass in the cells for a few days for hurting his own child. He could tell right away that she did not believe him, probably came across in his expression. She would likely know how to read him. Had spent 2 years being weary of him and his moods, not that he had ever laid a hand on her, just voiced his anger.

West sighed and shook his head slightly. If she was not going to tell him willingly, then he would have to do it the official way and hold an investigation. "I'm not going to order it out of you, Jo-anne." he told her, and he did mean that "I do need to know what happened, your side and theirs, though."

"I told you. I startled them and they bit me by accident." she reiterated her story.

"I don't believe you." West told her truthfully, and he did not believe it was an accident. "I'll investigate, shouldn't take that long, seeing the time of night." it would be easy her blood trail would lead him and T.J. right to where it happened and the wolf in question. "Not many out and about, border patrol mostly." he stated hoping she would realise he was going to investigate and find out who it was.

Hoped she would tell him, seeing as he was going to find out anyway. She did not, however. He stood and walked to the door, stopped and said "No shifting until this has been addressed." and then he stepped out of the room.

Chapter 20 - Her Alpha's Orders

West POV

He left T.J. to take Jo-anne back to her room. Once they had both walked her from the pack hospital to the pack-house, she had not said a single word as she was walked between them. T.J. had a hand on the small of her back the whole way, for once, it did not bother West that his Beta had his hand on the woman. He was just trying to comfort her in a small way.

West went right to his office, while T.J. settled her in her room, he knew that T.J would try again to get her to talk to him once again. Try and get her to admit it was her own father. It was very odd that she wouldn't even talk to T.J. West didn't like it. T.J. didn't like it either.

"Nothing." T.J. banged the door shut as he walked into West's office. Angry, it seemed, with Jo-anne herself, very unusual, West could not recall a single time in his entire life when T.J. was even slightly upset or mad at her. This was new.

Jo-anne did elicit a primal response from his Beta, as much as she did West himself. "Let's go and talk to the man." West stated flatly.

T.J. nodded "I got the first punch West."

"Alright, I told her I wouldn't punish the person."

T.J. raised an eyebrow at him questioningly.

"I never said you wouldn't." West smiled at the man, a little loophole.

“Good, that bastard is mine.”

They left the office and headed right for the North Eastern border, found Jo-anne’s blood trail, could see where the attack had happened, didn’t look like Clova had even seen it coming. Her wolf’s prints were static and then just bolting away. West was more than annoyed.

They found Jester, Heath’s wolf patrolling as expected, as though nothing had happened, the wolf’s head lifted and turned to look at the two of them, bowed its head in respect, had not run off, it seemed. Perhaps he thought West wouldn’t find out, or maybe wouldn’t care. He was dead wrong.

Even if he hadn’t cared, T.J. would, and being the Beta, would have taken care of it, and with Jo-anne the target, his Beta would have been relentless even if West hadn’t cared. There was no way this man or his wolf would get away with it.

“Shift.” West ordered him, his Alpha Aura rolling out of him. The man would not be given a choice in the matter. He was forcibly shifted by his Alpha’s Order.

Heath stood before the two of them and sighed at them. He clearly knew why they were here, how could he not?

“What happened?” T.J. beat West to the questioning.

Heath’s eyes moved from West to the Beta of the pack. He knew just how close those two were, he was playing a deadly game hurting Jo-anne and had to know it. Hell Heath had actually let Terence name his daughter from what West understood of it. He’d been four and had tried to claim the newborn baby girl for himself, West had heard. It must have been amusing to see a 4 year old boy, a future Beta to the pack one day, claiming a baby barely a few hours old, was his.

“Jester bit her, she appeared out of nowhere, startled Jester is all.” The man told T.J. without hesitation.

“Why didn’t you alert the Alpha right away and disclose the wound you inflicted on your own child?”

“Why would I?” he looked right at West. “He wouldn’t care, it’s Jo-anne. And Beta, you would have felt it and come running, you did I presume?”

West watched T.J. as anger rolled off him. “Not the point,” he snapped at Heath.

“Watch your words, Heath, I care about all my pack members.” West shot at him. The man had never been around to see the relationship between him and the girl, had only kept that bloody threat of informing the council if he rejected her.

Heath shrugged "She ran off, it was already done and I have a border to patrol. I couldn't go after her. I did apologise, of course."

West did not think that was true at all. The man didn't even seem concerned, he realised. Was just standing there in front of him and T.J. answering the questions. Had not asked how his daughter was, in fact, it should have been the man's first question.

"I want a written report on my desk. If I am unhappy with it, you'll be put in the cells." West stated calmly. T.J. was more than angry enough for the both of them.

West saw T.J. glare right at him, didn't like West's lack of reaction to the situation.

"Yes, Alpha by 7am on your desk." Heath stated, and then turned and shifted back into his wolf and returned to patrol. Interesting, he'd not been dismissed by him or the pack Beta, thought it was over did he and could leave.

'Calm down T.J.' West Mind-Link him 'I was looking for something, he hasn't once asked how Jo-anne is.'

'I know that.' he grated right back.

'No remorse...when that report comes in, he's all yours, be patient. He'll be expecting nothing.'

'I'm going to beat it out of him. Why he did it?'

'You have my permission,' West told him.

Better that T.J. do it. Jo-anne wouldn't stay mad at T.J. for it, but West, on the other hand, she'd likely hate forever and he didn't want that. T.J. he knew could likely get away with murdering the man. West not so much, they had too much history.

'I didn't dismiss him either, but he up and just left T.J. Perhaps the man still thinks he holds Rank and doesn't need to explain himself to us.'

'That is punishable in itself.' T.J. stated

'It is. Let's let the man hang himself. Then you may have him.'

'You coming to watch?'

'Yes T.J.' West thought that was a stupid question, of course he would be right there.

His whole Alpha Unit was in his office waiting for the man to arrive. Both Ricky and Cole had been informed of the man's infraction. Ricky had frowned deeply and Cole had simply shaken his head and called the man stupid, as his eyes had moved to T.J. They

all knew T.J. wouldn't stand for anyone hurting the woman, not even their own Alpha. They'd actually seen the two of them slug it out once or twice. Stayed out of it, understood why he supposed. Seeing as everyone believed T.J. was likely to end up as her Goddess-Gifted Mate and West was Mated to her at the time.

Heath walked into West's office didn't even knock, he noted. That door did stand open, waiting on him, but that did not give the man the right to walk in unannounced. His eyes moved around the room. T.J. was right there next to the door, Ricky and Cole leaning on the back of the leather couch that they used sometimes to just sit and drink on at the end of a long hard day.

He was standing right next to his desk, would have been sitting but, like T.J. was expecting the man to try and run, he wanted a clear line at him. Not that he was likely to get past his unit at all. The man could fight though and very well. That's why he was on border patrol, good at taking down rogues.

Liked it as well, from what West could tell. He'd stayed out on border patrol even when he'd been ranked up while West and Jo-anne had been Mated to each other, stated he was happy out there protecting the pack. West's father had left him out there, less contact with West, seeing as he always pulled the night shift. Which meant the man slept during the day and had minimal contact with West. A bonus.

West held out his hand to the man. He stood 5' 10" same as Jo-anne he noted absently, though didn't look like him, he had black hair and brown eyes, "You want to hope it aligns with your daughters' account of the situation." West stated flatly. staring right at the man.

"It will. I assure you," he replied, seemed quite confident about that.

West's eyes were locked right onto the man, as he took the manila folder from him, opened it, then only looked away from him. He didn't like the confidence he was hearing, it was possible he and Jo-anne had mind-linked each other to get the story on the same page. West's instincts were telling him she would do that to save her father from being punished. Damned woman was causing him a headache.

It was the shortest report he had ever seen, 1 paragraph. More a statement.

Jester was startled by a wolf, did not recognise the wolf right away, lunged and bit her before he realised who she was. An accident. They had apologised as she had run off. Were unable to go after her due to needing to stay on the border to patrol. Then his signature.

"That's it?" West looked right at the man again.

"That is what happened." he replied curtly.

It had not escaped West, that the man before him had yet to ask about his daughter or her wounds, still it seemed uncaring about them.

"You realise it is an offence, to not report what you did, in itself, right?"

"I just reported it to you now, did I not?" Heath shot right back. Sounded somewhat angry.

West glared at the man, they had issues between them that were never going to be resolved, but he was now the Alpha, had always been the man's future Alpha, and he just couldn't seem to show any respect at all. West dropped the folder right into the bin. "I don't like you, Heath. You are a liar." he stated calmly but honestly.

"Feelings mutual." Heath replied right back, without hesitation, there had not been any niceties between them since the day he'd woken up next to the man's daughter.

But that was outright disrespectful of the man. He was standing in front of his Alpha and calling him a liar. West had never once lied to the man, he didn't care that Heath didn't like him, couldn't care less about that, to be honest, but to call him a liar. That angered him.

"Beta." West pulled all his Alpha authority forward "What's the punishment for not reporting, injuries to other pack members?"

"A day in the cells, Alpha." T.J. replied, a smile in his voice.

"Beta, what's the punishment for attacking your own family member, even accidentally?"

"A day in the cells and a lashing. 10 I believe."

"Beta, what is the punishment for dismissing your own Alpha and leaving mid conversation?"

"A beating, by the Alpha himself I believe." he could now hear the amusement in T.J.'s voice.

"Beta, I believe the man also dismissed you mid conversation, the Beta of this Pack. The punishment for that would be?"

"A beating from the packs Beta, Alpha."

West nodded, "Two days in the cells, 10 lashings and 2 beatings, one by the Beta, one by...Me." he looked right at Heath, the man looked to be fuming. "Oh wait, there was one other indiscretion this morning, I believe." his eyes locked right onto the man's "I believe you just called me a liar."

Heath's jaw was ticking, but he said nothing, knew anything he said would only incur more punishment. West smiled nastily at the man, "Take him." he waved a hand at Ricky and Cole.

Heath snarled at him all of a sudden, and lunged forward to attack his Alpha, found himself lying face down on the floor with both Ricky and Cole on him.

"I believe that was also a crime, Alpha," T.J. said from his position by the doorway.

It was indeed, attacking your own Alpha was a very serious crime. But they had all been expecting it. That was why the whole unit was here, in fact, witnesses to the crime. Heath was hauled away to the cells, held onto by his Gamma and Delta as he and T.J. walked directly behind. He was not getting away and he knew it.

West stood back, leaning against the cell wall and watched as T.J. ripped Heath's shirt off. He had already been cuffed and was now standing with his arms stretched up to the ceiling, his feet were on the floor but only just, he was able to stand, but that was it. He was pulled tight to the chains he was cuffed too. No escape for this man.

Leaned on that wall and watched as T.J. gave him 10 lashes with the barbed Cat of three tails. A three-tiered whip with three silver hooked barbs on each tail, to be dragged through the skin. The whip that was used for lashing people, usually not their own pack members, was usually reserved for enemy spies, caught skulking around, to get information out of. It was a very effective means to get said information. Or captured rogues working for enemy packs.

West, like Ricky and Cole, were all leaning casually, just watching, as the punishment was dealt out. West had not actually seen T.J. use that Cat so aggressively before. It appeared there was no restraint in the man at all. After each lash, he stopped and asked why he had bitten Jo-anne. Heath gave the same answer every time. Was ticking T.J. off to no end, it seemed.

His Beta could be very viscous, just like West himself it seemed. T.J. would not stand for Jo-anne being hurt by anyone, Not even by West for that matter. But what he was seeing here today? Was something completely new in his Beta. West knew that would have to do with his bloodline. T.J.'s mother was the youngest daughter of the Royal family that ruled over them all.

T.J. was part alpha-blooded himself. His father, Jonathan, a very lucky man, and that woman did love her Mate, had been through hell and back, only to return here to him and cling on for dear life to her Mate, a man who'd thought she'd been dead for 2 years at one point.

They all had thought she was lost to them, including her own family. She had disappeared without a trace and Jonathon's mark had disappeared from his neck, indicating she had died. The man had been devastated, survived it only because he had

T.J to look after. He'd been 2 at the time, didn't even recall his mother had been missing. To young.

10 lashes dealt out and Heath was now sagging from those chains, unable to stand to take any more punishment, it seemed. Poor bastard, it wasn't even close to being over for him.

West watched as T.J. washed the whip, carefully dried it and then casually put it away, before going over to the sink outside the cell and washing down his chest, arms and hands to get rid of the blood splatter on him. West indicated that there was still blood on his face. He washed that too, then turned and looked at Heath as he dried himself off on a towel, looking at his handiwork.

"Your turn, boss." he nodded to the man hanging limply from his wrists, still sounded angry to West in fact.

West shook his head, "You seem to be really enjoying yourself Terence." he commented, "And you've yet to give him that beating for disrespecting and dismissing you. Go ahead." West was not going to interrupt the man. He was doing a fine job of punishing Heath.

T.J. turned to look at West, a raised eyebrow at him. "Might not be anything left for you to beat Alpha."

"Mm, might not be." West acknowledged with a nod, pushed himself off the wall and walked over to Heath, grabbed a fist full of the man's hair, and lifted up his hanging head, looked right into his brown eyes. They were filled with pain, "I promised Jo-anne. I wouldn't punish him," he told T.J. also letting Heath know it was the only thing saving him from his own Alpha right, that minute.

"You actually going to keep that promise? Boss!" T.J. asked, disbelieving what he had heard obviously.

"Yes, I am going to respect Jo-anne's wishes." he turned to look at T.J. a smile on his face "You, however, did not promise anything to her, I believe."

"I did not." T.J. nodded.

West looked back to Heath "You should respect your daughter as well...You ever lay a hand on her again, you'll likely not survive it."

"You're one to talk." he spat out, "After what you did to her."

Volt snarled right at him wanted a piece of him right now. Not only did West have no memory of that day, neither did his Wolf, had been dosed with something to rid him and his own wolf of their own memories. Volt would never hurt her and he didn't like the

implication. 'No Volt'. West urged his wolf to back off 'Clova will be upset with you, do you want that?'

West felt Volt stalking off in his mind but didn't go far. He wanted to rip the man's head off for the damage he'd inflicted on Clova, but it was very clear to West that Jo-anne had been protecting her own father. They could not kill him. It would hurt her. It was the only card West could play with his wolf and it seemed to work.

West stepped back and looked at T.J. "You may beat him to within an inch of his worthless life," he stated, and went back to leaning on the wall to watch.

T.J. was not easy on the man, one hit after another, till the man was black and blue and barely recognisable to them all, was unconscious and dangling from the ceiling.

"Cut him down." West stated 'let him heal and put him right back to work the minute he can walk again, regardless of what wounds he still has. Still has 2 days in here as well.'

"Yes boss." his whole unit replied in unison as West walked out of the cells, headed back to the pack-house. Walked himself right to Jo-anne's room and pushed the door open, not locked again. He shook his head as he stepped into the room.

She was lying there asleep in her bed, safe for now from her own father. He did not know what was going on with Heath, didn't like it, but at least the man was locked up for now, for several days, minimum two, depending on how quick and efficient Jester was at healing the man.

Her long hair was pulled up behind her on her pillow, out of the way while she slept, and she was covered in a sheet. He couldn't see her wounds hadn't gotten a good look at them, but he knew what a wolf bite looked like. She had not wanted her father punished for what he had done to her, but how could he not? She had enough scars and trauma in her life, she didn't need anymore.

That bastard's wolf had attacked her and for what reason? They had not found out. Perhaps it had been as they had both stated an accident, even under T.J.'s punishment with that Cat, 10 lashes he'd gotten, still the man had not answered the question as to why he'd done it, stuck to his story that Jester had been startled and not recognised her.

West looked at her sleeping peacefully in her bed and wondered if she knew the real reason? Though from her saddened and very quiet demeanour, West doubted it. Could he get her to talk to him about it? Unlikely...Wouldn't even give her father up to T.J. that in itself spoke volumes.

West sighed, what was he going to do with her? He left the room as quietly as he'd come, though flicked the lock on the back of the door handle before closing the door quietly. Returned to his office to document the crimes and the punishment dealt out. Sat staring at his own report, wondering how long it would take Heath's Mate to come

asking questions? If she had the guts to? Heath still had to spend several days in the cells, as part of his punishment, and the man would be getting all of his punishment.

Karen did not come to him asking questions. Did he ever go to the cells and ask about her Mate. She was not allowed to see him. No one was allowed to visit prisoners, another part of the punishment. Heath was just lucky that Jo-anne didn't want the man dead right now.

The man was lucky to have such a loving and forgiving child, though how she had turned out so forgiving, still amazed West. He'd seen that when she talked to him, there was never any anger directed towards him, for their past. How he'd treated her. It did look as though she had truly forgiven him for his deeds. How, he didn't know.

He could not understand how she'd recovered so completely, did like that she was healthy now, mind and body. It really did suit her, and he did like seeing her smiling. Just never let himself to let on. How could he be happy, even if she really was?

Too much between them. Things he could not forget, not ever, burned into his memories. Nor could he forgive either. It all haunted him, everything about her. Things he could not un-see, undo, things he couldn't even recall having done, but knew he had. Closed his eyes, took a deep breath in, and pushed the memories away. It was all he could do.