

Beauty and The Beta Chapter 137

Chapter 137 – Asher

Everything had been so perfect. I had felt so happy, like I was in a heavenly state almost. Looking forward to a day in bed with Bailey, showing her how perfect we were together, and now we were in this mess... not just a mess, but I feared it could be the end. I rushed after Bailey, catching myself on the corner of the bed as I did, stumbling, and as I steadied myself she was already out of the door. Despite the fact I was naked, I rushed down the corridor of my home after her. So desperate to fix the situation we found ourselves in.

“Bailey, please!” I called after her, so desperate to try and fix this. Yet she didn’t so much as turn back. She was focused on making her escape. Escaping me. Her words had hurt. No. I wasn’t her mate. But, I so desperately wished I could be. It had been playing on my mind...

Yet, after all of this, I feared I may never be. She seemed to take my concern as an attempt for control. And that was never what it was. I know Bailey has had her former fated mate trying to control her for far too long – a true battle for dominance, one I think right now she was winning. But I would never tell her what to do. I know she is independent and more than capable of taking care of herself, but it didn’t stop me worrying about her.

And the fact her father and her Alpha were expecting her to attend the wedding of her former fated mate made no sense to me. The look upon her face when her dad had told her what was expected of her, had said it all to me. She did not feel comfortable at the request... it filled with her dread and fear, that had been evident in her expression. She still feared the man, and I did not want her going there in case he harmed her. Was I in the wrong for thinking that? Was I wrong in wanting to protect the woman I loved?

But, my request for her not to go was never me trying to control her, and I hate that she saw it like that. I had hoped that she might see it as a suggestion more than an order... seeing that she had an alternative. She didn’t have to do what they were asking her if she didn’t want to. If she was scared she shouldn’t have to agree. I don’t know now... I seem to have messed this up, and Bailey seems to be unwilling to talk things through.

I heard the front door slam as I made my way down the corridor, and I knew then I was too late. My whole body sagging against the wall, Zion whimpering in my mind at the potential loss of the woman we were both falling for. No, the woman we had fallen for. I may have been fighting it, but there was no denying it, I loved her.

I loved her with all of me, and I wanted to be with her. I had never expected to feel love again, but it had come so unexpectedly out of the blue, it had blown me away. Bailey was so perfect... so sweet... and she seemed to understand me... making me smile so easily... She was beginning to become our world, that of me and my wolf, without even

intending for her too, and now we were looking like we were alone. I wasn't sure what to do. I felt broken again...

The thought of being without her filled me with fear. I truly don't know if I could manage without her. She may have only been in our pack a short time, but she had already established a place within my heart... my life... and without her there, I don't know how I was meant to carry on. I was torn. Did I go to her and try to fix this, or did I give her the space she seemed to have been craving?

I knew she was angry... the thing was, I don't even think I could ask anybody. Because nobody knew I was falling for her. Nobody knew of this mess... Marc knew there was likely something between us, but I couldn't ask his advice, he was spending time with his mate. I couldn't spoil the time he was enjoying with his new mate.

No, this was my doing. I quickly walked back to my room, and picked up some shorts from my wardrobe, slipping them on, my room smelling so heavily of Bailey... not just her... but our scents combined... and the thought of what I could have risked made my heart drop as I rushed toward her room.

I knocked heavily on the door. "Bailey?" I called when she didn't answer.

"Asher, I do not want to talk. I just need some time, please." She replied, without even opening the door, and my heart felt like it was being torn in two. "I will be headed back to my pack tomorrow ready for the wedding, with Morgan. I will speak with you when I return." she added, and her words only hurt me more. She couldn't leave it like this. Not now. Not after everything...

"Bailey, please. Don't leave it like this." I urged her. "You said H wasn't your mate, and no, I'm not. That doesn't mean I wouldn't like to be, one day..." I admitted through the door to her, unsure why I was telling her that. "I wanted to mark you earlier. So did Zion. I don't think I would ever have imagined that happening after losing Isla, but it is true. You brought a light to my life I didn't expect. I can't lose that. Please, let me know we will be okay, Bailey?"

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Chapter 138 – Bailey

My body slid down the wall next to my bedroom door until I was sitting upon the floor with my back against the wall, tears falling from my eyes at hearing Asher's words. My body racked with painful sobs. Everything he was saying was everything I wanted. to hear. He was the most perfect guy, of that I had no doubt, but he had been telling me what I should do, and I didn't need that right now. I do not need someone dictating to me what I can and cannot do. That is not what I need. I have had that for too long from Miles. And while I know Asher is no Miles, I do not need him telling me what to do. I needed his understanding...

I needed Asher to understand how all of this was working. Yet he didn't seem to. He had heard what he had heard and jumped to the angry conclusion he had. But, ultimately, I needed to do the right thing for my family. I needed to do what was expected of me. I doubt he would understand... he had barely mentioned his family to me. But mine, while I was not particularly close to them all the time, they expected a lot of me, and I had a lot to prove to them.

As our pack's Beta family, there were expectations of us, and my parents had always made us feel them growing up. Pressure upon us to maintain our reputation and image. Jordan was their perfect son, as the next in line, as Beta – not to mention, an all-out sports star, and one of the most popular guys in school. Morgan, their sweet, beautiful, youngest daughter – little miss popular in school, and head cheerleader. And then there was me, the middle daughter. The one that was easy to forget. The non-descript, boring one, as I have been so often described, because I enjoyed my studies. So unlike my other two siblings. The amount of times people had questioned if I was adopted with how unlike my brother and sister I was had hurt, but it was a question people thought was amusing.

With siblings like mine, and the fact my parents so often heaped praise on them, I had to find ways to impress them. And my school work, along with it being an escape from not fitting in, became a means of doing this. Doing well in school gave my parents something to be proud of me for. I tried hard to keep making them proud. I wanted to feel important in their lives, the way my brother and sister seemed to be.

The same way I tried so hard to alter how I looked, after so many critical comments over the years, it was only as I got older I realized I was trying to find somebody else's idea of what was beautiful. There was nothing wrong with me the way I was. I think Asher had shown me that too. The way he had treated me, wanted me for me, even having seen me at

and weaker

ET ANONS. He saw me, and found me of my lowest beautiful. He made me feel beautiful too. Made me feel wanted and cared for. He made me feel enough...

My heart ached at the thought of what had just happened, but as I was about to call out to him, desperate to have his arms around me, I heard his footsteps walking away. I think he had taken my silence as me not wanting to talk. But, no matter what he and I may have said, I still had to go to this wedding. I was given no choice by my father, and I knew that. He and the Alpha were so focused on how it would be viewed by the pack if I were not there, now the truth about mine and Miles's past had been revealed. They were so focused on image and portraying a wonderful tale for our pack to believe that all was now good between the two of us as former fated mates, that they would not even contemplate how awkward this could be. So, I had conceded that I would have to attend, whether Asher believed it was the right thing to do or not.

Image was everything to my Alpha and my father. I have tried so hard over the years to keep my family happy. Keep maintaining the vision of a happy and perfect Beta family for our pack members and beyond. Even when things had become tough with Miles, and I had thought about leaving, I had chosen to stay for the sake of my family. Not wanting to make my parents look bad. Knowing the best way for me to officially leave my pack with no hope of finding a fated mate, and bringing no humiliation to my parents, or the family, would be to find a job offer at another pack, and then move. Give them a reason to be proud of what I have done, and what I have achieved.

The same reasons I had kept quiet for so long because of the messes Miles had caused, because I did not want to bring shame on the families that I tried so hard to please. Deep down I knew I needed to speak out, but I knew if I did, it would be dismissed. Miles was their next Alpha. He was idolized and could do no wrong. I would be the one to be chastised for speaking out, and it would be seen as me going against the pack. Against the senior families, and that was not something that would be looked upon in a good light. So, of course, I had kept quiet. Not wanting to cause issues.

All I wanted was to feel I was important to them. I didn't want to let them down. Maybe that made me weak, but we were always told that you do everything for your family. Protecting our image so as not to taint my father's reputation had been something that had been enforced as we grew up, and something expected of us. As the pack Beta, it was important he was seen as strong and dependable. He did not need any family issues or drama bringing his name into question. So, we were always taught to put our family above all else. Even ourselves. And that was what I was trying to do... though I doubted Asher would see it like that.

Akira whimpered within my mind. She was angry at me for walking away. Desperate for me to allow him a chance to explain, but right now, I needed time to myself. What had happened between Asher and I had been truly amazing, and I hoped we could fix things, because there was something about him that drew me to him. He made me feel special, in a way I didn't know was possible. Made me feel I was enough, and that was not something to be tossed away...

But, right now, I need to process my thoughts. Focus and prepare myself for what could await me when I arrive in the pack. I could only hope that Miles might be more bearable now he had chosen this new mate himself. He had decided to marry, and maybe that meant he had decided to move on. Marriage and a chosen mate had not been something I had previously envisioned for him, so I clung to the hope this was a step forward. Morgan had said he continued therapy, so again, I held onto the hope he may be growing up, and may be allowing himself to move on.

In the last few days, his messages were certainly ending. Though I had blocked the number, not that it had stopped him before when I had done this, he just found alternate numbers to use. Yet this time, with his number blocked, there had been no alternate number used. No additional messages or mystery calls. There had been nothing. It was odd, I have to say. But, it had given me a desperate hope that this wedding, and this

new mate, may have meant Miles was allowing me a chance to finally move on... he may even be letting me and our past go.

But, all I could hear behind the door was sobbing, and it broke my heart, because I think this was all on me...

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Chapter 139 – Miles

Wedding preparations were beyond hectic! I barely had a chance to think. Especially now that my parents were forcing me to be involved. Kaia's repetitive alterations to the planning were getting beyond a joke in their eyes and my Mum had come to me and told me to deal with it. Though, I have to admit, as much as I want to please her, she is becoming more than a little irritating, even to me!

But, I force a smile each time, knowing we are nearly there, and focus on the thought of the wedding night. Finally being able to mark her and make her mine. Exactly as I am wanting.

She will be mine officially then, and I will be that one step closer to becoming the Alpha. I will have done all my Dad had asked of me, and I will have a mighty fine Luna on my arm. One that does not flinch when I talk... one who is not afraid to stand up to me, and one that drives me wild with the way she was so willing to give me s**t back when I was in a mood.

Kaia stormed into the room, her eyes blazing. "My Dad is complaining again at numbers being so low for replies. Seems nobody is even bothered within our pack about the wedding." She complained.

I looked at her in shock. I assumed this was from her pack, and quite honestly it was appalling. This was their Alpha's daughter. Did they not care she was marrying a future Alpha? This was huge for their pack! Why was her Dad not pushing harder to make this more special for his daughter? "Can your Dad not order them to attend?"

She frowned. "Invitations were selective. I didn't want the whole pack! That would mean lower ranking people like omegas could come. I don't want them at our wedding. I do not want him having to order people to come either. It is pathetic. I thought they would want to celebrate my wedding." She looked like a little girl right now with her lower lip sticking out in defiance.

I smirked. "Oh well, we will have a wonderful day, whether they choose to show up or not." I reassured her, knowing my Dad had literally ordered all of our pack to be here. That likely meant Bailey would return. No, there was no likely about it. She would return. I had barely had a moment to think of her of late, I realized.

So taken aback with the need to be around Kaia and, of course, to fill the duties with arranging this wedding, thinking of Bailey, or messaging her had slipped into the back of my mind. She was of little importance anyway. The messages were purely for my own amusement. Knowing they would likely scare her or upset her. Something I gained serious pleasure from. But now, now I have gained pleasure from being around Kaia.

Her bluntness and **hin**s toward me gave me a kick sometimes which I craved. There was something about this girl that drove me wild, and I think she knew it too.

"You want to go grab some food now?" I suggested, and Kaia looked at me with disdain. I swear she avoided spending time with me!

"No, I-am good. A few people from the pack are arriving that I said I would meet up with, in preparation for the wedding." She told me with a small smile. The wedding was literally the day after tomorrow now, and a few of her friends and family had arranged to come early in order to spend time with her. But still, her dismissal of me had irritated me. Would she be so quick to avoid me once we were wed?

"Kaia, we are due to marry soon. Would it hurt you to want to spend time with me?" I demanded, and her eyes narrowed at me.

"Are you not meant to be an Alpha?" she almost sneered with a shake of her head. "Because right now you are sounding pathetic. Like a little b**h, in all honesty. Why so clingy?" Her eyes were defiant as she stared me down.

I felt anger rippling through me, but desire too. I loved it when she reacted to me in this way. I loved that look within her eyes...

"Do not talk about me that way." I hissed, staring right back at her. My eyes were equally defiant. "I will be your mate, therefore I have every right to demand your presence. Especially as the Alpha. And you will come to learn that."

She laughed. "We will see. But, right now, I am not your mate, I am still free and single, oh dear future husband of mine. And my friends are arriving, so you best get used to the fact, I am having some time with them before you have me locked up in chains once we are married." Rolling her eyes, she began to stalk away, before I grabbed her arm, pulling her back to me, her slim body stumbling hard into mine.

I inhaled her floral scent deeply, the scent filling my senses and almost tipping me over the edge of wanting to pull her closer and ravage her... as my hands lingered on her waist, my mouth resting by her ear. "I think I quite like the idea of chains." I whispered. "Whips too." I gently nibbled at her ear and she giggled.

"Well, you had best behave yourself then, hadn't you, big bad Alpha of mine." She murmured, pushing her butt back a little toward my c**h, making me even more turned on than I already had been at the thoughts running through my mind.

“You don’t want to behave really.” I responded. “So, why don’t we head to my room, and I can show you all the ways we could misbehave?”

Kaia giggled almost nervously this time. “And why would I be doing that, Miles?” she turned to look at me, putting her finger on my lip. “Good things come to those who wait, and I am definitely worth waiting for.”

“You are a f**g tease!” I growled, and she softly placed a kiss upon my cheek, as she sashayed away, leaving me desperate for more and right now I cannot wait for my wedding!

Beauty and The Beta Chapter 140

Chapter 140 – Bailey

I awoke the next day to a heavy knocking at the door. I had somehow found my way to my bed, and crashed. Falling into a fitful sleep, after all, but crying myself to sleep. My mind filled with thoughts of Asher and the mess we had found ourselves in. I had been so tempted to go to him and try to fix everything. but I never quite found the courage to do so. I knew I was pathetic, but I felt it was better to give us both some time to process what had happened, and the things he had said.

I stumbled sleepily from my bed, across to the door of my room, opening it to see Morgan there, with a big, beaming smile upon her face. Hmm... I could only assume she had stayed with Marc overnight after her failing to materialize back to my room after her day with him. But, I hadn’t been worried. She had met her fated mate after all, and I knew he would look after her. It was only natural they had wanted to spend the night together. They likely hadn’t wanted to leave one another...

“Good morning!” she said cheerfully. “You look like death.” She added with a grin.

I rolled my eyes as I closed the door behind her. Obviously, she had no clue as to what had happened between Asher and I, so she didn’t know I felt like I was falling apart right about now. But, still, I did not need telling I looked like s**t.

“Thanks, as always, Morgan.” I grumbled, making my way back. to my bed. I had already contacted Alli and told her I was being summoned back to my pack, and would need an unexpected day off, and thankfully she already knew. Seemingly because of the exciting news about my sister and her son...

I dropped back into my bed and pulled the covers over my head, desperate to avoid any interaction with the world. My head felt like it wanted to explode. Yes, crying yourself to sleep may help get you to sleep, but it did not make for a good night’s sleep, and it had caused me to have one hell of a f**g headache this morning! And, according to my sister, it caused me to look like death too. Wonderful. Not to mention my wolf was still

not talking to me. Unhappy, disappointed and extremely upset with me, she had hidden out, so I was not in the best frame of mind...

"So, how did your day of fun with the Buffed-up-Beta go?" Morgan asked with a giggle. Buffed-up-Beta? Is that what she was calling him now? He was moody and grumpy yesterday, wasn't he? And why was she assuming anything had gone on? Marc had to have told her...

"Fine." I said bluntly.

Morgan peeled back the duvet enough to see my face. "Just fine. Awww, was he that disappointing?" she exclaimed, a look of shock on her face. "I was hoping for exciting reports! He looks super fit, so I assumed he could hold his own in that regard, if you catch my drift..."

I looked at her in surprise. Where did all this come from? I don't recall talking to my sister like this before, unless this is the talk she had with her friends usually! Or was it talk she felt braver with after being with her mate?! "I assume your day with Marc went well?" I asked.

Suddenly she sat herself on the bed, her eyes looking dreamy. "Aww, he is the just best. So sweet. So amazing. Just wow."

I chuckled, despite feeling h**us. I think my sister may be in love. "Well, I am glad everything went well. He is a good guy. You are lucky to have found a good mate."

"Not just found a good mate. He was fated to me. Made for me. And I swear he is perfect, Bai! The kindest... so patient... caring... and well, let me say, I was not disappointed, even if you were." She looked at me with a bashful grin. "He knows exactly what he is doing, and he..."

"Woah!" I called to interrupt her. "There is such a thing as too much information. And a line you can cross, which I fear you were getting awfully close to crossing. I do not need to know what Marc can do, or what he did!" I shook my head. "And, anyway, I don't think I said I was disappointed." I quickly added.

Morgan's gaze drifted to mine. "Well, if he was so mind- blowingly good, why are you asleep in your own bed, looking like a panda that has been on a four-day drinking bender?" she motioned to my eyes, where I could only assume my mascara was smudged all around my eyes from the non-stop crying yesterday. I had yet to look in a mirror, but, yeah, I can imagine, I looked a state...

"We argued."

"Were you being difficult?" Morgan asked, her brows raised in question. Why did she assume this was my fault? It could just as easily have been Asher...

“He heard Dad telling me we had to return home for the wedding.” I told her and her face fell.

“Oh.” She muttered, as if she instantly understood. “I am guessing that didn’t go down too well.”

“Like s f**g lead balloon

“Could he not come with you? Dad called me too. Marc offered to be there with me, the moment explained it all, and told him we were expected at the wedding. He wanted to be there to support me. He was so understanding Bai. He didn’t judge me at all. He was angry with Miles, if anything, for taking advantage of me. He said I shouldn’t go alone, and would be there as my fated mate. And I can’t think of anything better!” she blurted out, and I could see the excitement on her face.

My heart was aching at the sight. I was happy for my sister, of course I was, but it hurt that things never went so smoothly for me. Why could Asher not have been my fated mate... why could I not have had the dream my sister was now living? She has everything we ever want as a she-wolf. A mate who wants you and cares for you. That accepts you and your flaws, and loves you regardless. Wants to protect you and support you. That is what my sister had in Marc, and she knew how lucky she was.

She would be proud to walk into the pack with him by her side. Showing the pack, and the world that she had found her fated mate, and how perfectly matched they were for one another. In doing that she would be showing Miles that his games no longer mattered, because she had found the path fate had planned for her, and it would be a path that was perfect for her, seeing how well Marc and her got along.

But I shook my head at Morgan’s suggestion. It had been Asher’s suggestion too. Morgan bringing Marc would not be questioned. He, after all, was her fated mate. They were always destined to be together. The two of them meeting was meant to be. So, nobody would think badly of Morgan bringing him. But, I knew that me attending the wedding of my former fated mate,

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Beauty and The Beta Chapter 141

Chapter 141 – Asher

The sound of Bailey sobbing broke my heart. I had stood there, resting my head upon the door for a moment, hoping she would open the door for me. I wanted to go and hold her. Reassure her. But the door never opened, and it was breaking Zion's heart too, so I had to walk away. Listening to her was hard enough without my wolf's whimpering on top. That night, I had spent back in my office like so many nights previously. Back to my former routine. Knowing that I couldn't go to her because it seemed she needed her space.

Hours of paperwork. Doing the work I had skipped in order to spend time with her earlier in the day... such a perfect day, yet it had ended so horrifically. We seemed terrible at

communicating. Maybe it was our lack of experience at all this? Or just that we were both so stubborn? I truly didn't know, but I know this much, knowing she was upset because of me made me feel horrendous. Like total shit...

I never wanted her to be sad and hurting again. I was aware of that much, and I needed to find a way to fix things. She had made such a change to my life, and I wanted to do the same for her, if she would let me, of course. I awoke at my desk, like I had done many mornings before, in the worst of moods, feeling broken, and I planned to go and see Bailey, but as I moved from my office, I walked straight into Caleb. He looked at me confused.

"Morning Ash." He greeted me, watching me through suspicious eyes. "Everything okay?"

"Hmm." I barely grunted at him. Okay would be a stretch after sleeping hunched over my desk!

"Why do you look like you are half dead? Tell me you did not fall asleep in your office again? What have I told you about sleeping in there?" his eyes were focused heavily on me, looking far from impressed. But I had no intention of explaining myself to him. I couldn't explain this mess to him even if I wanted to, because it would mean betraying Bailey's trust in not saying anything about the situation in her pack.

"I lost track of time." I lied instead. "I am going for a shower."

He raised his brows at me, as if he was doubting my words. "Maybe you should take the rest of the day off, Ash. You look like you could do with a rest."

I looked at him in horror. I do not like the thought of spending the day alone. Not with all this on my mind. My thoughts would take over me, and end up eating away at my mind. It would become too much, I just knew it. That was simply not an option. "I think I will be fine after a shower and a few coffees." I told him, moving away from him. Fighting the emotions threatening to spill out. I needed to go and find Bailey. I needed to try and fix this mess between us. I don't think I would settle until I had.

But Caleb was soon on my heels. "Ash, are you sure you are okay? Something seems off."

"Lack of sleep." I smiled at him, trying hard to compose myself. "You going to let me go get a shower, or you planning to come and join me?" I said sarcastically, and he shook his head with a grin.

"I know you might be lonely bro, but I am definitely not down for that!" he slapped me playfully on the back. "So, I shall leave you to it, to let you get your shower. But, if you need to chill out today, you know you can."

I nodded in agreement, despite knowing there was no chance in hell I would be taking the day off, not unless Bailey would somehow give me a chance to speak with her, and let me spend some time with her. I quickly made my way to the stairs, planning on going straight to Bailey's room, only to see Morgan coming out of the door.

"Is she okay?" I asked, rushing up the stairs, hoping to be able to see her.

The awkward expression on Morgan's face told me all I needed to know. I had a sinking feeling Bailey had told her sister everything. "Erm, I think she will be." she almost whispered.

"Do you think she will see me?" I tried, and Morgan looked down.

"I don't know, Asher. We are getting ready to go back to our pack. But, please don't give up on her, yeah? Our family are weird and ask a lot of us. She is just trying to please Dad, not disappoint him or make the family look bad, okay? Bailey is different to most people. She tries too hard sometimes to please everyone. Doesn't want to disappoint them. And the expectations of us as the Beta's daughters were too much for her sometimes." Morgan softly placed her hand upon my arm. "It doesn't mean she doesn't want you, or that she doesn't want to be here."

I frowned. "I don't think I said that it did. I just want to be there for her. I just wish that wasn't seen as a bad thing."

The color quickly took over Morgan's cheeks. "Oh. Well, I wondered if that was what you were worried about. But, I know she likes you. I can see it in the way she is with you. The way she looks at you. Not to mention the way she speaks about you. And I know for a fact that you want to be there for her will mean the world to her. So, just let her deal with this wedding shit, and be waiting for her. Yeah?"

I sighed. Was this all I was going to get? Partial explanations, and avoidance of the truth? I wanted to be there for her. But, I couldn't force her. If this is what she wanted, then she could have her space. "Fine. Whatever she wants." I said with a shrug, storming away from Morgan and the rooms. Anger filled every pore of my body.

Fuck this, I didn't want a shower now, I needed to let Zion out. Let him shift and run to the point of causing pain... take his and my anger out as darkness passed through me. A darkness I hadn't experienced since Bailey had etched her place on my heart...

Beauty and The Beta Chapter 142

Chapter 142 – Bailey

The excitement in the car from Morgan was palpable, as we set off toward the Lotus Shadow Pack. I think she was excited at the prospect of introducing everyone to her fated mate, but with her this giddy, and the dread filling my stomach... not to mention the fact Asher was constantly at the back of my mind, it could be one hell of a long drive! Marc had offered to drive us in his pick-up truck, so Morgan and I had packed our things up and rushed out to meet him in the parking spaces outside the packhouse.

He was standing waiting, leaning against his car with the biggest smile upon his face the moment his eyes had settled upon Morgan. And it had taken him no time at all to load his truck up with our bags. As we were getting into the truck, movement near the doors of the packhouse had caught my eyes and Morgan had very, non-discreetly, cleared her throat. too, and when I looked up, it was Asher. Looking to be returning in nothing but a pair of trousers. I could only assume he had been on a run. No shirt... his toned chest on display... looking perfect... like it had done only yesterday. That muscly chest, dappled with dark hair... the chest I had only yesterday rested my head on in sheer bliss...

My heart rate increased at the sight of him, And, I was about to rush to him to say goodbye, when his dark gaze fell upon us, he gave me a swift nod, before he moved inside the packhouse. My heart fell at his actions. Had the fact I was choosing to follow the orders of my father and Alpha irritated him that Last us away from the packhouse, knowing we needed to get on the road anyway. But now, my mind was whirling with doubts of Asher even harder than it had been before...

"It is only two days, Bai, then you can fix erylthing." Morgan says suddenly, taking me by surprise. I glared at her. I didn't know that Marc was aware of everything between Asher and I.

Marc's gaze flicked back at me from the rear-view mirror, and he chuckled. "What you looking at your sister like that for? For implying there was something between you and Ash? I've known him a long time now, Bailey. I knew something or someone had got under his skin soon after you had arrived. Then, when I saw how he reacted that time I helped you when you were lost, I knew he was confused about you. Things evolved from there, as you well know. I just think Ash has battled his own emotions. Scared to admit how he feels, scared he is betraying his own past."

I released a deep breath at Marc's words, and felt so bad for Asher. I think deep down I knew all of that. But hearing it from somebody else who knew Asher well, made it seem

more real. But, knowing he had liked me from then seemed crazy! He acted like I was a pain in his a*

"I think things may be a mess." I muttered.

"Because he has a grumpy as** on him because you had to come to the wedding of your former fated mate?" Marc questioned and I nodded.

But, realizing he wasn't looking because he was focused on driving, I whispered. "Yes. But, it isn't what I want to do. Our Dad expects us to do what is asked of him. Keep his reputation perfect."

Marc nodded. "I understand. My Dad was similar. High expectations. Could be a pain in the a** sometimes. But, there does come a point, Bai, where you have to consider what you want. I am guessing that is why you haven't denounced your old pack and officially joined ours?"

Morgan looked at me with curiosity, and I shrugged. "I think I always hoped I could when I found a job. Get a ay from Miles and his control for good. But when the time came, I knew it would be frowned upon. I was scared I would be letting my Dad down. Worried it could affect his role as Beta. Our pack doesn't really accept people denouncing themselves. Reasons for leaving a pack are for a mate, or being kicked out. Though my Dad did allow me to come here to work, which had made me hope, with a little time, he would consider me formally becoming a pack member there. But, I didn't want to disappoint him or have people questioning his choice either."

Marc shook his head. "I get it. But, your Dad is a grown man, he needs to let his girls go too. Your pack does work a little differently, of that there is no doubt. But, if you can get your Dad to listen, then consider it Bai. Because you being happy is more important than destroying yourself trying to please other people. Especially when at times there is no pleasing those others."

I smiled sadly. He was probably right. There sure felt no way of pleasing them of late! I shrugged. "It is what it is."

"I think we need Asher here to take you over his knee!" Marc said with a wink, and I rolled my eyes.

Morgan giggled. "Marc is right, try speaking to Dad. Maybe with me there he would consider it now? And, as for Beta Asher, I am sure you guys can fix everything, Bai. He seems like a good guy. Even if he seems to forget how to smile sometimes."

Marc laughed loudly. "Oh, darling, you are the cutest." He grinned at my sister. "Asher can be a grumpy cker sometimes, but he is a big softy inside all of that. Most certainly a good guy. And I definitely think you have got him h**ed, Bailey. Call him when we arrive. Yeah? Sort things."

'Oh don't they make you sick?' Akira grumbled grumpily in my mind. She had not been in the best frame of mind since the mess with Asher had escalated, and barely bothered emerging, so her communicating now took me by surprise, but I still chose to ignore her dig at the loved-up couple that was my sister and her new mate.

I looked at him through the mirror in shock. "Did you not see the way he looked at us just then?"

"Looking at those eyes, he hasn't slept. Or if he did, it was in his office." Marc said with a shrug. "And looking at the clothes, he had been out for a run, taking his anger out on some prey, so he'd need a shower. I wouldn't take it personally. Just how Asher can be when feeling low."

My heart tightened in pain now. I had caused him to fall back into his old habits. He had stopped the late night working in his office, and had been spending his evenings with me. Even going to bed early. He had told me that. But, after the

miscommunication between us, and the debacle that followed, it seemed things were returning to how they had been. That was the last thing I wanted for him.

Maybe I could give him a call when we arrive. But I knew right now I didn't want to talk about this anymore. "Was your excited to hear you found your fated mate?" I asked him, and his face broke into a big smile.

Morgan was grinning too. "I think she was ready to throw a party when Marc walked into the house with

I laughed. "Aww, that is nice."

"And I cannot wait for everybody in the pack to see the handsome warrior on my arm when we arrive, the one I get to call my mate!" Morgan exclaimed excitedly, making Marc chuckle.

Well, at least one of us was looking forward to our visit....

Beauty and The Beta Chapter 143

Chapter 143 – Kaia

My friends and I had been dancing all night, and the rush of being out with them again felt amazing! I was sure going to miss them, of that there was no doubt. But, then, seeing their faces when I showed them around the pack that would soon be my official home, was a picture! They were envious, that had been obvious, and I couldn't lie, that had given me more than a little kick... Gasps of "wow" and "you're so lucky" were repeated. And, as irritating as Miles may be, being Luna in this pack was definitely a bonus...

I was going from being one of many children of an Alpha, that many children that it was easy to forget, in fact... to being an all- important Luna... a she-wolf that the upcoming Alpha was desperate to be with too, so he was proving easy to manipulate. All good fun. Tomorrow was the day we would become husband and wife, and he would officially make me his chosen mate. A day I couldn't say I was looking forward to, despite the fact so many people were here to celebrate with us.

Everything would change then. I knew that, but it would mean I was closer to my goal of becoming more important. I would be viewed differently. Treated differently. And, I was more than ready for that!

"Oh, Kaia, this has been so fun!" Rosie grinned at me with glee. "I am so glad you suggested it!"

I smiled back, adjusting my dress. "I told you it would be. When do I ever let you down? We had to celebrate my last night as a single woman in style. Champagne, cocktails, karaoke and lots and lots of dancing! Our perfect night!"

"I can't believe you are getting married tomorrow!" Cara slurred, evidently she had been drinking a little more than she was able to manage.

I rolled my eyes at her. She was such a lightweight! "I know. Who would have thought it, little old me, Kala Carter, married?! Married to a f****g Alpha too! Get in, me: chuckled.

"Jacob will be eating his words!" Cara slurred once more, and the eyes of my friends all widened at the mention of my ex. His name had been avoided in our conversations unless I brought him up. He was apparently still living it up with his new woman, and all loved up too. Well, I was moving on too, I could not let it bother me...

"Too right he will!" I said with a smirk. "And wait until he sees how beautiful I will look as I chose another man over him!" Loving the fact he was expected to come to watch me wed. He was close to one of my brothers and had been invited through that link, I believe. But I have to say I smiled when I realized it. Even more so, when I had seen he had accepted the invite. He would be made to witness me moving on. Witness me marrying another man. Hopefully, he would be regretting his choice. Because I knew I looked good in my wedding dress!

"So, come on, gossip, is this new guy as good in bed as Jacob?" Rosie asked with a giggle, and I looked at her in shock. We had often discussed our boyfriends and their abilities, but I did not expect this now...

"I wouldn't know, I have been making him wait." I told her, and she looked at me in shock now.

"Seriously?!" she exclaimed. "This one will be your husband! And you didn't want to test him out first? He could be broken for all you know!"

My group of friends began to laugh, as we continued to drink the c**ls that we were now sitting with. I have to say, that was one way of looking at it. I, however have seen it a different way...

"I decided to make him wait. Treat them mean, keep them keen. It has kept him eager to please. Giving him little bits here and there. So he is so desperate that when the wedding night comes he can't wait! He will give me the show of my life!" I explained my logic, and I noticed a few of my friends nodding in agreement, but Cara sat with her mouth opened in disgust.

"Or your plan fails miserably, because he has been waiting that long, he pops the cork too quickly." She motions to her c**h with her hands with a wink and instantly me and my friends are laughing again. "And wedding night ruined." Cara added with a shrug.

"Aww, you girls are the best. Seeing you has really brightened my day!" I told them all with a smile, as I felt my phone buzzing in my bag. I quickly pulled it out to see who might be messaging.

Hey beautiful,

Hope you are having a fun night with your friends. Have a drink for me. I can't wait to make you mine tomorrow. Just know everything will be perfect. Looking forward to seeing you in that dress. Know you will look like a goddess.

Maybe it is the drinks, but his message makes me smile. N he wasn't as bad as I first thought. Yes, he had a temper did seem to care for me. He had picked me over all the she-wolves in the country. Did that not say something? He wanted me, right? Would do anything for me veah? Cara's words were echoing heavily in my mind, and is sweetness made me think it was perhaps time to reward him. So I was just about to message him to see if he would be free to meet me perhaps have a sneak preview of what our wedding night could be like, when another message came through...

Jacob, in case you were wondering, seeing you as we havent spoken in a while, and I don't know if you have deleted me or not. Know you are so determined to move on. Well, I am here For your wedding. I can't quite believe you are getting married don't think I ever expected you to go through with a

Can we meet up? Are you free tonight? I wouldn't mind dearing the air before you rush off to start a new life with the Alpha of yours...

My heart raced at the message in front of me. I looked at my friends. "I may need to rush off, sorry." I explained. The rest of the drinks are on me though." I told them, with a smile, already on my way to the door, not wanting to waste a moment longer in returning to the pack. I had things I wanted to do.

The question was, who did I go to? My past or my future?

Beauty and The Beta Chapter 144

Chapter 144 – Bailey

We were sitting in the lounge of our family home back in pack after a long drive, and had been there for the past number of hours since we arrived. My Mum was almost as giddy as my sister at the fact Marc was here with us. Both my parents had been shocked, to say the least, when they discovered Morgan had found her fated mate, as she had failed to inform them of that, wanting to see their faces as we arrived. And, well, she had been right, their faces had been a picture, that was for sure! But, at the same time, they were both incredibly happy for her after the whole mess that had gone on with Miles.

Marc had passed my Dad's near interrogation, bless him. And all with a smile upon his face. He obviously had expected it, and no doubt it would be repeated when he met Jordan tomorrow. But, that was just my family trying to protect the youngest daughter. Not that they had anything to worry about, Marc would not harm her, and he would protect her with his life.

"So, you will be returning back to his pack with your mate?" My Mum looked at Morgan with a sad expression. She and Morgan had always been close, and I think in truth she would have liked Morgan to be mated with someone in our pack so she could have been kept close. That way it wouldn't have felt like such a loss when she moved to live with her mate,

"Yeah, I will pack my things up while I am here and take them. back with us." Morgan told her, a big smile on her face, evidently missing the struggle it was causing Mum.

"Do you even have a house out there yet?" Mum suddenly demanded, taking even me by surprise. Was she actually looking for reasons Morgan shouldn't be going with her mate?! I imagine if it was me she would have been packing my things for me and pushing me out of the door!

Marc looked to Mum with a soft smile. "We didn't when we left. I shared a place with some other warriors, but I have spoken to the Alpha, he will be sorting one for us, so by the time we return one will have been allocated for us. I would never have expected Morgan to live in a house full of warriors. We will have a lovely little home to call our own. Do not worry, I will ensure Morgan has everything she needs." He tried his best to reassure her.

Mum nodded, her face dropping slightly as she realized her last reason for trying to keep Morgan home a little while longer was gone. "Mum, Marc is a good guy." I told her. "Morgan will be fine with him. I know they have only just met, but in that time I have seen how happy they have made each other. And Marc comes highly recommended from the Beta of Autumn Valley Pack."

Dad looked at me in surprise. "You actually bother talking to him? He is such a grumpy fool. Didn't think he would be capable of holding a decent conversation."

I heard Marc chuckling, while I smiled. "He isn't all that bad, really, once you get to know him. Maybe you just caught him on a bad day?"

Dad looked at me like I had lost my mind. "What, every time I have had to deal with him? Hmm, I doubt that. I know a grumpy f**r when I see one."

Marc was grinning now. "He can be a little cranky at times. But, overall, he isn't a bad guy." He said. "I was surprised actually they didn't get invited to the wedding."

H***d at Marc in shock for questioning the choices of our Alpha, and looking at the expression on my Dad's face, he was a little surprised too. It was normal procedure for senior members of a pack to be invited to weddings or events of other senior pack members of other packs. So, it would not have been unusual for the upcoming Alpha here to invite Alphas and Betas of other packs to their wedding, but I had heard nothing of an invitation when I had spoken to Asher or to Eden for that matter, and we spoke each day through message.

"They kept it to the two packs, I believe." My Dad explained. "Not wanting to make too much of a fuss. Though going off how much Marshall complained, the bride-to-be would have easily had the equivalent of a royal wedding!" he rolled his eyes in disgust, making me smile. Sounded to me like Miles had picked himself a mate who was as high maintenance as he was. Not that it surprised me in the slightest. But, it was their special day. Of course, she wanted it to be as big and special as it possibly could be.

"Well, so long as they have fun!" I said with a smile, not caring in the slightest. I just wanted to get this wedding out of the way and return to pack. Back to work, and more importantly, back to Asher.

"I can only imagine it won't be fun for you to see your former fated mate being married?" my Mum asked, and I looked at her in disgust. Where had that question come from? Was this because I had defended Mark? And did she truly think I could care less that Miles was marrying? I was simply here because I had been ordered to be. I had accepted his rejection all those years ago. There was technically no connection between us other than the fact he seemed to struggle to let me go, and the history we shared.

"Why would I find it difficult?" I asked her, irritation was lingering in the tone of my voice and I could feel Morgan's hand on mine, I assume, in a sign of reassurance. "I never wanted him, and I can assure you I never would. The fact he is getting married may mean I am finally free. Free to enjoy my new job and my life."

I saw my Mum looking down guiltily. While my Dad cleared his throat. "Ah about that, Bailey. There are rumors about a position within the pack junior school coming up. So,

you may be returning sooner than we thought.” And my heart fell at his words, as I saw Morgan and Marc looking at me with concern. They wanted me home?

Beauty and The Beta Chapter 145

Chapter 145- Morgan

The excitement I felt at bringing my fated mate back to my home pack was unexplainable. He was the one meant for me, and I got to introduce him to everyone that had been in my life forever. And then, we got to return back to our new home! I truly could not wait... this was the path that fate had intended for me, and I have to say, she had done well!

But, seeing Bailey’s face last night at the news from my Dad of a rumor about a position for her here, told me she was heartbroken. From what I understood, the agreement had been for her to work at the school she was at until a position here became available. I could only imagine Bailey hoped that day would not come for a long time. Yet, it was here already...

She loved her job at the school in Marc’s pack. I could see that, and Marc had told, as had his Mum, how wonderful she was at teaching. And, no matter how the pair of them may deny it, there was something between her and Asher. I think leaving him would hurt her more than leaving her job, in all honesty. And, when Marc and I had discussed it when we had gone to my room, he had agreed he felt it would destroy Asher.

I never realized the things that poor guy had gone through. No wonder he looked so down all the time. I think I would if I had faced the things he had. He deserved a chance at happiness, and listening to Marc, I think he had hoped that Bailey could be just that. But, if she was to be brought back here, then it would be unlikely. We would have to try hard to fix things for them...

I had loved snuggling up with Marc for a second night. It was the most perfect place to be. And it felt so natural. As well as bringing some of the best sleep I think I have ever had! His body fitted around mine perfectly. I felt so happy and content, in a way I never had before. I felt whole. My wolf was purring like a cat! And as I rolled over to see his beautiful eyes looking down at me sleepily, I couldn’t help but smile.

“Good morning handsome.” I whispered. “Ready for the shit show today is bound to be?”

He chuckled. “I am ready for anything with you next to me, beautiful.” He lowered his lips to my forehead. “The question is, do you think Bailey is ready for it?”

I looked up at him in confusion. She had been adamant she didn’t care about the wedding. If anything, you would think Marc would be concerned about me, considering the relationship Miles and I have had, and the feelings I have built for him over the

years. Something we had talked about, and he was amazingly understanding about. Though, I have to say, having met Marc, I feel amazingly numb to the fact Miles is getting married. Like it is truly unimportant to my life or my future. I have the most perfect man by my side, and he has already shown me how well we are matched. So why would Miles matter?

Marc smiled, stroking my hair back from my face. "I know she said she couldn't care that he was marrying this new woman, and I don't doubt her for a moment, Morgan. But, he has been a bastard to her, going off all the things you told me. There is nothing to say he won't attempt to make today difficult for her. This is another way for him to gain his Alpha title too, isn't it? A show of his power. Reminding Bailey who is in charge. She is likely dreading things. So, as much as I want to enjoy our time, let's make sure we keep an eye on her too. Asher would not forgive me if I didn't. She should stay with us if she can."

I find myself smiling at his words. I have to have found myself the sweetest and most caring mate. Everything he said I hadn't even considered. I was so focused on showing off my mate, and while I was a little, disappointed Marc wasn't looking at this as an opportunity to do exactly that, I understood he was also trying to be a good friend to Asher, as well as being a good brother-in-law.

I nodded. "That sounds like a good idea. I wish she would have brought Asher with her, shown them all she was moving on. He offered, you know?"

Marc nodded. "That doesn't surprise me. The thought of her coming here alone likely drove him mad. Especially if she has opened up to him about the things you told me, or more. He would desperately want to protect her. But, if this guy is as crazy as you say, then surely he would see Bailey bringing another guy here as an attempt to rile him. She is likely planning to come, be as undetectable as possible and escape. So if we can, we should help her with that. Get her home to Asher. Then somehow try to help fix things between them."

I smiled. He seemed good at understanding things. "I think that is going to be down to them." I reached up and stroked his face. "But, I think they will be fine with a push in the right direction."

"Well, I suppose we should go and get showered and ready for this wedding." Marc kissed my hand where it laid upon his cheek. "As much as I would prefer to stay in bed with you."

I nodded. "Mmmm, staying in bed would be so much better." I smiled up at him sweetly. "But, I will go and help Bailey with her hair and make-up, I think, while you shower. We can chat then too. See how she is feeling. Try to be a good sister." I suggested, and Marc smiled with a nod.

Time for the two of us, me and my sister, to go out there looking like the gorgeous girls we were and show Miles fucking Davenport he isn't all that, and that we couldn't give a damn about him. That both of us were doing perfectly well without him, and had never needed him in our lives. This new woman in his life would need all the luck in the world to put up with his psycho ass!

Beauty and The Beta Chapter 146

Chapter 146 – Miles

Well, the day was here, and oddly, I was filled with nerves! Nervous about the fact that my future wife and mate may have changed her mind. She had never responded to my message the previous night while she was out with her friends, when, in the past, as snappy as she could be, she would always ensure she responded to my messages. But, I had tried to reassure myself that she was likely having such a good time with her friends that replying to me had slipped her mind. I could understand that.

As I walked toward the transformed training field I was taken aback by the way my pack had come together to transform the area so beautifully for my wedding. They had evidently worked so hard to make it look so good. It was now a delicately decorated wedding venue. Rows of chairs lined the field, creating an aisle, leading to a flower-laden wooden gazebo where Kaia and I would meet and say our vows. The chairs were all adorned with a delicate silver ribbon, and delicate, beautiful flowers. Music was already playing from the speakers dotted along the field, adding to the atmosphere. I could not believe this was all for me. When this was done, I will be married! Kaia would be my wife!

As I moved toward the gazebo, Jordan made his way to meet me. "Good morning dude." He said with a grin. "Feeling nervous?"

Was I that obvious? I sure hoped not! I rolled my eyes, in an attempt to dismiss him. He did not need to know that I was. "Why would I be?"

He chuckled. "Hmm. Sure. Looking smart though." he looked me up and down. Though why he had to, I don't know. We had been for suit fittings together, him, Ellis, and our Dads in preparation for the wedding. So it wasn't like he didn't know what I would look like. A deep charcoal gray three-piece suit, with a white shirt and black tie. I think it was the smartest I have dressed, and I have to say I felt extremely uncomfortable! I could only hope Kaia appreciated it. But in truth, I could not wait to take it all off!

"You don't look too bad yourself." I added with a half smile, noticing the seats were already beginning to fill up. Many with faces I did not recognize, that I could only assume were people Kaia and her family had selected from her pack to be eligible for an invitation.

We made our way to the end of the aisle where Ellis was waiting for us, with a big smile for us. "Aww, don't you guys make a beautiful couple?"

I scowled at him for his attempt at a joke. I was not in the mood right now. My mind was so on edge at the prospect of Kaia deciding all this was not for her after all. Showing me up in front of all these people. I would never live it down. Not to mention, I did not want to have a laugh with my brother. He and I had avoided each other as much as possible since his return from Alpha training, unless absolutely necessary. But today was a day for the pack looking united, so we had to act close. Pretend we got along. Put on an act for all these guests, and even our own pack members. So nobody doubted there were any issues within the pack.

But Jordan grinned, I knew he and Ellis had been hanging out a lot more of late, especially with the fact they had both found their mates. And both of their mates were now pregnant. It had seemed the natural thing for them to do. Their new mates became good friends, naturally, when they had both arrived in a strange and new pack around the same time. But, it meant that Jordan seemed to find little time for me now. Although, a part of me did wonder if that was more to do with the fact he had discovered some of the things that had happened between me and his sisters...

I moved forward slightly, leaving the two of them chatting, so I was standing close to where I could have a good view of the field. I could view all the guests arriving, and see the moment my beautiful bride arrived. I could not wait to see her. She had described her dress to me, and I knew she would look stunning. She always did... but as my eyes glanced up at the many guests arriving I noticed something else.

Two very familiar faces. And at the sight of them my heart rate picked up. Morgan and Bailey West. Morgan looked beautiful as always. She had always taken care of her appearance and had done so since her teens. But Bailey... well... she looked different. Not her usual self. In truth, she was never ugly, but she never made the most of what she had. Yes, when she came back from university her image had changed a little, like she was trying too hard. Straightening her curls, her glasses gone, and experimenting with various fashion styles. But today, she looked stunning. Classy even. In a simple, form-fitting maroon dress with a scooped neck, with a hem line finishing just above her knees. Showing off her long legs. And she had heeled shoes and a bag in a matching color.

Her hair was in its natural curls, but not in the untamed way she had so often worn them in high school. This was tamed, and managed. Luscious locks of deep brown curls hanging down her back. And her make-up was smoky-eyed, with lipstick to match the tone of her dress. Her face lit up as she laughed at something her sister said, and she looked beautiful. Relaxed even.

I could barely take my eyes from her. As she walked through the group of pack members, occasionally smiling or chatting to others, she walked with an air of confidence she didn't have before. This was not the same Bailey that had left my pack.

The shy, timid, scared, unassuming girl. Now, this was a confident and self-assured, stunning young woman. I felt my mouth go dry.

I noticed them coming a little closer, waving in our direction, as I saw them approaching. Were they coming to see me?! My heart pounding harder at the thought, wondering what they would want with me. Were they going to confront me together now?!

But, they veered off slightly and Jordan wrapped Bailey in a hug. "Hey Bai!" he greeted her. "You scrub up quite well, don't you. He teased lightly.

Hell, that was an understatement. I quickly made my way over to them, desperate to be closer, get a better look at this transformation. Yet, not one person glanced in my direction. My anger was bubbling...

She chuckled. "Aww, thanks. I would say you don't look too bad either, but I fear it would make you even more big-headed. Where is Gia?"

I rolled my eyes, while holding back a smirk at her little dig at her brother. F**g Gia. The perfect mate. The way Jordan talks of her, you'd think the sun shone from her a**..

"She is sitting down with Mum." He explained. "Baby tiring her out."

"Aww, my friend was like that." Bailey explained, and I instantly wondered who she was talking about. Did she even have friends? I was sure the persistent bullying over the years we had forced her to endure had ensured not many people remained friends with her...

Jordan suddenly turned his attention to Morgan. "And you, finding your fated mate! Growing up, aren't you Morgan? Be you with a baby in your belly soon enough, eh?" he teased. And it was only then that I noticed a tall, toned guy stood next to Morgan. I had been so distracted by Bailey I hadn't even paid attention to him. So, Morgan had found her fated mate, had she? Ah well. No great loss. She was only ever a space filler. A way to gain information on Bailey. Least I didn't have to worry about her getting on my case demanding attention now.

I heard Morgan giggle. "Who knows?" I watched her look up at the man by her side, who looked down at her with a look of affection. Yeah, good for her. Did she think I would care?

I allowed my eyes to fall back to Bailey, who was smiling warmly at her sister and her new mate. She was obviously very happy for them. But, then, she had always been too soft. A fucking romantic. Expecting true love to shine through. Well, I would have thought the mess that happened with us would have brought an end to that. Her big brown eyes momentarily met mine, and I smiled.

“Maybe we should go and find our seats?” she suddenly spoke, and I was shocked by the confidence in her tone. Yes, she looked uncomfortable near me, but she did not seem to fear me the same... but looking at her now, would I want her to?