

Beauty and The Beta Chapter 87

Chapter 87 – Asher

I am forced to sit in the hospital room with Eden and Bailey when all I want to do is be alone. I had planned to call in to see how Eden was doing and if there had been any update as to when they planned to induce her labor, and thought I might try to cheer her up with a little fruit hamper made by one of my mother's friends. Needless to say, with the delightful mood Eden was in at present, that had gone down the same way a gift of an atomic bomb would have done. But, still, Caleb would have some tasty snacks when he had to sit and listen to her complaining when he was spending time with her.

I am usually happy to sit and spend a little time with her, chatting, giving Caleb a little chance to go home and take a shower, visit Matty or do some work. I know he hated Eden being on her own and, other than returning home to sleep, he ensured that she had someone with her all the time at the hospital, so she wasn't lonely. In truth, Eden would likely appreciate the peace...

But, the moment Caleb walked back into the hospital room with Bailey in tow, I wanted to escape. All my thoughts have been of that bl**dy girl of late. Messed up thoughts too. Worried sick about her. Trying to uncover who that had been at the end of the phone the other night... I mean, I had my suspicions, but they had been exactly that, suspicions, and without Bailey willing to talk to me, I couldn't confirm them.

But, it had truly got inside my head the way he had been with her. The way it had affected her. Hurt her. Nobody should be talking to her like that. I couldn't understand why he had felt he was okay to speak to her like that... and what bothered me greatly was what sort of threat he posed to Bailey now she was in our pack...

And then came the even more punishing questions that I struggled even harder to answer, as to why my wolf had reacted the way he had to her. Why he had felt such an urge to protect her. Yet, I couldn't lie, I had felt the same urge. And a pain when she had pushed me away. A sense of betrayal to Isla when everyone kept trying to imply there were feelings there. I don't know her well enough for there to be feelings there. I know that much something I do know, for the sake of my own sanity, and that of my wolf too, it would be better for the two of us to stay apart. She had been through enough, it seemed, and she did not need any additional complications of rumors being started by the likes of things being implied by others. Nor did she need me upsetting her with my temper...

So, I sat in almost silence while Bailey chatted enthusiastically with Eden. Her face lit up as she smiled at her. Her eyes almost sparkled, as her delicate features changed as she smiled. I couldn't help but notice how well the two of them got along. Maybe that was one of the reasons Eden had clung to the idea of Bailey coming to our pack. She saw a potential friend in her. She had lost her friend, Kasia, late last year during childbirth, and she had struggled every day with it since. She didn't have many other

female friends. And, I knew that she was often lonely, that was why she clung so desperately to Caleb.

Maybe when she realized she got along so well with Bailey, she thought there was a potential for a new friend. Someone to connect with. A friendship. Something she had been missing.

Because, in that regard, it would likely do Eden good. I raised my gaze momentarily at the sound of the two of them laughing. "Well, I bought chocolate." Bailey said, wiggling her eyebrows. toward Eden, with a big smile, offering her a bag. "And magazines."

"See, this girl knows what gifts are. Not fruit." She winked at Bailey, before sticking her tongue out at me.

I rolled my eyes at her. "Once again, you are welcome, Eden."

"Did I ever tell you about this guy once knew, Bailey? He was so happy, cheerful, and a delight to know." Eden began, with a sideways glance toward me. I had a feeling this was coming right back at me.

Bailey looked at Eden with curiosity, and shook her head.

"Always the joker of the group. Fun to be around, and always smiling. Kind, caring, and the sweetest guy you could ever meet." Eden said with a smile. "Wouldn't believe he turned into this old grumpy b**d would you?" she motioned her head toward me, with a grin.

I shook my head. I knew the moment she started with her insults she meant me. This was just the sort of thing we did. Her, Caleb and I. It was how our friendship was. "Thanks for that, Eden. Love you too. Pretty sure Bailey wasn't after my resume."

Eden chuckled. "Well, if she was, it would go something like that, would it not? Asher Alcott, Beta of the pack, grumpy old b**d, with a face to match. Dark and mysterious with a face like a smacked a**. Face sure to c**k if he attempted to smile and no clue how to mix with other people. Interaction with people limited. Do not expect conversation. If you want help, bring chocolate to bribe."

Bailey was looking down. I could see her biting her lip. I don't know if she was trying not to smile, or she was feeling uncomfortable. But this sort of teasing was usual for Eden and I. It was nothing I wasn't used to, and it truly didn't bother me.

"Sounds like a perfect man." I smiled sarcastically at her. "But if I am so unappealing, am I excused to leave now?"

"Jeez, anyone would think I held you here at gunpoint, Ash. Just go if being here with me is so bad." Eden dismissed me with a flick of her hand. "Do me a favor though. Ask

Caleb to bring me my hospital bag later. They are probably going to try inducing labor tomorrow.”

I sighed. I couldn't really be angry with her, I knew she was worried about it all, and who wouldn't be? She had to push a little pup out of her any day now. That had to be scary. Let alone. having to do that with Caleb by her side trying hard to encourage her, which would likely be more an annoyance than an encouragement. “No worries. Anything else you need, sweetheart?” I asked.

“A way to fast-forward time, so baby could be here, and I didn't have to go through labor?” she said with a smile.

“I wish I could do that for you Eden, I truly do, but despite my mean and moody looks, I don't hold any magic skills. You will have the best care, and you know you will. You did amazing when you had Matty.” I reassured her, and I saw tears in her eyes, while Bailey was sitting on the edge of her bed, her eyes darting between Eden and I. I hated seeing her struggle. I knew this birth scared her so much more than Matty's ever had because of what had happened to her friend.

“But he was massive Ash, this one is even bigger, I am sure of it. And I have to push it out of me, while Caleb stands there and makes weird panting and puffing noises trying to help me breathe. Or he is telling me how gross things look.” She said, looking like she wanted to cry, while I was somewhere between wanting to reassure her and trying not to laugh at her telling me what Caleb is like when she is in labor. That did not surprise me in the slightest about my friend, he was like a big child sometimes.

“As much as he is a complete idiot sometimes, sweetheart, you know, it is only because he is excited, and sometimes his mouth works before his brain. Tell him you have heard of a thing called a silent birth, that way he won't be able to talk at all.” I winked at her and she chuckled.

“Ash, you are funny.” She smiles at me, wiping away a lone tear slipping down her cheek.

“Not bad for a grumpy old b**d, I guess.” I shrugged. “I will leave you ladies to it. I will chase that mate of yours down, get him to hunt that hospital bag of yours down, maybe even give him a hint about what is appropriate to say when your mate is in labor, before I go out for my run, okay?”

Eden smiled once more at me, while Bailey briefly looked at me, a small smile on her face, though whether that was for me or not was hard to tell, but she quickly returned her gaze to the floor, like making eye contact with me burned her eyes or something... I don't think things would ever be as they had been in my home with her again. Not that it would stop me worrying about her. She feels like part of our pack now, and I think that was why I worried about her. Yeah, that was it, the same as I would worry about any pack member. I am certain that was why.

Beauty and The Beta Chapter 88

Chapter 88 – Miles

Another day of treatment. They were becoming repetitive. But, if I forced myself, they were almost bearable, and it meant I got to spend at least a little time with Kaia. I got to see her smile. See the way her eyes lit up as she laughed... Feel the way my heart warmed if I was blessed with a giggle... or a little sideways. glance through her long lashes...

And, it meant I was moving toward my end goal of leaving this place quicker. I requested additional sessions each day, shocking the therapists, but they didn't see my plan. If I had the additional sessions, it made it more likely they would see me as completing their b*t p*ogramme sooner, and allow me to leave earlier. Completing the programme earlier had become my main goal. My second goal had become making Kaia mine, one way or another.

I had briefly spoken to Ellis, who had told me he had been training. Not just regular day to day training. Oh no, this was a full-on, hard and fast training that only Alphas were sent on. The specialized Alpha training. Hearing that infuriated me. My younger brother was training for a spot that was rightly mine. That told me that my parents were taking this consideration of allocating him as Alpha seriously, and I could not have that. I needed to tread carefully for the time being. Do all they asked of me to ensure I got my title. Got my role as Alpha as I should always have done.

Unfortunately, my parents, nor my best friend, had chosen to contact me since, and were not willing to answer my calls either. And, when I inquired with the treatment center staff, their answer was simple, they believed no contact was the better option to allow me the no-distraction approach to enable me to make this treatment a success. I swear these people pulled their answers from their a**s, because they were most definitely full of s**t. I was getting sick of them all.

But, I did all I could to hold back on taking my frustrations out on them. The struggle to control my temper was a daily, hour by hour battle, but one I needed to maintain, or this whole thing would be for nothing and my title would go to my f**g brother. And I could not allow that. He had done nothing to deserve to be Alpha.

"Another session done, I believe, Miles." Jonah, another of my therapists said to me with a smile. I had noticed that since reigning in my temper and showing my willingness to cooperate and complete their **y programme, the staff were less on edge around me and the scent of fear was gradually dissipating, as frustrating as that was, because both I and my wolf craved that scent.

"Looks like it." I nodded. "Is it okay to go for a walk in the

garden, and clear my head?" I asked him. This had become my usual escape after my afternoon sessions, as I knew Kaia was so often around in the gardens then, and it gave me an excuse to talk to her. Spend some time alone with her...

I was desperate to get her to see the potential in me. Allow her the opportunity to see I wasn't all bad, and that my company was actually quite enjoyable. I would wear her down to the point she was desperate for my company. For my attention...

"Of course, it is good you see the need for relaxation time, Miles. I think sometimes that little time to clear your head can make all the difference to a clear mind. A calmer mind." Jonah said calmly, making me want to roll my eyes, but I fought the urge, wanting him to think I was being respectful and I nodded.

I rushed off down the corridor of the pack, toward the door which led me to the familiar area of the gardens that I knew Kaia would often sit in the afternoon to do her work on her laptop. But as I approached the garden, I could see she was not alone, and my heart dropped. By her side was an older man, well-built, and muscular. His arms were littered with tattoos. I could feel my eyes glaring toward him, already questioning who this mystery man was, and why he was with Kaia. She looked comfortable in his company. And looked up at him with big, affectionate eyes.

I wandered a little closer, desperate to pique my curiosity as to who this man was. "But Daddy, you know I don't like doing formal events." Kaia appeared to whine.

Oh... this appeared to be the pack Alpha. Kaia's father. Of course, that would make sense, looking at his build and the way he seemed to carry himself. I had met many of the country's Alphas, but in truth, I paid little attention, finding them irrelevant to me. They would be below me once I was Alpha, so I didn't see the need to memorize them all. If I needed them, then I would make an effort to get to know them, so this man's face was not familiar to me.

However, I was desperate to speak to Kaia. And, if I wanted to win her over, then surely it would be a good thing to win her father over too...

"Good afternoon Miss Carter." I smiled sweetly at her, causing both Kaia and her father to look up at me with curiosity. The Alpha then looks across to Kaia with a raised brow and a smirk. upon his face.

"Good afternoon Miles." Kaia said, with a brief nod in my direction.

"Good afternoon sir." I offered my hand to the Alpha, who took it in a firm handshake, almost crushing my hand, in what I assumed was an attempt to remind me who was the stronger out of the two of us. Ha, little did he know just how dangerous I could be if pushed...

“Good afternoon. Miles, I assume.” He smiled. “And no need for sir, Alpha Aaron would suffice.”

I nodded. “We don’t normally see you across this part of the

pack, Alpha. Though the gardens are always nice to enjoy when the sun is out.” I tried hard to be nice. Though already him belittling me the way he did had irritated me.

“We do make sure our packlands are well tended, much like the pack buildings. Though the garden of our family home is much more pleasant to sit and enjoy, I have to admit. I am merely here to come and visit my daughter. She seems to like to try and avoid me.”

“Oh, now that isn’t nice is it?” I smiled at Kaia, trying to tease her a little, while attempting to make it seem I was supporting the Alpha.

“I don’t know why you think it is any of your business, Miles.” She scowled at me while her father simply chuckled. “Nor do I recall inviting you to come and join our conversation.”

I felt rejected by her snappiness. I knew she did not want me

there, and that hurt. I wanted her to want me, and my attempts right now were proving futile.

“Kaia, do not be so rude. That is not how the daughter of an Alpha is brought up to act.” Alpha Aaron shakes his head at his daughter with a look of what could only be described as disgust upon his face, before looking at me. “Please excuse her Miles, she appears to have gotten out of bed on the wrong side today.”

“Honestly, it is fine. I understand the pressures of being the child of an Alpha can bring. It isn’t always easy.” I looked at Kaia with a small smile, hoping she would see this as me trying to defend her, as well as something we have in common. Sometimes, being the child of an Alpha could be more of a chore than anything...

Instead, she rolled her eyes, while her father quickly rested his eyes upon me in a dark and meaningful glare. “Oh, you are the upcoming Alpha I have been hearing about. Hmmm...” his voice was full of intent in his words, and I don’t think I liked it.

Wonderful, my plan to win Kaia over, and make a good impression upon her father had failed h**sly on both counts. This was not going my way. Not in the slightest. I needed to get out of here as soon as I could...

Beauty and The Beta Chapter 89

Chapter 89 – Bailey

Life in the pack was hectic, though everyone was in such a joyful mood at the news that their Luna had given birth to the daughter of their Alpha. Their pack had a new pup to celebrate. I had been so busy with things for work that I had yet to go and visit. Besides, I thought it was only right that the family got to spend some time alone together. Not that it stopped Luna Eden messaging me. She was messaging back and forth much of the day and night.

It seemed, in the pack Luna, I had gained a new friend, not that I minded. A friend was never a bad thing, and after the way Miles had treated me over the years, I had lost many friends, all taking the side of the Alpha... So, this new friendship with Luna Eden was somewhat of a novelty, I had to admit. Although, she would not let go of the tense atmosphere in the room between Asher and me when I visited her the other night. So frequently asking me what was going on between us. Asking what had happened, and why Asher was trying to get away the moment I arrived. But I was not able to explain the way he reacted. Nor was I able to explain how his mind worked.

You would think she would know him better than me. She had known him a lot longer, but she had not been able to shine any light upon it either. But, we were both in agreement he did appear to be avoiding me. But, I had no clue why. I had not seen him in the packhouse of a nighttime since, so I didn't really have the opportunity to ask him. Though, I had ensured I stayed in my room after dinner. Maybe that was a little childish of me, but I did not have the energy to deal with the awkwardness either.

I closed up my classroom after yet another fun day in school. This was one of the few positives of me being in this pack now. I loved my job and the little monsters I was teaching. They were the highlight of my day, and constantly cheered me up. But, once the day was over, it was back to my usual mundane and miserable life, all alone in my small room in the packhouse doing my best to avoid the mean and moody Beta of the pack. I was beginning to wonder if it was the right place for me or not...

I was just walking toward the main doors, when Marc walked into the school, his whole face lit up as he saw me, and I instantly felt my mood brighten. At least someone was pleased to see me. "Now aren't you a sight for sore eyes, Princess." He winked at me.

"Marc, stop flirting with my staff!" Alli yelled from the staffroom, and I felt my cheeks heat up, as I noticed Marc's cheek tinting red slightly too, telling me he was likely as embarrassed as I felt. I don't think he meant it in a flirting way, that seemed to be the way he spoke with me...

He chuckled. "Can't even say hi." He shrugged. "Come to help her, and she accuses me of flirting. Maybe I should just go home, she would soon complain then. When she had to do the repairs on her own."

I smiled at his cheekiness. "Hi."

“Hi to you too. See, you look so much better when you smile, you know? Anyway, you been avoiding me at dinner time?” he asked, leaning against the wall, his eyebrows raised, and a hand upon one hip, like he was teasing

“No, I have been busy with things for work. Doing class preparations is all, so get to dinner later.” I explained. “Why would I avoid you?”

He looked down, like he was suddenly uncomfortable, or maybe he doubted himself. I was struggling to read him... “Don’t know, maybe after the stuff Beta Asher said.”

I frowned, a little confused. Did he really think I would avoid him? And would it actually bother him if I did? “Didn’t I eat with you after that?”

He shrugged, still continuing to avoid my gaze. Hmm, definitely a little odd...

“Besides, I think the Beta is avoiding me now, so what he thinks is likely irrelevant.” I said without thinking, in an attempt to reassure him I had not been avoiding him. But I noticed Marc looking at me, a look of concern upon his face.

“He got nasty with you?”

“He isn’t like that, is he?” I questioned, not believing for a moment Asher would get nasty with those in his own pack. I knew he had a darkness that seemed to overtake him when he was struggling, but I still do not believe him capable of being nasty or hurting his own pack members.

Marc raised his brows and shrugged. “Did he get nasty with you, Bailey? Angry at all?”

I shook my head. “No. Just snapped. Though that could have been my own fault, I likely deserved it. He seemed angry then, and is avoiding me now.”

“Would you not say anything if I told you something, Bailey?” he looked at me, suddenly looking so far from the confident guy he usually appeared to be.

“Right come on Marc, I have got things I need you to do.” Alli quickly disturbed our conversation, almost like she had been listening in to the conversation and didn’t want Marc to tell me whatever he was about to...

Marc looked toward me with a sad smile, and a little shrug. “Guess I will catch you around then, Princess. Have a good night.”

“Okay, I will see you both later.” I said, realizing I was going to have to accept I was not likely to get the answers I was hoping for...

I quickly walked from the school, my mind a whirling mess as to what he had been about to tell me. I couldn’t help but wonder if it was to do with Asher, seeing as we had

been talking about him. I could only assume Marc would know him with the fact his sister had been Asher's fated mate. And, he had moved to Asher's pack...

The last few days, on the odd occasion I had seen Asher around in pack, he had looked down and kept walking quickly. Avoiding my gaze as much as he possibly could. It could not be clearer to me, he did not want to be around me. I know I had pushed him away when he had tried to be there for me, but I don't think it deserved this sort of treatment now. We had been beginning to get along. I had even begun to wonder if we could be friends. But, evidently, there was no hope of that.

With Luna Eden so busy now with her new baby, Asher avoiding me at every turn, and me barely hearing from anybody in my own pack lately, I was beginning to feel increasingly isolated here, and, it was starting to bring me and Akira down. Making me wonder if taking this job had been the right thing after all.

I walked through the packhouse doors, just as Asher was walking out, nearly knocking into him, causing him to step onto my toe. I flinched in pain, as he quickly stepped off. He looked at me, momentarily a look of concern crossed his face, before it was replaced with a dark scowl. "Do you just walk around in a f**g daydream?" He all but snarled. "Watch where you are. going and that sort of thing likely wouldn't happen." He snapped, storming out of the door, leaving me stood watching his intimidating figure rush away, with tears in my eyes.

I don't know what was happening with him, but I was liking him and this pack less and less now...

Beauty and The Beta Chapter 90

Chapter 90 – Asher

Sitting at my desk sorting through yet more papers for Caleb. Who knew an Alpha had so much paperwork to do? Thankfully, the baby had arrived now, but I had done the decent thing and told. Caleb to take a couple more weeks off to allow him to spend some time at home with his family. Bond with his new baby, Freya, and allow Eden some time to rest with Caleb at home to help, though no doubt she would see it as having him under her feet.

Even once he was back at work, she would be inundated with offers of help, but still, I wanted him to have that chance to spend time with his new pup. Those first few weeks are ones you never have the chance to get back, or so i am told... But, at least, I know I am getting close to the end of having this additional pressure upon me.

Zion is in desperate need of a run. But, I have had to cut my daily runs short these last few days with the amount of work that needed doing because I didn't want to leave Caleb with a stack of work to return to. Though I was finding it increasingly harder to focus. My mind so often drifts to Isla... and now Bailey too. But, I couldn't solve this

thing with Bailey and gain the answers I needed because she seemed unwilling to talk to me. So, I simply buried my head within the work and did what I did best and avoided people.

While sitting at my desk, the phone rang, which always confused me, which likely sounds ridiculous, because obviously that is what telephones are for, to take calls, but everyone in the pack can mindlink, so we so often use that instead, rather than using the phone, so phone calls are rare unless they are external. So I answered, truly not having the energy to deal with. talking to others.

“Hello, Autumn Valley Pack, Beta Asher speaking, how can I help?” I said, trying my hardest to sound polite, they would have to make do with that. Cheerful was outside of my abilities, especially today.

“Ah Beta Asher, just the person, or Alpha Caleb, but you will do.” A voice said, and the moment they spoke, I recognized it as the annoying father of Bailey. Wonderful. I was tired. Over worked, and over stressed. The last thing I needed to be dealing with was this over-excitable fool.

Nothing like insulting me either, with the ‘You will do’ statement, was there? Eurgh... I wish I hadn’t answered the phone now...

‘Should have gone for a run like I asked you to.’ Zion snarled, he was getting really snappy of late.

‘Hmm, wish I had.’

‘Hang up then and go.’ He growls. But I ignore him, pushing him back, before he tries to take over, or else he would force a shift and I would be running through the packhouse destroying everything in my wake in my wolf form.

“What is it I can help with?” I forced myself to ask, cutting conversation with Zion.

“I wanted to see how Bailey is doing.” Her Dad asked, and I couldn’t help but wonder why the hell he didn’t just call her himself. She was his daughter after all.

“And you can’t ask her that yourself?” I spoke my thoughts, not caring if he liked it or not.

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Yet the weird one simply laughs. “See you have got happier since I left.” He said with a hint of sarcasm, cheeky fucker. “But, I don’t want to be pestering her, and not only that we have a lot going on in our pack, and I know if I call she will be wanting to know about it all, and then she will be worried about all that. I just want her to be enjoying her new job. I don’t expect you to understand, you big buffoon, you aren’t a father, but I worry

about her.” He says, but the thing is, I think I do understand. Because, the truly irritating thing is, I worry about her too...

“May I ask if things are improving in your pack?” I said, urging him to share the information. Hoping it may answer some of the many questions bouncing around inside of my own mind.

“No, you may not.”

“Figured as much. So, I assume you don’t want to know that someone in your pack called Bailey then?” I hinted at knowing some information, in the hope it might make him a little more willing to share information with me.

“What?” he snapped. “Are you being serious, Beta? And how would you know that?”

“Because she was sitting with me when the call came through. She would not tell me what was happening, but I am concerned for your daughter, Beta Donovan.” I told him.

“Do you know who it was?” he demanded, but I don’t let the tone of his voice anger me, because in truth, if I was in his situation I know I would sound equally as angry, if not more so. He wanted to protect Bailey. And, despite the awkwardness between us, so did I.

“No, sadly I do not, as she ran off Unwilling to give any information. But he was quite aggressive. His words sounded nasty. And they upset her. I ask that you consider calling her, to see if she will open up to you, because she would not open up to me. And, I assume you will not tell me the issues she is facing, so I may be able to help?” I said with a sigh.

I heard the Beta at the other end of the phone sighing too. “I am sorry Beta Asher, but that is not my place to decide to share that information. That would be Bailey’s place if she chooses to open up to you. But, maybe I misjudged you. It seems you aren’t that much of a bad guy after all. Even if you have a face like a shriveled up lemon. I will call Bai, and see if she will talk to me. I have a feeling I know who called her, and if it is him, we have problems.” He said, hanging up, without so much as a thank you or a goodbye. Angering me further, but also leaving me filled with fear for the girl I know I should not care about, but for some reason, I am beginning to, and anger for the man who seems to have this hold over her...

Zion is rippling closer to the surface now, and I know there will be no pushing him back. I need to go for a run, and I need a proper run. One that gives him a chance to run until he is in pain. from exertion. I rushed from my office down the corridor toward the doors of the packhouse, fighting with Zion for control. He will be shifting the first chance he gets. He needs this chance to burn off the surge of energy pulsing through him because of the anger he is fighting.

I went to push the door open and a petite body slammed into me, with her head down. I assumed, she was not paying attention to where she was going... though in truth I was more. focused on keeping Zion pushed back... I realized in haste it was Bailey, and in the impact of knocking into one another my foot stood firmly upon her toes, as I heard her gasp sharply in pain. Zion whimpered suddenly at the thought of us causing her pain, and I quickly retreated with my foot, moving away from her.

I quickly allowed my eyes to look over her, trying to establish if she was okay, hating the thought I may have hurt her. But anger rages through me at the sight of her, recalling the pain of her pushing me away. The hurt she caused me... and a scowl took over my face as I snarled. "Do you just walk around in a fucking daydream? Watch where you are going and that sort of thing likely wouldn't happen."

The look of shock upon Bailey's face was one I think will haunt my dreams, it was one of terror. She should not fear me, but now I think she might, as I quickly stormed away from her...

Zion was now whimpering while I battled my own emotions. Why is she having this effect on me? I cannot get the way she looked at me out of my mind...

'Perhaps if you treated her a little better, then she would not be terrified of you, you dumb fuck.' Zion snarled.

'Who are you calling a dumb fuck?' I snapped. 'She was the one who threw my offer of kindness and support back in my face.'

'Hmm, let me see... You, I believe, you dumb fuck. Do you not like it? I think it suits you. Dumb fuck. Dumb fuck Dumb fuck. Zion chuckled.

'Zion.' I warned him.

'What? I got more if you would like?' He began. 'Asshat? Dickbreath? Rumbleforeksin? Buttmonkey? Besides, you know I am right, you are a dumb fuck for treating her that way. But, you keep acting like a poor baby. She was upset and scared. I think it is normal to push people away. Especially if she doesn't think she can trust anyone. And let's face it, you hadn't exactly shown her you were trustworthy before that. Fuckwit.' Zion hissed, he was getting close to me blocking him, and he likely knew it, with all the insults he was throwing at me.

I stormed my way across the path around the back of the packhouse toward the treeline of the nearby forest which would allow me to shift, and allow Zion the freedom he needed to take his anger out on some prey, and burn off the over-spilling energy seeping from him.

'Well, it was difficult for me to even let her get that close to me. For me to even be that caring, did she not realize that?' I snapped once more.

‘Oh for fuck’s sake Asher, I think she may have had other things on her mind than how you were feeling at that moment. But you acting like this now may mean we lose her.’ He growls and with that he is gone. He has blocked me. He is within the farthest reaches of my mind, and unreachable. I have pissed him off. But, that is nothing unusual, and it isn’t the first time. Looks like I’m not going for a run... or perhaps I should say, he isn’t. But, what bothers me more, is what the hell did he mean we are going to lose her? Why would he care?

Beauty and The Beta Chapter 91

Chapter 91 – Asher

Seeing Bailey crying in the distance as I walked through the packhouse tears at my heartstrings, and I found myself rushing to her as she walked into the lounge. Any awkwardness that had been between us is irrelevant now, as I pull her close to me, her tears quickly dampening my shirt. “Bailey, what has happened?” I whispered, holding her tight against my chest. So desperate to soothe her. My heart racing with her so close to me.

But she says no words, yet I feel her heart racing too as she continues to sob against my chest. I led her to the sofa so we could sit down. I want to be there for her, let her know she isn’t alone. I hate that this sweet girl is suffering, and maybe Zion has been right, pushing her away may result in her leaving the pack...

I pulled her back from me slightly, so I was able to see her face, and gently stroke back the mane of dark curls from her face. Her natural hair only adds to her natural beauty, in my opinion, why she feels she should hide it I do not know. At my touch she flinched slightly, but her big brown eyes met mine, in a nervous gaze. “Sweetheart, what is wrong?” I whispered, lowering my hand, to softly stroke her face this time, yet I had no clue why.

Bailey’s eyes dropped to my hand, before looking back at me through her long dark lashes, her sobs seemingly easing as she was distracted by me. “Trouble from home.” She sniffled.

“You know I will help you if I can?” I told her. “You don’t have to do all this alone?” I found myself stroking the soft skin of her face once again, unable to resist...

“Why?” she stuttered. “Why would you help me? I am nothing to you. Or your pack. He could hurt you.” She wiped her tears away, before looking back at me.

I hooked my hand underneath her chin, to raise her gaze to me. “Did it ever occur to you, it is because I wanted to help you?” I said, my voice a little husky. “Because I care?”

She—tilted her head in that adorable way she does, before frowning, making me smile. She seemed to have an uncanny ability to make me smile without even trying, or she had done, until we started clashing a little...

“And as for him hurting me, I have my suspicions who it is your mean, but you don’t need to worry about me. I will do what I can to defend you, Bailey, and I am sure Caleb would too, if he knew you were in trouble, and he knew I wanted to help.” I reassured her, and her face softened at my words, a small smile forming.

“I don’t understand why you would do that for me.” She whispered. “He is dangerous.”

My hand was still hooked under her chin, so I slid it along her cheek into her hair, but in doing so, I moved her face closer to mine, and she suddenly looked very vulnerable... but incredibly beautiful... tempting... Zion purred deeply at the scent of her filling my senses... “Is that not all the more reason for me. protecting you?” I whispered, my heart feeling like it wanted to beat right out of my chest.

Bailey went to shake her head and speak, but I found myself lowering my finger to her lips. “Shh, you don’t need to tell me I don’t need to. I want to.” I told her, but my focus now isn’t on my words, or what she may have wanted to say, but on the fact of how soft her lips feel to my touch... how close we are to one another... and how good that it feels....

I moved my finger from her lip and now Bailey is gently chewing her lower lip, only drawing my attention to her lips even more, as I find myself drawn to her. Suddenly, my lips find hers, unable to resist. Gently at first do I kiss her lips and the feeling sent shivers of delight through my body, and she shocked me as she began to return my kisses. Tentatively initially, but soon she began to kiss me with more need... more desire...

The kisses became more urgent, as her hand slipped into my hair, gripping it roughly, making me moan into her mouth, hell... who knew I wanted this girl so badly?

Zion is somewhere between purring and growling right now as Bailey slowly teased her tongue inside of my mouth, finding my tongue with hers. My whole body is reacting to her touch and I realize just how lonely I have been...

Bailey suddenly shifts herself without even breaking our kisses, so she is sitting, straddling my lap, continuing to kiss me with as much need, her hands tugging roughly at my hair before she allowed her hands to drop to the buttons upon my shirt. Her fingers traced the line of the buttons, the skin underneath reacting to her touch, as goosebumps spread across my body. Before Bailey suddenly gripped the fabric, and ripped it open, exposing my naked chest to her. Popping buttons off, causing them to fly off across the room... but right now I didn’t care, this girl seemed to want me, and I wanted her.

Bailey teased at my tongue with her own, while allowing her hands to slide along my chest, sending shivers down my spine, and pulses of desire ran through me too... I thrust my hip upward, pulling her closer to me to deepen our kiss, while I slipped her tank top over her head, exposing her lacy blue bra to me. This woman was perfection in every way... My breathing sped up at the sight of her womanly curves, desperate to get my hands upon her, but also wanting to take pleasure in every moment I had with her....

“Mmmm, Asher, I want you so bad...” she whispered into my ear, her warm breath making me tingle with pleasure. Heat rushed over me.

I felt so warm... far too hot... my head felt like it was spinning at the effect Bailey had upon me... and my heart pounding in my chest... I was sweating. I twisted suddenly, trying to cool myself down as I sat up suddenly... my eyes wide... and my breathing rapid as I took note of the surrounding room...

I was on my bed. In my room. Alone. It had been a fucking dream. All a dream! A realisation hit me... Wait... Why the hell was I dreaming of doing things like that with Bailey?! My heart continued to pound as sweat drenched my entire body, and Zion whimpered within my mind. No... this can't be right. Surely not...

‘Zee?’ I questioned.

‘Work it out yourself, Asher.’ He snapped, putting the block up between the two of us, my wolf seemingly equally as shaken by the dream we had just had.

Work it out myself? Was there much to work out? I had just had a dream about the new girl. And it was hardly a sweet and innocent dream... holy shit...

Beauty and The Beta Chapter 92

Chapter 92 – Miles

I had been called to the main meeting room, and I had no clue why. This would likely not be good. Kaia had been avoiding me since the awkward interaction with her father, and I had no ideal why. So, I had done all I could to get as many therapy sessions done each day to keep myself busy. I was not used to rejection, and needless to say, I did not like it. Once I was done here, and in my role of Alpha, I would come back here, and I would show her what she had missed out on. She would come to regret her choice, I would ensure of that.

No woman turned me down. I paced the floor of the room for the tenth time since arriving. I hated being kept waiting, yet these fuckers here seemed to like doing exactly that. I was sick of the familiar walls here now. Sick of the people and the fact that they had become accustomed to me. Though, the fact I had allowed my anger to become hidden meant they did not fear me the same, so I did not gain the same thrill from them all. So, I gained little enjoyment from being here. I wanted to leave now. Well, in truth, I

wanted to leave the moment I arrived, but that was never going to happen. But, now, my father could not say I had not done as he had asked of me. I had done exactly as asked.

I just hoped there were no more requirements expected of me before they were willing to consider my position as Alpha. I was 24, and more than ready to become Alpha. So many upcoming Alphas have taken their positions by this age, and I think my father was just unwilling to surrender his position. He says I like the power being Alpha brings me, and that I gain a thrill from it, but in truth, I believe he adores the power being Alpha brings him, which is why he is so reluctant to let his title go. That is why he is holding back on handing me the title I was born into.

But, he would soon have to make a decision or others would be asking questions. I had heard nothing more from Ellis since he had called me in my early days here, to wish me all the best with my treatment, and to tell me he had every faith in my ability to do well in completing the treatment. And, of course, to inform me of his Alpha training. Why would my brother want me to successfully complete my treatment if he had the opportunity to become Alpha? He would want the role as Alpha, like any sane man would, given an opportunity, of that I am sure of!

I would be interested to know how his training went and if he was strong enough to pass it. I know he is strong. He is of Alpha blood, being my father's son, but I don't believe he is as strong as me. He enjoyed training, but never pushed himself like I had. I doubted he was capable of the things expected of young Alphas in their formal Alpha training. I truly believed he would fail, and then, where would that leave my father? With no choice but to go with the rightful path given to him by nature. Me.

"Ah Miles, you are here." Alpha Aaron walked into the room, taking me by surprise. What was he here for? I have been asked here by the treatment team, yet he is not a part of the treatment staff. I was instantly on edge.

"Yes, Alpha. Is everything okay?" I asked, instantly in defensive mode.

An experienced Alpha, he must have picked up on my feelings, as he looked at me with a smile. "No need to be feeling on edge or defensive, Miles. Your parents are here to take you home.

Your treatment is complete."

I took in his words. I was done? Nothing had been mentioned about this to me, yet my parents were here to take me home?! My heart was racing in anticipation.

"I am done?!" I asked, a smile emerging on my face.

"That you are son. The additional therapy sessions you were requesting each day meant you completed the treatment a lot quicker than usual." He told me, as my Mum

and Dad rushed into the room with Kaia by their side, dressed smartly in a simple black shift dress. Her long blond hair pulled back into a high pony-tail, allowing all her delicate features to be on display. Her lips were highlighted in a deep red lipstick, only drawing my attention to them even further.

Plump and full, I wanted nothing more than to be able to pull her to me and have my lips upon hers. Kiss her so passionately I messed up that neatly placed lipstick...

I found myself smiling slightly at the mere thought of Kaia and kissing her. Fuck, I wanted this girl. "Well, Mr and Mrs Davenport, Miles has ensured he completed the treatment as swiftly as he could, likely in a rush to return home to you. But, we are happy that he has done everything we expected of him. We are happy to discharge him from our care, but that does not mean he cannot contact us for out-reach care. If he needs advice or support, he is more than welcome to reach out to one of the team for help." Kaia says with a beautiful smile towards my parents.

I saw my Mum smile back. "Thank you so much, we thought he was a lost cause." And I felt like dying of embarrassment at her words. Nothing like humiliating your own child and making me sound like a fucking monster! This is a woman I want to be with, and my mother is making me sound horrendous!

"Oh, no, you should never think that. Nobody is a lost cause. Miles has done well. He may have days when he struggles, but if he reaches out, we should be able to help him, so long as he remembers the things we have taught him." Kaia said with a smile in my direction and I felt my heart flutter from her gaze alone.

What the fuck is happening to me? I do not get all soppy eyed over a woman?! I am the sort of guy who fucks-em and leaves- em. Not willing to get into drama with them. All far too much hassle for my liking, yet this woman seems to have my attention, and I have not been able to stop thinking about her since I met her...

"Well, you should say thank you, Miles, and we will get going, we have things we need to do." My Dad says bluntly, already acting like having to come here to collect me was an inconvenience, before he looked to Kaia and Alpha Aaron. "Thank you to your both, and all your staff."

I looked to Kaia, a smile upon my face. "Thanks for everything." I tried to remain casual, though I desperately wanted to give her a hug. Just to be able to hug her. Touch her. Take in her scent...

"No problem. Good luck with everything." She said, before turning and walking away, like I didn't even matter. She didn't even seem to care that I was leaving. Had I imagined there was a connection between us?

"Here is your support pack." Alpha Aaron said, handing me a small bundle. "All your treatment papers are in there. Along with the treatment plans used, so you can utilize

them if needed. As well as contact details for staff if you need the out-reach support once you are home. Good luck Miles.”

I nodded in his direction with a smile, as I followed my Mum and Dad from the room, my Dad already marching his way through the center toward the parking area. He was obviously in a hurry to get away. “Right Miles, we have a lot to arrange when we get home.” He says coldly.

“Oh, so no well done, son. We are proud of you?” I asked sarcastically, a little irritated that neither one of them seemed bothered that I had done the treatment as they had asked of me, with no issues and quicker than expected too, because I had asked for more treatment each day.

“Why would we be proud? Perhaps if you weren’t such a difficult child you wouldn’t have needed it.” Dad said as he got into the driver’s seat of his car with a snarl, telling me he was far from impressed with the whole thing. So, evidently, this was not enough for them either.

“Mum?” I tried with her, but she shrugged.

“I am not sure what you want me to say, Miles. Your Dad has just had to see another Alpha there, show weakness to him, with his son and his apparent heir attending treatment. It doesn’t reflect well on us as a pack. So, why would he be proud? Think of it in that regard. I am afraid it isn’t all about you, and how you feel. You may feel you have done well doing some therapy, but in truth, through your actions you have let your pack down, massively.”

My mother’s words Hit me hard. Who the hell did she think she was talking to?! I feel my anger racing to the surface, but I know if I kick off now, I will be carted straight back into the treatment center, so I push it straight back, and take a deep breath, climbing into the car, sitting behind my Dad, not saying a word, seething in anger.

“Now you have done that, I do not expect to see your attitude and anger being an issue, Miles. Do you understand?” My Dad said with authority, evidently wanting to show me who was boss. I clenched my fists in fury, as he continued. “And now, we will begin the next step of your reprisal. You will find your chosen mate. You will do a tour of all the packs. Until we find a suitable chosen mate for you.”

His words are cold and to the point, but they fill me with dread. I am not going to get a say on this, and I know it. Because if I refuse, I am likely to lose my title. The only other option would be to challenge my father for his title...

Beauty and The Beta Chapter 93

Chapter 93 – Asher

I flung back my office door, my head still a mess from my alteration to my dreams... I was used to vivid dreams. Of course I was. My nights had been plagued with visions of losing Isla ever since she had gone. Causing me to relive the moment time and time again. Feeling the pain as the bond snapped. Feeling her slip away from me, and the pain as my heart felt like it shattered into a million pieces, as Zion crumbled inside of me. Never to be the same again...

But, now, this was something else. This was a dream to betray my fated mate. Betray the woman I had been blessed by the moon goddess. I had awoken wanting Bailey. I had woken thinking I was about to take things further with her, and the thing that terrifies me most, is that thought in that moment, that was exactly what I had wanted. I had been incredibly turned on. I had wanted her. Wanted her touch. Needed her touch. I was disappointed and terrified all in one go...

I had dropped back onto the bed, with tears leaking from my eyes at the thought of what it all meant. What it meant for Isla. Did that mean I had to let my beautiful girl go? No. I could never do that. She had been made for me. She had died because of me. Had she not been mine, she would never have been in this pack. She would never have been in harm's way... she would never have lost her life...

The pain ripped through me at the thought. She had been meant for me. She had died because she was mine, and I should honor that. Me wanting another woman felt so wrong. I felt like I was betraying all we ever had. Being disloyal to our matebond, despite the fact she was no longer here to respect it would be the wrong thing to do, in spite of what my body thought it wanted...

She had been gone seven long, lonely years now. Seven long years without my mate. Seven long years of pain. But, they would never be enough for the sacrifice she made in being my mate. For, in choosing to be my mate, she had chosen a life here. Which cost her her life.

Just as I stepped out of the main door of the packhouse, I saw Eden pushing her stroller with the new baby. Her face lit up at the sight of me. "Hey Ash!" she greeted me, and already I could see she was so much more at ease now the baby had arrived.

I attempted a smile in her direction, but knew I failed miserably when she looked concerned. "You okay?" she pushed the stroller a little closer to me. "See, little Freya wants to know if her Uncle Asher is okay?"

I nodded. "I will be fine."

"Come on, we are going for a walk." She told me.

"Eden, I am busy." I told her.

“Doing?” she eyed me suspiciously, and rightly so, because I had been about to go for a walk to clear my head, seeing as Caleb had been back in the office today, apparently desperate for a break from the kids. Though from what I understood, Matty was spending the day fishing with his Grandpa.

“Fine, I was going for a walk.” I rolled my eyes at her, knowing she had already worked it out.

“Well, I shall join you.” she told me. “Assuming you aren’t planning to shift?” I could so easily lie and tell her I was, but in truth Zion has bugged off since the dream and is refusing to speak to me. He is hurting more than he wants to let me know, I think. Which truly doesn’t help me in anyway...

“Whatever Eden, you are about to anyway, I assume.” I told her with a shrug.

She simply grinned. “Come on then, Mr Cheerful. You want to push?” she offered me the stroller, but I declined. We walked alongside one another in silence, but I could feel her eyes upon me.

“Eden, if you need to ask something, will you just do it? Because you are making me uncomfortable by keeping looking at me like that.”

She chuckled. “Something is bothering you Ash. I would swear you looked ready to cry before. What has happened?” she urged me as we sat on the wall overlooking the pond at the far side of one of the many gardens in the pack.

“Shit.” I muttered, not really wanting to admit to anything.

“Well, why not tell me?” she asked, as she checked on her daughter.

“I will manage.” I shrugged.

“Looking at your face, and the mood you have been in of late, I would say not. Has something happened?” she asked yet again. “Are you struggling with things with Isla again?” she reached for my hand. She knew how much I struggled with the loss I felt from my mate dying, not to mention the guilt I battled too.

I smiled sadly. “I guess you could say it is to do with that.”

“Oh Ash.” She leaned her head upon my arm. “Isla would hate that you are struggling, you know that. She also would never see you as to blame for what happened. That was not your fault. That was the rogues, and you know it was. Nobody knew that was going to happen. That could as easily have happened in her old pack before she came here.” She told me, and I know her words. They are familiar to me by now.

This is a conversation we have had so many times before. One of the reasons Eden and I get along so well, is she and Caleb were the ones there for me when I lost Isla, and they saw the effect it had upon me. They saw how damaged I was becoming, yet they never gave up on me.

“What if I am breaking Eden?” I whispered, and I felt her raising her gaze to look up at me.

“In what way, Ash?”

“I feel like I’m falling apart. Like things that I should know, or I feel like I do know, are all in doubt because it feels like my own mind is in doubt. Like I can’t trust my own thoughts. I can’t trust my own logic. Like I can’t trust my own mind. My mind is a mess, Eden. Things are slipping out of my control. I don’t like it.” I told her, trying to put into words how I was feeling, and I saw the fear upon her face.

“Your anger?” she questioned, but I shook my head. Strangely, this time it wasn’t my anger. That was still there simmering, of course. I doubted if that would ever go away. But my mind was overtaken with doubt of late. A doubt that I was struggling to trust my own judgment. It was making me question every little thought I had. Every decision I made. Whereas previously I was so sure of myself, now, I doubted each thought...

“My thoughts. My commitment. Loyalty. Devotion.” I found myself admitting, in spite of the shame it brought me to say it.

“That makes no sense, Ash. Who to?” Eden is stroking my hand softly. “You mean to Isla?” she questioned quietly.

I raised my eyes to meet her beautiful blue eyes. One thing that I know Caleb cannot resist about his mate. So unusual and rare, and truly beautiful, and something their children had inherited. I slowly nodded, tears filling my eyes.

“Oh Asher!” She reached up and stroked away a tear that had slipped down my cheek. “Your loyalty, devotion and commitment to Isla had never been in question, sweetheart, and it never will be. You have mourned for your mate for seven years. You searched for the rogue that killed her for a year after...” her voice faltered as she looked up at me.

I looked down, not wanting to think about that. Those hadn’t been my greatest moments. I wasn’t at my best, of that there was no denying. It was no wonder my pack feared me at times...

“But, why do you think it is in question? Has someone been on your mind?” she probed gently, no judgment in her tone, though I feel she likely knew the truth. She had seen herself how I had been around Bailey while she was the hospital.

“Eden, please, I do not want anyone to know about this.” I told her urgently, desperate that this is not shared. Gossip had of spreading around this pack like wildfire...

She smiled, the familiar kind smile of the woman who had become as much like family to me as her mate had. “I won’t say a word.”

“Not even to Caleb.” I warned her. “I am struggling with this enough Eden. My head is battered. I don’t need others knowing and asking me things I don’t even know the answer to myself.”

She nodded again. “Okay Ash, I won’t say a word. But, let me tell you this much, Isla would not see this as you betraying her, nor your matebond. Your love for her will always be there, Ash, but she wouldn’t want you being alone forever. You have been alone for seven years. Do you not think that is enough? Seven years of suffering? Seven years of pain?” she softly squeezed my hand. “Isla would never want her Boo to be lonely, especially not forever, Ash.”

sat looking ahead listening to the words Eden was telling me and, as much as I couldn’t help but wonder if she may be right, it hurts to think like that. Hurts to think of moving on. Leaving my mate behind...

But I nodded to acknowledge her words. Smiling sadly across at her.

“Though I do have to say, Ash, if you are thinking there is something there, or there could be, do you not think you should be a little better with her? A little kinder? Or else you might scare her away.” Eden says with a playful wink, telling me she is teasing, but her words seem to heavily echo those of Zion, and that scares me a little...

Beauty and The Beta Chapter 94

Chapter 94 – Miles

Being back in my pack felt so good. The place I was meant to be. The place I belonged. And the place I planned to make my own. Despite not being away too long, it had been too long. This pack was mine. My home and the place I needed to be. This place needed me as much as I needed it. I would be the Alpha here. I was certain of that. Of that there was no doubt. But, for some reason, my Dad seemed determined to want to have me out of here before I had a chance to get settled again. Off on this search for the chosen mate they seemed to be craving for me.

I did not need a mate to make me strong. I was strong enough on my own. Or I would be when I brought Bailey home. I needed her close to gain my full strength that the fated mate brought. That was what legend told us. And that was what I needed. I needed my full strength. She needed to be back home. She should never have been allowed to leave. And I needed to find a way in which to do that. Yet, I had not found a way in which to do that yet, not with my parents constantly breathing down my neck, or

Jordan following me around like a little lost f**g dog, watching my every move. I had not found a way, but I would.

And even more irritating, was her number seemed to be disconnected now. She had gone. Uncontactable now through the number I had for her. Telling me that she was intentionally not wanting me to speak to her. So, I needed to speak with her sister. That had been my plan for today, but Morgan was still in a mood with me after our last argument...

"Miles!" My Dad yelled from the kitchen, and I rolled my eyes from the place I laid upon my bed. The sooner I could move from this hell-hole they called a family home and into the Alpha suite the better. "We need to arrange these visits. I want to head off tomorrow." He barked up the stairs at me.

Wonderful. They really were wasting no time. Tomorrow seemed ridiculously soon! They wanted me marrying off soon. No doubt popping pups out too. Little shitbags, heirs to this great empire of a pack. Well, this mate they are finding me had best be willing to do all the child care and upbringing, because kids were most definitely not something I wanted bothering with. But, I knew I needed heirs. That would be expected of me as an Alpha. So, if my mate could deal with them, then we would manage. I would be the powerful Alpha, she could be the mother.

It wasn't like I wanted the mate. She was more to keep my parents and to some degree the pack quiet. It was to gain my title. To keep my power. I just hoped we would find a willing mate on this godforsaken tour. This needed to work...

I stomped down the stairs to meet him. "What?" I snapped, taking a deep breath, trying my hardest to hold back the anger that was threatening. It was proving harder and harder to suppress my temper, but I was using the skills they had shown me at the treatment center and battled with my wolf to stop unleashing my rage, in order to allow my parents to think I was happy to go along with this. They needed to believe that. I had to deceive them, then they would give me the title of Alpha.

Once I had my title, I could unleash my fury. And the pack would be brought under my rule. The pack would be run the way it should be ruled. Pack members would wonder what had come for them... My father's rule would begin to seem like a walk in the park compared to me... the thought sent a shiver of a thrill down my spine... I loved the thought of instilling fear in others... that was what being an Alpha was to me... the fear... the power.

"Are you getting irritable again?" My Dad raised his brows at me. He liked to challenge me, almost daring me to snap. I am sure he wanted me to fail.

"No. I was busy." I lied. "What is wrong? I thought we had gone over the plans. Like multiple times." I complained, glancing at the paperwork my Dad had on the table. If he expected me to go through them, I could be here for hours. What did we need to go

through that would take so long? It was like repeating the same shit time and time again... all for something I didn't even want!

"We need to finalize choices. There are plenty of things to discuss. Do you have preference of where we start?" He asked. with a smile. Oh, so they were actually asking my opinion? So far, it felt like I had no say...

My choice would be Kaia every time, but each time I tried. dropping her name in, I was spoken over, and I don't even think they heard me. So, she was soon overlooked. I was lined up to see a number of she-wolves of various rankings across multiple packs across the country. I could be gone for months. This is not what I want. This was only going to delay my title ceremony.

But, if he was asking for my opinion, maybe I could try pushing my luck. Give him my honest opinion on something. Suggest an idea that I have not been able to get rid of for days now, one that I truly think would work so much better than this lump of shit idea they had...

"Dad, do you not think I would bring more appeal if I was the Alpha?" I tried. "I will take a chosen mate. For that, I assure you. I will find a chosen mate while we tour the packs. But, do your not think there will be potentially more interest and more volunteers to meet me if I was already the Alpha?" I hoped he would listen... this could easily work in my favor...

My Dad gave me a dark stare. But he looked in deep thought. momentarily. Was my plan actually going to work? But he shook his head. "Do not be so ridiculous. You still have so much to prove before I consider titles."

"Are you for real?!" I roared. "I have done all you asked of me, and it is still not enough?!" I stormed from the house, my anger pulsing through my veins. Heading straight for the treeline as I strode away. I needed to get away from him before I attacked. him... it was getting so close each time he pushed me to the edges of my temper

My heart was pounding in my chest in fury. While I reached into. my pocket for my phone. I scrolled through my contacts quickly to find who I was looking for, clicking the call button.

"Morgan? I am so glad to hear your voice." I lied to her as her pretty face appeared upon the screen. I was hoping that seeing my face would make her realize just how much she had missed me, and that the sweet-talking would make her come around too. She had always liked my sweet-talking. "I need to see your darling."

Beauty and The Beta Chapter 95

hapter 95 – Morgan

I walked through the pack, having left my friends, heading home ready to relax and settle down for the night, when I was shocked to feel my phone vibrating in my back pocket. Not many people actually called me. Everybody used the mindlink in the pack, and as of yet, I didn't particularly know anybody outside of the pack. Unless, of course, you count Bailey, but me and her didn't exactly part on the best of terms after she and I argued...

I slipped the phone from my pocket, and was shocked to see Miles was calling. I had heard he was back. But, I had done my best so far to avoid him. The things I had heard of him had me torn. That did not sound like the guy I had been getting close to. The guy who had promised the world. He had told me stories of me being his Luna. Running the pack by his side. I was ready to give up everything to him. Never did I realize he had been fated for my older sister. Though his cold words before he left hurt. me too...

Eww. The thought still repulsed me. Yet I clicked to accept his call, unable to resist. I had missed the deep lull in his voice. And the moment I saw his face appear upon my screen I felt my heart flutter. "Morgan? I am so glad to hear your voice." He said, his voice as deep and husky as ever. My heart raced at the sound of it. He was glad to hear my voice? Did that mean he had missed me while he was away? My Dad had told me he had told them he wanted nothing more to do with me... well, he had told me the same...

I felt like he had broken my heart. Yet, right now, he was back. He was calling me. Maybe he was saying that to protect me?

Yeah, maybe that was what it was, he didn't know how long he would be away or what his treatment would be. "I need to see you darling." His deep voice oozed charm at me through the phone and I felt like my legs wanted to give way.

He wanted to see me? He had missed me then, almost as much as I had missed him then? I gazed at his image upon my phone. He was so handsome... why could he not have been fated for me instead of Bailey? She never deserved him...

"Morgan? Darling, you going to say anything or just gaze at me all night?" Miles chuckled at me down the phone. "I am outside. right now, so it isn't like I can give you anything to be gazing at..." he winked at me and I felt myself blushing at the thought of some of the videocam session we had had before things. were called off.

"Sorry, you took me by surprise calling Miles. I thought you didn't want anything to do with me?" I explained.

"Aww, did you really think I could stay away?" he teased, slowly running his tongue across his lips and I felt my heart pounding at the sight of him.

"You said you would."

"I say a lot of things when I am hurting Morgan. I was scared is all. I didn't mean it. We had a lot of things we wanted to do together, remember?" he raised his brow at me suggestively, and again I felt my cheek heating at his suggestion, but I nodded. There were so many things I wanted to do with him. Miles was the most sought after guy in our pack, he had been for as long as I can remember. He was the upcoming Alpha after all, and he was so handsome. If I could be his girl, nobody would doubt me. Nobody would question me...

"So, you don't want to deny me, do you? Imagine denying your upcoming Alpha." He pouted at me. "And, you would be denying yourself, Morgan, because you have yet to experience all the things I can do." He winked at me, and my whole body was beginning to react to the things he was suggesting.

"Where are you?" I asked, suddenly beginning to wonder where I could find him, and thinking it might be better going to find him. instead of going home...

"That is my girl." He winked again. "Meet me up at the gazebo near the lake."

I quickly turned around and began walking in the opposite. direction to where I had been going, rushing to the gazebo. Going home could always wait, seeing Miles was definitely more important. The thought of feeling him kiss me... or even better, touching me... sent my body into overdrive...

I almost jogged across the last piece of grass toward the path which led up to the gazebo, trying hard to calm my pounding heart. Only to see Miles was already waiting for me, leaning against the wooden gazebo, looking ever the powerful future Alpha. Handsome and strong in the light of the moon... watching me with a smile upon his handsome face.

"Why hello Morgan." His eyes drifted up and down my body, before coming to meet my gaze once more. "Anyone would think you were in a rush."

I felt myself blushing. **it, I wish he didn't have that effect on me. Or at least that he didn't know he did, because I knew he would use it to his advantage... "Erm.... I just didn't want to keep you waiting." I lied.

He nodded. "That is good to hear. You learn quickly." He smirked, almost evilly. "I don't like to be kept waiting."

He reached for my hand, and pulled me toward him, so all I could smell was his s**y, manly scent. My head and heart felt like it wanted to explode as he lowered his mouth to my ear and whispered. "I was tempted to wait for you naked, but I was worried somebody might walk by and see..."

My eyes widened in shock as my cheeks heated at his words and he chuckled as he looked at me. "Aww, did I embarrass you Morgan?" he softly ruffled my hair. "If you want

to be my girl, you best get used to the thought of me naked, I like being naked, and I expect a lot of things..." he wiggled his brows suggestively, narrowing his eyes as if to portray some hidden meaning, and for a moment I was a little scared.

Miles suddenly turned his back on me and walked into the gazebo and sat on the seating within it, looking up at me. "Don't just stand there then. You are getting pretty boring, pretty quickly Morgan. I am beginning to remember why I finished. things, I think..." he chewed his lower lip angrily, and I began to panic.

Is that why he ended it with me? Because I was boring? No, I didn't want that. Nor did I want to be a disappointment to him. Any girl given this choice would do exactly as the upcoming Alpha asked of her. This was the most desired man in our pack. Of course, I do as he wants. Even if I am a little unsure. He knows what he is doing. I have known him for all of my life, he would never hurt me...

I quickly went to join him on the seating, and smiled at him, trying hard to act confident. "So, you glad to be home?" I asked, and I realized the moment I said it how s**d I was, because the look of sheer disgust upon his face spoke a thousand words.

"Oh no, I fancied spending another few months there really. Treatment is like a f**g holiday. **t, Morgan, think before you speak, will you?" he rolled his eyes, turning away from me. And instantly I felt so small and irrelevant to him. Was this how he made Bailey feel?

"Sorry." I muttered.

"Whatever." He grunted. "Do you have your sister's new number?" he suddenly demanded, taking me by surprise.

"Huh?" Why the hell would he need Bailey's number? He hated her, right? My Dad and my brother had fought so hard to get her away from the pack, or so I am told. It was only recently I had discovered this, because it seems my family are exceptionally good at keeping things from me. But, they had done a f***g good job, of getting her away, all because of how Miles had hurt her. So, why would he want to get in touch with her?

"Oh, I know you are aware of the problems we had. But, as you know, I have had treatment now. I feel so much better. But, me and her were never a good match. I want to apologize for how I treated her, but I think she changed her number, right?" his voice was suddenly back to being charming once more as he looked at me, and I could see no anger in his face, he looked like he was being genuine. This would make sense when he had been through treatment for his anger, guess... and everything he is saying is true, he and Bailey were never a good match. The moon goddess messed up with that matebond, of that there was no doubt.

But, I sat quietly, unsure of what to do. She had recently changed her phone number. I know that, my Mum had told me. Not that I spoke to her, but I did have her number in case I needed it.

“Darling, come on, you know me, you trust me, right?” he slowly slid his hand up my thigh and my whole body shivered in shock, I thought I was going to die from the effect his touch had on me.” “Ooohh, you like that?” he whispered, as he lowered his mouth to my ear, teasing at the ear lobe with his tongue, making my whole body tremble.

“Mmmm.” I moaned, unable to stop myself.

“So, did Bailey get a new number?” Miles stopped mid-lick, to ask, and I turned to look at him, a little irritated he had stopped, but desperately wanting him to continue, so I nodded. “You have her new number, right?” I nodded once more, anything so he would continue what he was doing...

“Yeah.” I whispered, my voice trembling as I felt a wetness building between my thighs, and he had barely even touched me yet...

He passed me his phone, fully stopping what he was doing now. “Type it in there for me. I need to put right my wrongs. That was part of what they taught me in my treatment.” He looked at me pleadingly. “Then I will see to you!” he winked, and I quickly snatched his phone, using my own to copy my sister’s number over to his, before looking up at him, ready to have him send me to heaven.

But, instead, he quickly stands. “Thanks Morgan. Have a good night.” And with that, he walked away. Miles f**g Davenport leaving me with tears in my eyes as I realized he had duped me, all to get my sister’s number... what sort of fool am I? He never liked me at all. I should have known that. How did I fall for this again?

Beauty and The Beta Chapter 96

Chapter 96 – Bailey

I sat inside my room, unable to sleep and found myself thinking of laying out on the sofa in the lounge to watch a film could be good. My small TV in my room had been playing up, and it wasn’t like anyone ever came and used the lounge TV. I snuck from my room, knowing there would be nobody about. Other than the occasional awkward avoidance of Beta Asher, I rarely saw anyone in the packhouse at night. If anything, there may be the occasional guard. I had begun to recognize them now, and them me, and had begun to chat with them, as a way to keep me occupied of a nighttime.

Most of them were nearer my Dad’s age, but I still enjoyed their company, and talked of sport the same way my Dad would, so it wasn’t like I was clueless. But, tonight the hallways were empty, as I slipped into the lounge, and picked up the remote control, and laid myself out on the large black leather sofa that was in front of the big screen TV

mounted on the wall. I scrolled through the films that were available to watch until I found one that I thought I might enjoy, and I put it on.

Just as it began, I heard footsteps near the door and I glanced up, only to find Beta Asher glancing in at me, peering over the edge of the sofa curiously, I tried not to smile. "I am still alive, if that is what you are trying to check." I said sarcastically, because I was truly unsure what he was looking at me for.

He chuckled. "Good to know. Though I was checking to see if you had fallen asleep again. If you had, I was going to bring you a blanket."

My heart fluttered a little at his words. I had fallen asleep on the sofa the other night, watching a documentary, and had awoken a number of hours later covered in a blanket. I had assumed one of the guards must have come in and seen me. Doing the Dad thing, as that was always something my Dad used to do when I fell asleep watching TV... seems it may well have been Asher after all.

I pulled myself to a seated position, so I could see him properly. "That was you?" I muttered.

"Who else would it be?" he asked incredulously, sounding more than a little confused.

I shrugged. "I kind of assumed it may have been one of the guards."

He smirked. "Assumed or hoped?" he shrugged. "Besides, they may come in to do a late night patrol around 10pm or 11pm. Bailey, but you had fallen asleep nearer midnight. Nobody would be around the packhouse then, or I should hope not. And if they were, they would be breaking in, and I don't think they would be placing a blanket on you because they didn't want you getting cold."

I find myself smiling now, he can be the weirdest sometimes. One minute nasty. Next minute, ignoring me. Next minute sweet. His mood swings could give a girl whiplash...

"Well, thank you." I told him with a smile.

"I'd say you are welcome, but seeing as you thought it was the guards because you clearly thought I wasn't capable of being kind, I don't know." He said bluntly, and I felt myself a little taken aback by his words. Until I looked up at him and saw his smirking, and realized he was teasing. I shook my head at him.

"You aren't funny, you know."

"Uh-huh. So you keep telling me."

I sarcastically smiled at him, and he chewed his lower lip awkwardly.

"I will leave you to your film, Bailey. I have work to finish." He said, and I looked at him with a frown.

"You are working this late? You know it isn't good to be working so late? That is probably why you look so tired all the time..." then I saw the way he was looking at me and realized I may have overstepped the mark with my words, and tried to smile sweetly to cover myself.

"I struggle to sleep anyway, as I already told you. Which is why I work more. Gives me something to do. And it means we get more done." He told me with a shrug.

I sensed a little discomfort from him now, and I know it is likely from the conversation we had when I went to his home. He did say he had struggled sleeping since he lost his mate. I am sure that was what it was...

"And you cannot tell me you do not work late, because you told me you do, and I have seen you sitting at the coffee table working the other night." He raised his brows at me, and I recalled the night he was speaking of when I brought some lesson plans down to the lounge to work on. As there was more room at the coffee table than in my little room. Dammit. I can't exactly argue with him now...

I shrugged dismissively. "Fine, Mr Know-it-all." I stuck my tongue out at him and he laughed.

"A funny guy and Mr Know-it-all, wow, I am doing well for myself." He grinned. "Enjoy your film Bailey." He nodded in acknowledgment toward me before leaving the room, leaving me to sit back into the soft cushions of the sofa, watching him walk away from me, a smile playing upon my lips as I planned to watch my film...

A few hours later:

I stretched slightly, stirring from my sleep. Feeling uncomfortable where I lay, my eyelids fluttering, as I tried hard to pry open my eyes, trying to establish where I was. This did not feel like my comfortable bed. It was only as my eyes slowly opened and adjusted to the darkness, that I realized I was still in the lounge, laid out on the sofa. I must have crashed out on the sofa as I watched the film, like I so often did when I watched TV. I looked down, to see my body covered in a soft, navy fleecy blanket. I pulled it closer to me, thinking of my earlier conversation with Asher, with a smile on my face.

Snuggling into the sofa a little more, I wrapped the blanket tighter around me, noticing then that the blanket smelled heavily of Asher. It must be one of his blankets, I thought sleepily. I drifted back to sleep with Akira almost purring contently, a smile upon my face, and the scent of Asher filling my senses...