# He’s an Alpha: She doesn’t Care – Chapter 1

Wynta age 27

She sat in the waiting room along with all the other job applicants, applying for the position of Marketing Specialist here at Hayes Enterprises. She had lost her previous job a few months back and was rapidly running out of funds.

All the other applicants in this room were human. Though she had picked up a few wolves upon coming into the building, but there didn’t appear to be any working on this floor. She’d not really looked into who owned Hayes Enterprises, but did know it was run by a conglomerate called Cedar Rapid Industries.

It hadn’t sounded wolfen to her, so she’d not checked the wolfen intranet at all. She just thought it was a human company. But now sitting here waiting for her interview, she had a feeling it was going to be owned by wolves solely because she’d picked up a few of them.

But she was hopeful the interview today would be done by a panel of humans, seeing as all the applicants were human. She’d not been active in the wolfen world for nine years now. She had left it behind when she’d walked away from her home pack, the night she’d been released from the pack hospital.

She’d simply gone to her single dorm two days after her future Alpha had left for Alpha College, and none had known what she was to him. Wynta had packed her belongings into a suitcase and walked out of the pack. Turned herself rogue after stepping outside the pack’s territory.

No one had come looking for her, as she’d walked calmly from that place, she was not going to just sit around and wait for an Alpha to decide if she was worthy of him. She’d fallen for him but also known it had all been a lie, everything he’d ever said to her, so no more would she be a part of that pack.

She’d gotten on a train and just moved away, she’d picked up a couple of different jobs and put herself through university, getting scholarships where she could and student loans where possible, and now nine years later she was a marketing specialist, one that worked in the human world and stayed away from the world of wolves.

She didn’t really consider Wolves to be her Kind, simply because she was in fact wolf-less. She considered herself to be human. So she lived and worked like a human did, she struggled to pay her rent and bills at times, like so many out here did. She bought only what she needed.

Keeping five working outfits that could be mixed and matched to create different looks but were all professional at the same time. Then in her apartment she just lazed about in jeans and tee-shirts. She owned nothing fancy because she had no need of it. Her vacation days were spent laying in her apartment reading a good book or listening to music.

She currently lived in a tiny studio apartment that just had a bedroom, a small kitchenette and a tiny bathroom. There was nothing fancy about it. She, at this time, couldn’t afford anything else at all. Having lost her previous job, she had already downgraded the one-bedroom proper apartment for a studio apartment.

It was small, but she kept it neat and tidy, and after living there for a month, she'd realized it was all she actually needed. Though she had no luxuries here in this place, there was no TV or movie subscriptions, she'd canned everything to save money while looking for a new job.

The only thing she had was her phone, which she needed for interviews and to take rejection calls, though she also used it for reading books online. She was aloof to all those around her. There were no contacts in her phone because she had no family and no pack attachments.

She didn't trust easily or form bonds with many around her. In an office environment she could do her job and hold proper conversations, work well in a team, but her trust was hard-earned. Despite being wolf-less, she could pick up things like the scent of other wolves, though couldn't determine pack or bloodline, just understood wolfen kind smelt different to humans. They all had a more earthy/woodsy scent about them.

She sometimes sat out in the parks and just watched the humans walk about interacting with other people. She could read mannerisms and facial expressions quite well. Pick a lie from the truth, because she listened to the inflexion of one's voice, and saw the little things that humans did when lying. Fidgeting, no eye contact, excessive blinking or just closing their eyes, they bit their lips, a few even got flushed in the face.

If she paid attention completely, she could hear the tone of their voice change and even pick up on the difference in sentence structure at times. Then there was that pause before they spoke, which often portrayed that they had to think about an answer, because they didn't want to answer it honestly.

She'd learn that humans were no different to wolves most of the time. They came to her when they wanted something from her and then screwed her over if they could, to take the credit for her own work. Both species were deceitful as far as she was concerned and all she was trying to do was live quietly unseen by all.

She'd learned the hard way to live by herself, even roommates were deceitful and couldn't be trusted. She'd found it was simply best to live alone and not make friends that would lie to her, and, or betray her trust. Steal from her or blame her for things that they'd done just to save their own ass.

Her name and interview number were called, and it pulled her from her absent thoughts, and she stood and nodded to the woman looking for her, and then followed her quietly down the hall and around the corner to a room that stated Conference Room 2. The door was held open for her and she stepped inside.

The moment she did, she could smell them, wolves, and not just any, she didn't think. Just by looking at the sheer size of them and the way they were dressed and sat, they were going to be ranked members of some pack out there.

She walked over and sat herself in the chair that was sitting before them as was expected of her, and looked at them. She knew they would all be able to scent her as not only a rogue but that she was wolf-less as well. They would have smelled it either while she sat out there in the waiting room or the moment she'd stepped into this room.

Her sense of smell wasn't the same as theirs, not even the same as an omega wolf. She watched as three of them leaned back in those chairs and left one leaning on the desk before him staring at her. That one thing told her they weren't just ranked members but were, in fact, an Alpha and his Unit.

The one that was watching her now, he was going to be the Alpha. He slid his eyes over her appearance and then turned his eyes to her application, read it through before returning his eyes to her and putting that paper down in front of him.

"I'll introduce myself formally to you," he stated calmly. "I am Alpha Edward Hayes and this is my unit," he waved a hand at the other wolves in this room. "May I enquire why you are a rogue?" he asked her directly, seems his curiosity about her non wolfen pack status outweighed the questions for this very job.

Wynta frowned at his introduction. She didn't really care who he was, and she didn't think it was any of his business as to why she was a rogue. She knew one didn't have to be part of a pack to live in this world. More and more wolves turned themselves rogue and left their packs to get away from the cruelty of their pack's leadership.

Especially those that were like herself. She'd seen and smelled many like herself over the past nine years, just out there like she was trying to make an honest living for themselves, and staying out of trouble in both the wolfen and human world alike.

When she didn't say anything to answer his question, he went on, "I see you're 27. Surely someone with your skills could have found a pack to align yourself with... When did you go rogue or be turned rogue?" he asked once more.

"I'm here for the job that was posted, not to relay my past history to you." She finally spoke. "Do you have any questions for me that are related to my skills?" she asked him in return.

He frowned at her now and she watched who she thought was the Beta lean forward and rest his arms on the desk "You could request sanctuary and ask to be a member of the pack. Then this job would be granted to you without issue," he stated.

Wynta raised an eyebrow at him, so that was the condition of getting this job, she thought absently. Clearly, all those humans out there were wasting their time coming here for an interview. This company was simply abiding by the human rules of appearing to hire honestly and fairly, when they intended to give the job to one of their own pack members.

"Would you like to become a pack member, Wynta?" Alpha Edward asked her directly. "I would accept someone like yourself."

"Someone like me?" she murmured. "A rogue that is wolf-less and desperate for affiliation, you mean?" She shook her head a little dismayed, did she look desperate to them? She didn't think so, her clothes were clean and presentable, as was her hair and light make-up. She certainly didn't look underfed or unhealthy.

"Are you going to ask me any actual interview questions about the position of a Marketing Specialist?" she asked once more. "My skills are as they are listed, and I have worked now for two separate companies as you can see."

“Wynta, we’ll get to your interview. I feel your rogue status is of more importance, and needs to be resolved first,” Alpha Edward stated.

“Please, Mr Hayes, don’t address me so informally. I would prefer you call me Ms Morgan.” She put to him, showing him that she wasn’t interested in being a part of his pack, and she didn’t think that they were close enough to be on a first-name basis.

All of them were frowning at her now, at her dismissing of them being an Alpha and his unit before her, but she was a rogue and didn’t have to acknowledge that. It was likely they’d not expected her to decline the offer of being initiated. But it wasn’t something she was looking for.

She was just looking for a job to have an income once more, and to keep a roof over her head, and food in her belly, nothing more, nothing less.

“How about you come and look at the pack? It’s an hour’s drive from here, and you’ll see it’s a nice healthy pack; I even have several without wolves living there.” Edward offered.

Again, she raised an eyebrow at him, this was not an interview anymore. She shook her head and stood up. “Thank you for wasting my time. I have other interviews to attend this week,” she stated simply and turned and walked from the room, showing them, she was clearly not interested in what they were offering.

# He’s an Alpha: She doesn’t Care – Chapter 2

Alpha Edward

Wynta was an interesting creature that pricked his full curiosity. She’d walked into this room and looked at each of them, not frowned, but her mouth had turned to a thin line that denoted annoyance to him. He’d wondered if she thought coming in here with a rogue status would see them turn her away.

It wasn’t how he worked; though as he looked at her, his wolf, Rhodes, picked up that she wasn’t just a rogue but that she was also without a wolf. He personally didn’t like calling any of them wolf-less. Because most of the time they actually weren’t wolf-less. They just needed the right set of circumstances for their wolf to be granted to them or to come forth.

Many without wolf had to find a Mate and be marked and claimed before their wolf was granted to them. He put it down to their Goddess, seeing if the one to scent them out, was worthy of the one without wolf.

Most in this world failed that test by rejecting the one without wolf. Something they would usually come to regret later in life; when they either never got gifted another for themselves, or they saw their rejected so-called wolf-less Mate happy and mated, had gotten a wolf at some point after rejecting them.

Other times it just weighed on them, when the one without wolf simply accepted the rejection unquestioningly, almost knowingly, that it was going to happen. They were simply resigned to

their fate of being rejected, simply because they were seen by those in the pack they belonged to as useless or weak.

He knew it wasn't actually the case at all; 95% of the time, the one without wolf was often much stronger than anyone knew they could be. Because they had to put up with things inside their own packs from other wolves who thought they were better than the so-called wolf-less; so they treated them like garbage.

Which intern made the majority of those without wolves, mentally stronger than even Alpha wolves at times. He'd also noted over the years that like 7 out of 10 of those that were female without wolf were mated to Alpha Wolves. It was he believed their Goddess testing them and, like 5 of those Alphas out of the 7, would fail the test.

Now here sitting before him was a very beautiful she-wolf; and that was how he saw her, as a she-wolf. She had, at some point in her life, turned herself rogue to leave a pack he suspected. Those that were banished kind of had an omega feel to him where they thought they weren't worthy of the wolfen kind, likely because that was not only how they were treated, but been told that's what they were.

This she-wolf he felt wasn't like that, she didn't even seem to really care that she was sitting before an Alpha and his unit. Had that full rogue mentality of 'I don't have to do what you want, and you can't make me.' that would depend on how long she'd been a rogue and how good her instincts were.

He wondered if she'd been treated terribly or just hadn't felt like she belonged inside her pack. He couldn't pick up any venom in her, so she'd never been marked and mated by any wolf, though that attitude he was seeing was indicative to him of a would-be Luna or high ranking member.

Asking her even politely got him nowhere, which meant that either Ms Wynta Morgan had no inclination to discuss her current status with him, or she didn't want to be initiated into a pack at all. He wondered just how long she'd been a rogue all alone in the world. Though he could hazard a guess from her uncaring demeanor that it was a fair while, years at the least.

He was watching her mannerisms. There was nothing out of the ordinary. She sat without fidgeting in that chair and held direct eye contact, though he didn't think she wasn't alert to be on the move if any of them suddenly got up and tried to snag her. She simply wasn't afraid to be in this room with them.

All he got from her was her annoyance at him and his lack of asking her interview questions, which told him she did actually need this job. Most rogues did need human jobs to survive and she was no different. He watched her just get up and leave the room, went so far as to show them she didn't care what their rank was by thanking them for wasting her time.

He smiled to himself after that door closed. "Oh, I like her." he chuckled softly.

Ernesto, his Beta, looked right at his amusement and stated, "Please don't tell me you're thinking what I think you're thinking."

"Oh, but Ernesto, I am." He nodded and heard his entire unit laugh. "It can't hurt." He smiled to himself now. "That lovely," and she was stunning. "Very stubborn she-wolf, might well be a good

match for my very arrogant eldest son." He chuckled "I bet Wynta Morgan will have no issue in giving him a piece of her mind, do it without batting an eyelid." He nodded. She was just what that arrogant boy of his needed, a strong, unyielding she-wolf at his side.

"You know Edward, Jared is not going to want to hear it," his Gamma, Chester murmured. "Though I agree with you, she does seem to fit the bill of stubborn and uncaring, didn't have a single concern about offending you or any of us at all."

"I know, I like that, and what harm can it do to put that boy of mine in a room with her on a full moon? None is what." He smiled at them all and turned to his Beta, "Ernesto, go bring that girl to my office. She'll need to be brought into the pack. So when Jared comes home, she's back to pack mentality and not rogue mentality."

"You're meddling," Ernesto muttered but got up. "Isn't that why he's in Europe now, to get away from you and your meddling."

"Yes, but I can bring him home at will. I'm still his Alpha, and I've let him think I've dropped trying to find his Mate for almost three years now." he nodded as Ernesto headed for the door. "Right to my office, and make sure she stays there all afternoon."

His Beta nodded and was gone from the room, now he just had to get her to agree to be part of the pack. He didn't think it was going to be an easy task, but he now had all afternoon to think of a way to do so.

He picked up the page with her photo on it, Wynta Morgan. She was a lovely she-wolf of 5 foot 9, with long black hair and hazel green eyes, and he wondered just what her story was, and if he could get her to tell it to him. Something he thought he was going to need at some point, he was also hoping that there had been a rejection and acceptance of this lovely she-wolf, and not just from any wolf, but from an Alpha Wolf.

Because that would mean she already knew deep down inside that she was supposed to be a Luna as their Goddess saw fit to create her. Therefore, she would not only be stubborn, but defiant to all Alphas. He knew his boy well, his eldest son didn't like women that fell at his feet or not unless he was looking for an easy lay.

So that very stubborn rogue, his Beta, was not likely going to have to manhandle up to the top floor, where she couldn't actually leave without an access card to the private elevator, would pique his boy's interest give a few interactions between them. Especially if she was dismissive of Jared like she had just been of him and his unit.

His boy wasn't so young either. He was 77 years old and currently focused on that European division of their pack, something Jared had gone and started himself, just to get away from his old man's meddling. Edward smiled, it wasn't going to work. He wanted all his children to be happy and to have a Goddess-Gifted as well.

He'd put a few nice rules into his pack when he'd established, ascension wasn't like every other pack out there where the eldest child just inherited the pack at a certain age. No, his children had to earn it. Not only did they all have to have a good education, but be able to create and run their own businesses and do well in the industry they chose for themselves.

They had to meet his demands, and currently all four of his sons were considered equal and held the exact same title of Future Alpha to the pack. They'd all had to take on an Alpha Unit and training and learn everything there was to run the pack.

All four of his heirs were also constrained by a mating bond band that they had to wear at all times. When the Alpha Council had been formed and the Alpha Colleges had been built and first opened, he'd explained his pack laws to the council way back in 1950 when they'd opened for the first time.

Jared had been seven, but all of his sons had been born by then, and that band the Alpha Council had created to stop fake bonds to other Alpha children saw him find a way to get exactly what he wanted. No way to lie about scenting out a Goddess-Gifted Mate.

His four sons, Jared, Ethan, Colby and Lance all wore those bands, as had his three daughters, Elizabetha, Francine and Sophie. Though his daughters were all mated off now and it was just his sons that couldn't seem to find Mates.

This was what prevented them from gaining the seat of Alpha by deception, because only a Goddess-Gifted pair could run the pack. There were also two other rules he'd put in place, 1 they couldn't take the seat until they were 100 or more, and they had to have produced at least one heir as well.

It was anyone's guess as to who would get the pack, because if they all made it past 100 without finding a Mate, it would be the first one of them to do so and then produce that heir. It kept them all equal, and those bands couldn't be fooled. Also stopped them from killing each other for the seat of Alpha, by alerting him and his entire unit if one of them was under threat from another and added thing he'd asked for, and had been added to those bands.

He also had four more bands, so there would be no fooling him on the she-wolf. If one of his sons scented out a Mate a band would be put on the she-wolf to confirm it was who his son claimed it to be. He'd covered all the basics of protecting his sons and giving them all equal rights to ascension to the seat of Alpha to his pack.

"Boss, how are you going to get Jared home from Europe?" Luther, his Delta asked curiously.

"There is no rush for it to happen right away. I need that lovely young she-wolf to settle into pack life for now... I'll just let her work quietly away until a natural solution to the problem appears."

"He won't claim her if she's not his Goddess-Gifted, you know that," Chester stated.

"I do," Edward agreed. "I'm not trying to force him or her together. She will present as a challenge to him and pique his interest and I want to see what he does with that. She'll refuse his attentions if, as I suspect, she was rejected by another Alpha, and he'll not understand why she doesn't fall at his feet." He smiled. "That's all I want for now."

# He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 3

Wynta

She handed in her lanyard and interview number to the lady out in the hall and made her way to the elevators to leave the building. She stood in that elevator as it took her to the ground floor and sighed internally to herself as she mentally ticked off another job that she'd not gotten; though this one was on her own doing. She'd walked away from it.

Just one more day without working, that was going to eat into her savings. She knew the dollars in her bank account, knew she only had enough money to rent that studio apartment for three more months, and then she was going to be either out on the streets and in a women's shelter or back to being an exotic dancer in a gentleman's club just to make ends meet.

Neither were nice thoughts for her; she'd been homeless for a few months after leaving her home pack, until she'd managed to get on campus living, but still it hadn't been enough to survive on, so she'd had to take on a job that would bring in the dollars, and she wasn't about to sell her body to men. So becoming an exotic dancer had been the only option open to her, that didn't interfere with her class schedule.

She'd not really liked it and only did it to make money was all. She pushed off the wall when the elevator stopped and walked out, as did several others and found herself face to face with who she thought was the Beta to that Alpha Unit.

"Mr Hayes, would like a further word with you, Ms Morgan," he stated with what appeared to be a friendly smile.

"I'm not interested," she told him, and went to step around him only to have his hand curl around her arm and halt her.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to insist," he stated and tugged her along next to him down a bank of elevators and used a swipe card to have one open. She saw there were no floor markers on the outside or inside of it when she was escorted into it. The doors simply closed and the elevator moved.

She understood it was an express elevator and likely only went to one floor, the top floor where the Alpha and his Unit all had offices. She leaned on the wall in there and just waited, said nothing at all to this man that was looking at her. She stared right back at him, uncaring of if it was offensive or not.

Rogues didn't have masters unless they chose to and she didn't. It was a fast, smooth ride, and he escorted her out of the elevator down a corridor and directed her to sit on a couch. "Please stay here and wait." He told her before turning to the woman at the desk next to the couch who was now looking at her with a slight frown on her face. "The Alpha will see Ms Morgan when his interviews are over for the day."

"Yes, Beta." She nodded and he walked off.

At least she'd guessed it right. He was the Beta to that group. She saw that she-wolf frown at her and wrinkle her nose as if she was offended by the stench of Wynta. She was, however, clean and, though of rogue status, took care of herself to make sure she didn't scent terrible like other rogues out there in the wilderness.

Though she honestly didn't know what a Rogue scented like to other wolves, but to her, they kind of smelled like they were unclean and needed a bath. She didn't think she smelled like that. She just sat as she was told. She wasn't out to cause trouble for herself and knew how to behave herself. Even if she didn't want to.

After an hour of just sitting there, she was bored shitless, and so she stood up and stretched herself out and then walked away to have a look around the top floor for herself. There were a dozen offices up here, three conference rooms and an open coffee hub-like area where they all obviously ate. There were half a dozen tables and chairs and a couple of vending machines. She saw only the one elevator to this entire floor, and it had that swipe card access to it.

She wasn't going to be able to leave if she didn't have one of them. She found the emergency stairwell and smiled to herself and pushed the door only to find it wouldn't open, and frowned. It, too, had a swipe card box next to it. She appeared to be stuck here for now.

She returned to the couch and sank down once more. Another hour passed, and she was more than unhappy, that she-wolf at her desk looked at her and stated, "Just be patient, he's interviewing."

"You can't keep me here like this," she stated flatly.

"I'm guessing he can, seeing as you're still here. Just sit there," she was told.

Wynta thought about that, she knew there had to be away around the swipe card for everything, and as she leaned back there on the couch her eyes fell on the red emergency box, that had the words 'Break glass in case of emergency.' That she knew was going to unlock the emergency exit stairwell.

A smile played on her lips as she sat up now. She'd get lost in the crowd of those all heading out of the building and be gone before they could find her once more. "Don't do it Ms Morgan, it's a very large fine." Her thoughts were interrupted by the she-wolf.

Her eyes moved towards her, and she watched her point to the ceiling, where she saw a camera, "It'll be caught on camera, and the fine will come to you. Can you afford it? I believe it's $1600, and you could also face criminal charges. It's a felony in this state, so you'll also likely wind up with a criminal record if you don't already have one."

"I don't," Wynta stated, and the she-wolf's half smirk she likely thought that just because she was a rogue she did all sorts of illegal things to get by. She leaned back on the couch as she resigned herself to the fact that she was currently stuck here on this floor until someone escorted her from the building.

By the third hour, she had laid down on that couch and made herself comfortable, ignored the she-wolf's comment of it wasn't very ladylike or professional to do so, and used her phone to read a book until she dozed off on that couch. Not one person on this floor had paid her the slightest bit of attention, except for the Alpha's secretary, and she was just annoyed to have to watch over her, it seemed.

She rolled over at one point in her half sleeping stated to try and be more comfortable and fell right off the couch, just lay there for a moment before sitting up with a huff. That secretary was

staring at her. “You’re a lazy one I see,” she muttered. “I’ll tell the Alpha you’re finally awake.” And her eyes had glazed over.

She picked herself up off the floor. He must be back up here, and she’d slept right through it, and he’d not woken her. That was a bit odd. He appeared in his office doorway, “Did you sleep well?” he smiled at her. “Come in, Ms Morgan.” He waved her into his office.

She checked the time on her phone and saw it was the middle of the afternoon. Her interview had been at 10am this morning. The day was nearly over. It was nearly 3pm. She walked into the Alpha’s office and sat where he told her to.

“Why am I still here?” she asked him directly.

“Because I’m not willing to let you continue to be of rogue status, it’s unsafe for female rogues out there in the world. Even more so for those without wolves, who are defenseless against wolfen strength.”

“Other rogues leave me alone, the wolf-less aren’t of interest to roaming bands of rogues. We’re worth nothing to those wanting to kidnap and sell she-wolves, we can’t take a beating or a lashing without winding up in the pack hospital or dying from it. It’s a waste of money to buy the wolf-less.” She informed him. “So, I’m perfectly safe out there on my own. Always have been.” She told him simply.

“Mm, I see… but in all good consciousness, I can’t let you leave as you are. So, here’s what I’m willing to offer you. The job you applied for today, a house or apartment within the pack and full sanctuary where no harm will come to you.

“You’ll be able to have full access to proper wolfen medical, at no cost to you. You’ll also be able to train with others like yourself, to be able to protect yourself when outside the pack. Attend mating balls to find your Mate and have a full wolfen social life.” He smiled at her as if that was an appealing offer.

“I have an apartment here in the city, just a few blocks away. I don’t drive, so wouldn’t be able to get from the pack to the office if I took up that offer. I’ve never come to harm out here in the human world, and I’ve been in it for many years now.

“I can also protect myself if I need to, and I have no interest in being initiated into or living inside a pack or attending any pack functions, including that of Mating Balls,” Wynta countered him, “I’ll, however, take the job that I do need.”

He was frowning at her now. “All wolves need the social aspect, or they can become…” he trailed off.

“Anti-social creatures.” She nodded. “I’m already that, and I don’t care that I am.” She shrugged but would take this opportunity to tell him how she’d work. “I will work quietly and cause you nor this company any problems. I get my work done on time or stay back, working late doesn’t particularly bother me all that much.

“I can and will collaborate within a team and listen to and follow the instructions of my supervisor. I know how to be a contributing member of a working team and how to be professional even though I don’t take an interest in socializing personally with those on my team,” she told him.

He leaned back in his chair and stared at her with narrowed eyes, and she mimicked his pose after a minute of silence. She would not be giving him what he wanted today. Another minute passed, and his mouth twitched in one corner. He seemed amused by her stubbornness.

“What will it take,” she finally asked, breaking the silence, “to let me leave this office and get the job?”

He smiled at her, “You agreeing to be initiated into my pack. I’ll allow you to retain your city apartment, seeing as you already have one and don’t drive.”

She stared at him for a long moment and then laid out her own terms to get the job she needed. “Initiation into your pack will be on my terms.” She offered a compromise.

“What exactly does that mean?” he frowned once more.

“I’ll let you initiate me, only when I willingly set foot into your pack’s official pack territory, and that’s what? An hour away, you stated.”

“I did.” He nodded. “I can agree to that.” He smiled at her. “Let’s go and look at your work space then, shall we?”

# He’s an Alpha: She doesn’t Care – Chapter 4

5 years later

Wynta

She got the pack invitation delivered right to her desk. She’d not known what it was at first; just had the mail delivery girl Louise, walk into her office at 10am and ask her to sign for a package as she’d put it on the desk. There was a small white sticky note on it that had her name clearly printed on it.

Wynta had asked in return what the package was for and gotten “A gala invitation, I’m on delivery duty today for all of them.” And she’d indicated to her cart by the door.

Wynta had seen that there were indeed many blue boxes in her delivery cart, that looked just like the one Louise had placed on her desk. She’d nodded and signed the slip to say she’d received it, and Louise had taken the sticker and attached it to her clipboard next to Wynta’s signature.

Then she had smiled at Wynta and stated, “I’ll see you there. Signing for the invitation is you stating you’ll attend.”

That had snapped Wynta's head up, and she'd frowned right at Louise, who'd then smiled a little apologetically, "Sorry Ms Morgan, but Mr Hayes specifically told me I wasn't to inform you of that, until after you signed for it."

She'd just nodded and waved the woman out, sat and watched her leave. Bloody Alpha Edward had finally found a way to make her step onto pack territory willingly, it seemed, and she didn't know at this time if she could say it wasn't willing or not. She'd have to do some research into the nitty-gritty of that one.

He'd clearly tricked her into signing for it, so she'd technically stated she'd attend of her own free will. Which she knew was going to be considered, that it meant she would be stepping into pack territory of her own free will as well; to attend this Luna Ceremony.

But was it really of her own free will? When, in reality, he'd gone about this in an underhanded manner, leaving out important information, and all in order just to get her to sign for that invitation. He knew she wouldn't sign for it if she knew it meant she had to step foot inside his pack's territory. She shook her head, just knew it was his roundabout way of forcing her hand into being initiated into his pack.

Though a small part of her was very amused by his underhanded tactics, because it had taken him five long years to get that which he wanted from her. She'd thought he'd have just learned to live with the fact she didn't want to be a pack member, and that she was, in fact, happy living as a rogue, seemed not even after all these years.

Wynta returned her attention to the invitation. It was a very pretty navy-blue box with embossed letting on it, and she even knew whose they were. She'd heard that Edwards' youngest son and fourth heir, Lance, had found his Fated Mate on the previous full moon. It was still the current talk of not only the office, but in the human world as well.

This was the Luna Ceremony invitation by the look of it. Pack colors were in fashion, it seemed. She did know Cedar Rapids pack colors were navy blue, silver and, of course, the color of red cedar. She knew why, because the pack had rapids that ran right through it and there were many red cedar trees inside the pack. It was aptly named, she thought.

Wynta opened the box and inside it was an envelope with a wax seal in there. She shook her head and wondered what the box was for. Was it a pack tradition or just that they wanted to be extra fancy.

She broke the seal, which also held their initials L&R, and slid out the actual invitation; a nicely folded invitation, and again there was another seal. Only this one had three fine pieces of golden thread to hold it together and bound to the wax. It was all very fancy, she realized; Edward and Marian were going all out.

She broke that seal and opened the actual invitation, and their names, Lance and Raelynn, were written in a big, bold flashy script, and then the event name time and the place, the pack's ballroom of course, where all Luna Ceremonies were held, she supposed. Not that she had ever been to one, but she'd heard they were a grand event.

On the inside of the right-hand side was a list of details, of what not to wear and the type of attire that was expected. It was a black-tie event and full formal wear was expected, and no pack

member or affiliated guest was allowed to wear anything white or cream, in color. The Luna would be wearing a white gown and any upstaging of her or attempts at it would be fully punishable by three lashings on the shaming post.

The event was mandatory, and the entire pack was expected to attend the event to celebrate the happy couple. Those that opted not to attend would see themselves on the shaming post and given one lash for disrespect. In brackets, it read, (those without wolves, one day on the shaming post and full admonishment by Alpha and Luna)

Then on the left side of the invitation was the RSVP details. There was a QR Code and under that it stated all women had to state the color of the dress they would be wearing on the RSVP. It was preferred that bright or dark colors were to be worn, and all full pastel colors were to be avoided. She just shook her head.

Though she sat and stared at that invitation for a long time, she'd worked for Hayes Industries now for five years, and still she'd managed to never set foot inside the pack itself. She had not attended a single mating ball because she saw no need to. She'd had a Mate once, and rejected him long ago, 14 years now, and so there was no reason to think she'd get another.

She'd, however, gotten three invites a year for the past five years and ticked the decline box on all occasions. After that first year, those invites had stated that she was to list the reason she would not be attending. She'd shaken her head, understanding it was Alpha Edward's way of trying, she thought, to find a way to get her onto pack territory.

She'd written on three of them 'not a ranked member', on three others, 'I'll be away on vacation', and on several of them she'd simply written 'I don't fit the criteria for the mating ball.' She was still a rogue and so held no rank inside that pack, not even when she'd been sent and omega only invite, she'd declined that on not being an omega. But being of rogue status, she actually didn't fit any of their criteria, and could claim just being a rogue, but it was she thought annoying for Edward to have to read all her reasons as to why she wouldn't be attending.

The last refusal had been ingenious on her part, she'd thought, because he'd thought he'd had her with that invite for all otherworldly creatures, regardless of having non-pack status within their own realms or the human realm, were invited to come and see if they might find their Mate. She'd actually laughed at the wording of it. It had been so she couldn't play, she didn't fit the criteria, or I'm a rogue card as a way of not attending the ball.

Wynta thought she was now even beginning to frustrate Alpha Edward, that he now had to find other ways to try and get her into his pack. It was clear to her that he had read all her reasons for getting out of setting foot inside his pack territory. It kind of amused her more than a little bit to see all the effort he was going to.

She'd used 'I'm going to a Marketing Conference' on him, and she had actually done so. It had also been booked four months prior to that mating ball, paid for by his own company. She'd written a politely worded email about she didn't want to be seen as wasting the company's money because the event was nonrefundable, and she didn't want to disappoint her team, who were also all going to the conference with her. It was out of state and fully booked and organized months in advance. She'd attached the booking list of employees and the accommodation and conference details for him to check it all.

She'd laughed softly to herself when she'd hit the send button on that one, it had just been perfect timing for her, nothing more. She'd leaned back in her chair all happy that day and chuckled softly because it wasn't the first time she'd used skills building courses to get out of mating balls.

She always kept track of when and where those skill-building conferences took place, and if they ever fell on a full moon, or the travel to and or from one did, she signed herself up for them; did it months in advance just so she could state she hadn't deliberately avoided the invite at the last minute.

She had an education and team building budget to use, and that's what she used it on. Sometimes she would take the whole team with her. Hell, once all three marketing teams had gone to it, including her and the other supervisors, everyone had signed up for it when she'd put it on the bulletin board in the office. The three departments had even split the cost of hiring a bus to get them there and back.

He couldn't stop her from continuing to learn what was needed, in the ever-changing world around them, that was considered the best way to target their buyers and promote their businesses; it was all necessary skill building.

This invitation, however, she had a feeling she was unlikely to be able to get out of, he'd already probably checked into it himself. Though she did earn decent money now, and had moved up in the company from a Marketing Specialist to a Marketing Supervisor and that had come with a new office, and a higher pay check.

She still begrudged the idea of having to go out there and buy a formal dress for this occasion. She wasn't a pack member, so it shouldn't be mandatory for her to attend, but he'd gotten her to sign for that bloody invitation, and now she had an obligation, even as a rogue, to attend it.

Wynta sighed and shook her head, just knew there was not going to be a way to get out of it. He'd done his homework on this one. He was likely going to push for her to move into pack territory or that new apartment building he'd just finished building. It wasn't massive, just six storeys high with six apartments on each floor, but the top that only had four and they were considered penthouse apartments.

He'd given her and her team the job of marketing the ground floor space, where he'd wanted a restaurant and a café along with two boutique stores to go there for revenue, things that would need marketing not just advertising.

# He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 5

Wynta

Edward had even sent her and her team down to check out that building. They'd all been met there by Chester, the pack's Gamma, or to her team, one of the founders of the company they worked for. She and her team had been walked onto every floor and allowed to look at the apartments.

Just showing them around so they could get a feel for the type of people that were going to rent the apartments out. Chester had told them they would likely all be executive-type people. Nothing here was more than two bedrooms, and the space was large. There was no real room for children.

Chester had been watching her as they'd walked around. He walked right next to her the entire time and, although he'd been professional in his talking to her and the team, telling them what they wanted. She wasn't so dumb as to not know why she had been chosen to lead this little project.

He'd stood and leaned on a window in one of the penthouse's living areas and stated, "It's a nice apartment, got a fantastic view, close to the office," He'd even pointed it out in the distance, for her to see. She knew where it was, she had walked down here with her team, a casual 30-minute stroll where they'd all gotten coffee along the way.

"I think this particular penthouse apartment would be fit for a single woman like yourself, don't you think? It's got lots of closet space too."

Wynta had nodded and smiled at him, rolled her eyes a little and commented, "I'm certain one of the managers would like it." and then casually walked away from him. She wasn't going to be swayed into moving into a pack-bought apartment. She understood it was Edwards way of getting her to likely take a baby step into being part of his pack.

She was not fooled by this; she'd heard Chester chuckle softly and murmur, "You're one tough nut to crack."

"No, I'm not. I like my simple life, is all. It's uncomplicated and no one tells me what to do." She'd smiled at him.

She'd looked at Chester after walking about that penthouse, "You may tell Edward, I have a place of my own, and I'm comfortable living there, have been now for five years. I have a good rapport with my landlord." She'd tipped her coffee to him and left the apartment.

She still lived in her ground floor studio apartment, just five blocks away, and she saw no need to upgrade to something bigger and better just for status's sake. She also didn't need the extra room; that just meant more cleaning to her, and shelling out more dollars for rent, not something she wanted to do. That was completely unnecessary in her eyes.

Her landlord actually maintained the building she lived in. She'd gotten new carpet two years ago and the entire place had been painted as well. It looked really nice, her rent was always paid on time, and she caused no trouble for him at all, so she was considered a good tenant. Though the place had lots of people moving in and out of it, mostly students from the local university lived there, so she got new neighbors quite often.

Living in her studio apartment had allowed her to create a nice amount of savings for herself, that money sat in her bank account, for that inevitable rainy day, when it came; that would see her up and leave, move away to a new place for whatever reason.

It could be a bigger, better job or that she just wanted a change of scenery, but she was comfortable right now, and that was the only reason she'd not moved on. Well, that, and she liked

annoying Alpha Edward with her constant refusal to step onto his pack territory and making him stick to their original handshake deal upon hiring her.

She placed that invitation back into the envelope and then the box and put it on a shelf behind her desk. She had noted that there was no plus one on there. So at least she wasn't expected to bring a date. Though that also told her Edward knew she didn't have a date to bring.

She sighed to herself at the thought of spending her hard-earned money, and although she had the money to spend, she didn't want to spend it. She saw it as a complete waste of her savings. She had a dozen suits, all of which were acceptable to wear to functions and made her look professional and presentable. But now this having to buy a full formal dress, she wondered if she could sell it after wearing it just once, to get some of her money back? Buying a dress, she also knew she was going to have to buy some sort of heels to go with that dress as well.

Wynta sighed at that thought, she didn't wear heels. Even here in the office, simple, comfortable business style, black walking shoes was all. She was not out to attract attention to herself, and that aloof demeanor she had, kept most men at bay. Not all, but most, and she turned those that did ask her for coffee of lunch down, with a polite but firm "I'm sorry, I'm not interested." She was straight to the point with all of them, so there were no misunderstandings to be had.

Though she'd never once been hit on by a wolf within the company, only the humans, and she knew why. It was because she was of rogue status, and none of them knew how she'd become a rogue. She did smell like one to those that worked here. Several of the she-wolves didn't like that a rogue worked within the company.

Went out of their way to make sure she knew it as well, though she just ignored their so-called off-handed insults at how she smelled. One of her team had actually frowned once and muttered, "What the hell is she talking about? There's no stench in here." Looking about and that she-wolf, Carlotti had looked right at her on purpose, and then wrinkled her nose for her team to see and then just walked off.

They'd all looked at her after she'd left, and she'd just shrugged it off. Carlotti, or Lotti to the wolves of the pack, was from what Wynta could tell the youngest stepdaughter of the pack's Beta, she'd seen that she-wolf call him daddy at times. She knew Ernesto was mated, and that girl wasn't, so it wasn't a euphemism for something else. She'd also seen the Beta's actual daughter roll her eyes at the girl's behavior and try to pull her into line once.

"He's not your actual father and doesn't need to give you anything." Had come out of Meredith when Ernesto had left, "If you want money, go and get a bloody job and earn it like the rest of us do."

It had become a sibling dispute between one that worked hard, and one that apparently did nothing and thought she was entitled to everything.

She'd seen Carlotti leave in tears when Meredith had snapped at her in front of the office, "You're just a stepchild, will inherit nothing are not father's actual kin. Just a greedy spoiled girl and when my brother takes over, you'll be out on your ass for this behavior. I'll gladly back him up."

She'd looked to the gathered crowd and muttered, "Sorry family dispute, back to work all of you."

Meredith didn't seem to care that she was a rogue, but several others did. Likely Meredith saw that Wynta did her actual job within the company and didn't cause any trouble either, so she was not offended by having a rogue work here.

The weeks passed and there was suddenly talk of Jared Hayes, Edwards' oldest son, coming home from Europe for his brother's wedding. It was the talk of the office. She'd seen several pictures of him over the years in the company magazine, highlighting all the achievements he was making and the growth of the company with a new office in France.

He was apparently the company's hottest Batchelor, and still unmarried at 42, she'd nearly laughed at that, if only they knew his real age. Wynta knew that all of Edwards' children had reinvented themselves over the years and that Jared was in fact 82 years old but barely looked a day older than 35. He had jet black hair and blue eyes, and was rumored to be six-four. But all his brothers were roughly that height as Edward was, so it didn't really surprise her.

She'd never met the Alpha's oldest heir. He rarely, if ever came home, and was busy it seemed off building his own empire. Though she'd seen all the others over the course of the years, Edward had walked them all through her department and stopped to introduce them all to her. She'd nodded and been polite in greeting them, then just turned back to her work.

They didn't pay her anymore attention than she did them, she only interacted with them if there was a need for it. Which mostly there wasn't. None of them were in marketing, so it limited her exposure to them. Though each one of them had seen how aloof she was and that she only kept things to work terms. She never just talked freely with any wolf here in the building.

Though she was good with her human team now, she could smile and chuckle at the things they did or the stories they told about something funny happening to them. She'd worked with them all for five years now, and only taken this promotion on the condition that her team went with her to the new floor. They worked like a well-oiled machine and she actually liked them.

The office she had now was on the floor above the one they'd all originally worked in, and she had a large office with a glass wall and door between her and their desk out there. Though she had an open-door policy, and they could, at any time, holler out to her or just stroll in and talk to her. That window would frost over at the touch of a button, they'd been here now for a year and not once had she used it. Saw no need to.

She looked at them now. They were all a buzz with the news that Edward was bringing Jared to walk through all the departments, to see if things needed improvement, the Monday after his brother's wedding.

# He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 6

Jared

He stood in his penthouse apartment listening to his father tell him that Lance had found his Goddess-Gifted Mate, his band had lit up blue and when they put one on the she-wolf Raelynn, it

had lit up as well. She'd not rejected Lance, and they were marked and mated. His father was very happy that finally one of his sons had found their Mate.

Jared pinched the bridge of his nose at the thought that it was likely Lance who would be the first to have an heir, and then, when he turned 100, the pack would belong to his youngest brother. It wasn't like Jared wasn't looking for his Mate. He'd just simply moved countries to do so, he'd exhausted a lot of packs in the US looking for his Mate.

Either she wasn't born yet or lived in another country. He knew there were just as many packs here in Europe as there were in America, so he'd opted to move here and branch the pack's business out at the same time. He'd made quite a few business allies over here in France, and there were many of their European allies, wolves, working in this building that he lived in. His penthouse was on the top floor like all of his units were.

He was 82 years old and had not only searched in the US but in the Wolfen Realm as well back in his younger days. Now he was just simply here in Europe was all. His father had many rules on them all, about taking over the pack, and he and his siblings had to abide by them.

He didn't mind the rules at all, it stopped in-house fighting for the seat of Alpha, something he'd seen inside many packs over his lifetime, one sibling screwing over the other all in order to get the pack for themselves. Usually, it involved a lot of subterfuge, and the pack was actually left weaker in the end, because there were less Alpha-blooded wolves inside the pack to help defend it when they were attacked.

"So, Jared, you'll be coming home for Raelynn's Luna Ceremony on the next full moon. Invites will be sent for you and your unit via email. Those here in the states will get one in person, though your mother will send you pictures of the actual invitations as well."

"Why would she need to do that?" he frowned.

"Son, it's so you can see what to expect when you find your own Mate, of course. She has been planning these events for many decades and allocated different colors to each of you. Well, actually her words were according from first to last mated. So where I know you, being the eldest would expect pack colors, Lance is getting that because he was the first to find his Mate. Sorry son."

"It's fine." He murmured. "I don't think it really matters anyway... Isn't it usually up to the Luna being celebrated?" he asked and turned to see his unit all walking into his apartment. He knew why they were here, it maybe 9pm in San Francisco, but it was only 6am here in France, and it was likely they'd all gotten a call from their fathers. Just like he was getting.

"Normally, it is son. It's not yet discussed, but I know Lance wants that. So, it's likely Raelynn will also agree."

Did it surprise him that his brother was going to want pack colors? No, the importance of him choosing and his mother agreeing to give him those colors; a full formal event in pack colors. It was a bold statement from Lance to his three brothers, himself, Ethan and Colby. That he was going to be the next Alpha to Cedar Rapids.

"Father, when I find a Mate I will allow her to choose whatever color she wants. Mother won't get a say. Please remind her of that." He told him simply, "She may plan for all her other heirs Luna

Ceremonies, but I will follow wolfen tradition of letting the Luna that is being celebrated choose the color of the event."

"That is fine, son. So you'll be coming home when exactly, how many days prior to the next full moon? There are a few people I want you to meet and talk with while you're here, so please plan to stay a week to a month would be good."

"A month?" he questioned right back.

"Yes, like I said, I've got people I want you to meet."

"Goddess father, it's not some bloody she-wolf of your choosing, is it? You know I won't settle. Can't if I want a chance to be the next Alpha."

"I'm aware of that Jared. I need your help with one very stubborn she-wolf on something; we'll discuss it when you come home. Drives me a bit batty she does, so very resistant to all offers to come and live within the pack."

"Why do you need her to? If she's allied she likely has a nice pack and likes it."

"A brilliant marketing mind. I've made many offers." His father huffed at him, "I'm stuck, as are my unit and I need someone to charm her, so to speak."

He rolled his eyes and his entire unit snorted, fully amused. They all knew it was his father's way of trying to get him to date someone he thought would be good for him. He let it go. "Just put Ethan or Colby to the task. They are right there."

"Hmm, she's not interested in either of them, kind of dismissive of all ranked members." His father sighed once more, a little on the heavy side. "Not even Chester is having any luck... seems to be immune to even a Gamma's charm. Help your old man out, won't you?"

That was a curiosity to him. Though he wondered if it was true at all, not many could get past a Gamma. "I'll have Dwane do it," he stated, "I'll get back to you on the date I'll be arriving. I'll have to look at flights and see what's available."

His father sighed at the comment about him having his Beta charm the girl, but he let it go and stated, "I could send the Jet over."

"No need, Wolf Airline branched out into Europe this year, so we'll travel safely and in wolfen comfort." Jared stated simply, "Tell Lance congratulations, I'm looking forward to meeting Raelynn, that I'll bring something from France as a Luna Gift. Get mother to find out what the woman likes and email me."

"Alright, but a few days prior to the full moon son, is what I expect and at least a week after as well. Business reasons, of course. I will not be meddling in your love life; I learned my lesson when you opted to move halfway around the world."

Jared smiled "Well done, father. I see old wolves can be taught." He chuckled and clicked the line closed to his father's shocked gasp at hearing his words.

He shook his head and turned to his unit, “I guess we’re finally going home, Dwane, you’ll be seeing to that she-wolf.” He shook his head. “It’s your department anyway.”

“Hmm, I don’t think things are going to go your way, Jared. Your father can be underhanded and tricky. Sometimes what he says isn’t actually what he means,” Dwane stated.

“I’m fully aware of how he goes about getting what he wants.” He nodded and looked at the time. It was barely a quarter past six. Why don’t we go for a morning run, say 35 kilometers?” He smiled at them. “Let’s take a drive out to the state forest of Ermenonville.” It had taken a little time for them to get used to going from miles to kilometers. They’d been used to running 20 miles every other day back home and this was the equivalent here.

He spent the next few weeks leading up to going back to the pack, attending business as usual, and reorganizing his schedule to fit in with his father’s request of a week to a month-long stay. He’d split that to make two weeks. A compromise that he was happy with, and he’d managed to get a flight that would see him arrive the day of the ceremony, but he needed that for himself, due to business meetings here and the rearranging of his schedule to fit in around others. His father had to deal with it. Though the boys were all headed back before he was, arriving a few days before the ceremony.

His flight, however, couldn’t be helped, though he took a very unhappy call from both his parents about it because Lance was of the opinion it was disrespectful, and that he was trying to weasel his way out of being there at all. That he was going to claim that something came up, and so he couldn’t catch his flight. All because he was ticked off that Lance had found his Mate before him.

Jared had rolled his eyes, “I’ve bought the ticket, I simply had to rearrange things here to suit others that I had scheduled meetings with over the period you insist I’m there and so have to be away from here. Not everyone fits around your schedule. They’re not all wolfen so don’t understand. It has nothing to do with my not being happy for Lance. I’m actually very happy for him. Lessens the pressure on me to find my Mate.”

Both his parents had gone quiet with his words, and he’d smiled to himself, “Mother, father, I am one to abide by the rules you set out. I will not object to whoever is mated and has an heir first by the time they are 100. Lance has nothing to fear from me. My life is currently very busy anyway, as you both know.”

“Well son, Lance has asked that a new stipulation be added to the invitation about attendance,” his father told him.

“Oh, has he.” Jared leaned back in his chair and shook his head. “Pray tell, father, what is it?”

“That no one turns up late and interrupts the ceremony. So, everyone must have arrived and be seated a full 1-hour prior to the event starting, or on the shaming post and a lashing they will receive for disrespect.”

“That is fine. I believe my flight will get in around one thirtyish, and the ceremony is at 7pm. I’m certain father, it won’t take me 4 hours to get through customs, hire a car and drive the one hour to the pack.”

“Good. That is what I want to hear. Now I have one thing to ask of you. A favor, so to speak.”

Here we go he thought to himself, “And that would be?”

“I just need you to stop and pick up a new pack member. She doesn’t drive and has no way to get out to the pack, it’ll be on your way, and take but a moment of your time.” He could hear the smile in his father’s voice and just knew this was part of his plotting.

“Fine, send me the address,” he stated, “And make sure she is ready and waiting for me to pick her up. I’m not one for standing around waiting on people, especially she-wolves that are just putting on make-up.”

“I’ll make sure she is aware of your attitude and request. Though I don’t see it being a problem, she’s not one to wear a great deal of make-up. A natural beauty, wouldn’t you say Marian?” his father asked his mother.

“Oh, yes, pretty as a picture.”

He was betting she was, and willing to climb right into his bed at his father’s request as well, just like all the others.

# He’s an Alpha: She doesn’t Care – Chapter 7

Wynta

She spent the last few weeks dress shopping online and in person, and took her time in choosing a dress for the occasion. She’d opted for a Halston Gown, a nice sleeveless, boat neckline, tiered skirt dress in the color royal blue, though it was an ombre style dress that faded out to just one lower corner, where it turned to a soft blue.

She’d paired it with a simple pair of royal blue one-inch pumps, something she could walk in, with relative ease. She wasn’t about to go and try walking around in a pair of stilettos and embarrass herself by wobbling all over the place.

She had, however, stood in the dress store and looked at the dress on her and smiled a little to herself. She actually did like it. Though she’d never had the inclination to spend two thousand dollars on a dress before, she thought she could wear this one, to many different things, she was going to keep it, instead of selling it. It would make for a nice new year’s dress.

Something she did know the Hayes company was holding this year, a big fancy event for its employees, something which she was expected to attend, as were all supervisors and department managers. She could wear this dress to that as well.

The store clerk had offered her a very pretty sparkling belt that shined like a million tiny crystals, and she had to admit it enhanced the dress. But she didn’t want to be drawing attention to herself, or away from the Luna, and something sparkling like that could see her be in trouble. She politely declined the sales assistant with a, “I don’t want to risk drawing attention away from the bride.”

She’d have gotten the dress in black, but it was sold out. She was aiming to just blend into the crowd. Black would have been better for that, she thought, but no such luck. She’d bought what she

thought was simple and elegant, but also wouldn't draw attention to herself. The scent of rogue was going to do that enough, unless, of course, Edward was waiting in the packhouse for her to arrive with that ceremonial blade in his hand to initiate her right away.

She wouldn't put it past him to be waiting for her like that and that would also see no rogue scent being there to annoy the Luna or his Heir on their day. He was, she knew, looking to kill two birds with one stone, and so she'd likely be escorted right to his office. She could already see in her mind Edward was going to smile triumphantly at her.

A 'I beat you at your own game,' smile was going to be on his face she could well imagine.

She was back in the office busy working with her team on market research on what type of boutiques and restaurants were going to be the best for those ground floor spaces. The café was already leased, and the design and refurbishment was underway. But a restaurant was only successful if it was the right cuisine for the right location, and then had the best chefs and quality service.

She looked up at the sound of knuckles rapping on her office door and saw Chester the pack Gamma smile at her. She narrowed her eyes upon him, as he stepped into the room and closed the door. A private conversation it was going to be, her eyes moved to her team, who were now all looking at her. She never closed her door.

"What can I do for you, Chester?" She addressed him informally. It was how he'd told her to, years ago.

He walked over and sat himself in one of the two chairs that sat opposite her desk and looked about the room "You've not personalized your office very much. You've been here for a year now," he commented.

She looked at the hard wood floors and her clean desk, the pinboards on the wall to her left that had marketing details for the projects she and her team were working on. The shelving behind her had only work things on it. There were no family photos or even artwork in this room. To her right was a nice-sized window that showed her the weather outside and the building across the street.

"I don't see a need to do that. It's an office where I work, not my home," she answered him simply.

"Even your team have photos out there of their families, their pets, funny memes," he stated.

"That they do Chester, what's your point?" she asked simply.

"You've been here for five years and could walk out today and no one would even know this was your office."

"I'm aware; that's how an office should be. It would take me all of a minute to pick up my briefcase and leave if I'm fired," she told him.

"Is that what it's about? Edward is not about to fire you, your team is doing very well, you work hard yourself. Even stay back and do overtime quite often."

“Are the lot of you keeping track of one rogue?” She shook her head a little. “You know I thought by now, you’d have all just left me be.”

“Mm, Edward is as stubborn as you are.” Chester smiled at her. “On that note, the Alpha sent me down here to have a chat to you about this coming Luna Ceremony.”

“Why?” she asked right back. “He tricked me into signing for that invitation, and now it’s mandatory that I go.”

Chester chuckled. “Yes, he was devious about that, but I believe it was actually Marian that came up with the solution to Edwards’ problem.”

“You know, Chester, I don’t consider being forced to attend this event as my stepping willingly into the pack’s territory. So, there will be no initiation from it.” She smiled right at him and leaned back in her chair.

He frowned at her for only a moment and then asked, “Do I need to take you out to buy a dress or did you go out and buy a dress?”

“Do you think I’m incapable of purchasing a formal dress for this kind of occasion?” She asked in return.

“Did you?” he repeated.

“Yes, Chester, I bought a dress and shoes to match.” She nodded. “If you must know, it’s royal blue, and I put that on the RSVP as was expected of me to.”

“Ah, then you’re willing to walk into the pack and attend the ceremony.” He smiled right at her and then chuckled at the frown that was marring her face. “I’m switched on right now, and you’re annoyed that the Alpha beat you at your own game right now.” he chuckled once more, “So I’ll be letting him know yes you’ll be getting initiated into the pack on the day.”

Her eyes narrowed on him now, “Why are you actually here if you knew I was going to be attending?” she asked. Chester wasn’t only here to sus out how annoyed she was, by being tricked into setting foot into pack territory she didn’t think.

“A new rule has been applied, and I’m here to inform you, there was a pack-wide announcement but you...” he shrugged. “Refuse to be a pack member. So here I am to tell you in person. All guests must arrive and be seated one hour prior to the ceremony starting.”

“Alright.” She nodded.

“Now there is punishment if you don’t arrive early. However, Edward would like you to come a bit earlier than most so he can initiate you, and then you may take a bit of time to look around before it starts if you wish.”

“Right,” she huffed. “How early is that going to be? I’ve already booked a town car,” she sighed. She was going to have to change the time of it.

“Ah, you still don’t drive, do you?”

“No, there is no need. I live five blocks from here.” She shook her head and she didn’t see a need to waste money on buying a car she’d rarely drive, and have to pay for insurance, registration and parking fees, the mechanical maintenance of it. There was no need for that. It took her all of 30 to 40 minutes to walk to work every day.

“Perhaps we could organize a pack member to pick you up.”

“I don’t socialize with the pack’s members.” She shook her head at him.

“Edward is well aware that you manage to dodge every pack event, that he or his Luna go out of their way to personally invite you to.” Chester nodded. “It annoys them both greatly.”

It was her turn to chuckle now. “Hmm, well, I am allowed to use my vacation time when I like, and conferences I don’t make the dates they’re set on.” She shrugged. “Sometimes it’s unavoidable that I’m not available.”

He nodded, “Wynta, you should have come in long ago, and although it does amuse me that you’ve managed to avoid initiation for the past five years, due to your agreement with Edward. This really does need to be resolved...” she watched him raise a hand and his eyes glaze over.

He came back to the room a few minutes later. “Edward has decided that he wants absolutely nothing to go wrong with your coming into the pack, so he’s asked that I inform you, he’ll be sending a driver for you.”

“I don’t need a driver. I have booked a town car to take me there and bring me home,” she reminded him.

“Hmm, you can cancel that. It is predicted to rain all week and even on the night and no human cars will be allowed past the gates. He just informed me that his son, Jared, will be coming from the airport that day himself and will stop in and pick you up.”

Wynta raised an eyebrow now, “That is not at all necessary.” She didn’t need nor want to be arriving at the pack for the first time with the Alpha’s eldest son. That was not a statement she wanted to make at all.

“I heard Jared wasn’t overly happy about it either, snapped something about he wasn’t a chauffeur to his own father,” Chester snorted. “Edward has put his Alpha foot down on this one. It will be an interesting night for all I imagine.” He stood to leave.

“You’ll get an email with the time Jared will be at yours to pick you up,” Chester stated as he walked to the door, then he turned back and looked at her. “I’d allow a 10-to-15-minute window either side. Jared is... Hmm, how do I put it... an impatient man at times, and won’t take kindly to you not being ready when he arrives to pick you up. So, Wynta, if you could please see to being ready before he arrives, that would be greatly appreciated.

“Oh, and just one more thing, Edward told me he’ll take it personally as an insult, if you refuse his offer. Seeing as he went out of his way to do this for you,” Chester smiled at her and left the office chuckling.

# He’s an Alpha: She doesn’t Care – Chapter 8

Wynta

She’d worked the morning of the Luna Ceremony, seeing as it was in the evening, and she wasn’t to be picked up until two-thirty. She only came home during her lunch break, where she’d showered and stood in front of her bathroom mirror and carefully done her hair and make-up. She kept it pretty natural, not wanting to draw attention to herself. She put on lip liner, eyeliner and mascara but that was about it. She didn’t spend hours perfecting it to look flawless, that was not her thing.

Today she stood and applied a dusty rose-pink eyeshadow with a bit of sparkle to it and a matching-colored lip gloss. The color was said to make her hazel green eyes stand out a bit more. She’d looked at them in the mirror, and what she had done was simple but nice. Not like the normal soft brown gold she used to keep it natural looking for in the office.

She did look a bit different by the time she’d pulled her hair up and curled it all, she smiled at herself a little, “Not bad.” She told herself with a slight nod. She wasn’t going for glamorous, just simple and appropriate for the occasion.

Then she sat inside her apartment twiddling her thumbs basically, as she waited. She’d been ready a good 20 minutes prior to the designated pick-up time and eventually plugged her phone in and read a book while she sat leaning back on the bedhead of her bed to wait.

Jared was now an hour late in picking her up. She’d known he probably needed extra time to arrive due to the storm that was going on outside. It was wild and windy today, and she could actually hear the wind howling by. She was trying not to seem impatient because on a day like today, she understood the traffic was likely to be bad.

Then her whole apartment was in darkness, and she huffed as she realized the power was out, and now she had to sit in the dark. At least her phone was fully charged, and she could continue to read. She just stayed sitting on her bed in an apartment with no electricity right that minute, and continued to read. There was nothing else she could do.

Though she was now just trying not to be annoyed about the lateness of his arrival. She’d been ready on time, as Chester had told her to be, because Jared was an impatient man. She moved her eyes to the notification that popped up on her phone 15 minutes later.

It was an unknown number, but she didn’t give out her number to just anyone. The office had it and the landlord; she thought it might be the landlord, but that didn’t show on the message alert. Though it was the words that she could read from the notification that saw her click the message open. They were indicative of it actually being for her ‘I’m delayed, so.’ were the words that flashed on the bar.

She clicked it open to read the entire message, figuring it was going to be Jared, seeing as he hadn’t turned up yet, and she was still waiting for him. Though she did wonder how long a person should wait on being picked up, when was it appropriate to stop waiting and just go without them? She knew the celebration wasn’t to start until seven, and they only really had to be there one hour early, and it was just after three-thirty now.

‘I’m delayed, so I won’t be picking you up, a rogue won’t be missed at one pack function.’

Wynta sat and stared at that message and then sighed heavily to herself, and shook her head just a little. It seems that Jared had just found out she was a rogue, and was either not interested or unimpressed that he was on chauffeur duty for her. She let it go; there were many in the company that wrinkled their nose at her, and didn’t like that she was a rogue. What was one more that would do that while he was visiting?

Wynta sat and tried to book herself a town car to get her out to the pack, something she had originally organized, and been told to cancel, due to Jared picking her up. Now she wished she’d never canceled it in the first place.

Everything she tried to book from a town car, a taxi or even an Uber, they were all telling her no due to the road closures and storm flooding. She tossed her phone on the bed; she’d tried to make her own way there and that was all she could do. It wasn’t her fault that the Alpha’s son, Jared, was too high and mighty to pick up a rogue and take them to his father’s pack.

Even though his own father had told him to do so, and her place was on the way from the airport, it wouldn’t take much of a detour, 10 minutes give or take. She kind of flopped down on her bed for a minute and stared at the dark ceiling, but then wondered if this was her way out of being made to be initiated into that pack.

She’d been tricked into it, and now it seemed fate was on her side; in getting her out of setting foot inside that pack, a part of her smiled, “Poor you, Edward. All your effort down the drain. We’ll go back to playing it my way now, because I’ll not be so silly as to sign for anything pack related again, not without asking about if signing for it means I have to attend.” She chuckled a little to herself and got up.

She wasn’t going to be upset about it; it just meant she could still live her life without having anyone rule over her. That was how she liked it anyway. She kicked off her shoes and stripped that dress off, tossed it on the bed and pulled a suit from the closet and got dressed for work once more.

At least the office would have power and heating and wouldn’t be as cold as her apartment was starting to get, and at the office she could make coffee and toast a sandwich or make a cup of noodles; have something warm to eat.

She grabbed a hairband and twisted all those curls in her hair into a bun at the base of her neck, pulled on her winter coat and a pair of women’s work boots, that would see her feet stay dry. Grabbed her umbrella and headed off to the office. She had plenty of work to do and could keep herself busy. She’d call the landlord later and ask if the power was back on and only return if it was.

Jared could explain to his father and Alpha, why she wasn’t at that Luna Ceremony, that son of his likely didn’t actually know this was the only way Edward could get her into pack territory, to be initiated into the pack. He likely knew nothing about the deal she’d struck with Edward. Something that his own son had now given her way out of being initiated into that pack. His own son had screwed that one up all on his own. She wondered just how annoyed Edward would be when he realized what had happened.

It didn't really affect her at all, her life would simply stay the same, and she'd smile at Edward, Ernesto, Chester or Luther, whichever one of them he sent to find her, come the next working day for them. She'd waited for her ride, and been told he wasn't coming, and she'd tried several different options to get there. There was proof on her phone of all that.

She walked onto the marketing floor and her entire team stopped and stared at her, surprised to see her back in the office once more, and she knew it. They all knew she'd been invited to that wedding and had even asked her how she'd gotten the invite. She'd shrugged it off, but they'd all seen over the years Chester in and out of her office, and had likely put it down to that.

"Didn't you have a wedding to go to?" Tallah, the head of her team asked. She was a tall, dark-haired woman with brown eyes who was now leaning back in her chair looking at Wynta.

"Mm, I can't get there, the weather is too bad." She nodded and then just shrugged it off as she headed for her office and removed her jacket and pulled her hair out of that bun, she'd only pulled it up so it wouldn't get messy in the wind.

She started her laptop and then headed for the break room. "You should have just stayed home for the afternoon," Monica told her. "That's what I would have done."

"My powers out." She answered. "I can't even make coffee there. So here I am, and it's not like I don't have work to do," she told them.

"Ah, and you live like local, huh?" Howie nodded.

"Yes, just a few blocks," she answered.

"Well, you look lovely." Tallah smiled at her. "All made up."

"Thank you," she nodded. It was unlikely they had ever seen her with this kind of make-up on, and it did make her feel pretty. She thought it was a nice compliment, and she could accept it. She made her coffee and returned to her office to get some work done. She held on to that coffee cup with both hands and let it warm her hands as well her insides as she sipped the hot liquid.

# He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 9

Jared

His flight was delayed coming into landing, due to the storm that was going on out there over San Francisco. The pilot had just announced that they were finally given permission to land almost an hour after they were due to land. He apologized for the long delay, and they were on the ground 15 minutes later.

Thankfully, Jared only ever brought carry-on luggage with him, he had everything he needed in his suite in the packhouse. So he always traveled light. He breezed through customs, seeing as this was his home country and city, just stated he was returning home from a business trip.

Then made his way to the car rental place to pick up the organized car for him to use. He could see it was absolutely bucketing down, and he made a quick call to Dwane to state he'd finally landed. But it was chaos here at the airport. He was going to be late, it couldn't be helped.

He stood in line and listened to the car rental people persuade their travelers to get insurance due to the wild weather and reported accidents out there on the roads today. He finally stepped up to the counter and gave his name and booking number, and it was looked up. He held up a hand to halt the man on his insurance spiel. "Enough, just give me the premium insurance, I'm in a hurry. I'm going to be late for my brother's wedding, and your incessant chatter about insurance with everyone before me, and which I accept, is holding me up even further. I don't need all the finer details, just charge my card and print out the paperwork," he'd told the man.

Who'd then gone on to ask about whether he was bringing the car back fully fueled or not? "Bill me for the gas." He'd leaned on the counter "and please hurry it up."

He'd stopped and picked up an umbrella before stepping out into the downpour. He was going to need it and not just for himself, but for this, Wynta Morgan she-wolf he was to pick up at his father's insistence. If he didn't have an umbrella, her dress would surely get soaked and likely ruined. He didn't need his father blaming him for her disheveled appearance on arrival.

He found the hire car, tossed his bag in the back seat and climbed into the drives side, closed that umbrella and got very wet. In the few seconds it took him to shut it and get in the car and close the door. He ran a hand through his now wet hair and slicked it back and kicked the car over, his shoes and socks were wet, there had been several puddles getting to the car.

He took a moment to lean over the back and pull a towel from his luggage and run it over his hands, face and hair, over his clothes where he could. Got his phone out and punched Wynta Morgan's address into the GPS; Near the office that was good for him, he could get from the airport to the head office without assistance.

He'd only need it when he got closer. Though it looked pretty easy, almost a straight line from the office, he mapped it in his mind and left the airport.

It was already three thirty, and he was an hour behind his schedule now. He should have picked her up already and he knew it. His estimated time to pick her up had been two-thirty, but an hour late, she should at least be dressed and ready to go, no holdups on her end; knock on the door, state who he was and put her in the car. Two minutes tops, he thought to himself.

Though he was still 30 minutes out from her place, give or take a few minutes due to the heavy downpour and traffic. And then they had another hour to get to the pack. He was doing the math in his head. They should get there by 5pm, and the cut-off was 6pm, so all was good at this point.

His father had told him he had to see this Wynta Morgan right into his office inside the packhouse, that he needed to see her prior to the Luna Ceremony starting, and informed him that she had never once set foot inside the pack before and so needed an escort to his office.

He got held up in traffic just ten minutes from the airport, there was flooding along the road, and the traffic was being diverted on to a detour. As he turned on to the detour he could see it wasn't just water on the road, but some of the embankment had collapsed and was laying across the road. There had been a small landslide.

He did know it had been raining for nearly a week now here in San Francisco, likely to see a fair bit of those he thought absently as he followed the predetermined detour that everyone else was also now on, and it was slow-going, having to merge and let others in and then take back streets.

Jared closed his eyes and pushed his annoyance down. No one could do anything about mother nature, but as he drove slowly like everyone else out here, taking into account the weather and the road conditions, the traffic was at a crawl and it took him 25 minutes to get back to his destination route that would take him to the head office and then to her apartment from there.

The wild, windy weather did not let up once, some areas of roads were being directed by police the power appeared to be out in certain parts of the city. That also slowed him down. He looked at his watch as he finally pulled up out the front of the apartment complex, a three-story building, and it was now four thirty a normally 20-minute drive; had taken him an hour.

He was now two hours late. Jared parked right out the front in the no-parking zone, uncaring of getting a ticket, he didn't think the parking police were going to be out in this weather. He hurried across the footpath and pushed into the building. It was old but looked clean, and he wondered why a she-wolf would live there.

He located her apartment here on the ground floor, and realized the power was out here too. It was quite dark in this corridor. He knocked on her door and then pressed the doorbell twice and stood waiting. He got nothing in return and frowned, put his hearing to the apartment. There was nothing coming from it.

He banged his fist on the door three times and still nothing. He waited only a minute before calling out her name as he banged on the door again. "Wynta, it's Jared, open the door." He called out.

"Hey man, stop with the pounding already." A man came out of the apartment next to hers. "She's clearly not home."

"Did you see her leave? I'm here to pick her up," Jared asked right back.

"Nah, man, but she's a bit of a workaholic. If she ain't here, try her office," he stated, "Stop the banging already, this place has got thin walls. If she was home, she'd have heard yah." He muttered and returned to his apartment.

Jared sighed, and pinched the bridge of his nose, had she given up waiting on being picked up, he was two hours late and hadn't had her number to call her. Though he had told his boys he was late, and surely they'd have relayed it to his father, who would have relayed it to her.

He stood and stared at the door. She could be in there, just ticked off he was so late and ignoring him, he supposed. He debated with himself for half a minute about whether he should pick the lock or not, but he needed to know if she had maybe gotten a cab or a lift of some kind as well. Pick the lock it was.

He couldn't be out here hunting for her. He had to be gone from the city in 30 minutes, or he was going to be late to that Luna Ceremony and be seen as he didn't care or was disrespecting of his brother's new Mate Bond, and end up on the bloody shaming post getting lashed. He wasn't having that.

The moment he stepped into her apartment, he was hit with the scent of a rogue, and his heart kind of stuttered inside his chest at the possibility that she'd been taken because he was late to pick her up. Two steps into her apartment, and he could see the entire place; It was a shoebox of an apartment.

His wolf, Creed, breathed in deeply to scent how many rogues 'only one, and it's female.' Creed told him as he turned Jared's head to look about and breathed in the tiny bathroom and kitchen, he was standing in. 'Everything scents of rogue.' He was told and then Creed receded. Jared frowned at that as he understood what was going on.

Wynta Morgan was a rogue she-wolf, though no one had ever told him that, though he did recall his father stating he'd been struggling to bring her into the pack. Needed Jared to do it himself. That was now odd to him. Most rogue she-wolves would want pack protection.

He saw there was a blue dress laying on the bed, it kind of looked like it had been taken off and just tossed there, and the shoes by the bed weren't neatly laid out either. His eyes scanned the rest of the room, and the small closet door was slid open, and he could see several suits in there and the empty space where one would hang.

He picked up the dress and, yes, he could smell her scent on it quite strongly, so she'd given up waiting and likely gone to the office, seeing as there was no power here. It was quite cold in here without heating. Though that shouldn't particularly bother her, she was a she-wolf. The neighbor was going to be right.

He bagged the dress and shoes and left, locking the door and heading for his car. Seven minutes wasted, he shook his head as he drove to the office now, he'd driven right past it on the way to her place. He pulled up in the underground car park and asked the garage attendee if he'd seen a Wynta Morgan come in this afternoon as he got out grabbing her dress bag.

"Sorry. I don't know who that is," he answered, "No car space registered to her that I know."

He'd nodded to the man and gotten in the elevator. She was in marketing and knew she worked on the 7th floor. He had seen that in her company profile.

"Wynta," he called, stepping out of the elevator, her wolfen hearing would pick it up, regardless that he was down the other end of the building. He walked right to her office, and she was sitting there at her desk, ignoring the fact that he was looking for her, "Wynta." He rapped out her name, annoyed by her lack of acknowledgment.

Her eyes moved towards him as he strode over to her desk. "Up, we're going to be late." He stated flatly and when she still just sat there, he grabbed onto her arm and pulled her up from the chair. "You have got 10 minutes to put this on." he held out the dress bag to her "We need to haul ass or be in trouble from father." He kept it to human terms, her team was out there listening to him, and he knew it.

He gave her a push to get her moving and out the office door. "Go, get dressed in the ladies room." He looked about and nudged her towards it and she kind of went with a bit of a stumble, and a frown on her face.

"My handbag," she stated.

“Go, I’ll get it.” He turned away from her back to her office.

# He’s an Alpha: She doesn’t Care – Chapter 10

Wynta

She was still sitting at her desk working when her name was suddenly rapped out in what she thought was an impatient, annoyed tone. She moved her eyes to the laptop clock. It read twenty to five. Then she looked to see who was demanding her attention. Not many in the office would do that.

Her eyes moved over the tall dark-haired man that was striding into her office, looking very annoyed at her. She got that wolfen scent from him, and then a moment later recognized him as one, Jared Hayes, Edwards’ eldest son. The very man that had told her he wasn’t picking her up. “Up, we’re going to be late.” He told her in a firm tone.

She was about to lean back in her chair and ask him what he was doing here at all, when he just pulled her up from her chair and was pushing a dress bag at her. She frowned as she realized it was actually her dress bag, it had the logo of the designer on it, he couldn’t possibly know what she was going to wear.

She opened her mouth to ask what was going on, only to have him explain to her, “We need to haul ass or be in trouble from father.” He told her, and then he was just pushing her out of her office and looking about, then told her to go and get changed.

She walked into the ladies’ room and stood looking at herself in the mirror. She’d barely gotten a word out at all. Pushy, demanding Alpha, she thought with a shake of her head. Did she really want to do this? Go there with him after that text message. She wondered if he’d gotten to the pack and Edward had seen she wasn’t with him and blown a gasket and sent him right back to collect her. She kind of snorted at the thought of it.

Though she was unhappy that Jared had clearly broken into her apartment, collected her dress and brought it to her. Even her shoes were there, though not her evening clutch or the pack invitation. She sighed and stood there, he could bloody wait for her to fix her hair; she’d waited on him.

She stood looking at her hair. She’d spend time parting it perfectly down the middle and then twisting back a section to make a pretty knot high on the back of her head and then curling out the rest to hang loose down her back.

Even though it was very simple, she thought it looked nice at the same time. Besides braiding or pulling her hair up in a ponytail, she wasn’t one to do anything fancy with her hair for the office, just neat and easy, out of the way.

She stepped out of the bathroom and Jared looked her over and nodded. It seemed he was happy with her appearance, then his hand was on her arm, and he was striding away across the office,

and she was made to follow him. She could see her entire team watching herself being practically dragged by this man.

She dug her heels in and pulled him to a stop, “Do you mind, I don’t like being man-handled.” She snapped at him, and she heard her team snort. They all knew her temperament around men, and then they all had their faces buried in their work as Jared looked to them, and their laughing.

He frowned down at her and then let go. “Keep up,” he told her, and she was made to stride after him, “I need to get my jacket.”

“My car is underground. You won’t need it,” he stated without stopping.

She took a breath in and saw Tallah hold her hand out for the dress bag. “Thank you,” she stated, and handed it over.

“I’ll leave it in your office.”

She got in the elevator with him, and his impatient look as he held the doors open for her. She wasn’t short at five-nine, and she was wearing one-inch heels, nearly standing at six feet now, but still, it was a struggle to keep up with him.

The doors closed on the office, and he snapped, “Why did you leave your apartment? This, me coming here, just wasted time. My having to track you down, think yourself lucky that I entered your apartment and collected your dress, or you’d be causing me to waste more time.”

She stared at him, was he stupid? He was the one that told her he wasn’t picking her up and she wouldn’t be missed. She just turned and faced forward with a slight shake of her head. Wynta wasn’t going to be drawn into an argument with him. There was no point as far as she was concerned.

“I was late, I get it... but to make me have to hunt you, a rogue down. It’s disrespectful. You should have just sat and waited as you were told to.” He told her, in that I’m in charge, I’m the Alpha here, not you tone. She pressed her lips together and declined to answer him once more.

“Bloody answer me,” he rapped out as the elevator opened into the car park.

She stepped out and stated, “If one doesn’t have anything nice to say, one should say anything at all.” She wanted to call him an arrogant so-and-so but refrained. She also wanted to show him that text, put it right in his face and grate out ‘Why the hell would I when you weren’t coming to pick me up?’

But she didn’t. Alphas were all the same, just out there doing what they pleased to get what it was they wanted. Wynta got in the car as he directed her to and did up her seatbelt, then just sat quietly and watched the streets go by. She didn’t need to talk to him, and she knew how to sit quietly and be invisible. Had done that inside her home pack growing up.

He said nothing for a long time and then he kind of huffed over there in the driver’s seat, “My apologies for being late in picking you up. My flight was delayed, and roads were washed out. I had to take several detours.”

She almost shook her head, why did he bother to explain his circumstances to her? She didn't know. He was the Alpha, he didn't have to, to her, she was just a rogue that no one would miss. She kept her eyes out the window and half an hour later the rain was less a wild downpour and more just normal rain.

Then it stopped raining as they turned off the freeway and headed up a road into the mountains, "Finally," he murmured. Though as she looked up at the sky, she didn't think it was over, just a break in the weather.

"You don't talk much, do you?" he muttered.

"I, a rogue, wouldn't want to be disrespectful to you, Alpha blood." She murmured, using the rogue terminology for one such as himself, she wouldn't call him an Alpha. She could feel his eyes on her with her words, but she ignored it and continued to look out the window.

His phone rang, and he answered it to her annoyance, how many ads were there about driving and using your phone. He put it on speakerphone and dropped it onto the console between their two seats.

"What Lotti?" he asked, sounding just as annoyed and impatient with her as he was with Wynta.

"How close are you to the pack? I got caught in the storm, and now my car has just gone off the road. I'm so sorry, Jared, but if you're not there yet, could you see to coming and getting me too?"

Wynta looked at him as he pulled the car up on what she could only think of as being the pack road, "I'm a mile from the gate." He sighed and Wynta saw him frown and lean forward and look at the sky.

"Jared, I really don't want to be late and take a lashing. Please could you see to coming and getting me... I know it might also make you be late... but." She kind of trailed off.

"Where exactly are you?" Jared muttered.

"I'm not that far just down near the back entrance to the pack, there was water on the road, and I hydroplaned and am stuck in a ditch... it was quite scary," Lotti added.

Jared looked at his watch, and then at the sky and to Wynta herself, and he huffed, "Start walking this way. Leave the damned car Lotti. It can be collected tomorrow. You shouldn't have left the pack today at all, you know the consequences."

"I had to... I had to pick up the gift for Raelynn. It wasn't ready until today," she murmured, sounding apologetically.

"I don't care," Jared stated and ended the phone call. Then he turned to Wynta, "It's about a 10 or 15-minute walk down that path. Just show the gate guard your invitation and he'll let you in."

"Are you kidding me?" she stared at him; it was bloody freezing out there, and he'd not given her the time to pick up her jacket, told her she wouldn't need it.

“No, if you’re in the pack by six, you’ll avoid punishment. I’m trying to help you avoid that,” he stated as he leaned across the car and pulled the door handle to her door, and pushed it open with one hand while his other unclipped her seatbelt.

She bit her lips together, in anger as he directed her to get out of his car. Her invitation was in the clutch purse, that was likely still lying on her bed in her apartment. Her eyes were on him, and she was more than angry as she stared at him. It wouldn’t be missed on him.

“Out,” he stated, “Or we’ll all be punished.”

“Such a f*****g gentleman.” She grated and got out of her car. He stared at her more than shocked by her coarse words, and she watched his mouth open and close, as he couldn’t seem to find any words. She snapped the door shut in his face and he glared at her for a single moment before turning away, putting the car in reverse and driving away from her.

The wind whipped her hair about her face, and she hugged her arms to herself as she watched him just drive away and leave her there. If he was a gentleman, she’d have been allowed to stay in the car, and he’d have driven her all the way to the gate, asked for someone to pick her up. It was only a mile as he’d told Lotti. Or she could have just stayed in the car while he went and got Lotti.

But no, she was just a rogue to him, so he’d not given her a choice, just put her out of the car and told her to walk a mile up that hill, in heels on the wet footpath, without a jacket to protect herself from the cold. “Some Alpha you’ll turn out to be.” She muttered.

“I hope Lance has pup soon and hits 100 before you find your Mate.” she muttered, as she watched his car drive out of sight and around the bend. She sighed to herself as she looked about, her skin was already covered in goosebumps.