

He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 101

Wynta

That was an interesting thought, anything she wanted to “Do you promise, anything at all?” Wynta looked right down at Jared now with more than playfulness, it was intrigue because that was a very silly thing to say. She could, with that statement, literally do anything to him.

“Mm, hmm.” He nodded with a smile and his blue eyes practically sparkled with amusement up at her.

Wynta shifted herself from lying on him to sitting on him, as she thought about those very words, she could turn that into something completely different to what he was thinking. “Just not the actual act of s*x between you and I?” she clarified.

“Yes, anything in this bedroom but actual sex.” He smirked a little.

She smiled big, herself now as mischief brewed. “Hmm, that is an interesting thing to say, Mr. Hayes,” she chuckled softly, leaning in closer to whisper in his ear, her breath warm against his skin. “I bought new toys, and what if I want to use one on you? That doesn't count as us having sex, does it?” With that, she playfully nipped at his earlobe, savoring the sharp sting of the moment. But as she did, an unexpected wave of sensation engulfed her, and a violent shudder coursed through her body at the taste of blood, a searing pain exploding in her head.

A hand flew to her temple as darkness danced at the edges of her vision. She squeezed her eyes shut, struggling to grasp the reality around her. Jared's voice, though familiar, felt distant, like an echo reverberating through a vast chasm. Flickering images of darkness and light flashed before her, strobe-like, and her body felt uncomfortably hot, as if fire coursed through her veins. Pain ripped through her skull like a jagged knife, a sensation she had never before experienced.

Time blurred as she battled the turmoil within her, and when she finally pried her eyes open, Jared was mere inches away, his gaze searching hers with a mix of concern and confusion. “What happened?” she managed to ask, her voice barely above a whisper.

His brow furrowed in worry. “It looked like you had a seizure,” he explained, his tone serious. “I called Gordon to check on you, but he said we should get you to the nearest hospital.”

Her heart raced as she took in her surroundings. The sterile scent of antiseptic filled the air, and she realized with a jolt that they were no longer in her apartment; she was in a hospital room, an IV drip attached to her arm, the fluid slowly flowing into her. Panic surged within her as she attempted to sit up, but Jared gently pressed her back down, his hand resting reassuringly on her shoulder. “Don't get up just yet. I'll let the nurse know you're awake.”

“I passed out?” she asked, her mind racing to piece together the events leading up to this moment. “How long was I out?”

“Hours,” he replied, his voice laced with concern. “They ran some tests. Gordon and your father are here with the doctor now.”

Her eyes widened in disbelief as she turned her head, scanning the room. The reality of her situation settled heavily on her chest. “Where exactly am I?” she inquired, her voice trembling slightly.

“Human hospital. It was the closest one,” Jared informed her as he stood up, the weight of the moment clearly affecting him. “Just stay here; I’ll be right back.”

She sighed deeply, feeling the gravity of the situation settle over her like a heavy blanket. As Jared stepped out of the room, she let her gaze wander around the sterile confines of the hospital. This was a private room, just for her, and she couldn’t shake the feeling of dread that had taken root in her stomach. What had happened to her?

A strange sensation tugged at her heart, a familiar pull that felt like a tether connecting her to someone far away. Biting her lip, she swung her legs over the side of the bed, grasping the IV pole for support as she made her way to the window. Whoever was reaching out to her felt closer than ever, a presence she couldn’t ignore.

As she stood there, gazing out into the night, a myriad of thoughts raced through her mind. There were only two possibilities: the person her mother had bled her to, or her actual mother. But then a chilling thought struck her. What if she had never been bled to anyone at all? That would mean her father had a connection to her as well.

Should she sever that bond? The thought was unsettling. She knew it could be done easily; all she had to do was truly desire it and speak the words. But the idea of cutting ties with her mother was unthinkable.

“Wynta.” A soft, shaky voice called out to her, echoing inside her mind.

She turned, scanning the empty room, but there was no one there. Her heart raced. That voice had been inside her head, urging her, ‘Rid him.’ The tremor in the voice was palpable, filled with pain, and then, just like that, the connection faded, leaving her gasping as another jolt of pain shot through her head. It was brief, but intense, as if someone had violently severed a link between them.

Tears welled in her eyes as she returned her gaze to the night outside, feeling the tugging sensation inside her cease abruptly. ‘Rid him.’ Those words echoed in her mind, and she felt a surge of emotion as she considered their meaning. What if it was her mother? What if she was in trouble, suffering at the hands of that monster? A wave of anxiety washed over her; she had never experienced an inner beast trying to break free, but this felt different. It had to be her

mother's voice. Looking down at her clenched fist resting against her chest, she whispered, "Okay."

"Wynta?" The sound of Jared's voice drew her attention, and she turned to see him standing in the doorway, his expression a mix of concern and curiosity. He stepped closer, his hands gently cradling her face as his thumbs brushed away the tears she hadn't realized were streaming down her cheeks.

"I hate him." A sob escaped her lips, surprising even herself. She hadn't noticed when the tears had begun to fall. "Selena, I renounce any kind of bond to whoever my father is," she declared softly, her gaze locked onto Jared's. Each word carried the weight of her conviction.

A slight sting pulsed in her chest as she felt the warmth of Jared's embrace envelop her. For a moment, he froze, and then they both heard it—a howl resonating through the night, not just one but two. It was a sound that sent chills down her spine. Jared's eyes flicked to the window, his expression shifting to one of focus and intensity. "He's here, close by," he murmured. "That howl was from an Alpha Wolf... but there was another beneath it, filled with pain and agony."

Her heart raced as she considered the implications. Could it be her mother? Had he hurt her for instructing Wynta to sever the bond? Or was there a deeper meaning behind that howl? She closed her eyes, trying to reach out to the tether that connected them. It remained, but just as quickly, it vanished again.

"I hate him," she whispered again, her voice trembling with conviction. He was not her father, not in any sense that mattered. She would never accept someone like him. "He hurts my mother. I felt her pain."

"When?" Jared's voice was gentle, coaxing.

"Just now. It's her that calls me. I can feel her," she said, stepping back to touch her chest. "I just know it. I wasn't bled to anyone; she hid me away from him and never told him where I was. She's scared and in pain. I heard her suffering." With that, she reached out and wrapped her arms around Jared, seeking solace in his presence. His hands were gentle, one rubbing her back while the other cradled her head against his chest.

"What did she say to you?" he asked softly, holding her close.

"Wynta, rid him. Just three words, but I understood their meaning. After those words, the connection was severed violently. I can't avoid him forever; she's with him somewhere out there."

"He knows what you look like," Jared sighed, concern etched on his face. "Nolan would have sent pictures of you to him, or you might resemble your mother."

“He may know who I am, what I look like, where I am, but I’ve now declared my intent to him. I will never do anything he wants. I don’t cling to him; I don’t belong to him. He has no power over me,” she asserted, her voice strong.

“Your mother?” he asked gently, searching her eyes for understanding.

“Will always be my mother. I’ll never let her go. I’ll know her when I see her,” she murmured, contemplating the bond they shared. “I think she just faked my severing from her. That howl you heard was her trying to convince him I had cut all ties. She’s trying to protect me in some way.”

“Wynta,” Jared sighed softly, tilting her face up to meet his gaze. “You didn’t really feel the pain of being severed from him, though.”

“Why would it hurt if I’ve never had anything to do with him? There’s no connection,” she frowned, confusion clouding her thoughts.

“It would still hurt you, even if you didn’t flinch,” he explained, his tone serious. “Severing a kin bond isn’t painless, regardless of your connection. I think you were bled to another, which is why it didn’t hurt as much. You only released someone you weren’t attached to anymore. He felt it, but you didn’t.”

“But if I’m bled to another, that would override the bond to him,” she argued, her brow furrowing.

“Yes,” Jared nodded. “If that was the intent of the bleeding. But perhaps it was a witch’s incantation, and you may never have been bled to anyone, just hidden by a witch.”

He fell silent for a moment, deep in thought. “It’s likely there’s a spell that has kept you hidden all this time.” But then his expression darkened. “Though you still scent of warrior blood to me. That confuses me.”

“I’m still connected to my mother,” she murmured, a sense of certainty filling her.

“That I believe to be true. Blood magic is about intent. Perhaps the intent was only ever to hide you and disconnect you from your father, but never from your birth mother. That’s why you can feel her, hear her in your mind. There’s still a full connection between you... Likely done on purpose, so if she was ever close enough to you, she could sense you out, check on you.” He nodded, his expression softening. “She-wolves don’t give up their pups for no reason.”

She looked up at him, her heart swelling with hope. “She loves me, despite who he is.”

“Yes, with every fiber of her being,” Jared affirmed. “Enough to sacrifice her own life for yours... she hid you and returned to him to protect you from him.”

“Why would she go back if she got away?” Wynta asked, confusion clouding her thoughts.

“That’s the right question,” he replied, his voice heavy with contemplation. “There must have been a compelling reason, or perhaps she believed she could never truly escape him...” He sighed heavily, the weight of the situation pressing down on them both.

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Jared

He walked Wynta back to the hospital bed, and she got in without much hesitation, and he sat and looked at her. He’d not known what had happened to her inside her apartment. They’d been happy and laughing, playing and tormenting each other, and then she’d just started violently shuddering and had collapsed on top of him, with a sound so filled with guttural pain that it had more than scared him.

He could admit it had freaked him out completely. He’d rolled her off him and looked at her, known in an instant something was very wrong with her, her eyes were rolled back in her head and she’d looked to be having a seizure. He’d mind-linked to Andy to get his ass down to her apartment right away. She was in agony. Something was wrong with her even as he’d fumbled for his phone.

When Andy arrived, he had pressed the doorbell repeatedly, his face a mask of concern. Jared had momentarily forgotten about the new code, rushing to let him in. He watched as Andy laid his hands on her, invoking his Gamma Charm, while Jared dialed Gordon, seeking medical guidance.

“It’s her head, Jared,” Andy had said, his voice grave. “Something’s really wrong with her.” Then, as he noticed the blood on Wynta’s lip, he touched it gently. “This is yours,” he remarked, turning a questioning gaze toward Jared.

“Yes, we were just... playing around. She bit me, a playful bite,” Jared had explained, nodding as he recalled the moment with a bittersweet smile.

After relaying the situation to Gordon, he was instructed to either call an ambulance or get her to the nearest hospital. The distance was too great for him to make it quickly. He turned to Andy, his brow furrowed. “Do we dare move her?” he asked, uncertainty lacing his voice.

“Absolutely,” Andy replied firmly. “She’s in pain, and I can’t comprehend what’s happening. It’s baffling, even for me.” Without hesitation, he lifted Wynta into his arms. “To the hospital, as Gordon advised.”

In mere moments, they were on their way. Upon their arrival at the emergency department, Wynta remained unconscious, her body still shaking with mild, repetitive seizures. The doctors whisked her away for immediate tests, leaving Jared standing in the sterile, fluorescent-lit room,

filling out paperwork that felt like an exercise in futility. He felt a wave of helplessness wash over him, a stark realization that he couldn't protect her in that moment.

The words "next of kin" loomed on the form, a stark reminder that she had no one. The nurse, a composed woman with dark hair, awaited his response, her professional demeanor radiating calm assurance.

"Her fiancé," he declared, filling in the necessary details with a steady hand before handing the form back to her. He knew that only immediate family could authorize medical procedures, and she had no one else. The thought of it weighed heavily on him. Creed, his wolf, shared his concern, a silent echo of worry in his mind.

Jared's gaze drifted to his mating bond band, a symbol of their connection. Perhaps it was time to remove it. He glanced at Andy, who was pacing anxiously, a sight that struck Jared as unusual. His Gamma was typically the epitome of composure, but now he seemed as frazzled as Jared felt.

'What did you sense?' Jared mind-linked to him, desperate for insight.

'Pain,' Andy replied, his voice low. 'It was like her brain was on fire, but there was something else...' He locked eyes with Jared, a shadow of fear passing between them. That look spoke volumes—whatever he sensed was not good.

'Tell me, I need to know,' Jared urged, anxiety creeping into his tone.

'It felt as if her own blood was rebelling against her, like... everything was chaotic, hot, and all-consuming. Her thoughts, her feelings—everything was scattered, overwhelming. I couldn't grasp any of it,' Andy admitted, his expression pained. 'It was like her mind was overloaded.'

After what felt like an eternity, Wynta was returned from her tests, an IV already attached to her frail form. The medical team informed them that her seizures had ceased on their own about twenty minutes prior. She lay there, pale and still, and Jared's heart ached at the sight. They planned to transfer her to a neurological ward for further monitoring.

"Can we get her a VIP room? She'll be moved to a private facility once she's stable," Jared insisted, his voice firm.

Before long, Gordon, his father, and the rest of his unit arrived, along with Dwane and Emerson. They were all gathered outside the VIP room, but his father and Gordon had stepped away to speak with her doctors, searching for answers about Wynta's condition. As he sat there, a gnawing sense of dread filled him; Wynta was alone in her room, and he could sense her distress.

He had never witnessed her cry before, and the tears that glistened in her eyes as she looked up at him tore at his heart. Creed whined in his mind, sharing his unease. Listening to her express her feelings about severing ties with a father she barely knew was heartbreaking. She believed that the Alpha, whose anguished roar still echoed in his ears, was the source of her pain. Both he and

Creed understood the depth of that loss; being severed from a kin bond felt akin to losing a loved one.

The howl that had accompanied the Alpha's pain was unmistakably female—it was a Luna's howl, and they recognized it for what it was. Though Wynta had not severed ties with her mother, Jared was certain that her mother was the one trying to convince the Alpha that their daughter was dead.

His mind raced with questions. Why would Wynta's mother return to that Alpha? The nurse entered the room to check on Wynta, and Jared's thoughts drifted as he absently observed her. It dawned on him that her mother had acted as if Wynta had severed ties with her the moment the Alpha felt it. Had she faked Wynta's death as a baby? The implications were staggering.

She couldn't simply run away with her child; she had to provide proof of the child's death, even going so far as to produce a body. She needed to ensure Wynta was safe from that man. Who was Wynta, really? Or perhaps the more pressing question was: who was her mother, to go to such extreme lengths?

The desperation in her mother's actions suggested that she couldn't protect Wynta alone. Jared pondered the bond they still shared; there was undoubtedly blood magic involved. But something had shifted, and that Alpha was now aware of Wynta's existence. He hadn't harmed her mother, which indicated he still needed her to find Wynta, as she was the only one who could sense her.

"Wynta," he murmured softly, drawing her attention as the nurse left. She focused on him, her expression a mix of confusion and fear. "They're close enough to know I rushed you here. I suspect they have eyes on your apartment," he continued, piecing together the clues. "Your mother asked you to rid yourself of him because she is right there with him."

He watched her process his words, her brow furrowing slightly. "Your own mother just howled in pain, just as he did. She faked your severance from her, just as she faked your death to protect you from him," he explained, urgency threading through his voice. "Someone must have overheard Andy and me discussing your seizure, witnessed your condition, and reported it back to that Alpha."

Wynta stared at him, her expression thoughtful yet troubled.

"I know you can still feel her; she faked it," Jared pressed on. "I believe she faked your death as a baby, and now, 32 years later, she's attempting to do it all over again to keep that Alpha away from you. Something has revealed your existence to him, but we have a chance to make him believe you're dead, just as she is trying to do."

"What do you mean?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Let my father initiate you. He's here in the hospital with his entire unit, including Gordon. When a rogue dies, they leave behind a body, but the scent of the rogue vanishes completely. He's going to come here, seeking proof of your death. But if your rogue scent suddenly

disappears after everything he has felt, combined with your mother's faked reaction, he should believe you're gone."

"I don't know..." she said, biting her lip, uncertainty clouding her eyes.

"It won't affect your connection to your mother in the slightest, just like with your former Alpha. There will be no intent other than initiation. He knows you've been a rogue for years, and he's aware that my father has never been able to bring you in. If we initiate you now, in this very room, we can make it appear as though you died here."

She hesitated, her thoughts swirling as she considered the gravity of the situation.

"We have limited time, Wynta—maybe 20 or 30 minutes. I'm unsure how far away he is, but once he processes the pain, he'll interrogate your mother about whether she actually felt you sever," he warned, urgency rising in his voice. "He's a monster, and he will come here, tracing your rogue scent right to this room. But if you allow yourself to be initiated, that scent will end here, and only our pack scent will remain."

He watched as doubt flickered in her eyes, knowing the weight of her past as a rogue and the trauma she had faced within her pack.

"We can scent mask you to take you from the hospital; we don't leave our kind in human hospitals. Your scent will effectively end here, and all that will remain will be ours. We'll mask your scent before the initiation so he doesn't pick up on it at all—no female scent, just a pack scent. It will appear as though you've died, and we've simply claimed your body as expected."

She stared at him, weighing her options, and he sensed her internal struggle.

He took a moment to connect with his father and their units, explaining the plan. He felt Ernesto moving quickly, urgency in his actions. All their vehicles carried scent-masking spray for emergencies—this constituted an emergency.

He gently cupped her face, his eyes locked onto hers. "Sweetheart, don't let your mother's efforts be in vain. This is what she wants. She is fighting to protect you from that Alpha; help me help her. Please don't let this moment she's created for you go to waste."

Wynta nodded slowly, her lips parting as she whispered, "For my mother's sake." Finally, she agreed to the initiation.

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Wynta

With all that Jared was explaining to her, she could hear it; he kind of sounded worried and rushed, but he was trying to tell her his thoughts on the matter. She could only think that this was the right thing to do.

She watched Edward walk into the room a few minutes later and look at her. She could see he was carrying a scent-masking spray, “Step back, son.” he stated, and Jared got up off her bed and walked over to the door behind his father.

“I’ll initiate you inside the pack. Otherwise, here you’ll get a bigger scar than is necessary. I don’t want that for you,” he told her “Wynta Morgan, are you willingly going to let me take you to the Cedar Rapids pack and set foot inside it, of your own free will. Allow yourself to be initiated into the Cedar Rapids pack?” His tone was formal, yet there was an underlying warmth in his eyes.

Wynta understood the significance of his question; it was a reflection of their agreement from five years past, the handshake that had sealed their bond. He wanted her to make this choice freely, without coercion. She glanced from Edward to Jared, then back to Edward, her heart steady. “Yes, Alpha Edward. I will willingly accept becoming a pack member,” she declared, her voice firm.

A gentle smile broke across Edward’s face, and she inhaled sharply, the taste of the scent-masking spray lingering unpleasantly in her mouth. Edward approached her bed, tilting her chin up to meet his gaze. “Sorry, love,” he murmured softly, raising the tiny canister to her lips.

With a resigned nod, she opened her mouth. The sublingual spray hit her tongue with a foul, acrid taste, but she knew it was necessary. Just two sprays, and it would be absorbed quickly into her bloodstream, its effects manifesting in less than a minute. It would spread throughout her body, seeping out through her pores.

Yet, she was aware of the caveats; if she got caught in the rain, it would wash away, and it would naturally evaporate after about eight hours. This was a concoction crafted in the wolfen realm, designed specifically for their kind.

As they waited, Edward gently pushed her down onto the bed. “Things are about to get intense,” he warned her. She could see Jared and Edward’s units rushing into the room, a flurry of activity and tension. Suddenly, Gordon burst through the crowd, shouting for everyone to make way.

“Code Blue!” Gordon yelled, his urgency palpable. Wynta’s heart raced as she watched him ascend the bed, positioning himself over her. She squeezed her eyes shut, her mind racing as she felt his hands begin to move, mimicking compressions on her chest.

Then, without warning, she felt a sharp sting as something pierced her arm, and an overwhelming wave of fatigue washed over her. It was as if the world around her was fading, blurring into a haze. Darkness encroached on her vision, and she succumbed to it, slipping into unconsciousness.

When she finally stirred, a grogginess enveloped her like a heavy blanket. Even before her senses fully returned, she could tell she was inside the pack. Her eyelids fluttered open, and she blinked a few times, trying to adjust to the light. It took a moment for her to realize she wasn't alone; Jared was dozing in a chair beside her bed, his hand enveloping hers.

A soft sigh escaped her lips, and at the sound, Jared's eyes snapped open, locking onto hers. "Wynta?" he breathed, a mixture of relief and concern washing over his features.

"You know, Jared," she replied, shifting into a sitting position, but he still held onto her hand tightly. She lifted it slightly, teasing him. "You're fan-girling too hard; the pack is going to talk, you know."

His smile was immediate and bright, and she could see the tension in his shoulders ease. "I don't care. I can date whoever I want. Besides, sweetheart, it was you who grabbed my hand and wouldn't let go. Clingy much?" He teased back, a soft chuckle escaping him.

"I doubt that very much," she shot back, her gaze drifting past him to the sterile room around her. It was undeniably the pack hospital. "Why here?" she asked, curiosity piqued.

"Because you had a major seizure, that's why. Gordon is investigating what caused it," he explained, his tone shifting to one of seriousness. "The tech team retrieved your medical reports from the human hospital, and Gordon has reviewed them. He also took blood samples and is awaiting test results. How do you feel?"

She contemplated her state for a moment, then replied, "Normal." Yet, a nagging desire to reach out to her mother lingered in her mind, though she hesitated. What if that Alpha perceived it in some way?

"What happened at the hospital?" she inquired, her brow furrowing. "I got injected with something."

"A Code Blue situation. You didn't make it," he said, his expression grave. "You were given a drug to slow your heart rate to nearly nothing—something Gordon always carries for wolfen emergencies like the one you just experienced." He shrugged, as if the gravity of the situation was something he could brush off. "The interesting part came after the human doctors declared you dead."

"And that would be?" she pressed, her curiosity ignited. She had no idea what had transpired, but now she was eager to learn what they had orchestrated.

“Two wolves arrived at the hospital, claiming to be your brothers. They said they rushed to the hospital after hearing about your admission. Apparently, I called them, using my full name to validate who I was. They got there as quickly as they could.”

He continued, “It was confirmed that you were admitted, at what time, who brought you in, and why. They learned about your major seizure at home. The hospital doctors were unable to stop it. It finally ceased about forty minutes after you arrived, but you never regained consciousness, and the brain damage was too severe—you died as a result.”

“They insisted on speaking with the admitting doctor, demanding to see your records. They couldn’t prove they were your next of kin, because, well, they obviously aren’t. But one of them charmed a nurse in the VIP ward into granting them access—a Gamma nurse. It didn’t take much; just a few minutes.”

“Luther and Emerson remained behind, fully scent-masked, to observe and listen to what would unfold. Those two in the hospital managed to obtain a complete copy of your records, including your state, the MRI, the Code Blue, and the declaration of your death by a human doctor, not one of ours, in a surgical bay.”

“They were meticulous and were captured on security cameras, tracking your scent through the hospital. They hit a dead end at the VIP suite where I had you.”

“They then approached security for the footage from the VIP floor, even paying a hefty sum to view it. They witnessed all of us rushing into the room, you being wheeled out while Gordon performed CPR, surrounded by human doctors and nurses, as you were taken to a surgical bay. That’s where you were pronounced dead, and they wheeled you out for your father and me to see.”

“Dad nearly collapsed in the hallway; I played my part.” He chuckled softly. “I fan-girled hard for you, sweetheart. I expect a reward later.”

She stared at him, incredulous. “You devised all that in just a few minutes? Came up with a plan so quickly?”

“No, my father and his unit have been working on various exit strategies all week. That was all them. All I did was realize in that moment what we suspected about your mother, and I followed her lead, even though I have no idea who she is or why she’s doing this. It was clear she wanted your father to believe you were dead. So, that’s what we executed.”

She sighed, a wave of hope mingling with uncertainty. “I hope it works.”

“There’s a chance it might not, but regardless, you’re now here within the pack and will be initiated shortly. None of us went to the office this morning. On that note, you’ve been officially declared dead in the human world. So... you can’t return to the office right now.”

“I don’t want that! I like my job!” she protested, her voice rising.

“Hmm, my father agrees with that, so the situation at the office is a bit different. You just haven’t shown up for work and can’t be contacted. That Alpha hasn’t left yet. They’re still holed up in a hotel, not the same one Nolan was in. This one is actually closer to your apartment, and the tech team reported they arrived the morning Nolan attempted to snatch you, before we had warriors stationed to look for him.”

“What about my job?” she pressed, determined to return to her normal life.

“If he departs, we’ll let you go back to the office, but only after a few days, just to ensure he’s gone for good. We’ll inform everyone that your migraine was so severe it caused a seizure. It’s kind of the truth. So, you’ll be here in the pack for the remainder of the week, likely not returning to the office until next week.”

She nodded slowly, uncertainty still lingering in her mind. “I’ll be able to go back, right?”

“Hopefully,” he replied, a reassuring nod accompanying his words. “Now, if you’re feeling well enough, let’s take a walk to my father’s office and get you initiated into the pack.” His smile was warm and inviting.

Wynta sighed internally, a mix of emotions swirling within her, but she remained silent. Rising from the bed, she glanced down at her attire, realizing she was still clad in a human hospital gown. “I’m not going like this,” she muttered, a hint of indignation in her voice.

“You want to wear my shirt?” he suggested playfully, nudging her gently.

“No,” she shook her head firmly. “Go find me something to wear,” she insisted, her tone leaving no room for argument.

Jared turned to face her fully, concern etched on his features. “You scared the hell out of me, you know,” he said softly, his fingers brushing against her cheek. “Don’t ever do that again.”

“I can’t promise that; I didn’t even know it was going to happen.” Her gaze drifted to his ear, recalling the moment it had all started—when she playfully bit it and tasted his blood. It was strange, and she knew she would need to contemplate that later.

His hand lingered on her face, and she met his eyes, questioning. His thumb brushed over her lips, and she realized the direction his thoughts were taking. Before she could process it, his mouth was on hers, a soft, gentle kiss that gradually deepened. She sighed softly, leaning into him, allowing herself to get lost in the moment.

It was only when she felt herself moan into his mouth, sensing his arousal as he pressed against her, that she pulled away, creating a slight distance between them. This was it—the end of their playful game. Once she was initiated into the pack, there would be no need for this to continue. “I need clothes,” she murmured softly, breaking the spell.

“I think we need fewer clothes,” he replied with a teasing smile, but then relented. “But yes, I’ll go get you some clothes.”

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Wynta

Jared handed her a simple dress that she could see would fall to her knees, and she looked at him, “Underwear?”

“Hmm,” he smiled and shook his head ‘no’.

“Get over yourself,” she muttered. She knew what he was thinking. It was all in that smile on his stupidly handsome face. “I may be here getting initiated, but you didn’t get it the way you wanted to.” she told him and walked into the bathroom to pull that dress on. She was actually still wearing her underwear from yesterday. She’d just keep it on for now. She’d like a clean and fresh pair but could deal with it.

He held his hand out to her when she came out of the bathroom and her eyes moved to it, and she frowned. “What is wrong with you today?” she asked, not taking it and heading for the door. They had never held hands; it wasn’t part of their arrangement.

“I’m just a clingy fangirl, remember?” he murmured, following her out.

“Well, that can all stop now, can’t it?” she shot back, her tone firm. After all, she was about to become a pack member, and their little game was nearing its end.

For a moment, he was silent, his expression unreadable. Then he simply said, “Follow me.”

She trailed behind him as he led her outside the hospital, and her senses were immediately enveloped by the beauty of the pack. Tree-lined streets stretched out before them, the morning sun filtering through the leaves, casting dappled shadows on the paved paths. They strolled along, the air fresh and invigorating, and Wynta couldn’t help but admire the serene surroundings. This particular path seemed to drift away from the main road, winding through a small, enchanting forest that belonged to the pack.

It struck her as a route designed for convenience, connecting various points within the pack territory or perhaps leading directly back to the hospital. She had no real sense of direction here; the last time she had visited, she had been brought in unconscious, only to leave via the front doors and into a car that whisked her back to the city.

Jared had taken her through a side door that led directly to this path. As they walked, she felt a wave of uncertainty wash over her. “Where is the singles’ dorm?” she inquired, scanning the area as a few homes came into view.

“You won’t be staying there,” he replied, his tone matter-of-fact. “Mother has prepared a suite for you inside the packhouse.”

“I don’t need that,” she insisted, shaking her head. “A single dorm is perfectly fine while I’m here, and I’ll head back to my apartment the moment I’m allowed.” She felt a surge of determination as she spoke, but Jared halted, his grip on her wrist firm yet gentle, compelling her to meet his gaze.

“Wynta, why are you so defensive towards me right now?” His frown deepened, concern mingling with confusion.

“I’m not defensive, Jared. I’m just being realistic,” she responded, her voice steady. “Please let go.” She glanced down at his hand, feeling the heat radiating from his touch.

“And what if I don’t want to let go?” he challenged, a hint of something deeper in his tone. Did he understand the implications of her request? She looked back into his eyes, searching for answers.

“There’s no need for you to hold onto me anymore,” she stated, her voice unwavering. “In just a few moments, I’ll be a pack member. Your life, Jared, can revert to how it was before you were tasked with bringing me in.” She emphasized her point, ensuring there would be no room for misinterpretation. With a determined movement, she reached to pry his hand from her wrist.

Yet, instead of releasing her, his grip tightened slightly, a silent declaration that he wasn’t ready to let go. “Just walk,” he muttered, his voice tinged with annoyance. She could sense his frustration, and it only fueled her own.

“Jared, let go,” she insisted again, tugging at his hand. His warmth lingered on her skin, an electric sensation that made her heart race.

Finally, he relented, but he didn’t stop walking. She was baffled by his sudden change in demeanor; she understood where she stood with him and couldn’t fathom why he was acting this way. She was offering him an escape, a chance to walk away without looking back. Their games were over; she had known this moment would come, and now she was making it clear that she recognized it too.

As they approached the packhouse, Wynta fell several steps behind him, noticing how his long strides seemed to reflect his mood—controlled, yet simmering beneath the surface.

Chester and Andy stood in the foyer, their expressions shifting as they noticed Jared’s entrance, the sound of his shoes echoing against the tiled floor. Their eyes flitted between him and her, and Wynta offered Chester a nod, which he returned with a smile that hinted at amusement. However, Andy’s smile faltered as his gaze shifted to Jared, and she could only imagine the tension radiating from him, likely a reflection of Jared’s own mood.

She followed at her own pace, stepping into the Alpha's office where Jared stood waiting. "Father," he announced curtly, "I have brought Wynta as you requested. My job here is done." The irritation in his voice was unmistakable.

She watched as Edward's welcoming smile faded, replaced by a frown as he registered his son's tone and expression. Without another word, Jared turned on his heel, striding past her and slamming the door shut behind him.

The sound reverberated in the room, and Wynta flinched, surprised by the abruptness of it all. She hadn't anticipated such a reaction from him. She felt a disconnect, as if she were standing on one side of a chasm while he was on the other. She had been his responsibility, and now that responsibility was over. He could leave for Europe this very afternoon if he chose, and she couldn't help but wonder what had shifted between them.

"What happened between you two?" Edward asked, his gaze still fixed on the door Jared had just exited. The discontent in his eyes was evident.

"Nothing. I'm here for my initiation, so I'm no longer his concern," she stated plainly, the truth of her words ringing in the air.

Edward raised an eyebrow, his scrutiny piercing. After a moment of silence, he finally spoke. "Did you actually say those words to him?"

"Yes," she replied honestly. "I understood his role from the beginning. He told me exactly what he was going to do. I'm here now, and so his job is complete. He can go back to Europe whenever he likes."

She observed as Edward narrowed his eyes, contemplating her words, but he remained silent. After a brief pause, he nodded and rose from his seat, retrieving his pack blade from the desk. He extended his hand toward her.

Wynta hesitated, glancing between his outstretched hand and the blade. "Only initiation. I'm not being un-bled," she asserted, unwilling to risk the two processes happening simultaneously.

"I know," he responded calmly. "Jared relayed your wishes to me. I will respect them, Wynta." When she finally took his hand, he made a quick incision on her palm, then his own, and pressed their hands together, merging their blood. "Do you, Wynta Morgan, accept becoming a member of Cedar Rapids and pledge your loyalty to me, Alpha Edward?"

"Yes, Alpha Edward," she affirmed, her voice steady.

"Finish the pledge properly," he prompted, and she frowned, puzzled by his expectation. Hadn't she answered correctly?

"Ah, you've not seen it done before," Edward explained gently. "You need to state the words of loyalty explicitly."

“Oh, then I pledge loyalty to you and your pack,” she repeated, feeling the connection begin to form. A rush of energy surged through her, and she gasped as images flooded her mind—visions of the pack, its members, and its history.

The sensation was overwhelming, unlike anything she had ever experienced. She instinctively recoiled, pulling her hand away as a wave of dizziness washed over her.

“You alright, Wynta?” Edward asked, concern etching his features.

She shook her head, trying to dispel the lingering effects. “Hmm, it just felt weird,” she murmured, glancing at her palm, which had already healed. “I’ve never done this before, so I didn’t know what to expect.”

Edward regarded her thoughtfully before nodding slowly, a smile breaking through his earlier tension. “Welcome to Cedar Rapids, Wynta.” His voice resonated in her mind, the connection solidifying as he linked with her for the first time.

It had been ages since anyone had spoken to her like that, and the clarity of his voice was refreshing. ‘Alpha,’ she acknowledged, recognizing the importance of this newfound ability.

He smiled at her, the warmth of it easing the tension in the room. “Please stay here for a moment. Marrian will arrive shortly to show you to your suite while you’re with us. This will also be your suite for any formal events. When the next full moon arrives, I expect you to attend as my Alpha; you can no longer decline my invitation.” His gaze softened as he continued, “But I believe Tallah will be here too, so you’ll have a chance to spend time with her. I hope for a delightful surprise for both of you, as I always have where you’re concerned.”

With that, he turned, determination in his stride as he left the room. “Now, I’m going to have a word with my boy. Something seems to be troubling him.”

He’s an Alpha: She doesn’t Care – Chapter 105

Wynta

She watched Edward leave the office, and sighed at his words about the up-coming full moon, and he was not only expecting her to be there for it, he was hoping for her to pair up as well. She understood his words, was damned certain it was even Jared that he was hoping she would be mated off to as well. A part of her liked the idea, but what if it didn’t happen at all?

No one could predict who their Mate was. She sighed internally to herself, she liked Jared more than she should, but not scenting him out would see him just leave, and that was why she’d just pushed him away. She was trying to protect herself and prepare for the inevitable that was going to happen.

Though clearly Edward was unconcerned about her being alone in his office, but she suspected he understood her reluctance to embrace pack life. To him, she posed no threat; she had made it abundantly clear to Jared that she intended to return to her city apartment once granted permission. But what would she do for an entire week within the confines of the pack? The question hung heavily in her mind, leaving her feeling adrift.

She watched as Edward gently closed the door behind him, a stark contrast to the way Jared had slammed it shut earlier. Wynta let out another sigh, acutely aware of the conversation that was about to unfold between Edward and Jared. She could almost predict the topics of discussion; her recent words to Jared were bound to come up, especially given Edward's pointed inquiry about their exchange.

In her heart, she felt no malice toward Edward. All she had done was offer Jared an escape from the complicated game they had been playing. Now, he was free to return to his overseas business, and she wouldn't cause a stir about it. That was not her nature. She was not his Mate, and deep down, she knew he wouldn't settle for a Cosen.

Wynta closed her eyes for a moment, running her fingers through her hair as she stood alone in Edward's office. Yes, her feelings for Jared were complicated, but she refused to cling to him or ask him to sacrifice his aspirations of becoming the Alpha of the pack for her sake.

Standing there, surrounded by silence, she felt the weight of her thoughts pressing down on her. She had to push them aside; otherwise, they would pull her deeper into a spiral of confusion. The kiss they had shared in the hospital earlier felt like a bittersweet farewell, and she knew that it was for the best.

Now, as she waited for the Luna, Wynta found herself unsure of the proper protocols in this unfamiliar territory. Should she take a seat or simply stand and wait? Her eyes scanned the office, taking in the details as a means of distracting herself from thoughts of Jared.

The room was tidy and inviting, exuding a formal yet homely library ambiance. A built-in bookcase stretched from floor to ceiling along one wall, brimming with volumes of literature. Edward's desk, substantial and crafted from a rich, reddish wood, likely red cedar, mirrored the name of the pack. Aside from the impressive wall of books, the office resembled his workspace at the head office. A cozy sitting area featured two couches facing each other and two single chairs, reminiscent of his other office.

Papers were stacked on one side of the desk, likely related to pack matters, while a computer occupied the other side, just like in his human office. The desk even boasted an inlaid green leather section right in front of his chair. As her gaze fell upon it, she noticed a moonstone band resting in the center of the green leather, exposed and unguarded.

Wynta had never seen one outside of being worn. In fact, she had only ever seen them on Edward's sons. Intrigued, she stepped closer for a better look and reached out to pick it up, but hesitated, her fingers hovering above it. Was she permitted to touch such a significant item?

Her fingers stilled in midair as she contemplated the implications. The band radiated a curious energy, and even without contact, she could sense a powerful aura emanating from it. Perhaps it was the magical essence imbued within the stone. As she stood there, entranced, she wondered why it lay exposed on Edward's desk. Whose was it? She recalled that he had matching bands intended for she-wolves who claimed to be his sons' Mates. Perhaps this was just one of those.

A magnetic pull drew her closer, igniting a desire to grasp the band and feel its texture. Was it the gentle thrum of energy that beckoned her? She imagined it as water dripping into a pond, sending ripples across the surface with each drop. For a full minute, she contemplated its allure before finally surrendering to her curiosity, allowing her fingers to make contact with the band.

She remembered how Jared's band had felt cool against his skin during their intimate moments together. It was a part of him, worn for sixty-four years, likely forgotten in the routine of his life.

As her fingers glided over the moonstone band, warmth radiated from it, and she gasped in surprise as it began to shimmer with a flickering blue light. Instantly, she withdrew her hand, clutching it to her chest, her heart racing. The band had reacted to her mere touch. Wasn't it supposed to only respond when bound to someone, when it locked onto their wrist, indicating the presence of their Goddess-gifted Mate?

Biting her lip, she stared at the band, her mind racing with confusion and wonder. She had never touched Nolan after recognizing him as her Mate, so she had no frame of reference for what it felt like to be connected. Her senses had always felt muted, practically nonexistent. She had easily identified Nolan as her Mate, attributing it to her wolfen nature, but she had never actually touched him after that moment.

She had heard tales of the mate-bond sparks igniting pleasure when one was touched by their Mate, but she had never experienced such a sensation. She had chosen rejection over connection.

Taking a slow, steady breath, Wynta reached out once more, determined to touch the band again. Surely, she had imagined the initial reaction. Hovering her fingers above it, she bit her lip nervously, hesitating.

Thoughts of Jared flooded her mind. When he touched her, it felt as if her skin was alive, awakening something primal within her. She felt like a true she-wolf in his presence, unable to resist his allure. It took mere moments of his touch or kiss for her to succumb to her desires.

With bated breath, she let her fingers brush against the band once more. To her astonishment, the blue light intensified, spreading like a vibrant storm as it enveloped the band, transforming it into a brilliant hue.

She jerked her hand back, startled, stepping away from Edward's desk while keeping her gaze fixed on the band. In that instant, clarity washed over her: she had a Mate, and the band recognized it. Panic surged within her as she prayed the color wouldn't remain blue, fearing that the next person to enter the office would see the evidence of her touch—most likely Edward himself, who would quickly deduce that she was the one who had been in here alone.

Gradually, the blue light began to fade, and she exhaled sharply in relief as the band returned to its original white state. It was not bound to her; that much was clear. She realized that was why it hadn't stayed blue. Jared's band remained white, untouched since her rejection of Nolan.

Yet, deep down, she felt the truth in her bones: she had a Mate, and her body instinctively knew it. She hadn't scented Jared out yet; perhaps it was because she had yet to encounter him under the full moon. But she could feel the connection on her skin, the reason behind her heightened sensitivity when he touched her. Goddess, it was no wonder she found it so challenging to resist him, to play and tease him, to open herself up to him—he was her Mate.

“Wynta?”

Startled by the sudden voice, she turned to see Marrian standing there, a warm smile gracing her features. “Hi, Luna.”

“Now, now, none of that,” Marrian replied with a gentle laugh, crossing the room from a door on the wall, likely from her office. Wynta thought absently, “Just Marrian is fine.” But then she noticed the concern etched on Marrian's face. “Is everything alright, Wynta? You seem a bit...”

Wynta felt her heart race as she realized the Luna was assessing her.

“I'm fine,” she blurted out, scrambling to find an explanation for her racing pulse. “It's just... it feels a bit overwhelming to be surrounded by everyone. I'm not quite used to it yet.” She stumbled over her words, desperate to mask her true emotions.

“Ah, I can understand that,” Marrian nodded empathetically. “Come, let me show you to the suite I've prepared for you.”

“Oh, that's really not necessary. A single dorm will suffice; that's where I lived in the last pack,” Wynta insisted, her voice hurried.

“Nonsense,” Marrian dismissed her concerns with a wave of her hand. “Come on, it has a lovely view.” As she moved closer, Wynta instinctively shifted to block the view of the moonstone band on Edward's desk. She had no idea if the band was still white and couldn't risk turning to check without drawing the Luna's attention—especially since Marrian was Jared's mother.

What if it felt different to the Alpha or Luna now, having reacted to her touch? A nagging thought crossed her mind: should she have snatched it up and hidden it, just in case they could tell it had been touched? But then again, if it went missing, they would know she was the only one in the office with it.

He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 106

Edward

He left Wynta in his office and went and hunted down Jared. He could feel he was still in the packhouse but down where the gym was; he sighed. Everyone had seen how he'd reacted to Wynta in that hospital, in the city, and he'd barely left her side at all, she'd been in the same car as himself, Chester, Jared and Andy on the trip back to the pack.

Jared had carried her into the pack hospital himself. Edward had trailed his son, but shooed everyone else away with a simple quiet wave of his hand, and watched just what his boy did. He'd hesitated right outside the Luna's Medical Suite, looked at her and then at the door. Stood there indecisive for a good 15 or 20 seconds before moving her into the Alpha Medical Suite.

That one thing spoke volumes to any wolf watching on. Edward had suspected as much; his son was clearly vying for Wynta to be his Mate. Yet now, everything had shifted. Wynta had declared it was over between them because she was undergoing initiation into the pack. The playful game Jared had been engaged in with her had suddenly turned against him, or so he believed. But in reality, Wynta had done precisely what Edward and his entire unit had anticipated—she had chosen to end the game with her initiation.

This was a scenario Edward had prepared for and felt capable of managing. However, what had taken him by surprise was Jared stepping out of that medical suite while Gordon and the nurses tended to Wynta, drawing blood to uncover the cause of her seizure. What was even more shocking was Jared's sudden determination to pull him—his own father and the Alpha of the pack—into the Luna's Medical Suite, shutting the door behind them with a resolute click.

“Take the band off me,” Jared demanded, his voice flat as he extended his wrist toward Edward, the band marking his status as heir.

“Jared, you understand what that would mean,” Edward replied, his frown deepening. Removing the band would signify his son's withdrawal from the line of ascension, effectively passing the mantle of leadership to one of his three brothers.

“Yes, I don't care anymore,” Jared insisted, his tone unwavering. “Get it off me,” he practically commanded, desperation edging his voice.

“No, son,” Edward sighed, gently pushing Jared's arm down, “It's just two and a half weeks until the full moon. Leave it on. If I take that off, you know Lance will inform your brothers. If that happens, there will be no coming back for you.” Edward's heart sank at the thought; this was not what he wanted for his son.

Despite his desire for the pack to be led by the most deserving heir, Edward knew in his heart that Jared, being the eldest, was the rightful one to assume leadership. Time and again, he had

proven himself worthy, and even now, in this moment of turmoil, he was demonstrating that he was fit to guide the future of the pack. He was not driven by greed or ambition; he didn't rush to claim the title. Instead, he would willingly cede it to any of his brothers if it meant doing what was best for the pack. Just as Jared had believed that Lance was the best fit for his own company—not due to his mating but because of his education and fluency in French, which was essential for Jared's business dealings.

Yet, Lance had changed since finding his Mate. Despite his intelligence and level-headedness, he was currently struggling with the pressures of his relationship. Edward had overheard their arguments, particularly about why his Mate wasn't pregnant yet. He had seen her storm away from Lance, heard him shout about the need for a pup due to the pack's ascension laws. Marrian had intervened, placing Raelynn on wolfen birth control for a year, which had sent Lance into a fit of rage. Marrian had firmly laid down the law, making it clear to their youngest son that his Mate's happiness was paramount.

“You're not even fully bonded yet, and you're going to lose your Mate over this obsession with having a pup. I'm stopping it for a year. As the Luna of this pack, I'm taking matters into my own hands,” she had declared with authority. “None of your brothers are mated, so there's no rush. If you don't give her a break, she'll leave you, and that will end your ascension in an instant. You don't even seem to realize she's unhappy. She feels unloved by you; she thinks she's just here to breed for you.”

Lance had the audacity to snarl at his mother's words, insisting he needed an heir. But Marrian had done what all good Lunas should do—she had stood her ground and defended a female pack member, ensuring her son understood the gravity of the situation.

Lance had not anticipated her strength; he had forgotten that his mother hailed from a warrior pack, having been just three steps away from the rank of war general when she and Edward had first met. She still trained fiercely, and that day, her lesson had left Lance a bloodied mess in her office.

Edward had refrained from intervening. It was Marrian's right as Luna to protect the she-wolves, and she had done so with fierce determination. After that encounter, Lance had calmed down, returning to his usual level-headed self, focusing on nurturing his bond with his Mate. The pressure for an heir had dissipated, thanks to the Luna-approved birth control, which even Lance could not override—he was merely an heir. However, that incident had revealed a side of him that both Edward and Marrian had not liked.

“I don't care. One of them can have the pack,” Jared interrupted Edward's thoughts, his voice filled with frustration.

“Son,” Edward replied softly, “I understand your feelings. You thought you nearly lost her today, and both you and Creed were worried she might be gone from you. It's okay to feel that way; it's a good thing that you do.”

“I will choose her,” Jared declared, thrusting the band into Edward’s face. “Take this off me now.”

“No.” Edward shook his head firmly, resolute in his decision. “I want you for the future of the pack. I will not allow you to bow out now, especially not with just two and a half weeks until the full moon. I believe she is going to be your Mate. You respond to her like a Mate would, and she responds to you in kind. Just endure it for a few more weeks.”

“And if she’s not?” Jared shot back, his voice laced with despair.

Edward stared at his son for a long moment, weighing the possibilities, before nodding slowly. “If you still want that, I’ll remove it. You can ask her to be your Chosen Mate. But you have to understand the pack’s ascension laws, Jared. She may refuse you, not wanting you to sacrifice everything for her. She is strong-willed and stubborn, but I’ve never seen her attempt to take what isn’t hers.”

“Even in the office, she acknowledges the work of others, giving credit where it’s due. That tells me she won’t let you forfeit your chance to be Alpha just to claim her as a Chosen.” He shook his head, conviction in his voice. “Leave the band on; it’s what she would want. She likes you, I know that. She likely believes you would make a great Alpha. I agree; she would be a fun, loving, and loyal Mate—a brilliant Luna as well. So please, just wait and see.” He placed a reassuring hand on Jared, grounding him. “You’re still shaken right now. The fear of losing her is still fresh. I saw Creed’s reaction to Alpha Nolan; I truly believe she’s going to be your Mate. Trust me this one time and wait. It’s just two and a half weeks.”

Edward watched as Jared stormed out of the Luna’s Medical Suite, heading straight to Wynta’s side. He settled down next to her unconscious form, staring intently at her. It wasn’t just Jared who had panicked over her seizure; Andy had nearly fallen apart as well. This spoke volumes to Edward and Chester alike.

Chester had once told Edward that sometimes a Gamma would react first. The moment a connection was made between the Luna and her Alpha Mate, even in the smallest of ways, the Gamma bond would instinctively kick in. Edward had been observing Jared closely; Andy was all smiles whenever Wynta was around. Chester believed this was the manifestation of their Luna Gamma bond.

He found Jared in the gym, unleashing his pent-up frustration on a punching bag, while Andy sat nearby, watching. Edward waved Andy off. “I’ve got him,” he murmured, stepping forward.

Jared was in love with Wynta, and she had shut him down today. He was struggling to cope with the emotional fallout. This was precisely why Edward had always encouraged his sons to date—to experience these feelings, to learn how to navigate the emotional landscape, to gain resilience when things didn’t go their way.

Jared was the only one of his sons who had never truly dated. He had dabbled in casual flings during his youth but had never formed a genuine relationship. Now, he was grappling with what felt like rejection.

“Jared, son,” Edward said calmly, “please, just take a breath. She’s merely trying to protect herself from getting hurt, especially if nothing comes to fruition on the full moon.” He attempted to explain what he believed was happening.

“I told you to take the band off me,” Jared growled, turning to face him. “If she sees I’m not wearing it, she’ll know I’ve already chosen her. I told her I could date today, that I didn’t care who saw us together.”

“Hmm, that’s good. She knows you like her now,” Edward nodded, pleased. “I’m glad you told her.”

“She pushed me away,” Jared snapped, frustration bubbling over. “If you had removed the damn band like I asked last night, I could have shown her that I had taken it off.”

“Hmm, and what would she have done with that knowledge?” Edward countered. “She would have been horrified to realize you’d give everything up for her. She would likely have yelled at you, called you crazy, and demanded you get away from her. She wouldn’t want you to be so foolish, thinking she was just a rogue she-wolf. It’s entirely possible she would have bolted before her initiation into the pack.”

“I would have stopped her.”

“Hmm, you would have tried,” Edward shook his head. “But she would have found a way to escape, just like she does when avoiding full moons. She knows how to vanish at the right moment; it’s almost as if she has a gift for it.”

“She’s initiated now,” Edward reminded him. “So just take a breath and wait.”

“I know I can feel her,” Jared murmured, his voice softening. Edward had no doubt that Jared could sense her presence, that his beast was instinctively keeping track of her, especially now when worry was palpable. It was what Mates did when they were anxious.

“Just breathe, Jared. She’s calm right now, with your mother. Why don’t you go for a run? Take the boys and do some laps around the pack, work out your frustrations that way. This will pass; you just need a moment. This is why I always encouraged you to date—to help you learn to deal with these emotions.”

Jared shot him a glare. “And then what? Fall for someone who isn’t my Mate, only to have to let them go?”

“Yes, learn to manage the emotions you’re feeling right now. Wynnta will always test you, and you’re overly sensitive because you love her. She nearly died, and you’re wound too tight. You need to relax; she’s fine at the moment.”

“It could happen again,” Jared muttered, his voice heavy with concern.

“Hmm, it could, especially since we don’t know what caused it.” Edward’s frown deepened as he recalled the oddities he had witnessed during her initiation. He had never seen such a reaction from anyone else. “I need to check something. Go for a run, then get some proper sleep. You haven’t rested well all night; you’ve only dozed.”

Edward turned to leave, knowing he needed to investigate further but also wishing to give his son the space he required to process everything.

He’s an Alpha: She doesn’t Care – Chapter 107

Jared

He’d thought he’d just laid himself bare to Wynnta, told her he didn’t care who saw them together, told her he was allowed to date, kissed the hell out of her, because how could he not? When she was finally up and walking about, appeared to be okay. Relief had swept through him, and claiming her mouth to kiss her, show her how he felt, had been a need inside him, not a want but a need.

She’d also kissed him back, practically melted all into him even. He didn’t even know how long they stood there and kissed like that, longer than he probably thought it was though. He’d teased her a little playfully, and she’d responded in kind the way she always did, and he’d thought everything was all good. Only to have her shut him down cold, as they made their way to the packhouse.

He recognized her retreat for what it was, and it stung like a fresh wound. Pain sliced through him, sharp and unyielding, as he grappled with the urge to confront her. He knew he needed to step back, to distance himself before he lost control and unleashed the anger that simmered just beneath the surface. Wynnta didn’t deserve that; she had enough on her plate without him adding to her burdens.

Yet, deep down, he yearned to shake her, to pour out his heart, to tell her he loved her. He wanted to plead with her to stop saying things that hurt him, to understand that he was willing to forsake everything for her. He had even gone so far as to plead with his father to remove the mating bond band, hoping to demonstrate that he no longer cared about its implications. He wanted to show her that he was choosing her, that he would willingly relinquish his claim to the pack if it meant being with her. But his father had refused, citing the impending full moon as a reason to hold onto the bond.

Jared had kept all these feelings bottled up inside, afraid of what his father's words would provoke in Wynta. The gym had become his sanctuary, a place where he could channel his frustration into physical exertion. He knew if he stepped onto the training ground and faced his own unit, someone would likely get hurt, and he wouldn't be able to bear the guilt. He wasn't the kind of man who would lash out at others to manage his own emotions.

Andy had been in the gym, quietly observing him, but hadn't uttered a word. Jared's entire unit was aware that this wasn't his usual demeanor; he never reacted this way to any female, let alone a she-wolf. He had always maintained a level of control, never losing his temper over a woman's rejection. They all had the right to choose their paths, and he respected that. But Wynta was different; his feelings for her ran deeper than he had ever anticipated. Even Creed had developed an interest in her, mirroring Jared's own affections.

Inside his mind, his beast remained eerily silent, a stark contrast to its usual fiery nature. It hadn't uttered a single taunt or even a huff of annoyance since Wynta had distanced herself from him. Instead, it had retreated into the shadows of his thoughts, leaving him feeling more isolated than ever. Jared had never encountered his beast in such a state before, and it left him feeling unsettled.

He stood in the gym, wrestling with his thoughts about Wynta. Should he approach her, or would it be better to give her space? Today was a significant day for her, a momentous occasion where she was being initiated into the pack after so many years. He had wanted to be her pillar of support, to stand by her side as she took this important step. But now, he wasn't even sure if she would welcome his presence.

With a heavy sigh, he ran a hand through his hair, feeling the weight of his father's words pressing down on him. He was clearly not handling this well; he needed to let go of his frustrations. But the thought of approaching Wynta while he was in such a tumultuous mood felt like a recipe for disaster. It would likely only exacerbate the situation.

As he pondered his next move, he considered the possibility of simply continuing their playful banter, the game they both enjoyed. Perhaps if he acted as if nothing had changed, if he showed her that her initiation didn't alter his feelings, it might reassure her. Maybe that would work, he thought, a flicker of hope igniting within him.

Eventually, he left the gym, feeling a sense of regret wash over him. He had envisioned himself guiding her through the pack after her initiation, but his impulsive anger had robbed him of that opportunity. He should have simply brushed off her words, smiled at her, and assured her that she couldn't rid herself of him that easily.

His gaze fell on the mating bond band on his wrist, still white but a constant reminder that it could glow blue at the next full moon. He scrubbed a hand over his face in frustration. The answer to his turmoil was right there, so close yet so far. He should have held it up to her and declared, "I believe, sweetheart, it will turn blue on the full moon." He should have pulled her close and kissed her fiercely, letting the world see just how much he desired her.

He felt that invisible tether connecting him to Wynta; she was likely upstairs, being shown her suite by his mother on the fourth floor. Everyone believed she had alpha blood running through her veins, and his parents had arranged for her to have a suite that reflected that status, positioned among where they all resided, where his own suite was located.

Just as he was about to head upstairs, he noticed Lance approaching with a stormy expression. Anger radiated from him, and Jared could feel the challenge in his brother's gaze, as if he were trying to assert his authority over Jared. It was a shift he hadn't expected from Lance, especially after the Luna Ceremony had solidified their father's announcement of Lance as the heir to the pack.

Jared halted, curiosity piqued as he awaited Lance's words. He stepped closer, invading Jared's personal space. "Why is she on the Alpha floor? She's not your Mate," Lance spat, disregarding Wynta's name entirely as he gripped Jared's wrist, displaying the mating band with blatant disrespect.

"Because that's where Father wants Wynta to be. I didn't choose the suite, Lance," Jared replied, keeping his tone casual despite the tension. "If you're unhappy about it, I suggest you take it up with the Alpha or Luna; their word is law. I have no influence over their decisions."

Jared gently removed Lance's hand from his wrist, flicking it away as if it were an annoyance. "Even you have more sway in this pack than I do right now, Lance. You are the heir to the pack. So, as the future Alpha, perhaps you should express your concerns to our father instead of me."

He refused to be drawn into a petty argument with his younger brother. He would adhere to his father's directives, but he couldn't help but ask, "Are you feeling threatened by my presence, now that Wynta is being initiated into the pack?" His voice was curious, almost probing.

Lance scoffed, dismissing the idea. "Why would I be? She means nothing to me."

"Then why did you storm over here, acting like a jealous pup?" Jared couldn't help but smile slightly, shaking his head. "I didn't sulk or get jealous when you found your Mate and claimed your Luna. I congratulated you and even brought back gifts from France. I've never once been irritated by your good fortune. Yet here you are, feeling threatened by Wynta's mere presence."

He watched as Lance glared back at him, his expression a mixture of frustration and disbelief. "That's absurd," Lance shot back, turning away.

"Is it really? You're upset with me over Wynta being moved to the Alpha floor. We all believe she's a hidden Alpha, so it's only fitting that she has a place among us. Don't you think?" Jared pressed, observing as Lance hesitated in his steps, clearly contemplating his words. "You're coming across as jealous, and over nothing at all. My band is still white, so what do you have to be petty about?"

"Do you realize, Lance, that you have over twenty years before you take over? If you react this way to every decision made by the Alpha or Luna that doesn't sit well with you, it could be

perceived as a threat to your title. How will you handle it if Ethan or Colby find their Mate before you and have pups of their own? Or if I happen to find my Mate just before you're set to take over and end up having a pup right away? You'd be left scrambling."

"This attitude of yours, the way you're responding to Wynta being in the pack, could lead our father to question your worthiness for the title he's granted you," Jared continued, his voice steady. "He can rescind it if he believes you're unworthy. You might want to ponder that."

He could see the gears turning in Lance's mind. "I heard Ethan is dating an Alpha's daughter in France, Sienna. They seem inseparable," Jared added, watching for Lance's reaction.

"Ethan is just using her because she's alpha-blooded; it's nothing serious," Lance retorted dismissively.

"Hmm, if you say so. But I happen to know Sienna is waiting for her Mate. And yet, she's being pursued relentlessly by Ethan. Perhaps, Lance, I know something you don't." Jared pulled out his phone, scrolling through messages until he found one from Colby. He displayed the photo of Ethan kissing Sienna, the unmistakable blue glow of his mating band evident.

"I think you're the only one in the dark here. I wonder why Father didn't share this with you. Is it because you've changed since finding your own Mate? Ethan is already aware, but Sienna hasn't officially scented him out, so he can't return with proof just yet. Do you really think he would be so affectionate with just any she-wolf if she wasn't his Mate? His band is blue, confirming his bond."

Lance's expression shifted as he stared at the photo, the color draining from his face. "No, I don't believe it. He would have informed Father."

"He did. Mother, Father, Colby, and I are all aware. Do you see us panicking or feeling jealous? No, that's all you. You're worried about Wynta being here, but you're already out of the running. Ethan is one of the fortunate alpha-bloods who can scent out his Mate before the full moon."

"But he still needs full confirmation, as per the laws of ascension. You should discuss this with Father. I believe he's already sent a band to Sienna. She's wearing it in anticipation of the full moon. They can't mark each other until they stand before Grandmother when the moon sets."

"In a scent-proof room, just the three of them, with her as the witness to ensure Sienna's band lights up solely with Ethan present. There's no need for him to bring her home for it," Jared informed Lance, a hint of satisfaction in his tone.

What he left unsaid was the real reason their father hadn't mentioned this to Lance: Sienna was the heir to her own pack. That revelation would come from their father after the next full moon, but Jared knew that Ethan and Sienna would be taking over that pack shortly thereafter.

He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 108

Edward

He left Jared to sort out his own emotions and feelings, after imparting to him just how he thought Wynta would react to him. His son wasn't so stupid, and he would eventually come to the same conclusion. He just needed a way to calm down was all so he could think clearly and then, when he did. Things for Jared would likely just go back to normal.

He mind-linked to Marrian, 'How's Wynta doing?' he asked, knowing full well he'd left that mating bond band out on purpose, to draw her curiosity to it. Would she wonder whose it was, perhaps who it was for? It was for her, of course, though he didn't think he'd be able to get it on her so easily.

He'd gotten it out and already put his mind to it, as one did when a mating band was put on a person, a binding that would tie her emotions to his. He had already set his intentions, focusing on her as the recipient so that the bond would align with her essence, untouched by any outside influences.

"She's a bit of a mess right now," Marrian replied, her tone laced with a hint of amusement. *"But she's trying to play it off, acting like it's simply the overwhelming sensation of being back in the pack after so long. But honestly, I can sense your mischievous plans at work. Did you try to attach that mating bond band to her the moment she was initiated?"*

"Did she touch it?" Edward pressed, his curiosity piqued.

"I don't know, and even if I did, why would I share that with you?" Marrian snorted, her laughter echoing in his mind. *"Let's just say, darling, I know something you don't."* With that, she severed the link, leaving Edward with a bemused smile.

He made his way to his office, settling into his chair, the weight of the day pressing down on him. First, he reviewed the report from Andy, his brow furrowing as he absorbed the details. Wynta had had Jared's blood on her lips—what did that mean? Had that been the catalyst for her seizure? She had clearly been unsettled by the initiation. The mingling of their blood had affected her in a profound way, and he would need to ponder this further.

His gaze drifted to the mating bond band resting on his desk, exactly where he had left it. A small frown creased his forehead; he had hoped she would have picked it up out of sheer curiosity. But alas, the band remained untouched. Yet, Marrian's earlier words danced in his mind, igniting a spark of amusement. She had once foretold that Jared's mate would be a force to reckon with, someone who would challenge their family dynamics. The memory of her dream, vivid and unsettling, washed over him.

Marrrian had awoken in a cold sweat after that dream, clutching her head, a sign of the premonitions that ran through her bloodline. Her instincts had always been uncanny, often leading them true. She had predicted the births of all their children, mapping out the intervals between them with an accuracy that still amazed him.

She had adamantly refused any form of wolfen birth control, declaring, *‘‘We’ll have what Selena wants us to have.’’* Twice a year, she would enter heat, and still, they had welcomed their pups just as she had foreseen. Their sons were spaced two years apart, while their three daughters were three years apart—just as she had predicted.

That prophecy about Jared and his mate had come to her fourteen years ago, a time Edward now recognized as the moment Wynta had likely rejected her first mate. updated by jobnib.com In a blink, Selena had gifted her to another, leaving them with only the knowledge that Jared’s mate would be a challenge to embrace, possibly even human or wolf-less.

It was clear to Edward that they would be the first to meet her, long before Jared did. That aspect of Marrrian’s vision had unfolded perfectly. He had kept Wynta confined to the building, taking her to the top floor where escape was impossible, all to test her resolve, to gauge how she would handle the pressure.

Her stubbornness had been evident from the start, a trait that only solidified his belief that she was indeed the one from Marrrian’s dream. Jared, now living in France, wouldn’t be back anytime soon, which meant they would have ample opportunity to understand her before their son crossed paths with her.

He picked up the moonstone band, feeling its warmth against his skin. A grin spread across his face as he realized she must have touched it, even if she hadn’t lifted it. The warmth indicated a connection, a reaction to her very presence. A chuckle escaped him as he set it down and activated the office’s security cameras, eager to review the footage from when he had left.

Just then, his unit entered the room, and Ernesto spoke up, annoyance evident in his voice. *‘‘There’s a problem, Edward.’’*

‘‘No, there isn’t,’’ Edward replied, maintaining his smile.

‘‘Yes, there is. Whatever you’re doing, stop. We just saw Lance confront Jared.’’ Luther sighed, the weight of the situation pressing on him. *‘‘It’s about Wynta being here in the pack.’’*

‘‘Lance is clearly jealous. He feels threatened by Wynta’s presence,’’ Chester added, his tone serious. *‘‘I sensed it loud and clear; it was unmistakable.’’*

Edward’s expression darkened. *‘‘He wouldn’t dare touch her. She has my protection, and she’s had it for five years.’’* His hand instinctively moved away from the mouse, leaving the footage paused on the screen. He could return to it later; it wasn’t going anywhere.

‘‘Jared revealed Ethan’s identity to Lance,’’ Ernesto said, a hint of frustration in his tone.

Edward sighed deeply. He had deliberately kept Ethan's identity from Lance due to the complications surrounding him and his mate. It took mere seconds for Edward to deduce why Jared had acted so rashly. His son had perceived Lance's attitude as a potential threat to Wynta's safety, using Ethan's glowing moonstone band to distract Lance from her.

"Where is Lance now?" Edward asked, a frown etching deeper lines on his face.

"He's headed for the pack hospital," Ernesto replied, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Ah, I see. He's going to demand Gordon remove Raelynn from birth control." Edward muttered, connecting with Gordon moments later. *"Gordon, do not acquiesce to Lance's demands regarding Raelynn. It's a decision ordered by the Luna, and as your Alpha, I fully support that. He just discovered that Ethan's mating bond band is glowing blue in France, and he's likely planning to get Raelynn pregnant again. Refuse him on our orders and send him straight to me."*

Silence hung in the air for a moment before Gordon responded formally, *"Yes, Alpha Edward."* His tone indicated he understood the gravity of the situation.

Edward severed the link and turned to his unit. Ernesto suggested, *"I think it's time we tell Lance everything about Ethan's upcoming mate bond."*

Edward considered this for a heartbeat before shaking his head. *"No, if he perceives Wynta as a threat due to Jared's attachment to her, he'll shift his focus back onto her. Ethan and Sienna aren't here; they're safe. Jared will take matters into his own hands if Wynta is endangered, and none of us will be able to stop him."* He leaned back in his chair, the weight of his role pressing down on him.

"Jared asked me to remove his band last night. He's in love with Wynta, and if she's not his mate by the full moon, he plans to choose her." He shared this revelation with his unit, having only confided in Marrian about it after it had occurred. He didn't want the news to reach Lance, who would undoubtedly see it as an opportunity to eliminate one more obstacle in his quest for power over the pack.

The three of them stared at him, their expressions a mix of concern and understanding. After a moment of contemplation, they nodded in agreement. Edward's gaze drifted back to the moonstone band on his desk, then to the footage on the screen. *"Come and watch something with me."* He gestured for them to gather around.

"I left this out, already intending for it to be attached to Wynta. She touched it, and it's warm now, indicating a connection. I'm about to review the security footage."

Their interest piqued, they moved closer without hesitation. Edward clicked the play button, and they watched Wynta in his office, her eyes scanning the room before she hesitated, reaching out to touch the moonstone band. The tension in the room was palpable as they leaned forward in anticipation.

They witnessed her pull her hand back, staring at the band, and then Marrian entered the room, quietly observing Wynta. She shifted slightly, her posture tense, as she too waited to see what would unfold. Wynta reached out once more, her hesitation evident, but then, with newfound resolve, she touched the band again. This time, they all watched in amazement as it transformed from white to a brilliant blue.

Edward paused the footage, his heart racing. **“Sweet Goddess,”** Chester whispered, awe-struck. **“I’ve been trying to gauge her feelings for ages, especially with Jared around. She hasn’t picked up on his scent; I’m certain of it. Last night, both Andy and I would have sensed it with everything that happened to her. If she had recognized Jared, her first thoughts would have been of him.”**

“But they were of her mother,” Edward confirmed, his mind racing. **“Her senses are so dulled that she doesn’t even realize her body is reacting to his touch. It’s likely why Jared is able to get away with everything.”**

“She knows now, Edward,” Ernesto murmured, his expression grave. **“She’s probably about to bolt, freaking out at this very moment.”**

“Hmm, if she runs, Jared will feel it. My boy is already in love with her,” Edward said, a smile breaking through his concern. **“He’s already bonded with his mate, even if he doesn’t fully comprehend it yet. Nothing will keep them apart. Jared will defend, protect, and hunt for her to the ends of the earth if anyone dares to touch her.”**

“Lance is going to be a problem,” Ernesto warned.

“No, we’re not revealing anything. That would violate wolfen laws. This is between us,” Edward replied firmly, tapping the screen displaying his mate and Luna. **“My cheeky mate, who saw everything and feigned ignorance about it.”** He shook his head, a mix of pride and exasperation swelling within him.

He’s an Alpha: She doesn’t Care – Chapter 109

Wynta

She was walked up to the fourth floor of the pack house. Luna Marrian had her hand casually looped through Wynta’s arm, and she was talking about the floors as they came to them. They were taking the stairs. The ground floor had all the usual suspects. The first floor was where all the offices for pack-related businesses were, such as the accounting, packhouse omega staffing, omega jobs that varied outside in the pack; gardeners, cleaners, teachers, shop assistants, etcetra. The pack’s tech team, retrieval teams, and border patrol along with wolfing trainers. The war room was also up there, and everyone was allowed on the first floor. There were currently 20 offices there, and a fully functioning café in the middle as well as the pack crèche.

The second floor was where visiting Alpha's and their units, their heirs and any war generals or fully ranked members that visited the pack would stay, housing individual suites with interconnecting doors between two and four rooms depending on what was needed. There were 50 rooms on that floor and allowed for 12 full units to be housed inside the pack.

The third floor housed the pack's elders, the four war generals they had, and any heirs that wouldn't rank-up: cousins, aunts and uncles, nieces and nephews. Though some of them were out in the pack itself, they didn't see a need to stay in the packhouse.

The fourth floor was solely for the Alpha and his Luna and their units, along with the direct heirs to the pack, and visiting council members. Their floor only housed 30 suites, which allowed for larger, more expansive suites which showed their status within the pack.

"I don't need to be up here. Out in a single dorm would be fine with me," Wynta had murmured.

"Nonsense, I hear everyone thinks you're a hidden Alpha, so up here is where you'll be." Marrian had smiled at her.

Wynta frowned instantly. "Hang on, you said visiting Alpha's are on the second floor, so shouldn't I be there?"

Marrian raised an eyebrow, "Are you a pack member or a visiting Alpha?" she countered right away.

Wynta's frown deepened, she got her on a technicality, "A pack member... but not of your bloodline, so still shouldn't that put me with your war generals and ranked members that aren't in direct line to take over." She stated after only a moments pause.

"Hmm, now I guess you do have me on that one, but... I, as the Luna, have the right to place you anywhere within the pack that I so choose.

As the Luna to the pack, it's up to me to allocate housing. So," she smiled at Wynta now.

"With all that's going on, I feel this is the safest place for you."

They were walking down a hallway, and she was looking at the doors. They all had names on them, to indicate where each heir stayed.

She even saw rooms allocated for Marrian and Edwards' daughters. "Do they come home often?" she asked, pointing to one.

"Hmm, depends really, but they will always stop in if they're passing through and are required to be here for all Luna Ceremonies. They are full suites and have four bedrooms, so plenty of room for units to travel with them."

"Are they all mated off to Alphas?" Wynta asked curiously.

"No, only Eve and when she comes, her Mate and the units come with her, they all stay in her suite here. It can get a bit noisy up here when all the children are home," Marrian chuckled. "I do miss having little ones running around here, all the happy laughter."

“I’m certain Lance will give you a grandchild before long.” Wynta smiled at her.

“Hmm, I have a feeling Ethan will have a pup before Lance. Got himself a girlfriend and well ... hear they can’t keep their hands to themselves. Likely to get pregnant if they’re not careful,” she chuckled softly, sounding more amused than concerned about that.

Wynta turned and looked at Marrian a little wide-eyed. “Won’t that take him out of the ascension line. He’ll claim her if she gets pregnant, right?”

“Yes, and yes it would. Don’t concern yourself with it, they are allowed to walk away from it any time they like, for whatever reason they see fit, it’s not mandatory to be an heir, completely their own decision. At this moment in time, it’s only Lance and Colby truly in the running,” she commented casually.

Wynta stopped walking and stared at her more than confused now. She didn’t understand that at all. “What do you mean by that? Jared?” she asked, confused by the statement.

“Hmm, Jared has always been a law unto himself, he’s not easily controlled. He tried to pull out of the ascension race last night, from my understanding..” she sighed softly.

Wynta’s eyes widened as she stared at the Luna. She couldn’t understand why he would do that, what Alpha heir just gave up the right to rule a pack. She chewed on her lower lip as she thought about that. Why would he suddenly do that? She thought back to when she’d woken up in the hospital. Was it because of... she couldn’t even finish that thought.

The Luna tugged her along once more, but she had stated last night, that was while Wynta had still been unconscious. Yet he’d been right there when she woke up, sitting next to her bedside holding her hand even, he’d told her he could date anyone he wanted. Then he had kissed her until her bloody toes had curled.

She was his Mate, she knew that now due to touching that moonstone band, and now she understood why her skin felt like it was alive.

Her senses were so dulled down that she’d not really understood that sensation, it was likely to be the mate bond sparks on her skin. Just so dulled down like everything else about her that she’d not understood it.

Jared, however, didn’t know that at all. She bit her lip as she tried to think things through. If she accepted him come the full moon, when she was dead certain they were going to scent each other out, then he’d be the next Alpha to this pack... Well, in 18 years he would be.

Marrian interrupted her thoughts a moment later, “Hmm, he told his father to remove that band. Well, he kind of demanded it, from what Edward told me, and Edward was... Not so happy with Jared, he refused it as well, ticked Jared off, they’re both hot-headed and clash at times.” Marrian shook her head. “They’re currently not on speaking terms as I understand it, because only Edward can actually release the band, and Jared couldn’t make him do it.”

She wanted to ask why he wanted it gone but wasn’t actually game enough to ask, “Here we are, Wynta,” Marrian stated, and there on the door was her carved neatly into a wooden plaque.

She looked about and found Jared's room right across the hall from her own. "I don't think..."

"Nonsense, it's perfectly suitable. Now I was told to give you something. Where did I put that note he gave me." Marrian murmured and patted herself down. "Ah, back pocket." She smiled and held out a folded piece of paper. "I didn't really understand it, when I read it last night, but he assured me with a soft chuckle that you would."

Wynta frowned but took it and opened it, read it; on that paper was a riddle, I'm not hot, but you'll see me only on the hottest of days, I shimmer in your vision, and at times can't be seen, but I'm not a mirage. What am I?

She stood there and thought about it, knew shed changed his door lock the other day, and this was probably how he would have gotten her back at the apartment, only things had kind of gone wrong. Yet still, he'd, somewhere during the night, had the code to the door she was standing in front of changed, to continue to play that game with her.

"Do you understand it?" Marrian asked.

"Hmm, I do." Wynta nodded. "The answer is the code to be used to open the door." She saw Marrian frown at her. Wynta smiled, "Running joke between us, something we do to annoy each other, I guess you can say."

Marrian chuckled softly. "Well, his door is right there, feel free to change it, the current code is his year of birth." She smiled. "Oh, I took the liberty of having some clothes put in the suite yesterday when Edward told what the plan was to bring you in. Before Jared changed the code.

Seeing as you wouldn't have any here. I'll leave you to figure it out. I'd best go hide from Edward. He'll be hunting me shortly. I got him good today," she snorted.

"Oh, okay, thank you, Luna."

"Please stop that, Marrian is fine." She smiled and turned and walked away.

Wynta turned her eyes to the riddle and thought about it. She'd used her last name as his new code. His last name was Hayes, but the answer was haze, as in a heat haze, she looked up as she heard a gale of female laughter come from down the hall and saw Marrian suddenly bolt off at full wolfen speed.

Whatever she'd done, she'd thought it was amusing and now Edward was hunting her for it. Seems she was as playful as Edward himself. updated by jobnib.com She shook it off and punched in the code 42937 and got rejected. She frowned and shook her head as she realized he'd done what she'd done to him. It was the same word but just a different meaning and spelled differently.

She punched in 4293, and it chimed opened, just one digit different because the Y was the same as the Z.

She walked into the suite and kind of came to a standstill as she stepped into what she could only describe as pure luxury. She was standing in a massive suite with both marble and wood accents, plush-looking furnishings and a wall of windows that looked over part of the pack, there was a fireplace, a large formal dining table, a balcony that stretched from one end to the other.

She walked through it to a massive kitchen. It was all soft grey and white marble. She walked along a short corridor and into the bedroom. It was massive, all dark and light grey; and had a grand view of the packs forest directly outside.

She knew she was on the back side of the packhouse, but to still have such an amazing view wowed her completely.

She walked over to the window and stared outside as she thought about all she'd learned today. Chewed on her lip a little nervously as she watched a few pack members down on the grassed area below, directly behind the packhouse. But then chuckled softly to herself as she saw Marrian bolt across the grass and race off into the woods, shifting to her bright white wolf, one didn't see that often.

He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 110

Jared

He'd watched Lance storm off, heading for the front door of the packhouse, and saw Ernesto, Chester and Luther all track him as well, before Ernesto turned his eyes back to Jared himself. Jared shrugged and stated, "It was going to come out sooner or later." Then he headed upstairs himself. He needed a shower and to change clothes before he tried to talk to Wynta once more.

He saw his mother, and she smiled, running down the corridor laughing. She flashed him a happy grin but didn't stop at all. It wasn't unusual to see around here, his mother was obviously playing with his father.

She did like it when he was home during the week, probably missed him Monday to Friday when he worked in the head office, and today it seemed was a day for her to play with her own Mate. Jared shook his head slightly, a silent wish for her to outrun his father, although he knew deep down that it was a futile hope. His father had always been faster; it was a fact he had observed throughout his life.

The thrill of the chase was what made it enjoyable for his mother. She was intimately familiar with every nook and cranny of their territory, her wolf agile enough to slip through the narrowest of gaps in the rugged terrain, giving her a playful edge.

As he reached his room, his gaze settled on Wynta's door. He could sense her presence beyond it, aware that his mother had just left her there. A part of him longed to walk in and resume their previous interactions, but another part hesitated, fearing that her earlier words might still echo in her mind, leading her to shut him out once more.

He stepped into his suite, the sound of the door closing behind him echoing softly. The shower was refreshing, washing away the remnants of the earlier tension, and he changed into

comfortable, casual clothes. After a quick bite to eat, he found himself standing in front of her door once again, taking a deep breath to steady himself. He approached the door and pressed the doorbell, knowing she had the ability to sense who was on the other side.

He contemplated sending her a text, as they had often done before her induction into the pack, but he reminded himself that he could now mind-link with her. They hadn't discussed whether she would be comfortable with that yet, so he opted for the doorbell instead. A full minute ticked by as he stood there, his heart racing with uncertainty, wondering if she would choose to ignore him entirely.

Then, the door creaked open, and Wynta looked up at him, her expression unreadable. The silence hung between them, heavy and charged, until he broke it, his voice tentative. "May I come in? I think we need to chat."

She merely nodded, turning away and leaving the door ajar for him. Jared stepped inside, closing the door behind him, and followed her into the apartment. She moved with a purpose toward the kitchen, and he trailed behind her, curious about her next move.

As she reached the coffee machine, she paused and looked at it, her brow furrowed in confusion. "How do you use that?" she inquired, her tone revealing a hint of curiosity.

A small smile crept onto Jared's face as he glanced at the Jura Z10 sitting proudly on the counter. He recalled that her previous apartment hadn't had a coffee machine, nor did her new one. He had almost bought her one himself but had hesitated, unsure of her preferences.

He stepped closer, placing his hand gently on the small of her back to guide her toward the machine. "Do you want a hot or cold-brewed coffee? This beauty can do both. You can even preload your favorite beans, and with just the press of a button, you'll have your perfect cup in minutes." He reached for two coffee cups hanging neatly from hooks on the wall, his heart lifting at the simple act of sharing this moment with her.

"Hmmm, I like lattes, but with a shot of caramel. There's no syrup in here," she replied, her voice laced with a hint of disappointment.

"I can organize that for you," Jared said, his smile widening as he demonstrated the machine's features. He walked her through the various options, encouraging her to explore and discover what she truly wanted.

He retrieved milk from the fridge, pouring it into the specialized Jura milk jug and attaching it to the machine. "It's ready to go," he announced, gesturing toward the setup. "Just place your cup here and select what you want. You can even adjust the strength of the coffee and how much milk foam you desire." He watched as she navigated through the options, her brow furrowing in concentration.

"Who needs that many coffee options in a machine?" she asked, her tone teasing.

Jared chuckled, “Well, Dad has a deal with the brand. All our machines are Jura’s, and they each make a variety of coffee types. The one in the dining room? Even more impressive! It’s a GIGA X8c. They all operate similarly, so once you master this one, you can use any of them.” He felt a sense of relief wash over him; she hadn’t pulled away from his touch, suggesting that perhaps their earlier tension was merely a misunderstanding.

He hadn’t anticipated her shutting him down so abruptly, but he had resolved not to let it happen again. As she sipped her freshly made latte, he leaned closer, his curiosity piqued. “Is it good? Would you like to save that as your preset?”

“Mm, it’s good, but I don’t know,” she replied, her eyes sparkling with uncertainty.

“Sorry about my attitude this morning,” Jared said softly, a hint of remorse in his voice. “It was... uncalled-for.” He placed his cup down and selected cappuccino, dialing up the strength of the coffee to just one bean shy of maximum.

“Hmmm, I was just being honest with you,” she replied, walking away to settle into a seat.

His gaze followed her, but he remained rooted in place until his coffee was ready. Once it was, he moved to sit beside her, the air thick with unspoken words. “I know,” he began, his heart racing. “I...” How could he articulate his feelings without sparking an argument? “I like you, Wynta,” he declared, deciding to take the plunge.

It was a vulnerable admission; he had never expressed such feelings to any she-wolf or woman before. He liked her more than he was willing to admit, but he thought it prudent to start with the word “like” rather than “love,” fearing that the latter might send her running.

Wynta’s gaze locked onto his, her latte frozen halfway to her mouth. She bit her lip, her eyes flickering to his moonstone band. He didn’t shy away or withdraw this time; instead, he welcomed her curiosity as her hand reached out, a tentative gesture.

Both he and Creed sensed the quickening of her heartbeat, a sign of her heightened emotions. But just as quickly, her hand stilled, hovering shyly before retreating. Jared set his cup down and gently turned her face toward him, his expression earnest. “Don’t be scared of it. You can touch it. Not many get to wear or see these; only those of Alpha blood or the occasional Betas at Alpha College. It only reacts when I sense my Mate.” He took her hand, encouraging her to explore. “You’ve likely touched it before,” he added with a playful smile.

A frown creased her brow as she contemplated his words. Jared chuckled softly, trying to lighten the mood. “We’re often naked, and when I pin your hands above your head, that’s the hand I use. It would have come into contact with you all the time.”

“So, it doesn’t react to me? Just to you?” she asked, her curiosity piqued.

“Exactly, just the one it’s intended for,” Jared confirmed, guiding her hand to rest on the band. Nothing happened, and he could see her frown deepening, a storm of thoughts brewing beneath

the surface. After a full minute of contemplation, she huffed in annoyance. “What is it?” he inquired, concern lacing his tone.

“Nothing,” she muttered, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Wynta?” he prodded gently. She shook her head, and he nudged her playfully. “Come on, spill it! Or I’ll tickle you until you tell me.” He attempted to inject some lightheartedness into the conversation, reminiscent of their previous playful banter.

Her head snapped up, eyes wide with surprise. He couldn’t help but chuckle at her reaction. “It was fun last time, and we didn’t get to finish that. Do you want to pick up where we left off?” he teased, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

She shook her head, a clear no, and he smiled, undeterred. “Hmm, you either tell me, or I’ll extract the answer from you the fun way.”

“Jared, be serious,” she muttered, but he could sense the underlying tension in her voice.

“Sweetheart, I’m completely serious. I want you to consider dating me for real,” he confessed, his tone earnest. “I tried to imply that this morning, but you shut me out. I’m not going anywhere, Wynta. I meant it when I said I like you.”

She sat there, her expression contemplative as she processed his words. He could feel her heart racing again, a sign of her anxiety. “What were you thinking before? Please tell me,” he prompted once more, his voice gentle yet insistent.

Wynta turned away, lost in her thoughts, and he sensed the turmoil within her. “You’re worried I’ll leave the day after the full moon,” he stated, his voice steady. When she remained silent, he continued, “Wynta, I tried to convince my father to remove my band last night—that’s how much I like you.”

“Why would you do that? For a rogue of unknown lineage?” she frowned, disbelief coloring her tone. “That’s just foolish, Jared. I never thought you were stupid... Arrogant, possessive, a bit selfish, but logical with good reasoning skills. If your father had allowed it...” she trailed off, her voice fading into contemplation.

“It would alleviate your worries about me just disappearing. I know everything between us has been a game until now, one that I initiated,” he admitted, his voice sincere. “But what if I said I didn’t want it to be a game anymore?”

“I’d tell you you’re freaking insane! To not be so foolish,” she muttered, her tone edged with frustration.

“Does that refer to my desire to remove the band or my wish for something more than just a game with you? Please specify,” he asked, genuinely curious. It could pertain to either, and he

was eager to understand her perspective. She was unlike anyone he had known; she could say one thing while meaning something entirely different.

“Taking your band off,” she sighed, her expression softening. “You shouldn’t do that for anyone. You’ve worn it all this time.”

“Hmmm, I have, and I never considered taking it off until I met you,” he replied honestly, his gaze steady on hers.

He was striving to convey his sincerity, to show her that he would give everything up for her. However, as his father had predicted, she held the belief that he shouldn’t sacrifice so much just for her. “Last night wasn’t the first time I thought about removing it since meeting you,” he confessed, laying bare his feelings.