

# He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 121

Jared

Seeing Wynta's band light up, more than shocked him, the woman was keeping secrets from him and one that was clearly important to what they'd discussed this morning. He tested the theory himself to make certain it was him she'd scented out somewhere along the line. And yes, her heart rate increased with his touch, though now it was even more than it had been just this morning.

All her wolfen senses were activated, seeing as she now had her wolf, he was more than happy about what he was seeing, sensing. The woman he was in love with was going to be his Mate, and she'd played with him in her apartment, kissed him in the pack walked about hand in hand with him. She wouldn't do that unless she knew what he was to her.

If there had been another scent that had caught her attention, she would have severed their connection right then and there. Yet, she hadn't. "No wonder she never gets enough of you," Creed chimed in, his beast sounding genuinely pleased.

"Honestly, I'm relieved I told her before all of this unfolded," Jared replied, and he truly meant it. Now, not only did she recognize him as her Mate, but she also understood the depth of his feelings for her—his desire to be her Mate was unwavering, as was Creed's. This was love flourishing before the mate bond had even formed. Chosen and Gifted, how could he not beam with joy when he knew she had already accepted him?

They had shared playful moments in her apartment after she had learned the truth about their connection. She had walked beside him, exuding confidence and trust, and when his father assured her of her safety in this office, she had responded with a certainty that warmed his heart. There was a profound trust blossoming between them, and that was what mattered most to him.

She didn't merely think she'd be safe here; she knew it in her bones. A twinge of disappointment flickered through him at the thought that his father wouldn't make an official announcement, but the pack laws were strict, and he understood the necessity of following them. Now, he found himself in a situation akin to Ethan's, albeit in reverse. He had to wait for the full moon to claim her, a moment he imagined would have to be postponed until after her wolf, Remi, shifted for the very first time.

He could already envision the moment the moon dipped below the horizon, her bones cracking as she transformed, while he and Creed officially scented her out. They would have to be patient, but he knew his band would glow blue at that precise moment. "I'll shift alongside her, and they'll see me for the first time as we witness her transformation," Creed affirmed, excitement lacing his voice. "She'll be astonished by us."

"I wonder what her beast will look like," Jared mused, his curiosity piqued. There was no way for them to know until they laid eyes on her wolf, unless, of course, Wynta chose to share that

secret with him. But he doubted she would; she would hold onto that revelation until her first shift. There would be no coaxing it out of her either. This woman had a penchant for saying no, relishing in defiance at every opportunity. He knew this would be no exception.

He longed to kiss her senseless, to lose himself in her warmth, but he restrained himself, even as she smiled and playfully teased him. He could sense that everything had changed for her now; the dynamics of their relationship were shifting. If he allowed his hands to roam, he was certain she would respond with an undeniable spark of desire, and the fragrance of her arousal would fill the office, detectable to both him and his father's unit.

"Shall we grab some lunch?" he suggested, recalling their earlier plans before they were called back to the office.

Wynta nodded, a hint of hunger evident in her eyes. "I am a bit hungry," she admitted. He reached out to take her hand, glancing at his unit. "Will you all join us?" he asked, eager to include them in this moment.

This would mark the first time she would sit and share a meal with all of them, with him as the Alpha and her as the Luna. Their smiles radiated joy, all of them clearly delighted that Wynta was set to become his Mate and Luna. He turned to his father, a playful smirk on his lips. "Looks like you got what you wanted."

His father's grin was infectious. "I did. I always knew I was right; it was just a matter of playing the long game." His gaze shifted from Jared to Wynta. "Welcome to the family, Wynta."

She smiled in response but remained silent. He could tell that even now, with the band glowing on her wrist, she wouldn't verbally acknowledge their bond—not yet. The stubborn she-wolf was likely to withhold her confirmation until the full moon. Not that he truly minded; all that mattered to him was that she was his.

Looking down at her, he asked, "Do you want to head back into the town center, or would you prefer to eat here in the packhouse dining hall?"

"Pack center," Dwane interjected. "Our own choice from a different menu."

"I don't mind," Wynta replied, her voice light.

Jared sensed Dwane's comment was more about the pack seeing them together, especially with Wynta adorned in that glowing band. In just two weeks, everyone would know, but he felt no concern about it. His father tossed him the car keys, and they exited his office, heading toward the vehicle.

"I have a feeling this full moon will be one to remember for the pack," he said, a smile tugging at his lips as they stepped outside.

"Why's that?" Wynta asked, her curiosity piqued.

“Ethan’s band is blue in France, yours is blue here, and Dwane is likely to end up with Tallah.” His gaze shifted to Andy and Emerson. “Who knows? Maybe all four of us will pair up. It’s been eight years since we were last home, and with three packs converging—two of entirely different species—I hear Obsidian has bears and cougars as well.”

“That would be nice,” Andy chimed in. “I wouldn’t mind settling down. Jared, are we staying here now or heading back to France?”

He paused, looking at Wynta for a moment. “I suppose that’s a conversation we need to have.”

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“Why?” Wynta frowned, her brows furrowing with concern.

“I’d have to have a pup before the others do,” he confessed, his tone serious.

“Oh,” was all she managed in response.

“I’m not rushing that, Wynta. You can go on birth control if you’d like. We have eighteen years to figure that out while still being part of the pack.”

She nodded, considering his words. “Alright, but…” She glanced at Dwane as they climbed into his truck, then laughed softly, leaving her thought unfinished.

“What is it?” Dwane asked, intrigued.

“Nothing, just something Tallah once said,” she chuckled, shaking her head.

“Did you…?” Jared began but quickly cut himself off. He had almost asked if she had seen something with her gift, but he hesitated. She had mentioned it was from Tallah herself.

“Nope, and I don’t think it works like that,” she replied simply, clearly understanding what he had almost asked.

Jared let it go, deciding to focus on the present. He drove them into the pack’s town for lunch, all four of them heading to one of the cafés. He let Wynta peruse the menus before she chose where they would eat. She settled on Loganberry Pie Café, a place known for its extensive dessert menu and charming bakery vibe. It boasted both indoor and outdoor seating and offered breakfast, lunch, and dinner options, along with a tempting array of baked goods on display.

Not only did she order her meal, but she also requested a slice of loganberry pie to enjoy after their meal. He couldn’t help but smile; she was unreserved about indulging in whatever she desired. It was clear she felt relaxed and at ease around him and his unit. He noticed her exchange a playful wink with Andy, prompting him to burst into laughter and shake his head in response.

“When did you know, Andy?” Jared inquired, genuinely curious.

“When she walked into your father’s office with you for that meeting. Her mind was elsewhere, but you had a hand on her, and despite her desire to focus on the meeting, a part of her was enjoying your closeness. It was a different vibe than what I usually sense from her. When she brushed your hand away, I understood it all.” Andy smiled at him. “Congratulations, Alpha. I also have to say, I like the future Luna.”

Jared couldn’t suppress the smile that spread across his face; he felt the same way. The glowing band on Wynta’s wrist caught the attention of the café staff and other pack members present. Whispers circulated about how she was sitting with them, as if they were already the Alpha and Luna with his unit. He felt Creed’s excitement ripple through him, pleased with how the pack was embracing their bond.

He overheard one comment, “Jeez, I bet Carlotti will be furious when she hears the news.”

That remark seized his full attention, and he paused mid-bite. Wynta seemed either oblivious or unconcerned about the chatter, but as he contemplated those words, he realized the implications. What Wynta was becoming for this pack, and the fact that Carlotti had once dared to slap her, weighed heavily on his mind. It was an attack on the future Luna of the pack, and while it had occurred before anyone understood her significance, it was also something his father had anticipated.

“Let it go,” Wynta’s voice broke through his thoughts.

He turned to her, meeting her steady gaze as she shook her head and sipped her iced coffee. “I wasn’t that then, and it doesn’t matter to me,” she stated simply.

He nodded, understanding her perspective. “It might not be solely up to me,” he remarked. “Your kin is coming, and well...”

“Well, that’s for her to decide. I don’t care. It’s in the past, and I expect you to leave it there,” she asserted, her eyes locking onto his with unwavering determination.

“Fine,” Jared relented. A part of him wanted to cling to the past, but he recognized she was right; it was before any of this, before anyone knew what she truly meant to him, to this pack.

“Although,” Andy interjected, “that actually depends on when exactly you knew. For that band to light up, you had to have known prior to touching it.”

“I didn’t,” Wynta replied, shaking her head. “It shocked the hell out of me.”

“But still, you knew... since when?” Emerson pressed, intrigued.

“Hmmm,” she pondered, clearly weighing her words. Jared could sense she had deliberately chosen not to reveal everything in his father’s office; she was enjoying the suspense of

tormenting him about when she had known. After a prolonged moment of contemplation, she finally said, “If I had to pinpoint a moment when I felt different but didn’t realize it…” A mischievous smile danced on her lips as she glanced at Jared, then she snorted and looked at each member of his unit before adding, “It was right after I told him he looked like a raccoon.”

Laughter erupted around the table, and while a part of him wanted to scold her for bringing that up in public, he couldn’t help but chuckle along. She had a knack for finding the perfect moment to tease him, and he knew she relished every second of it. He recalled the photo in his parents’ suite; his father had framed it and placed it prominently on the mantel. It was far from flattering.

As they finished their meals, the playful banter continued, but Jared couldn’t shake the curiosity that lingered in his mind. She had mentioned feeling different, which suggested she hadn’t merely scented him out; she had sensed the bond on her skin, felt the mate bond sparks. Perhaps they had been so muted that she hadn’t fully understood them, leading to her initial shock.

No wonder she was so easily aroused and succumbed to him during their playful game; her body had instinctively recognized what he was. And now, more than ever, she could have all of him. Their playful game was over; she was now a pack member and his Mate. A smile crept across his face as he contemplated the night ahead; it promised to be anything but ordinary.

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Wynta

They were walking back to the packhouse from the private garage where Jared had parked his car, when a car pulled up next to them, and she saw Kyan get out. He smiled at them all and then greeted her. “Well now, I heard you were finally a pack member.”

“Hmm, bound to happen sooner or later.” She stated right back with a smile.

She watched Kyan walk over, “I brought your phone, and I also packed up your normal clothes and brought them here at the Luna’s request,” he told her.

Wynta took the phone and smiled. “Thank you.”

He nodded. “All good, where will you be staying while here? I’ll run your things to your accommodation.” Though his eyes moved to Jared as he spoke.

Currently, I’m across from my room,” Wynta replied, her voice steady. But before she could elaborate, Jared interjected, lifting her hand that he still held tightly in his grasp, as if reluctant to let go. She couldn’t help but think how he seemed more like an obsessed fangirl than an Alpha at

that moment. “Not for long,” he stated, a possessive edge to his tone as he indicated the band on her wrist.

Kyan raised an eyebrow, a knowing smile creeping onto his face. “Hmm, I see the Alpha got a band on you,” he said, chuckling lightly as his gaze returned to Wynta. “I’ll take your things up.”

“Thank you,” she affirmed, her smile returning.

Jared’s voice took on a more authoritative tone as he addressed Kyan. “No more playing with the future Luna,” he asserted, his eyes narrowing slightly.

Kyan held up his hands in mock surrender. “I understand, Alpha. No need for a warning; it was all just part of the game. And it’s not just Wynta’s game either—Alpha Edward gave me my own mission.” His grin was infectious, but Wynta could sense the underlying tension.

Wynta snorted softly, fully grasping the implications of Kyan’s words. As she watched him climb back into his car and drive away, her attention shifted back to Jared, who wore a frown that spoke volumes. He clearly understood the implications of Kyan’s mission. Alpha Edward had likely instructed Kyan to gauge Jared’s reactions regarding Wynta, a test of sorts.

Jared’s eyes turned to her, and she noticed the chuckles from his unit, all of them clearly in on the unspoken understanding. “There will be no more playing with him,” he declared, pointing a finger at her, his tone serious.

Wynta raised an eyebrow, a playful smile dancing on her lips. “Hmm, I’d like to see you make me follow that,” she countered, her confidence unwavering. “I could always have Edward give me orders, and his word would overrule yours. After all, he’s the Alpha, and you’re not even in the running yet. Your band isn’t glowing, so…” she let her words hang in the air, a teasing challenge.

“Wynta, be serious for a moment,” Jared murmured, his expression shifting slightly.

“Well, it’s not really my nature to be told what to do,” she replied with a laugh, reflecting on her newfound abilities. The revelation of her capacity to foresee alternate outcomes filled her with a sense of empowerment. “And honestly, even if you tried, I’d likely beat you at every game.”

She kept the details of her abilities close to her chest; revealing too much could be risky. For now, they only knew her as someone who could predict a phone call and act accordingly. If they remained unaware of her true potential, it would give her an upper hand, especially in her playful interactions with Jared.

A mischievous smile spread across her face as she glanced up at him. “Oh, this is going to be a lot of fun for me,” she said, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

Andy, the newly appointed Gamma, burst out laughing. “I’m in,” he declared, clearly amused by the unfolding banter.

Wynta noticed Jared's gaze shift to Andy, who was now firmly on her side, much to her delight. Jared frowned slightly but then shook his head, a resigned smile creeping onto his lips. "We'll discuss this privately. I'll find a fitting punishment for your sweetheart, one that benefits you too," he said, his tone lightening.

Wynta laughed, feeling a rush of camaraderie as she pulled her hand free from Jared's grasp and stepped closer to Andy, linking her arm through his. "Don't worry, Andy. You'll have my full protection," she assured him, looking up with a grin. "Just hide behind me and use me as your shield in our fun and games."

"Of course, Wynta, I'm here for you as your Gamma," Andy replied, his smile genuine, eliciting more laughter from Jared's unit.

Turning back to Jared, Wynta caught the deep frown etched on his face as he watched the way she held onto Andy's arm. She wondered if he was annoyed by her closeness to another unmated male wolf or if he was simply processing her words. After all, he couldn't scent her out, nor could he feel their bond, so technically, he had no reason to be upset. It wouldn't affect him in any way.

When Jared's gaze finally met hers, it narrowed slightly, but she maintained her smile, unfazed. "He's my Gamma now, Jared. You might want to get used to seeing us together," she stated confidently. "Otherwise, that," she pointed at him, "will spiral out of control for no reason. Once I'm back at work," she added, walking over to Dwane, "I'll be seeing more of your Beta than you. He's my direct boss in the office, after all."

She turned her attention to Dwane. "We could have some real fun," she said, a playful smile on her lips.

Dwane snorted, shaking his head. "For what... the next 18 years? Until Jared becomes the next Alpha of the pack? Until then, all orders still come from above him. Edward is still the Alpha."

"Correct," Emerson chimed in, his tone matter-of-fact. "Currently, he's not even in line to take over. Regardless, your band is blue, so it can't be announced until Jared's lights up. Technically, Wynta, you're more in line than Jared is right now, and being Alpha-blooded means we all have to take orders from you."

Wynta's eyes widened at Emerson's words. She hadn't considered it that way before. Oh, this was a whole new ball game. She had always downplayed her Alpha-blood status, never caring much for titles or bloodlines. She had only used it in Edward's office to assert herself with Alpha Gretta, nothing more.

Despite her newfound understanding, she felt unchanged by the revelation. She was still Wynta Morgan, the same person she had always been.

“Stop giving her ideas,” Jared muttered, his tone half-serious as he shooed the others away. He took her hand again, and she looked up at him, sensing the weight of his gaze. “He’s technically right, I admit that, but I am still your Mate and…”

“And we’re equals now,” she interrupted, a smile dancing on her lips. “Or will be in two weeks. Until then,” she patted his chest playfully, “do you have to do what I say? That’s what Emerson meant, right?” she asked, her tone teasing as his unit walked ahead, laughing and chatting among themselves.

“No, I’m still my father’s heir. You’re currently Alpha-blooded, and you can’t claim me on a technicality,” he replied, holding up his band as if it were a shield. “Still white, so you, sweetheart, can’t overrule me, regardless of what they say. Only my mother and father can.”

She raised an eyebrow, a playful smirk forming. “Ah, but your little brother can until the full moon, can’t he? He’s technically the reigning heir, is he not?” She enjoyed the challenge, “And didn’t you say Ethan’s band is lit up? So, he comes above you right now…” She smiled, relishing the banter. “So, you’re what? Currently third in line?”

Jared frowned at her, but it seemed he understood her point. He was trying to use his band to assert dominance over her, but she had turned the tables. “Until the full moon only,” he conceded.

Wynta chuckled, a teasing glint in her eyes. “Hmm, that’s going to feel like a long wait for you, I imagine.” With that, she walked ahead, but he quickly pulled her to a stop, spinning her around to face him. Leaning down, he whispered into her ear, “Hmm, I can think of many ways to pass the time that will have you begging for me.”

She smiled at him, a playful challenge in her voice. “Probably, but have I ever given you what you truly want? All day, Jared, last time, did I scream your name? Or did I hold it in?”

“Ah, but it’ll be different now,” he countered, his eyes locking onto hers with intensity. “You know what I am to you; you can feel it fully.”

“You might think that,” she replied, her smile unwavering. “But even in that moment, when you told me there would be no rest for the wicked, I ached to have all of you.” She leaned in and kissed him softly, feeling the sparks of the mate bond igniting between them. “Goddess, Jared, I wanted you so badly,” she murmured, “that I likely would have been unable to resist mating with you, considering what my body knew.”

“If you’d given me all of you that day, I think my own body would have betrayed me. But somehow, I still managed to push you away and say no, even knowing how much I wanted you. I held myself back, denied myself what I truly desired in that moment. I’m still the same person, sweetheart; I haven’t changed at all. I can still say no, still deny you that.”

His smile deepened, and he caressed her neck, his fingers tangling in her hair. “Are you challenging me, Wynta?” he asked, a playful edge to his voice.

“Not at all. Just stating a simple fact,” she replied, her confidence shining through. “I won the game, Jared, not you, and you told me so.” With that, she wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him down for another lingering kiss. The mate bond sparked anew, but just as he began to deepen the kiss, she pulled away, a teasing smile on her lips. “You like delayed gratification.”

If he wanted a challenge, she was more than willing to give him one. “I wonder just how much you can hold out, knowing what I am, who I’ll be to you, and to your beast. Now that you know, can you continue to enjoy that delayed gratification, or will you lose all control to your own desires?”

She held his gaze, her eyes sparkling with mischief. Alphas didn’t back down from challenges, and she knew he was no different. “I wonder, Jared,” she taunted softly, “can you handle me? Two weeks until the full moon—can you keep enjoying that delayed gratification, or will you succumb to your own needs, and I imagine now, Creed’s as well?”

His smile suggested he thought he could withstand her challenge, but she wasn’t so sure. She slipped her hands from around his neck, trailing one down to his mark spot, feeling the tension in his body as she teased him. “I know what belongs to me, and I can not only touch you here,” she murmured softly, “I can kiss you here as well.”

She met his gaze, seeing the desire and hunger reflected back at her. “Do you want me to test your willpower out here in the middle of the pack?” she asked, tapping his mark spot lightly. The scent of his desire filled the air, and she knew that the longer she tormented him, the more the tension would build.

“You might just get more than you bargained for,” Jared replied, his voice low and filled with need.

“Hmm, the only thing I want is to be mated by you. You can’t sink your fangs into me yet, but sweetheart,” she stepped back, looking up at him with a soft chuckle, “you’ll lose the game, and I’ll win if you mate yourself to me. Can you handle me now, Jared?”

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Jared

He stood staring at Wynta. Her challenge he knew was for him to climb into her bed and contain himself, to continue the game they’d still been playing. She wanted him to see what his resolve was like, just how much longer he could wait to have her, now that he knew what she was to him.

It seemed she was trying to turn the tables on him. He’d already told her he’d take the band off and choose her, which told her he wanted her. She felt the sparks of their mate bond, and that band

confirmed it. Yet here she was trying to get him to still not have s\*x with her when, just an hour ago, he'd been thinking he was finally going to get to have her.

Wynta had tested his limits more than once in her bed, pushing him to the brink of surrender, nearly unraveling him with her presence. It appeared she was determined to make him wait until he could officially claim her, to scent her as his mate in a way that left no room for doubt. "You want to wait?" he asked, his voice steady but laced with a hint of challenge. "Are you really going to deny yourself the chance to have me fulfill all those needs you've been harboring?"

She shrugged lightly, a gesture that belied the seriousness of their situation. "Hmm, I've waited this long. What's a few more weeks? Don't you want to wait until you officially know Jared?" Her words were laced with a playful defiance, but he could see the flicker of uncertainty in her eyes.

"Not particularly," he admitted, his honesty cutting through the air like a blade. "I declared my intent to you this morning. If you had said yes, I would have marched straight to my father's office, had my band removed, and rushed back to mark you as mine." The weight of his confession hung between them, heavy with the truth of his feelings. "I nearly lost you, Wynta. It felt like I was on the brink of losing everything, and I hated every moment of it. Creed felt it too, and he was just as unsettled."

As he spoke, he pulled her closer, wrapping his arms around her in a protective embrace. "Let's go back to your room and partially complete our bond, mate the hell out of each other," he suggested, his voice low and inviting, offering himself up to her with a fervor that he could no longer contain.

But her response was swift and resolute. "I can't," she replied after a brief pause, a moment that felt like an eternity. In that fleeting instant, he caught a glimpse of the brilliant red flecks in her eyes, a sign of her inner turmoil, but just as quickly, they vanished. "My kin would kill you," she stated, her expression darkening with concern.

A heavy sigh escaped his lips as he released her from his embrace, the weight of her words settling over him like a shroud. "Let's go and talk about that, shall we? In private," he suggested, his tone taking on a more serious note.

She nodded, her agreement a silent acknowledgment of the gravity of their situation. He intertwined his fingers with hers, leading her back to her suite. The decision felt inevitable, given what she had just revealed. He recalled the words of Alpha Gretta, the warnings that had been whispered about Wynta's lineage, and the realization struck him like a thunderbolt: his beautiful mate was connected by blood to the royal seers of the wolfen realms.

He had never felt the need to attend the annual kingdom meetings, so he had never encountered any of them personally. But his father and his unit had participated in those gatherings for years, and it was entirely possible they had crossed paths with her kin. Royal seers were not to be trifled with; they were powerful and vigilant, always on the lookout for threats against the king and his bloodline. The implications of her heritage weighed heavily on him, adding another layer of complexity to their already intricate relationship.

Every wolf present at those annual gatherings was scrutinized by a royal seer, a gifted individual whose insights could transcend time. With their abilities, they not only delved into the past but also glimpsed into the future, especially when it came to the safety of their king or his lineage. This foresight was a protective measure, allowing them to identify any potential threats looming over those they swore allegiance to.

Jared pondered the possibility that Wynta possessed a similar gift, perhaps even more profound than mere foresight. He had sensed something unique about her, an innate psychic ability that set her apart. The way she reacted to his comments hinted at a deeper understanding of the future, leaving him to wonder whether she consciously sought out the outcomes he spoke of, or if they simply unfolded before her without effort.

Was it a deliberate act of calculation, or was it a gift she had no control over?

As they walked together, he noticed her lift her phone, engrossed in a conversation with Tallah. A hint of amusement flickered through him; he didn't mind her texting. It was a silent moment, one that allowed him to reflect on their lives while she connected with her friend. Earlier that morning, she had mentioned Tallah, and he couldn't help but smile, hoping that Tallah would become Dwane's mate.

That would be a boon for Wynta. They already shared a bond, and with the full moon approaching, she would have someone familiar by her side. Yet, he couldn't shake the thought that their playful dynamic might be as tumultuous as the one he shared with his own father. But he brushed that concern aside; as long as Wynta remained by his side, he could handle the teasing and the games that were sure to come. Creed's tail wagged slightly; he relished the playful banter just as much as Jared did. The thought that their touch could ignite Wynta's heart rate filled him with warmth. She still smiled at them, teasing and challenging them in the most delightful ways.

Everything was falling into place. Soon, under the light of the full moon, they would solidify their bond in their wolfen forms. Creed voiced his confidence, "I'll claim my mate before you do yours."

"Will you now?" Jared shot back, a playful challenge in his tone.

"Absolutely! Remi will join us; I'll chase her through the woods and claim her wolf myself."

Jared considered Creed's words. Given the circumstances of the upcoming full moon, his beast might just be right. He decided to let it go, accepting that whatever would happen, would happen. He had no intention of denying either of their wolves what they desired. He was certain that Wynta felt the same way. When the time came to remove those bands, he would be the one marking her, likely the very next day.

What mattered most was the thought that she would never be able to escape them again. A smile crept onto his lips as they strolled side by side. Every morning, she would awaken next to him

for the rest of their lives. He realized he could wait for the full moon; there was no rush. After all, they had nearly nine centuries ahead of them.

“We’ll have pups, a whole litter,” Creed declared excitedly.

“We’ll have whatever the Goddess blesses us with, or what Wynta and Remi desire,” Jared clarified, gently correcting his beast. “I meant what I said about birth control; there’s no need to rush.” He believed it was unnecessary. If pups didn’t come immediately, they could enjoy their time alone without interruptions—a prospect he cherished.

Creed huffed in his mind, “I’m not getting any younger, you know.”

“Deal with it. Our mate’s needs come first. It’s our duty to ensure her happiness. That’s the essence of the Mate Bond; it teaches Alpha males about love and acceptance. In the beginning, a mate was meant to be cherished, not merely used for personal gain.”

“I know that,” Creed replied, “I just think our pups would be adorable.”

Jared’s gaze shifted to Wynta as they approached the packhouse. A smile returned to his face. Yes, they would be adorable, he thought.

“Jared?” He turned at the sound of his name, spotting Lance. Normally, one wasn’t supposed to speak unless addressed while on the shaming post, yet he noticed the way his brother’s eyes lingered on Wynta.

Jared halted his steps. “Yes, Lance?” he responded, intrigued.

“Congratulations are in order, I believe,” Lance remarked, a hint of sincerity in his voice.

“Thank you, though I haven’t officially scented Wynta yet. That will happen during the full moon,” Jared replied honestly, feeling a sense of pride.

“I heard. Father came to speak with me. Please, have him release me. I no longer need to be here.”

“Why are you on the shaming post, exactly?” Jared inquired, recalling whispers about Lance defying their parents’ orders, attempting to overrule them despite being merely an heir.

“It doesn’t matter anymore. I’m the youngest, and with Ethan and you both set to have mates by the full moon, it’s irrelevant now,” Lance explained, a tinge of resignation in his tone.

Jared’s mind raced. The idea that he and Ethan would have pups before Lance was significant, but the reason for Lance’s punishment seemed trivial now. It was likely connected to him and Raelynn expecting a pup. He glanced around, noting Raelynn’s absence. A mate would typically be present to support. It was clear he had missed something, but he decided to let it go; it wasn’t his concern.

“Unlikely,” Jared finally answered his brother’s question. “But that decision will rest with Wynta, I imagine. If she wishes for that, I will honor her choice.”

“What?” Wynta frowned, her surprise evident. “Up to me?”

“Indeed, sweetheart. Whatever you desire, I will grant it,” he assured her. “Ethan won’t be returning home,” he added, addressing both her and Lance. “He can remain there with his unit and manage my company, or Colby could step in. I suspect Ethan will have other responsibilities, considering his mate is the heir to her own pack.”

“I’ve heard he plans to stay there and run things together with her. Moving for his mate, as one should if she’s an heir, and he has a sibling capable of taking his place in his own pack. I might even allow Colby to buy me out if he desires, assuming you don’t want to go over there,” Jared explained with a smile.

“I could do that,” Lance interjected. “I’m no longer needed here. Wynta, I can sense your Alpha blood. Your pups will be pure-blooded. Even if something happens to either of you, Father would reclaim the seat and raise your pup to take over.”

Jared regarded Lance thoughtfully. It seemed his younger brother was contemplating his future, weighing the possibilities that lay before him. “Let’s just wait and see. The official announcement won’t be made until after the full moon.”

“You said it yourself, Jared. I was the best candidate to take over your company. That hasn’t changed in a few weeks,” Lance asserted confidently.

“Again, let’s just wait and see,” Jared reiterated. “But I’ll consider it if Wynta wishes to stay here.”

With that, he turned and guided Wynta inside.

“You’d truly move if I wanted that?” she asked, her voice filled with curiosity.

“Yes,” Jared replied simply. “I’ve told you before; I’d sacrifice everything for you. I meant it. I also have numerous allies over there and could petition the European Wolfen Council to grant us a pack of our own. We’d have four allied packs and one family-attached pack. My mother’s home pack is in France. There’s much to contemplate.” He smiled at her, hoping to ease her concerns.

“What do you want?” she asked, her gaze penetrating.

“Honestly? To be here. I miss home, as does my unit. We left to escape Father’s meddling,” he confessed, his tone sincere.

# He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 124

Wynta

They walked into her suite and sat down, and she looked at Jared, his words from just a moment ago coming into the packhouse, were the same as the ones he'd spoken just this morning about them living in France, if she'd accepted him as a chosen mate. It was a curiosity for her, so of course, she asked what he wanted.

He wanted to stay here but would go there if she opted for them to move. He'd even partition the Wolfen Council to grant them a pack of their own. The man before her was calm, appeared reasonable and didn't itch to take over here. Though he'd stated he would like to be here, he missed his home.

She couldn't be the one to make the decision for him, that wasn't right. "Don't put that decision on me," she stated as she sat and looked at him. "I dislike being the one to make such decisions."

"You do, however, enjoy making choices about your life," Jared pointed out, his gaze unwavering.

"Yes, but I'm not the heir to a pack. You are, so that decision should come from you and your unit, not me," she insisted, shaking her head gently.

"Hmmm, I beg to differ. Your birth father is an Alpha, and your mother was a Luna. Whether she was his by choice or taken from him is yet to be determined, but he's hunting you. It's likely you carry the blood of an heir," Jared argued, his conviction evident.

"I've already severed ties with him. I want nothing to do with that man. So, that argument is null and void," she retorted, shaking her head defiantly.

"Hmm, but what if he returned and took over your mother's pack? Wouldn't that technically make it your pack?" Jared countered, a glint of mischief in his eyes.

Wynta huffed, considering the possibility. "Then it's likely she had pups with her first mate, and they would have the right to claim that seat."

"It's plausible that the Alpha eliminated her mate and all heirs to seize control if he's ruling her pack by force," Jared stated, his expression serious. "That's a common tactic among Alphas—eliminating any potential threats."

Wynta grimaced. "Please don't speak about such horrific possibilities so casually. It's a terrible thought to have to entertain," she murmured, her heart heavy.

“I apologize; I’m merely trying to illustrate my point that you might be an heir to a pack. Whose it is remains to be seen,” he clarified, his tone softening.

Wynta sighed softly, leaning back against the lounge as she attempted to push away the dreadful thoughts of her mother’s fate. It wasn’t even a certainty yet; perhaps her mother had been his Goddess-Gifted, turning against him once he discovered her lineage. “She could have been his Goddess-Gifted that just turned on her when he found out about her lineage,” she murmured softly, her voice barely above a whisper.

“I will never let that happen,” Jared vowed, wrapping his arm around her and drawing her close. “No one will ever harm you.”

His unwavering belief in her safety brought her comfort, and she found herself gazing into his eyes, searching for any signs of deceit. Yet, she could not read his intentions. She simply trusted him, guided by how he had treated her thus far. His parents had raised him right, she knew that without a doubt.

“About your ability, Wynta. What is it exactly?” Jared inquired, his curiosity piqued. She had anticipated this question; he had merely been waiting for the right moment when they were alone and in a soundproof room.

“Hmmm, it’s hard to articulate, but the best way to describe it is that I can perceive alternate outcomes of a situation before me,” she explained, her brow furrowed in thought.

“What does that mean, exactly?” Jared frowned, leaning in closer.

“When Gretta called, I envisioned multiple ways that call could unfold. I took control of it, crafting a situation that favored me and my desires,” she shrugged, a hint of pride in her voice. “That’s likely why that Alpha seeks me, and probably why my mother hid me and faked my death. Because something like that…” she sighed, trailing off.

“Could make you a powerful asset in battles or pack takeovers for whoever controls you,” Jared murmured, his expression contemplative.

“In essence, that’s what Remi and I believe,” she confirmed with a nod. “You’re different, though.”

“Different how?” he asked, intrigued.

“I don’t sense that you’re driven by power,” she replied, her gaze steady.

“I’m not. Managing one pack is challenging enough; I have no desire to absorb others to expand our territory,” Jared stated firmly. “I assume you don’t want that either?”

“Not really. My primary focus is on finding my mother and freeing her from that monster. After that, her health and safety will be my priority. I believe she might possess a similar ability to mine or something akin to it.”

“Same bloodline, witch lineage,” Jared nodded. “But whether she shares your ability remains uncertain. Only she and that Alpha truly know.” He looked down at her, his eyes searching. “So, you can foresee all possible outcomes for us then?”

“No,” she shook her head. “Like Andy and every Gamma out there, I can’t predict what my mate will do. Remi and I believe that mother was Alpha Dorian’s Goddess-Gifted, and she couldn’t foresee who he was or that he would harm her. That’s how she ended up in her current predicament. But again, it’s just speculation on our part.”

“Can’t you look back at that now and see it?” Jared pressed, a hint of frustration creeping into his voice.

“No, I can’t see the past. We’re not seers, Jared. It’s not foresight either,” she explained. “We can only glimpse a few minutes into the future, and then we act instinctively based on what’s best for ourselves or the situation at hand. It’s almost like a compulsion, I suppose. I didn’t even think twice about picking up that phone; I knew exactly what I needed to say to get what I wanted.” She shrugged, recalling the odd sensation of being guided by something beyond her control.

He frowned, his mind clearly racing. “Don’t ask me to negotiate with other packs or be involved in their affairs. I will refuse. I won’t be used like that.”

“That’s not what I was implying,” she murmured, sensing the disappointment in his voice. “I was actually considering that even though you’ve been bled repeatedly and our senses dulled, this part of your lineage...”

“Is likely why you always seem to get what you want. How you managed to deal with Nolan all those years ago probably stems from this. Even without seeing him, you found a way to uncover the truth of his words because you didn’t trust him.”

“It’s also likely how you managed to evade Father and those full moons, how you escaped the last full moon from both him and my unit,” he added, a smile creeping onto his face.

She chuckled softly, “I think you’re right. I’ve always found a way to get what I want. Though I wouldn’t describe my life as easy,” she shook her head. “I’ve done things I’m not particularly proud of, and I’ve been fired before.”

“I know why you were fired, but perhaps even that was to lead you to Father and, by extension, to me,” he mused thoughtfully. “What else should I know about you?”

“Hmmm, I don’t think you need to know how I funded my education,” she replied, shaking her head. But she could see the curiosity igniting in his eyes.

“Okay, you can’t say that and not tell me,” he insisted. “I’ll dig into it if you don’t.”

“Hmm, no,” she smiled, imagining his reaction. She doubted he would be offended; more likely, he would want her to perform for him or wear something inappropriate.

“Come on, sweetheart, spill it. My imagination is running wild here,” he said, a playful grin on his face.

“It might not be what you think; I could have sold myself for all you know,” she teased with a half-smile.

“Did you? How much did you make, and what were the most expensive things you did?” he asked, grinning at her. “Show me that side of you.”

“Is that all you can think about when you hear that? Doesn’t it concern you that I might have been with many men?”

“Nope, I’m not a virgin. Why would I expect you to be? As long as you were okay with what you did, who has the right to judge you?” He tilted her face up, his gaze intense. “So, what’s something you’ve done that we haven’t yet?”

“Want to go to the bedroom and show me?”

Wynta snorted, “Is that all you think about?”

“Hmmm, you tell me...” he smiled mischievously. “How often do I keep my hands to myself when we’re alone?”

“Bloody never.” She smiled back at him. “And just so you know, I didn’t sell my body like that. But it’s nice to know you wouldn’t care if I did.”

“Each to their own, and you’re mine now. That’s all that matters to me. But if not that, then what was it?” he asked again, his curiosity palpable.

“Nope, that’s for me to know... But I’ll tell you what,” she said, shifting to straddle him, her eyes sparkling with mischief. “If you put on one of your thongs for me and give me a show, I might just tell you.” She chuckled at the roll of his eyes. “Wear the red one,” she murmured softly, running her hands up his arms.

“Hmmm, I’ve already worn that pair. You’d best pick a different color,” he replied, amusement lacing his voice.

Wynta laughed. “Oh, so you did listen to me that day. Good boy,” she teased, tapping him on the nose.

He laughed heartily and pulled her closer. “I always listen to you, sweetheart. Or haven’t you noticed? Now tell me to get up and take you to your bed so I can have my way with you.” His hands gripped her backside, and he rocked her against him.

Yes, she could feel his arousal pressing against her, and a playful smirk danced on her lips. “What if I just want to torment you for a while? Pay you back for all the times you’ve teased me?”

“I’ll take it as long as we’re both naked in your bed,” he grinned, sliding a hand to cradle her neck and pulling her mouth to his for a passionate kiss.

## He’s an Alpha: She doesn’t Care – Chapter 125

Jared

He was more than curious to know what she’d done to put herself through university to obtain her degree. Most rogues he knew would opt for scholarships and part-time work to get themselves through their education. They didn’t live on campus because that was just more money to be shelled out.

Opted to stay in shared housing off campus, but her mentioning wearing one of those thongs and putting on a show for her. That had his brain ticking, it was the way she worded it, the way she climbed right onto his lap even.

It was likely she’d been a stripper of some kind. His hands moved over her body, and he could see it. She had a tight little body that men would love to look at, his mouth left hers, and he smiled right at her. “How much for a lap dance?” he asked. ““What was your stage name?”

She shook her head, a playful glint in her eyes, and playfully tapped his shoulder. “Is that really what you think of me?”

“Mm-hmm,” he replied, a smirk dancing on his lips. “Can you pole dance? Should I install one in our bedroom for some real fun? You could teach me your moves. Imagine the sexy outfits I could buy you—those skimpy, jaw-dropping ensembles. Goddess, just the thought is driving me wild.”

Wynta chuckled, her laughter light and infectious. “I don’t know if you could afford a private show!” she shot back, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

“Oh, baby, I’d sell my soul for you,” he growled softly, rising to his feet. She instinctively wrapped her legs around him as he made his way toward her bedroom.

“Hmm, but without a soul, you wouldn’t enjoy the show. No soul means no emotions,” she teased, her voice playful yet firm. “And as far as I’m concerned, I own that soul now. It belongs to me.” A radiant smile lit up her face. “So, nope, you can’t sell it. I forbid you.”

Jared chuckled softly as he stepped into her bedroom, one knee sinking onto the bed as he leaned down, pressing himself against her. “So, what’s the verdict on sex? Yes or no?” he murmured, his voice low and sultry. “I need some rules, sweetheart, or we might just end up mated by the time this is over.”

Wynta gazed up at him, a smile playing on her lips. “No sex. We’ll likely get carried away if we go there.”

“That’s a bummer,” he murmured, squeezing her backside with a teasing smirk. “But we can still be naked, right?”

She slid her hands over his body, tugging his shirt up and over his head. “Yes to being naked, yes to pleasure, but no to the actual act of sex. Let’s save that for after the full moon.”

“Just so you know, Creed is already convinced he’ll mate Remi after her first shift. We won’t have a say in the matter,” she warned, a chuckle escaping her lips.

“What can mere humans do when our wolves scent each other out?” she mused, pulling his mouth down to hers in a soft kiss while her other hand slid down his body.

Breaking the kiss, he grinned. “Maybe you should do what you were planning to do to me the other day,” he suggested, a mischievous glint in his eyes as he playfully rolled them over, positioning her atop him.

“I can’t,” she murmured, a hint of regret in her voice. “My toys aren’t here to… you know, torture you.”

“Anything else, then,” he replied, his smile widening as he tugged at the dress she wore, lifting it over her head. His bare hands met her soft skin, and he reveled in the way her eyes fluttered shut.

“You’ve got all the mate bond tingly goodness, I see,” he murmured, pulling her body down against his. He turned his mouth to her neck, whispering, “Let me kiss your mark spot.” He knew she would love it; it was now incredibly sensitive to him alone. A kiss there could ignite a desire that burned brighter and faster than ever before.

“Don’t,” she sighed, a warning lacing her voice. “That will likely send us spiraling out of control.”

“Hmm. As much as I want you to play with me,” Jared murmured, “I want to see those sparks flying everywhere. I want to hear how you respond to me now.” His hands slid down her back, and he chuckled when Creed’s claws emerged, tearing through the sides of her underwear with a swift motion.

“I’d like some clothes to stay intact, you know,” she huffed, sitting up completely naked on him.

“Hmm, you might be shopping all the time,” he laughed. “I warned you, Creed is a dirty perv of a wolf.” With that, he yanked her up his body, pulling her down onto his face. “You want to see how dirty?” he smirked, feeling Creed shove him to the back of his mind, taking control as he devoured her, tasting her like she was his last meal.

They didn’t even need to scent her; his wolf was all in, gripping her tightly, savoring every inch of her until she cried out, riding his face. His wolf never took his eyes off her, relishing the moment.

Only when she reached her climax did he pause, reaching up to cradle her face, compelling her to gaze into his glowing green eyes. “Delicious,” Creed rasped, a satisfied grin spreading across his face.

She smiled down at him, shaking her head slightly, unfazed by the raw intensity of his beast. She understood what they were to one another, and it felt entirely acceptable to her. She knew his beast would claim her once they were mated, just as Jared would.

Creed receded, and Jared smiled at her, a glint of mischief in his eyes. “He’s a devil.”

“He’s as starved as you are,” she chuckled, shifting her position slightly.

“That he is,” Jared nodded, shedding the rest of his clothes and pulling her closer. “I’m going to make you feel so good, every way I can,” he murmured, a promise laced with desire.

“That might get messy now,” she warned, her eyes glinting with playful challenge.

“Oh, it will today,” he chuckled softly, “I won’t hold back.” His lips found hers once more, pressing his hard length against her, sliding through her warm, wet folds as he had done countless times before. But now, he knew she would revel in it tenfold. He loved watching her nails dig into him as he ground against her slowly, firmly, ensuring she felt every inch of him.

He kissed her fervently as he picked up the pace, her gasps and moans filling the air, her body writhing beneath him. Leaning into her ear, he whispered, “Come for me, and I’ll come for you.”

With newfound determination, she increased her rhythm, shoving him over, and he willingly complied as she climbed atop him, grinding against him with urgency. Her mouth was demanding, her movements eager, and with a cry of his name, the orgasm she had been holding back burst forth.

He grinned as he pulled her tightly against him, holding her close as he finally allowed himself to release, surrendering to the pleasure after all their playful teasing. He sighed softly, content, and held her for a long moment before chuckling, “We’re going to need a shower.”

She leaned back, glancing down at herself before shaking her head with a laugh. “Yes, we are.”

“Hmm, it might be wise to play in the shower from now on,” he suggested, a playful grin on his face.

She stood up, laughter bubbling from her lips. “You’re a hot, sticky mess.”

He could only agree, a smile spreading across his face. “You caused it.”

They made their way to the shower, and he pinned her against the wall, his voice low and sultry. “I want to go again,” he confessed softly.

“I’m certain you do,” she replied, casting a playful glance over her shoulder. His mouth found hers as he nudged her feet apart, shifting himself so he could slide against her once more, this time from behind. She didn’t stop him, and Jared had a feeling she would never want to.

He smiled, listening to her moans build and roll through her body. Turning her around to face him, he kissed her deeply, savoring the moment as she murmured, “You didn’t?”

“Hmm, my control is back in place, sweetheart. I’ll maintain it until you tell me otherwise.” He smiled down at her, his gaze filled with warmth. “Now, I think it’s my turn to taste you. Creed had all the fun with that.” He snapped the shower off and tugged her out, his voice playful. “Would you like an afternoon of pleasure, sweetheart?”

“Mm, I don’t know,” she teased, a coy smile gracing her lips.

Jared chuckled softly, sensing her playful challenge. “I see you need some convincing.” He scooped her up, carrying her straight to her bed and setting her down at the edge. With a gentle tilt of her chin, he made her look at him, his fingers trailing down her neck, along her collarbone, and down the side of her breast before cupping it tenderly.

“I’m hungry, Wynta,” he murmured softly, kneeling before her, never breaking eye contact. His other hand slid down her thigh slowly, teasingly. “But before I indulge,” he leaned in, pressing a soft, chaste kiss to her lips before trailing hot kisses down her neck, nipping her mark spot gently. He could sense her arousal bloom in the air, but he held back, knowing they had to pace themselves.

Moving his mouth in slow, deliberate kisses down to the breast he was caressing, he teased her nipple while his other hand dipped between her thighs, touching her intimately, softly, teasingly over her clit and down through her folds until he reached her core.

She moaned his name, and Jared smiled against her skin, pushing a finger inside her, keeping his movements leisurely. He slipped another finger in and lowered his mouth to tease her clit with his tongue.

He watched in awe as she lay back on the bed, her body arching as the orgasm began to ripple through her. His eyes lingered on her, captivated by the sight of her crying out, feeling her

climax around his fingers. He slipped them from her body only to dive down, tasting her for himself, rolling that orgasm into another.

An afternoon of pleasure it would be. He would give her everything but sex, just as she desired, just as he relished. Creating pleasure for her was a joy, and now, his name echoed from her lips with every wave of ecstasy he bestowed upon her. No longer did she deny him that.

## He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 126

Edward

He was at his desk when the kingdom phone rang that afternoon. His eyes moved to it, and he took a breath in and released it slowly, before answering it. It wasn't something that often rang, and it didn't often indicate anything good. "Alpha Edward speaking." He greeted whoever was on the other end, so that they knew who they were speaking with.

"Edward, it is Beta Rich, we got an odd communication from Alpha Gretta of the Wolfen Council." Rich stated right back by way of greeting him.

"It was an interesting day here inside the pack to say the least." Edward nodded.

"How long have you known about this Wynta Morgan and what she is? Gretta didn't state that in her communications," Rich asked.

"Only moments before my conversation with Gretta. She had just been bled to another, which obscured her lineage," Edward confessed, the weight of the revelation pressing on him.

"Bled to whom, exactly?" Rich's voice tightened, a frown evident even over the phone.

"We suspect it was her birth mother. She bled herself to her daughter ten times to mask the scent of Alpha blood from Wynta. There were... side effects," Edward explained, the gravity of the situation sinking in.

"And those would be?" Rich pressed, his curiosity piqued.

"It muted all her wolfen senses and bound her wolf within. For years, she was seen as wolf-less. But that has changed. I witnessed her beast surface today after she was un-bled—took about a minute, and there she was," Edward recounted, a mix of awe and concern in his voice.

"Gretta mentioned she requested a mating band for Wynta Morgan. Did you manage to get one on her? That's notoriously tricky with a blood witch," Rich inquired, his tone shifting to one of caution.

“My son’s beast challenged hers, and her beast willingly placed it on their own wrist. But I’m curious, why was it necessary for her to wear one?” Edward asked, genuinely intrigued.

“Blood witches inherently know who their Mates are. Just a touch can awaken that knowledge. That’s why. Is it blue?” Rich clarified.

“It is. We believe my son Jared is her mate. He’s wearing one too, and they’ve been playfully taunting each other for a while now. Currently, they’re in her suite, and I have no intention of interrupting them,” Edward replied with a chuckle, a sense of pride swelling in his chest. His boy had spent the entire day with Wynta, and he was confident he knew what they were up to.

“Right. I called to inform you that our coven leader has spoken to the elders of the blood witch clan. They are not pleased about the taint on their bloodline,” Rich sighed, the weight of the situation evident in his voice. “A discussion is imminent regarding what actions they plan to take.”

“It’s not Wynta’s fault,” Edward interjected, frustration creeping into his tone.

“We understand that. From what I know, only one has ever left the clan, rejecting her place here to mate with a non-blood witch. Once she left, no one tracked her, but her body was returned upon her death. Wynta is likely a descendant of that witch, as is her mother,” Rich explained.

“Again, neither of them is to blame. We will defend Wynta if necessary against that seer. She is destined to be the future Luna of this pack come the next full moon,” Edward declared resolutely.

“Hmm, Christian is aware of the other circumstances; Gretta left nothing out. He’s currently in discussion with the Queen and the royal Coven. I’m just calling to update you as requested and to gather specific information from you regarding her status and abilities. Has she disclosed what she can actually do?” Rich asked.

“No, she has utilized her abilities, but the specifics are hers to reveal, not mine to pry into. One doesn’t simply ask a blood witch to explain herself,” Edward replied, his tone firm.

“Correct,” Rich acknowledged.

“Beta Rich, if the clan is upset about the taint to their bloodline, yet the one responsible is deceased and rejected her lineage before her death, I fail to see their grievance. They were aware she left and knew she was with another. Why the distress now?” Edward questioned, his brow furrowing in confusion.

“From what I understand, they were unaware that she had tainted their bloodline. She had only been gone a year before her body was returned. Killed in a pack battle, I believe it’s recorded as,” Rich sighed. “They had no idea there was a taint.”

“How is that even possible? Who returned her to the clan?” Edward asked, curiosity piqued.

“No one knows. She simply arrived in a decorated box, or coffin, as you might call it, accompanied by a note explaining what had transpired. It stated that she had not defiled her bloodline and that no offspring had resulted from the union,” Rich elaborated.

“Didn’t they examine her?” Edward frowned, incredulity washing over him.

“She had been dead too long. From what I gather, it was over a month, and the blood within her had rendered useless. They did attempt to visit the pack; it was destroyed, and no one remained. Burned to ashes, I believe,” Rich said, his tone somber.

“Hmm, it sounds to me like someone deceived the blood witch clan and vanished into the night, either taking their pack with them or destroying it to conceal the child they were trying to take. When did this occur? Wynta is 32 now,” Edward pressed, piecing together the timeline.

“Nearly two centuries ago,” Rich sighed. “The clan matriarch will likely come to assess Wynta and her mother. Do you have her yet?”

“Not yet; that revelation is still forthcoming. However, we suspect she was aware of what Wynta was destined to be, faked her death as a newborn, and hid her from her Alpha-blooded father. We expect him to arrive soon. In a day or two, Gretta will bring him here to collect Wynta’s body. Her mother attempted to feign her death just the other day, and we played along once my son realized what was happening,” Edward explained, his voice steady despite the chaos.

“Right, I suspect the matriarch will arrive via Obsidian; that’s the closest portal. Unless the royal coven leader, Hera, decides to intervene, in which case she’ll portal directly to your pack. She’s currently undecided about whether she needs to be involved. If a direct portal is utilized, it will be a loud disruption as she tears through the veil between realms,” Rich noted.

“Understood. I’ll prepare my pack,” Edward stated, determination in his voice. “Do you have any idea what they intend to do with Wynta at this point? I sense that’s the crux of the issue you’ve mentioned.”

“Hmm, stripping her powers is likely on the agenda. Her mother’s may be at risk as well if the matriarch can get her hands on her,” Rich sighed heavily. “The royal coven is divided, and they do have influence over the seers, as do the king and queen.”

“Alright, I’ll inform her, and we’ll wait to see what unfolds,” Edward murmured, and as Rich bid him farewell, he ended the call, a foreboding sense of dread washing over him.

This did not bode well for Wynta or her mother. Yet, recalling Wynta’s earlier assertion in this very office to Gretta, that she could handle Dorian, he found himself wondering if there was truth in her words. Anything was possible. It also made him ponder whether she could face the matriarch of the blood witches.

Her markers were significantly stronger than Marrian’s. He reached out through the mind-link to Gordon. “Have you received the blood results yet?”

“No,” came Gordon’s response after a brief pause. “The machine indicates two hours remaining. I’ll have them by morning and bring them straight to you.”

“Alright, I apologize for the late request, but please work through the night. I need that report as soon as possible. The royal seers are now involved, and the royal coven, and I cannot allow Wynta or her mother to come to harm. I need to ascertain if either of them can defend themselves if it comes to that,” Edward urged, urgency lacing his words.

“Odd request, but understood,” Gordon replied.

Edward severed the link and leaned back in his chair, a wave of dissatisfaction washing over him. Just how much could Wynta and her mother perceive? Were they aware of the impending storm? Wynta had mentioned who would be coming, indicating that deep within her, she possessed the foresight to see the future.

He hoped her mother shared that ability and could be forewarned, just in case she needed to prepare. Just then, Marrian entered his office, halting in her tracks as she caught sight of him. It was a rare occurrence for him to be alone in his office, especially with an expression of discontent etched across his face, and she could sense the heaviness in the air.

He turned his gaze to her, letting out a resigned sigh. “Come here, my love,” he murmured, swiveling his chair to face her, extending his arms. She glided over and settled onto his lap, wrapping her arms around him in a comforting embrace.

She understood precisely what he needed. He pulled her closer, sighing deeply as he spoke, “More trouble is brewing. I think the royal seers are at odds with the king and the royal coven regarding what to do about Wynta and likely her mother.”

“Let it go, sweetheart. Wynta will handle it, based on what I’ve heard from you about her capabilities. Her markers are probably even more potent than Gordon estimated. She was dulled down by her mother’s blood, so it’s likely that affected the blood test results. What he detected could be ten times greater because of those ten bleedings. So, a hundred-fold could easily be a thousand-fold,” Marrian reassured him.

Edward turned to her, his eyes widening as the implications of her words sank in. “Do you think Wynta and Remi are aware of this?”

“Yes, her mother likely knows as well, which is why she bled her so many times. She understood what it would take to keep her hidden. I did some research on blood witches this afternoon after you informed me of Wynta’s nature. She’ll be fine, and so will her mother,” Marrian stated confidently.

“I hope so. There’s talk of stripping both of them of their powers,” Edward sighed, a sense of dread creeping in.

“Good luck to them,” Marrian chuckled softly, planting a kiss on his marked spot. “Breathe me in, darling,” she murmured, her voice low and inviting. “All deep.” Her beast growled softly in response.

A smile spread across Edward’s face as he leaned down, burying his face in her neck, inhaling her comforting scent deeply. It was a balm for his troubled spirit, and he felt his tension ease. They sat together in silence for several minutes before she murmured, “We’re going to have another pup. I was napping in my office just now, and I just dreamed it—a little girl.”

The news made him sit up straight, excitement coursing through him. “When?” he asked, curiosity bubbling to the surface as he envisioned their family expanding.

“Hmm, soon, I think. Not exactly sure, but she’ll always stay here in the pack and will mate with someone here. He’s got a long 18 years to wait for her after she’s born, but he’s a good warrior and will love and cherish her,” she replied, a dreamy smile gracing her lips.

“Does she have a name yet?” he probed, knowing she likely had visions of her already.

“Mm, you’ll name her yourself,” was all she said, a teasing glint in her eyes, unwilling to reveal anything more.

## He’s an Alpha: She doesn’t Care – Chapter 127

Wynta

She woke up in her bed completely naked. Jared was right there, she was stretched out next to him, his arm around her, his heart beat was slow and steady, and she knew he was still asleep. Wynta allowed her eyes to move over him as he slept next to her. He looked so peaceful, she’d never woken up next to anyone else before.

Only ever Jared, Nolan had always left after s\*x.

She sighed softly to herself as she looked at Jared, so very arrogant and rude in the beginning, and now he was just sweet and charming. She liked his playfulness with her, liked the way his eyes kind of sparkled with mischief or desire.

What amazed her most was his willingness to sacrifice everything for her, even before he had fully understood the depths of their connection. Wynta knew she wouldn’t allow him to give up his life, not when he had expressed a desire to lead the pack. She had been more than a thorn in his side, and she was acutely aware of it.

As the full moon approached, she felt Remi's presence stirring within her. 'What's his wolf like?' Remi's voice echoed in her mind, curious and eager.

'I have no idea; I've never seen it,' Wynta replied, her thoughts swirling. 'What about you? I can't even see you.'

'Yes, you can. I don't hide myself,' Remi insisted, her tone firm yet playful as she locked eyes with Wynta.

Wynta gazed into the depths of those brilliant green and blue eyes, searching for any sign of her wolf, but the void of her mind remained impenetrable. 'All I see are your eyes,' she murmured, disappointment creeping into her voice.

'Hmm, I guess I'm all black. Just like your mind,' Remi remarked with a hint of humor.

'Shouldn't I be able to see you, though?' Wynta frowned, confusion knitting her brow. She had heard tales of others who could visualize their wolves, even those with all-black alpha wolves. It felt strange that she couldn't.

Just then, she felt the gentle caress of Jared's fingers as they glided across her hip, causing her heart to flutter. She turned to find him awake, his gaze bright and inviting. "Morning, sweetheart," he greeted her, a lazy smile spreading across his face.

"Morning," she replied, her voice soft.

"Talking to Remi? How's that going?" he asked, stretching like a cat, his muscles rippling under his skin. She couldn't help but admire the sight, her cheeks warming at his playful teasing.

"Yes, I was talking to my wolf," she admitted, a smile tugging at her lips.

"I noticed the flash of those brilliant eyes. What were you discussing?" he inquired, rolling onto his side to face her, propping himself up on one elbow, his expression curious.

"She's curious about what Creed looks like," Wynta confessed, feeling a twinge of frustration. "But I can't see her. She says I should be able to, but... she's not hidden from me."

Jared raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "Is she an all-black wolf?"

"I think so," Wynta replied, her voice tinged with uncertainty. "But honestly, I can't see anything—no outline, just her eyes."

"Hmm, she might be all black, or maybe you just need to wait until she reveals herself to you. We'll find out in two weeks," he said, his smile reassuring.

"We will," she agreed, nudging him playfully. "But what about Creed?"

“A surprise,” he said, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

“Come on! You offered to let me ride him. Why keep it a secret now?” she teased, raising an eyebrow.

“Because I can. You kept something from me,” he chuckled, lifting her hand to showcase the glowing mating band adorning her wrist. “You knew about this when I came to talk to you, yet you stayed silent. All morning, during the pack tour, you said nothing.”

“Jared, be reasonable,” she protested, sitting up. “I wasn’t allowed to say anything! It’s against wolfen laws to tell someone they’re your Mate if they haven’t scented you out. I wasn’t going to break that rule.” Her voice trailed off, remembering the weight of the secret.

“I would have believed you,” he replied, his smile warm and genuine.

“And that’s precisely why it’s forbidden. I wouldn’t have told you if Remi hadn’t been tricked by Creed into putting that band on.” She shook her head, frustration bubbling up. “She didn’t realize what he was doing until it was too late.”

Jared chuckled again, amusement dancing in his eyes. “Too young to know the game we play with each other. Challenged your Alpha Wolf, and she took the bait. He won that round, you know.”

“Yes, even though she knew what would happen,” Wynta sighed, shaking her head. “I’m starving. You didn’t let me eat dinner last night.”

“Hmm, I got a bit carried away,” he admitted sheepishly. “Let’s shower, get dressed, and head downstairs for breakfast.” He swung his legs over the side of the bed, taking her hand gently. “I promise I’ll behave,” he added, sensing her hesitation.

“You better,” she replied, pulling her hand away playfully before delivering a sharp smack to his backside as she dashed into the ensuite, laughter bubbling up inside her. Jared followed at a leisurely pace, grinning as he leaned against the shower entrance, his gaze sweeping over her.

“Looks like you’re asking for punishment,” he teased.

“It’s not punishment, Jared. It never was. How could it be when I loved every moment?” she shot back, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

As they stepped into the shower together, an air of tranquility enveloped them. They both behaved themselves, the warmth of the water washing away any lingering tension. Wynta dressed in the clothes that Kyan had brought for her the day before, and as she turned to see Jared emerge from the bathroom, a towel wrapped around his waist, she couldn’t help but admire the defined muscles of his back.

“I’ll go put on clean clothes and meet you in the hallway,” he said, glancing back at her with a playful smile.

She nodded, watching him leave, her heart racing. Once she was ready, she stepped out of her suite to wait for him. It only took a moment before he reappeared, dressed similarly to her in jeans and a simple tee-shirt.

“When will you wear that grey dress?” he asked, his gaze appraising her.

“Hmm, maybe never,” she teased, a smile playing on her lips. “You might have to bribe me into it.”

“It’s evening wear, so I suppose the full moon would be fitting,” she added with a wink.

“No, it’ll get ruined. I’ll take you out to dinner before then. I want to see you in that dress, and I’d prefer it to remain intact,” he said, slipping his hand into hers as they made their way downstairs.

“We should invite Dwane and Tallah to join us for dinner,” she suggested, a smile lighting up her face as they walked together.

“Don’t trust yourself to be alone with me, huh?” he teased, his tone playful.

“You’re fangirling too hard, you know,” she shot back, laughter bubbling between them.

“I’m allowed to now,” he declared, lifting her hand to wave the mating band at her. “Got a bona fide reason to.”

They settled into the dining hall, where Jared’s unit was already gathered. “No training today?” she inquired, curious.

“Not today. I gave the boys a day off. We’ll resume tomorrow,” Jared replied, his tone casual. “I wasn’t sure what time you’d wake up, and I wanted to be here for you.”

Wynta shook her head, a hint of disbelief in her voice. “I’ve never trained at all, being wolf-less.”

“Hmm, that will change with the full moon. But being an Alpha and never having trained…” he trailed off, a thoughtful look crossing his face as he suddenly felt the familiar connection from Edward.

‘Jared, please bring your unit and Wynta to my office after breakfast. There’s an important discussion to be had… Wynta, your mother’s blood work is back, and I received a call from the kingdom last night.’

“Alright,” Jared replied, the mind-link dissipating as he turned back to Wynta.

“I forgot how strange it feels to have a mind-link open up,” she said, her brow furrowing in thought. “What do you think the call was about?”

“Your kin, I can only imagine,” Jared replied, his voice steady as they continued their breakfast, savoring each bite without haste. He explained that his father was still in his suite, and his parents usually took their time with breakfast before joining them.

Forty minutes later, they entered Edward’s office, where Marrian and Edward’s unit awaited, along with Gordon, who sat in a chair, papers in hand. He looked up and smiled warmly at Wynta as Emerson closed the door behind them. “Feeling better, Wynta?”

“Yes,” she nodded, feeling a sense of relief wash over her. “I’m perfectly fine; nothing wrong with me or my wolf.”

“It’s likely you won’t experience those headaches anymore, either. A side effect of the deep bleeding you received from another. If you can connect with her from now on, it shouldn’t hurt at all. It’ll feel like one of us inside your mind, now that there are no barriers,” Gordon explained, his voice steady. “I’ve also confirmed that the blood from you is related to you; the DNA shows a 99.99% match.”

She nodded, already aware of the implications. “That will be nice,” she replied, grateful for the absence of headaches as she took a seat at Jared’s direction.

Gordon’s gaze fell on the band encircling her wrist. “When did that happen?” he inquired, curiosity evident in his tone.

“After I was initiated, but the band was placed after I was un-bled,” Wynta explained, glancing at it fondly. She liked it; it was beautiful in its own right. As she absently touched it, she felt Jared’s lips brush against her temple, a tender gesture that made her heart flutter.

“Mine will look like that soon,” he remarked, his voice filled with anticipation.

Wynta nodded in agreement. “It will,” she affirmed, then turned back to Gordon. “What about my mother’s blood work? Is that what you have there?” she asked, pointing to the papers in his hand.

“Yes,” he confirmed, his expression serious. “I’d like to redo your tests as well, if you’ll allow me.”

Wynta shook her head firmly. “There’s no need for that. I know what I am. Just leave it as it is. But my mother?” she pressed, her curiosity piqued. “What did it reveal?”

“Much like your own, there were markers indicating foresight—many more than I detected in your blood. The two seem to counterbalance each other, which is unusual. I ran several tests yesterday. It appears she knew precisely what she was doing by bleeding herself to you multiple

times. It likely wasn't just to hide you from your father but from everyone who would come into contact with you, so that none would know what you truly were or what you could do."

"Use me like my father does her," Wynta murmured softly, a hint of sadness in her voice.

"Likely so," Gordon nodded, understanding the weight of her words.

## He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 128

Wynta

She was curious about the remark counteracted each other, but only when her mother was here, and free to tell her what exactly happened would she likely know. She didn't have the ability to read like a seer, because she wasn't one. Although she was a blood witch, and she wondered if tasting someone's blood would show her things like the past or the future, she wasn't about to go and try it.

She had lived her life very simply and still wanted to do that to this day. That power she had was odd to her, uncontrollable, and she felt weird when it took over her. And that's exactly how it felt too, as if she was overtaken by something else. There was a certainty to her actions and thoughts, her words even.

"Do we know when Alpha Dorian is coming?" Wynta inquired, her gaze shifting to Edward, seeking answers in his expression.

"At this point, it's uncertain," Edward replied thoughtfully. "However, I suspect it could be today or perhaps tomorrow. That will hinge on what Gretta has to discuss with him regarding his recent actions toward you, which the council has now been made aware of. Yet, I doubt she will inform him about the royal seer's impending visit."

"That seems unlikely," Jared chimed in, his tone laced with skepticism. "If he learns about the seer, he'll know that they could delve into his mind and uncover all the dreadful things he's done. I can't imagine he would willingly show up."

Wynta found herself nodding in agreement with both men. Edward continued, "He might also be waiting for Nolan to return. That boy is being pulled in every direction, and he must realize he's in deep trouble with all the lies he's spun. He'll be aware that a royal seer is coming to scrutinize him within his own pack. I wonder what Gretta will say to compel him to come here alongside that Alpha."

"That's anyone's guess," Jared remarked with a hint of disdain. "To be honest, I'd prefer he stay far away from Wynta."

“It’s alright, Jared,” Wynta reassured him, her voice steady. “I have no interest in that boy other than wanting him to face the consequences of his deceit before the Wolfen Council.”

“Indeed, that’s a serious offense,” Edward agreed, shaking his head. “Some Alphas believe they’re above the law, thinking they can escape unscathed. That’s not how I raised my boys, nor should it be how anyone raises their children. But let’s shift gears—there’s another pressing issue regarding your kin, Wynta.”

“What issue?” she asked, her heart quickening slightly as she braced for the news.

“The blood witch clan is discontented with the perceived taint on their bloodline. They are the royal seers, pure and unblemished, and they only breed within their own lineage—witch to witch. The royal coven oversees them, and I hear they are displeased with the seers themselves.”

“Why is that?” Wynta pressed, her brow furrowing in concern.

“Your clan wants to strip you of your witch powers. The coven, however, seems more lenient; they don’t mind interspecies breeding. This was a topic of heated debate among them, including the king and queen of wolves, given your wolfen heritage.”

Wynta felt Remi, her spirit companion, lift her head, and she snorted in defiance, ‘Let them try.’

“Remi believes it’s unlikely they’ll succeed, even if they attempt it,” Wynta shrugged off the concern. “I suspect there’s more to me than I fully comprehend, but Remi seems to have a clearer understanding. Perhaps I’ll only grasp it when she fully realizes her wolfen form. Or maybe it requires something to trigger it, like the call from Gretta that awakened my gift.”

“Alright, I just wanted to keep you informed,” Edward said gently. “Your kin were also unaware of your existence or your mother’s. Apparently, your ancestor rejected her clan to mate with a wolf she deemed her Goddess-Gifted. Tragically, she died in battle before having any children or witchlings.”

“That’s a lie,” Wynta sighed, a heaviness settling in her chest.

“Yes,” Edward nodded, his expression solemn. “They’ve all come to understand that now.”

“She rejected the blood witch clan? Are you certain?” Wynta asked, her mind racing with the implications.

“That’s what the royal Beta, Rich, stated,” Edward confirmed. “What are your thoughts on this?”

“That they hold no power over me, considering my lineage was rejected,” she replied, feeling a surge of defiance. A warmth flickered behind her eyes, and though no visions appeared, she sensed Remi was searching for something—perhaps a piece of their ancestral history. But like a fleeting shadow, it vanished within moments.

Curiosity flickered in the air as everyone turned their gazes toward her. Wynta shrugged it off, “It’s not me; it’s Remi. She’ll only share what she chooses to, and I foresee her being a force to reckon with—very much her own entity.”

“When can we expect them?” Jared asked, his brow furrowing in concern.

“The timing is uncertain,” Wynta replied. “Beta Rich didn’t know when they would arrive. At the time of the call, the leader of the royal coven seemed disinclined to assist the clan matriarch in coming here solely to strip powers from me and my mother. If she continues to refuse, they’ll use the portal by Obsidian and will be escorted by someone Braxton trusts.”

“And if they come directly?” Jared questioned, his voice laced with apprehension.

“It will deafen all of us,” Beta Rich had warned, “so it’s best to minimize our use of wolfen hearing until that seer arrives. I’ll send out a pack-wide mind-link after this to inform everyone and advise them to remain in their homes once she gets here.”

“She won’t care to look at anyone except my mother and me,” Wynta shrugged. “From what I gathered yesterday, she’s old and cares little about anything other than the purity of her clan’s bloodline.”

“Hmm, I suspect she’s the one tasked with ensuring that the bloodline remains untainted and that no wrongful breeding occurs within the clan,” Edward mused. “You referred to her as an entity, not merely a blood witch.”

“I did so because she seems to have detached herself from emotions, if that’s the impression I received. ‘Entity’ feels like the only fitting term for my kin,” Wynta stated, her conviction solidifying.

She noticed Edward nod slowly, his silence speaking volumes. A smile crept onto her lips. “Don’t worry about it, Edward. Remi isn’t concerned, so neither am I. We both understand what a blood witch is and the various abilities they possess. Although…” she tilted her head slightly, reflecting on her unique powers.

“What I can do isn’t exactly the same as any of them. I suspect they don’t fully grasp that yet… Perhaps they remain unaware of what I’ve done. Maybe Alpha Gretta didn’t share that information with them, if she even comprehended it herself. She might have withheld it for her own reasons.”

“Anything is possible,” Edward agreed, his tone thoughtful. “We’ll just have to wait and see. What exactly can you do?”

“What I… need to do,” she answered cryptically.

“Cryptic much,” Ernesto interjected, a teasing smile on his face. “You’re already showing witch tendencies; they often speak in riddles or circles.”

Wynta chuckled, “Only those who truly need to know will be informed. They won’t dare share it further or risk inciting the wrath of me and my beast.” Jared was the only one who had an inkling of what she meant, and she suspected she would only ever reveal it to him. Still, it was likely that the matriarch would see it upon her arrival, though what she would make of it or how she would react remained uncertain.

As Wynta left Edward’s office, her thoughts drifted to her father. She knew it had only been two days since she last saw him, but he was merely an hour away. Why hadn’t he come yet? While she understood that she couldn’t control the situation, she felt a nagging urgency. Surely, he would want to address this matter promptly. A part of her wondered if her mother was stalling for time, trying to convince him that it wasn’t necessary for them to see her body, especially since they had both felt her sever from them. Perhaps her mother was playing the emotional card, claiming it would be too painful.

Wynta sighed heavily. For her, the sooner they could resolve this, the better. She was determined to save her mother, and she knew she could find a way to pull her from beneath Alpha Dorian’s grip.

As she walked, she paused and turned to Jared. He had mentioned that her mother’s howl was a Luna’s howl, but not the howl of a reigning Luna. There was a distinct difference in the sound that he had been able to discern. So, even though her mother was with the man who was her father, he had not claimed her as his Luna—or perhaps he had rejected her at some point. Or maybe her mother had turned away from Alpha Dorian, and he couldn’t keep her bound to him.

It was a curious thought: had her mother returned to him? Why would she, especially if they were rejected mates or not even mates at all? Had she been forcibly kept by Dorian, ripped from her true mate and made to stay by his side all this time?

What kind of hold did he have over her mother? Wynta’s frown deepened as she pondered the possibility of other pups belonging to that Alpha. Perhaps only she had inherited the traits he desired.

Lost in thought, she turned her attention back to her phone as it chimed, revealing Tallah’s name in the notifications bar. “Hey, how are you doing today?” Tallah texted.

“Good,” Wynta replied, “How’s everything going at the office?”

“Howie’s handling things for you. Dwane assigned him to your office until you return. I also handpicked your new team members, and Dwane approved them last night. So, your team will be ready when you get back.”

“Thank you! I really appreciate that,” Wynta responded. “How are you and Dwane getting along?”

“Fine. And you and Jared?” Tallah shot back quickly.

“Fine,” Wynta smiled, enjoying the banter.

“Just fine? A little birdy told me you’re wearing a mating band, and it’s already blue????”

“I’ll go strangle that birdy then, shall I? Let me guess, he’s tall with a beta bloodline and currently single…” Wynta sent back, a playful smirk on her face.

“That’s the one, lol. But if you do that, you might have my father and grandfather to answer to. Goddess, Wynta, they won’t stop talking about the upcoming full moon. My mother and grandmother are dragging me out for late-night shopping tonight to find the perfect dress for that mating ball.”

Wynta snorted, “You could wear a potato sack, and Dwane wouldn’t care.”

“Lol, that’s actually what I told them! I got frowned at by my grandmother and snapped at by my mother. Help a girl out, will you?”

She thought for a moment and then texted, “Run, run, runaway, Tallah, from them all, LOL. Head for that spa place. You know, I’d come get you and run with you, but… I can’t leave the pack right now. If I did, I’d probably get kidnapped, and it would definitely freak Jared out.”

“I understand; it’s all good. Maybe I can ditch them on my own. You enjoy freaking that man out; why not now?” Tallah replied eagerly.

“Hmm, long story. We can discuss it later. Just go enjoy the shopping, but remind your parents that if your Vixen comes, then that dress will just get destroyed anyway.”

“Yeah, that won’t work with them. They don’t care. It could be a dress worth a hundred thousand, and they’d still be thrilled for my beast to destroy it, just because they’d be happy she was there.”

“I don’t have to worry about that. No one is bothering me about shopping for a dress. I wish you luck, and I hope to see you next week at the office. If not before, then I’ll see you the day before the full moon.”

“Yes, you will,” Tallah replied enthusiastically.

## **He’s an Alpha: She doesn’t Care – Chapter 129**

He got a call from Alpha Gretta that Alpha Dorian was coming to collect Wynta's body, that Alpha Nolan was also going to be in attendance, and that Alpha Larissia of the Wolfen Council would also be coming to his pack, for when this happened, to expect Alpha Larissia to arrive shortly, she would get there before Dorian and Nolan.

Wynta's request had been issued to Dorian, and he'd been quiet about it. Gretta had gotten the impression he didn't want to take her along, but she'd countered that with she's just a prisoner to you. What's the concern I hear you take her everywhere, so she can't escape her punishment? He'd not been able to argue that because it was what he told everyone about the woman.

Larissia's presence would add another layer of complexity to the situation. She would observe the proceedings at her discretion, and Edward knew that her judgment could sway the council's opinions. This afternoon was pivotal; Dorian and Nolan were expected to arrive at 4 PM sharp. Any tardiness would be seen as a blatant disregard for council protocols, and the repercussions could be severe. If they failed to appear, the council would take it upon themselves to seek answers, and Edward could only imagine the chaos that would ensue.

Gretta continued, her tone shifting to one of caution. "As of now, Alpha Nolan has not faced any consequences. The council has decided to play it as if they believe Nolan is still Wynta's Mate, despite her death. He's managed to convince them that their bond remains intact. With Wynta gone, there's no evidence to dispute his claims, and since he is an Alpha with a clean record, they're willing to take him at his word."

Edward felt a wave of frustration wash over him. His father, Alpha Peter, was complicit in this charade, playing along with the council's narrative. Disappointment simmered within Peter, and Edward could sense the anger he was trying to suppress. How could they allow this to happen? It was infuriating to think that Nolan could so easily manipulate the council and escape accountability for his actions.

The thought of Wynta confronting both Dorian and Nolan sent a shiver down his spine. The council had agreed to let her handle the situation as she saw fit, and they were eager to see what she would do. Edward knew Wynta was strong, but the weight of the situation was immense. Larissia would intervene if she deemed it necessary, but the council's curiosity about Wynta's intentions was palpable.

Gretta had also informed Nolan's parents of the truth behind their son's actions after he left the Blue Ridge Pack. The revelation that Nolan's Beta, Gamma, and Delta were now imprisoned within their own pack was a bitter pill to swallow. Alpha Peter had taken matters into his own hands, having already dealt with Yale himself, and Edward could only wonder how deep this web of deceit ran.

Tomorrow, a seer would arrive to formally address the situation. It was clear that the current Alpha and Luna were blissfully unaware of the dark history that had unfolded years ago. Nolan's Gamma and Delta were equally oblivious. Only Nolan and Yale were privy to the coercion that had taken place, but the seer would uncover the truth, both from the past and the present.

Alpha Peter had been forthcoming with information, recounting how Alpha Dorian had visited his pack three years prior, presenting himself as a benevolent leader searching for his long-lost daughter. He had spun a tale of tragedy, claiming that his Luna had been killed and their daughter abducted, a story that had tugged at Peter's heartstrings.

Dorian had always brought a prisoner with him during his visits, a woman he claimed was responsible for the death of his Luna and the abduction of his daughter. Dorian insisted that this woman was tethered to him, a means to ensure that his daughter would recognize her kin. Edward's mind raced at the implications of this arrangement. Dorian had provided Peter with the exact date Wynta had been left behind, and it matched the day she had been found and brought into their pack. Everything seemed to align perfectly, creating an illusion of innocence around Dorian.

It was during this time that Nolan had realized Wynta's true identity. The council believed he had initiated his search for her, telling his father that they had scented each other out, but Wynta had urged him to remain silent. Her past was a haunting shadow, and she needed time to heal from the trauma she had endured. Nolan had respected her wishes, promising patience until she was ready to embrace their bond once more. He had left for Alpha College, vowing to remain faithful, but when he returned, Wynta was nowhere to be found.

Edward's heart ached for Nolan, who had spent years searching quietly, unable to confide in his father about their agreement. He knew the weight of an Alpha's duty to claim his Luna, and the shame of not being able to do so must have gnawed at Nolan's conscience.

Alpha Peter had harbored doubts about his son's claims that he and Wynta were still bound together. He had let it go, believing Wynta to be long gone, a distant memory that would never resurface. The pack doctor had found no signs of trauma on Wynta, no evidence of the brutalization Nolan had described. The only marks on her body were from the silver cuff and the effects of severe dehydration.

Peter had convinced himself that Wynta had left the pack willingly, packing her belongings and walking away. This led him to believe that if they were truly Mates, their bond had been severed long ago. He had hoped to leave the past behind, but now, with the impending confrontation, he realized that Wynta had her reasons for leaving, reasons that likely stemmed from a rejection of their bond. He would not stand in the way of a pack member seeking their own path.

As the truth began to unravel, Peter had prepared his other son to take over the pack, all the while believing Nolan had deceived him. He had waited for the moment when everything would come to light, and now that moment was upon them. Nolan's claim of a mating alliance between Dorian's pack and the Blue Ridge Pack was a fabrication, a secret deal struck between him and Dorian that Peter had no knowledge of.

Alpha Peter was determined to have a seer investigate not only Nolan's unit but also himself and his Luna, to prove their innocence in any underhanded dealings that could have led to Wynta being taken by force. This was a fair course of action, and he hoped it would clear his name in the eyes of the council.

Edward glanced at his son and Wynta after laying everything bare before them. “Today is the day, Wynta. You will finally receive answers about everything, I imagine.”

Wynta nodded, her expression calm yet resolute. “Sounds like it,” she replied, her voice steady.

Jared studied her closely, concern etched on his face. “Are you worried at all?” he inquired, his tone revealing the depth of his concern for her well-being.

Edward could sense the tension in the room. Jared was clearly apprehensive about what Wynta intended to do, and none of them truly knew what she had in mind. As far as Edward was aware, she had kept her thoughts to herself.

Wynta met Jared’s gaze, shaking her head firmly. “No. I’m not attached to either of them. When I said that the only thing that matters to me in this situation is my mother, I meant it.” Her voice was clear and unwavering. “I’m not worried about that Alpha coming at me. It feels like he wants me alive. And as for Nolan...” She raised her hand, showing off the band she wore. “He’ll lose, and it will happen right in front of the Alpha Council representative. What’s the punishment for lying to the Alpha Council?” she asked, her eyes narrowing as she looked at Edward.

“That varies depending on the crime,” Edward replied, knowing full well the complexities of council law. “It also depends on the nature of the lie and who else is involved. But he’s likely to find himself in a Wolfen prison, and he may face a severe punishment, possibly even a full lashing with a silver-barbed cat. That would be the standard, I dare say.”

“Good, he could use some punishment.” Wynta nodded, her resolve strengthening.

“The coercion will also be punishable,” Edward added, a smile creeping onto his face. “That is strictly forbidden, and there are no limits on how far back it goes, provided a seer can prove it. So, both he and Yale will face consequences for that as well.”

At that moment, a border patroller connected with Edward through the link, “Alpha, we have a helicopter incoming, bearing the Wolfen Council logo.”

“Alright, thank you,” Edward replied, feeling a rush of anticipation. “The Wolfen Council has arrived. Alpha Larissa came by helicopter, it seems. I’ll go greet her; she’ll need to land in the training ground.” He stood, glancing back at Wynta. “Don’t stray too far. It’s likely she’ll want to see you.”

As he made his way to the Training Ground, his unit accompanied him, a silent show of solidarity. They arrived just as the helicopter touched down, the blades whirring to a stop. Edward watched as Alpha Larissa stepped out, her gaze sweeping over the four of them before she approached. “Alpha Edward, it’s good to see you again, though I wish it were under better circumstances.”

“Indeed, it would be preferable,” Edward agreed, extending his hand to her, his heart heavy with the weight of what was to come.

# He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 130

Wynta

She was introduced to Alpha Larissa of the Wolfen Council. The woman stood and looked at her for a long moment and Wynta wondered if she was trying to see what was different about her. Wynta had been polite as she was told to be, but the staring at her, she didn't much like it, and she felt Remi lift her head inside her mind after about a full minute.

“My beast doesn't particularly like the way you're staring at me,” Wynta stated.

Larissa nodded. “She probably doesn't, have you shifted yet?”

“No, on the full moon,” Wynta answered, “As would any wolf coming for the first time.”

“Hmm, alright,” Larissa stated.

“I'll be staying here within the packhouse but I'll remain in plain sight of the events that unfold. They won't know I'm here until I deem it necessary to reveal myself. If either of them attempts to flee, let them go. I didn't come here alone.” A sly smile crept across her face. “The entire council believes Nolan will bolt the moment he's caught in a lie, and Dorian is an enigma. However, that woman with him... if she is indeed my mother and held against her will, then he's a dead man walking.”

“It's been confirmed that my pack doctor conducted a DNA test on the blood linking Wynta to the one she was un-bled from. He'll likely attempt to use her as leverage for his escape,” Edward interjected with a weary sigh.

“Good. That means less investigation on our part,” Larissa remarked, her tone pragmatic. “With that knowledge, I would certainly expect that. Edward, you might want to have your doctor ready and ensure a clear path to the pack's hospital in case a confrontation arises.”

“On it,” Edward affirmed, his voice clipped with determination.

Wynta sat in the foyer of the packhouse, her heart a tumultuous mix of anticipation and anxiety. Meeting her mother for the first time filled her with a nervous energy, but a deeper rage simmered beneath the surface, directed at the Alpha who had kept her mother captive, tethered to him like a puppet. No wonder she had felt so powerless against him.

Today was the day it would all change; neither she nor Remi would tolerate this any longer. As she sat there, she felt a hand intertwine with hers, a surge of anger emanating from her wolf at the thought of their mother's suffering. The heat in her eyes intensified, and she sensed that Remi

was already attempting to predict the outcome of the impending confrontation, but all that surfaced was a mix of frustration and fury.

That hand belonged to Jared, and as she looked at him, sparks from their mate bond danced between them. Yet, in that moment, there was an unsettling red haze surrounding him. She saw his lips moving, but the words were lost to her. Remi was focused on their shared bloodline, and it was why everything felt tinted with that crimson hue. Her wolf was reaching out, desperate to connect with her mother, and suddenly it clicked—there was something blocking them from seeing her.

In a flash of rage, Remi surged forth, ripping Wynta from Jared's grasp, taking control as they bolted outside the packhouse.

The realization hit Wynta like a thunderclap as the first crack of her bones echoed around her. Fury coursed through her as she transformed into her wolf form for the first time under the sunlight. But as she emerged, she was swiftly brought down by several others, the weight of their bodies pinning her to the ground. She recognized the Gamma Charms of Chester and Andy, their presence meant to soothe her raging beast even as Wynta struggled to comprehend the chaos unfolding.

Pinned down, she locked eyes with Jared, who leaned closer, reaching out to touch Remi's face. "Calm down. You can deal with him later; no one will interfere," he whispered soothingly.

Remi snarled in response, and the Gamma Charm poured over her like a calming balm. Wynta felt the struggle within her beast, the fierce battle against the enchantment, but slowly, the anger began to peel away, revealing the core of what had ignited such fury. Remi's thoughts sharpened, and Wynta finally understood the source of their rage—something had been done to their mother, and it was not her choice to hide from them.

The bond of blood witches was unbreakable, a connection that should never falter unless stripped of their powers. Yet, as they drew closer to the pack, Remi sensed something was gravely wrong with their mother. The very essence of their kin was being suppressed, and it was evident that as the Alpha brought their mother closer to the pack, they had not relinquished her. They would never allow that; it would tear their mother apart, and they would never harm her.

They should have been able to feel her, to connect with her, and to see her as part of their very being. But instead, there was a barrier, a dark force blocking their sight. Only one thing in their world could accomplish such a feat—a series of copper-binding stones embedded beneath the skin, designed to suppress her powers and prevent her from shifting.

This was the truth that Remi had sensed when she felt that connection to her mother. The moment they drew close enough to reach out, Remi had taken control, driven by the primal urge to protect their mother. The intensity of that instinct had overwhelmed her, and she had lost control.

“Shift us back, Remi. You’ll get your chance for revenge,” Wynta urged, her voice a soft yet firm plea. “Settle down; we will see her soon.” And they would. Wynta could now feel the pulse of her mother through their kin bond. Remi had seemed dormant, indifferent to the approaching meeting, but now Wynta realized that her beast possessed a will of its own, capable of acting independently of her.

It became clear to her that Remi had not shared her thoughts with Wynta, or perhaps Wynta had simply overlooked them. Nonetheless, the impression was undeniable—Remi was a sovereign entity, capable of making decisions without Wynta’s awareness. It was akin to how Wynta had instinctively answered the phone earlier, a compulsion beyond her control. Perhaps her wolf had that same autonomy.

As she shifted back, it was mainly due to the overwhelming strength of the Gamma Charm being administered by Chester and Andy. They had subdued Remi’s fury to the point where she could no longer fight it. Wynta looked up at Jared from her position on the ground, watching as he removed his shirt and draped it over her shoulders.

“What happened?” he inquired, helping her to her feet. “You were fine one moment, and then you just exploded with anger.”

“It wasn’t me,” she replied, shaking her head in disbelief. “Remi uncovered something significant regarding our mother. She realized something I didn’t, and it sent her into a frenzy. I only grasped the situation once she started to calm down.”

“What exactly did your wolf understand?” Alpha Larissa pressed, her tone urgent.

“Mother’s blood witch is bound by... copper-binding stones,” Wynta stated, locking eyes with Larissa. She noticed the Alpha’s expression shift from curiosity to alarm, anger flickering across her features as she turned to Edward. It dawned on Wynta then that everyone had gathered outside, not just Jared and the two Gammas.

“I need to use the kingdom phone,” Larissa declared, her voice brokering no argument.

Edward nodded, his gaze steady on Wynta. “Stay calm,” he instructed before striding away with Larissa.

Wynta’s attention shifted to Andy and Chester, who still held her firmly. She could feel the Gamma Charm coursing through her, a soothing presence. “She was in a fury,” Chester remarked, his voice steady.

Wynta nodded in agreement. “She wanted to kill the one who bound our mother. She could sense her proximity and didn’t realize how fiercely she was reaching out until it was too late. Remi has a mind of her own. Please, let go.”

Her voice was soft yet resolute, even as the heat behind her eyes flared again. Turning her head, she spotted a car pulling up, recognizing Alpha Braxton and his unit as they exited. A wave of

disgust washed over her, filled with the taint to their bloodline. The desire to rid herself of this world surged within her.

Then, in a blink, everything shifted. A portal opened, and the same woman lunged at her, filled with the same intent to eliminate her. Just as quickly, that vision vanished, replaced by another portal, through which a tall, willowy woman adorned with the king's insignia emerged, accompanied by several royal seers. Wynta recognized the one who had aimed to kill her among them, but now her demeanor was restrained, as if bound by some unseen order.

In that moment, Wynta comprehended the implications of Larissa's call to the kingdom. These were the three potential outcomes of that summons. But deeper than that realization was the chilling understanding that her own kin sought her demise, perceiving her as a taint upon their bloodline. Remi snorted within her mind, a fierce defiance bubbling up. "Let her try. I think she'll find us more than she can handle, Wynta. We are a new breed of seer—one that none can match!"

Wynta recognized the truth in those words; they could foresee possible outcomes and manipulate circumstances to their advantage. It was a potent combination of abilities, one that everyone would covet. Their kin had no idea what they were truly up against.

"The last option will happen," both Wynta and Remi declared in unison a few minutes later, a certainty settling over them as Larissa ended her call to the kingdom.

Once again, Wynta felt the familiar sparks of their mate bond, this time igniting across her face. She turned her gaze to Jared, noticing that the red haze had dissipated. "I'm fine," she murmured, reassuring him.

"Are you certain? Your wolf just burst forth for the first time during the day, not even under the moon," he observed, concern etched in his features.

"Hmm," she pondered, recalling the experience. "What did she look like?" she asked, still unable to visualize beyond the depths of Remi's eyes in her mind.

"All black, but oddly beautiful. I foresee she won't be visible at night. Her fur was thick, absorbing the sunlight rather than reflecting it," he described, a smile breaking through his concern. "Creed would like to show you what he looks like tonight after everything has been resolved."

Wynta nodded, a flicker of excitement igniting within her. "I see no harm in that, provided Remi is on board."