

He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 51

Jared

He sat staring at Wynta a little more than frustrated with her, even knowing they were all thinking she was going to be snatched off the street by those wolves. Still, she didn't seem to care, and not even Andy picked up any concern from her about it. That annoyed him quite a bit. He needed her to want to come in, this should have done that, and right this very moment he didn't see that it had.

Was it just him thinking this Alpha and his unit were a threat to her? Maybe they actually weren't a threat at all, and it was exactly like what she'd said. They were just curious about her having a rogue status after all this time. But at least now he did have clarification on who this pack was, they were her home pack.

But six warriors. That was what bothered him, that Alpha and his unit had brought back up now, because they thought they were going to need it. "Where is your home pack from Wynta, I need to gauge the threat properly?" He asked her in all seriousness.

"There shouldn't be one at all," she stated, and he stared right at her pointedly. He wasn't going to be taking no for an answer, "Fine, it's in Wyoming. Halfway across the country from here," she waved it off, as if it was nothing.

He frowned at her. "No it's not, that's just three states if you count this one." Jared replied.

Only to have her shake her head and state, "It's on the eastern side of the state, so that makes it halfway across the country."

"It's barely a five-hour flight with Wolf Airlines, one could get here in 15 or so hours by car," Dwane stated after he looked it up.

"I heard you looked at apartments in the pack's complex today, with a view to moving in on the weekend, Jared stated, "I think that is a very good idea. I will give you until Saturday and then, Wynta, I will move you myself if I have to. Unless, of course, you're willing to let me take you for initiation into the pack."

"I'm not, there is no need." She shook her head no.

"Why so bloody stubborn about this?" he grated out at her. Any other female rogue would be asking for sanctuary by now, but no, of course, not Wynta. She was too freaking stubborn for her own good. "You were nearly snatched off the street," he stated point blankly, trying to get his point across. "Had to have Kyan, be all over you, and kiss you, as if he was trying to force you to submit to him." he muttered.

He'd actually not liked seeing it, that wolf all over her. He'd not known what Kyan was going to do. All he'd stated was he needed back-up, he was at the traffic lights near the office, and he had a tail with warriors in it, and he could see three more by the office from where he'd been parked. He'd stated he would pull up and stall for time, give them warriors something to think about, that he and his unit best get down there.

He'd stepped out of the elevator to see Kyan kissing the hell out of Wynta, and it had irritated him more than a little. Not even he'd kissed the woman yet, had kept his mouth from hers the other night, even when he'd not wanted to.

He knew it was all an act, but it had actually annoyed him to see Kyan all over her, and the hit he'd dished out for it, had probably been a little more than he should have gotten. Jared sighed internally, he shouldn't have thoughts like that.

It was just a game and nothing more. The moment she was initiated into the pack, he was going back to Europe, and his company, and he knew it. He was only trying to seduce her, so she'd willingly say yes to being initiated, to get all of him; nothing more.

Today was Wednesday "Two days, Wynta, to contact your landlord and tell them you're moving out, you don't have that much stuff. Is the furniture yours or the landlords?"

She was glaring at him, and he knew why. He was making demands of her, and she didn't like being told what to do. "I mean it, I will come to your place, pick you up and carry your ass to the apartment, if you don't agree to move willingly.

"That is the only compromise I'm willing to do right this minute, or I can..." he smiled at her now, though it wasn't exactly friendly, more I'll be getting what I want kind of smile. "Call father and tell him what just happened, what do you think he will insist on..."

He knew his unit were all looking at him now, he could actually feel it, he wasn't one to use his father to get what he wanted, because he didn't need it, he was more than capable of handling things on his own. But his father had threatened her himself with moving her in with Jared. She probably didn't understand that completely, but he had a feeling it meant being tethered to him, so she had no choice.

She was thinking about his father's words right this very minute, being moved in with him, and that would likely have people talking about them living together. Something she didn't want, and he knew it.

"Do you think you want that, what his solution will be?" he offered up, after a full minute of silence, and her jaw actually ticked. The answer was no, but she still didn't say anything. He pulled his phone out. "I'll call him so you can hear the conversation." He stated simply.

"Fine." She snapped and stood up.

“Oh, no you don’t.” He shot up to his feet and stepped in front of her, barring her from leaving his office. “Fine what, Wynta? Spell it out for me with my unit as witnesses. Exactly what that means to you. I’m not so stupid as to think you’ll not turn it into something else the minute you’re out of my office. I understand Rogues play by their own rules. Know you like doing that yourself.”

She was glaring up at him, and he smiled at her. That look was enough for him to know she wasn’t going to play by his rules, she was already thinking of a way out of it or around it. Been thinking about it since his father had made that comment, he thought.

Again, that long silence, and he smiled at her. “I guess I’ll be moving you then.”

“Why can’t you just leave me alone? I never asked for anyone’s attention.” She bit out and he caught the anger.

He ignored it completely. That was just a natural rogue response to being told what to do, when the rogue didn’t want to be ordered about. “No, you didn’t, but now you’ve got it,” he stated. “I don’t think you’ve grasped the true gravity of the situation that just happened, downstairs either.”

“What are you talking about?” she muttered.

He smiled and shook his head; no, it seems she’d not. He would leave that for now. She’d been gone from a pack for so long that she’d forgotten what it would look like to other wolves. If he, the Alpha’s heir had just punched and yanked another wolf off her. Then picked her up and carried her from the scene.

It was going to spread quickly, even with the humans that worked here. Those receptionists downstairs were all human, and they’d all gotten an eyeful of him attacking a man for kissing her, and him taking her away. It actually looked like he was her boyfriend, and had not taken kindly to another touching her. She’d also been seen trying to fight off Kyan, and he’d been dragged away by Jared’s men as well.

By the end of the day, they’d be in a relationship for all in this building to hear about. His father would be happy, until he found out that it was all an act. But Wynta here was going to hate it in all likelihood. But it was too late now. He responded on instinct was all to have that other pack see she wasn’t theirs for the taking.

“Wynta, explain to me what you agreed to.” He brought the topic back to her, and her moving into an apartment in the pack’s residential complex.

“I’ll move out of my place and into an apartment. By Saturday.”

“Which apartment complex. Speak plainly, woman.” He stated, “There will be no hidden meaning behind your words today.”

She glared up at him and muttered, “Your father’s apartment building, third floor apartment five.” She stated.

Jared nodded. “Good, I’ll put it in writing for you and come and have you sign that personally. You’ll also be getting an escort home and guards until you move. No arguments,” he stated all his Alpha tone showing. She would be falling into line this time whether she liked it or not.

“Whatever,” she stated, “Can I go now Alpha blood?”

He snorted at her word usage; she was trying to remind him he had no control over her. “Yes,” he stated, and stepped out of her way, waved her towards his door.

He shook his head and found his entire unit staring at him. “What?” he muttered.

“Alpha blood?” he was questioned.

“Hmm, it’s not the first time I’ve heard her use it. It’s done to remind me she doesn’t respect me or have to do as I want.” He waved it off. “I don’t take offense to it, it’s a typical annoyed or angry rogue response to an Alpha, they’re not aligned to, dishing out orders. Father also likely cajoles her all the time. Me not so much,” he stated.

He walked over to his desk and sat down. “Go scout that bloody Alpha and find out just how many wolves he’s got, and where he’s staying as well.” he waved them out of his office.

He took a moment to just settle himself before pulling up a blank document and typing up a contract for the agreement that Wynta had just made, to move into the pack’s apartment building no later than Saturday; apartment five on the third floor. Then he printed two copies of it and emailed a copy of it to his father, “I got her to move into the apartment complex, step one done.” Was all it read.

He was on his way to her office when he got a reply, “I’ll believe it when I see it with my own eyes, son.”

Jared huffed he’d not yet heard. “I’ll file a full report of today’s events that lead up to this, by the end of the day.” He sent back, and got nothing in return. He knew he was holding in-house interviews today.

He walked on to the 7th floor and many people looked at him. He caught the whispers right away, news travelled fast even in the human world. He smiled and nodded at several people, as he casually strolled through the marketing department.

He knocked lightly on Wynta’s office door, and she looked up at him, a frown touched her face. “How’s your knee?” he asked as he walked in. He didn’t bother to close the door, it was too late. Everyone out there was talking about if they were in a relationship.

“It’s fine.” She stated, “What do you want, Mr Hayes?”

He smiled. “You should just call me Jared, Wynta.” He stated as he walked across to her, he didn’t take up a seat like he normally would across from her. Stepped right to her side and stood next to her chair, as he placed that contract down in front of her. “For you to sign.” He stated simply and pulled a pen from his pocket.

“Do you need to be on this side of the desk?” she muttered as she picked it up and read through it.

He’s an Alpha: She doesn’t Care – Chapter 52

Wynta

She watched Jared lean his backside right on her desk, he’d just made himself completely comfortable in her office, and her eyes moved to her team, and several of them were watching what was going on. She’d already heard a few whispers that she’d not liked. Though no one had yet to come and ask her directly about what happened downstairs.

But it was clear to her that many had seen or heard about the incident downstairs, and it was spreading like wildfire that someone had kissed her and Jared, Edwards’ son, had punched that man and taken her away. She really didn’t like being gossiped about, but here it was.

Her eyes moved over the contract, and she frowned as she read what was a breach of contract clause, it stated Jared himself would move her into his apartment and punish her accordingly. She understood what that meant.

Her eyes moved towards him, as she touched the clause with a finger, and he smiled at her, all charmingly and then stood up and stepped behind her chair, pushed it all the way in and leaned down over her to use her laptop. He had impossibly long arms, and she realized just how intimate the gesture looked, and then his lips just touched her ear in a soft kiss.

Her eyes shot to the staff out there and, for the first time ever, she thought about frosting the windows over. She could see everyone was staring at her openly now, but even doing that wouldn’t stop the talk that was going to be going on out there now, probably just make it worse. “Do you mind?” She muttered.

“Just read the words I type.” He chuckled softly.

She moved her eyes to the screen before her, as he’d typed out her punishment as he saw fit. She’d be moved into his apartment, where he would bind her wrists together with silk ties and tie her to his bed, and he’d spend the entire night kissing and tasting her until she nearly achieved her o****m. There would be only momentary breaks for her to calm down. Before he started

once more, and it would go until the sun rose, or until she was begging him to give her all of him and being initiated into the pack.

Her eyes turned on him very wide, and he was only centimeters from her. “You don’t really mean that,” she stated.

“Yes, sweetheart I do,” he murmured. “I’ll even go out and buy them right now,” he smiled at her as she tried to roll her chair away from him. He allowed it to be turned away, but she couldn’t roll it back. He grabbed hold of the arms of her chair, much like she had done in his office, only he pulled it closer to him and spoke softly.

“It’s all over the office, Wynta. That I just decked a man for kissing you... Everyone thinks you and I are a couple now. I’m hearing a lot of chatter, human and wolfen alike.” He murmured, and reached up a hand to touch her face. He brushed his thumb over her lips, “Best we just go along with it for now, or how do I explain it, my reaction to that very thing; another kissing you.”

“I don’t want that getting around. I’m not...”

“It’s too late,” he murmured. “Even now they’re all out there waiting to see what is going to happen in here between us, I can hear their whispers, they’re all looking for confirmation. I’d rather them think that we are a couple, then have them gossip about what happened and how you got involved with possibly two men.”

She stared up at him as she realized that was likely what he was already hearing out there, and then her eyes widened even more as his eyes moved from hers, to her mouth, and she knew he was going to kiss her for all to see, “Jared please.” She half begged him not to, and shook her head no at him.

He smiled and then chuckled softly. “Now there are some words I like hearing come from you, I’ll hear more of them later, I promise you that,” he told her and then his hand was curled around her neck, and his mouth was on hers.

A long slow kiss that deepened gradually as his mouth moved over hers, and she felt her eyes flutter close after a moment and found herself just kissing him back. She didn’t even know when it happened, or how, but she found herself standing in front of him, all leaned into him, he had an arm around her waist, holding her to him, as he kissed her.

His lips left hers slowly and as her eyes opened, he smiled down at her. “That wasn’t so bad now, was it.” he murmured softly, and ran a thumb over her lips once more, “It’s much better to have me on your lips, then him.” he told her.

She didn’t even know what to say right that minute as she stared up at him. That was almost a jealous statement, but said so calmly she didn’t know what to make of it, he let her go and stepped back a little, “Sit down and sign both copies of the agreement.” He smiled at her.

She sat in her chair and picked up the pen, to find her hand a little on the shaky side, she bit her lip a little, confused as to how she'd somehow wound up kissing him back like that, and for how bloody long she didn't know. All she knew was that he'd also been the one to break it, not her.

He was once again leaning on her desk. She glanced at him, and smiled at her. "You taste good," he murmured, "What color silk ties would you prefer?" he asked a moment later a finger tapping the screen of her laptop, as she hesitated to sign the contract.

She sighed and shook her head. He'd only kissed her to make a point she thought absently, but somewhere, somehow, she'd actually gotten lost in the moment, and she knew it, so bloody did he by the look on his face. She had to remind herself that this was for him, just about getting her initiated into his father's pack. She stared at that contract and ignored his tapping of the punishment he had laid out for her.

"I'll enjoy every second of it, Wynnta, not letting you get there, like I did the other night. To avoid that, all you have to do is sign that, and actually move into the apartment. Or come in for initiation."

She moved her eyes to that punishment on the screen once more, and just knew he would do it as well. She looked to the contract and added a simple note to it and initialed it. 'This does not count as I am willing to move onto pack lands. Jared Hayes is forcing my hand.'

He chuckled as she also wrote it on the second contract and initialed it, and she handed the pen to him, he initialed both and stated, "Now sign on the dotted line." And there was a smugness to his voice that irritated her completely. He'd won this round was what that meant.

But she signed it, and he collected them and smiled at her. "Thank you for your co-operation." He murmured, "I'll make sure I'm not seen with any other woman on my arm, and you'll return the favor. We'll not be seen cheating on each other, sweetheart." And then his lips pressed to her temple, and he walked from her office.

She found many eyes on her after he left and sighed internally. She didn't even know what to say, so she just said nothing at all. The man hadn't even been home from Europe long enough to form a relationship, and she'd never met him prior to a few weeks ago, when he'd stalked in here and dragged her about prior to his brother's wedding, as those out there in the office thought of it.

How was one supposed to explain this to them? She didn't know.

It felt like that last hour and a half of her work day was the longest afternoon she'd ever had, and she worked in her office until all the staff on the marketing floor had left, and only then did she pack up to go home.

She found Jared standing in her doorway as she pulled her jacket on. "It looks good on you, that suit." He commented with a knowing smirk.

“Where are the rest of my clothes?” She asked without showing him she was annoyed about him doing this.

“I didn’t throw them out, I’m not that mean,” he told her with a half-smile. “You can claim them back from me anytime you like.”

“What are you doing here?” she asked as she grabbed her bag and headed out of her office.

“What do you think? We’re leaving the office together,” he told her, and her eyes moved to him. He chuckled at the annoyance she couldn’t hide now.

“Come on, we’ll go have dinner.” He nudged her somewhat playfully.

“No, thank you,” she answered. “Who’s going to be my driver now. I’m guessing Kyan is out of the question.”

“Hmm, you definitely can’t have him driving you around after my little performance.” He nodded as they got into the elevator, “So, for tonight it will be me and the boys. I’ve already organized round-the-clock warriors for your place.”

“Great.” She muttered, but then thought, after her little trip to his place earlier in the day, that was probably a good thing, a safeguard to keep him from coming to punish her, because there would be others about to hear it, and she couldn’t help but smile to herself.

“I could dismiss them if you want me in your apartment for the night,” he murmured. “However, I’m not sleeping on the floor just so you know.”

“Why not? You found it comfortable last time you were there.” She smirked at him. “You might find yourself sleeping on the floor tonight anyway,” she snorted.

He frowned at her, and she shook her head. “Private joke between me, myself and I.” she murmured, still fully amused.

“You’re an odd ball, you know that right,” he stated as they walked into the foyer, and she could see his unit all out there waiting in a car and she sighed.

“That Alpha and his men are all staying at the Fairmont over in Ghirardelli Square,” he stated as they got into the car. She was between his Beta and himself in the back seat. “There is a scent masked warrior of his covering your place, he was dropped off earlier in the day, and Jenson, one of our men saw it. He’d been there scent masked all day.”

“Why are you telling me this?” she frowned. Did she need to know or want to know? Probably not be able to sleep because of it.

“We have to play our role when we get to your place,” he stated simply, but there was amusement in his voice at the same time.

“What exactly do you mean by that?” Her eyes turned on him now, and though he said nothing, there was a slight smile tilting one corner of his mouth up. Great, she thought to herself.

She was dropped off to her door. Jared got out of that car and walked her inside. His hand was on the small of her back and then at the door to her apartment, he stopped her from going inside and pinned her up against the door, his body pressed up against hers. “Jared?”

“Hmm, I’m going to kiss you,” he told her. “If you’re not letting me spend the night, I need something to get me through waiting on that to happen.”

She stared up at him, and he tugged her ear, leaned right down to it murmured for her alone. He’s close enough to pick up normal conversation, I can’t mind–link to you.” Then his mouth claimed hers, as he pressed up against the door, she gasped as his hands gripped her back side, and she was picked up off the ground so he could grind himself up against her. He put her down after a moment and slid his mouth to her ear. “It has to look real.” he murmured, and bit her neck, a sharp tiny sting to her skin that made her gasp.

He chuckled softly. “Sleep well, sweetheart.” He told her and walked from the building.

He’s an Alpha: She doesn’t Care – Chapter 53

Jared

Jared got back in his car and relaxed back in his seat, “Home, boys, before I change my mind and seduce my girl,” he stated and the three of them laughed as the car drove away. They all knew his words were aimed at that scent masked warrior from Wynta’s home pack that was watching her, for her former Alpha’s heir.

What they didn’t understand was that a part of him wasn’t joking, that he actually wanted to seduce the woman, and kissing her today in the office hadn’t exactly been planned at all. He’d simply gotten up close to her, and he’d smelled the lingering scent of Kyan on Wynta’s lips, and a part of him hadn’t liked it at all. So, he’d kissed her in order to rid the man’s scent from her, he’d not expected kissing her to be so damned good either.

He’d figured she’d know he was acting only, but she’d made this little half–mewling noise that came across as pleasure, and she’d leaned into him, and he’d not pulled back like he should have. But he had deepened the kiss instead, and then just pulled her up out of the chair to press her against him and kissed her all deeply, the scent of her arousal blooming in her office had made him realize what he was doing, and seen him pull his mouth from hers, though even that had been done slowly, lingeringly on his part.

Even now, there at her apartment kissing the woman had sparked a want in him to seduce the woman, strip her naked and have her. Though he knew at her apartment, it was all for show, and he hadn't caved into the desire he'd actually felt starting to grow for the woman.

He connected himself to the security team 'If that wolf makes a move, grab him without hesitation and bring Wynta right to my apartment for safety.'

'Yes Alpha.' Came the confirmation.

It didn't take long to reach his apartment, and he slid the cover of his door lock up while he was talking to the boys, and he absently put the code in, and it didn't open. He turned his attention to it, hit the clear button and watched as he put the code in again and still it didn't open.

"Problem there boss?" Dwane asked. "Forget your code?"

"No," he shook his head as something occurred to him. Wynta had been amused in the elevator with him, told him he might be sleeping on the floor again tonight, and he shook his head.

"Jared."

"Wynta was in the building today, bloody came up here and changed my code," he muttered. "Chester must have given her the packs master password."

His entire unit laughed, and Andy asked, "Well, didn't you do that to her?"

"Hmm, I did." He nodded and smiled to himself, and punched in her name only to have it still not open. He waved his unit off as he stood there and thought about the code. He could just access the master password and fix it, but he was now curious as to what it was, it definitely had to be something to do with her.

He stood thinking about it and noticed something just sticking out from under the edge of his door. He reached down and slipped it from under the door and read it. "You shouldn't play with me, I bite without teeth, and my glacial stare will chill you to the bone. You may make the nights long, but I will make every coming day shorter."

He leaned on the wall next to his apartment and shook his head. The damned woman was not only out to annoy him, but it seemed she was definitely the type to incur punishment on purpose. Hmm, was it an open invitation to go back to her place and punish her right this very minute?

He opened the cover on the keypad and looked at it, looked at the riddle. The answer was her name, but that had not worked. Ah, he shook his head, the answer wasn't her name it was the season. Those two things were pronounced the same but spelled differently. He punched in the word Winter and the door opened.

He chuckled to himself as he strolled into his apartment, and texted Wynta, "Really, this was why you actually came to the apartment building." She could be cute sometimes, it seemed.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” came right back, and he smiled to himself, she was waiting for him to text her. He liked that she was sitting in her apartment thinking about him.

“Wear the red suit tomorrow and the boots,” he texted.

“What red suit? There is no suit that color in my wardrobe... should there be?”

That made him frown. Had she been inside his apartment? He walked right to his closet, and saw that nothing was gone from it, all her old clothes were still there. He even unzipped a bag to make sure.

“Oh, Jared, did you just run and check where you put my clothes. I win.” she sent him, after a solid minute of him not responding to her, and he could actually picture her sitting in her room laughing. Knowing she’d gotten him with that. She’d not even known if her clothes were here but had made him think she knew, and he’d gone off to check.

He declined to answer that message, showered and changed into casual wear and cooked and ate dinner, before he sank down on his couch, to pick his phone up to finally text her back, “How long do you want your night to be?” he asked with a bit of a smirk, wondering if she’d put a number of hours on how long she wanted him to punish her, he’d double it just for the fun of it.

“Hmm, you’re a bit late for that, I’ve satisfied myself already.” She sent right back.

He smiled into his living room at her boldness but then thought to himself ‘well I can’t have that now.’ and stood up, snagged his keys and strolled from his apartment and made his way right to hers. He mind-linked to the warriors watching her place, ‘I’m going to give that warrior something to report back. Just tune out the acting that’s about to happen in Wynta’s apartment.’

‘Yes, Alpha.’ Came the response.

He punched the code in and stepped right into her apartment, and smiled to himself, at seeing her sitting there on her bed, in just a bathrobe, an amused look on her face, though it evaporated the moment she looked right at him.

“Now sweetheart, you can’t play with me like that, and not expect me to come over here, to punish you.” He leaned on the wall and just stared at her as she pulled that bathrobe around her a little tighter.

“Hmm, I have a feeling you’ve got nothing on under that robe.” He chuckled and slipped off his shoes and shirt, and he saw her eyes go wide, “It’s only fair, Wynta, if you’re naked, so should I be.” He told her and stripped everything off right before her. He smiled as her eyes moved over his naked body, and she bit her lip as she got a good look at all of him, he worked out and ran for fun, his body was all muscle.

He walked over to the bed and climbed right onto it, grabbing onto her, pulling her back towards him when she tried to get out of the other side of the bed, “You must be punished, sweetheart.

You can't text me things like that and not get a reaction. Did you not learn that in my office?" He murmured and tugged her robe open. "I think you want me to punish you," he smirked. "already naked for me."

"Jared, I don't think now is..."

His hand slipped between her thighs to touch her, and she bit her lip a little, "I think now is the perfect time," he murmured and pressed his mouth to her neck just below her ear, as he slipped his fingers through her folds and started to tease her.

He smiled when he felt her start to get wet and the scent of her arousal started to bloom around him. He kissed his way down her neck, slowly nipping softly at her collar bone, and then moving lower down over her body as he heard her moan softly. His mouth made its way down her body to taste her all hot and hungry, and he smiled as she started to wreathe beneath him, and gasp and moan. He tasted her even more, gripping her hips to hold her down as he devoured her completely, then smiled as her whole body arched up as she was about to achieve her o****m.

He lifted his mouth from her, stealing away that pleasure she was about to receive, and heard her gasp in frustration, and he chuckled softly and turned his face to her thigh, to allow her to settle and that pleasure to fall away completely, he would mark her with a love bite, a little food for thought.

He smiled to himself and kissed her inner thigh all deep and hard. Leaving a nice purple bruise for her to see every time she showered, used the bathroom or even changed her clothes. She couldn't heal that like a normal she-wolf, so she would think of him at the very sight of it, for days to come. His smile deepened as he saw it, and his eyes moved up to hers.

He moved his mouth back to her sweetness and tasted it briefly, and he felt her shiver, before moving up her body in soft kisses, "How much punishment do you think you can take?" he asked softly in her ear as he slid his hard c**k through her wet folds and smiled as she moaned and moved against him.

"I'll never give you what you want." She gasped even as her hands gripped his hips, and she pulled him harder against herself. "I'll just take the punishment." She told him softly.

"Just say yes, Wynta, and I'll give you all of me." he murmured as he looked down at her, as he ground himself against her, slowly but firmly, letting her feel all of him, as he watched her enjoy the feel of it, as the smell of arousal rolled off her stronger than before, it was delightful to his senses. He was enjoying not only the sight of her, but the smell and feel of her.

His mouth leaned down to hers, and she lifted up to accept the kiss she knew was coming, only he pulled back from her at the last moment and her eyes moved towards him, a little confused, he thought. "Punishment not pleasure. I will deny you everything you want, even a kiss, until you give me what I want." He smirked down at her.

Her eyes locked on his, and he rocked harder and faster against her, and she gasped and moved with him, and he watched it all, saw her lush lips part as she got close to reaching that o****m, and he stilled himself and pulled away from her, snapped a hand down to her hip and held her body still to stop her obtaining it herself, smiled as she hit him in the chest “You bastard.”

He chuckled softly. “Yes I am.” And then he just lifted up and let her go, and pulled her over and tugged that bathrobe all the way off. He was going to please her from behind, only to hear an actual pained-filled gasp come from her as he pulled her onto all fours. He stilled, frowned, and then realized it was her knee. He got up and shifted her back onto her back.

Sorry, forgot about your knee injury for a minute there.” He murmured and settled himself next to her, as he slid his hand down to gently massage her knee.

He’s an Alpha: She doesn’t Care – Chapter 54

Wynta

The sudden being pulled onto her knees shot pain through her MCL injury. She couldn’t actually do that yet, couldn’t even sit cross-legged, and she still had issues with getting down on the floor or up off the floor.

“You should go.” She half muttered, as she kind of just lay there and closed her eyes to breathe through the pain of it. It would only be short-lived pain. Mostly it was now just that, short-lived when she aggravated it, and his gentle massage did actually help ease the pain. His hand was firm, almost knowing on her injury.

She wondered if he’d ever suffered an injury like this, though she also knew that his wolf would heal him in a matter of hours. But every injury to him and the pain of it would be felt until that wound or injury was healed.

She also didn’t really care right that minute that she was completely naked on the bed next to him. He’d seen her naked before, and he’d just had his hands and mouth all over her, so what was there to be shy about? He didn’t stop that massage to her knee until she turned her eyes on him; after a few minutes, he was just resting casually on the bed next to her.

He’d made himself comfortable, it seemed, he had his head propped up in his other hand, and he was just watching her, his eyes were on her. “Feel better?” he asked, “I’ll try and be more considerate of that knee injury.”

She just looked up at him and sighed. How was it she could find herself with him completely naked in her bed? “You should go.” She told him once more, even though a part of her didn’t

really want him to. She'd never really looked at him before and right this minute he was only inches away from her, resting casually and naked in her bed, smiling almost lazily at her. He was more than handsome she realized.

She could almost believe he wanted to be here right this very minute, and that this wasn't about him just trying to get her to agree to let his father initiate her into his pack. Her words didn't even seem to phase him at all, and she bit her lip a little when one corner of his mouth quirked up, in amusement, and it reached his blue eyes. They damned near sparkled with it.

"Hmm, I'm not done punishing you yet. I promised to do a proper job this time, so I'm going to." He smiled at her, and she felt his hand start to slide down from her knee, along her thigh, and she watched him lean over as if he was going to kiss her once more.

Only he stopped short and placed his lips to cheek, and then trailed kisses along her jaw, before he just buried his face right into her neck, and kissed it all deep and hard, and she closed her eyes, Goddess, he was going to torture her all night long, and she just knew it.

She also knew she wasn't going to be able to stop him, because she actually enjoyed it. This might just be a game for him, but it was also a pleasurable treat for her dulled down senses. When he touched and tasted her, she actually felt like a true she-wolf, as if her body was alive with wolfen senses. She felt it all, even the barest of touches, the softest of kisses, it was almost as if her skin was alive.

"You smell really good." He murmured as he pushed two fingers inside of her, and she moaned softly and gripped his shoulder. She pushed her hips up to meet his hand. "I want to deepen the smell." He murmured softly.

Then he was pushing his fingers in and out of her slowly until she was moving with him once more. She sighed as he slid his mouth down to tease her breast, and he allowed her to set the pace of the thrusts, as she accepted his punishment willingly. Only to have him slip his fingers from her quickly before she obtained that o****m she was building to.

She couldn't help but cry out in full frustration, and then she was just trying to pummel him anywhere she could hit him. She knew she could never actually hurt him; he was an Alpha Wolf and she was as weak as a bloody human, but she pummeled him regardless, as he denied her that need to reach the height of her pleasure yet again.

Jared deflected the sudden pummeling of her hands on his shoulders and chest as he leaned back from her, and she knew he could see the clear frustration in her eyes. She also knew that it amused him more than a little because he was chuckling softly the entire time.

Then he just grabbed both her wrists and pushed them up above her head and looked down at her, and she saw something else mixed in with his amusement. It was desire, and she knew it. His voice was a little more serious now. "Just say yes, and I'll not only kiss the hell out of you, I'll give you every inch of me, for as long as you can take it, however you want it," he told her, and she knew he actually would.

She shook her head no at him as he continued to pin her to the bed, “Are you sure, sweetheart, you look like you not only want it, but need it right now?” And again he was back to being amused by her frustration, she couldn’t seem to read him like others. One minute she thought he was serious, and then the next she was certain he didn’t care, and thought his control over her like this was funny.

“I will not give you what you want. It’s just sex.” She murmured. “I don’t need it.”

He laughed softly, “Oh is that so, I accept your challenge, Wynta?” and she saw a

mischievous glint in his eyes and bit her lip as she watched him turn and open the draw next to her bed and pull out her s*x toys.

“Let’s play who caves first and begs for sex.” He smiled down at her devilishly and she saw him pick one up and turn it on. “I’ve got good self-control, can do this for hours and walk away without gaining a release,” he told her and touched that toy to her softly, teased her with it as he still held her hands above her head, and she bit her lip as it hit just the right spot.

“I enjoy the game of giving pleasure just as much as the happy ending,” he told her and pressed that toy a little firmer against her, and she couldn’t help but close her eyes, biting her lip a little harder to stop the moan trying to escape her, and she felt his mouth against her neck, and it formed a smile against her skin.

“I don’t mind delaying my own happy ending for days, weeks, months even, if the she-wolf is up for it.” He murmured and then bit her neck and rolled that toy right over her clit and she cried out as pleasure course through her body. “Can you handle me, Wynta?” he asked softly right in her ear and she could have sworn those words were full of desire, as he continued to pleasure her.

She honestly didn’t know, she’d never been in this situation before, but her hips were moving with him now, trying to reach that moment she knew he was going to deny her at the last second. Which he did with a chuckle to her sheer frustration. “Four toys to punish you,” he murmured. “One down three to go.”

She heard the taunt in his voice and her eyes moved right to his.

“There is only one way to have me stop.” He smiled at her. “You know what I want to hear.”

Wynta shook her head no, even though she knew what punishment she was going to receive, and he smiled. “I’ll ask after every o****m is denied.” He smiled and picked up another toy and waved it at her. “Are you ready, sweetheart?”

“I’ll pay you back, Jared, one day you’ll see.” she told him as she watched him turn it on.

“Is that promise?” He murmured, his eyes right on hers. “There are many things I like, and not giving me my release isn’t punishment.” He touched that toy her n****e as it vibrated to tease

other parts of her with it, before sliding it down her body slowly “I like delayed gratification.” He told her with a smile. “You’ll see just how much.”

She spent half the night being punished by him in the most sinful ways, and despite not getting a full release, all the build-up to her orgasms had exhausted her and she kind of just lay there, as she watched Jared get up from the bed and pull his pants on, he’d not gotten anything out of it either, though she knew he’d enjoyed it all, he had humped the hell out of just now after tossing those toys away.

He’d been as turned on as she was, and though neither of them had gotten their release, due to him yanking himself not only from her but from the bed itself just now; something she thought he had to do in order to stop himself from actually taking her.

He looked quite relaxed and happy to her after just a moment to catch his breath. She watched him pull his shirt on, and then he knelt on the bed over her and trailed soft fingers down her neck, over her breast and along the curve of her hip. “I’ll be going sweetheart, I think you’ve had about all you can take.” He smiled and leaned down and pressed his lips to her collarbone. “Please do something tomorrow, that will see me come back and punish you again.”

His eyes locked on hers, and he smiled that devilishly handsome smile as he stood up. He flicked the sheet over her and gathered all her s*x toys.

“Hey, what are you doing?” she asked him.

“Making sure you can’t finish the job.” He smiled at her. “They’re mine now, if you want them back.” He chuckled. “You can come and get them from my... office, but there will be conditions on my giving them back to you.” He stated as he flipped the lights off and left her apartment.

“I’ll just buy me new ones.” She muttered after the door was closed.

Only to have her phone chime a minute later, it was Jared. “Do I need to come back and punish you right this second.”

“No,” she sent back, and kind of stared at the darkened entryway to her apartment. Biting her lip, she didn’t think she could take any more punishment. She’d also forgotten that he’d be able to hear her muttered words. She’d not expected him to hear her words, but the man had wolfen hearing and had caught them it appeared.

Her eyes moved to her phone and the clock read 1am, Goddess, he’d been in this apartment since just after nine. And she had to get up at 7am, she didn’t know if that was going to be enough sleep. Though she could already feel it starting to drag her under, she didn’t fight it.

He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 55

Jared

He walked from Wynta's apartment with a smile on his face, as he casually strolled to his car, and connected himself to the retrieval team that were stationed to protect her. 'I'm headed home. What's that warrior doing?'

'Nothing, just sitting in his car.' Came the response.

'Did he report my being in Wynta's apartment?' he asked curiously as he got into his car, and turned the engine over.

'Not by phone, no. But it's possible he could have mind-linked to his Alpha, that would depend on his bloodline and how far his Alpha is, in range or not.' He was told.

Jared thought about that, where Wynta's apartment was and just how far it was to the hotel that Alpha was staying in, as the crow flies. It was completely possible, he realized. If the one sitting here watching her place was of an Elite bloodline, Jared could connect that far to an elite off pack territory but not a regular warrior.

Mind-linking inside a pack was different to outside of pack, if you had the connection to the land as did the receiver of your mind-link, it didn't matter how far away they were, as long as both were inside the pack it connected.

Outside the pack, you were limited as to how far away you could be before that mind-link just wouldn't connect at all. 'Did anyone else turn up?'

'Not that any of us saw, he was informed.

'Alright, stay diligent, if she's going to be snatched, it'll be now after I leave, with all that warrior heard. If that Alpha is looking for her to be his Mate, of course.' He smiled to himself, knew if that Alpha was looking to reclaim her, he was not going to like it being reported that Jared had just spent hours in her apartment pleasuring the woman.

Jared heard the amusement in the one word that returned to him 'Agreed.' And he cut the link.

Jared let it go, he'd told them it was all an act, but maybe they knew it wasn't. If any of them had not tuned it out, it was very likely they knew exactly what he'd been doing in their, he shrugged it off wolves liked to f**k. It would be no surprise to them, they likely heard it a

million times before in their line of work.

He headed home where he washed all her toys that he'd taken great pleasure in using on her, and then popped them in a box he had, he'd take them to the office. If she wanted them back, a deal would have to be struck. He smiled to himself something fun and in the office it would be for each one of them.

Though hearing her muttered words of she'd just go and buy more, had nearly made him laugh out loud, perhaps he should be the one to purchase her new toys. He showered and stretched out in his bed, a smile still playing on his lips. He'd more than enjoyed himself, and he knew she had up until he'd denied her, her release that was. But she'd known that was going to happen, and still she'd enjoyed everything he'd done to her.

He had liked watching her try to ignore it when he'd involved her toys in his game or punishment is pleasure with her. The way she'd bitten her lip and tried not to feel anything at all, it was cute her stubbornness.

And her still telling him 'no' to being initiated into the pack. Well, was he really concerned about that right that minute? 'No' was the answer to that question. Because that just meant he could find more reasons to punish her. Saturday could be a lot of fun for him and a part of him really hoped she would refuse to move into the apartment downstairs. Just so he could tie her to his bed and punish her all night long.

Jared slept soundly and woke with a lazy smile still on his face. It seemed that one little rogue female could preoccupy his mind quite a bit. He stood and dressed for the day and wondered what she would wear. He had told her to wear the red suit, would she? His eyes moved to the moonstone band on his wrist, just maybe this full moon would be interesting, after all.

He had a meeting to attend to all morning, and it would likely run into the afternoon, though he'd be out of the office for it, so he'd have to have Jenson's team keep track of Wynta throughout the day. Though he had noticed she rarely left the marketing floor, so once she was at work, everything should just go smoothly. She would be fine, safe.

He also knew that the team watching her would report to him all her movements if she did leave the office, and seeing as it was his job, according to his father, to protect her. He'd have that team do that if he wasn't there to do it himself.

He met his unit at the elevator, and he saw the three of them look right at him. "Go somewhere last night?" Dwane asked him with a knowing smile.

"Yes," he answered with a nod. His unit didn't always trail him everywhere he went, they were old enough to have their own lives to lead. Unless it was something pack-related, they were allowed to do as they pleased, and move about in the human world attending their human world jobs, go on dates and hang out with others in the pack, or catch up with their families.

Today, the four of them were to be with his father and his unit, to attend pack-related business dealings. Though he had questioned his father as to why Lance and his unit weren't the ones attending these meetings with him, seeing as it was Lance that was now the next in line.

His father had counted him with his own words, “Son, you are the eldest, and could become the pack’s heir even if all your brothers find their mates and have pups. You could do that yourself a year before Ethan turns 100. So, I believe you need to attend these meetings. All your brothers have attended them before. You, however, living in France have not.”

How could he argue with those words. He’d just nodded and stated he’d attend, only to take a very unhappy call from Lance about it, not long later. To which Jared had told him to speak to their father, he’d voiced it should be Lance attending. Nothing had come of it, of course, his father was the Alpha and would do as he pleased and he and his brothers had to abide by it.

“Head over so we can pick Wynta up,” Jared told Emerson as he got behind the wheel.

“Sure,” Emerson chuckled.

“Knock that crap off. It’s all just an act to see what that other Alpha does. Nothing more,” he’d stated to his unit.

“Sure.” They’d all laughed into the car.

“You just happened to be gone half the night.” Dwane smiled at him. “I’m certain it’s just an act.” He shook his head.

“What did you get up to in that apartment of hers?” Andy asked.

“Role play and nothing more,” he stated simply, and the three of them shook their heads, they were not fooled at all, it seemed.

“Your father will be happy,” Dwane murmured. “Seems he’s getting what he wants after all.”

“He is not.” Jared shook his head. “He told me to charm the woman into becoming a pack member, that’s all I’m doing.”

He heard Andy huff from the front seat. “I don’t think you should play with her like that. It won’t work, and if this Alpha who’s tracking her was her Goddess–Gifted Mate, and is looking to rekindle their bond. It could well push her into his arms once more and your father will be ticked off.”

“It won’t, if she wanted that to happen. She’d never have walked away from him in Monterey.” Jared dismissed it.

“It’s still a risk,” Andy stated, “if you tick her off, and she opts to go back to her home pack, and before the full moon. What then? You’ll never know, and for all you know Jared, she could be your Mate, or any of ours for that matter, and you’re ticking her off could see all of us losing out on the chance to find out if she’s our Mate.”

Jared sighed internally at those words. As he looked at it from that point of view, his eyes once again moved to his moonstone band. Anything was possible, but at the same time, he liked playing with her as well. He wasn't willing to give up his punishment is pleasure game with her. It was fun for him, and she also liked it. He knew that, because not once had she told him no.

The car pulled up, and he got out and walked to her door, knocked on it and waited for her to open it. She narrowed her eyes upon him as if to say 'why are you here?' and he chuckled just a little, "Morning sweetheart, did you sleep well?" he asked softly.

"I did, actually." She nodded. "You?"

"Like a baby." He leaned on her doorway as she went and collected her handbag. She was wearing the blue dress he'd purchased her. "You look good in that dress," he smiled. Though he really did want to see her in that red suit.

"I do," She nodded and breezed out of the apartment past him as if it wasn't him that had bought her that very dress. He chuckled as he followed her, as she played the she doesn't care game with him. He didn't think she didn't care, just wouldn't let him see that it annoyed her was all.

"Why are they all here?" she muttered as she saw his unit.

"Where I go they go. But don't worry, I'll not be in the office most of the day... So you'll get a relatively Jared free day." He stated as he opened the door for her to slide into the car ahead of him.

"Morning boys." She addressed his unit.

"Morning," they all replied, as he slid into the car next to her, she looked tiny between him and Dwane.

He got out of the car at the office and took her hand. "Let me help you."

"Enjoying yourself I see," she murmured as she got out, and then she managed to dodge his lips touching her neck, as she pulled herself quickly from his grip. "I don't think so," she stated and walked away.

"Dinner tonight?" he called after her as he scented out that other pack. It was much stronger than normal. They were close by.

"I've got a late meeting, so I won't be able to make it. Find someone else to entertain you," she called back to him.

He narrowed his eyes on her. She was acting distant with him, cold almost. What game was she playing at now. They were supposed to be playing at being a couple to keep the gossip. about her limited or gone altogether, because who would dare to gossip about his girlfriend, knowing who he was, and that he could fire them for it.

He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 56

Wynta

She walked through the office to hear several people whispering about her and Jared. Her eyes moved towards them, and they turned their eyes away, as if that would make it so she'd never heard them or knew it was them gossiping about her.

This was why she didn't date anyone in the office. She didn't like people talking about her behind her back, and though she worked as she always did. As she moved about the marketing floor, she saw people looking at her and whispering at times, and a part of her was glad she didn't have wolfen hearing right that minute, to pick it all up.

As she walked into the break room at lunchtime, and she'd reached her limit of patience, she'd had more than enough of all the whispering going on, and knew she was going to take matters into her own hands. Regardless of the trouble it would cause Jared. She hated gossip, humans were just like cruel pack members at times, not all of them, but some of them just couldn't hold their tongues, and had to put their unwarranted two cents worth in. Even when they didn't know the facts.

She'd come in here to have lunch only to hear Rochelle, Jamie's lead marketing specialist and her best buddy in the office, always one to gossip, just like Jamie herself had done. Stating, "I bet Wynta gets some big promotion soon, seeing as she's sleeping with the boss's son."

Wynta had never once used her body to get a promotion up through any company that she worked for. It was not something she considered worth doing, hard work and recognition was all it took. Along with applying for a promotion the right way and being patient, not getting upset if someone else got the job and you didn't. She believed one's hard work paid off in the end.

She stopped walking and looked at Rochelle and the woman she was talking to. She didn't even turn away, just kind of had a knowing smile on her face, she could see why she and Jamie got along, both of them vicious women. Though she had a feeling that Rochelle's nastiness today came from her not getting Jamie's job.

Wynta knew that Rochelle had applied for it, when Wynta had come into the office that morning, she'd read an email to state Tallah had gotten the job and would be promoted to the position of Marketing Supervisor. Then they asked that because she had been on Wynta's team. Would Wynta mind helping her through the transition? That would be greatly appreciated. But at the

same time, they asked her not to go and congratulate Tallah. The announcement would be made later in the day. Until then, she should keep the news to herself.

That one email had brightened her day, but now the brightness was sucked right out of her once more. Rochelle was, she thought, taking that unhappiness or anger or annoyance about her rejection, out on Wynta. When it was likely her own attitude towards the others on this floor had been picked up, and she wasn't seen as supervisor material.

She knew that throughout the interview process, those doing the interview had called and spoken to the other members of their teams, as well as the supervisors, to see what the one's applying for the job were like. She'd likely not gotten so good feedback.

As Rochelle stood staring at her, almost daring her to deny it, because they'd all seen the kiss that had happened yesterday and this was what came from it, the not so nice office gossip about her.

“Did any of you stop to consider that what happened in my office yesterday, was just some sick and twisted cruel joke played on me? That it was simply just a stupid bet between one smug wealthy asshole and his three friends to humiliate me. Look at me, do I look like his type to you?”

“That maybe he's just trying to see me step down and leave the company because I can stand up for myself, and not bow down to him, treat him just like any other person I've met, not like some god because he's Edward Hayes' son, and everyone must worship the ground he walks on.

“That it's just a sick game for Mr Jared Hayes. That this what you are all doing, talking about me behind my back, hell to my face now, is what he wants, to force me out. Because I wouldn't just give him what he wanted and it hurt his ego.

“And yes, Rochelle, I do get along with Edward and all the CEOs, but so what is it a crime to have some friends? I also get along with his wife, all their wives. Did you ever stop to think that maybe his son Jared, who I've never met prior to that wedding, and which he put me out of his car in the middle of a storm, is out to humiliate me and nothing more? You lot are as cruel and just maybe, he'll get his way and I'll quit. Do you want my job, Rochelle?” she'd asked.

“I'll not recommend you for it. I'll tell them Camden is the better choice. I know who got Jamie's job and who didn't. I also know who applied for it. Do you think the CEOs of this company don't know who gossips in their departments? They also know who works hard and who slacks off, who passes their work to others. Comes in late or leaves early, who works over time and who doesn't.

“I could list off a dozen reasons why you didn't get Jamie's job, and this, right here,” she swept her arm around the room. “Is probably the number one reason. Your attitude towards the staff that work around you, and have to work with you at times. You're too much like your predecessor is what they see, and didn't she just get fired?” She stated and turned to leave.

“Yeah, over you,” Rochelle stated, challenging her.

“Over me,” Wynta stopped walking and looked right at her. “Are you certain about that? Because I never had anything to do with it. I believe Jamie was the one that leaked the company’s security system update, which left the company vulnerable to attack from outsiders. You might want to get your facts straight. Or you might just see HR looking for you.”

“Yes, go and call your lover and tell him I’m picking on you and get me fired.” Rochelle stated “That will just see me be right about you sleeping your way to the top. Everyone will see it and know I was dismissed unfairly.”

Wynta nodded. “You’ll not get my job when I quit.” She stated flatly and turned and walked away, pulled out her phone and texted Jared. “I just formally denied that relationship you’re portraying us to be in. Don’t bother coming near me, don’t you dare touch me in this office or outside of it.

“Just stay the hell away from me. I don’t need nor want to hear or have to deal with the, cruel gossip that is being spread about me, because you thought it was fun to kiss me like that, in front of everyone in my department. I will not play the game anymore. Ms Morgan.” And she turned her phone to silent.

She didn’t want to speak with anyone right now, just wanted to get out of the office, and she did have an excuse to do that. She could go and buy a nice congratulations cake for Tallah, for when that announcement came through. She could use the walk to the bakery a few blocks away to try and clear her head and calm down.

She picked up her handbag and walked through the marketing floor. She needed to get out of the office. She felt a hand on her and turned to see Tallah there, “Wynta, don’t quit over this, and we know you would never do that. We all saw the way that Mr Hayes kissed you, see the way he smiles when he comes from your office. He really likes you we know that.”

“No, he doesn’t, Tallah. What I said, about it being a game, that is all this is to him and nothing more. I am nothing to him, just something he thinks is fun to toy with,” she shook her head, “No one here gets it. I don’t want his attention, I never did. I just want for him to leave me the hell alone.

“Men like him are all the same, he’s no different to my ex, to be honest, doing whatever he likes, wherever he wants, uncaring of the consequences, because of who he is, who his father is, so he thinks he can get away with everything.” She turned and walked away and pressed the elevator button, and she knew she was right.

“Don’t quit Wynta, it’s just a few jealous people is all.” Tallah called out to her.

She took herself right out of the building and walked off down the street. She wanted to punch nearly everyone that she saw, but couldn’t. It wasn’t their fault, but Jared had done this to her, with just one kiss, and maybe she would just smack him one. Tell him to shove his head up his ass. A part of her did want to quit and just walk the hell away from it all. She even had the funds to do so now, had a nice lump sum all saved up.

Her long angry strides slowed down after just a block of being outside among strangers, where no one knew her or gossiped about her, and she could breathe easily once more. She let herself calm down. She did know that she was hot-headed and had that rogue mentality which could at times see her just lose it completely, over what seemed like small things.

But if she was an actual full-blooded she-wolf with a wolf and claws, it was very likely her own beast would have taken insult to those horrid words, and she'd have slapped Rochelle with her wolf behind her. Sometimes she really wished that she did just unleash all her temper on someone and get it out of her system, instead of always just sucking it up and walking away.

It was three blocks to that bakery, and she gradually calmed down, told herself she just needed a minute and had overreacted in the moment. She stopped and got herself a latte with a double shot of caramel. She needed the sugar hit, maybe her not eating lunch was part of the problem, and she had low blood sugar or something.

She ordered Tallah's favorite chocolate gnash cake, and she picked up a small congratulations sign for the cake and had it placed on top before it was boxed up. She smiled at it as she paid for it. Hopefully, everything would go back to normal around her now and even if not, she couldn't let the office gossip about herself, stop the happiness of Tallah getting that promotion. Tallah had worked hard for it and she deserved it.

He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 57

Jared

His morning had been one long meeting after another, as his father and Alpha Braxton sat and discussed the new deals they were making. He'd not seen this Alpha in a long time, and they shook hands and greeted each other warmly. Had a bit of chat between topics and printing of agreements about his new venture in France and how it was going.

How the sales of Brax's new yachts were going, the discussion of Mates came up. He could see that Braxton was now mated, having been given a second chance, Mate, the man had smiled. "Got me a Warrior Luna," he'd stated.

"One that can actually out-muscle him even." His Beta Lockey had laughed. "It's fun to watch them spar."

That had surprised Jared quite a bit. "Alpha blooded then?" he'd asked.

"Mmm, and of better blood than myself," Brax had nodded.

“Difficult to bring in or easy?” Jared asked curiously. He knew Alpha females could be a real handful at times.

“Hmm, difficult, but I understand why. I wasn’t exactly what you’d call nice to her before we scented each other out, kind of hindered things. Though we managed to overcome that with much talking and getting to know each other.”

“Good to hear.” Jared had nodded.

“You’re still un–mated and wearing that band, I see.” Brax had shaken his head a little.

Jared’s eyes moved to it and he nodded. “I’ll only accept a Goddess–Gifted, even if I didn’t have this band on, I’d likely just patiently wait for the day I scent someone out. We live long lives.” He’d smiled, and they did. He wasn’t even a tenth through his life.

Business had resumed after that. He was now sitting a few hours later frowning at a text message he’d just received from Wynta, and it was not something he’d been expecting. She’d just denied their relationship? Though he did recall how she’d dodged his attentions this morning when he’d dropped her off, it had kind of irked him a little. He liked putting his lips on the she–wolf.

This message he was now looking at while his father was talking to Alpha Braxton, came across as more than annoyed; she was definitely angry, and for her to sign it off as Ms Morgan. He knew she was fully ticked off. He reread the message more carefully, taking in the punctuation of it this time. Don’t come near me, don’t you dare touch me in the office or outside of it. The rest was self–explanatory to him, people were clearly still gossiping about what they’d seen going on between him and her.

He sighed internally, he wasn’t even there to go and deal with it, which he would if he could be, and he supposed right this minute he was lucky they’d not had to head up to Redding, where Braxton’s head office was. That the man himself was here in San Francisco, checking over his new warehouses where they were making his yachts, so this meeting was in his office here in the city. He was only an hour from Wynta, but he didn’t think his father would let him head back early.

A part of him knew it was going to be his fault, she was clearly also blaming him for whatever was going on in her department as well. He didn’t actually have eyes in her department, they were all human. But he was more than unhappy about reading that text. He liked playing with Wynta. It was actually fun for him.

He texted her back, “I’m out of the office but what happened?” and sat there with his phone in his hand waiting for a response from her. His phone, however, stayed stubbornly silent. He glanced down at it, she’d not even opened his message to read it. Five full minutes passed, and still nothing. She didn’t even access her message from him.

A frown touched his face as he wondered just what the hell had happened, only to get a text from her security detail ‘Wynta Morgan is on the move, left the building.’ It read.

He did sigh this time, though he waved his father and the man's unit's attention off when they all looked at him, "Pack related message." He told them by way of explanation.

She was angry that much he did know, likely someone inside that office had triggered her rogue mentality, and she needed to be away from them or on the move. Most wolves, when angry, would just rip out of them and tear through the woods. She couldn't actually do that, being wolf-less, so stalking from the office for her was probably the same equivalent.

He texted back, "Track her, but don't interfere in anything she does. Unless it's absolutely necessary, is, I believe, ticked off and currently of rogue mentality, will be aggressive, argumentative and defensive in nature. She could be looking to lash out if she's pissed off completely."

Then he clicked back to Wynta's message, and she'd still not read his text. She was as mad at him as she was with those in the office, he thought. "Where are you going?" he tried to tempt her into arguing with him. She needed an outlet, and those words would tick her off when she saw them. See it as he was keeping tabs on her and thought he had a right to know her every move, not something a rogue would like, which would see her want to and likely take her anger out on him. That was fine with him.

He left the screen open to the message, and a much deeper frown marred his face when she also didn't read that message. He didn't know her well enough to know if whatever had gone down, would see her actually quit her job or not. Though if she did, his father would be furious and with him, he was going to be on that shaming post, taking another lashing if she quit.

Jared's eyes moved to his father as that man's phone chimed with a message. He knew he was also getting reports on Wynta. He watched his father read the message and then his eyes were on Jared a moment later, "I don't know the reason, father, I'm here." He stated for all in the room to hear, and his father nodded and went back to the meeting.

'What's going on?' Dwane mind-linked to him a moment later.

'Something happened in the office and Wynta is ticked off.' He answered and then turned his phone for Dwane to read the message Wynta had sent him, plus the two he'd sent, and she'd yet to even look at. He wasn't concerned about his Beta reading them, his unit all knew he was playing with Wynta.

Dwane read it and frowned, but then mind-linked him. 'I got eyes on that floor, give me a minute to see if they know what happened in marketing today.'

'Who?' Jared asked right back. He didn't know his Beta had eyes on what was going on down on the 6th floor, that could have been handy for him to know.

'That is my business, Dwane answered him, though there was a touch of amusement in his tone.

Jared watched as his Beta messaged someone. The contact read ‘marketing cutie’ and just from that one thing, he knew that Dwane was likely sleeping with someone from the marketing department.

‘You kept that under wraps, he commented down the mind-link.

‘Nothing has happened as of yet.’ He chuckled softly ‘just minor flirting.’

‘Who is it?’ Jared asked.

‘No, she’d prefer to keep it completely out of the office, likely for the very reason Wynta is now mad at you.’ Dwane told him.

It took several minutes to get the response from his marketing cutie, and it wasn’t a short reply that woman, whoever she was, knew everything and was it appeared happy to relay it back to Dwane.

A woman named Rochelle, was spreading malicious rumors that Wynta was sleeping with

Jared in order to get a promotion. That there had been angry words going between Wynta and Rochelle in front of everyone in the break room, and Wynta had told everyone he was an asshole that was just playing a game with her to humiliate her and see her quit.

He could see that this person was still typing away as well.

‘Clear that up with your cutie, so she can defend Wynta, he told Dwane.

‘Will do.’ Dwane nodded and started typing back. ‘What do you want me to say about what Wynta said about you?’ He wasn’t even finished typing when he just huffed and held the phone out to Jared to read.

There on the screen was the text from Marketing Cutie, “Is what Wynta stated about Mr Hayes, you and your other friends true, Dwane? That Mr Hayes kissed Wynta over some bet you all have, just to humiliate her? If so, that is just plain cruel. It might be fun for him and you lot, because you all have money and power and are untouchable.

“But Wynta is not that kind of person. She’s just like me, an average everyday person just trying to earn a living and support herself. Doesn’t have millions to fall back on, actually needs her job, isn’t some trust fund baby like Mr Hayes, you and your friends... if that is the case, then I don’t think I want anything to do with anyone involved in something like that either.”

Jared frowned at those very words. This woman, whoever she was, wasn’t just insulting him but his entire unit. And right to Dwane himself, he had to remind himself she was human, and didn’t know what they were, though it also showed him that this woman was one of Wynta’s friends, likely one of the four women on her team.

The gossip going on in the office was now at a level she didn't like. He thought he had fixed any kind of gossip by outing their relationship. Seems he'd only managed to make it worse. I'll fix that,' he told Dwane. 'Tell her no.'

Though how he was going to fix it all, he didn't know. He was likely going to have to willingly put himself in a bad light. Though that would affect Dwane and his cutie from marketing, he could see Dwane was annoyed about the words she'd stated. His Beta liked the human, it appeared, though Jared had gotten that just from how she was registered to his contact list. Dwane usually just put the person's name, nothing more.

He was going to have to think about it carefully. He couldn't direct anything at Wynta, she was a rogue and could just up and walk away without even telling him, without telling anyone at all. Whatever he came up with was going to have to see him be the playboy with a not-so-nice reputation. It was also going to have to be seen the way she'd worded herself to those in that office.

'I'd like to keep my cutie, Jared.' Dwane's voice cut into his thoughts 'She's not only smart, but pretty. What do I tell her?'

I honestly don't know right at this moment,' he answered.

'She's going to walk away, Jared.' Dwane muttered.

He could only agree with his Beta and not just Wynta quitting, but Dwane's cutie not wanting to have anything to do with him either. What if that woman was his human Mate? They'd not been home in eight years anything was possible. 'I'm likely going to have to admit it, to get rid of the gossip.'

'Come up with a different plan,' Dwane muttered.

Jared's eyes moved to his own Beta, who was frowning deeply, and there was it appeared, annoyance in the man. He really did like the human in that office, whoever she was. His Beta wasn't one to get upset over a human, and when he really thought about it, he wasn't the type to flirt with a human either.

It was likely that marketing cutie was going to be his Beta's human Mate and Jared was likely about to screw that up for him.

He's an Alpha: She doesn't Care – Chapter 58

She stepped out of the bakery as she sipped her coffee, and she was starting to feel better. Finally, she had calmed down, and she'd gotten that cup of coffee she'd been going to make with her lunch. She'd also ordered two ham and cheese danish's so that she could eat something, and had walked from the bakery to go and sit out under one of the umbrella-covered tables to have lunch before returning to the office.

She sat and stared kind of aimlessly at nothing in particular as she wondered just what to do with all that was going on around her, when her thoughts were interrupted by her name being stated, "Wynta."

She sighed out loud, uncaring that the person saw it or heard it, because if that was Jared looking for her, she was going to punch him in his handsome face as hard as she could, and hope she left a mark. She doubted she would, because she had no wolfen strength behind any of her hits. Her eyes moved in the direction of her name being called, and her mood darkened once more.

She was not in the mood to deal with that wolf. Though he didn't even look to her, like he was the slightest bit ashamed of what he'd done to her back then, there was no guilt in his eyes, nothing for what he'd also tried to do to her along with Nolan himself. Her jaw tightened perceptively and he saw it.

She, however, didn't get up and walk away. If he wanted to have it out with her, he could do it here in front of all these people. She turned her eyes back to her danish dismissively, which should tell him she wasn't interested in whatever he had to say.

Only to have him sit down across from her. "We just want to talk with you." Yale, Nolan's Beta stated, "All you need to do is come with me and hear Nolan out," he told her.

"But I don't care to hear anything that you or Nolan have to say. You are both just a pair of liars," She stared at him now, looked him right in the eyes, challenging him to deny it.

She saw anger cross his face at the so-called insult. He was taking offense to her telling him an actual fact about himself. "Don't be so disrespectful," he stated right back.

Wynta leaned back in her chair and raised an eyebrow at him as she continued to stare at him, uncaring it would be seen as a challenge by him, because that was what it was. She knew the truth of what those two had done, so did he. Her lips, however, pressed into a thin line as she thought about just punching him in the face and seeing what would happen out here in public. She was itching to punch someone today. It might not be Jared after all.

But for him to call her disrespectful, that was very wrong, considering she'd never even outed them to their parents for what they'd done, which she knew would have seen them have to suffer full-pack punishment. They'd never been punished for trying to coerce her, because she'd just left without telling anyone about it.

It was a full minute of her just staring him down, uncaring she was of a lowly ranked warrior's bloodline and wolf-less and that he was a Beta blood. She was a rogue and didn't have to take

into account anything about him or his status. He had no power over her and neither did Nolan. They'd lost all of that when she'd walked away from that pack, lost it when they'd lost her respect for them.

“You think I'm disrespectful,” she finally spoke, her voice devoid of all emotion. “That Yale was just a simple fact, or have you forgotten I'm your GGM? As Selena saw fit,” She used an acronym for Goddess–Gifted Mate, seeing as she was out in the human world and making her point very clear to him, that she'd not forgotten what he'd done, she continued on.

“Oh, wait, that was a f*****g lie, wasn't it! So, was it really disrespect I showed just now, or just plain brutal honesty?” she grated out this time, “Which you can't handle.”

She heard several people around her gasp at her sudden use of profanity but also heard one woman chuckle, ‘You tell him, girl.’ Clearly some of the patrons out here were listening to their conversation. She saw him frown at her as he took in her words, but that didn't stop her from speaking her mind.

“You, Yale, can go f**k yourself, or maybe you should go f**k Nolan. Seems like the two of you would enjoy doing that. I'm not at all interested in any of the lies you, or he want to spew forth, about whatever it is you've decided you want to tell me.” She told him and let him hear the certainty in her voice.

“Don't speak to me like that, Wynta, I could take full offense.” He grated out.

She snorted as she picked up her coffee cup, and sipped it. “Go ahead, because I can still call Peter and, or Avery, and just tell them what you did to me, I believe it was against the law...” She sat staring at him. “Do you know what Nolan did after that...” she smiled at him and a deepening frown marred his face, which only made her shake her head a little.

“That will see his father remove him from the position of his heir to the company, don't you think? You think you can control me, Yale, do you?” It was laughable to her. “You can't, I don't belong to your company anymore, I don't have to bow down to who you are or who Nolan is... If you couldn't get what you wanted from me back then, what on this green earth makes you think you will be able to now?” she rolled her eyes at him.

Yale sat staring at her for a long time, and she knew he was coming to understand that she wasn't going to bow down to him or Nolan. They had nothing on her to make her do so, but she had that one act of coercion on them up her sleeve. “Oh, poor Yale, did you forget that you took part in trying to coerce me too?” She shook her head, “I think Yale, you'll find if you physically drag me back to your company, for whatever reason you think you should or can,

“You'll only find yourself and Nolan in a world of pain. Neither of you will get whatever it is you want from me, and I'll just tell the CEO of your company, Peter.” She told him, letting him know that she knew they were only heirs. She had checked on it herself.

“Exactly what he and you tried to do, I’ll even ask him to investigate it officially.” She used the human terms for Alpha Order, “to get to the truth, and not just of me, but you and Nolan. Guess who will come out worst in that situation?” She shook her head. “You have nothing on me because I did nothing wrong.”

“Wynta, it was a long time ago,” Yale muttered now. “Let it go, we were young and wrong.” he huffed.

“Hmm, wrong...” she nodded. “I agree with that, but you both knew exactly what you were doing, so I suggest you just leave me alone. But let me make it plainly clear for you to take back to your boss... I am not interested in whatever you or Nolan have to lie to me about,” she stated and stood up, collected that boxed cake and walked away from him.

“Wynta, we found your father, he’s also looking for you himself,” Yale called out to her. “It’s why we came.”

“Whatever.” She called over her shoulder. “Go tell someone that cares.” She knew it wasn’t true, just another lie, not once in the 18 years inside that pack had any information about who she was ever come to light.

If the Alpha and Luna of that pack hadn’t found anything about who had left her outside the pack’s territory in the middle of winter, it was unlikely there was anything to be found at all. He’d used those words just to try and regain her attention and nothing more.

She would not be dragged into whatever it was they were playing at. She had also come to terms with it a long time ago, come to the conclusion that it was her own mother that had abandoned her, close enough to a pack that likely wasn’t hers, so she could be found, but had then fled away herself. She’d been bundled up warmly and wearing, from what she’d heard, proper baby clothing as well.

Someone had made sure she wouldn’t freeze out there in the middle of winter until she was found. She also thought that she was likely the product of a forced union and her mother, though she had loved her, couldn’t bare to raise her, so had left her to be raised by someone else in a place she’d never have to see the child she’d birthed.

Telling her something like that, that they knew who her father was, did not interest her at all, he was likely some cruel, callous bastard that didn’t deserve to know her. She was only of lowly warrior rank as far as she knew, nothing special and the fact that she was wolf-less meant that wolf that was her father, likely wouldn’t care at all.

He probably had a bunch of pups now. She didn’t care to know what her lineage was, on her father’s side, because she knew she-wolves didn’t just go giving up their pups for no reason, it wasn’t in them unless there was a very good reason to do so.

Like they’d been taken to and the child was from a forced union, or they were in fact hiding that child from a cruel beast of Mate or wolf, to protect them. There was always a valid reason for a

she-wolf, regardless of rank or pack status, to willingly give up and hide their child, something that would cause them pain for the rest of their lives. To not know if their child had grown up well, what they looked like or if they were safe where they had left them.

Those two would have been better off telling her they'd found her mother.

She returned to the office to find she'd missed the announcement of Tallah's promotion, and all because she'd run into Yale and had to put that man in his place. She walked over to, find Tallah's now old team and her new one in that office. She knocked on the door and smiled. 'Congratulations Tallah, you earned it,' she stated.

"You knew, didn't you?" Tallah smiled when she placed the cake box on the desk.

"I did, found out this morning in an email from Mr Miller. You're going to do a great job," and Wynta did believe that. It was also going to make collaboration with her team much easier. Jamie hadn't liked her from the day she'd been promoted.

"You're going to need a new team member," Tallah stated.

"Yes, and I'll find one from the 5th floor, and promote them, the same way I brought all of you up. I believe in promoting from within."

"I bet you do," Rochelle murmured from her place leaning against the wall.

"Enough." It was Tallah rounding on her new subordinate. "I won't stand for that kind of talk within my team. I am nothing like Jamie, you'll apologize, or I'll see disciplinary actions taken against you. Got plenty of witnesses here right now."

Rochelle's eyes widened a little at the reprimand, and she moved her eyes to Wynta and muttered, "My apologies." And then just walked from the office.

"Sorry about that, Wynta, she's jealous is all, of your position in the company. She applied for Jamie's job too. Was the head of this team, something I'll be rectifying, I'll be reorganizing the team to my liking according to work ethic not popularity." She watched Tallah look at all those that were her new team pointedly.

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

59

Jared

He sat in that meeting not really focused upon it anymore, he had bigger problems, and he knew it; their pack alliance with the Obsidian Pack went back a full generation, they got along well, respected each other and gave assistance where it was needed. It wasn't about to suddenly flounder and fall apart if Jared wasn't listening to the meeting.

He didn't know what to do about Wynta and the current heated situation in her office. He also had to try and maintain that relationship between Dwane and the human woman he was suddenly interested in. Who he had a cutsie nickname for, and was annoyed by Wynta having insinuated that he was in on Jared's cruel joke.

Dwane, he could see, was trying to placate his marketing cutie, by telling her it wasn't as Wynta stated, but he was having trouble convincing her. She was obviously loyal to Wynta, which was good for Wynta, but not likely going to be good for Dwane.

They'd only been back here in the US for five weeks, and though that floor had seen him and Wynta interact with each other, it wasn't what he would call the building of a relationship. She'd also not been in the office for two of those five weeks. Had been in the hospital and then off on leave at his father's assistance.

So, really, it had only been three weeks that they'd been interacting with each other. It wasn't lovey-dovey in any way. So, it could be seen that he was just playing her for a fool. Not that his father was going to like that, he didn't really like it himself either, he would much rather everyone think they were a couple. Though he also knew that was so he could walk down there and torment the woman anytime he liked.

His phone rang, and he looked at it, frowned and stated, "Father, I have to take this, it's Jenson." His father nodded and Jared walked from the office to go and stand out in the hallway to answer it. Dwane got up and followed him. All of them knew it was Jenson's team that was watching Wynta.

"Jenson." He answered the call. "What happened?" he asked, knowing this man wouldn't call at all unless something was going down, or had gone down. He looked at his watch. Wynta had walked from the building a good 40 minutes ago. Had she gotten into trouble? No text had come back to say she'd returned to the office.

"A lot." Came the response. "Firstly, Wynta is fine. On her way back to the office, but she got into an argument with the Beta from that pack tracking her. She also called him Yale. The Alpha's name is Nolan we now know.

"She definitely knows them and with full familiarity. What I got from their not-so-private conversation, because she wasn't going to get up and go anywhere with that Beta, is that she was one of, or both of their Mates. It wasn't fully clarified, but from what I heard, there was an attempt from that Beta and his Alpha to coerce her into believing she was both their Mates. She didn't believe it, I can only guess as to why they would do that..."

“Hmm, looking to both bed her at the same time,” Jared stated, “Likely they’ve got a fetish. She could well have been seen as an easy target, being wolf-less inside their pack.” He didn’t like hearing it, but all manner of things happened out there to the wolf-less, even an Omega could overpower them easily.

“Well, they didn’t get what they wanted from her, is my understanding. She threatened that Beta right to his face, uncaring of the ramifications, she, I believe, like you stated, was spoiling for a fight. Quite aggressive with that Beta.”

“The threat?” he asked curiously if she could threaten them. Then she had something on them, which is what his father had reported she’d stated herself, to him the other day.

“That she would tell Peter and Avery if they didn’t leave her alone. I can only guess both their fathers, which means she never voiced it back then. But she also said something else that was interesting, that if she did tell Peter and Avery even now. Nolan wouldn’t get the seat of Alpha, which would, I believe, also see that unit being stepped down, or at least the Beta along with the Alpha’s heir.”

“Right.” Jared nodded. “Anything else, Jenson?”

“Mm, there was a rather odd statement by the Beta, as Wynta walked off and left him. Stated they’d found her father, and the man was looking for her himself. Though his name wasn’t mentioned. Nothing was clarified on that at all. Wynta also didn’t seem to care at all about those words. She didn’t even stop walking or look at him, just hollered, ‘Go tell someone that cares.’ I kind of got the impression that was the Beta’s trump card.”

“And it didn’t work like they thought it would,” Jared mused.

“No, not at all.” Jenson agreed with him.

“See her safely back to the office,” Jared stated. There wasn’t anything he could do about that encounter, but it made him think they weren’t here to snatch her. Maybe there was something else going on, perhaps this was all about who her father was. She either knew and didn’t care or she had no idea and didn’t care to know.

“I’m trailing her at a distance, that Beta, Yale. He saw me after their conversation. I made myself known, he kind of just stared at me for a moment and then just turned and walked away. He looked very unhappy about their confrontation, like he expected it to go differently.

She firmly and clearly put him in his place. She can, at any time, call their Alpha and tell them what they did. She’s not afraid of them, challenged him without much thought.”

That made Jared smile, she was very stubborn. He knew Wynta wasn’t about to let herself be pushed around. He stood out there and thought about that. Jenson’s words after he got off the phone.

He looked at Dwane. “They tried to coerce her into believing the pair of them were her Goddess–Gifted Mates. Likely thought that because she was wolf–less she’d fall for it, but even back then she’d been stubborn and able to say no.” He nearly chuckled to himself as Dwane nodded.

“I can actually see that myself,” Dwane concurred with him.

Jared could picture her staring at that 17 or 18–year–old Alpha and his Beta and her telling him she didn’t believe them, couldn’t smell it or feel it and told them ‘No’, likely with full certainty.

It was, however, no wonder that she couldn’t be brought in so easily. She had trust issue where Alpha–blooded wolves were concerned, something that he now understood stemmed from her own home pack’s, Alpha’s heir. “But then that Alpha heir turned out to be her actual Goddess–Gifted Mate.” He leaned back on the wall and shook his head as he voiced his thoughts out loud so Dwane could hear him.

“You’re thinking her own Goddess–Gifted Mate tried to coerce her into believing he and his Beta were her Mates prior to her being able to scent them out on a full moon.” Dwane followed his thought process.

“Yes, she was either 17 or had just turned 18 but hadn’t seen a full moon yet when it happened,” he smiled now, at the thought of how strong–willed she was even back then. His girl was smart and tough. “When they scented each other out that night, she likely rejected him over what he had tried to do to her.”

“Nolan was rejected by Wynnta, not the other way around,” Dwane snorted. “An Alpha rejected by a wolf–less she–wolf, I bet that hurt his ego.”

“Yes, she kicked him to the curb and then left that pack. She said he wasn’t in it. I bet they’re the same age. He left for Alpha College the day after the full moon and told his father he didn’t scent anyone out. She walked away uncaring, having made her decision before that moon even set, that if she did scent him out, he wasn’t worthy of her, because of what he did prior to the full moon.”

That Alpha had caused his own rejection. What an i***t. He shook his head, “She’s not looking for another pack because she thinks, as a wolf–less she–wolf, she’s actually better off away from wolves and the things ranked members do to get what they want. That she being wolf–less would be a target for that.”

Dwane sighed “Jared, you realize your games with her, are just keeping her to that thought process right.”

“Hmm, not much I can do about it at this point. I can only apologize, I guess,” he nodded.

“What do you make of that comment on her father?” Dwane asked after a few minutes of silence.

“There are still too many things unknown about Wynta herself for me to make any real deductions about that one. Other than she likely has never known who he was, and doesn’t care to know either.” He shook his head.

“Could be an orphan or have a mother that never mentioned who he was,” Dwane murmured thoughtfully.

“It’s likely one of those things,” Jared nodded slowly as he thought about it, “because if she was born into that pack, the parents would be registered to it, and she’d know who they were. “Jared followed along with his Beta now.

“So not her home pack?” Dwane asked.

“Hmm, it could still be depending on where she was born, but also maybe not at the same time. If she’s an orphan, found out in the woods, her lineage would be anyone’s guess.”

“Jared, what if her lineage is not what we all think, not even what she thinks it is.” Dwane murmured now and leaned off the wall to look right at him.

“Her father is looking for her,” Jared mused as he stared at Dwane as something occurred to him, “What if she was bred to someone and that overrode her true bloodline...” Oh, his brain was ticking now.

“She could be a hidden Alpha–blood,” Dwane nodded.

“That would account for the very stubborn attitude and Alpha’s do also always look for their children... though she’s wolf–less, so how would he know about her?”

“Hidden,” Dwane sighed now. “She was literally hidden by someone, snatched away as a baby by either her mother or someone else, and hidden to keep her safe.”

“That is not only possible, but plausible.” Jared sighed. Could Wynta be a hidden Alpha? She wouldn’t even know, she only scented of warrior rank, and a lowly ranked warrior at that. If she was that, whoever hid her was looking to keep her out of a packhouse and away from where any visiting Alpha could come across her.

He’s an Alpha: She doesn’t Care – Chapter 60

She was sitting in her office working, she had left the marketing floor and closed herself into her office. The door was actually closed, so no one could come in. It wasn't something she had ever done before. But honestly she wasn't in the mood to deal with hearing the comments out there that were being made about her.

There was a knock on her door and she looked up to see a woman standing there holding a large round box of white flowers. She nearly ignored it. But couldn't be that rude to the woman standing there and waved her in, "Can I help you?" she asked as the door opened.

"You're Wynta Morgan?" she asked, pointing to the sign on the door.

"I am." She nodded.

"I was told to personally deliver these to you, not your office. Glad you're in." She smiled as she walked across the room and placed them on the desk.

"By who?" Wynta asked.

"There is a card the gentleman stated to hand them to you and no one else." She smiled, and then she walked from the office.

Wynta sat there and just stared at them, not knowing what to do with them, or who they were from at this point. Nolan had sent flowers the other day to the office, but she thought that was more about him telling her he was here in town than anything else.

She didn't think Jared would send her flowers at all. They didn't have that kind of relationship and, after what she'd sent him today, there was no way she'd get flowers from him, she'd firmly ended that game he was playing, told everyone a lie about him, to keep him from coming anywhere near her.

Her eyes moved to the marketing floor and several people were looking at her. All eyes moved away when she looked out there, just bloody great. Regardless of who they were from, there was going to be more gossip.

She turned her eyes back to the flowers, two dozen white roses from a place called Luxe Bouquet. She finally plucked the card from the bouquet and opened it, "I'm sorry, Wynta. I never meant to hurt you. Please have dinner with me, Nolan. I miss you."

She stared at the words written there on the card and wondered if he actually thought that would work on her. He never meant to hurt her! She didn't believe that for a single second.

Not when he had tried to coerce her, he knew exactly what he was doing when he asked her, tried to convince her, his intent was to have him and his Beta bed her and then just toss her aside.

So, it was meant to hurt her, those very words on that card were all a lie. As for having dinner with him, he couldn't even come and talk to her, or get her to go and talk to him. So, like that

was going to happen, the man was clearly delusional. As for the ‘I miss you’, what a crock of s**t. She did not believe that for a single second.

He’d not even missed her when she’d been chained up and missing from the pack, and he’d not cared one iota about her even rejecting him, just headed off to Alpha College the very next day. Left after telling her they’d come back to it in a year. He didn’t bloody care at all back then, so why would she believe that he missed her now?

They were also rejected Mates of 14 years. She certainly didn’t miss him and his lying ways. She flicked that card right into the bin under her desk as she saw Dwane and Jared walking towards her office. Her jaw tightened as her eyes met his. Then his eyes moved to the flowers on her desk, and he stopped walking altogether.

She could see everyone out there was watching him, then their eyes were turned on her, and she knew why. They were all about to get more gossip to run their mouths about her. She didn’t know what he wanted right this minute, didn’t really care either. Her day had been s**t and him being here was only going to make it worse.

Wynta was still looking at him when she reached out and hit the button to frost over the windows of her office. It was the first time she’d ever done that, and everyone out there would know that. Then she just returned to her work. That should tell him exactly how she felt; that she didn’t want to see him.

A part of her wondered if he’d not liked her ignoring him all day. She’d not expected to see him looking annoyed, and he did actually look a bit on the annoyed side standing out there with his jaw ticking after seeing those flowers on her desk. But after all she’d put up with in this very office, she just didn’t want to deal with him.

She heard much goings-on out there and orders being rapped out, and then after several minutes her door opened and Jared stood looking at her. “Ms Morgan, come out here to the floor please, I have something that needs clearing up.”

“And if I choose not to?” she asked without looking at him. She had no idea what this was, or what he was going to do, but she didn’t think she wanted to be a part of it.

“I guess Dwane, your direct manager, is coming in here to make you,” he muttered, “seeing as I have nothing to do with this department at all. I don’t want that, you don’t want that. Dwane certainly doesn’t, he respects you as a diligent employee,” he told her. “Please step out here to the marketing floor.”

She sighed and got up, shot him an unhappy look, and he nodded ever so slightly, and as she walked past him, “I understand you’re annoyed, and I’m here to fix that.” He stated as he stepped back to make sure his body didn’t come into contact with hers.

She could see all the teams and supervisors were out there standing or sitting around. He'd pulled everyone to this meeting. "Now that you're all here," he nodded to everyone. "It has been reported to HR and then passed on to Mr Miller, Marketing's direct CEO, that there are many vicious and unfounded rumors rolling through this office." He shook his head.

"I am aware that I foolishly caused this rumor to be spread. Rumors regarding myself and Ms Morgan, because I came in here and kissed her yesterday." He stated. "I'd like to clear that up. He looked at her and sighed. "I'm sorry, Ms Morgan, I did that on a dare after a liquid lunch, my judgment was impaired. I did not actually intend to kiss you. But up close to you and with a little bit to much liquor in me, I kind of just did it." He sighed. "Please forgive me."

She didn't even look at him, she didn't know if it was believable or even plausible to those here in the office, "Did you get all the praise you were after, while I got humiliated all day?" She bit out, turning her eyes on him now.

"Hmm," he pinched the bridge of his nose, "I won't lie to you. At the time, yes, it's not so funny to me now. Considering the fallout which father has just informed me of. All the harassment in this office you have received which is now going to affect the company. My father was utterly furious, told me something I didn't even know about you."

She folded her arms across her chest and kept her face impassive, even though she was curious as to what he had come up with. "You're currently being head-hunted by Obsidian Corp. Have been for a year now, have the option to move to them for the very job you have here now, and that Coral Bay Industries and Grant Enterprises have been trying to poach you for the past four months," Jared stated.

He sighed now, "And you've always turned down their offers, on the basis you already have a good team and like working here. My father actually knows Braxton Blakely, the owner of Obsidian Corp. We had a meeting with him today, and he gloated about having practically sealed the deal in poaching you,

"That you'd finally called his people back. I believe it was just after lunch today, you said that you'd go up to Redding and meet with him this weekend. Dwane here did some digging and found out that you've now agreed to go and hear out Coral Bay and Grant Enterprises. Are looking to leave Hayes Industries."

She nodded, she could follow along and play that lead, "Yes, I have, but what more can you expect when the employees here, not just those above me but those beneath my position, state I'm sleeping my way to the top. That's all they'll ever see now. Thank you for that.

"It took you all of a few minutes to ruin my entire reputation within this company. A place I've worked for five years without incident, or issues like this before. I've never once dated anyone inside the office, and they all know that; have heard me state before that I don't believe in dating someone from the office,

“But now that’s all some people see and believe. Regardless of what they know of me, prior to your... what do you want to call it, indiscretion. And that you’re here to clear it up, tell the truth, they’re never going to believe it. It’s too late.” She grated out. “The damage is done.”

He sighed. “I can understand that is how you feel,” he nodded and turned back to the people on her floor. “So let me make this very clear to you all. My father is not a man to be taken lightly. Even for me, I will incur penalties and punishment.” He held his hand out to Dwane and took a file from him, “This is a breach of the companies code of conduct that I was issued by my own father just 30 minutes ago, when he found out what was going on down here on the marketing floor.”

He held it up. “I have now been fined by the company and suspended from the office,” he pulled the papers out to show them. “He will not go easy on me when I should be setting an example.” He turned back to Wynta. “Edward Hayes is my direct boss and the company’s CEO, before he is my father, he was appalled by my behavior, and is going to fire his own son, from the company over this.” he muttered.

She heard many gasps of shock ripple through the crowd, and she watched as he stood there and waited for it all to die down once more, then looked at them and nodded, “So you may think this is a lie, but it’s not. You all understand I’ve been in Europe for what? Eight years now. Let me tell you something you don’t know about that trip.

“This is the first time I’ve been asked to come home in eight years. That wasn’t my doing. My father saw fit to punish me for making a deal that lost the company money. I was sent away to improve myself. Now this,” he shook his head.

“What some of you here have done, is not only tarnish Ms Morgan’s reputation, and see her want to leave the company, something my father doesn’t want, he sees her potential, how hardworking, diligent and loyal to this company she has been. But you, whoever you were, and I will find out, there are many cameras on this floor,

“Have turned my father’s own anger upon me once more, as well. That’s going to see me have you fired when I find out which one of you it was. Dwane is going to investigate that, seeing as I’ll be escorted from the building any minute now. There is only one way for me to rectify this and save my own ass, in my father’s eyes.” He muttered and turned to look at Wynta.

“That being, I formally apologize to you, and convince you to stay here with Hayes Industries and not move on to a rival in business. I’d also much rather stay here than go back to being exiled in France, Ms Morgan. So, I’m here to implore you in front of all these witnesses. Not to take a job elsewhere, to please forgive me my grievous error in kissing you yesterday. It will never happen again inside this office, to cause you problems.”

“Here they come, Jared,” Dwane stated, and all eyes turned on the four security men walking through the department, one of them stating his name curtly.

Her eyes moved to his, and he nodded. "Please allow me the chance to redeem myself, not only in your eyes, but my father's as well." He murmured and was latched on to and hauled away.