Hiding the Alpha's Baby / 6.Leon window. lying face down on my bed. undisturbed sheets greeted me. mind. the same way I did exhilarated me. Reeling in the fact that she was nally mine. I had her at last. I groaned, feeling myself grow hard again.

My eyes, still half-closed, stung from the bright morning light that shone through my I opened them just enough to make out my bedroom and noticed I was ass-naked and At that moment, I couldn't help but despise the person who had invented windows. My hand shot out to search the bed, trying to nd Cora, but came back empty-handed. I snapped my head to the side where Cora had slept, but only the coolness of the I plopped my head back onto my pillow, staring at the ceiling. Bitter disappointment lled me alongside the nasty hangover from last night. But, it was quickly overshadowed by the ashes of Cora's naked body dancing around my I smiled like an i***t despite the pain of my growing migraine. Never did I imagine I'd be presented with this opportunity, and the fact that she was feeling I closed my eyes, allowing myself to savor last night's memories. "My mate, my Omega...my Luna." I whispered to my empty room. The mere thought of Cora sent a rush of hot blood pumping to my d**k. My hand absentmindedly traveled down to stroke my shaft. I turned my head to face her scent that still laid heavy on my pillows, and the fresh memories of Cora's walls pulsating around me brought me quickly to the edge. 'F*ck, Cora, why did you have to leave so early? I could have made you breakfast in bed, wrapped you in my blankets, and had another tumble in my sheets with you.' I felt the familiar warm pressure build as the orgasm coursed through my body, every muscle contracting around my d**k. A pleasurable pumping sensation followed when I came as I released myself all over my hands. Shit. I grabbed the sheet to clean myself off and tried to balance my breathing out. Goddess knows how many times I imagined this very thing, but now I know it was nothing compared to the real deal. Once I'd cooled off, I jumped out of bed and made a beeline for the shower, not even stopping to look for my underwear. I needed to wash up quickly to make it to work on time. When I made it to my oce, Stephen and Gabriella were waiting outside my door, locked in a quiet but heated argument. The sound of me pulling out my keys from my back pocket grabbed their attention. Gabriella's face lit up when she saw me, and she squealed, "Lee!" as she ran towards me. I glared at her, and she pulled back, xing her hair and clearing her throat. "I mean, Leon," she said in a quieter voice, her eyes darting around nervously. "Where were you last night? Everyone at the party said you left early - even Chris." She pouted her lips and crossed her arms over her chest in an attempt to look cute. It didn't work. Stephen cut in before I could open my mouth, "You had an important pack issue to discuss with the warriors, right, Boss?" He gave me a quick glance and raised his eyebrow as if begging me to play along. Hesitantly, I said, "Yeah... that's why I left. We had to go over last-minute changes to the warrior's schedules all night, and it took us forever to gure out how to x everything." Gabriella looked back and forth between Stephen and me, clearly not convinced by our revised story. Her eyes landed back on Stephen, and she huffed. "The fact that you're trying this hard to come up with an excuse makes me curious as to what really happened last night." "I'm telling you, that's what happened!" Stephen red back. Gabriella shot him a dirty look. It seemed she'd been serving them all morning to Stephen. He hardly inched. "You really think I believe he left to handle up warrior business when most of y'all were at the party?" Stephen gulped. Would it have been better if he inched? Maybe not. I wasn't sure Gabriella noticed, but she eyed him suspiciously and said, "I'll nd out one way or another. I know y'all are lying, but why is what I want to know." Yup, she noticed. She turned to face me. Eyes squinted, her eyes narrowed in anger. "You were supposed to hang out with me at the party, Leon, and to my surprise, the moment I got there, I found that you'd already left. How do you think that made me feel? The whole thing felt like a setup". I was confused because I had never agreed to meet up with her at the party, especially since I didn't even know I would go until the night of, but to go as far as to say I set her up. Set her up for what? "Woah...woah...woah...hold up, Gabriella, I never said anything about going to the party with you- I didn't even decide to go till that night. So don't act like I did this all on purpose." A deep furrow formed in her brow, making her look more constipated than angry. "Leon, I told you a week before it happened that I was going to the party and asked you to go with me, and you said yes! Don't you remember?" I didn't. A whole week ago? Not likely. I didn't answer her, I just raised a brow and she switched up. "Okay, you didn't exactly say yes, but you denitely nodded when I asked!" I groaned internally. Great f*cken timing for me to not remember much of last week. Now I was stuck here, not knowing where to go with this crazy s**t. I opened the door to my oce, and both Gabriella and Stephen pushed their way in to sit in front of my desk. I sighed and said, "Look, Gabriella-" "Gabby!" She interrupted. I pinched the bridge of my nose, annoyed with how I was starting the day. I stepped into my chair and settled in. "Look, I never said I was going to the party with you yesterday. And just like I said earlier, I wasn't even sure if I was gonna go until last night. But Gabriella, you should know there's nothing between us for you to be acting this way." She looked offended but mainly hurt, curling into the armchair with her arms and legs crossed, staring at the oor... I didn't want to hurt her. That wasn't my intention, but I was at a loss since I really didn't need an interrogation this early in the morning. My mood was souring by the minute, and I was losing last night's high to this useless situation, but I hadn't lost my s**t on anybody yet, so good for me. Small victories. Stephen leaned forward in his seat, sensing the deteriorating situation and attempting to get nearer to my desk. "Like I mentioned to Gabby earlier," he began, "this was all just a big misunderstanding. We can't expect our Alpha to be everywhere at once; he's only one person." With that, Stephen let out an uneasy laugh and slumped back into his armchair, running his hands over the threadbare fabric. It didn't really help our situation, but I was grateful that he tried. Would I be able to set off the re alarm without anyone noticing and make my way out of this conversation? Gabriella xed me with a gaze that seemed to linger for a few moments—as if she had something to say, but instead decided to get up and leave. When she opened the door, Grin was just about to knock, hand suspended in midair. He shot Gabriella a coy smirk. Flirting was instinctively easy for Grin; it came as naturally to him as breathing. Gabriella shot a dark glare at Grin and said, "Move," her voice was full of menace. When Grin didn't budge, trying to be cute, he leaned down to her face and taunted her with a grin. "Make me," he said, winking at her before blowing a irtatious kiss. She countered by throwing her shoulder into his chest to get past him, causing him to double over. "What the hell is going on with her?" He coughed. "Don't ask," I replied curtly. Grin stumbled into the room, still rubbing his chest. Stephen sucked in his lips, trying to stie a laugh. "Quit the act. We know she didn't hit you that hard, you crybaby." Grin feigned innocence and replied, "Hey, f**k you, Stephen. It did kind of hurt. I wasn't expecting to be rammed in the chest by Gabby, of all people." He sat in the armchair Gabriella had been sitting in, trying to massage away the pain radiating from his chest. "What was going on with her anyway? She's never really that mad, especially after seeing you." He chuckled painfully. Stephen gave Grin a strange stare, and Grin responded with an equally weird expression as if they were talking to each other through the mind link. "Hey, y'all are not allowed to mind link in front of me if I'm not involved!" I snapped. They said their sorrys at the same time, but I wasn't going to drop it. "What were y'all linking about? That y'all couldn't say in front of me?" I pushed them for an answer. Grin leaned in closer to me and spoke under his breath, as if there were prying ears, "Moving on from the Gabby topic, I had wanted to talk to you about a certain issue." He said, his voice rising with excitement at the word 'issue,' like it was the best kept secret ever. "We saw you last night," he said with a hint of mischievousness as his eyebrows rose slightly. "Saw me what?" I had done a lot of things last night, hoping he wasn't referring to Cora. "We saw you with Cora." Never mind. I took a deep breath and slowly said, "Okay...You saw me with Cora doing what?" I might as well pull it out of them since they wanted to act coy. Grin glanced over at Stephen, and Stephen gave a slight nod and said, "Well...we saw you running away with what looked like an unconscious Cora in your arms. So, with all due respect, boss, but do you care to explain what happened last night?" I sighed, running my hands over my face. I should have been more careful last night, but that had taken a backseat to getting Cora to safety. I recounted the events of what happened at and after the party, leaving out the details of what transpired between Cora and me. They stared back in quiet amazement. Stephen was a little pale, and his mouth was slightly ajar. Grin, on the other hand, had a stupid smile plastered on his smug face. He was also the rst one to break the silence. Still smiling, he said, "So you nally made your move on Cora, and came in like a f*cken knight in shining armor, huh? Only took about seven years." He held up the correct number of ngers in emphasis. I wanted so badly to break them. Stephen seemed lost in our conversation, looking between us, trying to keep up. Griff, having noticed, turned to him to get him up to speed. "I guess you didn't know that our big bad Alpha here, who has never lost his cool, has been in a sad, one-sided crush with Cora Limestone." Stephen's eyes nearly bulged out of his head as he tried to wrap his mind around Griff's words. "Cora?? Omega Cora," he uttered blankly, which didn't sit well with me. In fact, it annoyed "Yes, Stephen. It's not like there are many girls in this town named Cora. So yeah, the one and only Cora." Stephen's lips formed an 'o' and then twisted into a frown. He slumped in his chair and propped up his head with his palm. "Do you think that's a bright idea? It's not a secret how Cora feels about being an omega and how it's held her back. And I know she's never been one for titles, so you'll be adding Luna to her resume on top of her feeling suffocated by the fact that she's an omega". His mouth became a thin line, aging his 22-year-old face beyond its years. He bit his bottom lip, and I saw the inner turmoil brewing behind his grey eyes. He seemed to struggle with the words on the tip of his tongue, as if speaking them would hurt him. He cleared his throat. "Also, my Alpha... Lee Evans has already spoken about how he wishes to court her in that way," he said, stressing the last word. I couldn't help but feel a little put off by how formal this sounded—it sounded too by the book for me to feel comfortable with. When I looked back at Stephen, his face was smooth and blank, voided of any emotion that might betray how he felt. Stephen and Lee were friends, but I wasn't going to allow one subordinate's friendship to stand in the way of my feelings for Cora. We were destined to be together. I could feel it in my bones as if it was written in my DNA. I'll be damned if I let her go, especially to Lee Evans. I clenched my sts to try and release some of the pent-up stress I was feeling. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Griff had taken notice of my behavior. He stretched his arms above his head and said, "Let's not get our panties in a bunch just yet, boys" Ah. Changing the topic. Smart man. "Now, My Alpha, as your second in command, my main concern is to make sure you understand how important discretion is in situations like last night. People like, for instance, Gabby, who tend to hang off of you like a damn ornament, would only end up bringing unnecessary drama to people like Cora." A tinge of pain between my eyebrows appeared, and I squeezed it between my ngers, emitting a slight possessive grumble. I was aware of Gabriella's emotions, but honestly, I didn't feel s**t for the girl. She was a good pack member but nothing more. No matter how many times I said it, she would not accept that I did not feel the same way about her. The girl just wouldn't take no for an answer. The sheer force of her determination was scary. Almost as if she were a demon intent on not being driven away. I knew being my pack's Alpha would be dicult, and I would have to deal with every dicult situation, but I didn't want to be too hard on her. These problems were trivial. I just wish I could trust Gabriella to keep it that way. I denitely didn't want her dragging Cora into any of her problems. "Don't worry, I'll make sure Gabriella doesn't do anything stupid to Cora, but I could use y'alls help to keep an eye on the situation as well." Stephen gave a nod, and Griff expressed his indifference with a shrug. "No need to worry, Alpha, we got it covered. You just focus on keeping things simple 'cause I, for one, ain't into breaking up catghts. I like to watch." Griff winked, then rose from his seat and tugged Stephen along to leave. Stephen loudly protested about Griff's grip on his shirt but soon followed. I was alone again and my oce was becoming uncomfortably quiet. Even the whirring of the air conditioner didn't provide much comfort. Today was already chaotic, and it wasn't even 10 a.m. yet. I eyed the pile of documents on my desk, knowing I had to get through it if I wanted to catch Cora at the cafe. The thought of seeing her brought back the happy, warm feelings I had lost thanks to the s**t circus morning. The only thing that's kept me going since last night is that even though she usually keeps her distance around me, she chose me and let down her guard. It gave me the condence to see her again. But knowing me, I would end up doing everything ass backward and risk her running away when she sees me. Again, my stomach felt queasy from anxiety, coupled with the fear that she had run away this morning because of me. The insecure thoughts kept coming back, telling me that maybe seeing me rst thing in the day made her regret everything. I hope to the Goddess herself that wasn't the reason why she left. s**t. Did seeing me naked there beside her scare her? Was that a rejection that I missed? My mind started racing, and the anxiety swelled in my chest. I needed to do something to get my mind off of this. My training session with the warriors was grueling. I was drenched in sweat after sparring and doing drills. The most experienced of us—the senior warriors and myself—had to take charge of each drill. Although it was a cool September evening, droplets of sweat were still running down my face. The chilly breeze made the damp parts of my clothing even colder. I wanted to shower, but I knew I would be late if I did; Cora's shift was about to end. The evidence of my hard work today was all over my body, with sweat and an unmistakable musk permeating the air around me. I gave a quick sniff to the pits and gured I didn't smell all that bad, so I gured I was good As I headed to the cafe, I practiced what I was going to say. I thought about ordering an iced coffee, asking her how her day was going, and try to gauge her reactions to see if she was in a good mood or not. Oh s**t, what if she doesn't want to see me at all? What if I go inside, and she's repulsed by the sight of me? Just imagining it made me want to turn back and go home. That look was so familiar to me, but why am I suddenly freaking out about it now? My wolf huffed inside me, no longer wanting to tolerate how insufferable I've been and longed to be free. Together with my wolf's restlessness and my anxiety, the fear of rejection was overwhelming. I arrived at the cafe as night descended, the sky gradually darkening as I approached. I was standing beneath the streetlamp across the street, psyching myself up to go and speak with her. Before I could take a single step, I saw Lee holding Cora's face in his hands, sliding something into her mouth. A deep, resounding rumble came from my wolf as he bared his teeth, shaking my consciousness. How dare he put his hands on what's mine? I felt my blood boil just as badly as it did last night. It made it all the more painful to watch Lee's eyes shift to gold, a clear reaction to Cora. I turned my attention to Cora, and seeing her wide amber eyes in response left me speechless. A wave of heat throbbed through my gut, and my heart plummeted at the sight of them gazing into each other's eyes, intoxicated by their lust. My wolf howled with despair as I trembled violently.

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My anger slowly took over.
Knowing I was losing control, I felt my claws rip through my ngers, and I knew if I stayed,
this could end badly.
So, instead, I ran to the outer boundaries of the town, my human consciousness giving
way to the animal's instinct that propelled my muscles forward.
I didn't know where I was going, but my paws pounded the ground and broke twigs and
branches in their wake.
My ears whirled with noise, picking up sound from all directions at once until it sifted
down into meaning.
I had to get far away from them, so I couldn't smell either of their scents.
The bloodthirst weighed heavy on my tongue, desperate to see Lee Evan's decapitated
head on a stake.
Thankfully, my thoughts soon faded away as I ran, and all that remained was the forest
ahead of me.
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