

Chapter Six

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Alpha Quinn Danvers

I had been glancing at my phone like it was an obsession. It had been almost two weeks and Ruth was completely avoiding me. I'd text her four times, she'd replied to none. I'd phone her twice, and got her voicemail. I had even gone over to visit her, but she claimed she was too busy to talk to me and practically slammed the front door in my face.

Ruth had given me pleasure that I hadn't experienced in years. After the death of my mystery mate, sex with other women left me feeling dirty and unfaithful. And it took me years to get over that feeling to where I enjoyed sex again. But, there was still a niggle in the back of my mind – which was why most of my 'girlfriends' never last longer than a few months. But, I didn't feel like that with Ruth. There was no guilt, no dirtiness and absolutely no regrets.

But, that was just on my side.

Ruth obviously didn't feel the same as me. Or, maybe, the problem was that she felt like I had with other women – that intense guilt and dirtiness. And that was what was making me finally decide to pull it back, because I knew what that was like and I didn't want her to feel like that. So, I made the decision to back off after the first week.

But, that didn't stop me from hoping and wishing that I was wrong. I kept my phone beside me on my desk, hoping she'd text me. I made sure to be out walking late when she was working her rounds, in case she wanted to talk to me. I knew that it was borderline stalker-ish behaviour, but I couldn't help it. Ruth was something I had never come across before and I wasn't sure I'd ever come across someone else like her again.

And then, when I thought I'd never see her again, a knock came on my office door. "Come in" I yelled, expecting either Ken or one of the other high-ranking Wolves. There was a momentary pause before the door opened and she stepped in.

Ruth looked as beautiful as ever. Her red hair was falling around her shoulders and her eyes were large and doe like. She wore a flowing sundress which was a soft turquoise colour that made the green in her eyes stand out.

"Ruth!" I jumped out of my chair so fast that it fell back with a large bang. I swore, stumbling out of its way. I gave Ruth a sheepish look, trying to hide my excitement at seeing her, before picking the chair up.

"Alpha, may I have a moment of your time?" she asked. It was like a stab to the heart when she called me 'Alpha' and not Quinn. I tried hard to hide my disappointment as I gestured her over to the couch. She offered me a small nod before sitting down, fussing with the end of her dress for a moment. I perched on the chair opposite her.

"How can I help you Ruth?"

"I would like a week off from the Pack rounds" she began – crushing the little hope I had that she was coming here to tell me that she didn't think sleeping with me was a mistake. She didn't even mention that morning as she carried on talking. "In two weeks time I plan to travel down to the Black Bloods Pack for a little while".

"That is your birth Pack, correct?" I asked. Something circled in my stomach, not quite jealousy but it was something not nice, at the prospect that Ruth was heading back to her mate.

"Yes, it is. I will only be gone for a week, Alpha" she replied. She was looking at me but there was no emotion in her eyes – no indication that she even knew my first name. And, yeah, that hurt. That hurt more than it should of after just one night with a girl.

"Can I ask the reason for your week of absence?" I replied, keeping my voice hard and professional. If Ruth was going to pretend that nothing happened between us, then I had to remind myself that I was her Alpha and I needed to act as such – no matter how much I liked her.

"It's personal" she stuttered out. I looked up at her, but she quickly looked away from me. I saw her beautiful green eyes glisten with unshed tears for a moment before she blinked them away – her face hardening as she suppressed her emotions. I knew instantly that it was obviously to do with her mate. Perhaps she had decided to take him back. That stung.

"Alright" I nodded, "I will grant you the week leave from your Pack duties". There was moment of pause. Inside of my head, I just kept thinking of Ruth disappearing back to her mate who treated her so badly. I knew I shouldn't have gotten involved, but I really couldn't help myself. "However, I need reassurance that you will return after that week" I added in, before I could stop myself. "I have a lot of rota's to fill out and I don't want to rotate you on and then you don't turn up".

"Oh, of course" she blinked in shock, before nodding her head. "I will only be gone for that week, you can rotate me on for the following week". The nerves calmed in my stomach slightly at her guarantee that she was coming back. It was pathetic – I was a thirty-four-year-old man and I was obsessing like a teenage girl at a boyband concert.

"Well thank you, Alpha" Ruth nodded, standing up and smoothing down her dress automatically. I got up with her, noticing how she was wearing so much perfume that sweetened her natural scent – it was alluring to say the least. Ruth made a move to leave the office, but I grabbed her arm to stop her. She froze at my touch before turning her shimmering eyes up to me.

"Are you okay, Ruth?" I asked, not being able to help myself. "I've been trying to get hold of you".

She moved out of my hold, "I've been fine".

I couldn't let her go. I couldn't. "Well, maybe we could grab a drink sometime. Or maybe I could make us dinner one night this week at my place or--"

"I don't think that's a good idea, Quinn" she said, cutting off my desperate rambling. I liked that she called me by my name for once, but I didn't like the rest of her words.

"Did I do something wrong?" I questioned. I hoped it was me, because then I could correct what I had done and win back her favour. However, I was pretty sure it had nothing to do with me and a whole lot to do with her ex-mate.

"You didn't do anything wrong, Quinn" Ruth assured me, giving me a soft smile that didn't reach her eyes. "But what happened...it was a mistake. One that I don't want to repeat. We just need to accept what happened and leave it as it was – a one-night stand and nothing more".

"Nothing more". The words left a bitter taste in my mouth as I repeated them.

"I'm sorry" she said, and I could tell by the look in her eyes that she meant it. "I hope you find what you're looking for, Quinn, but it's not me".

"You don't know that. I could be exactly what you need" I begged. Yes, I begged. Ego be damned – I liked Ruth and I was terrified that I may never feel like that about another girl again.

"I'm sorry Quinn, but you are not what I need...or want". Her words were harsh and they cut me deeper than they should.

"You haven't even given me a chance" I whispered out. I knew what she would see if she looked at me – raw vulnerability mixed with a broken heart. Not broken by her, but of a girl whose name I didn't know, nor would ever know. And finally I'd found a girl who I liked, really liked, who understood me in a way that no other ever had...and see too was unobtainable.

I had finally allowed myself to truly feel and care for a girl – the first one I truly thought I could have a future with since my mate died. I'd thrown myself in, feelings be damn. And damned they were. Because, fuck, did it hurt being rejected with the only girl I had dared hoped for a future with.

"I can't do this...I'm sorry" Ruth whispered out, eyes glistening with unshed tears. She shook her head at me before rushing over to the office door and escaping – leaving me alone in the silent room, wondering where it had all gone wrong.