

Wolfless, Fateful Encounters Chapter 8

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Rue

My heart was pounding as I left the office. I can't believe I just told my new boss and future alpha of the most prominent pack on the east coast to fuck off. My knees trembled from the adrenaline and fear. Travis could easily call my father right now or fire me. Everything would be over. I'd have to pack up and move on, uprooting Reece's life again. How could I be so stupid? I had been so angry when he treated Reece and me as if we were obligations and burdens. I don't care that he thought so little of me, but I refuse to let my son be treated that way. I looked down at the paper that trembled in my hand to search for where I needed to be. I walked back the way the prince and I had come from.

My thoughts were a tornado. I was going over every interaction with Travis or his Beta to see if there was any way to salvage my job. I turned into the hallway with the student check-in station, only to find it empty. I examined the small map the Alpha Heir gave me to find the correct path. Heading to follow the directions, I saw the double doors that read, 'Training ground #3'.

"Hey!" Someone called. I turned my head and encountered the two she-wolves mocking me earlier. The one with the nasally voice stepped into my path and popped her hip with her hand braced on it, "If it isn't the human posing as a shifter."

Her friend cackled, and I tried to reel in my temper once again. They weren't worth my time. "Yes, yes. I'm in a hurry, so if you would move."

"Could you teach me your ways?" her voice dripped with sarcasm. I stared at her, waiting for the continuation of this mockery. She smiled wickedly, "I was just wondering what technique you used to seduce and fuck your way into the instructor position? Is the Alpha Prince as good in bed as I've heard, or does he just use you as a glory hole?"

I could feel the jealousy rolling off this woman; I grinned, "Unlike you and your friend here, I don't have to spread my legs in order to get stuff. I actually possess brain cells."

"You cheap bitch!" The friend seethed, her claws extending out as she stepped forward. I momentarily hesitated because it wouldn't be an easy fight if they shifted entirely. I still had my werewolf traits but I couldn't shift. I took my boxer defense position, ready to fight them off. The friend smiled wickedly, "I'm going to rip your throat out with my teeth."

"Oh! Kinky!" I taunted, ready to show these two bullies how dangerous I could be. She snarled her upper lip and bore her teeth. A growl ripped through the air, and both

women froze. I felt the overwhelming presence but kept my eyes forward in case this was a surprise attack.

“Students should be attending classes.” Sammy’s voice bellowed next to me. For a Beta, he had a commanding bite behind his words. The she-wolves whimpered and bowed their chins slightly. I felt relief settle in my body that the growl didn’t belong to Alpha Heir Travis. I was still mortified by my declaration and didn’t know how to face him. Sammy was his Beta, though, so maybe I could still be fired.

“We apologize and will head that way right now.” The nasally woman cooed before grabbing her friend’s arm and dragging her away.

I relaxed and turned my attention toward Sammy. His blank expression gave nothing away, so I put on the most polite smile I could while dying inside. “Hello, Beta. We met again.”

He slightly bowed, “Rue, the Alpha Prince wanted me to give you this and escort you to the lessons. You have been assigned to observe and assist me in the course I’ll instruct.”

The fact I’m not instantly fired leaves me dumbfounded. I took the tiny gift box from Sammy’s hand and opened it gingerly. The ribbon was beautiful, and when I lifted the top off, I prayed it wasn’t an engagement ring like they use in the human world. A shiny golden key glistened in the sunlight. Sammy smirked and bridged his fingers on the crown of his head. “His royal highness said you could still use the villa whenever you wanted. It’s arranged for you and your boy to use.”

I rolled my eyes, shoving the box back together and into Sammy’s chest. “Tell the Alpha Prince that he can shove this key up his ass. I’ve already said no.”

I smacked my hand over my mouth, my eyes going wide in horror. I seriously did NOT just say that! It was too late now, though, so I stand firm by my comment. Sammy was caught off guard, cradling the box in his hand, and let out a boisterous laugh. He doubled over, gripping his sides, and tears leaked out the side of his eyes. I just waited until he was ready to move on. Suddenly, the Beta sobered wiped the tears away, and, still chuckling, said, “Man, I think I’ll send someone else to give Trav that message. I’m rather attached to my head.”

“Sounds like a plan, Stan. Now, are we getting this show started or what?” I asked. Sammy nodded and began walking toward one of the sections of classrooms.

At lunch break, I wandered into a secluded classroom on the far side of the training grounds. My cell phone felt heavy in my hands as the reality of making this call filled my lungs with lead. It was difficult to breathe, but sooner or later, my father would find out I was here. From the radio silence, I assumed Travis had yet to contact him. I was apprehensive about whether he would let my comments go or if he was only waiting to

take his revenge. Either way, the fear of my dad finding out before I told him sat heavily on my shoulders. I opened the dial pad and typed in the number I knew by heart. It rang three times before a tired yet rough voice picked up, "Hello?"

I choked back the tears, "Dad, it's me, Rue."

There was a long pause until his voice came out a little small, "Rue?"

"Yeah. I'm calling to inform you that my son and I are in New Jersey." I paused to collect myself as the tears started to form again.

"What are you doing back here?" His tone was weary but not the sharpness I expected.

"I've been hired as an instructor at the Training camp. We are not here to bother you and will not be returning to the pack; however, I would like you to meet your grandson." My sadness was slowly replaced by anger.

"Rue..." another long pause as voices in the background crackle through the line.

"Father, we will be there in two days to visit on my day off. Not as a pack member but as a daughter wanting to see her father." I ground out before disconnecting the call. I didn't give him a chance to say no. This meeting needed to happen to heal from the heartbreak we've endured.