

MY ALPHA'S WOLFLESS DAUGHTER

Chapter Fourteen

Prince Silas

I wasn't happy about my father trying to marry me off to the princess of the western sea. But after meeting her, I liked her. She was gorgeous, but it was her personality that won me over. I liked her sassiness. She has this no f**k to give attitude. It was refreshing to not have the woman swarming me trying to impress me. Princess Ayla could care less if I liked her, which only made me more turned on by her. It would have been a fun chase if the wolf she was with wasn't all over her.

Merpeople don't have mates. We can choose and claim them under a full moon. But she was half wolf, and I wonder if her mother did that on purpose. And with Princess Ayla's scales being black, that just complicates things further. The king of the eastern

sea won't want war, but he will want princess Ayla.

The legend goes that when one is born of black pearl scales, they will rise to rule over all the kingdoms. We haven't been at war in a millennium. With our own people, anyway. We seem to always be in hiding, fighting against anyone who would want to sell our scales.

When she told the queen of the western sea to f**k off, I couldn't help but laugh. Princess Ayla rushed into the house, pulling her wolf toy with her.

"She's a breath of fresh air, isn't she?" I laughed, looking at the alphas, my father, and the queen.

"Queen Andrea, remember this is my pack and I won't tolerate any more of your disrespect towards my niece." One alpha growled out.

“Clearly, she is claimed, even if she realizes it or not. The flower above her left ear proves it. So, dad, let’s just leave. I didn’t want to be here anyway and it would seem that I dodged a bullet.” I told him.

“Her being a Black Pearl changes everything. This isn’t about a war with King Kaden. With Ayla by his side, he could rule the entire seas.” My father said.

“Andrea, you better start explaining.” Another alpha growled out.

“How the hell am I supposed to know? The Black Pearl mermaid is a legend. And I never expected a half-blood to be of someone of such importance.” Queen Andrea yelled out. Oh, so that alpha is her father. Interesting.

“Dad, do you know why Queen Andrea’s daughter chose this wolf over you?” I asked him.

“Melody never told me anything about a wolf. The last time I saw her, she said she didn’t love me and couldn’t claim me.” My father sighed. I knew he loved Melody. It caused my parents to fight constantly.

“King Samuel, can you please explain to your son the importance of this marriage? The Western and Northern seas will rule the seas.” Queen Andrea tried to protest.

“And I would be just as miserable as my parents. That’s a hard pass for me. But good luck with your plan,” I told her.

“Silas, that’s not fair.” My father said.

“Fair? You loved Melody, and she loved that guy. Don’t think for one second I didn’t hear you and mom arguing about it,” I said. This entire situation was

ridiculous. I'm not claiming anyone who doesn't want me to claim them. I don't want to be in a relationship like my parents.

"Melody never loved me." The alpha growled out.

"What?" My father asked, stunned.

"She may have claimed me, but she didn't love me. She wouldn't even let me see my daughter. I don't know what her angle was, but it wasn't love. She kept me from my fated mate for fifteen years until she died." He said.

"Atlas, that's not fair to Melody. I'm sure she had her reasons." Another one said.

"How is it fair that my brother could spend more time with my child than me? Melody created this mess, and we are all left to clean it up. And Andrea, I'm not

forcing Ayla to do anything she doesn't want to do. If you want to win her over, you may want to change your fucken attitude." Atlas yelled before storming into the house.

"Well, wasn't this a fun reunion?" I said sarcastically.

"Andrea, if everything you have told us is true, then I don't see why Prince Silas can't just work beside Ayla. They don't have to be married or claimed by each other." Princess Ayla's uncle said.

"If King Kaden gets ahold of Ayla, we are all doomed. Not only will he take over the oceans, but the land. We will be back for dinner, around six pm. King Samuel, Prince Silas, you will stay with me until we can come up with an agreement." Queen Andrea said, before walking over to her car. The driver opened the door for her.

“Come on, son, it’s been an eventful afternoon. Alphas.” My father nodded to them. My father was taking to seeing his lover’s lover rather well. I don’t think I would be as calm as him.

I just turned eighteen and I’m not ready to settle down with anyone. But it doesn’t mean I won’t work with Princess Ayla to protect our people. And we would both be miserable if we claimed each other to grow our kingdoms. I’m sure she didn’t want to end up like her parents. And we all have eyes. Clearly, her wolf toy cares about her. And if I were him, I would fight for her.

For the last eighteen years, my father has been miserable without the person he wanted to claim. I heard stories from the castle staff about how he was so happy and then, after the day Melody left, he was a complete shell of his former self. And I refuse to be unhappy for the rest of my life.

Princess Ayla

After Nate left my room, I walked into the bathroom. I gasped as I looked at myself in the mirror.

“What the hell happened?” I whispered to myself. But the wolf tattoo above my left breast caught me off guard.

It shimmered in the bathroom light, just like the dress I was now wearing. The color reminded me of a black pearl. Under the light, the shades were different. The tattoo was almost identical to my mother’s pendant, but the moon was a crescent, not full.

“What the hell is going on?” I whispered, sitting down on the toilet seat cover. It was then I noticed the slit in the dress went up to my hip.

Wonderful. Not only was my p***y out, but my breasts were as well. No wonder grandmother was so pissed. I'm so unladylike. I'm the trash princess no one wanted. Signing, I went into my thoughts.

I sat there as I thought about the man that was supposed to be my mother's mate. My heart broke for him and my father. How could my mother do that to them? She broke both of them and for what? I hated being my mother's daughter. And I hated it even more that she wasn't here to clean up the mess she made.

Now I get to be the one stuck in the middle. Stuck between both worlds. I had more questions than answers, and I wish I could speak with my mother. I want to know why she chose my father over King Samuel. Why did she bring these two worlds together? And what would have happened if I had a wolf instead of a tail?

I was so lost in my thoughts; I jumped when Nate knocked on the door.

“Ayla, you okay?” He called out.

“Yeah, I’ll be right out,” I yelled out. Sighing, I stood up and wiggled out of the dress. When it hit the floor, it disappeared, changing into a pile of dark purple flowers, like the one in my hair. I gasped and Nate banged on the door.

“Ayla?” He yelled out.

“I’m fine. Give me a sec.” I called out. I wrapped a towel around myself before I opened the door to find Nate. He was looking at me, concerned.

“What happened?”

“My dress,” I said, moving for him to see into the

bathroom. He looked at the pile of flowers and then at me.

“It was my dress.” I shrugged.

“How?” He breathed out.

“I don’t know,” I said, sitting on the edge of the bed. Nate was still looking into the bathroom.

“Nate?” I asked him after a moment of me awkwardly sitting on the bed, practically naked.

“Yeah?” He answered, shaking his head. He finally looked at me.

“Clothes, please?” He looked me up and down before he cleared his throat.

“Yeah, sorry.” He turned around and walked over to

where he put his bag. Without turning around, he threw me a sweatshirt and a pair of sweatpants.

I pulled both pieces of clothing on before climbing into bed and I put the flower on the nightstand. I turned to still see Nate with his back turned.

“All done. You can turn around. I’m sure you already saw everything earlier.” I said, getting comfortable.

“When would I have seen everything?” He asked playfully as he lay on his stomach beside me. Stuffing the pillow under his head as he watched me.

“The slit. You could have warned me.” I scolded him and he chuckled.

“I don’t remember. Maybe you should put it back on and model it. I’ll let you know if I see a problem.” He smirked.

“I would, but it’s flowers,” I retorted.

“I don’t mind the flowers,” he said before he smiled.

“Really?” I exclaimed, pushing his shoulder.

“What? You’ve already seen me naked.” He pouted.
And I rolled my eyes.

“Yes, I did.” I giggled.

“Oh, it’s like that.” He huffed.

“You don’t seem like the type to be offended so easily, Beta Nate.” I teased. He threw an arm over my waist and pulled me close.

Our noses were now touching as I stared into his eyes. Being so close to him, my core heated, and I

lost every rational thought. I brought a hand up to his cheek and he leaned into my touch.

“f**k, don’t do that.” He breathed out, nudging my nose with his.

“And what am I doing, Beta Nate?” I purred before running my tongue along his lips.

Nate rolled onto his side, burying his face into my neck as his free hand worked its way under my shirt. I shivered as he kissed and sucked my neck and collar.

“You know exactly what you are doing, Princess Ayla.” His voice was husky, and he pushed his very hard c**k into my thigh. I gasped when his teeth grazed my neck and his hand found one of my n****s.

“Nate,” I moaned as he rolled it between his fingers.

He bit down harder and it caused me to moan louder.

“f**k, you smell good.” He mumbled against my neck. I was dripping and my p**y clenched painfully as he sucked harder over the spot he had just bit.

I pushed him back onto the bed with a hand on his chest. I climbed on top of him so I was straddling him and before he could say a word, my lips were on his. His taste took me to an eleven as I thrust my tongue into his mouth, tasting him.

My entire body was on fire as I rolled my hips down into his c**k, chasing any form of friction. I’ve never been so turned on that it hurt before and everything about this man drove me wild. His scent, his taste, the way his body felt underneath mine. If claiming him might feeling like this forever, I’ll forever be his.

Moving from his lips, I kissed down his jaw to his

neck. Sucking and nipping as I rolled my hips into him. His hands were under my shirt, against my back, sending tingles through my body. I let out a moan against his neck and he flipped us, making me gasp.

“Nate,” I breathed out. He began to grind his rock-hard c**k into my core. I could tell he was massive, and I licked my lips, imagining my lips around the tip.

“f**k, baby.” He groaned against my neck before he bit down.

“Nate, there are too many clothes between us.” I moaned, rolling my hips to meet his. I was about to explode as I dug my nails into his shoulders.

He instantly stopped what he was doing, his body going stiff on top of mine. He pulled away and hovered above me.

“Nate, what’s wrong?” I breathed out, panting. I was trying to catch my breath. He moved off of me and sat on the edge of the bed, looking away from me. Sitting up on my elbow, I watched him. I could tell he was also trying to catch his breath, but why did he stop?

“Ayla, it’s not that I don’t want to because I do, but I think you need to figure out everything before we claim each other.” He sighed. I didn’t expect his words to cut me like a knife. Logically, that sounds fair, but to me, it sounded like he was rejecting me. My claim was forever, and maybe that was too much for him.

“Do wolf claims last forever?” I asked, trying not to sound hurt. I was begging the tears not to fall.

“Our claim can be rejected.” He answered without looking at me.

“And with me, you couldn’t reject me after the claim,” I

whispered. I rolled on my side away from him. My heart twisted painfully in my chest. I didn't understand why his words hurt so much.

Maybe I thought when a wolf claims its mate, it was forever, until death anyway, but it's just not the case. And I knew claiming each other would be moving too fast, but my heart ripped like he just told me he didn't want to be with me. All of this was frustrating, as I knew nothing about either world. Is what I'm feeling normal? I don't know. But whatever I'm feeling sucks.

I felt the bed dip behind me before Nate wrapped his arms around my waist, pulling me back into his chest. He snuggled his face into my neck as I willed myself not to break down in sobs.

"Baby, please don't be upset. I'm sorry. My father asked me to wait until you had all the information. Your grandma is coming to dinner tonight, and he

urged me to convince you to listen. You don't know how hard it is to hold Duke back from marking you." He mumbled, kissing my neck.

"Why would a wolf reject another?" I asked him. And he sighed.

"Cheating. We can feel when our mate is with another." He answered and I turned over to look at him before he finished.

"When I saw you kissing that girl in the club, it broke my heart and I never understood why. It's because the bond thinks you cheated even if you hadn't marked me?" I gasped.

"You were mine the moment our eyes locked on the mountain. And yes, technically I did cheat and I'm so sorry, Ayla. I wish it had never happened." He pleaded, staring into my eyes. He nudged my nose

with his.

“What else?” I asked.

“Kids with another. Wolves can get anyone pregnant, not just their mates. And our wolves are very possessive. When we meet our mates, the bond sucks us in and all logic goes out the window. But I’ve seen newly mated wolves get rejected before because of a child with someone other than their mate.” He said.

“Please say you forgive me, baby?”

“Nate, you have nothing to apologize for. We weren’t together. I don’t even understand what we are now. Are we together but unclaimed? Or do we wait until we claim each other?” I rambled on until his lips found mine, stopping me from continuing.

“Ayla, you are mine. If you want to say girlfriend, wife, partner, or mate, the title doesn’t matter. You are mine and I’m never letting you go.” He said after he pulled away.

“Nate, why does this all have to be so complicated?” I breathed out, closing my eyes.

“I don’t know, but you will always have me. I’m not going anywhere, Ayla. Even if you were to ask me to leave, I don’t think I could.” he said, before rolling onto his back and pulling me to his side. I rested my head on his chest, a hand rested on his abs.

“Does my claim scare you?” I mumbled out the question, not wanting to know the answers.

“Not spending forever with you scares me.”

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