

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online Prologue & chapter 1

Prologue

I can tell you the exact moment my life began to fall apart. The moment where everything came tumbling down and I no longer knew what my place was in the world. The familiar instantly became foreign and I was left with nowhere to go.

It all started when my boyfriend had found his mate.

Tyler and I had been dating since I was sixteen, almost a year of time was spent having him by my side. Tyler happened to be the Alpha's son, I had grown up with Tyler and spent my childhood training at his side.

When I turned sixteen the feelings of friendship quickly blossomed into romance. Tyler was seventeen, able to find his mate from he turned nineteen.

I was so gullible back then, hanging on his every word. I was so sure we would be mates, we were destined after all.

I had this same delirious mindset up until his nineteenth birthday party, the day where everything crashed and burned.

Tyler picked me up from my house around 8 p.m. He pulled up to my house in his shiny Mustang, I'd often joke that he loved his car more than me. There were a lot of things Tyler loved more than me.

My mom, dad and older brother weren't fond of me dating their soon-to-be Alpha. They knew the risks of getting involved with another wolf, but like a child, I had ignored them.

I hopped into Tyler's car, not thinking twice that he hadn't opened the door for me.

"I thought I told you to wear the blue dress." Tyler sighed, rolling his eyes. I frowned at him and looked down at the black dress I was wearing. I didn't see anything wrong with it.

"I told you I didn't like that one." I frowned, wondering what got him in such a bad mood.

"Whatever, you know I'm just looking out for you." Tyler shrugged, "You look like some goth girl when you wear black."

I rolled my eyes at his bad mood, knowing he would cheer up once he had a few drinks in him.

Tyler never liked when I wore black, he would always say I looked "goth". I didn't see a problem with looking "goth", some of the clothes they wore were really cute. I'm sure it didn't help that I had straight, raven colored hair.

Tyler had told me hundreds of times how much better I would look as a blonde, but I couldn't bring myself to dye my hair. I was the only one in the family who had gotten my grandma's raven hair.

I sat in silence as Tyler drove, listening to him openly complain about the neighboring packs. Tyler seemed to have a problem with just about everybody.

"The Alpha from the Dawn pack is asking for my help. He picked a fight with the Crescent pack and needs my help to get out of it." Tyler rolled his eyes, running his hand through his sandy blonde hair.

I felt my eyes widen, “The Crescent pack? Why the heck would he pick a fight with them?”

The Crescent pack were one of the baddest packs around. Legend says they started out as a pack of all rogues, and quickly expanded once Alpha Gabriel came into power. Now Alpha Gabriel’s grandson had taken over, and it seemed the cruelty ran in the family.

“Please Lola,” Tyler scoffed. “It’s just a stupid pack, and their Alpha is just a man.”

“A man with a lot of territory.” I mumbled, knowing that the Crescent pack held the most territory in the world. They were the biggest pack our kind had ever seen.

“Not for long.” Tyler smirked. I didn’t like the feeling that bubbled in my stomach at his words.

“What do you-” I started, but was cut off.

“Enough of that. It’s not important.” Tyler dismissed me with a wave of his hand. We pulled into the parking lot of the nightclub and Tyler turned to face me.

“This is important.” Tyler smirked, pulling me in and pressing his lips against my own.

I giggled like a stupid school-girl and leaned into the kiss, loving the butterflies that swarmed my stomach.

“Are you finally going to say yes tonight?” Tyler smirked, tugging on a piece of my long hair.

I found myself smiling back, ready to give him the news he had been waiting for.

It was only a matter of hours until Tyler was able to find his mate. He had been nagging me for months

now to finally sleep with him, to let him take my virginity. Each time I had turned him down, waiting for this night. Once we officially became mates, I would give myself to him entirely.

"I'm ready." I bit my lip, looking up into his cerulean eyes.

His smirk deepened as he pulled me in for another kiss, "It's about damn time." I giggled as he grumbled.

We went inside the club and met up with our friends. I linked my arm through Chelsea's and talked to her over the pounding music.

Chelsea was one of those people who was easy to hate, and harder to like. I realized later on in my life, that I had been the same as her. Shallow, bitchy, mean even.

"Hey bitch." Chelsea smirked, flipping her honey colored hair behind her shoulder.

I smirked back at her, taking in the baby pink dress she was wearing. "Hey yourself."

I happily clung to Tyler's side while he talked to his closest friends Ethan and Isaac. Ethan was your typical asshole, always jumping around from girl to girl. He had even tried to get with me at one point.

Ethan had a problem with personal space, and would often try to push any kind of boundaries you set. Isaac was nineteen and had already found his mate, but he didn't seem too attached to her. He'd often go out with Ethan and Tyler, doing only Goddess knows what.

"You ready to find your mate?" Ethan teased, waggling his eyebrows at a group of human girls that passed by.

"Hopefully she's hot." Tyler smirked, giving my shoulder a small squeeze as he glanced down at me. I rolled my eyes at him and playfully smacked his shoulder. I eyed Tyler's drink enviously, he never liked when I drank alcohol. It didn't fit his picture perfect narrative. I turned towards Chelsea and struck up a

conversation.

“If I happen to be Tyler’s mate, hope you won’t hold it against me.” Chelsea winked, giving Tyler a sly glance.

I rolled my eyes at her, “Please, if anything your mate will be Ethan.” I broke out into giggles at the disgusted look on her face.

“Not a chance. Been there, done that. Never again.” Chelsea practically shrieked, fanning herself with her hand.

“Ew, you slept with him?” I fake gagged.

She rolled her eyes at me as if I were a petulant child, “Well duh. Who hasn’t?” She scoffed.

“Um me. I haven’t.” I smirked at her.

“Well, that’s because the purity princess is saving herself for her mate.” Chelsea cooed dramatically, but I knew she was making fun.

“Jealousy doesn’t suit you.” I stuck my tongue out at her.

Just then, Tyler ripped himself from my side hard enough to make me stumble.

“What the hell, babe.” I snapped, looking at him in surprise.

“Do you smell that?” I heard him murmur to himself.

I watched, open mouthed, as my entire world crumbled.

A tall, long-legged girl made her way out of the woman's bathroom and locked eyes with Tyler. Even with the thumping music sending vibrations scattering across my skin, you could hear a pin drop.

"Oh shoot." I could hear Ethan's amused voice, but it sounded like he was in a bubble.

Tyler and the mystery woman locked eyes, and ran into each other's arms. Like some kind of bad romance movie.

I couldn't hear anyone else now, couldn't focus on any one's face. I could've sworn I saw Ethan laughing and Chelsea with a sly smirk on her face. The only one who didn't seem amused was Isaac.

I could feel my entire body trembling as my brain fought to process what was happening.

Tyler had found his mate. My boyfriend had found his mate, and it wasn't me.

Then, like any completely rational teenage girl- I ran.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 1

I didn't stop running until I was deep into the forest, my lungs burning from being deprived of oxygen.

My wolf, Maya, was furious.

She was hesitant about Tyler in the beginning, but was eventually won over. She thought he was our mate too. While I was heartbroken and fighting back tears, Maya was seething.

I closed my eyes and allowed her to take over, making her promise that she wouldn't go and hunt Tyler

down.

Maya carried us farther into the woods, and I allowed myself to sink into the furthest depths of her mind. My head was still racing with what had just happened, I wanted to turn everything off for just a few moments. I couldn't handle it.

Hours and hours had passed, but I hardly noticed. I drifted off as Maya hunted and continued running.

I finally came to my senses when soft grass tickled my naked back. The familiar scent of herbs filled the air. Basil, Lavender, and Mint invaded my nose and soothed my aching heart.

"Lola, dear? Is that you?" A withered voice called out and I felt my heart jump.

"You brought me here?" I asked Maya in surprise.

"We need her. We're not going back." She growled, resenting me for thwarting her plans on attacking Tyler.

"Grandma?" My voice cracked and I sat up from the grass.

It was nearing dawn, the sun was just beginning to rise and it cast orange hues along her small cottage. Her herb gardens lifted and swayed in the breeze.

I had always loved coming to grandma's house. My mom forbade me and my brother from coming back here, holding a grudge against my grandma for years.

The story of my mom meeting my dad isn't one I like to talk about. My mom and dad aren't mates. Mom rejected her mate when she was younger, seeking out my dad when she realized his mate had died. My grandma always resented her for that, for throwing the mate bond away.

“Lola, what on earth are you doing here?” My grandma exclaimed, wrapping a woven blanket around my exposed body. She pulled me into a hug and I could feel myself break down at her familiar scent and touch.

My grandma had this quality that made everyone love her. She was nearly impossible not to get along with. My grandma matched my extremely short height of 5'2', and had the same long black hair. She was more withered, with laugh lines circling her mouth and eyes, but she had never looked better to me.

“I missed you so much.” I cried into her shoulder. I even remembered how she smelled. So many different herbs and apples. Grandma had a couple of apple trees she absolutely adored. She would always be making a pie or some kind of dessert when we used to visit.

“What’s got you all worked up, Lola?” Grandma frowned, “Is it that boy you’re dating?”

Grandma was always supportive of anything I wanted to do, she just always reminded me to think things through.

Grandma led me into her little cottage and sat me by her fireplace.

“Tell me, what happened?” She sat next to me, placing a fresh set of clothes in my lap.

And tell her, I did.

I poured my heart out for what seemed like hours. She never once threw my mistake back in my face, like my mother would have.

“I don’t want to go back, Grandma. I can’t face them.” I sniffled.

“Then you won’t go back. You’ll stay here with me.” My grandma nodded with finality. She had that determined look on her face that said ‘nobody will stand in my way’.

“What about mom and dad.” I sighed, knowing a huge fight between them was brewing.

“You let me deal with your parents.” My grandma shook her head, placing a cup of tea in my hands.

1 Year Later

“Ha-ha!” I laughed, launching myself through the air. I maneuvered around the muscular arms that reached out to grab me.

I dropped to the ground, dodging limbs and landing my own blows as I went.

“Good Lola, don’t let me land any blows.” Chris’s weary voice yelled out.

“Just a few more seconds. He’s getting tired.” Maya coached me.

I continued to dodge each move Chris made, while landing my own in the process. I could feel him breaking down, growing tired as he threw all he had at me.

“Now!” Maya yelled in my head.

I leaped at Chris suddenly, his eyes widening in shock before he could defend himself. He turned away, as if he were going to run. I landed on his back and wrapped my arms around his neck, putting pressure on his windpipe.

After a second or two of holding it there, I jumped off his back and beamed up at him.

“That was some good work, kid.” Chris nodded appreciatively.

“Thanks.” I smirked, finally having gotten the upper hand on him.

Chris rolled his eyes and frowned at me, “Don’t go getting cocky now. You still need to work on building your strength.”

“I know, I know. Just let me have this win.” I sighed, smiling at my grandma as she came out of the cottage with food and drinks.

I had been living with grandma for almost a year, only talking to my parents once a week. I stopped calling my mom after a month. She insisted on giving me updates on Tyler and his mate, which I learned was named Brittany. I kept in constant contact with my dad, the only person who seemed to understand the decision I had made. Even my older brother Sean, rarely called.

Sean had started taking over his duties as Beta, my father having retired almost a year ago.

Life had been amazing living with my grandma. I spent my eighteenth birthday in her cottage, picking herbs and making pastries with the apples she had picked. My grandma lived a simple life, but I had quickly grown to love it.

She introduced me to her neighbor. Chris. Chris happened to be a werewolf like Grandma and I. In Chris’s prime he was one of the best warriors in history, and even a Beta at one point. No one knew what happened to him after he disappeared, no one but my grandma. Chris agreed to train me, looking at my short stature, and deciding I needed to know how to protect myself.

Chris taught me to use what I had in my favor. Being 5’2’ and 105lbs didn’t give me much to work with. After training with Chris for almost a year, I could easily handle myself. I’m small and fast, which means men twice my size had to work even harder to land any blows.

“Lola, dear. Your brother’s on the line waiting for you!” Grandma informed me, placing a sandwich in my hand as I walked into the house.

“Hello?” I said through a mouthful of sandwich. Why would Sean be calling me?

“Lola? I have some news.” Sean’s voice responded from the other end, sounding a lot deeper than usual.

“What’s up?” I frowned, sitting on the arm of the couch as I munched on my sandwich.

There was a long pause on the other end of the line.

“Mom’s dead, Lola.” Sean replied in a gruff voice.

I felt my face scrunch up in confusion. How could mom be dead? Everything seemed normal when Dad called me every week.

“W-What? How?” I demanded.

“Just- Just come home, Lola. I don’t want to explain this over the phone.” Sean sighed, adding “Dad needs you.”

“I’ll- I’ll talk to grandma.” I sighed. The last thing in the world I wanted was to go home. The thought of running into Tyler or his mate put a sour taste in my mouth.

After Chris went home for the day, I told grandma the news.

As much as grandma didn’t like my mom, she was still sad to hear what had happened.

“And he wouldn’t tell you what happened to her.” Grandma sighed.

“He said he wanted to explain in person. He said dad needs me.” I frowned at her, and she knew what I needed to do.

“Then I suppose we better get packing.” Grandma frowned, worrying about her widowed son.

“We? You’re coming too?” I nearly gasped.

A stern frown crossed her face, but I could see her eyes twinkling. “Of course, no granddaughter of mine is going back to her slimy ex without some backup.”

“I don’t know what I’d do without you.” I sighed, pulling her in for a hug.

“Just don’t expect me to get into any fist fights, I’m too old for that stuff. No one wants to see a sixty-year-old werewolf fight.” Grandma cackled.

I rolled my eyes at her, but I couldn’t help the giggle that slipped from my lips.

“You’ll never be old to me.” I smirked, following her into the bedroom to pack our clothes away.

Grandma stopped by Chris’s house the next morning, letting him know where we had gone. She promised him a year’s supply of apple pies if he took care of her herb garden.

We hopped into my grandma’s car, and the anticipation bubbled in my stomach. Everything about me had changed in such a short amount of time. I was no longer weak or shallow. I wouldn’t let anyone walk all over me ever again.

“Are you ready for this?” My grandma frowned, her silver eyes meeting my identical ones.

“Not at all.” I gave her a weak smile.

“Chin up. If any of those pups mess with you, bite their damn head off.” My grandma encouraged me.

Through the nerves and resentment I held for my old pack, I laughed at my grandma and braced myself.

Turns out I wasn't the only thing that had changed.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 2

The drive back to my old pack was only five hours. While I remembered Tyler finding his mate like it was yesterday, the run to my grandma's house had been hazy.

“You ran five hours?” I asked Maya, somewhat shocked.

“We needed to get the hell out of there.” She grumbled, “And now were going right back.”

“We don't have a choice.” I sighed, “But were both different now.”

“You're damn right we are.” Maya growled smugly.

We pulled up to the edge of the packs territory, escorted to the side of the road by some of the wolves who were guarding the perimeter. I was surprised that I didn't recognize any of these wolves.

They emerged from the forest wearing nothing but low hanging sweat pants. I tried to keep my gaze to myself, but I'm still half human.

"What is your business coming here?" One of the men spoke up. His build was huge, and he had a long scar running down his bicep.

"Were here to visit family. My brother's the Beta." I replied, looking at each of their faces. There really wasn't anyone here that I recognized. Had the pack grown in the time that I was gone?

"Beta Drake?" The man had a confused look on his face.

"What? No, Beta Sean." I scowled. Since when did Tyler have a Beta named Drake? I wondered if everything was okay with Sean's position in the pack. You typically have to do something really bad to lose your position like that.

A look of understanding crossed the man's face, and he glanced at the other men with him.

"Go on through." He nodded once, and my grandma wasted no time in pulling away.

"Well, that sure was strange." My grandma looked at me and frowned, I'm sure she was thinking the same thing as me.

"It definitely was." I frowned.

We drove through the center of town and I was shocked to see a ton of new faces. Something had definitely happened while I was gone.

I vaguely remembered Tyler telling me about another pack that needed help. Maybe they finally joined forces.

We pulled into the driveway of my old house. The white paint was now faded. It looked like I had been gone for much longer than a year. The flowers that were once outside were now wilted and dead. My mom was the one to take care of the flowers out front. How long has she been dead for?

I hesitated at the door, wondering if I should knock or just walk in. My train of thought was interrupted as my grandma opened the door and walked into the house.

A shocked Sean was sitting on the couch, my dad sitting off to the side in his recliner.

“Lola?” My dad exclaimed, looking more surprised than ever.

My dad and Sean looked me up and down, noticing the changes I had been through in the past year. My raven colored hair had grown longer than ever, now reaching my waist. My silver eyes were much brighter, teeming with life. My skin was clear and porcelain-like, and I had lost some of the baby fat I had carried with me. The fat quickly was replaced with muscle.

“Hi dad.” I smiled at him, walking into his arms. I breathed in his scent of cologne and toba**o.

“I missed you, kid.” My dad grumbled, ruffling my hair before he turned to his mom.

His face lit up like a little kid, “It’s good to see you, Ma.” He pulled her in for a hug and held on for dear life.

“Now tell me what the hell is going on.” I scowled at Sean, who was simply watching their exchange with

dad.

Dad sighed and sat back down on his recliner, looking tired and somewhat beaten down.

“Well go on. I’m not going to break if you talk about it.” He grumbled at Sean. My grandma stood off to the side, her hand on her son’s shoulder.

“Tyler f**ked up.” Sean huffed.

I rolled my eyes, “Wow, so surprised. Keep going.”

“I don’t know if he told you, but Tyler was supposed to help another pack. They pissed off the Alpha of the Crescent pack and needed backup in case they went to war.” Sean started, and I was already becoming bored. Tyler’s mistakes didn’t surprise me. After finally leaving home, I was able to see what a complete moron he was.

“Okay, and?” I drug my words out, letting him know I didn’t care about any of the small details.

“Well, Tyler refused to help them. Then, Tyler kept talking sh*t on the Crescent pack. He pissed off their Alpha, pissed him off real bad.” Sean shook his head as if he were trying to get rid of a bad memory.

“He didn’t.” I sighed, shaking my head. I know Tyler’s inflated ego was going to bite him in the ass. His father was a half-assed Alpha and he was turning out to be the same.

“They came here, Lola. They declared war on us.” Sean frowned, glancing at Dad.

I couldn’t help but feel confused. Sure, there were a lot of new faces but everything seemed the same. There was no way Tyler defeated the Alpha of the Crescent pack.

“What happened?” I frowned, looking between Sean and my Dad’s grim faces.

“I’ll tell you what happened,” My dad spat angrily. “Not a single f**king pack would help Tyler. Tyler made us all fight. Every man and woman had to fight. Your mom died fighting. I couldn’t get to her in time.” My dad’s voice broke off with a mournful sigh.

“How- How could he do that.” I said the words more to myself. I knew Tyler was bad, but this was worse than I could imagine. Then again, they hadn’t finished the story.

“And you know what the worst part of all of this is? Tyler f**king ran. Grabbed his bitch and escaped while the rest of us were fighting for our lives.” My Dad spat, now he was shaking with anger.

My grandma gasped, and they gave us a few moments to process what Dad had said. Abandoning your pack was something no Alpha had ever done. Being an Alpha wasn’t a job, it was something embedded deep inside of you. An Alpha would sooner be tortured and die with their pack than to leave everyone behind. It went against everything we know as werewolves.

“Dad calm down. If he ever comes back Alpha will kill him.” Sean’s face turned grim again.

“Alpha? Alpha who?” I questioned.

“Once we realized Tyler had left us all to die, we did the only thing we could. We surrendered.” Sean frowned.

“We have a new Alpha now. Alpha Asher. We’re part of the Crescent Pack.” Sean grumbled, obviously not enjoying the situation. I wondered what that would mean for his position as Beta.

“At least Alpha Asher would never leave his pack behind.” Dad spat, “He may be ruthless and cruel, but he’d sooner die than abandon his people.”

After the long and painful conversation, they gave me and my grandma time to settle in. I nearly cried when I saw my room was exactly how I had left it. I ripped the pictures of Tyler and I down with a furious growl.

“Better that girl be his mate than us. We’d never abandon our pack like that.” Maya spat.

“We kind of did abandon our pack.” I replied to her with a frown.

“That’s different, Lola. We’re not Luna, we’re not Beta’s or anything. We had no obligation to this pack. Especially after Tyler.” Maya growled, but her words made sense. She was right though, if we were Luna, we would have died along with our friends and family.

After settling in, Grandma and I went back downstairs. Grandma insisted on making dinner even though my Dad grumbled in disagreement. I knew he was happy to see his mom though. He needed his family after losing Mom. She may have not been his mate, but he’d been with her for twenty years.

As we ate dinner, I nearly jumped off my seat hearing the mind-link click in my head. The mind-link hadn’t worked since I decided to leave the pack. A deep, husky voice ran through my head. I practically shivered as it swirled in my ear, around my head, and out the other.

“Report to training at the Pack House, 10 a.m. Do not be late. I look forward to meeting you.” A male’s husky voice rolled around in my head. Rough and commanding.

“Was- Was that Alpha Asher?” I found myself speaking out loud. Dad, Sean and Grandma gave me looks of confusion.

“What, Lola?” My Dad frowned, uneaten spaghetti hung from his fork.

“Um, a guy told me to report for training tomorrow?” I sounded unsure. Was it his Beta?

“That was Alpha Asher.” Sean nodded, his lips pressed in a thin line.

My Dad nodded, “He likes doing things himself. He makes everyone train.”

I scowled at the two of them. I didn’t like being forced into doing anything.

“Don’t worry, Lola. If you’re no good he won’t make you fight. He just likes to see what everyone is capable of.” Sean told me, his frown permanently etched onto his face.

“I can fight just fine.” I snapped at him. I no longer wanted to be treated like some dainty little girl. I may be small, but I can handle my own.

“Since when?” Finally a smirk formed on his face, the only other expression I had seen on his face was a frown.

I glared at him, “Since I left this pack. I haven’t been sitting on my ass for an entire year.”

“I’ll be there tomorrow for training too. We’ll see how good you really are little sis.” He smirked at me, only pissing me off further.

Tyler was a big advocate on “men fight better than women”, it was good to know my brother felt the same.

Chris pushed me to the breaking point more times than I could count, I had no doubt that I could handle most of the male wolves here.

I spent the rest of the afternoon with my family. Grandma tried to raise their moods, but they had been sitting in misery for who knows how long.

I followed my grandma outside and helped her straighten out the wilting flowers that crowded the outside of the house. By the time we were finished pulling up the dead flowers and planting new ones, I was exhausted and covered in dirt.

“And you call yourself old.” I huffed at her, taking long gulps of the lemonade she had made for me.

She chuckled at my statement and rolled her eyes, “Years and years of working in my garden dear. Let’s make that a part of your training.” She laughed, and I gave her a frightened look.

“You’re gonna work me to death, Grandma. And I thought Chris was an evil dictator.” I shuddered in fear.

My grandma cackled and shooed me inside. By the time I finally collapsed on my bed, I was knocked out cold without a second thought.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 3

I woke to the sound of banging. Startled from my sleep, I jumped out of bed just in time for my bedroom door to open.

“sh*t Lola, what’re you still doing here?” My Dad exclaimed, his eyes darting around at my restless appearance.

“Huh?” Was the first thing to leave my lips. For a minute there I hadn’t even remembered leaving grandma’s house.

With an exasperated look my Dad replied, “Hell, you’re late for training!”

“What!” I gasped, “Why didn’t Sean wake me up?”

“He has patrol early in the mornings.” My Dad groaned, “Already off to a bad start.”

“sh*t, well go so I can get dressed!” I huffed, sprinting to my suitcase and yanking out the first thing I saw.

Once my door closed I slipped on a black sports bra and a pair of black leggings. I hastily combed through my hair using the bathroom mirror. In the back of my head I remembered Tyler’s comment about me looking goth. I smirked into the mirror.

I darted down the stairs, nearly toppling my grandma over on the way.

“Lola if you end my life knocking me down these stairs I’ll haunt you!” Grandma called out after me, but I was already barreling through the front door.

My stomach rumbled, demanding we go back home and eat some breakfast. As much as I’d love to oblige, I couldn’t.

“Goddess, he’s going to be pissed.” Maya huffed.

“Well I didn’t see you waking me up on time either!” I grumbled at her.

“I was busy.” Maya shrugged, giving a half ass excuse.

“You’re a damn wolf who lives in my head, what could you have possibly been doing?” I shook my head

at her.

Maya's voice went silent in my head and I rolled my eyes. For once I was thankful that our house was a short run from the pack house.

By the time my lungs had started to burn, I could see the other's already training. I skidded to a halt in front of everyone. From the looks of it there were at least thirty other wolves present for training.

I instantly noticed Alpha Asher's men lingering around. Each one looked like they were half giant, and many had gruesome scars on different parts of their body. Each one was completely hot in an animalistic sort of way.

I had been so busy ogling the shirtless men that I hadn't heard it when someone behind me cleared their throat.

I spun around and nearly smacked into someone's chest.

"Well f**k," Maya's breath caught in her throat.

I could only assume I was looking into the eyes of Alpha Asher. His eyes were the color of liquid honey, and at the moment they were set directly on my face.

"Didn't I specifically tell you not to be late?" His husky voice was hard, lacking any emotion other than impatience.

"Please," Maya rolled her eyes "From the looks of it, sleep was definitely better than this."

The tone of his voice pissed me off. He sounded like your typical hot-blooded Alpha.

Without thinking it through, I felt the words fall from my lips.

"I'm not good with rules." I said bluntly, looking up at him. The guy had to be over 6 feet tall.

I stifled a snicker as I wondered if he could give me a couple inches. He towered over me and made me look like a kid.

I watched in silence as his dark eyebrow raised at my words, his eyes silently fuming, I kept my eyes trained on his own, but I noticed the muscle in his jaw moving. I guess he didn't like being disobeyed.

"Well, we're going to have to change that." His voice was cold as he analyzed me. I couldn't tell if I felt like a piece of meat or an innocent doe lined up for slaughter.

"If he wasn't so drop dead hot, I'd tell him to go f**k himself." Maya rolled her eyes.

"Jeez, you're worse than I am." I snickered.

"Yeah, that's doubtful." Maya smirked.

"Good luck." Again, my stupid lips uttered the words before I could think them through. His lips were pressed in a tight line and I desperately wanted to laugh. I expected a lot more from the deadliest of Alpha's.

"Good luck? Good luck? Are you trying to get us killed on our first day back?" Maya snapped.

"You're the one who said you'd tell him to go f**k himself." I rolled my eyes at her.

“Well I didn’t did I?” Maya huffed.

“What is your name pup?” His cold voice growled. I ignored the fact that the hairs on my arms were standing on end and answered the hot-blooded Alpha.

“Lola. And yours?” I smirked, already knowing his name by the dominance and authority he exuded.

“Your new Alpha.” He replied, gauging the reaction on my face. Did he really think I had no idea who he was? Well, who was I to ruin the fun.

“As if that wasn’t obvious.” Maya laughed.

I let my smirk deepen, “Ooh, really?” I let fake shock fall over my face. I could see the anger flash in his eyes and I waited.

Now, I don’t normally have a death wish but I already started off on a bad note. I could tell from a mile away that Alpha Asher was one of those typical Alpha’s who wanted everyone to fall in line like good little subjects. I had a big problem with that, and it didn’t help that I seemed to blurt out the first thing on my mind.

I was surprised when Alpha Asher turned away, facing the other wolves in training.

“Attention everyone.” Alpha Asher snapped.

In an instant everyone’s eyes were on Alpha Asher and I. I refused to cringe under the attention. Alpha Asher’s voice took on a rough quality, one that nearly made me shiver. I couldn’t help but notice Sean’s fear stricken eyes on me, wondering what the hell I was doing.

“Lola decided sleeping in was more important than attending training today. Unfortunately, we no longer have anyone available for her to partner up with.” Alpha Asher’s deep voice rumbled over everyone, commanding our full attention.

I let the little glimmer of hope blossom inside of me, maybe I’d be able to just sit out today.

“Not to worry. I will be Lola’s partner.” Alpha Asher’s harsh words were like a bucket of cold water.

“sh*t, you’ve really done it now.” Maya groaned.

“Crap, what do I do?” I asked her.

“Um, try not to die?” Maya shrugged.

“Thank you for your infinite wisdom, Maya.” I rolled my eyes at her.

“It’s not a problem. I live to serve.” She snickered, “But for real, try not to die. You know how to fight. You’ll never win, but you can still put up a fight.” She shrugged.

Everyone began training at Alpha Asher’s words. Sean sent me one last pity and panic filled glance before he turned back to his opponent.

I huffed, and turned to look at Alpha Asher. I wanted a good look at the guy.

Much to my dismay, my jaw dropped. Alpha Asher had to have been the most attractive male I had ever seen.

His hair was the color of molten chocolate, short but also intoxicatingly messy. I tried not to drool as he

slipped his shirt off, revealing a scarred but chiseled chest.

“Close your mouth, Lola.” Alpha Asher snapped, and I rolled my eyes at him. I could hear the growl rumble in his chest and I mentally slapped myself.

“You really shouldn’t keep pissing the dude off, you’re about to fight him.” Maya sighed, but I could tell she was enjoying my resistance.

“Yeah yeah, I know.” I grumbled.

Before I had the chance to react, Alpha Asher had launched himself at me. I grunted as his fist connected with my stomach, forcing me backwards.

I could feel myself losing balance as he came in for another strike. I let gravity take me backwards and rolled out of his way just in time to dodge another punch.

I got to my feet and shook off the pain. This was the same as training with Chris. I could do this. I couldn’t let his impeccable god-like looks distract me.

I watched as he lunged forward, his arm extending to throw a punch. I feigned turning left only to roll under his legs and launch myself at his back.

I clung to his back for dear life. At one point I almost started laughing, I was like a miniature backpack on him. I jumped off his back just in time for him to roll across the ground.

“That would’ve hurt.” Maya muttered, knowing he intended to do that with us still locked on his back.

If that hurt Alpha Asher, he showed no signs of it.

“You’re fast.” Alpha Asher pointed out, throwing a couple more hits to my face and body, which thankfully I managed to dodge.

This guy was fast. Faster than Chris and that was really saying something.

“I am. And you hit hard.” I snapped, dodging another punch. I didn’t move fast enough and winced as his fist grazed my hip.

I wasn’t sure how long I spent dodging Alpha Asher’s kicks and blows. By the time Asher stopped attacking me, I was completely exhausted. While I managed to dodge some of his hits, he was way faster than the normal werewolf. My entire body ached and groaned.

Alpha Asher was absolutely lethal. He must’ve been good at controlling his anger cause he had at least thirty five openings to kill me.

Just as I was about to leave with the rest of the group, Alpha Asher cut me off.

He stood in front of me, his arms crossed against his chest. He had slipped his shirt back on after training. Peeling my eyes away from the bulging veins on his arms, I looked into his toffee colored eyes.

“Did you learn something today, Lola?” His rough voice was cold and almost condescending.

Again, it seemed as though I had no self control around him. My lips spoke the words before my brain had a chance to catch up.

“Yeah, your nose twitches before you throw a punch.” I said deadpan. I watched as flecks of gold swirled in his eyes and wondered if his wolf were close to surfacing. I could feel my heart pounding, and I don’t think it was from the hours of training I just went through.

“Are you purposely disobedient, or is this just something you enjoy doing.” The muscles in jaw were

moving again as he gave me a strange look.

“It’s just one of my very attractive qualities.” I shrugged and turned on my heel before I could say anything that really pissed him off.

I collapsed in a heap on the couch, waking my Dad from his recliner with a startled grunt.

“I see training went well.” He grumbled, “I see you’re still alive.” As if it were an achievement.

“My body hurts.” I groaned, flopping my head back on the couch.

“Alpha was Lola’s partner for the day.” Sean smirked, but he also seemed relieved.

“Shut up and let me suffer in silence.” I grumbled, happily accepting the cookie my grandmother offered me.

“Don’t be late tomorrow and maybe it wont happen again.” Sean smirked.

“Tomorrow?” I moaned. I had completely acted out today, not even thinking about tomorrow. Great.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 4

I stayed on the couch wallowing in my pain until the smell of dinner lifted my spirits. My grandma was cooking again and as much as my Dad protested I could tell he had missed her cooking.

We sat around the table eating dinner and exchanging stories. Dad wanted to know all about what I had gotten into while I was gone.

“So you already finished high school?” Sean asked, I could tell he was somewhat jealous. Sean graduated a year ago at the age of 18. While I was home schooled, he was forced to go to the local public school.

“Yup, I officially graduated.” I teased, sticking my tongue out at him.

My Dad smiled at us as we bickered, “Now only one more year to go and you can find your mate.” My Dad winked at me. My nineteenth birthday wasn’t for a couple months now.

From eighteen every werewolf is able to sense their mate. That is, if they’re within sniffing distance. Though I haven’t.

“Jeez, can you imagine that. Her mate is gonna have to put up with a lot.” Sean smirked at me.

I rolled my eyes at him, “I’m definitely not going to make it easy on him.”

“So, who the hell trained you while you were gone? Alpha’s been here for a week and I haven’t seen anyone able to keep up with him.” Sean frowned, obviously interested in my trainer.

Me and my grandma met eyes just for a second.

“It didn’t feel like I was keeping up with him.” I shrugged, wincing at my sore shoulder.

“You definitely were. Everyone else got pummeled bloody.” Sean cringed. “He made each of us fight him one on one to see what were capable of.”

“So that means he wont be my partner tomorrow?” I asked cheerfully. My dread about tomorrow was

dissipating by the second.

“I guess not.” Sean shrugged, “Now tell me, whose your trainer?”

Stifling a nervous giggle, I replied “Oh just grandma’s neighbor. He’s really skilled in jujitsu and stuff.” I shrugged as if it weren’t a big deal.

I shot my grandma a sly look and she winked back at me.

“Do you have any plans for the weekend, Lola?” My Dad asked in between bites.

Tomorrow was Friday, leaving Saturday and Sunday training-free.

“Mm, not really. I don’t exactly have friends here anymore.” I shrugged. In fact, I hadn’t had any friends all year. My only company had been grandma, Chris, and the employee’s of the supermarket we would often go to.

I didn’t feel the need to surround myself with people anymore.

“You could always talk to Breyona y’know.” Sean shrugged as if it weren’t a big deal.

I sighed and bit my lip, “I don’t know about that. She’s probably still mad at me, I know I would be.”

Breyona was one of my closest friends, but when Tyler and I started dating I set her to the side. Tyler had his own group of friends that didn’t care for Breyona and like an idiot I chose them over her.

“I wouldn’t be so sure about that,” Sean shrugged “I talked to her during practice and she asked how you had been. She said she felt terrible about what happened between you and Tyler.”

“Really, she said that?” I felt myself smile in spite of everything, maybe it wouldn’t be so bad to talk to her.

“She did. It’s been a year since then, Lola. She might’ve moved on from the past.” Sean shrugged.

After dinner I hopped in the shower, practically swaying on my feet from exhaustion. As sore as I felt, I knew it would only be worse in the morning.

I flopped down in my bed and heard something crinkle beneath me. Groaning ever so dramatically, I rolled over and picked up the crumpled piece of paper I had laid on.

Welcome Home, Lola.

The hand writing felt somewhat familiar, but I couldn’t place where I had seen it before.

“What the hell.” I mumbled, stuffing the note in one of my dresser drawers.

“Weirdo.” I shrugged it off, letting my exhaustion take over as I fell asleep on top of my covers.

I awoke in the morning bright and early, actually having remembered to set an alarm on my phone. One less thing to be called out for.

I slipped on a grey sports bra and a matching pair of shorts. I even managed to put my long hair in a neat ponytail.

I arrived at the pack house just in time. Feeling energized from breakfast and a full night of sleep, I made my way over to the rest of the trainee's. As always the large room we trained in was bare, only thin foam flooring protected us from the hard floor underneath.

"I see you're not late today." Sean smirked at me.

I smirked back, "I'm the poster child for responsibility."

"Hey, Lola." A feminine voice called out to me.

I turned and looked into a pair of familiar dark eyes. Breyona gave me a small smile. I noticed how different she actually looked. Her dirty blonde hair was cropped short in one of those pixie cuts.

"Hey, Breyona. Good to see you." I smiled back at her.

She gave me a small smile and a nod, "You did good yesterday."

I scoffed playfully, "Tell that to my sore body."

I ran to the locker room and shoved my bag inside one of the lockers, rushing to get back before training started

"Attention everyone." Alpha Asher's deep voice called out. Not that I'd ever admit this, but his voice alone was incredible.

His voice demanded your attention, while his words demanded your obedience.

"Pair off with your partners. You will each take turns switching between offensive and defensive moves.

Alexander and Jax will provide help." Alpha Asher called out to all of us.

"He looks even better today." Maya smirked.

"Hush, were supposed to be paying attention." I grumbled at her.

I let my eyes drift from his untidy hair to his honeycomb eyes. He really did look good today. He wore a simple black t-shirt and a pair of loose work-out shorts.

Once he was finished speaking everyone paired off into their groups. I stifled a groan as I saw Alpha Asher make his way over to me.

"I see you've managed to arrive on time today." His honey comb eyes stared down at me, not conveying a single emotion.

My eyes flickered to his chiseled jaw and I noticed the muscle in his jaw was still. I couldn't help but wonder if it only moved when he was pissed.

"You're going to test that theory aren't you." Maya sighed, shaking her head.

"Don't tell me you aren't curious." I smirked when she remained silent.

"Unfortunate isn't it?" I sighed, batting my eyelashes at his unwavering face.

My stomach did a little flip when he ran his fingers through his tousled hair, keeping a straight face as he looked on at me.

"Start with defense." His rough voice commanded me, and I huffed at him. Before I had the chance to

take a damn breath, he was charging at me like a freight train.

Defense is my stronger point. I'm small and fast, so I can typically get out of situations easily.

Fighting against Alpha Asher was an entirely different story.

Every single move he made was calculated specifically for me. It was like he instantly knew his opponents weaknesses and adjusted his technique to use it against him.

The only thing I had against Alpha Asher was my agility. I had taken gymnastics until I was fourteen, and still practiced what I had learned. Agility would've been more helpful if Alpha Asher wasn't so damn fast.

After what felt like hours, we switched to offense. I found it harder and harder to focus on training when this god-like man was trying to kill me.

Even when he was being murderous he looked good.

"You need to gain muscle. I can hardly feel your blows." Alpha Asher snapped, pulling me from my creepy thoughts about him.

I groaned and rolled my eyes at him, "I'm only 105lbs, there's only so much muscle I can have on my body. Not all of us can walk around jacked."

"If you fought as well as you talked, you may actually be a match for me." Alpha Asher said in a cold voice.

I ground my teeth together, trying to fight past the anger that boiled in my veins. I felt my fists clench and my fury take control.

There was nothing I hated more than being treated as weak. Tyler would never let me start training, insisting I was too small to survive in a real fight. Jokes on him.

Channeling my anger, I lunged at Alpha Asher. I managed to easily dodge his attempt at slamming me to the ground. Rolling to the side and jumping to my feet, I swung my fist at the side of his face. I used all the strength I had in my body.

I smiled as my fist made contact with Alpha Asher's cheek. I also could've sworn I broke my knuckle.

Much to my dismay Alpha Asher looked completely unphased.

Training had ended and after some weary glances in our direction, everyone either headed to the locker rooms or out the main door. He gave me a strange, speculating look and nodded once.

"Much better." He grunted, showing none of the signs of pain I had hoped for.

"Your anger makes you stronger." Alpha Asher pointed out, his honey eyes had gold flecks swimming within them.

Unable to hold the words back, I smirked. "Thanks, I was thinking about you."

Before Alpha Asher could respond I ran to the locker room. All of the girls were clearing out rapidly and I grabbed the clean clothes from my bag.

I cursed, noticing I had forgotten to grab a regular bra. I slipped my sweat soaked sports bra off and slipped a t-shirt on. I swapped my work-out shorts for a simple pair of jean shorts.

I slammed the locker shut and turned around, nearly toppling over.

Alpha Asher stood a few inches away from me. His cold stare made me gulp.

I felt my back hit the lockers as Alpha Asher took a step forward.

“Do you get a kick out of being disobedient?” His voice was quiet and rough. His eyes swirled with gold, making them even more mesmerizing.

I took a slow breath, noticing how good he smelled. Husky from training yet earthy. The smell of sweat and cologne mixed to create something entirely new.

I smirked up at him, hoping he couldn't hear my rapid heartbeat. “I get a kick out of a lot of things. Being disobedient is just a personality trait of mine.”

“You will obey your Alpha.” Alpha Asher snapped, and I resisted the urge to roll my eyes.

“Don't you dare, Lola.” Maya snapped, knowing what I was about to say.

“And if I don't?” I teased, keeping my eyes locked on the golden flecks that swirled in his orbs.

“Oops, too late.” I snickered at Maya.

“If he kills us I'm never talking to you again.” Maya growled.

Alpha Asher took another step forward and I could feel his chiseled abdomen against my chest.

I found myself wanting to look down at his lips, and instantly rejected the idea. Now wasn't the time to act like a dog in heat. I was playing with fire and I needed my wits.

I felt my nips stiffen as they brushed against Alpha Asher's abdomen and I resisted the urge to cringe. My stupid body was reacting in a way I hadn't expected.

Alpha Asher's gaze never left my own, but I was almost positive he could feel my hardened nips grazing against him.

"Don't test my patience, Lola." Alpha Asher snapped, but I held my ground.

For a second I worried I had pushed him too far, but not a single one of my instincts thought he was going to hurt me. For whatever reason, I felt safe. That thought didn't make me magically like Alpha Asher though. I knew who I was toying with, and sooner or later it may come back and bite me.

I tried not to freak out as I realized how close he was to me. I could feel his breath fanning my face.

"My apologies, Alpha." I smirked, batting my eyelashes.

His eyes had progressively gotten more gold, and I let out a fast breath when he turned away and stormed out of the locker room.

"You got lucky." Maya huffed.

"I don't know about that." I mused. "He didn't seem like he was going to hurt us."

After taking a few much needed moments to calm my hammering heart, I left the locker room and headed outside.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 5

I gulped the fresh air and let the breeze cool my heated skin.

“What the hell was that about?” Maya murmured, referring to my uncontrollable body parts.

I shrugged, “I have no idea. Can’t really blame me though, he is smoking hot.”

“You’re right there.” Maya smirked, “And a nice ass.”

I scoffed, “You mean, he is an ass.”

“Well well well, if it isn’t Lola. Never thought I’d see your face again.” A cocky voice called out.

I grimaced as Ethan made his way up to me. Ethan didn’t seem to change at all. He still had that lanky build with hints of muscle, and his blonde slicked back hair. He looked just as sleazy as ever.

“Ethan, so good to see you.” I said sarcastically, rolling my eyes at his stupid smirk.

I walked away and groaned as he followed.

“Your legs are too short. There’s no escaping me.” Ethan smirked proudly and I stifled a gag.

“Unfortunately.” I mumbled. I remembered very clearly his smug look when Tyler found his mate and left me in the dust. He was always encouraging Tyler to go out and try new girls. Thinking back on it, Tyler probably did cheat on me. Not that it mattered anymore.

Ethan smirked, walking much too close to me.

“So how’re you doing since the whole Tyler thing? Kind of embarrassing, huh?” His mocking tone made my blood boil and I came to a halt.

“Listen here,” I growled, taking a step closer. “It’s been a year. And entire f**king year. Now back the hell off before I knock your teeth out.” I spat.

I turned on my heel and left Ethan’s annoying face in the dust.

“Ooh, she’s still feisty.” I heard his voice call out, and I flipped him the bird as I walked away.

“Still annoying as ever, isn’t he?” Breyona rolled her eyes, making me jump. I had been so wrapped up in my thoughts that I hadn’t noticed her standing there.

“Insufferable. I feel awful for his future mate.” I rolled my eyes, refusing to glance in his direction.

Breyona gave me a small smile, “So, where are you headed?”

“Oh, I’m just going home.” I shrugged, glancing at her. I couldn’t help the guilt that swirled around me when I thought of her.

What kind of best friend drops you for an asshole boyfriend?

“My house is on the way. Mind if I walk with you?” She smiled.

“Not at all.” I was kind of surprised, but I knew I needed to apologize for what had happened between us.

“Look, I’m sorry okay? You know I’m not good with apologies, but I’m sorry for being the worst friend ever.” I frowned.

Judging from the look on her face, I definitely caught her by surprise.

“I forgave you when I found out what happened between you and Tyler.” She shrugged as if it were no big deal.

That was always one of my favorite things about Breyona. She never made a big deal out of things, and she wasn’t one for drama or gossip.

It su*ked at the time, but I honestly feel lucky.” I scoffed, trying to imagine myself as Tyler’s Luna.

Breyona chuckled, “As mean as this may sound, losing Tyler was the best thing that ever happened to you. You were always way too good for him.”

“Well, thank you for that.” I elbowed her side and gave her a playful smile.

For once, the thought of leaving and going back to grandma’s wasn’t so appealing. With Tyler gone, I felt like I could actually start over here. The only thing that would’ve made it better was my Mom. The thought send a sharp pang running through me.

“So, fill me in. What has life been like since I left?” I asked, and listened intently as she gave me a run down.

Breyona told me how her older sister and finally found her mate in a neighboring pack and was currently pregnant with her first child. Only a handful of our pack members actually died in the fight, my mom

included. Alpha Asher was quick to end the fighting once our side surrendered, and once he realized our Alpha had abandoned them. I hadn't realized before, but some part of me blamed Alpha Asher for the death of my Mom. I knew it wasn't directly his fault, but the blame was still there. The rest of the blame I placed directly on Tyler's shoulders.

"So, are you excited to find your mate?" I smirked at her, watching a light blush fill her cheeks.

She shrugged, "I'm not pressed about it." I could tell there was something she wasn't telling me, but I let it slide for now.

"So what have you been up to?" She quickly changed the subject.

I have her the very short rundown of what my year consisted of. While it sounded boring, it had been the best year of my short life.

"So does that mean you can kick all of our asses now?" Breyona chuckled, referring to the intensive training I went through for a year.

I giggled, "I'd sure like to think so."

"You held up against Alpha Asher pretty well." She shrugged.

"You think so? Sean said the same." I frowned. Did getting punched and kicked over a hundred times classify as good fighting?

Breyona shuddered, "Yeah, that's actually really good. Alpha Asher fights like a damn monster, I've never seen anything like it."

"Yeah, neither have I." I shook my head, wondering if Alpha Asher was on some kind of magical werewolf steroids or something. As far as I knew nothing like that existed, but I still wondered.

“Did you see Chelsea earlier at training?” Breyona snorted, gauging my reaction on my old friend.

My eyes widened, “Chelsea was in training? I hadn’t even seen her.” I shrugged, thinking back on my old friend.

“Yup, she’s obsessed with Alpha Asher.” Breyona rolled her eyes, “She hasn’t changed at all.”

Her words made me feel funny for some reason.

“She really hasn’t,” I frowned, “She was always obsessed with Tyler.”

“She wants to be Luna.” Breyona shook her head.

I shuddered at the thought of Chelsea becoming Luna, “That would be wonderful.” I said sarcastically.

Breyona chuckled, “Even the old you would’ve made a better Luna than her.”

I gave her a smirk, “Why thank you for that, but I’m done with Alpha’s.” I shook my head.

“Are you sure about that?” Breyona giggled, “What was up with you and Alpha Asher?”

I shrugged, “I just piss him off. He wants me to be obedient.” I rolled my eyes. I may be a werewolf, but I’m not a damn dog. Lola the Golden Retriever had a good ring to it, but I think I’d look better as a Husky.

“I’m surprised he hasn’t killed you yet.” Breyona shook her head at my stupidity.

I shrugged, "The guy's like 6'3 and almost 200lbs, he probably just doesn't see me as a threat."

"That's true," Breyona snorted. "You looked like a kid when you trained with him." She cackled.

"Not everyone can be 5'8' with long legs, ma'am." I grumbled at her, but a smile quickly formed on my face when Breyona struck a pose.

"If you keep complimenting me like that I'm gonna start thinking you're my mate." She cackled and I could stifle my giggles.

Breyona invited herself over for dinner at my house, and I didn't mind one bit. Breyona had met my grandma a handful of times when we were kids and she loved the woman. Grandma loved Breyona's honesty and bluntness. Grandma always said Breyona and I were practically sisters with the way we act.

We all sat around the table and ate the dinner grandma had made. Dad was looking so much better, his skin wasn't translucent like it had been.

Sean teased me for being stuck with Alpha Asher again while my dad feared for my safety. I tried to assure him Alpha Asher wouldn't kill me, but he didn't buy it. I kept my disobedient behavior towards our Alpha quiet. The last thing I needed was Dad and Sean finding out. They'd think I had some kind of death wish.

Brianna and I made plans Sunday to hang out and maybe grab some lunch at the cafe in town.

I rolled into bed after dinner sore as all hell. While it was only 7 p.m. I wanted a head start on going to bed. I was looking forward to sleeping my Saturday morning away.

I realized the full extent of my bad luck when an annoyingly attractive voice rang out in my head.

"Lola, report to my office at 9 a.m." Alpha Asher's rough voice spoke through the mind-link.

“Come on, Alpha.” I groaned, “It’ll be Saturday.”

“9 a.m, Lola.” His rough voice growled and ended the mind-link.

I grumbled and turned over in bed, and let sleep claim me.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 5

I gulped the fresh air and let the breeze cool my heated skin.

“What the hell was that about?” Maya murmured, referring to my uncontrollable body parts.

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My eyes widened, "Chelsea was in training? I hadn't even seen her." I shrugged, thinking back on my old friend.

"Yup, she's obsessed with Alpha Asher." Breyona rolled her eyes, "She hasn't changed at all."

Her words made me feel funny for some reason.

"She really hasn't," I frowned, "She was always obsessed with Tyler."

"She wants to be Luna." Breyona shook her head.

I shuddered at the thought of Chelsea becoming Luna, "That would be wonderful." I said sarcastically.

Breyona chuckled, "Even the old you would've made a better Luna than her."

I gave her a smirk, "Why thank you for that, but I'm done with Alpha's." I shook my head.

"Are you sure about that?" Breyona giggled, "What was up with you and Alpha Asher?"

I shrugged, "I just piss him off. He wants me to be obedient." I rolled my eyes. I may be a werewolf, but I'm not a damn dog. Lola the Golden Retriever had a good ring to it, but I think I'd look better as a Husky.

"I'm surprised he hasn't killed you yet." Breyona shook her head at my stupidity.

I shrugged, "The guy's like 6'3 and almost 200lbs, he probably just doesn't see me as a threat."

"That's true," Breyona snorted. "You looked like a kid when you trained with him." She cackled.

"Not everyone can be 5'8' with long legs, ma'am." I grumbled at her, but a smile quickly formed on my face when Breyona struck a pose.

"If you keep complimenting me like that I'm gonna start thinking you're my mate." She cackled and I could stifle my giggles.

Breyona invited herself over for dinner at my house, and I didn't mind one bit. Breyona had met my grandma a handful of times when we were kids and she loved the woman. Grandma loved Breyona's honesty and bluntness. Grandma always said Breyona and I were practically sisters with the way we act.

We all sat around the table and ate the dinner grandma had made. Dad was looking so much better, his skin wasn't translucent like it had been.

Sean teased me for being stuck with Alpha Asher again while my dad feared for my safety. I tried to assure him Alpha Asher wouldn't kill me, but he didn't buy it. I kept my disobedient behavior towards our Alpha quiet. The last thing I needed was Dad and Sean finding out. They'd think I had some kind of death wish.

Brianna and I made plans Sunday to hang out and maybe grab some lunch at the cafe in town.

I rolled into bed after dinner sore as all hell. While it was only 7 p.m. I wanted a head start on going to bed. I was looking forward to sleeping my Saturday morning away.

I realized the full extent of my bad luck when an annoyingly attractive voice rang out in my head.

“Lola, report to my office at 9 a.m.” Alpha Asher’s rough voice spoke through the mind-link.

“Come on, Alpha.” I groaned, “It’ll be Saturday.”

“9 a.m, Lola.” His rough voice growled and ended the mind-link.

I grumbled and turned over in bed, and let sleep claim me.

Saturday would’ve been so much easier if I had just remembered to set a damn alarm.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 6

I rolled over in bed with a sleepy moan. I was having the most wonderful dream that involved several under dressed men, one of which may or may not have resembled Alpha Asher. I didn’t care about the details.

My eyes fluttered open and a my sleepy yawn filled the air. That had been the best night of sleep I had in a long while.

The events of yesterday had yet to catch up with me as I sat up in bed and stretched. Just as I was about to stand up from the bed, my eyes darted to a figure in the corner of my room.

“What the hell!” I gasped, looking into the furious face of Alpha Asher.

He was sitting in the corner of the room on a navy love seat my Dad had gotten me when I was thirteen.

“You talk in your sleep.” He spoke, his tone calm while his eyes continued to burn. He looked at me strangely and I wondered what I had said in my sleep.

I didn’t have to glance down to know that my nips had stiffened against my tank top. I wasn’t wearing a bra, not that I needed to. Who sleeps in a bra?

I snaked my hands up to cover my breasts as I glared at Alpha Asher. I was grateful I managed to fall asleep in a pair of sweats instead of my typical pair of underwear.

Alpha Asher looked good. Being furious only made him hotter. He wore a simple black button down shirt, but the sleeves were rolled up, exposing his muscular forearms.

I sputtered, at a loss for words. “What the hell are you doing in my room?” I gasped, I could feel my face turning red.

His face remained flat whilst his golden flecked eyes burned with fury, “9 a.m, Lola.” He repeated those familiar words and I felt my body stiffen as I remembered last night’s events.

I let my eyes flicker to the alarm clock by my bed and went wide eyed when I looked at the time. 11 a.m.

“We’re in deep sh*t.” Maya muttered sleepily.

I should feel frightened right? I’ve been pissing off the deadliest Alpha for three days now, and yet I was still alive.

As if Alpha Asher could read my mind, he stood from his seat in the corner and walked towards me.

I kept my face blank, my eyes taking in every inch of him. He took his time approaching me, like a wolf stalking its kill.

“You couldn’t set a simple alarm, Lola?” Alpha Asher’s voice was hard, and I tried not to be mesmerized by the golden flakes in his eyes.

I wasn’t sure why I was so unable to control my mouth around him. Even with the hairs on my body standing on end, I only felt one thing. Excitement.

“Um, I forgot?” I bit my lip sheepishly.

“We’re dead.” Maya groaned, “You and your big mouth killed us.”

“So dramatic, Maya.” I rolled my eyes at her.

A startled squeal left my lips as Alpha Asher shoved me against my bedroom wall. The pictures hanging on the wall rattled with the impact. His rough hands yanked my arms down and away from my breasts, but his eyes never left my own

Something had to be wrong with me. Instead of feeling afraid, I felt angry. If he thought he could manhandle me into obedience, he had another thing coming.

“You are testing my f**king patience, Lola.” Alpha Asher growled. His eyes had become completely gold and I stared into their depths unwavering.

He towered over me as I was trapped against the wall. His earthy cologne scent was everywhere. It wasn't that it didn't smell good, it was just really strong.

My heart nearly stopped in my chest when I felt his giant hand wrap around my throat. I stubbornly kept my eyes on his. There was no way in hell I was going to submit.

Naturally, Maya squirmed at my defiance. It was against her nature to disobey her Alpha.

"This is your last chance, Lola." Alpha Asher growled. His hot breath fanned my face and his fingers exuded the smallest amount of pressure against the soft flesh of my neck.

Any control I had over my body wavered. I could feel my hard nips pressing against him and gritted my teeth as a new sensation formed between my legs.

My insides churned at the thought of him being able to smell my arousal. I told myself it was only natural that I was attracted to him. He was breathtakingly gorgeous and an Alpha. She-wolves were naturally attracted to the strongest of our species.

His golden eyes conveyed no emotion other than anger as he looked down at me.

I didn't fight it when a smirk formed on my lips.

I let my eyes widen in mock fear, "My last chance, huh?"

Alpha Asher leaned his face into mine, his furious eyes locked on my own. His lips were only inches away and I resisted the insane urge to look down at them.

"Next time you will be punished, and I will not be gentle. Remember that the next time you disobey me."

Alpha Asher growled, sending a wave of excitement down my spine.

I almost felt disappointed when he pulled away and opened my bedroom door.

“You start patrol Monday. 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. Report at the southwest base. Do not be late.” His voice was deadly calm, and my bedroom door clicked shut quietly.

I let out a breath I didn’t know I was holding. My mind was churning.

I chalked my arousal up to Alpha Asher’s god-like looks. Something within me was attracted to the thought of being punished by Alpha Asher.

I shook the dirty thoughts from my head and hopped in the shower. Once I was finally dressed I came downstairs. The smell of my grandma’s lavender pancakes wafted around the house. I know it sounds weird, but lavender is amazing in just about anything.

“What did Alpha Asher need you for?” My dad frowned, “Strange that he came all the way over here.”

“Um, well..” I trailed off, wondering if I should lie. “He kind of told me to report to his office this morning, and I didn’t.” I smiled sheepishly at my Dad’s outraged expression.

“Are you trying to get yourself killed, Lola?” My Dad nearly shouted.

“It was just a misunderstanding,” I shrugged. “I forgot to set an alarm.”

“Was he angry with you? Did he hurt you?” My Dad bombarded me with questions. No way I was going to tell him the truth about what happened in my room.

“He was angry, but he didn’t hurt me.” I shrugged. I could practically feel his hand still wrapped around my neck.

My dad let out a weary sigh, “You need to be more careful, Lola.”

I nodded, “I know Dad. I will, I promise.” I added for his benefit.

My grandma shot me a sly smirk and I wondered what that was about.

Sean came downstairs shortly after, and he too had asked why Alpha Asher had come for a visit.

He was just as amused as Dad was.

I ended up stopping by the local coffee shop after breakfast, craving one of the Iced Mocha’s they were famous for. When Breyona and I were still best-friends, we would come here at least three times a week.

I sipped my coffee and nearly moaned at the taste. The only thing lacking at grandma’s little cottage was the short supply of coffee.

I nearly spat out my coffee when I heard a nasal laugh call out behind me. I turned around and locked eyes with Chelsea.

She definitely looked the same, and I wondered if anyone had actually changed around here. Her skin was still as tan as ever, and her sandy blonde hair reached down to her collar bones.

She didn’t seem surprised to see me, and I remembered she was in training with the rest of us.

A mean smirk formed on her face as she walked up to me, a dark haired girl clinging at her side.

“Lola, never thought I’d see you again.” She smiled cruelly. The dark haired girl at her side snickered.

I smirked at the two of them and shrugged, “Well, I’m back.”

“Whatever. I’d say welcome back and all that sh*t, but I really don’t care.” She shrugged. I couldn’t believe I was ever friends with her.

I snorted, “Good to see some things never change.”

Her fake smile became mean in an instant and like a startled cat she lashed out. “That makes one of us. Everything’s changed for you though, hasn’t it? No longer the Alpha’s favorite. Thank god you didn’t become Luna. Goddess only knows how I managed to put up with you.”

I rolled my eyes, “Changed for the better you mean. I don’t need to be with an Alpha to know my worth. That’s something you should try and live by.” I turned around and headed back to the towns square.

Ignoring the stares of some of the people around town, I walked into the towns center and sat down on a bench. I sipped my coffee and let my eyes wander over the large fountain in the middle of the square.

From afar this town looks quaint and normal, if only the humans knew what really lived here.

As always, my peace was interrupted.

“Hey, Lola.” Ethan’s c**ky voice called out.

I rolled my eyes and began to stand from the bench.

“Aw c’mon Lola. You don’t have to leave. Can’t we just have a normal conversation?’ Ethan frowned.

I gave him a scrutinizing look. Ethan wasn’t one for normal conversations.

“Sure, whatever. But the minute you get all douche-like, I’m leaving.” I shrugged, but definitely didn’t let my guard down.

“Aw you know I was just playing about yesterday.” Ethan teased, and I rolled my eyes.

His blonde hair wasn’t slicked back in it’s normal style, it sat tousled on his head. Sure, Ethan was a fairly attractive guy. He could almost be called hot, but all of that faded away once you got to know his personality.

“Sure you were.” I muttered, sipping on my coffee.

Ethan plopped down on the bench next to me and leaned back. I gave him a ‘what the f**k’ look when he let his arm rest on the bench behind me.

“So, what’ve you been up to this past year.” He shot me a smirk.

“Went to my grandma’s, trained and graduated high-school.” I shrugged.

Ethan frowned, “Y’know, Tyler was actually distraught when he heard you left. He tried to figure out where you went, but your folks wouldn’t tell him anything.”

That small shriveled part of my heart that once loved Tyler squeezed at what Ethan had said, but my mind knew better. Tyler tossed me away like trash and his friends did the same. It was pathetic irony that Tyler tossed his own pack away as well.

I rolled my eyes at Ethan, "Look, I genuinely don't care. I don't see how that's hard to understand."

I could feel someone's eyes on me and looked around to find the source. I locked eyes with Alpha Asher, who stood across the town's square talking to a couple men. I assumed the men weren't new additions to his pack due to the scars that littered their body.

Was everyone in Alpha Asher's pack so scary looking?

Ethan's voice pulled my eyes away from Alpha Asher's.

Ethan leaned closer to me, invading my personal space. Invading someone's personal space was an Ethan specialty.

"So you've really moved on, huh?" Ethan asked, his eyes roaming my face as though he were searching for something.

I shrugged, "Yep."

"Y'know, I never said this before but I always kind of liked you." Ethan gave me a lopsided smile.

"Ethan, you say that to every girl." I looked at him with a straight face.

Ethan acted like I wounded him, "I mean it with you though. You're gorgeous and you have a s*xy body." I resisted the urge to gag.

I officially had enough of this conversation.

"Goodbye, Ethan." I said sweetly, standing from the bench to walk away. I glanced over at Alpha Asher

and felt a smug pang roll through me as I caught him looking.

Ethan muttered something under his breath loud enough for me to hear.

“You never played this hard to get with Tyler.”

“Did he really just say that?” Maya growled in my head.

I could feel Maya try to push herself forward, and I reacted on instinct.

I dumped my poor Iced Mocha down Ethan’s head. Maya howled with laughter while I mourned the loss of my coffee.

“f**k you, Ethan.” I gave him once last sweet smile.

I could feel Alpha Asher’s eyes on my back as I walked away.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 7

I walked down the street, wondering if the smirk I had was permanently etched onto my face. At least Alpha Asher now knew that I acted this way all of the time.

Even with a new Alpha in charge, things in this small town remained the same. Only a handful of people had actually changed. Unfortunately, none of the assholes had changed.

I wandered around aimlessly, missing the taste of mocha coffee on my tongue.

“Did we really have to dump the coffee on him?” I grumbled.

Maya rolled her eyes, “What else did you expect us to do?”

“I don’t know.” I sighed, “Throat punch him?”

Maya’s ears perked up, “sh*t, I wish I would’ve thought about that. Can we go back?”

I snickered at her, “Maybe next time. I’m sure this won’t be the last time he says some stupid sh*t.”

“Promise?” Maya sounded hopeful.

I headed back home, feeling as though my day had been completely uneventful. When I walked in the door I was greeted by the smell of my grandma’s cooking. Plates of sweets were scattered all along the counter, and she was just pulling a pan of brownies out to cool.

“Oooh.” I cooed, reaching to pick up one of her cookies when she smacked my hand away.

“Not for you, miss!” My grandma scolded me, “Their for the other families in this pack that lost someone in the fight.”

I sighed, the cookies really did look amazing.

My grandma's stern look softened and she handed me a cookie.

"Now go outside and help your dad with the garden." She pushed me towards the back door and I groaned.

"Don't sass me. You have your cookie, now go!" She shooed me away.

I stuffed the cookie into my mouth and groaned at the chocolate-y goodness.

I could see my dad on his knees digging up some of the dead flowers. Mom always had a huge garden, something she had picked up from grandma.

"I see the dictator has ordered you to work too." My dad grumbled with a smile on his face.

"Yes sir." I smirked, getting down to help him.

"Did she pay you with sweets too?" My dad chuckled.

I laughed at him, "Yup, she gave me a cookie."

"Really? I got two cookies and a brownie." My Dad smirked while my mouth opened in shock.

"Grandma that's not fair." I yelled towards the back door.

Her head popped out and looked between the two of us, "What isn't fair?"

“You gave him more than me!” I gave her a pout, “Equal wages for equal work!” I protested.

She smirked at me, “Your dad was out here since you left this morning.” And with that she popped her head back inside.

“You want to sneak some when she isn’t looking?” My Dad proposed earning a sly smile from me.

I snickered, “You know she’s gonna catch us right?”

“Not if we run fast enough.” My dad shrugged, but a smile played at his lips. “I’m still fast for an old man.”

“Neither one of us is gonna be fast if we keep eating her sweets.” I cackled, ripping up another dead plant.

Dad frowned, “You’re most certainly right.”

We made small talk as we pulled the dead plants from my mom’s garden. We pulled the small saplings out of their containers and planted them with the soil my grandma bought. Hours had passed and we were finally finished. I looked at the now lively garden and smiled.

“Mom would like this.” I smiled at Dad, pointing to the gardenia’s scattered about.

My dad chuckled, “She’d be surprised to see us working in the garden.”

“She’d probably freak out and say we were doing it wrong.” We both laughed until tears burned our eyes.

Mom was hard to get along with, but that didn't change the place she held in my heart.

Grandma called us inside and handed us each a sandwich, bag of chips and a soda. After munching on our food, I headed back outside.

An errant thought crossed my mind and I remembered the swimming hole Tyler and I used to go to. We never told anyone else about it, keeping it between ourselves. It was one of the most magical things I had ever seen. It was nestled deep in the woods, far off any path. The best thing about the swimming hole was that the patrol teams never got close enough to find it.

Impulsively, I turned around and headed in the direction of the woods. I crossed countless houses and a few shops until the buildings became much scarcer. I crossed the street and walked through a playground for children. I peeked around to make sure no one was looking, and slipped into the woods.

It was almost a thirty minute hike through the woods until I could hear the running water.

My face broke out into a smile when I looked at the swimming hole. It looked even better than it had. The water was crystal clear. The waterfall at the top was roaring as it splashed into the ponds surface.

Tyler and I had spent countless summers sneaking off to the swimming hole.

When I looked at this place, all of the memories that accompanied it popped into my head. I was surprised at how happy I felt. It had taken me almost six months to fully move on from Tyler, but I was completely at ease now that I had.

"Well are you just gonna stand here and stare at it?" Maya teased me.

I giggled and stripped down to my bra and underwear, setting my clothes against one of the many trees.

I climbed up to the top of the waterfall and jumped in with an excited squeal. The cool water felt amazing on my heated skin. This was definitely the best way to cool off after gardening for hours.

I swam under the waterfall and giggled as it rushed over my head, making pieces of my hair cling to my face.

I took deep breaths of the humid air around me. The smell was always one of my favorite parts of the hidden swimming hole. It smelled like clean water and damp earth.

I swam over to one of the large rocks protruding from the water and pulled myself up onto it. The rock was the perfect size and shape to lay out on. The water lapped at my knees, submerging my feet in their cool depths.

My mind wandered back to when Tyler and I would come here. We'd have some pretty heavy make-out sessions here and occasionally I would let him roam his hands over my body. We never made it further than that, thankfully.

I let my mind wander, and was surprised when Alpha Asher made his way into my thoughts. While the man irritated me to no end, it was fun making him angry. I thought about the way he looked this morning, how his anger made him even s*xier.

I snapped out of my thoughts when I realized my hand had traveled much lower on my body, running along my dampened slit.

While my brain recoiled at the thought of touching myself to Alpha Asher, it had been such a long time since I pleased myself. I let out a small sigh as my finger ran over my cl*t.

My small moans filled the quiet forest and I gave myself over to the sensations filling my body. I let a finger slide inside of my pu**y, gently pumping it in and out as the pressure in my core began to build.

My head snapped forward at the sound of rustling bushes. I wrote it off as a deer or some other animal.

The cool water turned hot as Alpha Asher stepped into view, his toffee colored eyes swirled with gold.

My breath caught in my throat, and I couldn't believe what I was seeing. How in the hell did he find me out here? Did he follow me?

I yanked my hand from my underwear and slid into the water. My heart pounded in my chest at the thought of him catching me, but I couldn't place whether it was embarrassment or excitement. I submerged myself in the water up to my collar bones, keeping my eyes locked on his face.

"Get out of the water, Lola." His rough voice commanded me, and I felt my core clench.

I looked at him stubbornly, wondering what he thought he was doing. I wasn't in the wrong here. I was simply minding my business, enjoying myself and the water. It was him who came along and disrupted my peace.

"Lola." His voice came out as a warning. I was already testing his patience, not that he had much to spare.

"Get out of the water." He snapped, his muscular body was tense. Some relaxation would do him well.

I glared at his god-like face, "No."

"No?" His eyebrow raised as his eyes seared my skin. He sounded as though he had never heard that word before.

"Did I stutter?" My glare quickly became a smirk as I felt the anger that radiated from him. Any other wolf would be cowering in fear by now, I wonder why I was different.

His voice took on that calm tone, the one that sent shivers down my spine. "Have you already forgotten what I told you this morning?"

My smirk deepened, "I didn't forget, I just decided I didn't care."

"Get out of the water, Lola." His eyes were much more gold now. "This is the last time I will repeat myself."

I let myself get a good look at him in that moment. His black t-shirt clung to every dip of his muscles, while his biceps struggled to break free of the material.

"If you want me out, you're gonna have to come and get me." I shrugged. There was no way he'd come in here and pull me out. He'd probably just storm away and confront me later on. How many threats would he give me until he actually did something?

I nearly choked on the air in my lungs when he sauntered forward, stepping into the water as if it hadn't been there.

I was thankful my breasts and torso were submerged, the only thing visible was my neck and face.

"Don't you dare." I warned him, letting myself drift backwards and away from him.

He cut through the water as if it hadn't been there. I let out an angry wail as he grabbed me roughly and threw me over his shoulder.

"Let me down, now!" I yelled at him, letting my fists pound his stupid, chiseled back. Anger bubbled in my veins as he walked through the water with me over his shoulder. What reason did he have to follow me and torment me?

Alpha Asher walked through the water as if it weren't there. I felt my bare back slam against the rough bark of a tree, and I knew if I looked there would be tons of scratches.

I brought my arms up to cover my chest, cursing myself for not wearing a bra that provided a little more coverage. The purple lace push-up bra I was wearing forced my breasts together and made them impossible to miss.

“Do not cover yourself from me.” He growled, yanking my hands down so they were at my sides. I glared into his golden eyes, looking for any motion within them. His eyes remained focused on my own, not even glancing down at my chest.

“What were you doing, Lola?” He growled, my name rolling off his tongue like a seductive song.

I stammered for a response. It was hard to think when he was standing so close to me, my breasts pushed against his torso as he trapped me in front of the tree.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” I replied, trying to inch myself away from him and the tree but he grabbed my arm and yanked me back into place. I couldn’t fight against the throbbing in between my legs nor the sudden wetness that soaked my panties.

“Going to play dumb are we?” Maya smirked in my head.

He leaned in close enough for me to smell his breath. Water dripped from his chin, landing on my temple and running down my cheek.

“You were making an awful lot of noise for someone who doesn’t know what I’m talking about.” He growled and this time I couldn’t resist the urge to glance down at his lips. My pussy throbbed again, and I could feel the wetness coating my inner thighs.

He noticed my action and growled.

“Look at me.” He demanded, grabbing my chin with his large hand.

I peeled my eyes from his soft looking lips and stared into his golden orbs. His eyes hardened, and I could tell he had surpassed anger. His next words were spoken with a calm voice, but his eyes held all of the emotion he chose not to convey.

“I warned you didn’t I?” His calm voice send goosebumps forming on my skin, and I couldn’t help the tremble that came over me.

“What are you doing!” I snapped as he forced his thigh in-between my legs. I nearly shrieked when I felt his hand glide over my covered pu**y, sending pleasure shooting down my legs.

His voice still held that terrifying calmness, “I’m finishing what you started, Lola. I told you countless times that you would be punished for your disobedience.” Somehow I knew it wasn’t that simple.

I tried to smack his hand away as his finger settled on my covered pu**y. His eyes blazed gold as he roughly grabbed my wrists and pinned them against my stomach.

Any other words were caught in my throat as Alpha Asher began to rub my covered cl*t. I clamped my lips together, fighting the moan that built in my throat. There’s no way I’d let him think I was enjoying this.

His golden eyes never left my own as he continued to rub my throbbing cl*t through my underwear.

I could feel the pressure in my pu**y building and I struggled to keep my composure as I neared closer and closer to bliss.

“Please.” The word escaped my lips, I could feel my legs tremble as I neared closer to my org**m .

Alpha Asher’s voice was still calm as his eyes looked into my own, “What was that, Lola? You want me to continue?” He lessened the pressure on my cl*t and began to move his hand away.

“Yes, please.” I couldn’t control my lips any longer.

Alpha Asher removed his hand from my soaking panties and took a step away, his blazing eyes staring at my flushed face.

“Think of this next time you openly disobey me.” His voice was hard. I watched with trembling legs as he picked my clothes off the ground and tossed them at me.

“And put some clothes on.” He demanded calmly as he walked away.

I waited a few minutes until I knew he was gone and slid to the ground.

“f**k.” I exhaled, wondering if I had just imagined what happened.

I wondered if he did this to every woman who disobeyed him, and I couldn’t stop the grimace that fell over my face. Even though I told him to stop, my body acted as though it were the hottest thing in the world.

I sat against the rough tree in my bra and underwear. The only thing that kept me from giving into the idea that I imagined it all, was the throbbing emanating from between my legs.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 7

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“Did we really have to dump the coffee on him?” I grumbled.

Maya rolled her eyes, “What else did you expect us to do?”

“I don’t know.” I sighed, “Throat punch him?”

Maya’s ears perked up, “sh*t, I wish I would’ve thought about that. Can we go back?”

I snickered at her, “Maybe next time. I’m sure this won’t be the last time he says some stupid sh*t.”

“Promise?” Maya sounded hopeful.

I headed back home, feeling as though my day had been completely uneventful. When I walked in the door I was greeted by the smell of my grandma’s cooking. Plates of sweets were scattered all along the counter, and she was just pulling a pan of brownies out to cool.

“Oooh.” I cooed, reaching to pick up one of her cookies when she smacked my hand away.

“Not for you, miss!” My grandma scolded me, “Their for the other families in this pack that lost someone in the fight.”

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I snickered, “You know she’s gonna catch us right?”

“Not if we run fast enough.” My dad shrugged, but a smile played at his lips. “I’m still fast for an old man.”

“Neither one of us is gonna be fast if we keep eating her sweets.” I cackled, ripping up another dead plant.

Dad frowned, “You’re most certainly right.”

We made small talk as we pulled the dead plants from my mom’s garden. We pulled the small saplings out of their containers and planted them with the soil my grandma bought. Hours had passed and we were finally finished. I looked at the now lively garden and smiled.

“Mom would like this.” I smiled at Dad, pointing to the gardenia’s scattered about.

My dad chuckled, “She’d be surprised to see us working in the garden.”

“She’d probably freak out and say we were doing it wrong.” We both laughed until tears burned our eyes.

Mom was hard to get along with, but that didn’t change the place she held in my heart.

Grandma called us inside and handed us each a sandwich, bag of chips and a soda. After munching on our food, I headed back outside.

An errant thought crossed my mind and I remembered the swimming hole Tyler and I used to go to. We never told anyone else about it, keeping it between ourselves. It was one of the most magical things I had ever seen. It was nestled deep in the woods, far off any path. The best thing about the swimming hole was that the patrol teams never got close enough to find it.

Impulsively, I turned around and headed in the direction of the woods. I crossed countless houses and a few shops until the buildings became much scarcer. I crossed the street and walked through a playground for children. I peeked around to make sure no one was looking, and slipped into the woods.

It was almost a thirty minute hike through the woods until I could hear the running water.

My face broke out into a smile when I looked at the swimming hole. It looked even better than it had. The water was crystal clear. The waterfall at the top was roaring as it splashed into the ponds surface.

Tyler and I had spent countless summers sneaking off to the swimming hole.

When I looked at this place, all of the memories that accompanied it popped into my head. I was surprised at how happy I felt. It had taken me almost six months to fully move on from Tyler, but I was completely at ease now that I had.

“Well are you just gonna stand here and stare at it?” Maya teased me.

I giggled and stripped down to my bra and underwear, setting my clothes against one of the many trees.

I climbed up to the top of the waterfall and jumped in with an excited squeal. The cool water felt amazing on my heated skin. This was definitely the best way to cool off after gardening for hours.

I swam under the waterfall and giggled as it rushed over my head, making pieces of my hair cling to my face.

I took deep breaths of the humid air around me. The smell was always one of my favorite parts of the hidden swimming hole. It smelled like clean water and damp earth.

I swam over to one of the large rocks protruding from the water and pulled myself up onto it. The rock was the perfect size and shape to lay out on. The water lapped at my knees, submerging my feet in their cool depths.

My mind wandered back to when Tyler and I would come here. We'd have some pretty heavy make-out sessions here and occasionally I would let him roam his hands over my body. We never made it further than that, thankfully.

I let my mind wander, and was surprised when Alpha Asher made his way into my thoughts. While the man irritated me to no end, it was fun making him angry. I thought about the way he looked this morning, how his anger made him even s*xier.

I snapped out of my thoughts when I realized my hand had traveled much lower on my body, running along my dampened slit.

While my brain recoiled at the thought of touching myself to Alpha Asher, it had been such a long time since I pleased myself. I let out a small sigh as my finger ran over my cl*t.

My small moans filled the quiet forest and I gave myself over to the sensations filling my body. I let a finger slide inside of my pu**y, gently pumping it in and out as the pressure in my core began to build.

My head snapped forward at the sound of rustling bushes. I wrote it off as a deer or some other animal. The cool water turned hot as Alpha Asher stepped into view, his toffee colored eyes swirled with gold.

My breath caught in my throat, and I couldn't believe what I was seeing. How in the hell did he find me out here? Did he follow me?

I yanked my hand from my underwear and slid into the water. My heart pounded in my chest at the

thought of him catching me, but I couldn't place whether it was embarrassment or excitement. I submerged myself in the water up to my collar bones, keeping my eyes locked on his face.

"Get out of the water, Lola." His rough voice commanded me, and I felt my core clench.

I looked at him stubbornly, wondering what he thought he was doing. I wasn't in the wrong here. I was simply minding my business, enjoying myself and the water. It was him who came along and disrupted my peace.

"Lola." His voice came out as a warning. I was already testing his patience, not that he had much to spare.

"Get out of the water." He snapped, his muscular body was tense. Some relaxation would do him well.

I glared at his god-like face, "No."

"No?" His eyebrow raised as his eyes seared my skin. He sounded as though he had never heard that word before.

"Did I stutter?" My glare quickly became a smirk as I felt the anger that radiated from him. Any other wolf would be cowering in fear by now, I wonder why I was different.

His voice took on that calm tone, the one that sent shivers down my spine. "Have you already forgotten what I told you this morning?"

My smirk deepened, "I didn't forget, I just decided I didn't care."

"Get out of the water, Lola." His eyes were much more gold now. "This is the last time I will repeat myself."

I let myself get a good look at him in that moment. His black t-shirt clung to every dip of his muscles, while his biceps struggled to break free of the material.

“If you want me out, you’re gonna have to come and get me.” I shrugged. There was no way he’d come in here and pull me out. He’d probably just storm away and confront me later on. How many threats would he give me until he actually did something?

I nearly choked on the air in my lungs when he sauntered forward, stepping into the water as if it hadn’t been there.

I was thankful my bre*sts and torso were submerged, the only thing visible was my neck and face.

“Don’t you dare.” I warned him, letting myself drift backwards and away from him.

He cut through the water as if it hadn’t been there. I let out an angry wail as he grabbed me roughly and threw me over his shoulder.

“Let me down, now!” I yelled at him, letting my fists pound his stupid, chiseled back. Anger bubbled in my veins as he walked through the water with me over his shoulder. What reason did he have to follow me and torment me?

Alpha Asher walked through the water as if it weren’t there. I felt my bare back slam against the rough bark of a tree, and I knew if I looked there would be tons of scratches.

I brought my arms up to cover my chest, cursing myself for not wearing a bra that provided a little more coverage. The purple lace push-up bra I was wearing forced my bre*sts together and made them impossible to miss.

“Do not cover yourself from me.” He growled, yanking my hands down so they were at my sides. I glared

into his golden eyes, looking for any motion within them. His eyes remained focused on my own, not even glancing down at my chest.

“What were you doing, Lola?” He growled, my name rolling off his tongue like a seductive song.

I stammered for a response. It was hard to think when he was standing so close to me, my breasts pushed against his torso as he trapped me in front of the tree.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” I replied, trying to inch myself away from him and the tree but he grabbed my arm and yanked me back into place. I couldn’t fight against the throbbing in between my legs nor the sudden wetness that soaked my panties.

“Going to play dumb are we?” Maya smirked in my head.

He leaned in close enough for me to smell his breath. Water dripped from his chin, landing on my temple and running down my cheek.

“You were making an awful lot of noise for someone who doesn’t know what I’m talking about.” He growled and this time I couldn’t resist the urge to glance down at his lips. My pussy throbbed again, and I could feel the wetness coating my inner thighs.

He noticed my action and growled.

“Look at me.” He demanded, grabbing my chin with his large hand.

I peeled my eyes from his soft looking lips and stared into his golden orbs. His eyes hardened, and I could tell he had surpassed anger. His next words were spoken with a calm voice, but his eyes held all of the emotion he chose not to convey.

“I warned you didn’t I?” His calm voice send goosebumps forming on my skin, and I couldn’t help the

tremble that came over me.

“What are you doing!” I snapped as he forced his thigh in-between my legs. I nearly shrieked when I felt his hand glide over my covered pu**y, sending pleasure shooting down my legs.

His voice still held that terrifying calmness, “I’m finishing what you started, Lola. I told you countless times that you would be punished for your disobedience.” Somehow I knew it wasn’t that simple.

I tried to smack his hand away as his finger settled on my covered pu**y. His eyes blazed gold as he roughly grabbed my wrists and pinned them against my stomach.

Any other words were caught in my throat as Alpha Asher began to rub my covered cl*t. I clamped my lips together, fighting the moan that built in my throat. There’s no way I’d let him think I was enjoying this.

His golden eyes never left my own as he continued to rub my throbbing cl*t through my underwear.

I could feel the pressure in my pu**y building and I struggled to keep my composure as I neared closer and closer to bliss.

“Please.” The word escaped my lips, I could feel my legs tremble as I neared closer to my org**m .

Alpha Asher’s voice was still calm as his eyes looked into my own, “What was that, Lola? You want me to continue?” He lessened the pressure on my cl*t and began to move his hand away.

“Yes, please.” I couldn’t control my lips any longer.

Alpha Asher removed his hand from my soaking panties and took a step away, his blazing eyes staring at my flushed face.

“Think of this next time you openly disobey me.” His voice was hard. I watched with trembling legs as he picked my clothes off the ground and tossed them at me.

“And put some clothes on.” He demanded calmly as he walked away.

I waited a few minutes until I knew he was gone and slid to the ground.

“f**k.” I exhaled, wondering if I had just imagined what happened.

I wondered if he did this to every woman who disobeyed him, and I couldn’t stop the grimace that fell over my face. Even though I told him to stop, my body acted as though it were the hottest thing in the world.

I sat against the rough tree in my bra and underwear. The only thing that kept me from giving into the idea that I imagined it all, was the throbbing emanating from between my legs.

There was only one thing I was one hundred percent sure of; I was definitely going to disobey Alpha Asher again.

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Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 8

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"What the hell!" I gasped, sitting up in bed as I glared at her.

"Dude it's almost one in the afternoon." She rolled her eyes, placing her hands on her narrow hips.

"And you couldn't wake me up like a normal person?" I raised my eyebrow at her, dragging myself out of bed.

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“I’m sure grandma would be more than happy to take you in.” I giggled.

“I wish. After the fight with Alpha’s pack my mom has become a little overbearing.” Breyona shuddered.

I frowned, “I understand that though. My mom was her close friend.”

“I understand it, but that doesn’t mean I enjoy it.” Breyona frowned as well. “How are you doing with that though? I can’t imagine it.”

I was silently thankful for Breyona’s care-free attitude and the fact that she didn’t feel the need to coddle me.

“I’m dealing with it.” I shrugged, “Maybe I handle death weird, but I don’t know. It’s sad and I miss her like crazy, but I don’t feel like breaking down all the time.”

“Hey, everyone grieves differently.” Breyona shrugged, changing the subject to the cafe we were going to eat at.

We walked a couple blocks to the cafe, not bothering to take her car. The weather felt amazing and I didn’t mind wasting the time.

The cafe had quickly changed in the time I had been gone. It used to have this old fashioned feel to it, but now it was completely modernized.

“I like it.” I nodded, looking around at the decor approvingly.

Breyona nodded in agreement, “They updated the menu too. The avocado burger is amazing.” She laughed as she licked her lips.

We chatted over lunch, rekindling the strong friendship we once had.

The day went by quickly and before I knew it, I was climbing into bed. Part of me dreaded training tomorrow morning. The bruises had just faded from my last training session with Alpha Asher.

Luckily, I remembered to set my alarm for training. I met Brianna outside and we walked to the pack house together. After dropping our bags off in the locker room, we made our way to the mats.

We stood and chattered for a few more moments, only stopping when Alpha Asher walked in. He was flanked by two men, who I learned were Alexander and Jax.

Both men were huge, covered head to toe in various scars. I could see why Alpha Asher's pack was so intimidating, all of the men were giant and scarred.

"Attention everyone," Alpha Asher's deep voice silenced everyone in the room. His very presence demanded everyone's undivided attention. "Pair off into your groups and begin, Alexander and Jax will be around to help."

And with that everyone scattered. I reluctantly made my way over to Alpha Asher, dreading the next few hours.

"We have a new addition," Alpha Asher told me, his honey colored gaze locked on my own, "You will be his partner for the time being."

A guy I hadn't seen before approached Alpha Asher and I. He was cute in a boyish sort of way. He had light blonde hair and chocolate colored eyes. His build was muscular, but not giant like Alpha Asher and his men. The guy had a round baby face that made him cuter, and a cheeky smile that brought one to my own face.

I could feel Alpha Asher's eyes on me as I turned to greet the new addition.

"Are you gonna do what I think you're gonna do?" Maya chuckled and I smirked in response.

"If you mean try to make Alpha Asher jealous, then yes I am." I snickered.

"I'm Mason." He smiled at me, and I felt my lips turn up in response. He was much taller than me, but then again everyone is.

"Lola." I nodded at him.

He gave me a goofy smirk, "I'll try to take it easy on you then, Lola."

I giggled mischievously, "Oh don't worry, I can take care of myself."

"We'll see about that shorty." Mason chuckled and I followed him over to an empty space. I stifled my smirk when I glanced at Alpha Asher's face, the gold swirls visible in his eyes.

The second Mason attempted to hit me, I could tell he was trying to go easy on me. That fact annoyed me, but I decided to have some fun with it.

Mason lunged forward, his arm extended to throw a punch at my face. He was slow even on human standards. I smirked as his fist got closer to my face, only moving when it was an inch away. I grabbed his fist with my hand and wrapped my leg around his arm in a move that Chris spent weeks teaching me.

I twisted my torso and shifted my weight towards the ground, sending Mason tumbling forward. I rolled gracefully whilst Mason landed on his face.

His head popped up from the floor, his blonde hair tousled as he looked at me with surprise.

“I guess you can take care of yourself.” He gave me a lopsided grin.

I laughed at him, “Don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

The rest of practice went on swimmingly. Mason had some skill as a fighter, but he was much too slow to keep up with me. While he had strength on his side, I had speed.

I watched the sweat trail down his biceps as he attempted punch after punch, unable to land a single one.

“What are you?” Mason breathed heavily, tumbling to the ground, “Some kind of tiny ninja?”

“sh*t, you blew my cover Mason.” I giggled, rolling between his legs and nailing a solid kick to his balls.

Mason groaned and doubled over, “That was a cheap shot, Lola.”

I giggled as his face turned red, I really hadn’t kicked him hard.

“You’re right.” I nodded, giving him a sympathetic smile, “I’m not very strong, so I have to hit where it counts.”

“If my junk stops working, I’m coming for you.” Mason warned, but a smile played at his lips.

I gave him a look of mock horror and he rolled his eyes.

For once, training ended on a good note. I didn't feel sore for once and I actually had a good time. Alexander and Jax helped me with my punches and kicks, and I realized they were much scarier up close. Attractive, but frightening. What was even better, I could feel Alpha Asher's eyes on me the entire time.

At the end of training I followed Mason out the doors and waited for Breyona to catch up.

"You coming?" Mason turned around just as I stopped walking.

I nodded in the direction of the pack house, "Waiting for a friend!"

"I'll wait with you." He smiled, leaning on the wall next to me.

"You did great in there, Lola!" A curvy girl with flaming hair grinned at me, giving me a small wave. I recognized her as a shy girl named Katie. She had lived next to Breyona for as long as I could remember.

I smiled back at her, "Thanks!" I called out.

I frowned, "So why haven't I seen you around before?"

Mason shrugged, "I was here for a couple years as a kid, but my grandpa got sick and needed help so we moved. He died last year and we finally decided to move back."

"So, how old are you?" I blurted the first thing that came to mind, wanting to change the topic.

Mason gave me a goofy smile that told me he appreciated my abrupt subject change, "I'm nineteen. And how old are you, Lola?"

"Eighteen." I smiled back.

“There you are! I was looking for you.” Breyona’s smiled, the pack house door’s closing behind her.

I gave her an apologetic smile, “Breyona this is Mason. Mason this is Breyona.” I smiled at the two of them.

“You sure you wanna put up with her Mason?” Breyona smirked, “She beat you pretty hard today.”

I stifled a giggle at Breyona’s blunt self.

“Oh she did. I had no idea she was that skilled.” Mason chuckled, “I don’t think she’s too bad though.” He smirked as he shot me a quick wink.

Breyona walked home with the two of us. We all laughed and exchanged stories about our childhood. Breyona left first, her house was the first on our block.

Mason and I approached my house and I turned to see him off.

“Is this your place?” Mason’s eyes roamed over the house I had grew up in.

I shrugged, “Yup, that’s home.”

“So has Alpha assigned you patrol duty yet?” Mason turned away from my house with a grin on his face.

I sighed, remembering I had to start today. “Yeah, I start at 6 p.m.”

His chocolate colored eyes lit up, making him look like an excited kid. “I start at the same time!”

I couldn't contain my grin at the sight of his excited face, "Wanna meet up?"

"Sure! I'll be at your place at 5:45 p.m!" He grinned and gave me a wave before running off down the street.

I went inside and managed to have a couple hours of down time and dinner with my family. After taking a shower and throwing on a black tank-top and leggings, it was almost time to go.

A knock sounded on the door and I hopped off the couch. I almost knocked Mason down as I barreled out of the house.

Being friends with Mason was effortless. Mason and Breyona were two of the easiest people to get along with. They were both genuinely nice and never excluded anyone.

We reported to the posted patrol site and met up with the others on duty. After assigning groups and routes, we set off to scan our respective areas.

Mason and I were paired a lanky looking guy named Kyle and a muscular girl named Ashlynn.

Ashlynn gave us a friendly smile as we all shifted and took off running.

Maya stretched her legs happily and bounded off after Mason and the others. While she wanted to run and explore, she set her mind to the task at hand.

The wind rushing through your fur is an intoxicating feeling, the feeling of freedom.

We ran the perimeter of our area and stopped for a few moments. We let our wolves simply wander, still scanning the area for any threats.

'Guys on the southern side. Something came barreling through the woods, we couldn't make out what it was. Most likely just a rogue. Keep your eyes peeled, it was heading in your direction.'" One of the patrol members called out through the mind-link.

Maya's fur bristled in excitement. She longed to run at her full capacity, to sink her teeth into something.

The four of us froze as we heard the snapping of branches. The sound was coming from all around us.

"He said it was only one." Mason's sandy colored wolf whipped it's head around.

I frowned and Maya let out a low growl, "It sounds like more than one, but I trust the others."

"We need to split up." Kyle suggested, and it was a solid idea.

Ashlynn's voice chimed in, "They sound like their moving. If it's only one, how can it be moving in two separate directions?"

"We need to split up. Ashlynn and Kyle, take the left. Mason and I will head in the opposite direction. If anything approaches you, call the others." I barked orders at the three of them, and it was a strange feeling.

Mason and I bounded off into the forest, letting our ears guide us to whatever was running.

"Something feels off." I mumbled. Whatever we were chasing had no scent. Typically rogues smelled like rotting flesh. A wolf who could cover their scent was incredibly strong and resourceful.

"You think so?" Mason's wolf let out a low whine.

The only sound was that of cracking branches, and paws hitting the wet earth.

We skidded to a stop when we reached a small clearing. The only thing lighting up the clearing was the bright moon that hung in the sky.

The rustling was coming from all around us and I growled in frustration.

“Whatever it is, it’s circling us.” Maya growled, her fur bristling at the thought of a fight.

As soon as it began circling us, it all of a sudden came to a stop. The entire clearing was silent.

“It’s- It’s gone.” Mason’s voice was laced with confusion.

It wasn’t running from us – It was leading us.

I felt my eyes widen as a head of flaming hair came into view.

What was she doing all the way out here?

“Call the others, Mason.” My voice was quiet, but the strength in my words surprised me. I was never one to take control of a situation, but that was just something else that had changed about me.

“Wha-” Mason started, but his question was cut short when he looked into her glassy eyes.

Sitting against a tree, a mere thirty feet away was Katie.

Her flaming hair rustled in the breeze as her green eyes peered lifelessly at the two wolves who approached her.

The scarlet blood that soaked her neck was only a shade darker than her hair.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 8

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I was silently thankful for Breyona's care-free attitude and the fact that she didn't feel the need to coddle me.

"I'm dealing with it." I shrugged, "Maybe I handle death weird, but I don't know. It's sad and I miss her like crazy, but I don't feel like breaking down all the time."

"Hey, everyone grieves differently." Breyona shrugged, changing the subject to the cafe we were going to eat at.

We walked a couple blocks to the cafe, not bothering to take her car. The weather felt amazing and I didn't mind wasting the time.

The cafe had quickly changed in the time I had been gone. It used to have this old fashioned feel to it, but now it was completely modernized.

"I like it." I nodded, looking around at the decor approvingly.

Breyona nodded in agreement, "They updated the menu too. The avocado burger is amazing." She laughed as she licked her lips.

We chatted over lunch, rekindling the strong friendship we once had.

The day went by quickly and before I knew it, I was climbing into bed. Part of me dreaded training tomorrow morning. The bruises had just faded from my last training session with Alpha Asher.

Luckily, I remembered to set my alarm for training. I met Brianna outside and we walked to the pack house together. After dropping our bags off in the locker room, we made our way to the mats.

We stood and chattered for a few more moments, only stopping when Alpha Asher walked in. He was flanked by two men, who I learned were Alexander and Jax.

Both men were huge, covered head to toe in various scars. I could see why Alpha Asher's pack was so intimidating, all of the men were giant and scarred.

"Attention everyone," Alpha Asher's deep voice silenced everyone in the room. His very presence demanded everyone's undivided attention. "Pair off into your groups and begin, Alexander and Jax will be around to help."

And with that everyone scattered. I reluctantly made my way over to Alpha Asher, dreading the next few hours.

"We have a new addition," Alpha Asher told me, his honey colored gaze locked on my own, "You will be his partner for the time being."

A guy I hadn't seen before approached Alpha Asher and I. He was cute in a boyish sort of way. He had light blonde hair and chocolate colored eyes. His build was muscular, but not giant like Alpha Asher and his men. The guy had a round baby face that made him cuter, and a cheeky smile that brought one to my own face.

I could feel Alpha Asher's eyes on me as I turned to greet the new addition.

"Are you gonna do what I think you're gonna do?" Maya chuckled and I smirked in response.

"If you mean try to make Alpha Asher jealous, then yes I am." I snickered.

"I'm Mason." He smiled at me, and I felt my lips turn up in response. He was much taller than me, but then again everyone is.

"Lola." I nodded at him.

He gave me a goofy smirk, "I'll try to take it easy on you then, Lola."

I giggled mischievously, "Oh don't worry, I can take care of myself."

"We'll see about that shorty." Mason chuckled and I followed him over to an empty space. I stifled my smirk when I glanced at Alpha Asher's face, the gold swirls visible in his eyes.

The second Mason attempted to hit me, I could tell he was trying to go easy on me. That fact annoyed me, but I decided to have some fun with it.

Mason lunged forward, his arm extended to throw a punch at my face. He was slow even on human standards. I smirked as his fist got closer to my face, only moving when it was an inch away. I grabbed his fist with my hand and wrapped my leg around his arm in a move that Chris spent weeks teaching me.

I twisted my torso and shifted my weight towards the ground, sending Mason tumbling forward. I rolled gracefully whilst Mason landed on his face.

His head popped up from the floor, his blonde hair tousled as he looked at me with surprise.

"I guess you can take care of yourself." He gave me a lopsided grin.

I laughed at him, "Don't say I didn't warn you."

The rest of practice went on swimmingly. Mason had some skill as a fighter, but he was much too slow to keep up with me. While he had strength on his side, I had speed.

I watched the sweat trail down his biceps as he attempted punch after punch, unable to land a single one.

"What are you?" Mason breathed heavily, tumbling to the ground, "Some kind of tiny ninja?"

"sh*t, you blew my cover Mason." I giggled, rolling between his legs and nailing a solid kick to his balls.

Mason groaned and doubled over, "That was a cheap shot, Lola."

I giggled as his face turned red, I really hadn't kicked him hard.

"You're right." I nodded, giving him a sympathetic smile, "I'm not very strong, so I have to hit where it counts."

"If my junk stops working, I'm coming for you." Mason warned, but a smile played at his lips.

I gave him a look of mock horror and he rolled his eyes.

For once, training ended on a good note. I didn't feel sore for once and I actually had a good time. Alexander and Jax helped me with my punches and kicks, and I realized they were much scarier up close. Attractive, but frightening. What was even better, I could feel Alpha Asher's eyes on me the entire time.

At the end of training I followed Mason out the doors and waited for Breyona to catch up.

"You coming?" Mason turned around just as I stopped walking.

I nodded in the direction of the pack house, "Waiting for a friend!"

"I'll wait with you." He smiled, leaning on the wall next to me.

"You did great in there, Lola!" A curvy girl with flaming hair grinned at me, giving me a small wave. I recognized her as a shy girl named Katie. She had lived next to Breyona for as long as I could remember.

I smiled back at her, "Thanks!" I called out.

I frowned, "So why haven't I seen you around before?"

Mason shrugged, "I was here for a couple years as a kid, but my grandpa got sick and needed help so we moved. He died last year and we finally decided to move back."

"So, how old are you?" I blurted the first thing that came to mind, wanting to change the topic.

Mason gave me a goofy smile that told me he appreciated my abrupt subject change, "I'm nineteen."

And how old are you, Lola?"

"Eighteen." I smiled back.

"There you are! I was looking for you." Breyona's smiled, the pack house door's closing behind her.

I gave her an apologetic smile, "Breyona this is Mason. Mason this is Breyona." I smiled at the two of them.

"You sure you wanna put up with her Mason?" Breyona smirked, "She beat you pretty hard today."

I stifled a giggle at Breyona's blunt self.

"Oh she did. I had no idea she was that skilled." Mason chuckled, "I don't think she's too bad though." He smirked as he shot me a quick wink.

Breyona walked home with the two of us. We all laughed and exchanged stories about our childhood. Breyona left first, her house was the first on our block.

Mason and I approached my house and I turned to see him off.

"Is this your place?" Mason's eyes roamed over the house I had grew up in.

I shrugged, "Yup, that's home."

"So has Alpha assigned you patrol duty yet?" Mason turned away from my house with a grin on his face.

I sighed, remembering I had to start today. "Yeah, I start at 6 p.m."

His chocolate colored eyes lit up, making him look like an excited kid. "I start at the same time!"

I couldn't contain my grin at the sight of his excited face, "Wanna meet up?"

"Sure! I'll be at your place at 5:45 p.m!" He grinned and gave me a wave before running off down the street.

I went inside and managed to have a couple hours of down time and dinner with my family. After taking a shower and throwing on a black tank-top and leggings, it was almost time to go.

A knock sounded on the door and I hopped off the couch. I almost knocked Mason down as I barreled out of the house.

Being friends with Mason was effortless. Mason and Breyona were two of the easiest people to get along with. They were both genuinely nice and never excluded anyone.

We reported to the posted patrol site and met up with the others on duty. After assigning groups and routes, we set off to scan our respective areas.

Mason and I were paired a lanky looking guy named Kyle and a muscular girl named Ashlynn.

Ashlynn gave us a friendly smile as we all shifted and took off running.

Maya stretched her legs happily and bounded off after Mason and the others. While she wanted to run and explore, she set her mind to the task at hand.

The wind rushing through your fur is an intoxicating feeling, the feeling of freedom.

We ran the perimeter of our area and stopped for a few moments. We let our wolves simply wander, still scanning the area for any threats.

'Guys on the southern side. Something came barreling through the woods, we couldn't make out what it was. Most likely just a rogue. Keep your eyes peeled, it was heading in your direction.'" One of the patrol members called out through the mind-link.

Maya's fur bristled in excitement. She longed to run at her full capacity, to sink her teeth into something.

The four of us froze as we heard the snapping of branches. The sound was coming from all around us.

"He said it was only one." Mason's sandy colored wolf whipped it's head around.

I frowned and Maya let out a low growl, "It sounds like more than one, but I trust the others."

"We need to split up." Kyle suggested, and it was a solid idea.

Ashlynn's voice chimed in, "They sound like their moving. If it's only one, how can it be moving in two separate directions?"

"We need to split up. Ashlynn and Kyle, take the left. Mason and I will head in the opposite direction. If anything approaches you, call the others." I barked orders at the three of them, and it was a strange feeling.

Mason and I bounded off into the forest, letting our ears guide us to whatever was running.

“Something feels off.” I mumbled. Whatever we were chasing had no scent. Typically rogues smelled like rotting flesh. A wolf who could cover their scent was incredibly strong and resourceful.

“You think so?” Mason’s wolf let out a low whine.

The only sound was that of cracking branches, and paws hitting the wet earth.

We skidded to a stop when we reached a small clearing. The only thing lighting up the clearing was the bright moon that hung in the sky.

The rustling was coming from all around us and I growled in frustration.

“Whatever it is, it’s circling us.” Maya growled, her fur bristling at the thought of a fight.

As soon as it began circling us, it all of a sudden came to a stop. The entire clearing was silent.

“It’s- It’s gone.” Mason’s voice was laced with confusion.

It wasn’t running from us – It was leading us.

I felt my eyes widen as a head of flaming hair came into view.

What was she doing all the way out here?

“Call the others, Mason.” My voice was quiet, but the strength in my words surprised me. I was never one to take control of a situation, but that was just something else that had changed about me.

“Wha-” Mason started, but his question was cut short when he looked into her glassy eyes.

Sitting against a tree, a mere thirty feet away was Katie.

Her flaming hair rustled in the breeze as her green eyes peered lifelessly at the two wolves who approached her.

The scarlet blood that soaked her neck was only a shade darker than her hair.

Her throat was torn out and her mouth was open as though she were letting out a silent scream.

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The others were quick to respond as one of our own had been found.

I couldn't peel my eyes away from Katie's glassy stare, even when Mason's gentle hand turned me from her body.

We had shifted into human form after alerting the others, pulling on a t-shirt and a pair of sweatpants that were stashed in the forest.

“Don't look at her, Lola.” Mason murmured, his typical care-free expression was absent from his face.

“Could a wolf have done this?” Maya mused in my head.

I shook my head in response, “It's possible. It takes incredible skill to cover your scent like that.”

I could feel my heart hammering in my chest, and the cool night time breeze felt sharp against my skin.

As awful as it sounds, I had grown used to blocking things from my mind. While Katie's glassy stare would surely haunt my dreams, I pushed the image from my conscious mind.

Alpha Asher and his men had taken a total of six minutes to arrive in the clearing.

Asher looked delectable in his loose fitting shorts, his bare chest absorbing the moon light and taking on a porcelain glow. As much as my mind wanted to linger on Asher and find some semblance of peace, there was business to attend to.

"He brought a lot of men with him." Maya pointed out that interesting fact.

I frowned, "Kind of strange, isn't it?"

There had to be at least fifteen men that followed Asher into the clearing. Far too many men for what looked like a simple rogue attack.

A man I hadn't met before approached Mason and I while Asher looked over Katie's lifeless body.

The unnamed man was nearly as intimidating as Asher himself, but he lacked the powerful aura that Asher seemed to constantly exude.

"Beta Drake." Mason murmured, nodding his head in an act of respect.

Beta Drake was the man mentioned when I first arrived at the pack borders. No wonder Sean was in such a sour mood when I finally arrived home. Asher had no need for another Beta when he had one of his own. Sean had essentially been stripped of his title, a title my family had held for years.

Beta Drake had the same extremely large build all of Asher's men had, as if giant blood ran in their family. A long scar ran down the side of his neck, disappearing under the t-shirt he wore. His hair was a strange shade of ash blonde and reached down to his ears.

"Tell me tonight's events leading up to the discovery of the she-wolf." Beta Drake spoke in a very informal tone, "Do not leave anything out."

Mason glanced at me, and with reluctance I began to speak.

I kept my hammering heart under control, determined to keep my wandering eyes away from Katie's body. The last thing I needed was to lose what tight grip I had on my emotions.

Much to my surprise, my voice came out calm and steady. The turmoil I was feeling inside didn't rear its ugly head.

Mason chimed in here and there, confirming my account of tonight's events.

Asher hadn't approached the two of us, nor spared us a glance as we left from the clearing.

Mason, kind as always, walked me home in silence.

"First night of patrol and this happens." Mason shook his head, a frown forming on his pale lips.

I scoffed, but the action was filled with exhaustion. "Not a very good sign, is it?"

Mason shook his head, "Not at all."

"There were too many of Asher's men there tonight for it to be a simple rogue attack." I pursed my lips, the gears in my mind turning.

"You think so?" Mason's head tilted slightly as my words sunk in.

I shrugged, "Fifteen men seems like an awful lot. Rogue attacks happen sometimes, but tonight seemed different."

"I think we both need some sleep. Try not to think about it too much." Mason frowned as we stood on the stairs to my house, "I'll see you for training tomorrow, right?"

I rolled my eyes, gaining some of my sarcastic humor back. "Like Alpha Asher would let me miss training."

Mason grinned, but it was one that took effort to maintain. "Good, I'll hunt you down myself if you don't show."

I waved Mason off and went inside.

It didn't seem like Sean was home, but Grandma and Dad sat in the living room. From the looks of it, they were having a hushed conversation between themselves. I couldn't make out any of the words exchanged between the two of them, but the one word I heard was crystal clear; Lana.

"Their talking like two people who don't wanna be overheard." Maya mumbled in my head.

As much as I wanted to care, to inquire what they were talking about, the night had been long enough.

Both of their heads snapped to the door as I walked in, and Dad lifted himself to his feet.

“Sean told us something happened tonight at patrol.” Dad frowned, his gruff voice full of worry.

I frowned and crossed my arms, “A girl was found dead. Looks like a rogue attack.”

Dad wasn’t placated, “I don’t want you out running patrol anymore, or anywhere near the woods for that matter.”

I understood where he was coming from, but I also knew his personal needs wouldn’t overcome Alpha Asher’s.

“You know that won’t happen, Dad.” I frowned, plopping down on the couch next to Grandma.

“I’m not losing you or Sean.” Dad growled, running a hand through his salt and pepper hair.

I sighed, wanting nothing more than to head to bed. “Alpha Asher would never allow that. He can’t let half the people in town stop showing up for patrol cause their families are scared.”

“Lola, just listen to me on this.” Dad grimaced, but I had already had enough.

“No.” I stood from the couch, “I will not run again. I’m back now, and I can handle myself.”

The previous exhaustion that tinged my words had faded, leaving behind something else. A sense of power and authority filled me, one that didn’t quite feel right in a werewolf.

Dad’s jaw clenched, but if he could feel the strange waves rolling off of me he made no indication.

After a few moments the strange sensation subsided leaving me feeling drained and somewhat groggy.

“What the hell was that?” Maya sounded just as confused and tired as I.

“I have no idea.” I grumbled, my limbs feeling heavy. “All I know is I need some sleep.”

Dad still stood with his jaw clenched while Grandma looked quite pale.

“I’m heading to bed now.” I mumbled, trudging up the stairs, “I have training in the morning.”

Falling asleep that night had been effortless, and I made sure to set an alarm for the morning.

As I thought, Katie haunted my dreams. Her glassy green eyes were burned into my head, along with the image of her scarlet stained throat.

The dream felt so real, and I had almost mistaken it for reality. It was one detail that stood out, it reminded me this wasn’t reality. A set of blazing red eyes stared at me through the forest, scalding me with it’s intensity.

While the chilling dreams of Katie hindered my sleep, I felt refreshed after the events of yesterday.

I pulled myself from the bed and slipped on a black sports bra and a pair of workout shorts. Slipping my long hair into a pony tail and my shoes on my feet, I jogged downstairs.

Dad was nowhere in sight, but Grandma stood in the kitchen flipping something in a pan. The sticky sweet smell of pancakes filled my nose and I plopped down at the table.

“On time for once, I see.” Grandma turned and flashed me a cheeky grin.

I smirked at my Grandma and grabbed a water from the fridge, “Very funny, but yes I’ll be on time for once.”

“Good thing, I was afraid Alpha Asher would show up to torment you some more.” Grandma smirked, a strange flicker of knowledge gleaming in her eyes.

“Torment?” Maya mused, “Certainly didn’t feel like torment.”

“Hush.” I scolded her, pushing my strange attraction to Asher aside.

I turned my attention to the steaming pancakes she had set on a plate, ignoring the light blush that formed on my cheeks.

“Where’s Dad?” I frowned, glancing at the plate of pancakes she set in front of me.

Grandma shook her head and sat down, a cup of steaming tea clasped in her hands.

“Your Dad’s upset.” Grandma frowned, “He just needs some time.”

I sighed, “I didn’t want to upset him.”

“Oh he’s not upset with you, dear.” Grandma gave me a kind smile, “Just afraid and feeling quite helpless.”

“Did he tell you that himself?” I raised my eyebrow at her, knowing how Dad was.

Grandma chuckled, "Oh heavens no. You know your Dad is much too stubborn to admit that, but a mother knows."

I snickered, "I wouldn't say that's how you know, Grandma. You've always been too smart for your own good."

"Now that I can agree with." Grandma chuckled.

I left the house with a full stomach, walking to the pack house with Breyona and Mason at my side.

The conversation was light, but not as carefree as I had hoped for. Death lingered in the air, the news of Katie's murder had reached all ears.

"I'm surprised Alpha Asher didn't keep this from anyone." I shook my head.

I could only imagine how Katie's poor parents were doing.

Breyona shook her head, her short hair shifting. "Alpha Asher isn't like that."

"I guess that's a good thing." Mason shrugged.

We arrived at the pack house along with the other trainee's. Breyona and I threw our change of clothes in the lockers and headed out to the mat's.

"You ready to get your butt kicked today, shorty?" Mason snickered, leaning down to whisper in my ear.

I scoffed and turned to him, my fists raised. "Bring it on. You still can't take me."

Mason chuckled, "I bet you I'll get at least one good hit in."

"Bring it on, Mason." I poked my tongue out, jabbing one of my fists at his abdomen.

Alpha Asher's powerful aura filled the room and I knew without looking that he had entered.

My eyes immediately found his own, and they darkened as they took my face in.

I was standing closely to Mason, our arms grazing each other as Mason looked down at me with an amused expression on his face.

"Alpha Asher looks irritable." Mason whispered lowly in my ear and I fought to keep a smile from playing on my lips.

"He does, doesn't he?" I giggled, keeping my voice low as well.

Asher looked irritable and irresistible. He was wearing a black tank top that highlighted the large muscles along his arms. His scars stood out proudly, giving him that sense of experience and danger. His chocolate hair was tousled as his darkened honey-coated eyes looked my way.

"Attention, everyone." Alpha Asher snapped. "As you all know, one of our own was murdered last night. With times such as these, we must be more prepared than ever."

A thick silence fell over the crowd as we took in Asher's words. It sure didn't sound like some one-off rogue attack.

"Now that we have one opening in the class, a change must be made." My stomach dropped when Alpha Asher's honey eyes stared directly at me, a grim sense of amusement flickering in his gaze.

“That doesn’t sound good.” Mason muttered under his breath.”

“Mason, partner up with Dominic.” Alpha Asher commanded, his voice laced with the authority that ran in his blood.

“This is gonna hurt.” Maya groaned. “This is what happens when you continue to piss the Alpha off.”

“Don’t act like you didn’t encourage it when his hand was in my pants.” I snapped at her, and thankfully she went silent.

“sh*t.” I hissed, grinding my teeth together as irritation flashed in my eyes.

“Sorry, shorty.” Mason whispered in my ear, trudging over to Dominic.

“Pair off and continue where we left off Friday.” Alpha Asher snapped.

I stayed rooted in place as Alpha Asher glided over to me. It took an incredible amount of self control to keep my gaze from wandering down his strong face to his chiseled body.

“I will stand in as your partner.” Alpha Asher’s honey colored gaze was emotionless as he stopped in front of me.

Blame it on me feeling cranky, or the fact that I was tired of getting picked on by Alpha Asher, but I had no control when the words tumbled from my lips.

“Why do you feel the need to pick on me?” I snapped, stomping past Alpha Asher and onto a free portion of the mat’s.

If I thought I had gotten away, I was sorely mistaken.

In an instant I was slammed onto the floor. The thin padding of the mat did nothing to stop the breath from being knocked from my lungs.

A dark eyed Alpha Asher stood over me, his gaze hard as he stared me down.

“Someone thinks highly of themselves.” Alpha Asher’s comment was hard, sending an embarrassed heat to flood through me.

I grunted and pulled myself from the ground, readying for Asher’s next attack.

“Oh you have no idea,” I hissed, grunting as his fist skimmed my waist, “how highly I think of myself.”

I managed to dodge one of his attacks, my anger fueling me to move faster.

Asher seemed to be taking his frustration out on me today as his hits stung a little more than usual.

We went on like this for half the class. Asher would lunge with speed and precision that stunned me, and I would scramble to dodge his vicious attacks.

“If you learned just a shred of obedience, things may just be easier for you.” Asher grunted, his forearm connecting with my chest and sending me plummeting to the ground.

I ground my teeth against the pain and sat up.

Training had ended and the others were beginning to file out of the locker room.

“Now where’s the fun in that.” I snapped, glaring up at Asher’s towering form.

Something flashed in Alpha Asher’s eyes, darkening them. “Is that how you acted with your old Alpha?”

His voice was deadly calm. I could feel the waves of power rolling off of him, but the urge to run away and submit never came.

Instead I glared up at him, daring him to say more.

That familiar tingle of excitement mixed with fear and irritation came over me.

“The old Alpha has nothing to do with this.” I snapped, pulling myself from the floor yet again.

“Is that so?” Alpha Asher snapped, “The two of you were extremely close, I hear.”

Asher’s gaze was hard as the words fell from his lips, and I felt white hot fury rush through me. Asher had no right to speak to me like that. Everyone else in his pack might allow it, but I wouldn’t. As an Alpha, my past was none of his business.

“f**k you.” I spat, storming past him and into the empty locker rooms.

I slammed my locker open in a huff. I blocked Maya from my mind, not wanting to hear anything anyone said at the moment. I was high on fury and was determined to ride it out.

I pulled the pony tail from my hair and stuffed my sweaty gym shirt in my bag.

I was too busy swimming in my anger to hear the locker room door open, or the lock clicking shut.

A yelp of surprise left my lips as something slammed me up against the lockers.

My exposed chest and stomach pressed against the cold metal, sending goosebumps cascading down my skin.

I was bare except for a thin bra and a pair of workout shorts.

The familiar musky scent of male and cologne filled my nose and I gritted my teeth in annoyance.

“You’re the one who pissed him off.” Maya mumbled, obviously thinking I deserved whatever came to me.

I snapped back, “He’s the one who took it too far.”

“He’s the Alpha, he can take it however far he wants.” Maya grumbled back.

I rolled my eyes at her, “I don’t care what he is. He can’t act like he knows a single thing about us.”

“And where do you think you’re going?” His rough voice spoke lowly in my ear, slamming my chest against the lockers as I attempted to get out of his grasp.

“Can’t you just leave me alone?” I snapped, but deep down I knew I didn’t mean it. Sure, Alpha Asher had gone too far with his comment about Tyler but under his touch something stirred to life between my legs.

“What was that you said back there, Lola?” His rough voice was low in my ear and I resisted the urge to shudder at his concealed anger.

“You’re only gonna make this worse for us.” Maya muttered, but she knew I wouldn’t change my mind.

Alpha Asher did nothing but confuse me. He was cold and hostile with his ignorant remarks and demands of obedience, but the moment at the swimming hole had completely thrown me off. While his punishment left me frustrated for longer than I care to admit, deep down I had enjoyed his rough and primal behavior.

A large hand intertwined itself in my hair, yanking my head back.

I clamped my lips together to keep a yelp from emerging from my mouth. Sharp pain radiating from my head triggered something in between my legs. Pain mixed with the prickles of pleasure rolled down my head and neck.

While I was furious, my body had a mind of it’s own.

“I asked you a question, Lola.” His rough voice growled in my ear, giving my hair another sharp tug.

I gritted my teeth again, determined to keep the smell of my arousal from his nose. “I said, f**k you.” I growled back. It was clear I had no regard for my own safety.

“If I didn’t know any better, I’d think you were enjoying this Lola.” Alpha Asher growled in my ear and I winced.

The smell of my arousal had seeped from between my legs, filling the locker room with my scent.

I grinded my teeth together and cursed my body for having a mind of its own. I had never acted this desperate before, but something about Alpha Asher had my body reacting like a bitch in heat.

Just as I was going to bite back some snarky retort, something else happened.

Asher must've been standing awfully close, because something was pressing into my backside.

That something had Maya roaring to life. Where she was once scolding me for acting out, she now encouraged it.

"And you say I'm bad." I snapped at my hormone driven wolf.

Maya rolled her eyes, "I thought he was going to kill us. It's obvious he wants something else."

The pressure in between my legs was building and yet again I was willing to let Alpha Asher have his way. I decided to take a risk, one that might do more harm than pay off.

I pushed my as* against his hardened length, grinding against it slowly.

"If anyone's enjoying this it's you, Alpha." My voice came out low, ripe with the desire Alpha Asher seemed to awaken within me.

A deep rumble sounded from Alpha Asher's chest. My head rattled as I was spun around and slammed against the lockers. My eyes met the darkened eyes of Asher.

I could feel the blood rushing to my face under his hostile gaze. The gold hues in his eyes were melting

into the blackness that threatened to take them over.

“Watch what you say, Lola. You wouldn’t be able to handle me.” Alpha Asher growled lowly, his rough hand wrapping around the soft skin of my neck.

A sound of pleasure escaped my lips when his grip around my neck tightened.

Under his touch all of my sense seemed to fly out the window.

“Don’t be so sure, Asher.” I exhaled, my eyes trailing down his towering form.

Any semblance of gold was now fully swallowed by the obsidian flecks swirling in his eyes.

His grip around my neck tightened, only allowing me the smallest amount of air.

Something had to be wrong with me. Here I was, practically being strangled by a hostile Alpha and all I could think about was him tearing the clothes from my body.

“Alpha Asher, Lola.” He snarled, leaning down so his face was only inches from my own. His hot breath smelled of mint. “Do not forget it.”

With one last low growl, Alpha Asher let go of my throat and stormed from the locker room. Once again he left me equally excited and afraid, and despite my best judgement I was still begging for more.

Frustrated and wanting more, I decided to head to the swimming hole.

Any memories of Tyler and I at the swimming hole had faded under Alpha Asher’s touch. Alpha Asher’s touch seared my skin and sent waves of pleasure tumbling down.

I left the pack house and frowned, I assumed Mason and Breyona would've stuck around. One quick look at my phone and I see why they hadn't. I was in the locker room for nearly half an hour with Asher. I could only hope the scent of my arousal faded by the time tomorrow came around.

I decided to call home and let Dad know I wouldn't be heading back from training right away.

"Hello, Lola." My Grandma's voice sounded on the other end of the phone and I sighed with relief.

"Hey Grandma, I won't be home for a little bit." I replied, scrambling for an excuse.

There was a pause on the other end, "Does this have something to do with Alpha Asher?"

I clamped my lips together and struggled for words. Grandma had always been a little too smart for her own good. She always seemed to know things she shouldn't. Dad and I used to joke that she'd be a witch if it wasn't for her werewolf blood.

"No." I chuckled, trying to make it sound effortless. "I just need some time to myself after what happened last night."

"I understand, dear." Grandma's kind voice called out, "Will Breyona or your other friend be with you?"

"No.." I frowned, hoping she wouldn't tell Dad.

"Just be safe, Lola." Grandma's voice was stern, "I know you're more than capable of taking care of yourself, but try and stay clear of the forest for now."

"I will Grandma." I lied.

After I hung up the phone, the guilt set in. I hated lying to Grandma, but the swimming hole had always been somewhere safe and private I could go. Living in a pack was like having an entire town of siblings, there was never any alone time.

I strolled down the road and to the edge of the forest, my eyes flickering around as I stepped inside.

The sounds of the forest always worked to calm my nerves. The crickets and birds mixed with the smell of wet earth was like a sedative.

In no time I could hear and smell the fresh water.

I had enough tormenting from Alpha Asher today, and decided to keep my clothes on. I simply walked to the edge of the water and sat down on one of the giant rocks. This rock in particular had a flat and smooth surface.

While some part of me had missed home, another side desperately missed Grandma's cottage.

Her little cottage with a dense forest surrounding it, was one of my favorite places to be. There was endless privacy for when Maya simply needed a run. The density of the forest around Grandma's house provided the perfect coverage for Maya to run around undetected.

The fresh smell of herbs and wet grass in the morning had become the alarm I loved waking to. The wolf and human side of me were at odds.

Maya loved living on her own, nothing but forest surrounding us. She chafed under command.

I on the other hand felt a sense of duty to my family. Dad needed me, and Sean did too whether he'd admit it or not. Things felt complete with Grandma living with the three of us.

My churning sea of thoughts were cut short by the rustling of bushes and cracking of twigs.

I had already assumed Alpha Asher somehow followed me to the swimming hole again, but the noise was coming from the opposite direction.

I scrambled off the smooth rock and away from the rushing water when a face I had once loved came into view, a face I never wanted to see again.

Tyler.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 11

Tyler emerged from the brush of the forest, looking exactly how I had remembered him.

His sandy blonde hair was slightly longer now, and his torso was a little more swollen with muscle. His blue eyes held the same arrogance they had held his entire life.

His blue eyes were full of caution and some strange emotion as he slowly approached me.

"I'm alerting the others." Maya snapped.

"Wait." I demanded, "I want to hear what he has to say."

"If he gets too close, I'm ripping his head off." Maya growled.

"Agreed." I replied.

“Lola.” Tyler breathed, “It’s been a long time.”

I blinked at him stupidly. Out of everything he’s done and put this pack through, that’s all he has to say?

“No kidding.” I snapped, “You better come up with something better unless you want the others to find out you’re here.”

Tyler shook his head, “You wouldn’t call them on me, would you Lola?”

“Like you said, it’s been a long time.” I kept my voice indifferent, staring at him with hard eyes.

Seeing Tyler in person was proof that things had indeed changed. The butterflies that once scattered in my stomach under his blue-eyed gaze were now nonexistent. Looking into the depths of his ocean eyes invoked none of the feelings they had used to. All I felt for him now was hate, a dangerous emotion for any creature to hold.

“Lola.” Tyler’s voice turned soft as he took another step towards me, “You know I’d never hurt you.”

My heart squeezed at the sincerity in his words, but my mind knew better. Tyler only held interest in himself, he cared for only himself. The girl who had been raised along side him was the one hurting. The new Lola felt nothing for him.

Tyler took another tentative step, “I made a mistake, Lola. I never should’ve left you.”

“Don’t listen to him.” Maya growled, her eyes locked on Tyler.

I shook my head, “I’ll never listen to him again.”

My heart squeezed again as Lola from the past finally heard the words she had been dreaming of.

“Just a few more steps.” Maya murmured, and I was in silent agreement with her.

“What’s done is done, Tyler.” I snapped, “You found your mate, now get lost.”

Tyler shook his head, “She means nothing to me. It’s always been you, Lola. I’ve loved you since the beginning, and even now I can’t get you out of my head.”

“What kind of game does he think he’s playing.” Maya snarled, desperate to sink her teeth into flesh.

I had lost the ironclad hold I had on Maya for just a split second. A ferocious growl filled with fury ripped from my mouth. Maya was giving Tyler a warning, stop where you are and you won’t die.

Tyler immediately halted in his steps, caution filling his blue eyes.

“I came back for you, Lola.” Tyler’s voice was soft and dripping honesty.

His honesty changed nothing. Even if I wanted to forgive him, Maya would never allow it. He had abandoned his entire pack, left them all for dead. My Mom died for a pathetic Alpha who swore to protect her.

“I had no choice, Lola.” Tyler’s blue eyes darted around frantically, “I had to leave. You’d understand if you just came with me.”

“Come with you?” Maya snarled, “Never in a million years.”

“My Mom’s dead, y’know.” I pointed out, reading the emotion in his eyes.

Surprise and then guilt flashed in his eyes.

“Color me surprised, he actually feels bad.” Maya scoffed incredulously.

I shook my head, “I don’t know what to think. All I know is there’s no way in hell we’re going with him.”

“I didn’t know that, Lola.” Tyler shook his head, “I swear.”

“What the f**k happened, Tyler?” I snapped, “You left everyone to die.”

Tyler shook his head furiously, “That wasn’t my intention, I swear. Asher said he’d let me live if I abandoned the pack.”

“Alpha Asher would’ve let another Alpha escape.” Maya hissed, “No Alpha would.”

I gritted my teeth together. His eyes were brimming with sincerity, but something was off.

Why would Alpha Asher make a deal like that? The rumors about Asher paint him as a merciless Alpha, one who is swift when dealing death sentences. Why would he allow another Alpha to escape?

“I don’t believe him.” Maya growled.

"I don't either, but you have to admit he is convincing." I frowned.

Maya shook her head, "Anyone can lie."

"Why should I believe you, Tyler?" I glared at him, "You've done nothing to earn my trust."

"I had your trust once before. I can earn it again." Tyler frowned, but I wasn't hearing it.

"Leave Tyler." I snapped, my eyes hardening as I glared at him. "Flee, before I call the others."

"Shouldn't be too hard for him. He's better at running away than running a pack." Maya snickered.

The sincerity and honesty that had once been flooding his ocean eyes faded, and was quickly replaced by a hard and almost taunting expression.

"I just wanted to give you a fighting chance, Lola." Tyler's voice was hard and cold.

I could feel my body stiffen at his words, and a small smile twitched onto his face.

"What do you mean?" I snapped. Something about the look on his face had my hair standing on end.

Tyler's small smile widened, taking on a full-blown smirk. It wasn't one filled with playful intentions, it was one full of secrets.

"You didn't think I would just let Asher steal my pack, did you?" Tyler scoffed, crossing his arms over his chest.

I rolled my eyes at him, "Every pack within five hundred mile radius hates you, Tyler. You can't take back a pack the size of Asher's on your own."

Tyler's smirk turned into a grin, and he flashed me a set of white teeth. "Oh, I'm not alone. I have some new friends. The last thing your new little Alpha would ever expect."

"New friends?" Maya sounded confused, "No pack would dare fight against Alpha Asher."

Something about his words had my teeth on edge, and everything inside of me wanted to run straight to Asher.

"Go. Tell your Alpha what little you know. It won't change a thing." Tyler taunted, taking a few steps back until he began to merge with the forest.

"Good luck, Tyler." I snapped, turning around. "You'll need it."

I refused to let Tyler see my worry, or my fear. A year away from him had suited me well.

"Did you enjoy the notes, Lola?" Tyler's words had me hesitating, my back turned on my first love. "A friend of mine has been dying to meet you. He simply couldn't help himself."

My hesitation only lasted a split second before I walked calmly into the forest, Tyler's laugh echoing in my mind.

.Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 12

The absolute last thing I wanted to do was run to Alpha Asher, especially after what happened in the locker room.

I had no excuse for being out by the swimming hole again, and was equally dreading and anticipating his reaction.

I walked back to the packhouse, my stomach a mess of knots and confusion.

“I wonder who is friend is.” Maya inquired, sending her thoughts flooding through my head.

I grimaced at her words, “Whoever it is doesn’t seem like a friend to us.”

“Why leave notes for us though?” Maya shook her head, “Something isn’t adding up.”

“Maybe his friend just likes toying with people.” I shrugged, “Tyler sure does.”

That’s how the fifteen minute walk to the packhouse was spent. Maya and I exchanged theories and questions, neither of us coming to any conclusion

I walked into the packhouse and was instantly greeted by Alpha Asher’s Beta. I hadn’t seen him since he questioned me the night of Katie’s death.

“Lola, right?” Beta Drake cocked his eyebrow at my sudden appearance.

While Alpha Asher failed to intimidate me, Beta Derek was an entirely different story. I had no intention showing my intimidation with his scarred body and towering form. Chris was right about one thing, bigger men are much slower and fall harder.

“Thats me.” I nodded, looking around at the newly referbished packhouse.

The training grounds was a separate wing of the packhouse, positioned off to the side of the property.

The main wing of the packhouse held many bedrooms, and the Alpha's office. I had spent many of my childhood years in this packhouse, running around with Tyler. It was both refreshing and saddening how much the house had changed. Tyler's Mom always had the house in light pastels. Hints of blue's, yellow's and pink's were thrown about.

Alpha Asher must have reworked the entire thing when he took over the pack. The light pastel's were now gone, replaced with white and small amounts of black. It gave the packhouse a clean and pristine look. It looked more like a show room rather than a house that people lived in. There were no personal items decorating the walls, not a single picture in sight. A house that once held two generations, was now barren.

"What did you come here for, Lola?" Beta Drake raised his eyebrow, peeking over the page of writing he held in front of his face.

I cleared my throat and steadied my nerves in the process, "I need to speak with Alpha Asher."

Something danced in the back of Beta Drake's eyes, something curious. "And why would you need to speak with the Alpha?"

I pursed my lips together impatiently, "It's about Katie's death." I lied.

There was no way I planned on telling Asher's Beta my ex-boyfriend and old Alpha made an appearance on pack territory. The first thing out of his mouth would be to ask me why the hell I didn't alert them immediately.

Beta Drake set his paper down among the others and locked his eyes on my own, "And why didn't you provide this information the night of her death?"

"I didn't make the connection at the time." I clenched my teeth together. I always hated lying, but this wasn't a conversation I wanted to have with Beta Drake.

Hell, it wasn't a conversation I wanted to have with Asher but I didn't have a choice in that matter. I'd take Asher's punishments over Beta Drake's wrath any day.

"Then why don't you tell me instead?" Beta Drake proposed, and I found myself growing more impatient.

I sighed, "I'd rather just tell Alpha Asher if you don't mind."

Beta Drake paused for a moment, and finally a deep smirk formed on his face. "Very well, but I'll inform you now that he's very busy. He won't be happy you interrupted him."

"Is he ever happy?" I grumbled, unable to keep the words from leaving my lips. I clamed my teeth down with an audible 'click'.

"You have absolutely no self control." Maya groaned.

"I'm not going to dignify that statement with a response." I snapped.

"With an attitude like that, you're going to need some luck." Beta Drake replied, a hint of a smirk lingered in his tone.

I followed Beta Drake down countless hallways quietly. I knew the house like the back of my hand, but there was no way I'd tell that to Asher's Beta. I'm sure it was still common knowledge that I had dated the previous Alpha, but I appreciated that most people didn't bring it up.

Beta Drake led me to Tyler's Dad's old office and stood in front of the door.

"Go ahead and knock." Beta Drake gestured to the door with his head, amusement playing in his eyes.

"I don't suppose you'll stick around incase he tries to kill me." I raised my eyebrow at Beta Drake, who was becoming less intimidating by the second.

Beta Drake shook his head, his lips twitching at my words. "Don't count on it. Best of luck." And with those last warm and welcoming words, Beta Drake retreated down the hallway.

"It's now or never." Maya mumbled.

"It wouldn't kill you to be a little more positive." I rolled my eyes at her.

"He's going to be pissed either way." Maya shrugged, "I'm positive he'll kill us if we wait to tell him."

I lifted my hand and knocked at the heavy oak door. It was silent for a few moments, and I jumped when an irritated Asher yelled, "Come in."

I peaked the door open and stepped inside.

Asher was sitting at the large desk in the middle of the room, his honey colored eyes trailing the words on a piece of paper. He hadn't looked up at me yet, and I resisted the urge to fidget.

"Well?" Asher snapped, his eyes still glued to the paper in front of him. He hadn't even noticed me yet.

My stubborn side decided to make an appearance and I clamped my lips shut, simply standing in silence

until Alpha Asher decided to look up from his papers.

A few more seconds passed and he slammed his papers down with a loud thud. His honey eyes burned with irritation when they met my own.

“Lola?” Alpha Asher snapped, his handsome face contorting into a grimace, “Haven’t bothered me enough for one day?”

I felt an incredulous look threaten to come over my face and I concealed it with a snarky smirk.

“Sorry, you’re just so fun and approachable.” I smirked at him, “I just can’t help myself.”

Alpha Asher sat back in his chair as he glowered at me. His honey eyes were turning darker by the second, and I took the time to notice how good he looked.

He had changed out of his training clothes and now wore some casual business clothes. His button down shirt was rolled up to his elbows, while the top few buttons were undone. His chocolate hair was tousled and deliciously messy.

My heart began to hammer as he stood from his chair, stalking towards me slowly.

“You have one minute to tell me why you are here, Lola.” Alpha Asher growled, his chest rumbling from the depth of his own voice.

I pursed my lips and pretended to be lost in thought when I felt a rough hand grasp my chin.

“Thirty seconds, Lola.” Alpha Asher snarled, his hand tightening around my face.

As always when it came to Asher, pain coupled with pleasure and sent exciting tingles down my legs. The thought of his punishments were becoming more and more appealing as time passed.

“I have some information about Tyler.” I gritted my teeth as the name left my lips.

Some of Asher’s honey color returned to his eyes as he dropped his hand from my face.

“Good girl.” Asher commented, his eyes locked on my own. “Explain.”

Something fluttered in between my legs at the sound of his rough voice saying, ‘good girl’. It was almost as intoxicating as his deep threats to punish me. I wasn’t sure which one I liked more.

Knowing he would definitely be pissed, I launched into what happened at the swimming hole today.

I skillfully left out the fact I was receiving notes from an unnamed stranger. I couldn’t fully process that fact on my own, and the last thing I needed was the entire pack knowing.

Alpha Asher’s eyes progressively had gotten darker as I continued my account of today’s events.

“Why were you at the swimming hole, Lola?” Asher’s voice had taken on that deadly calm tone, sending chills down my spine.

“I don’t see why I can’t go there.” I huffed, “It’s out of the way, and no one else knows about it.”

“Tyler knows about it.” Asher growled, “You said Tyler isn’t working alone. Which means whoever he’s working with also knows.”

“Fine, I see your point.” I snapped, watching the fire in Asher’s eyes burn brighter at my disobedience.

“Why did you not call for the others?” Asher’s voice was deadly calm, and my stomach clenched under his intense gaze.

“Oh, he’s pissed.” Maya groaned.

I rolled my eyes, “He’d be more pissed if we didn’t tell him.”

“If I called for the others, we wouldn’t have found out any of this.” I huffed, crossing my arms as I stared back into Asher’s dark eyes.

“If you had called the others, Tyler would be in my hands.” Asher growled, taking another step towards me.

“I don’t believe that.” I shook my head, “Tyler was up to something, there was no way he’d let himself get captured.”

“You underestimate my pack.” Asher growled, “And you over estimate your little boyfriend.”

Something burned brighter in Alpha Asher’s eyes at his own words, but I refused to cringe under his fiery gaze. There was not a chance in hell I’d give Alpha Asher the satisfaction of making me submit.

“He’s not my boyfriend.” I snapped back at Asher.

Alpha Asher paused for a moment, “Did you want him to get away, Lola?”

If any other Alpha had taken over our pack, my next actions would definitely earn me a death sentence. I wasn’t sure what kept Alpha Asher from killing me here and now. I’d like to think it was my charming good looks and absolute refusal of obedience that tempted him into keeping me around. Nonetheless,

my next actions weren't something I was proud of.

At Alpha Asher's words, I was seeing red. Maya had roared to life and fueled my own anger. The two of us had completely forgotten who Alpha Asher was, and lunged at him.

I had never been angry like this before. Angry to the point where my vision clouded and I tasted metal on my tongue.

Alpha Asher's expression didn't change as he watched me charge forward.

Before my closed fist could reach Alpha Asher's face, I was slammed roughly into the wall. My fists were yanked above my head, secured against the wall by one of his hands.

My chest rised and fell rapidly, the adrenaline from my anger slowly subsiding.

"sh*t." Maya persed her lips.

I huffed in response, "This was as much as your fault as it was mine."

"Here's to hoping he doesn't kill us." Maya sighed, "I wouldn't mind another one of those punishments."

"I suppose that answers my question." Alpha Asher commented more to himself, as he restrained me against the wall.

His eyes were fully black now as he looked at my restrained position.

The combination of my low cut tank-top and my arms pinned above my head forced my breasts together and up.

I'm positive my face was flushed, and my chest continued to rise and fall rapidly. The rage I was feeling had subsided, but my breath refused to slow.

Alpha Asher's blackened eyes were staring me down.

It felt like searing heat lapping at my skin as Asher's black eyes trailed down the side of my neck, lingering on my lifted breasts.

I watched in equal parts horror and confusion as Asher skillfully removed the belt he was wearing.

I'm sure my eyes were practically bulging from the thoughts running through my head.

"Why is he taking his belt off?" Maya had the same frantic and lustful tone as I.

What was Asher doing? The prospect of feeling his length inside of me sent a wave of pleasure emerging from my core. I had clung to my virginity like a raft, and yet I was more than willing to throw it at a demanding Alpha.

A cruel smirk formed on Alpha Asher's perfect face as he watched my large eyes trace his belt.

"Did you think you wouldn't be punished?" Alpha Asher's voice was strangely soft, while his darkened eyes burned with intensity.

My stomach lurched with excitement, and my underwear instantly began dampening at his words.

All thoughts about my virginity were out the window. My pussy throbbed and ached to be filled with his length. The time nor setting mattered. He could throw me over his desk for all I cared.

Alpha Asher released my hands and spun me around, slamming my chest against the wall.

My arms were yanked behind my back and a squeak of pain left my lips.

Realization dawned on me as Alpha Asher wrapped his belt tightly around my wrists.

The pain melted with pleasure, only amplifying my lu*tful desire for the hot-headed Alpha.

His office was quickly filled with the clear scent of my arousal, but this time Alpha Asher didn't retreat.

He let his fingers gently intertwine in my hair before he yanked my head back.

I peered up into his black eyes, the want and desire plain on my face.

"You thought I was going to fk you?" Alpha Asher's rough voice was questioning as he looked down at me. "Only good girls get fked, Lola."

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 13

"You thought I was going to fk you?" Alpha Asher's rough voice was questioning as he looked down at me. "Only good girls get fked, Lola."

Something flashing in the depths of his eyes made me gulp. If he wasn't going to f**k me, what did he have planned?

Alpha Asher grabbed the belt that bound my hands, yanking roughly as he pulled me over to his office chair. The belt pinched my wrists, and I bit back a whimper that threatened to escape my lips.

Alpha Asher sat down in his chair, pulling me until I stood in front of him.

“Remove your pants.” Alpha Asher’s honey gaze was flecked with black, his voice even and calm.

My stomach lurched and a warm heat flooded my face.

“Is he serious?” Maya hissed.

I clenched my legs together, trying to hide the obvious smell of my arousal. Something about Alpha Asher taking charge, allowing the most primal part of him to show, was incredibly seductive. Nonetheless, I placed a defiant stare on my face. While excitement and allure churned in my gut, I refused to be thrown around without putting up a fight. Alpha Asher wanted obedience, he would soon learn that his punishments encouraged the opposite.

“I will not ask you again, Lola.” Alpha Asher’s voice had turned deadly, a low growl lingering in his words.

Another annoying pang of excitement ran through me. Defiance had come naturally for me, and I relished in my independence. Once I had learned to truly defend myself, the submissive and quiet part of me had died.

I clamped my teeth down on my lip, a habit I had formed over the years. Alpha Asher’s reaction was near instantaneous. His eyes had darkened and flickered down to my lip.

“Stop that.” Alpha Asher snapped, sending another rush of excitement through me.

I let my eyes grow wide, a picture perfect look of innocence clouding my features. I looked down at

Alpha Asher and batted my eyes.

“Stop what, Asher?” I gaped innocently, running my teeth across my soft lip.

A low snarl sounded from Alpha Asher’s chest as he grabbed the belt that bound my hands and yanked me forward.

“You just had to call him Asher.” Maya grumbled and rolled her eyes.

I grinned innocently, “Oops?”

I stumbled forward and my bound hands connected with Alpha Asher’s chest. I was extremely aware of how hard his chest felt beneath my hands.

“Let go of me.” I growled, my core clenching as Alpha Asher grabbed fist fulls of my shorts.

“You should’ve thought about that earlier, Lola.” Alpha Asher glowered at me, his jaw taut.

A yelp of surprise left my lips as Alpha Asher ripped my shorts from my body, dropping them to the floor. He moved faster than I thought possible, yanking the belt and throwing me over his lap.

I was silently thankful I chose underwear that provided some form of coverage. I had my cheeky black underwear on, and squirmed as I was draped across Alpha Asher’s lap. My bottom was in the air, and I felt mildly self conscious over that fact.

As defiant as ever, I wondered what the hell he was going to do. A simple spanking couldn’t possibly be

considered an actual punishment.

“Stop moving.” Alpha Asher snarled, his darkened eyes blazing. His fingers were intertwined in my hair, yanking my head back so I locked eyes with him. His hand yanked the hair tie from my head, letting my raven locks fan over my shoulder.

My arms were pulled forward as Alpha Asher hooked his belt to the side of the chair, keeping me locked in place. A familiar pressure began building in between my legs at the thought of him touching my bare bottom.

I opened my mouth to speak, to let out some snide remark when a sharp sting ran through my backside. A yelp of shock left my lips instead.

“What was that, Lola?” Alpha Asher mused, his voice low and husky as I recovered from the slap to my backside.

I could see Asher’s hand lift and slam down again, causing another yelp to leave my lips.

Three smacks later, the yelps of pain were turning into something new. As the lump beneath my stomach grew, the pain began mixing with pleasure. It was er*tic to know Asher was getting off on spanking me. Whether he admitted it or not, he wanted my disobedience. He wanted a reason to punish me, to exert dominance over me.

The heat pooling in between my legs was almost unbearable, an itch that was begging to be scratched. The scent of my arousal was thick in the air, as was the stinging slap of flesh against flesh.

“Please-” The word left my lip in a whisper, my resolve finally cracking. My body ached under his touch, and it needed more than just a simple taste.

“Use your words, Lola.” Alpha Asher’s voice was rough and husky, only encouraging the wetness between my thighs. “What do you want?”

“I want you-” I ground my teeth together as another slap hit my backside. The words were right there, on the cusp of my lips. They were begging to be spoken, and yet I wanted to keep them to myself. “I want-more.”

Alpha Asher’s bulge was pressing painfully against my stomach, sending heat rushing to my core. His body was responding to my own, wanting the same as I.

I felt Asher’s fingers tangle in my loose hair, yanking my head back so I could look into his face.

The ghost of a smirk formed on his chiseled face, while victory gleamed in his eyes. A frustrated whimper nearly left my lips when the belt around my wrists was removed.

“Have you learned your lesson, Lola?” Alpha Asher’s voice was hard, his face an emotionless mask that left me confused.

“Yes.” The word left my lips quietly, fueled by my desire for more. I would’ve admitted anything in that moment, anything to have his hand drift between my shaking thighs.

“Say it.” Alpha Asher snapped, his blackened eyes burning into my own. “I want to hear you say it, Lola.”

“I’ll be a good girl.” My eyes were wide and my face flushed, I was sure he could see the lu*t pooling within them. The pain had awakened something new within me, opened doors that I had never once thought about.

“Stand up.” Alpha Asher’s eyes had softened infinitesimally, but his voice remained hard.

I pulled myself from his lap, hastily yanking my shorts back in place. I flinched at how sore my backside was, the simple motion of standing made my bottom radiate pain.

The heat and wetness between my thighs was far from satiated. While part of me scrambled to find some way to get Asher to continue, my pride felt wounded. I told him I would be good, and the thought of being rewarded was almost worth it.

“Remember this lesson for tomorrow, Lola.” Alpha Asher’s lips turned up in a smirk, making him look handsome and devious. “I know I certainly will.”

I picked my pride from the floor and scurried from Alpha Asher’s office, desperate to clear my head. I could only pray the scent of my arousal hadn’t flooded from his office, letting the rest of the pack house know exactly what I had been up to.

Evening patrol resumed as usual, and I truly hoped the other night was a one-off.

Mason and Breyona met me at my front door, the three of us rearing to go.

Breyona was stuck with another group for patrol, stationed on the other side of town.

“Oh I meant to let you know, were going to a part tomorrow.” Breyona shrugged, as if it were just another weekday.

Werewolves never truly worried about drinking or partying. We could do both easily and return to work the next day. It took far too much alcohol to get a werewolf drunk, and when it did happen it wasn’t a pretty sight.

I lifted my eyebrow at Breyona, noticing Mason was equally invested in the conversation. “A party?”

“Yup.” Breyona shrugged, “It’s Chelsea’s birthday tomorrow night and half of the town is going.”

“Why would we go to Chelsea’s birthday?” I rolled my eyes, “I’m positive she won’t want us there.”

"It's at Haze." Breyona rolled her eyes, knowing Chelsea couldn't keep us out of the most popular club in town. "There's gonna be tons of guys there, so were going."

Haze was the club where Tyler had found his mate. I held no ill thoughts towards the club itself, just the people I had gone with at the time. Something in the pit of my stomach pulsed, knowing there was only one guy I'd want to run in at Haze.

"You said half the town would be there?" I raised my eyebrow at Breyona, trying to conceal the meaning in my words.

Breyona smirked, intelligence flashing in her eyes, "You might find who you're looking for at Haze. I can't promise anything though."

"Looking for someone specific?" Mason inquired, the side of his lip twitching down.

I shook my head, "Just an old friend, but I doubt they'll be there." I lied through my teeth, not wanting another person in on mine and Alpha Asher's strenuous situation.

"Well, count me in!" Mason grinned, his expression bringing a smile to my face.

"I'll pick you both up at Lola's house." Breyona chuckled as she began walking in the opposite direction, "Be ready at 9!"

"One hour to get ready." I shook my head mournfully, remembering we had patrol from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.

"You'll look beautiful either way." Mason grinned cheerfully as we continued our walk to the patrol site.

Patrol that night went effortlessly. Things were so peaceful, you'd wonder if a girl truly died the other

night.

“The calm before the storm.” Maya murmured.

“Well thank you for that positive bit of information.” I rolled my eyes, hoping my gloomy wolf was wrong.

I got home that night and nearly choked as my eyes landed on the white index card that sat on my bed.

“Another one..” Maya grumbled, “How is someone getting in here?”

I frowned and walked to the only window in my bedroom. My room faced the back of the house. Behind the yard was the sprawling forest.

It wasn't a stretch that someone made their way from the forest to drop a note in my bed. What was worry some was the fact that this person had no scent. I couldn't detect a single thing about them. If it wasn't for the note, I would'nt have noticed the intrusion at all.

While the forest was right behind our backyard, the patrol line extended far beyond that. The entire town was encompassed and ran through multiple times during patrol. Many stations were set up through out the forest, keeping an eye on anyone that comes or goes.

I flipped the index card over and looked at the grainy photo that fell out. Even blurred, I knew the three faces I was looking at.

Mason, Breyona and I were standing on the sidewalk. This was from just a few hours ago, just as we were walking to our patrol sites.

Keep your friends close, Lola.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 14

The moment I picked the crisp index card up from my bed, I knew I wouldn't get a full night sleep.

Tyler had specifically said his friend was leaving the notes. The only friend I could think of was one of the other Alpha's, and all were too afraid of Alpha Asher to dare cross onto his territory.

Somehow, someone was getting onto Alpha Asher's territory and leaving these notes. The fact that they could cloak their scent meant they weren't someone to be messing with.

As I thought, sleep refused to end my misery for half the night. I settled for locking my windows tight and drawing the curtains. The slightest crack in the curtains began to creep me out, so I tied them shut tightly.

I must've managed to sleep a whopping four hours last night, as my head was pounding and foggy when I woke that morning. My alarm got me up an hour before training began, and I used the time wisely.

I ran to the bathroom and washed the sleep from my face, feeling refreshed as the cool water splashed against my skin. I kept it simple, throwing on a tank top and workout shorts.

I walked downstairs just in time to interrupt what seemed like an interesting conversation between Dad and Grandma. Once again they looked like two kids who didn't want to be caught. That only peaked my curiosity.

"Don't let me interrupt, continue your conversation." I raised my eyebrow at the two of them, taking a deep gulp of coffee.

"Nonsense, it wasn't important to begin with." Grandma chided me, setting a plate of eggs and sausage down on the table.

Grandma was skilled at many things, lying was one of those many things. Living with her for a year however, gave me too much time to analyze Grandma.

When Grandma lied, she often tried to change the subject with food or sweets. And if that didn't work, she'd bring up some other random topic.

"Important enough for you both to go quiet when I came down." I raised my eyebrow and looked at the two of them.

Dad was a horrible liar, one thing he didn't get from Grandma. Dad sat across the table uncomfortably, nursing his coffee as though it demanded all attention.

"It was nothing important, Lola." Grandma pursed her lips, "How's training going with Alpha Asher?"

Knowledge flashed in her green eyes and I ground my teeth together.

"Did Grandma really just insinuate what I thought she did?" Maya gaped, looking at the old woman in equal wonder and horror.

I nodded, "She sure did. Thus proving, they don't want me to know what they were talking about."

"Smooth, Lola." Maya nodded.

“Training’s going great.” I nodded, stuffing some food in my mouth.

“Really?” Grandma’s lips twitched in a little smirk, her eyes shimmering. “Why’d you go to the pack house yesterday afternoon?”

Some of my eggs caught in my throat and I covered a cough with a healthy gulp of coffee. Grandma’s question got the attention of Dad, who sat his coffee down with a questioning look my way.

Grandma was smart, much too smart. She successfully redirected the entire conversation over to me, and now I needed to cover my own ass.

“Did the Alpha need help with something?” Grandma hid her smirk behind a cup of coffee, but I could see her eyes shimmering with amusement.

“You were at the pack house yesterday?” Dad grunted, “You didn’t piss off the Alpha again, did you?”

“No, not at all.” I forced my voice to remain calm, not at all defensive. “Just wanted to ask if they found anything out about Katie’s death.”

A sharp image of me bent over Alpha Asher’s lap came to mind, my bare bottom raised in the air as his hand met my skin.

I hastily pushed that thought from my head before the rosy blush could creep up my cheeks.

“It was most likely just a rogue attack, Lola.” Dad frowned, “We had quite a bit of those back in my day.”

“You’re probably right.” I shrugged, happy for the subject change, “I just had to ask.”

Mason and Breyona met me at the front door and together we walked over to the pack house.

“You sore from yesterday?” Breyona chuckled, referring to when I trained with Alpha Asher.

This time a blush did creep up my face. I hadn’t even thought about the rest of the soreness on my body. The only soreness at the front of my mind, was my aching bottom.

“Oh, yeah.” I nodded, “I need to find an upper hand against him. Especially if I’m gonna be stuck partnering with him.”

“Seems like Alpha Asher has it out for you.” Mason chuckled.

“It’s a love hate relationship.” Breyona snickered and I shot her a look. “Lola doesn’t like obeying, and that pisses the Alpha off.”

Mason looked taken aback for a moment, “And he hasn’t killed you yet?”

“Maybe he needs the numbers.” I shrugged, “I’m also not really a threat.”

“Maybe not to Alpha Asher.” Mason shook his head, as if a bad memory crossed his mind. “I was sore for days after we trained together.”

“I can’t help it.” I smirked at Mason, “You’re just too slow.”

“You wait, once training is done I’ll be the first one to kick that little ass.” Mason raised his eyebrow at me, his hand extended.

“Deal.” I smirked, and shook his hand.

“You better be careful messing with the Alpha though.” Mason shook his head, something troubling lingered behind his eyes. “Playing with fire, Lola.”

“Duly noted.” I smirked, walking into the pack house behind them.

I remembered what i told Alpha Asher last night and nearly sighed. I promised to be good for a change. Well.. I promised to be a ‘good girl’. If I was being honest, the only reason I planned to play nice was to get something in return.

“Only good girls get f**ked.”

His husky words played through my mind on a constant loop. Fine, Alpha Asher. I would be a good girl.

Mason headed to the guys locker room, while Breyona and I headed to the girls.

I stuffed my bag in the locker and headed out to the mats. Mason was already there and waiting. He definitely looked good. His tank top highlighted his biceps and muscular chest. Mason was just too big to gain anymore speed, much to large to maneuver as quickly.

The chattering died down as Alpha Asher stepped into the room. Two of his warriors followed behind. I couldn’t still the swarm of butterflies that formed in my stomach, nor the prospect of being partnered with Asher.

His honey colored eyes roamed the room, never once glancing my way. His hair sat messily on his head, while his black t-shirt rippled and dipped as it pressed against his muscles.

“Continue with offense and defense.” Alpha Asher’s voice was rough and commanding, “My men will be going around the room to help with your techniques.”

“Lola.” His deep voice pulled me from my explicit thoughts.

Mason gave me a sympathetic look, while Breyona smirked. I walked over to Alpha Asher, my heart thumping in my chest.

My heart nearly stopped entirely when Chelsea twitched up to Alpha Asher. She was wearing a sports bra that must’ve been four sizes too small. Her breasts were nearly popping out of the low cut tank top she wore. Her shorts were hiked up so high the bottoms of her butt cheeks poked out.

“Lola, pair off with Kanyon.” Alpha Asher nodded to a tall guy with skin the color of fresh espresso. Asher’s eyes were hard and met my own for only a fraction of a second.

Chelsea’s smug eyes met my own, a cruel smirk forming on her face as she nodded over to Kanyon. I ground my teeth together and stalked off towards Kanyon, unsure what game Alpha Asher was playing at.

“Did you see what she was wearing?” Maya fake gagged in my mind, “Might as well just wear a bra and panties.”

“Someone’s desperately trying to become Luna.” I rolled my eyes.

Whatever weird thing Alpha Asher and I had going on, had nothing to do with me trying to be Luna. If anything, dating Tyler taught me something important. Being Luna wasn’t for me. I didn’t want to be the center of attention, having an entire pack riding on my shoulders.

“Lola, right?” Kanyon grinned, showing gleaming teeth.

“That’s me.” I nodded, forcing a smile to my own face.

I remembered Kanyon from well over a year ago. We had never been friends, but we hadn’t been

enemies either. Simply two people who had very different friend groups. Kanyon had completely changed over the years. Braces came off and muscles replaced the acne.

I couldn't stop myself when my eyes flickered over to where Asher was standing. My blood turned hot in my veins, chafing uncomfortably.

Alpha Asher was fighting Chelsea.

I could hear her obnoxious giggles as she tried to throw a punch at Alpha Asher, only to have him block it and yank her forward. He was being unnecessarily gentle with her, only fueling my anger.

"Why is she even here?" Maya growled irritably, "She can't even defend herself."

The butterflies I had been feeling turned into pissed off wasps as the familiar feeling of jealousy coursed through my veins.

"f**k this", I mumbled under my breath and peeled my eyes away from Chelsea and Alpha Asher.

As bad as this may sound, I took my anger out on Kanyon. While Kanyon wasn't the biggest Lycan around, he was slim enough to be considered fast whilst having enough muscle to land a decent punch. His speed made me work harder to out match him, and the red-hot jealousy I was feeling fueled me even further.

I kept my eyes glued on Kanyon as we trained, refusing to even glance Asher's way. Chelsea's giggles and squeals were annoyingly loud, only fueling my anger.

"We're much stronger when we're pissed." Maya growled as we dodged another of Kanyon's attacks.

My muscles burned, but the burning fueled me further. I welcomed the ache, the sweat, and the breathlessness. Chris's voice flashed through my head, guiding me as Kanyon continued to advance.

Kanyon lunged forward, switching to the side a second before his body came into contact with my own. I wasn't sure how, but I anticipated the move. I knelt down just a second before his body was supposed to hit my own, and sent my elbow flying into his abdomen.

The move had its desired effect. My elbow smashed into Kanyon's abs, and he let out a sharp grunt before he tumbled over onto the floor. I stood from my spot and held my hand out for him.

"Damn, Lola." Kanyon huffed, rubbing a hand against his battered torso. "You hit pretty hard."

I couldn't help the snort that came through my lips, "You think so?"

"For sure." Kanyon nodded with a bright smile, "See you tomorrow, Lola."

I waved Kanyon off and grimaced at my eyes made their way to Chelsea. She was talking very animatedly to Alpha Asher, a hand on her hip as she turned and waved him off. Alpha Asher's face was unreadable, but for just a moment his eyes met my own. His honey colored gaze was emotionless as he looked into my eyes. I had irritation and anger written all over my face. My teeth clicked together in annoyance as the corners of his lips turned up in a smirk.

"f**king asshole." I mumbled to Maya.

"He's trying to make us jealous." Maya huffed.

"Chelsea can have him." I snapped, "I'm not fighting over a damn Alpha."

I changed quickly and stormed from the pack house. Sure, I was probably over reacting but I didn't care. Jealousy was hot in my veins, as was the image of Asher sparring with Chelsea. In the past, I had fought so hard for Tyler's attention and I promised myself that would never happen again. I wasn't going to fight to keep Asher's attention.

I was leaning against the brick wall of the training building when Chelsea's obnoxious laugh came closer.

"Guess you're not the Alpha's favorite anymore." Chelsea sneered as she caught me standing against the building.

For once she didn't have her little lackeys behind her.

I shrugged, "Never wanted to be the favorite to begin with."

"Now we all know that's a bold lie." Chelsea chuckled humorlessly, "You try so hard, Lola. But you'll always be useless. Thrown to the side the minute someone better comes along. Tyler saw you for what you are, and now Asher does too."

The way she said his name rang out clearly in my head, 'Asher'. Within seconds I was seeing red.

"f**k being a good girl." I snarled, smiling as my fist connected with Chelsea's face.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 15

Once my fist connected with Chelsea's face, it was as though the anger had completely drained from my body. I was left standing there gaping like a fool. While I didn't regret my actions, I never had the guts to follow through on them before.

Breyona was standing just a few feet away, her jaw dropping as she looked at Chelsea.

My bad luck continued when Alpha Asher turned the corner as well. I clamped my jaw shut as Chelsea began wailing at the sight of Alpha Asher.

I hadn't even hit her that hard. Just hard enough to leave a solid bruise on her face. Not nearly hard enough to break skin or blacken an eye. Yet she still whimpered and whined as if I had tried to murder

her.

“Alpha!” Chelsea whined, “Lola just attacked me out of no where!”

Alpha Asher’s face was cold, and his eyes glanced between the two of us. Something burned in the back of his gaze when he locked eyes with me, and I fought to keep the smirk from forming on my face.

“Is that true, Lola?” Asher turned his hard gaze on me, the corner of his lip twitching suspiciously.

“Say no.” Maya hissed.

Once again, my big mouth got me into trouble.

“If you consider a punch to the face an attack, then yes.” I stared at him deadpan, “I attacked her ever so viciously.”

“Lola, do you enjoy being alive?” Maya growled under her breath.

“Quite so.” I snipped sarcastically, “Why do you ask?”

“Really?” Maya rolled her eyes, “Then why do you insist on trying to get us killed.”

“Y’know, you’re awfully negative.” I snickered at my temperamental wolf.

“Shut up, Lola.” Maya sighed, shaking her head.

Within seconds Asher had his hand clamped around my forearm, tight enough to cause pain.

“See you at 9.” I called out to a stunned Breyona over my shoulder.

Alpha Asher’s pace was fast as he dragged me along with him. My feet stumbled and tripped to keep up.

Alpha Asher took me around to the front of the house, storming around to the forest line with my arm in his grip.

Confusion washed over me as he passed the pack house. Where the h**I was he planning on taking me?

Alpha Asher stormed into the woods, only going a few feet in until I was slammed against a tree.

“See, Lola.” Maya huffed, “He’s taken us out into the woods so he can kill us in peace.”

“Really?” I rolled my eyes, “He’s the Alpha, he can kill us wherever he wants. You really need to stop being so dramatic.”

“It’s called self preservation, Lola.” Maya snapped, “You could use some.”

“Do you have no control over yourself, Lola?” Alpha Asher’s voice was deadly calm as he backed me up against the tree.

I ground my teeth together, determined to control my body as much as I could. I was tired of my body responding under Alpha Asher's touch. My jealousy was a stable pit of fire in my stomach, giving me the strength to try and control my arousal.

"I have plenty control, Alpha." I gritted my teeth and spat my reply.

Alpha Asher's honey colored eyes were growing darker, "Care to explain why you attacked Chelsea?"

Some kind of f**ked up amusement was flickering in the back of his gaze. Was he actually enjoying all of this?

"Chelsea's had that coming for a long time." I snapped, extremely aware of the close proximity between Alpha Asher and I.

I could feel his t-shirt brushing against my own, and the smell of him was intoxicating. A deep woody cologne mixed with male sweat floated around me.

"What happened to being a good girl, Lola?" Each word was spoken slowly, his voice dropping into a husky growl once he spoke my name.

Alpha Asher's towering form leaned over me, and I couldn't help but notice how his face inched closer to my own.

"I tried, but it was just too hard." I stuck my bottom lip out in a pout, letting my eyes widen as I looked up at Alpha Asher.

A deep snarl left Alpha Asher's mouth as he slammed me against the tree again. His rough hand came up to grab my face. His touch wasn't hard enough to bring pain, but there would be no escaping his grasp.

I could feel my own willpower weaken as his rough thumb ran across my lower lip. The sensitive spot between my legs instantly began to dampen under his touch. I could see somewhere in the back of his eyes, his willpower was crumbling. The lump in his pants I had felt in the past was proof to the fact that he wanted me.

My body reacted on it's own under his touch. My tongue darted from my mouth, flicking against this thumb slowly.

His thumb dipped past my parted lips, and I flicked my tongue against it hungrily.

Just when I thought something more was going to happen, his eyes clouded over. I cursed the stupid mind-link. My body was screaming for him. He ignited a fire within me that only he could put out. Whenever Asher touched me, any thoughts of my virginity flew out the window. I knew sooner or later, he would be the one to steal my virginity. My body refused to give it to anyone else.

Once the fog cleared from Asher's eyes, he removed his hand from my face and took a few steps back. My chest was rising and falling heavily, while desire still lingered in my eyes.

"This will be the last time you defy me, Lola." Alpha Asher's voice was low and rough as he turned away from me.

"Don't count on it." My words sounded breathless, but the fire that fueled my defiance was still roaring.

Alpha Asher stopped in his tracks, "I will contact you once I've thought out a suitable punishment for your attack on Chelsea."

Without another word, Alpha Asher turned and took off back to the pack house.

I used the walk back home to clear my scattered mind. For whatever reason, I wanted Alpha Asher in a way I hadn't wanted another male. Every time I found myself alone with him, my willpower crumbled as though it had never been there to begin with. I couldn't find the strength any longer to resist the

intoxicating pull I felt towards him.

I opened the front door to the house silently, hearing my Grandma and Dad's hushed voices in the kitchen. They hadn't notice me come in.

I closed the front door slowly, keeping my ears trained on their conversation.

"...she can't know...hurt her..find out.." My Dad's voice was a strained whisper.

"..deserves..poor...vampire.." My Grandma's voice held a semblance of anger and I froze at the last word she spoke.

Vampire

Vampire's existed in the world just as us Lycan's. Human's were blissfully unaware that they were surrounded by monsters.

Vampire's had never posed a threat to Lycan's before. We ran in large packs and were simply too strong to come up against.

While Lycan's enjoyed the warm weather, Vampire's preferred the cold.

Vampire's never ran in groups larger than 2-3 at a time. They weren't family or pack oriented. They stuck to themselves and only emerged from the shadows for something to eat.

Hell, the last reported Vampire seen was well over sixteen years ago. Why would Dad and Grandma be talking about them now?

“Quiet.” Grandma hissed at my Dad, pulling me from my thoughts.

Grandma’s head peeked around the corner, and a carefree smile was plastered on her face.

“Oh you’re back, I made some lunch.” Grandma grinned, gesturing for me to come into the kitchen.

I plastered a weary smile on my own face, doing my best to hide the fact I heard far too much of their conversation. I hadn’t received any useful information, but I now knew they were hiding something from me. I simply wondered what that something had to do with Vampires.

I ate lunch with a cheerful Grandma and a silent Dad, passing the time as quickly as I could. I wanted to leap from my chair and demand they tell me the truth, but I knew they’d just deny what I heard.

Time passed rather slowly, and finally 6p.m. rolled around. I slipped from the house with a forced wave to my Dad and Grandma, grateful for Mason’s cheerful company.

“So, you punched a girl in the face?” Mason chuckled, shaking his head. His arm was draped lightly over my shoulder as we walked, but it didn’t feel awkward or strange. It felt friendly and was simply part of Mason’s carefree attitude.

“Sure did.” Breyona shook her head, but a smirk played on her lips. “Alpha Asher drug her off.”

“And you’re still alive?” Mason’s steps faltered at Breyona’s words, his smile slipping from his lips.

“I’m thinking Alpha Asher has a soft spot for Lola.” Breyona nodded thoughtfully, “Either that or he just really wants to sleep with her.”

Mason looked slightly uncomfortable, so I happily changed the subject to the party tonight.

“Oh there’s no way Chelsea’s gonna show up to her own birthday party with a huge bruise on her face.” Breyona snickered, “She’ll cover it by the time the party rolls around.”

Patrol went effortlessly tonight. The forest surrounding the territory was completely quiet. The only sounds came from the creatures that lived within the woods. Not a single sighting of a rogue or other was brought to anyone’s attention. Mason and I simply spent the time dashing around the forest, allowing our wolves a bit of free time.

Breyona met up with me at my house with a bag full of makeup and two dresses in tow. Once she saw the state of my closet, she insisted on helping me get ready.

“You ever think there’s something more going on between you and Alpha Asher?” Breyona asked, raising her eyebrow as she brushed my face with some light colored powder.

I frowned, “Like what?” I had just told Breyona what happened in the woods by the pack house, and she was definitely surprised.

“It seems like the guy can’t keep his hands off of you.” Breyona shrugged, but something lingered in her eyes.

“You’re holding something back.” I huffed, I was tired of the secrets. “Just say it.”

“Alright.” Breyona pursed her lips as she applied eyeliner to my lids, “Does Alpha Asher have a mate?”

“What?” I twitched, feeling Breyona drag the eyeliner down my cheek with the sudden movement.

“I said, does Alpha Asher have a mate?” Breyona asked impatiently, using her other hand to hold my head still.

“I mean, with the way he’s touched me I certainly hope not.” I clamped my teeth together.

“From what I hear, he doesn’t.” Breyona gave me a pointed look, “He’s twenty three years old and doesn’t have a mate. Do you know how rare that is?”

“What’s your point?” I asked perplexed.

“What if you’re his mate?” Breyona huffed, and the pieces in my head clicked together.

“He’s definitely not my mate.” I shook my head as Breyona handed me the mirror to look myself over.

“You’re only eighteen. You never know.” Breyona rolled her eyes.

“No, really it’s not possible.” I shook my head, there was no way that was even an option. “I don’t feel anything romantic for him. It’s all just s*xual. And besides, I’m not a Luna. I’m not Luna material. I’m stubborn and I don’t listen to anyone. I can’t run a pack.”

Breyona dropped the subject for now, but I could see a retort burning in her eyes. Either way, it didn’t matter. Alpha Asher clearly had no romantic feelings towards me, and I felt exactly the same. It was all physical. Two people who just had a physical connection. Alpha Asher clearly liked my blatant defiance, and I found his primal and dominating personality to be a turn on.

My raven hair flowed down my back in a sea of black waves, and the smokey makeup made my green eyes stand out brilliantly. Ever since I told Breyona what Tyler had said about me wearing black, she insisted I wear it more. She claimed it made my eyes stand out and gave me that ‘bad girl’ edge.

I chuckled at the obsidian colored fabric that poked out of Breyona’s bag.

“Let me guess, you’re making me wear the black one?” I smirked at Breyona through the mirror.

“Obviously.” She chuckled as she applied her own eyeliner.

I slipped on the black dress and looked it over in the mirror.

The fabric was flat and black, holding no shine. It clung to my curves perfectly and ended around mid thigh. The neckline wasn't super low, but there was a cut out in between my breasts, highlighting the curves they made.

“I have no clue if Alpha Asher will be there tonight.” Breyona raised her eyebrow at me as she saw the look on my face, “But if he is, he won't be able to keep his eyes..or hands off of you.”

“I'm looking forward to that.” I chuckled, deep down hoping he would show.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 16

Mason showed up at my house right on time. He looked cute in his light button down shirt and slacks. His sandy blonde hair was swooped to the side in his usual superman type hairstyle.

“Woah, you look great Lola!” Mason beamed at me, a light pink blush tinging his cheeks, “You too Breyona!”

We piled into Breyona's car and took off for Haze. Haze was located just outside of the pack's territory. An entire city was just out of bounds. While we weren't forbidden from going into the city, we were expected to be on our best behavior. The city was filled with humans, none of which knew the existence of our kind.

Due to Haze's close proximity with our pack, many Lycan's frequented the club. The bar tender, bouncer and owner were all Lycan's, allowing us to drink at almost any age. The whole 21 and up rule never quite applied for Lycan's. It took far too much for us to feel the affects of alcohol, rendering the 21 and older rule useless.

Haze hadn't changed in my time away. The bright cursive sign flashed with the beat of the thundering music. The ground outside practically vibrated from the bass inside.

I looked around thinking about the last time I had been here. It was Tyler's eighteenth birthday, and my entire world had come crashing down in the span of an hour or so. This time would be different. There would be no Tyler, no hearts getting broken tonight.

While I was insanely physically attracted to Alpha Asher, I was thankful my heart wasn't on the line. I couldn't stand getting attached to yet another Alpha, just to learn I'm not their intended mate.

Breyona, Mason and I approached the front door of the club. It was located on a busy street and many people lined up for a chance to go inside.

"Alpha Asher sends his regards." Breyona murmured to the bouncer.

The sentence was a code of sorts. It allowed the bouncer to know who to let in first, without revealing anything important.

"Straight on in, miss." The muscular bouncer nodded, waving us ahead.

After a quick glowing stamp to the top of our hands, we were let into the club.

Every other month the inside of Haze changed. This time black satin curtains hung over the entrance, brushing softly against my skin as we pushed through them.

The inside of Haze was lit by dancing purple and green lights. It gave the club a badass kind of feel, the

color reminding me of poison.

The purple and green lights flashed, highlighting the bodies swaying on the dance floor.

The air was thick with perfume, sweat and the general lu*t that comes with a few strong drinks.

“Wanna dance?” Breyona shouted over the music, her eyes flitting from person to person.

I shook my head, “I’m gonna get a drink first!” I yelled back.

Breyona nodded, “Good thinking!”

Her and Mason followed me over to the bar. The bar was a shiny obsidian material that ran the length of one of the walls. Countless bottles of alcohol were scattered towards the back. Three different people ran the bar, all flitting from person to person.

“What can I get for you ladies?” The tall bartender smirked at Breyona and I, purposefully ignoring Mason.

By all intents and purposes, the bar tender was cute. Tall and slim, with hints of muscle running down his arms. His black hair fell over his forehead, a bright green stripe running down the side.

“Coconut rum, on ice.” I called out over the music. Breyona shouted out some fruit drink and Mason got some kind of beer.

“Starting strong, I see.” Breyona chuckled.

I shrugged, "It's not like I can get drunk anyway."

While it took forever to get drunk, we could still gain something from the alcohol. Personally, alcohol made me feel warm and just a little more relaxed.

"ID's?" The bartender asked, but locked eyes with the glowing stamp on our hands.

Confusion flitted over my face and Breyona turned to speak in my ear.

"Special stamps let them know you're over 21." Breyona chuckled in my ear.

The bar tender made our drinks quickly and set them in front of us, flitting to the neck waiting person.

"This club's really going to the dumps if their already letting the trash in." A familiar, nasal voice sneered.

"I'll show her trash." Maya growled, itching for another go at her.

Chelsea twitched by Breyona and I, her dark haired servant trailing after her.

Chelsea's dress truly left nothing to the imagination. It was extremely low cut, and somehow just managed to cover her bottom. Not only was it sparkly, but it was a Peptol Bismol shade of pink. Add a silver pair of heels and a sash that says "Birthday Girl", and Chelsea's look is complete.

"Maybe she'll find her mate tonight and back off Alpha Asher." Breyona shrugged, nudging me with her elbow.

I took a large swig of my drink, grimacing as the alcohol burned my throat.

“Doubtful.” I grimaced, “If she wants to be Luna that bad, she won’t care if their mate’s or not.”

Breyona shuddered, “Luna Chelsea.”

“Don’t even put that thought in my head.” I shuddered along with her.

The three of us squished onto the dance floor, the smell of body spray and sweat was much stronger.

While I’m sure I lacked skill, I’m not one of those people who hated dancing.

I let my body sway to the thundering music, enjoying the way the purple and green lights illuminated my skin.

A guy slowly danced up behind Breyona and placed his hands on her hips. I snickered as she whipped around, prepared to give the guy a piece of her mind. The guy was actually kinda hot. His dark hair reached down to his shoulders and he had an apologetic grin on his face.

I threw my head back and laughed when Breyona placed her hands on her hips and shook her head. I couldn’t hear what they were saying, but I’m sure it was an interesting conversation.

Whatever the guy responded with must’ve been a good answer, as Breyona pulled him closer to her and danced with him.

Her gaze met my own for a moment and waggled her eyebrows at me, pointing at the guy when he wasn’t looking. I gave her a thumbs up and a grin as I continued dancing.

Mason had been close by the entire time but had gotten lost in the crowd. I kinda hoped he’d find his own girl to dance with. I didn’t know much about Mason’s mate situation, but it seemed like he hadn’t

found her yet.

I let the music carry me, and the lights cloud my vision. A strange, fuzzy feeling came over my mind. I was high on the thundering music and the dazzling lights. I hadn't even noticed when Breyona and her mystery guy had disappeared from the crowd.

A pair of large hands grasped my hips and I knew instantly from the touch that it wasn't who I wanted it to be.

I swung around to meet the eyes of the guy who took it upon himself to touch me, and found myself staring into a pair of swirling blue eyes.

This guy wasn't Asher, but he had his own sort of aura that surrounded him. He was handsome in a dangerous sort of way. Extremely light blonde hair flowed from the top of his head, just grazing his shoulders. Something about his hair made me want to run my fingers through it, and I wondered how soft it truly was.

I couldn't place my finger on the source, but this was the most relaxed I had felt in weeks.

"Well, hello beautiful." The mystery guy smiled. His teeth were blindingly white, and perfectly straight. His smile had that curl to it that made you wonder if he was up to something.

"Hello Mr." I giggled, swaying my hips in time to the music.

Alpha Asher was becoming a distant thought in my head. My enhanced senses were over shining my thoughts. Sweet perfume, husky cologne, sweat, and the sharp smell of lu*t swirled around the club in a furious tornado.

"Does the beautiful girl have a name?" The guy grinned, his hands finding their way back to my hips.

For once, Maya was silent in my mind. I couldn't focus hard enough to search for her presence, but I couldn't force myself to feel concerned. My mind felt somewhat hazy, and it wasn't from the tiny bit of alcohol I consumed.

"Lola." I shot the mystery guy a smirk of my own, stepping forward as his large hands tightened around my waist.

The mystery guy pulled me in closer, moving his body against my own with the thundering beat of the music. His light colored hair captured the purple and green lights, making it look as though his hair were changing colors. His snow-like hair, and his deep blue eyes had me mesmerized for a moment. I figured it couldn't hurt to dance with the guy. After all, I wasn't planning on going home with him.

"Lola." The deviously handsome guy murmured my name in my ear. It sounded like an er*tic song as his breath hit the side of my face, "Fitting for such a beautiful little thing."

I wasn't sure how long we danced for. My mind was fluttering, unable to hold a logical thought as I danced against the mystery guy. We only pulled away when someone walked up to him and murmured in his ear.

"I'm afraid I have to leave now, Lola. My friend here needs a ride home." The man murmured in my ear, shooting me one of his gleaming grins, "Hopefully we meet again."

Once the man walked away through the crowd, I noticed I hadn't even gotten his name.

The deafening music and flickering lights muddled my head in ways I currently wasn't enjoying. I pushed past the dancing crowd of people and made my way back to the bar. I couldn't see Breyona anywhere, but Mason sat at the bar talking to one of the bartenders.

"Hey, I was looking for you!" Mason shot me a cheeky grin as I sat down beside him.

"I was just dancing." I chuckled, ordering an ice water for myself.

Mason raised his eyebrow and took a sip of his own drink, "You danced for over an hour?"

"An hour?" I frowned. No wonder my brain was muddled. I danced for over an hour with just a cup of alcohol in my system. Lycan or human, that wasn't good for anyone.

"Yup, an hour." Mason nodded, "Breyona was over here looking for you at some point."

"Last I saw Breyona, she went off with some guy." I chuckled, my eyes flitting around.

After drinking an entire glass of water, my head felt a little better. Not completely clear, but clear enough.

"Speaking of a guy." Mason smirked, but something about his expression seemed forced, "Alpha Asher was just at the bar."

The sound of Asher's name had Maya coming forward.

"I vote we find him." Maya grinned and sniffed the air.

"Now you wanna speak up." I chuckled.

"I've been talking to you this entire time." Maya rolled her eyes and grumbled, "Can't even hear me over the damn music."

"I'm actually gonna step out for a minute and get some fresh air." I smiled at Mason, "If you see Alpha Asher again let him know where I've gone."

“Want some company?” Mason frowned, his head tilting to the side.

I shook my head, “Nah, I’m alright. Just need to get away from the music and lights for a minute.”

“Don’t stray too far from the club.” Mason frowned, and I elbowed him gently.

“I wont, sir.” I put a stern look on my face, but at the sight of Mason’s cheeky grin a smirk formed on my face.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 17

I headed out through one of the clubs side doors. These doors were closely monitored for anyone attempting to sneak into the club.

I leaned against the brick wall of the club, taking deep gulps of the crisp air. This particular side door was situated in the middle of an alley. A single bouncer leaned against the wall. From the smell of him, the bouncer was definitely a human.

“Feeling alright?” The gruff bouncer nodded my way, placing a cigarette between his parted lips.

I nodded, “Just needed from fresh air.”

The smell of cigarettes filled the air and I crinkled my nose. Enhanced senses were great until you smelled something nasty.

“Sorry.” The bouncer chuckled with a gruff laugh, tossing the cigarette to the ground. “Nasty habit.”

“Well hello there gorgeous.” A different male voice chimed in, and I watched unimpressed as two

college-age guys sauntered down the alley.

It was clear from the smell and sight of them that they had already been drinking for quite some time. The two of them glided up to me, a grin on their faces as if they were Goddess's gift to us women.

"What's a pretty little thing doing out here?" The first one flashed me what he thought was a dazzling grin, "The party's inside, sweetheart!"

"f**k off." The bouncer snapped, leaning up from his spot against the wall.

"I can handle myself." I flashed the bouncer a cocky grin, "Don't worry."

"As long as you don't let them in, have at it." The bouncer gave an indifferent shrug.

"See, she can handle herself." The main guy flashed the bouncer a sneer and turned his attention back on me.

The two guys were clearly college age from the looks of it. One had short brown hair, slicked over the side of his head while the other had a short buzz cut.

"Why don't you let us in darlin' and we can party with you?" The one with the buzz cut grinned, "Better yet why don't you come on over to our place."

"Oh aren't we just the luckiest girls in the world." Maya snickered.

I couldn't hold back the snort that left my lips, "No thanks, I'm good."

I stifled a grin as the bouncer let out a deep chuckle.

Normally I wouldn't torment two poor guys, but they seemed like the type to not take no for an answer. I couldn't help but laugh at the irony. Alpha Asher didn't take no for an answer, and yet I found him intoxicating. These two guys were anything but intoxicating.

"Playing hard to get?" The one with the slicked hair smirked, taking a step towards me.

"Oh, I'm not playing." I shrugged, "But I'd keep my distance if I were you."

"Sweetheart, you're the least frightnin' thing I've ever laid my eyes on." The one with the buzz cut chuckled

"This is gonna be fun." Maya chuckled.

The one with the buzz cut made the first mistake. With a deep smirk plastered on his face, he reached for my arm.

Both of the guys were much taller than me, but the two of them had stepped far too close. I was easily in range to throw a few good hits their way. Plus, humans were much more fragile than Lycan's.

I grabbed the arm of the guy who reached for me and yanked him forward, c**king my fist back to land a solid blow to the face.

"No means no." I shrugged, flashing the chuckling bouncer a wide smile.

“Tell em’ Lola!” Maya cackled.

The guy with the brown hair paused for a minute, obviously contemplating if fighting a girl was worth it. I suppose he made his answer when he lunged forward.

“Stupid stupid human.” Maya shook her head.

I let my knee shoot up just as the brown haired guy lurched forward, connecting my knee cap to his sensitive bits. After the impact I brought my arm forward and elbowed him in the back, sending him slamming against the brick wall. The guy with the buzz cut had regained his senses and raised his fist to strike me, but I was much faster. While I aimed for his already broken nose, my fist went a little lower and jabbed him in the throat.

After a coughing fit that was quite entertaining, buzz cut guy helped his friend off the ground and the two of them stumbled away.

“Well, that was fun.” I shrugged, giving the bouncer one last wave before I headed back to the door. “Hope you kick that bad habit.” I called out, closing the door behind me.

The sound of thumping music assaulted my ears as well as the pulsing purple and green lights. My head was much clearer after getting some fresh air. Maya was hyped up from scaring the two guys off, and chattering in my head like crazy.

“Human’s are so fragile.” Maya rolled her eyes, “You didn’t even need my help.”

“What a bummer for you.” I chuckled, and laughed as Maya growled in agreement.

I was in the club for a total of fifteen seconds before I slammed into a hard body. I staggered back, my heart fluttering in my chest as the scent registered in my nose. Goddess only knows how I was able to

pick his individual scent out of a thundering club, but here I was.

I looked up dazed at Alpha Asher, my stomach clenching when a vivid image of him and Chelsea flashed through my mind.

“Starting trouble already, Lola?” Alpha Asher’s dark eyebrow raised enticingly.

Alpha Asher’s voice was clear through the music, his words were much too easy to focus on. I couldn’t tell which I liked more. Alpha Asher in workout clothes, or Alpha Asher dressed for business. He wore black slacks that hugged exactly where they needed to. A black button down shirt hugged his chiseled chest, and the sleeves were rolled up to his elbows. My eyes flickered down at his muscular forearms, tracing the heavy veins that ran down.

“Eavesdropping are we?” I smirked, and I tried to keep the lingering jealousy at bay. If anything, the jealousy only made me more hell bent on defying Alpha Asher.

“I’ve learned if there is trouble within a five mile radius, you will undoubtedly find it.” Alpha Asher pursed his lips, his full eyebrow still raised.

“What can I say?” I shrugged, “It’s a talent.”

Alpha Asher’s honey colored gaze lingered on my face. A deep smirk formed on my own as his eyes flickered down my body. Asher’s own willpower was cracking, it was clear in his darkening eyes. His gaze flickered down my body for just a moment, finally meeting my own amused gaze.

“His wolf wants to come out and play.” Maya murmured, a pleased smirk forming on her face.

“Let’s tempt him then.” I smirked in return.

Alpha Asher stood still as I closet the distance between us. His dark eyes lingered on me, cautious and

guarded. I lifted my hand slowly, toying with the collar of his button down shirt.

“What’s your wolf’s name?” I smirked up at him, peering up through my eyelashes.

Asher remained silent for a few moments, his dark eyes blazing into my own.

“Grim.” Was all he said, his lips moving softly.

“Grim.” I repeated the name slowly, smiling up at Asher as I graze my teeth against my bottom lip.
“Shame he can’t come out and play.”

Alpha Asher’s iris’s melted into his pupils as Grim fought to come forward. Asher’s lips were pressed in a tight line, anger and some other emotion burning in his gaze.

“Looks like Grim want’s to come out and play pretty badly.” Maya snickered.

I dropped my hand from the collar of Asher’s shirt and gave him one last coy smile as I stepped to the side to walk past him.

His hand snapped out, wrapping around my wrist tightly as he turned me around and pulled me close.

“You think you’re protected by all of these people, but you’re not.” Alpha Asher growled lowly, “Try something like this again and I’ll take you where you stand.”

I couldn’t contain the excitement that flooded through me, hell I practically was vibrating with it. His gruff words had the sensitive spot between my legs instantly dampening and my body filled with anticipation.

“My apologies, Alpha.” My words were slow and seductive as I brushed past him, heading towards the bar.

I could feel his burning gaze on me the entire time.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 18

I left Alpha Asher in the dust, making my way back to the bar. I added a little extra sway to my hips as I walked away, secretly hoping he would follow.

I allowed myself a glance back to where Alpha Asher stood once I reached the bar. A frown threatened to form on my face when I couldn't see him anywhere, but I chased it away.

Mason wasn't at the bar either so I hopped down in a seat and waited for the bartender to finish with his other customers.

A nasal voice sounded from just over my shoulder and I grimaced as I locked eyes with Chelsea.

“Alpha Asher's looking awful good tonight, don't you think Lola?” She sneered, her dark haired friend cackling along side her, “Maybe he'll kiss the Birthday Girl.”

I couldn't help the incredulous snort that came from my mouth, if only she knew what happened between me and Alpha Asher on multiple occasions. Nonetheless, I wasn't one to brag and I didn't need the entire pack thinking I was getting cozied up to yet another Alpha.

“That's a long shot.” I snorted, “Hey, don't you have a mate to go find? I don't think he'd like you slithering around Alpha Asher.”

Chelsea's face turned a bright red and she snapped back at me.

“At least I have a chance at finding my mate.” Chelsea barked, “You probably don’t even have one. I can’t see how anyone could want someone like you.”

A pang of pain ran through my chest at her words, but I shoved it deep down. I placed a mask of amusement on my face and watched as she stomped away.

I let my eyes scan the room and noticed Asher standing just fifteen feet away. He was leaning against the wall talking to another man, a glass of amber colored liquid sat in his hand. He looked down right delectable with his chocolate hair tousled to perfection.

My jaw clicked shut and my face turned into a grimace as Chelsea twitched up to Alpha Asher. The man he was talking to smirked at Chelsea and walked off.

My eyes were practically glued to Asher and Chelsea, I couldn’t even hear the bartender when he finally approached me.

Chelsea’s gaze flickered back to my own, a cruel smirk forming on her face before she placed her manicured hand on Alpha Asher’s shoulder. A loud nasal laugh sounded from Chelsea, along with a smirk from Asher.

My thundering heart matched the beat of the music blaring through the club speakers, and jealousy flooded through me like ice water.

“Obviously a punch to the face was much too nice.” Maya growled. “Bitch needs to learn her place.”

I clenched my teeth and ignored Maya for once. Maya wanted a fight. Wolves were much different than humans. For whatever reason Maya saw Alpha Asher and Grim as her own, and she was determined to protect what was hers. I on the other hand know Alpha Asher doesn't belong to me, but that doesn't mean I was immune to jealousy.

I turned back to the bartender feeling much more irritable.

"Five shots of your strongest liquor." I grimaced at the cute bartender.

"Five?" The bartender with the green stripe in his hair sputtered, "You sure you can handle that miss?"

"I'll be fine." I snapped, forcing my gaze anywhere other than Asher and Chelsea.

Sensing my obvious irritation, the bartender was fast with gathering my shots. I had never managed to actually get drunk before, but I was determined to try. I wanted to drown out the flaming jealousy that threatened to consume me. I had never been jealous in the past, and I was not enjoying the irritating feeling. Jealousy was like a big green monster that kicked you to the ground, then continued kicking.

"Jeez, Lola." Mason chuckled, plopping down in a seat beside me. He eyed the shots the bartender lined in front of me. "This wouldn't be because of Chelsea and Alpha Asher, is it?"

"That obvious?" I grimaced, my gaze flickering over to them against my own will.

Chelsea was saying something she must've thought was funny, cause she cackled like a field wench a moment later.

I grabbed one of the shots from the table, my eyes glued to Asher and Chelsea. As if he could feel my eyes on him, Asher turned his gaze on me.

I let a dry smile come over my face as I raised the glass in his direction. I downed the shot without

hesitation, my eyes burning holes into Asher's.

I did what I could to conceal the jealousy monster within me, and turned my attention back to Mason.

"Nothing will happen between them." Mason shrugged, not bothering to glance at Asher or Chelsea. He sounded so sure, and I wondered where he got his information from.

"What makes you say that?" I frowned, downing another shot.

The liquor burned as it ran down my throat, but the taste wasn't completely unpleasant. Maple, honey and a woody flavor filled my mouth.

"Alpha Asher's obviously not Chelsea's mate." Mason shrugged, "Once you turn eighteen, finding your mate is all you can think about."

"You sound as though you're speaking from experience." I pointed out, raising my eyebrow as I downed the third shot.

"I am nineteen y'know", Mason shrugged and looked away, some foreign emotion lingering in his ocean eyes. "Perhaps a story for another time."

The hidden emotion dissipated from Mason's eyes and his typical goofy grin formed on his face.

"I have an idea." Mason's blue eyes glinted mischievously.

"And what might that be?" I raised my eyebrow at him, demolishing the fourth shot. While I was intrigued about this idea of his, I wondered what might've happened between Mason and his own mate. Maybe he hadn't found her yet, maybe he was still looking.

“Why don’t we go make him jealous.” Mason shrugged, but I could see the excitement in his eyes, “Dance with me.”

I pursed my lips for a moment, flickering my gaze over to Asher and Chelsea. They were standing much too close for my own comfort, then again ten feet is much too close.

“Alright.” I nodded, taking the fifth shot. “Let’s make him jealous.”

I let a devious smile form on my face as Mason put his hand out for my own. I placed my hand in his and followed him back over to the dance floor. We passed by Asher and Chelsea on the way, and I purposefully ignored their gazes.

Mason and I walked onto the dance floor and I turned to face him. A light blush stained his cheeks and I couldn’t help but chuckle.

I leaned in closely, feeling Asher’s gaze burning into me and murmured in Mason’s ear.

“Put your hands on my hips, Mason.” I chuckled, noticing how cute Mason looked when he was flustered.

Mason placed his hands on my hips so gently I could hardly feel them at all.

“You can touch me harder Mason.” I chuckled in his ear, “I’m not going to break.”

“Sorry.” Mason murmured back, his blue eyes locked on my own.

I was far from drunk, but I felt much lighter from the alcohol. It probably didn’t help that my last meal was well over five hours earlier.

I stepped closer to Mason and let my hips sway with the thundering music. Mason slowly began loosening up and moving in sync with me. A smug smirk formed on my face and I let my hands trail slowly up Mason's torso. The light blush stained his face the entire time.

At some point I turned and let my backside face Mason, pulling his hands around me and setting them on my hips.

"Excuse me." Asher's rough voice called out and my head snapped to the side.

"Got him." Maya snickered.

Asher was standing beside me and Mason, impatience bleeding through his emotionless gaze.

"Alpha?" Mason replied, the two of us separating.

Mason's nonchalant expression looked kinda strained as he faced Alpha Asher.

"Might I borrow Lola for a moment?" Alpha Asher's gaze was solely focused on Mason, he didn't even glance my way.

It was clear Alpha Asher wasn't asking. His statement hung in the air as a challenge. He was practically daring Mason to say no.

"Of course, Alpha." Mason nodded, giving me a strained smile before he stepped back.

I could feel guilt swirling in the pits of my alcohol filled stomach.

"This was Mason's idea." Maya frowned, "You shouldn't feel guilty."

Maya was right, but I couldn't help but feel for Mason. Whatever was going on with his mate was clearly affecting him, and the last thing I wanted was to leave the poor guy confused. Of course, it was my fault for flirting with him in the first place.

"I'll catch up with you later, Mason." I forced a carefree grin onto my face, giving Mason one last wave.

"I'll try and track Breyona down while I'm at it." Mason grinned, but his eyes were swirling with many emotions.

I turned my attention back to Alpha Asher, resisting the urge to let my eyes roam the length of his body.

"Is Alpha Asher going to dance with me?" I feigned shock, "I would've never pegged you for a dancer."

"I'm not." Alpha Asher growled, the honey color in his gaze was quickly being swallowed by darkness.

"That'll be kind of awkward then." I shrugged, swaying to the music. "Brooding and standing still while I dance."

While I definitely wasn't drunk, the copious amount of alcohol I consumed was doing nothing to stop my big mouth. Irritation and anger flashed in Alpha Asher's gaze.

"I am not brooding." Alpha Asher snapped, running a hand through his tousled hair.

The simple action had me mesmerized and practically drooling. Apparently, that wasn't the response he was looking for.

His rough hand grabbed my wrist and tugged me off the dance floor.

“Y’know, I’m failing to see why you needed to drag me off the dance floor.” I pointed out with a hint of an attitude.

“Shut up, Lola.” Alpha Asher growled, seeming much more irritable tonight.

While I failed to see the point of Asher dragging me away, Maya was practically bursting with excitement.

Asher dragged me to the side door I had come through earlier, and pulled me outside. The crisp air was cool against my heated skin, and I couldn’t help but take deep gulps of the fresh air.

“Go inside.” Alpha Asher snapped at the bouncer, handing him a stack of something that looked suspiciously like money, “Give us twenty minutes.”

“Oh.” Was all Maya had to say.

“Very helpful, Maya.” I nodded.

“What can I say?” Maya shrugged, “My wisdom knows no bounds.”

The second the door closed behind the bouncer, I found myself slammed against the rough brick wall of the club. The bricks scratched at my back, but I could hardly feel it.

I was completely entranced with Alpha Asher’s obsidian colored eyes, any trace of his usual color was gone. His eyes burned with unabashed fury, and I wondered what got him so worked up. I don’t see how he could truly be that jealous of Mason when he was busy flirting with Chelsea.

“I warned you, Lola.” Alpha Asher growled lowly. “Time and time again, I warned you.”

“Do you have anger problems or something?” I pursed my lips, knowing it was the wrong thing to say.

Asher’s hands slammed against the brick wall, landing on either side of my head. He was only a few inches away, his chest rising and falling heavily.

“The only problem I have is you, Lola.” Alpha Asher growled, and my legs clenched together involuntarily.

His voice was rough, hitting all of the right places as words cascaded from his mouth.

“I don’t see how I’m your problem, Alpha.” I pointed out, a stubborn smirk forming on my face.

“Lola.” Asher growled, and I loved the way my name sounded in his mouth. “Your disobedience is my problem.”

The urge to roll my eyes was nearly overwhelming. It was becoming much more clear that Alpha Asher was jealous. Was he really too stubborn to admit it?

“Really?” My voice was low, amusement and desire seeping through my words. “Because to me, it sounds like you’re jealous.”

His face was inches from my own when I said the words. His breath fanned against my face, smelling of whiskey.

“Jealous?” Alpha Asher’s expression was deadly, his voice calm with the rage he held back. “You think I’m jealous?”

“Mmm, yeah. I do.” The corners of my lips turned up in a smirk. That was my first mistake.

Alpha Asher's hand lurched forward, wrapping around my neck. While he applied pressure, it wasn't enough to affect my breathing.

I could practically feel the wetness seeping through my panties, his dominance and ferocity turned me on in ways I hadn't experienced.

"How could I be jealous when I'm the only one who can do this." Alpha Asher snarled, thrusting his other hand forward to cup my dampening pussy.

Again, my big mouth spoke on its own.

"Who says your the only one who makes me wet?" I taunted the pissed off wolf like the idiot that I am.

"It's not nice to lie, Lola." Alpha Asher snarled, his fingers wrapping tightly around my sheer panties.
"Lying gets you punished."

A tearing sound echoed down the quiet alley and a cool breeze rushed up to my dress, lapping against my heated pussy. Asher let my torn underwear flutter to the ground.

"Who says I'm lying?" I smirked at Asher. My legs were trembling now, my pussy begging for some form of release. Asher's hand tightened around my throat and a low growl sounded from his lips.

Without warning, his fingers parted the lips of my pussy and a finger was thrust in. I was completely soaked, allowing his finger to slide inside of me effortlessly.

"F*ck, Lola." Alpha Asher growled under his breath, his lips close to my ear. His hot breath hit my ear, sending a pleasurable shiver running through me.

His single finger felt huge within me, and I couldn't control myself when my head fell against the brick and a loud moan left my lips.

"So F*cking tight." Alpha Asher growled lowly, his finger slamming in and out of me rapidly. His anger and hidden jealousy made him rough, and I was loving every moment of it.

My pussy clenched around his finger possessively, and pleasure racked my entire body. Alpha Asher's thumb began rubbing angry circles against my clit and my legs buckled from the intense pleasure.

"Who else makes you wet like this?" Alpha Asher snarled, taking his hand off my throat and gripping my chin tightly, "Name them."

"No one." I whimpered, my breath coming out in little pants.

The only sounds heard down the entire alley were my breathless moans, and the sound of skin against wet skin.

I could feel the pressure building in my pussy and I longed for the release Alpha Asher could bring me.

"Do you want to cum, Lola?" Alpha Asher growled lowly in my ear.

"Yes." I whimpered, rocking my hips and grinding against his finger hungrily. "Please- Please Alpha."

A deep growl radiated from Alpha Asher's mouth, pushing me closer and closer to the edge.

"You like my fingers deep inside you, don't you Lola?" Alpha Asher's voice was deep and husky.

Even with the cold breeze outside, I felt much too hot. I didn't care if it was in this damp alley way, my

pussy was begging to be filled. I wanted Alpha Asher to tear my dress from my body and take me where I stood.

“Yes, yes Alpha.” I whimpered, my pussy grinding against Alpha Asher’s hand harder.

“Cum for me, Lola.” Alpha Asher growled, his obsidian eyes locked on my own.

“I’m gonna- I’m gonna cum.” I whimpered, my legs shaking with the pleasure Alpha Asher was bringing me.

His fingers quickened their pace, slamming in my soaked slit with impatient fury.

“Look at me.” Alpha Asher snarled, “Look at me when you cum.”

His erotic words and demanding tone sent me over the edge, and I let my eyes find his own as the pressure within me exploded.

A mix between a whimper and a scream left my lips as I had one of the most intense orgasms I had ever experienced. Alpha Asher continued to rub circles on my clit, prolonging my bliss.

He only removed his hand when I was a trembling, whimpering mess. I placed all of my weight against the brick wall, not trusting my shaky legs to support my weight at the moment.

“Don’t forget who made you scream, Lola.” Alpha Asher murmured roughly in my ear, dragging his finger against my jaw as he turned his back and walked back into the club.

“Best punishment ever.” Maya murmured quietly.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 19

I leaned against the brick wall and tried to calm my erratic heart. I had once shivered under the cool nighttime breeze, but now it lapped soothingly over my heated skin.

Something had clearly changed with Alpha Asher. His possessiveness had reared its head. Clearly Alpha Asher wanted me all to himself. It didn't take a psychic to tell Alpha Asher was turned on by my defiance. His arousal was one of the many motivating factors for my defiance.

I should've felt guilty. I should've thought about what my future mate might think, what his future mate might think. The cold truth was, I didn't care. I was burning under Alpha Asher's touch, and it drove all thoughts from my mind. Sure, many people saved themselves for their future mate. But, many did not.

"You alright?" The gruff bouncer asked as he came back outside. He took his typical spot against the wall. It was clear he knew what had taken place out here. The knowledge and amusement was swimming in his eyes.

"Yeah, I'm alright." I nodded, flinching at how my voice sounded. It still had that breathy tone to it. I was incredibly thankful the bouncer wasn't a werewolf, as the scent of my arousal was still clear in the air.

"Better than alright from the looks of it." The bouncer chuckled and I felt my face heat even more.

A cool breeze rushed by, and I jumped at the cold draft that rushed against my bare pu**y. I silently cursed Alpha Asher for ruining a good pair of panties, and for making me finish the night without underwear.

I stumbled back into the club, letting my gaze flicker around for Breyona. I hadn't seen her for almost two hours now, and I felt guilty for not seeking her out sooner. In all honesty, I wanted to confide in her. She knew some about my strange relationship with our new Alpha, but she didn't know the full extent.

My first stop was back at the bar. While I was still on the lookout for Breyona and Mason, another drink

wouldn't hurt. I was heated and flu*tered from my recent encounter with Alpha Asher. I found myself resisting the urge to look for him, desperate for another lingering touch.

The last thing I needed was to come off as clingy, but his touch had me craving more. His dominate and primal side were equally intoxicating, and I wondered if other men held the same silent passion.

I parted through the crowd of dancing strangers, thankful the thundering music wasn't as loud near the bar area. The smell of lut, body spray and sweat was stronger than ever but I was becoming used to it. I wondered if the lut scent was coming from myself as well, it wouldn't be surprising.

"Back again, sweetheart?" The bartender with the green stripe in his hair smirked, "Rum or more shots?"

I paused for a moment and thought it over. I was considerably less irritated after Asher's...punishment.

"Rum." I nodded.

The bartender was fast grabbing my drink, flitting away to the next customer.

My mind flitted back and forth between Alpha Asher and the mystery guy I danced with. Even though I felt irresistibly attracted to Alpha Asher, I couldn't deny the mystery guy was drop dead gorgeous. Just as handsome and alluring as Alpha Asher himself.

My eyes were glued to my glass, remaining still as someone sat in the stool next to me.

“Water please.” An unfamiliar voice called out to the bartender.

I was lost in my thoughts when the woman began talking to me.

“Hello there.” Her voice was coy and leaking hidden hostility, “Lola, isn’t it?”

At the mention of my name from this unfamiliar woman’s mouth, my head snapped up. I clocked my jaw shut to keep it from dropping.

“What the f**k are you doing here?” I growled lowly.

“Mind-link Alpha Asher.” Maya snarled in my head.

“If you even think about mind-linking your little Alpha, I’ll be long gone.” The girl sneered angrily, her eyes glinting with smug satisfaction.

She knew she practically had me cornered. My curiosity had blossomed at her appearance. I had only seen this girl once in my life, but that was all I needed to hate her.

“What do you want Brittany?” I clenched my teeth together, fighting the urge to pounce.

Brittany, Tyler’s mate sat next to me at the bar. She looked the same as when I saw her for the first time. Long hair, dark eyes and a heart shaped face.

She was beautiful in many ways. Slim yet tall, she held an air of superiority that clung to her like a sweet perfume. Her chocolate hair framed her heart shaped face like a veil of silk.

I hated her at first, completely consumed with jealousy and heartbreak at the loss of Tyler. Over the past

year, I realized my hatred for her was completely unwarranted. She didn't do anything wrong. It wasn't her fault she was Tyler's mate. After hearing how the two of them fled the pack and left everyone to die, the hatred had returned stronger than ever. She was born to be a Luna, which meant never abandoning your pack.

"I just wanted to see what Tyler was so pent up about." Brittany sneered, the expression looking oddly at home on her delicate face. "What is so special about you, Lola?"

Irritation rolled through me. Really, she was here for a social call? That year old part of me remembered what it was like to be loved by Tyler, but she knew better now. We both knew better. I wasn't even sure Tyler was capable of actual love. How can someone turn their back on their mate? I never claimed to like Brittany, but her and Tyler were destined to be together. That meant more than just a simple girlfriend, a childhood love.

"Mm, and does Tyler know you're here stalking me?" I raised my eyebrow at her, watching anger flash through her eyes.

"Stalking is such a plain word, don't you think?" Brittany scoffed, twirling a piece of her hair between her fingers. "I'd say I'm scoping out the competition."

"Competition?" Maya scoffed, "As if. She can have her little cowardly mate."

"Competition?" I scoffed, sounding much like Maya. "If it wasn't obvious, you're the one with Tyler. My ties are to my pack, not to Tyler. Has he even told you of his plans?"

I tried to keep my tone light, hoping she would give away some tidbit of information. Anything that would make this conversation worth relaying to Alpha Asher. At the moment, I had nothing. This conversation was a pointless attempt at soothing her raging jealousy.

I wanted to ask her about the attacks on our pack, but was it worth giving secret information to an outsider? I had no doubt that anything I told her would worm its way back to Tyler, especially if it had anything to do with his old pack.

“Oh no.” Brittany chuckled, shaking her head. “Not gonna work. My lips are sealed.”

“Tell me. What if I knocked you the f**k out and drug you to my Alpha?” I let a cruel smirk form on my face, “How would you keep Tyler’s plans a secret then?”

Brittany’s smirk matched my own, and she leaned in close. I felt my own smirk drop at her words, and red hot fury rush through my veins.

“You see that guy over there?” Brittany murmured, her head turning towards the side of the club. “Blonde hair, green shirt. Killer body.”

“What about him?” I snapped, my gaze flickering over to the man she was talking about. The man’s eyes caught my own, and his lips twitched up in a smirk.

“That’s a friend of mine. He’s been watching your friend all night.” Brittany giggled, “Whats her name again? Breyona, isn’t it?”

“Stay the f**k away from her.” I snarled under my breath.

Maya was bursting at the seams. She didn’t care about Brittany’s friend. She’d kill Brittany first and then go after her little friend. I however couldn’t risk Breyona getting hurt.

“Oh he will.” Brittany nodded, a smug smile on her face, “So long as you don’t do anything stupid.”

Brittany leaned in close, her voice a hushed whisper. “Because believe me, I will be gone before your little Alpha can think of coming for me. And poor Breyona, well I don’t need to give you those details.”

“What do you want Brittany?” I snapped, the fire within me dying down. “You want to kidnap me? Kill

me? Get it done with and leave my friends alone.”

“I wouldn’t say all that now.” Maya huffed.

“I’m tired of the games.” I hissed, “I want to know why she’s here.”

“Oh no, I’m afraid that honor goes to someone else.” Brittany shrugged, unconcerned. “I’m simply here to try and understand what the f**k Tyler sees in you.”

“Nothing.” I snapped, “Tyler and I dated a year ago. He was a piece of sht even then. You’re his f*king mate for crying out loud.”

“Mm, well there’s one thing we agree on.” Brittany nodded, eyeing my Rum lutfully. “Tyler is a piece of sht.”

Confusion flitted over my face, “Then why are you with him?”

“There are much bigger things in play here, Lola.” Brittany chuckled, and I was beginning to see the intelligence behind those dark eyes. “Having something in common does not make us allies. Trust me, I’m your enemy just as much as Tyler is.”

“Great, thanks for the cryptic response.” I answered through gritted teeth. “Well, if that’s all you can leave me the hell alone now.”

“It’s been fun, Lola. But I have to say, meeting you has been a tad underwhelming.” Brittany smirked, standing from the bar stool.

I felt my entire body stiffen as Brittany came up behind me, her lips close to my ear.

“Y’know, you and your little Alpha make a cute couple.” Brittany chuckled lowly in my ear, “Careful next time, you never know whose watching.”

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 20

Brittany was gone before I could even spin around. My eyes scanned the club frantically, but her friend had vanished. Her hushed voice lingered in my ear., the implications swirling in my head.

She had seen Alpha Asher and I, While she made it sound as though she had caught us tonight, it could’ve been any time before. It was frighteningly clear that someone was infiltrating the pack. It wouldn’t be a long shot to assume they had caught Asher and I.

I hadn’t felt any eyes on me during my time in the alley, but then again I was horribly distracted. Anxiety flooded my system and I thought about how that could be used against me. Sure, Tyler wouldn’t be happy but I wasn’t worried about him or me. I was worried how this entire thing could affect Alpha Asher, and what ways it could be used against him. While Asher didn’t seem to be hiding our strange relationship, I wasn’t sure if either of us wanted it out in the open.

I would be mocked relentlessly. Once again known as the girl who chased after the Alpha. While I was much stronger, Maya and I wouldn’t be able to tolerate the bullying. We were too confident, too head strong. That was the downfall of living in a pack. No one could mind their own business.

I sat at the bar for quite some time, even going as far to order another drink. My eyes scanned the crowd of people. Many were dancing, others were drinking. A few groups of people sat at the tables on the raised platform, drinking and laughing the night away. My eyes flickered from face to face, looking for any flicker of recognition. It was foolish to think Brittany had only brought one ‘friend’ along.

After trying and failing to pinpoint any more of Brittany’s ‘friends’, I trudged away from the bar. My body was light and warm from the alcohol I had been drinking, but my mind was more than clear. The conversation with Brittany had cleared my head of any fog that might’ve formed. I was all too aware of the close proximity between everyone in the club, and for once I felt uncomfortable.

I wandered the club aimlessly, my eyes scanning for any sign of Mason or Breyona. Hell, I would've even taken Alpha Asher at the moment.

I locked eyes with Chelsea, who stood fifteen feet away. She was leaned against the wall talking to a muscular blonde man. It was clear from the nasal laughter that she was flirting. She shot me a dirty look and continued what I'm sure was a riveting conversation.

It was hard seeing past all of the people, as just about everyone was taller than me. My heart leaped when I spotted a familiar head of hair. Breyona's short hair was nearly impossible to miss. Most she-wolves had long hair, simply because our hair and nails grew much faster than a humans.

"Breyona!" I called out louder than necessary, but I was desperate for a friendly face.

Breyona's eyes lit up when she saw me and she called me over to a little table.

"Lola, gosh I was looking all over for you." Breyona huffed, taking a seat at the rounded table.

Mason sat at her side, nursing what looked like a glass of whiskey.

"Did you check at the bar?" I raised my eyebrow at the two of them.

Breyona's cheeks were flushed, and I wondered what the cause was. I'm sure I looked the same, but that was due to Brittany's surprise appearance and my little meet up with Alpha Asher.

“I told you to check at the bar!” Mason rolled his eyes at Breyona.

Breyona frowned and shrugged, “I did check at the bar. She wasn’t there.”

“Which bar? There are like four.” Mason’s face turned up in a grin but it looked quite forced.

I rolled my eyes at my two friends and plopped down. Tonight was fluctuating like a roller coaster.

“What did Alpha Asher want with you, Lola?” Mason frowned, snapping me out of my spiraling thoughts.

Breyona’s face lit up deviously, and she leaned forward in her chair.

“Alpha Asher wanted you?” Breyona’s eyes glinted mischievously, obviously coming up with her own lucrative idea’s.

“He did.” I pursed my lips, not wanting to go into full detail with Mason around.

“Well give us the details!” Breyona practically cooed, hanging onto my every word.

My eyes flickered between Mason and Breyona. Mason’s face looked somewhat pained, most likely uncomfortable with the topic of conversation.

“We just talked.” I shrugged, my eyes still wandering the club.

‘Tell me later’, Breyona mouthed while Mason wasn’t looking. I gave her a short nod in response.

We stayed at the club for just a little longer. It was well past midnight and unfortunately we still had

training in the morning. I could hear Maya groan in my head. The two of us truly loved sleep, and anything under eight hours was simply not enough.

Breyona was a whirlwind of chatter on the ride home. I sat in the passenger seat and listened like the dutiful friend I am.

“Ugh, you wouldn’t believe the night I had.” Breyona groaned, her cheeks still stained a suspicious shade of pink.

I let my lips turn up in a smirk, knowing my night had been extremely eventful as well.

“So there I was talking to this gorgeous man.” Breyona sighed dreamily and shook her head, “But then I smelled it.”

“That’s disgusting.” Mason cackled from the back, a goofy grin was spreading on his face.

“Mason you’re gross.” Breyona snapped, glaring at him through the rear view mirror. “You know what I meant.”

“What did you mean?” I asked clueless, still chuckling from Mason’s childish comment.

“I smelled him, Lola. My mate.” Breyona sighed, the dreamy look returning to her face.

“Wait, seriously?” My jaw dropped and I looked at Breyona in shock.

She had turned nineteen just a month before I came back into town. She had dodged my questions about her mate when we first became friends again. This was the first time hearing her openly talk about mate’s.

“Seriously.” Breyona grinned, but there was some sadness to it. “I couldn’t find him though. I searched and searched, but eventually the smell faded and I knew he left the club.”

“That’s horrible.” I frowned, feeling sorry for my friend.

“That’s why were going back Saturday night.” Breyona nodded with finality, “Saturday is their busiest night. I’m sure the three of us can find him.”

“Not to be a downer or anything, but what if he was just in town to visit?” Mason frowned. It was clear he wasn’t trying to sound harsh, Mason didn’t have a mean bone in his body. He was simply voicing the same fear all werewolves have.

“I thought about that.” Breyona frowned, “But I have to try. I can’t live with myself knowing I just gave up.”

“I’d be happy to come and help you find your mate.” I grinned at Breyona.

“And you already know I’ll tag along.” Mason grinned softly, “He’s sure gonna be in for a shock if he’s human.”

“He’ll have no choice but to love me.” Breyona grinned smugly, “After all, I am amazing.”

We spent the rest of the car ride home laughing and joking. For just a short period of time I had forgotten all of the sh*t going on.

The fact that my Grandma and Dad were clearly hiding something from me. My complicated ‘relationship’ with Alpha Asher. The fact that Tyler and Brittany won’t leave me the hell alone. I was drowning in all of it without even realizing. Those carefree moments with my friends had quickly become my lifeline.

Breyona dropped mason off at home first. She pulled up to the front of my house and locked the car door on me.

“You are not going anywhere until you tell me what Alpha Asher wanted with you.” Breyona’s devious expression was back, and I contemplated simply telling her the full extent of what Asher and I had been up to.

“We can trust Breyona.” Maya nodded happily. “We can trust Grandma too, but she really doesn’t need to hear about Asher and us.”

“She’d fall over if she knew the full extent of it.” I chuckled and shook my head.

“Give the poor woman a heart attack.” Maya snickered and shook her head.

With a weary sigh, I launched into what was a very long story. I told Breyona about each encounter with Alpha Asher, and the way my body responded under his touch.

“Oh..my..” Breyona’s mouth had flopped open half way through my story and stayed that way until the end.

I nodded mournfully, “I’m just as bad as Chelsea. Hopping from Alpha to Alpha.”

Breyona shook her head, and the knot of guilt that had been in my stomach faded. “Not at all. Alpha Asher initiated all of those..encounters. Sure, you were being disobedient but you never forced the guy into your pants.”

“Hell, he seems to enjoy it as much as I do.” I shook my head.

“And you’re sure you don’t feel anything romantically for him?” Breyona frowned, “Nothing..mate-like?”

“Not at all.” I frowned, “I really don’t even know anything about the guy. All I know is he’s irresistibly hot and I’d let him jump in my pants without a second thought.”

“What’re you going to do.. when you do find your mate?” Breyona frowned.

“I’ll be with my mate of course, but I plan on doing what I want until then.” I chuckled humorlessly.

“And what if Alpha Asher finds his mate before you?” Breyona frowned, “Are you really gonna be able to let him go?”

“I’ll let him go.” I nodded, “I’m not having my heart broken again. Whatever’s going on between Asher and I is purely physical.”

After the interesting and slightly disheartening conversation with Breyona, I trudged inside the house.

Dad had left a voicemail on my phone hours ago, letting me know everyone would already be asleep. Sean had been at the club as well, but had left hours earlier.

The house was dark and eerily silent as I came inside. I trudged to my bedroom and peeled the dress from my body. Grimacing at the fact I had lost a pair of underwear, I hopped into the shower.

I had managed to get undressed, shower, and get dressed again before I noticed the familiar hazel eyes.

I swore my heart had stopped in that moment. My blood ran cold, and a thin sweat sprouted over every inch of my skin.

“Just like the last one..” Maya was speechless.

He was sitting just outside my bedroom window on the first floor.

His hazel eyes were bright from the glistening light of the full moon. His gaze was set directly on my window, set on my horrified and fear soaked frame.

Kanyon was sitting maybe ten feet away, leaning up against the thick oak tree in our backyard.

His eyes were glossy, his mouth open in a silent scream. A scream that would never leave his parted lips.

Just like Katie, his throat was torn open. Scarlet blood staining his espresso skin.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 21

Little did I know, no one in the pack would be getting restful sleep tonight.

Another one of our own was dead. Murdered in the same exact fashion as Katie.

What was equally troublesome was the location of Kanyon's body. It wasn't a coincidence he was positioned in our back yard up against the tree. What was even more startling were his eyes. They seemed to be looking right into my bedroom, straight at me.

The first thing I did was alert Alpha Asher and his men.

There would be no explaining this way, no keeping the scrutinizing looks from falling on my shoulders. The coincidences alone were too much.

First, Tyler vanishes with his mate. It was common knowledge that Tyler and I were together. Second,

the position of Canyon's body was too perfect. Its position and the murder was simply too close to home, literally. The nature of Canyon's death brought Katie's into question. There wasn't a chance in hell a rogue would murder Canyon and position him outside someone's house. Rogues simply didn't do things like that.

The second thing I did was wake up everyone in the house. It was bound to happen eventually once Alpha Asher and his men filtered into the backyard.

And here we were, ten minutes later.

Sean sat on the couch, his head in his hands. Canyon had been a friend of his.

I was in the blissful stage of trauma where you became numb to everything. The scarlet blood staining Canyon's body and the earth had little effect on me. The glassy look of horror in his eyes couldn't reach me, nor could the petrified look on his face.

Grandma did what she does best, she tended to the rest of us. Even though it was one in the morning, Grandma set to work pulling out some baked goods and handing us each a mug of hot cocoa.

"How-" Sean finally spoke after what felt like hours of silence, "How could a rogue do this?"

"Isn't it obvious?" I frowned, trying to keep my tone gentle for Sean's sake. "A rogue wouldn't do this."

Grandma's lips were pursed, something she only did when stress began to eat away at her. Dad had a similar expression on his face, but he was many shades paler than usual.

"I need to take a look at him." Sean huffed, standing from the couch.

Sean was clearly in the denial phase. I did what I could to keep Sean and Grandma from looking at the body. Dad insisted seeing it for himself, resulting in his pale and pasty complexion.

“No you don’t.” I shook my head, “Seeing him won’t change anything.”

“Listen to your sister.” Dad huffed, his voice deep and rough with sleep. “You’ll be better off not lookin’.”

“What else am I supposed to do?” Sean let out a frustrated growl, “I can’t just sit here while someone- while something is killing off our friends.”

“There’s nothin’ you can do at this moment to fix anything, Sean.” Dad mumbled, not meeting our eyes. “Sometime’s you just gotta be angry and leave it alone.”

I had almost forgotton Dad had lost his wife, our mom, just a few weeks ago. I had been so caught up in my own life, I hadn’t paid much attention to his.

“Why was he sitting there like that, Lola?” Sean mumbled dangerously, “Why was he sitting just outside your window?”

“How am I supposed to know that, Sean?” I frowned, “I don’t know any more than you do.”

“Are you sure about that?” Sean grimaced, putting the pieces together. “Tyler magically f**king disappears and people start dying. Then one of them- my friend’s corpse was sitting outside your window.”

“Sean, you need to calm down.” Dad barked, getting up from his recliner in a huff. “The only one at fault

is the damn thing doing the killing.”

“You should’ve never come back.” Sean growled, his eyes darkening.

I flinched, feeling a blow to my stomach. What hurt the most was the fact that I believed him. The pack was in mourning before I had come back, and now they were in mourning again.

“Enough of that!” Dad growled, “Don’t put the blame on your sister.”

Sean stormed out the front door, shooting one last rueful glance at me and Dad.

Something wet hit my face and my Grandma pulled me into her arms. I hadn’t realized I’d been crying until a small sob wracked my body.

“He’s angry and hurt.” Grandma murmured, “He doesn’t mean what he’s saying.”

Dad patted my shoulder awkwardly, “He’ll come around Lola. Just give him some time to process what happened.”

“He’s right though, isn’t he?” I murmured, wiping the stray tears from my eyes. “Kanyon’s right outside my window Dad.”

I wiped my tears away and composed myself in time to see Dad shoot Grandma a weary glance.

Something bubbled inside of me. Irritation, stress, fatigue. I was tired of the hushed conversations and secret glances. Dad and Grandma were keeping something from me. It could’ve had nothing to do with the murders, but tonight everything was beginning to weigh down on me.

I pulled out of Grandma's arms and glanced between the two of them.

"Make them tell us." Maya grumbled, "If it has anything to do with the murders, they can't keep it to themselves."

I opened my mouth, determined to finally get the truth. I could see the weariness in their eyes, and for just a moment I felt guilty. That guilt vanished when I remembered the body sitting in the backyard.

Before my poorly rehearsed demand could leave my lips, a hasty knock sounded on the front door.

Dad rushed over and opened it, letting Alpha Asher and a few of his men come in.

Asher's eyes flickered from my Dad and Grandma, finally settling on my face.

"We're gonna look over the body." Alpha Asher informed the three of us, "I'll be back to ask some questions."

I had half hoped Asher would leave me alone with my Grandma and Dad, giving me another opportunity to demand what they know. Unfortunately, two of Asher's men stayed behind.

"Long night?" One of his men commented.

It took me a minute or two, but I recognized the guy. He wasn't originally from Asher's pack. He was one of the few people who openly thought Tyler was a sh*tty Alpha.

Logan was someone who typically kept to the background, especially after making it known he didn't care for Tyler.

There had been many times where Tyler wanted to throw Logan and his family out of the pack, but his Dad wouldn't allow it.

"A very long night." I nodded, leaning back on the couch.

Another knock sounded on the door and Dad silently went to open it. Mason's frantic face was the first thing I saw. Dad grumbled something unintelligible and let Mason inside.

"I just heard what happened." Mason grimaced, "You don't mind if I stay, do you?"

Mason's eyes flickered between me, Dad and Grandma. I was the first to speak up.

"Not at all." I shook my head, "I could use the company at the moment."

"I let Breyona know what was happening, she said she'll be over soon." Mason frowned, walking over to where I laid on the couch.

Without hesitation, Mason lifted my legs and sat down, placing my legs on his lap.

"You said he was sitting right outside your window?" Mason murmured to me quietly, his fingers tracing patterns on my calves.

"His eyes were looking right at me." I mumbled in the same hushed tone.

"This isn't just a rogue attack anymore." Mason frowned, "Something serious is going on, isn't it?"

"I think so." I frowned.

Our hushed conversation was cut short when Asher and his men came through the back door. Asher radiated an aura of control and dominance. There was no questioning who was in charge of the entire situation.

“The body has been removed.” Asher nodded to my Dad, his honey colored eyes flickering over to me.

For just a split second, his eyes raked over Mason. While other’s probably didn’t notice, Mason and I definitely did.

Alpha Asher’s eyes darkened as his gaze flickered over Mason’s hands. My legs were still in Mason’s lap, and he traced little patterns along my skin. While the action was harmless, it was quite relaxing. I couldn’t deny I wasn’t getting some smug satisfaction from the look on Alpha Asher’s face.

“Lola, I have some questions to ask you.” Alpha Asher’s voice was hard, his eyes lingering on Mason’s hands.

“Ask away.” I yawned, tired from the long night and the unimaginable horror that came with it.

The blissful numbness I was experiencing would wear off soon, and I wanted to be asleep before that happened. Without a doubt, the events of tonight would hit me like a freight train tomorrow, but that was something I could worry about later.

“In private.” Alpha Asher growled, raising the hair’s on my arms.

“Lola, go on.” My Dad warned, giving a tired sigh at the end.

“Let Breyona in when she knocks.” I called out to Mason and turned my attention to Alpha Asher, “Well are you coming?”

Alpha Asher followed me down the hall to my bedroom. While part of my mind fantasized about the

prospect of being alone with him, this was not the time nor place.

I closed my bedroom door behind me and wandered back to the window. The numbness was quickly wearing off, and the image of Kanyon's body seared itself to my brain.

My heart was thundering, and I let my fingers wander aimlessly over the cool glass of the window. Kanyon's body was gone now, the large oak tree sat by itself in the back yard.

If you looked hard enough, you could still see the crimson blood staining the grass, splashed against the bark of the tree.

"The attack didn't happen here." Alpha Asher's voice had come from behind.

"What?" I frowned, turning away from the window to face him.

Alpha Asher was quiet for a moment, his eyes roaming my face.

"He was attacked somewhere else and was dragged over here." Alpha Asher pointed out, "There was a trail of blood leading through part of the forest."

I nodded. I understood what he was saying, but it didn't change anything.

"Which means, he was placed here on purpose." Alpha Asher was getting closer now.

I was too tired to feel the familiar pangs of excitement at his close proximity. The numbness was gone, and my head was swimming. I knew what Asher was implying, I had thought the same thing.

Kanyon's death wasn't an accident, nor was the particular placement of his body.

"I thought the same thing." I let my eyes burn into Asher's. It was clear he was searching my eyes, looking for any sign of dishonesty. I was too tired to cover any potential lies.

"I think this has something to do with Tyler, Lola." Alpha Asher murmured, his dark eyes burning with hidden emotion.

"I was afraid of that." I murmured.

"I'm going to ask you this one time, Lola." Alpha Asher murmured, only a foot away from me. I could smell his lingering cologne wafting off his body. "Are you helping Tyler in any way?"

Any other day or time, I would be absolutely livid. I'd probably spit some insult back at Asher and storm away, but I was simply too tired.

"No." My exhaustion could be heard clear in my voice, "I would never abandon my family or my pack."

Sincerity was evident in my words, and Alpha Asher seemed placated for the moment.

"How long had you been home until you noticed the body?" Alpha Asher continued his line of questions.

I paused for a moment, "Maybe forty five minutes. I hopped in the shower and changed my clothes before I noticed the body."

"Did you see anyone else outside?" Alpha Asher asked, his dark eyes never leaving my own. "Anything strange?"

"No." I shook my head, "There was nothing else, just Canyon."

“Very well.” Alpha Asher nodded, “I’m sure Breyona and Mason can confirm your whereabouts and the time you arrived home?”

“They can.” I nodded, “Breyona drove Mason and I. She dropped Mason off first, then me.”

“Thank you, Lola.” Alpha Asher nodded, his tone was the softest I had heard in the short time I’ve known him. “I have one last question. Is there anything else you feel the need to mention?”

I paused for a minute, and that’s where I made my first mistake.

“What is it?” Alpha Asher’s attention was fully on me now.

Two things ran through my head. One, the strange notes that continued to find their way to me. While I figured the notes had nothing to do with Katie’s death, I was beginning to think I had been wrong. Two, my impromptu meeting with Brittany. If I mentioned the meeting with Brittany at Haze, there’s no way Alpha Asher would let us return. Breyona would be out of luck at finding her mate. That was something I refused to take away from her.

“I didn’t mention this before because I thought it had nothing to do with Katie’s death.” I frowned, “We all thought it was a rogue attack.”

Alpha Asher’s lips were pressed tightly together, “Continue.”

“But like you said, Kanyon being placed right outside my window wasn’t a mistake.” I paused, my entire body stiffening.

My mouth dropped open as I locked eyes on a crisp index card, laying gently on my pillow.

I had managed to shower, put pajama's on, and notice Kanyon's dead body without once glancing at my pillow.

"I've been getting notes." My voice was soft and small.

Alpha Asher turned to where my frozen gaze was and tensed as he noticed the note.

"They were harmless at first." I murmured, "I thought it was some stupid joke Ethan was playing on me. He was Tyler's best friend."

"These notes mentioned nothing about Tyler or any of his plans?" Alpha Asher asked, anger was evident in his voice.

"Not at all." I murmured, "They were just cryptic little notes about me."

Alpha Asher turned to me, "Lets open this one."

I nodded and approached my bed slowly, as though the note were some kind of time-bomb.

The two of us were eerily silent as I lifted the index card, every little sound was loud in my ears.

Asher's shoulder grazed against my own as I flipped open the card, pulling out a note and a single photo.

The picture was of me.

I was in my bedroom, pulling a t-shirt from my head. The picture was from days ago. I was completely oblivious to the person standing just outside my window, a camera in their hand.

Alpha Asher's body stiffened at the sight of the picture, and I thought he might truly lose it when his eyes grazed the delicate writing on the note.

'We are always watching'

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 22

Alpha Asher was quick to leave that night, not another word was spoken between the two of us.

Sean didn't return until the early hours of the morning. Breyona had arrived shortly after Alpha Asher left. The three of us went into my bedroom and closed the door behind us. Denial and shock were thick in the air, feeling like a sticky and tangible substance.

The first thing I did as we entered my room was to lock the damn window. I pulled the curtains together roughly and tied them shut. I wasn't planning on looking out that window for quite some time.

Dad didn't argue when I told him Mason was staying the night along with Breyona. He simply gave me a distracted nod and turned his troubled gaze to Grandma.

Mason and Breyona provided little in the way of comfort, but I was still grateful for their company. I've always heard when things like this happen, it's best not to be alone.

The four of us sat in my room, silence taking up the empty space. Breyona and I visibly jumped as Grandma knocked and came into the room.

"Grandma, it's two in the morning." I chuckled.

Grandma shuffled into my room two plates, a couple cups, and a pitcher of tea in her hands.

Grandma had a tendency to cook whenever she was stressed, always resulting in a never ending supply of food. If we were back at her cottage, there would be apple pies lining the counter tops.

“It’s never too late to eat.” Grandma nodded, “Or too early.”

“Thanks Grandma.” Breyona grinned, picking up one of the cookies and shoving it into her mouth.

Mason and I gave her pointed looks, our lips twitching into identical smiles.

“What?” Breyona lifted her eyebrow at the two of us, “I eat when I’m stressed, and Grandma cooks.”

“I knew I always liked her.” Grandma nodded proudly, setting the plates down and leaving the room.

Mason and I shared the same look before we both were consumed by laughter. The kind of teary eye’d laughter that comes with sleep depravity and a traumatic event. Our brain’s poor attempt at having a moment of peace within the chaos.

Soon after the laughter calmed town, the conversation turned serious.

“I never knew Kanyon very well.” Breyona frowned, “Katie was my neighbor and all, but we never really talked like that.”

“I was pretty close with Kanyon when we were kids.” Mason sighed, running his hand through his hair. “Kinda grew apart after we moved away.”

"I never really knew either of them." I frowned, picking at one of the sandwiches Grandma made. "Is it bad that I don't really feel bad for Katie and Kanyon? I mainly feel bad for their families."

Breyona nodded, "Doesn't sound very nice when you say it, but it makes sense."

"Kanyon had a little brother." Mason frowned, "I can't imagine how he'll take it."

"Did Alpha Asher ever figure out why Kanyon was right outside your window?" Breyona's voice lowered a few octaves.

I had a moment of clarity in the midst of confusion I had been feeling. If I couldn't trust my friends, then who could I trust? The more people who knew, the better. Besides, come morning the entire pack would know of Kanyon's death and the placement of his body.

So I spilled the truth to my friends. I told them of how Tyler had visited me, giving cryptic details of his insane plan to once again become Alpha. Not only that, his plans to rid the world of Alpha Asher. I even told them about the cryptic notes, including the one I had gotten tonight.

Breyona was speechless, while Mason looked infuriated. His light brows were knitted together in anger.

"f**king Tyler." Mason spat, shaking his head. "Why's he have to include you in his suicidal plans?"

"And what did he mean about his friends?" Breyona frowned, "Why are they so interested in you?"

"Maybe cause of my charming personality?" I huffed and shook my head. "I know as much as you two do."

"Alpha Asher will figure it out." Breyona nodded.

“Hopefully before they get their hands on Lola.” Mason frowned, worry filling his eyes.

“It might not be a good idea to go to Haze this Friday.” Breyona frowned, the disappointment of losing her mate clear in her eyes.

“No.” I shook my head, “I’m not letting some cryptic notes and Tyler’s threats scare me into hiding. We’re going to Haze, and we’re going to find your mate.”

“It could be dangerous.” Breyona frowned, “Any one of us could get hurt. Haze isn’t in the packs territory.”

“It’s only ten minutes out.” I shrugged, “Besides, we all know how to defend ourselves. We’ll stick together and find your mate, then we’ll bail.”

It took only a matter of hours for the news of Canyon’s death to reach everyone else in town. Lights shined brightly through windows in the neighborhood, and I wondered if anyone was going to be able to sleep tonight.

Sean hadn’t come home this morning, but we weren’t worried. Sean was one of the best warriors in our pack and could handle himself. I’m sure he needed time to process what happened to Canyon.

While none of us slept a wink last night, exhaustion couldn’t find me. My mind was flitting through the details. Trying to find any errant thought or comment about the day Tyler visited me. He mentioned a friend, but failed to give any more details on said friend.

Time ticked by slowly until I had to remove myself from the couch to get dressed for training. I figured there was no way Alpha Asher would cancel, now that we needed training more than ever.

Breyona and Mason had stayed the entire night with me. The three of us were horribly sleep deprived,

but weren't feeling the effects quite yet.

I let Breyona borrow a pair of shorts, and tossed Mason a tank-top and shorts from Sean's closet. The three of us were out the door, heading to the pack house with ten minutes to spare.

Of course by the time we got to the pack house, rumors were flying by the dozen.

'Did you hear they found him outside her window?'

'Sketchy right? I bet she had something to do with it.'

'But why pick her out of everyone.'

'Chelsea said she left Haze early. Plenty of time to kill someone if you ask me.'

"I'm gonna rip her burnt hair off." Breyona muttered under her breath, hearing yet another rumor that painted me out as a coldblooded killer.

I sighed, "We knew this would happen. It's not a surprise Chelsea's making it worse."

"Seems like that's the only thing Chelsea's good at." Mason rolled his eyes.

"That and trying to cozy up to Alpha's." Breyona muttered, and I followed her gaze over to Alpha Asher.

Alpha Asher stood by the side doors, talking to his Beta and a few other men. I inwardly cringed when Chelsea twitched up to the group of men and interrupted their conversation.

I couldn't help the smug smile that formed on my face when Alpha Asher turned to her with anger blazing in his eyes.

Seems like we weren't the only ones sleep deprived.

Chelsea flinched at the hostility rolling off Alpha Asher and turned away.

Mason, Breyona and I took our places on the mats, making plans to visit the little cafe in town later on.

Beta Devin stepped forward in Alpha Asher's usual position. His rough voice boomed throughout the building.

"Attention everyone." Beta Devin called out, and everyone's chatter ceased. "Alpha Asher has some business to attend to. He has left me in charge. Pair off with your usual partners and begin."

Chelsea, Mason, Breyona and I stood off to the side. Kanyon had been Chelsea's partner since I arrived back in town. That left her without a partner.

Beta Devin noticed the three of us and walked over.

"Lola, pair off with Mason." Beta Devin nodded in my direction, and called Chelsea over. "Chelsea pair off with Breyona."

"I've been dying to kick her ass for years." Breyona was practically shaking with excitement.

Beta Devin strolled over to the front of the room, his eyes scanning each group as they trained.

"Hopefully Mason lives after training with you." Chelsea hissed, "I'd hate to be paired with a murderer."

“f**k off.” Mason growled.

“Honey after I’m done with you, you’re gonna wish you were paired with Lola.” Breyona chuckled in anticipation and followed Chelsea over to one of the mats.

Training went on as usual, but my mind was occupied. I wonder what kind of business Alpha Asher had to attend to and if it had anything to do with Canyon’s death. I hoped he would tell me if he found anything else out.

Mason took advantage of my distracted mind, and managed to bring me to the ground twice. Mind you, I pushed back with equal force and had him pinned at least a dozen times.

Breyona did not disappoint after being paired with Chelsea. Each time Mason and I heard a yelp or groan come from Chelsea, we stifled the urge to fall over laughing. Breyona’s anger and general dislike for Chelsea pushed her to train harder, earning a praise from Beta Devin.

Ten minutes before training ended, Alpha Asher came back into the room. I slipped an old t-shirt over my sports bra and waited for Breyona and Mason.

“Lola, come over here.” Alpha Asher barked, continuing his conversation with Beta Devin.

“Yes, Alpha?” I couldn’t help the slight condescending tone that filled my voice.

Alpha Asher flashed me a look of irritation, and his honey eyes darkened a couple shades.

“Lola, you’ll be moving into the pack house Monday.” Alpha Asher wasn’t asking, his tone made that clear. “Beta Devin will have a group together to bring your stuff to the house. You simply need to pack it.”

“Um, excuse me?” I squeaked out, and Beta Devin raised his eyebrow.

“This is gonna be either really dangerous or really fun.” Maya murmured, “Either way I’m here for it.”

I was still processing what Alpha Asher had said. No one besides the Alpha and Beta lived in the pack house. The thought of living under the same roof as Alpha Asher was both tempting and terrifying. How much trouble could I get into living with the man?

“Must I repeat myself, Lola?” Alpha Asher rolled my name off his tongue, and I couldn’t help but glance down at his lips.

Breyona and Mason stood ten feet away, clearly listening in on our conversation.

“No, I heard you.” I rolled my eyes and ignored Beta Devin’s snicker, “Don’t I have a say in the matter?”

“No, not at all.” Alpha Asher replied, deadpan.

Beta Devin stood silently, watching our conversation unfold.

“And what about the rest of my family?” I huffed, crossing my arms over my chest to glare at Alpha Asher.

“Obviously, it’s you whose in danger.” Alpha Asher snapped, “I am not inviting your entire family to live in my house.”

“Oh, I’m sure you’ll be so miserable.” I growled.

Alpha Asher’s eyes were nearing black now. He closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose, letting

out a sharp breath. His eyes were back to their normal honey color when he opened them.

“Must you always be so defiant?” Alpha Asher grimaced, and I shrugged.

My heart was fluttering at our heated conversation, excitement swirling around me from our close proximity. I’d be lying if I said I didn’t enjoy arguing with Alpha Asher. He had that primal dominance that made every argument fun.

“Yes.” I replied in the same tone. “Makes life interesting.”

“Lola, you will be fully moved into the pack house by Monday. Not your family. You.” Alpha Asher growled, sending a delightfully cold shiver through me. “If I come back Monday and find you haven’t moved in, there will be hell to pay.

Alpha Asher turned and began to walk away, Beta Devin on his heels.

“Wait!” I called out, his words finally getting past my thick skull. “What do you mean ‘come back’? Where are you going?”

I ran up beside Alpha Asher, forced to run in order to keep up with his fast pace.

“I don’t believe that’s any of your business, Lola.” Alpha Asher murmured thoughtfully, giving me a hard look. His pace did not slow.

I let out a frustrated grunt and jumped in front of Asher. Beta Devin skidded to a stop, but Alpha Asher wasn’t fazed.

Alpha Asher slammed into me like a freight train, his dark eyes looking down at me as I stumbled back.

“Can’t take no for an answer.” Alpha Asher grumbled to himself, running a hand through his already messy hair.

“Sure can’t.” I smirked, but my smug satisfaction was cut short as I felt my back being slammed against the brick wall of the training grounds.

“What is with you and slamming me into things?” I grunted up at Alpha Asher’s towering form.

“What is with you not listening to me?” Alpha Asher hissed, his face only inches from my own.

Instead of fear, excitement was fluttering in my stomach.

“If you want me to move into the pack house, tell me where you’re going.” I snapped, poking my bottom lip out in a pout.

“Lola.” Alpha Asher took another calming breath, “If you speak of this to anyone, you’ll wish you never moved back here. Got it?”

“Got it.” I nodded, a successful grin on my face. Alpha Asher’s threat sounded scary, but I couldn’t fathom him actually hurting me. The thought simply didn’t make sense in my mind.

“Other packs have been experiencing attacks..similar to ours.” Alpha Asher’s voice was low, his warm breath fanned across my face. “I’m visiting those packs, examining the nature of the attacks.”

I frowned, “Why are you keeping this a secret?”

“Whoever is orchestrating these attacks do not need to know I’m gone for the weekend.” Alpha Asher murmured quietly. “Only you and Beta Devin know.”

Surprise pulsed through me. Alpha Asher was actually trusting me here.

“I won’t tell anyone.” I promised, my heart fluttering.

“Good.” Alpha Asher nodded, “I will see you for training Monday morning, Lola.”

Alpha Asher’s gaze flickered to the three people watching our every move. Mason, Breyona and Beta Devin had their eyes peeled on us. A thick blush formed on my face as I realized they had witnessed Alpha Asher shoving me against the wall. At least they hadn’t heard the entire conversation.

Beta Devin followed after Alpha Asher, giving me a heavy smirk and quick wink as he walked by. My flustered mind didn’t have time to process what the wink meant.

“That was hot.” Breyona’s eyes trailed after Alpha Asher. “Goddess please let my mate be like that.”

“Breyona if your mate ever did that you’d punch him in the face.” I rolled my eyes and laughed.

“You’re completely right.” Breyona shrugged.

The three of us began walking to the cafe in town. Our voices filled the silent air, but even our laughter couldn’t chase away the lingering scent of death.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 23

It felt like the entire pack was holding it’s breath.

No one but I and Beta Devin knew of Alpha Asher’s travels, but the news of the two deaths spread like wildfire. Everyone in town was on edge, wondering who was next or if it would even happen again. Not a single person could come up with any useful information. There were no witnesses the night of Kanyon’s death. No one saw anything. It was as though the killer simply vanished into thin air. The people on patrol that night didn’t report anything strange, noting it was quiet that night.

I was almost afraid to be on patrol tonight, but I was never the type to let fear hold me back. Knowing the attacks had something to do with me, I was more determined than ever to find out their cause. If Tyler truly was behind the attacks, there was no way he'd stop now. Tyler might not be smart, but he was certainly ruthless. It was clear Tyler's mysterious friends were the brains behind the entire operation.

"I wonder if any of this would've happened if I had just stayed with Grandma." I shrugged, walking to patrol with Breyona and Mason.

Breyona rolled her eyes, "If Tyler's behind it then it would've happened regardless."

"He's probably pissed Alpha Asher's running his pack." Mason shrugged.

"It's Tyler's fault for pissing him off." I shook my head, "If Tyler wasn't an arrogant prick two innocent people wouldn't be dead."

"It's not good to dwell on stuff like that." Breyona shrugged, "Gotta live in the present, y'know?"

I stopped walking and gave her a strange look, "Have you been talking to my Grandma?"

"She's a smart lady." Breyona noted with a chuckle.

"Too smart." I raised my eyebrow in response.

Breyona turned left down the street while Mason and I turned right. Mason and I were paired to run patrol together, while Breyona was stationed at the other side of town.

We had two new people with us tonight. From the looks of it, they were definitely Alpha Asher's men. Both were large in stature, covered in ornate tattoo's and rippling muscles. One of the men had startling blonde hair, long and messy on his head. The other had hair the color of midnight, cropped short and slicked to the side. Both looked equally intimidating with their tattoo's and scars, but that didn't bother me. If anything, I felt a little safer out here as though a piece of Asher was with us.

"I'm guessing you're Lola and Mason." The blonde one grunted, sparing us a short glance. "I'm Carter, that's Wade."

The raven haired man grunted, his eyes shifting over the two of us. He had a scrutinizing gaze with a set of piercing blue eyes.

"That's us." I grinned, letting it widen as I took in Mason's bewildered expression. "So, how do you boys wanna do this?"

Carter's eyes widened and Mason raised a brow in his direction.

The quiet was unsettling, so I made the first move.

"I guess we'll go off in groups of two." I shrugged, two seconds away from turning on my heel.

"Alpha gave orders not to leave you alone." Wade barked, sounding very similar to Alpha Asher.

I rolled my eyes, "Of course he did. Why doesn't that surprise me?"

Carter snickered and gave Mason an amused look.

"Something funny?" I raised my eyebrow and placed my hands on my hips.

I could feel Mason stiffen beside me, clearly intimidated by the two towering men. You'd have to be a fool to not feel the power rolling from them. The power was absurdly different from Alpha Asher's. Carter and Wade had the power of warriors, Asher had the power of an Alpha.

"No." Carter shook his head, "Simply making an observation."

"And what observation would that be?" I narrowed my eyes at Carter.

"Alpha Asher simply informed us of your.. hard-headedness." Carter responded, his tone relaxed and care free.

"Hard headed?" I pursed my lips, "He said I'm hard headed?"

"Multiple times." Carter nodded, all business. Mason snickered beside Carter, but averted his eyes when I glared in his direction.

"How.. helpful of him." I smirked, "I guess we'll all just patrol together."

Wade and Carter flanked Mason and I in silence. Mason and I had a running conversation through the mind-link, one that Wade and Carter refused to participate in. Every now and again I would hear a low chuckle from either Wade or Carter, proving they were in fact listening in on our conversation.

The night was quiet, the earth cold and yielding under our paws. Maya was relishing in her freedom, the only thing in her mind was the dull thumps of her paws hitting the earth. The cool breeze rushed through our fur, introducing new scents to our nose. The cool breeze would've been cold on my human skin, but it felt like a cool caress through Maya's fur. The smell of wet earth and tree's was strong in my nose, but something else lingered in the air. It was the smell of something sweet, like candy or syrup. The only strange thing was it smelled much too sweet, almost sickeningly sweet.

"Do you smell that?" I murmured to the others.

The four of us stopped in our tracks, Maya's nose lifted to the sky as we inhaled deeply.

"I don't smell anything." Mason's wolf shook it's large head.

"All I smell is the earth." Carter shrugged, but his eyes were analyzing our surroundings carefully.

"You really don't smell anything?" I frowned, tilting my head.

Mason shook his head while Carter and Wade eyed me suspiciously, "No, nothing out of the normal."

With a shake of my head, we took off running again.

Patrol ended quickly, and the strange smell faded from mind. It wasn't completely unusual for campers and backpackers to come into our neck of the woods. Most of the time we'd spot their campsites and avoid them, continuing our patrol as usual. The sweet smell was most likely from a group of campers who left some food behind in the woods. It wouldn't be the first time it happened.

Mason walked me home that night, giving me one last wave before he jogged down the street towards his house.

I walked in the living room to find my Grandma, and my very disgruntled Dad.

“Something happen while I was gone?” I raised my eyebrow at the two of them.

Grandma was taking a pan of brownies out the oven, a clear sign something had happened. A puckered frown was on her face, her light eyes flickering over to my Dad.

“Sean left.” Dad’s voice was gruff as he tossed a folded note down on the table.

“He left?” I frowned, “That’s not like him at all.”

“He’s changed a lot in the year you’ve been gone.” Dad grumbled, “I’m not surprised.”

“Grief changes people.” Grandma nodded, her puckered frown seared onto her face. “He probably just needs time to adjust.”

“Him and Kanyon were pretty close.” Dad grumbled, “Closer than he was to me anyway.”

“This isn’t your fault, you know that right?” I frowned, sitting on the couch beside my Dad’s recliner.

“I’m not all innocent in this.” Dad grumbled, “I shut down when your Mom died. I was no good to anyone.”

“You lost your wife, and Sean lost his Mom.” I frowned, reaching out to pat my Dad’s hand. “Everyone grieves differently.”

“I should’ve been there.” Dad grumbled, “Sean found his mate y’know. Never did tell me who it was.”

“He found his mate?” My mouth flopped open. Sean had never told me either. He had become such a

private person in the short time I had been gone. Dad was right, Sean definitely had changed.

“Not that he told me.” Dad grumbled, “I figured that bit out on my own. Not entirely dimwitted.” Dad gave a dry chuckle.

Sean had turned eighteen over a year ago, his nineteenth birthday came after. Sean had never mentioned finding his mate before, so I assumed it happened while I was gone. Something was definitely amiss. Sean should be with his mate, and yet none of us knew her identity. My heart ached for my brother, but I learned quickly to mind my business when it came to Sean. Whatever was happening, he needed to deal with it himself. He was very much like Dad in that way.

I picked the note up from the table gingerly, reading Sean’s messy handwriting.

‘Hey guys,

Don’t bother looking for me, I’ll come back when I’m good and ready. If it isn’t obvious, I’m dealing with sh*t. Mom’s death messed us all up, but Kanyon was there for me when I needed someone. I promise I’ll be safe and come back in one piece. Until then, stay safe.

Sean’

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 24

I went to bed that night, a detailed dream of Sean filling my head.

He was thundering through the woods, his four paws raking up dirt as he barreled forward. Clumps of grass and earth sprayed out from behind him, tree’s and branches blurred as he ran past. The forest around him was slowing, his senses heightened in his wolf form.

The dream continued like that for some time, simply Sean running through the woods. A few moments later the dream shifted. I was still standing in the woods, but Sean was gone. The same sickeningly sweet scent was lingering in the air. The forest was quiet, unusually quiet. The forest was absent of bugs or creatures. Typically at night, the forest is alive with living creatures. Animals hunted at night, insects

chirped and buzzed. There was none of that in my dream forest. Everything was still, inducing a strange sense of anxiety. The feeling of being watched surrounded me, the prickling feeling of eyes running over my skin.

“Lola.” A deep voice called out, slick like oil.

The bushes shook, and a strange sense of death settled over the forest. Thick and almost tangible, this strange shadow-like substance ebbed from all around me. It was black like smoke, lapping the ground as it ebbed closer and closer. Plants wilted under the touch of the strange smoke, urging it to move faster.

I sat from my bed with a startled breath, my dream had been cut short. It wasn't surprising to have nightmares in times like this. I was merely lucky my nightmares didn't include Katie or Kanyon's glassy gaze.

Training without Alpha Asher was monotonous and almost boring. I sparred with Mason easily, taking him down multiple times. Deep in the back of my mind, I already missed Alpha Asher. A day without bothering him felt unsuccessful and pointless. I quickly realized how much I longed to see the fire burn in his eyes as he fought his hidden desires.

After training Breyona and Mason tagged along to my house. The three of us ate lunch, my Grandma supplying Breyona with as many pastries as she could carry.

“Your Grandma is awesome.” Breyona groaned, munching on a brownie as we walked to her house.

“She's only baking like this cause she's stressed.” I chuckled.

“I wish my mom stress baked.” Breyona rolled her eyes, “My Mom stress cleans. Won’t even let us touch the kitchen anymore.”

“Mine just watches those spanish soap operas.” Mason shuddered, his eyes widening in fear.

“Is Mason scared of his Mom’s soap opera’s?” Breyona cackled, pelting him with a piece of brownie.

“You act like it’s funny but you’ve never had to sit and endure four hours of it.” Mason shook his head, “And this is why I’m always out and about.”

We walked up the stairs to Breyona’s house, and walked inside.

It had been years since I was in Breyona’s home, but not much had changed.

The family pictures still lingered on the walls, a few new ones added to the collection. Breyona looked nearly identical to her Mom and older sister. The newest photo was of Breyona, her sister, her Mom and Dad. Breyona’s sister had a large baby bump and an even wider grin on her face. Breyona’s lips were pulled up in a smirk, as though she was holding back laughter.

“Lola?” Breyona’s Mom called out, a surprised smile on her face. “I was wondering when I’d see your face again.”

“Hey, Miss Shelby.” I grinned, giving Breyona’s Mom a hug.

There was a time when Breyona and I were inseparable, a time before I met Tyler. I would spend most of my days at her house. Breyona’s Mom wasn’t a fan of my Mom, but that never stopped me from finding my way over their house. Breyona’s Mom would never turn me down, always offering a place to stay when my Mom became a little too overbearing.

“How’re you holding up?” Shelby frowned, giving my back a soft pat.

Breyona got her winning personality from her Mom, and her intense sarcasm from her Dad. Breyona’s Mom considered me a distant daughter, always making me feel included. The fact that she didn’t hold it against me when I ditched Breyona for Tyler, said loads about who she is as a person. Forgiving, kind, and compassionate. Just like Breyona.

“I’m managing.” I nodded, a tight smile on my face. “I don’t have it as bad as some others.”

Kanyon and Katie’s families flashed through my mind. Losing someone so young took such a hard toll on families.

“I understand, dear.” Shelby smiled sadly. “Just know it wasn’t your fault.”

“I appreciate that.” I forced a smile.

That was one topic I truly didn’t want to approach. I was still struggling with my own emotions, convincing myself I wasn’t to blame.

Breyona dropped the baked goods off at her house, getting dressed for patrol tonight.

The three of us hung out until it was time to leave, making our usual walk. As always, Breyona turned left while Mason and I turned right.

Carter and Wade were waiting for us when we approached. The four of us began our usual run, looking out for anything suspicious.

While Maya relished in her limited freedom, I scanned the forest for the sickeningly sweet smell. This

time around it was gone, leaving me to believe I had imagined the entire thing. Scents typically faded but never disappeared entirely, especially in twenty four hours.

I was almost convinced tonight would be another peaceful night, until a loud voice burst through my head.

“South side – Something broke through the perimeter.”

The frantic voice flooded through the mind-link and the four of us took off without question.

“Did you see anything?” I shouted through the mind-link.

“Couldn’t see anything.” Someone replied, “It was too fast.”

Our paws thundered against the cool earth, heading to the Southern patrol station. When we finally arrived there were multiple other wolves.

“The scent disappears twenty feet into town.” Someone cursed in my head.

“You couldn’t catch them?” Wade growled, “You couldn’t catch a simple rogue?”

“Whatever it was, was fast.” A sandy colored wolf shook it’s head. “We couldn’t even see it coming.”

All hell broke loose through the mind-link. Everyone was pissed and on end. Someone had clearly made it into town, which meant another dead body could be waiting for discovery.

“The forest got darker too.” A small voice called out in the midst of the chaos.

“Darker?” I frowned, my head turning to meet the bright eyes of another wolf.

The wolf was dark colored with patches of white and orange. It’s eyes were chocolate brown and glistening with hidden intelligence. I had never seen this particular wolf before, but that wasn’t surprising. I didn’t know many of the people in our pack, I had been obsessed with Tyler for too long to notice anyone else.

“Yeah.” The wolf nodded, a soft feminine voice filling my head. “Like the shadows got bigger.”

“Ignore her.” A grey wolf snapped, a low growl coming from it’s mouth. “She did nothing to help. Just froze and looked around all terrified.”

“I saw more than you did.” The girl murmured, her chocolate eyes looking towards where the threat had come from.

I looked around at the trees and shrubs.

“It does seem.. darker, doesn’t it?” Maya frowned.

“I think so.” I shrugged, “Like the Moon isn’t as bright.”

“Or the shadows are bigger.” Maya repeated the words that came from the smaller wolf, sending a strange chill down my spine.

“Everyone.” I snapped, trying to stop the bickering. “I said- Enough!”

My voice bellowed through the mind-link, stilling the rowdy wolves.

“Someone could be dead right now.” I snapped at all of them, “Arguing will not change what happened.”

“What should we do, Lola?” Mason frowned, a small whine coming from his wolf.

“You five, continue searching the perimeter. If they try to leave, alert us immediately.” I snapped at five of the wolves, the little multi-colored one included. While she was much smaller than the others, her eyes glistened with a strange intelligence that begged to be used.

“The rest of you, follow me into town.” I continued barking orders, “We will search town for any dead bodies.”

My heart thumped at my own commands. Anxiety and adrenaline coursed through me. The last thing I wanted was to find another dead body, but someone got through out perimeter. A simple rogue didn't possess that kind of speed, nor did anything else for that matter. Whatever it was, barreled through the perimeter without being spotted. It was either the fastest creature in the world, or somehow invisible.

We searched town endlessly, never once encountering a dead body. No one was injured, and there was no one roaming the streets at this time. Everything was silent.

The five who continued running patrol reported something nearly an hour later. Something had ran by them, never once stopping as it barreled through the woods. One by one we shifted into our human forms, throwing on spare t-shirts and sweatpants.

After letting Alpha Asher and Beta Devin know tonight's events, we all headed home. The next patrol shift arrived early, setting up quickly before we left for the night.

“Lola.” The small feminine voice called out.

I turned to meet those intelligent chocolate colored eyes.

“Who are you?” I frowned, I can’t recall ever seeing her before.

She was a little bit shorter than I – Which is really saying something. Her stature was petite, her hair long and brown.

“Jessie.” The girl gave me a timid smile, “You wouldn’t remember me, I’m two years younger than you.”

I couldn’t help it when my eyebrow raised, “You’re only sixteen?”

Jessie nodded, a light blush forming on her face. “I am.”

“And Alpha Asher has you out here?” I scoffed. So much for not recruiting kids.

“I’m good with my nose.” Jessie shrugged, “I’m the one who asked for the job.”

“I see.” I nodded, “And did you smell anything.”

Jessie hesitated, her eyes flickering over to Carter and Wade, “Whatever it was smelled sweet.”

“Sweet.” I repeated, not entirely believing what I was hearing. How could Jessie smell it when Mason, Carter and Wade couldn’t?

“Really sweet.” Jessie crinkled her nose, “It didn’t smell too good.”

“No, I don’t imagine it would.” I shook my head. “Lets keep this between ourselves for now.”

“Don’t the others already know?” Jessie frowned.

“I don’t think so.” I glanced over at them, “I don’t think they can smell it.”

“So you can?” Jessie paused, “Smell it, that is.”

I gave a cautious nod, “I smelled it yesterday. It was gone today.”

“That’s weird isn’t it?” Jessie pursed her lips. “Scent’s don’t just disappear like that.”

“You’re entirely correct.” I nodded.

After my conversation with Jessie, Mason and I headed home. Breyona walked with us, chatting about the unseen intruder. No one could figure out what it was. Some murmured about Vampires, but that was nearing impossible. Vampire’s never met in groups, and rarely ever attacks packs. Vampires had abilities and strengths of their own, but often couldn’t hold their own against werewolves. There was no reason for a stray vampire to wander into our territory.

My mind was churning with possibilities. Tyler would never recruit a stray vampire to do his dirty work. He hated vampires more than Alpha Asher, which was really saying something. Vampire’s stayed to themselves, never living with eachother or meeting up. If it was a vampire who ran into pack territory, there had to be a reason.

My questions were answered when I arrived home. Grandma had dinner sitting out for me, which I happily scarfed down. Dad and I talked for awhile, but I finally retreated up to bed. A long shower later, I was standing by my bed with sleep filled eyes.

The white index card made a strangled yelp leave my lips. I had assumed the notes would cease after I told Alpha Asher.

With frustration building, I yanked the index card from my bed.

'Meet me at the swimming hole. Midnight – Tomorrow.

Come alone if you want crucial information regarding the attacks on your pack.

If anyone follows – I will know.'

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 25

I debated telling Alpha Asher about my most recent note.

He would insist I didn't go, or insist I brought his men as back-up. I on the other hand fully planned ongoing. If it was Tyler, I could easily deal with him. If it wasn't Tyler, I only hoped I lived long enough to get the information back to Alpha Asher. Besides, he wasn't here to stop me. My biggest concern was if I wanted him pissed or not.

I came to the conclusion that I should tell him, but also let him know I fully planned ongoing. I would conveniently leave the location of the meeting place a mystery.

"Alpha Asher?" I called out lowly through the mind-l**k.

Typically when an Alpha leaves his pack, the mind-l**k weakens. With stronger wolves that isn't the case, and I assumed Alpha Asher wasn't one of those weaker wolves.

"Lola." Alpha Asher's voice was gruff, sending a shiver of excitement down my spine. "Why are you still awake?"

"So.." I trailed off, not quite knowing how to begin the conversation. "I got another note."

There was a silence on the other end of the mind-l*k, followed by some gruff yet sey curse words. Alpha Asher's anger was palatable, swirling in the air around me.

"What did it say?" Alpha Asher growled, and my legs closed instinctively. His voice alone did things to my body that I couldn't begin to explain.

"Oh nothing important." I teased, "They just wanted to meet up with me to disclose important information about the attacks on our pack."

"Bring my Beta and the rest of my men." Alpha Asher snapped irritably, and I wondered what he was up to at the other packs.

"Yeah, that's a great idea and all but the note specifically says to come alone." I shrug, committing the sound of his voice to my memory.

"Lola." Alpha Asher growled, "Don't even think about it."

"Think about what?" I asked innocently, "Always quick to assume the worst, Alpha."

"That's because I'm beginning to know how you think, Lola." Alpha Asher growled, a rough guttural sound.

"Mm, really?" I smirked, "And what am I thinking?"

“You’re thinking about how to earn your next punishment.” Alpha Asher growled, “If you don’t get yourself killed first.”

“I wouldn’t get myself killed.” I snickered, “I’m much too good for that.”

“Don’t even think about it, Lola.” Alpha Asher warned.

“Wouldn’t dream of it, Alpha.” I teased, feeling the familiar tingles of excitement run down my legs. I was practically trembling at the thought of Alpha Asher returning home and the punishments he would have in store for me.

I don’t doubt for a second that he wouldn’t find out about me meeting up against his wishes, or the trip to Haze I was planning to make. I fully expected him to find out about both trips, and punish me accordingly. I only hoped one of those punishments would involve his cock nestled deep within me, finally claiming me as his own.

Something about Alpha Asher’s voice had my thighs clenching together, fighting the wetness he continued to cause in my pussy. The tingling was uncomfortable, and the pressure began to build with each low growl that emerged from his lips. Alpha Asher’s voice alone did things to my body, and it yearned for his touch.

I hadn’t even noticed my hand had slipped into my pajama shorts, rubbing at the little bud between my lips. A quiet mewl left my mouth, my thoughts exploding with the pleasure Alpha Asher could bring to me.

“Lola.” Alpha Asher’s voice changed, growing deeper and much more feral.

I couldn’t stop, nor did I want to. I wanted to show Alpha Asher what he was missing, provoke a reaction in any way I could.

“Lola.” Alpha Asher snarled, “What do you think you’re doing?”

“Letting out some stress, Alpha.” I teased, another whimper of pleasure leaving my lips as the pressure in my pussy began to build. “Feel free to end the mind-f*ck.”

I couldn’t help but taunt him, wondering if he’d truly end the mind-f*ck while I played with myself. I could almost see him in my head, lying in bed with nothing but a pair of boxers on. In my fantasy his hand slid slowly into his boxers, gripping the hardened length that pushed against the thin fabric. My name escaping his lips as he used my breathless moans for his own pleasure.

Instead of ending the mind-f*ck, Alpha Asher said something very unexpected.

“Don’t cum until I tell you to.” His voice was low and gruff, arousal clear in his tone.

“And what will you do if I don’t listen?” I snickered, letting another moan slip my lips for good measure.

“I will make your life a living hell, Lola.” Alpha Asher snarled, sending another wave of excitement down my legs.

While I craved disobeying him, I decided for once I’d be a good girl.

“Think of me with you.” Alpha Asher growled lowly, “My fingers rubbing against your little clit.”

Another breathless moan left my lips against my own will, my slow pace on my swollen clit quickened.

“Think of all the sounds you’ll make for me when I F*ck you with my fingers.” Alpha Asher continued, the roughness of his voice sending jolts down my pussy. “Your little pussy grinding against my fingers, begging for more.”

I was getting much too close, whimpering in frustration as Alpha Asher warned me not to cum.

“How bad will you beg for my cock when I bring you to orgasm after orgasm?” Alpha Asher questioned, “How bad does your little pussy crave me?”

Another whimper left my lips. My wetness was coating my hand and running down the insides of my thighs. His words were doing something to me, turning me on in ways I had never felt before.

“Tell me, Lola.” Alpha Asher snarled. “Tell me how bad you want my cock.”

“I want it, so bad.” I moaned, my breath coming out in little pants. My bedroom was thick with the smell of my arousal, my pussy aching for release. “I need your cock inside of me. I need you to F*ck me.”

“That’s a good girl.” Alpha Asher growled, his tone pleased. “Will you cum for me, Lola?”

“Yes.” I whimpered, my pace quickening on my swollen clit. I pushed a finger inside of my entrance, thrusting it forcefully as I pictured what I thought Alpha Asher’s cock would look like. I pictured him slamming it inside of me, bending me over his desk for disobeying him.

“Cum for me, Lola.” Alpha Asher murmured, lust swirling in his voice.

The pressure in my pussy burst and I ground my fingers greedily against my clit, determined to ride out my orgasm.

A loud moan left my lips, followed by Asher’s name. A snarl of approval sounded through out my head, only heightening my intense orgasm.

“Such a good F*cking girl.” Alpha Asher snarled.

I laid in bed panting, wondering what the hell had come over me. You'd think I was beyond wondering why my body reacted to Alpha Asher this way, but I still couldn't wrap my head around it. My body craved him like a drug. Even after my intense orgasm, the thought of his cock inside of me had my pussy roaring to life. My satisfaction was short lived, my body continued craving Alpha Asher's touch.

"Goodnight, Lola." Alpha Asher's voice was still low and husky, but it was also smug.

"Goodnight, Alpha Asher." I choked out, my pussy still pulsing with longing.

I could only wish things would go this way when Alpha Asher returned home, but I had little hope. I was already planning on disobeying him, and I wondered if I'd survive his wrath.

I had tomorrow planned out. I would simply wait out the day and go to Haze with Mason and Breyona, then sneak into the woods to meet up with my anonymous note writers. At the first sign of danger, I'd simply alert the others on patrol and hoped they'd get to me in time. I was sure I could fend Tyler off long enough. Hell, maybe we'd get some useful information for a change. Either that or Tyler would become a prisoner, both outcomes were looking pretty good in my opinion.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 26

The morning came much too quickly, and I tossed in bed debating on if I should simply beg for sleep to take me again.

My dreams had been a mess of confusion and longing. Alpha Asher plagued some of them, while the corpses of Kanyon and Katie plagued the others.

My mind kept switching between lu*tful dreams of Alpha Asher, and horrendous nightmares featuring Tyler and that same sickeningly sweet scent. Going back to sleep might continue my torment, but I wasn't ready to start the day. The conflicting dreams provided little rest, leaving me tired and a little irritable. I'm sure it didn't help knowing Alpha Asher was still away. Parts of me I had tucked away for good longed for Alpha Asher.

"We'll get all the attention in the world when Alpha Asher comes back." Maya rolled her eyes, "We might even die at his hands. Exciting."

“Oh quit brooding.” I huffed, “You know as well as I do that we have to go to Haze.”

“Of course, for Breyona.” Maya nodded, “But why the hell do we have to meet up with the strange person that wrote the notes?”

“To find out what they know.” I groaned. “I thought we were on the same page about this.”

“We were.” Maya nodded, “Until I realized all of the ways Alpha Asher could kill us.”

“I don’t think he’d do that.” I shook my head.

“Well, that makes one of us.” Maya shrugged, “One day you’re going to push him too far, and that day is today.”

“Well, here’s to making our last day on Earth a good one.” I smirked, pulling myself from bed with a sleep moan.

“Your morning humor is impeccable, Lola.” Maya snapped.

“Thank you.” I grinned, “Just wait until I get some coffee in my system, it gets even better.”

I took a quick shower and threw on some clothes. It was only ten in the morning, giving me far too much time to contemplate today’s events.

Grandma already had breakfast steaming in a pan, causing my empty stomach to roar to life. I plopped down at the kitchen table and looked around for my Dad.

“He’s still asleep.” Grandma called out before I could even ask, “Everything’s been taking a toll on him lately.”

I frowned, “I can imagine why.”

“Thing’s will get worse before they get better.” Grandma sighed, “Always does.”

“It’s too early for your infinite wisdom, Grandma.” I smirked at her, digging into the steaming plate of food she placed in front of me.

“It is never too early for my infinite wisdom, thank you very much Lola.” Grandma scolded me whilst handing me a steaming cup of coffee.

“Too early for my brain to process what you could possibly mean.” I chuckled, my mouth full of food.

“Think too hard and you’ll give yourself a headache.” Grandma snickered, earning an incredulous look from me.

If wicche’s existed, Grandma would definitely be one of them. Her love for herbs and nature plus the fact that she always knows things she shouldn’t make her the perfect candidate as a witch. It was nearing impossible to hide anything from her, especially when I spent the entire year in her cottage. She always seemed to know what I was up to before I did.

“So, when is Alpha Asher returning?” Grandma asked, her tone innocent and nonchalant.

I choked on the piece of sausage in my mouth, guzzling some steaming coffee to wash it down. My stomach lurched and I gave Grandma a pointed glare.

“How did you know he was gone?” I grumbled, sounding much too similar to my Dad.

“Oh, I didn’t.” Grandma shrugged, “You just confirmed it now.”

I was beginning to think Alpha Asher should’nt have trusted me with the information to begin with.

“What made you ask?” I grumbled, eyeing my sausage warily.

“You seem more stressed.” Grandma shrugged, “Figured something happened with him.”

“You can’t tell anyone he’s gone.” I sighed, “I wasn’t supposed to tell anyone either.”

“Technically you didn’t tell me anything, dear.” Grandma shrugged, going about cleaning the kitchen.

“I don’t think Alpha Asher cares about semantics.” I rolled my eyes.

“I don’t plan on telling anyone.” Grandma continued about her day, “Don’t want you to get in trouble again.”

At the last part of Grandma’s words, she shot me a knowing smile making me pale. If she was trying to chase me from the house, she was most certainly succeeding.

A knock at the door saved me from Grandma's knowing eyes. I loudly sighed with relief when Breyona appeared from behind the front door, a confused look on her face.

"Bad morning?" Breyona chuckled.

"Not at all." I shook my head, giving Grandma a hard look.

"Want some coffee?" Breyona shrugged, pulling me out the front door.

I didn't bother mentioning that I already had some. Grandma was clearly trying to get me to leave the house, which I would happily oblige. Her knowing gaze made me squirm, making me wonder how much hidden information was swirling around in that head of hers.

Breyona and I decided to walk to the cafe – as it was pointless taking her car.

We swung by Mason's house and grabbed him, waiting a few minutes for him to get dressed.

"Excited for tonight?" I smirked at a somewhat nervous looking Breyona.

"Excited." Breyona nodded, "Petrified."

"Petrified, why are you petrified?" I shook my head, a low chuckle coming from my lips.

"It's different now-a-days." Breyona frowned, "People aren't scared of rejecting their mates. They just do it."

"I don't think he'll reject you, Breyona." I frowned, shaking my head. "I don't think there's a man alive who could be that stupid."

"Tyler's alive." Breyona noted.

"Okay, so there is one man alive who is that stupid." I nodded, "But Tyler's not your mate."

"Thank the Goddess." Breyona fake gagged, making me giggle.

The three of us walked down to the cafe in the middle of town. Town was somewhat busy this morning, many people were strolling around without much to do. There was still that air of tension, but things were a little calmer.

We had to wait a few minutes to get our coffee's, standing in the long line that led out the front door. Two faces from my past approached us, and I nearly forgotten Ethan and Isaac even belonged to this pack.

"So we hear you've been quite busy, Lola." Ethan chuckled, his voice annoying and taunting.

Breyona didn't bother turning around, she simply called out from over her shoulder. "f**k off, Ethan."

"Ouch, that hurts Breyona." Ethan shook his head, his hand over his chest as though he'd been wounded.

"Hey, Lola." Isaac nodded.

Isaac had always been the quieter one of the bunch. From what I heard, he had found his mate over a year ago. I hadn't a single clue if they stayed together or not. Isaac never talked about her, seeming almost angry that he even found her in the first place.

"Hey." I nodded, tight lipped.

While I moved on from the past, that didn't make me friendly with these two. They were the ones to encourage Tyler's stupid and downright verbally abusive behavior.

"Breyona." Ethan grinned cheerfully, and I already knew what was coming. "When did you get so..curvy?"

"You really think you have a chance, don't you?" Breyona cackled, nearly crying with laughter.

"Can't blame me for trying." Ethan shrugged, turning his attention on me. "Chelsea's been saying some interesting things about you."

"Haven't we already learned Chelsea talks out of her ass?" I lifted my eyebrow, staring at him deadpan.

"She does." Ethan shrugged, "Doesn't mean the rumors aren't interesting."

"Also doesn't mean you need to come bother us." Breyona shrugged, "And yet here you are."

"Did you really kill Kanyon and Katie?" Ethan grinned, "That's tough, even for you."

"Do you think I killed Kanyon and Katie." I rolled my eyes, grinding my teeth together.

"Hey, anything's possible." Ethan shrugged.

"I don't think you killed them." Isaac shrugged, looking uninterested in the conversation.

"Thanks." I grunted, giving Isaac a short nod.

“If you want someone to blame, blame your old best friend.” I shrugged, “It’s not my fault he’s obsessed with me.”

“Really?” Ethan smirked, “Because last year you were pretty obsessed with him.”

I rolled my eyes, “People change. Is that so hard for your pea brain to grasp?”

“People rarely ever change.” Ethan shrugged, “Just stating the obvious.”

“If you say so.” I huffed, walking around Ethan and Isaac.

Ethan was still as insufferable as ever. It wasn’t surprising he was feeding into the rumors swirling about Katie and Kanyon’s death. If only they knew how much the rumors hurt their family members, maybe they’d actually give a sh*t.

“I don’t know who your next target is, but maybe you can off Chelsea next.” Ethan cackled, “Might help get rid of the rumors going around.”

“Little sh*t.” Maya snarled, and I felt my body whip around.

“Not the coffee!” I hissed at Maya, when a new idea popped into her head.

“Of course not.” Maya snickered, “Your idea was so much better.”

My fist flew forward with all the strength Maya had, which was quite a bit. My lips turned up in a smile as my knuckles connected with the soft flesh of Ethan’s throat. A loud squealing gag came from Ethan’s mouth as his hands flew up to grab his throat. He’d heal within the next hour or two, but it was still satisfying and he definitely had it coming.

Mason was the first to burst into laughter, followed by Breyona. Even Isaac had a smirk forming on his face.

“Thanks for the advice, Ethan.” I shrugged, turning away. “Hope your throat feels better.”

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 27

Mason and Breyona were still cackling as we walked over to her place.

I was somewhat reluctant to head back home, fearing what else my Grandma might say. I knew her and Dad were hiding things from me, but I wasn't quite sure how to get the truth from them. Asking upfront rarely worked in my Dad's case. He'd simply get defensive and retreat into his bedroom. Grandma would just change the subject, and the topic wasn't always favorable. The last thing I wanted was for her to change the topic to mine and Alpha Asher's..interesting relationship.

“Back again?” Miss Shelby poked her head from the kitchen, a smile lighting up her face as she saw Mason and I.

“Brought another friend this time.” Breyona called out over her shoulder, heading to the living room.

Breyona's house was much larger than my own. While my Dad was the old Beta, he preferred to live modestly. Breyona's Mom and Dad were just regular pack members, but both had large degree's from the local college in town. Breyona's Mom and Dad were both History majors, finding out they were mates in the middle of one of their classes. They bonded and fell in love over their shared infatuation with history. Their degree's led to two well paying jobs at the college, resulting in their larger than normal house.

Breyona's living room was basically a library with a couple couches. Bookshelves spanned the walls top to bottom, old and new books gracing the shelves. Framed doc*ments could be seen hanging on the walls, any piece of history they could fit sat inside this house. I swore they had more knowledge here than the local library.

Something crossed my mind, the hushed conversation between my Dad and Grandma. Not much was known about Vampires, but if anyone could point me in the right direction it would be Breyona's Mom and Dad.

"Miss Shelby?" I called out, wondering if she had any texts on Vampires.

It was so hard to find accurate information on Vampires and Werewolves now-a-days. In the times where movies, novel's and social media dictated much of what we do, true information was scarce. One could simply do a Google search and learn all about vampires, but 99% of the information would be false. I wasn't very educated myself, but I was fairly certain Vampires didn't sparkle in the sunlight.

"One second, hon." Miss Shelby called out, stumbling into the living room with a tray of snacks. Breyona scrunched her nose, her eyes flickering to Mason and I in contempt.

Breyona's Mom was not a good cook by any standards, but that didn't keep her from trying. Often Breyona would simply order take-out for her Mom and Dad, refusing to eat any of their cooking. Breyona glanced at Mason and shot me a devious grin to which I caught on instantly.

Miss Shelby placed the tray in front of us, the food on it oozing suspiciously. It looked like peanut butter and cuc*mber sandwiches maybe? But then what was that burnt orange stuff running off?

Mason grinned at Miss Shelby, "Thanks." He said with a smile before plopping one of the miniature sandwiches into his mouth.

He chewed for a few moments until his entire body went rigid. His eyes were wide with shock and disgust, but the goofy grin was still on his face. Breyona was turning purple, trying to hold back her laughter. Mason swallowed the strange concoction with an audible gulp and grinned up at Miss Shelby, who had been watching the entire time.

“Their—great, Miss Shelby.” Mason grinned, but his eyes looked pained.

Miss Shelby sighed, a smile twitching onto her face as she glanced at Breyona.

“Should’ve told the poor boy I can’t cook to save my life.” Miss Shelby sighed, shaking her head. “I really thought that recipe would turn out good.”

“Was that peanut butter and cheese?” Mason pursed his lips, giving another wary glance at the little sandwiches.

“Sure was.” Miss Shelby smiled, “Sweet and salty go good together, or so I hear.”

“I’m pretty sure peanut butter and cheese are both salty, Mom.” Breyona frowned.

Miss Shelby pursed her lips, “I think you may be right. Maybe I’ll try it with some jam next time.”

I cleared my throat, “Miss Shelby?”

“Sorry, hon.” Miss Shelby chuckled, “Lost in thought.”

“Do you have any books on Vampires?” I tried to keep my tone light-hearted, “Like actual fact—not fiction.”

“We refuse to carry fiction in this house. This house is full of facts, nothing less!” Miss Shelby shook her head, “But why on earth would you want to learn about Vampires, hon?”

Mason and Breyona both had their full attention on me. I struggled to maintain my composure, but placed an innocent facade on my face.

“I just heard my Dad and Grandma talking about them.” I shrugged, “I realized, I really don’t know anything about Vampires. Well—I heard they sparkle in the sunlight, but that’s all I know.”

I knew the last part of what I said would tick Miss Shelby off. Her and her husband hated fiction books, especially ones that had to do with Vampires or Werewolves.

“I’ll have you know, they do not sparkle.” Miss Shelby shook her head, shuffling over to one of the many crowded book shelves. “Kids these days—Never getting a real education. Sparkles! Can you believe it? Who comes up with this crap.”

“Vampires?” Breyona raised her eyebrow at me, her eyes flickering over to her Mom.

“Just curious.” I shrugged, a grin on my face as I listened in on Miss Shelby’s mumbling. “Honest.”

“Sure.” Breyona nodded, looking unconvinced but dropping the subject anyway.

Miss Shelby dropped a heavy book on the table in front of me, opening it a quarter of the way.

“So there isn’t a whole lot in here, but there’s still much we don’t know.” Miss Shelby shrugged. “So many texts were lost in the burning three hundred years ago. It’s amazing we’ve managed to recover this much.”

The Burning was something all werewolf children learned about early on. Three hundred years ago, four Vampires had gotten together and formed a coven. This was unheard of in Vampire history, as they rarely ever traveled or spent their lives together. Werewolves were thriving at the time, as we have for thousands of years. There was strength in numbers, and werewolves always stuck together. The reason

on why Vampires remained to themselves was unclear, some said it was due to disagreements or feeding problems. Either way, whenever Vampires gathered many lost their lives. These four vampires came across a pack of werewolves. The story changed depending on who told it, but something happened between the vampires and werewolves. Some kind of argument or disagreement struck, starting a fight.

Whenever Grandma told me the story, she would tell how one of the Vampires was mated to one of the wolves. They wanted to be together, to live in peace but the Alpha of the pack intended to marry the woman. The Alpha's mate had died many years ago, and he chose to take this young werewolf as his bride not for love, but because she looked like his dead mate. This infuriated the Vampires, stirring them into action. The Vampires were chased away by the werewolves, but returned just a short month later. The Alpha of the pack lied and told the young woman her mate had left her, declaring her a disgusting werewolf before fleeing. The young woman took her life, her heart broken and yearning for her mate.

When the four Vampires returned, they discovered the death of the young woman. The Vampire mated to her was delirious with heartbreak and agony. He attacked the werewolf pack, swearing death on their kind. Many lives were lost that day, including the four vampires. Buildings were burned down, one of those buildings was where the pack kept archives of information and history. Lives, love, and knowledge was lost that day.

Dad's version was much simpler. Four vampires wandered into pack territory, igniting a feud with the pack. The Vampires fed on the packs territory knowingly, and retaliated when they attacked. I always preferred my Grandma's version. Something about doomed lovers was so much more interesting than just a simple feeding issue.

I let my eyes trail over the words in the book. They were hand written, and fading in certain places. The pages were stained and cracked, but it was clear Breyona's Mom and Dad treated their books with much love. The pages had a heavy gloss over them, protecting them from further damage. The words were darkened in some areas, and made much clearer through the mending of Breyona's parents.

"Just leave it there when you're finished." Miss Shelby smiled, "Oh and be very careful. That book's older than you are."

"I will." I chuckled, remembering how Miss Shelby used to tell me that all the time as a child.

Breyona was never interested in books like her Mom and Dad. I, on the other hand had always loved to read. Her Mom and Dad would spend days shoving books in my face and even talk to me about them once I had finished.

Breyona's Mom was right, there wasn't much information on Vampires. Just a small passage in the middle of the page, written in another language. It was obvious Breyona's Mom and Dad had translated the text, writing it on a spare sheet of paper and attaching it to the book. The passage enlightened me, and sent something cold rushing through my veins.

Vampires — 1902

Sunlight sears the skin of these cold-blooded creatures, forced to take night as their own. First recorded Vampire was 1500 BC located in Crete. All that is known about the earliest Vampire is his name, Kouritis. Vampires are not immortal—but do live for hundreds of years. It is known Vampire's have a caste that is similar to their Lycan adversaries. Lowest is human turned vampires. Next is Vampire's by birth, with human tainted blood. Vampire's are able to procreate with each other, and human's. Even higher lies pure blooded Vampires, considered untouchable in status. The last, and highest is the blood line of Kouritis. It is believed Kouritis blood-line may possess the ability to control shadows—unproven, but suspected. It is rumored pure blooded Vampires possess the ability to befuddle the mind—This ability does not work on pure-blooded Werewolves.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 28

My mind ran back and forth between what I read.

Vampires can befuddle the mind. What did that mean? Confuse people or make them do things?

My mind went back to the night at the club, how light and airy I had felt. The more I tried to remember what it felt like, the more confused I had become. I couldn't place my finger on how exactly I felt that night. I did have quite a bit to drink, which could easily be the culprit for the strange sensations. That night was definitely one to remember. The only event that remained clear in my mind was my little meeting with Alpha Asher against the club's brick wall.

I sat back from the book with a frown on my face. Miss Shelby came back into the room and gave me a

sympathetic smile.

“Such a shame, isn’t it?” Miss Shelby shook her head. “Such little information on an entire race.”

“I wonder what happened to Kouritis.” I frowned, “Are there any records of his bloodline?”

The sentence about ‘controlling shadows’ had me interested. Jessie and Maya both noticed how much darker it had become in the forest, as if the shadows had gotten bigger. Such a strange remark, but it now made some shred of sense. The Kouritis bloodline was suspected to be able to control the shadows. But why would Kouritis’s relatives be anywhere near our pack? Vampire’s didn’t meddle in human affairs, and we didn’t meddle in their feeding habits. It was a silent coexistence.

“There was at one point.” Miss Shelby sighed, “What I would’ve done to get my hands on those texts.”

“Mom.” Breyona gagged, making Mason and I snicker.

“So no one knows what happened to his bloodline?” I frowned, “How could an entire bloodline fade into history?”

“Well, this is just a rumor but I heard his last remaining blood-tie died during the burning.” Miss Shelby nodded serenely, “That he was one of the four to fight against the packs.”

“Everyone says all four of the vampires died during the burning.” I frowned, “Guess it isn’t too hard to believe Kouritis blood-line ended during the Burning.”

“Such a shame.” Miss Shelby sighed, “Liam and I are always scouring for more texts. We’ll let you know if we find one.”

“Thanks, Miss Shelby.” I smiled back at her, grateful for her and Liam’s help.

If the Kouritis blood-line ended three hundred years ago, that ruled out the cause of the darkening forest. It must’ve just been nature doing it’s thing.

Mason, Breyona and I hung out until well into the night. Miss Shelby offered me other texts, but none were about Vampires. Some talked of Werewolves, going into detail about half-bloods and their capabilities. Half Human – Half werewolf, they were common but most of them lived normal lives. Many didn’t develop their own wolf, inhibiting them from ever shifting. They simply had heightened strength and sometimes heightened senses. Those who developed wolves, were brought into the pack-life. Half-blood’s could still had mates, and could bear children all the same. Hundreds of years ago, werewolves hated half-bloods. Time’s have changed since then, and they are no longer hated. We accept half-bloods the way we would any other werewolf.

Once nine o’clock hit, Breyona began getting ready for Haze. While I wore a simple pair of jeans and a dark blouse, Breyona went all out. She wore a knee length dress that made her look both alluring and regal, along with some light make-up to highlight her big eyes and high cheekbones. She insisted on looking her best, in case she meet her mate tonight. Her short hair had a slight curl to it and fanned across her head. Mason was dressed comfortably as well, wearing jeans and a simple jacket.

“I can’t believe were doing this.” Breyona huffed, “Maybe we should just stay home.”

“Are you chickening out?” I raised my eyebrow at her, “The fearless Breyona is afraid of finding her mate?”

Breyona paused, her eyebrow raised as she glared at me. Slowly, a smile broke out over her face.

“Y’know, I told you before if you keep making these comments I’m gonna start thinking you’re my mate.” Breyona snickered.

“Please.” I scoffed, “You wish your mate was amazing as me.”

Mason sat in silence watching our mini-argument unfold. We were left with hysterical giggles by the time we had finished, making me realize how much I had truly missed Breyona. Spending time with Chelsea was never like this. We’d shop, or go out to eat, making fun of a few people in the process. We never joked, never comforted or supported each other. It was a superficial friendship from the beginning. Breyona and I matched naturally. If there were mates—but for friends, Breyona would be my mate. My friend-mate.

“Friend-mate.” Breyona nodded, “I like that.”

“I think I also earn the title of friend-mate.” Mason huffed, giving us each a puppy dog look.

The two of us continued giggling and brought Mason into our hug.

“Well, seeing as I invented friend-mates, I declare you can have multiple.” I nodded, giving Mason a grin.

“I second that motion.” Breyona grinned, grabbing her car keys.

“Don’t be out too late!” Breyona’s Mom called from the kitchen. “And good luck finding your mate, honey!”

“You told her?” I raised my eyebrow at Breyona and she gave me an embarrassed smile.

“It’s not like I had a choice.” Breyona rolled her eyes, “She won’t dare let me leave the house at night anymore. Once I told her about smelling my mate, she insisted I go. Besides, she know’s I’ll be safe with you and Mason here.”

“We’ll stick with you the entire time.” I nodded, giving Breyona a reassuring smile.

We made it to Haze twenty minutes later. The thumping music sounded exactly how I remembered it from Chelsea’s birthday. We walked up to the bouncer and he let us inside without a hassle. People were packed inside the club, some dancing while others drank and talked above the thundering music. The lights were different colors this time. Instead of green and purple, the lights were red and white. It gave everything in the club a red-tinged hue. The color resembled the spilled blood coming from Canyon and Katie’s lifeless bodies. The thought made my stomach turn, but I forced the sickness back for Breyona.

“I’m gonna walk around a bit, see if I can smell anything.” Breyona yelled over the music.

Mason and I nodded, following her closely as she wandered. Another twenty minutes passed, and we retreated to the bar. Breyona was looking quite defeated, her eyes flickering around expectantly.

“I should’ve just found him last time we were here.” Breyona frowned, “I missed my only chance.”

“That’s not true.” I shook my head, “We’ve been here for twenty minutes, he might not even be here yet!”

I ordered drinks for the three of us, giving Breyona a reassuring smile as she tossed hers back.

“You’re right.” She nodded, “You’re right. He’s probably on his way right now.”

“Exactly.” I nodded, “We’ll walk around this club a thousand times if it means you get to find your mate.”

We continued walking through the club, pushing past sweaty bodies as we went. A hundred different smells were filtering through my nose. Body spray, sweat, arousal, drugs, cigarettes, alcohol, and something slightly sweet. All battered my nose, leaving it confused. Places like this tended to overwhelm the senses. I strictly relied on my hearing, managing to hear the words Breyona yelled above the

thundering music.

“Lets go up to the balcony.” She shouted.

We walked up the curved stairs to the balcony over looking the entire inside of the club. From this height, we had a fairly decent view of everything going on in the club. The two bars were packed with people, ordering drinks by the dozen. The dance floor was packed with sweaty bodies, swaying and jumping to the intense beat of the music. The red flashing lights made everything look much more scarlet from up on the balcony. As if a bucket of paint—or some other red substance, had been draped over the floor and the people.

A new batch of people flooded into the club, and Breyona whipped her head around expectantly.

“Lets go back down.” Breyona yelled, “The bouncer’s letting more people inside.”

Mason and I followed behind Breyona. It was becoming difficult to stay close as more people filtered into the building. I bumped shoulders with countless people, keeping my eyes trained on Breyona’s retreating form.

“Didn’t think I’d see you here again, beautiful.” A familiar, flirty voice called out.

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I turned at the sound of his voice. I could probably pick his voice out of an entire crowd if need be. It was rough, but held a certain kind of delicacy that I found attractive. The whisper of an accent fell from his tongue, accompanying his words.

“Didn’t think I’d see you here again, beautiful.” I turned and met his swirling blue eyes. Brighter than the sea, more comparable to the sky on a clear day.

My heart did this weird pitter patter as a sly smile formed on his face. His smile was as I remembered it from Chelsea’s birthday, charming with just a hint of mischievousness. It was sxy yet impishly innocent all in one. There was no denying how gorgeous this man was, anyone with eyes could see it. Maya

remained quiet as I turned to look at the guy. She had long ago stopped forcing me away from guys. She knew I wouldn't sleep with just anyone. Flirting was definitely on the table, sex most certainly was not. Well, until I met Alpha Asher.

"Oh look, it's the nameless guy." I smirked, feeling my heart jump when he flashed me a gleaming smile. Amusement danced in his eyes.

"The nameless guy?" He gave me a lopsided smirk.

His blindingly light blonde hair caught the flashing scarlet lights. His hair practically reflected the color, and I couldn't help but wonder what he looked like in actual sunlight. Beautiful, I'm sure.

"I assure you, beautiful." He leaned in, towering over me. His cologne flooded through my nose. Musky and earthy with a hint of something sweet. "I have a name."

"You didn't give it to me last time we met." I pouted, looking up at him through my eyelashes. "I gave you mine."

For just a moment, an image of Breyona and Mason flashed through my mind. It was like a beam of light in a dark room. It went out so quickly, I was blinded and stumbling around. As quickly as my mind cleared, it fogged up again.

His cologne was really strong; but boy did it smell good.

"Names are important things, Lola." The guy smirked down at me. I was sure he could hear my hammering heart. "Can't just give them away to anyone."

A rush of something familiar ran through me. It resembled the intense desire I felt for Alpha Asher, only it was different some how. This guy called to another side of me, one I wasn't sure I wanted to explore. The strange feeling made me bold. I stood on my tip toes, placing my hands on his broad shoulders. He felt much too cold to be out dancing at a club, as though he had just come inside from the crisp nighttime breeze. I toyed with his shoulder length hair, marveling at how soft it truly felt.

"You can trust me." I smirked back at the guy, fluttering my eyelashes suggestively. "I'm great at keeping secrets."

"I suppose I can, beautiful." He grinned down at me. The intensity of his gaze was almost unsettling, as though I were the only person in the entire club. It could've been empty for all the two of us cared.

Breyona and Mason were far from my mind. I couldn't quite remember why I was here to begin with. All I know is that I ran into this devastatingly handsome guy after losing him the first time. It was fate; or pure luck that we managed to find each other again. Like some sort of fairy tale. His smile was sincere yet devious, his body was chiseled yet dressed in that bad-boy persona.

"Call me Tristan." He smirked down at me.

I recognized the slight accent as he told me his name. His voice swam in circles around my head, shoving away any other thoughts I could've been having.

"Tristan." I repeated, only without the accent. "Is that French?"

"It is." Tristan smiled down at me, "Named after my Father, and his Father before."

"I like it." My voice came out in a low purr.

I hadn't realized we had been talking in the midst of the thundering music, somehow able to hear each other clearly. I struggled to hear Breyona, but Tristan's voice was clear as a bell.

"Come outside with me, beautiful." Tristan gave me a breathtaking smile. "It's hard to hear your lovely voice with all of this noise."

I felt myself nodding, allowing Tristan to guide me in front of him. He led me up the stairs and to a balcony door. This balcony sat outside the club, off to the side. The view was horrible, looking down into the damp alley way but the noise was a vanishing thought out here. The thundering music was a dull pulse through the glass doors.

I rested my back against the railing, watching with clouded eyes as Tristan stalked towards me. His movements were slow, yet incredibly smooth. He moved as though everything else in the world went still for him, it was graceful in a strange way. His light colored hair reflected the moonlight, making it look almost white. The scent of his cologne was much stronger out here, that musky scent with just a touch of something sweet. Tristan approached me, taking my face in his hands. His palms were cool against my skin, but his touch did something to my heart. It pounded in my chest, heating my skin almost unbearably. His touch was the only thing that cooled me, and for that reason I pulled him closer.

"Beautiful, Lola." Tristan murmured, his lips dangerously close to my ear. His voice was light yet his words sounded heavy. "How long I have waited for you."

"You waited for me?" My voice came out dreamily.

My mind was a blur of information, things that I had no access to. I couldn't remember my family, or my life in the pack. All I knew was Tristan and I, that's all I could think about. His touch, his face, his voice, his scent. All of it was swimming around in my head seductively.

"Of course, beautiful." Tristan murmured, his cold teeth grazing the soft skin below my earlobe. "You are destined to be mine."

A shiver ran through me under his touch, igniting me in a different kind of way. Something chimed in the back of my head, reminding me I had felt this way before. I had felt this with someone else.

“Yours?” The idea wasn’t such a bad one. What would be so bad about being Tristan’s?

He was everything I wanted; The only thing that mattered, that made sense.

‘What the hell, Lola?’ A snarky voice snapped inside my mind, but was then abruptly shoved back. It felt like two people warring in my mind. One was a male, the other a snarky female. They were at war, while I sat blissfully sedated.

“Beautiful, are you still here?” Tristan murmured, his hand cupping my chin.

The snarky female retreated into the darkness, and my mind became muddled once more.

“I’m here.” I murmured, “I’ll always be here.”

“Always.” Tristan murmured, “That is a long time, Lola.”

“A long time.” I repeated, wanting just one more excuse to hear his feathery voice.

“I will claim you as my own.” Tristan murmured, his lips were moving lower. “You’ll be coming home with me tonight, beautiful.”

That was music to my ears, sending my heart into a love sick frenzy. This was everything I had been waiting for, hoping for.

Tristan’s lips moved lower, nestling just above my shoulder blade. The moment his lips pressed against

my skin, I knew there was no turning back. My mind was still a jumbled fog. One part of me was trying to decipher what was going on, and the other side of me couldn't care less.

'I wouldn't do this.' The rational side of me snapped, 'Who cares, just look at him.' The dreamy side of me responded.

His tongue flicked against my sensitive skin, and a blissful sigh left my lips. His touch was heavenly, cold but delicate. It was when his teeth emerged and pierced my skin, that the fog in my mind imploded. The rational side of me was being dragged away kicking and screaming. I could see it all in my mind. The rational me, being pulled by her hair towards a giant person-sized chest, a lock and golden chain sat nearby. She was screaming at me, pleading with me to save her but I was too far away.

"Get the f**k off her you creep!" Someone shouted, and whatever had been dragging the rational side of me faded into nothingness.

It was then I realized Tristan had been holding me up. He jerked away from me, and I slumped against the cool balcony floor. Something wet dripped down my shoulder, feeling warm against my cooled skin.

"What the f**k just happened?" The voice was frantic. Someone grabbed me from under my shoulders, someone I knew wasn't Tristan.

I wanted to search for him, to reach out and feel his cool skin against my own. I wanted to hear his velvet smooth voice, feel his glossy hair under my fingertips. He wasn't with me anymore, I could feel it. The fog was slowly draining from my mind, leaving me with an overwhelming feeling of fatigue. I couldn't remember where we were, why we had come here. All I knew was I wanted Tristan as much as I wanted a nap. Names and faces began to filter into my mind, but I couldn't make them match up.

A guy was carrying me, he had a frown on his face. He was cute, but Tristan was the only man on my mind. A girl was walking next to him, she had short hair and was wearing a beautiful dress. She looked angry, worried and frightened. We walked over to a car, and the short haired girl unlocked the doors. She turned to another guy, one I hadn't noticed before. Her lips grazed his softly, her hand grasping his tightly. They were speaking to each other. I couldn't force my ears to listen, but whatever they were saying must've been brief.

“Lola?” The guy who had carried me was talking.

I blinked once and realized we were in the car, driving down the road. Just a second ago we had been at the club. A second ago, I had been with Tristan.

“Lola?” The guy repeated.

I was slumped against the seat, my body inches away from his own. I couldn’t understand who he was talking to. It was a hard thing to explain. I knew my name was Lola, and yet I couldn’t fathom why he’d be talking to me. He wasn’t Tristan.

I blinked again and realized I was being carried into a house. More people I knew I should remember rushed forward, their faces frantic and their eyes spilling with worry. A gruff looking man and an older woman rushed towards me. I couldn’t feel my legs as I tumbled forward into the man’s arms.

“What happened to her?” The gruff man was angry, so angry.

“We went to Haze to find my mate.” The girl rushed out, her voice cracking. “Lola got lost and we found her with some guy. He was—He was biting her.”

The gruff man went pale, and somewhere in the back of my mind I wondered if he was going to throw up. I hoped he didn’t throw up on me, even though I probably wouldn’t notice if he did.

“Oh Goddess.” The older woman gasped, her hand flying to her chest. “They found her.”

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 30

I was placed on something soft, something familiar. I ran my fingers over the comforter on my bed.

Dad, Grandma, Breyona and Mason were all standing in my bedroom. I could remember their names

now, and place them to their faces. My mind was becoming clear slowly. I still couldn't figure out their importance to me. All I knew was Tristan, wondering where he was or what he was doing.

Grandma was dabbing something wet along my shoulder, and I sighed dreamily as my shoulder stung in pain. The feeling of Tristan's teeth along my soft skin danced in my head. His lips were so cool against my heated skin, igniting a fire that burned low in my abdomen.

"What is that?" Breyona gasped, and I felt soft fingers trail themselves over the sore spot on my shoulder.

"The vampire." Grandma's voice was full of sorrow. "He's marked her."

"Vampire?" Breyona growled lowly, her voice set me on edge.

What they were saying held little importance to me, and my mind tuned out the rest of their conversation. Tristan's swirling blue eyes came to the front of my mind, his sly yet devastatingly handsome smile, his musky yet sweet scent. All of it was doing a little dance routine in my head, distracting me from everything else.

"You need to tell her." Breyona's voice sounded weak, frightened. "She has a right to know why their after her."

"Don't you think we know this." My Dad growled, but his heart wasn't in it. "Regardless, she's my daughter. It's my job to protect her."

"She needs a chance to protect herself." Breyona snapped in response, "If you don't tell her, I will. I can't

lie to her, not about this.”

“We will tell her.” Grandma’s voice was still full of sorrow, but she had a air of peacefulness around her. “Wait until tomorrow, when the Vampire’s tricks have worn off.”

My eyes quickly fluttered close. Even in my dreams, Tristan was there. My mind was a muddled mess, struggling to focus on the details of my dream. We were somewhere dark, a small light shining in the corner of what looked like a room. Tristan and I were lying on a soft bed, red sheets rubbing softly against my skin.

“Come to me, love.” Tristan murmured, trailing soft kisses down my neck.

A sigh of bliss escaped my lips, and I tilted my head to give him easier access.

His teeth sharpened, grazing against the soft flesh of my shoulder. A stinging pain jolted me from my sleep, from my confusing dream. I looked down at my hand, realizing I had been pressing it against the wound on my shoulder hard enough to draw blood.

As I looked down at the scarlet liquid staining my fingers, the events of last night rushed back to me. The way Tristan’s arms felt wrapped around me, the way his lips trailed down my throat.

My mind was clear—crystal, in fact.

What had possessed me to let Tristan have his way? I was delirious with my infatuation for him, an infatuation that hadn’t existed until I met him again.

Grandma’s words—Breyona’s threat, they rushed to my mind along with one specific word.

Vampire.

So that was a Vampire. What caused him to come this close to a werewolf pack was beyond me, but sometimes mistakes happened. Why did he go after me? He knew what I was, there was no mistaking it. And yet he openly chose to go after a werewolf.

Tristan had to be a pure-blood Vampire, judging by how clouded my mind had been last night. I had never experienced anything like it before, except for the first time I had met him.

My fingers curled around something rough, something I had stuffed under my pillow.

“sh*t.” I moaned, crumbling the note from last night in my hands.

I had completely forgotten about my meeting at midnight, to learn more about what happened to Kanyon and Katie. My insides recoiled, and guilt flooded me. I could’ve helped their families find some peace, but I had to be out at a club late at night. I stared down at the note, frustration burning the backs of my eyelids. I could only hope I would have another chance.

If Tristan was working with Tyler, than surely he’d know why I couldn’t arrive last night. All I had to do was wait.

I trudged from my bedroom and into the bathroom, my brain feeling like mush in my skull. Every inch of me was hurting in some shape or form. My head pounded, my shoulder stung, my eyelids burned. This weekend was not planning out the way I had thought.

I wasn’t even sure if Breyona had found her mate or not.

“Ugh!” I moaned, staring at my gaunt reflection in the mirror.

Something stood out in the crappy bathroom light. Something scarlett that didn't quite look like blood.

A mark stood out bright on my porcelain skin, glinting at me smugly. The mark was scarlett in color, shaped almost like an eye. The skin around the mark was raised and angry. The entire mark stung my skin, and the more I looked at it the more I began to like the color

"Lola?" Grandma's soft voice called out from behind the bathroom door. "Can your Dad and I talk to you for a minute?"

My reflection jumped, startled by my Grandma's voice. My attention was pulled from the mark on my skin, but confusion and worry were still ever so present in my head.

"Sure, give me five." I muttered, rubbing the sides of my head.

I grabbed the bottle of ibuprofen from the cabinet, shoving six in my mouth and downing them with some sink water. It wouldn't last for long, but hopefully long enough.

I brushed my hair and teeth, and slipped into the shower. The shower was solely for my benefit, as I currently lacked the energy to do anything other rub my pounding head. I slipped on something clean and walked out of the bathroom.

Food was sizzling away in a pan at the stove, my Grandma keeping a watchful eye was on standby.

"Good morning." I grunted. It was not a good morning at all.

I dropped into one of the kitchen chairs carelessly, resisting the urge to rest my head against the cool coffee table. My eyes were closed, but I could hear Dad trudging into the kitchen and plopping down in a chair. His aftershave was strong in my nose, but it was oddly comforting. It gave me something to anchor onto, something to think about other than Tristan and the throbbing in my head.

When I finally opened my eyes, my Dad was looking at me. His eyes were practically burning into my skin. He wasn't looking into my eyes, his gaze was locked on the scarlett mark that stained my skin.

"I don't—" I paused. Did I know what happened?

A Vampire had attacked me at the club. But I think I actually enjoyed it, or did I? My mind was a fogged mess which definitely sounds like some mind games, but I still couldn't be sure. The fog made me doubt bits and pieces of last night. Like how Tristan said I was his, and I agreed wholeheartedly. That couldn't have actually happened. I wasn't even old enough to find my mate, and I had no idea if Vampires even had mates.

"Lola?" Dad frowned, and I realized I had been staring off into space.

"Here, dear." Grandma murmured, "You need to eat and drink before we talk, those mind games are quite painful."

I wanted to open my mouth and ask how she knew, but the smell of fresh roasted coffee, eggs, and bacon called to me more. Grandma was right as always, I gradually began to feel better with each bite and sip I took.

"Don't ever do that again." Maya groaned in my head. I could tell she was feeling the same pain as I.

"I have no clue what you're talking about." I grumbled, eating another fork full of eggs.

"That guy shoved me away and you let him." Maya shook her head, letting out a angry huff. "I was trying to help you, but you didn't even fight back."

"I didn't know there was even something to fight against." I groaned, "Your not the one who had their thoughts all messy and jumbled. I couldn't even remember who you were."

“You couldn’t remember me?” Maya frowned, and I felt her worry.

“I couldn’t remember anyone” I shook my head, “Anyone but—y’know, Tristan.”

“We’re staying away from Haze.” Maya shuddered, horrified at the thought of me forgetting my own wolf. “We are never seeing him again, and we need to figure out how to get that ugly mark off your neck.”

I was in silent agreement with Maya. But somewhere deep in my mind a piece of that fog remained, longing for Tristan.

“Thanks.” I nodded at my Grandma. My voice sounded much clearer and filled with less pain.

“You’ll be good in no time.” Grandma gave me a soft smile, “Just takes a few hours is all.”

“It’s rough.” I nodded, “So—Is my account of last night’s events real or am I just confused.”

My voice sounded hesitant, almost unsure. I hadn’t heard myself use that tone since Tyler and I were together.

“I’m afraid they are very real.” Grandma frowned, pulling out a chair and sitting down at the table.

She had no food for herself, just a cup of dark coffee. I could always tell when Grandma was stressed. She’d drink an entire pot of coffee herself, never putting her usual dosage of cream and sugar.

“So Vampires can actually get in your head.” I nodded, my lips parted in disbelief. “I never—I didn’t know what he was.”

“We know.” Grandma nodded, and Dad gave a quiet grunt. “And yes, they can get in your head. Only pure-blooded Vampires have that ability.”

“So Tristan was a pure-blood.” I was confirming the things I had already known, things I was doubting until now. “Is that why I wanted to leave with him?”

“What?” Dad frowned, clearly taken aback by my question.

“No, Lola.” Grandma smiled sadly, “They can’t force your decision. They can only muddle your thoughts to force you into deciding.”

Of course I could hear the hidden meaning in her words. He simply took away my worries, my inhibitions. He removed all factors holding me back and left me to decide. That meant, some part of me actually wanted to go with him.

“But how—Why me?” I sputtered, my mind moving faster than I could process.

“We think—” Grandma sighed and shot Dad a pointed look. “We think he came for you, specifically.”

“Me.” I nodded, “Why? Why mess with some random werewolf.”

“Vampire’s can’t mark full blooded werewolves, dear.” Grandma frowned grimly, “I should know.”

Grandma shot Dad another pointed look, “It’s your job to tell her this. Man up and tell your daughter the truth.”

“Alright.” Dad snapped, giving Grandma an irritable glare. “Your Mom had a mate before she met me. We were together for two years and had Sean, but her mate came knocking. Your Mom slipped up and he got her pregnant, but the mate-bond is a strong thing. You can’t always resist when it’s pulled.”

I could hear the words coming from his mouth, but my brain refused to process them. Maya already understood, and began a fit of howling in my head. The meaning of his words spiraled in my head, screaming the unforgiving truth.

“No.” I shook my head, a second away from leaving the kitchen all together.

“Your Mom’s mate was a Vampire.” Dad said the cursed words, the ones that would send everything crashing down.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 31

The facts were battering my mind faster than I could handle.

My Mom’s rejected mate was a Vampire—She cheated on Dad with him and got pregnant. Sean was already born, leaving me the only other option.

My Father was a vampire—Making me half vampire, all of which culminated in leaving this scarlett mark on my chest.

“How do I get rid of this mark?” I snapped. I couldn’t control half of what I was, but the mark was something I could control. I wanted it off of my body, as well as any trace of Tristan.

Grandma frowned, “Unlike werewolves, Vampires get to choose their mate. It’s likely the Vampire chose you for a reason. If he’s not your Goddess-given mate, that should be able to over-ride the Vampires mark.

Grandma was lost in thought, and I clenched my teeth together in frustration.

“Should?” I grimaced, “You don’t know for sure?”

“Your Mom was marked by her mate, and it looked similar to yours.” Grandma sighed, looking much older than she truly was. “The mark wouldn’t come off, cause they were destined mates. I’m guessing once you’re marked by your actual mate, the Vampire’s should leave your skin.”

“And what if Tristan is my mate?” I frowned, ignoring the small part of my heart that fluttered at his name. “What if I’m mated to a Vampire?”

“We can only pray the past hasn’t repeated itself.” Grandma frowned, looking at me with so much sadness.

I couldn’t help but feel truly wounded as I looked on at my Dad. His face looked pain, but you could clearly see the love in his eyes. I wasn’t his biological child, but he had been there my entire life. Even being half-vampire, he loved his daughter. What also broke my heart was the fact that Grandma and I weren’t truly related. It was hard to believe, considering how much I looked like her. I suppose there were plenty of other people who had black hair and bright eyes.

“Don’t.” Grandma grimaced and shook her head. “I know what you’re thinking and I’m telling you to quit it. Doesn’t matter what you are, family is family.”

I nodded at the two of them, “It doesn’t change anything?”

I sounded fragile, as though my whole life depended on their next words.

“Doesn’t change one thing.” Dad shook his head, and I wanted to burst into tears. I had no idea if Sean knew the truth, but I could only hope he’d accept me the same.

"I'm afraid I have to confess something." Grandma pursed her lips, "And you aren't going to be happy."

"What?" My stomach sunk, and I could taste my breakfast from earlier. I wasn't sure I could survive any more lifelong secrets.

"I had to let Alpha Asher know what happened." Grandma sighed, "He's on his way back."

Something new ignited in my stomach, other than fear. It was the longing for Alpha Asher that had somehow been suppressed. It felt like a crudely made dam inside of me had finally broke, and I remembered how Alpha Asher made me feel.

"What did you tell him?" I exhaled, my mind thinking of all the ways this could end badly.

"Everything." Grandma frowned, averting her eyes from my shuddering form.

"Why tell him everything?" I growled.

"Lola, he's our Alpha." Dad grimaced, "We shouldn't have kept it secret to begin with."

"I think you know why." Grandma frowned, "If these deaths are Vampire related, it could easily be the same one who attacked you at the club. The body outside your window proves my point."

I bit my tongue hard enough to draw blood. What would Alpha Asher think when he saw the mark on my neck? I wasn't sure why I cared what he thought, but the idea of hurting him sent pain twisting into my stomach.

“Alpha Asher knows the Vampire gave you his mark unwillingly.” Grandma nodded, “He knows it’s not your fault.”

Grandma was wrong, it was my fault. I could’ve fought against him, or tried to resist. There was still that small part of me that wanted Tristan, was allured by his looks and aura of danger.

“Starting tomorrow, I’m going to be training you.” Grandma wiped the tired frown from her face and looked at me with determination.

“Training me?” I couldn’t help but raise my eyebrow, “Grandma, I’m already trained.”

“Not here.” Grandma rolled her eyes, poking my unmarked shoulder.

“Here.” She had a hint of her usual smirk as she pointed at my head.

“You’re going to train my head?” I forced a playful smirk onto my own face.

Grandma rolled her eyes, some of the tension gone from her face. “I’m going to help you prepare yourself if any Vampires try and mess with your mind. If a Vampire wants my Grand-daughter, we’re not gonna make it easy.”

“I’m all for it.” Maya nodded with a huff, “I have a feeling the Vampire isn’t fond of your wolf side.”

“Too bad.” I muttered back to her, “You’re not going anywhere.”

“Don’t plan on it.” Maya nodded, pleased with my response.

“Alpha Asher wanted me to pass along a message.” Grandma’s voice cut through my thoughts. “He

expects you to mind-link him once you're awake."

"I've been awake for almost an hour." I cocked my eyebrow at Grandma.

"Alpha's." Grandma shook her head but a small smile graced her lips, "Never was fond of them."

"I'm gonna go lay down for awhile." I smiled softly at the two of them, "I'll have Mason and Breyona over later."

"I wouldn't wait to long on contacting Alpha Asher." Dad grumbled, "I can't protect you if you piss the damn Alpha off again."

"Never expected ya to, Dad." I forced a cocky grin on my face.

Dad raised his eyebrow, "You're lucky Alpha Asher hasn't bitten your head off already."

"I think Alpha Asher enjoy's Lola's head intact." Grandma snickered like a teenage girl, and I gave her a wide-eyed look. This woman would be my downfall, I swear.

Even if Grandma and I weren't related by blood; We were definitely related by soul. We were too much alike with our strong willpower and arsenal of snarky comments.

"Is that code for something?" Dad growled, a grimace forming on his face as he glared at me and Grandma.

"Not at all." I gave him an innocent grin and darted down the hallway towards my bedroom.

"Close the curtains in your bedroom." Grandma chimed in as I walked down the hall. "The light will only

hurt your head.”

I flopped back down in bed, feeling much too jittery for what I was about to do.

Even though there was a smart part of me that called out for Tristan, my feelings for Alpha Asher were more present than ever. They were no longer held back by Tristan’s mind-games. Some part of me feared Alpha Asher might hate me; might throw me from the pack without a second thought.

If he were to throw me out, who would I go to?

That small part of my mind screamed Tristan’s name while Maya promised Alpha Asher would never do that.

My nineteenth birthday was more important than ever now. Finding my mate was crucial, and I was desperately hoping the past hadn’t repeated itself.

I took a few calming breaths, trying to still the torment in my mind. In order to mind-link someone, you had to clear your mind and think of them. Any additional thoughts could bring other people in the pack into the mind-link. Alpha Asher’s face flooded my mind. His husky scent paired with his unruly chocolate colored hair. His honey colored eyes were vibrant in my mind. I could feel the connection form and solidify as if it were tangible. All that was left was to speak.

“Alpha?” My voice sounded unsure, almost timid. It was hard forcing my usual confidence back into my words.

I was feeling guilty for practically forgetting about Alpha Asher, but my mind had been muddled beyond belief. How could I forget the weird way I felt about him? My heart was pulling me in two separate directions. One part yearned for Tristan, while my other half and Maya called for Alpha Asher.

My heart nearly jumped from my chest when Alpha Asher’s rough voice filtered through my head. The sound of his voice chased away all lingering thoughts about Tristan, making me feel almost giddy.

“Lola.” Alpha Asher’s voice was rough and gravelly, “Always getting into trouble, and now I seem to understand why.”

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“Lola.” Alpha Asher’s voice was rough and gravelly, “Always getting into trouble, and now I seem to understand why.”

Alpha Asher’s voice was clouded with sleep, making it deeper and more gruff. The sound instantly appealed to Maya and I. His voice was like a sedative, calming my frayed nerves and frantic mind.

A nervous laugh escaped my lips, “I know it might not seem like it, but this is totally not my fault.”

“Mm.” Alpha Asher mused slowly, my heart thudding in response. “I’m not entirely sure I believe you, Lola. Tell me, why were you at Haze last night?”

‘Here we go.’ I thought to myself. wondering how Alpha Asher would truly react.

“Breyona smelled her mate the night of Chelsea’s birthday.” I frowned, “She wanted to go back and find him. I couldn’t let her go alone.”

“Of all people, Lola.” Alpha Asher sighed, his rough voice sending another chill down my spine.
“Half-Vampire, I hear.”

“I guess I am.” My voice sounded small, and I realized I had never talked to Alpha Asher like this before. I was vulnerable, and I hated the feeling. My vulnerability gave Alpha Asher the opportunity to crush me, all he had to do was say a few choice words.

“And how do you feel about that fact, Lola?” Alpha Asher’s voice was even, and if I didn’t know any better his voice almost sounded soft. His kindness sent something else rushing through me, pure longing.

“I don’t know how I feel about it.” I murmured honestly. “I think part of me doesn’t believe it.”

Alpha Asher was silent on the other end, letting me pour my repressed emotions through the mind-link.

“I do know one thing.” I took a deep breath, gaining some strength and confidence back into my voice. “It doesn’t change anything. I’m a werewolf first and foremost. I owe the Vampire’s nothing, especially if it’s them threatening my home.”

A few more seconds ticked by in silence.

“Good girl.” Alpha Asher commented, his voice low and husky. “Now, here’s what’s going to happen. I will arrive back on pack territory this afternoon. Beta Devin will be over in just a few hours. Pack your belongings and give Beta Devin a full description of the Vampire who marked you.”

I paused, letting Alpha Asher finish.

“I expect you ready to move into the pack house by the time I arrive back.” Alpha Asher’s command was final, and I couldn’t help but shiver at the dominance in his voice.

I gave Breyona a quick call, telling her to grab Mason and head over to my place as soon as she could. She asked if my Grandma had talked to me, promising she’d be right over.

I looked around my bedroom, the one I had since the day I was born. Everything I owned was in here. All of my belongings tucked in their own spot. I could pack everything up easily, but I couldn't take the memories with me. Like the time Sean and I were wrestling and he fell off the bed, breaking his nose in the process. Or the time I stepped on a staple and cried for hours, Sean was the one who consoled me. I couldn't help but feel strange about moving from this house. I had the strong feeling that once I left, I wouldn't be moving back.

A soft knock sounded on my bedroom door, and I looked over as Breyona and Mason stepped into my bedroom.

"Jeez." I chuckled, "You got here in under three minutes."

Mason looked a little frazzled, while Breyona gave me a triumphant smile.

"She ran two stop signs on the way here." Mason pursed his lips, giving Breyona a hard look. "And scraped the curb."

"Nonsense." Breyona glared at Mason, "I am an impeccable driver."

I couldn't help but snicker at my two friends. Mason plopped down on one side of my bed, while Breyona draped herself over the other.

"So.." Breyona trailed off, her eyes full of understanding. "How are you doing?"

I chuckled dryly at Breyona and her absolute lack of subtlety, "I'm managing. I don't think it's really sunken in yet, but what can I really do about it?"

"Half Vampire." Mason murmured, "Can you do anything cool?"

I chuckled at Mason, "I don't think so, I don't even have fangs." I grinned at Mason and cackled as he

examined my canine teeth.

“Nope, no fangs.” Mason frowned, “Been craving blood lately?”

I shuddered, “No actually, I have not.”

“Good sign, good sign.” Mason nodded, but a teasing smile formed on his cute face. “I think it’s cool. Use it to your advantage.”

“That’s a good point.” I smiled softly at him.

“And we won’t tell anyone.” Breyona nodded, zipping her lips and throwing away the key.

“Thanks for that.” I chuckled, “If my secret leaks out, I’ll know who did it.”

“And then she’ll use her secret Vampire powers on us.” Mason shuddered with a goofy grin on his face.

“You wanna see Vampire powers?” I smirked, lifting my eyebrow at his shocked expression. “Take this!”

I lunged at Mason, knocking him off the bed and onto the floor. A loud ‘oomph’ sound came from his mouth as we tumbled to the floor. I was sitting on his stomach, my hands lifted as though I were going to claw him. A devious grin was etched onto my face.

“Very scary, Vampire Princess.” Mason smirked, feigning a look of fear.

Maya grumbled every time the word Vampire was mentioned, but truthfully she enjoyed the company of our friends.

“Oh no.” Breyona shook her head, “I’m not being left out.”

Breyona leaped from the bed using her best war cry, landing on Mason and I. The two of us grunted in pain as Breyona lay sprawled out on top of us.

“Aren’t you gonna call me Werewolf Princess, lover boy?” Breyona smirked down at Mason, sticking her tongue out at him teasingly.

An adorable blush spread on Mason’s face as he struggled to pull himself free of Breyona and I.

My bedroom door flew open, revealing my shocked Dad and amused Grandma.

“I heard a bunch of noise.” Dad grumbled, his brows furrowing in confusion.

“We fell?” Breyona grinned at my Dad from the floor, and Grandma chuckled enthusiastically.

“I’m old, I wasn’t born yesterday.” Dad cocked his eyebrow at Breyona, his grumpy gaze flickering to Mason.

“You’re not old.” Breyona scoffed, “Thirty five isn’t old at all.”

My jaw dropped when a deep blush formed on my Dad’s face. His eyebrows lifted in surprise as he registered what Breyona said.

“Thirty five.” Dad nodded to himself, stalking off down the hallway with his hand rubbing the back of his neck.

Grandma chuckled, “Flattery always works if you know how to use it. Glad to see you kids having fun.”

She was right about one thing, Breyona and Mason had successfully taken my mind off of everything that happened last night. I wasn't feeling so terrible about being half-vampire. My Vampire father was most likely rotting in the ground somewhere, which didn't bother me in the slightest.

"Speaking of fun." I chuckled sheepishly, "I kinda need help packing my entire room."

Breyona lifted her eyebrow, "I expect payment in the form of Grandma's cooking."

"Can I have Grandma's cooking too?" Mason's goofy grin formed on his face, lighting up his eyes.

"Of course you can." Grandma nodded, a grin on her face. "How does roasted chicken, mashed potatoes and diced carrots sound?"

"Lets get packing." Mason grinned, hopping to his feet. "I'm starving."

"Don't be stingy with the mashed potatoes either!" Breyona yelled out to my Grandma's retreating figure, her laughter filling the hallway.

Grandma brought us up a bunch of boxes, and the three of us got to work. It wasn't very hard packing the contents of my bedroom. I didn't need any of my bedding or furniture, the pack house was fully loaded. All I needed was my clothes, toiletries, and some odds and ends.

"Why-do-you-have-so-many-shoes!" Mason grunted, shoving each shoe deep into a large box. Each time Mason spotted a new pair of shoes, his grimace deepened.

"Lola actually has a fair amount of shoes." Breyona nodded in approval, "I have so much more shoes than this. My poor mate's going to be out of his mind."

“Your mate!” I gaped, scolding myself for forgetting. “Ugh, I’m so sorry I forgot!”

Breyona shook her head, “You’ve had an eventful night—and morning. It’s all forgiven.”

“So..” I grinned, “Did you find him?”

Breyona feigned disappointment but a grin broke out on her face at the sound of my gasp.

“I did.” Breyona jumped in excitement, “His name is Giovanni, hes Italian and yes he is absolutely smoking hot.”

I lifted my eyebrow and whistled for her benefit, she already seemed crazy about the guy.

“You’ll have to bring him over sometime.” I grinned at her and noticed as something flashed in her eyes.

“I will sometime.” Breyona grinned, all traces of the weird flash gone. “He’s human and in college, so it might take some time.”

“Take all the time you need.” I nodded, “Everything is hectic.”

“You can say that again.” Breyona chuckled, and I couldn’t help but feel like her comment held another meaning.

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Once all of the packing was finished, the three of us headed to the kitchen for dinner. Ten minutes into dinner and halfway through my first plate, there was a knock on the door.

“It’s probably Beta Devin.” I nodded to my Dad, standing to get the door.

Beta Devin stood patiently on our patio, a grim smile forming on his face as I answered the door.

“Lola.” Beta Devin nodded, regarding me strangely. A few guys stood behind him, and from the looks of it they were Alpha Asher’s men.

“All my stuff is packed. It’s all in my bedroom.” I nodded at the other guys. “Come on in.”

Beta Devin stepped through the doorway, while the other men headed straight to my bedroom. They wasted no time carrying my boxes out and loading them into a dark SUV.

“Is there somewhere private we can talk?” Beta Devin gave me a pointed look.

I nodded and headed to my now empty bedroom. I closed the door behind us for good measure, plopping down on my neatly made bed. It gave me a strange nostalgic feeling as I looked around my nearly empty bedroom. It hadn’t looked like this since I left and ran away to Grandma’s. How much things have changed in the short time I’ve been home.

“I would like to make it known that I am the only one Alpha Asher has informed of..well last night’s events.” Beta Devin cleared his throat. For such a huge and intimidating man, he sure looked uncomfortable.

“I understand.” I gave him a strained smile. “I trust you to keep it to yourself.”

As strange as it sounded, I did trust Beta Devin. He wasn’t a bad guy by any means, he was just a simple man loyal to his Alpha. His next response didn’t surprise me.

“I will, unless Alpha Asher informs me otherwise.” Beta Devin nodded, “You have to understand, if the Vampire’s are behind these murders Alpha Asher will be forced to take action.”

“I understand completely.” I nodded, and truly I did. “The pack comes first. The attacks were completely unprovoked from what it looks like.”

“You’d be able to turn your back on the Vampire’s if Alpha Asher declared war?” Beta Devin watched me intently, a strange emotion flickering in his eyes.

“Of course.” I nodded, “I might be half-vampire, but my loyalty remains the same.”

Beta Devin nodded, “I hope you find your decision easy and without consequence. In my experience, it is—difficult to turn your back on what you are.”

I wanted to ask Beta Devin to elaborate, but the haunted look in his eyes kept me from questioning further.

“I will need you to provide a full description of what the Vampire looked like.” Beta Devin pulled out his phone, his eyes watching my face intently.

Something stirred within me, something that protested speaking out against Tristan. The scarlett mark on my shoulder ached, but I refused to let it hold me back. My emotions for Tristan were because of the mark, nothing more.

“Light blonde hair, down to his shoulders.” I murmured, “Blue eyes, large build.”

My mind was wandering, being su*ked into last nights memory. I could still feel his cold lips against my skin, quenching the fire that seared my body.

“And what was he wearing?” Beta Devin cleared his throat.

“Wearing?” I trailed off. I couldn’t what Tristan was wearing. My attention wasn’t on his clothes, but on his body and the feelings he ignited within me.

“I understand.” Beta Devin truly did look like he understood. “Once your mind clears, inform me if any other details rise to the surface.”

“I will.” I promised.

“Alpha Asher requests I bring you to the pack house myself.” Beta Devin gave me another wry smile.

“Thinks I’ll run away?” I couldn’t help the smirk that formed on my face.

“It seems we can never be too prepared with you, Lola.” Beta Devin huffed, but his lips twitched up into a smirk.

“If I didn’t know any better, I’d think you just paid me a compliment.” I snickered at Beta Devin.

“That was most certainly not a compliment.” Beta Devin actually chuckled, a booming sound that bounced off the walls.

“Finish your dinner and say goodbye.” Beta Devin gave me a kind look. “We will be leaving in twenty minutes.”

Beta Devin and the rest of the men headed outside, giving me time to finish my dinner.

“You only lived with me for a year but it feels so much longer than that.” Grandma chuckled, piling another scoop of mashed potatoes on Breyona’s plate. Breyona groaned in pleasure and stuffed a spoon full into her mouth, giving Mason a dirty look as he scoffed at her.

“A year.” Dad scoffed, shaking his head. “You were born in this house. It’ll be strange with you gone.”

“I’m sure Grandma will keep things interesting.” I teased, pulling my Dad in for a hug. “She’ll keep you busy with tons of gardening.”

Dad groaned, “Don’t forget, you only live a five minute walk away. I’ll drag you back here if she makes me do any more gardening.”

“I look forward to that.” I snickered, shooting my Grandma a stern look. “But only if she pays in sweets.”

I hugged my Grandma and Dad goodbye one more time before leaving the house with Mason and Breyona. Breyona held at least three tupperware containers in her hands, a successful smile on her face.

“You have enough leftovers for three days.” Mason chuckled, eyeing her containers with a look that suspiciously resembled jealousy.

Breyona shrugged, “They’ll be gone in twenty four hours.”

“Give me one.” Mason whispered, eyeing one of the containers greedily.

“Not a chance!” Breyona scoffed, clutching the containers tightly in her arms. “You doubted Grandma’s cooking skills, that’s not my fault.”

"I'll give you twenty bucks." Mason pouted, looking like a little kid.

"Fine." Breyona snapped, "But you're not getting the mashed potatoes."

"I'll take anything at this point." Mason grinned cheekily.

I snickered at my two friends, giving them each a hug before they piled into Breyona's car.

"I'll see you for training Monday, if you survive that long." Breyona snickered, wagging her eyebrows at me suggestively.

Mason's cheeky grin turned into a frown at her words, making me feel guilty for some odd reason.

"Try not to piss the Alpha off too much." Mason laughed lightheartedly, but it sounded almost forced.

"I'm sure I'll be fine." I reassured the two of them, shooting Breyona a stern look.

I walked over to the SUV, surprised when Beta Devin hopped out and held the passenger door open.

"Thanks." I nodded, hopping in silently.

Two men sat in the back, both of which I recognized from training. I assumed the other two were driving whatever vehicle held my boxes.

"The guys will bring your stuff inside." Beta Devin nodded as he pulled off down the road. "Alpha's already picked out a room for you. I'll show you once we get there."

The ride lasted a minute and a half. It was strange watching Asher's men bring my belongings into the pack house. Tyler had lived here his entire life. We explored these halls and played games out in the garden. The entire house felt different now, it wasn't a bad feeling just unexpected.

Once all of my boxes were brought into the room, Beta Devin pulled me from the living room couch. My mind had been wandering, flickering from Tristan to my childhood memories with Tyler and back to Alpha Asher.

"All of your boxes are in your room." Beta Devin grunted, "Follow me."

I didn't need his help to find my way, but I was surprised to learn I was staying in the west wing of the house. Typically the Alpha stayed on that side, along with his Luna and any children they had.

"This is your bedroom." Beta Devin nodded, "Your bathroom is inside, on the left."

I nodded in thanks, but something else caught my eye. A pair of dark oak doors, sitting snugly next to each other. A glistening bronze plaque sat on the door, a name etched in black lettering.

'Alpha Asher Desmond'

"Asher Desmond." Maya repeated in my head, purring the words as they came from her lips. "I like it, sounds s*xxy."

I rolled my eyes at her, but couldn't help my curious gaze.

"Alpha Asher is right next door?" I couldn't help the curious and slightly longing tone in my words. As I suspected, Beta Devin caught on instantly.

"He is." Beta Devin smirked, his eyes glinting in amusement. "He insists on keeping an eye on you, with your penchant for trouble and all."

“Of course.” I returned Beta Devin’s smirk.

“Alpha Asher will return within the hour.” Beta Devin murmured, “And if you don’t min me, I will be returning to my own bedroom.”

Beta Devin turned and headed back down the hall. I assumed he stayed in the other wing of the house, the one reserved for the Beta and his family. Every pack had different housing rules, and this one was ours. At least, it was when Tyler and his family were in power.

I walked into my new bedroom and looked around in surprise. Alpha Asher definitely had remodeled everything. The old Luna had a taste for antique’s, decorating the entire house herself. Everything had changed while I was gone. All of the antique’s were removed, and new modern furniture was scattered about. A huge four poster bed sat in the center of the room, a little mini bar and couch was nestled in the corner.

The bathroom was huge, as I suspected and was my favorite part of this entire ordeal.

I hopped into the huge shower. I didn’t actually need one, but it was taunting me. The rain fall shower heads were tempting me, begging me to give them a try. The mark on my neck burned, and the cool water from the shower soothed it but only brought Tristan to the front of my mind.

‘I bet his cold lips would sooth the burn’, That small part of my mind whispered.

I hopped from the shower, drying myself and throwing on a pair of shorts and a tank-top. Just as I was ready to crawl into bed, a hard knocking came from my door.

“Come in.” I called out as I pulled back the blankets and eyed the bed lu*tfully.

I could feel Alpha Asher’s presence swirling around before I even turned to look at him. His husky scent

battered me in the best way. I turned and met his molten honey eyes, the urge to leap into his arms was crushing me. In a way, I was grateful for his presence. Alpha Asher drove away every thought of Tristan. I didn't care if it was because of my intense attraction to him or something more, I wanted Tristan gone from my mind.

"Lola." Alpha Asher exhaled, his voice rough with sleep deprivation.

"Alpha." I murmured, a slow smirk forming on my face.

Alpha Asher looked incredible, even in his tired state. His hair was a mess, but that only made him look s*xier. His long sleeve shirt was crinkled and rolled up to his elbows, his dark slacks clinging tightly to his thigh muscles.

"I see you'll be sleeping right next door." I lifted my eyebrow at Alpha Asher in amusement.

"Let's see you get into trouble when you're only ten feet away." Alpha Asher muttered, his honey eyes locked on my own.

Our interesting conversation through mind-link popped into my head, as did the intense org**m that followed. His mere presence spoke to my body, waking it as though it had been asleep.

"I'm sure I can still manage to surprise you." I smirked, placing a hand on my hip.

Alpha Asher's eyes flickered down to my body, heating my skin as he trailed them up. They stopped when they reached the scarlett mark on my shoulder, exposed from the thin tank-top I was wearing.

"So." Alpha Asher exhaled, anger flaring in his eyes. "Tell me about this mark."

I sputtered for a moment, unsure what to say. I fully expected him to notice it, but I was hoping it wouldn't be so soon. Maya and I weren't sure we wanted to see his reaction, but the conversation was

inevitable.

“Grandma thinks it’s not permanent.” I said the first thing on my mind, “That if my mate is a werewolf, their mark should overpower Tristan’s.”

“Tristan.” The name came from Alpha Asher in a low growl. His voice spat the word out like acid, and I nearly cringed at the hostility in his tone. “You feel something towards Tristan?”

Alpha Asher’s eyes turned black faster than I would’ve thought possible. Fear surged through me, this time the excitement did not follow. Alpha Asher looked f**king pissed, his eyes were black with fury and I scolded myself for how easily Tristan’s name rolled from my tongue.

“No—I don’t.” I stammered, “I don’t feel anything for him.”

I was being truthful, that was clear to anyone with working ears. Unfortunately, blind rage dulls the senses. An Alpha’s anger was worse than just an average werewolf. For once, I wished I didn’t piss off Alpha Asher.

“Now we’re going to die.” Maya groaned.

“I think I may agree with you this time.” I shuddered, “Well it was fun while it lasted, Maya.”

“I love you, Lola.” Maya howled, “But I hope you know this is your fault.”

“I love you too, and thanks.” I huffed. Even in the face of death, Maya was dramatic.

Alpha Asher took a step forward, his body towering over me. He stalked me slowly, like I was his prey. The muscles in his jaw were moving, and I tried not to be mesmerized by how deadly beautiful he looked in this moment.

“Do you think you belong to him now?” Alpha Asher snarled, taking another step forward. “Because his mark sits on your skin.”

“No.” I shook my head. “He doesn’t own me.”

“You’re right.” Alpha Asher snarled, taking another step forward. “I own you.”

As Alpha Asher took another step forward, I took one back. I flinched as my back grazed the bed side table, realizing I had nowhere else to go.

My own stupid pride flared at what Alpha Asher had said. While my stomach erupted in butterflies at his possessive words, my big mouth got the best of me.

“No one owns me.” I snapped at Alpha Asher.

My eyes widened as he froze in spot, his lips pulling back in a feral sneer.

“You’re wrong, Lola.” Alpha Asher’s voice was calm, but his rage filled the room. His wolf was feral, desperate to come forward. Alpha Asher’s voice melted into his wolfs as they spoke to me. “You belong to us. It’s time I reminded you of that.”

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“You belong to us.”

His voice sent desire rushing through me, igniting a fire between my legs. I couldn’t help it when my thighs clenched together, trying to alleviate some of the pressure. Alpha Asher didn’t miss a single thing. His blackened eyes flickered from my flushed face to my clenched thighs, a low growl leaving his lips.

“It’s time you remembered that.” Alpha Asher snarled, lunging at me.

My instincts kicked in as I watched this rage filled Alpha charge at me. I tried jumping to the side, but Alpha Asher's rage made him faster and much stronger. I was thrown over his shoulder like a sack of flour. A low grunt left my mouth as my stomach came in contact with his shoulder.

The fire between my legs was burning out of control now, potential punishments running through my head. My defiance and will power remained stronger than ever. While there was little chance I'd manage to escape Alpha Asher, I'd never come quietly.

I thrashed on his shoulder, flailing my legs and pounding my fists against his back.

"I don't belong to anyone." I snapped, my small fist bouncing against his chiseled back. I could feel his hardened muscles under my fists, making it harder to concentrate. "Thick headed, angry Alpha." I grunted.

A loud clap sound filled the room, and a stinging pain radiated up my backside. Alpha Asher raised his hand and slapped my bottom again. The stinging pain continued, but it only stoked the blazing fire between my legs. My bottom was right by his face, and I was nearly positive he could smell my arousal.

"The more you fight me, the longer this will take." Alpha Asher snarled, yanking my bedroom door open.

He stalked across the hall, flinging open his bedroom doors. I had to take a moment to look around, my eyes wide in wonder.

Alpha Asher's room was much nicer than my own. While the color scheme throughout the house was white and other cream tones, Alpha Asher's bedroom was almost entirely black.

A black four poster bed sat off in the middle of the room, black carpets and drapes to match. Alpha Asher had an entire bar at his disposal, nestled in the corner of the room. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I realized this was Tyler's old room. The differences between Tyler and Alpha Asher were staggering, and I wondered how I ever fell for Tyler in the first place.

"I didn't do anything wrong." I hissed.

A loud whimper left my lips when Alpha Asher raised his hand and assaulted my bottom. The pain mingled with pleasure and stoked the raging inferno between my legs. I could feel my wetness as I clenched my thighs together. I hoped the smell of my arousal would keep Alpha Asher from actually murdering me.

"Quiet." Alpha Asher snarled, tossing me down on his bed. "Save your voice, you're going to need it when I have you screaming."

I visibly clenched my legs together as I sat in the middle of Alpha Asher's bed. His musky scent swirled on the blankets invitingly, urging me to give up my fight and let Alpha Asher have his way.

I wanted to be a good girl for him; I really did, but he made it so hard. The irritation at my disobedience was incredibly alluring, and I couldn't help but be so defiant.

I watched in stunned silence as Alpha Asher removed the belt he was wearing, holding the thick material between his fingers. His eyes never once left my own.

"Put your hands behind your back." Alpha Asher's voice was deadly calm, his fury was contained for the moment but still there in the front of his mind.

My mouth flopped open, the blood rushing to my face.

“He’s probably going to strangle us.” Maya groaned, her voice nearly making me jump.

“I don’t think that’s what he has in mind.” I murmured, embarrassment flooding my face.

Of all the times I imaged Alpha Asher taking me fully, I never truly thought’ve what I would do when it happened. That fact only reminded me how truly inexperienced I was.

“Hell no.” I scoffed, pushing myself further away from Alpha Asher. My face was reddening as I realized what I had gotten myself into. It wasn’t like I knew one word would send Alpha Asher into a Lola-obsessed rage.

“Then get on your knees.” Alpha Asher smirked deeply, his eyes still burning with anger. “Choose.”

Maya’s ears perked up when she learned we weren’t going to be murdered by Alpha Asher.

I didn’t think my face could flush this much, but his demands were putting all sorts of images into my mind. My pu**y throbbed in response, urging me to make a decision.

“I’ll choose for you then.” Alpha Asher looked down at me darkly.

Before I could fling myself from the bed, his large hand wrapped around my ankle. I glared back at him, unable to do much else. My heart was thundering, the rest of my body responding on it’s own.

Alpha Asher yanked me across the bed, towards him. His hands lifted from my legs, grabbing me by the waist until I sat on my knees. I glared up at him menacingly, but my eyes burned with arousal. I refused to look at the growing bulge in his pants, resisting the strong urge to graze my fingers against it.

Alpha Asher looked down at me, and something almost soft ran across his gaze as he glided his thumb along my bottom lip.

“Don’t bite, Lola.” Alpha Asher’s voice was no longer a rage-filled growl, but was low and husky.

My eyes widened as Alpha Asher undid his pants, dropping them to the floor. He freed his hardened c**k and tossed his underwear to the side. My eyes were glued to it instantly, realizing what was about to go in my mouth. I wasn’t completely ignorant, I knew what a bj was but I couldn’t fathom how he was going to fit.

His c**k was long and thick, the girth alone would probably split me in two.

My puy throbbed at what was about to happen next, and ultimately won the battle. I opened my mouth and watched as Alpha Asher’s eyes roamed my face. One of his hands reached around to the back of my head, tangling in my hair. He pressed the head of his ck against my tongue, a small bead of pre-c*m running down the tip.

“Such a good girl.” Alpha Asher growled lowly, letting the head of his c**k glide into my mouth. “Now wrap your lips around it.”

I did as he said, shivering as a low moan left his mouth. His c*k slid inside my mouth, and I tried to accommodate for his thickness. His pace was slow for a few thrusts, his hand guiding the back of my head. When I looked up at him, Alpha Asher’s eyes were on my own. Anger swirled within his lut filled eyes, as if he had just remembered I angered him.

His grip on the back of my head tightened, as he tugged my hair. His pace went from slow to unforgiving in the blink of an eye. My eyes widened and my throat constricted as his ck slammed in and out of my mouth. I couldn’t help but gag and try not to choke as his thick member assaulted my throat. The first few rough slams were brutal, but eventually my throat opened up for his ck and stopped fighting.

“That’s it, Lola.” Alpha Asher growled huskily. A low moan came from my throat, vibrating across my lips.

“You’re enjoying this, aren’t you?” Alpha Asher murmured, his dark eyes locked on my own. “It’s going to be a long night, Lola.”

My eyes widened at his words, yet my body begged for more. Alpha Asher continued thrusting into my mouth, his husky moans burned into my mind. I had never thought something like this could turn me on, but Alpha Asher nearly had me falling apart with a single touch.

“Swallow it all.” Alpha Asher growled, giving my hair a hard tug. A whimper vibrated my lips at the sensation, my hand moving between my own legs. The pressure in my pu**y was nearing painful, and my fingers worked hastily at my shorts.

“Don’t touch yourself.” Alpha Asher snarled, ripping my hand away but a cruel smirk formed on his face. “Tonight is a punishment, Lola.”

Tears burned in my eyes as Alpha Asher continued f**king my face, and I placed my hands against his thighs to try and slow his assault.

“fk, Lola.” Alpha Asher growled, his ck pulsating in my mouth. Warm liquid splashed against my tongue, Asher’s rough pace slowing.

He removed his c*k from my mouth, and awe ran over his face as he watched me swallow his cm. His hand remained in my hair, and he pulled me to my feet.

“Good girl.” Alpha Asher smirked down at me. “Give me your hands.”

“What—” I sputtered, “But you said—”

“Haven’t you realized it yet?” Alpha Asher murmured down in my ear, shivering from the feel of his breath against my skin. “I make the rules, Lola.”

Alpha Asher yanked my wrists forward, securing them tightly with the belt. He shoved me back onto the bed, and pulled me towards the headboard. I sucked in a sharp breath as Alpha Asher hooked his belt to the headboard, forcing my breasts together and tighter against my thin tank-top.

Alpha Asher climbed on top of me, my heart hammering at the short distance between us. His torso forced my legs open, his hot breath fanning across my lips.

A loud ripping sound filled the room, followed by the rush of cool air. I looked down in embarrassment as Alpha Asher tossed my shredded tank-top to the side. His black gaze ran down my bare skin, lingering on my chest before he continued lower. I didn't look down as the sound of tearing fabric filled the room. Another cool breeze, this one much lower rushed against me.

Alpha Asher had his burning gaze roaming every inch of my skin, his eyes darkened as he looked down at my soaked underwear.

"You enjoy being punished, little Lola." Alpha Asher murmured in my ear, moving my head so his lips could trail down the length of my neck. His teeth nipped at my soft skin, his tongue darting out to taste me.

He pressed the tips of his fingers against my pu*y, grinding roughly against my underwear. A breathless moan left my lips under his touch. His mouth continued its assault on my skin, roaming down my neck to my exposed breasts. His lips sucked on one of the pink buds, rolling under his tongue and nipping roughly. My back arched on its own, a whimper leaving my lips.

Patches of skin were darkening on my chest from Alpha Asher's lips, marking my skin with dark purple splotches. Another wave of lust hit me as I watched him mark my skin with his sucks and bites, replacing Tristan's with his own.

My body tensed as he situated himself between my legs, my wet underwear being my last defense. He shredded my underwear with his claws and tossed the scrap of fabric on his bedside table. Hot breath fanned against my parted lips, and I couldn't help but try and clench my legs together.

“Don’t hide yourself from me.” Alpha Asher growled, his eyes looking up to meet my own.

Without warning, Alpha Asher’s tongue plunged between my parted lips. A long moan left my mouth, and I clenched my lips together in surprise.

“I’ve wanted to taste you for so long.” Alpha Asher growled, running his tongue along the length of my pu**y. “You’re all wet for me.”

His tongue was skill full against my most sensitive area, coaxing all kinds of sounds from my lips. The pressure in my pu**y grew higher, his finger entering me slowly. Alpha Asher moved his finger in and out at a agonizing pace.

“Please.” I whimpered, his tongue flicking against my swollen cl*t lightly.

“What was that?” Alpha Asher lifted his head, his eyes burning with amusement. “Do you want to c*m, Lola?”

“Yes.” I whimpered, grinding my pu**y against his hand.

“Who do you belong to?” Alpha Asher’s eyebrow lifted, but his eyes remained dark and dangerous.

“You.” I breathed, “I belong to you.”

I couldn’t stop it from falling from my lips, or the wave of pleasure I felt once they were out. My body reacted to his touch, craving him. Whether I liked it or not, I kind of did belong to him.

“Good girl, Lola.” Alpha Asher snarled, latching his mouth onto my sensitive pu**y without warning.

His tongue ran against my clt, his finger slamming inside of me. Pleasure pulsed through me, the pressure in my puy at it's tipping point. My entire body stiffened, and my back arched as pleasure I had never felt before washed over me. Alpha Asher continued his assault on my puy, letting me ride my orgm out fully. I laid there catching my breath, processing what the hell happened as his thumb reached out and stroked my swollen clt.

A whimper left my lips and I moved away from him, every nerve ending felt sensitive.

"You thought that was it?" Alpha Asher smirked darkly. "That was just one. I'm far from finished, Lola."

My stomach twisted into knots as Alpha Asher yanked me back down to him. My eyes were blown wide—no where near ready for the long night ahead.

Alpha Asher continued what he had started for over half the night. Each time he touched me, my puy roared to life despite my protests. I lost count of the orgm s I had, but the sensitivity in my puy only grew. Whimpers of pain and pleasure filled Alpha Asher's bedroom. Each time he brought me to orgm , a scream ripped through me and my body shook with pleasure.

Alpha Asher kept his ck concealed the entire time, not once trying to fill me with it. Even after countless orgm s, I wanted him fully. I wanted him inside of me, bringing me to yet another crippling org**m .

By the time he finished, my legs were quaking with exhaustion. I collapsed onto the bed my bottom facing up. Alpha Asher had his lips on every inch of my skin that night, but refused to place his lips on my own.

My eyes were fluttering as I felt the belt vanish from my hands, but I didn't have the energy to sit up. My pu**y was a throbbing mess between my legs, sensitive and aching at the slightest touch.

My eyes fluttered closed, lulled by the woodsy scent of Alpha Asher.

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Little to no sunlight streamed through the black curtains, making me wonder if it was still dark outside.

It took a few moments for my brain to clear of the morning fogginess, then I remembered the night I had. An irritating soreness radiated from in between my legs as I shifted in bed.

Alpha Asher had let me sleep in his bed. I half expected him to toss me in my room and call it a night. Every revealing position Alpha Asher had put me in sent a hot blush rushing to my cheeks. He had used everything at his disposal to bring me orgm after orgm , well everything except for the one body part I wanted. Despite my post-orgm whimpers, Alpha Asher refused to fk me.

My head whipped around as someone sat up from the bed. Alpha Asher had stayed the night with me, sharing his personal bed. Maya was practically shaking for joy, and I was too until I realized I was nak*d.

My eyes flitted around at the scraps of clothing on the floor; my clothing. There was no way I planned on running back to my bedroom nak*d. Something of Alpha Asher's would have to do.

Alpha Asher sat on the edge of the bed, his muscular back facing me. He wasn't wearing a shirt, giving me a good view of the long scar that ran down his back. Rippling muscles coupled with the jagged scar had the sensitive area between my legs throbbing.

Clutching the blanket to my chest, I stumbled from the bed. My legs felt like jello, numb from the night I had. Alpha Asher turned, looking at me sideways. His eyes darkened as he took in my flushed state, my hair messy from sleep.

“Good morning, Lola.” His voice was raspy, still thick with sleep. A wicked smirk formed on his face, one that had me thinking about last nights events.

Alpha Asher stood from the bed, stepping on the blanket I had draped around my body. His large hands grasped the blanket and pulled, tearing it from my body. Cool air rushed against my heated skin, and my arms snapped up to cover my exposed bre*sts.

“Do not hide yourself from me, Lola.” Alpha Asher growled, wrapping his hands around my wrists and pushing them to my sides. “I won’t tell you again.”

Blush crawled up to my face as Alpha Asher’s dark eyes roamed my bare chest. Softly, he lifted a finger and traced the deep purple marks he had left on my skin.

“Who do you belong to?” Alpha Asher growled, his eyes dancing with amusement.

I knew if I stated my mind, he’d never let me leave this bedroom. My lady bits might fall off if I’m forced through another dozen org**m s. Instead of being defiant, I somehow managed to swallow my pride.

“Yours.” My voice still had that disobedient edge to it, one that made Alpha Asher’s smirk deepen.

“Good girl.” Alpha Asher murmured, pressing his face against my hair and inhaling deeply.

“I have work to do.” Alpha Asher murmured, “Don’t be late for training tomorrow.”

Alpha Asher retreated into the bathroom, and I walked over to his closet. I grabbed a simple black t-shirt, inhaling deeply at his scent. I slipped it on over my nak*d body and exited his bedroom, slamming into Beta Devin.

“Oh, Lola.” Beta Devin cleared his throat, his eyes widening as he took in my current outfit. “Is Alpha Asher in?”

My face heated to a bright crimson, and my jaw threatened to drop.

“I—Er, Beta Devin.” I stammered, “He’s in the bathroom.”

“Thank you, Lola.” Beta Devin nodded, his lips twitching. “I think I’ll come back later.”

“Beta—This really isn’t what it looks like.” I shook my head, toying with the shirt that hung to my knee’s.

Beta Devin smirked, “I’d never assume such things.”

I darted into my bedroom, hearing Beta Devin’s deep laughter rumbling down the hall. I inwardly cringed with embarrassment, hoping Beta Devin would keep yet another secret for me.

I took a quick shower, washing my fluids from last night off my body. There wasn’t much for me to do today, so I figured I’d walk back to my old house. There were a few odds and ends I wanted to bring back to the pack house. After slipping on some jeans and a blouse, I grabbed an empty bag and walked downstairs.

The pack house was virtually empty, scarce except for a few servants and the maid. I slipped out the front door and began walking down the street.

I hesitated at the front door, wondering if I now needed to knock. Just as my hand wrapped around the door knob, the front door swung open.

“I told you she was coming over.” Grandma shouted at my Dad who sat at the kitchen table. “Would it kill you to have a little faith in me?”

Dad raised his eyebrow at Grandma and grumbled something unintelligible, his face lighting up when he

saw me standing through the door frame.

“Back already.” Dad chuckled, looking happier than he’s been in weeks. “Already getting on Alpha Asher’s nerves?”

“Of course not.” I grinned innocently, the throbbing between my legs a constant reminder of Alpha Asher’s touch. “You know I’d never antagonize him on purpose.”

Dad’s smile dropped, a smirk taking over his face. “Alpha Asher must be a patient man.”

“Mm, I don’t think patience has anything to do with it.” Grandma chuckled to herself, “Hungry, dear?”

“Of course.” I grinned, hoping Dad would forget her little comment.

I sat down at my usual spot, digging in once Grandma placed a plate in front of me. Dad took a deep drink from his coffee mug, eyeing me warily. I was scarfing down my food like a rabid animal. And entire night of endless org**m s and no water breaks took a toll on your body.

“They not feeding you over there?” Dad raised his eyebrow, setting his newspaper down on the table.

I shrugged, “I haven’t eaten since dinner last night. I woke up a little late.”

Dad grunted and nodded his head, “Still no word from Sean.”

“It’s only been a few days.” I gave him a small smile, “He’ll contact us when he’s ready. He won’t be gone long.”

“I hope not.” Dad grunted, “First I worried about you, now I’m worrying about him.”

“You’re always gonna worry.” I chuckled, “That’s part of your job.”

“The two of you could make it a little easier on me.” Dad huffed.

“You never made it easy on me.” Grandma scolded Dad, waving a spatula in his direction. “I remember multiple instances where you’d run off in the middle of the night.”

“I didn’t think you knew about that.” Dad grumbled, his face turning a light pink.

Grandma rolled her eyes, “Of course I knew. You weren’t very quiet about it.”

I chuckled to myself, listening to their bickering as I ate my breakfast. After eating, I walked into my old bedroom. I began filling my bag with some odds and ends I wanted to bring. A stuffed animal, a few books, some extra socks.

I saw it sitting on the windowsill, my brain working to process how it had gotten there.

A white index card sat on the window sill, the place I had been frozen at the night of Kanyon’s death.

I couldn’t understand how it had been placed here. It must’ve been in the night, but how would they get past the patrol teams?

I refused to let myself feel afraid, reminding myself I had wanted this. I wanted another chance at finding out why Kanyon and Katie died. I wanted the closure for their families, and the information for Alpha Asher. Yet, the sight of the notes still made my blood turn cold. I knew once this was all over, I’d never look at a white index card the same way.

I lifted the card and opened it gingerly, unfazed when a photo fell out.

I looked down at the photo in interest. The red flashing lights made my hair a shiny auburn color. Tristan was gazing down at me, his eyes glued to my neck. My lips were parted, a dreamy look on my face as I gazed at him.

Someone had seen Tristan and I at the club, had watched as he lulled me into a false sense of security. I hadn't even noticed someone standing close by, a camera in hand. In fact, I couldn't remember anyone else from that night. All I could remember was Tristan, Mason, and Breyona.

The note was written in the same elegant script, but the threat was clear on paper.

Busy night?

I will give you one last chance.

Meet tonight, same place—Midnight.

Come alone.

If you fail to show; another life will be taken, one close to heart.

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My idea was stupid, very stupid. It would result in plenty of people being angry at me, Alpha Asher included.

But, if I pulled it off everything would be fine; right?

I couldn't tell Asher about the note. I knew I should, hell I wanted to desperately. But the note specifically said to come alone, and Alpha Asher would never allow that. He would hinder our one chance at information for my personal safety. While I appreciated the notion, I couldn't pass up a chance like this. Alpha Asher would be furious, but hopefully the information I provided would help placate him.

Don't get me wrong, I wasn't going in completely blind. I recruited the two people I trusted the most.

"You're insane." Breyona threw her hands to the sky, "That Vampire turned your brain to mush."

"I know it's a bad idea." I frowned, pleading for their support with my eyes. "But you saw the threat. Someone close to heart. That could be you, Mason, Dad, or Grandma."

I purposefully left out Sean. For once, I was glad he left. He didn't need to be dragged into this. Sean was safe, that much I believed in. I didn't bother mentioning Alpha Asher in my little list, I couldn't see Tyler actually managing to kill him.

Breyona frowned, her eyes flickering to the white index card.

"That doesn't change the fact that your idea is down right suicidal." Breyona shook her head, giving Mason a hard look.

"It's—Well thought out." Mason frowned, "But so much could go wrong."

"I know." I sighed, "But what else can I do?"

“You could start with telling Alpha Asher.” Breyona frowned, but she knew that wasn’t an option.

“If I told him, he’d never let me go.” I grimaced, “He’d send his men and whoever sent the card would know. They’d kill someone close to me before I could even scream.”

Breyona went quiet, and I knew I had her. Mason fixed me with a worried stare, rolling his bottom lip in-between his teeth.

“If we can’t talk you out of it—then we have to help.” Mason frowned at Breyona.

Breyona sighed, “Well, what’s your plan?”

I grinned at my two best friends, even with the haunted looks on their faces.

“I’m going to go alone.” I sighed, “I’ll keep you and Mason in a constant mind-link. You’ll know everything that’s going on, and everything that’s being said. If—If something happens to me, make sure the information gets to Alpha Asher.”

“We need a back up plan.” Breyona grimaced, “We can’t just leave you unprotected.”

I paused, “If things go south, I’ll alert you two. Bring Alpha Asher and all of his men.”

“Alright,” Breyona still looked troubled, “I can live with that.”

“Good.” I nodded.

“How will we know where to find you?” Mason frowned, “I’ve never seen a swimming hole around here.”

“Alpha Asher knows.” My voice held many meanings, the main one being determination.

Everything was set, The plan, location and time. My only worry was sneaking out of the house, making sure I wasn’t caught by Alpha Asher.

Mason headed home early, after getting a call from his Mom. That left me and Breyona sitting in my bedroom alone. She looked troubled, more so than usual. Breyona always had that care-free feel to her, but she looked down right anxious.

“Don’t worry.” I smiled at her, “Everything will work out.”

My stomach was in knots as well. I knew it wasn’t that simple, but I tried to sooth my friend. There was so much that could go wrong with this plan, but I couldn’t give it up. I needed to know who was behind this, and if it had any ties to Tristan. So many questions swarmed in my head. Did they know about my heritage, what I truly am? Did they want to use that against the pack?

“What if that Vampire is connected in all of this.” Breyona frowned, giving me a worried look. “What if he’s there tonight?”

I frowned, a clear image of Tristan running through my mind. Breyona had a solid point. Thinking about Tristan made his mark on my skin burn, and that small part of my mind longed for his cooling touch. His mark had an affect on me, making me long for him in his absence.

“Grandma said something about training me to defend myself against their mind games.” I paused, “I don’t see why she couldn’t give me some pointers. Without giving away my plan, of course.”

Breyona nodded, but she didn’t look convinced. “I think that would be a good idea.”

We sat in silence for a moment, when Breyona asked me something unexpected.

“What’s it like?” Breyona frowned, her eyes flickering to where the scarlet mark sat on my shoulder.
“Being marked by one of them.”

Anxiety was a constant companion these past few days, breathing down my neck in times like this.

“It’s—strange.” Strange was the only word that seemed to fit. “It’s like some small part of me misses him, when really I don’t even know the guy.”

“My Mom said with werewolves, the mate bond connects you to the person. You can hear their thoughts, and even feel some of their emotions.” Breyona explained, “Is it anything like that?”

“I don’t know.” I answered honestly, “I don’t feel anyone else’s emotions, and I’m definitely not hearing any thoughts. There isn’t much space left in my head with Maya there.”

“I heard that.” Maya grumbled, giving me a playful growl.

“Do you think it’s possible?” Breyona questioned, only making me more worried. “I’d assume the mark isn’t finished. With werewolves both partners have to mark the other. I wonder if it’s the same with Vampires.”

“I wish we could find out.” I sighed, “I thought your Mom would be able to help.”

Breyona’s face turned up in a small grin, “Ever since you asked for texts about Vampires, Mom’s been scouring the United States for another.”

I chuckled, “Really? Who knew we had Miss Shelby on our side.”

“My Mom fights on the side of knowledge and truth.” Breyona rolled her eyes, reciting something her Mom had been saying for years.

“Maybe she’ll find something that’ll help us.” I tried to keep my tone positive, but I knew the chances were slim.

“I’ll keep you updated in case she does.” Breyona nodded, “Now, where did you want Mason and I tonight?”

I pursed my lips, “Hang around the training grounds, but stay out of sight. Head to the back of the building, no one should see you over there. That way you’re close enough in case I need you.”

“Got it.” Breyona nodded, the worry still clear in her eyes. “Be safe out there, Lola.”

“I will.” I smiled at her, “We both know I can handle myself against Tyler.”

“Tyler isn’t what I’m worried about.” She chuckled, but the smile didn’t reach her eyes.

The two of us headed to the kitchen after our long conversation, munching on some baked goods Grandma had made.

Breyona left early, heading back home to sleep while she had the chance. I had the feeling the three of us were definitely going to be lacking sleep tonight. I was too on edge to even think about taking a nap. Midnight was awhile away, and the minutes ticked by excruciatingly slow.

“Where’d Dad go?” I turned to Grandma, nibbling on my third cookie.

Grandma was washing some dishes, her eyes trained out the little window. I must’ve pulled her from her

thoughts, and I watched the haze leave her eyes.

“Picking up a few things from the grocery store.” Grandma smiled softly, turning the sink off and facing me. “I haven’t asked how you’re fairing with everything.”

“No need to ask.” I forced a smile at my Grandmother, knowing she could see right through it. “I’m dealing with it. The way I see it, I can’t change who I am.”

“You’re right, you can’t.” Grandma frowned, “I know you keep things to yourself, and deal with them on your own but you don’t have to. Your Dad made a mistake not telling you sooner.”

“He did.” I agreed but when I thought about it, what would be the right time to explain that? “Have you ever met my Mom’s mate before?”

Some small part of me wanted to resent my Mom. She cheated on Dad, and ended up pregnant with a Vampire’s child. My resentment faded as I remembered Mom and Dad were never mates to begin with. I couldn’t imagine the struggle she went through, loving someone and knowing she could never have them.

Grandma’s face went dark, her eyebrows turning down in a grimace. I had never seen Grandma look that way before. The expression on her face haunted me, and made me wonder what type of man my Father actually was.

“Once.” Grandma nodded, “It was not a pleasant experience. Your Father is the reason I learned to shield my mind.”

Maya’s ears perked up; She was all too eager to learn how to protect our mind. She wouldn’t admit it, but the thought of her being locked away and forgotten terrified her. We were two halves of a whole, and she feared what would happen to me in her absence.

“He messed with your head?” I frowned, “So–He was a pure-blood?”

Grandma nodded, "He messed with my head alright."

"Could you teach me?" I leaned forward, my eyes burning with interest. "Could we start now?"

Grandma's stern face softened, "We can try. It takes time to master. You must learn to control yourself and your emotions to block other influences out."

"How do I begin?" I grinned up at her.

If only I had known what I was getting myself into.

.Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 37

Unknown P.o.v

I had known from the beginning; trusting Tyler Vail was a f**king mistake. The pampered mutt had come scrambling to us, his bitch in tow. He was frantic, reeking with the fear that made me want to retch.

His proposition was intriguing to say the least.

Gambling; Odds, were my forte. Betting was something I enjoyed, something I excelled in. Reading the emotions on a person's face was child's play, but if you did it right it could reveal the things they wish to keep secret.

Revenge, his motivation; as it typically is. His beloved pack was taken, due to his own ignorance and foolishness. Now he needed aid, help to destroy the enemies that threatened his way of life.

Looking at Tyler Vail, it was clear to see he was a weak excuse for a werewolf. He lacked the pulsating power that surrounded an Alpha. His bitch clung to his side, reeking of fear. I had not met a Luna in this lifetime, but I was knowledgeable about their way of life. She lacked confidence, conviction and from the looks of it her loyalty to her mate was faulty.

They had come to us knowing they would never survive on their own. They needed us.

We could care less for the pampered mutts, living in their pristine packs. Happiness, love and respect for all as a f**king motto. The weakness was pathetic. Their civilized pack-life left them with their guard down, and ripe for the picking.

I was born; destined to become second-in-command. The title had ran in my family for many generations.

The pampered mutts would call my group a “pack”, but that is not something we wish to go by. Life in my “pack” was cold and cruel, the only thing that mattered was surviving and pleasing the King. We have no Alpha, we have a King.

I had been raised to praise our King above all else; to serve him and his purpose until the end of my life. I had spent my childhood elated with that fact, my heart full of purpose and determination. Everything had been perfect; Until I met her.

Tyler Vail and his bitch had managed an audience with our King. I was sure the two of them would not leave the room alive; in fact, I was eager for it. Tyler Vail had a sense of arrogance that followed him, a slimy sense of entitlement. If only he knew how fragile his position truly was. Alpha's come and go, King's remain.

“Alpha Asher Desmond.” The name left Tyler Vail's thin lips; and I knew our fate was sealed.

Alpha Asher Desmond, Alpha to the largest pack in the world. An enemy to all who refused to adapt

to his lifestyle. In a world full of many species, not all were—cut out, for the “pack-life”.

Tyler Vail had our King’s attention; something that was rare. It was easy to see the hatred in Tyler Vail’s eyes. He detested our way of life, disagreed with it wholeheartedly.

With our King’s interest peaked, I and the rest of his men were ushered into another room. Everyone took a seat around a large table, Tyler Vail and his bitch were off to the side. Tyler Vail contained his hatred and fear behind a mask, his bitch did not have the skill to do the same. Her beady little eyes darted around the room, her disdain thick in the air.

An hour passed—followed by two hours. A deal was finally struck.

Tyler Vail wanted Alpha Asher Desmond out of the way; wiped from History permanently. Our King was more than willing to provide his assistance, the young Alpha posed a threat to many. It was time the power shifted, handed to another.

Tyler Vail and his bitch—who apparently does not enjoy being called that, requested some form of protection. Our King was not a generous man, nor was he forgiving. I was struck with surprise when he offered a handful of men to be at their disposal. The men were of lower ranks, but they were able bodies capable of action.

Once the pampered mutt’s left, our King turned and faced us. We were his inner circle, the men he trusted with the most information.

“My Lord, are we truly going to help them?” Antonio asked, his hardened face held a mask of confusion.

The rest of us stilled, waiting for our King’s reaction or command.

“We will aid in ridding the world of the putrid Alpha.” Our King nodded, his fingertips grazing across his skin as he was lost in thought. “But we will never allow another to take over.”

“What would you have us do?” Antonio had spoken up again.

Antonio was one of the newer recruits into the inner circle; he was bold with his words, and his questions.

Our King paused, something dark flickering across his eyes. “Instill fear in them, while we gather men. I want them blind and afraid before we strike.”

The King turned to Antonio, and I watched calmly at what unfolded next.

“Cripple their senses.” The King spoke softly. Faster than Antonio could register, the King’s sharpened nail grazed both of his eyes.

A scream filled the silent room; Antonio’s scream. Thick blood sprayed the ground our King walked on, but he continued speaking. A weeping vertical line across Antonio’s face sprouted, his eyes nearly split in two. His wails filled the room, yet none of us reacted.

“Leave them a paranoid mess.” The King continued speaking softly, “And when they least expect it.”

The King approached Antonio’s cowering form. Antonio’s hands were over his bleeding eyes, and the King forced him to his feet.

“End them.” The King spoke with finality, swiping his lengthened nail across Antonio’s throat.

The scent of coppery blood filled the room, thick and heavy in the air. A gurgle left Antonio’s mouth before his body collapsed to the floor with a heavy thud. The man was too bold; too inexperienced in dealing with the King. It was a miracle his death had not come sooner.

“Am I understood?” The King turned to the rest of us.

None of us said a word; we didn’t need to. The King knew we understood, knew we would follow his commands without hesitation.

“Cloak your scent.” The King murmured, “They mustn’t know of us yet. I want them in the dark about the very force that threatens to eradicate them.”

A month of stakeouts, break-in’s and spying before a wild card was thrown into the mix.

A wildcard named Lola.

We had been keeping close tabs on Alpha Asher Desmond’s pack for a month now, learning their routine and their way of life.

I took one glance at Alpha Asher Desmond and knew he was a force to be reckoned with. The King asked my opinion, something he did only when he wanted to know my input on the odds. I told him the truth, that Alpha Asher Desmond would not fall easily.

Rumors were buzzing around the territory we observed, rumors surrounding a girl. The girl had strong ties with Tyler Vail, leaving after he discovered his mate. Things had been shaken up by her arrival.

‘A new player.’ My thoughts churned with interest, my gut telling me she was no pawn.

My curiosity was staggering, an emotion I hadn’t felt in years. I had no self-control at the time, peering down at her through her window. It was when I first set eyes on her, that I noticed something strange.

Her scent; it was—different.

Only a seasoned hunter could notice such a minuscule difference. Whatever was unique about her, it was buried deep. Suppressed through out the years, waiting to be unleashed.

I pulled my phone out, snapping a picture of her sleeping figure. Her face serene and peaceful, dark lashes framing her large eyes.

I learned all I could of the girl, of the family she lived and ate with. When I was satisfied with my findings, I approached the King.

I kept my tone polite, yet strong. Our King hated weakness, snuffed the signs out before they could grow. He listened to my council, heeding my words about the girl. The King was exceptionally skilled at keeping his inner thoughts from his face, but no wall was ever perfect.

The King was someone I had difficulty reading; someone whose emotions I tried to ignore.

I showed the King the picture I had taken of the girl. Curiosity flashed across the King's eyes; then recognition.

"I want her under close watch." The King ordered, bringing in additional men.

"Leave her notes." The King ordered me personally, "I want her aware of our presence, but reveal nothing."

"Yes, my Lord." I nodded, and left the room.

I had yet to discover the importance of the young girl—but my curiosity would not allow me to stop. I needed a clear view of the situation, knowledge of all the players and components in this large game.

The first kill had been planned out extensively—their patrol team's monitored closely. The victim was a girl named Katie, I believe. All that stood out about the victim was her flaming locks.

Tearing her throat had been easy enough—I wiped the blood from my hands, speeding into the darkness as two wolves came into view.

I noticed Lola immediately, the feeling I had buried within me came to life at the sight of her dark wolf.

She looked at me, her bright eyes burning into the darkness at where I stood. It was clear she saw nothing, but her eyes were right where they needed to be.

The breeze shifted—and even in her wolf form, I caught the scent. The wild card; the key player had a secret even she was not aware of.

Lola was a half-breed.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 38

Unknown P.o.v

Lola had become a key player in this game of ours, a game that ended in life and death. What was even more entertaining, she was clueless about her true nature.

An anomaly; Half-werewolf, Half-vampire. Something such as her simply didn't exist in our world. You were one of three: Human, Werewolf, Vampire.

There were plenty of Werewolves and Vampires mixed with Humans, but Human's were a grey area. Werewolves had their mates, Vampire's chose their own. Werewolves never mated with Vampires, it simply wasn't fate.

Something had changed, gone wrong in the making of this wild-card. I was bloodthirsty, determined to find every facet of the truth. I started with Lola's parents, digging up every lead I could.

All known records stated both parents as Werewolves. An interesting piece of evidence gave me insight to Lola's parents. I had proof her Mother had given birth to her. It was quite easy to deduce from there. Her mother was unfaithful, coupling with a Vampire behind her husbands back. Thus produced, Lola.

It was a simple hunch that forced me to dig for the identity of Lola's father. It was nearing impossible, as there were no records.

She had upped the odds in Alpha Asher Desmond's favor, shifting the game. Lola was a factor I hadn't anticipated, but I feverishly enjoyed. A wild-card, someone able to play for either team.

The Kings interest in her piqued my own, and I longed to learn the reason behind his well-placed façade. What was Lola to our King? His interest could easily be due to her heritage. The chance at having a mole on the inside was incredibly attractive. There were thousands of ways we could dispose of Alpha Asher Desmond with the help of Lola, the victory would be much too easy.

The King had me following Lola, learning her every move. He wanted to know the extent of her loyalty and the chance of it being swayed. The odds were not shifting in our favor. Her loyalty to her pack was strong, her ties to her family were unbreakable. And yet, everyone has a weakness. Everyone has a string to pull, one that can shift them entirely.

* * * *

Another factor was thrown into the mix when I nearly walked in on a private conversation between the King and someone else. The voice was familiar, the nasal pattern unflattering.

I remained silent, forcing my ears to identify the muffled voice behind the thick door.

A name clicked in my mind; Brittany.

Just as the name registered, the door swung open. Brittany's eyes widened as they looked over my impassive face. I kept my peaked curiosity hidden away, concealing it behind a mask.

The fear was painted all over her features, even as she struggled to maintain the illusion of normalcy. The King was behind her, his face trained on my own.

"Come inside." The King ushered me in, sending Brittany away.

"I have confided in you on numerous occasions, have I not?" The King questioned, turning his head to meet my eyes. There was something dark lingering in his gaze, something I had seen numerous times.

"I am grateful to be trusted, my Lord." I nodded, my voice even. "And will provide council when you see fit."

The King paused, his eyes analyzing. Concealing myself was an art my family had taught since I could speak. You could never let someone know what you were thinking, what you were feeling.

"It seems, Brittany has a game of her own she wishes to play." The King's lips turned up in a cruel sneer. "I've accepted of course."

I let interest flash in my eyes, and the King's sneer widened.

"Ever the gambler." The King noted, his voice amused.

"It is a skill of mine, my Lord." I nodded, "I enjoy odds."

"And it is your skill I wish to utilize." The King smiled, but there was no friendliness, "Tell me, if Tyler and Brittany were to fight who do you think would win?"

The question caught me off guard for a split second, but I thought about it closely. Tyler Vail held a shield of arrogance around him, spewing bullsh*t about his birthright. Brittany was smart enough to fear us, to keep her eyes peeled at every moment. The glint in her eye was that of a wounded animal, one ready to lash out.

"Brittany." I nodded, giving my answer. "I believe Brittany would win, my Lord."

"Why?" The King grinned, as if he had already known my answer. "She's a female, wouldn't the male have better odds?"

"Not always, my Lord." I kept my words clipped, "Female's are often resourceful, working behind the scenes."

"I do hope you are right." The King grinned, "Another Alpha in the ground would only benefit us."

"Why not just end his life, my Lord?" I bowed my head. Second-in-command gave me more leniency with my actions around the King. He did not mind questions, only if few and far between.

"You enjoy the odds." The King smiled ruefully, "I enjoy the game."

The King was planning something, something he would not reveal to me. Whatever the plan was, it was important.

Haze; A putrid smelling club, set with flashing lights and thundering music. I knew many others who would've thoroughly enjoyed this task, why I was chosen was beyond me. Tasked with watching after the wild-card.

My hatred for clubs and casino's was almost humorous. My family owned many clubs and Casino's in scattering cities, earning most of our money through those facets. Gambling was my forte, something I was incredibly talented at and yet I hated the process. My talent was for odds, determining who could win and what their chances were. My father would often send me to our Casino's to rule out the ones willing to spend big money.

I would pull them aside, offer them a true gamble. Fortune, Power, Respect; If they won. The ultimate price if they didn't; death. If they accepted, they were taken to the back rooms.

Turning a human into a Vampire was a grueling process that involved copious amounts of blood. Often, the human's would perish painfully. Other times, the human would survive and endure the change. Those human's who accepted, upon death all money, land, and titles would be handed over to us. If they survived, they were inducted into the service of the King.

We had been operating in the dark for hundred's of years. Waiting for our moment to step into the light.

The job was easy enough. The club swarmed with many of her kind, but was just outside of Alpha Asher Desmond's territory. He was powerless out here, and incredibly allusive as it seems.

It was known Alpha Asher Desmond would be at this club tonight; Strict orders were placed on us. He was not to know a single one of us were here. No engaging.

The night went on seamlessly. A waste of time, but necessary.

Tristan Volakis; first in command accompanied me to the night club. Tristan was the King's closest confidant, the one he trusted when he could none other. Tristan and I were not close; As the few of us in the King's inner circle refrain from building connections. Connections weakened the senses, dulled the mind.

It was clear Tristan was set on a personal task, one directly from the King. I kept my eyes peeled, yet revealed nothing. I contained my shock as Tristan approached Lola, my mind reeling at the

possibilities.

The King was using Tristan, trying to find which string of Lola's to pull. The string that would make her question her loyalty and which side she truly fought for.

A brief phone call dampened Tristan's plans, as I approached him and Lola. She was swaying on her feet, her eyes misted over. Tristan said his goodbyes and followed me from the club. There was a certain smugness in his step that couldn't be ignored.

I lifted my eyebrow at Tristan, "You can get into her mind?" Another unanticipated factor.

"Didn't even put up a fight." Tristan murmured gleefully. "She's completely untrained and unaware."

"Did you learn anything?" I kept my tone tight, this was business.

"There is a chance." Tristan nodded, his lips displaying a confident smirk. "She can be swayed."

That night a few of our men ended another werewolf life. The death did not surprise me, as I had already expected this outcome. What interested me was the placement of the body. The King had personally requested this position, this location. The boy sat just outside of Lola's bedroom, his dull eyes staring into her bedroom window.

Panic filled the pack, spreading like wildfire. Rumors spread, and I made it my business to hear them all. Many blamed Lola, as others noticed the peculiar position of the body.

A few days later the King called for me. I was to go back to the club, keep an eye on the wild-card. Tristan was along side of me for the second time, a new set of personal orders from the King.

We arrived twenty minutes after she did. Lola's short stature was becoming easier to spot over the towering people. She trailed after Breyona, Mason at her side. The three of them were becoming quite inseparable. Watching during the daylight hours was impossible, but once night fell; the

werewolves were fair game.

Tristan approached Lola, her eyes glazing over almost instantly. Tristan was very skilled when it came to entering someone's mind; doing so subtly, decreasing the risk of panic. His victim's never knew he entered their mind, dulling their thoughts.

My eyes remained glued to them, even as they climbed a set of stairs and headed towards the large balcony doors.

It was another little she-wolf that gained my attention.

Breyona; Taller than Lola, yet still shorter than I. Brown hair cropped short, wide knowing eyes.

My loyalty to my King had never been questioned; not once in the short life I have lived.

I could've never considered the odds, the impossibility of this happening.

"Mate."

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 39

Breyona's P.o.v

"Mate." I gaped, looking up at the huge man before me.

His skin was a beautiful bronze color, evident even in the crimson light.

His hair was dark and curly, highlighting a sharp jawline and dark eyes.

“I am not your mate, she-wolf.”

Something flashed in his eyes, something he quickly stowed away in their dark depths. I found myself looking deeply, searching for what he had hidden.

My heart fluttered, yet broke all at once. His scent was swirling around me, intoxicating me the way alcohol never has.

He smelled of expensive cologne, warm and spicy but with a hint of something sweet. So complex and yet I could taste every note on my tongue.

‘That’s our mate.’ My wolf frowned, a low whine leaving her lips. ‘There’s something strange about mate. He doesn’t smell human.’

“No.” I frowned, “You are my mate, but you’re not human.”

My lips parted as I took in the man before me. His muscles rippled under his clothes. It was then I noticed how well dressed he was. An expensive pair of slacks topped with a crisp suit jacket. His muscles didn’t match his outfit, and yet he looked like some kind of buff mobster.

“And you’re not a werewolf.” My voice was growing weaker as realization dawned on me.

There were three species in this world. Werewolf, Human and—Vampire.

“And now you see, little she-wolf.” His voice was rough, emotionless while his eyes held more. “I cannot be your mate.”

I could feel my heart nearly shatter in my chest, a tight constricting feeling wrapping tightly around my body.

I was thankful Mason had gotten lost in the crowd, Lola before him. The two of them didn't need to see this, didn't need to see me be rejected.

I wondered if I'd walk around like Mason after being rejected. It was clear what happened to him, even if Lola couldn't see for herself. I wonder if I'd have that same look of agony any time I saw a happy couple, any time someone spoke of mates and love.

"Why are you here." I tried to keep my voice strong, to convince myself this was what must be done. "My Alpha's territory is just a few minutes away."

"This is unclaimed land." The man looked down at me, his eyes swirling pools of obsidian, "Therefore, I am allowed to be here."

"You're here for Lola." This wasn't a question, simply a fact.

The defensive shield that clouded his eyes told me I was right, that he was here for Lola.

I couldn't understand why they wanted her; just another she-wolf. She had only just returned to the pack, to be tormented with rumors and suspicious deaths. Lola deserved better, especially after finding the strength to leave Tyler behind.

And yet, some part of me called out to the Vampire. My soul called out to his, finally finding it's other half.

Two species that were not meant to be together; finding out they were destined for each other.

The entire thing stunk of Romeo and Juliet. I could only hope our ending wasn't as depressing as theirs.

'We can't just give up on him.' My wolf whined, her ears flattening down.

'He's after Lola.' I grimaced, 'Plus he's a Vampire.'

'What if he was on our side?' My wolf questioned, one of her ears perking up at the thought.

'I don't think that would happen.' I frowned, 'He'd be turning his back on his entire species.'

'Look at him.' My wolf murmured, and I obliged. 'He's ours for a reason. See how he's looking at us? He can feel the mate-bond whether he likes it or not.'

The Vampire looked down at me in awe, quickly masking the emotion before I could truly appreciate it on his face.

"Are you going to reject me?" My voice was small, my eyes pleading.

I was never the person to be vulnerable, to put my heart on the line. But with my mate, it was completely different. My heart was on the line, hinging on just a few words.

I couldn't help myself; I reached out, grazing my fingertips against his bare hand. His skin was smooth and tanned, much like toffee. The sparks I had heard about my entire life crackled up my fingertips. Finding my mate was everything a werewolf looked forward to in life, but what life could I have with a Vampire?

'Don't think like that.' My wolf snapped, 'Lola would accept us. If he came to our side, she'd accept us.'

My wolf was sure of this, and I wanted to be as well.

Confusion flashed in the man's eyes, a brewing storm. He didn't answer my question, he simply stared down at me with these charcoal eyes.

"Will you reject me, little she-wolf?" His head tilted, his face analyzing me as though this had become a game.

My answer was immediate, my mind already made up.

"No." I kept my eyes burning into his. "I will not reject you."

"Interesting." The word left his lips slowly, his guard securely in place. "And you know, I will not join your side. I will not turn my back on my family, my species."

"I just—" I paused. What did I want?

"I just want a chance." My eyes were open wide, vulnerable. I was letting him know how much I truly had at stake, more than just a simple crush.

"A chance." He repeated. A blush formed on my face at the intensity of his eyes. I felt like an exposed nerve under his gaze.

"What's your name?" I needed to know. I needed to see what this god-like man was called, what name could possibly fit him.

"Giovanni." His voice was rough, and it was then I could place the light Italian accent.

My wolf swooned at the sound, forgetting our decades long hatred of his entire species. If I was able to place my hatred aside, why couldn't other people?

Something was changing, something big. As far as I knew, nothing like this has ever happened before. The tables were turning, bringing Werewolf and Vampire together.

Giovanni looked torn, judging from the flashes of emotion in his eyes.

"Just a chance, Giovanni." I pleaded, my voice growing stronger as I spoke his name.

"The odds are not in your favor, she-wolf." Giovanni tried to keep his gaze hard, but couldn't seem to stop it as it softened. "But I will give this chance."

"Here." I tore a napkin from my purse, digging around for something to write with.

When I couldn't find a pen or any other writing utensil, I grabbed my black eyeliner pencil.

I scrawled hastily, writing the address of my Aunt's old house. She had died years ago, leaving the house to us in her will. We never went there, leaving everything to collect dust. It was just outside of the pack territory. Close enough for me to slip away unnoticed, yet far enough to keep Giovanni away from Alpha Asher.

"What is this?" Giovanni raised his eyebrow, his large hands grasping the thin napkin.

"Eyeliner pencil." I blushed sheepishly.

"I meant the address, little she-wolf." Giovanni fixed an interested stare on my face.

"Oh." My face flamed, "That's the address to my Aunt's house. She died, but we never go there. We can meet there. It's outside my packs territory."

“You would go against your entire pack for a mate?” Giovanni’s eyebrow raised, his dark eyes reading my face and mannerisms.

“I’m not going against my pack.” I grimaced.

What the hell was I doing? It was clear neither of us would turn on our species, our family. And yet what was that flicker in Giovanni’s eyes? The very flicker of emotion he tried to hard to contain.

My gut was telling me something, something I needed to listen to. Giovanni’s words were very different from his emotions, his thoughts. I knew nothing about his past, and yet I knew he was very skilled at hiding his thoughts.

“Then what is the purpose of this, she-wolf?” Giovanni grimaced.

“My name is Breyona.” I huffed. “Just—come to the house if you want. I’ll be there when I can.”

What else could I say?

I’m going to try and sway you to my side? I’m weak and can’t bare to toss away my soulmate?

One other thing was strikingly clear; I could tell no one of this. Not until Giovanni switched sides, not until he could be trusted.

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Giovanni’s P.o.v

The little she-wolf was quite interesting to watch. Her face conveyed every emotion openly, putting them on display for the world.

A chance; as she called it.

I myself became a key player in the little she-wolfs game, a game to earn my loyalty.

She was clueless to my enjoyment of gambling. What were the odds this little she-wolf would be successful in turning me from my own species. The logical side of me said the odds were slim to none, while some sliver of humanity within me was already hers.

It was clear the price she was willing to pay; her heart.

I couldn't begin to understand the lives of this animal-like species.

Vampires considered themselves refined, choosing a mate that would suit their every need. Werewolves were slaves to some mythical Goddess in the sky, one who dictated their own mate. Did these wolves have control over anything?

I left the club that night with an infuriated Tristan. His anger swirled around him, but that wasn't the only emotion pouring from within. Longing and interest framed his face as he struggled to keep this information from my grasp. He was not fast enough, cloaking his face with a mask of indifference.

"Something has happened?" I paused, lifting my eyebrow as I read the quick flicker of emotions.

Tristan looked almost...pained.

"Yes." Tristan nodded, "Something has happened."

“Did you fulfill the King’s request?” I asked, watching as his face hardened.

I masked my own face, burying my own emotions deep within me. I swore to never let them see the light of day. A strange yet dull pain formed in my chest, my mind lingering on the little she-wolf.

“I was unable to complete his task.” Tristan hesitated, something I had never seen him do before.

“Tell me if you must.” I pressed, “The King will find out regardless.”

“I marked her, Giovanni.” Tristan stopped walking, our forms cloaked by the night. “I couldn’t stop myself.”

“You marked..the she-wolf?” My interest was more than piqued. Another factor in this complicated game.

For just a split second an image of Breyona flashed in my mind, Tristan’s mark glistening on her neck. Rage flooded through me, possessive rage. A rough grunt escaped my lips as I felt the mate bond roiling within me.

“Has something happened with you, Giovanni?” Tristan turned, his own eyes calculating.

“I am simply fearing for your life, friend.” I frowned, once again shoving the putrid emotions deep down.

“Do not fear for me.” Tristan shook his head, but he still looked troubled. “The King would not dare kill me while my mark lingers on her skin.”

“Perhaps you are right.” I shrugged, “You may also be wrong. A mark is not a simple thing to remove.”

“Trust me, friend.” Tristan’s eyes glinted mischievously. “The King will not kill me.”

Tristan had his own motives, that much was clear. He was unable to hide what he had done, knowing the King would find out regardless.

“You would dare move against the King?” I questioned.

Tristan had been my longest friend–If you could call him that. We had joined the service of the King the same year, had been raised side by side.

“Only a fool would move against the King.” Tristan scoffed, shaking his head. “I simply did what our species must–I marked a mate of my choosing, one worthy of me.”

Something strange rushed through me, adding another overlooked factor to my mind.

“She is still half werewolf.” I noted, “She has an intended mate out there. What will your course of action be if her intended is not you?”

Tristan looked perplexed, as though the thought had never crossed his mind. This did not surprise me. Tristan was compulsive, living in the moment as he pleased. Consequences were not always in his mind.

“I am her intended mate.” Tristan nodded, “I am sure of this. But, I would kill the one destined for my mate.”

I nodded in agreement, but that sliver of Breyona within me was shaking her head. I could see her in my mind, her short brown hair glistening like silk. Her milk and honey skin creamy and soft to the touch.

“I almost had her.” Tristan hissed, “She would’ve been ours if that feral bitch hadn’t interrupted me.”

My body stiffened, my hand clutching the thin napkin my she-wolf had last touched.

I already knew who he was talking about.

“You’ve marked the half-breed?” The King’s voice was calm, a calm I had gotten used to hearing.

The King could be placated when he was angry, red in the face with rage. I had only seen this cold calmness fall on him one time. Twelve men had died that night, painfully.

“Leave us.” The King’s voice whipped across us like ice.

I and the rest of his men turned to leave.

“Stay, Giovanni.” The King ordered.

I wanted to sigh as Tristan had yet again pulled me into his problems.

The rest of the men left the room hastily, not wanting to feel the King’s wrath. Not a single look of pity had come our way. As far as they were concerned, we deserved our fate.

“What have you done, Tristan?” The King turned, his eyes nearing black as they met Tristan’s.

Tristan was confident, something I found very strange. Standing on the precipice of death, and yet he believed himself to be safe.

What could possibly save him now?

Unless—There was a factor I had not included.

What was the half-breed to the King? Why was she important when none others were?

The shadows collected around our King, an ability only he possessed. They swarmed around him, alive as their silky voices whispered. Their words were cold, cutting against the skin like knives.

As Vampire's we often trafficked in darkness—We were made from it after all. The King however, lived in the darkness he was made from. The beginning of his line bestowed the gift of control, passing it onto the next generation.

“My Lord.” Tristan bowed, his eyes flickering warily to the swirling shadows that slithered at his feet. “I simply claimed the half-breed as my mate. If I had known you intended to claim her as your own; I would have refrained.”

Curiosity flashed in my eyes. Perhaps Tristan wasn't as stupid as I had once anticipated. The strange glint in his eyes worried me, his life on the line. Tristan was playing a game of his own, one that would lead him far away.

“I do not wish to claim her as my own.” The King scoffed, the shadows twitching eagerly around him. “The half-breed and I are bound by blood.”

The truth; a factor I had contemplated but dismissed entirely.

Blood—The King and the half-breed were related.

She was his daughter.

Tristan's eyes gleamed maliciously. It was clear this was something the King trusted with none.

All had assumed his rule would end when he perished—No one suspected there was a chance for an heir. Should the half-breed embrace the shadows and take the throne, a Queen would grace our presence for the first time in history.

It was unknown why the King had never produced an heir, as if the idea was impossible.

Knowledge about our species was scarce, scattered to the wind by our own kind.

The truth about Vampires lied with our own species, kept hidden over the decades.

The marking process was much like werewolves. The male marked the female, and then vice versa. After both parties were marked, a bond was formed between the two.

Their power combined, their very essence fused together.

A Vampire could not mate with any other than the one he marked, this was an impossibility.

I looked on at Tristan, fully understanding his insane plan. He had known all along, suspected the importance the half-blood meant to the King.

There was a very high chance I was looking at our new King.

King Tristan—Queen Lola, heir to the Kouritis bloodline.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 41

Mason's P.o.v

Everything hurts—Quite literally.

My body aches from the weight of my own emotions, pressing down on me until the claustrophobia hits. The air turns thick and stagnant in my lungs.

There were moments when I had convinced myself I had some semblance of control. I was now beginning to realize, I never had control. The illusion of control kept me sane for so long, and its absence was tearing me apart.

i shuffled through the thundering club, keeping my eyes glued to Breyona.

I refused to look at the dancing couples—Refused to acknowledge the smell of lut and sx in the air. It was all too painful, resurfacing images I had spent a year trying to forget.

I refused to look back at Lola—Ignoring the insane urge that always came over me when she was around.

Lola—A little bundle of fire and spice, but her heart was still pure.

She hadn't known it at the time; but the first time we trained together, my heart was hers.

I never expected to feel that particular emotion again, convinced it was gone from my heart for good.

My wolf tried to convince me, tried to make me see reason but soon he too was swept away. What chance could we have when two other men already craved her heart?

She was not our mate, her mate was out in the world somewhere. What right did I have to take that from her? Could I truly expect her to pick me?

Nonetheless, I couldn't continue ignoring how I felt. Lola had been the first one to grab my heart after what happened last year.

We had moved from the pack a year ago. My Grandfather on my mother's side became ill. He was an old man, so his condition wasn't surprising.

I know it sounds harsh; but my Grandfather wasn't a good man. He spent his life molding my Mom into a submissive she-wolf, beating any form of disobedience from her. Maybe that was why I fell for Lola, her strong will remained unbroken even with everything life threw at her.

I could only stand idle while my Mom cared for the man that caused her years of trauma and pain. The sight was sickening, driving me from the house at every chance I had.

We lived in a small shack, right on the outskirts of the city. This gave me ample opportunities to go out and find something to do.

For the time being, I found myself a job. It wasn't anything flashy, just a simple job at a family owned sandwich shop. This got me out of the house, and gave me some spare money. My Grandfather had a hefty will, leaving everything he owned to my Mom. She was numb with shock for hours after hearing the news.

I suppose somewhere in his sick and twisted heart, a part of him loved his daughter.

Months had passed, my Grandfather continued clinging to life. A stubborn man for the entirety of his life, of course he would fight death.

My Dad was much like myself, fighting the urge to end my Grandfather's life at every chance. Dad couldn't stand the pain he caused his mate, but my Mom insisted.

She didn't want him murdered. After all, what satisfaction could be gained from killing a man already on death's door?

Dad complied, and somehow found the strength to be in the same room as the man.

Grandfather caused no issues while we lived with him. I think he knew my Dad would end his life if he so much stepped out of line.

It was just another day leaving Dev's Deli. My shift ended late into the night, but I didn't mind. Night had always been peaceful to me, clearing my head with the crisp breezes that drifted by.

I had turned eighteen three days ago, accepting the crudely made birthday cake from my Mom with a goofy smile. Mom had never been good at cooking; that was something my Dad enjoyed.

On my seventh birthday I insisted Mom make my cake. Year after year, I watched my Mom's face light up as my Dad made my birthday cakes. Her eyes would trail over every step he went through, asking questions along the way.

Her birthday cakes were a horrible replica of my Dad's, but I didn't have the heart to make her stop. Each year I'd eat my fill of cake, telling her it was even better than Dad's. He knew of course, but couldn't stand to see his mate unhappy. The two of us protected my Mom in every way we could, making up for the worst years of her life.

I had left Dev's Deli, taking deep breaths of the crisp night air when a smell hit me. It was mingled with the smell of smoked meat and freshly baked bread from the Deli. The scent of daisies and cotton swirled around my mind, my head turning in the direction of the scent.

I turned down the road, any thoughts of walking home were long forgotten. The delicious smell

grew stronger as I turned the corner and continued down the road.

“Come on sweetheart.” A gruff voice chuckled lowly, “Just a little taste.”

“f**k off, Steph.” A rich voice snapped, fear absent in her tone. “You know I don’t answer to no one else.”

My wolf surged, forcing me into a run as I turned the corner into the alley way.

A girl was pushed against the brick wall of the alley way, her face contorted into a glare as she looked up at the man before her.

The man looked amused, his eyes glinting as he stared the little female down.

“Steph, I’m gonna f**k you up if you don’t back off.” The woman snapped.

“You can’t f**k anyone up.” The gruff man chuckled, “You still need Felix to fight all yer’ battles.”

“Come next week you’ll see.” The woman spat.

The entire exchange was weird. It seemed like the two knew each other, hated yet tolerated one another.

“She said back off.” My wolf spoke through me before I had the chance to react.

Their heads whipped in my direction. It was too late to change my course of action; my fate was already decided.

“Mate.” My wolf cried out at the woman against the wall, clawing at the walls of my mind.

The man backed off from the woman, turning his deadly gaze onto me.

A low growl escaped my lips, the mans eyes widened in response.

I expected a fight; some form of confrontation from the man but nothing happened.

He turned to the woman one last time, keeping his hard glare on me.

“You know what to do.” The guy snapped, turning down the alley way with a huff. His fists were clenched at his side as he walked into the distance.

“Are you alright?” I frowned, approaching my newfound mate.

As werewolves, you always imagine what it will be like to find your mate. You could never truly understand until you’ve felt the real thing.

Everything about this woman was perfection. Her skin was deep ebony, the color of fresh espresso. Her eyes were an intoxicating shade of brown, set with glimpses of amber and gold. Obsidian hair ran down to her shoulders, thousands of spiral curls grazed against her throat. Ruby red lips, long eyelashes and high cheekbones. She was wearing a ankle length dress, a few rings glinting on her fingers.

“Stephs a d**k but he’s harmless.” The woman shrugged, a hand placed on her round hips. “I can handle myself just fine, y’know.”

“I’m sure you can.” My eyes were dancing, a smile playing at my lips as I looked down at my beautiful mate.

“Now, do I gotta be worried about you Mr?” Her dark eyebrow raised, but humor flickered in her eyes.

She could feel the mate bond pulsing between us. It was clear she was a human; her scent unlike a werewolves. She wouldn't know about the mate bond, but she could feel something between us; a connection of sorts.

“Of course not.” I grinned at her, “Just one of the good guys.”

“Good guys.” She scoffed, her radiant eyes were twinkling. “What's your name good guy?”

“Mason.” I grinned, “And yours?”

“Adrienne.” She grinned making me stagger. Her smile sent my wolf into a frenzy, wanting to mark her skin without warning.

“Beautiful name.” I smiled softly, my eyes trailing over her face. “It fits.”

“You wanna meet up tomorrow?” Adrienne smiled in return, her eyes lingering on my own before they traveled down to my lips.

“Name the time and place.” I breathed, completely taken with my mate.

“The little park on second street, the one with the fountain.” Her eyes glimmered, “Meet me there around eleven tomorrow night?”

“Why so late?” I questioned. i wanted to know more about her, I wanted to know everything.

Wolves rarely had patience, and mine was not an exception. He wanted to carry her away, ignoring any screams of protest. I on the other hand, didn't want my mate to fear me or hate me. Patience

was key.

“I get off work around ten.” She shrugged indifferently, “The parks my favorite place to go.”

“I’ll be there.” I grinned, my heart thundering in my chest.

Excitement coursed through me, sending my hairs on end. This was the beginning of everything, the beginning of the rest of my life.

The breeze shifted suddenly, lifting her coiled curls and swaying them to the side.

Something bright stood out on her espresso skin.

A bright scarlett mark stood out, placed on her shoulder. The mark was bright, and shaped like the blade of a scythe.

The mark looked like a freshly done tattoo, the ink bright and vibrant. I wondered what the mark on her skin stood for, what it symbolized.

“What’s that?” I murmured, looking at the bright mark.

“Just a tattoo.” Adrienne shrugged, grazing the mark with her fingers.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 42

Alpha Asher’s P.o.v

Infuriating; the first word I thought of when Lola popped into mind.

Addicting; the second word that described the little ball of fire that constantly tormented me.

She had disobeyed me from the very beginning. Such a simple task I had given her.

Arrive to training—on time.

She came late, making quite an entrance.

I was beginning to realize the many qualities of Lola, the faults that made her even more intoxicating.

The way her lower lip would jut out in a pout—without her realizing she had done so. Her bright eyes innocent, a hint of mischievousness twirling in their depths. Her penchant for being late—punctuality did not come easy for Lola.

These qualities angered me to no end; but also served to draw us closer.

She enjoyed pissing me off, that was obvious. I enjoyed exerting my dominance over her, making her see I was the one in control.

It was clear she hated this, and yet a part of her wanted me to have control. She wanted to be powerless under someone else, their body writhing against her own flushed with sweat and arousal.

I could smell her arousal in her small bedroom, swirling around the two of us. She enjoyed my dominance, enjoyed the force behind my touch. After that moment, I knew she was made for me.

Being an Alpha has its perks, and its downfalls.

Respect, authority, obedience. These were helpful in my work-life, not so much my love life.

Women did not pique my interest. They bowed as they met me, showered me with adoration and respect. They never pressed boundaries, never wanted to anger or upset me. It was the constant walking on eggshells that pissed me off.

They feared me; rightfully so but I had never killed members of my own pack. I killed traitors, rogues, and murderers.

Women pursued me, but were all too dainty and complacent. They needed my strength to carry them, needed me to make decision for them. They never spoke out, never did as they pleased.

I wanted a mate; not a s*x-slave.

Lola was a fire in the middle of the antarctic. Beautiful, wild, and somewhat out of control. She burned as she pleased, heeding the advice of none.

Her Grandmother had been the first to tell me what happened that night. The truth of her heritage had stunned me into silence—something that never happened before.

While this fact was disturbing and unsettling, I knew where Lola's loyalty lied. She might've been disobedient, but she was fiercely loyal to those she cared about.

Half-blooded, many werewolves were half-bloods. None however were half-vampire. Even as an Alpha, not much was known about Vampires.

I wouldn't let this fact affect my pack. I more so wondered how this would affect her, how she would handle it.

"She's strong." My wolf murmured, "If anyone can handle this, she can."

What sent fury rushing through my veins like acid, was the scarlett mark bright on her neck.

I had never seen such a mark before. For just a split second, I hoped it was a tattoo. Something about it glinted cruelly, as if telling the world she now belonged to one of them.

I wanted—I needed to know more, to know how to remove the hideous mark from her creamy skin.

Tristan

The name left her lips effortlessly, mixed with a tone of confusion. Her voice was soft, much too soft to be speaking of another man.

Alpha's were inherently possessive, a trait I embraced in her presence.

My control slipped that night, but I had done nothing to mend it. I sent her over the edge countless times that night, each time watching the pain and bliss on her face.

I marked her chest with my lips and teeth, feeling the need to overpower the hideous mark on her shoulder.

I was a determined man. By the end of the night, her body would respond only to my touch. It would remember the pleasure I had brought.

I had used everything at my disposal to send her tumbling into bliss, everything but what she wanted. Orgasm after org**m she pleaded for the one thing I wouldn't give her. She wanted me

entirely, but bad girls often never got what they wanted.

She had forgotten who she belonged to. I didn't need a mark to claim her, her body responded to me in a way that couldn't be replicated.

Her back arched as wave after wave of pleasure hit her, and I made sure to watch her face each time.

She fed on the pain mixed with bliss; fed on the feel of her sensitive core under my touch. Not once did she beg me to stop. Through all of the whimpers, the pleads, she had never once uttered the word 'stop'.

Well into the morning, I let her fall asleep. Leaving her in her own bed crossed my mind, but I couldn't force myself to move. Instead, I pulled the covers over her clad body.

The creamy skin of her back was uncovered, giving me a good view of her round bottom.

The taste of her skin lingered on my tongue, sweet and rich.

I awoke by the sound of her shuffling from bed. Possessive pride flowed through me as I looked at the purple marks on her skin. The color purple was prominent on her chest, distracting me from the ugly red mark.

I wanted to stay—wanted to spend the day with her but life had other plans. There was work that needed to be done, especially now that I had left early.

The signs were beginning to line up, pointing at Vampires as the cause of Kanyon and Katie's deaths.

After leaving Lola, I headed down to my office to place a few phone calls.

Alpha's from other packs were coming to visit, willing to lend their aid against the Vampires. Many

did not believe me, but they soon would. As the largest pack in the world, I held the power to call meetings such as these. Packs would comply if they wished to remain independent. It was all too easy to kill an Alpha and absorb his pack.

My phone calls lasted well into the evening, finally gaining an agreement between the irritating Alpha's.

Alpha Julian had just been with his mate. The woman had just given birth to a set of triplets, just two years after the birth of their son. I excused them from the meeting, wishing them the best of luck.

I requested the appearance of the packs closest to us, also calling in more warriors of my own.

Alpha Zeke, Alpha Bran, and Luna Freya would be on their way come tomorrow.

Alpha Zeke was a long time friend, and I often provided aid when he asked. Alpha Bran was an insufferable asshole at the best of times. Luna Freya ran her husband's pack after his death, waiting until their son became of age.

Room needed to be made to accommodate the new faces. The pack house would be full of people, something I detested. Sacrifices were in order to fit the amount of warriors coming to our aid.

I walked back to my suite at the end of the night, a migraine forming at my temples. Working with other Alpha's was a nightmare. Often they believed themselves stronger, challenging me until my patience waned.

I watched as Lola entered her own suite, she hadn't noticed me coming down the hall.

It was difficult, turning into my own bedroom. I wanted to tear her door down and drag her back, demand she stay in my room from now on. I couldn't give into those urges, not yet. Not until she was fully mine.

The night was quiet. After a couple drinks, and reading over a couple safety reports, I turned in for bed.

Sleep was not something that came easy when an entire pack rested on your shoulders. After a couple hours, the bedroom around me began to fade.

“Alpha Asher!” A voice in my mind hissed, alarm in her voice. “Alpha Asher!”

I shot from bed. My mind a jumbled, sleep infested mess. Sleep clouded my eyes, but the voice in my head was clear.

Breyona–Lola’s friend.

“Alpha Asher, they have her! The Vampires have Lola.” Breyona hissed as though she needed to keep quiet, “The swimming hole, their at the swimming hole!”

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 43

Lola’s P.o.v

Maya’s excitement slowly faded into frustration as Grandma explained the techniques we can use to protect our mind.

“Meditation.” Grandma nodded serenely, “Learn to control your own thoughts and emotions. Keep’s them out of reach.”

“And how long does this take?” I frowned, my mind running through the ways I could do this.

“Awhile.” Grandma frowned, “It’s not an easy process, disciplining your mind.”

“Well.” I sighed, her techniques wouldn’t be useful to me tonight. “Where do I begin?”

Grandma explained how to meditate, telling me to picture a glistening oasis. She told me to look into the waters and see my own reflection. It seemed easy enough.

“That’s only the first step.” Grandma chuckled.

“The first step?” I huffed, shaking my head.

Fighting I could deal with. Learning to strengthen my body was simple. Strengthening my mind seemed difficult.

I’m impulsive at the best of times. I’m hardly able to control my words let alone my thoughts.

“Second step.” Grandma continued, “Picture a library, stacks of shelves and books as far as the eye can see.”

“Okay.” I drawled the word out, “Books.”

“Let your thoughts fill the books.” Grandma continued, giving me a light smirk. “You can have one book dedicated to Alpha Asher, if need be of course.”

I raised my eyebrow at Grandma and opened my mouth to let loose a snarky remark. She waved me away with her hand, a knowing smile on her face.

“My point is, fill the books with your thoughts and bind them tightly.” Grandma nodded, looking much more serious. “Tuck the books on their shelves and leave them there.”

“That’s it?” I questioned. It seemed far too easy.

“That’s it.” Grandma nodded, “The more you practice, the easier it will get. But I’ll warn you Lola, it’s all too easy for the books to be shredded when you’re first starting out.”

“Got it.” I nodded. How hard could it be to keep my brain books from being touched?

‘Listen to Grandma.’ Maya rolled her eyes, ‘She knows more than us.’

‘So you’ll listen to Grandma and not me?’ I scoffed, ‘Figures.’

‘You get us into trouble.’ Maya pointed out, ‘Grandma doesn’t, and she makes amazing brownies.’

Grandma let me use my old bedroom to practice. She promised to ensure Dad wouldn’t bother me while I practiced.

I laid down on my bedroom floor, positioned in the middle of the room.

Clearing my mind was incredibly difficult, not that I was surprised.

Once my own inner voice quieted, images of Asher and Tristan flashed through my mind.

Asher with his delicious dark hair, tousled to perfection.

Tristan with his light locks and porcelain skin, his swirling blue eyes mischievous.

I forced the images away as best I could, wishing Maya could provide some assistance.

Grandma made it clear that Maya couldn't help. Whatever mind tricks the Vampire's used, it suppressed our wolves. Maya would be no use to me if they managed to slip inside my mind.

The oasis in my head was fuzzy at first, the details an annoying haze. As I continued taking steady breaths, the image became clearer.

Crystal blue waters, swaying wheat grass, and the scent of nature in the air.

I imagined myself delving deep within my own head, a library forming around me.

Rows upon rows of empty books lined oak shelves, each cover a different style and color.

I walked the dark halls of my mind, plucking a deep amber book from its place on the shelf. The cover was dark, but intertwined with threads of gold.

I thumbed through the rough pages, each one blank and without words.

I figured I'd start with the beginning.

I let my memories of Tyler flow from my mind and into the tightly bound book.

Memories flashed and swirled around me.

Tyler and I running through the pack house, his Mom chasing after us. The time we went to the

homecoming dance together. Every memory I had of Tyler pulsed through my mind, filling the pages of the book.

When I looked down at the book, the pages were full. Messy script depicted each memory I ever had with Tyler, all leading up to our encounter in the woods.

I tucked the book back on the shelf, and moved onto the next one.

I had no idea how long it took me, as time seemed to be still in my mind.

Book after book, memory after memory. Leather bound books, hard cover books, short books, withered books. Each were as different and unique as the memories being placed within them.

I finished with my memories of Alpha Asher, every last one of them. His book was larger than the others, the cover a startling shade of black, flecks of silver embedded into the cover.

I stepped back to observe my handiwork, satisfied with what I had done.

When I opened my eyes, I realized three things.

One, the sun was beginning to set in the sky.

Two, my body was incredibly sore.

Three, I had the most killer migraine.

'Well?' Maya's voice filled my head instantly, 'How did it go?'

I cringed at the sound of her voice in my head, my dull bedroom lights igniting a painful throb.

'It's all done.' I grimaced as I replied to her, 'Every memory tucked away.'

'It was that easy?' Maya frowned skeptically, 'Grandma said it wouldn't be easy.'

'Didn't seem too hard.' I shrugged, 'Maybe it's a half-vampire thing.'

'Maybe.' Maya scowled. She didn't seem very convinced.

Grandma was happy to let me stay for dinner, Dad grumbled a 'hello' and pulled me in for a tight hug.

The conversation was light, occasionally drifting over to Sean.

"I can't help but wonder where he is." Dad frowned, scratching at the stubble on his chin.

"He's probably somewhere warm, somewhere with a beach near by." I shrugged, the hint of a smile forming on my face. "He always said he'd live at the beach if he could."

"Well, I hope he comes back soon." Dad nodded, but his face held less worry. "It was nice having another man around."

Dad snickered at his last comment, flashing me one of his old cheeky grins.

"Oh really?" I cocked my eyebrow at him, shooting Grandma an incredulous glance. "What's so bad about us females?"

“Ever since you and your Grandma came back, the house has smelled funny.” Dad shook his head, his eyes glistening with amusement. “Lilac, vanilla, and all those sweet smells.”

Dad faked a shudder and chuckled as Grandma whacked him with a pot holder.

“Better than the smell of body odor and days old pizza.” Grandma shook her head pitifully, “And to think I made an apple pie for dessert.”

“Apple pie?” Dad’s eyes lit up, and he gave his Mom a sheepish grin.

“Oh don’t you dare.” Grandma scolded, “You’ve lost your pie privileges.”

Dad’s jaw dropped and I snickered at him, sticking my tongue out in his direction.

“Don’t mock your Dad.” Grandma turned with her eyebrow raised.

Amusement twinkled in her eyes, and I could easily tell how much Dad had missed the two of us. It was also clear he missed Sean, but sometimes people needed to get away. I couldn’t blame Sean when I had left for an entire year.

We finished our dinner, and after dramatic begging, Grandma let Dad have some pie. The afternoon was exactly what I needed, some carefree time with my family. It helped to distract me on what was to come tonight.

I headed back to the pack house around ten o’clock, slipping down the hallway and into my bedroom.

I stripped out of my clothes, throwing on a pair of leggings and a long sleeve t-shirt. After awhile I could hear shuffling coming from Alpha Asher’s bedroom.

I wanted to cross the hall and knock, to bother Alpha Asher until he dragged me into his bedroom. The soreness in between my legs agreed. We wanted more of him.

For once, it was Maya who reminded me.

'You can't go messing with him right now.' Maya shook her head, but I could still feel her longing. 'If this plan is gonna work, we need you at your best.'

'Alpha Asher doesn't inhibit me, Maya.' I rolled my eyes.

'He distracts you.' Maya pointed out, 'He distracts me too. We don't need distractions tonight.'

'You're right.' I frowned, giving my bedroom door one last longing glance.

The minutes ticked by slowly, and I was practically vibrating with nervousness.

I stayed still on the edge of my bed, taking deep breaths to calm my nerves. Each wave of anxiety made the bookshelves in my mind shudder, quaking under the weight.

Grandma was right, I needed complete control over my emotions. I tried to picture the oasis, calming my mind as best I could. Only when the bookshelves stopped quaking, did I stand from the bed.

Thirty minutes before Midnight, Breyona and Mason's voice filled my mind.

'You ready, Lola?' Breyona sounded tired, yet determined.

'As ready as I can be.' I nodded, doing my best to keep my nerves from my voice.

'You got this, Lola.' Mason chimed in, his usual happy tone sounded stressed and worried.

'It'll be fine.' I wasn't sure if I was reassuring myself or them. 'If Tyler's still interested in me that way, there's no way he'll let anyone hurt me.'

Sneaking from the house was easier than I expected. Little did Alpha Asher know, but Tyler and I had spent years sneaking around his house. My footsteps were light and calculated as I crept down the hallway. I even went as far as to hold my breath, only breathing when I was clear from Alpha Asher's bedroom.

I slipped out the sliding glass door, remembering how the front door used to squeak horribly.

'Did you make it out?' Breyona's voice murmured in my mind.

'Safe and sound.' I chuckled lightly, 'No one noticed.'

'Keep calm.' Maya murmured, 'We need a clear mind.'

I tried to keep my mind clear as i headed towards the other side of town, stopping when the forest line came into view.

I took a deep breath and walked into the forest. It was getting more difficult to keep my mind clear. Every little sound had me turning on my heel. I was sure Alpha Asher would appear at any moment, dragging me away before I could say anything.

Each sound was either a Vampire coming for my life, or Alpha Asher coming for my body.

The true test was when the swimming hole came into view. My heart lurched and sped up, my bookshelves shuddering in my mind.

'Calm, Lola.' Maya urged quietly.

'You can do this.' Breyona murmured through the mind-link.

'We'll be with you the entire time.' Mason nodded, and I could practically see the goofy grin on his face.

I tried to picture my anxiety leaving me, a clear oasis becoming clearer in my mind. The bookshelves stopped their shuddering and remained still.

I walked over to the swimming hole, noticing how different it looked at night.

The swimming hole was where Tyler and I had come to relax, to get time away from his duties as future Alpha.

In the middle of the night, the swimming hole looked mysterious and threatening. The usual clear waters were dark, looking like murky ink as it sat still under the dim moonlight.

I had arrived early, and the minutes ticked by much too slow.

11:59

There was nothing but silence. The usual sounds of nature were absent. Not a single cricket chirped. The entire forest was holding its breath.

12:00

My watch flashed, and I let my eyes wander around aimlessly.

“Hello, Lola.”

Tyler emerged from the brush, no longer concealed by darkness. His eyes glinted hungrily as he stalked toward me.

I refused to let my anxiety spike. Tyler was not something to fear.

“Beautiful.” Another familiar voice, “Wonderful to see you again.”

Tristan emerged from the brush, his light hair catching every ounce of moonlight.

‘Lola.’ Breyona murmured, ‘Focus.’

I painted an image in my mind, showing Breyona and Mason what was happening.

A low growl rang out in my head as Mason caught sight of Tyler.

‘Any minute now.’ Maya murmured, ‘Tristan is gonna try to get into your head.’

“You know why I’m here.” I straightened my spine, and fought to keep my voice even and clear. “Tell me what I need to know.”

“Mm, you want information?” Tristan mused, a sly smile on his face. “What will you give in return?”

Tyler glared at Tristan, but quickly turned his eyes back to my own. For just a split second, I saw the Tyler of my childhood lingering in his gaze.

He was in way over his head. Whatever plan he had was failing, being taken over by the Vampires. I

refused to help him. He made his choice, and now he was going to suffer for it.

At Tristan's words, two more Vampire's came into the clearing. Each had Tristan's strange beauty, even though all three were wildly different.

The first one was huge with tanned skin and short curly hair. The second had skin the color of fresh espresso, his eyes gold and firm.

"You said to come alone." My eyes flickered between the two new Vampires. I kept any fear that threatened to fill me under control. "And yet you bring backup?"

I felt like I was wrestling a wild bull. The scarlet mark on my neck itched and burned, begging to be soothed by Tristan's touch. I was holding that part of myself back, all while controlling my emotions.

"My friends Gabriel and Giovanni are merely here for protection." Tristan's smile was understanding and slightly condescending. "We are on Alpha Asher Desmond's territory after all."

'What did he say their names were?' Breyona's voice sounded rushed, almost frantic.

'Giovanni and Gabriel.' I murmured quickly, refusing to take my attention off any of them for a split second.

Something happened in my mind, something that nearly threw me off guard.

I could feel someone walking around in my head, their fingers grazing the books that sat nestled on my shelves. If I closed my eyes, I was sure I'd see Tristan's sly grin as he strolled around in my head.

I forced every book to remain on it's shelf, tightly bound and out of reach. My head wasn't foggy this time, my thoughts were clear but my attention was divided.

“Why don’t you come with us, beautiful?” Tristan murmured, taking a slow step towards me. “Let me finish what I started and I will give you all the information you desire.”

I could feel his words bouncing around in my head, urging me to follow along. His words tried their best to dull my senses, but the books on my shelves remained tightly bound.

“No.” I shook my head, feeling a small piece of me cower at the word. “I will not come with you.”

“Learned some new tricks?” Surprise flashed across Tristan’s flawless face, followed by irritation. “No matter. Try if you will, but you are destined to be mine. My Queen.”

That side of me whimpered at the word ‘Queen’, and I couldn’t help but think of how fitting it would be. Queen Lola.

‘Snap out of it.’ Maya hissed.

‘Lola, keep yourself together.’ Breyona scowled in my mind.

My bookshelves stopped shaking and finally remained still.

“No one dictates what I’m destined for.” I snapped at Tristan, reigning in my irritation at the last moment. “I belong to no one. Now give me the information you promised before I alert the rest of my pack.”

A sly grin formed on Tristan’s face.

“You threaten me with your precious Alpha?” Tristan’s eyes flickered deviously, “I will tell you one thing, beautiful. This is only the beginning. Your pack will fall, and you will take your rightful place by my side.”

“Don’t count on it.” I shook my head, ignoring my burning mark.

As much as I denied it, a part of me wanted to be with Tristan. The desire I saw in the depths of his eyes called to me, as well as the darkness surrounding him. It was alluring, promising power and praise I had never experienced before.

Tristan continued worming his way into my head, searching for some way to weaken my control. While his face remained calm, I could feel his burning frustration.

He had never been slighted before—never been resisted. For whatever reason, I was the ultimate prize for him, a prize he had to win.

That only strengthened me. I was not a prize to be won. I’m stubborn, hard-headed, and fiercely loyal Lola.

“You can’t break me, Tristan.” I managed to utter his name, not a trace of longing or familiarity in my words. “What a waste of time this must be for you.”

Tristan’s eyes flashed dangerously, his sly grin widening on his face. He looked like some kind of avenging angel—or demon. Beautifully fair haired, his porcelain skin appeared to glow under the moonlight.

“On the contrary, I’ve been meaning to ask you something beautiful.” Tristan’s voice was rough and smug. “Haven’t you been wondering where your brother is?”

The bookshelves collapsed, each book tearing at the binding. Pages scattered to the floor, messy scrawling covering each torn scrap.

My mind clouded with thoughts of Tristan. The mind-link snapped, leaving me alone.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 44

Mason’s P.o.v

I spent the next day with Adrienne on my mind. Her deep espresso skin, her startling eyes, and the way her full lips curved up in a smile. I could hardly focus on anything else. The prospect of meeting my mate that night was overwhelming. My mind flitted through the possibilities of the life we could have together.

I had gotten off work late that night. I stayed a couple hours after my shift, not wanting to go back to my Grandfather's house. There was a constant air of stress in that house. My Dad was practically waiting for my Grandfather to slip up and treat my Mom like crap. Mom was constantly walking around on eggshells, memories from her horrible childhood resurfacing.

I hung my apron up on one of the many hooks lining the Deli's walls and clocked out. I smelled like cold cut sandwiches, something I wasn't too fond of.

"I'll see you tomorrow, kid." The owner Dev grumbled, his eyes down on the till as he counted twenty dollar bills.

"See ya, Dev." I nodded, walking out of the Deli. The little bell on the door clanged as it slammed shut, ringing out into the empty street.

It was oddly silent for a night in the city. Usually all of the strange people came out at night, but this time there was no one. A single homeless person was slumped against the wall down one of the many alleys, but he was the only one.

My footsteps pattered against the sidewalk as I tried to remember where the park was located. Just a few blocks down the road, and then a sharp left.

Mom, Dad and I had seen the park as we were driving into town. Many people sat out in the grass or walked their dogs during the day time. At night, it had an entirely different feel to it.

The rushing waters of the fountain sounded loud in comparison to the quiet surroundings. Parts of the grass in the park were lit by crappy street lights. The benches were empty and damp with dew. Sprinklers were going off in clu*ters.

As I walked closer to the park, I could make out a clear figure sitting on one of the benches. I could only see the side of her face, but I knew it was Adrienne. My wolf howled in delight, urging me to walk faster.

Her face lit up as she saw me, my heart fluttering in response. I couldn't have imagined my mate would be so beautiful, so strong and confident.

"I see you made it in one piece." Adrienne smiled, her eyes twinkling under the poor streetlights.

"I managed." I grinned, "It's awful quiet out here."

"I like the park at night." Adrienne shrugged, standing from the bench. Her eyes were locked on the trickling fountain waters, a strange look on her face.

"Look, I'm sure you're a great guy." Adrienne opened her full lips, but I couldn't understand the words that left them.

My wolf could feel the certainty in her tone, howling at the weight of her words.

"Adrienne—" I opened my mouth, but what could I say?

I could tell her the truth, but what normal person would believe that? I couldn't let her go, she's my

mate. She already owned my heart, whether she knew it or not.

“I already belong to someone.” Adrienne sliced through my words. She wielded her voice like a knife, slashing at my heart. “You’re too late, Mason.”

“Doll face, you’re early.” A strange looking man grinned as he walked up to Adrienne.

Anger rushed through my veins as the man wrapped his arm around Adrienne, shooting me a sly grin as he trailed his fingers down her face.

A second man followed the first, standing close by. I recognized the second man as ‘Steph’, the one who had Adrienne pinned against the wall of the alley. A furious glare was on his face, his dark eyes burned into my own. I could feel his intense hatred rolling in waves.

“This the pup you were telling us about?” The man snickered, his eyes never leaving my own.

His hair was long and straight, the color of midnight. His eyes on the other hand were much too bright. A clear blue that almost seemed to glow in the darkness. His built was large, much larger than mine at the time. His eyes were dancing with amusement, as if this night was the highlight of his week.

Something about him was off. The wind shifted, rustling his dark hair. Not a single scent hit my nose. The only thing I could smell was Adrienne. Her tempting aroma was everywhere, but I smelled nothing of the two men at her side.

“What is he talking about?” I snapped, my eyes searching Adrienne’s face.

Her features were blank as she stared at me. Her startling eyes held no information. Pain wracked through me as she turned her eyes to the man.

“He is.” Adrienne nodded, “He’s completely clueless. Doesn’t even know what he stumbled into.”

“Good, makes it even more fun.” The man grinned, his fingers trailing over the scarlet tattoo on Adrienne’s shoulder. “Seems like the pup has a little crush on you, Adrienne.”

“Let’s get this done with, Felix.” Adrienne huffed, giving Felix a pointed look. “You know I don’t like dragging this sh*t out. I’d rather be at home.”

“I’ve got to have a little fun, love.” Felix gave me a sly grin as he threaded his fingers through Adrienne’s curls, bringing her lips to his own.

I could’ve sworn my heart stopped. It wasn’t technically a rejection, but it might as well have been. My body was wracked with pain, tremors of it ran up my torso. My wolf howled mercilessly, unable to bare the pain of losing his mate.

I had heard countless stories of people rejected by their mates, never did I fully understand how bad it hurt. Never did I think it could happen to me.

Felix released Adrienne, turning to face me. His eyes glinted darkly as he stalked towards me. He slipped his heavy jacket from his shoulders, handing it back to Adrienne without sparing her a glance.

I could clearly make out the scarlet tattoo on Felix’s shoulder, identical to Adrienne’s. Matching tattoo’s—I had time to think about the stupid idea, when Felix lunged forward.

I knew they were no match for me. A werewolf against a human—The human didn’t stand a chance. I let my claws extend, thankful my wolf was listening to me at the moment. His sorrow still swirled around in my head, giving me the start of a migraine.

Felix lunged, knocking me to the ground roughly.

Fear broke through me, chilling me and filling me with a horrible sense of dread. The strength he had was much more than a mere human, his speed triple that of a human. I was breathless on the

ground, a stammering mess as I looked into the eyes of my mate.

Her bright eyes were detached, looking at me vacantly. I tried to plead with her, to tell her how I felt with my eyes. I could see the acceptance in them, I could see that she knew exactly what we were to one another.

“W-What are you?” I stammered, struggling to pull myself from the ground.

Felix’s face broke out into a grin, a joyful grin.

“Wouldn’t you like to know, pup.” He chuckled, his laugh sounding cold and hollow. “It’s more fun this way. You’ll die never knowing what was responsible. You should’ve never left your pack, mutt.”

Adrienne turned her eyes away from me, and I braced myself for the worst.

I can’t begin to explain what the pain of losing your mate felt like. Like half of your soul was torn away from you, leaving you shredded beyond recognition. I wasn’t thinking of my Mom or Dad, I wasn’t thinking about anything other than her. It was like my will to live had been su*ked from me, all by her cold stare. I didn’t care that I might die here. I didn’t care that some unknown creature was going to kill me. Even my wolf lost the will to fight, simply whimpering at the loss of his mate.

Felix lunged forward, again and again.

Tearing, shredding, slashing. I couldn’t keep track of what he was doing to me. I could feel the pain, mingling with the loss of my mate. The physical pain was like a beacon, distracting me from the pain my own mate was putting me through. My mind had stopped trying to figure out why this was happening, why she had chosen someone else. The only thing I could smell was my mates scent, coupled with my own life-blood. The only thing I could hear was my gurgling breaths, slowing by the second.

“Leave him to die.” Felix chuckled, but it sounded warped in my ears. “Steph, come get his body in the morning.”

Felix was right, I was dying. The physical pain was gone now, but my body felt like dead weight. I couldn't see what he had done to me, nor could I see the park. All I could see was the dark sky, lit up by a brilliant moon and hundreds of stars.

"Give me a minute with the pup." My mate's voice was sweet, sultry. "After all, he did have a little crush on me."

"Adrienne." Felix chuckled, "Always getting attached to the victims. Go on, have your fun. Don't cut his life short, I enjoy letting them bleed out. Gives them time to think."

"Of course." Adrienne cooed.

I wasn't sure what was going on, all I focused on was Adrienne's voice. Her rich voice, filled with emotion I would never be on the receiving end of.

"Hey you." Her voice was much closer now. Her scent swirled around me, bringing me back from the depths of unconsciousness.

"Adrienne." I tried to speak her lips, but couldn't form the words. My voice was silent, a strange gurgling sound leaking from my lips.

"Shh, don't speak." Adrienne's voice was strong, sure of herself. "I know what you are, werewolf. I know what I am to you."

I wanted to speak more than anything, to understand why she had done this to me. I didn't care how she knew what I was, it didn't matter. I just needed to know why she rejected me, why my love couldn't be enough for her.

"I want you to know, I already made my choice long ago. You came too late, Mason." Adrienne sounded almost sorry, her cold voice thawing in the slightest.

“I, Adrienne LaFont—reject you as my mate, Mason.” The coldness was gone from her voice, but she was right. She had made her decision long ago, and there was no changing it.

I let myself slip into the darkness, welcoming the reprieve from my pain.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 45

Lola’s P.o.v

I had just a few seconds to realize my Grandma was yet again correct. I wasn’t sure why it had surprised me each time, she was rarely ever wrong.

Keeping my own emotions and memories under control wasn’t as easy as I made it out to be. With just a few words, my carefully collected memories were scattered to the wind.

Tristan smiled successfully, his words had the impact he was looking for.

My mind was clouded over by that delicious fog, blurring the names and faces of everyone I ever knew. The only person I could remember was Tristan. Whatever Tristan was doing acted like a sedative, making me feel calm and relaxed.

“Why don’t you come with us, beautiful.” Tristan murmured, his eyes soft as he looked me over.

“Come with you?” I frowned, my own voice sounded strange in my ears.

I could feel something scratching at the walls of my mind, begging to be let in. I had the feeling I knew who it was, although I couldn’t place my finger on the name.

“Were mates, beautiful.” Tristan’s smile was breathtaking, and I watched in awe as his smile lit up his entire face.

“Mates?” I was confused. Wasn’t I supposed to find my mate on my birthday? Then again, I wasn’t sure when my birthday was.

The two other Vampires stood close to Tristan, ready to jump in if anything were to happen. Tyler stood by Tristan, a sour look on his face.

I couldn’t see anyone but Tristan, and I wondered if he was telling me the truth. Could we be mates?

“You trust me, Lola.” Tristan murmured, taking a step forward with his hand stretched out. “You won’t feel confused if you come with me. I can make that all go away. We belong together.”

Tristan looked sincere, his light eyes pleading as he reached for my hand. I extended my own, giving in to Tristan’s touch. His skin was cool against my own, soothing the fire that had been building for days now. The part of me that yearned for his touch was stronger when my mind was clouded. I ran my fingers over the smooth skin of his palm, tracing the lines and marveling at the odd sensation. He chilled the fire burning over my skin, searing my flesh with it’s heat and intensity.

I stepped forward, ready to walk into his arms.

A black wolf the size of a bear leaped over my head, slamming into Tristan’s chest and knocking him backwards.

I felt the fog being torn from my mind painfully and without mercy. Tristan was no longer in my head, but it felt much like the night at the club. I was still disoriented, not sure where I was or who

my friends were. All I knew is some part of me wanted to protect Tristan. That part of me was ready to throw myself in front of the giant wolf, risk my own life to save Tristan's.

I stumbled backwards, landing on my bottom with a thud. The black wolf turned to look at me, it's honey eyes startling and familiar. Those eyes were important to me, that I knew for sure. I just couldn't place a name or face to those eyes.

When the wolf turned to look at me, this gave Tristan enough time to leap up from the ground and sprint off into the forest. The black wolf snarled at the trees, it's eyes locked on where Tristan had ran.

The two other vampires were moments away from following their friend when another wolf barreled into the woods. This wolf was the color of sand with white splotches of fur. It wasn't as big as the black one, but still very large for an average wolf.

Gabriel turned and tried to run, but the sandy wolf sunk it's teeth into his calf. The roar of pain that left Gabriel's lips sounded strange and very inhuman. Like an animal being caught in a trap.

If I had been in my right mind, I would've laughed at the look on Tyler's face. Anger, horror, and defeat. He knew he'd been caught. There was no way he'd be able to fight against two wolves. The other Vampire Giovanni, knew it as well.

Another wolf bounded into the woods, chocolate in color. This wolf was smaller than the other two and somehow slimmer. The chocolate wolf locked eyes with Giovanni, a strange sound leaving it's muzzle. A mix between a whimper and a low growl.

Giovanni took one last glance at his fallen friend, who was currently being torn apart by the sandy wolf, and fled into the woods.

The black wolf growled at the brown, it's eyes conveying some sort of message. My mind was still a jumbled mess, my memories slowly forming together. Could wolves even talk to one another? It sure seemed like they could.

The chocolate wolf nodded once and darted into the woods, following the Vampire Giovanni.

A fourth wolf, grey in color, entered the woods. Its head was whipping around, surveying the damage. I could've sworn I saw its shoulders drop as it realized it had arrived late. The black wolf growled at the grey before stalking off into the woods.

The grey wolf approached Tyler, crouched as it looked into his eyes. A deep growl came from the wolf's chest.

Where the black wolf had disappeared into the woods, an extremely attractive looking guy came out. He was wearing only a pair of sweatpants, and looked absolutely delectable. Rippled muscles ran the length of his arms and chest, his skin was clear and pale as the moon. His hair looked a bit messy, but begged to have fingers run through it. He walked over to me as if he already knew me, scooping me up into his arms.

"Lola." The guy snarled, his face glaring down on me.

I wasn't sure what I did wrong. My memories were much slower in restoring themselves this time. I could only assume it had to do with the library I had built in my head. Everything was in order, but now the entire library was in shambles. A lot of rebuilding would have to be done, once my mind was clearer.

"I didn't do it." I shook my head, unsure what else to say.

I remembered everything that happened tonight, but I couldn't figure out its importance. Why was I here to begin with? The shirtless guy who held me in his arms lifted his eyebrow at my words, but said nothing.

A girl ran out of the forest, short brown hair that grazed her shoulders.

"Did you find him?" The guy holding me snapped, his eyes growing dark.

“No.” The girl shook her head, a strange light was in her eyes. “He was too fast.”

“Beta Devin, shift and bring Tyler to one of the holding cells.” The guy carrying me snapped at the sandy wolf.

He turned to the girl with short hair, “Why is she still confused?”

“She was like this last time.” The girl frowned as she looked at me, “It’ll take some time for his influence to leave her mind.”

“We will have to wait to hear whatever she learned.” Alpha Asher huffed, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“They said this was only the beginning.” Breyona frowned, her eyes conveying the slightest hint of fear. “She had us mind-linked the entire time.”

“So the two of you helped her with this suicidal plan?” Alpha Asher glared daggers at Breyona and the grey wolf. I couldn’t help but feel bad for them. It seemed like this entire thing actually was my fault.

“We did.” Breyona nodded, her lips turned down in a frown. “She was going through with it either way. We couldn’t just let her go out there unprotected.”

“She shouldn’t have gone out here in the first place.” Alpha Asher snarled, making Breyona take a step back.

“You know there’s no stopping Lola once she decides to do something.” Breyona’s eyebrows were pressed together, her eyes wide as she looked at Alpha Asher.

“Is that all?” Alpha Asher sighed, looking a little less angry. “This is just the beginning?”

“No.” Breyona shook her head. “They said something about her brother. He left when Kanyon died, they haven’t heard from him since. I think he’s been taken.”

The guy carrying me grunted, his eyes lightened revealing the golden color that swirled within them. He looked down at me, a strange emotion flickering in his eyes.

“You have pretty eyes.” I blurted, my hand coming up to cover my mouth as I registered what I had said.

“Flattery will not save you, Lola.” The guy sighed sharply, closing his eyes for just a moment.

“You saved me—I think.” I frowned.

I tried to wrack my brain for answers, trying to remember why I had been here in the first place. A sharp pain rattled through out my head, making me wince. I still couldn’t remember why I had come here in the first place, but my attempt wasn’t completely useless. I remembered who I was, and who the people around me were.

“You wouldn’t have needed saving.” Alpha Asher snapped, glaring down at me. “Why couldn’t you just stay at the pack house?”

“I have no idea.” I frowned, and truly I didn’t. Alpha Asher seemed pretty worked up though, upset over whatever I had done. I was definitely in for it when my mind was in working order.

Beta Devin shifted into human form and slipped on a pair of sweatpants identical to Alpha Asher’s. He walked up to Tyler and delivered a blow that crumpled him to the ground. Tyler didn’t even bother fighting back, he already knew what was coming the moment Giovanni and Tristan fled the scene. The crack of knuckles against flesh made me cringe. Beta Devin threw Tyler’s unconscious body over his shoulder and walked up to us.

“I’ll get Lola back safely.” Alpha Asher nodded to Breyona and the grey wolf. “Tell her family what

has happened.”

Breyona and the silver wolf nodded, darting back into the woods. Beta Devin followed them, Tyler hanging lifelessly over his shoulder.

I rested my head against Alpha Asher’s chest, the beginning of a migraine forming.

“You are in so much trouble.” Alpha Asher shook his head.

His footfalls were loud in the silent forest. I could hear Alpha Asher’s steady heartbeat coupled with the sound of crunching leaves and twigs.

“How can I be in trouble when I don’t remember what I did?” I murmured, my fingers reaching up to rub my temples.

“You’ll remember eventually.” Alpha Asher looked down at me, his eyes entirely black. “And once you do, you’ll be lucky if I ever let you leave my side again.”

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 46

My head was throbbing rapidly, following the beat to one of the songs Breyona constantly listened to.

It took me several minutes to finally open my eyes, the beating in my head subsided in the slightest. Surprise registered in my head when I realized the bedroom. Memories flashed through my mind, filled with both pleasure and pain.

This was the bed I had received my hours long punishment on, one I was still healing from. The sensitive spot between my legs throbbed once, reminding me of the pleasure I had felt.

I sat up in bed, grimacing as I looked down at my clothes. Someone had changed me before setting me in Alpha Asher’s bed.

I let out a low groan as I pulled myself from the bed, wobbling on my own two feet.

“I demand an answer for your behavior.” Alpha Asher’s snarl was abrupt, nearly making me topple over.

His voice startled me, causing me to clutch the thin fabric of the t-shirt I was wearing to my chest. The t-shirt smelled like Alpha Asher, and my heart hammered as I realized who it belonged to.

“Quit gaping at me and answer.” Alpha Asher snapped, rolling his eyes.

He sat on the other side of the room, resting in a large armchair. He had a glass of liquor in his hand. Judging from the sun shining through the window, it was much too early to be drinking.

“I’m not gaping.” I snapped, speaking the first thing that came to mind.

I needed a minute to think about last night, to ponder what happened. I was ready to leave with Tristan. Hell, I wanted to leave with Tristan. His skin against my own, it felt right for some reason. The side of me that wanted Tristan was growing stronger, yearning for him more. That side didn’t diminish how I felt about Alpha Asher. The intoxicating feelings I had were still there, leaving me even more confused. I was sure one of them would be my mate, but who?

I couldn’t imagine myself with either of them. I wasn’t Luna material, and I wasn’t sure I was mated to a Vampire. Both choices sounded strange in my mind, and yet I felt a connection to both of them.

‘You idiot.’ Maya’s voice growled throughout my mind.

'I'm sorry, Maya.' I frowned, 'I didn't expect to be thrown off guard like that.'

My blood ran cold, the words Tristan had said that sent me over the edge still rang clear in my ears. I felt hatred mingle with the desire I felt for him. The asshole had something to do with my brother leaving, I was sure of it.

"That's not what I asked, Lola." Alpha Asher growled lowly, standing from his seat on the armchair.

"You would've never let me go." I shook my head, "We needed information. They would've known I hadn't come alone."

"So, you decide to put yourself in danger." Alpha Asher scoffed, "What did you learn Lola? Tell me."

"I think they took my brother." I frowned, "That and they're just getting started."

"So, you learned nothing." Alpha Asher scoffed, shaking his head.

More memories hammered my brain, images flooding through my mind.

"You have Tyler." I gaped, "You have Tyler. Obviously, that counts for something."

"Tyler is nothing." Alpha Asher sneered the word. "Refuses to speak, no matter how badly we torture him."

I should have felt bad for Tyler—I really should have, but I couldn't. The thought of torturing someone made my stomach turn, but Tyler had put himself in this position.

“He’ll break.” I shook my head, “Tyler isn’t strong.”

“Lola.” Alpha Asher exhaled sharply, his fingers pinching the bridge of his nose. “You’re lucky you survived.”

“I knew they wouldn’t hurt me.” I shook my head.

“How do you know?” Alpha Asher’s eyes turned dark. “Is it that Vampire you mentioned? What was his name? Tristan.”

Alpha Asher snarled Tristan’s name, his eyes growing black. I was tempted to stumble backwards, unable to handle a repeat of the night before.

“He wants me.” I shook my head, “I don’t know why, but he does.”

“He can’t have you.” Asher snarled, backing me up against the wall.

My heart hammered in my chest as Alpha Asher glared down at me. Many emotions were swirling in his eyes. He was furious with me, but desire was present as well. Desire and fury mingled in his gaze, setting my insides on fire.

“I don’t want him.” I assured him, but part of me knew that was a lie. Part of me did want him—she wanted him bad.

‘It’s that stupid mark on your shoulder.’ Maya hissed, ‘It’s messing with your head.’

I wasn’t sure if I believed her or not. Was it the mark? Or was it the mate bond trying to pull me towards my other half? What would I do if Tristan was my mate? Would I have the strength to reject him?

“You say that, but I don’t think your being honest Lola.” Alpha Asher leaned in close, his lips nearly grazing my ear. “Do you need a repeat of last time?”

“N-No.” I stammered as his hot breath fanned against my ear.

Alpha Asher’s hands traveled down my waist, squeezing my hips roughly. The pain made my core throb, already begging for more.

“Then why are you lying to me?” Alpha Asher whispered gruffly, yanking up the t-shirt I was wearing.

Cool air fanned against my bare legs. A blush formed on my cheeks as I realized I was only wearing a pair of panties. Alpha Asher had changed me, letting me sleep in his bed wearing next to nothing.

“Because I don’t want to want him.” I bit down on my lower lip, fighting against Alpha Asher’s touch.

“He can never have you.” Alpha Asher murmured; his voice tinged with anger. “I’m possessive—I’m demanding, and most of all; I do not share what is mine.”

Alpha Asher spoke each word slowly, letting his hand trail between my legs. He cupped my pu**y, the scent of my arousal filling the room.

“See how ready you are for me?” Alpha Asher murmured in my ear. I shivered roughly as he nipped at my earlobe and buried his face in my neck.

He was taking deep breaths of my scent, his finger trailing my covered pu**y slowly. My legs parted on their own and I clamped them shut in frustration.

Alpha Asher had gotten me to admit I belonged to him, something I would’ve done for no one else. It

was frustrating how my body responded to him. I had woken up this morning feeling like crap, learning my brother had been taken. With just a single touch, he had me forgetting everything that happened. My body was mush in his hands, and he loved using that against me.

“Fighting only makes me want you more.” Alpha Asher chuckled darkly, forcing my legs open with his thigh.

I wanted to shove him off and stomp away in frustration, but my body had other plans. He forced my leg open with his own, pulling my panties to the side. His finger grazed my slick lips, bringing moisture up to my cl*t.

“You thought you could handle playing with an Alpha.” Alpha Asher chuckled darkly, his teeth clamping down on my neck. “You made him want you, Lola. Teased him every chance you had.”

“I didn’t—” I started but gasped as one of his fingers slid inside of me. He pumped his finger inside of me steadily, his pace agonizingly slow. My core clenched around his finger, already begging for more.

“You did.” Alpha Asher chuckled, running his lips over the sensitive skin of my neck. “You know exactly what you did.”

Alpha Asher used his thumb to rub along my cl*t. The sudden rush of pleasure made my back arch, shoving my chest against his own.

“You made him want you, and now you belong to him.” Alpha Asher murmured against my skin.

“You want me—but you won’t f**k me.” I gasped in pain as a second finger slid inside of me.

He hadn’t used two fingers before, and I was struggling to adjust. The pain mixed with pleasure, stretching me but not quite filling me. It still wasn’t what I needed.

“Like I said before, Lola—only good girls get f**ked.” Alpha Asher murmured, “If you haven’t noticed, you’ve been very bad lately.”

At Alpha Asher’s words, his pace increased feverishly. His fingers rammed my puy roughly as he took his anger out on my body. The pressure in-between my legs continued to climb until another hard thrust sent me over the edge. An exhilarated scream tore through my lips as my orgm wracked my body. My legs shook and my fingers curled, yet I still wasn’t fully satisfied. Alpha Asher’s touch had chased any thoughts of Tristan away. The side of me that wanted him was dormant.

I was willing to give Alpha Asher all of me—but I wanted the same in return.

“I’ll try—” I stammered, swallowing my pride. “I’ll try to be good, but you know what I want.”

“It seems being good is an impossibility for you.” Alpha Asher replied, his eyes returning to their usual honey shade. I couldn’t tell if that was a term of endearment for Alpha Asher, or if he was just stating the truth.

“It’s not.” I shook my head. Alpha Asher had me turning into a bitch in heat, dying for his touch. “I can be good.”

“And why should I give you what you crave?” Alpha Asher murmured, his face leaning in close to my own.

I was hyperaware at the fact his lips were only inches away from my own. All the times Alpha Asher had touched my body, he had yet to kiss me. The act felt somewhat insulting and impersonal, but it only made me want him more.

I knew what he wanted me to say—but was I going to say it? Was It the truth?

“Because I’m yours.” I breathed, and I knew it was the truth.

He had claimed me the moment he met me, never once telling me he did so. The moment I first showed up late to training, I was his.

“Good girl.” Alpha Asher’s anger had left, his eyes even softened infinitesimally.

“I will spare your friends.” Alpha Asher turned as he began walking back to his liquor. “They will not be punished for your recklessness.”

“Thank you.” I nodded sincerely; grateful my friends wouldn’t need to suffer.

“You can find some other way to thank me.” Alpha Asher’s voice was emotionless, but his eyes glinted slyly.

I wanted to snort and roll my eyes, but my mind was elsewhere. I was sure Grandma and Dad had heard the news. They were probably out of their mind with worry. Dad would likely murder me, while Grandma would give me one of her disapproving looks that nearly broke my heart. I hated how Alpha Asher always left me wanting more, but for once I had other things that needed tending to.

I grabbed the pair of jeans that were lying crumpled on the floor and slid them over my legs. Just as I wrapped my hand around the bedroom door, Alpha Asher stopped me.

His large hand wrapped around my wrist, gripping it tightly.

“And where do you think you’re going?” Alpha Asher questioned, his toffee eyes burning into my own.

“I need to see my Dad and Grandma.” I lifted my eyebrow as I stared at him, practically daring him to refuse. “Their probably worried sick.”

“You’re not leaving.” Alpha Asher shook his head, pulling me away from the door.

“What?” The word left my lips in a frustrated squeak, “The hell I’m not!”

“You are not leaving, Lola.” Alpha Asher murmured, his hand cupping my face tightly. “I told you last night. You’d be lucky if I ever let you leave my side again.”

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 47

Alpha Asher refused to let me leave his side, something that frustrated me to no end. He was a man of his word, refusing to let me stray more than five feet from his side.

I tried darting down the hallway, only to be dragged back a moment later. Alpha Asher was pissed, but I decided the look on his face made it worthwhile.

Being good was much harder than I thought.

‘As much as I enjoy being stuck with him, he can’t keep us here forever.’ Maya rolled her eyes, hating being watched over.

So, we made a mistake, but we also learned something from the horrible experience. Something had happened to Sean. Tristan could have been lying, saying what he needed to throw me off guard. But could I really let my brother’s life hinge on a potential lie? No, I had to treat it as though he were telling the truth.

Alpha Asher led me down the hall, and to the top of the stairs. He stopped abruptly, making me slam into his muscular back and nearly fall to the floor.

“A little warning next time.” I grumbled, steadying myself on my feet.

“We’re skipping training today.” Alpha Asher grunted, his body facing the stairs.

“What?” I frowned, “Why?”

I enjoyed training. Well, when I wasn't partnered with Alpha Asher.

“Two Alpha's from neighboring packs are here today, along with a Luna from a different pack.” Alpha Asher turned to face me, “You're meeting them with me.”

“Me?” I choked out. I didn't have any business meeting with Alpha's, that was his job. “Just get Beta Devin to babysit me or something.”

I grumbled the last part, clearly fed up with watched.

“No.” Alpha Asher's voice was hard, his eyes burning into my own. “Only I will watch you. I don't trust anyone else to watch you.”

“Paranoid much?” I rolled my eyes, “No one's going to attack me.”

“Let me rephrase.” Alpha Asher smirked, his body only inches from my own. “I think you'll escape if someone else watches you, but you won't get away from me.”

‘We'll see about that.’ Maya grumbled.

‘Now who has the death wish?’ I snickered.

'I'm past believing he'll kill us.' Maya shrugged, 'If anything, his punishments are worth the trouble.'

'You can say that again.' I nodded, in agreement with my wolf.

"I would never." I scoffed, my hand on my heart.

Alpha Asher's husky scent swirled around me, mingling with the fresh smell of his cologne. It took all my willpower to stay in control, resisting the urge to leap on him in the middle of the hallway.

Alpha Asher smirked, but didn't comment.

"Alpha Zeke is a friend of mine. Alpha Bran is an insufferable prick. And Luna Freya is here on behalf of her pack." Alpha Asher informed me.

"Luna Freya?" I frowned, "Where's the Alpha?"

"Dead." Alpha Asher stated bluntly, "Died in an attack a few years ago. Luna Freya runs the pack until her son becomes of age."

"Oh." I nodded, unsure what else to say.

"If Alpha Bran becomes to insufferable, don't fight back. He'll only enjoy it." Alpha Asher smirked and began walking down the stairs.

I followed silently, unsure what my place was in this entire situation. My cheeks flushed pink when I realized what the other Alpha's would think once they saw me. Some strange girl of no ranking following around the Alpha.

They would think I was sleeping with him.

'If only.' Maya rolled her eyes, 'But no, he just torments us to death.'

Beta Devin was the first person I saw as we came into the living room. A knowing smirk was on his face as he saw me.

"Good to see you up and walking, Lola." Beta Devin nodded his head, a glimmer of humor in his eyes.

Beta Devin seemed all too familiar with the strange relationship I had with Alpha Asher. I wasn't sure how much Alpha Asher confided in Beta Devin, but it seemed he found the whole situation amusing.

"Thanks." I mumbled, lifting my eyebrow at him. "Now I'm on house arrest."

"Can you really blame him?" Beta Devin chuckled lowly as his eyes went from me to Alpha Asher.

"No." I grumbled.

I really couldn't blame Alpha Asher, but that didn't make me accept the situation easier. I needed to go after my brother, but I had no clue how I would do that.

I could always try sneaking out again, but the chances of that working a second time were slim.

Would Alpha Asher let me sleep in my own room? Or was I stuck sleeping with him?

Another round of blush filled my cheeks. The thought of sharing a bed with Alpha Asher made me both excited and nervous. How much trouble could I get into being glued to his side?

When we rounded the corner, I noticed the three other people in the room.

I couldn't tell who Alpha Zeke or Alpha Bran was, but Luna Freya stood out clearly.

She was extremely tall, with long legs and fair skin. Her hair flowed down her back in waves of wheat colored silk. She had to be in her early forties, yet she looked amazing for her age. Fine lines lingered on the corners of her eyes, and some lingered on the corners of her mouth. Her eyes looked tired yet incredibly alert.

One of the two Alpha's had golden colored hair, sitting messy on his head. He was good looking, but the smirk on his face made me weary. He had the same athletic build that all werewolves have, paired with rippling muscles and a dazzling smile.

The second Alpha had hair darker than Alpha Asher's. His face was much more angular than the golden-haired Alpha. His eyes were a startling shade of blue.

"Alpha Zeke." Alpha Asher's lips twitched into a grin, something I had never seen on his face before.

He approached the dark-haired Alpha and gripped his hand tightly. Alpha Zeke's face broke out into a lopsided grin. Alpha Zeke looked quite frightening when he was just standing there, but a grin wiped the intimidation away. His smile lit up his face, making him look like a little kid.

As strange as it sounded, jealousy flooded through me. Why hasn't Alpha Asher smiled for me? Granted, I have not done much to make him smile.

"Alpha Bran." Alpha Asher's tone had clearly changed. It took on a more formal tone, his handshake less enthusiastic.

"Alpha Asher, quite a lovely town you have here." Alpha Bran remarked, his eyes flickering to the floor-to-ceiling windows that looked out into the front yard.

“It’s one of many.” Alpha Asher nodded, moving onto Luna Freya.

“Luna Freya, it’s a pleasure to finally meet you.” Alpha Asher’s hard tone had thawed in the slightest. He gripped her hand firmly, treating her the same as he had the two Alpha’s.

“Alpha Bran is correct.” Luna Freya nodded, shooting Alpha Bran a weary glance. “This town is quite lovely. Everything looks so new.”

“Those who live here are quite proud of this little town.” Alpha Asher nodded, a polite smile on his face.

I hadn’t even considered the fact that Alpha Asher didn’t truly live here. The ‘capital’ of his pack was somewhere else. He had just made our little town home after taking over the pack. I couldn’t help but wonder where he had lived before. Did he have any family? Any siblings?

“And who is this little thing?” Alpha Bran peaked around Alpha Asher, a cocky grin on his face.

“Lola.” I nodded, giving Alpha Bran a blank look.

I could easily see why Alpha Asher didn’t care for him. Alpha Bran seemed to press boundaries, making himself much too comfortable. Maya already hated the Alpha, most likely because of Alpha Asher’s earlier comment.

“Took over the pack and found yourself a nice little bed warmer.” Alpha Bran grinned at Alpha Asher, “Nice job, she’s a pretty little thing. Mind if I grab one while I’m here?”

My hand instantly clapped over my mouth as a snort fell from my lips.

Luna Freya’s light-colored eyes were on me instantly, gauging my reaction. Alpha Bran’s golden eyebrow cocked, as he too noticed my reaction.

I noticed the corner of Alpha Asher's lip turn up, his eyes glinting in amusement as he looked at Alpha Bran.

"Something funny, doll?" Alpha Bran cocked his golden eyebrow at me, his eyes much too interested for my liking.

"Yeah." I snorted, "You think any female in this pack will want you. That's some bold thinking."

I couldn't hold the words back, they spewed from my mouth like an unleashed geyser. Restraint had never been one of my skills, but now I needed it more than ever.

Luna Freya chuckled silently, but Alpha Bran stared at me with an intensity that made me uncomfortable. I stifled the urge to shift where I stood, reigning my emotions in. Relief flooded through me when a grin broke out on Alpha Bran's face.

"Can I have her?" Alpha Bran turned his attention to Alpha Asher, who looked to be silently fuming.

'Can I have her?' Maya scoffed, 'Why does everyone think they can own us?'

"I'm not an object." I scoffed, giving Alpha Bran an incredulous look. "Touch me and I'll break your hand. I'm not against fighting an Alpha."

After the words left my mouth, I realized the mistake I had made. Alpha Bran chuckled, showing a set of perfectly straight teeth.

'Um—Lola.' Maya sounded worried. 'That sounded like a challenge.'

My stomach dropped.

“Is that a challenge little she-wolf?” Alpha Bran smirked, “Think you could stand against me?”

I felt Alpha Asher tense beside me, his eyes locked on Alpha Bran. I let my eyes roam over Alpha Bran’s body. His smirk widened, thinking I was checking him out. I was checking him out, just not how he thought. I was sizing him up. He was large, but not as muscular as Alpha Asher. I doubted he had the same speed Alpha Asher had, making me faster than him.

‘What are we going to do?’ Maya groaned, ‘You can’t just say no. You’re the one that started this.’

‘We’re going to finish what we started, but we’re also going to win.’ I nodded, gathering what remaining courage I had.

‘Fine, not that I have a choice.’ Maya huffed, ‘But after this, we’re having a serious conversation about your self-control.’

‘Deal.’ I nodded, already dreading that conversation.

“Sure, why not.” I shrugged, but my insides were a mess.

My big mouth had gotten me into yet another problem. Challenging an Alpha wasn’t something to take lightly. Werewolves entire society was built on respect and pride. Alpha’s possessed those two qualities in abundance. Once a challenge was issued, you couldn’t refuse. Another downside of this was this—because I’m female, I have no claim on the pack if I win.

I could feel Alpha Asher’s anger rolling off him in waves, but denying an Alpha made you an embarrassment to your pack. I let the nerves take me over, remembering what Chris had once told me.

‘Let the fear in, but don’t let it control you. Fear can keep you alive.’

“Let’s make this interesting then.” Alpha Bran shrugged, but his eyes were dancing with excitement.

“Name your terms.” I crossed my arms over my chest, grimacing as Alpha Bran’s eyes followed the motion.

“If I win—I get you.” Alpha Bran grinned widely, “If you win—I’ll provide all of my men towards our little problem.”

“Not a chance.” I shook my head, “I’d never let myself belong to you.”

Alpha Asher snarled, his dark eyes narrowing on Alpha Bran. Alpha Asher’s reaction startled me. He told me I belonged to him ten times now, but I never actually believed it. Yet here he was, staking his claim on me in front of two Alpha’s and a Luna.

“Looks like your Alpha’s pretty protective over you.” Alpha Bran smirked, “And you said your not a bed warmer?”

“I can beat him.” I whispered lowly to Alpha Asher.

“Fine, if I win—I get you for one night.” Alpha Bran smirked, “And of course, if you win you can take all of my men.”

“One night.” I cringed inwardly.

One night with someone like Alpha Bran could mean a lot. I didn’t need details to understand what he wanted in that one night. The hidden meaning in his words spoke loud and clear. By the morning, I wouldn’t be a v**gin anymore.

“Deal.” I nodded, wishing I could start this entire day over.

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Alpha Asher was beyond pissed, but I couldn’t blame him.

Maya was right after all, maybe I did need a stern talking to. I had gotten myself into this problem, and now I needed to get my way out. No one else could step in and help me, something I had gotten much too used to in my short time back.

Anytime I had been in a serious problem, someone always stepped in. Breyona stepped in when Tristan marked me the first time, and my ass was saved last night at the swimming hole.

Alpha Bran practically glowed with excitement, acting as though he had already won. Alpha Asher had to send him from the room, out of fear he'd murder the cocky Alpha.

Alpha Asher pulled me into the kitchen, his eyes glowing murderously.

"Were training in private tomorrow." Alpha Asher snapped, stalking towards me.

"We are?" My tone sounded unsure, the blush rushing to my cheeks at the possibilities.

"Tomorrow we will train—only train." Alpha Asher snarled, backing me against the counter. "If you win—you'll be punished. If you lose, I'll kill Alpha Bran and take his pack as my own. Afterwards, you will be punished."

"So either way, I get punished." I sighed.

'You can't blame him for being pissed.' Maya shrugged.

'You're right, I can't.' I frowned.

'Woah.' Maya gasped dramatically, 'You're—you're actually admitting I'm right.'

'Don't get used to it.' I mumbled.

"Yes, either way you get punished." Alpha Asher growled, "Are you incapable of behaving? Is it physically impossible for you?"

I frowned at Alpha Asher. For once I felt guilty getting myself into trouble. It was fun most of the time, but he was right. I needed to learn some self control. I couldn't go around doing and saying whatever I wanted, especially not around other Alpha's.

"I'm trying." I sighed, closing my eyes against the headache that was forming. "I need to try harder—I will try harder."

Alpha Asher's eyes softened in the slightest, but anger was still present in his gaze. He felt my sincerity, and knew I meant what I said.

Everyone has their own issues in life—their own fatal flaw. I suppose mine would be my pride. I don't listen to advice or the words of others, solely doing as I pleased.

"You are going to beat him, Lola." Alpha Asher murmured, his dark eyes burning into my own. "We will make sure of it."

Alpha Asher's hand lifted, trailing the length of my face. His eyes followed his hand, roaming over my creamy skin. The touch was intimate, much more intimate than I was used to.

s*x and arousal was constant with Alpha Asher, but never anything more. I hadn't felt a romantic attachment to him before, but this touch was the start of it. It opened the doors, making me realize how much he had done for me.

He moved me into the packhouse, an attempt to keep me safe. He leaped from bed in the middle of the night to track me down at the swimming hole. These weren't things he's done for others in the pack, just me. The thought made me blush harder, conflicting emotions churning in my gut.

We walked back out into the living room, and I tried to calm the blush on my face. If I walked out with a red face, everyone would make their own assumptions on what happened. For once, nothing s*xual was done.

I must've calmed myself down because no suspicious or knowing looks were shot our way.

Alpha Zeke burst into laughter, clutching his sides as Alpha Asher gave him an irritated look. Alpha Asher waited silently until Alpha Zeke's laughing died down. Luna Freya gave Alpha Zeke a tired look, her eyes turning to my own.

"Goddess." Alpha Zeke chuckled, "You got yourself a wild one there. I hope my mate's like that when I find her."

I opened my mouth to speak, but quickly slammed it shut.

'That's it Lola.' Maya nodded, 'First lesson, think before you speak.'

'Hush.' I mumbled, but took her advice begrudgingly.

Should I really oppose being called Alpha Asher's mate? My heart said no, and my body agreed. It didn't feel bad being called his mate, and he certainly wasn't speaking up about it. He simply dismissed what Alpha Zeke said with an irritated scowl, which could mean a million different things.

“Unfortunately, I think I’ve gotten myself into too much trouble.” I grinned sheepishly, shooting Alpha Asher an apologetic look.

“Nah.” Alpha Zeke scoffed, “I’ve seen him fight, he’s not that great.”

‘Not that great.’ Maya scoffed, ‘That’s easy for an Alpha to say.’

“That’s—comforting.” I nodded, not truly convinced.

‘See, you’re doing it!’ Maya cheered and I rolled my eyes.

‘I’m not doing this if you cheer for me everytime.’ I huffed.

‘Alright grumpy.’ Maya shrugged, ‘But just know I’m rooting for you.’

“Would you mind if I talked to Lola for a moment, Alpha?” Luna Freya turned her light eyes to Alpha Asher, “I would like to speak to her about her upcoming fight.”

Alpha Asher gave me a weary look, one I dismissed.

“I’ll be good.” I frowned, jutting my lower lip out in a pout. “Promise.”

“Fine.” Alpha Asher frowned, watching as I turned and followed Luna Freya into the kitchen.

* * * *

“Lola.” Luna Freya exhaled, shutting the kitchen door behind her. “I’ve heard much about you.”

“You have?” I frowned.

'Alpha Asher told her about us?' Maya frowned.

It didn't sound right. Why would Alpha Asher confide in Luna Freya? Were they close? Then again, I had no clue if Alpha Asher had friends. He seemed to be friends with Alpha Zeke, though it was more of a professional friendship.

"No." Luna Freya shook her head, "From my daughter, Brittany."

My jaw dropped with an audible click. Luna Freya was Brittany's Mom, which meant Brittany was the daughter of an Alpha. What was most disturbing, Brittany had told her Mom about me. I vividly remembered the first time meeting her at Haze and didn't consider it a pleasurable experience.

"Um—why would she tell you about me?" I frowned, now eyeing Luna Freya wearily.

Her eyes held wisdom and knowledge, but whose side was she on? She had come onto Alpha Asher's territory, surely that didn't make her one of the bad guys? Yet her own daughter played for the other team.

"Brittany was a fool to trust that idiot." Luna Freya scowled, looking murderous. "She knows that now, having seen it for herself."

"So, she regrets letting him su*k her into a fight between werewolves and vampires?" I frowned, not convinced for a second.

"She does." Luna Freya frowned, "The little fool didn't tell her what he was planning. She was clueless until the moment she met the Vampires."

"She knew nothing about any of this?" I grimaced. From the way Brittany talked to me at Haze, it didn't seem like she regretted anything.

“She didn’t.” Luna Freya shook her head, “She placed her faith in her mate—a catastrophic mistake on her part. The little pup couldn’t stay faithful, let alone protect her from any of this.”

“Faithful?” My eyebrow perked up, “He cheated on Brittany?”

“Numerous times.” Luna Freya’s lips were pressed together.

She clearly felt for her daughter, but also understood the severity of what was done. Brittany had once been on their side, and Alpha Asher would never trust her coming back. He’d demand to have her interrogated, maybe killed. But if Luna Freya was telling the truth, then that made Brittany somewhat innocent. It meant Brittany put trust in her mate, but realized she had done wrong. She simply put her trust in Tyler, an act that was starting to become deadly.

“What do I have to do with any of this?” I frowned, “You should’ve went to Alpha Asher with this.”

“Brittany informed me you and Alpha Asher are—close.” Luna Freya paused on the word, and I caught the hidden meaning clearly. “She said you would listen to reason and not be overruled with anger. You could help convince Alpha Asher of her innocence.”

“I—I can try.” I said slowly, still unable to make a decision. “But you know I must be skeptical right?”

“I do understand.” Luna Freya frowned, “I will try to find proof to clear her name. Perhaps she could provide information from their side.”

“That would certainly help.” I nodded, “I’ll do what I can, but until I see that proof, I’m not completely on board.”

“You have listened to my side, that’s all I needed from you.” Luna Freya gave me a genuine smile.

I turned to walk back into the living room, part of me already craving Alpha Asher.

“Lola?” Luna Freya called out, making me turn.

“Yes, Luna?” I responded.

“Alpha Bran believes you to be a weak and feeble woman.” Luna Freya pointed out, “Use that against him.”

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Three suites in the pack house were assigned to Alpha Zeke, Alpha Bran, and Luna Freya. It made me uncomfortable to know Alpha Bran was staying in the same house, but rather him than Vampires.

‘What are we going to do about Brittany.’ Maya grimaced, ‘I still don’t trust her.’

‘I don’t either.’ I agreed, ‘But we need to accept the fact that she might be telling the truth. Brittany would have found out Tyler’s plan sooner or later.’

‘There’s always a chance she’s telling the truth.’ Maya rolled her eyes, ‘I’m not trusting anything until there’s proof.’

‘That works for me.’ I chuckled.

Alpha Asher allowed me to stop by my Dad’s on the condition he comes, of course.

Alpha Asher stood silently in my Dad’s living room, watching as I told them about Sean. Dad’s face turned into a grimace while Grandma’s filled with concern.

“He could’ve been lying.” Dad scoffed, “Sean’s smart. I can’t see him getting caught by Vampires.”

“He could’ve been.” I nodded, “But we can’t just ignore it.”

“And what’s being done about this?” Dad grunted; his eyes locked on Alpha Asher. I turned my own eyes on Asher, wondering the same thing. What would be done about Sean? If they had taken him, we hadn’t a clue where that might be.

“I’m gathering as much information as I can about the Vampires.” Alpha Asher’s eyes burned into my own as he spoke, “They’ve been gathering for quite some time, werewolves just never cared to notice. They have networks throughout some major cities, but the closest is in Atlanta, Georgia. If they took him, that’s where he’d be.”

I wasn’t sure why Alpha Asher was trusting us with this. Now that I was beginning to think before I acted, running off to Atlanta alone was an unbelievably bad idea.

“Are you sending men out?” Dad frowned.

Alpha Asher’s eyes burned into my own, something glimmering in their depths.

“Once we can narrow down to potential locations, I will send men out.” Alpha Asher nodded, “If he’s been taken, we will get him back.”

* * * *

Alpha Asher’s words through me off guard for a moment. I hadn’t expected him to send people out to save my brother. Sean was just one member of the largest pack in the United States but was

important to me.

It was around dinner time when we finally got back to the pack house. Grandma insisted on sending a couple containers of her chocolate lavender brownies, claiming everyone would love them. She wasn't wrong, but seven containers were a bit too much.

After stocking an entire fridge with her brownies, I followed Alpha Asher upstairs. Staying by his side was much easier than I thought. His presence put me at ease and made me feel less on edge. Maya didn't mind being by his side either, taking to him instantly. Alpha Asher was more on the quiet side. He never said much about what was going on but would constantly make little snide comments to me.

I had been silent the entire time, thinking over what he had said about Atlanta.

"Thank you—for that." I grimaced at how uncomfortable I sounded.

Alpha Asher turned, as he was just about to open his bedroom doors.

"What was that Lola?" Alpha Asher smirked, his honey eyes meeting my own.

"I said thanks." I huffed, crossing my arms over my chest. "For sending men out to look for my brother."

"I've told you before—there's other ways you can thank me." Alpha Asher smirked, stepping closer to me. I stepped away, stopping when my back hit against the wall.

Alpha Asher's eyes grew darker as they investigated my own. His hand lifted and cupped the side of my face. He let his thumb trace down my jaw, rubbing at my bottom lip.

"Are you going to be a good girl?" Alpha Asher smirked, running his thumb along my bottom lip. "Or are you going to fight me for it?"

The trouble I had gotten myself into today made me feel guilty, as it should. I decided this one time, I would give in. My body was already responding under his light touch. My legs clenched together on their own accord.

I let my lips part and Alpha Asher's smirk deepened. His thumb grazed my teeth then finally went down to my chin.

Someone down the hall coughed in amusement, breaking my eyes from Alpha Asher's. Beta Devin stood a good ten feet away, his lips pursed and his eyes struggling to remain serious.

"Excuse me Alpha." Beta Devin nodded, his eyes flickering over Asher and I. "Alpha Bran wants to know if you and Lola are coming down for dinner."

"Tell him something's come up." Alpha Asher smirked, "Have someone bring it to my room."

My stomach dropped, and my eyes widened. A smirk formed on Beta Devin's face, his eyes flickering to my own.

"Sure thing, Alpha." Beta Devin nodded, turning down the hallway.

Before I could say anything, Alpha Asher pulled the doors to his room open. He turned me around with his hands and walked me into the bedroom. Something stirred between my legs as he locked the door.

"Where were we?" Alpha Asher smirked.

I wasn't fond of following commands. I'm sure Alpha Asher could see how badly I wanted to resist, but I wanted all of him.

“Take off your clothes.” Alpha Asher demanded in his calm tone. His smirk was still in place, his eyes roaming every inch of skin.

My face was blazing by the time I pulled my panties off my body. Alpha Asher’s eyes flared hungrily, running over my exposed body. My hands twitched at my sides, wanting to raise and shield my breasts. I remembered what Alpha Asher had said last time I covered myself, choosing to keep my arms loose at my sides.

Alpha Asher walked over to me, standing just a few inches away. My nips grazed against the rough material of his shirt. Alpha Asher smirked down at me, running his head along the base of my neck. He inhaled deeply, as he had in the past.

“Get on your knees, Lola.” Alpha Asher murmured, chuckling against my neck.

One of his large hands tangled in my hair, tugging it lightly. My core throbbed painfully, wanting this more than he did. I sank down to my knees, his grip never once relaxing on my hair.

“Undo my belt.” Alpha Asher continued. I tried to still my shaking hands as I unhooked his belt, letting his pants slide to the ground.

“It’s not going to bite, Lola.” Alpha Asher chuckled, “You’ve done this before.”

My puy dampened at the memory, his ck filling my throat for the first time. The sounds that had come from his lips nearly sent me over the edge.

I pulled his ck from his underwear, my eyes widening as I saw it up close for the second time. I still couldn’t understand how it had fit in my mouth. My puy clenched, thinking of what it must feel like to be filled with it. He would ruin me for any other man.

“Open that pretty mouth, Lola.” Alpha Asher murmured, his lip running along my lower lip.

With difficulty, I complied. Alpha Asher rubbed the swollen tip of his c**k against my parted lips, his dark eyes looking down on me.

His c**k slid into my mouth effortlessly, and I struggled to breathe at the thickness. My throat naturally constricted, wanting to dislodge the object. I braced my hands against his thighs, trying to relax my throat as I took him.

I remembered what he told me last time and wrapped my lips around the shaft of his ck. My pussy responded when a low growl left Alpha Asher's lips.

I let my eyes flicker from his ck up to his own. Arousal and lust burned in my gaze. I removed his ck from my mouth, letting my tongue run up his shaft and swirl around the tip.

"fk, Lola." Alpha Asher grunted, his grip on the back of my head tightening. Alpha Asher shoved his ck deep in my throat. A moan tried to leave my lips, vibrating his c**k.

Alpha Asher gripped my hair painfully as he began thrusting his c*k down my throat. Animalistic grunts left Alpha Asher's lips as he thrust himself into my mouth. I could feel my wetness seeping out of my lips, coating my inner thighs. My fingers twitched again, desperately wanting to seek out my swollen clt.

I could feel Alpha Asher fall over the edge, his body stiffening as pleasure rolled through him. The husky moans that left his lips reverberated in my ears. A moan of my own left my lips as his seed spilled in my throat.

I swallowed his seed instantly, without needing his command. His black eyes were soft as they looked down at me. I was bare under his gaze, my skin flushed as he had just f**ked my face. His eyes traced over my body, as if committing the image to memory.

"Such a good girl, Lola." Alpha Asher murmured, pulling me to my feet and against his chest.

My heart thundered in my chest at his words. I had never been this close to Alpha Asher. It was

another intimate gesture I hadn't been expecting. Alpha Asher's arm was around my lower waist, pinning me against his body.

Alpha Asher lifted me, wrapping my legs around his waist. My heart continued hammering as my back hit the bed. Alpha Asher's face was buried in my neck, his lips and tongue skimming my skin greedily. His hands trailed down to my breasts, needing one while he rolled my nip between his fingers. My body was in bliss under his touch, commanding every drop of his attention. He trailed nips and kisses down my chest, stopping to take one of my nips into his mouth.

His tongue rolled my nip, his teeth grazing it lightly. My head fell back on the bed as pleasure filled sparks ran over my skin. A knock sounded on the door, but we were both beyond caring. Alpha Asher's mouth traveled from my breasts down to my stomach. My legs clenched together on their own as his head traveled lower. They didn't resist when Alpha Asher pulled them apart. He nipped lightly across the sensitive flesh of my inner thigh.

His hot breath fanned across my pussy, his eyes devouring me hungrily. He ran his finger along my wet slit, a low growl leaving his lips.

"So wet for me." He murmured appreciatively, "How am I supposed to resist this?"

"Don't resist." I whimpered breathlessly. I wanted all of him, I was tired of waiting. Every touch, every orgasm was torment until I got what I wanted.

"Not yet, little Lola." Alpha Asher murmured, his dark eyes on my own. "All good things come in time."

That was the end of our conversation, his tongue flicking out to run against my clit.

My back arched and a loud moan left my lips. I couldn't get enough of his touch. The novelty of Alpha Asher hadn't worn off, and I feared it never would.

Alpha Asher devoured my pussy like a drowning man, lapping at my sensitive skin hungrily. My back

continued to arch, loud moans tearing through me. Alpha Asher wrapped his arms around my thighs, keeping my puy securely against his open mouth. My fingers were tangled in his soft hair, something he seemed to enjoy. Every time my pu*y became to sensitive, I tugged his hair roughly. Alpha Asher would growl quietly, rubbing his tongue harder against my clt.

The pressure in my pu**y came to it's peak when Alpha Asher inserted a finger inside me. My back left the bed, Asher's name tearing through my parted lips.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 50

Alpha Asher P.o.v

For once Lola had realized the situation, she had gotten herself into. The guilt was clear on her face, as was acceptance. While I was furious, my wolf and I couldn't help but feel proud of her.

She recognized her mistake yet owned up to it. She realized she needed to do better, to prevent these kinds of problems.

Her losing the fight was not an option. There wasn't a chance in hell Lola would be spending the night with Alpha Bran. I'd sooner break the deal and kill him, absorbing his pack in the process. I didn't care if it was frowned upon. No one was touching what belonged to me.

Lola still fought against my reigns but for the time being, she did as I asked. I enjoyed her defiance immensely, but I also enjoyed her obedience.

She got on her knees for me, her pretty little lips ready to take the head of my c**k. I couldn't keep my eyes off her. Angelic with a wild streak, with just a hint of darkness in her innocent features.

I knew what she wanted from me, and I wanted the same. I forced myself to wait, a flimsy grasp on my self-control. I never had someone test my own control the way Lola did. I was constantly fighting myself, fighting the urge to tear the clothes from her body.

I forced her to sleep in my room tonight. I could see the defiance forming in her eyes but knew she wouldn't fight back. She wanted this as bad as I did. She craved my touch, my dominance over her. Such a fiery little thing that no one dared control, yet I did.

She looked completely at ease as she slept. Her chest rising and falling in the black t-shirt I had given her. If only she knew, the moment she pulled my shirt over her head, I had to resist the urge to take her then and there. Our scents mingled, forming something new and equally intoxicating.

She was a little bundle of fire, one I longed to have writhing beneath me. The screams I would coax from her would wake the entire house.

I had been awake for an hour, watching her sleep when her eyelashes fluttered. Her little snores were cut short as her eyes flickered open. I watched in silent awe as awareness seeped into her gaze, replacing the sleep that had once been there.

Once she was fully awake, her eyes flickered over to my own. Blush crept up her cheeks, as it often did when I looked at her. She had thrown the blanket from her body in the middle of the night. She laid bare on the bed, nothing but my t-shirt covering her body.

Her long legs and creamy skin stood out against my dark shirt. Her firm breasts pressed tightly against the material, her nips hardening on their own accord. She was every man's wet dream, and yet she belonged to me.

As much as I wanted to tear the shirt from her body and nestle my face in between those perfect legs, we had things to do.

Her fight with Alpha Bran would be held tomorrow morning. I was determined to spend the day training her, ensuring her victory tomorrow. While I knew not to underestimate my little ball of fire, she had never beat an Alpha before. Alpha's were not to be trifled with, holding that title for a reason. Alpha's were stronger and faster than your average werewolf, giving us an advantage.

She would have to push herself harder, gain more speed behind each move.

Lola's plump little lips opened, a yawn coming from her mouth. She stretched her arms into the air, my shirt riding up her thighs. I was able to make out a hint of pink, her pu**y lips pressed against her thin underwear.

"Are you trying to tempt me?" I lifted my eyebrow at her, peeling my eyes from her sweet pu**y.

Her eyes flickered, showing confusion. A harsher blush stained her cheeks when she followed my gaze, looking down at her exposed underwear.

"Perhaps you'd like to stay in bed today." I murmured, unable to help myself. "We could skip the beating you'd receive today during training. I wouldn't mind dedicating a day to making you scream."

My lips were close to her ear, my chest hovering over her body. Her arousal was instant, though she tried to fight it. That only made me want her more, knowing she tried to resist me but couldn't. I could see the defiance flash in her eyes, knowing my words had their intended reaction.

"The beating I'd receive?" Lola scoffed, lifting her eyebrow to look at me.

Her expression made me smirk, typical Lola. She hated how she was unable to best me. I was stronger than most Alpha's, a phenomenon that was known to happen. My speed matched her own, my strength far more vast.

"You think otherwise?" I smirked, my eyes burning into her own.

"Yeah, I do." Lola's eyebrows knitted together. Her lip jutted out in that little pout she enjoyed. Her plush lip stared at me tantalizingly, begging to be bitten. If only she knew how much she tempted

me.

“Let’s find out.” I smirked, pulling myself from the bed.

I slipped on some clothes, smirking as I felt her eyes drag across my muscular back. Every time I turned to meet her eyes; she was looking somewhere else.

I followed Lola into her suite, leaning against the wall as she changed clothes. It filled me with pride when she stripped in front of me, knowing I would see her body regardless. Her breasts were perfect, not too small but not too large. They hung on her chest in perfect teardrops, followed by deliciously pink nips. Her bottom was rounded, swaying as she walked over to the dresser. I could feel myself harden in my sweatpants as she bent over, grabbing some leggings from the bottom drawer. Her little puy peeked out from between her legs, shining with moisture. From the sly glint in her eyes, the move had been intentional. Anger and raw lust flooded through me as the urge to fk her hit me like a ton of bricks. Just when I thought I was used to the temptation; she would do something that caught me off guard.

I used a single thought to calm myself. I could always punish her later. I’d be making her sleep in my room tonight. I had been lenient, giving her punishments that caused pleasure. Her punishments would no longer be ending in org**m s.

She was curvier than most of the she-wolves in town, but I had always preferred curvier women. She was practically designed for my wolf and I. Feisty in a small yet curvy package, full lips that begged to be tasted, and able to defend herself. She wasn’t helpless like some of the she-wolves in town.

Once she was dressed, I let my eyes trail over her clothed form. I decided, she looked monumentally better nak*d. Clothes hid her creamy skin and the rounded curves of her hips. Her sports bra was tight against her chest, outlining her small nips.

I ignored the smirk she shot my way and led her outside. Training was commencing as normal, but Lola and I wouldn’t be attending. I set Beta Devin and Alpha Zeke to the task of training, giving me time with Lola.

We walked out the back door and into the gardens. The gardens had plenty of clear space to train. There weren't mats on the floor, meaning falls would hurt more. I only enjoyed bringing Lola pain when pleasure came in turn. Fighting Lola felt against my own nature, but she needed someone skilled training her.

The two of us began stretching, and I found it difficult to take my eyes off Lola. My heart had nearly exploded when Breyona woke me from my sleep, telling me Vampires had taken her. For just a minute, I wasn't an Alpha anymore. I wasn't sure what I was. I wasn't thinking of my pack or anything else, just Lola. The feeling was foreign, uncomfortable at times.

"Clear your mind." I pushed my own feelings to the side, "Focus only on what you are doing."

Lola seemed to be warring with herself for a few moments. Her nose wrinkled as it often did when she was lost in thought. I could see her warring with the fire in her eyes. I presume she was successful, as she turned and listened to me with minimal back talk.

Having Lola be completely obedient was an impossibility. She cursed and made snide comments as we sparred. My speed frustrated her, having relied on it for so long. Lola was extremely fast for a werewolf. I had watched her fight against other men, coming up successful each time. Her speed astounded them. Everyone looked at her short height and assumed she was weak; they were always surprised to find out the truth. She was fast, dodging every attack a normal werewolf made. I wondered how she would fare in wolf form.

Training in my pack was broken up into two sessions. A six-month training course in human form, then six months in wolf form. You had to learn to defend yourself in human form before switching to werewolf. A stronger human body led to a stronger wolf.

Lola had strength behind her punches, especially when she was pissed.

"You fight better when you're angry." I pursed my lips.

Lola placed her hands on her hips, but I kept my attention on her face. Now wasn't the time for my own inner desires. Right now, Lola needed to be trained.

"I can't just make myself angry." Lola rolled her eyes.

"If you lose, you'll be spending a night with Alpha Bran." I smirked at her, forcing down the absolute fury I felt at my own words. "Why don't you think about that."

What I said seemed to have an impact on Lola. Her eyes filled with her typical fire. Her speed improved, as did her strength. She was very agile and flexible, making her the perfect size to slip from your grasp.

I landed a few blows across her porcelain skin, each time resisting the urge to wince. I couldn't go easy on her, not when she was fighting an Alpha tomorrow.

The two of us stopped after a few hours. Her chest was heaving, sweat glistening on her skin. She looked perfect, the sunlight hitting her raven colored hair.

"You did good." I told her honestly.

She had improved from the weeks of training. She had gained some strength and learned more techniques for her speed. I was confident in her abilities but knew she could do more. If she learned to harness the emotions within her, she could be stronger. Her anger fueled her, but distractions riddled her brain.

Her half-vampire heritage was constantly in the back of my mind. I would lay awake at night wondering what that meant for her.

Could she tap into it? What strengths would that bring her?

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Lola's P.o.v

We had finally stopped training some time in the afternoon. I was exhausted and sore, but I could tell Alpha Asher had been holding back. I'm sure he didn't want to sap all my strength, leaving me tired and sore come tomorrow.

We walked to the kitchens together in silence. The smell of food wafted around the house, my stomach replying appreciatively.

"Food." I murmured, my tongue running along my lower lip.

Alpha Asher caught the action, his honey eyes burning into my lower lip.

"Alpha Zeke likes to cook." Alpha Asher smirked, peeling his eyes from my mouth. "He makes himself at home very quickly."

We walked into the kitchen where Alpha Zeke stood. A white stain-filled apron was tied around his waist. He had something white and powdery in his raven hair. His back was turned to us as he dropped something into a boiling pot.

"Already made yourself at home?" Alpha Asher smirked, making our presence in the kitchen known.

"Y'know, I don't have to share my food." Alpha Zeke shook his head, "Very unappreciative of you, Alpha Asher."

"I'm appreciative." I called out, a hand on my rumbling stomach. "It smells amazing."

"Why thank you." Alpha Zeke gave me a wide smile, "Come have a seat."

I ignored the look of anger on Alpha Asher's face and stalked over to the kitchen island. I wasn't sure what his problem was, but I'm sure I'd deal with it later. I pulled myself onto one of the island stools and waited patiently.

"I make my own pasta, y'know." Alpha Zeke smiled smugly, loading some pasta onto a plate.

Alpha Zeke placed a plate in front of me, smiling as I dug in greedily. I shot Alpha Asher a lopsided grin as he narrowed his eyes at me. Alpha Zeke relented, handing Alpha Asher a plate of food.

The three of us dug into our food, Alpha Zeke filled the silence. At first glance, anyone would find Alpha Zeke terrifying. His build was huge, his muscles extremely defined. His personality was anything but. He kept the conversation flowing effortlessly, his laugh was contagious. He was someone I could see myself becoming friends with easily. I wondered how someone like Alpha Zeke became friends with Alpha Asher.

I was very fond of Alpha Asher, but that didn't mean I ignored his flaws. He was so serious all of the time. Anger was one of his primary emotions. I couldn't remember ever seeing him genuinely smile, the thought tormenting me more than it should have.

"So, what is a fiery thing like you doing with a hot-headed Alpha?" Alpha Zeke turned his full attention on me. His light eyes were captivating, rooting me in place until my face flushed red.

What was I supposed to say? That I pissed Alpha Asher off, making him crave my body? There wasn't a chance in hell I was going to say that.

'If only he knew.' Maya snickered, 'Judging from the look on his face, he already does.'

"Hot headed?" Alpha Asher lifted his eyebrow at Alpha Zeke.

Alpha Zeke looked at Alpha Asher deadpan, "I said what I said. Are you denying it?"

"Not at all." Alpha Asher shook his head, "Simply making an observation."

"Now, how did the two of you meet?" Alpha Zeke looked from Alpha Asher to I, his light eyes probing and intelligent.

"I moved away for a while, came back and Alpha Asher was in charge." I shrugged, "I met him at training."

"After you were late for training." Alpha Asher stated simply.

"It wasn't my fault." I narrowed my eyes at Alpha Asher, "It was a long day and I forgot to set an alarm."

"Lola here is incapable of following instruction." Alpha Asher informed Alpha Zeke.

Alpha Zeke's eyes were flitting between the two of us, amusement shining in his light orbs.

"I'm not incapable." I rolled my eyes, "It's just—difficult."

"Difficult?" Alpha Asher scoffed, "More like impossible."

"I followed instructions pretty well yesterday if you ask me." I huffed, crossing my arms over my chest.

My face turned red as Alpha Asher's lips pulled up in a smirk. It was clear he knew what I was referring to. The memory of his c**k filling my throat popped into my head, my legs clenching

together out of habit. Alpha Asher noticed the move, his eyes dark as they flickered down to my thighs.

“That you did.” Alpha Asher nodded, his dark eyes burning into my own. I could feel his desire as if it were an extension of my own. It made finishing the rest of dinner difficult. Part of me hoped he would just give in, finally giving me what I actually wanted. v**ginity be damned, I wanted every part of Alpha Asher.

Alpha Zeke remained quiet, his eyes flickering with the same amused light that Beta Devin had.

After we finished dinner, the two of us headed upstairs in silence.

I wasn't sure if Alpha Asher would confine me to his bedroom again, not that I was opposed. I turned to open my bedroom door, only to have Alpha Asher shut it in my face.

“You're staying with me.” Alpha Asher smirked, his face inches from my own.

My heart hammered in my chest, all sorts of images popping into my head.

“I need to grab some clothes.” I raised my eyebrow at him, concealing my general nervousness that seemed to appear whenever he was around.

“You don't need clothes, Lola.” Alpha Asher leaned down, his lips grazing my ear.

His large hands gripped my waist, traveling down to squeeze my bottom. A yelp left my lips as his hands gripped my bottom.

“You look so much better without them.” Alpha Asher murmured.

Alpha Asher lifted me from the ground, wrapping my legs around his torso. I clung on silently as he

opened the door to his bedroom. He walked the two of us into the bathroom and placed me on my feet. His bathroom was abnormally large, much larger than the one in my suite. His bathtub had lights and jets along the wall of the tub, big enough to fit an entire family.

Alpha Asher turned the faucet on, letting the steamy water splash into the tub. I was becoming much more comfortable around Alpha Asher, yet his gaze still seared my skin. Every time I found myself alone with Alpha Asher, I battled the same emotion. Perverse excitement would fill me, hoping he would finally give me what I wanted. Some part of me was always nervous around Alpha Asher, butterflies in my stomach fluttering when his lips would turn up in a smirk.

Alpha Asher turned to face me, his dark eyes roaming the length of my body. I was still wearing my workout clothes from today, nothing special. Just a simple sports bra and a pair of leggings. My skin was covered in a thin layer of sweat, and I'm sure I didn't smell too pleasant. I couldn't understand what he saw in me at this moment.

"What are you thinking?" Alpha Asher smirked; his dark eyes locked on my own.

I was taken back by the question, and I'm sure it showed on my face.

"I've never had to ask before, you tend to say what's on your mind without restraint." Alpha Asher's smirk deepened as he noticed the look on my face.

"I'm just wondering what you see in me right now." I scoffed, ignoring his earlier comment. "I'm just wearing workout clothes. I'm sweaty and I'm sure I don't smell the best."

Alpha Asher's eyes flashed darkly as he walked up to me. I no longer backed against the wall, instead I stepped into his touch. His large hand gripped my face, turning my head to the side as he looked me over.

"Come over here." Alpha Asher turned me around and walked over to the floor length mirror in his bathroom.

I stood facing the mirror, Alpha Asher hovering behind me. His large hands glided up the length of my body, squeezing my hips tightly before moving up to my breasts.

"I see how your nips harden every time you brush against me." Alpha Asher leaned down and murmured in my ear, his fingers grazing over my sports bra. As if by command, my nips stiffened under his touch.

His hands drifted lower, trailing down my stomach. He used his foot to spread my legs, his fingers trailing over my pussy.

The underwear I was wearing were thin, giving a good view of my pussy through my leggings.

"I see this little thing, constantly tempting me." Alpha Asher growled lowly in my ear. A quiet moan left my lips as his fingers trailed over my pussy.

My breath came out in small pants as his fingers pressed against the thin fabric. I could feel the moisture forming between my legs, the sensitive spot between my legs awoken by his touch.

"And then there's this." Alpha Asher smirked against my neck, his hands roughly grabbing at my bottom. A startled squeak left my mouth as his hand cupped my ass, giving it a hard squeeze.

"It's not my fault you can't control your thoughts." I rushed out, my face flushing as arousal hit me like a train.

"I can't control my thoughts; you can't control what comes out of that pretty little mouth." Alpha Asher chuckled against my neck, "Also, I happen to think you smell good."

To further press the point, Alpha Asher inhaled deeply against my neck. I couldn't deny, his scent smelled amazing. Even covered in sweat and fatigue, his scent was delectable.

"Take off your clothes." Alpha Asher murmured against my neck, sending a pleasurable chill down

my spine.

I went to turn around, to slide the clothes from my body when Alpha Asher stopped me. He held me tightly in place, facing the mirror while he hovered behind me.

“Stay in front of the mirror.” Alpha Asher smirked, “I’ll help you.”

Alpha Asher didn’t hesitate as his fingers slipped beneath the hem of my sports bra, lifting it from my head with ease. My breasts bounced out one by one, his eyes following the motion hungrily. He watched me through the mirror, his hands tracing patterns across my bare skin until he reached my exposed breasts. After giving each one an appreciative squeeze, he hooked his fingers underneath the waistband of my leggings.

My leggings dropped to the floor, followed by my underwear. I stood completely exposed to him, my face heating under his dark gaze. His eyes devoured every inch of me, as though he hadn’t seen me naked before. The hunger in his eyes never diminished, it only grew in power.

Just when I thought he might give in and finally give me what I wanted, he strolled over to the bathtub.

His c**k was hard and throbbing as he undressed, letting it spring from his underwear with ease. I was practically drooling at the mouth as I took my time devouring him.

Broad shoulders covered with thick muscle. Every inch of his body was hard and defined. Alpha Asher smirked, standing in place until I finished my eye assault.

“Are you coming?” Alpha Asher’s smirk deepened as he stepped into the bathtub.

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I swallowed any bubbling fear and strolled over to the bathtub. The water was hot against my skin, lapping at my legs hungrily. The steaming water soothed my sore muscles, and I relaxed against the other side of the bathtub.

Alpha Asher wasted no time. The second my bottom hit the water; he had lunged forward. His arm wrapped around my lower waist as he pulled himself on top of me. My heart was hammering in my chest, but I wasn't complaining. I could feel his thickened length lying against my thighs. I hadn't felt his c**k this closely before, almost where I wanted it.

Part of me wondered if I was going to lose my v**ginity in the bathtub, but I truly didn't care. He could pick a room and I would happily follow. His rough fingers brushed my hair from my neck, replacing it with his lips. He seemed to take a liking to my neck, running his tongue across my skin. I felt my legs part on their own accord, wanting to feel his length between my legs.

The tip of his swollen ck brushed against the lips of my puy, coaxing a moan from my lips. Alpha Asher growled against my neck, his hand reaching down to grasp his lengthened c**k. My heart lurched, desperately hoping his willpower had faded.

Alpha Asher gripped his c*k and rubbed the tip against my swollen clt, making my hips buck against his. A deep growl left his lips, while a breathless whimper left my own.

He was practically torturing me, rubbing the head of his ck against my wet lips. Each time I felt him graze my entrance, a moan would leave my lips. He was right there, just millimeters away. Alpha Asher pressed the head of his ck against my tight opening, pressing gently before pulling away.

His eyes were dark, pupils blown wide with lu*t. Alpha Asher tore himself from me with a frustrated groan.

"You're much too tempting." Alpha Asher's voice was thick with arousal.

"You clearly want the same thing." I muttered breathlessly, "Why not just give in?"

Alpha Asher leaned in close, his lips pulling up in a smirk.

“I like control, my little Lola.” Alpha Asher murmured, his thumb running along my bottom lip. “I set the pace; I make the rules.”

“I’ve never been good at following rules.” I murmured, my eyes roaming his face appreciatively.

“No, you haven’t.” Alpha Asher smirk deepened, his hands roaming down to find my waist, “But we can change that.”

Alpha Asher lifted me and positioned himself against the bathtub. He turned me around in the water, letting my back rest against his own. I could feel his hardened length pressing against my backside, my pu**y clenched in response.

Alpha Asher’s hands found my own, his fingers covering mine completely. He guided one of my hands up to my breast, squeezing my hand and forcing me to cup it. He guided my other hand between my legs, making my finger graze against my clt.

“I want to watch you play with yourself.” Alpha Asher murmured in my ear, his lips grazing them lightly. “Play with your pu**y for me.”

A moan nearly escaped my lips at his words, my pu**y clenching painfully. My body wanted some form of release, but desperately wanted it to be Alpha Asher who touched me.

Alpha Asher pressed his finger against my own, increasing pressure on my swollen cl*t. He moved my finger back and forth, waves of pleasure rolled through my body. He teeth grazed the back of my ear, nipping playfully as he removed his hands from my own.

I pressed against my clt, rubbing it in slow circles. A quiet mewl came through my lips, Alpha Asher’s

c*k twitched against my backside.

“That’s it, Lola.” Alpha Asher murmured, “Play with your little pu**y.”

Alpha Asher looked down over my shoulder, his dark eyes hungry at the sight before him. His lips ran the length of my shoulder, nipping roughly. I dipped a finger into my puy, slipping it into my hole. My other hand held my bre*st, pinching and tugging my nip, I let my head fall against Alpha Asher’s chest. The feeling of his ck against my bottom made the pressure in between my legs grow.

“Good girl.” Alpha Asher murmured thickly, “Picture my ck slipping inside you, my name leaving your lips as I fk you senseless.”

His words coupled with his c**k against my bottom sent me spiraling over the edge. His name left my lips in a breathless moan, my entire body tensing as pleasure wracked through me. Alpha Asher gripped my hips tightly, looking down on me as my eyes filled with bliss.

I felt bad that Alpha Asher hadn’t found his own release, but he seemed satisfied with what had happened. Instead of pressing me for more, he reached over and grabbed a bottle of bodywash. He moved my hair to the side, sliding the soapy sponge across my skin. The action was incredibly simple, but I couldn’t help feel the shift. He lifted my arms from the water, running the sponge along every inch of my body. His action left my stomach in knots, butterflies swirling in their depths. It was another intimate action, all of which were initiated by Alpha Asher.

Once Alpha Asher had moved on from washing my body, he moved onto my hair. I could feel myself beginning to fall asleep as he massaged the shampoo into my head. After helping me rinse, he focused on himself. When the two of us were finished, he drained the tub and stood from the water.

I hadn’t even lifted a foot when Alpha Asher’s hands found my waist, lifting me as he stepped from the tub. My lip poked out in a pout as he set my feet gently on the floor.

“I could’ve gotten out of the tub.” I lifted my eyebrow at Alpha Asher.

“I know.” He smirked, turning and walking into the bedroom.

After physically peeling my eyes away from his toned bottom, I brushed my teeth and got ready for bed. My eyes were falling shut as I stood in front of the mirror, thoughts of what would come tomorrow were far from my mind.

Alpha Asher wasn't lying when he said he didn't like me in clothes. He had refused to give me anything to sleep in, leaving me nak*d in his bed.

I spit the toothpaste into the sink, watching the blue foam swirl down the drain. I was practically wobbling on my feet; Alpha Asher's plush bed was calling my name. My heart leaped in my chest as I felt my feet leave the floor. Alpha Asher had scooped me into his arms, his honey eyes meeting my own.

“I like carrying you.” Alpha Asher smirked, “It's one thing you complain the least about.”

I narrowed my eyes at Alpha Asher but chose not to respond. He pulled the covers back before setting me down. I nuzzled my face into the pillow, clutching the blanket to my chest. I could feel Alpha Asher climb into bed behind me, his large arms wrapping around my waist. I watched helplessly as Alpha Asher pulled my back against his chest, his arm was draped over his waist. Thankfully, his pelvis was away from my backside. I wasn't sure either of us would get any sleep if I had to feel his c**k against my back all night.

I slipped into sleep quickly, thoughts of my budding feelings for Alpha Asher swirling in my mind.

I opened my eyes the next morning, a dreamless and peaceful sleep had claimed me last night. It took me a few moments to remember what was happening today, my stomach twisting in knots as it finally crossed my mind. I'd be fighting Alpha Bran today. I had to challenge another Alpha during a potential war.

'You've been doing a little better.' Maya yawned, her voice chiming out in my head.

'Thanks.' I grumbled, adding an eyeroll that made me feel a little better.

I didn't bother untangling myself from Alpha Asher's arms. I turned my head and chuckled as his stubble ran across my cheek. I was determined to prolong this, wanting to bask in the peace that Alpha Asher brought me. Lulled by his light snores, and the relaxed thump of his heart, I let my eyes drift closed.

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I had managed to grab a few more hours of sleep when I finally woke up. Alpha Asher's arm was still tightly wrapped around my waist, his face buried in my neck as he breathed softly.

If it weren't for today's events, I would've stayed in bed indefinitely. My bladder was screaming at me, demanding to be relieved. I wrapped my fingers around Alpha Asher's hand and pulled, making him groan.

"I'm not letting go." Alpha Asher murmured into my neck, making a chill travel down my spine.

"If you don't, you'll have pee in your bed." I scolded him, chuckling when his arm retreated from my body.

By the time I finished my business, Alpha Asher was sitting up in bed. The thick rays of sunlight hit his porcelain skin, making it glow temptingly. His rippled muscles begged to be touched, but now was not the time.

My phone vibrated on the bedside table murderously, a picture of Breyona's face flashing on the phone.

I picked up my phone warily, accepting the call.

"Why am I hearing you're fighting a damn Alpha?" Breyona's voice was a few octaves too high.

“Good morning to you too.” I mumbled incoherently.

“It’s nearly one in the afternoon.” Breyona snapped, and I could practically see her rolling her eyes. “It’s well passed morning, and don’t ignore my question.”

“Um—well, you’re hearing that because it’s true?” I frowned, pinching the bridge of my nose as Breyona launched into her lecture.

“Y’know, I gave no stock to those rumors. Even when you and Alpha Asher were missing from training yesterday. I figured he just had you holed up in his room, doing all sorts of bad things.” Breyona snapped, rushing her words out impatiently, “What have you gotten yourself into this time?”

“I know, I know.” I grimaced, ignoring her comment about Alpha Asher and I. “Maya already chewed me out rather good. I know I messed up.”

“And now you can’t back out.” Breyona huffed, clearly having a strong grasp on the situation. “You almost get taken by Vampires, and now you have to fight an Alpha.”

“If it makes you feel any better, I’m going to win.” I shrugged, using Alpha Asher’s sheet to cover my exposed body.

Alpha Asher lifted himself from the bed, walking over to me. His fingers wrapped around the thin sheet, pulling it from my body. I stood on the phone with Breyona, glaring at Alpha Asher’s cocky smirk.

“That doesn’t make me feel any better.” Breyona snapped, “And I know you’re going to win. You’re too stubborn not to.”

“Thanks for the confidence.” I grinned,

“Don’t thank me. Just stop getting into so much trouble.” Breyona sighed, “Meet Mason and I at the diner for lunch? The poor guy has been worried sick about you.”

“I’ll do my best.” I chuckled, “And I’ll be there, what time?”

“An hour.” Breyona responded, “I’ll see you then!”

“See ya.” I called out, hanging up the phone.

“And where do you think you’re going?” Alpha Asher lifted his dark eyebrow, his eyes burning into my exposed body.

“Breyona wants me to meet her and Mason for lunch.” I raised my own eyebrow in response, “I told her I’d be there. You can follow if you need to.”

Alpha Asher walked up to me, his arm snaking around my lower back. His dark eyes burned into my own, making my heart speed exponentially.

“Will you be good, Lola?” Alpha Asher murmured; his thumb pressed against my chin.

“I will.” I nodded honestly. “I’m just going for lunch.”

“Good.” Alpha Asher murmured, “I have to make sure everything is ready for this afternoon. Alpha Bran is making quite the spectacle of your fight.”

“Spectacle?” I scowled.

“Alpha Bran enjoys the crowd.” Alpha Asher murmured; his eyes dark. “He already believes he’s won—he wants to show off his prize.”

“I’m not his damn prize.” I rolled my eyes, “And he hasn’t won anything yet.”

“And you won’t let him.” Alpha Asher murmured, a smirk forming on his face. “Meet me back at the house in a couple hours.”

After reluctantly pulling myself from Alpha Asher’s arms, I wrapped a sheet around my body and retreated to my own bedroom. I slipped on a pair of jeans, a light blouse and some shoes. After brushing the knots from my hair, I left the house and headed to the diner.

Dad had offered to buy me a car a few weeks ago, something I declined completely. Dad didn’t have the money to get me a car, not without struggling financially. Besides, everything in town was close together. The packhouse was located near the center of town, while my old house was just a bit further down the block.

I made it to the center of town in seven minutes flat. I enjoyed the feel of the warm sun on my skin, the cool breeze coming just a few moments later.

I had gotten to the diner early, waiting outside until Breyona and Mason pulled up. Mason had a permanent frown on his face, which finally went away when I came into view.

“You’re alive.” Mason chuckled, grabbing me in his arms.

“For now, anyway.” Breyona lifted her eyebrow at me, a hand on her hip.

“For now.” I chuckled once Mason put me down.

“I want an explanation while we eat.” Breyona shook her head, “Tell me all about your latest bit of trouble.”

We went inside the diner and sat down, ordering our usual once the waitress came to the table. Breyona was impatient, wanting to know everything the moment we sat down. I told her the full story, including what Alpha Bran had said to me.

“Alright.” Breyona sighed, her face falling. “I can’t be mad at you for that. But still Lola, he’s a damn Alpha! Their allowed to talk to people like that.”

“It’s not right.” I rolled my eyes, “He might get away with treating other women like objects, but not me.”

“He really asked if he could, have you?” Breyona rolled her eyes, “I’m not liking Alpha Bran already.”

“Asked Alpha Asher and everything, as if I belonged to him.” I snorted, shaking my head.

“I thought you didn’t mind belonging to Alpha Asher.” Breyona smirked, while Mason averted his eyes.

“I don’t want to belong to anyone.” I shook my head. My stomach constricted, registering the lie I had just told. In truth, I wouldn’t mind belonging to Alpha Asher. His possessive claim on me was alluring, intensifying all those conflicting emotions.

“When you find your mate, you’ll want to belong to them.” Breyona nodded confidently, something flashing deep in her gaze.

I had nearly forgotten Breyona found her mate. I was so wrapped up in my own life, that I hadn’t taken the chance to ask about her own.

“How has things been with you and your mate?” I grinned, leaning forward anxiously.

“It’s been—rough.” Breyona nodded, pain filling her eyes. “He’s not really accepting of well, what we are.”

Mason’s face fell, his eyes welling up with sympathy for Breyona. He looked like he could relate to her pain, making me feel terrible for the two of them.

“He could come around.” I reassured her, “You were both made for each other.” I smiled softly at my best-friend.

“I hope you’re right.” Breyona’s voice was small, her eyes far away.

The three of us finished dinner, Breyona and Mason dropped me off at my Grandma’s. They promised to meet me at the packhouse before the fight. Alpha Bran was certainly making a spectacle of the entire situation. Everyone in town seemed to throw me sideways glances. Some were sympathetic, while others looked at me like I was a fool.

The moment I stepped into my Dad’s house; I knew coming there was a mistake.

“Lola.” Dad growled from the recliner, his face falling into a grimace as we locked eyes. I contemplated backing out the house, slamming the door and running down the street. Dad wouldn’t be able to catch me, but I’d be in a lot more trouble.

“I thought Alpha Asher was going to look after you.” Dad growled, “Not let you get into more trouble. An Alpha, really Lola?”

“Be easy on the girl.” Grandma shook her head distastefully at her son. “You can see she learned from her actions.”

“She’s clearly going through with the fight.” Dad grumbled, shooting me an annoyed look.

“It’s not like she can back out.” Grandma rolled her eyes at my Dad, “Besides, Lola’s going to win.”

“How can you be sure of that.” Dad scoffed, “He’s an Alpha.”

“His title doesn’t matter.” Grandma rolled her eyes, “She knows how to defend herself, and that Alpha is much too cocky. The cocky ones always fall.”

I couldn’t help but grin at my Grandma. She always knew how to make me feel better, always staying by my side as I learned from my mistakes.

“It’s still not gonna be easy to watch.” Dad shook his head.

“You’re both coming?” My jaw dropped a little bit as I looked at my Dad.

“Of course, were coming.” Dad grunted, “No daughter of mine is fighting an Alpha without her family present.”

“Thanks Dad.” I grinned pulling him into a hug.

“Yeah, yeah.” Dad grumbled, his face turning pink. “Doesn’t mean I’m not still mad at you.”

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 54

Breyona’s P.o.v

Against my better judgement, I had given Giovanni the address to my Aunt’s house. I knew what I should’ve done instead, beating myself down for being too weak.

I should have rejected him on the spot. I should've grabbed Lola and Mason, leaving the club and my mate behind. My Mom had spent my entire life telling me about the mate bond, and how it would be the happiest day of my life. I wonder what she would think if she knew the truth. This wasn't the happiest day of my life; it was the worst. A mate I could never be with, one destined to fight against my kind.

It was selfish to hope he would abandon his kind when I would never do the same. I couldn't leave my pack and family behind, yet I couldn't say the three words that would sever our connection for good.

'I reject you.'

Those words physically couldn't form on my lips.

The night Lola was marked by Tristan, I took her and Mason home. I stayed around long enough to learn the truth about Lola. She was half-vampire.

As bad as it sounded, my heart soared at the news. That meant a werewolf and a vampire were compatible in some form. If they could have children together, couldn't they somehow be mates? Maybe this wasn't such an anomaly.

After taking Mason home, I hopped into my car. I knew I should've driven straight home, but my heart led me elsewhere.

I was released from my thoughts as I pulled into the driveway of my Aunt's house. The lights were off as they had been since she died. My Aunt was much like Lola's Grandma. They were both erratic with an incredible outlook on life.

I turned my car off and stared up at the old farmhouse. There had been countless summers where I and my older sister would visit to play. My Aunt had all kinds of animals back then. We would play with the horses, running from the hyperactive dogs that would circle our feet.

When my Aunt died, the animals were sold to various farms. The grass began to wither and die, no longer being taken care of. My Mom could never bring herself to come back here. She had been close with her sister. Her death hit her harder than anything I had witnessed before. It was terrifying to see my Mom down on her knees, tears streaming from her eyes as sobs of agony hit her.

I opened the car door and stepped into the cool night. My body was on auto pilot. I felt as though someone were tugging the mate bond, pulling me closer to where Giovanni may be.

Things would have been so much simpler if I had just gone home.

My hands were shaking as I unlocked the door, hearing it creak loudly as it swung open. The house smelled of dust and my Aunt's cinnamon apple air fresheners. They had long ago run out, but the smell remained. It was faded by time but was a peaceful reminder of who had lived here.

I didn't lock the door behind me, some small part of me hoping Giovanni would show. I flipped on the lights, thankful my Mom continued paying the electric bill. I think some part of her enjoyed pretending my Aunt still lived here, that she was just a phone call away if anything happened. That made two people who were ignoring the truth, like mother like daughter.

I sent my Mom a quick text, letting her know I was sleeping over a friend's house. I made sure not to include any names, determined to keep Lola out of trouble if I could.

I curled up in my Aunt's teal armchair. Mom had hated this piece of furniture for years, yet my Aunt never got rid of it. She claimed to love the wide seat, constantly stating how easy it was to curl up on with a book in hand. I think my Aunt only kept it around to see the grimace on Mom's face. My Aunt was funny that way. The armchair still smelled like her, light and floral.

My eyes snapped open as the floorboards creaked warily. I had fallen asleep in my Aunt's chair, lulled by the familiar scents of home.

My heart nearly jumped from my chest, my eyes widening as I noticed Giovanni standing in the open kitchen. He was leaning against the counter, his dark eyes on me.

I wondered how long he had been standing there for, and if he had watched me sleep.

"You came." I choked out; my voice thick with sleep.

I had to remind myself to stay on guard. Mate or not, Giovanni was the enemy. My wolf howled pitifully, pacing in my head. She had been trying to deny the thought, pretend this entire fight wasn't existing. It went against her nature to betray her pack, and yet it was also against her nature to reject her mate. We were both in a tight spot.

My feet moved on their own, approaching Giovanni as he stood in the kitchen. His clothes had changed from what he was wearing at the club. He was dressed in a dark sweater, a thick leather jacket enclosing his torso. His curly hair was messy, drops of rain clinging to each strand.

"I'm not sure why I came here." Giovanni murmured, his dark eyes were bright and wide as he looked down on me. "I felt as though you wanted me here."

My mouth ran dry at the sound of his voice. His rough voice, with just a hint of an Italian accent. His voice sounded like honey, thick and sweet. It was something I could never tire of, and yet we could not be together.

"It's the mate bond." I murmured, running my tongue along my dry lips.

I could only imagine how it felt for Giovanni. Vampire's weren't raised knowing about a future bond they would experience.

“Mate-bond.” Giovanni repeated, his dark eyes glued to my lips. He was hanging on my every word, just as I was hanging on his.

The mate-bond cared not for species or wars. The mate-bond had one duty, to bring two people together. It worked against Giovanni and I, turning our willpower to mush. The urge to step into his arms was overwhelming, his scent swirling around me in suffocating waves.

My own willpower was the first to snap. My fingers twitched, wanting to feel his skin beneath my own. His tanned skin looked soft, smooth and flawless. Without hesitation, my fingers glided over the soft skin of his hand. Sparks danced along my fingertips, sending a wave of relaxation through me.

“This make’s me feel calm.” Giovanni murmured; his eyes locked on our hands. “Is that part of the mate-bond?”

“Yes.” I nodded, my eyes trailing over his face. The frustration on his face was gone as he watched my fingers trail over his skin.

“And the strange feeling running across my skin?” Giovanni’s eyes snapped up to my own.

“That’s also the mate-bond.” I nodded, su*ked in by his intense gaze. “The feeling lets you know you’ve found them—your other half.”

“How can a Vampire be your other half?” Giovanni grimaced, giving a quick shake of his head.

“I don’t know.” I answered honestly, already craving another touch.

I continued running my fingers over his hand as he made no move to stop me. With each caress, my own restraint evaporated. My wolf was in awe, taken in by the man who claimed half our soul. She was determined to pretend. Pretend there was nothing else outside these walls. There was only Giovanni and I, only my mate and me.

It was easy to get su*ked into her thoughts, wanting to believe the same.

When Giovanni leaned into my touch, stepping closer to my body, my mind still hadn't begun to clear. I could feel the heat from his body, begging to meet my own. My fingers trailed up his clothed arms, grazing the skin of his neck.

His dark eyes were blown wide, lingering on the sparks that caressed his skin. I su*ked in a sharp breath as my fingers trailed up his neck, dancing along his curly hair.

The moment I felt Giovanni's hands on my hips, I knew we were both lost.

Giovanni leaned down, and I pressed myself against him as our lips clashed together. His lips were hot against my own, something I hadn't expected. My hands tangled in his curly hair, marveling at how soft it felt. While I was tall for a girl, I was small against his huge frame. His hands grasped my hips tightly, as though he were making sure I had been real.

Our lips moved against each other's effortlessly, the emotions we suppressed guiding us. His touch sent a fire crawling across my skin, begging to be relieved.

"This has been a mistake." Giovanni grunted, tearing himself from me. I could see the toll it had taken on him. A sharp pang of pain radiated through out my chest.

"We're mates for a reason." I was grasping at straws, pleading for some way to make this work.

"There is no reason." Giovanni's eyes hardened as he took a few steps away from me. "Neither of us will ever change sides."

"We can still meet here." The words left my lips before I could even process them.

"How, little she-wolf?" Giovanni hissed, his eyes darkening. "Would we ignore our own kind? Pretend there is not a war brewing?"

It was stupid, so stupid. And yet I couldn't stop myself.

"That's exactly what we do." I clamped my lips together as the words came out. "I—We don't have to talk about what's going on when we're here. It can be somewhere safe for the two of us."

'Until I'm able to sway your loyalty.' The words I had almost spoke lingered in my head. I had no choice, I had to sway his loyalty. The only other option was impossible to think of.

Giovanni looked unconvinced.

"The odds of this ending badly are high, little she-wolf." Giovanni frowned, nearly making me wince.

"I know." I admitted, and yet I couldn't help but hope.

* * * *

I had returned to the house a couple nights later, after Lola had been moved into the packhouse.

I had spent days resisting the urge to drive off, running to my Aunt's house in hopes Giovanni would be there. Some nights I would lie awake, remembering the feel of his lips against my own.

I couldn't bring myself to ask my Mom about Vampire mates. Her face would contort in confusion as she asked why I wanted the information. I already knew what she would say. She would claim we had no more texts on Vampires.

She had no idea I knew about her secret stash. Information so old she kept it under tight lock and key. Only her and my Dad had the privilege of seeing this information.

I wanted to sneak off and find a way to access the information, but I couldn't. I wasn't sure I wanted to read what it said. Would it doom us? We were already doomed according to Giovanni. Could it

save us? I wasn't sure anything could.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 55

I had finally given in the night Lola moved into the packhouse. I had taken Mason home and went home myself. Tonight, was another night I was still in my bed. Sleep refused to claim me, instead placing images of Giovanni in my mind.

My soul had found its other half and being away from him was nearing painful.

When the frustration had become too much, I leaped from the bed. My Mom was already asleep, her soft snores floating down the hall. I couldn't even bring myself to change, leaving the house in my pajama's.

I sped down the road, disregarding the speed limit signs. My soul and wolf knew where I was headed, the two of them wanted to get there quickly.

Unknowingly, I reached out with my heart. I was searching for Giovanni, silently pleading as I hoped he would come to the house.

The windows were dark as I pulled into the driveway for the second time. I found myself sitting in my Aunt's armchair, sleep refusing to claim me. I felt wired and awake, sleep the farthest thought from my mind.

When Giovanni silently stepped through the door an hour later, I launched myself at him.

His body stiffened as I slammed into his chest, but the anticipation had been building for too long. I knew this was wrong, deep down I knew it. My mind and body were at war with each other, claiming they both knew what was best.

I would never betray Lola or my pack, but surely, I deserved these few moments of peace. These

were all I had until the inevitable happened. Either Giovanni chose me, or he chose his kind.

“Little she-wolf.” Giovanni cleared his throat, taking a step back from me. “I felt you reaching out to me.”

“I didn’t know what I was doing.” I frowned, “I just—I had to come here.”

I was at a loss for words, but it seemed Giovanni was in the same situation.

“I have been feeling things—for you.” Giovanni cleared his throat again, his eyes flashing with reluctance. “It has been difficult staying away from this house.”

“I know.” I breathed, my eyes roaming every inch of him. “It’s been hard for me too. I couldn’t stay away any longer.”

Giovanni’s lips parted to say something but closed shortly after. I took his hesitation and tossed it to the side. I knew what I wanted, and right now I wanted to pretend.

I wanted to pretend he wasn’t a vampire, and I wasn’t a werewolf. We were just two normal people who happened to share a connection. I wanted just a moment of this before reality crashed down, guilt following.

I threw my arms over his shoulders and pressed myself against him. He was too tall for me to reach his lips, so I freckled light kisses across his jaw. His body tensed under my touch, but he made no move to distance himself.

I knew I had won when his arms snaked around my waist, pulling myself tighter against him. His head bent down, his lips meeting my own. I could feel the emotion he held back, the hunger that hid behind his eyes.

Somewhere in the back of my mind, my logical side was screaming. I was kissing a Vampire in the middle of nowhere. He could murder me and leave my body to rot. It could be quite some time until my Mom thought to look here.

Much too soon, Giovanni pulled himself from me. He looked as though he wanted to say something, something important.

“Little she-wolf.” Giovanni’s lips were parted, practically begging for another taste. “This cannot continue—things have been set into motion. You will not be able to tolerate my involvement.”

My stomach sank at his words, and fear coursed through my veins. The way he was speaking made it sound as though the Vampires had plans, plans they were involving Giovanni in.

“What’s happening, Giovanni?” I frowned; his name tasted sweet on my lips. Something in his eyes flashed as I said his name, the bond between us growing stronger.

“I will not betray my people.” Giovanni’s eyes hardened painfully, “I just wished to inform you.”

“You can see what they’re doing is wrong, right?” I frowned, my eyes wide and pleading. “The Vampire’s want to end all werewolf life. Werewolves don’t want all Vampire’s dead. We were happy living in peace.”

“You say that as though I am not one of them.” Giovanni’s voice was cold, detached. “I cannot change what I am, nor can you.”

The backs of my eyes burned, desperately wanting to let the tears run free. I refused to give into the agony, determined to keep myself together in front of this man. If he could throw a mask on his face and ignore his emotions, so could I.

Giovanni turned towards the front door, stepping out onto the porch. His eyes were dark as he turned and looked at me.

"I follow orders, just as you do." Giovanni's eyes concealed just a flicker of pain before he sped off into the night.

* * * *

I had refused to go back to my Aunt's house. My heart stung with pain every time Giovanni crossed my mind.

I hated myself for my weakness, and I hated myself for thinking there could be a happy ending. The moment I stepped into my car; the tears fell freely from my face. I had cried the entire drive home, silently demanding answers from the Moon Goddess. The tears returned with a vengeance when my pleas went unanswered.

I would spend my nights alone, drowning in my own emotions as I tried to resist my forbidden mate. During the day I would throw a mask on for the world, one that was being kept together by tape and glue. I summoned what strength I could, hiding my pain from everyone.

What hurt me the most was keeping it from Lola. Lola of all people would understand. She wouldn't hate me for what I had done, nor would she expect me to reject Giovanni. She was the one person I could go to, and yet I couldn't force myself to tell her the truth.

I hadn't seen Giovanni in days, yet it felt much longer than that.

Mason and I had gone through with Lola's plan, sneaking from our houses in the middle of the night. My heart hammered nervously as Mason and I waited alongside the training building. Mason was picking at his fingers, the two of us listening in on Lola through the mind-link.

My heart dropped when I realized the Vampire that had marked Lola was there, Tristan. I could hear Tyler's voice through the mind-link, making my blood boil. I had never liked that coward.

A strangled gasp left my lips as Lola repeated the names of Tristan's Vampire friends.

Giovanni

How many Vampire's named Giovanni were there? My head clamored for an answer, but my heart knew the truth. This was what Giovanni was speaking of. The Vampires had a plan for Lola and this pack, one Giovanni was heavily involved with.

After calling Alpha Asher, Mason and I ran around to the back of the packhouse. Alpha Asher darted outside; half dressed with eyes full of sleep. He said nothing to us, his eyes burning with fury.

The fear rolling through me had nothing to do with Alpha Asher. My fear concerned Giovanni. Alpha Asher shifted and leaped into the forest, taking off after Lola. I was the second to shift, using all my force to propel myself forward. I could hear Mason's heavy footfalls behind me as I desperately tried to catch up to Alpha Asher.

Alpha Asher bounded into the clearing, knocking into Tristan roughly.

Giovanni locked eyes with me, the bond making him able to notice me in wolf form. His eyes burned intelligently as they stared into my own. I forced myself to look away, to do anything else.

Mason and I leaped into the clearing as Tristan darted away. Giovanni was next to follow, bounding into the woods without a second glance. My heart ached at the sight, my legs moving on their own.

My wolf had more control when we were in this form, and she was determined not to let Giovanni get away.

My legs burned with agony as I chased after Giovanni. His scent swirled in my head, and I let it lead me as I ran. I skidded to a halt, kicking up dirt and grass in my attempt to stop.

Giovanni was leaning against a tree, his eyes hard. His arms were crossed as he stared at me. I wanted to shift but remained still in fear he would dart away. A low whine left my lips, one that seemed to thaw Giovanni's icy exterior.

"I cannot speak with you this way." Giovanni murmured, his eyes running over my wolf-form.

I walked behind one of the trees, letting my fur sprout back into my body. Keeping my eyes on where Giovanni stood, I walked over to one of the trees. Many of the tree's in our woods had colored markers. These were the places clothes were set out incase they were needed.

I slipped on a pair of loose sweatpants and threw a white t-shirt over my head. My heart fluttered painfully as I realized Giovanni hadn't left, he had waited for me.

"Alpha Asher Desmond has Tyler in his possession, I assume?" Giovanni questioned.

I figured it couldn't hurt to answer his question, so I answered honestly.

"He does." I nodded.

Giovanni grunted, frustration flashing in his eyes.

"You don't have to do this." I shook my head, "You could just come with me—"

"Come with you?" Giovanni scoffed, "And then what? I would be murdered for my involvement, murdered for what I am."

"I wouldn't let that happen." I shook my head, my throat constricting as my heart ached in my chest. "Lola would help us, she'd understand."

"The half-blood might understand, but she would never accept us." Giovanni's gaze became

detached, that same echo of pain flickering in his eyes.

Somewhere in the back of my mind, I wondered how much pain a person could take. My heart felt dead in my chest, sharp pains radiating through out my body.

For once the part of me that wanted a happy ending fell silent. I was left with nothing, just a hollow feeling in my chest. I felt resentment towards Giovanni. Resentment mixed with desire; anger mixed with sorrow.

“I Breyona, reject you Giovanni, as my mate.” My voice was hollow, my wolf howling and my heart aching as I uttered the words that would sever the bond.

Giovanni took a step back, as if my words were a physical strike against his skin. The mask on his face cracked, giving in to the whirlwind of emotions he felt.

Anger, regret, longing, despair.

He hid it so much better than I, but he was feeling the same emotions. He wanted me as badly as I wanted him. I couldn't blame him for not wanting to try. I was unwilling to abandon my people; how could I expect him to do the one thing I could not?

“Accept my rejection.” I choked out, blinking back the tears that threatened to leave my eyes.

Giovanni stood silent, an echo of pain flitting across his features. Giovanni backed away from me, moving deeper into the forest.

“Reject me, Giovanni!” The words tore from my chest in a painful yell.

Giovanni gave me one last look, one filled with everything he knew he couldn't have. He turned and darted into the forest, leaving me broken and confused.

He hadn't accepted my rejection. The mate-bond was still growing stronger

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 56

Alpha Asher's P.o.v

I reluctantly let Lola leave the house, hoping she would somehow manage to stay out of trouble.

The moment Lola left the house, I traveled down to the cells to speak with Tyler. I was forced to use the holding cell's in this pack, missing the ones in my own desperately. The holding cells in this pack were pitiful in comparison. Silver bars and dirt walls were all that kept prisoners in line. It was obvious these cells were rarely used. The cell bars were rusting, the smell of damp earth surrounding us.

I had brought my Beta along, hoping the two of us would coax some words from Tyler. We had kept Tyler under tight lock and key. Guards monitored his cell constantly, they also injected small amounts of silver into his blood stream. He was kept weak and isolated in hopes his mind would break before his body.

I had visited Tyler the night we captured him and saved Lola. He had refused to speak, demanding he talk to Lola. The demand sent fury rolling through me. Tyler was not in any position to make demands, nor would he speak with what was mine.

Tyler had this petty hold over Lola, claiming they were meant to be together. I had heard the rumors floating around the day after I took control of this pack. The old Alpha had a girlfriend but discovered his true mate in the middle of his relationship.

I walked down to the cells with Beta Devin at my side. Two guards were leaning against the earthen wall, watching Tyler through the bars.

"Has he said anything useful yet?" I turned to one of the men, my eyes flickering to Tyler's hunched

form.

“No, Alpha.” One of the guards shook his head, his eyes narrowing in hatred as he looked on at Tyler. I recognized one of the guards from my own pack, the other was once a part of Tyler’s pack. The hatred in his eyes was staggering, especially as he looked down at his old Alpha. I remembered the young werewolf’s name. Isaac had once been close friends with the old Alpha, making me reluctant to accept his offer as a guard. It was his hatred for his old Alpha that made me accept, and Isaac had not been one to disappoint.

Every half an hour, Isaac would enter Tyler’s cell and beat the truth from him. Tyler had yet to speak of anything other than Lola, but my will remained unbroken. It had been a total of two days, longer than I thought Tyler would last. Bringing Lola down here was a last resort, something I tried not to think on.

I opened Tyler’s cell and stepped inside. The smell of sh*t and piss was overwhelming, turning my stomach. Tyler had seen better days. The cocky tilt of his chin was absent as he sat slumped over in his cell. His light-colored hair was brown with dirt, his clothes crumpled and stained. His light eyes remained bright and unbroken, something that would soon change.

“It appears your men have forgotten my breakfast.” Tyler’s voice was raspy from lack of water, his head turning up in my direction. His eyes were bright as his lips turned up in a cocky smile.

My wolf wanted to tear through, to destroy the man that laid claim on what was ours. Tyler’s hold on Lola was non-existent, a power he wished to reclaim. Tyler was one of those men who couldn’t stand to be ignored, to be replaced by something better. Reclaiming Lola was poor attempt to claim his old life, one where he hadn’t lost everything.

It was never my intention to attack Tyler’s pack. I hadn’t noticed the little pack until Tyler climbed for my attention. I could ignore his side-eyed looks of jealousy and superiority, but I couldn’t tolerate out right disrespect. Tyler had disrespected my position in front of my pack. Naturally, an act like this wouldn’t be grounds for war. The two Alpha’s would fight one-on-one, the victor absorbing the loser’s pack. Tyler had run back to his pack before we had the chance, prompting my own action in return. I could never allow another Alpha to disrespect me and run. A coward had no

right running a pack.

Instead of acknowledging what he said, I kept my face an impassive mask. I gripped Tyler's tattered shirt in my fist, lifting him to his feet. His head rested against the earthen wall; his lip split from his time with Isaac.

Feeling my wolf's strength surge through me, I tossed Tyler's body against the wall. His flesh hit the earth with a sickening smack, but the light in his blue eyes remained.

'Not for long.' My wolf murmured, looking down at the would-be Alpha. 'Everyone breaks.'

As much as I wanted to, I hadn't the time to stay and truly torture Tyler. I informed Isaac and the other guard to feed him scraps a few times a day. Enough to keep him alive, but not enough to gain strength.

Alpha Bran had been waiting outside the Training building for me, insisting he needed my men's aid in setting up for the fight. I had detested Alpha Bran's father, and now I detested his son. The two of them were insufferable pricks, thinking themselves the King's of the world.

While the prospect of Lola fighting Alpha Bran pissed me off, it would be satisfying when she won.

'Alpha Bran will never live it down.' My wolf murmured in appreciation.

Alpha Bran continued to push his boundaries. Extensive comments about Lola and his night with her left his mouth. He was goading me on, I knew that much. Alpha Bran's pride often clouded his judgement. He ran the second largest pack in the world, one I could easily absorb if need be.

I had been quite the dictator a few years ago, my goal was absorbing as many packs as possible. I had long ago left that goal behind, content with the size of my pack. We had the numbers and the

warriors, there was just one thing missing. It was something I had spent many years ignoring, something I wasn't sure I wanted.

I had the pack, the men, but I didn't have a mate. I needed a Luna.

Alpha Bran's men worked with my own, turning the open space beside the pack-house into a fighting ground. The open space lingered beside the Training building and was once where training was held. When the recruits began their training as wolves, we would move outside.

The space was flat and barren, but Alpha Bran requested more. After a couple hours, the earthen floor was covered. In the center of the field sat a large dirt lot, circular in shape. This was where Alpha Bran and Lola would be fighting. Large lights were strewn about, staked into the ground. The sun was just beginning to set, marking only an hour before their fight.

I paced inside the packhouse as the minutes ticked by. Ten minutes before the fight, I was nearly ready to explode. Her two friends had come twenty minutes earlier, standing by as they waited for their friend.

The girl Breyona continued throwing me anxious glances. Her eyes were glued to the clock on the wall, counting down the seconds until the fight. Even the guy Mason, looked concerned. The constant need to suppress my jealousy around Mason was infuriating, but I knew Lola needed them here.

"She'll be here, Alpha." Beta Devin grunted, giving me a wary look. "Do you really think Lola would run?"

"No, I don't." I shook my head, agreeing with Beta Devin's reasoning. "She's incapable of arriving anywhere on time."

"She'll be here." Breyona muttered, her eyes meeting my own. "She went to her Dad's house, their probably just running late. You know how she is."

As if on cue, the front door opened, and Lola walked in. Her face was red from exertion, but she was otherwise unharmed. My hammering heart stilled at the sight of her, her black hair done in a tight braid down her back. The black leggings and sports bra clung to her full frame.

“Did you run here?” I grimaced, taking in the sight of her.

“What? No, I didn’t run here.” Lola’s face contorted in confusion, her bottom lip jutting out. “We were just running late.”

“You’re about to fight an Alpha and you couldn’t keep track of the time?” My voice came out harsher than I meant, my eyebrow lifting as I stared at the defiant expression on Lola’s face.

“Baby steps, Alpha.” Lola snapped, her hands finding their way to her hips. “Rome wasn’t built in a day.”

I peeled my eyes away from her hips and glared. This little ball of fire was distracting me more than I thought. I was noticing all her habits and began enjoying each one. Her lip would jut out in a pout whenever she was being scolded, her hands would find her hips when she became defensive. I was beginning to enjoy the flash of fire in her eyes when she called me ‘Alpha’.

I sent Breyona, Mason, and Beta Devin outside. I needed a minute alone with Lola before my head nearly imploded. The urge to touch her skin was a constant itch in my head.

“Ready to watch me beat up an Alpha?” Lola’s lips turned up in a smirk that sent my heart hammering.

“You’re awful cocky.” My eyes blazed down at her, irritation and lu*t filling my body. Her eyes were wide and innocent, catching on to the anger that rolled from my body. Regardless of tonight’s outcome, Lola would be punished for her behavior.

“Maybe I just have a really good Alpha training me.” Lola shrugged, her own lu*t filling her eyes. As much as she tried to resist me, her eyes always gave it away.

“Careful, Lola.” I smirked down at her, my thumb rubbing against her plush bottom lip. “Keep complimenting me, and I might just think you like me.”

Lola had the reaction I anticipated. A scoff came from her perfect lips, her eyes narrowing incredulously.

“Keep dreaming.” Lola smirked, turning on her heel and exiting through the front door. Her hips swayed, her bottom prominent through her leggings. I ignored the tightening in my pants, pushing thoughts of Lola’s round bottom from my mind.

I had caught up to Lola effortlessly. Lola was fast for a werewolf, but it was clear she was in no hurry. Some part of her was nervous for this fight.

Alpha Bran stood in the middle of the dirt circle; his face bright with cheer as he talked to some of the guests. I could see Alpha Zeke nearby, an irritated look on his face as Alpha Bran clapped him on the back.

Alpha Bran was the first to notice Lola’s arrival, something I had already anticipated. Lola’s Dad stood off to the side, looking irritated yet proud. Her Grandma stood nearby, her face calm and serene despite what tonight would hold.

“Lola sweetheart, you’re here.” Alpha Bran smirked, running a hand through his hair. His pitiful excuse at flirting only irritated me and my wolf.

Lola’s look of disgust cooled some of my anger.

“Obviously, this is my pack.” Lola rolled her eyes, clearly tired of his antics.

“I’m afraid I can’t go easy on you sweetheart.” Alpha Bran smirked, pulling his shirt from his head. Many of the guests stood by awkwardly, anticipation and nerves filling the lot of them. It wasn’t often one of their own would fight against an Alpha.

The rules were as such, they could fight in wolf or human form but had to keep within the circle. The first one unconscious or dead would win the fight.

An uneasy feeling filled me. It was clear Lola received training in her year away from the pack, but had she trained in her wolf form?

The two of them stood at opposite ends of the circle, their eyes locked on one another.

I made my way to the front, taking my place beside Alpha Zeke and Beta Devin. It was responsibility to begin the fight. I let any emotion drain from my face, giving Lola a long look before beginning the match.

“Fight.” My voice rang out through the crowd of people. The lights illuminated the field as the sun continued to set. Shadows were thrown across the field and forest line.

Without hesitation, Alpha Bran leaped forward. His claws extended in the short amount of time it took to reach Lola. For just a moment, I worried she had a moment to slow when registering Alpha Bran’s attack.

Surprise rolled through me as Lola turned, flattening herself as Alpha Bran whizzed by. His claws dug into the ground as he skidded to a halt.

His blue eyes were bright with surprise, clearly underestimating Lola. Lola on the other hand looked elated and calm.

Alpha Bran pulled himself from the ground. I knew his wolf was giving him speed and strength, judging from the speed Alpha Bran used. A wolf’s energy was not inexhaustible. Sooner or later his wolf would tire, retreating to the back of his mind.

Alpha Bran kept close to Lola, giving her little room to escape and move around. While Alpha Bran was not the best fighter I had seen, he was better than I anticipated. Alpha Bran threw punch after

punch, while Lola stumbled to dodge his moves. He was keeping her close, working her against the far wall of the circle. Lola needed room to move, room to dodge his attacks.

My chest constricted as his lengthened claw grazed Lola's ankle. The move had set her off balance, leaving her falling to the floor. Lola pulled herself up with speed that surprised me.

As Alpha Bran's punches and swipes became more desperate, Lola began to pick up speed.

I watched as something flashed from the corner of my eye, turning my head at the sight. Something cold rushed through me as I watched the shadows gather. They followed Lola's every movement, keeping out of sight behind the crowd. The shadows followed her silkily, as if they were under her command.

When Lola lunged and dodged, the shadows followed. What had once been a warm night, was now cold. Light wind whipped around, lashing against skin. A sense of unease fell on the crowd, but I seemed the only one who noticed.

My eyes scanned the oblivious crowd, their eyes locked on Lola and Alpha Bran. There was one set of eyes that were not on the fight, but on the gathering shadows behind Lola.

Lola's Grandmother stared at the gathering shadows; her mouth parted in shock.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 57

Lola's P.o.v

Alpha Bran had quickly learned not to underestimate me. He hadn't expected my speed, having to push himself to land the easiest of blows.

Alpha Bran was a skilled opponent, but I had trained against Alpha Asher on multiple occasions. Alpha Asher's fighting style was brute force coupled with intense analyzing. Alpha Asher analyzed each target, noticing their differences and the way they fought. Alpha Bran did no such thing, treating me the same as he would any other opponent.

While dodging Alpha Bran's attacks, I remembered something Chris had told me. Chris had trained me the entire year I stayed at Grandma's. He had never told me the truth about his past, but Grandma gave me some hints. Chris had been one of the best warriors to exist, becoming Beta to his closest friend at one point. It must have not worked out, as Chris lived in the middle of nowhere with Grandma as his neighbor.

Chris had given me thousands of tips throughout our year of training, but this one stuck with me the most.

'Each opponent is different. You need to pinpoint those differences, find their weak spot.'

Alpha Bran's weak spot was his pride, that and his increasing temper. The more impatient and desperate Alpha Bran became, the sloppier he would fight. Parts of his body were undefended as he attacked impulsively

I could see Alpha Bran's desire to shift, yet his pride prevented him from doing so. He thought shifting was unnecessary fighting against a she-wolf, that he should have the strength in human form.

Maya was in my head, goading me on. While she helped increase my speed, she saved her strength. We would have to render Alpha Bran unconscious to win the fight. It was clear he was stronger than me, but I was determined to win.

As I became faster, Alpha Bran's blows became more desperate. I was exceeding his expectations, proving to be a challenge. No one else could see it, but anger and frustration were growing in Alpha Bran's eyes.

I felt myself tumble to the ground; my ankle scratched by Alpha Bran's claw. I could feel the sticky

wetness against my ankle, but the pain fueled me.

All at once, something strange began to happen. It started as a gentle tingling sensation across my skin, brushing past the hairs on my arms and raising them. The tingling sensation grew stronger, and much colder. Shards of ice danced across my skin, scraping but causing no pain. The sweat on my body grew cold, yet Alpha Bran and I continued to fight.

My stomach tightened as I dodged another of Alpha Bran's blows. He was close to shifting, to setting aside his pride to win the fight.

'It'll be easier to knock him out before he shifts.' Maya murmured in my head.

There was a tugging sensation in my gut, and the cold shards of ice continued running across my skin. A voice whispered out in my mind, silky yet sharp like steel. It slithered into my mind, curling around my head like a vice. I could almost picture it sliding into my mind, a smoky tendril of darkness.

'By payment of blood, we will provide aid.'

As quickly as the voice had come, it vanished. A searing pain erupted from my ankle, and it took all my concentration not to double over. The cut on my ankle grew cold, painfully cold.

Instead of strength leaving my body, I was met with a wave of strength that nearly knocked me to my knees. The feeling was raw and dark yet alluring and almost comforting. It reminded me of dark chocolate, thick and sweet with just a hint of something bitter.

Alpha Bran's face contorted in panic as my speed skyrocketed. I was dodging Alpha Bran's reckless blows while making ones of my own. His contorted expression fueled me, filling me with smug satisfaction as my claws grazed his chest.

Alpha Bran's bones began to shift, hair sprouting on his body in light patches. Faster than the average werewolf, his wolf burst from his body. Large and the color of wet sand, Alpha Bran stood snarling at me.

I called Maya forward, and for just a moment she fought against the strength that filled me. The humming pain in my ankle was an afterthought, hardly crossing my mind.

'It feels wrong.' Maya mumbled, shaking her head.

'Do you want to get beat by this Alpha?' I grunted, growing impatient the longer we stayed in human form.

I felt Maya come to the front of my mind, absorbing and meshing with the strength that flowed through me. My own bones began to shift, midnight colored fur sprouting over my body.

Maya jumped forward with renewed strength, our jaws open as we fought for each other's throats. The crowd of people stepped back, out of range from the fighting wolves.

I hadn't the time to stop and analyze, but I felt different in wolf form. My wolf had grown taller, almost as tall as Alpha Bran's. I was still small in comparison, but it was a noticeable change. My fur had once been a flat shade of black, looked brighter and more alive. It was a deep black, with almost a deep blue hue.

Alpha Bran's strength began to wane, his desperation reaching newfound heights. Alpha Bran's wolf lunged forward, its teeth bare. He made the mistake of leaving his right side open, and I was much faster.

I felt Maya spring forward, coiling her body away from Alpha Bran's teeth as our own sunk into his neck. We hadn't bitten deep enough to kill, just enough to make Alpha Bran whine. Planting our back legs in the dirt, Maya whipped her head to the side. I forced all the strength coursing through me into the move. Alpha Bran hit the dirt with a sickening thud, the force behind our move sent his wolf skidding across the grass.

The crowd held its breath, their eyes flickering between Alpha Bran and I. Alpha Zeke walked over to the still wolf, a cocky grin on his face.

I hadn't noticed what Alpha Zeke was doing, my eyes were locked on Alpha Asher. His honey colored eyes stared at me, something strange flickering on the surface.

My body felt strangely numb, my limbs thick with exhaustion. All I wanted was to curl up in Alpha Asher's plush bed and sleep well into the next day.

"He's done." Alpha Zeke chuckled, a brisk shake of his head.

After copious amounts of cheering and a few more strange looks from Alpha Asher, I was finally able to step out of the crowd. I stumbled at first, nearly toppling over as a wave of exhaustion hit. The high from my fight was wearing off, leaving me to crash and burn.

Once I was away from most of the people, I closed my eyes and sent Aela back.

"What are you doing, Lola?" Alpha Asher's rough voice called out, making my eyes snap open. My wolf was almost as tall as Alpha Asher, my head reaching around his chest.

'Shifting.' I scoffed through the mind-link, giving Alpha Asher a tired look.

"Come in the training building with me." Alpha Asher grunted, holding my bag in his hands.

I followed Alpha Asher silently, my paws tapping against the thick pads on the floor. The lights were off inside, all coming on at once as Alpha Asher flipped the switches. Once the door was closed, Alpha Asher turned to me.

"Shift." His voice was rough and commanding. I'm sure Maya would've done anything he asked, so long as he used that tone.

The fur retreated from my body, my bones shifting back with minimal discomfort. My long raven colored hair hung down to my waist, covering most of my breasts as I stood bare in front of Alpha Asher.

“Later, Lola.” Alpha Asher smirked, his dark eyes captivating. “Your family is waiting outside.”

My face flushed, and for a moment I wondered if he could read my thoughts. Alpha Asher pulled my spare set of clothes from my bag, slipping my loose t-shirt over my head. I pulled on another pair of leggings and slipped on some shoes.

I was pissed I ripped through my clothes when I shifted, but I couldn’t get undressed in the middle of a fight. That didn’t change the fact I lost my favorite pair of shoes during my shift.

The two of us walked outside, images of Alpha Asher and I flickering through my head. Dad, Mason, and Breyona all had cheeky grins on their faces.

“I didn’t doubt you for a second, Lola.” Mason’s lopsided smile formed on his face.

“I did.” Breyona shrugged, a grin on her own face. “But I’m pleasantly surprised!”

Grandma pasted a smile on her face, one I could see through in an instant. Her eyes were filled to the brim with worry, her hands clasped tightly.

“You did great out there.” Grandma smiled proudly.

Her smile seemed a little more convincing this time but did nothing to ease the tension in my stomach.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 58

While everyone seemed elated over my victory, my stomach continued twisting in knots. Clearly

something had happened during the fight, something that chilled me to the bone. I hadn't won on my own, something had helped me. If I tried to picture the source, I could see smoky tendrils of darkness pulsing at the edge of the forest. They blended in with the shadows, nearly invisible to the naked eye. If I focused hard enough, I swore I could see them moving.

The strange surge of strength put Maya on edge. She hated the cold and prickly feeling that caressed our skin. It felt seductive and cold, unfeeling yet addicting. While I hadn't a clue what I did, I promised myself that would be the last of it.

Alpha Asher's eyes lingered on the forest line, flickering back to me as he caught my gaze. Something turned in my stomach at the way Alpha Asher looked on at the shadows. My gut was telling me he could see them, slithering into the darkness until called. Even Grandma looked uneasy, her lips turned up into a forced smile. Every now and again her eyes would run over me slowly, as if she were searching for something.

Alpha Bran had been placed out of sight, still unconscious in his wolf form. A sense of smug satisfaction filled me. I had defeated an Alpha. Alpha Bran was a far cry away from Alpha Asher, but I had been successful. Alpha Asher would receive aid from Alpha Bran, and I didn't have to spend a night with the man.

Once everyone cleared from the training grounds, Alpha Asher and I retreated inside the house. I hugged Breyona and Mason goodbye, promising to meet up with them tomorrow after training. Dad and Grandma had left, Dad's shoulders lifting with pride as they walked back to the car.

I walked into Alpha Asher's bedroom without being told, the action simply felt right. After spending these few days with him, I couldn't imagine sleeping in bed alone. It was strange how attached I became to Alpha Asher, relying on his presence like a crutch. After a while, I stopped questioning the intense sexual attraction I felt towards the man. Now something new was simmering within me. Every intimate move Alpha Asher made was stored in my mind, igniting feelings I hadn't expected. These feelings weren't born from lust and allure, but something deeper.

Choosing to focus on anything other than those feelings, I asked Alpha Asher what happened during the fight.

“Did anything—strange happen while I was fighting Alpha Bran?” I frowned, the words tasting sour in my mouth.

Alpha Asher lifted my shirt from my head, another intimate action. I was keeping count at this point, each action making my insides flutter. Alpha Asher insisted we shower but noticed how I seemed to wobble on my own feet. He was incredibly gentle, removing each piece of my clothing with ease. I could hardly feel his fingertips graze my skin as he removed my bra.

Alpha Asher’s lips pressed together tightly, an expression I was beginning to anticipate. His dark brows pressed together, worry clouding his honey colored eyes.

“Strange?” Alpha Asher murmured, his voice rough. “You could say that. Did you notice anything strange?”

It was my turn to purse my lips. I had learned my lesson about telling Alpha Asher the truth. If I lied to him, it would only come back to bite me on the ass.

I told Alpha Asher about what happened during the fight. I gave every insignificant detail I could muster. I gave a detailed description on how the small shards of ice danced across my skin, and the searing pain that erupted in my ankle. My ankle had already begun to heal, a red puckered wound lingering on my skin.

Alpha Asher’s jaw clenched when I told him what the shadows had said, and how they fed from my blood. My stomach churned as I spoke, but I told him what the surge of power felt like. It was raw and ancient, yet dark and seductive. It was easy to become lost in that power, letting it flow unrestricted.

“That doesn’t sound good.” Alpha Asher’s eyes darkened, the muscles in his jaw working roughly.

My pants and underwear hit the floor with a dull thud. It was clear Alpha Asher had seen something during the fight, something he was reluctant to speak of. The pulse of allure and lu*t bounced between us, but our thoughts kept us occupied.

Alpha Asher placed his hands on my hips and lifted me from the floor. As if it were second nature, I wrapped my legs around his hips. He walked the two of us into the shower and set me on my wobbly legs. The hot water eased my bruised skin wonderfully, lulling me into a sleepy daze. I forced myself to remain awake, to continue the conversation we were having.

“What could it have been?” I murmured warily, “They spoke in my head, like I was the one who called them.”

“Werewolves can’t do things like that, Lola.” Alpha Asher pursed his lips, grabbing a bottle of bodywash to lather over my skin. “That mean’s what happened probably stemmed from your other half—your Vampire side.”

“I’m not sure I want to know.” I frowned, my wide eyes meeting his own. That kind of power felt wrong, yet incredibly alluring. I felt strong harnessing this ancient power, but I could feel it leave a stain on my soul. That kind of power was addicting.

“It’s half of who you are.” Alpha Asher smiled wearily. “You do not have to accept that side, but it is smart to learn what you can.”

“Breyona’s parents are big into history. They have all these ancient texts, but they still didn’t have much on Vampire’s.” I frowned.

“I can see what I can do on my part.” Alpha Asher spun me around, rubbing the soft sponge against my back. “I make no promises—many Alpha’s do not care for history.”

“That’s not a surprise.” I snorted, my eyes closing against my own will. Alpha Asher set the sponge

aside, letting his large hands glide over my shoulders.

His thumbs dug into the sore muscles on my shoulders, coaxing a tired moan from my lips. His hands paired with the hot water soothed my body, making me weak to the knees.

“I’d suggest you hold those sounds in, Lola.” Alpha Asher murmured, his lips only inches from my ear. “You’re too exhausted for what I want to do to you.”

I could feel his length press against my back, hardened from the noise that left my lips. My cheeks burned red, but Alpha Asher continued running his hands along my back. I clamped my lips shut, letting Alpha Asher’s hands work away my tension. It was another intimate act, another moment where things felt much more... serious.

“Talk to Breyona again.” Alpha Asher murmured; my eyes began fluttering shut. “Reread what you’ve already read. I’ve learned coming back later can offer fresh perspective.”

I murmured something unintelligible, my head falling back against Alpha Asher’s chest. The rest of the shower was a daze, my eyes refusing to stay open for the rest. Every so often, I could feel Alpha Asher run his fingers along my skin. The move wasn’t s*xual, his fingers stayed far away from my private areas. Alpha Asher trailed his fingers up my neck, along my collar bones and down my stomach.

His arm wrapped around my waist, holding me up as he massaged conditioner into my hair. He had been incredibly gentle, taking control and cleaning every inch of me. My eyes might’ve been closed and fighting sleep, but my stomach swarmed with butterflies.

“Sleepy, little Lola.” Alpha Asher chuckled lowly in my ear, sending a pang of something delightful between my legs. His voice continued to have a strong affect on me. “Your clever move must have left you drained.”

Alpha Asher was right, my move had left me drained. The strength that once flowed through my body had left with a vengeance. As that dark power left me, I felt as though it su*ked away my own strength.

The last thing I remembered before succ*mbing to the darkness, was the feel of a soft material beneath my fingers. I could feel Alpha Asher's fingers in my hair, the motion lulling me into sleep.

I was envious of the confidence in Alpha Asher's voice. While he didn't put it into words, he trusted me. He might have not trusted my ability to stay out of trouble, but he trusted my loyalty. He wasn't worried about the dark power I had tapped into; confident we would find the answer.

I wished I could feel that way, but his confidence did nothing to ease the anxiety in my gut. My sleep started off as restful—that was until the slippery voices filled my mind. I felt myself being torn from my body, pulled away from Alpha Asher's bed. I could see my body below, curled up as I breathed softly. Alpha Asher's face was smooth and relaxed, his own eyes closed in sleep.

I wanted to reach forward, to go back into my body but the shadows stirring in the corner had other plans.

They pulled me backwards, ripping me from Alpha Asher's bedroom with force. I tumbled out of the house, several feet above the ground before plummeting forward.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 59

I was pulled from the packhouse, floating just outside the second-floor window. I could still see Alpha Asher and I in bed, his arm wrapped lazily around my waist.

Looking down at my own hands, I noticed the shimmery and almost dream-like quality they had taken on. My skin was nearly translucent, showing the ground beneath me. I held my arms out in the air, trying to move myself towards the bedroom window. My body refused to respond, as if I were tethered to the spot.

I had never experienced a dream quite like this. Watching my sleeping body just ten feet away was quite unsettling. My stomach lurched as I began sinking to the ground. It felt like going over the crest of a roller coaster, right before free-fall.

For just a second, I wondered if my feet would pass through the earth. I had passed through the packhouse with ease. Some of the fear in my stomach was quenched when my feet gently hit the

ground.

Everything was lit beautifully under the night sky. The moonlight bathed everything in shades of deep blue. Something stirred at the forest line. I tried to take a step back when the familiar icy cold front lapped at my skin. I couldn't force my body to move, once again tethered in place.

After seeing the moving shadows during the fight, it was easy to spot them now. It was as if once you noticed the shadows, you could never miss them again. The shadows gathered along the forest line, painting the leaves and bark in black.

I watched as some of the shadows took form, only to break apart and slink away. The shadows continued to build, and my discomfort continued to grow. My skin was cold to the touch, even with the warm nighttime breeze.

As the shadows gathered, other parts of the forest line became lighter. Tree's and details were easier to make out as the shadows pulled themselves further away. The shadows merged, creating a towering form. The form was shaped like a man. Standing at six feet tall, the form had no discernable details. I could see its frayed edges, where the shadows were unable to become solid.

The human shaped shadow approached me. Each individual hair on my body stood on end as the silky voice emerged from the shadow. The cold front seemed to follow the shadows, growing stronger the closer they approached.

'You have been called'

'Called?' My voice sounded strange as the word tumbled from my lips. It was an octave higher and left a dull ringing in my ears. As much as I wanted this to be a dream, it was far too accurate for my liking. The knot that had formed in my stomach grew bigger each time I dismissed this as a dream.

While I wanted to ignore the truth, my gut already knew.

I tried to reach out to Maya, to feel her within the confines of my brain. I was met with an emptiness that rattled me. Searching the corners of my mind for my wolf, she was no where to be found. The only voice inside my head, was my own.

I pressed against the invisible barrier that held me in place, pushing until my body ached and my head throbbed. The shadow man glided forward inhumanly, it's arms and legs remained still throughout the motion.

'Do not fight'

The words came from the shadows in a silky hiss, their voices floating to my reluctant ears. Before I had the chance to react, a smoky hand wrapped around my wrist. My mouth opened in pain, but nothing came out. The smoky hand around my wrist was colder than anything I had felt. I couldn't pull myself from it's grasp. Icy shards dug into my skin and I wondered if there would be a wound where the shadow had touched me.

Nearly three whole seconds after the shadow grabbed my wrist, the packhouse around us had faded from existence. It was like watching an old television. The background became enveloped in static, details and object disappearing from the background until we were left with nothing.

As quickly as everything faded, a new surrounding replaced the old. My limbs felt like jelly, my tongue sandpaper in my mouth. I was overwhelmed with fatigue, as if I had just traveled a great distance.

I turned around, looking at my surroundings as they came into existence. I wasn't by the packhouse anymore, but inside someone's home. From the looks of it, I was standing in someone's living room. My body still had that hazy dream-like quality, but everything around me seemed so... real.

The living room was bathed in shades of maroon, brown and black. A leather couch sat in the middle of the room, facing a blazing fireplace. I could feel the heat crackle against my skin, its warmth attempting to counteract the cold. Bookshelves lined the walls, a large mahogany desk sat at one end of the room. Statues and works of art were scattered throughout the room, all looking priceless and ancient.

Once I finished looking over the room, my eyes fell on a familiar head of blonde hair. Looking much like he had at the swimming hole, Tristan was seated in one of the chairs. A glass of amber colored alcohol sat in his hand; his face contorted into a grimace.

Without giving it much thought, my hand reached up and ran against the mark Tristan left on my shoulder. I knew without looking, it was still there. It had followed me into my dream—or whatever this was.

My eyes fell on another man, and I wondered how I hadn't noticed him before. He wasn't any vampire I had ever seen, not that I've seen many to begin with. His hair was the color of night, a deep shade of black that nearly grazed his shoulders. The midnight colored waves seemed oddly familiar.

I walked around to get a better look at his face. Neither one seemed to notice my presence. The man's hair was lifted from his face, the deep waves fanned over his head. The man looked quite young, possibly in his late twenties. While he looked young, there was a strange aura that surrounded him. Power and wisdom floated around him like a harsh wind.

I was sure my heart ceased its erratic beating the moment I looked into his eyes. What I saw made the icy waves come back with a vengeance. I saw myself mirrored in his bright eyes, my own staring back at me. It was then I was able to make the connection between myself and this man.

This man was my father.

His bright eyes were identical to my own, his raven hair the same shade. I had always thought I got my dark hair from my Grandma, but now I could see the difference. Grandma's black hair was the color of obsidian. My hair was such a deep shade of black, it almost held a blue hue to it. The color of rich midnight skies and lurking shadows. His lips were like my own, plump and full with a deep cupid bow. There was a coldness to the man's eyes, one that set my teeth on edge. His eyes were

hard as he looked into the fire.

The man turned his head to Tristan, and I watched as Tristan stiffened in response. The man—my Father commanded a lot of respect, that was evident in the way Tristan responded to his gaze.

'You may leave, Tristan.' His voice was deep and rich, striking a chord within me that I had long ago forgotten about. His voice was familiar, delving down and reaching memories long ago forgotten.

How could I remember his voice if I hadn't met him before?

As deep and rich as his voice may be, it reminded me of the icy shards that licked my skin. His voice held a certain coldness to it, one that spread around the room like a thick frost. I was almost certain I'd be able to see my own breath as it escaped my lips.

Tristan stood, giving the man a small bow.

'Yes, my Lord.' Tristan murmured politely, retreating to the large doors before he disappeared from the room.

My Lord? The strange words danced in circles around my head. The truth was sitting right in front of me, waiting for me to wrap my hands around it. I couldn't bring myself to put the pieces together. I would much rather live in the dark, ignore the pull I felt in my gut as I looked on at my Father.

The pieces were fitting together in my head, and it took all my willpower to keep them apart. Just as the pieces clicked together, the man opened his mouth and spoke.

'I know you're here, Lola.'

Bile churned in my stomach, threatening to rise. Could I throw up in a dream—or whatever this was? I wasn't sure, but I had the strange feeling I would find out. The icy shards continued lapping at my skin, but the shadow figure had retreated to the other side of the room. The figure melted into

the shadows cast by the blazing fireplace. Part of the room darkened as the shadows melted into the background.

I opened my mouth to speak, but what could I say? I wasn't sure what to say, let alone if he could hear me. As if the man could read my mind, he spoke once again.

'I cannot hear you, but that isn't necessary.' The man shook his head, his eyes never once leaving the blazing fire. 'You're a smart girl, I'm sure you've figured out who I am to you.'

For once, I was thankful I couldn't speak. I hadn't been rendered speechless before, but I was now. There were a million questions flitting through my head, yet none of them seemed to break through the surface.

'The Shadows are your birthright, Lola. They are my gift to you.' My Father voice came out strong, his words had an uncomfortable chill to them. 'I felt you call out to them just a few hours ago. As you have learned, they demand a price for their work. The steeper your request, the higher the price.'

As he said the last sentence, his head snapped over to me. His eyes were locked on my own, as if he could see me standing in the room. My mouth was open in shock, my body frozen in place.

'You can deny what you are, but sooner or later you will find your way to me. By force or free-will, you will find your way to me.' My Father's voice was hard. I looked into eyes identical to my own, searching for some form of light within them. Instead of light, I found shadows.

'Together we will eradicate our enemies. You will take your rightful place at my side.' My Father spoke with conviction, as if it was all set-in stone. 'It is what you were created for.'

'No.' I shook my head, uncaring if he could hear me or not. 'I won't—I won't betray my family, my pack.'

'Embrace your other half, Lola. Look into the past and remember.'

'No!' Frustration and fear bubbled within me, the desperate scream tearing through my throat. I didn't want to be here anymore, I wanted to be safe in bed with Alpha Asher. I could have gone my entire life without seeing that, without experiencing it.

I felt myself fly backwards; torn from the place I had stood. My entire body was surrounded by the icy frost, my skin stinging as it tore me away from my Father.

I was back at the packhouse, my toes wiggling over the dewy grass. The shadows against the forest line looked and felt normal. The icy waves that lapped at my skin ceased. I would've thought I was awake if it weren't for my translucent skin. I felt myself being lifted upwards, as if a string were tied around my waist. I was thrown into the bedroom, catching a glimpse of Alpha Asher's sleeping form.

I sat up from bed, my heart hammering in my chest. A thin layer of sweat clung to my skin. While my skin was coated in sweat, I felt like a block of ice. My teeth gnashed together, fighting the urge to shiver.

Sunlight streamed through the curtain's, battering my eyes from the intensity.

Novel [Alpha Asher By Jane Doe] Free Online chapter 60

I had woken in bed alone, the spot where Alpha Asher had been was still warm. His scent swirled around me, settling my frantic heart.

A note sat on his pillow, one different to the many I had received. While my heart still thundered at the sight of the note, it was for a different reason.

I peeled open the paper and looked down at Alpha Asher's handwriting.

I had to leave early, but figured you'd need the rest. Don't be late for training today, Lola.

Asher

My heart continued its frantic pace as my eyes traced over Alpha Asher's name. Part of me wondered if I could get away with calling him 'Asher' now. While I fully planned on testing that theory out, I had other things on my mind.

The chill that surrounded me followed as I walked into the bathroom. My eyes had light circles around them, proving I had little sleep.

As much as I wanted to write last night off as a hyper-realistic dream, I knew the truth. My Father had used the shadows to bring me to him. Part of me wondered why he had only brought my soul, not my body.

'As you have learned, they demand a price for their work. The steeper your request, the higher the price.'

His voice twisted and spun in my head, igniting my sense of unease. Perhaps he couldn't pay the price. What would they have asked for? Their just shadows.

'Shadows that feed on blood.' Maya murmured sleepily, bristling against the chill that followed me.

Maya hadn't been there with me last night. It was though the shadows had left her behind. At least one of us managed to get some sleep.

'Do you have any idea what happened last night?' I laughed humorlessly.

'Your thoughts are all over the place, but I can make some sense of them.' Maya grunted, obviously unhappy with what had happened. 'There has to be a way to keep him from doing that again. I don't like being separated from you.'

'I don't like it either.' I shook my head, my eyes locked on my own reflection.

The scarlet mark stood out brightly on my porcelain skin. It was no longer irritated and looked to be fully healed. The part of me longing for Tristan twitched as I pictured him in my mind.

I felt like I was being pulled in a thousand different directions. I was being pulled towards Alpha Asher, Tristan, Maya, and my Father. I felt as though there were little of me left, not enough to keep for myself.

The scarlet mark on my skin tingled invitingly, a sensation I was determined to ignore. I ran out of the bathroom and grabbed my cellphone, pulling up the calendar and counting the days in haste.

"One week—one week and this stupid mark will be gone." I repeated the phrase over and over, until the tingle of the scarlet mark faded from mind.

'And what if it doesn't?' Maya frowned, 'What if Tristan is our mate?'

'He can't be.' I shook my head, 'Our mate isn't a Vampire.'

'I hate it just as much as you but look at the facts.' Maya grimaced, wincing against her own voice. 'Tristan called your Father 'my Lord', which could only mean one thing.'

'I know what it means.' I snapped, harsher than I meant. I toned my voice down, feeling guilty for taking my frustration out on Maya. "I know what it means—I just don't want to think about it quite yet.'

'Whether you want to think about it or not, the truth is right in front of you.' Maya frowned, "The sooner we accept the possibilities, the easier it'll be.'

'I don't think it'll be easier at all.' I frowned as Maya went silent in my mind.

I brushed my teeth and threw on some workout clothes, then headed down to the kitchens. I grabbed myself something light to eat, my stomach much too sensitive for anything heavier.

Walking to the training building had taken a total of three minutes. People were already entering the building, a few lingering outside in small clusters.

"Hey, Lola!" An annoyingly familiar voice called out.

Ethan strolled up to me, his hair meticulously styled on his head. Why he felt the need to style his hair before training was beyond me. Ethan's cocky aura followed him as did his overwhelming cologne.

"Ethan." I nodded; my lips pressed in a thin line. It seems every time Ethan felt the need to speak with me, it always ended in anger. Ethan needed practice in thinking before he spoke more than I did.

'There's something we can agree on.' Maya grunted in approval, 'On the bright side, we might get to throat punch him again.'

'That is a definite bright side.' I nodded appreciatively.

"I shouldn't be saying this, because you did punch me in the throat." Ethan smirked, flashing what he thought was a dazzling smile. "But you fought good yesterday."

"Thanks." I nodded, my gaze flickering down to his healed throat. I hadn't hit him hard enough to cause lasting damage, hard enough to cause a good bit of pain.

“Maybe you could train me—in private?” Ethan’s cocky smile appeared on his face. My fist clenched automatically, fueled by Maya’s incessant desire to bring Ethan pain. Ethan’s eyes flickered down to my fist, caution crossing his gaze.

“I wouldn’t count on that.” A smirk formed on my own face, “Bye now, Ethan.”

After my useless encounter with Ethan, I headed inside the training building. Breyona and Mason were already there, nearly jumping with excitement as they saw me enter the room.

“Alpha Bran’s gonna be here for training.” Breyona smirked, her pixie-like features contorting mischievously. “From what I heard, he’s not too happy you won.”

“His ego’s bruised.” Mason snickered, “That’s what he gets for underestimating Lola.”

Alpha Asher, Alpha Bran, and Alpha Zeke had all attended training today. Even Luna Freya had attended training today, a sight I wasn’t expecting. The three of them walked around the room, showing different techniques and fighting styles. A couple times Alpha Bran would shoot me venomous looks, but I didn’t take it to heart. Luna Freya shot me a knowing look, followed by a friendly smile.

Alpha Asher had paired me up with Mason, though I could see the reluctance in his eyes. At one-point Alpha Zeke had approached Mason and I, stepping in to show us an offensive technique.

Mason hit the mat with a thud, and Alpha Zeke stood over him. This technique could be used in wolf or human form. If they were in wolf form, Alpha Zeke’s teeth would be locked on Mason’s throat. The move sent your opponent tumbling through the air and to the ground.

“If you don’t mind, I’d like to spar against Lola.” Alpha Zeke grinned widely, his eyes dancing with excitement.

Alpha Zeke comes off as horribly intimidating. With his huge build and massive biceps, not many wolves would mess with someone like Alpha Zeke. My heart hammered in my chest, but I somehow

survived against Alpha Asher.

Alpha Asher was with the three of us in record time and seemed to have been listening in on our conversation. His eyes were hooded and dark as he looked at me, sending a whirlwind of conflicting emotions through me.

I wanted to tell him about last night, about where I had gone and who I had talked to. While I wanted to tell him, my mind was still a jumbled mess. I decided I would tell him when I could make better sense of the entire situation.

“Would you mind Alpha Asher?” Alpha Zeke turned, giving Alpha Asher an amused smile.

Irritation rolled through me as Alpha Zeke asked Asher for permission, as if he were asking to borrow a toy Asher owned.

“I’m sure he doesn’t mind.” I grimaced, flashing a look over to Alpha Asher. His dark eyebrow raised in interest, the corner of his full lips turning up in a smirk.

Alpha Zeke chuckled lowly and turned to face me. The two of us got into defensive stances, and I hoped Alpha Zeke was no where as skilled as Alpha Asher. It would su*k to spend the rest of the day sore and in pain.

Alpha Zeke’s skills surpassed Alpha Bran’s but was no where near Alpha Asher. While I struggled to keep up with Alpha Zeke, his strength was what I feared most.

I had him out matched with my speed, making it harder for him to land blows. Alpha Zeke managed to land a couple blows, each one knocking the oxygen from my lungs. His giant biceps weren’t just for show.

As my strength began to wane, I remembered a move Alpha Asher had shown me. As Alpha Zeke lunged for another hit, I wrapped my hand around his wrist. Using his arm for support, I swung myself onto his back. The move was quite simple, but if you held on tight enough, it was a