

The Alpha's Feisty Mate by Sexy Lexi Chapter 2

A talk with my father

Isabella POV

I headed to my room and stripped out of my sweaty clothes, before hopping in the shower.

Once I was done showering, I got out and slipped on a pair of panties and a bra, followed by a pair of high waisted torn dark denim jeans and a navy blue off the shoulder crop top. I don't use much makeup, but I added a little eye liner, mascara and lip gloss to finish the look.

I didn't bother doing anything with my long hair, just left it down, giving it a chance to dry naturally. I was ready for the day and in a much better mood.

"Isabella, I need to speak with you in my office." My father mind linked me. (Werewolves have the ability to speak with one another through our minds, when we belong to the same pack.)

"Yes father, I'm on my way." I replied, with a sigh, knowing this can't be good. He sounded short.

My father, Alpha Blain, is a great leader. He would do anything for his people. He can also be a scary man when you get on his wrong side, I know from experience. I can't help it, my mouth has a mind of its own and I often speak, before thinking it though.

My father taught me to fight and he's proud of how well I can handle my own, but what he disapproves of, is my mouth. Shocking I know, right? Him and Declan are constantly scolding me, saying if I don't get control of my mouth, it could get me into trouble one day. They're probably right, but I swear it's like turrets, I've tried to control it, but I can't.

As I'm approaching my fathers office, I can hear voices inside, sounds like my brother and father having a heating conversation. I wasn't able to make out what was being said, so before I was caught listening, I decided to knock.

"Come in" My father said.

I opened the door and found my father sitting behind his desk, with a frown on his face and my brother sitting in one of the leather chairs, on the other side of the desk.

"Sit down, Isabella." My father ordered. I complied and sat next to my brother.

I could feel the tension in the room and my father looked frustrated and tired.

“Declan, was just telling me how training went this morning” my father said, with disapproval written all over his face.

I sunk in my chair, glancing between my father and Declan.

Declan had a serious face as well, but I could see a slight hint of regret in his eyes.

“Isabella, I trained you to be a strong warrior and you are, but your mouth will get you into trouble.” My father said, exactly what I was expecting him to say, before I could reply, he continued “You can’t go disrespecting my top warriors in front of the pack.” He finished and let out a heavy sigh.

“Father, Derek asked for it, I stood my ground.” I said, with irritation in my voice.

“You know sweet heart, you remind me so much of your mother. She was just as fierce and stubborn as you are.” My father said, with a sad sigh.

“You always say that father, I know you miss her. I do to.” I replied to my father, with a sad smile.

My mother died when I was two years old, in a rogue attack. My father was devastated, he was a wreck for years after the attack. His Beta, stepped in and helped him lead the pack, until he was able to get back on his feet.

I don’t remember my mother, I was too young, but everyone always said, that I look like her and have the same feisty and determined personality.

“Well on another note, Isabella your birthday is in three weeks. You’ll be able to find your mate.” My father said, sounding hopeful.

“Yes father, my birthday is coming up, don’t get your hopes up on me finding a mate. If I’m fated to another Derek type wolf, I can tell you right now, that I’ll reject him” I said, with determination.

“You can’t reject your mate, Bella!” Declan said, in frustration, while shaking his head in disbelief.

I get it, Declan is 23 and has been looking for his mate for 4 years. He can’t wrap his head around the idea of rejecting the mate bond, but that’s not me and a mate is not something I need in my life.

“It’s time to listen, Isabella” My father, practically yelled at me. I didn’t say anything and waited for him to continue.

“When you find your mate, you will not reject him. He is the other half of your soul and is meant to protect you, do I make myself clear, Isabella?” My father said, with a stern voice.

“Father, that’s not a promise I can make, I am strong and I can protect myself. You know that, I don’t need a man to keep me safe.” I said to my father, with irritation in my tone.

My father rubbed his face with his hands, clearly frustrated at my defiance.

“Isabella, we just want you to be happy and safe. Why do you have to be so stubborn?” Declan added.

“I love both of you, more than anyone else, but I will not cave to the mate bond. I’m sorry.” I replied firmly.

‘It’s 10:00am, I’m allowed to pipe in now’ my Wolf Bri (Brianna), jokingly said in my head.

‘Oh and FYI Bella, I’m on your father and brother’s side, when it comes to our mate, I won’t let you reject him.’ She said, in a serious tone.

‘I’m telling you right now Bri, if our mate is anything like Derek, I don’t want him.’ I shot back at her and she retreated to the back of my head ,with a huff of frustration.

“There have been several rogue attacks lately, not just in our territory, but neighbouring packs have been attacked as well. We will be meeting with the neighbouring Alpha’s in a week to discuss this problem.” My father said, changing the subject, knowing that I wouldn’t change my stance on the mate bond.

“Isabella, when the Alphas arrive, I expect you to be on your best behaviour. That means watch your tongue and show your respect. Is that clear?” My father asked, giving me a pointed look.

“Yes father, I get it.” I shot back, annoyed at this whole conversation.

“If that’s everything father, may I go?” I asked.

“Yes Isabella. Just make sure, you have some formal dresses ready, for when the alphas arrive next week.” He added.

“Yes father.” I said, fighting hard not to roll my eyes at him. I got up and left his office.

I made my way down to the kitchen, feeling hungry after my infuriating conversation with my father.

I walked into the kitchen and ran into Jet. He had a big smirk on his face and his hands were covering his balls.

“Jet, what the hell are you doing?” I asked, with a chuckle.

“Well your brother warned us about your fascination with breaking balls, I saw you break Derek’s nose today, so I can’t help but be cautious.” He said, while shaking his head and chuckling.

I punched his shoulder playfully “ Don’t piss me off and you might get to keep them.” I replied, with a wink. Jet let out a chuckle, before walking away.

It was past breakfast time, so the kitchen was empty. I made my way to the fridge and pulled out ingredients to make myself, a BLT sandwich.

While I was assembling my sandwich, I felt the presence of someone behind me. I looked back and found Derek standing at entrance, with a cocky smirk on his face and his arms crossed over his chest.

“You know Isabella, if it wasn’t for your mouth, you would be the perfect mate.” He said, while leaning against the wall watching me.

“I could say the same thing about you. Oh wait, even without your arrogant mouth, you still wouldn’t be perfect.” I shot back at him.

Derek moved behind me, I felt his front pushing against my back. He placed his hands on the counter, on either side of my hips and I could feel his breath on my neck. I felt disgusted at his close proximity.

“Listen little she-wolf, if you were mine, I would take pleasure, in break you into submission. Deep down that’s what you want isn’t it? You want a man that will make you obey.” He whispered lowly into my ear. I can feel, his disgusting breath fanning my ear.

I continued making my sandwich, without reacting to his words. I knew ignoring him, would agitate him and sure enough within a minute, I could feel the anger seeping out of his body. I smiled internally in satisfaction.

I put my sandwich down and turn my body, so that I was face to face with him. I hated how close I was to him.

“Derek, first off I would never be yours, secondly I feel sorry for whoever ends up being your mate.” I said with a smirk, before continuing. “ The only one who was broken today, was you and your nose.” I continued to smirk at him.

Derek's eyes were completely black and the anger in his face was unmistakable. I knew his wolf was trying to come forward.

The next second Derek's hands were wrapped around my neck. "You will learn your place, Isabella. Like all she-wolves should." he spat at me, with so much anger.

I could of fought him, but he just wasn't worth it. I already had enough pressure coming from my brother and father, regarding my so called "attitude", so creating another scene, wasn't going to help me any.

"What do you want Derek? You already know I'm not afraid of you." I told him, in a bored tone, before crossing my arms over my chest.

"What I want? Oh little one, let's start with respect, work our way from there." He said, before running his nose down to the crook of my neck. I was just about to knocking him out, when we were interrupted.

"HMMMMM, Bella, is Derek being a creep again?" I heard Clair voice, ask from behind Derek.

"Yup." I replied, while glaring at Derek.

"You know, that intimidation crap won't work on her. Get lost." Clair said, directing her statement to Derek.

Derek's anger was bubbling to the surface, he looked like he was ready to explode. Without saying anything, he let go of me and stormed out of the kitchen, leaving Clair and I to eat my delicious BLT sandwich in peace.

"You know Bella, your going to meet your mate soon. As much as you act tough, you won't be able to blow him off, like you do to all the other guys." Clair said, with a sympathetic look.

"I don't care if he's my mate, I won't put up with anyone, that thinks I'm anything less than his equal." I replied, taking a big bite of my sandwich.

"Ok, ok. I'm not here to be the downer, how about we get out of here and go have some fun?" Clair asked, with a mischievous smile.

"Hell yes! Let's do it!" I said, excited with a big smile on my face.