

Chapter Eight -1

Future Beta Nate

For the last six days, I've been unbearable. The text messages and phone calls kept being rejected, and I didn't understand why she would have blocked me. I spent the last six days replaying every moment with her to see where I would have f****d up.

"I told you." Duke growled in my mind.

"And what did you tell me?" I growled back. I was walking back from my patrol, since I needed to clear my head before heading home.

"You should have just let me claim her and explained everything after. Now we don't have our mate!" He growled out.

My wolf and I have been at odds since Ayla left, and it's made us unpredictable. Duke was aggressive before, but now, anything would set him off when he was in control. He's even attacked the alpha a few times and my father had to pull Duke off of him. And all my friends have kept their distance from me as well. The only one not scared of Duke is Ruby. But I could tell that she was even getting sick of my attitude. Walking up to my house, Mitch, Max and the twins were waiting for me.

"Nate, get your ass ready. We are going into the city," Mitch said, and I looked at him.

"Are you fucken kidding me?" I growled at him.

"Dude, you need a drink or a few," Max said.

"I'm not in the mood." I told them, trying to move past them. Ruby was sitting on the porch.

"Nate, I know you are upset, but you need to go cool down. Just go into the city and have a few drinks with your friends. It's Saturday night, you never know." Ruby said, and I sighed, looking back at my friends.

"Fine. Give me an hour." I told them, walking up the stairs of the porch.

"Ruby, you should come with us," Mitch said, and she huffed.

"Mitchell, don't make me hit you with my car." She said before storming into the house. Heading in behind Ruby, I could hear Max talking to Mitch.

"I think she likes you." He chuckled, and the twins laughed.

"Ruby, you could at least be nice to him." I called out to my sister, who was walking up the stairs.

"I could, but where would the fun be in that?" She called out.

"That fucker doesn't deserve Ruby." Duke growled, as I made my way up to my room to shower and get ready.

"Nobody deserves her. But she could be nice. He is my friend. And he wasn't being inappropriate to her." I told him and he huffed. Besides our mate, Ruby is Duke's favorite person.

I was dragging my feet, taking forever to get ready. I didn't want to go or shave or do anything. It took me the full hour to shower, shave and to put on a white T-shirt and dark washed jeans. Grabbing my phone and wallet, I went downstairs to meet my friends who were waiting.

Mitch, Max, Caden, Cole, and David were all waiting by Mitch's SUV that was parked out front of my house.

"Dude, did it really take you that long for this?" Max asked me, motioning to my clothes.

"You're lucky I'm here. Shot gun." I called out, hopping into the front passenger seat. The twins took the very back, and Max and David took the middle row. Mitch hopped into the driver's seat.

It was going to be a long two-hour drive into the city. I was feeling anxious the entire time and I couldn't sit still.

"Dude, will you sit still? We are almost there." Mitch huffed.

"We should probably stop at the liquor store to get him something to drink before we meet the girls." David said, and I whipped around in my seat.

"What girls?" I rushed out.

"Bailey, Chloe and Penelope are meeting us there." David shrugged, and I cursed.

Sitting back in my seat, I was thinking about my mate. If she wanted me, she would have reached out. And is it cheating if we aren't together? Maybe I need to stop overthinking and accept that she isn't coming back.

"Don't you fucken dare!" Duke growled in my head.

"Or what? What the hell are you going to do? I already lost everything." I said. He whimpered before retreating to the back of my mind. Mitch hitting my shoulder pulled me from my thoughts.

"You okay?" He asked me. Parked outside a liquor store and the others had gone inside.

"Yeah, I just need a drink." I told him.

"That's my Nate. Party time." he exclaimed. But I was feeling less like partying and more like getting drunk and forgetting that my mate had left.

The guys came out with bottles of whiskey and tequila. I grabbed a bottle of tequila before we left the parking lot and chugged it down. It burned my throat, but the pain was welcome as I tried to drown her memory.

"Nate, slow down. We aren't even at the party yet." Mitch said, when I passed the empty bottle back to Max.

"Did you at least enjoy that sixty dollars' worth of tequila?" Max asked me with a chuckle.

"Sure," I answered him. Watching the city as we drove to the club, I wondered if I could rent a room and get drunk alone. I didn't feel like being around anyone.

Pulling up to the club and I really didn't want to be here. It was already late and there was a line around the building. Reaching into the back, I grabbed a bottle of whiskey. I had nished half the bottle before Mitch snatched it from me.

"What the hell?" I yelled.

"I'm not carrying you. Now get out, the girls are already inside and we are on the list." Mitch said before getting out. Hopping out of the vehicle, my head was already spinning, and the music was giving me a headache as we walked up to the door to enter the club.

I just followed behind Mitch until we made it to the back of the club and we found the girls sitting at a table. I already needed another drink as I sat down in the booth.

"Nate, you came." Bailey shouted over the music.

"Guys, we should dance." Chloe shouted, and everyone left the table, leaving Bailey with me.

I didn't feel like dancing or being with Bailey, but a server came by and I ordered a drink. Once the server left to get my drink, Bailey slid over to me. Dressed in a short, tight black dress. Her hair was down in blonde waves down her back. Bailey was sexy, and she used that to get what she wanted and right now, that was me. She pushed her breasts together with her elbows on the table as she watched me.

"I'm glad you came." She said in my head as she played with her lips.

Maybe it was the alcohol, or that I had no more f***s to give, but I was checking her out. I know all the guys have been with her, but I was too hurt to care. My mate didn't want me, but Bailey did. She wanted me. Leaning into me, she grabbed my thigh as she kissed my neck.

I pulled her head back by her hair and she looked up at me with her light blue eyes. Before I could think about what I was doing, I crushed my lips to hers. She licked my lower lip, and I thrust my tongue into her mouth. I hated the way she tasted, but I couldn't stop.

"Nate, get off this skank. Our mate is here!" Duke yelled out. I instantly pushed Bailey away, just in time to see my mate rushing away.

"f**k," I yelled out.

"Nate, what's wrong?" Bailey asked me, but I didn't answer. Moving out of the booth, I tried to follow my mate's scent as I moved through the crowd of people.

This place was packed, and it took me longer than I wanted to get to the front door. I was cursing myself the whole way as I burst through the doors and into the cool night air. Ayla was rushing to her vehicle as I ran over to her.

"Ayla?" I called out, and she stopped. I could hear her mumbling and moving uncomfortably on her feet. Not dressed for the club and I wondered why she was here?

"Nate? Fancy seeing you here." She said, turning around to face me.

"What are you doing here?" I breathed out.

"I was looking for someone, but I didn't nd them." She answered.

"Have a good night." She said before I could say anything. She turned towards her vehicle, but I moved in front of her.

Being so close, I could see the tears in her eyes. Seeing me with someone else affected her, and my stomach churned painfully with guilt.

"Nate, what are you doing?" She breathed out.

"Ayla, why are you here?" I asked her again.

"I told you, I was looking for someone." She huffed, crossing her arms over her chest.

"And you didn't nd him?" I asked her. She looked away, closing her eyes. She took a deep breath.

"Fix this, dumbass!" Duke growled in my head.

"How are you feeling?" I asked her instead. She turned to look at me and I knew she was holding back her tears.

"Everything is okay. I'm sorry I need to go." She whispered. She tried to move past me but I grabbed on to her shoulders, pulling her into my chest. Resting my forehead against hers, I tried to calm my racing heart as I breathed in her scent.

"I'm sorry, Ayla. I'm so sorry." I breathed out.

"You don't owe me anything," she said. I pulled away to look at her and she had tears falling down her cheeks. She was quick to wipe them away.

"I owe you everything, Ayla. And I'm so sorry for what you just saw." I pleaded with her.

"Nate, we aren't together, and you can do whatever you want." She said, her voice cracking, and she turned away from me.

"Just go back inside." She whispered, moving towards her SUV.

"Why did you come here tonight?" I called after her and she stopped in her tracks.

"Because I missed you, Nate. Is that what you want me to say? I nally texted Jim to ask for your number and he said that you already had mine. He told me you were here tonight, and I took a chance. One I can never unsee." She yelled, turning around to look at me.

Breathing out, she shook her head.