

Taming The Alpha's Daughter

Chapter 5

When we finally leave the shitty backwards hotel, Casen rings the Alpha, it takes him four attempts before finally the Alpha answers, having moved to an area of reception. Apparently there is only one phone out there which makes me wonder why he would choose to keep his pack so far from the rest of the world. What was he hiding?

We drove for about an hour before finding the dirt track. It leads into dense thick woods, the gaps between the trees covered in thick greenery, canoping trees make the dirt road dark.

“Well, this looks like bumfuck -ville, hope you brought your chastity belt, your ass may need it out here,” Casen states while peering out the windows. The road is secluded, and I would hardly call it a road at all, greenery covered half the dirt track, the road washed out and the car scrubs out. This is not a suitable car for this area.

When we reach a part of the road I curse seeing there is no way we would get the car through. With a growl I pull over and toss my door open and climb out. Looking around Malachi stirs beneath my skin, his entire demeanor is uneasy, something having set him on edge. I stretch and crack my neck just as Casen climbs out. He checks his phone and mutters about the lack of reception. With a shake of his head he tosses his phone back into the car and slams the door.

“Now what?” he snaps, throwing his hands up in the air. “Exactly how do we get to the pack now?”

“Two feet and fucking heart beat is how!” I tell him, shaking my head. I lock my car and start walking. Yet as we walk Malachi presses forward urging me to sniff the air.

I let him forward and he takes the reins, giving himself over and surrendering to my senses which aren't as strong as his but something appears to have piqued his interest.

“Do you smell that?” he asks and I roll my eyes at my wolf. “Well, yeah of course, but what is it?” I ask only then noticing I have stopped. Casen stomping ahead talking away as if I am still right beside him when I hear the sound of an engine. I tilt my head listening to it get closer. It was a quad bike. Out of the corner of my eye I see Casen finally stop and turn noticing I have.

“What's wrong?” he calls out.

“Malachi picked up a weird scent,” I tell him when he looks behind him and points to his ear letting me know he can hear the quad approaching. I nod to him yet Malachi still has control and wants me to march through the woods.

However before we get a chance to investigate the strange scent that has him antsy two quads pull up, throwing dust all over Casen as they skid to a stop.

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Great!” I mutter when I hear a thunderous growl. The dust settles and I see Casen punch the man closest to him straight of the damn thing. He falls off, landing on his back with a thud and I shake my head.

The man on the other one puts up his hands yet Casen stalks around the other side where the man was flat on his back. He grips the front of the man's flannel shirt and punches once, twice, and thrice. “Casen!” I command and he stiffens under the

command. “Let him go!”

“Damn prick sprayed me with dirt.” I shake my head. Malachi hands me back full control as I move toward them the other man watching his buddy get pummeled stands frozen with hands in the air. Casen reluctantly lets the man go, shoving him back in the dirt. The man's face is a bloody mess as Casen takes a step back.

He turns to the other man. “What the fuck are you looking at?” the man shakes his head and I suck in a breath. Great first impression, not!

“Alpha sent us to collect you,” the man stutters out as I stop beside Casen.

“Did he tell you to spray us in dirt too?” Casen snaps. The man shakes his head while the other finally finds his feet. He goes to get back on the bike but Casen growls.

“ain't being your bitch get on with him, I'll follow.” Casen snaps. The man nods scurrying to the other bike as Casen climbs on it.

“Names?” I ask them.

The unbloodied man answers. “Micky, and he's Trent.” I nod climbing on the back behind Casen. We could shift and run but I don't feel like walking around the pack naked or feel like carrying my clothes. Malachi has a bad habit of shredding them anyhow.

Casen starts the engine and we follow beside Micky and a bloody Trent. “So what brings you out to these parts?” Trent asks, wiping his face with the front of his shirt.

“I'm looking for someone.” I answer vaguely. “Not many of us out here, someone in trouble?” he asks.

“Depends if you have who I'm looking for.” I answer, not really feeling like talking to Alpha's henchmen.

“Anyone in particular?” This micky person questions. I press my lips in a line.

“A girl, her name is Temperance.” I tell them, watching for any reaction to my words and they both look at each other. I tilt my head observing them when Casen hits a bump and I grip his shoulder nearly being thrown off.

“Sorry,” he mutters. I wave him off when I turn my attention back to Trent. His eyes are glazed

over and I can tell he is in a mindlink.

When he comes out of it I observe his aura, the color changing slightly taking on a nervous air to it, it flickers around the edges and turning my head to Micky's, his holds the same nervous energy.

“Alpha wondering how far out we were.” the man answers, yet his aura flickers and I can see the underlying deceit in it.

“Something is off, be prepared.” I mind link Casen.

“What is it?”

“Nothing, they are nervous, and Trent told me a half truth.” I tell him, keeping my eyes on the two men. They speed up going ahead when the trail narrows. Casen keeps up, but far enough back not to be sprayed in the rocks and dirt. We drive a little further and finally the packhouse comes into view. If you could call it that, it is more of a cabin, clearly filled with them. It kind of reminds of Rose's pack, yet these are dated old log homes with tin roofs and almost looked condemned.

Casen stops beside the two men and both of us climb off. Faces peer out at us from the cabins, men everywhere around a huge bonfire and others are chopping wood, a pig on a spit is cooking over an open fire.

“No women?” Casen questions but before either men answer the front door to the largest place here which I know is the packhouse because it is the only one that resembles an actual house.

“No, rogues killed them and wiped half my Pack.” The Alpha answers, stepping out of his house. He stomps down the steps making his way over to us. He holds his hand out to me. I stare at it. I don't like touching people, there are some things I don't like to see and touch has always been a funny element to me. Sometimes I get nothing, other times I see the person's darkest secrets.

Yet something urges me to take his hand. Casen goes to, knowing I am not one to shake hands and I notice his shock when I grip his hand. Yet when I do, I see nothing which disappoints me because the urge is so strong.

“Alpha Eziah right?” the Alpha questions.

“Yes, and you must be Satish.” I ask and he nods. His eyes glaze for a few seconds and his head whips to the side. His lips press in a line when I see a few of his men suddenly take off toward the trees behind the back house. I tilt my head to try to see around him when he steps in front of me. “They spotted a rogue, how about I give you a tour, Alpha!” He offers while motioning with his hand to follow him. He walks in the opposite direction of the Packhouse and my brows furrow and I can hear the distant running in the woods.

“I hear you are looking for someone?” Satish asks walking between two cabins. He leads me to a clearing filled with solar panels and vegetable patches. In the distance I can see a huge fenced off area full of chickens, another area that has three large pigs.

“Yes, I'm looking for my mate.” I tell him and he stops.

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“Your mate?” he asks and I nod peering around

and so does Casen.

“Well I'm sorry to tell you Alpha there are no women here. Not since my father went mad and killed all of them.” Satish tells me.