

## Rogue Alpha Chapter 5: Marked

May

Every shifter has grown up hearing about the mate bond. Everyone knows that it's supposedly the most amazing feeling in the world, nothing compares to it, and you will never have a more incredible sexual experience than you do with your mate. It's part of the reason why I saved myself.

But I also wanted it to be special between us, my mate and I. Of course, I had no idea my mate would be an Alpha. My parents are warriors, so technically, I'm not even from a ranked family. And now, here I am with my mate and no amount of discussion with mated couples could have prepared me for the amazing feelings that this man is eliciting in my body, in my mind and soon, in my soul. Our two halves will fuse together to become one.

If I thought the orgasm he gave me while he was touching me was incredible, it is nothing compared to what his tongue is doing to me now. And if his growls are any indication, he's enjoying himself as much as I am.

When I feel his fingers at my entrance, I must tense. He lifts his head to look at me, his face glistening with my juices.

"I'm going to stretch you, prepare you for me. Let me know if I hurt you."

I nod and still watching me, his tongue snakes out, licking my clit. I gasp, unable to look away from him as he sucks my clit into his mouth, his tongue running in circles around it. I whimper when I feel a finger slide inside me, just one at first, getting me used to the feel of him

inside me. When he slides the second finger in, I arch and he continues to work his magic on my body. I feel my body responding to him once more, the tension coiling inside me, getting tighter until suddenly it springs free and another wave of pleasure washes over me.

When my body finally starts to come down again, he pulls away, slowly sliding his fingers out of me before moving up my body and settling between my thighs.

He kisses me, his tongue teasing mine as I taste myself on him. I purr at the smell of my scent all over him.

"Mine," I say possessively.

"Not yet, my little May-flower, but you will be soon," he says, and I feel him pressing against my entrance.

"Are you ready to be mine forever?"

"Yes, make me yours," I say.

"This is going to sting," he says, a moment before he thrusts himself into me.

I gasp as a sharp, stinging pain shoots through me, making my throat go tight.

"I've got you. I've got you, May," he says, nuzzling my cheek with his nose and laying gentle kisses across my face until he gets to the tears that leaked out of my eyes.

"I'm sorry, baby, but I swear that's the worst of it," he says, holding perfectly still.

Eventually, the pain begins to ebb, and I can feel the fullness of having him inside me. As soon as I start to move, he looks at me.

"Ready?"

"Yes."

He smiles, kissing my nose. "You're mine now, little May-Flower," he says as he begins moving inside me.

"Fuck you feel so good," he says.

It isn't long before I feel that same tightness again, building inside me.

"Weston," I gasp, and he pulls his face up to look at me, holding my gaze. His movements start to come faster, and I feel the sting of my canines as they start to extend.

When I look again, I see that his are already extended. I'm right at the edge when he leans down, sinking his canines into my neck.

Absolute ecstasy floods my system and I scream my release before slamming my own canines into his marking spot.

His roar of pleasure is muffled with his canines still in my neck, but his body jerking harshly in time to the warm jets I feel coating my insides let me know that he has found his release as well.

The mate bond snaps into place and I can feel his happiness, his pride in being mated to me and then, as if he can feel me too, a wave of love washes through me, making tears prick my eyes.

He slides his canines out of my neck, licking the wound until it heals. I do the same then look up at this amazing man who is now all mine.

He kisses me as he slowly slides out of me. Then he curls up behind me, tucking me against him.

"Get some sleep. I have this room for the entire weekend, and then on Sunday, I want to take you to my pack and get you settled. We need to

plan your Luna ceremony and make you official before you go into heat," he says.

"Heat?" I ask. I hadn't given much thought to what would happen AFTER the marking and mating.

He turns my face to look at him. "You've been marked by an Alpha, love. You'll go into heat very quickly. I hope that's okay with you. We can try to use condoms, but I've heard stories about them not being able to withstand the intensity of a Luna's heat."

"Are you okay with having a baby so soon? I mean, we barely know each other," I say.

He shrugs. "I know you were chosen for me by the Moon Goddess, so that makes you perfect for me. Other than that, I want to bind myself to you in every way possible, show you how much I love you and want you."

I frown, and he pulls me over so I'm facing him. "What's that look for?"

"Umm, don't you have a company that you're trying to run? I mean, I saw that you are hiring for several positions." I look away, and I can feel the blush. "I applied for several."

"Perfect, you're hired! And it just so happens that I won the commission for a huge construction deal today, right before I came to find you. So, we're not only celebrating us, but we're also celebrating a bright future for our pack."

"You won? That big one that's been out for bid for months?" I ask, knowing that if it's that one, I just mated one of the wealthiest Alphas in the country.

"That's the one."

"Weston! That's incredible! We definitely need to celebrate!" I say to him.

He hops up and grabs the phone. "Are you hungry?"

"Not particularly," I say.

He shrugs, giving me a playful smile. "You will be when I'm done with you," he says before calling room service and ordering champagne, chocolate covered strawberries and an assortment of other desserts and sauces that he proceeds to pour and lick off my body throughout the night.

The next day, we never leave our room, talking, making love, ordering food, talking some more, making love a lot more.

On Sunday, we shower, and I put my now crumpled dress back on.

"Um, where are my panties?" I ask him.

"Oh, those are mine now," he says, pulling me in.

"Weston!"

"What? Call it the spoils of mating," he says and kisses me.

"Are you ready? We'll stop by your pack first and get your things, or at least anything you can't live without for a few weeks, then we'll head back to my pack. There's a lot we need to do to get ready for this new construction project and since I now have you to manage the office, my life just got even better," he says.

We had talked about my skills and what I could do to help with the business since I was interested in working for him. At first, he didn't want me to work at all, but then we agreed that if I stayed at the packhouse, not venturing onto the construction site, especially if I was

pregnant, that he was okay with it.

We check out and head to my pack. I had put my hair up as best I could without any hairbrush or a way to style it. I'm sure I was a mess, but I was a happy mess when we pulled in front of the packhouse.

Weston immediately goes to find my Alpha, announcing himself and letting the Alpha know that I'm his mate, while I rush up to my room and quickly change before beginning to pack a bag to take with me. I run a brush through my hair and put it up in a ponytail, just as there's a knock at my door. I smell Weston's salted caramel scent and the tobacco scent of my Alpha.

"Come in." I say, grabbing the last of my clothing quickly and putting it into my bag.

"I'll be sad to see you go, but I'm happy that you've found your mate. Congratulations, May."

"Thank you, Alpha."

"Are you going to stop and see your parents before you leave?"

"Yes, I want them to meet Weston before we go to his pack."

"If you need anything at all, let me know."

"Thank you, Alpha," Weston says, before coming over and grabbing my bags.

"Is this it?"

"That's it. I haven't lived in the packhouse very long. I just turned 18 a few months ago," I tell him.

We walk out and the head over to my parent's house. When we pull

up, I see my parents outside waiting for us. My Alpha must have let them know we were on our way.

"May, what's going on?" My father asks, not coming down the stairs of the porch to greet us. My mother is wringing her hands together, watching me.

"Mom, Dad, I found my mate. This is Weston. Weston, this is my parents."

I can tell that Weston isn't happy that my father hasn't come down to greet him.

"Mr. and Mrs. Collins, it's a pleasure to meet you."

My father looks at Weston, scowling. "The Destitute Alpha?" He growls before turning to me. "Reject him!"

"What? No! I would never, he's my mate and besides, I'm already marked and mated. It's done."

"You stupid girl. He'll ruin you. His whole pack is about to go under and now you're going to go down with him. Well, don't come crying to me when he fails and loses everything. I won't be bailing you out."

I feel tears prick my eyes. My father has never spoken to me like this.

"Charles, please," my mother says, putting her hands on his arms.

"No, Deanna. She's made her choice."

"Yes, I have. I choose my mate," I say, turning and heading back to the car. I expect that to be the end of it, but Weston isn't done.

"I'll let your disrespect go this once, because you're May's father. But if you ever disrespect me or her again, it will be the last thing that you

ever do," he says, before turning and coming to open the door for me.

He kisses the side of my head before helping me into the car. As we pull away, Weston reaches out take my hand and I look in the rearview mirror, seeing my father with his arms crossed over his chest watching us leave as my mother cries beside him.