

## Rogue Alpha Chapter 6: Archimedes

Weston

'If he wasn't her father, I would have torn that asshole to shreds,' Archimedes, my wolf snarls in my head.

He's been unusually quiet since we found May, letting me take the lead other than identifying her as our mate.

'You were keeping our mate happy and satisfied. You didn't need my help,' he says snarkily, still anger at May's father.

It had been intentionally disrespectful to call me the Destitute Alpha. It was the name that had started going around about me as my pack continued into financial decline.

'More than the disrespect, he made our mate cry! Pull over, I can't take it anymore,' he barks at me.

I've barely pulled to a stop when Arc is reaching across the seat and unlatching May's seatbelt.

"What...?" is all she says before he pulls her into our lap.

"I'm sorry, little mate. I don't like it when you cry," he says to her.

"Oh, you're Weston's wolf. We haven't met yet," she says, as he wipes her tears.

"I'm Archimedes, little mate. I was giving Weston time with you before I took over and snatched you away from him," he says, making her giggle.

"And you decided now was the right time?" she asks him, stroking our chin and jawline with her thumbs.

"I don't like you crying," he says again, reaching forward to kiss the tears from her eyes.

"I'm sorry my father insulted you like that. He's wrong you know," she says, plucking at the collar of my shirt.

"Of course he is, we just landed a billion dollar deal. We're about to be the second wealthiest pack in the country," Arc tells her. "And you don't need to apologize for him or anyone. All I care about is you."

She looks into Arc's dark eyes and smiles, her own eyes going dark. "You're very sweet," she says, and her voice has gone deeper as her wolf comes forward.

Arc immediately begins purring deep in his chest. "And what's your name, little mate?"

"I'm BellaDonna," she says.

"A beautiful name for a beautiful lady," he says.

Her smile widens. "You know what my name means."

"I do, and I plan for you and I to meet very soon, but right now, I need to take care of May," he tells her gently.

"Papa has never been that mean to us before," she says softly.

Arc strokes his fingers over her cheek. "And he never will again. That's a promise."

She leans forward, kissing him gently before her eyes lighten, letting Arc know that she's let May forward again.



"What can I do to make this easier for you, my love?" he asks her.

She smiles at him. "Do you always handle the emotional stuff? Is it going to be you that comes forward every time I cry?" she asks.

"Do you cry a lot, little one?"

She shakes her head no. "Not usually."

Oh thank the goddess because Arc is already acting like a lovesick puppy around her. If she cried a lot, he'd be putty in her hands.

'I'll be whatever she wants and needs me to be, putty or otherwise,' he says to me before replying to her.

"No, Weston is good with emotions too, I'd just had as much as I could take. I needed to do something to stop your tears and I have. Do you want to stay in Weston's lap, snuggling with him as he drives us home?" he asks her.

She nods and curls up against my chest. Arc pulls back and I wrap one arm around May, kissing the top of her head, before putting the car in gear and getting back on the road.

When we get close to the pack, I pull over again. She hasn't said anything since she talked to Arc, just laid against me and let me hold her and stroke her back as I drove.

When I stop, she lifts her head, looking around before looking at me.

"We're close to the pack. I wasn't sure you wanted this to be the way the pack met you for the first time," I say, pushing her hair out of her face. She had put it in a ponytail, but some had come loose while she leaned against me.

"How are you feeling?" I ask her.

"Like I've made a decision," she says.

"What decision is that?"

"If my father feels like he can treat you that way, then he isn't welcome in my life, or our children's lives. I'll try to stay in contact with my mother, but I want nothing to do with my father after what he did. He didn't even give you a moment to speak, he judged you before he even knew what kind of man you are. Even if you were poor, you could have been a good mate. There are plenty of wealthy Alphas that are crappy mates. Look at Alpha Theodore," she says.

I raise an eyebrow at that. "What do you know about Alpha Theodore?"

"I heard he rejected his mate. Who does that? You didn't even know if I was an omega, and you didn't seem to care. All you cared about was me and that I was your mate," she says.

I smile at her. "Is that what all the steam was coming out of your ears while I was driving?" I tease.

She smacks my chest.

"I'm serious," she says.

"I know, and I love you for it," I say, pulling her face to me and kissing her, slowly at first then more deeply as she settles into my lap, and begins grinding against me.

I growl low. We don't have time for this.

'Sure we do. Make our Luna feel good and show up at the packhouse with our scent all over her,' Arc says.

Apparently, my mate has the same idea as my wolf because she begins pulling my shirt over my head. I push the seat back, checking to make



sure there aren't any other cars in the area and then lean it back. She lifts herself up, pulling her pants off and I quickly undo mine, pulling them down.

My sexy mate takes me in her hand and guides me to her soaking wet entrance before slowly sliding herself onto me.

"Fuck, you're the sexiest woman I've ever met," I say as I grab her hips.

It's quick, it's awkward and it's raw, but both of us find our release.

"Now you smell like me," she says, her voice deep as BellaDonna pushes forward.

I take her face in my hands, still buried deep inside her. "I'm yours, little mate," I tell her and kiss her before May pulls her back. She slides off of me and gets back on her side of the car, pulling her pants on and putting her hair back up in a cleaner ponytail.

I pull on my pants and grab my shirt, pulling it over my head before readjusting my seat and putting the car in gear.

"Ready to meet your pack, my Luna?"

She looks at me, giving me a naughty smile.

"I am now."