

Chapter 9 - Alpha Zac POV

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The last few days have been a blur.

I have spent so much time on calls with The Great Council getting as up-to-speed on Isla's dad as I could be. My wolf and I were still so angry at the thought of Isla being beaten almost to death.

Who does that to a child, their child, a child with no wolf to heal her? It does answer the question of her scarring. I get chills thinking of all those scars. Each scar was an everlasting reminder of a beating she took, the pain she had to bare.

Did it go on for years?

Did Alpha Damon know? Surely he didn't.

What kind of sick fuck would let that go on in their pack? I have not yet had to hand down any severe punishments in my pack but I know that for certain I wouldn't have stood by and let that happen.

I have Grayson reviewing all patrol schedules to ensure there are no weak spots in the coming future. Alpha Garret said he would let us know the day of transport, but due to security measures he couldn't give more advance notice. We were going to have to tell patrol, but in little few words as possible. I'm sure Isla wouldn't want to be seen as a weakness with being so new here.

Friday finally rolls around. Grayson took point and announced to patrol during this morning's training. I couldn't take my eyes off Isla the entire time. It absolutely gutted me to think of the torture she's survived.

My wolf trying to come to the surface with the urge to console her? I hold him back, I've never felt so compelled to protect someone before, it must be my wolf response to the lack of sleep or runs, or both... I make a mental note to take get out for a run soon.

Later when Grayson and I get back to my office, I pour us each a glass of whiskey. "Thanks, boss," he says as he takes the amber-colored liquor from my hand.

We keep refilling the glasses, and bullshitting for hours, it's nice. We haven't done this in a long time. Grayson is my oldest friend, hell he's basically my brother. His dad was my father's Beta and we grew up beside each other.

"Well, I'm gonna head to bed, meeting my parents tomorrow for breakfast," Grayson says as he runs a hand through his hair and stands. I nod, throwing back the last of my drink. He looks back as he opens the door, "you should too man." "I won't be too far behind you," I reply.

I set the glasses back with the whiskey and start towards the door. Just as I'm about to the door, it swings open.

"Fiona, what are you doing here?" I ask. She runs her hand up my arm, her voice a low whisper, "I know you didn't mean it when you said we were done."

Fuck.

This is a bad idea, I know it, but there's just enough whiskey in me that I'm riding a strong buzz- One last time I tell myself.

She reaches back and locks the door. Her hands made their way to my waistband- she was not wasting time. Stepping out of my jeans, she grabs at my cock, it hardening in her hand as she strokes it. I trail my hands up her thighs, one continues up under her navy cotton sundress and finds her breast. I knead it in my hand, flicking her nipple as I feel it pebble up.

My other hand cups her warm pussy. Pushing her panties aside, I plunge my finger into her wet heat. A breathy gasp leaves her lips as I let out a moan, the desire to ram myself inside her peaks. I withdraw my hands, turn her around and bend her over the couch. I lift her dress and yank her panties down, she looks back over her shoulder at me licking her lips, and whispers, "Fuck me Alpha".

Fisting my hand length, I rub it along her dripping slit as a quick tease before lining myself up at her opening. With one quick thrust, I'm buried inside her. She yelps from the sudden intrusion, there is no need to be slow with Fiona. It has always been hard and dirty, with no romance for us.

She pants as I grip her hips, hammering my cock into her repeatedly. It doesn't take long before I feel her walls start to tighten around my dick. She screams, "Oh Zac, Oh, Oh Fuu-uh-ckk" as she starts to whither, I fist my hand in her hair, and with one final thrust, I find my release too.

Once the wave has passed through me, I pull out. Fiona turns around with a sly smirk on her lips and says "Tell me you don't want to keep doing this".

I meet her gaze. Along with the rise of a potential threat, this has been on my mind. While the sex with Fiona is great, that's all it is, Sex. She isn't my mate, I won't take her as my chosen one and the hopeless romantic in me still wants to find my fated mate. I know fucking Fiona has to stop so I can focus on the security of the pack, and finding my mate.

I button my jeans and run a hand over my face. "This was it, Fiona, it was fun and all but you know this was never going to be more than physical. This was the last time. We have mates out there and we're not gonna find them while we're fucking each other."

His smile fades and anger flashes in her eyes. "What the fuck Zac! The Mate thing? Seriously? You're a real piece of work." She fixes her dress, strides to the door, and leaves with a loud slam.

Scrubbing my hands on my face, I sigh. I should get to bed before she comes back. It needed to happen, I always made it clear to her that "us" would never be a thing.

4:27 the alarm clock glows in red. Rolling to my back, I stare at the ceiling. I wasn't sleeping well, to begin with, but now my wolf is pressing me to stay awake. I haven't let him out to run yet, I guess now is a better time than any. Tossing back the comforter, I make my way to the walk-in closet, grab a pair of mesh shorts and pull them on over my boxers. I don't even bother with shoes, I'll shift on the back patio.

Quietly, I make my way downstairs and head out the sliding glass doors. I slip off the shorts and boxers and set them on a patio chair as I call my wolf forward. My bones start snapping and quickly re-arranging and then I'm on all fours.

Shifting doesn't hurt, it did at first when I was 13 and started integrating with my wolf but now it's no different than cracking my knuckles. I take off to the tree line, the cool night breeze bringing instant comfort as it washes over me. I start to set back and let my wolf have full control when I smell it. That warm, delicious honey/cinnamon smell brings me back to the front. My wolf turns and darts off in search of it.

It is getting stronger but now I smell something else mixed in, something putrid, like rotting trash. What else? Is that blood? Something is not right. My paws slap the ground as I make my way to the South side of the tree line, back past the pack house.

I spot the source of the garbage smell, a rogue. I quickly mind link patrol and give them my location. I keep going toward the rogue as I hear a small whimper, my eyes darting to a small body, covered in blood, and my wolf goes crazy.

I lunge forward, locking my teeth around the rogue's neck, shaking my head, and ripping out his nuck as the warm taste of copper floods my mouth. His body goes limp and I throw it aside. I hear the patrol guys thundering closer as my bones snap and my spine straightens. Adrenaline is raging through my body, when I see it, auburn hair.

My whole chest tightens and my wolf presses forward. "MATE". The urgency to hold her, to take away the pain intensifies. I reach out and lift her head, that's when I see the gash trickling blood onto the already blood-covered rock. I scoop her up and head straight to the infirmary.

I just found my mate, I can't lose her on the same night.

Comments (1)