

# Mated To The Beastly Alpha

Chapter Mated To The Beastly Alpha

Chapter

## 3

Liam paced around in his suit restlessly. It had been three days since he had been with the brown-haired and hazel-green-eyed girl, yet he was still plagued by memories of her. He ruffled his hair and folded his arms as he walked from one edge of his room to another.

All this was happening because he was so intoxicated by her, that he had lost control that night and marked her. But he had been with a couple of girls in the past and had gotten over it immediately. This one stayed with him like a permanent stain just because he had made a mistake and marked her.

He growled in frustration as he remembered how her expression crumpled when he chased her out the next morning. This was the first time he had felt guilt for any of his actions and it irritated him. He had done worse to other girls, so why did her sad expression haunt him?

“Fuck,” he growled, smashing his fist into the wall.

All this shit wouldn't have happened if he hadn't gotten drunk and carried away after he had destroyed that filthy pack. He had been so drunk with his victory and power that he had told his warriors who had accompanied him to go out and have fun, while he went for a run in the forest.

Somehow, he crossed into Crimson's pack territory, and because he felt like he was on top of the world, he allowed his curiosity to persuade him into exploring the pack. He was also very horny. He needed a sweet female to release all that pent-up energy within him.

So he changed into his human form and walked around Crimson in disguise. When he stumbled into the bar, he was immediately attracted to the crying ash-brown-haired girl. She wasn't his type. He preferred loud obnoxious sluts who just wanted to fuck, but the brownhaired's scent pleased him and made his cock twitch. He watched her throughout the night, waiting for her to get drunk enough to become an easy catch.

Knowing that it was his cue when she began to laugh hysterically and move sloppily, he approached her and once she tossed her head around to give him a full view of her body and face, a tremor ran through his body.

Holy fuck! She was beautiful.

Of course, he had seen more beautiful ladies and fucked their brains out, but the lady before him had this fragile, yet dominant air to her. Her hazel green eyes and full lips called out to him. She had the perfect size of boobs he loved, perky, not too firm and not too soft. She sat on her wide hips and plush ass that enticed him to spank.

He saw that sorrow pierced deep into her eyes and something warned him to keep off. He had normally avoided broken girls. That was why he preferred sluts, but his cock had taken over his reasoning this time.

His wolf too wanted her. His wolf was a beast and if he refused what it wanted, he knew that it would somehow come back and take her by force. The lady was not making it easy by laughing hysterically.

He seduced her as he did with the others and the moment he plunged into her sweet tight pussy, he lost control of his wolf. Everything about her drove it crazy. It wanted to imprint itself on her and make her scent his. It was strange because his wolf had never been so territorial before.

Liam struggled to keep his wolf in check as he thrust into her. The fight for control, her loud

moans, and her dripping tight coochie made the experience even more exciting. Yet the moment his wolf saw the mark of another on her, it was enraged and marked her on top of it.

That snapped Liam out of ecstasy. He was immediately filled with unbridled anger. Still, his wolf fought until it completed the mark above her breast and at the back of her neck, licking it to seal it out of eyesight.

When morning came, Liam directed the anger and irritation he felt for himself at her. It

further aggravated him when he got back from his run and was excited by her arousal.

What was worse was that she appeared in his dreams every night; after having that amazing sex, his dreams turned to nightmares where he saw her suffering and begging for his help. It always left him and his wolf troubled. He needed to do something about it quickly.

“Alpha, you called me” James, his most trusted warrior, and comrade, said as he entered his room.

“Yes,” he grunted, huffing and holding the bridge of his nose.

He hated how he was drawn to her. He hated how he felt and there was one way he knew how to cure his little obsessions. It was to find her again and fuck her till he got over her or

make her hate him.

“Send scouts into Crimson. I need you to find an ash-brown-haired lady with hazel-green eyes. She is a bit rosy-skinned, and slim but with wide hips. Find her and bring her to me.

Find her before the Crimson Party tonight. I need to get over her quickly.” he ordered. James bowed and walked out briskly.

The whole day went by with James and some of his warriors searching, but it was all to no avail. Liam was utterly pissed by the time he arrived at the Crimson pack hall for the party.

There were a lot of beautiful damsels making gestures and throwing themselves at him. It made him laugh when he thought of the countless number of ladies that thought they could tame and mate him only to end up becoming obsessed over his cock and getting tossed aside when he became tired of them.

There were some pretty ones that caught his imagination as the party was ongoing and he decided that if he couldn't find the brown-haired lady, he would take out his frustration on them in bed instead.

Liam didn't care for Alpha Shane but was impressed by the glamor of the party. Shane was powerful and ruthless, but not as powerful or ruthless as him. Yet Liam knew that he had to

be checked lest he grew wings and became pompous. After all, Crimson had been close allies with the pack he had just smitten.

Another thing that further increased Liam's contempt for the arrogant Shane was that he only cared about his position and not his pack members. Every powerful man knew that to truly succeed one had to be careful about the people one surrounded himself with. Shane didn't care. Rumor had it that it was his mate who looked out for the pack members.

Liam found it disgusting, he hated the word, mate. He could never have one or live his pack in the hands of a female. He only saw them as free fucks.

Tired of the galore, he was ready to call it a night when the anchor said.

“And on a final note, let's have some closing remarks from Crimson's adorable Luna, Nicole Mallory,” Cheers and applause echoed around the hall. At once, Liam was curious to see the so-called Luna. He watched as she climbed the stage, adorned in a pale green sheath gown that lapped her curves and complimented her eyes. He heaved a sigh when he recognized her.

Fuck! She looked glorious and all thoughts of having any other lady that night vanished. His

wolf began to rampage within him.

Liam wanted her and he didn't care if she was another person's mate.

He watched her every movement, his eyes ravishing her body. He hardly heard anything that she had said. All he saw was her moaning beneath him as he buried himself within her until he finally forgot about her.

When she was done speaking, she went through the backstage. Liam immediately got to his feet and followed her scent until he found her in the dressing room behind the stage.

He crept up on her. She didn't notice him because she was too busy crying. He sighed in irritation, there was nothing he hated more than weaklings.

"We meet again," he growled. She jumped back, her hazel eyes bulging out. On recognizing him, pain flashed through her eyes.

"Y-you," She sputtered, clutching her breasts.

Liam sucked his teeth. Was she intentionally seducing him, on realizing that he was also the notorious Alpha of Dark Moon Pack?

She gasped, and fear pooled out of her pores. Liam chuckled darkly, revelling in her fear.

"You're as ruthless as they say." She sneered, getting to her feet.

Liam growled, he hated the irritation and hatred for him that flashed in her eyes. He was aroused but she wasn't. She seemed to detest him. Growling again, he grabbed her into his arms, his mouth automatically found his mark above her breasts and sucked it; her breath ceased for a moment.

He chuckled, "You're coming home with me."

"Never," She retorted, her breath heavy, her eyes fluttering open and close. "This is my pack.

I'm the Luna."

Liam Smirked,

"We shall see." He said, letting go of her. He was surprisingly pleased as the scent of her arousal swarmed the room as he returned to his place in the pack hall.

He had come up with a simple plan. Immediately after the event was over, he was going to bargain for her with Shane and if he refused him, he was going to bring hell to Crimson.

Luna or not, she was his.

When he got her, he was going to use every means to break the spell she had over him and when that spell was broken he was going to toss her aside. It was a perfect plan that made him smile.