

BENEATH HER DARKNESS The Alpha's Little Demon by
Cassandra M
Chapter 1

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001 – The Beast

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

This story is a work of fiction. Some terms and explanations might be different from the usual things we might encounter when it comes to the demon realm, so please keep an open mind and enjoy this world created by the author.

Thank you for opening this book, and I hope you will enjoy the ride!

ALPHA ADAN STONE.

“Get out!” I told the female who was kneeling in front of me in a cold voice. Her eyes widened with fear flitting across them.

My face was void of any emotions as I stood up from the single couch I was lounging on and drew my trousers up, buttoning and buckling the belt in place before I walked to the other side of the room.

The female, who was still on her knees, wiped the drool from the side of her mouth before she spoke, her voice trembling. “But, sir... let me try again if you didn't like the...”

“I said get out.” My voice was low, but it was deadly that the female scampered on her feet and grabbed her heels before she opened the door to the private room and walked out without throwing another glance at me.

I grabbed the decanter and poured whisky over my empty glass before I tipped it over my lips, slowly sipping it as my gaze roamed around the bar below. I was on the second floor in the VIP section of this gentlemen's club, looking over at the crowd below me. The big glass window was one way. I could see everyone, but no one could see me inside.

Soon, the door of the VIP room opened, and even without looking, I knew it was my Beta that had stepped in.

“What the fuck is wrong with you? That's the third female you kicked out tonight. Not counting the other females three days ago.”

I didn't answer him and continued to stare at the scene below. This was getting old already.

"We're just wasting our time here. Why do we keep coming back when no fucking female is enough for you?"

"Exactly my thoughts. Let's go." I placed the glass back on the table with a loud thud before grabbing my coat from the chair as I made my way out of the private room.

The loud music echoed around me the moment I opened the door. The bar smelled of humans, sweat, and sex, and yet, I was having a fucking hard time getting into the vibes. It has been almost two months since I fucked someone, and for the last two weeks, I have no longer had an appetite for even a fucking blow job.

There was nothing wrong with my manhood. I could easily get it hard when someone touched it, but the moment I associated arousal with the faces of females in front of me, I would start to get annoyed and eventually become uninterested enough that I didn't have the urge to be mouth-f*cked by any of them anymore.

It was basically the same reason why I don't fuck anyone at this point. No one was good enough to hold my arousal in place until I could have my release.

Something was off. And even if I wasn't showing it, I was slowly thinking I would go feral soon.

My wolf, Beast, was already on his way there.

There were days I could no longer control him, so I barely let him out, and if I did, I would usually do it around my Beta or Gamma, or around my strong warriors. Beast had been a pain in the ass for the last two years, and for the last 16 full moons, I had never run with the newly shifted pups in our packs to avoid another incident like the last time I let him out on a full moon run where he saw newly shifted pups licking and petting each other. And the next thing I knew, he had gone mad and was about to attack them, but thankfully, both my Beta and Gamma were fast enough to throw my wolf out of the way the moment I mindlinked with them.

Beast wanted a mate. And the more the clock ticked, the more he was getting impatient.

I was already 28 years old, but in a few months, I would be turning 29. I am not yet old in the human world, but for shifters like me, I should be mated already.

An Alpha without a mate or having no heir to pass the Alpha genes could go haywire, or in a more direct description, they could go feral.

And I had no fucking idea what to do with it anymore.

No one knew the turmoil within me except my Beta and my Gamma. I didn't let my father know about this, especially since he, together with my grandfather, kept pushing me to find a mate, either my fated or a chosen one.

I had never rushed out looking for my mate for the fucking reason that I thought she would just fall down from the heavens and show herself to me. But it didn't happen, and before I could realize that I was still mateless, my fucking wolf was already losing his shit.

Both my father and grandfather, and the men before them, the previous Alphas of the Mystic Pack, all found their mates between the ages of 18 and 23, so no one had experienced what I was experiencing right now. But I felt it wouldn't take long before I would be doomed.

I knew I had to make a decision soon. A mate or an heir.

But with me not finding any pleasure in mating, why the fuck do I need a mate for?

"Alpha Stone..." A voice snapped me out of my thoughts as an older male in a formal suit approached us.

Despite the elegance and formality in his feature, I could sense fear and uncertainties in his aura. He was a shifter and the night manager of this club. I was pretty sure the female I kicked out went and complained to him directly.

"I will still pay for the room and the females. My Beta will take care of it." I didn't give him time to reply and was about to walk out when his hand held my forearm.

A low growl reverberated from my chest as I snapped my head to look at him, eyes dilating as I gave him a silent warning for touching me.

"My apologies, Alpha." He stepped back with his hands up in the air. "I just want to make sure I can tell you some details to make up for the females' not being able to appease you."

"Details? What do you mean?" I asked, my forehead creasing as I crossed my arms over my chest. I felt my Beta move and stand behind me. He was probably interested in hearing the information as well.

"Next week, the Omega Feast will be held in this club." He said as he rolled his mustache between his thumb and forefinger.

He was nervous. He should be.

"And?"

“And they said this year’s Omegas are more beautiful than the last time they were held. And I thought I would let you know in the hope you will find a female that will interest you on the said feast.”

“Are you telling me this so I can find a female that interests me, or because it’s beneficial for you once I throw money on the bid?”

“No! No! It’s just that we noticed lately that none of our females were living up to your expectations, so I thought if you joined this year’s Omega Feast...”

I didn’t hear the rest of his babbling because I turned around and walked away from him. He and this place have nothing to offer me, and I was certainly not interested in attending the Omega Feast, as I had not been interested in it the previous years.

“So what do you think?” Collin, my Beta and second in command, asked me as we entered the elevator that would lead us to the club’s VIP guests’ parking lot.

“Think what?”

“About the Omega Feast, are we attending?”

“Didn’t you see me just walk out of there? I’m not interested. Go on your own if you want to.” I snapped at him.

“Why the fuck would I attend it on my own? I have a mate. You’re the one that needs one.”

“An Omega for a mate? For a Luna? You got to be fucking kidding me?”

“Who said about a mate?” He sneered.

I tilted my head to look at him at the exact moment the elevator door pinged and opened. I shook my head, slipping my hands inside my pocket before I exited. “If you think I’m going to throw away money to buy an omega to be my sex slave, then you’re the one losing shit. I can just go and check...”

“...check around?” He finished my words as we both stopped in front of the car before he pressed the key in his hands, unlocking the doors. “Like what we’ve been doing for the last couple of months?”

My jaw tightened as I pulled the door open, slipping inside the passenger seat and slamming it closed.

“We’ve been everywhere and no fucking female was fuckable enough for you. What do we have to lose?” Collin started the engine and began driving toward the exit. “I propose

that we go check it out, and if none of them can make you fucking hard, then we'll go. No harm done."

I remained quiet, my elbows propped against the window, my head resting on my fingers as I blankly stared in front of me.

"Alpha..." The shifter on the post who checked out our car greeted me, and I just acknowledged him with a wave of my hand.

Soon, we were already on the highway, making our way back to our territory. I picked up the cigarette on the dashboard and lit it up before I rolled the window down and began puffing air to fill my lungs.

The cold wind brushed against my skin, sending a chill down my spine. The temperature tonight was almost at a negative degree Celsius, but it never bothered me at all. The years had only made my skin thicker and more durable for the cold and harsh weather of the North.

"Think about it, Adan," Collin said out of nowhere.

"Are we not done with this topic yet?"

"My son needs an Alpha. If you can't produce an heir, what will happen to our pack? And what do you think will happen to Beast?"