The Alpha's Favorite Rogue / Chapter 2 Chapter 2 Ali's POV Glancing over my shoulder as I hurry down the stairs from the rear entrance of the club, I pump my st in excitement and open up the wallet in my hand to nd a huge wad of cash. Score! I could tell from the moment that the tall, dark-haired, and, I mean, I can't deny it, incredibly handsome stranger walked into the room that he was an Alpha, the aura around him, the way he carried himself, how impressive his body was, and the way everyone just parted for It was also obvious to me that he was clueless about who I was though, which was He even seemed less intimidating than other Alphas, grinning and looking all relaxed instead of brooding and scary, so I gured, why not? Especially since I could tell how attracted he was to me, even if I couldn't smell it. Feeling elated at my big haul, I give a couple of skips as I make my way over to the bushes past the parking lot and dig out my hidden backpack. I grab the cash and do a quick count. It's even better than I had thought and I roll my eyes. Only Alpha's would carry this much cash in their wallets. I give another excited squeal and small jump in celebration of my good luck before I look in the wallet again and slip the credit cards out, because why not, then, looking at the handsome stranger's picture on his driver's license, I grab that too, though I'm not sure why. Tossing the wallet carelessly behind my back, I shove the cash and cards into the front pocket of the backpack while doing a happy dance and throw it over my shoulder. It's not good to linger in any place for too long, especially not after stealing an Alpha's wallet. A totally clueless Alpha who was my easiest target ever. Laughing triumphantly at my success, I turn around, my mind focused on nding myself an actual soft hotel bed tonight instead of the hard forest oor. And freeze. My smile slides away as I look up into a face that I never thought that I would see again... except maybe on his stolen driver's license in my front backpack pocket... Shiiiiit. "I think you dropped something." I watch in terried horror as the Alpha bends over and picks up his wallet from the ground, then stands back up before casually opening it and looking inside. He raises an eyebrow at me. My mouth feels dry as I stare up at him and lick my lower lip, wondering what he will do to me. Alphas are not known for being forgiving. And I just stole his wallet. In his club. In front of a packed room of his and neighboring pack members. He glances back down at it, tilting it to the side with a frown. "Even my driver's license? What use could you have for that?" He meets my eyes and I feel my backpack slipping off my shoulder and I automatically tug it back up, speechless. He watches the movement, looking thoughtful. Closing the wallet, he puts it in his back pocket and then holds out his hand. I stare at it. No. No. That was enough cash to get me two states away and meals for at least a month. Closing my eyes briey against the threat of tears, I sigh and shrug the backpack off to hold it out in front of me. No use ghting him. I cannot defeat an Alpha, especially one this big. The best I can hope for is just to make it away from this situation alive. This is what I get for getting cocky with my targets. His eyes never leaving my face, he takes it from me and unzips the front pocket to remove his credit cards and driver's license, placing them in his front pocket before reaching back in and grabbing the cash. He looks at it, then back at me. To my complete and utter shock, he puts it back in and rezips the pocket. Is he letting me keep it? But...why? Does this mean he will let me go? The Alpha grabs the zipper to the main compartment and an involuntary grunt like noise escapes me as I take a step forward out of desperation. He raises his eyebrow at me again and I stop dead. How did I ever think that this Alpha wasn't intimidating? It was a fool move to think that he was an easy target. I nervously wring my hands together as I watch him tug on the zipper. Shit! I watch as he pulls individual items out one by one to study silently before putting them back in. Jeans, hoodie, toothbrush, deodorant... No... He pulls out the little white spray bottle and examines it closely before holding it out in front of him and giving it a spray and sning, his eyes going slightly wider in sudden curiosity as he studies me. I close my eyes tightly, my heart thudding. What if he nds out who I am? What if he sends me back? I cannot go back. Opening my eyes again, I watch him place the bottle back in my bag and zip it back up. "What is your name?" I lick my dry lips again as I look at him, thinking fast. "Tess." His lip twitches. "Tess?" I nod quickly. "Okay then, Tess. I am Alpha Ralph, of the Silver Moon pack." I give another tight nod. I already know this. I saw his ID and I know what region I am in. I also know that he is a new Alpha, promoted from a Beta position. Which means that he is out to prove himself, even if he did seem less intimidating than other Alphas at rst, I now realize that I was very, very wrong. He denitely seems intimidating enough now. Especially after I just stole from him in his own club, I think with an inward moan. Most Alpha's would make a show out of punishing someone for that. No one messes with Alphas. Inhaling sharply through my nose, I lift my chin deantly. Well, if this is how I go, I won't do it like a coward. He watches me, his face expressionless as he still holds my backpack. "What pack are you from?" I knew he would ask that. "I do not have a pack." His face remains expressionless, which surprises me. He nods. "Do you have a place to stay?" The question throws me, and I hesitate. What game is he playing at here? Tucking my hair behind my ear, I cross my arms in front of me. "I was just about to nd one." With the cash that I just stole from you... My voice has an accusatory tone to it that I instantly worry he will take as a challenge. Although, a small part of me kind of wants him to take it as a challenge though, to see how he will react, since he keeps surprising me so far. He looks at me for a moment longer, then holds out the backpack to me. I stare at it. "You will stay with me." Frowning, confused, I grab the backpack and hold it out in front of me as I look up at him. That's it? What is he playing at here? Well, I don't stay at other packs. People talk. Packs talk. I cannot risk being seen or someone nding out who I really am. Or where I am. Shaking my head, I throw the backpack around my shoulders. "No thank you." "You will stay with me tonight. You can leave tomorrow." His voice is even, rm. I shake my head more vigorously and take a step forward to go around him. He throws out his arm and I look at it. It's long and muscular and I resent my body for tingling slightly at the thought of how it would feel wrapped around me as I remember how nice it had felt to have his hands on me while we danced. I feel a betraying wave of lust wash over me and I inwardly cringe, hoping he doesn't notice. Thank goodness for my spray. I look back up at him and he is grinning at me as if he knows exactly what I was just thinking. Jerk. But my knees still go wobbly as I stare at him. Wow. He really is the most gorgeous Alpha I have ever seen... Stop it, Ali! You have got to get away! You have got to get to safety! "Stay with me tonight, no one will bother you, I promise. It is late, you will be safe, and then you can go on your way tomorrow." Swallowing, I stare up at him. Is this for real? Is he for real? What Alpha lets a rogue steal from him and live to tell it? Let alone let her keep the cash and offer her a place to stay. This has got to be some sort of trick. Or... Wait. Stay with me tonight... Oh. A wave of excitement washes over me, even as I tell myself that...that, cannot happen. He motions his nger at me to follow him as he turns and heads around the building. I cannot help but automatically trail behind him as I try to think of some sort of escape plan to get back on my way, far away from here. Obviously, it would be easier to escape if I weren't inside of Alpha Ralph's packhouse, but I can't outrun an Alpha. I already underestimated him once, I don't dare do so again. Not to mention, a big part of me wants to stay with him for the one night... Ugh. I shake my head to rid myself of this treacherous thought. Don't be ridiculous Ali. Alpha Ralph walks over next to a motorcycle and grabs a helmet off the handlebars and holds it out as he looks at me. Taking the helmet from him, I watch him throw his long legs over the bike and turn around to look at me expectantly. Disobeying is no longer an option. Inwardly sighing, I decide my only option is to obey and to get on the damn bike. Putting the helmet on, I climb up on the giant bike, a little less graceful than Alpha Ralph had with my shorter legs, and then press my body up against his back. I take an involuntary sharp intake of breath when we touch. Then curse myself silently for not holding it together better. "Hold on." Alpha Ralph acts as if he doesn't even notice as he starts the bike with a loud roar and, not needing to be told twice, I throw my arms around his hard body, pressing my head against his back and enjoying the way it feels to be so close to him, kind of wishing that I could smell his scent... It's been a minute since I have been around other werewolves, especially an Alpha. Alpha Ralph's muscles ex under my arms as he turns the motorcycle and leads us away from the parking lot, down a dark, winding road through the woods. What will he do to me when we get to his packhouse? Will he punish me? Kill me? Somehow, I don't feel like Alpha Ralph's intentions are to harm me...he gives off a trustworthy vibe. Obviously, a bit too trustworthy earlier...or so I had thought. I wonder if he will have me stay in his room. Stay with me for the night. Okay, yup. I am super thankful for my spray as I push away images of Alpha Ralph grinning at me without any clothes on, putting his hands on my hips again, but this time without the thin material between us... See, this is why I was supposed to stay away from werewolf territories. It is way too easy to get distracted, too easy to let lust take over for us werewolves. Not that it was ever really a problem for me before...but I mean, I knew it would happen eventually. But I cannot let that happen. I have got to get as far away from him as possible. Oh, why did I stop at that club? Why did I try to steal from a freaking Alpha? I should denitely have known better. So stupid, Ali! Mentally kicking myself, I scrunch up my nose and try to think of a way to escape again. A new plan forming, I decide I will go along with whatever Alpha Ralph says, act grateful for a place to stay, then wait for him to leave me alone and sneak out. Simple. Easy. I can reapply my spray if I need too, even though I hope I won't have to, this stuff is hard to come by and I do not know how I would get more. I just cannot let him pick up my scent. I cannot let him know that I was with another pack. Just staying one night as Alpha Ralph's pack could put his entire pack in danger. Panic squeezes my chest and I tighten my grip around Alpha Ralph without thinking, drawing comfort from his obvious strength. As his muscles ex under my arms and he steers the bike around a sharp curve, I start to wonder if maybe I would be safe with Alpha Ralph...maybe he could protect me? Could I nally settle somewhere? Could I join a new pack? Actually belong somewhere? A shiver runs down my spine as I think back to my old pack, to the bloody scene that replays itself over and over in my mind...the reason that I ran...the reason that I cannot rely on the protection of others unless they end up like my brother... Swallowing back the tears that are always so near the surface when I think of the past, I lift my chin and stiffen my back so that I am touching Alpha Ralph as little as possible. I am a fool if I think that I could be safe within another pack. I need to continue to run. There are no other options for me. I need to get as far away from Alpha Ralph and his pack as I can, and fast. Alpha Ralph's motorcycle starts to slow down, and I can see dim building lights ahead of us through the trees. Think Ali. think! Trying to be subtle, I swivel my head back and forth as we pull in a narrow road leading into the small cluster of buildings and take in every detail, mentally trying to map out the route for my escape. Ah, that must be where the patrol meets, I think as I see a small group of men and women pulling clothes on in front of an old wooden bench. I need to avoid that area. The motorcycle comes to a complete stop and Alpha Ralph puts his feet on the ground and straightens up. Hoping off before he does, I quickly unstrap the helmet and hand it out to him as he swings his long leg around the bike and runs his hand through his dark, slightly unruly hair. He takes it without looking at it and places it on the seat. Now what? He gestures behind him. "This is us, come on in." He steps around me and starts to head up the short steps onto a small porch attached to a large, dark wood building that blends into its surroundings. The packhouse. Everything in me knows that I should not enter into another pack's packhouse, that I should run instead, or at least try to...but my feet move without my permission to follow Alpha Ralph inside. Holy crap! I nearly gasp as I walk through the front door and stumble to a stop. This is not what I expected from the outside at all. The packhouse from the outside looks old and rundown, but the inside...well, the inside looks straight out of a designer home magazine, obviously recently updated. Alpha Ralph watches my reaction. "We have been doing a little remodeling, the previous Alpha wasn't great at upkeep... among other things." I glance up at him nervously at the somewhat savage tone in his voice. I have a pretty good idea what he means. It wasn't a secret, the war between the two Lycan Kings, or Alpha Ralph's involvement with He earned his promotion of Beta to Alpha of this pack because of his bravery and skill at ghting. He obviously impressed the Lycan King. My eyes roam over his wide chest and downward. I can see why. He looks like he would be a good ghter. I tear my eyes away. I know a little more than most about that war actually, seeing how my previous Alpha was so close to the former Alpha of the Red Night pack... Not so close that he joined in their ght, thankfully. Look how many of the Red Night pack were killed...and then it was basically disbanded and restructured for an entirely new pack to form. A better pack eventually I would assume, even though it might be slightly weaker at the moment since it has been heavily recruiting...even rogues. Not many Alpha's would take in rogues...and if they do, it's not always for the best reasons. I can't stop a small shiver. "Follow me. I will show you where you will be staying." Hiking up my backpack, I trudge behind Alpha Ralph a few steps back so that I can discreetly take in the layout of the packhouse. We don't pass anyone as we take a narrow hallway, a curved ight of stairs, and then another short hallway to the double doors at the end. It is very quiet in here for a packhouse. Where is everyone? At the club? Where are all the guards? Shouldn't be too hard to escape this place from what I am seeing. Alpha Ralph opens the doors and stands aside, waiting for me to go in front of him. Obviously, he doesn't trust me very much. Not that I blame him. I really should make better choices in the future. Messing with an Alpha...damn! What was I thinking? Although, Alpha Ralph surprised me... I glance up at him before stepping inside the room. I stop almost immediately. Nope. I can't stay here. Turning around, I literally bounce off Ralph's chest, stumbling backwards slightly, then looking up at him pleadingly. This is the Alpha's room. Alpha Ralph's room. The layout, the lavishness...it can't be anyone else's. That's even Alpha Ralph's bed... Oh god. What if my spray runs out? What if he tracks me here? Alpha Ralph won't be safe. No one here will be. I cannot be responsible for all of their deaths! Alpha Ralph raises his eyebrows at me, placing his hands on my upper arms to help steady me and I get the most bizarre desire to throw myself against his chest to let him embrace me. Not that he would...would he? "You will be safe here, unharmed, untouched, but I need to keep an eye on you." Closing my eyes, I try to nd the right words. "Listen...you don't understand...I cannot stay here. I need to..." I open my eyes to see Alpha Ralph frowning. He gently pushes me forward, turns around to shut the door behind him, then guides me towards a couch on the far end of the room, one hand still gripping my arm. We sit beside each other on the couch. My hands twisting together against my knees, I look around the room, avoiding looking at Alpha Ralph's face. "Can you explain to me what I do not understand? I can help you." I shake my head. "Are you in trouble?" I stare at my hands. Alpha Ralph is silent, then he stands up and paces a few feet. "You know, stealing is a punishable crime." Nervously, I look up at him, but his back is to me. "Did you steal from the wrong person?" Clearly, I did tonight, judging by my current situation. But I don't say that. Instead, I op back on the couch, covering my face with my hands. How did I let myself get caught? How do I get out of this? Heaving a huge sigh, I look at Alpha Ralph, whose eyes ick from my chest to my face. Hmm. A new idea is forming. Well, not really a new idea. More like, just continuing the plan I started in the club... I stand up and shrug off my backpack, dropping it on the couch and bending over it to dig around in it, making sure Alpha Ralph has a good view as I do so. Grabbing my toothbrush, I stand up straight and turn to face him. I grin to myself as I see a frustrated look on his face, his eyes swirling. "I haven't had a decent night's sleep in ages, so I think I will take you up on your offer." I purposefully move my eyes downward to take in his muscles and then back up to give him a suggestive smile. "I feel like I would be safe with you. Thank you. Mind if I...? I wiggle the toothbrush and he nods, lifting a hand to point behind me. I give him my most sexy smile, grab my backpack, and make my way to an open door in the direction that he pointed. Closing the bathroom door behind me and locking it, I ick on the lights and fall back against the door. This bathroom looks recently updated as well. I run my nger against the marbled countertop and then lean against it to look in the mirror at my reection. Okay. What's the plan? Glimpsing a cracked window over my shoulder in the reection, I smile. It's too easy. Maybe I didn't underestimate Alpha Ralph. Hmm. I am almost disappointed. Shrugging, I glance at the locked door almost wistfully. Shame. Could've been fun to spend a night with Alpha Ralph. But this way is better for everyone. Safer. Pulling the cracked window open, I stick my head out to see that the drop down isn't that bad, no trees or bushes in the way, and no outdoor lights to give me away. Rolling my eyes at the lack of security, I push my backpack through the window and let it dangle as far as I can lower it before letting it drop, hitting the ground with a dull thud. Glancing back at the door, I listen to see if Alpha Ralph might have heard it. All clear. Sliding feet rst through the window, I land easily on my feet without making a sound. If Alpha Ralph didn't hear the backpack, there is no way that he heard me. Smiling, I grab my backpack and turn around, thinking about which direction I should probably head, judging by that bike ride. "So, this is a thing that you do? Sneaking out of buildings? Weird." A tiny squeal of surprise escapes before I can stop it as I spin around to see Alpha Ralph leaning against the side of the building with his arms crossed and shaking his head. But...how...? He rolls his eyes and points his nger back towards the house at the back door beside Our eyes stay locked as I make my way to it and stop just in front of him, but neither of us speak, so I go back inside. Alpha Ralph follows behind me, all the way back through the packhouse to his bedroom, and when he closes the door behind us and turns back around to look at me with those smoldering eyes, I can't help thinking, I really don't feel that disappointed that he stopped

me...