

ALPHA, ALPHA KINGS MATE, chapter 2, Kings, ALPHA KINGS MATE,

The man's leg was bleeding, which would explain the strong scent of blood upon entering the cave. But that wasn't all I noticed. It was the lingering scent of my mate. She had been gone for a while, but I couldn't be mistaken. I would know her scent anywhere.

"You, what's your name?" I asked the rogue whose eye I removed.

"Tim," He stutters out, and I step closer, loving the fear in his eye so strong it fills the cave smothering the scent of the fire sitting in the middle.

"And who are you?" I ask the curly dark-haired woman hiding behind her wounded mate.

"Myra, this is my mate Josic," She whimpers, putting her head down. Good, by their fear, they know exactly who I am and what I am.

"Is this everyone in your camp?" I ask, knowing it wasn't. The woman nods, and I growl.

I hate f*****g liars. The man watching me, his eyes not leaving me as I approach him. I see the star picket in his leg.

"How did you get this?" I ask, tapping the steel going through his thigh. He hisses in pain as I tap it, a smile spreading across my face at his pain.

"Please, we mean no harm. We are just camping here," She begs, her hands trembling on the man's shoulders.

"I asked you a question, and you lied. I don't like liars," I told her.

"Now, who else is with you?" I asked, and they both shook their heads. I hear movement behind me, and I turn to face Tim as he tries to sneak off.

"Sit down, or I will make sure you never walk again," I tell him, and he drops to the ground as he shakes in fear. Looking back at the man and woman, I reach past him, grabbing her by the hair and jerking her to me. She screams, trying to free my grip on her hair.

"Now, this is the last time I will ask nicely, who else lives here?" I ask the man, his brown eyes on his mate as she s**s, clutching at my hand, trying to get me to let go.

"You will never have her," The man spits at my feet.

"You do know who I am looking for then?" He smiles, and I tug on his mate's hair again, and she lets out a cry, his eyes darting to her.

"Where is she?" I ask him.

"Screw you," He snarled while glaring at me. I would have commanded them to tell me, but I enjoyed playing with them. Nothing is better than watching the fear in another's eyes before the light leaves them altogether. I had no intention of letting them live. They

helped hunt my family, and they would pay for that mistake, and this would ensure Tim comes running when he hears anything.

Standing up, I dragged the woman with me. Josic tried to stand, but his injured leg prevented him as he fell back on the cave floor, his blood pooling onto the floor more from the movement. I forced her on her knees in front of her mate, clamping my hands on the side of her head before giving a sharp twist.

Her neck snapped as I turned her head, so it now faced me, and I relished in the sound of her neck breaking and the feel of her bones snapping under my hands. Josic's eyes turned glassy. His agonized scream left him as he watched her fall limply at my feet, making goosebumps rise on my skin delightfully. I kicked her to the side before kneeling in front of the man.

His sobbing made my heart swell with happiness. My wolf pressed beneath my skin, wanting to unleash on the man that helped our mate hide from us. My hand wrapped around the star picket. I twisted it, his blood-curdling scream bounced off the cave walls, and I heard Tim whimper behind me.

I jerked him to his feet, grabbing him by the back of the neck. I held his face over the flames of the fire, the smell of his burning flesh and hair leaving a foul taste in the back of my mouth.

"Where is my mate," I asked him, his screams telling me he was incapable of answering, he thrashed in my grip, and I forced him closer to the flames, pressing his face against the glowing embers of wood, his screams grew louder, and I could feel the fire licking at my arm and fingers as I held him in place. The man's screams died out ultimately when a new sound echoed throughout the cave.

The menacing growl of a wolf made me look over my shoulder. The man fell onto the fire when I let him go. The wolf stepped closer. Her scent filled my nose as I looked at her beautiful white wolf. Her eyes darted to the dead woman behind me, and she whimpered, rushing toward her, nudging her with her nose. An agonized howl leaves her, making me wonder who the woman is to her.

She didn't seem fussed by the man's death, but the woman upset her. She continues nudging the woman's face. I growl, annoyed that she hasn't even acknowledged my presence. Does she not know I am her mate, not know who I am?. She pivots, remembering I am here, before baring her teeth and growling at me. She lowers her head, stalking toward me. And I find it amusing how angry she is over some b***h of a rogue.

"Now, love, is that any way to greet your mate?" I asked her, and she growled louder, taking a step toward me. Her fur hackled up, and claws scratched the ground under her feet.

What I wasn't expecting was for her to attack me. Her canines tore into my leg as she ripped a chunk of flesh off. I shoved her away too hard as she flew into the cave wall. She bounced onto her feet, and I lunged at her trying to grab her. Her teeth sliced through my arm before she shook her head viciously. I groaned at the pain searing through my arm.

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