

## The Pack's Nemesis

Author: Cooper

### Chapter 1: Fighting

Quirin

Fucking Jasper is attacking my pack. Again. When is this asshole going to realize that he can't defeat me. This time, he must have gotten some friends to help him, but they aren't the scrappy fighters that my warriors and I are. Other than me, my pack is made up solely of rogues, the misfits that the other packs kicked out. Okay, yeah, some of them are dangerous and I have to keep them in line, but they're deadly, and Jasper needs to learn that no amount of money is worth your life.

When I claimed my father's pack at eighteen, I learned just how hard he'd worked to ensure my financial stability when I took over the pack. I know a lot of the wars that he fought were to obtain better pack lands, easier and cheaper access to water, electricity, and other necessities. He did it all for me. And now, I am by far, the richest Alpha I've ever met. I'm richer than Henry and richer than Warren. You'd never know it to look at me and my pack members. We don't dress like we're rich, we don't strut around like we're high and mighty like the rich do, but my pack wants for nothing.

More than anyone, the rogues understand protecting what's theirs. It's another reason that I took them all in. They're fantastic fighters to have lasted in the wild on their own, which is the primary reason that I allow them into my pack. Not only that, but they also understand the value of protecting what they have. And what they have is this pack, a home, and me as their Alpha.

I don't know how fucking Jasper gets away again, but I know that I practically ripped his leg off this time. I'd chase after him and kill him, but I have a birthday party to attend tonight.

Connor and Kennedy Hill turned eighteen today. Connor will take over the pack from his father, Alpha Warren, who I despise with every bone in my body. I've refused to create an alliance with him because the man killed my father. I watched him do it. That memory is burned into my brain and is one of the worst moments of my life.

My father was a great man. Alpha Harold told me that he was greedy, that he was responsible for most of the pack wars that occurred back then. But I know that he did it all for me. My father loved me. I definitely know that. My father loved me more than his own life, giving his life for mine. My mother wasn't that way. She protected me, but once she realized that I was safe and she lost her status in the pack, she let herself wither away and die. In the end, she loved her status more than she loved me.

'Alpha, what should we do with the dead?' Kier, my Beta asks.

I look around, pleased that my warriors killed so many of Jasper's pack or the pack members of those he recruited to attack me.

"Pile them up and dump them outside Jasper's pack lands," I growl.

Kier smiles. "With pleasure, Alpha."

"I have to go get ready for this fucking party. Are you good?" I ask.

He snorts. "That should be fun."

"An Alpha's duties never end," I say.

"Do yourself a favor, Alpha. Find yourself a sweet little pussy to bury yourself in."

I grunt in response and head up to my room. While I don't shy away from a woman who wants me, I've never fucked anyone in Alpha Warren's pack. It's not because I care what he thinks about me. I could give a shit what Warren thinks of me. It's her. That little witch of a woman who has always seen way too much.

I climb into the shower, letting the blood and guts wash off of me as I think about her. Kennedy. I've watched her grow into a woman who far outshines her mother. Luna Yara is beautiful, no one can deny it. But Kennedy? That girl is something to behold. I guess today she's technically a woman.

I smile as I think about her. She hates it that I still call her 'pup'. I've long since stopped thinking of her as a pup. That ended the first time I woke up, having a wet dream about that beautiful woman. Maybe because of that, I became even more antagonistic about calling her pup when I saw her.

And her scent, her sweet citrus and mint scent has only gotten stronger and more mouthwatering as she's gotten older. What hasn't changed is her watchfulness and her insightfulness. The woman sees everything, far more than she should. And for some reason, her focus seems to be almost entirely on me.

I should despise it, I should be mad or irritated that she's constantly watching me, noticing me in ways that others don't. But from her, I almost crave it. I love that such a beautiful girl, a beautiful woman, watches me.

I've seen the others falling all over themselves to get to her. Kennedy, being Connor's twin sister and the oldest of the Alpha females in Warren's pack, is much sought after by other Alphas. I know that even Henry, who has yet to find his mate, wants her. But I've seen her ignore their advances just to watch me. I'm not sure that she knows how often I see her watching me, but every time I'm in the room with her, I keep an eye on her, watching her watching me.

And every time I see her, that golden glow around her, that beautiful light of sweet and delicate inner beauty glows brighter and brighter.

Part of me hopes that she finds her mate tonight. The other part of me wants to kill anyone who comes close to taking her from me. That part comes from Raif, my wolf. He's been enamored with Kennedy since she was a pup. He's snubbed every other female we've ever seen, and goddess forbid that I talk about taking a chosen mate. He snarls and throws such a tantrum in my head that I can't sleep, and it makes my head throb until I relent.

Not that any woman is dumb enough to accept me as her mate. I'm not stupid. I'm an Alpha and women want the prestige of being a Luna. But being mated to me wouldn't be easy. I'm too dark and eventually, I drag anyone who gets too close to me into the darkness that surrounds me.

It's another reason that I hope that Kennedy finds her mate tonight. She deserves better than the darkness that someone like me could give her. I told her years ago that she should be afraid of me, but for some reason, that little pup never heeded my words. A part of me, deep down in my heart, is glad that she didn't.

I'm distracted as I get out of the shower, so I don't smell his scent until he barks at me.

"What the fuck, Q? You were in a battle today? Why the fuck didn't you call me?" Henry says, glaring at me from across my room.

I frown. "I'm going to have to tell my patrols to start letting me know when you enter the pack lands."

"They know I'm your brother and don't change the subject. Your pack smells like blood, death, and war. Why didn't you call?"

"Because I didn't need you. We were fine. Fucking Jasper was after my money again. And let's be honest, you take a lot more time to get ready for these parties than I do," I say to my best friend and brother. Okay, he's my only friend.

He rolls his eyes at me and throws himself on the loveseat in my room. "I don't take a long time."

I look at him, realizing that he's taken a bit longer tonight than he usually does. He's dressed in an expensive cream-colored linen pant suit that is casual but on him also looks very chic. If I tried that, I'd look like a mob boss trying to pretend I was on holiday at the beach. He crosses a leg over his knee, and I see that he has new loafers to go with the nice linen suit.

"Did you buy all new clothes for tonight? What the fuck, Henry? Are you hoping that Kennedy is your mate?" I ask joking. I turn to go into my closet to get dressed but when he doesn't answer me, I turn back. "Are you fucking kidding me?"

Something dark inside of me threatens to push forward. I love Henry, more than anyone in the world I love this man who is like a brother to me, but at the moment, thinking of him with Kennedy, I'm ready to rip him to shreds.

"Would that be so bad, Q? She's gorgeous, she's smart, she's about the sweetest woman I've ever met... she'd make a good Luna," he says, shrugging and looking away from me. I can tell that he's seriously hoping that she's his mate.

Honestly, he'd be the perfect mate to her. He's exactly the kind of man that she should end up with. But the thought of her ending up with anyone has Raif thrashing around in my head.

'Knock it off,' I tell my wolf.

'I'll kill him if he touches her.'

'No, you won't. He's my best friend. She's nothing but a pretty pup,' I say, but I know I don't mean it. She's one of the few people that can put a warm glow into my dark and angry heart.

'Mhmm, keep telling yourself that,' Raif says.

I notice that Henry is watching me, so I do what I always do when I don't want others paying attention to me. I get snarky. It usually works, except with one little brunette with intelligent grey-green eyes.

"Who knows, maybe Connor is your mate, and you can become his Luna," I say, chuckling as I go into the closet.

"You're such an asshole, Q. I don't know I even bothered to come over here to get you."

"Yeah, why did you?" I ask.

He looks at me. "I wasn't sure you'd come otherwise."

Normally, he'd be right. But I can't miss that little pup's birthday. I even got her a present. I got one for Connor too, but his gift is money. He's the incoming Alpha, so if he's smart, he'll put it toward the pack.

But for Kennedy, I wanted something special. Raif insisted that I get her jewelry, preferably something with a wolf's head that looks like him. So, I had a wolf's head made in pewter and onyx, since Raif's fur is midnight black, and then I had diamonds put into his eyes, since April is her birth month. I'm nervous to give it to her, but I'm pretty sure, knowing her like I do, that even if she doesn't like it, she'll say she does and that she'll wear it anytime she expects to see me.

I finish getting ready, wearing black pants and a form fitting black button-down shirt with black dress shoes. I roll the sleeves up, hating to be this formal.

"You sure you want to do that?" Henry asks as I roll up my sleeves.

"Yeah. Why wouldn't I?" I ask him.

"Luna Yara and Alpha Kennedy are going to see those marks on you. They'll know you were fighting today."

I stop and look at my arms. He's right, they will notice and neither woman will let it go. Dammit!

I roll my sleeves back down, feeling even more grumpy now than I did before.

"Are you ready?"

"I was waiting on you, brother," he says, smiling and slapping me on the back as he stands.

I glare at him, then we head down to his car and begin to make our way to the party.