

Chapter 6

Niklaus

I drag the bloodied shirt over my head and dispose of it before washing my uncle's blood from my arms. Killing kin has never appealed to me, not even if they betrayed me. It still leaves a mark on your soul, no matter which way you look at it.

Leaning with my arms on the sink, I look at myself in the mirror and sigh. That little spitfire knows more than she lets on, I'm sure of it. But forcing her to tell me isn't the way to go; I have to make her trust me.

How do I do that when she doesn't seem to trust Alphas at all? I get this vibe that she was hurt badly, and I'm not really known for my soft side. Fucksakes, this will take time when patience isn't really my strong suit.


"Klaus, we're out here," my brother, Dimitrios, calls out from downstairs. I called them here because I need to inform them of what happened tonight and how it changes things, especially with this kitten here.

Verena; a name as deadly as she is beautiful. She could be a pretty distraction if I had the time.

Without bothering with a shirt, I head down where I know they'll be congregating at the bar and I am yet to be proven wrong. Dark hair and blue eyes are the traits of a King; and all my siblings possess these.

Dimitrios is my Beta and the one I trust with my fucking life. Lazarus is my Gamma; the silent one who is probably smarter than all of us. And then there's Ares, the youngest brother and my Delta. The one with the shortest fuse and even shorter temper.

Kristina is our baby sister; nineteen and the sweetest thing on this planet. If she had died tonight, I would have ripped Lucan into shreds with my bare hands. She and my mother are the only women I would go to war for, and everyone knows how protective I am over them.

The fact that my uncle helped orchestrate what would have happened to Kristina still burns hot in my gut. I enjoyed ripping out his entrails and stuffing them down his throat. If you ask me, his death was way too quick, but then again, I was way too angry to care. 

"Whiskey," Laz says, handing me the glass tumbler before sitting down on the sofa overlooking the city.

I walk over to the bar and lean with my back against it while facing them. "I'm sure you're all wondering what the fuck happened tonight."

"That's a fucking understatement," Ares says, crossing his arms. "Kris was nearly killed. How did you know what was gonna happen?"

"A little pussycat told me," I say as I take a sip of the whiskey in my hand and glance at Dimitrios.

"Are you kidding me? The one at the bar?" he asks and I nod.

"The very one, and she used to be in Lucan's pack and left. She also told me Fabiani has been working with that cunt Lucan; they were the ones behind the hotel explosion tonight," I explain, watching their faces as they digest this. "After a little ... questioning, he admitted everything."

Laz gets to his feet, cradling his empty glass. "So, what happens now?"

"Now, we keep Kristina hidden and make that fucker think he's gotten away with it. Plan a funeral and everything," I say while walking around the bar. "I have a feeling this girl knows more than she's letting on, and I intend to find out just what it is and why she came to me, of all people."

"Jilted lover who knew more than she should?" Ares asks, and for some reason, just thinking about Lucan fucking her pisses me off. "It's the only thing that makes sense."

Laz fills his glass. "Nah, doesn't make sense. Jilted lovers wouldn't reject their entire pack and run to the enemy, spilling secrets," he surmises. "Possibly someone who learned too much and decided to do something about it."

/"Because I no longer saw him as my Alpha, not after finding things out about him. I vowed to never serve an Alpha who takes pride in killing innocent people,"/

Verena's words echo in my mind and I must admit, Laz's interpretation makes sense after her saying that.

"Well, whatever it is, I need to get closer to her and find out exactly what she knows. Starting a war with me is one thing,

but trying to kill my family?" I growl, shaking my head. "We need to retaliate after the 'funeral' and we need to show we're not to be fucked with."

Agreements are all around as I look at them and nod. "Laz, I'm going to need you to scout close to his pack house. Maybe we can ask the girl where all his most vulnerable places are, then hit them where it hurts."

Laz nods, so I turn to Ares and Mitri. "I need security upped at this casino, as well as Ma's villa. Her location has been kept a secret, but I don't fucking know anymore after finding out her own brother is trying to bring us down."

"Should we move her? Maybe back to Greece, or even here at the hotel?" Ares asks.

"Nah, that will attract too much attention. People will know something's up," I explain, shoving one hand into the pockets of my slacks. "We still don't know the full extent of Fabiani's deception."

Mitri shakes his head. "I don't fucking get it. Why would he do this? Our own goddamn blood!"

"Power," I say, downing my whiskey. "Lucan promised him my place as Alpha when he kills me. He's been coveting the spot since Pa died."

Of course it's power. Nothing corrupts family more than greed and a thirst for power that does not belong to them. Fuck, it pisses me off that I killed him so soon after he confessed everything.

"Well, that's all for tonight. Let's tackle this after we've gotten some shut-eye. Meet me in my office in the morning and we'll go over things," I say before turning around and walking back to my bedroom.

I need a fucking shower and to sleep; this day did not go as planned.

After five hours of tossing and turning, I'm in a fucked up mood as I head to my office the following day. I know I have meetings scheduled, so after a breakfast I don't taste, I walk into those meetings as if I were walking into war.

Fabiani's position is open, so I asked Laz to fill in for the time being. I'm not going to hire anyone else, not when I couldn't even trust my own goddamn uncle. The meetings are tedious, but I sit through it regardless and afterwards, I head down to the bar to grab a drink and hopefully allow the place to clear my head.

I'd almost forgotten about the little spitfire until I saw her sitting at the bar, nursing a bourbon again. Shit, you would have thought after yesterday that I'd have remembered her immediately.

She's wearing a tight fitting pair of black jeans, sneakers and a tank top, with her dark curls tied up in a ponytail I would love to wrap around my fist.

Walking up to her, I lean over her shoulder and whisper, "We really should stop meeting like this, people will get

suspicious.” 1

She stiffens at my words and sucks in a breath, not daring to look at me. My breath fans over her shoulder and I can see goosebumps starting to pucker, not to mention her heartbeat just spiked.

Chuckling to myself, I sit down next to her and notice her cheeks are red. “I didn’t expect to see you down here again, kitten,” I say as I signal Jax, the bartender, for a whiskey.

“Did you expect me to run?” she asks as she slowly turns her head, so she’s facing me. “And my name is Verena. Calling me ‘kitten’ makes me think you’re mocking me.”


“I know your name,” I say with a smirk as I raise my glass. “But you’re in my territory, kitten. I think I can call you whatever I want.”

She rolls her eyes, and the gesture makes me want to take her over my knee just to see how red that ass can get. One thing that pisses me off and gets me hard as fuck is a bratty woman – and this one ticks all the boxes.

Not to mention that intoxicating scent of hers. Gods, I have to stop thinking with my dick.

“Classy. So what brings you down here, Alpha Niklaus?” she asks, although I can tell she’s not interested in what I have to say. This woman seriously has balls bigger than some of my warriors, and that makes me even more intrigued.

“I went by your apartment and saw you weren’t there,” I lie through my fucking teeth. “A position has come up, but I

 +20 BONUS

doubt its something you'd be interested in."

She perks up. "I'm not afraid to work."

I was hoping she'd say that. "Not even if it's as menial as housekeeping?" I say as an idea forms in my head.

"As I said, I'm not afraid to work. I've done housekeeping at smaller ins and cabins; work is work, especially if you have no other choice," she says, and I have to admit that makes me respect her more.

A beautiful woman who isn't afraid to get her hands dirty; you don't often see that in my world.

"Very well, I'll have Martha come to your apartment in the morning," I say and finish my drink. "Have a good day further, Verena."

At the mention of her name, she blushes slightly, but I pretend not to notice before walking off. I need to get rid of this frustration, and I'm not about to drag that kitten to my bed and make her show me her claws. No matter how hard that mouth of hers gets me.

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