

# The Rogue Kings

## Book 1: Chapter Two

My eyes turned to look at the woman, naked, on my bed. She was sprawled out on top of the sheets. I had to keep my anger locked in. Eros was chomping at the bit in my head, wanting to tear this woman's head off for defiling out space. We didn't have women in this room. There was a room two doors down that if we did need to let out some aggression and pent up sexual frustration, it was there. This room was for me and my mate.

"I will ask you only once, *nicely*, get the fuck out of my room, Veronica." My voice was low and even.

"But Alpha, I know you must be tired and I can help alleviate any stress that might have..."

Eros took over and growled loudly. Veronica's eyes widened and she quickly slipped off the bed. I moved to the side, so she could open the door and Eros watched as she went.

"Don't fucking come back here, woman. Otherwise you will find yourself spending the night with the rogues in the dungeon."

Slamming the door shut behind her, I grumbled my way into the bathroom. In my anger, I ripped my jeans as I took them off for my shower. I placed both hands on the tile, my body completely under the stream of the hot water. A few breaths later, I had calmed down enough to start my usual routine.

*'She should have known, slutty she-wolves.'*

I chuckled as I rubbed shampoo into my hair. *'You're not wrong, Eros. I thought at least someone would have caught her. How long was she waiting, you think?'*

*'Maybe an hour? Her scent was pretty strong.'*

Grabbing the bar of soap, I rubbed down my body. *'I thought I wouldn't get accosted at home but apparently I was wrong.'*

Eros' giggled in the most un-wolf-like way. *'Maybe that's what Nate was talking about.'*

*'He seemed extra off today.'*

He agreed. *'I would say he was getting worse over the years, but so are we. Missing a mate isn't good for any wolf's sanity.'* For a moment, he was quiet, his tail swishing as though he was thinking about not saying something. *'I wish Aelia was here. She would be able to help.'*

I growled at him, slamming my fist into the tile. *'Leave her out of this, Eros.'*

*'You were thinking of her earlier.'*

*'I don't fucking want to hear it, okay? She's gone. I didn't want to know then and I don't want to know now. We will be fine. So what if we go a little crazy. As long as the pack is safe, there isn't any issue.'* Shoving him back, I closed him off and got out of the shower.

Quickly, I shaved my face after so many weeks of not really caring, it was nice to feel my face again. I threw on some sweats and a black shirt before leaving my room. My office was on the second floor and I immediately regretted heading in. The piles of paperwork that were on the desk obscured the chair behind it. Wrinkling my nose, I cracked a window open behind the desk and pulled out my chair.

My organizing consisted of putting most of the piles on the floor so my desk was even usable. From there, it was going through and figuring out what was urgent, overdue, or could wait. Looking at my watch, I smiled.

“Three...two...and...”

“Alpha!” Sam came bursting in and I smiled. “I have the more urgent news here for you.”

Putting my pen down and lacing my fingers together, I looked at Sam. “Alright. Let me have it.”

“The Descanto’s place had an electrical fire that burned part of the wall and will need to be replaced. Jovial’s is having issues with some of the younger wolves who are messing with his stock. Christian feels like something is going on with his vegetable garden and that there is an infestation. George wanted to speak to you regarding the new housing locations.”

“Sam!”

He stopped rambling, his words starting to string together.

“Maybe, take a second between each. You’re starting to not make sense.”

“Um...where was I...oh! George wanted to speak to you about the new housing locations.” Sam looked up at me.

After a few second, I motioned him to continue.

“Franklin wanted to request for his sons to go to the neighboring pack to check for their mates.”

He was waiting again and I rolled my eyes , throwing my hands up. “Sam, just normal speed. Count to three between each sentence. Don’t wait for me. *Goddess.*”

Sam nodded and I leaned back in my chair. He continued through the multipage list and I sunk further and further into my chair. Never again would I leave for multiple weeks.

“What the hell did Nate do while I was away?” I grumbled quietly.

Sam had finally stopped talking, but he was shifting his weight between his feet. My eyes narrowed.

“What is it, Sam?”

He cleared his throat but I noticed him take tiny steps back. “There is a new bar that opened up between the human city and our territory boundary. It’s popular with the younger crowd.”

“That doesn’t seem like big news.”

I watched his hands start to shake. “Normally, it wouldn’t. However, the bar...itself...is owned by...three...”

“For goddess sake Sam, spit it out.”

“...rogues.”

My body went rigid. Eyes snapping to his, he backed up another couple of steps. “What did you say?”

“The bar is currently owned and operated by three rogues.”

I growled and slammed my hands down on the desk. “What the fuck are rogues doing on the edge of my territory, Sam?”

“Running...a bar...Alpha.”

I roared, making the walls shake. “Nathaniel Rivers, get your fucking ass in here right now.”

A minute or two passed before the door to my office opened. Nate opened it up, a towel draped over his head. He wasn’t wearing a shirt and his sweats fell low on his hips.

“I told you not to blow a gasket, *Alpha*.”

“*Beta*, I’m being told that there are rogues are on the edge of my territory and you don’t think that’s a problem?”

Nate sighed and took Sam by the shoulder. He pulled him out of the room before closing the door behind him, locking it.

“Silas, they aren’t the rogues that took Aelia. They haven’t crossed the border and frankly, since they started doing business we haven’t had a single rogue cross over the territory line. I don’t care as long as they don’t cross the line...”

“They are rogues, Nate! They don’t *do* business. They are just animals that we need to eradicate. I will not have three of them just sitting at the entrance to my territory waiting to amass an army and attack!”

He shook his head. “Silas, you need to stop. You’re going to pop a vein. Rogues are werewolves too. Sure, some of them are bad but not all of them. It’s time you cut back on that hate.”

“SHE WAS YOUR MATE.”

“Nineteen years ago, Silas. It’s been nineteen years. The rogues who were hired to take her are probably long since dead and I’m not about to throw my hate onto three perfectly innocent werewolves.”

I strode up to him and lifted him up by his neck, slamming him against the door. He didn’t even try to struggle, his eyes just looked lazily into mine.

“No rogue is innocent. Rogues are a blight onto our way of life, our society and so help me, I will kill every last one of them.”

“That come on your territory. Yes. Until then, you can’t do shit. So let it go.”

Letting him go, he dropped to the ground and cracked his neck.

“I will speak to them tomorrow, get them to leave.”

Nate chuckled. “Not with me, you aren’t. Take Sam. I like the place. They have a good array of beers. I don’t want to be kicked out.”

Shaking my head, I walked back to my desk. “I’m disappointed in you, Nate. I thought you cared about this pack.”

He sighed. Unlocking the door, Nate opened it and revealed Sam, shaking like a leaf at the door.

“Honestly, Silas, I could say the same for you.”

Grabbing one of the paperweights off my desk, I chucked it at him. He ducked, also taking Sam with him as the weight crashed and shattered against the far wall. Nate looked down at the ground and then back to me.

“Real mature, *Alpha*.”

He left the view from the doorway and I growled, running my hand through my hair.

“Tomorrow, Sam, you and I are going to the bar. I want these fucking rogues gone.”