

The Rogue Kings

Book 1: Chapter Three

I pulled up my truck into the parking lot in front of the bar. It was mostly empty save for a large delivery truck. The whole place looked like it had been taken out of some fantasy novel. Even the name The Wayward Tap, sounded like a tavern. Sam had been sitting quietly in the passenger seat afraid to say anything after I blew up yesterday.

After sleeping on it, I tried to apologize to Nate but he said he won't take an apology when I didn't mean it. It led to another heated argument. Well, led to me blowing up in his face and him taking it with a bored expression on his face. I wondered if I was going to need to request for him to step down. That was the last thing I wanted but it was getting ridiculous.

“Um...Alpha...”

I turned off the engine and got out. There were two guys unloading a truck in the parking lot. They both were huge, the smaller of the two maybe a couple inches shorter than I was. I wondered if they had some Alpha in them. Taking a breath, I strode up to them. The smaller of the two put his hands on his hips and took a couple steps towards me.

“Anything I can do for you, *Alpha*?”

The condescending tone in how he said Alpha grated on my nerves but I tried to stuff my annoyance down. They were two of the rogues, for sure, even if they didn't smell like rogues. My eyes roamed him, pinpointing the blue crystal necklace. That was probably cutting off their scent.

“I want to speak to your owner.”

He smirked. “Sorry, but she is out right now. We all co-own it though, so you're welcome to speak to me. I promise I have more patience than Solaris does.”

I clicked my tongue. The other rogue had stopped unloading and stood with his arms crossed near the front door. They both had brown hair but the one I was speaking to had a lighter, gold tone to his longer hair. Whereas the other had short dark brown hair. They both were muscular but the one in the back looked like he never missed a day at the gym. Both of them had scars on their face, neck and even the exposed part of their arms. Frankly, if I wasn't an Alpha, I would have been intimidated.

Sam, next to me, was absolutely shaking like a leaf. He really didn't have any Gamma blood in him and was closer to an Omega than anyone I knew. He was too smart for just a simple desk job. His mind worked faster and more precise than most wolves ten or fifteen years older than him.

“I’m here to ask you to leave.”

For a moment, the man in front of me stared at me before bursting out laughing. “Oh goddess, you’re serious, aren’t you?”

“Of course I’m serious. You think I would be okay with rogues sitting on the edge of my territory? I want you gone.”

Waving his head, he took a couple breaths. “Or what, Alpha?”

“Excuse me?” My eyes widened as I watched this rogue straighten up, wiping a tear from his eye.

“I said, ‘*or what, Alpha?*’. Was that not clear enough?”

The rogue behind him chuckled and my jaw set, my fist balling up. “You think you rogues can just sit on the edge of the territory of a pack?”

“Actually, we do. We aren’t on your territory. We haven’t touched your pack. We wouldn’t touch your pack territory with a ten foot pole. We hate your kind. However, this is where we have our business and it’s perfectly legal.”

I opened my mouth but the words were drowned out by a Harley Davidson motorcycle pulling up into the parking lot. It pulled up and stopped between the two men. My eyes widened as I watched a woman dismount. She was built. While she couldn’t be 6ft, the amount of muscle that was packed onto her was a percentage any guy would be jealous of. Her six-pack was well defined and chiseled under the crop-top that was only covered by an unzipped leather motorcycle jacket. With her hair as black as mine, it was pulled up into a bun on her head.

Pulling up her sunglasses, a smirk played on her face. I noticed though, her eyes were mismatched. One was a light brown but the other glowed a sapphire blue and I realized she was using magic to see out of her right eye.

“Well, well. I was wondering when we were going to get a visit from our neighbors. Though, three weeks seems a little long, don’t you think?”

“You must be Solaris.” Tearing my eyes away from her body, I growled. “I want you gone. I want you to pack up your little show, and I want you gone.”

Solaris laughed. “Oh Alpha...” Clicking her tongue three times, she strode up to me. “You see this?” Her finger was pointed at the ground under my feet. “That is my property. Paid for through the city and paid for in cash. You see this?” She pointed at the bar. “We built it. We filled it. Got contracts with breweries, distilleries, and other companies to have their alcohol serviced by us. We also have every single stupid human regulation for a bar.”

Leaning forward, her arm swept over and pointed north, into the forest. “You know what is that way, Alpha?”

This time she waited. I shook my head.

“Ten miles that way, is your fucking territory. Not here. There. You have no right, no jurisdiction, and no common sense to come up here, requesting us to leave. So the short answer is no, Alpha. We won’t be leaving. We will be serving every single member of your pack that comes through that door who is over the age of 21, right along-side every human, vampire, fae, and rogue.”

Taking a deep breath, I shook my head. “I will not have some rogues sitting on the edge of my territory. You will leave or there will be consequences.”

“Are you threatening me, Alpha?” The woman stepped up to me and both her eyes turned a golden color.

I felt a pressure that I hadn’t felt since I became Alpha of my pack. It was the sense of a stronger Alpha.

‘Silas, back down. She is an Alpha.’

‘No way in hell I’m backing down! I will not have rogues sitting at the edge of my territory!’ I shoved back Eros.

“Three rogues don’t matter much in the grand scheme of things. I have an entire pack and I’m sure you don’t even have family that would mourn you.”

The two wolves behind her growled and Solaris put her hand up, stopping them immediately. Their growls lowered to grumbles.

“I would think about what you are doing, Alpha. As much as I wouldn’t touch your territory, you come for my boys, I’ll come for your whole pack. So think before you decide to threaten me.” Her voice was low.

Hearing the threat to my pack, my vision went red and before I realized it, my fist was connecting with her jaw. She stumbled back, eyes wide and her hand clutching her face. Behind me, I heard a siren beep and took a breath. Sam had backed away from me a few steps when the officer stepped out of his patrol car.

“Silas, what the hell is going on here?”

“Nothing you need to worry about, Charles.” I flashed him a smile.

Charles was one of my human friends from high school. He became the chief of police a couple years ago and knew about my pack. He even came to my shifting ceremony and Alpha ceremony.

“Normally, I would just let it go but Silas...we aren't in your territory. You just assaulted a woman.”

I glared at the female rogue and both her male rogue companions. “They are just rogues. They don't matter.”

“Silas! Man! The hell!” Charles put his hand on my chest and pushed me back. “You are on human territory. Not werewolf. You just hit a woman! Calm down, man. I haven't ever seen you like this.”

“Yeah, well, rogues deserve to rot in hell. If they can give my sister back, maybe I'll think about not wiping them off the face of the earth!”

Solaris laughed, rolling her shoulders. “You hate rogues because they took your sister? You realize rogues are mercenaries, right? Someone, probably Hunters, hired them to do the dirty work. You stupid wolf.”

“GIVE ME MY SISTER BACK, YOU FUCKING ROGUE!” I yelled, pushing against Charles as he held me back.

“Give me my brother back for your stupid pack mentality and we can talk!” She screamed back at me. “You're all talk but that pack shit rots your brain, thinking that it's the only option! You can fuck right off, *Alpha*! Get off my damn property.”

I started to step again toward her but Charles shoved me back. “Get in the truck, Silas. Go home. Take a cold shower. Sam, make sure he gets home.”

Sam took my arm and started to pull me back into the truck. “Come on, Alpha. Time to go.”

Turning, I got in the drivers seat and slammed the door. Barely waiting for Sam to shut the door, I peeled out of the parking lot and back to the pack.

'I'm going to murder them.'

'You aren't. They were right and you're pissed about it. Because Nate said the same thing.'

I growled, watching Sam jump in his seat. *'You're my wolf, you're supposed to be on my side.'*

Eros scoffed. *'Not when you are being an idiot, I don't. Just do as Charles said. Take a cold shower and tackle some pack paperwork. We don't need to go off starting wars with werewolves we don't even know are out to get us.'*

'I'm out to kill every rogue, Eros. No matter who they are.'

'What if Aelia was a rogue?'

I slammed my hands on the steering wheel, bending the metal. *'SHUT THE FUCK UP, EROS. I will have nothing from you!'*

Locking him down, I fumed all the way back home. Somehow, they would leave. I would make them leave. Even if I had to tell my whole pack that they were not allowed to go to that bar, I would. I would ruin every single aspect of their lives that I could. Then when they finally got fed up and stepped on toe onto my territory, I would tear them to shreds.