

## Chapter 33

Alexanders' POV

"Willow is staying out of the fight," Ghost said. "And I have agreed to do the same. I will be sitting this one out too."

I knitted my eyebrows together—what were Ghost and Willow up to?

Were the two wolves teaming up?

"Give the pack a show; make the fight worth her while," Ghost continued. "But for heaven's sake, do not lose focus."

Ghost got onto his feet, nodded, and ran off, wagging his tail. He reminded me of a happy kid.

I nodded at Luke, and he came closer, shifting his head to Emily and then me.

"Keep it clean," he said. "No use of abilities. This is a clean fight."

Both of us nodded and stepped back.

"Begin!" Luke said, moving out of the way.

For the next few minutes, Emily and I moved around the mat, sizing up one another.

"It looks like the Alpha and the girl are dancing," someone said. "It is exciting to watch!"

"Yeah," another whispered. "You can feel the sexual tension growing between them. Are they mates?"

"She looks familiar. Isn't she the girl of the club?" Another asked.

"I'm not sure," someone said. "I couldn't see her face. But hasn't Alpha decided to take that other woman as his mate?"

"What are you talking about?" a different person asked. "The Alpha doesn't dance! He stopped doing that four, five years ago!"

"Well, he sure did a few nights ago," the person replied, "and the atmosphere was just as electrifying as now."

A smile followed Emily's face as she listened to their gossip, yet she didn't attempt to attack; she was waiting for me to make the first move.

"Do you want to Tango, Alpha?" Emily asked with a taunting smile. "It would be much more fun."

"No," I said, and I winked. "I like our tribal dance just fine."

"It's a pity," Emily sneered. "I actually enjoyed tangoing with you; it made me feel things."

I shiver at the thought. I have been dreaming of that dance almost every other night.

Don't lose focus! Don't lose focus! I reminded myself time and again. She is just trying to get a reaction out of you!

"We will have enough time in the future to have that kind of dance," I sneered, my cock twitching and thinking of having her in my arms.

I launched myself forward, opening my arms to grab and pin Emily down.

Emily was much faster than I expected, and just before I could get my hands on her, she moved out of the way.

"Nice try," she sneered. "But you will have to try harder to sink your claws into me."

"I wasn't trying," I replied. "I was testing the waters!"

"Be careful, Alpha," Emily said. "Don't rock the boat too much. You might get seasick!"

Our sparring became a catandmouse game, one going at the other without being able to touch one another.

It'd been like that for over thirty minutes, and Emily started to look frustrated; her beautiful face had turned into a scowl, and her blue eyes had become icy.

"Are you running tired?" I asked, puffing. Emily was giving me a run for

my money.

"No," she said, her face hard and her eyes throwing daggers at me—if only looks could kill.

"Then let's get this over and done with," I said. "I would like to take you out to lunch before supper."

Emily chuckled, finding it amusing.

"Are you asking me out on a date?" She asked, growled, and charged at me headon.

I waited.

I already had an idea of what she was going to do. I have watched and tested her techniques.

This was my chance to regain my dignity.

Emily leaped into the air; her movements were so precise and flawless that it was amazing to watch. Her face was frozen in concentration. She wanted to end this duel. She opened her hands and straightened her arms to grab me around my shoulders to bring me down, yet I moved out of the way, grabbed her around the waist, shifted my weight, and brought her down under me.

Gasps surrounded the training mat, and a smile followed on my lips.

Emily tried to strike me, but I grabbed Emily's hands and pinned them above her head.

"That's not nice," I said, and my smile widened as I appreciated how beautiful she looked under me.

My cock twitched as I inhaled her intoxicated rose scent, and my gaze traveled down to her breast. They were so close that I could feel her erect nipples press against my naked chest.

Emily tried to wiggle herself out from under me, creating friction with my growing cock. She wasn't ready to give up.

I lowered my head to her ear, hearing her breathing escalate.

"I suggest you stop moving," I whispered huskily, only for her to hear.

"Else, I will have to take you here and now."

Emily's gaze snapped bewilderedly back at mine, and her eyes darkened. She must have noticed my hardened bulge pressing against her leg.

"Give me a minute," I said, trying to control my urge, and Emily bit her lip, trying not to smile.

Luke came closer, and he squatted next to us.

"I assume the duel is over and Luna is giving up," he asked.

"Yes," I said, and Emily nodded, confirming my answer.

"Our Alpha has won!" Luke announced, and the pack members went wild.

I slowly rose to my feet and extended my hand for Emily to take. She took it without arguing, and I helped her to her feet.

"Thanks," I said, seeking Emily's gaze. "I needed that!"

"Needed what exactly?" She asked, shifting her head to the side and narrowing her eyes.

Goddess, she looked so pretty when she was curious.

"The exercise," I said. "I haven't had a worthy opponent for such a long time."

"Oh"

Luke came closer with a hard expression, cutting Emily off.

"Alpha," he said. "The council would like to have a word with you."

"Regarding?" I asked.

Luke's worried gaze shifted to Emily, which meant they wanted to discuss Michael.

"Tell them we will be right there," I said, taking Emily's hand in mine. "We are going to freshen up first."

Luke nodded and went on his way.

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 +30 Vouchers

Emily and I headed back to my chambers, unaware we would end up late for the council meeting.

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Chapter Comments

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## Chapter 34

Emily's POV

I was so aware of every move Alex's body made, every sound that left his lips, and every look he gave me.

I couldn't get enough of him.

We spoke about random things, and before long, we arrived at his quarters.

"This is us," he said, unlocking the door.

'Us' was such a simple word, yet it sounded so good hearing the word leave Alex's lips that my heart fluttered in my chest and my face warmed.

I wasn't sure if Alex noticed my flustered face as I followed him in.

Alex left his towel on the dining room chair and moved toward the hallway, leaving me in awe as I stared at his crafted back. I had the urge to squeeze his behind.

"Make yourself at home!" Alex yelled over his shoulder, and a taunting smile followed on his lips.

"Sh\*t!" I muttered to myself, feeling my face heat up—he caught me staring!

I took an unwilling step forward, wanting to follow him. I hadn't been in his room yet, and I was burning with desire to take a look.

"Go ahead, take a peek!" Willow said, suddenly startling me. "I know you want to!"

When the hell did she come back? Was she watching me the whole time?

"Oh, your back!" I growled at her.

"I haven't been gone long," she said defensively.

"If you say so!" I said, watching Alex disappear into his room, leaving the door open.

Was that an invitation?

"So? How did it go?" Willow asked, making herself comfortable in my mind. She looked so pleased with herself.

Did she really go and open the link between her and Alex's wolf?

Would she do that after I told her not to do so?

And if she did, was Alex's wolf just as kind and handsome as him, or was he just as willful and sprightly as Willow?

"The sparing could have been over in a few seconds if you were there," I hissed.

"Yeah, but where's the fun in that?" She asked. "You two needed to spend some time together."

Was that her plan? Was she trying to force us together?

I huffed, annoyed, and headed to my bedroom, pulled my shirt over my head, threw it in the laundry bag, entered the bathroom, and opened the shower taps.

I sighed, looking at myself in the mirror.

I looked tired. I knew it was because of the lack of sleep I had had the last couple of days, yet my tiredness was deeper than just physical.

My gaze moved over my face in the mirror. I was still slim and toned, with the muchneeded curves at all the right places, because of all the excessive training I had.

I mostly lived in the gym when I was home and would follow my normal workout schedule when I was traveling among the packs.

My gaze traced a scar on the left side of my stomach. I had many, but this one was a reminder of an ambush I had survived.

I had covered most of my excessive scars, trying to hide them.

Just a few inches down was a bigger scar that resulted from a rogue attack. Five rogues attacked me. I was doing a routine inspection at one

of the packs in the kingdom when the alert came in.

I didn't shy away from helping defend the pack.

Five rogues managed to corner me, and they all tried their luck to kill me. I was left with a battle scar as proof.

I sighed when my trembling fingers moved over a scar of two holes on the right side of my nape.

It was the most recent one added to my collection, yet the most memorable one—a vampire attack.

Vampires don't often cross werewolf territory. They knew very well how territorial werewolves were.

It was just my luck that we became acquainted, even though it was just for a minute.

I was on my way to visit the next pack, taking a shortcut through the forest to the river, when I saw him enter and stalk toward a lone teenager sitting and crying next to the river.

It had already passed midnight, and I was surprised to see the kid outside alone.

Did she wander off? She didn't look old enough to have been shifted.

Yet, I shook off the question, focusing on the vampire.

I wasn't sure what the vampire's attention was with the teenager, so I confronted him.

"You are in werewolf territory!" I said. "Why are you here, and what do you want?"

I knew that vampires didn't like drinking our blood; we didn't taste very appealing to them, and kidnapping a werewolf would stir up a war.

"It has nothing to do with you!" the vampire hissed, showing me his canines.

"Be careful," Willow said. "His venom can kill us."

I knew very well where a vampire's strength lay, and I knew I needed to be very cautious not to be bitten, but I wouldn't let him touch anything



that didn't belong to him.

"It has everything to do with me," I growled, pushing the girl protectively behind me. "She doesn't belong to you! Leave now!"

In the blink of an eye, the vampire had sunk his teeth into me, trying to kill me.

I roared out in agony, feeling his venom paralyze me, but before he could finish the job, I heard the vampire choke on my blood.

He took a step back, his eyes widening in fear as he dropped to his knees.

The girl ran off, screaming in fear, alerting the warriors.

I kept my eyes on the vampire while in excruciating pain.

I watched to tell the tale of how the vampire started to burn from inside his body, then burst out in flames, only leaving a pile of ash and his canines as proof of his existence.

It took me five days in the infirmary to recover from the vampire attack. My body was burning off his venom inside my veins. Even Willow was down, whimpering in pain and lying on her belly.

I sighed, worried.

What will Alex think of my scars?

Would he find them ugly and despicable?

I shoved my depressing thoughts to the side, got undressed, and got into the shower.

I closed my eyes as my thoughts drifted to Alex and our sparring.

It was hard to focus when I couldn't help watching how deliciously his tanned muscles moved under the hot sun.

He looked so focused and eager to show me that he was stronger than me.

I knew he wanted to redeem his dignity, and I needed to be extra careful not to have him get a hold of me.

Alex was physically stronger than me, and I knew if he got hold of me, it would be the end of the sparring. On the other hand, I was faster and more skilled.

Yet, I couldn't drag my gaze from his chest; sweat drops had formed and were running down his perfectly crafted chest, down over his spectacularly hard abs.

I licked my lips, envisioning having my hands explore every line on his body.

A smile formed, remembering how Alex's hardened cock pushed against my vulva.

He looked embarrassed when he warned me, yet as much as I wanted to taste him, doing a deed in front of a crowd wasn't my cup of tea.

"F\*ck!" I moaned, feeling my body heat up. "I haven't been this hot in years."

Was I going into heat?

I shook the thought off—the chances were slim; I had never had it before.

My hand traveled down to my already wet p\*ssy, slipping two fingers between my folds.

"F\*ck, that feels so f\*cking good!" I moaned.

I started rubbing my fingers up and down, hoping to get some kind of release and feel better.

Can women get blue balls?

The sexual tension between Alex and me was enough to feel like that.

I pinched my nipple, feeling a wave of electric current moving down my body and ending at my core.

My breath hitched as I slid my fingers inside my vagina, wishing they were Alex's huge fingers.

I was burning out of desire as I imagined Alex pumping his cock inside me.

"Harder," I whispered. "I needed you to..."

Suddenly, something unexpectedly cold dropped on my hand, and my eyes snapped open.


Every hair on my body rose while a highpitched, horrific scream left my lips.

Oh goddess, will someone come to save me?

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Chapter Comments



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