

# Fatal Temptation: Between Two Alphas

## novel Chapter 11

There is no warning.

The moment of surprise I had with the first punch elapses and Eric's sister lunges. She catches me by the throat and throws me back against the car.

My back takes the brunt of the impact as I dent the door.

Damn it.

*You should probably shift*, Eric tells me.

Now, my wolf agrees.

*No shit*, I think to the two of them.

Then there's no more time for conversation. My claws extend and I dig them into her arms. She winces.

I bring up my knee and nail her in the stomach. She wheezes and draws back her arm to slash across my face. I duck and follow up with an uppercut that catches her under the chin. She goes stumbling back and I allow my wolf to take over. I partially shift, thighs snapping out, muscle and fur growing. My claws extend longer, my face contorting until my jaw widens and my canines drop.

I lunge for her, mouth open.

She'll show no mercy.

Neither can I.

I don't want to kill her—I don't want to kill anyone. But I need to win. If I lose this fight, I have no idea what will come of me or my babies. Her claws rake my chest, shredding my shirt and digging into my skin.

Corinne is fierce. She moves fast, her strength and skill making it hard to gain any leverage.

My wolf is vying for control, demanding I shift fully. My spine cracks and my lungs expand. My human hands give me more leverage than her paws and I slash out repeatedly. Most of us can only hold this hybrid form for a short while. Not me. I come from a long line of lycans, my dad always said.

This form 'in between' is where I'm strongest.

Strong jaws clamp down on my shoulder and the sound I let loose is somewhere between a howl and a scream. Then her hind legs tuck in and kick at my midsection, like her wolf's digging into the ground—only it's her claws digging into my abdomen.

I can feel my flesh tearing and burning. Blood soaking my body.

I wrench her teeth out of me and then pin her head to the side. I jam my fingers into her eyes and her wolf cries.

“Enough!” I growl. I switch my arms until I'm choking her.

I don't want to do permanent damage.

*Shift back.*

I follow his command and stand before him. I have no clothes and no shame as his eyes roam over my body.

My wolf howls. *Ours*, she says.

Can it be?

“You chose my pack, Mia Riorson,” he says loudly enough for all of his people to hear. “You openly challenged a leader of our warriors and fought valiantly, earning your place among us. There is only one choice left for you to make.” This, he says more quietly, “Do you accept me?”

My wolf yips playfully.

Eric grins as if he can hear her. Maybe he can. His big hands brush the blood and dirt from my face. His touch is everything.

I'm surrounded by him.

"Yes, Eric," I whisper, for the first time in my life, feeling like someone else is made for me. Like maybe I can be happy again. "I choose—"

But my words cut off as my chest burns and my wounds reopen. I collapse.

"What's happening?" he roars.