

Fatal Temptation: Between Two Alphas

novel Chapter 4

I place my hands on the table and slowly rise from my seat. I can't risk them harming Alex. "He's innocent. Whatever this is... don't involve him."

The Alpha crosses his arms. "This is me asking you a question, and you answering. Am I clear?"

"Is that your question? If so, yes, you're crystal clear."

His eyes widen like he can't believe I'd mouth off at him.

I don't know where the impulse came from. Probably living these last few years alone. Only relying on me to provide for my babies.

"You're unclaimed," MacPhearson says, eyeing me up and down. "Unmarked. And a rogue within *my* territory. Do you have any idea what that means?"

Rogues are hunted. To be outcast is a death sentence. It's why most wolves pledge their allegiance or make moves into other territories while they're still in good standing. Before the proverbial shit hits the fan.

This alpha continues to stare at me. Was that the question? Do I know what it means? *Death*. Yeah, I know.

"What's to stop me from executing you in this very office?" MacPhearson asks.

His muscles ripple and his hands flex, like he's holding himself back from doing exactly that.

I can't speak for a second. A thousand thoughts flood my brain. *I'm innocent. I was framed. I'm a mother. My children depend on me...*

What I say instead is, "Nothing."

“Excuse me?”

I nod my head in deference. “There is nothing, Alpha. Everything you said is true, and the only thing that might stop you from attacking me is *you*.”

He grunts. His eyes flutter and so do his men’s and I wait silently as they converse mind-to-mind. I remember what that was like, the beautiful connection of being so joined to a pack that you could share your thoughts with another. The skill was largely reserved for alphas, or for mates—it’s what had given me hope with Cameron. He would often speak to me, sharing thoughts and images of all the dirty things he wanted to do with me. I’d blush and he’d laugh and then it’d be all we could do to keep our hands off each other. He was promoted to Alpha not long after we first got together, so it probably wasn’t anything more than his alpha powers manifesting. But I had allowed myself to think it was more. To hope and foolishly believe.

I rub my chest, the pain lingers like an old injury.

My wolf will think of him sometimes. She still believes he’s our mate. But that’s just foolishness, or nostalgia, maybe. Cameron mated and married another. He’s never once tried to contact me.

Nala? I ask, but my wolf is silent.

No.

Then run, she tells me.

I take a deep breath. “I was born to the pack beta, and grew up alongside the current alpha, Cameron Healmsworth, and his family. We dated for two years... then another she-wolf visited our pack. Ashley McNally.”

They grunt and share odd looks at the mention of her name.

“She attacked me, framed it so it looked like I assaulted her. Cameron cast me out. I lost my family, my friends, my—” I almost said mate. But Cameron isn’t that. Not to me. “My home,” I finish.

MacPhearson’s nostrils flare. “And the pups?”

My whole body floods with rage. He smells them on me. “Leave my children out of it.” My hands involuntarily shift, claws protruding from my fingertips until they bleed.

He smiles, more appreciatively now. “I look forward to hosting your family.”

There’s no way in hell I’m bringing my kids anywhere near this man.

He’s as strong as Cameron. Just as handsome—if I’m being honest. And he has absolutely no reason to show us an ounce of mercy...