

Fatal Temptation: Between Two Alphas

novel Chapter 8

Sirens blare and lights start flickering.

“I think your Alpha is going to want to see me. *Now.*”

The guard growls then glances around nervously. He storms back into the gatehouse and starts punching keys on the computer.

Good luck with that, bro.

Even if he is as good as I am, it'll still take him an hour to come up to speed.

I cross my arms and lean against my car to wait.

It doesn't take long. In seconds I hear the first howls. They echo and grow in volume. I use my wolf hearing to hone in on the direction.

I swallow hard.

There are many wolves thundering toward me.

Hundreds, maybe.

I stay perfectly still, acting like I don't have a care in the world as they come into view. But I really want to scream.

Holy shit.

The wolves running full out toward the gate are *huge*. They snarl and race straight at me. I hold my ground, even as the gates draw open—what once had kept me out now is my only protection. The gates continue to inch apart, letting this massive pack barrel through.

The lead wolf comes within a foot of me. His canines are long. His fur is black and gray and he's the biggest wolf among them. I don't know that

I've ever seen a wolf so big, and my former pack had a reputation for its size and strength.

The dark wolf growls at me. If he lunges, I'm dead.

Breathe. Just breathe. Show no fear.

My wolf snarls. I wonder sometimes if I was gifted a wolf with such a temper to balance out the pacifist in me. Inside, I'm terrified, but Nala...she is fearless.

Fight, she tells me.

Uh. No. I'm a survivor. And 'one versus a hundred' aren't odds I can hope to beat even on our best day.

Nala growls. She's fighting me for control and wants me to shift. But that's not happening either. I need to reason with these wolves. And for that I need my voice and all my wits. If I cede control to my wolf...it'll be a fight for sure, and while most packs will honor a victory—only our strongest wolves rule—it's not a chance I'm willing to take.

The air in front of me ripples, and in scant seconds the Alpha stands in front of me.

His abs ripple and his thighs flex. It's dark, but I can still see his...

Oh my god.

He slaps both his hands on the car, caging me in. His eyes are feral. He's so close that each breath I take is filled with the scent of him.

When his hands move from the car to my throat, I gasp. He's tall and strong and that's without drawing on his alpha strength. Yet, his touch...

"I see." He angles back and pinches my chin to raise my eyes up to his. "And you thought attacking my packlands and breaching our security was the way to prove you *aren't* a threat?"

Sh*t.

“It’s not like I have a lot of leverage, Alpha–”

“Eric. My name is Eric MacPhearson.”

I swallow hard. I don’t know why, but I don’t want to call him by his name. There’s something too personal, too intimate about doing that. Our customs and etiquette dictate that I would only call him Alpha. But he wants me to forego the formalities and I don’t know why.

“Call it off, Mia.”

When I make no move to obey, his eyes flash gold. His fingers on my face tighten painfully. He could snap my neck at this angle, and as the seconds tick by–eight, seven, six...–I know he’s preparing to do just that.

Don’t force my hand, he projects into my head.

Wait. How can he do that? He is not my alpha. I have no pack. I’ve no blood-bond to this group nor have I drank his blood and pledged my submission.

How?

Nala, what is happening?

But my wolf is silent.

“Mia!” Eric shouts. *Call it off!* he commands me.