

Mated to the Werewolf King

AlenaDes

Summary

Anabelle finds out that she is not the real daughter of the Alpha at her werewolf pack. As the world she knows comes collapsing down, she has to hide from the Demon Lord who is determined to find her. Belle's meeting with the Werewolf King does not go very well, she finds him to be an arrogant bastard! Worse still, he wants nothing to do with her. "Why do I feel you're my mate? What have you done to me?" bellowed the King. "How do you know I am not your mate?" I asked, growling in frustration. I did not want to be his mate any more than he wanted me to be his, but his cocky attitude was getting to me. "Because you are not even a werewolf," he grunted, his black irises shimmering dangerously. "You're a liar," I screamed not caring that I was talking to the most lethal creature in the world. He roared in laughter, the sound of which irritated the hell out of me. How I wanted to rip his heart out even as I wanted to glue my body to his and stay there, basking in his scent. I was so mad that I wanted to show him how wrong he was. Soon, he would be sorry, he would kneel and beg for my forgiveness. The mental image of him on his knees made my lips twitch with amusement. I started phasing out to my wolf form, and when I stood in all my glory, I prowled and preened to show off my beautiful fur. He laughed even harder. "As I said, you're not a werewolf," he repeated. Huh?

The Shock

