

Wolf or Love Chapter 1 - CHAPTER 1

C1 CHAPTER 1

In the city of Dallas there were different packs of wolf shifters but in this particular pack a wolf shifter had an influential father but she was the rare kind of wolf shifter a latent - they couldn't fully shift to a wolf but still make changes in claws and teeth.

She was asleep then suddenly she woke up.

Where is that smell coming from?

A nice smell was perceived, pondered Danica Hart. She was sure it didn't belong in her bed though. Her head was deep in thoughts and it told her three things. One, the smell was actually a person's scent – a most luscious scent and Lavender plant. Two, the attractive scent belonged to a male. And three, that it was a wolf shifter, just like her. Danica did not bring in any strange guys into the pack house, even if they did smell ambrosial. Slightly, she looked at the space beside her and was able to confirm her suspicion that the mystery male was long gone. She then looked at her alarm clock along with her bedside table. And these sheets beneath her, she suddenly realized were not hers.

Hurriedly, she sat up. Nope, she wasn't in her room. Infact, she wasn't even in her home. Scanning her surroundings with caution, and cleaning her tired eyes which looked heavy.

Her eyes widened in response to not only the luxury around her, but also the realisation that she was inside what looked to be a freaking earthhole. "A cave?" She thought, Hell, no. The walls were all perfectly smooth. The floors were covered with an expensive taupe rug that felt attractively soft. There was a triple wardrobe styled like those for males, and a large set of drawers; both a dark oak that matched the headboard of the platform bed. The bed itself was under a smooth arch that had been cut into the cave, making it comfortable despite that the bed was huge. But not comfortable enough that she was enjoying this freaky little scenario.

Although her inner wolf was on the alert, she wasn't nervous or anxious. Danica stifled. Her dumb wolf didn't even have the sense to worry

that she was in a strange place – a cave, not even noticing that she had no memory of arriving in. It was probably a good thing that she was latent.

So...had she gone out with Lavelle and somehow ended up going home

with a guy? That didn't sound right. For one thing, she couldn't recall

arranging a night out, let alone actually offering to go out. Moreover, her position as pack healer meant she was always on call and so getting extremely drunk was something she never did. Also, she was fully clothed – casual clothing that she would never wear on a night out – and there was no smell of sex on her or the bed.

What was the last thing she remembered doing? Her brain was foggy but she could recall heading to the internet café at around noon. She sure didn't remember getting there. It was like there was a gap in her memory. Danica lifted the air around her into her system, filtering through the various scents. There were only two individuals that she could smell beside herself and the delicious smelling wolf. Another male and a female, both of whom were also unfamiliar wolf shifters. At least she could be sure that she wasn't in the hands of that dick alpha, Cody, who didn't give a crap that she didn't want to be claimed by him. For that matter, her father didn't give a crap either; he was too busy trying to build an ally with the other pack and if that meant using his daughter to get it, he happily would. She wished she could say that it was just because he was so desperate for an ally. But no, her dad already had plenty of alliances with other packs. He simply didn't have time for his only child because, as a latent, she was a blow to his pride, an aberration in his bloodline. He hated her because, as he had seen to her conception, she was his weakness. She put his 'greatness' into question for the rest of the pack. Or so he thought. He certainly wouldn't bother putting her photo on a milk carton if she never got home from wherever the hell she was.

Spotting a set of white curtains, she flicked the counterpane aside and rose

from the bed. Dizziness momentarily rushed over her and she swayed back. Jesus, what was with her? Staggering to the curtains with slow ungraceful movements, she parted them to reveal a window that was unfortunately locked. Rather than morning, it was more like the evening time.

Did that mean she hadn't spent the night here and had only been here a few hours? Or did it mean she had just had one hell of a sleep?

Her brows almost hit her hairline as she took in the view. Most packs had a massive luxury lodge surrounded by a number of cabins. Some even had lodges situated on cliffs. But this place wasn't on a cliff, it was the cliff. With the arched balconies and the smooth stairways leading to different levels, it was like those ancient cave homes versus the town of Bedrock.

What. The. Fuck?

Below was grass. Grass. More grass. A huge forest. So, from what she could tell, she was in some kind of huge cave system in the middle of no man's land. She had heard of caves having been hollowed out and turned into homes or even hotels, but never had she expected they could be made to have such a warm, modern look. Something told her she was still in Dallas somewhere, but she had a feeling the cab ride home was

going to be expensive. Good thing her kidnapper was rich. Especially since there didn't seem to be any sign of her purse or bag anywhere. If this was all a joke she didn't get it.

Smoothing out the misery of her existence that couldn't seem to decide what shade of blonde it wanted to be, she headed for the door on nervous legs.

She might have been cautious if she wasn't so annoyed, queasy and confused. Besides, she figured that if these wolves had any intention of hurting her they would have done so already, and they definitely wouldn't have left her to sleep on such a comfortable bed in an extravagant room.

She pulled on the door handle but, to her horror and frustration, the door was locked. Locked? "Hello!" she called out as she knocked loudly.

No response. "Helloooooooooo!" Still nothing .

So, to sum up, she was in a strange place around strange shifters and she was being confined? Well now her wolf was pissed. Being confined was enough to anger and disturb any shifter. "Helloooo! This is your captive speaking! Open the goddamn door!"

A chuckle prefaced the turning of a key and then the door slowly swung open. Danica found herself face to face – well, face to chest – with what could only be described as a living breathing mountain. Another wolf.

She arched a brow at his cocky, devilish crooked smile, wondering what could possibly be so amusing.

"You're awake. Good."

"And just which dwarf might you be?" No it wasn't a good time to make jokes but she was a bitch of sarcasm and when she was pissed off the sarcasm took on a life of its own.

His smirk widened. "The Alpha wants to speak to you."

"And your Alpha is...?"

He winked. "Follow me."

Rolling her eyes at his cocky swagger, Danica followed him through a tunnel which took them deeper into the mountain. Seeing the occasional turn off, she realized that it was actually a network of tunnels like some kind of giant insect colony. Just like in the bedroom, the light walls were so smooth they actually looked soft. Her wolf was going crazy at the strange, unfamiliar scents, wanting Danica to explore the place.

"Man, tell me where I am?"

“All will be revealed shortly,” he said in a drawing manner.

“How about how I got here?” she asked furiously

“The Alpha will explain everything to you.”

She couldn't contain her grumbling stomach, but it seemed to amuse him.

Soon they came to a large black door, which Mountain Man held open while she passed through. They were now in a huge open plan kitchen that was surprisingly modern and stylish with its nice wooden cabinets and platinum appliances. In the centre of the large space was a long oak dining table around which a small number of male wolf shifters lingered. All heads turned as she entered and the crowd split, giving her a view of who sat at the table. Her jaw almost hit the floor.

Motherfucker. Gio Wright.

Now she knew for a fact that she hadn't come here willingly. Even if she had been on a night out and gotten inebriated, no amount of alcohol would have distracted her from the fact that this guy was a psycho. He was kind of like the Black Mamba snake; fiercely aggressive, had a bad reputation, and was respected, admired, and feared all at the same time. That had a lot to do with the rumor that he had challenged and almost killed a mature Alpha male at the delicate age of thirteen. A mature Alpha male who had also been his father.

If what Danica had heard was correct, Gio had been banished rather than earning the position of Alpha male. The act had caused a divide in the pack and those who hadn't agreed with the decision had left with him.

Together they had formed their own pack with Gio as Alpha male and earned their own territory through battles with other packs. So far this particular Alpha was undefeated...which was probably because his wolf tended to turn wild during battles. And here she was with him. She couldn't help but get the feeling that the universe was laughing behind her back.

Given that she was in the company of – or, more accurately, being confined by – a person who wasn't at all mentally stable, you would think her wolf would be at least a little nervous and anxious. Danica certainly was beneath her anger.

Oh not at all! Her wolf wanted to rub against him alluringly, recognising his scent as the one from the bedroom.

He frowned harshly and the sharpness in his blue eyes seemed to only add to it. His t-shirt didn't hide his broad shoulders, defined upper body or abs. Ripped, that was what he was. Ordinarily, Danica didn't much like the highlander look, but she found that she couldn't help admiring that physique. In addition, both her body and her wolf helplessly

reacted to the power that was practically buzzing around him; he wore authority like a second skin. His hard penetrating stare was heating her blood rather than confronting her. His eyes had taken on a glazed, hungry look that both thrilled and startled her. It made her wolf growl in excitement. The primal lust that gripped her was so intense it almost hurt.

In any case, no way would her inconvenient attraction to him inspire her to react to him as her body and her wolf wanted – and as many other females often did, if his reputation as a rake had any substance. Her father was also the dark, rugged, brooding, dangerous type and he was a pain in the padded ass. Betraying nothing about her appreciation of him as a male, Danica simply returned his full-on alpha stare with one of her own. Oh her wolf may be latent, but she was still an alpha wolf.

Gio regarded the female before him curiously. He had been told that she was latent. Add in that she was a tiny little thing, away from her pack and in his company, and surely you would have yourself a swift deer. But there was no fear in her expression as he would have expected. Instead, she was royally pissed. Apparently he had become so used to the scent of fear that he now found himself a little thrown. He also found that he was becoming painfully hard as a raw basic hunger rushed through him, beating at his self-control. She wasn't beautiful in that oh so obvious in-your-face way, but in a natural, understated way. Although she was slender she had mouth-watering curves that had all sorts of fantasies playing around in his head. It was her mouth that had most of his attention though; it was carnal and made a guy think impure thoughts.

A mouth that was currently set into a hard line, communicating how furious she was. Still the smell of fear hadn't spread through the air. Maybe she just didn't recognise him.

“Do you know who I am?”

Danica rolled her eyes. “Why don't we just skip to the part where you tell me how the hell I got here and why exactly I'm here at all, Wright?”

Everyone around her felt unrelaxed and an uncomfortable quietness fell upon the room. Obviously they were all waiting for the guy to explode. Yeah? Well she had had enough of intimidating, dominating males. Had had enough of boyfriends who seemed to think that her being latent meant she had to be submissive and meek. Had had enough of her father trying to force her to mate with a skeezy alpha for his own sly reasons. Had had enough of said skeezy alpha who was so determined to mate with her that he had cornered and bitten her without her permission, believing he had marked her as his.

And now the psycho boy here had obviously kidnapped her. Forgive her if she had reached her limit!

Gio smiled inwardly at her silence. He had been told enough times that he had an intimidating presence. All his life, even before earning his reputation, people had been

tired of him and it had kind of irritated him. His grandmother blamed his seemingly permanent scowl as well as the dominant vibes that surrounded him.

This female, however, wasn't drawing back away from him or the intensity of his stare. And he knew it was intense. He knew that his eyes were so completely focused on her and every single line and curve of her hot little body that it should have been enough to make her look away, wriggle or scowl. She didn't even flinch under his perusal. Instead she met his hard stare boldly, and it occurred to him that it was very possible that he had found someone who could outstare him. This was obviously a female who was used to taking shit from people – probably as a result of being latent. Her fiery nature pleased his wolf who didn't respect tremblers. He would bet she had a wicked temper.

Innately, Gio inhaled deeply to investigate the scent of the female just as he did with anyone he met for the first time. Fuck. The exotic fusion of coconut, lime and pineapple seemed to slam into his system and shoot straight to his hard cock, making it jerk. His wolf growled his arousal, wanting to further investigate this female with the mouth-watering scent.

“Why don't you sit,” he invited, showing her to the seat opposite him. His strong attraction to her would be a good thing if she agreed to his deal.

Danica would have refused his invitation, but to do that would give the impression that she was feeling too intimidated. She couldn't afford to show weakness. After taking the seat, she said, “So you were going to explain what this is all about?” If she hadn't been so in need of answers, she would have avoided talking to him at all. That rough, rasping voice caressed her senses and almost succeeded in making her quiver.