

Wolf or Love Chapter 2 - CHAPTER 2

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“My Beta and my Head Enforcer brought you here a few hours ago.” He said.

“What? Why? And how did they even get me to go with them?”

“They drugged you.”

Danica stared in wonder. He was too disrespectful and impenitent for her liking.

“They did what?”

“At the café. After you left and the drowsiness kicked in as you were walking home, Duda and Chris took you and brought you to me.”

“If it makes you feel any better,” began Mountain Man, “you still fought me and Chris like a wildcat before you went away with the fairies to dreamland.” He lifted his t-shirt to show her a set of claw marks that spanned his chest. Her marks, she realized. Although she was latent, she could partially shift. She also realized that Mountain Man was amused rather than angry.

“Wildcat is an understatement. No one ever marks our Beta,” a tall, olive-skinned wolf told her who she presumed was Chris – her other kidnapper. With his athletic build and dark hair, he was more her type. Unfortunately her wolf was growling her disagreement; she rather liked psycho boy.

Gio's inward smile surfaced. She would be perfect for what he had in mind. In order to know for sure, he needed to tell some sweet little lies first and feel her out, find out if his suspicions about her supposed mating were true.

"Cody Coleman"

Her wolf growled inside her head at the name. “What about him?”

“He has something I want. Something that he owes me.”

“Ah, and now you believe you have something he wants and that there’s going to be some sort of trade going on.” It was just her luck that she would get stuck in the middle of alpha games.

“You’re not so much insurance as you are a little reminder that he owes me and I’m not a patient man.”

And she wasn't a patient woman. Nor was she partial to being drugged and kidnapped. But did anyone give a shit? No. It could be that she was latent or just that she was small, but people tended to judge her as being delicate, scared and submissive. "Look, maybe in your culture it's perfectly fine to drug and abduct a person, but it sure as shit isn't acceptable in mine."

"As soon as Cody arrives, you can leave."

That wasn't exactly fantastic news. A part of her wanted to rant and rave, but what good would it do? She would only end up being confined in that damn bedroom again and that would drive her and her wolf crazy. Also, she was a believer that it was best to have your enemy in sight.

"Have you called him yet?"

"He'll be here soon," he lied. In truth, he hadn't contacted Cody and he had no intention of doing.

"Well then, can the captive get a coffee or what?" she asked no one in particular.

Aside from psycho boy, Duda and Chris, there were four other males in the room; a broad frowner with a low haircut, a handsome blonde with light skin, a tall wolf with dark curls and a clown-wide smile, and a muscular guy with claw mark scars across one cheek. It occurred to her that she could just label them Grumpy, Blondie, Smiley and Musculy.

Other than Duda – who seemed strangely fascinated with her for having managed to claw him – none of the wolves looked at all pleased about her presence. She guessed that they weren't a fan of her dad. Not many were.

Even the wolf who was wearing a huge smile looked intrigued as opposed to friendly, and she had the feeling that his smile was permanently there. Or maybe he was imagining what it would feel like to rip out her throat and hand it to her asshole of a father. With his arrogance, underhandedness and 'I own the world and can do whatever the hell I want' attitude, her dad was as good at collecting enemies as he was at gathering alliances. Even those who allied themselves with him only did so because of how influential he was – it was all just politics.

In response to her question, Gio nodded to a smiling Donny who switched on the coffee machine and took a mug from the cupboard. Gio tilted his head as he considered her.

"You know, you're not what I'd expected."

"Is that right?" she said showing no emotions.

“Coleman usually likes foolish and submissives.” Blonde as she was, she didn’t have that floozie look about her. There was no missing the sharp, keen mind behind those brown eyes. “Funny how a person’s true mate can be the opposite of what they go for.”

“He’s not my true mate.” It came out faster than she had wanted it to.

“If you haven’t found your true mate yet, why would you mate with someone else? It’s not like you haven’t got plenty of time to find him. You can’t be much older than twenty-two, twenty-three”

“My mate’s dead. He died when we were kids.”

“Well then that’s something you and I have in common. I also lost my mate a long time ago before I was able to claim her.”

Hart took in his solemn expression and felt a pang of sympathy for him. The loss of a mate wasn’t something anyone could understand unless they had experienced that kind of pain themselves. “Sorry.” she said

He simply shrugged a little. “Hmm, now you and Cody as a couple make even less sense. If you’re not true mates, then that means he’s chosen someone who is fiery tempered. It really must be love.”

“Huh.” Danica said and added Love? Yeah, right. The reason Cody was so determined to fuck her was simply because she hadn’t responded to his charm and apparently his ego couldn’t handle the blow. As for why he wanted to take her as his mate...The only thing she could figure was that he wanted an alliance with her dad.

“When’s the mating ceremony scheduled for?” asked Gio.

Oh there would be no mating ceremony. Cody was keen to get it over with because her dad had insisted on there being one before he would hand her over completely – only so he had an excuse to have a get-together with all his alliances and look the big man. No way would she bind herself to someone she didn’t care for or even like. Then there was the matter of Cody being a control freak; she had picked that up from his interactions with his enforcers, all of whom were intimidated by him. She didn’t believe they were scared of him in a physical sense. It was as though he had some sort of hold over them, like he held their secrets in the palm of his hand or something like that. Also, if the rumors were right, Cody got his kicks from inflicting pain on women. Considering he had forced his mark on her in the middle of a night club, she had no problem believing that. She had expected him to strike her after she practically crushed his balls with her hand in retaliation, but when he could finally stand and had finished panting, he merely smiled. It was a creepy smile that swore revenge, but he hadn’t stopped her from walking away. Apparently he was biding his time.

To escape the mating, her first stop had been her dad. As he wanted the alliance, she wasn't getting any help from that corner. Her next stop should be her Alpha, but as her dad was the Alpha, that avenue was closed to her. She could try leaving the pack but that wouldn't improve her situation. As a lone wolf without any protection, pack, or territory she would be easy pickings, and Cody Coleman would undoubtedly be the picker.

The only other person she had was her uncle – her deceased mother's youngest brother – who she hadn't seen since he mated into another pack ten years ago. Her plan was to ask him to approach his Alpha with the idea of accepting her into his pack, but she wasn't optimistic. Although she was a healer, she was also latent and she couldn't imagine any Alpha being particularly interested in taking in a latent wolf. The question was, even if the Alpha did take her in, would he be prepared to challenge Cody?

She thought about telling Gio that she liked Cody even less than he did, but sometimes it was a case of 'better the devil you know' – and this particular devil was possibly worse than Cody. Instead of answering his question, she got herself comfy on the seat, crossing her legs, and sipped the coffee that Smiley had placed in front of her.

"Does your silence mean you haven't set a date yet

"Oh, didn't I answer? That's probably because it's none of your business."

He felt his mouth fell into a smile. "You must be looking forward to soon becoming an Alpha Female of a pack."

Something about his tone had her frowning.

"Are power hungry females the only type you've known?"

He shrugged. "Isn't it what every female wolf dreams of?"

"Oh yes, and I'm filled up over with excitement at my upcoming position."

Strangely he found that he liked her sarcastic streak. "I thought you were a healer."

"I am."

"Typically they have gentle natures."

"I fall flat there."

"I heard you're quite a powerful healer."

She was. There were three different types of healers. Some worked on an emotional level, neutralising or healing emotional wounds. Others drew the aches and pains into themselves, acting more as a sedative and ensuring a speedy recovery. Then there were those like Danica who could heal the actual wounds within minutes, guaranteeing a recovery.

“Do you always sit in odd positions?”

“Just be thankful I’m not sitting on your countertop. That’s where I usually sit when I’m in the kitchen.” Maybe because it reminded her of all the times her mom had sat her there while they baked together, maybe not.

“What about in the bedroom?” he asked with what he knew was a wicked, suggestive grin. “Do you get in odd positions in there too?”

“Depends if the male can succeed in pinning me down.”

“Ah, of course. You’re an alpha.” And alphas, whether they were leaders of their own pack or just alpha by nature, didn’t surrender without the male proving their dominance. Just the idea of fighting to have Danica submit to him had his cock pulsating and his balls aching. He knew she’d fight him like a wildcat.

“Do you have any cookies or something to go with this coffee?”

Donny placed a pack of his cookies beside her mug and she immediately dug into them.

Images of those lips around his cock flashed through his mind, making his wolf growl inside his head. Then his entire body held up as she sucked the dribbles of coffee from the tips of her fingers. Well fuck. What made the whole thing even more of a turn-on was that she clearly had no idea she was being watched by every male in the room.

What Gio found even more difficult to understand was why Danica would want Cody as a mate. Yeah he knew females tended to like Cody and his charming ways that hid his coldness, but Miss Hart seemed like someone who would snort at sweet words and oppose being with someone who wanted to control her. It didn’t make sense. They didn’t make sense. That was why he was thinking that maybe his suspicions about their supposed mating had truth in them.