Chapter 11

Alec's POV.

She has two mates.

My mate has two mates, and one of them is my enemy.

And she is supposedly human?

That cannot be right.

Alphas, let alone two Alphas, do not mate with just ordinary humans...and her scent is...different.

It is too strong for a human, yet, she doesn't have a wolf or seem aware of the werewolf world in any regard.

Just what I need.

Another complication to deal with and for other packs to talk about.

Fuck this.

With a snarl of frustration, I don't even bother to take off my clothes before shifting.

I need to run.

I need to clear my head.

Taking off towards the forest path to exit the country club, Kylie is all I can think about, and I just cannot shake the image of her away.

The way her big, blue eyes stared at me, full of both desire and confusion...having no clue what the pull to me is, not even knowing that mate bonds exist. How her body reacted the same way as mine did when we were near each other.

Yet...she reacted the same way to Dean.

I could feel it. Even sense the bond between them, smell her desire for Dean mingled with her desire for me.

Another growl escapes me as I pick up my pace.

If he so much as touches her...

But he lives with her! They might have already done something together.

No. I need to get her away from him, and fast.

But to do so, to play my hand, that might show weakness, especially if other packs think that I mated to just a mere human, and such a tiny one at that.

A tiny one that has a connection to Dean... What do I do?

I need to rid out who she really is, what she really is...

The sound of paws pounding the ground behind me makes me slow down so that my beta, Jason, can catch up to me.

I let him into my thoughts, and he doesn't even bother to hide his shock.

"But...why didn't you sense the bond right away?"

"I have a feeling that she wasn't being entirely honest about her age, since I didn't feel the bond until after midnight."

"What are you going to do?"

"What can I do?"

Jason hesitates. "If she is your mate..."

"She is. But she is also not just my mate."

"Have you ever heard of that before? Having two mates?"

"It is rare, but not unheard of. What is unheard of, is for a human to have two mates, especially two Alphas."

"Well, Dean is not an Alpha..."

"He is. It is in his blood, whether he accepts his position or not."

"So, what happens now?"

I stop pacing and look towards the direction of the now faraway tennis courts. "I either reject her or wait to see who she chooses as her mate."

"But...if she rejects you..."

"I know, it won't look good. Especially if she rejects me for him."

Jason is silent.

If I reject my mate, then I lose a piece of me that I can never get back. I lose the thing that every werewolf searches for from the moment they become aware that they are listed to be with another.

The idea of rejecting Kylie, or her rejecting me, makes my heart skip a beat, but I try to ignore the rush of pain the thought alone brings.

If I try to be with my mate, to make her want me, I will be in competition against my enemy, and if I lose...my reputation that I have worked so hard for...is lost. Not to mention...the pain it will bring along with it.

And the shame of losing to him...I could look weak...my entire pack's reputation could be tarnished.

But...if Kylie chooses me...

The thought of touching Kylie again, but with less clothes and more intimately comes to mind.

Jason squirms uncomfortably beside me and I shove the thoughts away, blocking them from Jason.

I am not used to my thoughts getting away from me like that.

Having a mate right now could be dangerous. Distracting.

With a sigh, I start towards our house.

"I need more time to think on it."

Dean's POV.

Glaring at Alec across the tennis courts, I watch as he leans close to Kylie and blocks her from my view, resisting the overwhelming urge to shift and attack the arrogant bastard.

He senses, sensing my presence, and turns around, giving me a clear view of Kylie, who has her hand up, as if she was just touching his face, an intimate move, and I have to grit even harder to resist the wolf in me from running out at the thought of it.

It looks like a betrayal.

How could she mate to him?

My enemy.

The enemy.

Why him? How could the moon goddess be so cruel? Is this my true punishment for rejecting my Alpha position?

Alec starts to walk away, and Kylie looks towards me, taking a step in my direction.

Of course, she wants answers. She should have answers. She deserves them. But I cannot talk to her.

Not right now.

Not while feeling this angry.

Hoping into the golf cart, I drive away from her scent, as far as I can, not caring where I go, just not here.

I really had every intention this morning of explaining it all to her, before we were so abruptly interrupted by Staci.

I was all set to explain to her what this is that she is feeling, and why it is that I have got to reject her from something she can't even understand.

She deserves better than me.

A rogue.

I can give her nothing.

Alpha Alec could give her everything.

The thought makes the steering wheel under my hand crack from the effort of not shifting.

Shit, I need to regain control, to calm down.

I had not realized how hard this would be. But then again, ruling my mate hasn't been something that I have thought of much since becoming a rogue. One night stands were all that I thought my future held for me.

Slowing the golf cart to a stop, I lean my head against my hands on the steering wheel.

The image of Kylie from this morning comes to mind.

Standing in her doorway in her blue tank top and pajama shorts, her hair falling around her shoulders in messy, sexy waves, her mouth slightly open...her eyes full of both questions and lust, for me, her mate, as she moved towards me...

How wonderful her touch would feel, how my desire for her could so easily and effortlessly overtake all my thoughts, so that I just need to be with her, around her, intimate with her...It would be so easy...so nice...

No...I gave up my right to a mate when I ran away from my responsibilities, from my pack.

It was my decision to abandon them, to refuse to be their Alpha.

Shaking my head, I start moving the golf cart forward again.

Now the image of Alec touching my mate lit my head.

But how can I let Kylie be with him? With such a brutal and terrible man? From such a ruthless pack?

What they have done...

No, she cannot be with him.

If her choices are Alpha Alec or me, I am the better option, even if I am just a rogue with nothing to offer.

I had thought I had to reject her to keep her safe, for her own good, but now that I know about her other mate, there is no way that I can reject her. She would be in too much danger being fed to Alpha Alec and his pack.

They cannot be trusted. And Kylie deserves...well, she deserves better than him, even if it is me.

Making up my mind, I slam on the brakes and do a sharp u-turn, nearly tipping over the golf cart in my haste.

I need to go to her now.

I need to protect her.

She has no idea how much danger she is in.

Even if I don't have much to give her, I still need to make sure that my mate is safe.

Mia's POV.

What is it about Kylie that is making me have this weird feeling? It doesn't feel like what everyone describes as a mate feeling, but what else could it possibly be? It's not as if I feel an overwhelming physical attraction to her, just an overwhelming pull towards her in general.

Like she needs me.

That she needs to be in my life, and I need to be in hers.

It really doesn't make any sense whatsoever.

"I like her." I grimace.

"Get out of my head, Mike!"

"You need to remember to close your mind when you want privacy. Or I can just live in here all day."

I make a face and turn my golf cart into the driveway of our new impressive lakefront house.

It is the biggest in the country club, even bigger than Alpha Alec's. A sign of how well our pack is doing, growing, and succeeding.

Soon we will be big enough to take back what is ours.

To take back my birthright.

And Alpha Alec will pay.

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves just yet. We still have a long ways to go."

Damn it, Mike.

I pull the golf cart to a stop and see Mike leaning against the frame of the open front door, eating an apple.

"You could just give your Alpha some damn privacy unless he addresses you directly."

Mike shrugs and spins his apple in his hand to inspect it before turning and tossing it over the railing, into the lake.

"Or you could learn to close your mind, so that we don't all have to hear your thoughts to begin with. Rowdy, it's quite inconsiderate."

I roll my eyes and step out of the golf cart.

"If anyone else talked to me the way that you do..."

"You would scold them?"

He grins and opens the door for me, feigning a bow.

"Insolence."

But I laugh and step inside, pausing for a moment to take in the breathtaking view of the gleaming lake through the expansive windows wrapped around three sides of the house.

Several pack members lounge around the open space, lifting hands in lazy greeting as I walk in.

"How did training go this morning?"

I choose an overstuffed, high backed armchair in front of the window.

"It was interesting."

"How so?"

"The Crimson Moon pack wasn't there."

Mike takes a seat across from me and lifts his foot onto his knee.

I stare at him. "What?"

"They decided not to participate in the group training after all."

"Can they do that?"

"Apparently." Mike's voice is dry.

"F*k."

I hop out of my chair and begin to pace.

Several pack members stand as well, looking alert.

"Control..." Mike reminds me in a calm voice, but I just shoot him a glare.

'Control' was never really a strong suit of mine. Act not, think later is more my thing. Hasn't always worked out for me, but it did get me where I am today.

With a grunt, I plop back into the chair.

"What's the point of even being here then?"

"Are you serious?" Mike gives a snort of disbelief and spreads his arms wide, "Look around you. Other packs will see this, will see us. They will know that we are a force to be reckoned with now."

Frowning, I strum my rigers on the armrest.

He is right.

"Of course, I am right."

I glower at him, but he smiles his easy smile.

"Why don't you go on that boat ride with Kylie, get your mind off things here. It is only a minor setback that the Crimson Moon isn't training with us. We can rid out information about them in other ways. Besides, they can't avoid training all summer."

That is not the worse idea.

"I know."

"Do you have any idea how annoying that is?"

He grins.

"I try. Because I can hear it in your head."

I roll my eyes again and throw him a rude hand gesture.

"Fine. Arrange that for me, will you?"

"On it."

I might not be able to control what the Crimson Moon pack does while they are here, but I can control what I do, and getting to know the new tennis instructor better is high on my to do list.

There is just something about her, and I plan to rid out what it is.