

## Chapter 10: Power

Roman

"Are you sure we made the right decision in keeping Waylon and Judith from telling Sloane until she was nearly eighteen?" my mate asks me as we drive to the Winslow's house for this bullshit show of power and prestige.

I can feel the stress inside my mate. It's the same stress she's been feeling for the last few days since Waylon basically said he was done waiting to tell Sloane. I understand his desire to pass the torch and that he wants it to be his chosen heir, but Sloane's had a difficult life, even more difficult than I realized.

I'm furious that Principal Rollins never once mentioned bullying to me. Honestly, I wasn't surprised that Sloane was lashing out in anger. But I should have known that it was more than that. My niece, the woman I think of as a daughter, isn't the kind of person that lashes out and hurts others when she's angry. I'm as furious at myself for not realizing that as I am at Principal Rollins for making me doubt her.

And after Alpha Benedict said she was being bullied, Slade didn't have to tell me that he was being bullied too. Sloane may not have a white wolf, but she has an Alpha wolf and she loves her family. She would do anything to protect her family and apparently, keeping secrets from me falls under her 'protection of family'.

"She has the right to make up her own mind about becoming an Alpha, Samara. She's a strong woman, a powerful force. But she's been through a lot, but I have no doubt that she'll make a great Alpha. She doesn't realize that we've been training her for the position for years and that's okay. She wouldn't have accepted it if we'd told her. SHE needs to believe in herself and she doesn't. That's the barrier I was hoping to overcome. I



just didn't realize how much of a fucking barrier it was," I growl.

"You didn't know, Roman."

"I should have, Samara. I pick her up from school every fucking day. I should have realized that something more was going on. I should have ..."

"Stop, Roman. You can make yourself sick with should ofs, could ofs, and would ofs."

"Well, I'll tell you right now, I have no qualms about threatening the Superintendent of Schools tonight. She's up for re-election and if she doesn't get rid of Rollins, I will put the full force of my power behind helping her opponent to win."

"You're very sexy when you're being all dominant and protective, Alpha," she purrs.

"Samara ..." I growl.

"Is that supposed to deter me, Roman? You know that sexy growl only makes me want you more."

Goddess, I love this woman. I thank the Moon Goddess every day for Theo helping her to escape so I could have her in my life. One day, when I see him again, I hope he's proud of the mate I have been to his sister.

I pull her hand to my lips as I drive. "I love you, so fucking much Samara."

"And I love you. So, tell me, who are we threatening tonight?"

"Superintendent of Schools, as I said. I intend to check in with Alpha Benedict and Luna Beatrice to see if they overruled their son's



punishment of their she-wolves. If they did, they'll regret it."

"If they did, their wolves will answer to me," Ayla says, pushing forward.

"And me," Pierce agrees.

"And then we need to follow up with Alpha Jalen to make sure he enforced Alpha Jeremy's punishments," I say.

"Alpha Jeremy? I don't remember him being a powerful Alpha. Did he give his she-wolves a sufficient punishment?" my mate asks.

"According to Slade, because Sloane won't tell me anything, Jeremy gave his she-wolves the same punishment as Benedict, although he had to be persuaded."

"I'd be happy to persuade him further," Ayla growls menacingly.

Being mated to arguably the most powerful wolf in the world has its positives and negatives. Ayla is extremely protective of her family, which I love. She would kill anyone who even thought of slighting her family. But we can't kill everyone and people are allowed to have their own opinions. There will always be petty, jealous wolves out there. So Pierce maintains boundaries with Ayla to make sure that she doesn't go overboard in her protection.

"Easy, Ayla. Jeremy is still a pup. He hasn't taken over his pack yet."

"And his father is apparently NOT teaching him how to be a good Alpha. That's a shame," she says, not sounding sad about that at all. She has no tolerance for bullies. [1](#)

"As I said, we're going to follow up tonight and see what the others have to say," I say, as we pull up to the Winslow packhouse where the party is already in full swing.

I hand my keys to the valet and walk arm-in-arm with my mate into the grand hall that has been decorated in what I'm sure Samara would consider gauche decorations.

The Winslows come from old money. They come from a long line of Alphas, but so do the Hartwells. I couldn't care less about how much money they think they have and unlike them, Samara and I don't feel the need to put our wealth on display.

I can feel my mate's distaste at the blatant show of wealth and power. We both agree that if you have true power, you don't need to show it outwardly. Everyone already knows it.

I'm proven right as the room goes silent when we walk in. I know my mate looks spectacularly gorgeous tonight. She doesn't have to adorn herself with jewels, she's beautiful all on her own. But beyond that, the simple white streak in her dark hair reminds everyone who she is. She is the last of the white wolves, the most powerful wolves in existence.

"Alpha Roman, Luna Samara, welcome. We're so glad you could join us," Luna Beatrice says, walking up to welcome us.

"Thank you, Luna," Samara says in a tone that lets me and probably everyone else in the room know that she's not exactly happy with Beatrice.

I watch Beatrice's smile falter for only a moment before she turns. "Benedict, come greet our latest guests."

Benedict Winslow, IV walks over. In general, I like the man. I like him a lot more than his mate who seems to care more about her title than being a good person. After everything that happened with Sawyer and Althea, I don't trust people who just want a title.



"Alpha Roman, Luna Samara. Welcome to our home," he says warmly.

"Thank you," Samara says, her smile a bit warmer for Benedict than his mate.

"I need to speak with you, Alpha," I say without preamble.

"Of course. Shall we find a place that's more private?"

"That would be wonderful, thank you," I say.

"Luna Samara, can I show you to the bar?" Luna Beatrice asks.

"No, I will be staying with my mate, thank you, Luna," Samara says dismissively.

Damn.

I watch Benedict look at his mate, then school his features before turning and leading us to a private room.

"I'll get right to the point, Alpha," I say as soon as the door closes behind us. "I want to know if you overruled your son's punishment of the two she-wolves who bullied my niece."

The moment I'm done speaking, Ayla's aura pushes out. "Please don't insult us by lying, Alpha," she says, her voice icy steel.

I watch as he raises his head in submission to Ayla's power.

"I did not. The two she-wolves in question are currently running patrols. They have eight-hour patrols every day for the next month, just as Benedict ordered."

I squeeze Samara's hand, letting Ayla know that she needs to release him.

“Thank you for understanding that any disrespect to any member of my family, means that you've disrespected me and my mate. And we do not take disrespect lightly,” Pierce growls.

“Understood, Alpha.”

“I understand that Alpha Jalen is in attendance this evening, along with Superintendent Ana Williamson. We will need to speak with both of them.”

“Would you like to do that now?” he asks.

“Yes, the sooner the better,” I say.

“Very well. Would you prefer one before the other?”

“Whoever you can find first,” I say.

The Superintendent is next. The moment she walks in, I realize that she thinks this is a positive meeting.

“Alpha Roman, Luna Samara, how wonderful to see you again,” she says warmly.

“Superintendent Williamson, I have some concerns about the way my children's school is being run,” I say.

“Oh?”

I narrow my eyes at her, but Ayla doesn't hesitate. Her aura pushes out quickly.

“Are you aware that my niece and nephew are being bullied in their school and that your principal is covering it up?” she snarls, forcing the superintendent's neck to raise in submission.



"I know nothing of anyone being bullied in your children's school."

"Then you no nothing of what's going on in the schools. I want Principal Rollins gone," I say as Ayla holds her in her submissive state. 1

"It's the end of the school year," she grunts, obviously not happy about being forced into a submissive state.

"And it's also an election year. Make your choice before I make mine," I say to her.

"He'll be gone by Monday," she says.

"Excellent," I say, once again squeezing Samara's hand to get Ayla to release her. 1

When she does, Superintendent Ana pants before nodding and leaving the room.

"One more, then we can go enjoy ourselves," Ayla says with all the arrogance of an Alpha.

I grab her chin and pull her face to mine. "I am so going to make you scream tonight," I growl at her.

All the anger and bravado falls away and I'm left with the woman and wolf who allow me to dominate and possess their bodies.

"Okay," she says softly, as the door opens.

I release her immediately. Her submission is for my eyes only.

"Alpha Jalen, we need to talk."

