

CH 7

Raygan POV

Her first ever o****m and she almost couldn't believe it, now she'd had many and not just one at a time, got a few multiples out of this young Alpha. He had stamina in spades, was up for it in just minutes.

They'd been in this bed now for three days, and not once had she been disappointed by him, she stared right at that man as he slept in the bed next to her. Didn't know his name or where he was from. Wasn't at all concerned about it either. Knew she was Mate-less. But wondered if she should ask just so she could pop on by his pack when she got that itch to scratch. Shook it off, he'd find his Mate at some point. Best to just let him go back to where he came from lest she find herself attached to the s*x.

He was a good looking boy, and he was really out to have a good time. None of his unit had even knocked on the door, guess they all knew better. Likely this young Alpha got about a fair bit, and perhaps he and his unit had an understanding of some sort.

She herself was used to getting up and leaving, because the partner she had chosen was asleep and had not gotten her to that magic moment of pure bliss. She'd not left Handsome's bed, and if she was honest with herself, she didn't want to. If she did, he might find someone else to bed, and she wasn't ready to give him and all his stamina up.

She had enjoyed this young man all over the room, in the shower and the bath, smiled to herself at that one, now that had made a mess, water everywhere. He'd had her up against the wall and bent her over near on every piece of furniture in this room. She'd shoved him down on the floor, rode him on the couch and they'd rolled off the bed more than once.

Smiled to herself, he'd tied her to this bed even, restrained her, and without Avalon's help she'd not been able to get free, and that man had touched and tasted her everywhere. Till she was not just gasping and moaning for him to take her, she'd actually begged him to at one point, and then he had taken her. Hard and eager, had propped himself up on his hands and drove himself in and out of her till she was cumming beneath him. He'd smiled down at her, enjoyed watching, that was for certain.

This young man was a demon in the bedroom. He'd not lied when he'd told her he could go for hours. He was a machine, sometimes he had deliberate control, holding her down to do things to her slow but firm, watching her struggle with her need to pick up the pace and get that o****m. He was on purpose, it seemed, denying her. Then other times he seemed to just lose complete control and took her in a furious manner, all wild abandonment, and she knew it because she responded in kind.

It was how so many pieces of furniture in the room had gotten destroyed. Why there was plaster falling off the wall behind the bed. They just got completely out of hand at times and all their raw Alpha needs were let loose on each other. She sighed softly into the darkness of the room, he'd go back home soon, she thought.

Raygan rolled on to her back and turned her eyes to the ceiling. She had put the pure enjoyment and the obtaining of her first o****m down to that for the past six months, she'd been out here in this gypsy pack just lazing about. She was so relaxed that she had found her old self from when she was young.

She had found the fun side of herself once more, when she thought life was good, before she knew she was mate-less, when she had been a happy carefree Alpha's daughter waiting on that magic moment of finding her Mate.

Till nothing and no one had come for her, she felt pain touch her chest and pushed it away as Avalon lifted her head inside her mind. 'Go back to sleep, just thinking.' Raygan told her beast, who huffed in annoyance, if one felt pain, so did the other. Being mate-less hurt both of them.

She was just enjoying life to the max at the moment, didn't have a single care in the world, no pack to protect, didn't even care to think about the fact that her father was going to pass her over. Hell, right this minute if he did it was likely she'd just come back and settle down here.

This place was great for her, for everyone. She could train with the gypsy warriors, had even taught them a few things herself. There was no limit to her time here, this pack was just one big holiday for any wolves that wanted to visit. This pack was now her favourite place in the entire wolven world, human or wolven realm alike.

Hell, she'd be recommending everyone come here for relaxation and wind down. Had no intention of going home at this point. Figured her father had things well under control even without her there. If her brother found his Mate, her father would surely call her and let her know.

So, she could return home to be demoted as the next Alpha. Announced as only the pack's War General, that would be the official title she'd be given. They couldn't take away her Alpha status. She was pure-blooded, unlike her father or her brother, they could try.

It would come down to a challenge and she knew it. Also knew that she could beat the pair of them. She had bested her own father many times, and her little brother, she could make that boy bow down, had done so on a few occasions. He couldn't and wouldn't win in an Alpha duel.

Probably should have challenged her father for the seat of Alpha within the pack before her mother had even passed. But she knew that it was something her mother would not want. The two of them fighting.

She'd been in agreement with her father that Raygan should find her Mate, had thought it might settle her and Avalon's aggression down. Thought it would be better for the pack if she was Marked and Mated and had someone there to help even her temper out.

She also knew that her father would never seat her little brother in the Alpha's position without her knowledge. He respected her, and she was his first born. The pack were expecting her to take over. Not even Raygan thought that they would be happy about Zac taking over without her knowledge.

So, her father couldn't do that without her there. She was still the Heir, and her brother only the second. To have him exceed her, she would have to be there for the announcement. So, she could only presume that it was a 'no' to him finding his mate. Raygan didn't want him to be Mate-less like she was. It wasn't a fun life. Yes, there was freedom of mating anyone you wanted, whenever you wanted, to have a good time, and not be concerned about your Mate at all.

But most of the time, you just had this part of you that felt incomplete, and it made for not only loneliness to grow within, but also made Avalon her wolf detached from near on everything, except battle and war.

She liked getting into battle. It was pretty much the only time she and Avalon felt alive, like they were meant to be something. That their Goddess Selena hadn't actually forgotten about them. They were both good strong warriors. Raygan could fight in human form without the need of Avalon to assist in battle.

She could actually take on a wolf and defeat it with her bare hands. It was her gene's, and she knew it. That pure bloodedness that made her so very strong. Only another pure-blooded Alpha gave her a real challenge. Her eyes moved back to Handsome, and she knew he too was pure-blooded, she'd tried to put him down beneath her in order to have her way with him.

He thought it was very funny, and he'd actually been able to out muscle her, though she knew neither of their wolves had assisted at all. If Avalon had decided to lend a hand, that boy, regardless of being pure-blooded, would have lost that battle. He was only young.

She did know most Alpha's and their Heirs, there were only about three dozen that she didn't, packs that were too far from her home pack, unaffiliated or just never sent a mating ball invitation. Her father would generally agree to most invites, he wanted his pack to grow and be strong.

Then there were those packs that had mean SOB's running them, and not even she went there. Those places were a no-go zone and not because she couldn't handle them. But because it would likely cause war to rain down on their pack, if even just one of her wolves got out of line. Not something she wanted, no Alpha or its Heir should ever look for war, or an excuse for one. That was just plain suicide.

Though she and Handsome kept the Alpha and pack talk off the table, he could well be a second or third Heir to a known pack to her. Or an offspring to a second chance mating from his father or mother for all she knew, and therefore of no need for her to meet him, so just hadn't.

Most other children that were not in line for pack ascension to the Alpha seat, just sat back, studied, and generally went about being a pack member, ended up highly ranked members of the pack was all. And the line only fell to them if something happened to the Heir, or Heirs. Usually killed in battle or Alpha duels for control of the pack.

Alpha Nicholas had done that, gone toe to toe with his own half-brother, but he'd been right to do so. That place had been on the no-go zone, even for her, up until Nick had reigned and righted the wrongs of that pack. Smiled to herself, his Mate was tiny but sweet.

Though deadly she'd seen, with that bow of hers and the blades, had a whole bunch of young ones training up for their retrieval teams. Not even Raygan was that good with a bow in her hand. Nick loved telling people she'd bested him as a wolf-less she-wolf. He was proud of her skills, and well he should be.

Raygan rolled all the way over in the bed and looked out the window. Life was not easy on wolves sometimes, and Raygan wondered if the moon Goddess had a plan for each of them or if she just forgot about some of them. Were there too many of them now for her to manage and pair up?

Was she one of the forgotten, for her Goddess? Who knew! She could see the moon through the window. The full moon was barely a week away. And she just knew that once again it would set, and she'd be forgotten by her Goddess. She didn't think she'd done anything to offend the woman. Though could have killed someone for the old king, not knowing she wasn't supposed to.

She sighed, closed her eyes, there was no way of knowing until that moment when you died and returned

to her to be granted a new life, be reborn or not. It was not up to them, only their Goddess would choose if that path was open to you. If she was going to be Mate-less in all her lives she'd rather not be reborn.

Her life was lonely not that she let others around her know that, only Yule seemed to pick up on it. But then he was the one who saw her at mating balls all the time. Knew no wolf had ever sorted out her needs. He always told her it would happen; she'd believed him once. When she was much younger, but now? She did not believe him at all.

That man had real faith in the Goddess, had been blessed in his life with not one but three Mates, had lost his first in childbirth, been granted another 40 odd years later, only to lose her in battle, and then the Goddess had smiled on him a third time and granted him a third Mate. He'd gotten three Mates and she was still Mate-less. Where was the fairness to that?

Raygan didn't understand the Goddess's plan for her, only felt that she was made for battle, and nothing more. A warrior, perhaps that was all she was meant to be, just someone designed for battle. She knew she wasn't the only one out there Mate-less, there were many others like her.

If her brother Mated first, perhaps she should just go off and start herself her own pack, a pack full of the Mate-less. There would be no need for Mating balls ever. Just grow that pack to be a full warrior pack. Everyone would train and fight, it's likely all they were good for. Just like her, she might just accept that gift of her own warrior pack inside the kingdom and go back to war. A lot of the Mate-less did that.

Hell, she could take a page out of this pack, and start up a wolven brewery or winery and become the Alpha of a pack that supplies wolven strength alcohol to other packs if she didn't want to go back to the kingdom. Turn it into one big party place once established. Liked it here, and being Mate-less, there was nothing else for her to do.

There would be no reason to search for a Mate. She could hand the pack over to someone younger when she was dying as an old she-wolf, and still live out her days there within the pack. Just dancing and drinking and living it up, like she was now. Write her own pack laws, about accepting the Mate-less and only a Mate-less could ascend to the Alpha seat, now that was an idea, she thought to herself as she yawned.

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