

One Night Stand With The Alpha King

1 - Meeting A Mysterious Stranger

I'm roaming around the busy, crowded streets of the town. Vendors scatter throughout the corner, selling their best products. It isn't new to the people who have been living in town for a long time like me.

Out of the blue, a loud noise echoes around the busy streets. I don't know where it's coming from, but there's a strong force pushing me to look around.

Without hesitation, I quickly followed the woman's voice. My heart is pounding fast, thinking that she might be kidnapped or harassed by the town's gangsters. However, I was dumbfounded as soon as I realized what was going on. The woman was neither kidnapped nor harassed, she's making love with a man in the dark.

Surprised and disgusted, I turned around. I didn't know what to do at that moment until someone grabbed my wrist and took me away from that terrible place.

Panting heavily, I look back and realize what just happened. A man is holding my wrist tightly as if we've met before.

I clear my throat and say, "I... I think it's time to let my wrist go."

The mysterious stranger looks into my eyes and then slowly obeys what I said.

He chuckles, "Oh, I apologize! I didn't want you to be hurt!"

"Pardon?" I narrow my eyes and look at him like a dead.

I know it was stupid to be in that place, but I never expected a couple making love on a street corner. For heaven's sake, there were places all over the town and I couldn't get it.

"He's your boyfriend, right? It's obvious that he's cheating on you." The man spoke confidently.

A loud, mischievous laughter echoed around. I touch and gently caress my throat.

It was funny, and absurd conclusion.

I can't believe what he said. Cheated? Boyfriend? It's an absurd judgment! My Alpha father wouldn't let me choose the man I wanted to be with me for the rest of my life. How come that I have a boyfriend?

"What's funny?" he asks.

"You know what, you're funny! You didn't ask me about anything because you thought that ugly, freak guy is my boyfriend?" I pause. "For your information, he's not my boyfriend. He's not my type either! What a cheap couple!"

"Yuck!"

My reaction only shows how hopelessly romantic and disgusted I am. I would never do that thing in a dark corner, as if I couldn't afford to find a better and comfortable place.

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Then suddenly, the stranger secretly chuckled.

"It sounds like you're a hopeless romantic, am I right?" he says, caressing his lower lip out of curiosity.

The way he acts effortlessly annoys the hell out of me. I want to prove that I had ex-boyfriends too. I close my fists, staring sharply at him. My heart is about to explode because of anger. And so, I roll my eyes with a mischievous smile on my lips.

"Why don't we go somewhere where I can show you that I'm not a hopeless romantic woman? Deal or no deal?"

"Are you sure, young lady? I'm merely a stranger to you." He pauses and I see a hint of hesitation in his eyes.

But I am willing to take the risk. I carelessly nod and don't think of the consequences of my actions. Besides, I'm old enough to decide for myself. This is now or never.

I lift my head, meeting his fierce gaze. "I'm not a coward! I'm a risk-taker, sir!"

"Deal, but on one condition." He mumbles.

"Name it!"

The man takes a deep breath, trying to calm his system down. He couldn't stop the fire from growing massively within his chest. I can tell he's nervous like me.

"Whatever happens, don't blame yourself. Deal or no deal?"

For me, it's the easiest condition I have ever encountered. He's such a gentleman and angel sent from above. Then, I tilt my head in agreement and smile as sweetly as the sugar grain. A kind of smile that's genuine and innocent which caught the stranger's attention.

He's new to the town of the unfamiliar pack and never expected to cross a path with a beautiful, courageous young lady along the dark street.

"Hey, are you listening?"

My sweet voice wakes him up from a night dream. I don't know why he suddenly became quiet and stared at me for a couple of minutes.

I know the reasons why, but don't want to spoil things right now. He perhaps finds me attractive and beautiful like anyone else in the town.

"Should I leave you behind?" The stranger asks me from a distance.

"Damn it!" I whisper and don't know how fast he walks.

"Wait for me! You walk too fast!" I complain.

Instead of telling me to hurry, the hot stranger smiled at me. Then we walked into a narrow pathway and stopped in front of a black Mustang.

My eyes widen out of amazement. I didn't know he was such a rich, young man with a Mustang. Well, it doesn't matter but I was happy to ride in his car.

"Hey, hop in!" He says like we were high school sweethearts.

I don't know exactly what to feel, but my heart is beating too fast. Excitement shows all over my face which I've never felt before.

Damn! I think I brought myself to the pit of chaos and once father heard about it, he would throw me away from the house.

But then, it wasn't the perfect time to worry. A handsome stranger is waiting for me, and I can't let go of him either.

I sigh deeply and reply, "I'm hopping in!"

A sweet smile shows on his face and a perfect, white set of teeth sparkles in the dark. I find it too sexy knowing how clean and hygienic he is.

Let's all be honest. A hot, handsome man with high-level personal hygiene is a perfect package. Aside from his physical appearance, I somehow found him mysterious and made of darkness. I couldn't explain it further, but he looks so perfect.

I was looking at his face when I suddenly felt sleepy. I closed my eyes and fell into a deep sleep with a stranger next to me.

After a long parade, I wake up because of his deep, husky voice. I slowly open my eyes and am mesmerized by the white house surrounded by maple trees and tulips. I couldn't believe it. It was one of the most sophisticated houses in town.

He opens the front door, and I follow him with awe in my eyes. I thought he'd bring me to a chaotic place, yet he's brave enough to take me to his home. My heart is filled with happiness, knowing not all strangers were hostile and selfish.

My heart's about to explode because of excitement. I didn't know a gentleman existed in the world for so long a time. How I wish I met him when we were younger.

"Watch your step, young lady." The stranger warns me as he opens the white-painted door.

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I smirk, trying to know everything. "I know right? You don't have to tell me!"

I reply, trying to be calm and cool.

My expression changed when I finally entered the room. The interior design was jaw-dropping, the antique and modern displays matched to the room's design. I'm so amazed and impressed by everything I've seen inside his room.

"Do you want something to eat? I'll cook it for you," the stranger asks from behind.

"No! I'm good." I lied.

Out of curiosity, I look around hoping to see his family pictures. But there was nothing on the wall and that seemed odd.

"By the way, are you living here alone?" I ask, trying to look around.

"Yes," he shortly replies. "Can you hold this for me?"

He was referring to the massive and heavy curtains.

"Sure!" I smiled, "Are you planning something?" I smirk, pointing out his real motives.

The stranger shrugs his shoulders and says nothing. He doesn't know anyone including me, I guess so.

"I don't have in mind, how about you?"

"I'm not sure, but I'm here to prove you wrong that I'm not a hopeless romantic like you!" I said with a mischievous smile on my face.

No one told me about it. I didn't want to lose over a stranger. He was maybe a hot, mysterious guy, but I would do everything to change his judgment. After all, our paths would never cross again—I hoped and prayed not to see him again.

A playful, warm laughter echoes around the house. He was amazed by my persistent personality which caught his attention from the very beginning. He then tells me to stay in the room and he comes back with wine and chips in his hands.

And at that very moment, I know — we both know — what's about to take place.