

CH 4

Slade

He could smell Hayden in the car, he realised as she got out of it. Slade took a deep breath to smell it himself, it was faint, but yes it was there. It hadn't been the last time she'd driven him in her car. Ori, he knew, had owned it now for two weeks, and that boy had a car of his own, a Jeep Wrangler; it's what the boy wanted even.

The question was why could they smell that boy inside her car? He frowned and got out. She'd said he'd sabotaged her car; would her own brother actually do that, go that far to get her position as the pack's future Beta?

Slade did know the rivalry for it was there, between the two of them, but his choice was clear for all to see. Ori was his preferred Beta, and yes, he'd heard, not only his own father, but her father as well, discussing the ascension of the future Beta. That by the time he was home from Alpha College, Hayden would be 18 and a half, old enough to take up the role as his future Beta.

He had to sit and listen to them debate it sometimes, he stayed the hell out of it. They knew his thoughts on the subject. They brought him into the room, just so he could hear them talk about who was the better choice. He also believed that they listened to Hayden go on about how Ori would likely mate off out of the pack, so it was just better to put him in as the pack's future Beta as soon as he turned 18.

Slade was of the opinion that Ori could make any mate she had, come here to be with her in this pack. She was the future Beta, his second in command, and he didn't see her giving that position up, for any old wolf that scented her out. If she attracted an Alpha Mate, and she was to be a Luna to a pack, then yes.

But any other wolf, even Alpha ranked, if not the actual Alpha to a pack or the future heir to a pack, then she could have him come here to this pack. Stay on as his Beta. That was what he'd told them and that was, as far as he was concerned, the end of it.

Giving his father and hers, for that matter, food for thought, though he'd gotten an angry, annoyed look from Hayden himself, when he'd heard Slade's opinion on the matter.

Now this?

He leaned on her car as he waited for her and Lindal to stop talking, and watched her put his stuff in that car. He wasn't happy about it, he was not going to be at all comfortable in a Mazda 3, no matter how tricked out it was. He was too big and broad shouldered. Going back to get his Audi would be a better option. He could drive there, and she could drive it back, though he wasn't allowed to. It was her duty to get him there and on time, she had actual rules from her own father, and he knew it.

He got in the small car. She was right, if they didn't drive out of this pack in the next 5 minutes, her father would want to know why? That man knew how long it took to get out of pack territory.

Hell, that man had even driven himself out to the Alpha College Slade was attending and back, non-stop bar fuelling up. It was how she'd gotten that time limit of 13 hours there and back; the man was testing his daughter's endurance and ability to stay awake and alert.

Ori fell into line at every test she was given, completed them without complaint, because she wanted her position as the pack Beta, and he knew it. Knew she also wanted to prove she could earn it, not just be given it by birthright. So, did all her father's annoying and what he thought were unnecessary challenges.

He'd yet to see Hayden be given a single one at all. That boy, if he was older than Ori, wouldn't have to jump through any hoops, would just rank up as per standard pack laws, from Beta to Beta. Ori got hell because she was a girl, and they all knew it.

They were out of the pack three minutes later and driving away, he watched her shift uncomfortably in her seat several times. Knew she wasn't generally a dgety person when driving, was actually relaxed behind the wheel. Had been having lessons here in the pack since she was 15, as they all did. Wolfen laws were different to human ones. And they all needed to be able to drive, and well by the time they were 18, in case it was needed for emergencies.

His mind moved back to his room as he watched her shift again for like the sixth time, how he'd felt, what he'd smelled upon waking up, nothing but Ori. "Sore are we?" he asked casually as he put the seat back a little and tried to make himself more comfortable. There was not enough legroom in here for him to stretch out like in her car, or his.

"No, why?" she answered, but sounded a little on the defensive side to him.

"What happened last night?" He asked, keeping it as casual as possible, even closed his eyes and rested his head back on the head rest as though he was relaxed.

"What do you mean?" she asked him.

"I woke up naked on my living room oor."

"So? Is that not normal for you?" she murmured.

"No, I like my bed. Not only was I naked, my clothes were strewn about and...well, a little ripped and torn. The only scent I got in there was yours."

"Yeah, so, I was the one to haul your drunk ass home."

"My nakedness." He inquired simply.

"Why ask me any of this?" she questioned right back, and he could hear the frown in her voice.

"I'm curious, you were there, Ori, so answer the question. My room kind of..." how did he put this without shocking the woman, and she was a woman now, not a girl anymore, she had turned 18 two days after he had. "Looked, let's say, like I'd had s*x with someone. The furniture was out of place."

He could feel her eyes on him now, and there was silence for a good 10 seconds. "And so you think what exactly? That we hooked up?" she snorted, sounded fully amused to him now. "We didn't, just so you know, you were very drunk."

"Hmm...that doesn't really mean I couldn't have sex."

"I didn't say that." She shrugged it off as he looked at her.

"Then why avoid telling me what happened?"

"You really want to know all the boring details of me getting you to your room. So drunk you need me to ll in the blanks for you, hey?"

"Humour me." He nodded.

"Alright, it's pretty boring though. I hauled your heavy ass back to your room, and while I was trying to get you through the doorway, you tripped over your own feet, took me down with you. Freaking landed on me, you even thought it was very funny to boot." He watched her shake her head. "I shoved you off, and you told me and I quote you here 'You're gonna miss me Ori, while I'm gone.' All sweet like."

That snapped his eyes wide, and he was frowning at her now, muttered "I seriously doubt that."

"Oh, and what do you remember to refute me? I was not as drunk as you were. More than a little tipsy, that was a certainty, but not drunk off my ass like you."

"Like I would ever state that, you're not a girl to me, Ori, just my Beta and nothing more." He muttered.

He watched her jaw tighten as she stared down the road, and saw her knuckles go white on the steering wheel, "Then you started just ripping your clothes off, even while I was trying to put your ass in your bed, you fell over again near the coffee table, and took me down with you a second time.

"I had to struggle to get your ass off me. You were still pulling your clothes off and going on about how I'd miss your naked sexy ass. I punched you one, and you passed out on the oor. I left your naked ass where you passed out on the oor in your living area. That is it. Anything that happened, after I left is on you. You and I, nothing happened other than taking a tumble or two, you were out cold when I left your room."

He caught the slight edge to her voice. At the beginning of her statement, she'd been annoyed about him stating she wasn't a girl to him. He'd insulted her, and he knew it, but he didn't actually recall all the details that happened in his room, or the bloody girl either. Just knew there had been one.

The rest of her statement had been all sarcasm, especially when she'd stated 'my naked sexy ass' and he still didn't know what to think, but the way she was uncomfortable, sitting over there in the driver's seat. He did know he could be very aggressive in the bedroom, very demanding in the sating of his own needs, especially when drunk, he lost control when he was drunk.

He'd had she-wolves tell him they were uncomfortable down below afterwards, when he'd gotten all rough and raw with them, though he had learned to contain that part of himself, understood they weren't his mate and couldn't handle all of his needs. He only lost control when drunk.

He was still confused, turned and looked out the window. He knew Ori had never had a boyfriend either. So he was willing to bet she would be uncomfortable after a night of drunken s*x with him, and he did; despite telling her he didn't see her as a girl, actually see her as a girl, and one he wanted to pull into his bed, but couldn't touch her, not ever.

Was it possible that in his very drunken state he'd told her what he felt, that she would miss him, because he would miss her? He didn't bloody remember, but it was possible and the more he thought about it.

A drunken night with his Beta. Hell, he knew if he ever got that girl into his bed, he'd have had her for hours upon hours. She was more than attractive to him, bloody smoking hot, and she had the perfect body, was completely his type. Not that he'd ever let it show; he was attracted to her.

The question now was, how would she react to them hooking up in a drunken stupor? Which, if they had, would likely have been all it was, and if that had happened, she clearly remembered it.

It would also have been her rst time. That thought wasn't very nice, though he leaned back in the chair once more as something struck him. He needed a minute to think about that thought. "I'm gonna sleep till we get there." He told her.

"Go right ahead and do that." She murmured.

"Got me a bunch of horny alpha females to f**k for a whole year." He stated, just to see what her reaction was.

"I'm sure they'll all love your naked sexy ass." He didn't have to look at her to know she'd rolled her eyes as she said it, her tone belied her words, she sounded bored to him, not annoyed.

He settled in that seat and tried to recall exactly what he'd smelled this morning: her scent, that was a denite, it had been light but there, which indicated she'd left the room hours before he'd woken up. There had also been no scent of arousal left, again, which just meant she'd have left hours before he woke.