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< The Alpha and the Mistake



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My phone came to life and with a glance, I said, "Let's head out. They've caught a few of them this time. Maybe we can get some answers."

"Yes, Ma'am," he said and followed me down the wooden porch steps. We climbed into his Benz, which helped strengthen the mafia image even more. He drove the ten minutes it took to the holding cells. I was about to walk in when Mario stopped me. He walked in a circle, looking me over. To some, it may seem odd, but I used to it. He always assessed me beforehand to ensure I was going to make the right impression when I went inside. Right now, I couldn't afford newbie mistakes. Those rogues had to see me as a competent leader if I wanted the attacks to stop. My rocky grip on my position, as luna needed the attacks to stop. I've lost my family. I would not lose my pack too.

Mario pushed on my spine in a gentle but insistent push to straighten my posture. I straightened and lifted my chin. I hoped it gave off the strong, proud I'm the boss here vibe, instead of condescending. He next took my hair in his large hands and pulling it away from my face, then up before he let it down. "You should braid hair. Keep it tight as if you're going into a fight," he ordered, and I did as he told me.

When I finished, he nodded with approval, and we headed in. The place looked small and unassuming on the outside, with cement walls and minimal windows. Inside, it looked like what it was, a jail. "How many?" I demanded when I saw Koreyon, the chief of pack security. He's build was like a football player. His dark skin looked almost bluish-black under the lights and his hair in long dreads which were pulled back into a loose ponytail.

"We've got four of them," Koreyon answered. "We may have a problem with one of them."

"A problem with one of them? Why would we have a problem?" I kept my tone stiff and all business.

"You'll see, little luna," the chief enforcer replied. His tone was just the opposite of mine. It was gentle and filled with affection, but I saw the concern in his dark eyes. He, like Mario, served my parents most of his life. He was close friends with my father and had thrown all his support behind me, becoming Willow Pond's luna.

Koreyon led me to a room that looked a lot like a cafeteria. Cement gray walls with gray tiles a shade lighter gray than the walls. Several gray metal tables and bench-like seats filled most of the room. So much gray was depressing. "Bring'em in," Koreyon told one of his men.

I straightened even more as security led the four rogues into the room, two of our enforcers to each of them. An unfamiliar scent tickled my nose, catching my attention. I couldn't place what it was, but something about it was intriguing. Before I got too distracted by the scent, the sounds of a struggle brought me back to rogues. One of them was pushing and shoving the enforcers holding him.

I wasn't sure what he wanted to accomplish as he was silvered. Silvered, meaning that a zip tie with a core of silver laced steel was around his wrist. It prevented him from shifting or using other werewolf abilities. Also, he had handcuffs on his wrists and ankles. The rogue shoved off one of the security and took several steps towards Mario and me. I bit down on the urge to take a step back. I couldn't show weakness, no matter how small, to the rogues or my pack.

Mario took a step forward, placing his body slightly in front of my own in a protective stance, but not blocking me. It told the rogues that I'm protected but in charge. One enforcer hit the defiant rogue hard on the back of his knees, forcing him to fall just a few feet from me. The rogue

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growled at the guard, then look up, and our eyes met. It was as if the world stopped right there at that moment.

He looked to be about my age. His shaggy hair was light brown, with blonde highlights or it was dark blonde, but looked brown because it was dirty. With the ragged and dirty state of his clothes, either option was possible. Despite the state of cleanliness, he was good looking, very good looking. His dark brown eyes and expression were hard, cold, and mean.

Koreyon was right; we were going to have a problem with this one. He was none other than Michael Howe, son of Ryan Howe, alpha of the Black Mountain pack. Ryan Howe was one of the cruelest and feared alphas of the entire continent. Until Blue Crescent's future luna pushed him off a cliff and to his death. Rumor has it Michael had abused physically and mentally her for years. 


They also said he used his position in the pack to coerce women into sleeping with him. He abused and bullied the weaker members of his pack. This rumored cruelty lead him to be "gifted" to the Blue Crescent pack by Black Mountain's new alpha. They released him into exile instead of executing him. All of this was bad. No one wanted Michael Howe in their territory, but that wasn't the worst part. This exiled alpha who was kneeling before me was none other than my long-awaited mate.

You have to be kidding me? I thought as I stared down at him. This couldn't be real, but I felt it. I felt the pull towards him. The pull urged me to go to him. To feel his arms wrap around me, holding me, as he kissed me while making me his. God, I was going to get sick.

Mario gave me a discreet, but not so gentle, nudge. "What would you like us to do with them, Luna?" he asked, a frown touching the edges of his mouth.

My heart jumped into my throat. I'd been staring at Howe for longer than

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I should. Howe dared to smirk at me. Oh, he thought this was funny, did he? I was going to show him. Frowning, I jerked my chin towards the other rogues. "Get him back in line," I ordered in a barking tone. It may be wrong, but I smiled a small grin as Howe's eyes widen in surprise. That's right buddy. I'm the boss! My hands behind my back and I walked in front of the line of rogues like a general before prisoners of war.

"I've got some questions, and you're going to answer them," I said. When they remained silent, I stopped in front of one of them. He was older than me, but not the oldest of the group. He dressed in a clean t-shirt and jeans, which only made Howe's dirtiness all that more confusing.


"What reason did you come into my territory?" I wasn't all that surprised when he didn't answer. It was never just that simple, was it? I moved on to the next rogue. He was about the same age as the first one, and I repeated my question. Again, silence. I moved to the third and oldest rogue, yet again I repeated the question.

The older wolf made a breathy laugh as he stared up at me with a defiant glare. "You think I'm going to listen to you? You're a slip of a girl playing alpha. I've seen humans scarier than you. Quit wasting my time."

Anger filled me at his dismissive tone. The instinct to attack him and hit him so hard he'd beg me to let him take back those words was so strong. I lifted my chin and sucked in a breath to calm myself. No. I couldn't give in to my animal urges. That's what the rogue wanted. For me to lose control and prove that I was weak. Once I was calmer, I looked at Koreyon and said, "This one thinks he's tough. Take him to the cell 3-B and we'll see if he is so tough in the morning."

"Yes, Luna," Koreyon told me and nodded at the guards holding the rogue. They pulled and dragged him out of the room as he growled like

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the rabid dog he was. Cell 3-B was a tiny, little over six foot squared cement cell. There weren't any beds or windows, and it was cold, even in the summer. People ended up in that cell for one reason, and one reason only — to put them in their place.

Next was Howe and I asked him the same question. "I've got nothing to do with these idiots," he said, his tone sharp and bitter. "Just passing through."

"He may not have been with the others. He did attack when he saw us," Koreyon stated before I could ask.

"Only because they came at me looking for a fight."

Koreyon made a disbelieving snort, and before he could say anything more, I held up a hand. "If you were passing through, why were you on foot? Why that part of my territory?" I demanded. "There is nothing there but a few secondary roads and woods."

"Because I didn't want you to know I was here. In case you haven't noticed, I'm not exactly Mister Popular."

Again, Koreyon gave another snort. "No wonder you're just like that bastard of a father of yours!"

Quicker than I would've expected, Howe stood up and somehow freed himself from security. He rushed over to Koreyon with a furious growl. Acting on pure instinct, I put myself between the two, with my hands out to stop them. "Stop," I yelled and to my surprise, Howe stopped. I had expected he'd run me over to get to my chief enforcer.

Pure anger radiated through Howe's expression as he glared down at me. The intensity of it took my breath away. There was also something else that looked a lot like pain, or perhaps shame. The enforcers jerked him

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back away from me before I could determine what it was I saw. I masked my frustration at the enforcer's interruption and cleared my throat. "Put him in with the rogues until I decide what to do with him."

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