

## Chapter 2: Five Years Later

Jaxon POV

"Yes! Harder Jaxon!"

"You like that, don't you, you little wench?" I say pounding into her harder.

"Yes! Goddess, Yes! More Alpha! More!" Diane screams out.

I feel her legs shaking and I know she is close. She's a good fuck. The only thing a woman is good for now. At least for me.

I roll my hips and hear her scream as she comes. She is milking my cock with her pussy. I thrust into her two more times before I cum. After the aftershocks of our orgasms, I pull out of her and get up to clean myself off in the bathroom. I pull off my condom and tie it off and throw it in the trash. I won't be siring any heirs with Diane or any other she-wolf. I don't want to be tied down to another woman ever again in my life.

'Hey, you done fucking Diane yet, alpha?' Matt asks through the mind link.

'Fuck off.' I start, 'what do you want?'

I appointed Matt as my beta after I got to Winter Moon over five years ago. He is as solid as a beta as they come. Loyal and always getting under my skin. He is smart, brave and a kick ass warrior.

'Elder Crane is coming in the next thirty. I suggest you clean the sex off and get dressed.' He says as I groan internally.

'What does Crane want now?'


'Who knows. He is making it a habit to do house calls lately.'

'Meet me in my office in twenty.'

'Yes, sir.' He says sarcastically as I cut off the mind link.

I finish showering and as I'm drying off, I walk into my bedroom and see that Diane is still on my bed. "Why are you still in here?" I ask coldly as I get dressed.

"My Alpha," she purrs, "I know you said you never wanted to be in a relationship again, but you and I feel so good together. I like to think we get along too. I always accompany you to important pack events. I could be your Luna, if you would just give me a chance."

"No." I cut her off quickly. "You knew what you signed up for when you agreed to be my personal tool for release. That is your station with me in this pack. In return, you are afforded certain, privileges. I will not take on another Luna and as I have told you many times, I will not take on a chosen mate either. Stop fantasizing on something you have always known was never going to happen." I say curtly. "Now grab your shit and get out of my bed chambers." 

I walk over to the door and open it. I look at her coldly and expectantly. She huffs and throws her dress on before grabbing everything else. Just before she walks out, I tell her, "Diane, if we have this discussion one more time, then I will dissolve this arrangement. I'm tired of repeating myself, understood?"

She looks down and quietly says, "Yes, Alpha" and leaves the room and makes her way down to her floor.

I shake my head and sigh. I've kept Diane around the longest because she is a good fuck and knows how to behave in front of important people. She

is pretty enough and has a nice body. I have no need for her past the physical.

In the five years following the rejection with Giselle, I have taken Winter Moon to heights never before seen in this region. It is the largest and wealthiest pack not only in the South Region but in the North Region too. I'm about to surpass the Eastern Region and a part of me feels vindicated at knowing that I will be larger and more powerful than the Alpha she left me for in the East.

Drax took almost a year to reappear. He hasn't been the same since the rejection. He, like me, doesn't trust mate bonds or women or the Moon Goddess. It's hard when you know you did everything right the first time, only to be betrayed at the end. And why? Because of greed. Even Diane wants to be Luna for the power and status. Some of the warriors have told me about what she says to the omegas. Trying to treat them like they are less, simply because she is fucking the Alpha. If there was another, she-wolf around here that could fuck better than Diane, I would toss her aside. That's why I treat her coldly about being a chosen mate. She isn't Luna material for me or any other Alpha.

Matt enters my office, "Alpha."

"Hey Matt. Close the door." I say as I sigh.

"What? Trouble in paradise with Diane?" He smirks.

"She was trying to get me to agree to making her a chosen mate again." I sigh.

"She's not happy with her current role? Hoe with benefits?" Matt chuckles. "You know you are not the only one she fucks, right?"

I look up at Matt, "Do I look like I give a fuck?"

"I didn't think so, I would just make sure that you DNA check any baby she is claiming is yours, should she turn up, well, knocked up."

"Do you know anything about Crane's visit?" I say, changing the subject. Honestly, more than five minutes thinking about any woman is a waste of my time.

"Nah. Only that he was coming on official business." He says rolling his eyes, "I mean, what other business would he have here other than, 'official'?"

"Well, let's try to make it a quick visit. I have things to do today. I've also heard that Dark Flame is starting to stir trouble with some of the packs. Keep an eye out that there are no scouts from his pack around. If you find any, kill them on the spot."

I see Matt's eyes glaze over and I know he is being mind linked. "Alpha, Crane has arrived."

"Have him brought to my office." I say.

I get up and go to my liquor stash in my office and pull out a bottle of 'Blanton's Bourbon' and some bourbon glasses and put them on my desk. Crane always enjoys sharing a glass of bourbon when he is here. He knows I don't skimp on the good liquor.


The door opens and I stand up. Crane appears through the door with Matt as he closes the door behind him. Crane seems to be frozen in time. He looks old and wrinkled and well past his prime but is still as active as a young wolf. His eyebrows stand up like they were electrocuted and his nose is slightly crooked. I'm sure in his prime he was better looking. Now, he looks like life has fucked him every day and he can't remember the safe word. 8

"Alpha Jaxon, I'm sorry for coming with such a short notice, but it is official pack business, you know."

"Elder Crane, no worries. Luckily, I don't have any other appointments for the next hour. Bourbon?" I offer.

"Blanton's? You always have a good selection. Yes, please." He answers.

As I pour two finger widths for him, I ask, "So, what is this official business you needed to discuss?"

As he takes the glass from my hand, he sighs, "The Elders have been discussing your position as Alpha of Winter Moon." 


The glass of bourbon is about to reach my mouth when I stop. Putting the glass down, I look Crane in the eye, "What about my position?"

"Well, you have grown this pack very well on your own Alpha Jaxon. No one can deny it, however, you have no heir to leave it to should you pass away. You have no Luna either."

I can feel my temperature rising. I try to tamper it down but Drax is also growling in my head, and it's making it hard for me to reel in the anger that I feel bubbling to the surface.

"Elder Crane, I had a Luna. Remember? She cheated on me with another Alpha who wanted to feed her his dick. I have no desire to have another Luna, nor do I wish to sire an heir. Women are a poison that seeps into your very fiber and tries to stomp on your soul."

The shocked expression on Crane's face from my answer is exactly what I am looking for, so I continue, "My ability as the Alpha of this pack has surpassed the power and wealth of the Northern region and it has almost surpassed the Eastern Region. I have done it all without a mate, fated,

chosen or otherwise. Should I die, then Matt would be next in line to be Alpha. I see no reason to continue with this ridiculous conversation.” 

Crane’s expression hardened and his eyes turned cold, I have to admit, it looks intimidating, “Unfortunately, it’s not up to you alone. This decision is being made for the future of the pack. It will help to solidify the stability of the Southern Region.”

“Decision? What decision?” I ask. I really do not like the sound of where this is leading.

“The Elders have decided that Alpha Jaxon of Winter Moon will pick a suitable Luna in the next thirty days, or we will do it for you, if you refuse, then we will strip you of your title.”

“WHAT?!” I roar. I’m going to be stripped of my title. I have done it all by myself and now I have to bend to the will of five old fuckers or I can’t be the Alpha anymore? What kind of archaic bullshit is this!?

“This decision is final Alpha Jaxon. I suggest you start reviewing candidates since your fated mate rejected you and second chance mates are rare.” Crane finishes his drinks, sets the glass on my desk firmly and makes to leave. “Remember, thirty days, Alpha Jaxon.”