

Alpha'S Unwilling Mate

Chapter 3

Cruel Intentions

Orion

The Alpha of the Silver Dawn Pack was eager to oblige my request to visit, even with such short notice and I can't say that I'm surprised. He'll have heard the rumours and only a fool would deny me entry on friendly terms.

I'll be crossing through shortly on my way home from the coast and I've been interested in this pack for some time now. They're on the smaller side with only 2 or 3 hundred members but they have a good reputation with their neighbours and I want to know how they manage to stay afloat so easily.

The Crescent Rose Pack was pathetic in comparison and had more than double their numbers. If my suspicions are correct he'll try and impress me tonight with a show of strength and little does he know that he'll be pitching me his pack in the process.

At this moment in time, I'm still undecided. After all, it takes a lot of time and effort to overrun a pack and I can't imagine that all of his wolves will be happy with the change of management. The question is, will it be worth the chase?

I'm sick of taking on useless land, it's about time that I got something profitable and my people deserve nothing but the best. If he declines, well, that's not my problem. I'll just have to make my intentions *very* clear and who knows, maybe he'll hand it over.

His Luna is rumoured to be having a birthday next week, it would be a shame if something were to happen to put a stop to their celebrations. I'm not one to stoop so low as to kill another alpha's mate, but he doesn't know that and I prefer it that way.

The thing is, with a reputation like mine you don't even have to do anything anymore, they all just assume the worst and I profit from it. It's never occurred to me to care about what they think and it's not like I've put a whole lot of effort into being good either.

I've stolen packs, I've taken land, and I've killed people who have crossed me. If that makes me a villain, then so be it.

"We're about a quarter-hour away by foot, Alpha." My beta, Donovan says as he bears his neck while approaching me. It's a formality that I have always insisted upon, just like my father and those before him.

Donovan is my closest friend but the hierarchy is what holds us in place, without it we're all the same and that's just not an option when running a pack this notorious. We want to grow, not fall to the waste side and I need to be strong if I'm to achieve that.

Friendships are important to me, as long as they remember their place in line and Donovan has never challenged that. This is why I made him my beta the second I came to power and we've been inseparable ever since.

"Tell the men to dress and we'll walk. I want to inspect the lands as we go." He bows and turns before going to relay my message.

I could just tell them all over the mind link, but I find it important that messages don't come directly from me. The more approachable I am, the less fear I cause and without fear, there's always the chance of a challenge.

I would win of course, but nobody has done that in the history of our pack and I refuse to be the first. My father would roll over in his grave and I'd rather he stay dead.

As we start to make our way towards the lights in the distance, my wolf starts to awaken within me. I don't understand his sudden urge to make himself known, we've literally just been running through the woods and it's taking all that I have to hold onto control here.

I move to the side as if inspecting something and gesture for the others to continue. The last thing I want them to see is me fighting for control with my own wolf... and possibly losing.

He's a strong young bastard and until now we've always been in perfect agreement. Has something been planted in the woods? Something to ward off intruding wolves? No, they wouldn't dare do such a thing when expecting my visit and he'd have said something by now.

Let me out! He yells and I grind my teeth together as I hold him down inside.

We've been getting stronger with our new training regime and I'm starting to regret putting so much effort into his wolf form as well my own. I never expected him to use it against me but my father always said to expect the unexpected.

I bet he's grinning up at me from hell right about now.

"Stay put," I growl to him, half in my mind and half out loud. I'm too preoccupied to worry about what my men might think if they hear me.

I WANT OUT! He screams and my jaws start to bleed as my teeth expand slowly.

Shifting is like second nature to me but a forced shift is something else entirely. I still remember the pain from my first time as a teenager and I have no intention of going through that again.

"No," I yell, using the memory of the pain to build up the strength I need to push him back down and I feel my teeth retreat back into my gums, I've got him.

But what the hell just happened? What's gotten into him?

I try to speak, to understand where this sudden urge has come from but he just ignores me. He knows that I've won this battle and would rather sulk than explain. The irritation of both of us flares through me and if it wasn't for Donovan's approaching footsteps I'd have released a growl.

Instead, I settle for punching a tree and watching it fall to the ground. There better be no more surprises on this visit or I can't see myself remaining in control for much longer.