

Her Cold-Hearted Alpha by Moonlight Muse

Chapter 3. A Chase

ALEJANDRO

The smell of sex and sweat hung in the air, the sound of skin against skin and moans from the two women who lay on the bed filled the room. They kissed each other as I fucked one of them. I didn't really feel anything, even as my release rushed through me. I simply pulled out and got off the bed, taking a drag from the cigarette that was between my lips. Not even bothering to cast the two she-wolves I had just fucked a second glance. They won't be able to walk for a good day or two. They had fulfilled their purpose, and now I didn't want to see them again. Women were all the same to me. I fucked them and I moved on.

I was 34 and I didn't have a mate, but I'm glad. I am not mate material. I am a fucking twisted freak of nature, I guess not being a werewolf meant I didn't get one. It's been over 10 years and I accepted that fact. It just meant I could have a hundred women if I wanted, and I have had a lot more than that. And I wouldn't need to deal with a so-called soul mate.

I didn't have a fucking heart, nor did I care. There was no place in me for anyone else and that is the way I liked it. To be alone. I've seen countless men fall to their knees to please their women. I wasn't one of them. Some called it a curse that I didn't have a mate, I called it a fucking perk. No bitch to fuck with my head, the only thing I needed fucking with, was my dick and I got plenty of that.

I walked into the bathroom to wash their filth off me. I didn't bother turning the light on. What's the point when I could see in the dark? I frowned, stepping into the shower after tossing the cigarette into the bin.

Turning the faucet on, I let the cold water pour over me. I didn't feel anything. Not the cold, not the pleasure. It was all the same. Years had passed and with each one, I felt more animal than human. The only thing that made me feel alive was pain and killing. I loved the chase, the play, and the kill. I made it my sole purpose was to clear the world of fucking trash.

I soaped my body and was rinsing off when I felt someone mind linking me.

'Alpha. We've got a location.' Darien, my second in command, My Beta, was an Alpha but had refused his position to be by my side. Probably the closest thing I had to a friend.

'Where?' I linked back.

'Heading towards Birmingham if we leave soon, we might be able to get it.'

'Be ready in 10'

I cut the link and grabbed a towel. A humourless smirk on my face. That was near the dickhead Elijah's pack. The temptation to impose on him felt like some entertainment. The man was on my council, but we hated each other's guts. He was only 6 years older than me, but he was one of those cocky bastards I loved to piss off. I was meant to visit him tomorrow. I think I'd move that up.

'Darien'

'Yeah, Alpha?'

'Let Alpha Elijah know, we're coming tonight instead of tomorrow. They can host us.' I left the bathroom and walked over to the bed to grab my phone. One of the she-wolves stirred and sat up holding her sheets to her chest.

"Alpha."

I ignored her, grabbed my phone and left the room. I hadn't been to Elijah's pack location although he came for pack meetings often. So, it would actually be a fair visit to see how he runs his pack. I had to admit, he had the strongest pack around.

Mine didn't count because I took members from different packs. It was more a pack of warriors than a family. We had strong wolves who

would deal with threats and were sent out. I was settled not too far from my brother's pack. But not too close for the packs to mix. I had territories all over and I moved around if needed.

It had been 8 years since I attained this position. By force in many cases, I forced the Alpha's to submit, and I claimed my position and exercised my authority upon them. I wasn't an ordinary werewolf, and I wasn't going to be treated like one.

I entered my bedroom picking out some oversize shorts. They were baggy enough and wouldn't rip when I transformed. After all, I wasn't your ordinary werewolf. I was a Lycan. Stronger, better, smarter and I expected everyone to know that.

A Lycan was like royalty, and so I took my throne in a way. But whether they admit it or not. Every pack is safer with my reign over them. Innocent wolves don't get abused. If they do, they know I'm here. I was the Alpha of The Night Walkers Pack. Also known as the Royal Pack. With time, more and more disturbing happenings have occurred, but I've done my best to contain the threat.

Not only were rogues working in packs, but beasts called Wendigo's had appeared. Wendigo's were werewolves who had eaten werewolves and become something different. They lived to kill and eat werewolves and had no trace of sanity left.

And then there was the Manangal's, vampire-like creatures with elongated limbs, long claws, teeth and surrounded by a revolting smell. They preyed on children and pregnant women.

The worst thing was these things were made with dark magic. And although I had been working on tracking these things for over 16 years, I was still grasping at straws. Just the thought made my blood boil. Whoever was behind it was smart. Smarter than I anticipated but I swear when I find them, I'm going to make them wish they were never born.

The four men who were to join me were ready. I shifted, the seconds of pain as my bones snapped and reshaped felt refreshing. I cricked my neck side to side and without a word we began running.

I was faster than the other three, but they knew where we were headed. I hadn't seen one of these creatures in a few months, something that had unsettled me. Was something bigger to come? It was just my gut instinct but I'm not usually wrong. But now that one had been travelling south, I had had it tracked and like always it won't get away from me. I wanted to try to get one alive, but I always ended up fucking tearing them apart. The moon shone and as always, I felt more powerful under it. My eyes blazed as I sped up, a black blur as I ran towards my prey.

Two hours had passed, I had crossed by Birmingham. I was most probably somewhere near The Blood Moon Pack. I had picked up a scent, it was a Wendigo. Which meant a lot of people were in danger, not just kids and pregnant women. I had entered a town, and I frowned didn't they usually stick to the woods? I looked around realising I was in Stratford-Upon-Avon. Something wasn't right... I shifted back, tightening the string on my baggy shorts.

The night was cool, the wind was calm so catching a scent wasn't too hard. But it still managed to evade me. That was odd... did it have a target?

Where was it? I stuck to the shadows, there were too many people around. Fuck this wasn't good. I needed to do something, so we weren't seen. I looked up at the electricity wires, my eyes flashing red. A cold smirk crossed my lips. Now, this was going to be fun. If it wanted to play hide and seek. I'd give it what it wanted. I jumped up ripping through the electricity wires with my claws, sparks flew, illuminating the sky before the entire area went black.

I heard a low whistling growl in the distance and I smirked coldly.

"Game on Fucker."