

## FIVE

CAHIR

“Are you done fucking?” I crossed my arms, leaning against the doorframe.

“Holy hell—“ My Beta sprang away from the little blonde writhing underneath him. “Can’t you knock?” He pulled up his pants in a hurry and his latest fling held her dress against her front.

“My bad. You sounded like you were done.” I walked into the office and took a seat. “We have business to discuss.”

“This business could not wait for me to finish?” Aristo hissed, flinging the girl’s underwear at her.

“No.” The girl still cowered to my right so I turned to face her. “How old are you?” She had a soft and round face, fair skin, and barely legal stamped all over her.

“I am – twenty – twenty years old, Alpha.” Her hands holding her dress shivered as she answered me with her head downcast and blond hair falling to cover her face.

“Hey, didn’t you tell me you were twenty-two?” Aristo asked in a high tone.

Aristo would be the perfect Beta if he did not think through his cock half the time. He chased skirt at every opportunity and I liked to remind him women would be his downfall. If I castrated him –

“Try again,” I growled at the quivering girl. A bit of pressure on her windpipes and she would have a good reason to quiver.

“It is – I am telling you the truth. I am twenty,” the girl answered, her knuckles white against the dress she held to her front.

“So why did you lie to me?” My Beta demanded, stepping closer to the girl and forcing her chin up.

“You are lying.” I crossed my legs. “Let me ask one more time. How old are you?”

“E – Eighteen. I turned eighteen yesterday!” She cried in a sudden loud voice. “I am sorry – I am sorry. Please –“ She fell on her knees, hunched over with her forehead on the ground.

“You – You –“ Aristo spluttered, his mouth falling open.

“Leave us,” I commanded.

“Yes, Alpha!” She flew up and ran out of the office as fast as her short legs could carry her.

“Bitches these days!” Aristo grumbled, falling into a seat with his forearm blocking his eyes. “She pursued me for weeks knowing she was a child.” His lips pursed. He muttered different curses underneath his breath for a full minute after that.

After over a decade, I had come to accept Aristo even with his flaws but I lived daily with the knowledge I may have to get a new Beta as the one I had currently would be finished in a couple of years time. He was loyal, reliable, and a machine on the battlefield, but he could never turn away when he saw tits or a nice ass.

“Have you thought about cutting off your dick?” I asked him. The bastard jerked, cupping his jewels with both his palms. “You will be less trouble if you did not have a bigger cock than a brain.”

“You think I have a big cock?” His grin fell when I glared at him. “With all the work you give me, the least you can do is allow me to enjoy the warmth of a tight, wet pussy.”

“Don’t be crude.” My nostrils wrinkled.

“Don’t be stuck up, Cahir!” He barked. “When last did you get laid? A week ago? A month ago? You are sending people scampering away because of the waves of frustration always pouring off you.”

“If I slash your throat right here, all my frustration will be gone,” I pressed my fingers together. “I did not give you this office to fuck eighteen-year-olds in. You are supposed to be working here.”

“Killing may be fun but you know it can never be as interesting as a woman’s body. There are so many ways to screw a woman’s brains out but killing is –“

“There are a thousand ways to end a man. You are the one who is too stupid to learn more than one.”

“Whatever. At least I fuck better than you.” He rolled his eyes. “What did you want anyway?”

Aristo’s love for women and their bodies sidetracked me from my business in his office but then I remembered why I came here in the first place. I gnashed my teeth as I recollected the letter that just arrived at my desk, fantasizing about slamming my beta’s head against a jagged rock.

“Why did I receive a letter thanking me for agreeing to attend some Alpha’s hand-off?” I demanded, cracking my stiff knuckles.

“That Alpha is Alpha Warren of Silver Moon pack. He will be handing over the pack to his son in a few days and we will be attending.” He pumped a fist into the air with a stupid grin and cheered.

“No, I will not be attending. What is the meaning of this nonsense?” My voice lowered almost becoming inaudible. “As my Beta, you are supposed to handle this business.”

“Yes, but you have been an Alpha for over five years yet you refuse to attend any meeting outside the pack. It is not good for your image and as your Beta, making sure you have a good image is my priority.” The bastard replied in a flippant tone.

I did not blame him for such insubordination. I blamed the lax hand I dealt him. No one on this planet would speak to me the way Aristo spoke to me. If any man dared challenge my words, they met their ancestors faster than they could apologize.

“Before you murder me, please listen.” He sighed, leaning back into his seat. “You are the Alpha of the most successful pack on the planet. Alpha Blood has seen a twenty percent overall increase since you took over but it is not enough.”

On rare occasions, when Aristo was not thinking with his cock, he had some sensible ideas. I listened to him as much as I could but it did not mean we agreed on a lot. He was beside me when I slaughtered the previous leaders of Alpha Blood and took over and over the years, he earned my respect but sometimes, he annoyed me by simply breathing. Like now.

“It is not enough that I have improved the pack?” What nonsense did he have in mind now?

“No, people are terrified of you to death!” He exclaimed. “And the fact that people do not even know what you look like means there are cold and vicious rumours about you.”

As an Alpha, fear was an effective tool for ruling. Dealing with trouble with an iron fist meant people thought twice before they dared take a step out of place. It saved me a lot of trouble with transition in government after I was done extermination all those who wronged me. Why did I need to change my reputation?

I knew what they called me within and outside my pack and it did not bother me. The ruthless alpha, the bloody butcher, even the mad alpha. Those who witnessed first-hand what I could do called me the devil. I was the devil.

“It is affecting our relationship with other packs.” Aristo pressed. “And the fact that you never attend any of these functions, I suspect, is the reason you have not found your mate yet.”

“I don’t need a mate,” I snapped.

Every now and then, Aristo brought up this topic. If he was not trying to force my face into a woman’s breasts, he was berating me for not putting any effort into finding my mate. What use was a mate to a man like me? I had no time to spare for any woman. Alpha Blood was a long way from where I wanted it to be and having a woman clinging to me was the last thing I needed.

“You may not need a mate but the pack needs a Luna and you need a successor!”

“I am twenty-seven. Why do I need a successor so soon?” I growled.

“Your father had you at nineteen!” He reminded me.

It took a lot of back and forth but Aristo argued and argued like a woman until I saw his point. An alliance with Silver Moon was exactly what we needed as a pack and this would be a quick way to establish a relationship. We would get there on the day of the ceremony and leave the day after. I could spare two days to push a relationship.

“This is annoying me already,” Perseus, my wolf, lamented once we touched down on Silver Moon pack. There was a subtle power shift in the air and I could feel the essence of the Alpha of the pack. On this land, I still remained the most powerful but he was not far behind.

“Not as much as it annoying me,” I said out loud.

“E - Excuse me?” The woman welcoming us to the pack paled when she heard my words.

“Is there anything else?” I asked without regard for niceties. She had kept us standing for five minutes already with stupid fanfare and an unnecessary long welcome speech.

Where was their alpha? Why was this insignificant woman welcoming me?

“No, not at all, Alpha.” She smiled, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. “I will show you to your room now.” Aristo stood behind me and I felt the amusement wafting off of him as the woman continued to chatter.

The minute I stepped foot into their pack house, my entire body froze. My wolf perked up and a delicious scent wafted into my nostrils.

“What is that smell?” I looked around but could not find the source.

“The kitchen staff are putting together the next meal for the feast. You are a bit late but –“ I ignored the woman, allowing my legs to carry me to the source of the delicious fragrance driving my wolf insane.

“Find it! Find it!” He was all but drooling as he paced within.

“Sir –“ Someone placed a hand on me but I shrugged it off. Someone said something but the world around me was fast fading, the scent overtaking my world.

What the fuck is this scent!?

I pushed open a door to meet utter chaos and a hundred different scents assailing my nostrils. The kitchen. It was a mess but not even a thousand smells could drown out the one making my nostrils tingle.

“I am talking to you!” A red-haired girl screamed at a smaller girl and my heart started to pound faster.

She was –

“Wow, I have never met anyone more fuckable than this girl,” Aristo said from beside me, his eyes on the same woman as me.

Mine! My whole being snarled.

“Here, maybe this will help you come back to your senses.” As I watched, the red-haired girl dumped a boiling pot of water on my mate. I heard her scream. I heard myself snarl.

“You – You should run.” My wolf pushed to the forefront with a snarl.