

Her Destined Alpha chapter 4 by Moonlight Muse

4. The Streets

RAYHAN

Ten minutes later, I was out in the cold, wet streets. As a werewolf I didn't really feel the chill, we were pretty hot-blooded. Lost in thought, I let my feet carry me and soon I realised I was in a quieter area. I saw a group of men standing against the wall, sniffing drugs and smoking. The smell made me want to wrinkle my nose. "Pretty boy looks loaded... Shall we rough him up?" One of them muttered.

"Too stupid to be out here... Those clothes are fucking branded mate, I swear..."

"His boots alone are fucking gold mines."

Oh, you better not pick a fight with me... I might look like a rich dude, but I could take them all with one hand tied behind my back. I really didn't want to. I frowned, actually I did want to have some fun.

A smirk crossed my face as I carried on walking, hands in my pocket.

They really were asking for it...

They began to follow me. I slowed down, turning around and raising an eyebrow.

"Can I help you boys?" I asked.

"What ya think mate? Think you're some big shot or some shit like that?" One of them sniggered in his strong accent.

"No, just a pretty boy stupid enough to be out here all alone." I teased with amusement.

That made them look a little confused, probably wondering if it was a coincidence that I said exactly what they had moments earlier. I knew if they were in their right minds, none of them would have approached me. They were too high on drugs to sense that I was not someone to trifle with.

"Well, since you're here, shall we have some fun?" One of the chunkier ones said, cracking his knuckles.

I sighed and shrugged. Clearly, they couldn't see that I was more muscular than them all.

"Let's play then. Come on pretty boy, let's have some fun." Another snickered.

"I really wish I could say at least one of you boys is my type, but each of your faces is worse than a donkey's backside, and that in itself is a total turn off." I remarked, running my fingers through my hair.

They burst into laughter, jeering and swearing.

"Hear that guys? News flash pretty boy, you're the bitch here."

My eyes flashed, my smile vanishing as anger flared up inside me. Neither I nor my wolf were going to take insults from anyone, let alone some low-life jerks.

"Let's put that to the test then." I said quietly.

My aura wrapped around me, and although I was keeping it low, my anger radiated off of me. They tensed when I walked over to them, but before they could react, I grabbed the first one and punched him in the face. The next two jumped at me; I stepped back, letting them smash into each other. Another tried to sneak up behind me but I spun around, kicking him straight in the face.

"Fuck you, you piece of shit!"

The apparent leader of these scum bags ran at me. I grabbed him by the neck, holding him away as he swung the small knife he had pulled out at me.

"You should learn some respect." I growled, my eyes blazing.

Fighting every urge to snap his neck, I instead punched him in the throat, doing my best to hold all my strength back. The last two backed away fearfully.

"He... isn't normal..." One of them mumbled when they caught sight of me.

I knew they meant my glowing green eyes, even in the dim streetlights the change was visible. By tomorrow, they would have forgotten about tonight, thanks to the excessive amount of drugs in their system, or they would assume they had hallucinated.

"I wouldn't run if I were you, because I always love a chase..." My voice was no longer completely human, my wolf's overlaying with my own.

They looked even more terrified as I walked over towards them. Grabbing them by the collars, I slammed their heads together, letting them fall like ragdolls. I didn't really want to deal with human trash any longer. I glanced at the floor where they all lay, most of them unconscious.

Time to get out of here...

I made sure to step on a few of their family jewels with my so-called 'goldmine boots' before I walked away.

The two who weren't completely out of it shrieked in pain, sounding like little girls and drawing a smirk to cross my lips.

Well, that was a bit fun.

My mind once again drifted to the dream. I hadn't dreamt of her or that day for over five months, so why was it back now? I had a dull headache coming on.

I couldn't really talk about it to anyone. Not properly anyway, not how I truly felt... Everyone seemed to get funny if the conversation was even brought up. Dad, I could try, but he'd tell Mom and Mom hated the topic.

The only ones who seemed to be on the same page as me, were Kiara and Raven. Neither was someone I could talk to. For one, I didn't have Raven's number and we weren't that close. Kiara... Well, although we were friends, she was now my uncle's mate. Me sleeping with her didn't help our relationship, and although I and Uncle Al were getting on better terms again, I was not going to be messaging her and giving him a reason to try to tear me to pieces.

I guess it was just me and my dreams.

I kicked a stray bottle on the ground, watching it hit the far wall and shatter into a thousand pieces. A startled cat meowed and two dogs barked in the distance.

As I rounded the corner, I caught a whiff of the most enticing scent I'd ever smelled. My heart rate picked up and the urge to find the source of that scent consumed me.

I broke into a run, following it as I made my way into the worst parts of the city. Through small side alleys and over low walls, my wolf was becoming restless, the urge to shift and track in wolf form was threatening to take over. Something about this scent... Goddess, it was divine, no doubt about it.

I heard some commotion up ahead; the scent suddenly became stronger. I sped up, and just then, I saw a slender young woman running towards me, looking over her shoulders. Her heart was pounding, her breathing heavy, her very pale hair covering her face. Two pairs of heavier footsteps were approaching as well and the smell of witches mixed with her intoxicating one.

I froze on the spot, my heart pounding as I stared at the young woman- the source of that scent.

The realisation struck me like a bolt of lightning. This girl... this human... she...

As she looked over her shoulder, she was so preoccupied with her own panic that she slammed straight into me. Sparks erupted, shooting through me like a sizzling live wire. The moment our bodies made contact, she would've gone tumbling to the ground if I didn't catch her. My hand snaked around her tiny waist and she gasped, looking up at me, her hands gripping the leather of my jacket. From behind her locks, her stunning, vibrant blue eyes widened. Never had I ever seen a prettier pair of eyes.

Her scent enveloped me, and the moment her breasts grazed against my thin shirt, my eyes flashed. The urge to mark her, coursing through me.

Goddess... She's my mate.