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Read Alpha Leo and the Heart of Fire Chapter 2 – Kingdom of Sin

AZURA.

The red and purple lights danced and flashed around me, highlighting the bodies of the exotic dancers on the stage. Strippers in expensive lingerie and perfume walked around serving drinks or looking for potential customers.

The dark teal booths were half-full, some with just men and women enjoying the show, whilst others enjoyed a lap dance. A few men in suits were being escorted away by dancers to the private rooms.

Kingdom of Sin was a human strip club in the heart of one of the busiest cities in the country, a place quite far away from my home and the chance of running into someone I knew was unlikely.

Not to mention I had used an X2 scent disguiser, a formula which would make me smell like a human to other werewolves.

I didn't want Judah finding me here.

The fact he may have been in my town made my stomach twist, although I kept telling myself he had just guessed what I was wearing.

I needed a break from my mind and those messages, the entire day I had been unable to focus on anything. To make matters worse, tonight was the Blood Moon.

An occurrence that only happened twice a year. A night where unmated wolves would head to one of the Blood Moon Gatherings to see if they could scout out their fated mates.

I didn't want to go, I'm done with men, and I don't want to be tied down to anyone.

After going through a relationship that was a complete failure, I had no expectations of finding my true mate, nor do I think I was mentally up for it.

Even though I did want to find my mate, and deep down I wanted that love that I see those around me have, I wasn't sure he would want me.

I didn't need my heart breaking again. Although I wouldn't admit it, I was a little afraid of what he would think of me, how he would hate me when he learned about my past.

About the skeletons in my closet. Will my mate accept everything about me? Or would he simply despise me, or worse, reject me.

The tasteful music relaxed me a lot, I was tapping my foot to the beat as I sat in a booth, staring at the s*xy woman dancing on the stage. Her body swayed sensually to the beat.

I downed my glass of whisky, wishing there was something stronger here. The liquid burned my throat, my eyes stinging a little as my mind returned to the messages.

The strict no phone policy was enforced in this club and if I had my phone with me, I knew I would be staring at it constantly thinking about the messages.

I needed a break from it – from him.

Nothing scared me, nothing rocked me, but something about him got to me.

I poured myself another glass as a gorgeous brunette came over, ready to entertain me, but I wasn't in the mood.

"No thanks." I flashed the gorgeous brunette a grin and wink.

I glanced around, observing that most of those in this club were affluent businessmen. Grabbing my glass, I gulped it down.

I closed my eyes for a second, before refilling my glass once more.

My mind was a storm of emotions.

Judah had too much on me. Things he was using to blackmail me with. I know I could just tell someone and we could deal with this, but all my life I just caused problems for everyone.

There was something about him that just wasn't normal. Something that told me he was more than just a werewolf...

I had drunk a lot, emptying the last drops of my fourth bottle into my glass. I was beginning to feel it taking a little effect. This was what I needed... I closed my eyes, letting the music envelope my senses.

Tonight, I just wanted a break, I'll deal with the messages another day...

I opened my eyes, looking through my thick lashes at the women on stage. I loved dancing, and something about pole dancing just felt empowering and exhilarating. If done right, it truly was an art. I had actually applied for a job just over a year ago at a

club near home, and I got it too, but I only managed to do one session because my brother found out...

I shuddered remembering the rage in Liam's eyes when he had stormed into the club and saw the men with their eyes on me. Although I usually have him wrapped around my finger, on the rare occasions when he did get angry... well let's just say, yeah. No. Big no.

Do not get Liam angry.

I preferred him to stick to being an oversized dense puppy.

But he's still my favourite.

Maybe I should go dance.

I stood up, making my way over to the dance floor, which was off through a pair of double doors, running my fingers through my hair, when I froze. A familiar smoky smell hit me and my heart thudded.

He was here.

Fear that I rarely felt enveloped me, and I scanned the area wishing I hadn't worn such high heels.

Keeping my head low, I prayed that the scent disguiser worked, I needed to get out of here. I saw the hooded man by the entrance, and a shiver ran down my spine.

It was him.

He seemed to be searching for something.

For me.

Spotting a pair of doors leading to the VIP area open, a woman in a tiny skirt and revealing blouse stepping out with a keycard in her hand, gave me an idea.

She strutted towards the bar and I headed towards her, accidentally-on-purpose bumping into her. I mumbled an apology as I swiped the card from her pocket.

My heart was pounding, the fear that he would find me made me sick.

Why couldn't he just let me go?

I scanned the card, taking a discreet glance around, and slipped through the doors that clicked open. I just needed a place to wait around until he left. If he had entered our pack, then he must know that was my bike out there.

“Did you hear that?”

I froze.

Werewolves? I could smell them. What on earth was going on? This was a human club, right?

“I don’t recognise that scent, did someone sneak in?”

Oh s**t.

I looked around, frowning. Three corridors led off from here. Silently I hurried down the left one and up the flight of steps, thanking the goddess for the carpeted halls to muffle my footsteps.

To my relief, I saw a pair of glass doors that were standing open. I rushed inside, closing them behind me and letting out a breath of relief.

I was in a large room that looked down upon the club, from here I could see everything. I was sure from down below this was just part of the mirrored design of the ceiling, or what we had thought was the ceiling.

I looked around the room, the floor was a glittering black marble, with two blue velvet sofas and a glass table at the centre. A bar with drinks stood to the side, but no matter where you looked, this room gave us the perfect view of the show put on below, without the smell of sweat or arousal hanging in the air.

Should I wait around here? What should I do?

Goddess, what have I gotten myself into?

My phone was in the locker too.

Suddenly the sound of footsteps and talking reached my ears, they were approaching fast. Looking around I looked at the bar, my heart thumping as I quickly hid underneath it.

I peeped out from the side, spotting several men coming closer. Two men got to the door first, holding them open for the rest. My heart sank when I realised there were a few werewolves present as well.

Each man clearly meant business, from their suits and their dangerous appearances, but it was the one in the centre that stood out. Pulling my attention to him entirely.

Not only was he an Alpha, but the power and dominance that rolled off him were so intense I almost forgot to breathe.

Everyone else seemed to fade away as I stared at the man in the middle. He wore a fitted black shirt, his sleeves rolled up with black pants and boots. He held his jacket over his shoulder on one finger and despite the darkness in the club, he wore a pair of shades. His chocolate-coloured hair was styled sexily. From what I could tell his entire neck, his arms and his hands were covered in tattoos.

And then my heart lurched when the most intoxicating, o****m-inducing scent hit me; woody and dangerously seductive, with the hint of blood mandarin, warm cinnamon and patchouli. The scent was coming from none other than the Alpha male in the centre.

He paused, tensing as he turned his head slightly.

He had smelt me.

The restlessness of my wolf and the pounding of my heart was no longer in my control. Every cell in my body was going haywire as I stared at none other than the god before me.

My mate.

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