

ALPHA, ALPHA KINGS MATE, chapter 10, Kings, ALPHA KINGS MATE,

I drove to the nearest town which consisted of only a grocery store, one cafe, and a service station. Most things were in the werewolf communities. The nearest city however was Avalon City. My usual comfort place but I couldn't afford to go far when I had my mate, my very unhinged erratic mate back on Forrest Pack territory. I missed home, missed my pack. Yet this place had become my second home, I knew I couldn't stay here forever and that I would have to return back to my Pack. Not that anything ever happens there but I have been away for too long.

My father's old Beta was running things while I was gone, I knew he was also tired, he ran the Pack with my father who was his only tie to the place beside his daughter and mate.

I hated the idea of going back there, my family had all moved on because of me, and couldn't handle the way I run things. My father was a good Alpha to his people, but we clash too much, and I refuse to bow down to his old ways of doing things. I like things structured, like control. Yet my father's pack which is now my pack lives more like friends, a community which I loved growing up, but they have become complacent, they hate how I run things, how I force the training, force them to prepare for a war I know is coming. One I will be glad to see the end of, yet now I am fighting another war, one between what my wolf wants and what I don't, just to add extra baggage on the s**t I am forced to carry with my title.

Pulling up at the park, I pull out my phone looking for Aamon's number. Aamon was my best friend. He was from Avalon City, he knew my father first. I met him when I was 13 and as I grew so did our friendship. His wife was Regent of Avalon city, a witch's hybrid, Aamon was an incubus, a demon from hell, and my only friend that isn't afraid to speak back to me.

The phone rings once before he picks up.

"Now what sort of trouble do you need me to dig you out of now?" He asks.

"Well hello to you too," I say. Aamon just chuckles. Avery was singing out in the background trying to talk to me.

"Love you can speak to him in a minute," I hear Aamon call back to her.

"Now what is it you need or don't need, what is it spit it out. What trouble have you found yourself in now, I swear if you tell me you have killed another one of my people I may just string you up myself," Aamon lectures.

"That jerk started it, next time tell your little minions to mind who they are talking to and I won't have to kill them," I retorted.

"Where are you? I hate this over the phone s**t I rather see you in person," He asks.

"At some park in the town next to Forest pack."

"I know the place," he says.

"Hello?" I ask when the phone is silent for a second.

I headbutted the roof of my car when he suddenly materialized right beside me and scared the s**t out of me, misting over to me.

"F**k Aamon some warning next time, you can't just mist on over geez what's wrong with the phone," I tell him looking at him where he now sits in the passenger seat.

"Werewolves are always so jumpy," Aamon says, checking his hair in the mirror and brushing his black hair out of his eyes.

"How is Ariel going Avery was pestering me."

"Good the herbs she gave Chase worked she had a little girl a couple of weeks ago."

"That's great, you're an uncle again congrats brother," he says, and I roll my eyes.

"So what did you want to speak with me about, that you had to interrupt my s**y time?"

"S**y time, really. I am surprised you have anything left in your tank given you're as old as dirt wouldn't you be only blowing dust by now," I tell him. Aamon raises an eyebrow at me.

"I may be nearly 500 years old but I have more stamina than your pup," he says. I roll my eyes.

"So are we going to just sit here and share a bromance moment or are you going to tell me what is wrong?"

"I found her?"

"And who is this her, you are referring to?"

"My mate fool."

"Are you going to let this one live, or is it off with her head?"

"I'm unsure, Avery said I would find her and I have but something is off about her."

"How so?"

"For one she has no name, two she attacked my sister."

"Huh but honestly is there anyone that hasn't attacked your family?" He snickers. I smack his chest making him grunt.

"No I am being serious, something isn't right with her, she works for the humans too, I think, well I know but I can't understand why."

"You're worried she is another Danika, if you're so worried why don't you take her to see Avery, let her do her witchy mumbo jumbo."

"Mumbo jumbo?"

"You know what I mean, and don't tell her I said that she will lock me in hell with her father again, that man is an intolerable beast of a thing. Don't fancy being locked in hell again, horrid place," I laugh at his fear of his wife, she truly was a scary woman. Her father was Asmodeus, one of the gatekeepers of hell meaning Avery was not only a witch but half succubus.

"She may not see anything though."

"She saw you would get another mate didn't she?"

"Yes but she may have just picked up on me seeing her, my mate reminds me of Lily, same eyes."

"You think she is a mutation?"

"I think she is a mutation of a mutation, Lana offered her blood, human blood and she attacked Lana instead."

"Now that is interesting, so where is this mate of yours anyhow?"

"Tied to a tree."

"Gosh, I can now see why the ladies are just flocking to be with you, geez have you no manners. You don't tie your mate to a tree Ryker you barbarian."

"She f*****g bit someone and she bit me. She is lucky I didn't put a muzzle on her."

Aamon shakes his head.

“You can be a right a*s, well I suggest you untie your mate and come see Avery, she may or may not find anything at the very least she may be able to get a glimpse of something, a name perhaps.”

“Yeah the only name we managed to get from her is 46”

“It has a certain ring to it,” Aamon tells me and I elbow him.

“Is her wolf’s name 47?” He says with a chuckle.

“You’re starting to p**s me off Aamon, go, I will see you soon,” I tell him turning the key in the ignition barrel. The car roared to life and Aamon had vanished, misting back to his place. I shake my head at my friend, he always put me in a better mood. Now to go back to the person who I have no doubt will put me back in a terrible one.

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