

ALPHA, ALPHA KINGS MATE, chapter 6, Kings, ALPHA KINGS MATE,

Walking downstairs I sit on the lounge, Titus walked over to me on his little legs before pulling on my jeans wanting to climb up. I pick him up and place him on my lap. Tim walks in with Drake a few minutes later, Tim was dressed decently and for once clean though he still smelt like a rogue.

“He showered at my place,” Elias says, walking behind him and flopping on the lounge beside me.

“Ryker, I am truly sorry. I didn’t mean to hit her, she came out of nowhere,” He apologizes.

“Not like it matters I am going to have to kill her anyway,” I tell him, dropping my head back on the couch. Titus pulled on my chest hair as he stood on my lap before pulling on my face.

“Titus, sit down or hop off your uncle,” Tate warns his son thinking he is bothering me.

“He is fine, Tate. He isn’t annoying, he just wants to play,” I tell him.

“So why do you have to kill her,” Tate asks, wanting to know.

“She admitted to helping the humans, she can’t be trusted,” I tell him.

“But you’re letting Tim live?” Drake questions.

“Tim has a purpose I need him for,” I say sitting up and looking at him.

“How long have you known them for?”

“Her parents?” He asks.

“They aren’t her parents,” I tell him and he seems a little shocked.

“The woman said she was her mother, I didn’t think they smelt like relatives,” he says thoughtfully.

“So how long?”

“Just when the attacks started, I had never met them before then.”

“Do you know her name?” I ask him and he shakes his head.

"No I never spoke to her, she always came and went, rarely stayed long. She was a little odd, I watched her kill a few people so kept my distance and I never saw her in human form."

"Killed a few people?"

"Yeah ripped their throats out, she reminds me of a rabid animal," I nod, after seeing what she did to the bear, she did seem a little off-center.

"So you know nothing about her then."

"Nope and every time I asked her parents, I mean the ones she came with they would tell me to mind my own business," he says.

"She didn't tell you her name?" He asks. I shake my head.

"Said she didn't have one, that they called her 46"

"46," Asks Drake just as we hear movement on the steps. I growled when her scent hit me, her scent was intoxicating but it irked me now knowing she was a traitor.

Lana walks down the stairs and I see my mate step out from behind her, her eyes darting around the room before landing on me. She c***s her head to the side staring at Titus on my lap.

"Pup?" She asks, her voice a little raspy. She steps forward and I growl at her, making her take a step back toward Lana. She looks at Lana confused wondering what she did wrong.

Brax was watching from my eyes, he too shared the same thoughts I did, he didn't trust her and something was severely off about her. She stands there staring before looking at the door.

"Her eyes remind me of Lily's," Drake says, cocking his head to the side. I looked her up and down, she had the pooh bear pajamas on, her hair falling down to the back of her knees, god her hair was long. Ashley squeals loudly making her jump and I watch as she sticks her head around the corner of the wall looking at her, her eyes sparkling oddly under

the lights. Tate growls at her and she jumps back something must have irked him with the way she was watching his daughter.

"Well it is a little crowded here, I am going to head home," Elias says getting up from the lounge.

“Can Tim stay with you?” I ask him and he looks at the rogue. His shoulders sag and he huffs annoyed. “Fine, one night only, it will take forever to get his scent from my house,” Elias states, and I nod. I nod to Tim who quickly follows him out.

“We can’t call her 46,” Lana says, bringing my attention back to my mate. She was looking around again, her eyes watching our every move.

“What is your wolf’s name?” I ask her and Lana leads her toward the couch placing her beside me. She sits there staring at Titus and Drake comes overtaking him from me. Her eyes following the children made me growl at her.

Tate also not liking the way she is watching them grabs Ashley and Emery taking them upstairs away from my mates’ watchful eyes.

“Why do you keep staring at them?” I ask her. She shakes her head.

Tate comes back downstairs sitting across from her on the armchair near the fireplace.

“I asked you a question.”

“They take the pups,” she says, and Tate growls at her. She stares at him, cocking her head to the side.

“They smell like you and the other man,” she says.

“That’s because they are all mates,” I tell her. And she looks at me.

“You keep your mates, what for?” She asks. Making Tate and I look at each other.

“What do you mean?” He asks her.

“Mates are bad, they kill us for having mates,” she says.

“Is that why you ran from yours,” Tate asks her, and she looks over at me. But says nothing.

“Your wolf told you I am your mate?” I ask her and she nods.

“What’s your wolf’s name?” I ask her and I watch her eyes glaze over for a second.

“46,” Tate looks over at me before; Lana walks into the room.

“Your wolf is called 46” She nods before leaning toward me. She sniffs me before pulling back.

“You smell nice,” she says, and Lana snorts, holding her laugh while I don’t find it funny. How is it possible she has no name, her wolf has no name and she seems oblivious to what mates truly mean? Tate must have had the same thought by the next words that leave his lips.

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