

Damon by Alphabetical B Chapter 3

Damon's POV

"We heard Callister was kidnapped last night" The motherf***ing snowfall Alpha, Alpha Xander was sitting front of me asking me that stupid question with a smug on his face.

I've been in a meeting with this man for hours, going on and on about the pack's politics and security affairs. He's hell bent on knowing everything going on here all because he was sent by the werewolf committee of leaders to do an internal inspection of our pack.

Ever since he arrived here, he had been hell bent on knowing more about every pack member, those living in the pack house and those who decided to stay in their own apartment. I'd also given him the honors of going through our financial system, yet, this man deem it fit to still look down on me.

"Why is Callister any of your business, Alpha?" I asked, annoyance fixed in my words

"You do not talk to an Alpha like that Damon" He threatened

I smiled at his stupidity.

"Callister is one of my dogs and my most loved pet. I don't know where you got the information to make you think callister is one of my men but in case you need to know, callister wasn't kidnapped, it just lost its way and as it had been trained to look after itself, be rest a**ured that he'll be fine" I replied with the stick of cigarette between my fingers.

I didn't explain any further because I didn't owe him any explanations because I know he would have realized just how stupid he was.

"If that is the case, then I hope your dog will be fine" he shifted uncomfortably in his seat before he continued talking, "I wish to discuss a business deal with you and I need to ask you this paramount question, can I trust you?"

He was already getting on my nerves with his stupid questions and a**umptions.

"You do know I have no obligation to sit here and answer all of your questions, right? I'm just been considerate because you're a friend to my father. My father is the one who's supposed to be here, listening to your rants and You come into my crib to talk about f***ing trust. Should I remind you of who I am?" I yelled, right into his face.

Losing my temper is one of the many fine attributes I've got and I'm glad it always comes at times when I need it the most. How can this man come into my home and ask me about trust?

"I don't want to know who you are, Damon. It's not necessary you remind me of what you are. I know you and I've heard so much about you. You're Damon; ruthless, heartless and evil, but yet, you walk in the shadows of your father. You're a coward, which is no surprise about how you ended up being a f***ing Beta" He spat and o lost all control.

My claws came into view as I walked towards the Alpha like a predator walked towards his prey.

Before he could block the impact of the hit that I was about to grace his face with, it landed on his shoulder and I heard a crack before his face wrinkled in pain.

He was an Alpha; he wasn't expected to show pain.

I moved closer to him, pulled him up by his shirt and threw him against the wall.

"Need I remind you that I'm not only the son of an Alpha but also the son of two Alphas. I'm much faster, stronger than you, Alpha and if you piss me off, I will break your bones, one by one, pack it up in a bag and send it to your family. Do you understand?" I growled.

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He nodded.

"Very well! Good you know that. It'll be best if you stop asking me about trust. If you want to put your money and your life on the line, good luck to you and if not, use my door, other packs will receive you and your business deals willingly" I replied.

The man kept on looking at me as if he was pondering on what to do next while still on the floor, breathing heavily from pain. I ignored his stare and placed my cigarette in my mouth, drew a deep one and blew the smoke into the air.

"I heard you were cursed while you were still in your mother's womb" I smirked.

I wouldn't be surprised about how news spread in the werewolf pack, I mean, we move faster than regular people, so obviously our news should spread.

"By your f***ing goddess, yes. I heard too, Alpha. It was a really unpleasant curse but you know one thing, I loved how the spell was spoken and placed. Damn! That woman must be related to Williams Shakespeare" I said referring to the goddess.

For each and every pack, the goddess is worshipped in different forms, while others think of her as the sun goddess, we worship her as the river goddess.

"You're a psychopath"

"You won't be the first person to tell me that, Alpha. Let's get straight to business, when are you leaving this place?"

His head whipped up in surprise. It was the first time in his life that he would be walked out of a pack. I don't care if the f***ing elders summon me to a disciplinary meeting, it wouldn't be the first I'll attend and neither will it be the last one.

"Only when the elders want me to" I nodded

"Well, why don't we send you back to the elders without your legs intact? At least, they'll know you didn't try to leave on your own accord"

Thinking I was joking, he looked at me amusingly, until I reached down to the bottom drawer of my mahogany desk, and brought out a chainsaw with blood stains on it.

"You can't do that, Damon" he yelled

"I already told you to leave, Alpha but you refused and now, I have to do what I have to do"

I said walking towards him.

"I have uranium"

That made me stop on my tracks.

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Uranium were elements used in the olden packs, years long before my great grandparents were born to hide out pack from the outside world and that is why we have been able to coexist with humans while staying fitter away at the outskirts of their town but these days, Uranium has been scarce to find and difficult to use as this leads to the exposure of many packs to humans, hunters and vampires.

"It'll be delivered to you by tomorrow, tens of it, just make me stay here for one more night"

"If you are lying, you know what the consequences would be right"

He nodded. I helped him up to his feet and walked him towards the door.

"Your wife and kids still stay on that private island of yours, right? The one you brought a few years ago from that Italian, right" I threatened.

The Alpha angrily nodded and walked out of my door with his suitcase in his hands.

White angel is the name of our pack. My father was supposed to be the Alpha till I was seventeen. Once I turned seventeen, I was supposed to perform some rituals

to be able to become an Alpha, but due to the curse that the goddess placed on me and because of my hatred for her as well, I refused to take the oath of allegiance and there, the goddess rejected me as an Alpha.

Sadly..

Not...

That was exactly what I wanted to happen.

"Damon, the girls are here" My gamma, Tunde, rushed into my office and informed me. He was my closest friend in the pack ever since I turned eleven
"The Alpha wants you on base 9"

"Girls?" I asked surprisingly.

It was supposed to be one girl and I hadn't even expected the one girl to be here. I'd sent a message to that son of a gun called Lucas to make sure he protects his girl with everything but he had been so careless that he still let her slip away like this.

"Have you seen Bagon?" Bagon was the guy I sent to deliver the message to Lucas and I hadn't heard anything from him ever since.

"His body got washed offshore this morning. We couldn't tell you because you were in a meeting"

"s***!" I banged my hand hard against the table in front of me.

"Let's go" I grabbed my car keys and hurriedly headed to base 9.

Base 9 is a training ground for the pack warriors and a place of death for any stranger taken into base 9. Nobody enters base 9 and leaves the same way they entered. It was forbidden and if any member helped them to escape, he'll have to pay with his life.

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"They took another girl with them, she was with Lucas's girl in the car and they had to bring them together. The Alpha wants you to eliminate the girl" Tunde explained.

"Why should I be the one doing the killing at everytime?"

"You know how the Alpha is, he loves it when someone else has their hands in innocent bloods than his. You don't want to kill the girl"

"I don't f***ing give a damn about any other girl. Killing her would be easy"

I was on the edge of losing my sanity. Whoever had killed Bagon had knew of his mission, but one thing I wasn't sure of yet was if the person knew it was connected to me or whoever the f*** that a**hole who think he can mess up with me was.

"What about Lucas's girl?" Tunde asked

"Until we get there. But whatever happens before we get there is none of my business" I groaned.

We got to base 9 and pa**ed through the heavy gates before we walked into the building where one of my father's boys led us to the room where they were holding both girls hostage.

Tunde gave me my gun before I walked in alone. I saw my father crouched down before a girl and when I looked at the other one, she was sitting in a corner, her eyes everywhere, reminding me of a wild animal.

Not one glint of fear pa**ed through her face as she glared at my father, oblivious of my presence.

"Waste her!" my father walked towards me and pointed to the girl he had been talking to.

I watched her move closer into the wall behind her, while whimpering. Her ginger red hair was what first caught my attention. I ran my eyes down her delicate figure.

She suddenly lifted her head and our eyes met. Her eyes widened in surprise as if she knew who I was. My breath hitched and for the first time in a long time, my heart started breathing rapidly. There was something about this girl that kept me captivated. It was as if her big green eyes were ready to swallow me whole, making me feel different or maybe the beautiful scent coming from her was keeping me trapped.

Not bothered about how she knew who I was, I lowered my gun and for the first time, I was ready to break a rule.

What's the matter, Damon? Kill her" my father screamed at me.

"I can't" I said

"Why?"

Mate She's my mate. I told myself.