

The Daughter of Wolf Executor By Yvonne Dalton Chapter 12

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This will prove to be a challenge for me, if she is to move into my pack. There isn't a fear of anyone from my pack, telling her who I am. But more a less her hearing it from a different pack is more of what I fear. Being told you were never going to find a mate, doesn't make your mood swings any less delightful. When your dying father, reminds you that your fate is sealed in stone. You tend to get a little bitter, and bitter I became.

I have mellowed out some, in my years but its nothing like it should be. However I suppose being the hard a s s as she likes to put it, docs do something to keep my pack safer then most. We almost never have attacks, except for the occasional War bear. But even they have show less of themselves, in my neck of the dark woods. Resting our homes in the clearing that lies in the center for the dark woods, has proved to keep unwanted company away. However not all unwanted company understand the meaning of this.

Alpha Serge would be one of those men, he's a friend yes. But never the less, he is a pain. Always barging in, asking for favors and such. The man doesn't know the meaning of self-preservation. It never ceases to amaze me, the lengths this man will go in order to have his every whim met. As if I've said his name to many times, he makes his grand entrance onto the balcony. Thinking quickly on my feet, I move to his side.

"Serge." Laying a hand on his shoulder, making him spin around.

"What's this about?" Giving me an unknowing look.

"Do not use my title or first name, Jackson is safe" Patting him on the back. His eyes widen, till he takes a gander at the little angel.

"Aww, right" Winking at me. I feel like I should slap him, but I'd have to explain my?

"Fina this is Alpha Serge"

“Hello” Giving her winning smile.

“The pleasure is all mine” Taking her hand, he kisses it. I’d say she’s more than shocked, buy his

gesture.

“Jackson, where have you been hiding this lovely flower?” I swear if this

I’d punch him in the face.

1 for a good reason,

“He hasn’t been hiding me anywhere, perhaps you just weren’t looking hard enough” She coos. Serge has been rendered speechless, making me all the more proud of my first thoughts of her. Sticking

hand out to her, she bows to him taking my hand.

my

“That was very gutsy” I point out.

“Not really.” Heading to the food tables.

“Then what would you consider gutsy?” Picking up a cracker, as she pours herself some punch.

“Are you digging for info, Mr. Jackson?” Sipping the red punch.

“Perhaps, will you be so kind to grant me my request?” Popping the cracker into my mouth.

“That all depends on you” she hums. Oh so were playing that game, alright.

“And what would you like to know?” Taking another cracker, this time with cheese.

“Why is everyone looking at you?” Choking on the cracker, my eyes fly over the crowd, as they watch carefully. Shit.

“Perhaps, because of the rank I hold” Wow really I shouldn’t of opened that flood gate.

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“Oh? And just what rank are you?” Sipping the punch again.

“May me discuss this outside” Taking another look around.

“If you feel less threatened that way, sure”

If this wasn’t part of my master plan. I’d of snapped at her for challenging me. But that would ruin everything, and as of right now its not as bothersome for her to think of me as I lower rank. At least for the time being, but I see her being a little more open with me as is. And if I am to get to know the real her, this needs to stay silent.

“It has nothing to do with feeling threatened love, just none of anyone’s business”

Guiding her out, but not before tossing a menacing glare around the room. Watching as the room turns into a crowd of mice, is more enjoyable then watching the super bowl. Walking with her down the stairs, she stiffens at the sight of her Alpha. To my surprise she tucks herself, under my arm trying to make herself almost invisible. My first thoughts are, what the hell has he done to this beauty. Then if no sooner I feel protective over her, wondering how I should destroy him for making her cower like

this.

His arm is looped around, what could be his mate. The young Alpha isn’t much of a Alpha to being with. Receiving the tile because his father wanted to go away, with his mate. Giving him no rights in my mind, and even less with the way Fina is looking. The long red curtains, draped on the sides of the wall. Her fingers grip tighter as he nears us, taking another look at her. I see a raging ocean of emotions, fear, anger, hate. With my mind made up, I push her into the middle of the curtains.

Her eyes look up. then shoot to him. Biting her under lip, she turns back to me.

Grabbing my collar pulling me to her, red stained lips push on mine. Bracing myself helping block her from his view, she pulls more. His foot steps slow, as he tried to see who I have. But like any good Alpha, I’m not about to give in that easily. Growling from

the side, I warn him to move along. He does so, shifting my weight to the other side as I hold her frame to me. Keeping one eye on him, as he rounds the top step. Her hot breath laced with punch, tickles my nose as I look down at her.

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