

## Chapter 2

Zac's point of View

"Alpha, can you please sign off on these? The construction crew had a few issues and had changes to make," Paul asks me.

I grab the papers from my Beta and take a look at them. The contractors ran into issues, and it requires more material, and it looks like it's going to cost an extra 10,000 dollars now. I sign off and hand the papers back to Paul. The old warriors building was so small, and it was just unacceptable for what I wanted.

I could have made it work if we trained in small groups and didn't allow women and men to train together, but it's not what I'm used to from when I was Beta at Black Moon. The quality of ghters Alpha Jack Lavard has at Black Moon has a lot to do with the fact that everyone gets to learn from everyone. There are different classes for different skill sets, but getting everyone together can be valuable.

I also want to grow my pack; I only received the title of Alpha of Red River Pack just over four months ago. Before I became Alpha to Red River Pack, I was Beta to Black Moon, the largest and strongest clan on this side of the country. I still have a hard time believing I am an Alpha now. I never thought I would have the opportunity because I was groomed to be a Beta my entire life.

I would be lying if I said I didn't think I deserved to be an Alpha for many years, though. I knew I was stronger than a lot of the Alpha's I had met. The Alpha of Black Moon, Jack Lavard, was the strongest wolf I have ever met, so challenging him for his title never made sense. We also grew up together, and we have always been best friends. It was a hard position to be in. I had a tough time taking orders sometimes, and I know if I didn't respect and love Jack like a brother, I wouldn't have been able to do it.

I lean back in my chair, in my oce, and think back to the day that my life changed so drastically. The previous Alpha of this pack, Tim Johnson, gathered an Army to attack Black Moon because he was trying to avenge his son's death.

Jack had killed Alpha Johnson's son Derrick, who was soon-to-be Alpha of this pack. Jack was justified in his actions; any man would have reacted the same way he did. Alpha's are possessive and protective, and Jack was protecting his family. I would do the same to protect my family one day. If I'm lucky enough to nd my mate, I will do anything to protect her and our children.

The day Tim Johnson attacked Black Moon, he was unsuccessful. Jack killed him in battle, and then Red River was without an Alpha. Alpha Tim and his Beta were both killed. Malcolm, the Gamma, was still alive, and as the strongest surviving member, anyone was given the right to challenge him for the position of Alpha. I fought and won, and no one else challenged me. I kept Malcolm as Gamma because he seemed to be following Alpha Johnson out of fear for his safety and that of his mates. We seem to get along well, even though I'm not sure he was as naïve as he claimed to be.

Alpha Johnson lied to his pack so that they would attack Black Moon and Jack. I think almost everyone from this pack is grateful for the change of leadership after Tim lied and manipulated everyone and risked their lives. Even after everyone learned the truth, some were still loyal to the Johnsons. Tim Johnson left behind a daughter and a wife.

I offered to move them out of the Alpha quarters in the packhouse and into one of the small houses on Red River's pack lands, but they left Red River. I'm not sure if they were scared or just hated me, but that only made those loyal to the Johnson's hate me even more. I then had no choice but to kick out over 20 members because I couldn't trust them. Obviously, I've had my work cut out for me.

Since becoming Alpha, I have changed quite a bit around here. I have been working tirelessly to make sure warriors are getting the training that they need, to become better and stronger. After a few weeks, I decided to make Paul my Beta. He isn't necessarily the second strongest guy in the pack, but we got along well, and I need loyalty and trust at my right hand before brute strength.

Paul is probably the 3rd-4th strongest guy, and I have been training him hard so he'll improve. We train together for up to a few hours a day alone. I want him to be deserving of his title, and I don't want people to think he doesn't deserve it. He's hungry to learn, and I know he'll get there. He's already improved drastically.

Jack has been sort of mentoring me and helping me with the ins and outs of running a pack well. He does it better than anyone I know, so his advice is invaluable. He has stressed, as Alpha, we need to be able to sink a lot of money into the pack, especially if I want to grow it. I was so heavily involved in Jack's accounting rm, he has decided to make me a partner, and that money has been really helpful. Jack got me into investing in stocks and commercial real estate. So, between business and pack duties, I have been swamped. It's an exciting time in my life, though. I have about 280 members in my pack, and I have big dreams.

Knock knock

"Come in!" I look up to see Malcolm come in and closes the door behind him.

"Hey, Alpha!

"Hey, what's up?"

"I have to cancel tonight; Jenny isn't feeling good."

Every Friday, Malcolm, Paul and I drive into the small town close by and go for a few drinks at the pub. Occasionally we invite a few other guys, but regularly it's just the 3 of us. Paul is mate-less, and so am I, so on occasion, we ditch Malcolm to nd ourselves in the company of some beautiful woman. As an Alpha, it's really bad practice to fool around with the she-wolves from your pack. I remember Jack always talking about how it was a big 'no-no'. It would only make things more complicated for my future mate, my Luna. It can cause a lot of drama and problems in the long run.

"Is she okay?"

"Just the u, I think. Nothing too serious. I'm going to run into town to get some soup for her. I was going to head out now. Is there anything you need before I go?"

"No, go take care of Jenny. I hope she's feeling better soon. If there's anything I can do, let me know," I offer. He gives me a smile and a nod and then heads out.

I spend the next few hours in my oce, planning out my next project. Finally, I hear another knock on my oce door.

"Come in," I say, and Paul walks in.

"What are you still doing working? It's 8 pm. Are we not going to the pub tonight?" He asks.

"s\*\*t, I lost track of time. Let's get out of here. I'm starving." I confess. "Well, let's get to Peggy's so you can get a mediocre burger," Paul chuckles.

We walk into the pub and take a seat at the bar. Peggy's bar is the only spot for any locals to get a drink. The population of this town is about 5600, so even though the place is a bit run down, and the food is mediocre, the place seems to have a constant ow of customers, especially on the weekend.

The customer service is always great, though. Peggy is like the sweet and sassy Grandma we all wish we had. Peggy doesn't give us her usual big happy greeting as we walk in because she's on the phone. She seems pretty upset. I can overhear her talking to someone, and I can only catch bits and pieces of the conversation.

"I should kill that bastard. [Pause] I know I couldn't physically kill him, but I want to. How dare he? I need to get a gun with silver bullets." She whispers the last part. Does she know about werewolves? Is she a hunter? Or does she just have her sights on one werewolf in particular? I look at Paul, and he's looking at me with wide eyes. He's obviously eavesdropping as well.

"You're right. Send her to me. She'll be safe here, and I'll get that gun. I know. I love you too. Don't worry. She's going to be ne. Bye Darlin'," Peggy hangs up and then makes her way over to us. By the sound of the conversation, it didn't sound like she's a hunter, more like pissed off at one wolf in particular.

"Well, if it isn't my favourite customers," Peggy smiles at us and leans her hands on the bar.

"You say that to everyone," Paul chuckles.

"But I mean it when I say it to you two strapping lads," she smiles and winks. She really does say it to every customer that walks in, but Peggy has a way of making you feel like we all are her favourite. She's just so cheerful and welcoming. No doubt, even if this little town got a nice fancy bar with big-screen TVs and fancy furniture, everyone would still end up here.

"What can I get you both tonight?" She asks.

"I'll get two bacon cheeseburgers, with the works, fries, and a Budweiser, please," I order.

"Always so hungry," she chuckles.

"I'll get a big bowl of chilli and a Bud as well. Thanks, Peggy!" Paul orders.

We have a few drinks and eat our dinner at the bar. We call it an early night tonight because I'm exhausted and head back to the packhouse at around 10.