

# Read Alpha Desmond

## Chapter 1

\*\*\*Present Day\*\*\*

I walked out of the lower level. Scott, my Beta, reached out to me. Handing me a wet towel, I wiped the blood off my hands and arms. I also tried to wipe my face to remove anything that might have sprayed up. He opened the door for me and I walked into the main floor of our pack house.

“How did it go?” Scott took the towel from me as he closed the door and locked it behind us.

“Enlightening.” I smiled. “Looks like we are going to have a mini raid headed our way.”

I walked over to my desk and sat down. Pulling up my phone, I stuck my ear buds into my ears and leaned back.

‘Alpha Desmond, I hope to hear good news from you.’

“Victor, I’ve got good and bad news. Good news is that I broke him. Bad news is that they are planning on attacking the fey camp just north of here.”

I heard a sigh on the other end of the line. ‘What’s the plan?’

I chuckled, lacing my fingers together and smiled. “We hit them first.”

‘Alright. I’ll grab everyone available and meet you just north of your territory.’ The line disconnected and I pulled the ear buds out of my ears.

I called Scott back in. “Get the warriors. We are going after Alpha James. I’ve got all the proof I need to knock him down a peg or two.”

Scott nodded. “I’ll grab everyone for the raid.”

“Thank you.”

I watched as my Beta left the office. The pack house was quiet now, the screaming I had filtered to the back of my mind for the past few hours had actually been enough to lighten my mood. Grabbing a pen, I started to finish the paperwork sitting on my desk. It was rare I did work at the pack house but since I was here, I might as well revel in the peace and quiet that was not present at home.

My Luna had early on requested that our house be outside of the pack house. Her weak stomach couldn't handle the screams and cries coming from underneath the pack house. I sighed. I married her because her family was almost as prestigious as mine. Helena was the previous Beta's daughter and Scott's older sister. She was the ultimate trophy that I had paraded around when I was younger.

I had never found my mate. After the momentary scent in New Mexico, I never again smelled her. I knew I was destined to be the mateless end to our prestigious family line. Signing the document harder than I meant to, the ink in my pen blotted on the page. I took a tissue and dabbed the extra ink. My signature 'Alpha Desmond Wright' scribbled neatly at the bottom of the page. Smiling at the thought, I put the page on the left side pile of the desk.

In everyone else's story, I'm sure I would be portrayed as the villain and I was happy to play the part. I did anything and everything to keep my pack and my territory safe. Even if that meant pulling out claws, one by one, from captured prisoners. There was no method too gruesome if there was something I wanted. I always got what I wanted.

*'Alpha, Helena is waiting out here for you.'* Scott mind linked with me.

Sighing, I got up and grabbed the paperwork that was left and tossed it into my briefcase. I took it out with me, looking at my Luna. Her blonde hair was cut at her shoulders and she was wearing this year's designer dress. She was carrying a pink Louis Vuitton bag on her arm, the most recent gift I gave her. Helena's green eyes snapped to mine.

"Helena, you know not to interrupt while I'm at the pack house." I watched her roll her eyes.

"Yes, well I currently don't hear any screaming so I'm sure it's fine. We have plans to discuss and I thought I would pull you from this desk to go home and work at your *home* desk."

I had an identical office built at our house so I could still feel as though I was working in the same place, ensuring that I worked as optimally as possible. The only difference was the one at home was on the second floor whereas the one at the pack house was on the first floor. Other than that, the desk, clock, filing system and the furniture were exactly the same.

I opened the front door for her and she walked out. "This better not be regarding what I think it is Helena."

"Your birthday party, of course! It's not every day our Alpha turns forty."

I growled. "Every time we talk about it, I feel older and older. I don't know why we need to make such a big deal about me getting closer to my death."

She laughed and took my arm. We were walking across the street, a few of the people nodding their heads to us. “Desmond, you need to relax. It’s an opportunity to allow the pack to relax and not feel like you are breathing down their back.”

“Who says I won’t be?”

“The open bar.”

I laughed and patted her arm. “So, after all these years you *do* know me.”

“Our eighteenth anniversary will be coming up this year as well.”

“You know it means that I should get you an appliance, right? According to the handbook.” I smiled at her look of disgust.

She turned away from me, her chin raised into the air. “If you give me an appliance for our anniversary then you won’t have a nineteenth anniversary.”

“Oh good, I won’t have to get you anything with jade in it.” I smirked as she hit me in the stomach.

“You, Alpha, are in a world of hurt if you think any of that is okay. Don’t try me or I will throw you such a party for your fortieth that you will wish you died this year to not go through it again.”

I tipped my head to her as we walked down the street. We lapsed into a comfortable silence, nodding every so often to the pack members who acknowledged us.

Our little town was built for tourists. Bed and Breakfasts littered the area run by my pack, as well as tourist spots through the town. We’d kept the small town feel but were still thriving behind the scenes. We kept it traditionally colonial with white and red brick buildings. White picket fences and hanging topiaries with a center square in town, even a gazebo in the center surrounded by a grassy park. The big draw was the lake on the west side of my territory. We built lake houses and allowed people to fish and boat. Every summer we would sell out the houses to vacationers.

“Alpha!”

I turned to look at Ricky, my Gamma, leaning out of the door. He was motioning me to him and I sighed. Unhooking my arm from Helena, I walked over to him.

“What is it Gamma?”

“So, we have most places booked through the next couple months. Plus, we are completely booked for June, July and August already as well. The plan for last 4<sup>th</sup> of July and the Summer Festival worked swimmingly.” He winked.

"I hope that's not all you stopped me for Ricky."

Fear flashed in his eyes for a moment. "No, no. There has been an offer on the Magis house up north."

I narrowed my eyes. "An offer? By who?"

Ricky shrugged. "A human. Put in an offer earlier today. They say they willing to pay in cash for the whole lot. I know we don't normally allow humans to purchase in territory so I thought I would ask."

"Are they paying asking price?"

He nodded. "Yeah, I even tried to deter them with photos of the old shack that they called a house. Didn't work."

I rubbed my chin. The property had gone unsold for over ten years now. None of the pack was going to live there considering how crazy the Magis family was. The house itself was also so far north that by car it even took a half hour to just get to their property, not even the house itself. It was even sitting on the border. Now, it was just sitting in disrepair and uselessly costing the town money.

"Go ahead. I planned on speaking with Victor about the territory lines anyways. I am planning on pushing them more north, so the patrol wouldn't have to worry about running so close to the house. Goddess knows that place is a shit hole. I doubt they will last a month."

Ricky nodded and dipped back into the realty office where he worked. I turned back and linked my arm with Helena who had been waiting with an impatient look on her face. We continued our walk down the street to our home.

"What was that about?"

"Nothing you need to worry about. So, you said an open bar did you?"

Helena laughed. "Yes dear. In the town square with food and dancing."

I wrinkled my nose and she hit me again.

"Don't you dare, Desmond."

"I thought this was *my* birthday? Shouldn't we be doing what I want?"

"If we did that, no one would have fun. We would all be huddled around the dungeon watching you pull teeth from your latest captive." She shivered but it made me smile.

“You know me so well.”

She sighed. “Of course I do. Now you’re going to suck it up for your pack and enjoy the open bar and food and not say shit about how unhappy you are.”

I narrowed my eyes. “Are you ordering me, Luna?”

Helena stopped and narrowed her eyes at me. “Are you telling me no, *Alpha?*”

We started each other down until we both let smirks creep onto our faces. I relinked my arm with hers and we turned in to the yard. I opened up the gate and walked up to the white columned house we called home. Walking in, the ceiling opened up into the three story house. It was as white on the inside as it was on the outside. There were famous works of art and historical pieces littered in the room and on the antique pieces of furniture we had picked up over the years. Two staircases ran up to the second floor where you could see my office with its desk and bookshelves.

“Dinner at 6pm sharp, dear. Don’t work past that.”

“Yes ma’am.”

I gave her a swift kiss on the cheek and she leaned back in disgust.

“Sweetheart, your villain is showing.” She pointed to her neck.

Looking down, I pulled on my collar and there was blood on it. Sighing, I smiled. “I’ll take care of it before the kids get home.”

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