

A Gamma's Revenge

Ylyanah

Chapter 1 The Unknown Future Gamma

Zalia

My name is Zalia, I am a twenty-six-year-old Lycan and the future Gamma of the Moon Stone Pack. Our Pack is the largest Pack after Mystic Moon Pack, the King’s Pack.

Also, our Pack is one of the few Packs in our Kingdom that is a mix of Werewolves and Lycans, with my family being one of the Lycan families that live in our Pack.

Our current leadership each has a male and female Pup, but unlike what everyone seems to think, our future leadership will have two males and one female. Because I am the first born Pup of our Pack’s Gamma, it means that I will be taking over from my Father when they step down, something I have been training for since I turned fifteen.

As the future Gamma, I am smart enough to know how to take every precaution to counter any attack. Our Alpha has seen it happen over and over again during our training, that I have been putting the future Alpha and Beta on their asses more than once and I can see that our Alpha always had to hide his laughter at the embarrassment his Son faced.

Luckily every Pup in his Pack was raised the same way, and no one got angry when they got their asses kicked by me. No one ever treated me differently because I am a female; they always listened if I pointed out where they made a mistake and most of our Warriors have grown because of it.

I am very contented with my position and my Pack. The only thing that annoys me is the Pack Visits we have to conduct every now and then: I need to tag along but no one in other Packs even realize that I am my Pack’s future Gamma.

When we arrive at Sundown Pack, the Alpha and Luna are looking down on me, and they act as if I am the help.

This has been going on for a few years now and each time it gets more difficult to bite my tongue during Pack visits, but Alpha Brad had been very clear in his warning towards me: I am not allowed to harm anyone, just because I am better trained than most Pups I meet.

“You, get me some coffee.” Layla, Alpha Mike’s Daughter, is pointing me.

“Why don’t you get off your lazy ass and do it yourself?” I growls at her. Donovan, our future Alpha, and Gibson, our future Beta, start laughing their asses off. I doubt anyone has ever spoken to her like that and the dumbfounded look on her face is priceless.

Her high-pitched cry for her Daddy has me rolling down the aisles with Twilight, my Lycan. She is a fucking adult and she should be able to fend for herself.

Donovan stops laughing the moment Alpha Mike steps into the room, but there is no way in hell I can stop laughing and I don’t even try to hide it.

Alpha Brad tries to talk to Alpha Mike in a normal fashion, but Alpha Mike is demanding an apology from us for making his Daughter cry, and we just stare at him in surprise. Donovan actually does apologize to her, but I flat out refuse to do it and Alpha Brad knows better than to try and force me.

Alpha Mike is unaware of my temper and gets into my face, yelling at me to apologize to his Daughter.

“Why the fuck would I apologize to her? She acts like a spoiled six-year-old, maybe you should have raised her better.” I yell back at him and my Lycan Twilight nearly takes over control when he raises his hand. He is lucky that Alpha Brad steps between the two of us.

I would have kicked Alpha Mike’s ass if he had tried to hit me. Alpha Brad is very aware of the fact that I would have been able to take him down.

This is why I hate Pack visits so much. Some act like everyone owes them something and as if they're so much better than the rest of us. On top of that there is the way they talk to anyone who isn't of an Alpha bloodline. Would it hurt them to treat someone with some respect?

Other than that accident, some even thought I was there because I was Alpha Brad’s mistress, and some thought I was sleeping with Donovan or Gibson. None of them even thought I was there because I am Donovan’s Gamma.

I was surprised when Donovan didn’t correct them, but I blamed it on their Daughter who was ogling Donovan and her relentless attempts to get him to go with her.

I am grateful that Alpha Brad instilled a great respect for the Mate-bond in all of us at an early age: you don’t sleep with everyone that is willing and you certainly don’t sleep with someone from your own Pack.

I never slept with a male, even though many have offered but I shot each and every one of them down and I might have punched a handful of them for not taking a hint.

If Donovan or Gibson get agitated with females who can’t take No for an answer, they go for a run or spar at the training grounds of the Pack we visit.

I can’t do that because no one knows that I am the future Gamma of Moon Stone Pack and that means that they don’t allow me to train with the members of the Packs we visit. I don’t have an outlet for my frustrations during a visit.

I always envy them because I can’t even go for a run without a Luna or Alpha talking down to me. No one questions Donovan and Gibson when they take off for a run or some training.

That's why I chose to keep to myself during the visit—it causes trouble if I interact too much with those bimbos and assholes.

Aside from my run-in with Alpha Mike, I stayed quiet the entire time, and he nearly paid the price for all the crap I heard during the visit.

Another thing I hate about these visits is the fact that everyone tells me to eat less. I need the food to keep up my stamina and I need a lot of stamina for the patrols I run every day. I am a Lycan, it isn’t as if I will become fat and even if some of it sticks to my bones I don’t care.

Every Luna would tell me that I needed to watch what I was eating, that my Mate wouldn’t appreciate a Mate that ate so much, and that my Mate wouldn’t like a Mate with a size more.

Damn, a size more. I have a size six and damn proud of it, I don’t need to look like a stick.

Most of the Lunas are so thin I fear they would be blown away during a storm and still they complain about being overweight.

During this visit though it was almost every female that made remarks about my food consumption and from the corner of my eye, I had seen Donovan and Gibson laughing, but I thought they were just commenting on the females through their mind-link.

I am just glad that this visit is over, but unfortunately we have to attend to another grand meeting next: a meeting between the Alphas of all the Packs in the Kingdom and the Alpha King.

For over a decade I have been forced to come to this meeting. I didn’t have a choice though, our King demands that the future leadership of a Pack start attending after the future Alpha turns sixteen.

“Calm down, Zalia. You have two months of peace and quiet.” Donovan says teasingly.

“Okay, was it necessary to remind me of that? As if I am looking forward to spending four days with them and no way to get out of it or to get rid of the frustration by running border patrol.” I growl.