

Rogue Alpha Chapter 2: Contract

Weston

Two Years Earlier

Mateo and I are standing around the crowded room, waiting for the announcement of which construction company won the deal. This deal, signing this contract, could change everything for me, for my pack.

I've been Alpha for five years, having taken over the pack when I was seventeen and my parents died in a freak car accident. They had been on a much-needed weekend away when their car had gone off a narrow roadway and tumbled down the mountain, killing both of them. Well, according to the medical examiner, my mother died quickly. My father died more slowly, but since no one realized they were missing for two more days, my father didn't survive his injuries.

The pack was devastated. I had just started working with my father to understand the ins and outs of the business side of the pack. I've grown up in the construction business, that's what we do to support the pack, but the financial side, invoicing people, paying bills? I didn't know any of that. I was forced to take a crash course on business management at the same time I was grieving for my parents.

Five years later, the pack is scraping by. We have just enough to keep going, but if things don't change for the better very quickly, I could lose my pack, the company, everything.

I have maxed out every bit of credit I could squander to try to get this contract. I had to create the architectural plans and come up with the details of the high-rise business and apartment building that will become the pinnacle of the city. I had worked with architects as well as artists to create something truly different and beautiful, something that will draw

people from other large cities and other countries to see this unique building and hopefully, they will want something similar, want something that will bring my business, and the pack back into the elite construction world.

"How much longer before they fucking make the announcement?" Mateo, my Beta and best friend says beside me. He was there for me when my parents died. He held me together, forced me to go on and helped me lead the pack through the worst time in my life.

I look at my watch. "They said 5pm, it's 4:59, so hopefully it will be soon," I say, trying to hide the nerves and anticipation I'm feeling.

I look over and see Alpha Theodore looking smug as usual. He has gotten most of the construction bids since my father passed away. I'm sure that he expects to win tonight as well. The difference is, this time, I had nothing left to lose, so I'm all in. This is make or break time for me.

At five o'clock sharp, a well-dressed attorney type walks out onto the stage. There are five construction groups that bid for this project. There is representation from each of the five construction teams here tonight. Four of the five companies are owned and led by Alphas. The fifth is a human-owned company. Since the group that is financing the building is also human, the fact that most of us are werewolves doesn't give us an advantage.

The lawyer walks to the microphone and taps it, getting our attention.

"Hello everyone and thank you for coming tonight. Fosters and Woodward Financiers would like to thank all of you for your participation and willingness to bid on this incredible project. Each of you presented very different and unique ideas to the team but in the end, only one of you can be selected."

He stops, looking at his cards before looking back at the group. "I will say that never, in all the time that I have worked for this financial firm, have I seen a plan to build such an incredible building. The subtleties and

nuances of this building will draw people from all over the world to our city, and I, for one, can't wait to see it."

"So, without further ado, the five-billion-dollar contract is awarded to..."

A picture of the plans that I submitted flash up on the monitors all around the room and my heart stops.

We did it.

Mateo nudges me. "Holy shit. We did it!" he whispers, echoing my thought.

"Brownstone Construction, Inc." the attorney says, but I can't move. I feel like I'm in shock.

The attorney looks around the room, finally making eye contact with me.

"Mr. Brownstone, will you please come up to the stage to sign and accept your contract?"

Mateo shoves me forward and I shake my head, trying to clear it, as I step around the people in the room who are clapping for me. As I pass Alpha Theodore, he sneers at me, but I ignore him.

I did it! We did it!

After the pomp and circumstance of signing the contract, having tons of pictures taken while signing, while accepting the fake check that is nearly too large to fit through the door, and countless other things, they pop the champagne and begin to play music.

As we eat rich food and drink expensive champagne, the others come up to congratulate me. They ask me about my design, and I just tell them that I wanted to create something that was different and would spark conversation and media attention.

"Well, you've definitely done that," the human says. "I'm not sure where

the inspiration came from, but those are the most interesting building plans I've ever seen."

"Thank you," I tell him, shaking his hand.

The other Alphas also come up to me, congratulating me. All of them except Theodore. He's standing against the bar, glaring at me and tossing back shot after shot.

I stay long enough not to be rude, but then I look at Mateo.

"Where are you going?" he asks me, frowning.

"It's the weekend of the mate gathering and I'm feeling lucky," I tell him. At twenty-two, I've nearly given up finding my mate, choosing to focus most of my time on keeping my pack from falling apart. But tonight, there's just something in the air and like I told Mateo, I'm feeling lucky.

"Good luck," he says, slapping a hand on my shoulder. "They got us rooms here and its open bar all night. I'm going to find me some sweet little thing and rock her world."

I chuckle at that. "Enjoy. I'll see you Sunday. We need to come up with a rotation. I want to be able to start construction in one week," I tell him.

"We'll make it work, and who knows, maybe our Luna can help us by the time Sunday rolls around," he says, smirking at me.

"Let's hope so," I say, turning to leave.

I've just stepped outside when I feel his presence. I spin around and come face to face Alpha Theodore.

"Alpha Weston. You should decline this job. It should have been mine. It doesn't belong to you."

"Alpha Theodore, I assure you, I won it fair and square. If you don't like

it, take it up with Fosters and Woodward."

I step up, getting into his face. "This won't be the last time that I beat you out of a construction contract, Teddy," I say, using the name I know he despises. "So, get used to it."

"I'm warning you, Weston. Back out of this deal or you'll regret it."

My claws come out and I back Theodore against a wall. "Do not threaten me, Theodore. I don't take threats lightly and you may find your head separated from your body," I say.

"What's going on here?" the human asks, having stepped outside to smoke.

"Mr. Coleman is just being a poor sport at having lost the bid, that's all," I say, retracting my claws and stepping back.

"Ah, Mr. Coleman, you win some, you lose some. It's the nature of the business," the human says.

"I don't lose," Theodore says, so low the human can't hear him.

"See you later, Teddy," I say, tapping his face condescendingly before turning and whistling as I head to my car.

Time to go find my mate.