

## **Read The alpha who saved me (Quinn and Declan) Chapter 1 online free**

### CHAPTER 1

The Legend says that when the last Dire wolf has mated the one that the Goddess has chosen for them, not only will they come into their rightful powers, but they will also breed the next generation of Dire wolves. For many years, whispers have been going around my pack, and many others, of the infamous Dire wolf. Nobody knows if it even exists or if the legend speaks the truth, but they believe in the Goddess Selene, our mother creator, so it must be true.

The Dire wolves were the first of The Goddess's creations, but as time went on, the Dire wolves began fighting amongst themselves over which pack was most powerful, so Selene decided to create the regular wolves, not as big in stature, and no powers like the Dire wolves, but they could mate with one another. When Selene saw what was to come of each pack's future, she created the legend that we all talk about today. There will be one last Dire wolf who will be claimed by a strong Alpha from a regular wolf pack, and they will create a powerful Dire wolf that will be the first of the next generation.

It is written that there were hundreds of these special wolves, wolves that were larger than the typical shifter wolf, and had some form of power. Over the centuries, though, other regular packs got jealous over the Dire wolves and started to destroy every Dire wolf pack. Over the years, those that got away from the murderous packs would find new packs to join, so they could blend in, but one by one, they were found and extinguished. Rumor has it that there is one pack left that may still have Dire wolves living within it, and so the hunt continues.

The last Dire wolf and their mate will be the ones to destroy those who seek to get rid of all Dire wolves and will return the realm to its rightful place. This mated couple are the ones in which we should fear, because once they join together, they will be unstoppable and will be the Alpha couple of all Alphas. They will be the King and the Queen of every Goddess made wolf.

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My name is Quinn Night, and daughter of the late Alpha Lincoln and late Luna Stacia of the Dark Moon pack. Three years ago, our pack was attacked by the

Desert Sand pack in hopes of finding the mysterious Dire wolves; I am the only survivor.

While searching through all the rubble of the burned down structures, Alpha Declan of the Storm River pack found me when he broke down the door to the underground saferoom inside of our packhouse. My mother should have been in there with me, but she insisted on fighting alongside my father and brother, Dylan, the future Alpha heir. The Desert Sand pack was too strong for us, and we always prided ourselves for being one of the strongest in this part of the country, aside from our allies, the Storm River pack.

My father had told me to put a call into Alpha Declan when the attack first started. Once I was secured in the saferoom, I had pulled out the special phone that my father had kept in there for emergencies and did as I was told. Only, it was too late by the time our allies got to us. The Desert Sand pack came in like a tornado, wreaking havoc all over and then were gone in a blink of an eye. I only say that because I don't think I was even down in the saferoom for forty-five minutes before all went quiet and I saw the other pack leaving through one of the surveillance cameras that had not been damaged during the attack.

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3 Years ago

It was the day after my fifteenth birthday, and we had just wished my aunt, uncle, and cousins a safe trip home. That was the only thing good that came out of that day, my dad's sister and her family got out safely. My mom and I went back inside to finish putting the packhouse together while my father and brother went to the training ground to meet with some of the wolves that were ranking up in our army. It was like any other day in our pack, except I was on cloud nine because my parents had finally gotten me, not only my very own laptop, but the latest phone as well. I think I was the only one in my school who didn't have a cell phone. Now I can join all the group chats and discussions that I always miss out on.

I'm trying to hurry through all my tasks so I can go up to my room and talk to my friends when suddenly the siren started going off. The siren only goes off for one reason, and one reason alone; we are under attack. I freeze where I'm at and wait, listening for any signs of a fight. My mother, Stacia, Luna of the pack, comes running into the room I'm in and grabs my hand, pulling me behind her.

“Mom, what’s going on? Are we seriously under attack?” The only thing I can think about is that now I will have to wait to talk to my friends. If only that was the only thing wrong with that day.

“Yes, Quinn, we are. You have to get to the saferoom now!” My mother states as she continues to pull me toward the back of the packhouse where the saferoom door is located.

“What about you, Mom? You’re supposed to go in with me!” I remind her a bit frantic.

“I will, baby, but first I need to check on your dad and brother.” Her eyes glaze over for a moment, and I know that my dad is mind-linking her. She nods her understanding as though my father can see her, “Listen to me carefully, Quinn. Your father wants you to call Alpha Declan right away, so they can come assist, but you need to do it right now.” She moves the rug that covers the door to the saferoom and pulls open the steel door. Lights automatically come on and she’s gently trying to push me down the stairs, “Go, baby, hurry!”

Now, I’m really scared. I’ve never seen my mother like this, I can see the worry in her eyes and the lines creasing her forehead, “Come with me, Mom!” I plead.

“I’ll be down as soon as I make sure your brother and father are safe, now go!” She pushes me down just enough to be able to shut the door and lock it.

I stand there and look around the big empty space, feeling lonely for the first time ever. When my eyes land on the desk with the monitors hanging above it and a phone sitting off to the right, I remember that I’m supposed to call for help. I run over to the desk and pick up the phone. Luckily, my father had a list of contacts taped to his desk, so I dialed the number to the Storm River pack.

“Storm River pack, Beta Carter speaking.” Came the voice over the phone.

“Hi, I need to speak with Alpha Declan, please.” I say as nice as possible even though I’m shaking like a leaf.

“He’s unavailable at the moment, can I take a message?” He asks.

I can no longer remain calm, “We need help! We are under attack and my dad told me to call you because you are our closest allies!”

“Woah, slow down there, who did you say is calling?”

“This is Quinn, my dad is Alpha Lincoln of the Dark Moon pack. We are under attack, please send help!” I cry frantically.

“Oh \*\*!” I don’t think he realized that he swore to a kid, but it isn’t really relevant at the moment, “Okay, Quinn, we are on our way. I will round up our men and head over ASAP!”

“Okay,” my voice is shaky, “Thank you.”

“Now make sure you stay safe until we get there.”

“I’m in our safe room.” I tell him.

“Good, is Luna Stacia with you?”

“No,” my eyes start to sting, “She went to check on my dad and brother but hasn’t come back.”

“Okay, just stay where you are and we will come get you, honey.”

“Okay, please hurry!” I hang up so we can’t continue going back and forth, we can’t afford to lose any time.

All of a sudden, I hear it, the fighting is right outside the packhouse. I can hear men yelling and others screaming. I cover my ears but then I see the carnage taking place up on the monitors before two of them go completely black. I see our pack members being murdered in the streets of our town, children lying dead with their mothers who tried getting home to safety. I can see the monsters that came to attack, most look like rogues, but some have on matching uniforms. I squint at the monitor to try and make out the emblem, and when I finally make out the picture with initials, I sit down and type in what the emblem looked like, accompanied by the initials. Only one name popped up, the Desert Sand pack. It says that they are only a pack of seven hundred and forty-five, including women, children, and elderly. They shouldn’t have been able to take us on, not when our numbers our double what theirs are and that isn’t including the weaker population.

I glance back up at the screen, and that’s when I feel it, it’s like a rubber band breaking from stretching it too far. One of my family members just died. The

tears come down full force now, and they don't stop, because soon after, I feel two more snap. My family, they're gone!

All too soon the fighting stops, and things go quiet. It hasn't even been forty minutes since this all started. Our allies weren't able to get here in time to help. Looking up at the screen, I watch as the last of the attackers leave. Smoke billows across the image and I know they have set fire to my town. Who else has survived this massacre?

A few minutes later, I see wolves crashing through the forest line, only to stop when they see the carnage. I don't really know how long I'm down in the saferoom when I hear the door break open and footsteps hurrying down the steps. I slowly turn my head and see a very good-looking guy, with dark hair and dark eyes staring back at me. There is sympathy in his expression as he slowly walks towards me.

"Quinn?" He asks, his voice is velvety smooth, almost like a ribbon of chocolate silk.

I can't talk, but I nod.

"I'm Alpha Declan from Storm River. I'm so sorry we got here too late."

I shake my head, "No," I have to clear the scratchiness from my throat before I continue, "it happened all too fast. Nobody could have helped; we were doomed the moment they decided to attack us."

"Who was it? Do you know?" He asks.

I nod and point to the computer. I watch him walk over to it and look over what I found, "\*\*\*\*it! Desert Sand pack, I should have known!" The alpha slams his hand down on the desk, making me jump. He holds his hands up, "I'm sorry, Quinn. I didn't mean to scare you." He runs his hand through his hair, "They weren't able to do too much damage to the packhouse, why don't you go up to your room and gather some things. I'm going to take you back with us."

"I can't leave my parents and brother." I say as tears begin to flow once more.

"Quinn, your..."

I cut him off, "I know, they're all dead. I felt the bonds break, but I can't leave them here."

“It isn’t safe for you right now. Let us gather up everyone and I will bring you back for their funeral so you can say your goodbyes.”

I nod, “Okay.”

“Alpha,” another good-looking male with dirty blonde hair comes down, but stops right away when he notices me, “Oh, are you Quinn?”

I nod.

The guy steps closer and holds his hand out for me to shake, “I’m Beta Carter, glad you listened and stayed down here.” He says softly.

“Quinn, go on.” The Alpha orders.

When I begin to move, I can’t help but overhear what the Beta says to his Alpha, even though he tries to say it low enough, “There was an SUV just outside the territory that looks like it got ambushed.”

“Any survivors?” Alpha asks.

“No, five casualties all together, a family; parents and three kids.” He replies.

I gasp, and fall to the ground, “NO!”

Alpha Declan is by my side in a heartbeat, “Do you know them?”

I close my eyes and nod, “It was my aunt and uncle, along with their three kids. We saw them off just before the attack. I thought they might have made it out.” I cover my mouth, “I’m the only one left...”

“Carter,” The Alpha turns to his Beta, “Take Quinn to her room and pack a few things for her. I’m going to be here for a while overseeing clean up and whatnot. I want you to take her back to our territory and put her in a room next to my mother’s quarters.”

“Yes, Alpha,” the Beta replies before helping me up off the floor, “Come Quinn, let’s go get your things and I will get you away from all of this mess.”

As we get to the top of the steps, I happen to look out the back screen door. What I see, stops me in my tracks. Face down, at the top of the porch steps, are both my mother and brother. They were almost to safety, if only they had gotten a few more steps closer. They must have known that it was a lost

cause if my brother was taking shelter. That only means that my father was the first one I felt leave. I sway as I stare at my dead family in front of me. When I go to take a step toward them, everything goes black.