

Chapter 2

Finley's POV

It is Monday morning in the office and I am sitting at my desk drinking my coffee wishing I had a mate to share my mornings with instead of having my coffee and breakfast here at my room. I am 24 years old now and I still haven't found my mate. Most werewolves find their mates when they turn 18 or shortly after, but I have been waiting for 6 years. As if that didn't drive me crazy enough, my father is pushing me to take a chosen mate because "an Alpha is stronger when he has a Luna" but I won't do it. I believe in the mate bond and I know the Moon Goddess has the perfect match for me out there somewhere. I will only be a stronger Alpha when I find MY Luna. Not any random Alpha's daughter looking for a bed to warm.

Ever since they taught us about mates and how the mate bond works, I have been saving myself for my mate. Lately I have been having dreams of a girl with ivory skin, red hair, and emerald green eyes but I can't ever see her whole face. I believe the Goddess is sending me signs that I'll be finding her soon. I've heard stories of male wolves having visions of their mates before actually seeing them and it was always right before they found their mates. I can only hope it's the same for me.

I'm peacefully daydreaming about my mate, the bond we will share, and what she will be like when my desk phone rings.

"Rayner Engineering, this is Finn." I say as I answer the phone. Most people can't believe I'm 24 and own my own engineering firm but I didn't bust my ass in college for 5 years to do nothing with the degree. I hear my secretary, Bridgette, on the other end of the phone.

"Alpha Finn, you have a visitor. He says it's urgent he speaks to you right away." I glance at my computer screen to check my calendar. I have no meetings scheduled for the day so I instruct her to send him in.

I take a deep breath as I stand to walk to the door of my office and when I open the door the man I encounter looks surprised.

"Please come in and take a seat." I say gesturing to the chairs in front of my desk. He hesitates for a brief moment before entering my office and sitting in the chair. I give Bridgette a curt nod and close the door behind him.

"I'm sorry. Are you Alpha Finn?" the man says with discernible shock in his voice.

"Yes, I am. What can I do for you today?" I say completely indifferent to his surprise as I walk back to my chair. His eyes nearly pop out of his head at the realization. I stare at his gobsmacked expression waiting for him to state his purpose for what feels like hours.

"Well, I am Alpha Arthur from the Silver Mountain Pack and I was wondering if you could assist me in training my warriors." he says, pausing briefly to gauge my reaction. I simply nod acknowledging his statement.

"I have one hundred and fifty now but we lost seventy-five in a rogue attack ten years ago and we seem to lose at least five every time we encounter rogues." he continues and as he speaks about his rogue problem, I study him.

He's older in age. Probably in his forties with a short beard and brown hair with grey streaks running through both. His eyes are brown and give me the impression he is not a kind man. He is a few inches shorter than me so I'd say he's roughly 6 feet 3 inches tall and given his size no more than 195 pounds.

"How often are you encountering rogues?" I ask as he finally speaks.

"I would say attacks are happening once a month at this point. We don't know where they're coming from or why. We don't have anything of interest and we aren't a very big pack by any means." he states. He seems genuinely confused by this problem and I am intrigued by it.

"If you're losing five or more every time you are attacked, the rogues know your warriors are weak and will continue coming back until they succeed in their mission." I state and before he can protest or defend his pack and warriors I put my hand up to silence him.

"I have a bit of a busy week ahead of me with previous engagements within my company. We can come for the weekend this Friday to help implement a more aggressive training regiment." I offer and he readily accepts. We discuss payment for my services and training expectations before we shake hands and I walk him out of my office.

Something about that man makes me very uncomfortable but a big part of me was telling me to take this opportunity to visit his pack. After a couple of hours of paperwork and project planning, I decide I'm done for the day and pick up the phone to call my secretary. I just can't shake the negative vibes that Alpha gave me and it is causing my focus to decrease.

"Bridgette, I'm taking the rest of the day. Please leave any messages on my desk." I say as I'm packing my things up. I really wish I was going home to my Luna instead of an empty bed but anywhere is better than here right now.

"Yes, Alpha." she replies. I bid her a good day and head to the parking garage to leave. It takes just a short few minutes before I'm in my car and heading back to my packhouse to plan for this weekend. I pick up my phone and dial my Beta.

"Hey Finn, What's up?" he says and I roll my eyes at his informality.

"Hey Leon, get Tyler and Vince and meet me in my office in about twenty minutes. I got a call from an Alpha that wants our assistance in training his warriors."

"Yes, sir. We will be there." he says and we end the call. Maybe I should have told them about the bad feeling I got by just being around this guy. Oh well, it will definitely get brought up in the meeting.

Arthur's POV

"Hello, my love. I just left Alpha Finley's office. It went great and he'll be there this weekend. Have the girl make all the preparations for him. She won't be going to school on Friday, so she can take care of it." I say to my wife once she answers the phone after my meeting with Alpha Finn.

I can't believe the strongest and largest pack this side of the world is ran by a pup. I scoff to myself a little bit. He seemed completely bored with my presence and was staring at me like he was sizing me up. Not to mention he insinuated my warriors were weak. They might not be as strong as they could be but I wouldn't be needing his help if they were.

"What's he like?" my wife, Drea, asks from the other end of the phone. If I didn't know any better I'd think she was infatuated with this pup by her tone but we never really leave our home so I'm sure she's just curious.

I pause a moment to calm my jealous wolf while thinking of an appropriate answer to her question.

"Frankly, dear, he is very young, arrogant, and cocky, but if he can get our warriors stronger and help them be better fighters, then we will just deal with it for the weekend. I'll be home in a while. Love you." I tell her before ending the call to be with my thoughts. His judgment bothered me but not nearly as much as the rogue attacks are bothering me.

Whether I like him or not, the fact is I need him to help me make sure I stop losing so many warriors. While they're focused on becoming stronger and better fighters, I will be able to dig into why so many rogues keep attacking my pack and where the hell they are coming from. Maybe I could convince Alpha Finley to aid me in my pursuit against these rogues so I can live in peace. I will have that discussion while he's at Silver Mountain for the weekend, but right now, I need to get home to put the fear of the Moon Goddess into Iris to make sure she knows if preparations for Alpha Finley aren't done in time, there will be absolute hell to pay for embarrassing me in front of a fellow Alpha.