

HE'S MY ALPHA

Chapter 2

CLAIR

I fidgeted with my fingers as I stood beside my truck, the one Uncle Theodore gave me. It was an old rusty-colored beat-up Wrangler truck, and I had been driving it since I was sixteen.

Aaron volunteered to pick me up from the nearest train station, but I refused to leave my truck. I could have driven myself to the territory if I only knew the way to get there. But with the territory being surrounded by massive forests and mountains, the GPS was not working perfectly in that area, so that left me with no other option but to have Aaron pick me up and follow his car.

To say that I was nervous was an understatement. I think I was scared. And I had no idea why. It must have been the realization that, after five years, I was finally coming back.

Five years, five long years. I had been around humans for so long that it seemed I had forgotten how it was to live within the pack.

How will they react once they see me? Will they accept me? Does anybody care at all?

I let out a sarcastic snort, why would I care? This pack abandoned me when I needed them the most. I reminded myself again that I was just here because I needed to be. I'll be gone after I shifted, and I doubt I'll ever step into this territory again.

"Clair!" I snapped out of my thoughts when I heard my name and turned in the direction where the voice came from to see my handsome brother with a wide welcoming smile on his face.

If there was anyone I was eager to see, it would be Aaron. For the last five years, he never failed to call me and try to convince me to go back. He atoned for his abandonment by making sure I received gifts and cards on all special days.

He would visit once in a while until it became scarce when he stepped up to his Gamma position. He was also the one that kept reminding me about my shift and threatened to kidnap me if I failed to show up days before the full moon.

Aaron opened his arms, and before I knew it, I was already running toward him and letting him envelop me in a warm hug. As much as I didn't want to be here, I couldn't deny that I missed my brother.

"Aaron!" I cried softly as I buried my face in his chest, inhaling his scent. It had been so long that I almost forgot how he smelled, and how this smell used to irritate me whenever he gave bear hugs. But I can't get enough of it now. "I missed you!" I continued to hold onto him tightly as I mumbled.

"Clair, my sweet little Clair, I miss you too, sweetie!" Aaron responded as he squeezed me.

I faked a gag when I heard him call me sweetie. I slapped his chest lightly before pulling away. "Stop calling me sweetie, it doesn't sound right. I'm too old for that!"

He let out a hearty laugh before he pulled me into another hug. "You know, you would always be my Clair? Even after we have grown old and can't stand anymore."

I pulled away and placed my hands on my hips. My brow arched playfully. "Stop being mushy, Gamma! It doesn't suit you. Now take me home, I'm starving!"

He placed his hand on his heart before he bowed in front of me. "At your service, princess. Now get your ass in my car, and Matteo can drive your truck home." He turned around and signaled for the other guy to take over my car. It was only then that I realized that we were not entirely alone.

"Nice to meet you, Matteo. I'm Clair! Take care of my baby!" I called out and waved at him before he could close the car door.

I heard him open the car door again before he chuckled and said, "Nice to see you again, Clair!"

I looked at Aaron, confused, as we made our way into his car.

"I don't expect you to remember everyone before you left. You were only twelve." He let me into the passenger seat before heading towards the other side of the car. "But for them, they do remember you. That little girl who always ran away after stealing her mom's pastries. Everybody needed to look for you, otherwise, she wouldn't give us anything." He chuckled as he sat in the driver's seat and memories of Mom flooded my thoughts.

"I miss Mom," I spoke up while fastening my seatbelt, refusing to meet his gaze.

"Yeah, me too." I heard him reply in an almost inaudible voice as he roared the engine to life and started driving.

I hated this topic. I've been trying to deny all the emotions that came with losing Mom, so I diverted the conversation somewhere else. "So Gamma, huh? How was it? Tell me what I missed. " I turned my body on him to show enthusiasm as I waited for his reply.

He smiled and cocked his head before filling me in with all the details. We talked mostly about him and Dad, and how until now he had not found his mate. And that, as soon as he turned eighteen, he was thrust into the Gamma position, alongside Beta Gavin. That was two years ago.

The previous Beta and Gamma stepped down when Alpha Jake turned twenty, and his chosen Beta and Gamma had turned eighteen and had already shifted into their wolves.

Wolves normally shift on the last full moon before they turn eighteen, but Alpha Jake was different. He shifted on the last full moon before he turned fourteen. The Alpha lineage usually shifts when they turn fifteen or sixteen. For some unknown reason, he shifted early, strengthening his grandfather's decision to leave the pack under his care instead of his wayward father.

"And Jake? How is he? Is he a good Alpha?" I asked.

My brother narrowed his eyes and shook his head. "Alpha. It's Alpha Jake. You don't want to embarrass yourself if you start calling him Jake. We usually call him Jake when it's just us, but around the pack, it's Alpha Jake or Alpha Jacob. He can be mean if he feels he is being disrespected. And the last thing I want is for him to embarrass you in front of the pack."

I sighed before letting out a reply, "So he has changed."

"People change, Clair. You can't expect him to be the same boy that he was at seventeen when you left. He has seen and carried so much on his shoulder without a father to guide him." He continued to explain.

"Just like me, no father to guide me."

Aaron didn't expect that reply based on the sigh that he let out. "I'm sorry, Clair. I am really sorry. I wasn't man enough to stop Dad from sending you away. I wish I had."

I heard the sincerity in his tone that I could not make him feel bad about this whole ordeal. I placed my hand over his hand holding the car gear and flashed him a warm smile. "We've talked about this before. It wasn't your fault, Aaron. You were only fifteen. What do you know about raising a 12-year-old girl? And besides, I didn't turn out bad, did I?"

"Overall, maybe not." A sarcastic smile was printed on his face.

I slapped his arm before letting out a hearty laugh. "How could you? What's wrong with me?"

"Ha! Nothing!" He smiled awkwardly before scratching his hair. "I just heard many things from Uncle Theo. Nothing that you want to hear as a brother and nothing that..."

I put my hands to cover my ears and drowned out whatever Aaron was saying with my own voice. "Cut it off, Aaron! Don't believe Uncle Theo. He's too strict. I didn't even have a boyfriend! I dated, but that's it!" I tried to defend myself.

He laughed while reaching out his arm, pulling me into a side hug, "Regardless of what he said, Clair, I still love you."

I narrowed my eyes on him, my arms folded over my chest. "How could you believe such a thing? You know how mom always tells me to respect the mate bond."

Aaron raised a brow before he threw a quick glance at me, "Saving it for your mate, huh?"

I felt my cheeks burn in embarrassment. This topic was something you didn't want to share with your brother.

"I'm not like you. Man whore!" I replied before a peal of soft laughter came out of my throat. He laughed but refused to say anything more about the topic.

And then his playful mood just suddenly shifted into a serious tone. "We are almost here. Get yourself ready."