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"Let's go." Nick said, cracking his fists as we made our way to the Moon Light Pack, pack-house where we are going to meet their Alpha.

The pressing desire for closure loomed, a craving to conclude matters before the full moon's arrival. Yet, the intricate tapestry of ongoing affairs within the kingdom detained my departure. Now, with the luxury of time on my side, I harbor an intent gaze and a determined scowl, preparing to address him directly.

Upon crossing the threshold, a flurry of maids dispersed in seamless orchestration, poised to attend to every whim. However, amidst this choreographed ballet of service, my primary focus fixated on the Alpha.

He, in a gesture of respect, bowed alongside a woman of inconsequence. My indifference toward her was palpable; my attention was singularly reserved for the Alpha, as I sought to penetrate the veiled layers of his character, attempting to decipher the elusive motives that lurked beneath his exterior—a subtle game of reading between the lines and discerning the true nature of the individual before me.

I size him up, seeing that he looks like someone

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who would do everything Selene had accused him of. With the way his beady dark eyes tracked my each move fearfully afraid of why I was there to begin with. Yeah, he should be f*****g scared because I wasn't there for pleasantries.

"My King, this was a surprise." He said in a tone that didn't sound as confident as he wanted it to. It was trembling.

Despite his superficial charm and handsome exterior, the man exudes an air that betrays the qualities of a competent ruler. His demeanor lacks the regal gravitas one would expect, and there's a certain insincerity in the way he carries himself, casting shadows on his suitability for leadership.

While his looks may attract admiration, a closer inspection reveals a lack of the fortitude and wisdom necessary for effective rule. Alpha Archer is nothing but a slime and the hate I felt for him ran deeper within me.

"Yeah. That is because we are here to eliminate any problem the pack members are having." Daniel snarled, his anger also getting the best of him.

Upon our arrival at the pack, a disheartening tableau unfolded before me—a group of slaves toiling ceaselessly along the border. Disbelief etched my expression; Alpha Archer, cognizant of the stringent rules against such practices,

callously flouted them.

It wasn't an isolated incident; a grim realization dawned that other Alphas might be similarly transgressing. Determined, I resolved to personally visit each pack or dispatch spies to clandestinely monitor their activities, determined to expose and rectify these abuses.

As we journeyed further, we encountered downtrodden omegas, their gaunt figures draped in worn and soiled attire. The stark reality of their destitution struck a chord, recalling the night I first glimpsed Selene standing near my border, a poignant testament to the deprivation these omegas endured.

The sight fueled a resolve to address the systemic issues plaguing the werewolf community, transcending the confines of my own pack. I am going to do a better job than my ancestors did and that was what I promised my mother before she died.

"Oh, something is wrong, my king?" Alpha Archer asked, the fear palpable in his eyes which did nothing to calm down my fury at his cruelty.

"I'm here to do a better job than my ancestors did. That's the promise I made to my people and I'm here to fulfill it." I say to him, my eyes hard and my tone that of a king I was born and raised to be.

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"You know damn well what's wrong, Archer," I retorted sharply. "Slaves and oppressed omegas in your pack? What were the rules about that? I expected better from an Alpha. One under my name!"

Archer fidgeted uncomfortably, not able to meet my eyes, not that any of them could, Alphas or not. They know darn right who the leader is, "They are... necessary for maintaining order, my king. It has nothing to do with oppression."

He dared to say which made me ball my hands into two huge fists beside me ready to strike a blow to his perfectly groomed jaw. If I hadn't planned on making life hard for him before, I just changed my mind right now. He will suffer for what he did.

"Necessary?" Nick scoffed. "This isn't order; it's tyranny. Your reign ends here, Archer."

Daniel, seething with anger, added, "And we won't let the mistreatment of werewolves continue under your rule. You have been given two strikes already and you know what happens after that."

Archer, realizing the gravity of the situation, attempted to salvage some composure, his eyes widened when our words settled heavily on him. I watched with satisfaction as he tried to find words to say but stumbled word upon word as he tried.

"I assure you, I can explain everything, my king. It's not as it seems. Please give me another chance. This is all a misunderstanding." He said, stammering out the words one after another.

But my patience had worn thin. "Explanations won't erase the suffering I've witnessed. Your punishment will be decided after a thorough investigation. Prepare yourself, Archer. Your reign is under scrutiny."

Archer's face paled, and beads of sweat formed on his forehead. "My king, I implore you to reconsider. There must be a way to resolve this without tarnishing my name."

My scowl deepened. The mere thought of what Selene had endured in the hands of this man makes me want to trash him and talk less of what he is doing to the members of his pack. The investigation is only a protocol and it will happen in a day while we choose another Alpha for the lack.

"Your actions have already stained your reputation, Archer. The mistreatment ends now. I will not tolerate cruelty within the werewolf community." I say watching him flinch and take a step back at the menace in both my eyes and tone. Good.

Nick stepped forward, his voice stern. "You'll face the consequences of your choices. We're here for justice, not negotiations. You shall reap what you

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sow, Archer. And you know what I enjoy most? Bringing down people to justice." He grinned maliciously. The Nick people are scared of.

Daniel, unable to contain his anger, growled, "You had your chance to lead with honor. Now, prepare to face the consequences of your bestiality."

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Archer, now fully aware of the severity of the situation, nodded nervously. "I understand, my king. I will cooperate with the investigation and accept any punishment deemed fit."

As we left the pack-house, the tension lingered in the air. The journey toward justice had just begun,

and the resolution of Archer's reign would set a precedent for the treatment of werewolves across the kingdom.

I will make sure every single Alpha out there knows what happens to them if we find them guilty of anything similar to what Archer has done. I won't leave him just after stripping him of his title, I'll degrade him to an omega within his own pack so he knows how it feels.

The meeting with the Elders of the pack was brief because they were too scared to open their mouths to talk to me. I just asked them to give a list of names of people they think can fit for the Alpha position. The pack members are going to choose themselves.

"In our werewolf community, a fundamental principle governs the transition of power if the lineage cannot handle it; a democratic process where every werewolf aged fifteen and above possesses the crucial right to cast a vote, determining the successor to the Alpha position.

"This democratic ethos underscores the importance of collective decision-making, urging each member to weigh their choices carefully. The profound impact of recent challenges emphasizes the need for stability, making the selection of the next Alpha a pivotal moment in our pack's history.

"As the votes are cast, the echoes of past

struggles resonate, shaping the destiny of your pack for generations to come." Daniel said to the members of Moon Light Pack as we stood before them the next day for the vote.

For the next several hours, it was spent voting and counting on votes until we reached the final decision. I cannot wait to go back home and tell Selene and Luna what I have done. I didn't tell them I was coming here wanting to surprise them, especially Selene.

"We have reached the culmination of our voting process, and it is with great importance that we introduce your newly elected Alpha. In reinforcing the principles governing our community, it is imperative to reiterate the established rules that must be adhered to unequivocally.

"Foremost among these mandates is the absolute prohibition of s*****y in any form; this practice is unequivocally banned. Additionally, a commitment to the fair and respectful treatment of Omegas, irrespective of prevailing circumstances, stands as a non-negotiable tenet within our pack..." Nick went on for the next minute.

"I hereby extend the privilege to the esteemed Lycan King to formally announce and bestow the title of the next Alpha upon the rightful successor of the Moon Light Pack." Nick said, gesturing to where I was sitting beneath the canopy.

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I sigh, I didn't want to interfere but as the leader, I know I have to. I didn't smile, don't grin or even smirk when I took my place on the makeshift stage and faced the crowd of hundreds. They were staring at me with fear in their eyes, curiosity and abundant respect.

"The next Alpha of the Moon Light Pack is Luke Roland, now Alpha Roland." I announce, my attention falling to the young man that stared wide eyed at me then his eyes brightened with tears as he bent it.

He has won with over hundreds of votes and seems like everyone likes the warrior. One of his ancestors had been an Alpha before he was killed and another lineage entirely took over. We cannot choose any random person. We need someone with Alpha blood and he has it.

Now, this problem in Moon Light Pack is solved and Archer, Selene's ex mate is now a f*****g omega.



Author AR

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