

# Alpha Reid And Me Novel

## Chapter 3 C3

REID:

I'm starting to realize how much I hate paperwork. I've got a pile unattended to and I'm certain it will be that way until the motivation kicks in. As for the motivation, it doesn't look like it's going to come in anytime soon.

Perhaps I should have joined the warriors to hunt down the intruder they told me about. It could have taken my mind off this tedious work. Wonder if they did catch the intruder because I haven't heard anything from them yet since they began the hunt.

Being the head has not been easy over the years. I have tried my best to emulate my father's reign as alpha yet I do not seem to be getting the same result as him. Don't know what I need to do to make it better.

I suddenly feel a presence joining me through the open door of the study room I am in. As I am directly facing the entrance into the room, I have an instant view of who it is.

"Hunter, you're back," I say to the newcomer who turns out to be my beta. The man with a lot of ink on his body that has had me questioning numerous times what most of the inkings mean. Trust me I have never gotten a reasonable answer from him regarding it. "And what's with the angry look?" I ask him.

"She got away," is what he says as he plumps down into the only made available sofa inside the study. A brown leather one with a sort of fluffy texture. Mother got it for me a year back, stating it oozed both genders.

I am totally confused about what he is talking about. So much that I cannot fail to hide the confusion on my face. "Who got away?" I quiz.

Hunter takes his time to relax on the sofa with his head facing upward. He could be exhausted from having to chase down someone. But knowing him, I would say he is just trying to ease the tension in him.

He still has a glare mounted on his face when he shifts his focus to me. "The intruder... she got away. The lucky bitch got ahead of us by an inch. Wish I could have gotten my hands on her before she crossed that borderline,"

Something feels off, and I know it. "Isn't it strange?"

"What's strange?" he asks.

“That you let her get away,”

“Nah,” he shakes his head, “I didn’t let her get away. She was out of my reach... our reach. I don’t know how she did it but it felt like she was a step ahead of us,”

“So, in conclusion, you’re saying an ordinary girl bested you, one of the fastest out there. Tell me, was she in her wolf form?”

“She wasn’t. Hardly even had any scent to her that would make one tell if she was ripe enough to have a spirit wolf.”

I can’t help but fold my arms because I sure as hell am surprised. “You’re only making it worse by giving out the complete details of the girl. Don’t you realize that you just let an underage girl best you and the warriors?”

He shrugs casually. “Means nothing to me,” he says. “But I’ll still say she’s damn too lucky. If I had laid my hands on her, it would have been a different story. And she also had a savior which prevented me from crossing the line to teach her a lesson,”

A frown makes its way to my face. “You wanted to go that far because of a girl that I’m sure wasn’t of any harm to you or the men? Have you forgotten about the rules that bind us and the opposite territory?”

“I don’t care about the rules. If the rules were meant to be adhered to, they wouldn’t let her make the mistake of crossing into our territory,”

“I understand you. But your role would be a complete disadvantage for you. You’re a beta. So if you dare break the rules, it would be used against us. You know that already,” he doesn’t seem to care about me scolding him. Hunter never seems to care. “What did she even do that got you this infuriated?”

“She had a big mouth. Needed to tear it off her face,”

“You sure it wasn’t just your anger clouding your emotions? I know how much you hate those from the Green Dales,”

“The warriors will tell you how much of a pest she was,” he responds, standing up from the sofa in the process. “And I don’t hate them. Just their guts,”

“Still doesn’t change the fact that an ordinary girl bested you,” I say, shifting my focus back to the paperwork on the desk. I really got to finish up with this.

“You aren’t done with that yet?” Hunter’s voice distracts me from the focus I was about to have on the hell in front of me.

“Unfortunately,” I let out a sigh after that.

“How do you always find it difficult to get them papers done? Isn’t it mostly to look at them and sign on?”

He was right in front of the desk as he pulls out the receiving chair by the end to take a seat. He then leans completely on it, relaxing himself in that position.

“It’s more than that. I still have to make sure there isn’t a mistake in the works lest it affects the pack in future compilations,”

“Sounds like fun,”

I stare at him with a scorn because I have no idea if he’s trying to tease me. “You would know that if you tried it,” I didn’t mind being saucy as I respond to him. And with that, I decide to ignore him and try to see if I could get the paperwork done. Hopefully, he gets the memo and lets me be.

I haven’t gotten one minute into it when he decides to speak again. “Any word on the issue?” he asks.

I almost burst out at him to leave my study but the question he asks piques my interest. “What issue?” I inquire, waiting to hear from him. But the way he stares at me knowingly brings me to realization. “Oh,” I say, discovering what he is referring to without him mentioning it.

“So?”

I put down the pen in my hand. It has been with me all along, and now it felt like a part of me in some way. A sigh escapes my lips as I also do what he is doing — I lean back on the chair I am sitting on.

“Hunter, would you believe me if I say I have no idea what to do?” I start with that, bringing him in line with my self misery about a situation I have been trying so hard to handle.

“I do believe you. And I know that if you actually had a complete idea about the issue, you would have spilled.”

“The complete wipeout of that household still beats me. How could such happen under our very nose? And without even a trace too?”

“Which is why I wanted to vent my frustration on that bitch of an intruder. I still insist that the Green Dales should know something about it. Those bastards are so good at sneaking up on others,”

I shake my head to disregard his claim. “I’ll have to disagree with you on that, Hunter. Because we have a sour relationship with them doesn’t mean they would do such to us. They know better than to go against us that way,”

“You talk like you know them like the back of your palm. I can assure you that you know nothing about them. You have no idea what they can do and the possibilities of them being lethal discreetly. Thirty years ago, we have it that they killed about two of our own without a definite reason for it. And that was in the heat of the crisis between both of our packs,”

“You make it sound like this pack didn’t do something similar to them. Or can you explain why a young one was shot dead close to the borderline by a warrior from here?”

“There was a reason. It was for revenge on what they did to us,”

“Are you even listening to yourself?” I ask, trying to withhold myself from smacking the shit out of him. “Look, this doesn’t solve the issue at hand. Let’s find a way to go about it instead of arguing about what should or should not have been,”

And so both of us fall silent after that as we ponder the issue of a few days ago.

A few days ago, three days ago to be precise, a whole household was reported to have been killed. The reason for their deaths is still unknown to today and it is all because we have not found a piece of concrete evidence to establish our claims.

There was no trace. No glimpse of something that could give out the reason for such happening. Yet it did happen.

I have tried to analyze the situation to the best of my knowledge but nothing seems to be making sense. I’m sure my pack members have started to doubt my capability. And I won’t be surprised if they do so because even I would do the same if I were in their shoes, forgetting that it’s too early for that.

“You know what, Hunter?” I call to my beta when an idea kicks in. “I think it’s about time we consult the right body for this. We cannot handle this alone,”