

CHAPTER TEN

Michael's POV

"Your highness, the Desma pack is seeking your acceptance. They want you to get a mate from their pack." Zen informed me. I rolled my eyes.

We were on our way to the Desma pack. If it were left alone for me, I would be somewhere in the house, getting ready to pick Nora and Dylan up from school.

Now I'm going to talk to people who are not too different as lickens. Great. I never visited packs. Hercules, though my brother was also the beta. He did those kinds of jobs in my stead. He took care of the pack while I was on the human side, whenever I wanted to rest.

"A mate?" Hercules exclaimed.

I ran my hands through my hair. These small packs. I am always looking for ways to seek favor from the Faulkners.

"Will you honor it?" Hercules asked as he continued scrolling through his phone. I snorted. He already knew my answer.

"Don't look at me, Herc; this visit was solely your idea. You know I don't do packs."

"Yes, Agnar I said so, but this is the way you would be recognized and voted for as the alpha king."

"By paying visits to packs?" I asked

"No," Hercules said, shaking his head like he was talking to a recalcitrant child. I have told you, Agnar, that by paying them today, you will get acquainted with them. That way, when it is time for the alpha King to choose, you will be at the lips of every pack alpha."

"I told you, Herc, I'm not power drunk," I sighed. "All I want is for us to save my people. Be respected"

"Well, Agnar, you can't do that without power."

Hercules began to scroll through his phone like he had not thrown a stone into my face. I stared long and hard at him. He laughed at whatever he was watching. I sighed and looked out the window. Today would definitely be a long day.

"Zen, please tell me something else," I said.

And so they trailed off talking about pack politics.

We got there in the next 3 hours. We were welcomed with a royal ambience like I had never seen before. The alpha of the pack was an old werewolf. His eyes were dark, and his nails were so long. He looked at least 900 years old. I remembered Zen saying that he had just a daughter and that he wanted to be the Alpha, but she said she wanted to be the Luna.

My Luna. I watched as they did their ritual. They were all smiling, but I didn't smile at them. My smiles were for some people; I know that they were at home.

"If I had to listen to these men talk about werewolf politics, I would claw my heart out," I whispered as we ate.

"Get used to it, pretty boy." Hercules chuckled. I watched as women walked in my direction. The servers had every opportunity to touch me, but I didn't let them. My blue eyes weren't icy for nothing.

"Michael, what do you say? Will we get you a Luna here?" The alpha smiled, in that sinister sort of way. I was about to get on my feet when Hercules stopped me.

"Remember, you want to be the alpha king to protect your people."

I sighed as I was battered by my emotions. If I really wanted to be strong, it would be Nora and Dylan. Those were my words.

Finally, I made eye contact with the alpha. I nodded, and the alpha smiled. Just before the event began, I noticed someone. Ever since we arrived, she has been staring at me. Her eyes were not shaking or moving away like Nora's. I remembered Nora, and my heart beat fast. When I looked up again, the young lady had winked at me. I smirked.

"Quite the attention you are getting, pretty boy," Hercules muttered, and I chuckled.

After eating, we walked to the auditorium.

"So from henceforth, I declare this mate-checking ceremony open," the old alpha declared.

And the ceremony began. Mate-checking ceremonies were events that rarely happened. And if it did, it was out of necessity. It was done mainly by the royals if the heir to the throne didn't find his mate at the mating ceremony. The mate-checking ceremony was not always successful because the heir to whom this event was held rarely saw his mate. He would have to wait longer. On some different

occasions, they had seen a mate; she was an Omega, but she wasn't a Luna. This was because the parent of the heir didn't want her, but desperate parents would take even a rank lower than an Omega so as to make sure that child had a mate.

I sat with Hercules, the alpha, and his family as I watched many girls enter the room to check if she had my mark with the servants. It suddenly felt like he was watching a Cinderella story, but this time, I was Cinderella. I couldn't believe it.

The faulkner's mark was usually on the back, so that was why they needed a room. While some of them were shy about their affection for me, other girls were bold about theirs. They blew me kisses and exposed some skin to me.

just for the fun of it.

I rolled my eyes as I waited for the king announcer to give one of those stupid girls the title of my mate. Of course, I would immediately and vehemently refuse.

I couldn't wait for the ceremony to be over. Before it was over, I turned to the Alpha, but suddenly there was a young guy in their face. He looked like it had not been long since he transitioned.

"Mum, Dad I just want to let you know that if this goes south too, I am not doing any more mate-checking. I mean it," he whispered to the alpha and the Luna.

I shook my head. And maybe it was high time they started letting him take decisions on her own. Br was already a werewolf.

He was only going to learn if he was let outside the pack to see for

himself.

Probably he had said he didn't want a mate, and neither did he need one, but having an alpha as a parent was something else. My parents would never have made me pick a Luna.

"Son, you have to understand that the council of alphas agreed that if you did not have a mate, you would be crowned," his mother tried to explain. His father glared at him, but it felt like he was telling his father, "No, dad, not this time." It was when this little family problem was going on that the Alphas announcer cleared his throat after standing there for Hod knows how long.

"I'm sorry to interrupt your highnesses," he said, bowing.

"Speak, Sebastian; you didn't interrupt a thing," the alpha said.

"Okay, your highness, he said, looking at me this time, it's rather unfortunate that we couldn't find a Luna amongst all these beautiful women," and immediately I sprang up from his seat like I had been stung by a bee.

"Your highness, I'll now take my leave," I said, bowing to the alpha and leaving. I didn't miss the way Hercules was staring at me. If the situation were quite comical, I would have laughed out loud.

I swaggered on my way out. This time, I smirked and blew the girls kisses on my way out. I could hear gasps from the crowd.

On my lips was a huge grin. I hollered at my men, Come, let's go.

As I went home, Hercules couldn't stop talking about what had happened at the ceremony.

"So wait, Michael, out of all those beauties, you didn't get your mate," he asked as we rode home.

"Well, brother, I guess it turned out so. Poor me. Poor Michael, who can't find a mate," I said in mock pain, and Hercules and Zen burst out laughing as the driver tried to hide his car.

"Get out of here, you clown!" Hercules laughed as he playfully hit me on the arm. They already knew that, even though I was handsome and girls fell to my feet, I was the biggest bad boy in town.

"Yeah, guys, I am the happiest alpha in the whole of Lycanthropy. I exclaimed. And they laughed harder. "Come on, guys, let's go celebrate. Drink on me," I said.

When we got to the pack, I asked the maids to prepare a feast. Before I could get to Dylan's room, I could hear his little snores from his room.

Nora's lights were off. She must have come home late. Then I went downstairs and called all the guards. Then the little party began.

I grabbed a bottle of vodka off the shelf as Hercules was behind me.

"Brother, there's a package for you," he said, dropping the envelope on my palms.