

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Michael's POV

"Hmm, what's this? Who is it from?" I asked as I flipped the envelope around. No one answered. They were avoiding the question. I looked at them, but no one was staring in my direction.

"Zen, can you not hear me?" I glared at him and my brother. Hercules looked away and began to whistle. Zen took a deep breath and began to speak.

"Your highness, that is a red-sealed envelope. It belonged to the royals of every pack. Ours is black. This right here is a letter from the alpha of the Desma pack," he said.

I burst out laughing. "I knew he would have something up his sleeve. Oh, if only eyes were guns." Gradually, my laughter died. Nobody had joined in. Hercules looked away, and Zen was staring down at his shoes.

"Your highness, this is a serious matter. The alpha of the Desma pack might be an old wolf, but he has a lot of influence on the elders of lycanthropy. I sighed.

"Read the damn thing later," I said in clenched teeth. Zen took it from me and slowly tore it open.

"Greetings to the great Faulkner. Greetings to the Alpha of the Nexton Pack! It is with great honor and pride that I wish to say thank you for honoring the invitation to our pack. We understand that with your busy schedule, but regardless, you found time to be with us. As

we head out to vote for the alpha king, I wish you success as I vote for my favorite candidate, Jake Ferrell."

I grabbed the vodka bottle and slammed it right into the wall. It fell to the floor. The crashing sound of it is still echoing around the house.

"How dare he!" I gritted.

"Agnar, the Desma pack is the only remaining pack that has yet to be cast. You know what's more? They have the biggest delegate to the werewolf senate," Hercules said as he stared at him.

"Cut it out, Herc. I know you are dying to tell me; you told me so." I glared at him.

"Honestly, brother, I do want to say it, but fortunately for me, you have already done that," he said acidly. My blood boiled, and my hand shook. I badly wanted to hurt someone. I stood up and walked to the window of my high-rise. I looked down and saw Dylan and Nora.

They were playing on the field. And for the first time, I didn't have a single urge to call out to them.

There was no way I was letting Jake smell that position. I wanted to be Alpha King for one thing only: to save my people. Under the last rule of 1000 years, the last alpha attacked and killed my pack. It was not until I became an Alpha and fought them off that I was able to restore the power and integrity of the Faulkner Clan.

"What is the way forward?" I said.

"You have to do something for Desma's. Something huge. This will in turn shake them to change their minds," Hercules said.

"And what will that be?" I turned to face them.

"Mating," Zen said.

"What?" I walked to him.

"Your highness, that would be the only way that you would be able to get the full votes of the Desma pack. I turned around to see Nora laughing at what Dylan might have said. It was such a picture-perfect moment. I really wanted to be in the picture. I couldn't be there if Jake was the alpha king. He could hurt Nora or Dylan. I had to do what needed to be done.

"Deal. Send out a word to him. I will take his daughter as a mate." The gasps from the two men almost made me want to laugh.

"Agnar, what are you doing?" Hercules walked to me.

"Zen?" I said this without looking at Hercules.

"Okay, your highness. I will do just as you have said," he said, bowed, and left the room.

"Dude, do you in any way fathom what you have done? You are consenting to a marriage with a woman you have no single idea about!" Hercules raised his voice a little.

"Herc, you have to understand. Some things do not come without a price. You, too, said it. It's now that I see that I needed power to save my people and my loved ones." I am moving away from the window.

"Are you okay? I mean, what of Nora?" He pointed to the window. Gesturing down.

"What about Nora?" I snapped at him. I haven't told him about my

feelings for her, and right now, it's not relevant. She just needed to be saved by people like Jake.

"Do you think I have not caught you staring longer at her, like she was some food we ate during the full moon? I have seen you give her those long stares that could make a woman squirm, brother. What do you think would happen?" He walked to me.

"Right now, Herc, my feelings towards her do not matter. All I want is to be the alpha king." I looked away. I couldn't meet his eyes.

"Wow! Imagine who the power-drunk one is now." And with that, my brother walked out of my study. After standing for a while, I slowly sank into one of my chairs and immediately dozed off.

The next couple of days were packed as the wedding ceremony was in place. The news of the wedding was received with open arms from the alpha. I made several visits to the pack. The alpha couldn't stop himself from showing me off.

It was a feat to have more than just a Faulkner as a son-in-law. His daughter was getting married to Agnar. The strongest and most ruthless alpha to reign, since the past 6,000 years. I just couldn't wait for the event to be over.

A whole week later, I had come home with Luna. She was as cute as a button and never ceased the opportunity to show me off or be with me. This caused a strain in the relationship I had with my son and Nora. To make matters worse, I never saw Nora; it was like she was never there.

Aside from that tumultuous wedding, the alpha-king coronation was coming up. It was on that day that the alpha would be called. I had told Hercules to load me with a gun made with a wolf's bane. He knew the reasons.

"Welcome all, Alphas. It is time to select the one that will rule over us for the next decade and more," Racheal, one of the elders, announced at the werewolf headquarters. She looked over at me and Jake. Her face was void of emotion.

"We have counted the votes that have come in. The werewolves have decided Michael Dean of the Nexton pack." There was a roar of excitement and applause as I came up to say my vote of thanks. At the back of my eyes, I could see Jake leaving, and a smirk began to form on my face.

As we rode home that night, Hercules couldn't stop smiling.


"Do I have to remind you to say while you have that goofy grin on your face? Please don't say it's because I am now the Alpha King." And he chuckled.

"Agnar, you know me too well. Yes, it's not because of the Alpha King title. I am just happy that you didn't need to use this." He raised his suit, and I could see the wolf's bane gun lunging at his waist.

"Oh, that," I laughed. "That was not really the reason for the gun."

"Then what was the reason for the gun?" He asked, and I smirked.

As we made our way into the house, Hercules pulled me aside. "Agnar, don't do anything stupid." I pushed him off.

 +20 BONUS

I walked straight to the room of my Luna and grabbed her.

"Michael, let me go!" she cried. I took her to the center of the pack.

"Kneel Ari," I said in clenched teeth, and she began to cry. I put the gun to her head, and gasps and shouts could be heard from everyone. Hercules tried to touch me, but I pushed him away.

"Stay out of this," I warned.

"Ari, who is the werewolf that got you pregnant?" I barked.

"Are you crazy? She's not pregnant!" Hercules yelled at me.

I pointed the gun at her belly, and she fell to the ground.

"Speak!" I thundered.

"It's my father," she cried out. Another round of gasps.

"Take this thing out of my pack," I ordered, and I walked out of the scene. On my way out, I saw Nora. Her eyes were wide as she fidgeted when I passed her. I turned, and she almost jumped. I wanted to ask her some questions, but from the look of things, I bet it would have been a bad idea. [1](#)



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