

# The Alpha's Rival Mate

Grace

## Introduction

Every pack has its Alpha. Male and female alphas are dominant over every other werewolf in the pack. Alphas are the wisest and strongest among pack members, but they have weaknesses and temptations. If a person gives in to his weakness, then he is capable of doing unimaginable things. Things that went unpunished due to rank or status until the Black Circle was established. The Black Circle was a tight group of werewolves who governed the werewolf community all over the world. To enter the Black Circle, it had to be either by blood or if the council in the Black circle accepted you as one of them.

The Blacks, as I call them, are the highest ranking Alpha werewolves among all. They are responsible for enforcing the laws on other Alpha leaders. They are the Ultimate power and their word is last in progression and nal.

My father was the rst Black Circle Alpha. He would remain leading Black Alpha until death. He was strong, wise, looked up to and feared, but to me he was a great father. But like every successful person, he had enemies.

His enemies would later become my own, and another mythical creature known to man would also be discovered as real, discreetly living among us. Watching us.

I never had a normal childhood or a normal life. But what is normal? Normal is safe. Normal is growing up with your family. Normal is being just like everyone else. I wasn't normal.

I knew I was different from a very early age. I wasn't like Ace or my other brothers, and I wasn't like my sister Faith. I wasn't like Maddox either or anyone else. As the years went by and until this day, I still feel different.

Tomorrow is the day I accept my position as Alpha of the Golden Moon Pack and member of the Black Circle. But I didn't feel like it should be me. I wanted Ace to be Alpha. It was only right.

I wasn't normal because I am older than Ace, but he was born before me. I saw a lot of myself in Ace. He was my brother. My blood. Blood doesn't betray. That's why I never had a good relationship with Kyle, my uncle. It just never made sense to me how he could treat my father, his own brother, with so much hate. Maybe if my father was around I could let go of the anger, but that wasn't the case.

I couldn't imagine being cruel to Ace or any other one of my siblings, no matter how different I was. At the end of the day, they were my family. Ace and I had fun when we hung out and we had some things in common. We were both mateless and we both didn't care for the Alpha title. Our differences were many. One significant difference was that Ace was eager to find his mate, while I couldn't fathom the idea at all.

There was only one thing I was bent on achieving. Nevertheless, the thought of someone else choosing who I belong with is messed up. It's f\*\*\*\*d up not only to be with one person, but someone else picking that person and not having a say in the matter. We should be able to choose for ourselves who we want to f\*\*k. Sorry, who we want to spend the rest of our lives with.

I told you I wasn't normal.

I wasn't normal because, unlike every other person, I had two mothers. I call both the Moon Goddess and Hope, mother. I have two different relationships with each of them. Growing up, the Moon Goddess helped me find my strength. She was my power. She guided me from infancy and she led me home. My mother, Hope, was my inner peace, my calm, my safe place and she led me to who I am today, with her undying love for me. She never gave up on us and she never gave up on my father, even after he was gone.

My father wanted me to be Alpha. I watched so many mother fuckers betray my mother and father. That's the only reason I entertained the idea of accepting my Alpha position. Long ago, I made a promise to the Moon Goddess, that if anyone tried to mess with my family, I would make sure they got f\*\*\*\*d and stay f\*\*\*\*d until they rotted in hell. My only mission in life was to find my father and bring him back home. I made an oath to myself that whoever took him away from us would suffer for putting my family through the hell we've been going through. Hope, my mother, constantly told me to remember who I was and what my purpose was. I knew who I was, but I wasn't completely in tune with my purpose, yet. The only purpose I could think of was revenge.

I am bent but not broken. I am scarred but not disfigured. I am my father's first son but I was never born. I am Aiden Black.