

Read Novel Finding Her True Alpha Chapter 2

Finding Her True Alpha Chapter 2-Ashlyn

I don't remember walking into my house. My Aunt Grace was sitting in her chair reading one of her romance novels. She must not have a shift at the pack hospital today. She looked up from her book when I entered the foyer.

"Ashlyn? What are you doing at home already?" She asked, looking at her watch.

I sat down on the couch across from her chair and told her everything that had happened. The tears never came by the time I finished. I must be in shock. It's hard to explain the level of betrayal I was now feeling. I've known both of them for ten years. I was having a hard time comprehending everything that had just happened today. And it was barely ten in the morning.

Ian was my best friend. We did everything together until his mother died. Then he started to pull away from me. I should have known something was wrong. I should have questioned him. But I never thought that he would cheat on me, especially not with Nicole. He never enjoyed hanging out with her before, but I guess that was all a lie.

Aunt Grace told me to go upstairs, pack a bag and to meet her in the kitchen. She was going to call my uncle to let him know we were taking a brief trip into the human city, a couple of hours away from us.

I don't remember getting in the passenger seat of my aunt's SUV, or leaving the pack border. I was so stuck in my thoughts. How the hell can you say you love someone and then sleep with their "best friend"? I can truly say I loved Ian. I loved being around him and I hated it when we were apart.

I had to shut off my phone since Ian wouldn't stop calling or texting me. I even had to block the mindlink since it kept buzzing and it was giving me a headache. A mindlink is a way the pack can communicate through our thoughts. It has a distance restriction, so it will go away when we are out of range.

My Aunt placed a shoe box on my lap. Looking away from the window, I looked at her and then at the box. I didn't even realize she had a shoe box on her lap while she was driving. I was so lost in my pain, unable to focus on anything else.

"What is this?" I asked.

"Just open it," she answered, looking back at the road.

Opening the box, I noticed it had a bunch of documents and some old photos. I can see my birth certificate, and maybe some bank documents. After a few minutes of flipping through everything, I noticed a photograph of my parents and me. I had also noticed a few pictures of me at the lake with a boy about my age, but I couldn't remember him.

“I took that picture of the three of you before you came back with me for your visit.” She told me.

“What is all of this?” I asked, motioning to the box in my lap.

“This is everything that your parents and pack left you. We will go to the bank when we get to the city to get everything switched over. Then we can also go shopping and get you everything you might need or want. While you’ve been sitting there, have you decided what you want to do, where you want to go?”

“I don’t know. It’s not like I have lots of money, and you’re my only family. I always thought I’d stay in Blue moon with....” I couldn’t even speak his name. I feel like such an i****t to think that the future Alpha could actually care about someone like me.

No one in that pack knew I was to be the Alpha of Emerald Lake until I rejected Ian. You have to use your full name and title to break the bond. I’m of pure Alpha blood. I should have been the perfect Luna. But there’s no way I could go back there after that humiliation.

“I will never be with a cheater. We are worth so much more.” Tundra growled.

“I know we are, but I just never thought that I’d live my life without Ian.”

Staring out the window, I thought about my future. The Alpha King had a university-type school. Maybe I can take some classes. I’ll definitely need to find a new pack since there’s no way I can stay in my current pack. I will never submit to Ian or Nicole.

We finally arrived at the bank. It was a massive building. It was at least 20 floors. The entire building looked like they built it from glass panels. Aunt Grace parked the SUV down the street from the bank, and there were buildings everywhere. I assume we are in the downtown area of the city.

“Ashlyn, bring the box and your wallet with us, please?” She asked before exiting the SUV.

Grabbing the box and my purse, we made our way up the street and into the bank. It was just as massive on the inside, with white marble and dark oak desks. There were crystal chandeliers hanging from the 12-foot ceilings, and I wasn’t expecting the bank to look like that.

Aunt Grace walked up to reception and asked to speak to Mr. Allen Fisher about the Knight account. The woman immediately picked up her phone to place a call, or maybe to page Mr. Fisher. She stood up and instructed that we follow her. The woman was young, with long dark hair and brown eyes. She’s dressed in a pencil skirt down past her knees, a white blouse and a pair of black heels.

We walked over to an elevator that was at the back of the giant first floor. The receptionist pushed the button, and the doors opened. We all stepped in and she scanned her keycard and hit the 20.

It took us a few minutes to get up to the 20th floor. Why would we need to see a banker on the 20th floor? Were my parents really that wealthy? I remember little since I was only 8 years old when they passed away. I was too young to learn the business side of running a pack, including the finances. My father started training me, though. It's never too early to learn how to kick a.s.s. But I remember we had stuff, but nothing flashy. If we had money, I didn't noticed, or I was too young.

The elevator doors opened to a grand foyer with a dark oak desk and massive dark oak doors stood behind it. Aunt Grace and I stepped out of the elevator.

"Mr. Fisher should be out to greet you in a moment." The reception told us.

"Thank you," my aunt said before the doors closed and she was gone.

As soon as I turned away from the elevator, the massive doors behind the desk opened up. In walked a man. I could smell he was a wolf. He's tall, with dark brown hair cut short on the sides and styled on top. He has deep brown eyes and a glowing tan. Wolves age differently, but I assume he's around 40 years old. He was wearing a navy suit with a lighter blue shirt and a dark blue tie. And very fancy black shoes.

"Oh, Grace, it's so good to see you." He said to my aunt, shaking her hand.

"This must be Ashlyn Knight?" He turned his attention to me. He extended his hand out, and I shook it.

"I'm Allen Fisher. You, my dear, look so much like your mother."

"Thank you", I told him with a smile.

"Come, we have so much to discuss," he said before he led us into his office.

Mr. Fisher's office was enormous. Floor to ceiling windows covered two walls and then bookshelves covered the other two, which were full of books. There was a massive dark oak desk with two chairs at the front of it. It also had a seating area with black leather couches and a TV hung on the wall. There was also a bar area by where the TV hung.

"Please, have a seat, you two. Would you like anything?" He asked.

"I would love a coffee, please? If it's not too much trouble. I've had a long morning." I asked him.

"Of course, my dear. Let me mindlink my assistant, and he will bring some coffees."

"Thank you." I nodded.

“So I’m assuming you have all the documents, birth certificate and ID. While we wait for coffee, I’ll get started by transferring accounts into your name.” He asked.

Aunt Grace took the box I placed on my lap and went through it for all the documents. I reached into my purse so I could hand Mr. Fisher my driver’s license.

“Wonderful.” He stated, and then he went to his computer and started typing. I looked over at my aunt. She reached over and grabbed my hand.

“Everything is going to be okay,” she told me.

Just then, a younger man wearing a dark blue suit with a white dress shirt walked into the office. He has dirty blond hair cut short and blue eyes. The man was very good looking and you could see all his hardened muscles under his clothes. He seemed to be around 25 years old. He walked over to the desk and handed out our coffees.

“Thank you, Rogers. Grace, Ashlyn, this is my assistant, Blake Rogers.” He introduced us. We both shook hands while Mr. Fisher continued the introduction.

“Miss Ashlyn is here to claim the Knight account.” Mr. Fisher continues. Blake raised an eyebrow at me and smirked. He was studying me intently. I looked away from him, confused, and turned my attention back to Mr. Fisher.

“Mr. Fisher, I’m not sure why the Knight account, or I guess my account, is so important?” Mr. Fisher looked away from his computer to look at me, and then he turned his attention to my aunt.

“You haven’t told her?” He asked her.

“Haven’t told me what?” I asked her, turning my body to look at her.

“Rogers, why don’t we finish all this paperwork in your office and give these ladies a chance to talk?” Mr. Fisher stood from his chair, walking to his office door with Rogers on his heels. When I heard the door click, I grabbed my coffee that Blake had brought in and took a sip. Today has been way too stressful. I held my coffee in my lap and turned to face my aunt. She was looking down at her interlaced fingers on her lap.

“Aunt Grace, what are you not telling me?”

