

# Letters Sent To Eternity

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Chapter 16

12 – Ryker

I managed to expend just enough energy to finally get some rest. Honestly, no woman has ever truly captivated my attention, and for me, oral sex has always been more about releasing built-up tension than anything else. Being an Alpha comes with a naturally high sex drive, so even when I was younger, I found myself exploring and testing boundaries. Still, most of my time was spent alone in my room, while my friends at school seemed to have plenty of stories to share. I lived through their experiences vicariously. I was always guarded about my personal life; you could never be too careful. Even your closest friends might have ears tuned to gossip, ready to spread rumors that could cause trouble. So, I learned to keep quiet and just listen. My silence was often misinterpreted as tacit approval of their assumptions about my conquests, and I never bothered to correct them. My bedroom escapades aren't as wild as the rumors suggest, but I'm no saint either. I just let those whispers work in my favor.

This morning, I met Edward for breakfast. He looked worn out, more than usual. I suspect he's been pushing himself to make sure his pack is fully settled before he lets down his guard. Later, we gathered with the elders to finalize the pack transfer. The ceremony is similar to inducting a new member. They made small cuts on my arms, collecting a bit of blood in a cup, and I recited the oath of fealty before Edward drank the blood, sealing the bond between our packs. I could feel the connection growing among the new members, a tangible link forming. I'm relieved we've moved on from the old ways—new members used to have to bite the Alpha to draw blood. Given how I take on packs, I don't think I could handle that anymore.

I informed my Beta that I'd be staying through the weekend to monitor Edward's condition and see if he improves. I also requested additional soldiers to be stationed here. Even though I eliminated several key threats last night, it doesn't guarantee everyone got the message. I need to ensure this place is secure before I head out anywhere else.

As I headed back to my room to change for a workout, I noticed my sister had tried calling me twice already this morning. What could be so urgent at this hour? I opened my voicemail and had to pull the phone away as her frantic voice filled the receiver. The first message was difficult to decipher through her panic, but the second was calmer and clearer.

She's found her mate and is on her way to meet his family. He's destined to be an Alpha in our alliance, at least, so I know his family, though she never mentioned his name. She wants to know when I'll be back because she's bringing him home to meet me.

I sank down onto my bed slowly, overwhelmed by a mix of emotions. My baby sister has found her mate. Part of me is thrilled—there's finally someone out there who will protect her and love her better than I ever could. But another part of me is furious at the thought of any man laying hands on her in that intimate way.

If I'm honest, there's a twinge of jealousy too. She's only been searching for two years, while I've been waiting—or rather, sensing—the presence of a mate for eight years. No, not exactly waiting. I've been able to feel the pull of a mate for eight years, but I don't want one. Mates bring complications, too many problems.

I know eventually I'll need a mate to produce heirs, but I'm in no hurry. I can pretend for everyone else that I'm fine, telling myself the Moon Goddess will send her when I'm ready. But a dark thought creeps in—what if there isn't someone meant for me? What if she was taken from me before I even had a chance to know her? My heart races at the idea, and my wolf whines softly in response. What if the Moon Goddess deems me unworthy of a mate because I think it's too much work to keep one safe? I shake my head, trying to banish the negative thoughts. Even thinking about a mate feels like more trouble than it's worth. This is exactly why I don't want one.

I quickly fire off a message to my sister, telling her I've got some unexpected business to handle but should be back in the next day or so. I tell her she can head home with her new mate and any pack members she feels are important to bring along.

I want to celebrate with her one last time before she leaves me and steps into her new role, standing beside her mate to help lead a pack of her own. I also want to meet every wolf who will be responsible for her safety. They'd better meet my standards—or I'll be adding a few more warriors to their ranks.

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## Chapter 17

I inhaled deeply, steadying my racing thoughts before addressing the entire Oak Lake Pack—my new pack, now under my command.

“Attention, members of the Oak Lake Pack. I am Alpha Ryker Tryn of the Dark Moon Pack. I have been working closely with Alpha Edward to ensure a smooth transition for all of you to join my leadership. I understand some of you disagree with your Alpha's decision. Many of those dissenters were dealt with last night. If anyone else wishes to challenge my authority over this pack, meet me at the training grounds in one hour. I promise to lead you with honor and hope to be even half the leader Alpha Edward has been to you.”

I released the mindlink. That message alone should make it clear that I have taken control of the pack and that resistance is futile. Still, I expected a few stubborn fools to test their luck, thinking they must fight for the pack's honor. Let them come. If their intentions are truly pure, if they fight for the pack's well-being, I will allow them to live. Their loyalty can be shaped and refined. But if they approach me with hatred and greed in their eyes, seeking power for themselves, I will not hesitate to eliminate them. The world already has enough of that poison.

As I had anticipated, four men and one woman arrived at the training grounds. One of the men was there simply to see if he could best me—a cocky fool who underestimated my reputation. He didn't last long, falling quickly without me needing to exert much effort. The others, including the woman, fought with genuine honor and dedication to their pack. They earned their places in my ranks, ready to defend this territory and any others I designate.

The woman, in particular, impressed me with her skill and tenacity. I made a mental note to speak with my Delta about possibly recruiting her as a trainer. Of course, I would need to ensure she was willing to relocate and travel before making any decisions. I wasn't about to force anyone into something they didn't want.

After the bouts, I headed to the gym for a full workout. There's something about shutting out the world and pushing my body to its limits that helps clear my mind. I enjoy sparring, but it's always accompanied by the noise of voices—strategizing, analyzing. Being alone, focusing solely on my own rhythm and thoughts, is a rare and cherished escape.

As I made my way back to the packhouse, taking in the familiar sights of Main Street, a warrior suddenly came running toward me, urgency in his stride.

“Alpha! Alpha! We've been trying to reach you. It's Alpha Edward—he needs you.”

I quickened my pace, falling into step beside the warrior and letting him lead the way. Though I could easily track by scent, following him spared me from guessing the route.

We burst through the front doors, and I headed straight to Edward's room. There, he was surrounded by his Beta, Gamma, Delta, and their families—an intimate gathering heavy with unspoken tension.

“Alpha Ryker, it's good to see you,” Edward greeted me with a faint smile. “I hear you've had an eventful day.”

“That I have,” I replied. “Several traitors were sent back to the Goddess, and a few pack members challenged me to protect the pack's honor. Your warriors fought well—they're loyal and wanted to make sure the pack wasn't falling into the hands of a tyrant.” I gave him a knowing wink. “Only one fell, but I doubt many will mourn his loss.”

Edward chuckled, though the sound was strained. “I'm ready, Ryker. I want to see my sweet Amelia and our little one. It's been far too long. My pack is yours now. I know we made it official two days ago and completed the process this morning, but now everyone here can bear witness. I give you the Oak Lake Pack.”

He took a deep breath and closed his eyes. I felt his life force slip away, and the pack connection snapped abruptly.

“It is done,” the Beta said quietly, holding his weeping mate close. “We will make preparations. Will you stay, Alpha Ryker, and help us send him back to the Moon Goddess?”

“Of course,” I replied solemnly. I shook each of their hands, offering my condolences once more before heading to my room to update my own pack.

I knew I would be here at least another day. They had likely been preparing for this moment, knowing it was inevitable. There wouldn’t be much for me to do except attend the burial ceremony and stand with them as they said their final goodbyes.

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## Chapter 18

### 13 – Kennedy

The moment the omega opened the door to my room and gestured for me to enter, my senses were immediately overwhelmed. I froze in place, caught off guard once again. Honestly, I shouldn’t be surprised anymore by the sheer opulence, but my room bordered on absurdity. I’m just an eighteen-year-old high school senior—I shouldn’t have a room that looks like this. I could easily fit two of my bedrooms from home inside here and still have plenty of space left over. And my room back home isn’t exactly tiny.

The forest green walls didn’t make the space feel cramped; rather, they added a soothing depth to the atmosphere. Every piece of furniture was crafted from warm cherry wood, giving the room a rich, inviting glow. One wall held a dresser and a vanity, while another displayed a beautifully ornate desk. The entire opposite side was dominated by floor-to-ceiling windows that overlooked the dense forest behind the packhouse. To my surprise, one of the windows was actually a door leading out onto a balcony. I couldn’t help but think, “I might never want to leave this place.” The endless view stretched out before me, and the fresh scent of pine and earth was calming, almost meditative.

As I stepped back inside, my eyes landed on the massive king-sized bed positioned right in the center of the room. The comforter was a crisp, pristine white, accented with subtle deep red details—not Christmasy, but more like a luxurious cabin retreat. It looked incredibly inviting, and I lost count of the pillows scattered across it. Honestly, I might just move in permanently.

Continuing my exploration, I found two doors on the last wall. One opened into a sprawling walk-in closet where I dropped my bags without hesitation. The other revealed a bathroom just as vast, complete with dual sinks, a huge mirror, and a soaker tub that could probably fit half the pack. There was also a glass-enclosed walk-in shower. Everything gleamed in bright, clean white, and it seemed like every possible amenity to get ready was right at my fingertips.

A knock on my door pulled me from my reverie, and Rayna poked her head in without waiting for a response. “Hey! What do you think?”

I laughed, still a little overwhelmed. “Did you accidentally give me an Alpha suite? This is stunning, but way too much for just me.”

She shrugged casually. “Nope, this is how all the rooms on this floor look.” Then she added with a grin, “Except my brother’s—that one’s even bigger.” I was sure she was laughing at the stunned look on my face. “Just so you know, Jeremiah and I are on that side of you, and Ben’s room is one more down. Just in case.” Neither of us needed to say more. She was making sure I felt safe and comfortable here, and honestly, I was at a loss for words. She’d already decided I was someone worth protecting. “Now, go get changed so we can eat, and then watch these sexy boys get all sweaty.”

At the mention of food, I moved quickly, almost at lightning speed. Sleeping that long wasn’t normal for me, and I was probably as hungry as Tommy.

Rayna laughed and winked as we headed downstairs to what she called the breakfast room. This mansion was so enormous it had a room dedicated solely to breakfast. It was nuts. There were trays filled with sandwiches, fresh fruit, and vegetables, alongside bottles of water for us to grab. We ate quickly, thanking the Omegas who had prepared everything for us.

Despite all the rumors I’d heard about this pack and its Alpha, no one here looked worn out or unhappy. I’d heard whispers that this Alpha was a tyrant who took over packs for the love of power, that he needed to kill five people before breakfast, and that he enslaved and abused his pack members. But I had no idea where those stories originated. This pack was beautiful, and every person we’d met so far had been kind and welcoming.

It was actually refreshing not to get strange looks from people. I knew they could smell that I was human, but it didn’t seem to bother anyone here the way it did back home. Maybe it was because I was a guest of Rayna’s, and they didn’t want to offend her. Still, I planned to stay on my guard, especially when I was alone.

We drove about ten minutes to the training grounds, where a large group had already gathered by the time we arrived.

“I know you said your brother’s pack is huge, but wow,” I whispered to Rayna from the backseat.

“He has the most pack members I’ve ever seen,” she replied, “but I mostly see them when they come here. I don’t travel as much as he or my parents do. All my training has been right here, mostly with the pack hospital. I love helping out in the maternity ward and with the new pups.”

I caught the glance she gave my best friend, and it didn’t escape me. I was going to be an aunt within the next year—I’d bet money on it. Yet it didn’t seem to bother him at all. He just smiled that wide, beaming smile at her, like he’d give her anything she wanted right now. I wished someone would look at me like that someday. That absolute dedication was probably the only thing about mates I envied—the certainty, the faithfulness, the lack of endless guessing and doubt that comes with dating.

We all climbed out of the SUV and followed Rayna into the training grounds. Naturally, most people stopped and stared as she led us straight to the front of the group, ignoring all the whispers and curious glances.

“Beta Josh, Gamma Bennet, Delta Danny, this is my mate Alpha Jeremiah and his team. Beta Ben, Gamma Jason, Delta Tommy, and Warrior Kennedy.” We shook hands and exchanged polite greetings. Sometimes I hated all the titles and formalities we had to go through. Being part of their inner circle spoiled me—it was going to get old fast having to say all these titles all week. I knew it was part of the job, but it was still a mouthful.

We stepped aside as the leaders got started, acting as if we hadn’t interrupted at all. Watching them train, I finally understood why this pack was so feared. Their movements were lightning-fast and fluid—blink, and you’d miss it. They trained equally in both human and wolf forms.

Eventually, I was paired with the female warriors. At first, I thought it might be an insult, but I soon realized it was a challenge. One of their female warriors, Greta, immediately took me under her wing and began helping me refine my movements. She never mentioned my being human once—she simply worked with the strength I had, rather than focusing on what I lacked because of my species.

I completely lost track of the others, fully immersed in training with Greta and loving every moment of it.

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## Chapter 19

Edward’s dawn ceremony was deeply moving and sincere. His devotion to the pack was unmistakable—he had poured every ounce of his heart into ensuring its survival. During the gathering, his Beta introduced me as the new Alpha, putting a face to the name and voice that everyone had heard but not yet met.

I took the opportunity to meet as many pack members as possible. I offered anyone interested the chance to accompany me on a run along the pack’s borders, to mark the territory one last time before I returned home—a final farewell to Edward. Nearly the entire pack joined in. A handful stayed behind to watch over the pups too young to shift, but the turnout was powerful. It was a clear testament to the unity and strength of this pack.

I shifted into my jet-black wolf form—twice the size of their Beta’s—and I knew my wolf’s piercing red eyes were intimidating. Many kept their distance, though none fled. Whether their restraint came from loyalty or fear, I couldn’t say. Once we completed the border run, everyone returned to their respective places within the pack. I made my way to Edward’s office, accompanied by his Beta, Gamma, and Delta.

Sitting behind Edward’s desk, I took a moment to absorb the surroundings. Edward had been fairly organized, and his Beta had given me a brief overview of the pack’s operations, but I prefer to dig deeper myself. More often than not, I’ve discovered that what an Alpha believes is happening is far from the truth. Delegating too much freedom without regular check-ins often leads to unchecked behavior. Some might call it micromanaging, but I insist on scheduled updates and random check-ins to keep everyone accountable.

“Beta Samuel, I’ll need full access to this computer, including all passwords and logins tied to our financial accounts,” I said.

“That’s easy, Alpha Ryker,” Samuel replied with a chuckle, the others smiling in agreement. He walked over to a framed aerial painting of the pack lands and pulled it aside, just like in an old movie. Behind it was a wall safe with a massive dial that looked older than my father. I couldn’t help but smile, agreeing with their assessment of how old-school this place was. We use safes too for hard copies, but ours are all modernized systems. Samuel opened the safe and handed me a worn leather-bound journal, a ledger, and a notebook.

“Like I said, old school,” he explained. “Edward had a secretary who’d input this,” he tapped the ledger, “into the spreadsheets on the computer, but he did everything by hand.”

I turned to the three men and asked, “What’s the pack’s main source of income?”

They exchanged confused glances. Apparently, they assumed Edward and I had already discussed this. We had, but I wanted to hear their perspective without assuming their knowledge of my awareness.

“Our primary income comes from construction,” Delta Jacob answered. “Mostly industrial projects, but we’ll also take on large housing developments. We travel far for these contracts, so we can charge a premium.”

“Who handles soliciting and approving these projects?”

“Edward’s secretary led the team that found available projects. She gathered all necessary information and worked with her team on supply costs and budgets. Once she had everything—including estimated start and completion dates—she’d bring it to Edward, who had the final say. If she got that far in the research, the project was usually viable and likely to be approved. From there, I managed the projects.”

That was the information I needed. It seemed this secretary held significant influence—something Edward hadn’t mentioned to me. I didn’t want to jump to conclusions, but since I didn’t know her personally, I planned to stir things up a bit. I intended to dig into the most recent dozen or so projects she had assembled and closely monitor several new ones.

If she truly was as competent as everyone believed, she’d welcome the challenge and strive to prove her worth. But if there was anything questionable going on, she’d likely react defensively, angry that her work was being scrutinized so thoroughly.

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## Chapter 20

She’s fortunate, really. Real estate is my world, and construction plays a massive role in that. Having her team work alongside mine could be a huge advantage—if everything falls into place as planned.

“Who else has access to this office, the safe, and the financial records? And who holds any decision-making power that could impact the pack?” I asked, my voice steady but probing.

The rest of the morning was spent bringing me up to speed on all the key figures within the pack. I took careful notes, especially on the immediate changes that would affect my Beta. So far, everything aligned closely with what Edward had described earlier.

I made it clear to them that their titles and roles within the pack would remain intact. I would never strip away their heritage or the respect their families had earned. They were established leaders, but from now on, all orders would flow through me, my Beta, my Gamma, and my Delta.

Of course, some adjustments were inevitable. New leadership meant new protocols. For at least the next three years, this pack would be a prime target. We had to prove, time and again, that our strength remained unshaken, even when I wasn't physically present to defend it. This wasn't unfamiliar territory for us; my team had refined this transition process to a science. We now had a clear protocol for training each leader and a schedule for me to visit regularly, to re-scent the territory and remind everyone of my presence alongside that training.

Once I assigned their new responsibilities and set expectations, I requested a formal tour of the pack's territory.

The place was stunning. Nestled just a couple of hours away from my own packhouse, this pack was home to about two hundred members. Small, yes, but the community was tightly knit, like a family forged from the very earth beneath us. Every building seemed deliberately placed, designed to blend seamlessly with the untouched landscape. It felt like a small town that had grown naturally—without a trace of neglect or decay.

The packhouse itself was modest, more like a cozy cabin compared to my sprawling home, but it was impeccably maintained and inviting. Perched atop a gentle hill, it offered a sweeping view of the pack's living area in front and a vast forest with a shimmering lake behind. This was exactly the kind of refuge where you'd bring your family to escape the chaos of pack life.

I paused for a moment, the thought settling over me—a rare one. The idea of bringing my family here, to this peaceful place, was something I'd never considered before.

That fleeting thought pulled me back to my sister and her new mate. A small, nagging twinge of jealousy stirred deep inside me. I hadn't realized how much not having a mate weighed on me until I heard her news. It was clear now that my wolf and I craved that bond more than I'd admitted to myself. And yet, I resisted the idea. I'd witnessed what happened to Alphas once they found their Luna, and I wanted no part of it. I refused to be ruled by jealousy or possessiveness. Such distractions could be dangerous. Worse, if something ever happened and an enemy tried to use her against me... The thought of some innocent woman suffering or being tormented because the Goddess forced her to be with me made my stomach churn.

I shook off the heavy thoughts as we continued our walk through the heart of town, stopping at each shop to introduce myself and build rapport. Despite the long tour, an unexpected surge of energy coursed through me.

We returned just in time for dinner, prepared by the kitchen Omegas. They all seemed eager to impress, their enthusiasm obvious. I appreciated their efforts but kept my praise measured and my attention guarded. I wanted to observe them longer, to see if this attentiveness was genuine or just a façade for the new Alpha. The sycophants were the worst—always quick to flatter, but the moment your back was turned, their tune would change. They were usually the biggest troublemakers when change came. And change was coming.