

Letters Sent To Eternity

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Chapter 21

15 – Ryker

I rise early and decide to patrol the pack's borders once more, this time alone. Moving deliberately, I ensure my scent saturates the entire perimeter thoroughly. This task can feel tedious and repetitive, but it's vital—I want this small pack to remain secure at all times. Afterward, I head toward the training grounds. Only about twenty warriors have gathered, which aligns with my expectations given the pack's size. It's part of the reason Edward sought me out initially.

We get straight to work. My Beta, Gamma, and Delta had collaborated with Edward yesterday to establish training plans. With Edward's sudden passing, we've had to adjust quickly, and my presence here is essential. Still, I wanted my core team back home to welcome my sister and her mate, since I couldn't be there to greet them myself.

I proceed to run a series of rigorous tests designed for all our warriors. These assessments help me truly gauge their capabilities. Samuel, Drake, and Jacob are watching closely, jotting down notes on my methods so they can replicate the process in my absence. Naturally, we're evaluating raw strength and power, but just as important is how they think on their feet—how they solve problems under pressure. When one of our packs is attacked, it's rarely a minor skirmish. Delayed reactions can mean serious injury or worse.

The evaluation stretches over half the day. Ideally, it shouldn't take so long, but I insist on thoroughness. We pause for a late breakfast when one of the packhouse Omegas—Jean, if I recall correctly—arrives with a basket of food. She takes a moment to scold me, much like a mother would, for pushing the warriors so hard. Yet, she does it with a playful wink and a warm smile, and I immediately know she's someone worth keeping around. Our warriors are undoubtedly undertrained, but their potential is undeniable. I have to be strict now so they can rise to greatness and protect the pack in the future.

Danny and I have come to the conclusion that, given the pack's size, we can only afford to send three to five warriors at a time to our home training facility. We can't leave this place undefended. Since the numbers are small, I've sent Danny back with instructions to prepare rooms and check on the whereabouts of other trainees—seeing if we can fit small groups into ongoing sessions. I plan to run through drills with these warriors again after I finish sorting out some business matters. It will take most of the day for my sister and her mate to arrive, so I intend to use this time wisely. Thankfully, reviewing paperwork is something I can do from anywhere.

Making my way into the office, I find a tall, leggy redhead leaning casually against my desk, absorbed in a file. A sneer tugs at my lips. I don't appreciate anyone invading my space,

especially without an introduction. She's far too comfortable here, and that needs to change immediately.

"Is there a reason you're not waiting outside my office? Do you often enter rooms that aren't yours?" I growl, striding in without sparing her a second glance. My tone isn't rude, but it's far from welcoming.

At least she has the decency to step away from the desk.

"Hello, sir," she replies, her voice deep but still feminine, carrying a confident edge. "My name is Linda. Delta Jacob mentioned you wanted to meet with me. I thought it would be rude to mindlink you without a formal introduction, and I had no other way to contact you. I apologize if I've intruded."

She's tall and fit, clearly someone who knows how to make an impression. I'm sure that skill serves her well in negotiations.

Without looking up from the sluggish computer screen, I say, "I want to review your last twelve jobs, including all associated invoices and research. Also, I need to know who your primary contacts are for the jobs you regularly submit."

"Of course, sir," she replies, leaning forward just enough to reveal a hint of cleavage. I'm unsure if she's flirting or if it's simply part of her bold personality. "I can have everything ready within a few hours. Is there anything else you need in the meantime?" This time, as she casually sits back on my desk, it's clear there's more history here with Edward. The question is: is she a liability or an asset?

"No," I answer without looking at her. "And just to be clear, I don't mix business with pleasure. You're an employee, and from what I understand, you're valuable to the business that supports your pack. If you want to keep it that way, keep your intentions professional. Am I clear?"

She jumps off the desk as if stung. "Yes, Alpha. Of course. I meant no disrespect. Alpha Edward had certain expectations..."

I raise my hand to cut her off. "What Alpha Edward expected no longer matters. You know my standards now. I want those files on my desk in less than two hours. You're dismissed." I turn to my phone, which is proving faster than the computer. "Linda, have this desktop replaced with one that actually functions at a speed conducive to business."

"Yes, sir." Without protest or questions about why I'm scrutinizing her work, she turns and leaves. She just might prove useful after all.

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Chapter 23

This particular group had come to the conclusion that since Alpha Edward had personally brought me into the fold before his passing, I was worth their time and attention. They were

willing to listen and at least get to know me, which was a refreshing change compared to the last few packs I had encountered. Those experiences had been far less welcoming.

Admittedly, this phase could sometimes drag and feel tedious. But they understood the nature of this transition—it wasn't a hostile takeover by some ruthless tyrant. Instead, it was the fulfillment of a shared goal set by a former Alpha who left no legacy behind: to do right by his pack. They treated me as if I were Edward's own son stepping into his shoes after his death. There was no backlash or suspicion, just a steady process of adjusting to a new leader with fresh ideas and perspectives on managing the pack. Honestly, these past few days had been surprisingly pleasant.

Most of these men were around my father's age, and only one among them had a child old enough to begin training for leadership. I advised him to start bringing his daughter to every training session he attended. She was fourteen now, but it was the perfect time to start learning the ropes so that by sixteen she could shoulder some responsibilities, and at eighteen, the transition to leadership would begin in earnest.

In an ideal world, this is how every leader would be groomed—ample time to make mistakes, to understand the role deeply, to identify what needed fixing and what was already running smoothly. Having a steady stream of warriors in different stages of training was crucial. It ensured there was no vulnerable gap for enemies to exploit.

As we ran, we reviewed the plan for my departure and the training protocols I wanted implemented before I returned next month. Everyone was on board, even offering suggestions on how to send warriors to my training facility to build the strength needed for any future attacks. We were still monitoring rumors trickling in from neighboring territories. This felt like the calm before an inevitable storm.

Since the packhouse here was only large enough to accommodate the Alpha and his immediate family, Jean had stepped in to help arrange housing for my warriors nearby. They were going to be here for quite some time, and I wanted them to feel grounded, to belong, not just be passing through. Jean was ready to mother them just as she had cared for me over the past few days. I knew the warriors appreciated that kind of nurturing—it was a comfort reminiscent of how my own mother, the acting Luna, cared for us.

Once everyone was settled, I prepared for my journey back. Jean packed a cooler brimming with food, and a second one filled with water and other drinks for the road. Though it was just me and a single warrior making the two-hour drive, the amount of provisions looked like we were setting off with a dozen people for a full day.

Sliding into the passenger seat, I opened the portfolio of files Linda had delivered to my office the night before. There was a substantial amount of paperwork inside. Either she was truly as competent as everyone claimed, or she was excellent at appearing so. I needed to review the documents thoroughly, but I also wanted my project manager to examine them. It was important to understand who these people associated with and what those connections implied. Did they have reputations I could build on, or ones I would have to overcome?

Before we got too close to our destination, I sent a quick text to my sister, informing her of our expected arrival time and reminding her about the dinner party I had planned to

introduce her and her mate to the pack. When I said “I” had planned it, I really meant Robin, my house manager, who had taken over the arrangements as soon as I mentioned it. Robin was the best house manager we had ever had— and we’d had quite a few. She approached her job with dedication but without any ego.

Robin seemed to instinctively understand what I needed and always carried out her tasks with a warm smile. I treated her with the respect she earned every single day. Not everyone grasped that concept. I also texted Robin to inform her of our arrival time and to outline what needed to be done before my sister’s party that evening. It was my way of keeping a running list of requests, just in case I hadn’t been clear. Robin never had a problem with that, but I liked to be meticulous.

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Chapter 24

17 – Kennedy

Greta insisted I train alongside her, then paired me up with several other female warriors, each with their own unique fighting style. She wanted me to learn how to adjust quickly to different movements and tactics. The training room was filled with the sounds of grunts and the thud of bodies meeting, but I was focused, determined to absorb as much as I could.

“Damn, girl, you’re good,” Greta said with a grin as I narrowly dodged another swipe from her. “You’re fast, even without the extra speed a wolf gives you. You’ve clearly put in the hours. This is going to be a blast. You coming to train with us in the morning?” Her eyes sparkled with mischief.

I wiped sweat from my brow, catching my breath. “What’s happening in the morning?” I asked, curious but wary of letting her distract me.

She rolled her eyes, clearly unimpressed with my question. “The Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, and a select group of warriors train together. We work closest with the Alpha and usually serve as his detail when he travels. It’s a chance for him to train away from prying eyes—and all those drooling females.” She sneered slightly. “I mean, I get it. He’s an alpha, and yeah, he’s hot. But I don’t understand the girls who’d willingly give up their mate for a ranked member, even if it’s not their Goddess-given mate.”

I nodded thoughtfully. “I’ve wondered the same thing. I’ve seen so many girls going after Jeremiah, even trying to get in my way, thinking I was blocking their chances.” I shrugged, shaking out my arm after a tough hold. “Can we do one more round? I’m finally starting to get the hang of this arm release.”

Greta laughed, shaking her head. “Do you ever stop?” She got into position, eyes gleaming with challenge. “Danny, come check this out.” She called over her shoulder, but I didn’t turn around. I wasn’t about to let my guard down just because she beckoned.

She lunged at me like before, relentless. Time seemed to blur when I trained—minutes stretched and contracted, my focus narrowing to the rhythm of our movements. I countered

her attack, spinning to evade, but she anticipated my move perfectly, grabbing my arm. I twisted and ducked, spinning beneath my own arm to lock hers behind her back, then shoved her forward. She spun quickly, coming at me again with a swinging arm that caught me in the shoulder. I absorbed the hit, using the momentum to deliver a backhand punch to her face, followed by an uppercut to her ribs. I heard a sharp “oof” escape her lips.

We moved fluidly, exchanging blows, each landing hits and taking them with equal skill and determination.

“Time!” someone shouted, breaking the intense rhythm of our sparring. Greta and I turned to see Gamma Bennet approaching.

“I know you two love showing off, but if we don’t leave now, Rayna’s going to have a fit,” he said with a smirk. “She doesn’t want any more visible marks on Kennedy before the inner party.” His tone was teasing, and he fluttered his hand toward the sparring area in an exaggerated, high-pitched voice that seemed to mock Rayna.

Greta burst out laughing. “You’re an idiot.”

“Hey, don’t blame me. I’m just following orders. Besides, I’m on Hot Human detail.” He gave a confident grin.

My eyebrows shot up, jaw dropping slightly. “What did you say?” I looked between him and Greta, who was still laughing. If she found it funny, it couldn’t be all bad, but I still felt a bit insulted.

Gamma chuckled. “You’re already the talk of the trainees, Miss Human Girl. It’s hard to keep up with Greta here, and you were on fire today. I think the trainees spent as much time watching your skills as they did checking out your ass.”

I raised an eyebrow, smirking. “Aren’t you bold? Do you always talk to your guests like that? To their faces?”

He winked. “Only when they’re warriors and can handle it.” I laughed, feeling a spark of amusement. He was going to be fun—a good option if I didn’t find the owner of that intoxicating scent from our floor.

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Chapter 25

“You really held your own out there today,” Danny said with a grin as he casually strolled up beside me, slipping effortlessly between Gamma Bennet and myself. I couldn’t help but chuckle at his confident swagger. The playful teasing and flirtatious energy always made me feel included, like I wasn’t just some outsider because I’m human.

“Alright, enough,” Greta interrupted sharply, pushing Danny aside with a smirk. “The shiny new toy needs to go clean up. Because for all the boasting you two do, she spent the longest time sweaty and tangled up with me.” She shot a mischievous wink at their

surprised expressions before looping her arm through mine and leading me back toward the truck, laughter bubbling between us.

“Wait! I can work with that!” Danny called after us, his voice full of mock indignation, and I laughed even harder, the sound light and free in the cool evening air.

When we returned to the packhouse, Gamma Bennet and Greta both accompanied me to my room. I wasn’t sure if it was out of concern or just habit, but I didn’t have time to dwell on it. The moment I opened the door, I was immediately swarmed by Rayna’s energetic chatter.

“Finally! I thought you’d never leave! You’re just as bad as Jeremiah said. Come on, get in the shower—we have to get you looking fabulous for tonight. And who knows? Maybe we can find you a mate,” she said breathlessly, practically bouncing on the balls of her feet.

I rolled my eyes, amused. She’d brought up the idea of finding me a mate several times since deciding I wasn’t trying to steal hers. “Do you even know the odds of a human ending up with a werewolf mate? It’s like two percent. And if it does happen, the human is probably some crazy bodybuilder who could eat werewolves for breakfast,” I teased, grinning at her.

“I’m pretty average for a human, and on the small side for werewolves. I’m not anyone’s mate. I’ll just go off to college, get my degree, work a normal job, and drop by to visit my supernatural friends now and then.” I smiled warmly. “Especially since I have a room like this waiting for me—and a whole bunch of nieces and nephews to spoil.” I waved my hand dramatically, enjoying the moment.

“You’re a great fighter, actually,” Rayna said, her tone softening. “You move really well against people with enhanced abilities. Don’t limit yourself—you never know what might happen.” She gave me a knowing wink.

“What am I wearing tonight?” I asked, surprised at how easily I was distracted by thoughts of dresses. I didn’t mind dressing up for the right occasion, but I had no clue what kind of party this was. Was it a formal engagement celebration or just an informal ‘welcome back, sister’ gathering?

My question was answered when she pulled out a stunning black cocktail dress. The skirt was made of layers of sheer fabric, shimmering with tiny black crystals woven throughout, catching the light like scattered stars. The bodice was snug and sleeveless, rising to the base of my neck with sparkles threaded along the top hem like a delicate, built-in necklace. The back was completely covered in sheer black material—modest but still incredibly alluring.

She practically shoved me toward the bathroom. “You have ten minutes, and I expect everything to be perfectly manicured,” she said firmly.

“What? Why? And are you going to inspect the landscaping too?” I laughed, watching her leave the bathroom door slightly ajar so she could keep talking to me. I’d already learned that werewolves had zero modesty—they didn’t care about privacy because of the shifting,

so I just accepted it as part of the package. Rayna had no problem barging into my room unannounced, so a bathroom door wasn't going to stop her.

She never answered my joke, but I didn't want to risk her wanting to check me out, so I made sure all the girly details were taken care of. When I stepped out, she pulled me toward the desk where she had a mini salon set up for hair and makeup. She was already ready herself, still wrapped in her robe. I couldn't tell if I was excited or a little nervous.

Handing me a bottle of lotion, she said, "Here, start with this." The scent was amazing—feminine but not overpowering, a subtle blend that felt just right. I began to rub it in, feeling the smoothness on my skin as the evening stretched ahead, full of possibilities.

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Chapter 26

18 – Kennedy

"What exactly is going on tonight?" I ask, watching Gamma Bennet as she begins drying, teasing, and combing through my hair with practiced ease. She mentioned a 'dinner party,' but that phrase feels like a thin veil over something much bigger. I can sense there's more beneath the surface, something she's not saying outright. I don't really understand the intricate hair styling she's doing, but honestly, I don't mind. This is her event, her celebration, so I'm happy to go along with whatever she wants. It's clear she enjoys having someone to dress up and fuss over, and that makes me smile—there's something comforting about being cared for like this. In no time, she crafts a simple yet elegant hairstyle, then moves on to my makeup. It's subtle, natural, no heavy layers or bold colors, just enough to enhance my features without stealing the show.

As she puts the finishing touches on my look, she starts explaining the real reason for tonight's gathering. "You know my brother, right? He usually targets packs that are smaller or weaker."

I nod, offering a wry grin. "Yeah, I've heard that much." The Dark Moon alpha's reputation precedes him—everyone knows about his brutal takeovers. I've also heard that he barely speaks, that he just maims his enemies, and that he's downright terrifying. We haven't seen him all day, but he's supposed to show up eventually. I'm torn between feeling excited and nervous. "But what people don't say is why. Most of the time, it's because an alpha doesn't have an heir. When a leader dies without a clear successor, the packs spiral into conflict. They fight over territory and control, and it causes chaos far beyond just the packs involved. Sometimes the alphas themselves are cruel to their members, and those members come to him for help. People only remember the bloody parts—that's all that seems to stick." She shrugs casually. "My brother fights hard and has had to kill some truly awful people, but they deserved it. He's not someone to be trifled with."

I press further. "That's not really answering my question. I know there's a party for you and Jeremiah, but this feels like more than just a celebration. Something bigger is happening. No one throws together an event this huge in a couple of days. I'm just not sure what I'm

walking into, and I don't want to make a fool of myself." I suspect she's holding back, being deliberately vague.

She exhales deeply, as if weighing her words carefully before speaking. "Usually, my brother doesn't need to use much force to remove the biggest threats. He keeps the ranked members in place to help lead the pack when he can. But sometimes the corruption is deep, and cleaning it out is a long, bloody process. That's why he has several Betas, Gammas, and Deltas who answer to Josh, Danny, and Bennet—like a massive team keeping everything in check. We've had several new packs join ours this year, so this is a welcome party for them. When my brother brings them in, he puts them to work immediately, with very little time off, as he transitions them into Dark Moon. This party is his way of giving them a break. But it's also a celebration for Jeremiah and me—since I found my mate." She squeals with delight, and I can't help but smile at her joy over being mated to my best friend.

"So you're telling me all the wild stories I've heard about your brother aren't true? Like killing five people at once and leaving bloody, rotting bodies on the pack borders as a warning?" I scoff, hoping those tales are exaggerated.

"Oh no," she says with a grin, catching my reflection in the mirror as she fluffs my hair one last time. "Those stories are absolutely true." My jaw drops, and my eyes widen in disbelief. "Don't look at me like that. He didn't become who he is without shedding some blood—it's the best way to teach our kind and demonstrate dominance. But trust me, he had his reasons for every one of those actions. You should just ask him about it yourself." She winks, leaving me both intrigued and a little unsettled by the man behind the legend.

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Chapter 27

"Yeah, like the most infamous Alpha is going to spare a single thought for me when he's got an entire room full of people to entertain, new pack members to welcome, and a sister who just got mated. He's going to be swamped," I say, dripping with sarcasm. "And honestly, who wants to be grilled with questions like 'How many people have you killed lately?' and 'Did you have a valid reason? Walk me through your thought process.'" I mock as exaggeratedly as I can. "I'm just a human at a wolf welcome party slash engagement celebration. I'm definitely not going to be on his priority list tonight. I'll be lucky if I even get a chance to chat with you and Jer. There are going to be so many people eager to congratulate you, fawning over how stunning you look and how handsome your mate is." I add, feigning a gag as if overwhelmed by all the attention.

"Well, when you look this good, you never know," she replies with a sly grin. "I have a feeling a lot of people are going to want to talk to you, especially after today's training. I bet you'll be the one too busy to chat." She spins the chair I'm sitting in to face her, her eyes gleaming with the kind of mischievous sparkle that screams 'up to no good.' She's definitely been spending too much time with Danny. "Now go get dressed. I want to see the full look before the guys arrive." Without much warning, she practically lifts me out of the chair and nudges me toward my bed, where she's laid out a sleek black dress along with all the matching accessories. For someone so petite, she's surprisingly strong.

I turn away from her, feeling a bit self-conscious. I get the whole werewolf culture—no shame about being naked around each other—but I’m still not entirely comfortable being the one exposed. She’d told me no bra was necessary and handed me a very specific pair of black lace panties. Thank goodness it wasn’t a thong; I’d rather go commando than deal with that kind of discomfort. I roll my eyes, slip the panties on, and drop my towel. Then I reach for the dress and slide it over me.

The fabric feels like silk melting against my skin, soft and smooth, and it fits like it was tailored just for me. I have no idea how she knew my exact size, but it’s perfect. I hadn’t noticed before, but the material running from the beaded neckline is the same sheer fabric that covers my back and upper chest, flowing down to a sweetheart-cut black section that tastefully covers my breasts. The sheer fabric continues down the center of my cleavage, tapering to a point near my belly button. It’s subtle but undeniably sexy. The bodice hugs me snugly and feels secure, even without any visible corset or boning. The skirt is flouncy and layered, stopping just at the top of my thighs, making my legs look impossibly long. I wouldn’t worry about bending over in it either. The entire dress has a faint shimmer that catches the light beautifully—elegant, not flashy or gaudy.

She hands me a pair of sparkly black strappy heels, just high enough to make my legs look toned and amazing, but not so high that I feel like I’m going to topple over. After slipping them on and buckling the clasps, I stand up and smooth everything out. As I walk over to Rayna, who’s sitting at the vanity mirror, her eyes widen in surprise.

“Wow,” she breathes, clearly impressed.

I can’t help but smile, feeling a little more confident as I catch my reflection. This night might be overwhelming, but at least I’m going to look the part.

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Thank you so much for reading. All constructive comments and kind words are truly appreciated. I’m unable to respond here, but if you want to join the conversation, you can find me on Facebook under Miss.L.Write

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Chapter 28

19 – Ryker

We were well past the midpoint of our journey when suddenly, a mindlink from Danny interrupted my focus.

“Alpha, you won’t believe who just showed up at our pack,” he said, excitement clear in his voice.

I sighed, rubbing my temples as the paperwork from Linda lay scattered before me. Most of it looked straightforward, but a few figures didn’t add up at first glance. “Danny, I’m not in the mood for riddles. What’s going on?”

He chuckled. “Your new brother-in-law’s lead warrior? She’s a female.”

I smirked, recalling our last encounter. “So what? We’ve got plenty of skilled female fighters. Remember Greta? She handed your ass to you last week, one-handed.”

Greta wasn’t just any warrior—she was a powerhouse and one of my closest allies outside my Beta, Gamma, and Delta. Making genuine friends was rare in our world, and I kept my circle tight: them and my sister. Greta earned her place when we liberated her pack from an Alpha who was abusing his members. His Beta was no better, having killed their Gamma and Delta for dissent. The pack lived in near-medieval isolation, cut off from the outside world.

Greta’s father and grandfather had served as warriors under the Alpha’s father, many hiding in the surrounding forests, never abandoning their pack’s protection. They fought relentlessly, but the Alpha’s forces were ruthless, killing without mercy.

I encountered Greta’s pack early in my Alpha career. Her father and grandfather fought bravely but paid the ultimate price. Greta saved me during the battle, allowing me to overthrow the tyrannical Alpha and Beta, freeing her pack. Since then, she’s been an integral part of my team.

Danny’s voice broke through my thoughts. “She’s a female... human. And stunning.”

“Wait—did you say human?” I blinked, puzzled.

“Exactly what I said. She’s human. Rayna mentioned they’ll join us for training once they settle in. You should swing by the training grounds as soon as you arrive.”

I frowned. “I don’t see why it’s such a big deal. They’ll only be here a few days before heading back to their territory. Let her spar, but don’t let her get hurt. I don’t want a war sparked because she doesn’t understand the seriousness of our fights. Probably some rotation rule forced her out here.”

Danny laughed. “Well, she’s damn hot. If she’s not attached to any of the guys who came with them, I’m calling dibs.”

I chuckled. “You can’t call dibs over me, nice try though.” I teased him, knowing full well our tastes rarely overlapped.

“Bro code, man! I saw her first. At least let me talk to her before you flash that alpha grin and melt her panties off,” he groaned.

“I don’t do that. Besides, I have enough on my plate right now. I don’t want to deal with that drama. Even some of Edward’s females came off clingy. I need a break from all that.”

“That’s a lie, and you know it. You can’t resist any more than the rest of us. Ask Bennet about that girl from River Falls Pack—she was all over him until you walked by, flashed a grin, and she asked if you two wanted to be a package deal. When he said no, she followed you all night, leaving Bennet blue-balled,” Danny laughed heartily.

“That wasn’t my fault, and I left her hanging too. I don’t do clingy, and neither should any of you.” I laughed along with him.

“Yeah, well, blue balls is definitely on the ‘don’t do’ list. Alright, fill me in on the hot human. What’s your ETA?”

“About thirty minutes, but I have some things to handle first. Edward’s pack needs extra protection, and a few smaller packs have made requests. I didn’t have time before the meeting. I’ll head to training as soon as I can.”

We pulled into the packhouse, and Robin was waiting at the door. She immediately launched into a list of accomplishments and tasks I needed to tackle.

“I’ve scheduled a meeting with Matt in two days to discuss the Oak Lake Pack project. He’ll be here for tonight’s dinner and party, but business is off-limits,” she said, shooting me a stern look that included herself in the rule. “If you give me the files, I’ll forward them to his secretary so he can review them beforehand. That way, you can move forward faster.”

She held out her hands, knowing if I didn’t hand over the paperwork, I’d retreat to my office to work alone—exactly what I wanted to avoid.

“Robin, there are still a few files I need to review,” I protested.

She ignored me, striding ahead. If it had been anyone else, I might have lost my temper or even thrown them against a wall. But Robin had this unshakable presence that made me unable to be harsh with her. Honestly, she could probably skin me alive if I tried. She was almost as intimidating as my mother.

“That’s why I set the meeting for two days from now. Your sister is about to leave the pack for good. You’ll have time to spend with her. Got it?”

“Yes, ma’am.” I nodded.

“Is everyone still at training?”

“I believe so.”

“Did you get a chance to meet them?”

“No, not yet. I had errands for your parents, and they were already gone to the training grounds when I returned. From what the Omegas say, they all seem respectful and pleasant. I think Rayna is in good hands.”

I nodded silently. The Moon Goddess wouldn’t have placed Rayna with anyone less than she deserved—no one could. My sister was the kindest, purest soul I’d ever known. She was probably the first and only person to truly steal my heart. Where I was rough and aggressive, she was gentle and calm. She always had the ability to ground me when no one else could. I wasn’t sure how I’d manage without her balancing presence, but I also knew I couldn’t keep her here forever. She deserved a strong, loving mate.

Speaking of which, I needed to get a feel for this guy. Even though my opinion might not matter, I wanted to know how he treated my sister when I wasn't around. I'd encountered enough terrible alphas who abused their mates, cheated to hurt them, or were cruel to their pack members.

"Josh, Danny, Bennet. Is my sister and her mate still at training?" I linked with my men, steeling myself for what I might learn.

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Chapter 29

"That wasn't my fault, and I left her hanging too. I don't do clingy types, and honestly, none of you should either," I say with a chuckle, sharing a knowing grin with him.

"Yeah, well, blue balls definitely ranks high on my 'do not tolerate' list," he jokes back. "Alright, fill me in on this hot human you mentioned. What's your ETA?"

"Probably around thirty minutes, but I've got a few things to take care of first. Edward's pack requires some extra security, and a couple of the smaller packs have made requests too. I didn't have time to handle all that before the meeting ended. I'll head down to training as soon as I can."

We pull up to the packhouse, and I step out, immediately greeted by Robin waiting at the door. Without missing a beat, she launches into a rapid-fire update on everything she's accomplished and what I still need to tackle.

"I've scheduled a meeting with Matt for you in two days. You'll go over the project details from the Oak Lake Pack then. He'll be here for tonight's dinner and party, but business is strictly off the table," she says, shooting me a sharp look that makes it clear the rule applies to me as well. "If you hand over the files now, I'll forward them to his secretary so he can review them ahead of time. That way, you can hit the ground running."

She holds out her hands expectantly, clearly knowing that if I don't give her the files, I'll just retreat to my office and bury myself in work—which was exactly my plan.

"Robin, there are still a few files I need to review," I protest.

She ignores me and strides ahead. Normally, I'd lose my temper with someone like this—maybe even throw them against a wall—but there's something about Robin. She has this quiet, unshakable strength that makes it impossible for me to be anything but respectful. Honestly, if I tried to be violent with her, she'd probably skin me alive. She's almost as intimidating as my mom.

"That's why I set the meeting for two days from now. Your sister is about to leave the pack for good, so you need to spend time with her. Got it?"

"Yes, ma'am," I reply. "Is everyone still at training?"

“I believe so.”

“Did you get a chance to meet with them?”

“No, not yet. I had a few errands to run for your parents, and I wasn’t here when they arrived. By the time I got back, they’d already left for the training grounds. From what the Omegas have said, they all sound respectful and pleasant. I think your sister is in good hands.”

I nod silently. I trust the Moon Goddess wouldn’t place Rayna with anyone less than she deserves—no one could. My sister’s heart is pure and kind, the sweetest soul I’ve ever known. In fact, she was probably the first—and only—person to ever truly steal my heart. She’s the gentle calm to my rough, aggressive nature. Whenever I’ve been on the edge, she’s been the one to steady me and help me find reason when no one else could. The thought of her leaving leaves a hollow ache inside me. I’m not sure how I’ll manage without her here to keep me balanced. But deep down, I know I can’t hold onto her forever. She deserves a strong, loving mate.

Speaking of which, I should probably get a better sense of this guy. I realize it won’t change anything I do, but I want to know how he treats my sister when I’m not around. I’ve seen too many terrible alphas—those who abuse the mates the Goddess gave them, cheat just to cause pain, and treat their pack members like dirt.

“Josh, Danny, Bennet,” I call out, linking with my guys. “Is my sister and her mate still at training?”

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Chapter 30

“Yeah, boss. They’re still hanging around,” Josh’s voice crackled through the link, always alert and ready.

Danny chuckled on the other end. “You coming down to scope out the fresh recruits?”

“Danny, don’t be an ass. They’re actually not half bad. All of them have kept pace with us,” Bennet chimed in, ever the optimist.

Josh’s tone was a little more skeptical. “Even the human’s holding her own, boss. She’s training with Greta and keeping up. I was worried she’d get hurt, but then she threw Tanya about ten minutes ago.”

Danny’s voice dropped into a teasing growl. “You should come see for yourself. Like I said, she’s hot. And if she’s single, I’m calling dibs before any of you assholes get near her.”

Bennet laughed, shaking his head. “You’re trying way too hard. Did you really have to stop them and shift right when they arrived? Don’t think Josh and I didn’t notice that little dick-swinging display.”

I smiled softly, feeling a warm rush of familiarity. I'd missed these guys—their banter, their camaraderie. They grounded me, made me feel normal, like I wasn't some anomaly in this wild world. Even if it was just over the mindlink, it was enough.

“As head warrior, it's my duty to check out all incoming visitors and welcome them. If they happen to notice what I'm packing, well, that's on them.”

“Unless any of them are gay, the only ones who'd have noticed are Rayna and Kennedy, you idiot. How do you think your Alpha's gonna feel knowing you were swinging your dick around in front of his little sister and her mate?” Bennet shot back, still teasing Danny.

If it were anyone else, Bennet would be right, and I probably would have told Danny off. But these two had known my sister her entire life, and they cared about her as much as I did. Since she's the only female ranked member, we might have gone a little overboard with our protectiveness.

“Yeah, well, dibs on Kennedy. But seriously, you should come check them out. I'm impressed with all of them. Rayna's in good hands.”

Why did her name send a flutter through my chest? Kennedy. I've met impressive female warriors before—hell, one is a close friend—but just hearing her name shouldn't make me want to drop everything and run at Danny's command to watch them train. Yet, that's exactly what I planned to do.

I had a few calls to make to move things along for other packs who'd made requests at our monthly meeting, so I headed to my office first. To save time, I changed into the spare workout gear I kept there. If I was going to watch the training, I might as well be ready to jump in.

Jogging to the training grounds, I felt a strange energy buzzing beneath my skin, like an electric current of anticipation. My wolf wasn't restless, but even he sensed something was coming. By the time I arrived, I was warmed up, a light sheen of sweat glistening on my skin. I chose a seat high up in the arena, giving me a clear view of the entire training area.

Rayna was easy to spot—she was like a female version of me, and we'd been mistaken for twins more times than I could count.

Her mate stood tall and confident, the very image of an Alpha. I could tell who he was just by the way he never let Rayna stray more than a few steps from him. He was staking his claim without ever restraining her, allowing her to be herself but making it unmistakably clear that she had a boundary that began and ended with him. He smiled easily, engaging warmly with anyone who approached.

The rest of his pack mirrored that same confident energy. They mingled with my warriors, working on various skills—sometimes teaching, sometimes learning.

It didn't take long to understand why Danny was so insistent on calling dibs on Kennedy. After spending a few minutes assessing Rayna's mate and his male pack, my attention was

suddenly pulled to the other side of the training grounds by a whirlwind of dark blonde hair. There she was—the most stunning woman I'd ever laid eyes on. Time seemed to stop.

Her lean, sun-kissed body, clearly sculpted through hard work, was clad only in a sports bra and leggings that hugged every curve perfectly. I felt a twitch of desire, imagining wrapping my hand around that ponytail and... I shook my head, banishing the thought. I only messed around with brunettes. That was a rule I never broke. Blondes were for my imagination, a safe place to indulge without consequences. So, for now, Danny could have his dibs.

Still, I found myself unable to tear my eyes away, watching her graceful movements longer than I probably should have. Every twist and turn revealed new angles of her feminine form, and I filed those images away, letting them live rent-free in my mind.

She didn't seem to notice as people began to filter out. Even her packmates exchanged looks and gestures with Rayna before apparently agreeing to leave her alone with Greta.

Danny and Bennet stayed behind too, watching over them. I had mixed feelings about that, especially given the way both of them looked at her. From my vantage point, I couldn't see their expressions clearly, so I couldn't read their thoughts.

I shifted my focus back to Greta and Kennedy, who were deep in conversation before setting up to spar again. Greta called out, "Danny, come check this out!" as if he hadn't been distracted by Kennedy the entire time, taking more hits than usual.

Kennedy didn't take the bait, keeping her eyes locked on Greta. Good girl.

Wait—what?

Damn, this girl didn't quit. They moved fast, and I found myself wincing for both of them as they exchanged blows. She wasn't holding back, and I could only imagine the bruises Kennedy would have later from Greta's strikes. But Kennedy was giving as good as she got.

"Time!" Bennet's voice rang out as he approached them. I caught snippets of their low conversation but not enough to understand fully. Danny joined, getting uncomfortably close, then Greta wrapped her arm around Kennedy's shoulders. They walked away laughing, the sound sending chills down my spine and leaving my Gamma and Delta frozen, speechless. That was a first.

Miss L author

Thank you so much for reading. All constructive comments and gems are appreciated. I cannot interact here. If you would like to join in the conversation you can find me on Face.Book under Miss.L.Writes.