

Chapter 1: The Scary Alpha

Note: This is a reverse harem werewolf story.

Be aware of cheating (not between main characters), death and abuse.

-Helena-

I was a hopeful person. I was a dreamer. Things would always turn out better for me, I believed. I might have been born a lone wolf, carrying the lowest status among werewolves besides rogues, and I might have to work my a** of every day to make a living, but I believed it would all payout in the end. I was certain of it. I was an easy target to pick on, though. Every day when I went to the pack house to clean for the pack who had hired me, there always seemed to be some comment or extra chore I had to do. I stuck it out, though. I believed it would all pay out.

I walked through the big white doors leading into the pack house. Not every wolf from the Grey Hunters Pack lived there, but many did, and as soon as I walked in, small kids ran by me, almost making me trip. I was glad I didn't actually run into them. Those small ones belonged to the luna of the pack. She had had one son years back, then not gotten pregnant for so long, and suddenly those two evil monsters showed up. They loved making my life extra hard, and they had only just rounded a corner when I heard...

Crash!

"Whoops..."

I closed my eyes, counting backwards, because I knew what that sound meant. I knew they had not "accidentally" broken something. It was all done on purpose. I walked into the room they had disappeared into. It was a small living room, and it didn't take me long to find the source of it all. The two twins stood side by side, looking as if they felt guilty about the whole incident, but I knew the truth. They felt guilty about nothing.

"It was an accident," Tyler said, and looked at the ground.

"We really didn't break the sculpture on purpose," Teresa told me. "Truly."

The sculpture was heavy. I knew because I had had to dust this room off many times, and you couldn't, just by accident, push it to the ground when you ran into the table. You would have to tip the table at least or it wouldn't fall. They had probably both had to lift it together. I smiled, trying my hardest not to let it get to me. They were the luna's kids, and she was not very fond of me. She was really not fond of any wolf who didn't carry status.

"Well, I will just put my things away and get a broom. Next time, be more careful," I told them.

"We will!" they said at the same time.

That guilty look they had had in their eyes just a moment ago was suddenly gone, and smiles were on their lips as they ran off. Such small little beasts, I thought. It was a good thing they wouldn't inherit the pack. No, a powerful and very handsome alpha was going to. Since I started working here, I hadn't been able to stop following him with my eyes. I knew he would never notice me. But I couldn't help it. I began working there when I was fifteen. My mother needed help with money and, since we didn't live that far away from the pack, it was easy for me to help. Carter, though, was... I couldn't even describe him with words. My eyes just automatically went his way. Many women ooked around him. He could pick and choose whoever he wanted. Carter never seemed to want to boast about it, though. He didn't shove the fact he could get anyone up in anyone's face. I had seen him disappear into rooms with other female wolves, and I knew what happened between those closed doors, despite never having tried the same. I was more focused on helping my mother than on guys. Carter though... I can not think when he was near. I wasn't even sure what was happening. He was only two years older than me. I was turning eighteen later today, and I was excited. I loved my birthday. Even if there wasn't much to celebrate. It was not like I was born a luna or would ever inherit an important title, but it was important to celebrate the small things in life. Such as coming into the world. I might not have much, but I had my mother. She was the sweetest person in the world.

I went to put my things away in a small closet. That was just meant for us lone wolves who worked there to keep our belongings. Then I found some gloves so I wouldn't cut myself when I picked up the small shards and got a bucket and a broom. When I got back to the living room, though, someone was waiting for me. She was tapping her foot against the wooden floorboards, her arms crossed and looking at the mess in front of her. Luna Crystal turned to me, her long blond hair owing around as she did and the white dress which had an unbelievably plunging front moved like there was a wind in the room, and it had to show her off like the most exceptional thing.

"What is this?" she asked.

"Oh, Luna... I was just coming to clean it up," I told her.

"What happened?"

"I..."

I wasn't sure what to say. Every time I tried to explain the twins' messes, she never really seemed to believe me or asked why I couldn't keep them in control. As if I were their mother!

"It was an accident," I told her. "They didn't mean to."

"Who?"

"Your pups..."

"My children did this?" she asked, as if she couldn't believe me.

"It's ne. I will clean it up now."

"You better, and let me not see a single shard left. Do you understand me?" she asked. "We pay you for a reason."

"Yes, Luna..."

I could hear her frustrated sigh as she walked by me. Despite being quite many years older than me, she was very beautiful. Werewolves just naturally kept their beauty all the way up to their deaths, but Luna Crystal... Oh, she was created like... like she was the Moon Goddess's favorite. Maybe she was? I couldn't say, but sometimes I believed it. She wasn't pretty on the inside, though. There hid something nasty there.

I rushed over to the mess and began to clean it up, brushing all the shards into the bucket, and then I began nding those small pieces. I knew Luna Crystal would come back and check if I had done it correctly, and I really just wanted to make sure there was nothing to find. She always found something to complain about, but it was better not to let it be this.

"What happened here?"

I looked over my shoulder, and my heart began to beat nervously in my chest. While Luna Crystal could be harsh, I would much rather be in a room with her than her mate, Alpha William. I wasn't sure what it was, but every time he looked at me, it felt like he was eating me with his eyes. He was at least 20 if not 30 years older than me. It felt very weird, and I told myself I was imagining things. I told myself that I was just... overreacting. But his touches, like when I once cut myself and he offered to help clean it... I had shivered all over. It felt wrong, and it had taken a few times, saying politely no to his help, before he backed off. Lone wolves healed slower, because the power of the pack bond didn't run through them. Being in a pack was benecial in many ways. You became stronger, faster, and more observant. You felt connected as wolves should feel, but getting into a pack was dicult. Most lone wolves had just been born that way. They carried their status from their ancestors, while rogues were people who had committed horrible crimes and been thrown out of the pack. Even lone wolves stayed clear of them. We had no one to protect us but ourselves.

"Oh, just... an accident," I said, looking away from Alpha William.

The hairs on the back of my neck rose when I heard him come closer. I didn't like it when he stood so close. I still had a few shards to pick up. He crouched down beside me, looking at the mess that was left, before turning to me, smiling a little.

"Better hurry before Crystal sees this," he said jokingly.

I didn't nd it very funny. Had anyone else said something like it, I might have laughed, but he gave me the creeps.

"Too late," I said nervously.

"Need some help?"

"Oh, no, Alpha, this is not your job," I said.

I wouldn't accept his help, no matter what. It was very strange how friendly he was. Was he really like this with all the lone wolves? No one talked about it, so I was afraid to be the one to bring it up.

"I have some time on my hands," he said.

"It's ne. I am almost done."

"Very well," he said. "Good job."

He then suddenly reached up and took a strand of my hair that had gotten loose from my ponytail and stroked it behind my ear. I felt cold...

"It's your birthday today, right?" he asked.

"It... is..."

"Well, happy birthday."

"I am not quite eighteen yet."

Why did I say it like that? I shouldn't assume things. Just friendly, I told myself.

"Later today, though," he said. "You will be an adult."

I swallowed hard, trying my hardest just to smile.

"Isn't age just a number?" I chuckled.

He laughed too, though I wasn't trying to amuse him.

"You make it sound like you're turning 50," he said.

His grey eyes moved strangely around my face, as if he was taking in every little detail or maybe counting the freckles on my nose.

"I... guess I should be more thrilled."

It had thrilled me to turn eighteen, but I didn't like it when the Alpha was talking about it.

"That's more like it. Let's celebrate later," he said. "I will bring out the best booze."

"Just you... and me?" I asked him, confused.

His eyes darkened in a way I didn't like, and I quickly put some distance between us. I had seen the answer in his eyes, and I didn't like it.

"Oh, I had better hurry up. There are starving wolves in this pack and breakfast won't make itself."

Alpha William chuckled and stood up, but I was screaming inside myself. What did he mean we were going to celebrate? Booze? Why booze?

"Yes, better hurry," he said and walked away.

I had not noticed I had barely been breathing with him near, but when he left, I slumped down on the oor and breathed out heavily, putting a hand over my heart.

"What was that?"