

Read Alpha Desmond

Chapter 3

“Was he really thinking about trying to attack with that measly group?”

I looked over the vampire sitting in my kitchen. He was frozen in time in his early thirties. The man was dressed to impress and didn't have a wrinkle on him. Victor was head of the Northwest division of vampires and oversaw all vampire covens in the area. It even stretched into Canada and he took a lot of the fey under his wing as well.

There was a race issue between the supernatural beings. Most werewolves hated all fey and vampires. Vampires usually tolerated fey to the point where as long as they didn't get in their way, there were no issues. Too often then, packs would make a play for territory that was deemed vampire or fey protected areas. That's where Victor and I stepped in. I was a traitor to my own kind. I housed fey in my pack, made friends with vampires, and outwardly showed my disgust for the Alpha King's rule.

“Honestly, I don't think he puts much thought into anything.” I leaned back against the counter, drink in hand.

We had attacked Alpha James' main city center. They had some warriors waiting for us but it was a measly amount compared to the force Victor brought and who I had sent down with Scott.

“Why do they think we are easy picking? Do they think we don't have lives? Children to protect? Families?” Victor ran a hand through his hair.

I shrugged. “Frankly, I don't give a rat's ass what the man does in his own territory but he can keep his territory where it is.”

“Speaking of territory, the local covens want to make the vampire road through the northwest into a paved two-lane highway.”

Looking at Victor with a raised eyebrow, he put his hands up in defeat. I shook my head and looked down. My legs were crossed as I stared down at my shoes.

“I can't allow that. The road goes straight through the forest.”

He nodded. “That's what I told them but they still wanted me to ask.”

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes, thinking over the territory in the north. “If I push my border more north, up to the bottom of the Peak Pass, you could build the road along the rocky part just below the mountain. It's already big enough to have a two-lane highway without needing to disturb the forest.”

“Can you do that?”

Shrugging, I looked at him. “I have to submit the documentation. There aren’t any contentions with the land, considering it is still within your territory. So if you also submit the documentation, we should be fine.”

Victor nodded, smiling. “Sounds good, Desmond. We will do that then.”

I pinched the bridge of my nose. “According to my Gamma though, there is a human moving into the territory on the north side. Just as a heads up, if you could warn your boys to stay away. I don’t really want a death of a human on my territory to deal with right now.”

He nodded again but gave me an interested look. “Thought you didn’t allow humans to buy property in your territory?”

“It’s the old Magis house. None of my pack is gonna move there and there is too much residual magic for the fey. They start to get antsy. So if I need to not just let the property cost us money, a human is the only one who can live there. Plus, they paid asking price.”

Victor chuckled. “Ever the businessman.”

We lapsed into silence. Drinking, lost in our own thoughts over our territories. Victor had been a good friend and someone I trusted if I needed advice on how to handle a situation. One that wouldn’t be so closely tied to the pack.

“The wife is throwing a birthday party. I would be remiss not to invite one of my oldest allies to attend.”

“Open bar?”

I nodded and he laughed.

“I wouldn’t miss it. What number will this be?”

I grumbled. “Forty.”

He laughed. “Getting up there Alpha. When are you turning your empire over?”

“I don’t know.” I frowned.

“Don’t you have a son?” I looked at Victor and his eyes went wide for a second. “Right, the whole Luna thing. Sorry. Your’re family drama, while fascinating, gets lost in the hundreds of years of baggage I carry.” Victor winked at me.

“Speaking of baggage, where is Bianca? I thought she was attached to you at the hip?”

He looked down at his glass. “Being within any pack territories are not really her scene.”

I nodded this time. She had some bad experiences within some packs on the east side. It made her very wary of any territories. I wished it wasn't the story for most vampires or fey but I would be lying to myself.

“I'll give you the details of when for the party. The wife is still deciding on the time, I think.”

Victor stood and I walked around the counter, clasping hands with him. “Thanks for the assist on this one.”

“Anytime, my friend.”

Scott walked into the room just as Victor was leaving. He shook hands with Victor and then his eyes lit up.

“You may know Victor, there is apparently a hunter headed this way. Do you know if they were hired by anyone?”

Victor shook his head. “I haven't heard anything but Marcus would be the one to speak to in regards to the guild.”

Scott nodded absently. “Marcus hasn't heard anything either.”

Victor shrugged and patted him on the back. “Try not to worry about it too much. Hunters come and go as they please.” He nodded back to me before leaving through the front door.

I looked at Scott, my eyes narrowing. “What was that about?”

“It's just a rumor. I thought that maybe after the fiasco at the Alpha King's castle he would have hired someone. Or Alpha James.”

“James hates the guild almost as much as he does the fey. He wouldn't stoop so low when he feels he could just march his ass over here and try to kick my ass.”

Scott shook his head. “So that leaves the Alpha King who you humiliated in front of all the Alphas.”

I snorted. “I would like to see him try.”

“What if they are hired to kill you? We don't have anyone to take over as Alpha if you were...”

I growled at him, cutting him off. Stalking up to him, I looked down at him. "Watch your mouth, Scott. I'm not about to die to some random hunter." Scott looked down, not looking at me. "And if I *were* to kick the bucket, you would take over and help Liam step into the position."

Ricky came out of his office with a bunch of papers in his hands. He froze, seeing the tension between us. He looked from me to Scott and then back at me. I pointed to his arms.

"I'm not doing any of that today."

He grinned. "Don't worry about this. I have it but there are some details that need to gone over..."

"No Ricky. Take the night off. I'll handle it tomorrow. You too, Scott. Go home."

"But Alpha..."

I growled. "Not up for discussion Gamma. Get going."

They both nodded and left the pack house after mulling around for a bit. The pitfalls of having a younger Gamma and Beta. While they were go getters, they also didn't know when enough was enough. The both of them had just turned thirty, taking over their father's places within the past fifteen years. Whereas I had been Alpha for over twenty five years now. My father had me start early but was with me for the first few years of my takeover. He let me go when I did my first raid on a nearby pack for killing a dozen fey and putting their bodies on display. It was gruesome and I repaid them in tenfold. One of the fey had been a good friend of mine.

I felt more and more attacked lately over my age and handing the pack over. I didn't know why it was such a big deal that I was turning forty and still head of my pack. My body was still in its prime. I was lucky that my Alpha genes had been stronger than my father's. My mother had also come from an Alpha family and they had attributed my strength to the mix. I probably could carry on for another ten or fifteen years at least. I didn't necessarily want to but I would do what was necessary for my pack.

Once I confirmed that the two of them went home, I left the pack house, locking it up behind me. I made my way down the street to the house. I stopped at the hardware store and opened the door. My father was standing behind the counter, tinkering with a power tool.

"Dad."

He looked up and smiled. "Hey son! What brings you in?"

“Do you know if there has been word of a hunter headed this way? Scott brought it up and I thought you might know.”

There was a twinkle in his eye. My father, after retiring as Alpha, opened up the hardware shop. It was his life's dream to own a shop and help out people through his curiously vast knowledge of everything that involved construction. He found out a few years in though that he missed a bit of the old Alpha spark. So he nestled himself into the chatter of the supernatural gossip chain, 'the weeds' as they called it. My dad could tell you what juicy details that got a witch arrested in Russia or what the Alpha King had for breakfast the day before. It was frightening how much gossip he took in.

“Yeah, there was one spotted heading west but not for a job. I haven't heard of a hunter being requested for a while now. Scott asked me too but there still isn't anything that's come up in the weeds.” His eyes narrowed. “Why you insist on poking beehives, I will never understand.”

I smiled. “Alpha James had it coming.”

He shook his head at me disapprovingly. Laughing, I took the power tool out of his hand and twisted the bolt he had been working to unscrew the entire time I had been standing there. It loosened and I handed it back to him. “Thanks Dad. I'll come by for dinner on Thursday.”

“Your mother says if you miss this one, I'll be the one to sing you happy birthday at the party.”

I grimaced. “Oh goddess, I won't miss it then. Want me to bring the kids by?”

He shook his head. “Leave those youngsters alone. No one wants to be forced to see old people.” My dad gave me a indignant look. “Don't bring Helena either. She grates on your mother's nerves.”

Sighing, I just nodded and turned to leave. My parents were never happy with my wife. When I had lost the scent of my mate, I chose Helena when she turned eighteen. I was twenty-two at the time and my parents were livid. They were big on the mate bond. She was a trophy wife in every way and she played her part well over the years. I gave her everything she asked for and she did everything I asked. It was a mutually beneficial arrangement for both of us. My parents, though, didn't see it that way. They saw her as a gold digger and a power-hungry wolf which may be true but it made her a ruthless Luna. She needed to be next to me.

“Son.”

I turned just before I opened the door.

“The weeds are saying things are shifting. The fey queen has been spotted in the area. The fey are restless and you’re going around poking wolves. Try not to tempt fate because the goddess will not take kindly to it.”

I rolled my eyes and shook my head. “Dad, I’m not a child. I can take care of the pack and my business. Fate doesn’t scare me.” I held up my pinky. “My red string has been cut for decades.” Slamming the door behind me, I left before he could say anything else foolish.