

# Lycan Queen

## Chapter 2: Lycan King

Conrad

"CON hurry up, let's go!"

I hear my beta yell up the stairs at me.

I am Conrad J. Alexander, the Lycan King and Alpha of the Nightstalkers. It's been such a long day, but I have to go out tonight and support my best friend. My Beta Anderson "Anders" bought a bar a few months ago, and tonight is the opening night party. I have to make an appearance anyway. I need to check on the new updated security system we installed in his bar. Also to oversee the bouncers and the extra undercover guys that watch over the bartenders.

I check myself in the mirror one more time and walk out of my room. As I approach the stairs, I do a quick hop up onto the banister and ride it down, landing on my feet in front of Anders. Anders raises an eyebrow at me.

"Well, someone is in a good mood."

I shrug my shoulders as I grab my car keys.

"I just have a good feeling about tonight is all. It's going to be so badass it will change lives."

Anders just laughs as he pushes me out the door towards

the garage.

"I hope so I need this place to make me some money. Con it's time I asked Soph to marry me and she deserves the best."

"Look, bro, my mom has some jewelry that my grandmother did some of her witchiness on and they aren't affected by us shifting. Soph has always been like a daughter to my mom. I'm sure she would love to see Soph wearing one of her special rings."

"Awesome, thanks. I'll take a look at them."

"Alright, we are starting to sound all soft and girly. We need to go and drink some bourbon before this gets any worse."

As we pull up to the bar, the line is already wrapped around the side of the building. I pull around back and pull into an employee parking spot. As I hop out of my SUV, the faintest smell of honeysuckle tickles my nose. I just kept walking, not thinking much of it. Anders and I head up the stairs that run along the side of the building up to the bar's back door. It's been 45 minutes since we opened, and this place is packed. I've just now completed my second sweep with my security team. Luckily nothing exciting has happened yet, but the night is still young. I click the talk button on my headset that's in my ear. These things are so annoying, but we have a few humans currently working in the bar, so we can't just use our pack link.

"Hey Soph, have you seen Anders?"

I let go of the button and waited for her response.

"Umm, no, I haven't; I've been serving drinks to these arrogant rich kids in here spending their daddy's money."

I smile while pressing the button again

"As long as you're doing it with a smile on your face, we will be just fine."

Sophie is mated to my beta. Anders, her, and I grew up thick as thieves, wreaking havoc wherever we went. I kept walking through the bar, headed towards the hall that led to where the bathrooms were.

Over the headset, I hear Luca

"Yo! The Michaelson twins just walked in, man that Bethany is smoken!"

"Luca, you're supposed to be watching the door, not trying to chase tail you know won't give you the time of day."

Shot back Jones, one of our human bouncers.

I finally make it to the hallway when I smell honeysuckle again. Seriously does Anders have those stupid motion-activated air fresheners that go off anytime someone walks past it? I walk into the men's room, and I hear someone throwing up. Really?! We aren't even an

hour in, and someone is already smashed. Just then, Anders walks out of the stall.

"Dude, you alright? I've been looking everywhere for you."

"No, I'm not okay. I'm already running low on the cheap shit liquor, I have 3 VIP lounges no one has paid to use them and I've almost hit my capacity limit."

Anders lets out in a rush.

I put both my hands on either shoulder

"First of all, reaching capacity is a great thing that means you're making money. Secondly, don't worry about the rest. I'll take care of it."

I push the talk button on my headset as I exit the bathroom

"Alright guys and gals, here what we will do. Soph let bartenders know if they run out of the cheaper liquor, start using the more expensive stuff. Send me the bill for the difference. Now don't go selling that top-shelf cheap; my pockets aren't that deep. Also, take a 15, give our boy some lovin and calm his ass down. Luca, I don't know who these Michaelson twins are but let's get them into one of those fancy VIP lounges, so people know we have them. If they start acting all crazy, let's contain it quickly. We don't need any negative news coming out after opening night. Now let's get this party started."