

The Alpha King's Human Mate by HC Dolores

Chapter 2

“Outcasts always mourn.”

– Oscar Wilde

The walk to the pack house was short, and within ten minutes, we were walking through its massive foyer. The pack house was the biggest home in our territory, and since it was used for meetings, parties, or other pack events, it was made to house close to a thousand people if needed. It was designed like one massive log cabin with chairs, couches, bean bags, and other furniture scattered throughout the living room.

From the moment we walked in the door, there were people.

*Everywhere.

The elders of our pack were seated on the couches, sipping their coffee and engaging in small talk. A couple of mated couples cuddled up on love seats and chairs, completely tuned out to everything but each other. Some of the pack warriors stood around laughing and joking in groups, most of them unmated or keeping their mates at home.

As soon as my father stepped through the door, a gradual silence swept over the room and all eyes fell on us. The conversation ceased and many people inclined their heads in respect for my father.

I could feel curious gazes on me too most of them were probably wondering why the human girl was at the meeting, just like I was. While Grace disappeared to one of the couches to sit with some of the female elders, my dad and Seb took front- and-center in the room. Lily and I both snagged an empty couch, although she was already waving some of her friends over.

Unlike me, my sister was a social butterfly, and as the Alpha's daughter, she might've well have been the pack princess. Girls wanted to be her friend, and boys crossed their fingers that they'd be lucky enough to have Lily as a mate.

Lily hadn't met her mate yet, but at eighteen, it could happen anytime. Werewolves could identify their mates at sixteen, and it wasn't unusual for most wolves to find them within a year or two. By eighteen or nineteen, most of the unmated wolves I'd met were antsy about finding their “true loves” – they wanted to get married and start popping out babies immediately. 2

For a brief moment, I wondered if that would happen to Lily too. If my headstrong, good-natured sister would turn into another docile wife with a pregnant belly by the end of the year. That was the expectation for female werewolves, but for some reason, the thought unsettled me.

“Attention, everyone,” my dad clapped his hands together, although all eyes were already on him, “I’ve called you here today to discuss something important something that has already begun affecting our pack.”

As my dad spoke, my brother stood strong beside him, arms crossed and ready to back up whatever he said. (2

“As

you may have heard whispers from other packs, there are tensions rising in the werewolf world,” dad said, “Two of the largest packs in the country, the Crescent Moon pack and the Pacific Rock pack, have been on the brink of a war for the past two months. If their conflict does escalate, it won’t just be blood from their packs that get shed. Both packs have alliances across the country – we’ve even got a long-standing alliance with the Pacific Rock pack, and if they call upon us to help, I’ll have to send warriors to fight.”

I could hear a few gasps across the room, and some of the elders began to whisper.

“What even started this conflict? Why is the Crescent Moon pack at odds with the Pacific Rock wolves?” One of the younger male warriors piped up from the side of the room.

My father sighed. “It started the same way that most of these conflicts start: by wolves trying to claim things that aren’t theirs. The Crescent Moon’s new Alpha is ambitious and he’s been trying to expand his pack lands since he took over. For the past few months, they’ve been steadily creeping into Pacific Rock territory.”

While I’d heard my father grumbling about this latest conflict to Sebastian or Grace at home, this was the first time I’d heard about it in such detail. It wasn’t unusual either since I’d been living in the werewolf world, I’d heard countless stories of packs trying to take over other packs or warring for territories.

Werewolves were possessive about everything, and that included their lands.

However, this was the first time I’d been subject to a conflict that might affect my own pack. My father was a good Alpha, and he’d spent his entire rule trying to stay out of territory disputes and other conflicts with nearby packs.

“I know this must sound worrying,” my father continued, “But I don’t believe it

will escalate to a war. The Alpha King is aware of the dispute, and he doesn't want this to turn into an out-of-control war with both sides trying to call on alliances. He believes that both Alphas can come to an understanding as long as they meet on neutral ground with the King himself present."

Ah, the mysterious, all-powerful Alpha King. At least this guy is finally doing his job.

Ever since I'd been in the werewolf world, I'd been hearing about the Alpha King. I'd never met the guy or even seen a picture of him, but from what I understood, he was the closest thing the werewolves had to a monarch and a celebrity.

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He had his own territory and pack, but he ruled over everyone. He was the Alpha of Alphas wolves the one that ruled them all. His word was final, and while he didn't usually get involved in pack business, he might step in special cases. Like, you know, to prevent a war.

Last I'd heard, the current Alpha King was around my dad's age, but he was grooming his son to take over when he died. I didn't know much about the King's son either, but then again, it's not as if I was the hub for all-things-werewolf- knowledge. Besides what I heard around the house or the bare-bones explanation my dad gave me about pack hierarchy and wolf biology when I started living with him, I was still pretty clueless.

"This is good news then," said one of the elders, a wrinkled, old man gripping onto his coffee cup for dear life, "The Alpha King will surely placate both packs. Is there something else you're worried about, Alpha?" (2

My dad sighed and crossed his arms, "There is one other thing. In fact, it's the main reason I've gathered so many of you here tonight." Briefly, he made eye contact with me.

Guess we're about to get to the good stuff here then.

"The Alpha King sees this as an opportunity to strengthen alliances and understandings for every pack not just the Crescent Moon and Pacific Rock wolves. He's asked each Alpha to send their children as diplomats."

Beside me, Lily inhaled sharply and I watched Sebastian's eyes widen.

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I'd watched my dad leave for diplomatic trips and meetings before, but never my brother or sister most packs wanted to deal with the current Alpha, not the future one.

“Why Alpha children?” The same elder asked, “Sebastian is still years from taking over your position. What benefit would it be for us to send such young wolves?”

A couple of people nodded in agreement across the room, and I couldn't disagree with the elder's logic. As long as my dad didn't die unexpectedly, Sebastian wouldn't be the Alpha for years to come and it didn't make much sense to send Lily either. As a female wolf, she maybe had a small chance of becoming Alpha if dad and Seb both died – but that would only be after she proved herself to the pack.

I guess the only upside here is that if Lily and Sebastian have to leave on some diplomatic wolf mission, I'll get the house to myself (and free reign of Lily's closets).

“The Alpha King believes that it's important for the future of the werewolf world to learn how to cohabitate now before they're handed real power and given titles.

He thinks teaching them to be diplomats might prevent further disputes like the one we're in the midst of now.”

“Is that all?” The elder asked.

“Well,”

my dad said, and I could see he was reluctant to say this next part, “That was the reasoning he's given us as Alphas, and I do believe it explains why he wants the future Alphas there. However, I have a feeling there's another ulterior motive at play. The King has asked for every Alpha child, including our daughters. His son has just turned twenty-five and he's still mateless. I believe this is another opportunity for the prince to search for his mate.”

“Ali Alpha daughters?” Another elder spoke, and almost every eye in the room landed on me.

No, there's no way I'm included in this. O

I'm human, that's an automatic pass out of most werewolf events, especially diplomatic pack meetings.

My dad turned to me, his eyes full of concern. “Unfortunately, yes, that means that he'll want to see my human daughter, Clark, too. She'll be attending the meeting.

with her siblings.”

Oh, no.

