

Chapter 128 Can't Wait To Find My Mate

As I approached the Pack-house, I felt a knot form in my stomach. Topaz and I prepared ourselves for the worst—my family rejecting me just like Mom had.

Alpha Randell seemed surprised when he saw me.

“Good morning, Alpha,” I said.

“Good morning. I don’t believe we’ve met. Who are you?” His voice was curious, but not harsh. Next to him stood a tall, imposing figure. My uncle.

“My name is Alayah,” I replied, holding his gaze. “I live with my grandmother near the eastern border.”

Alpha Randell glanced at my uncle, and I caught the confusion on my uncle's face. There it was—the question he wouldn’t ask. I wasn’t about to give him the satisfaction. If my uncle wanted to know if I was his niece, he could ask me himself. I wouldn’t make this easy for him.

“You can have breakfast in the dining hall. Once you’re done, I want to see you in my office.” Alpha Randell said to me before he walked away.

“Of course, Alpha.”

When I was done with breakfast, I dropped off my plate and mug, then made my way to the Alpha’s office. My uncle walked beside me, silent. Topaz, ever the troublemaker, kept making faces at him, sticking her tongue out in mock defiance.

When we reached the office, my uncle opened the door without knocking. I wasn’t going to follow without permission, though. “What are you waiting for?” he muttered. “A written invitation?”

I looked him dead in the eye. “For Alpha Randell to invite me in. I’m not his Beta or his Gamma, and I’m not his Mate, so I’ll wait for permission.”

The room went quiet as everyone stared at me. I kept my composure, instructing Topaz to settle down. Finally, Alpha Randell spoke. “Alayah, you’re allowed to enter.”

I stepped into the office. “Thank you, Alpha. I just wasn’t sure. Protocol states that no one enters an Alpha’s office without an invitation, and it sounded more like an order than an invitation.”

Alpha Randell’s lips twitched, but before he could say anything, a voice asked, “Are you my granddaughter?”

I froze, unsure who had asked the question. I turned to Alpha Randell. “My father died in a Rogue attack before I was born. I’ve lived with my grandmother all my life. I didn’t know much about my father’s side of the family until Uncle Rex let something slip. I’ve always wondered why no one from my father’s family ever came looking for me. I doubt my Mother and Grandmother hid my birth from anyone and that means that at least you as the Alpha should have known about my existence, Alpha Randell. ”

I didn’t wait for a response. Without another word, I left the office and the Pack-house. If they wanted to be part of my life, they could come to me. If not, I didn’t need them. I’d made it this far without them, and I could continue just the same.

Later, they did come to me. Alpha Randell explained to me that he didn’t tell them about me because they were still grieving the loss of my Father and that his family never really cared for my Mother. I had to ask Grandfather about the reason as Alpha Randell never really understood it himself.

Five years have passed since my first visit to the Pack-house. I have grown closer with my Father’s family and even Grandma has been able to form a relationship with all of them. Mom never returned for a visit because four years ago we felt the Pack-bond snap and Grandma explained it was done voluntarily, we both knew it had to be Mom.

Alpha Randell was unable to find out where she went or which Pack took her in. If someone joins another Pack, the former Alpha gets notified and the family file gets sent to the new Pack, to make sure they have all the information about their new Pack-member. Mom’s new Pack never made that call or asked for her family file and it still baffles me that she could walk away so easily.

This morning I go to the Pack-house to visit my Grandpa as usual. I see a worried look on his face and I think it has to do with our future Alpha Marc finding his Mate.

“I am sorry, Dear. I am in over my head as usual, I can’t seem to make head or tails out of those numbers and Alpha Randell wants everything done before the big day.” Grandfather says as he sits down in the chair next to mine and I smile as I remember Grandfather and Uncle Paul complaining about the extra work Alpha Randell gave them.

Last night we were speculating on how this might work out, Marc’s Mate happens to be the only Pup of our neighboring Pack. My best guess would be that they will combine the Packs, that they will give it a new name and maybe even build a new Pack-house somewhere in the middle of the territory.

It also gives every unmated male and female a chance to find their connection, I know I can’t wait to find my own connection with my Mate and find my happily ever after.

To find someone that will love me for me, who will always be by my side. To finally have someone that won’t walk out on me, every chance they get.