

Chapter 187 Blood Stone Pack

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I am on the verge of exploding, I have had to entertain an Alpha and his three Daughters all weekend and the fact that one of my Sons isn't present isn't sitting well with the Alpha. I will be glad when he leaves in an hour or two, but right now it seems as if time is running in slow motion and even though my Sons have made it clear they will never take a chosen Mate the Alpha doesn't seem to listen.

Maybe he would leave us alone if I told him I am only the acting Alpha, that our rightful Alpha is still out there and that no member of my bloodline will ever take the place that belongs to someone else. I would love to see the look on his face when he realizes he is barking up the wrong tree, but it was decided decades ago that we would keep this information hidden. We don't know where our ancestor ended up, all we know is that there still is an heir to Blood Stone Pack.

When my Great-grandfather stepped into lead our Pack he didn't receive the Alpha powers during the Ceremony and so far none of us has received the Alpha powers when another took over. I love taking care of our Pack but if the rightful Alpha shows up tomorrow I will happily take a step back, my bloodline was never meant to hold the Alpha position and none of my Sons would be sorry if we had to step down.

"Alpha Josh, when will your youngest Son return?" I hear one of the females ask and I just shrug my shoulders, I really have no idea when he will return. He had made his plans weeks ago and I didn't ask him to change his plans because of this visit, he probably hates this more than all of us combined. He has been searching for our rightful Alpha since I told him the truth and I know he really hopes we will find him before his Brother has to take over from me.

"He is visiting Autumn Pack and I believe they have a celebration because Crystal found her Mate, but I don't know the details. So my best guess would be tomorrow, probably just before dinner." I answer and I see a disappointed look on her face, but I am not sure if it has to do with my Son or the fact that Crystal found her Mate. My Mate is trying really hard not to show how annoyed she is with these females and I hope that when our Sons find their Mate they will be the opposite of these three females.

"Thank the Goddess." I hear my Mate mumble when the SUV drives away from the Pack-house the next day. The Alpha had dragged this out as far as he could, but my guess on when Bastian would return has been correct "If they never show their face again I will die a happy Lycan." She growls and I know we all agree with her, "Can you imagine the look on their faces if they were to hear the truth?" I whisper in her ear and she start laughing uncontrollably.

"Dad, you might want to check your phone. Bastian has at least blown up my phone." My oldest Son says as he hands me my phone. Fucking Alpha and his fucking rules, he demanded we turn our phones off to assure a quiet weekend and now I have missed at least a dozen calls from my Son. I know I shouldn't be yelling at Bastian, but I am pissed off as it is and he called for Goddess knows what kind of nonsense. At first I want to tell him to change the attitude when he tells me to shut up, but my Mate stops me.

I don't hear every word he says and I assume he is talking about Alpha Gordon, but he manages to stun me into silence for a moment and it takes a few minutes before I can calm my family down. Bastian ran into our Alpha at Autumn Pack and according to him she looks just like her ancestors, Yeah we are getting a female Alpha. I look up the information I have on Crimson Moon Pack and it takes me a while before I have found their leadership.

Bastian said something about a Beta and when I look at the current Beta I don't see much resemblance with our last known Alpha, maybe Bastian was mistaken. "Dad, take a look at this." Brock says as he hands me his tablet and I read the underline with the picture, "Future Alpha Randell with his future Beta and his Beta's Brother." My eyes get pulled to the male on the left side of the picture, a face I see every day I walk into my office and I know that if he had a Daughter she is our Alpha.

"Brock, find out everything you can about Maxwell. He is the Brother of their current Beta, I want to know everything you can find about him and preferably yesterday." I tell him and he rolls his eyes at me before he walks out of the Alpha office. "Damn, that is creepy." My Mate says next to my ear and I just nod my head because she is absolutely correct, he is an exact duplicate of his Grandfather.

Mable tries to find a picture of Maxwell with his Mate and Pup, but the only pictures she can find in the information we have are pictures of his Brother Paul and his Son Anton, the future Beta of Crimson Moon Pack. Questions are flying around my office, questions we are unable to find an answer to and I hope Bastian found out a little bit more. The main question we have is why Maxwell isn't the current Beta and I hope Bastian or Brock will have the answer.

Bryson thinks it might have to do with the Alpha title, but Mable thinks that we won't like the answer there is to that question and I fear she might be right about Maxwell no longer being alive. "What if they are unaware of their ancestors?" Bryson suddenly asks and I look at my Son for thinking of something none of us considered, what if Maxwell's Grandfather never told his family about who he really was? There is a change that our Alpha is very unaware of the title she carries.

Bastian walks in to the Alpha office with a huge grin on his face and the moment he turns his phone towards me I understand why he is convinced that this is our Alpha. She just looks like her Great-Great-Grandmother and anyone in our Pack that has ever taken a look at the paintings in the Pack-house will recognize her immediately. "How were your guests?" Bastian asks with a huge smile on his face and Bryson groans loudly as Bastian reminds him of the past few days.

It doesn't take long before Bryson is telling his baby Brother all about the weekend we just had and I can tell that Bastian is relieved he wasn't here, "Why can't that fucking Alpha take a hint? I will never take a chosen Mate, I'd rather stay single the rest of my life." Bastian growls when he hears that the question about taking his Daughters as their Mates had come up at least five times and Mable tells him to take it easy.

"Why, Mom? We have been through this a million times before and somehow he seems to think if he brings it up enough times that we will change our minds. From what I understand; Alayah is still waiting for her Mate." Bastian says. "Who?" Bryson asks and Bastian tells him that that is our Alpha's name. Mable just stares at me and I wonder how they managed to do that, she is named after her Great-Great-Grandmother.