

The Wrong Alpha - A Twist of Fate?

Chapter 2 - Lilah

I jumped slightly in my sleep, hearing noise from downstairs, groggily rolling my head into the softness of my pillow, I felt so tired, but the persistent banging around downstairs, I assumed from my parents, made me half open one eye sleepily, only to see the sun glaring around the edges of my bedroom curtains.

I sleepily banged my hand across my bed to make its way to my bedside table which sat next to my single bed “ow!” I cursed as I knocked my wrist on the corner of the wooden unit top as I went to reach for my mobile phone, a morning ritual by now.....

a good morning boo text waiting for me from Logan making me smile as it did every morning, before I noticed the time – 9.45am!! *Shit!! I've seriously overslept!!* I tell myself.

My plan had been to get up early and be over at Logan's house for birthday breakfast with him..... *Yeah that's out of the window* I tell myself *by the time you're ready and get over there he'll have long done with breakfast Lilah! And likely be overrun with visitors for his birthday and that's assuming Uncle Grayson hasn't already dragged him off to the Pack House to spend time with the pack for his birthday! Idiot!!* I cursed myself.

Quickly stepping from the warmth of my bed wanting to be as quick as I can to get to see Logan and start celebrating his special day with him I head toward the bathroom, grabbing a towel from the shelves near my bedroom. Rushing as much as I could I showered and dried my long, wavy honey blonde hair leaving it loose down my back the way I preferred it. Doing my make up while sitting in my underwear at the dressing table in my bedroom, then threw on a pair of black skinny jeans

and a white crop top before throwing a pair of my favourite boots before checking myself over in my full length mirror on the back of my bedroom door.

I'll do I thought to myself, knowing that Logan loved me dressed like this, as I went to grab my phone and bag and pretty much run from my room knowing I wanted to get to my Logan as fast I could. I got to the bottom the stairs in our house as fast as I could without falling over my feet, which when you're as clumsy as me and in a rush was an accomplishment in itself!

Both my Mum and Dad were sat at the breakfast bar in our family kitchen having coffee, which for this time of day in the week seemed odd in itself, my Dad being Beta would usually be busy at work in his office for the Alpha at the Pack House. And Mum was often off out somewhere with Auntie Talia up to something or helping out with things around the pack.

As I walked past them I could sense them watching me, *and let's just say the atmosphere in the room could be described as one of those that the tension could be cut with a knife - have they been arguing?* I thought to myself *that seems unlikely, as my parents were not ones for falling out, so this whole tension in the air thing was weird for my Mum and Dad as they were normally laughing and joking or hugging and kissing*, which yeah I have to admit normally made me roll my eyes in a typical embarrassed teenager kind of way I guess. I chose to ignore the atmosphere anyway and address it later if it was still the same when I came home, just wanting to get to see Logan and start enjoying his birthday with him. I walked across our brightly lit kitchen, to grab Logan's birthday gift which was sat on the kitchen work surface, but as I did my Dad stood up.

"Mornin' Lilah, you gonna have some breakfast with us?" he smiled kindly as he spoke.

“Nah is ok thanks Pops” I looked back at him “ I’m running real late and want to see Logan” the fact I was looking at my Dad when I spoke to him meant I saw the loaded look he gave to my Mum, and it was a weird one, *something is going on.....*I said to myself, but I didn’t think they were going to elaborate and to be quite honest I had no plan to stick round to find out.

“Awww come on Del” my Mum spoke up using another of my pet names friends and family used for me. "I’m sure Logey can wait a while longer, you know you should have something to eat.....”

This time I saw a look from my Mum to me, then to my Dad. I had no clue what was going on, but I was not for listening today, I just wanted to get on my way to see Logan, I was already way behind my planned schedule, I wanted to be there for when he shifted for the second time so I really hope I hadn’t missed that as it was such a treasured moment for a young wolf when they shifted..... And he was desperate for me to meet his wolf!

He will have shifted for the first time in the early hours of his birthday with his family there, as that’s how most families do it as it’s a special moment in our werewolf lives, but Logan had begged me to make sure I was there for the next time he would shift as he was as desperate for me to meet his wolf as I was to meet him, saying he knew his wolf would love me as much as he did. *I really need to go.....*I urge myself.

“Nah I’m good, thanks though Mama” I said as I grabbed Logan’s gift from the kitchen worktop and walked out of the door before either one of them could try to stop me or delay me any further.

Where is he going to be? I pondered to myself, knowing he’d either be home or he’d be in the Pack House.

Our house was situated literally next door to the Alpha house where Logan lived with his family so it wouldn’t take me a minute to check if

he was home. I hopped over the small fence they had around the garden like I always did rather than open the gate they had at the bottom of the footpath, and walked across the grass toward the large house. I tried to glance inside the house for signs of life inside but couldn't see much at all, I reached the front door in no time at all and knocked hard on the door on the off chance that perhaps Logan had slept in too. I stood waiting, enjoying the heat from the sunshine on my back,

The mornings are definitely getting warmer..... I told myself

..... doesn't look like anyone is home, maybe I should try call him.....

So I do just that, I reach for my phone in my back pocket of my jeans and dial the familiar number of my boyfriend and soon to be mate, as I start walking along the garden path as I let the phone ring.

.....Come on Logan.....Where are you? This seemed odd. The phone rang but weirdly he didn't answer, he normally always answered for me, but I wasn't going to let it bother me, it was his birthday today, and a special birthday at that, and I imagine he had lots on his mind and lots of people wanting his attention – he was the future Alpha after all.

I looked at the time - *now 10.30am, yeah I'd say the Pack House would have been the safer guess anyway at this time*, Logan's Dad was a strict Alpha and always wanted to be in work early, not quite a trait Logan had inherited or appreciated just yet but certainly one Alpha Grayson enforced upon Logan; though I imagine today with it being his birthday he will have been encouraged to go to the Pack House to spend time with his Pack members.

My guess would be Logan, his sisters and his Mum would have headed to the Pack House with Alpha Grayson this morning to spend time there while Uncle Grayson went to work in his office. The Pack House unfortunately was a little further away for me, so as I quickly stepped over the fence again, I picked up my pace walking down the

quiet path ways of our pack. The sun was really shining brightly today, I enjoyed the heat from it on my skin as I walked, noticing the leaves budding on the trees in the gardens of some of the nearby houses. I was walking at a quicker pace, more a jog now, doing my best to get to Logan as soon as I could, feeling so bad for being late....my speed walking was obviously helping as the Pack House was coming into sight.

The Pack House is basically a large house used by the entire Pack, much as the name suggests I guess. Ours looks a bit like a hotel to look at I think. It has lots of different purposes, single wolves can live there in the dorm style rooms, there is a full top floor which is for more senior wolves, and I know Logan plans to take the Alpha suite when he turns eighteen, there are kitchens, a large dining room where the whole pack eat together a few times a week, although food is served in the pack house daily for those that live here and for those that want to eat here as everyone is always welcome.

How it often works is though, is that once a wolf meets their mate they move to one of the houses out in the pack land, a bit like the one I live in with my family, and settle there to bring up a family, so it isn't unusual for mealtimes to be had at home with your own family; though Alpha Grayson does like to encourage the whole pack to come together as much as possible as it is good to keep the pack strong and united.

Also in the packhouse we have a library, two lounge areas, a games room and the pack offices – one for the Alpha, my Dad's (the Beta) and also the Gamma's office. Our Pack House also has some secure rooms underneath for security reasons too. I'm sure to some the Pack House may look intimidating to look at, though outsiders would rarely be here anyway, but the Pack House is the most welcoming place to walk into when you're a member of the pack, always the smell of home cooking wafting out of the kitchen; I especially loved it when it was the smell of home baking..... There was always the laugh of pack members from the lounge or games room, and always someone there to talk to.....

I am almost at a run as I approach the large double entrance doors to the Pack House, my heart really pounding in my chest..... maybe a combination of the fact I was excited and had been running a little, but considering I was used to exercise it was more likely because I knew the moment has almost arrived to see Logan and have him officially declare me as his mate when his inner wolf can sense.....*oh goddess! I cannot wait!!!*

I reach the doors as Dylan, one of our pack warriors was walking from the Pack House, likely on his way to start his border patrol for the day, he looks at me, normally he'd greet me with a friendly smile, but instead today he greets me with a quick glance, like he didn't want to make eye contact and then he awkwardly stutters " Oh hey Lilah, erh, what you doing here?"

Idiot, I thought, Logan is your friend, you'll know it's his birthday, why you asking why I'm here, surely you know? Seriously, what is it with people today?! Why are they acting so weird? I chose to ignore my annoyance though, focusing on what I need to do " Hey Dylan, just here to see Logan" I explain, though feeling like I am really explaining the complete obvious.

Dylan then does some weird thing with his eyes, shrugs and quickly walks past me.

What the hell?! Fuck it, I don't have time for this..... I just want to get to Logan, wish him a Happy Birthday, give him a kiss and give him his gift.... I've thought so long over what to get for him, wanting to make it extra special with it being the day he shifts, and the day we were certain we would become mates...

I walked through the heavy, double doorway of the Pack House, I have to say, the Pack House was busier than usual for this time of day, though I guess that was to be expected with it being the future Alpha of the pack having his birthday and everyone wanting to join in with the celebrations. I walked down the familiar corridors, and could see people

noticing me arrive; but instead of the friendly smiles I'm used to I was getting awkward smiles, people avoiding my gaze, or giving me awkward glances or even people straight up moving out of my way!

Seriously what is going on?! Something doesn't feel right I tell myself *I don't think I like it..... I need to find Logan* so I head to the main lounge area, knowing his favourite seat in there is the most likely place he'd be right now, probably with an army of devoted pack members surrounding him, chatting to him, wishing him a happy birthday....

He was certainly loved within our pack.... I walk into the large and cosy lounge area, which is full of many of our pack members chatting and laughing, but as I do an eerie silence descends on the room and a large number of pack members quickly make an exit....

This shit is getting weirder, I tell myself as a feeling of dread fills my stomach, the need for Logan filling me even more. I am urgently scanning the room for him, and as I predicted he was sat on his favourite chair, the big black recliner armchair, almost in the centre of the room – his favourite he once told me because of how comfy it was, but also because of how soft the red fluffy cushions were that were usually sat on it, and also because of it's prime position for the TV and gaming station; I remember laughing at him when he told me and calling him a “typical dude”.

My heart drops through the floor, as I said, yes, Logan was on his favourite seat, but he is not alone..... far from it..... curled up on his knee is Anya Beckett, daughter of our Gamma. Logan's eyes are staring intently into hers, hers gazing back into hers as she giggles and traces her finger up his cheek bone. Her petite body curled up on his knee, her long dark curls, loose down her back, with Logan running his hand through them....

What the fuck?! Why is she touching my Logan like that? Why is he touching her?..... My mind is working overtime, yet Logan doesn't even

seem to have registered that I have walked into the room!! *He is MY boyfriend!! He is MY mate, everyone said so! MY mate..... isn't he?!.....isn't he?!.....*