

Chapter 4- Dalton Brothers

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Lukas's Pov

"This is a bad idea."

I tried to avoid my brother at all costs as I fixed my suit on my shoulder. He had been on my back all weekend, nagging me about the deal I made with Alpha Lance of Armor Pack. But I didn't care what he wanted to say. It's not like I had any intentions of loving this girl. All I needed was a Luna and someone to bear my pups so our bloodline could go on.

I'm not getting any younger.

"Maxim, what would you have me do?" I finally asked, turning around to face him. As always, he wore a straight face and unbothered eyes as he gazed at me judgmentally.

"I don't know," he mumbled. "But you don't even know this girl. What if she's unbearable? I will not share a house with someone no one can stand. Why would her uncle give her away so easily if she wasn't somewhat unwanted?"

I shook my head with a light chuckle. "One man's trash, Maxim. And being my second Alpha, you should know the importance of having a Luna and having children." But then a thought came to mind that had

me smirking. "Unless you will actually find your mate. Only one of us needs a Luna, you know? And only one of us needs to have pups."

He scoffed. "As if I'd want a sappy female drooling over me every two seconds," he mumbled with an eye roll.

"Exactly," I pointed out. "So, leave me alone and go check on our border patrol or something." I waved a dismissive hand at him, but he didn't even flinch. Not that I was expecting anything else. My brother was like that.

He wasn't the one to smile much; neither of us was, but I was more teasing and sarcastic, and Maxim was grave and stern. He never hesitated to delegate jobs or issue out punishment. He never offered more than a blink towards anything or anyone who didn't contribute directly towards his duty as Alpha.

He had always been like this. I had no issue with him or his attitude, but it surely made a lot of people fearful of him.

In all honesty, he could've been better at first Alpha than me, but since I am older, it was only natural that I was the first Alpha and he the second. But we never saw each other as less than or more than. To me, he was at the same level as me. We were both Alphas, born of the Dalton blood. We were first bred Alpha

males, and my decision to work side by side was never a mistake.

Since it was the two of us, we didn't need a Gamma. So, it was just me, Maxim and Leonardo, our Beta. I could proudly say we were the strongest pack in the country too, and it was all because of the two of us working together. So far, nothing had caused any issues between us, and it had been five years since we had been doing this.

Maxim was only eighteen then, and I had just turned twenty. We were still young, still are, actually, but we had the most respect among Alphas all over the country.

Many siblings have tried to rule side by side as Alphas after learning that Maxim and I had done it, but they always failed. It's easy to fall off track with two Alphas. It was never meant to be like this from the beginning. Eventually, one ego will outweigh the other. But I have known my brother all my life. I knew which buttons to push and which ones to avoid.

This union with the Alexis she-wolf was a tricky button to push, but we needed this, and he knew it. I had been searching for my mate for five years. Since I became Alpha, I wanted to find her because I knew the importance of having a Luna.

But to my disappointment, I still haven't. I have reason

to believe she is dead, as many wolves go through their lives mate-less for this exact reason. I followed a lead that went straight to a grave. She was a young female, about my age. She was an Alpha's daughter too, which made sense, and I simply had a feeling like sudden grief by just looking at her grave. That's how I knew, though there was still a sliver of hope telling me that it wasn't her. But I couldn't search any longer. So, I'd just have to settle with this woman from Armor pack.

As I told Maxim, I had little to no interest in her. I just needed to fulfil my duty as Alpha and carry on the Dalton bloodline.

"Well," my brother said, breaking my train of thought. "Just know that I will not be front and centre to meet her when she arrives. And I will not be sorry for it... This is madness, anyways."

I rolled my eyes as he turned his back to leave. "You will find your mate one day, Maxim!" I shouted after him as he left, and I could hear his quiet scoff. "And I'll be the one laughing at you."

"In your dreams!" he returned as his voice trailed away. He was probably on his way to go torture the border patrol with more hours.

I chuckled and shook my head as I glanced at my reflection in the mirror. I should leave soon for my

flight to Armor Pack to collect the girl. I had to admit that I was slightly excited to meet her and a bit curious. This will be the woman I'd be sharing a bed with from now on and who I'll see pregnant with my pups one day.

Will I ever be able to feel something for her? The thought was almost funny.

As I told Maxim, I didn't necessarily want this she-wolf. I was only using her, just as her uncle was using me. We both knew from the start that this wasn't more than a business agreement. Alpha Lance knew I wasn't searching for love, and I knew that he only wanted to protect his pack.

That was another reason why I agreed. Being an Alpha, too, made me understand his motive. Our first instinct is to protect our pack, even if it means sending a family member away forever just to do so.

I didn't think too hard about it, though. All I knew was what I had to do.

Whatever our lives hold from now on will just have to be dictated by fate itself.