

# The Alpha's Tough Girl

Male	Scott	Age 20±, human, brother of Lisa, good-looking and smart, the decision-maker in the family.  [voice: calm and always with the joy of being an on-looker watching his sister's fight.]
	Emmett	Age 23, the Alpha werewolf, powerful and masculine, attracted by Lisa at their first encounter.  [voice: narcissistic and arrogant]
Female	Lisa	Age 20±, human, mate of Emmett, Scott's big sister, gorgeous and kick-ass, capable of beating she-wolves.  [voice: confident and hearty]

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## Scott's POV-----from chapt.1

My gorgeous twin sister is stubborn to the core. She has natural light blonde hair and clear sky blue eyes. She is 5'11" and muscular but not bulky. She could have easily been a model. But she loves MMA and woodwork instead, which we both get from our dad.

"Hey, chill, okay. I bring good news," I chuckle while she continues to glare.

She throws the glasses on a workbench and heads to our mini-fridge. She throws me a water bottle before pulling out one for herself and sitting on the counter.

"Alright. I will bite. What good news," Lisa asks before taking a big drink from her water bottle.

"Landed us a bid. It should be a good chunk of money. Multiple small homes need to be built from the ground up and improvements made to a large main home. The downside is, it's wolf land, and we will be going against wolf companies," I say in between gulps of water.

"We don't work for wolves," Lisa says with a serious expression.

"Dad made that rule Lisa. And Dad didn't have a big loan during a recession. We need

Scott- also  
the narrator

this job," I sigh. I'm tired of the same old argument. Dad died hating wolves. He hated that a wolf came and stole his wife.

"What are our other options, Scott? You are the one with a degree in finance. Use that big brain," she pleads with me. I shake my head.

"We are going in circles, Lis. Normal people don't have the money to do home repairs right now. Wolves still do. They own many companies around the world. They are the only business to be had right now. Do you know what I had to do today? I had to let the two news guys go. We couldn't afford them anymore," I say to my sister with pleading eyes. She has to understand that our father's grudge can no longer stand.

"Fine. You hitting the gym with me?" she asks. I nod.

Crap, now she will pound me on the mat since I won in the battle of words.

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## Lisa's POV-----from chapt.1

She moves in a defensive stance, and our dance begins. She wants to hit my face so bad, but she is too slow. I work her ribcage, making her tire. I don't want to knock her out just yet. Then I would have to wait on Scott. I practice my footwork using her inexperience to my advantage. I let my stupid left drop like always, and she gets a hit in.

Her hit is weak. Barely turning my head, but it gives her a big head. She grins and lowers both her fists. Big mistake!

My left strikes fast like a cobra, followed by my right uppercut. She hits the mat with a thud and groans. She gets back to her feet, wiping the blood from her nose that has already stopped bleeding.

Lucky wolf healing. But at least that means the match goes on. If I was sparing a human, she would have stayed down.

A few knockdowns later, and the little she-wolf gets the message. I'm top dog here. She tucks tail and calls it a night.

"She lasted longer than I expected," Scott says with a grin from his position outside of the ring.

"What she lacks in skill and strength she makes up for in stubbornness," I chuckle,

Lisa- also the narrator

grabbing my water bottle and taking a seat on the edge of the ring.

"That low left is going to get my awesome sister beat one day," he says while raising his brow at me.

"Tell me something I don't know. I can't keep it up for some reason. It's my flaw," I groan.

Scott chuckles at me and squeezes my shoulder, "ready to hit the weights?"

"Sure," I say, grabbing my tank and sweater.

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## Emmett POV-----from chapt.4

I quickly shift my eyes back to the truck. I can see a blonde with a cap on through the tinted window, but I can't see her face. I want to rip the door off of the truck, but I've cemented my feet to the ground. I can't scare her. And I need to figure out her connection to the male.

He shakes our hands and begins speaking with Clint. He keeps shooting me glances, but I can be professional right now.

Finally, her door opens, and boots hit the gravel road. She takes long, steady, and confident strides. She comes to a stop on the left of the human male.

Emmett--  
also the  
narrator

She is gorgeous. She is not dainty like I thought my human mate would be at all. She is tall and muscular for a human female. Her hair is like liquid sunshine, and her eyes are a bright clear blue. She has ripped pants that hug her legs. And a faded ripped flannel on over a grey tank top. Her cleavage is making an appearance slightly, and Alpha is growling in appreciation.

Every piece of clothes she has on has a paint spot on it. She looks like a worker. The male throws his arm over my mate's shoulders, and Alpha goes crazy in my head.

"And this here is the other half of Twin Construction. My sister Lisa Matthews," the male says while beaming with pride. I internally sigh.

My mate is very interesting. She is a carpenter. I would never have guessed that. No wonder I didn't find her in a mall.

"A woman is your business partner," I ask, letting my amusement at my discovery leak into my voice.

. The male stiffens, and my mate's eyes flash. She had been staring at me with a look of awe until I spoke. She shrugs the male's arm off her shoulders and glares at me.

"Yes, a woman. Got a problem with that WolfMan," my mate snaps.

I'm in shock at her blatant disrespect, and I burst out laughing. Of course, the moon goddess gives me the strongest-willed female human she can find. The male looks scared and angry at my laughter.

"Yes, she is my business partner, and to be honest, she is the one who handles most of the manual labor. We would appreciate your respect, and if that's not possible, we will take this time to leave," the male says with a glare.

I like that he defends her even against wolves. I already like my future brother-in-law.

"No disrespect meant. Clint and I will show you around the packhouse, then we will drive you to the area we would like some homes constructed," I say, clearing the tense air.

Clint, Mike, and I lead the two into our crowded packhouse. Clint explains what we want as we walk through the home. My eyes and focus stay trained on my beautiful mate.

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## **Emmett POV -----from chapt.5**

When Lance told me she was leaving her house without her brother, I ran to town and relieved Lance from his guard duty. I wanted to protect her at all costs, but now I have no explanation for her. I'm going to have to tell her the truth.

When I open the gym door, her beautiful sent pulls me to the left of the building. She is sitting on an old bench, tying her shoes that I didn't see her grab. I approach her cautiously and sit beside her.

"Look, Lisa, I apologize. I think you misunderstand my curiosity about you," I say calmly. She glances at me and pulls her eyebrows together.

"It is very obvious, actually," she says through gritted teeth.

I chuckle. Oh dear mate, you wish it was as simple as doubting you.

"Why do you think I'm interested in your career and ...hobby," I ask her.

"You see a weak human—a FEMALE human taking on male roles. You are being judgmental about my abilities," she states with a steady glare.

She meets my eyes the entire time. Not shying from my power in the slightest.

"Wrong. I am a wolf. I honor and worship a FEMALE goddess. She is the most powerful being in our world. So why would I doubt a female," I bite out?

I feel irritated that she thinks so little of me, of male wolves.

She looks startled. I chuckle at her reaction. I can practically feel her fire dying. She studies my face, and for the first time in my life, I hope a woman finds me attractive. I try to read her eyes to see if any lust leaks into them. But nothing appears. Her eyes are calculating, just like a typical deadly warrior. She is waiting for a "but" to my statement.

I sigh. Time to ruin all my plans and declare us soulmates way before she is ready.

"Lisa, have you heard the term MATE before," I ask, feeling Alpha stand up in anticipation.

She stiffens and gets a hard look on her face. Great, she knows what a mate is and doesn't like the relationship.

"Yes, I have," she says, straightening her posture.

"Well, Lisa, you are my mate. I have been observing you closely today purely for that reason. Not because I doubt your professional abilities," I say, staring at the moon. Please, goddess, help me.