

## Chapter 5 - Isla POV

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Sitting at a table with Kyle, Steve, Suzie, and Grayson I cannot stop myself from staring at Alpha Zac as he addresses the pack. I thought Grayson was delicious-looking, but fuck he was just a snack compared to Alpha Zac.

He is built like a sex god. He was at least a foot taller than me, with chocolate brown hair that was perfectly tousled. Longer on the top, short on the sides. Piercing blue eyes, the same color as the rivers around us. A slight bit of scruff was neatly outlined on his sharp jawline. I could see every budding muscle under his dress shirt. Corded forearms were showing as his sleeves were rolled back.

He wasn't an Alpha that stayed inside behind a desk, no, his skin glowed with a tan that had to be earned from working in the sun. I'd like to climb him like a tree.

I shake the thought from my head.

Who am I kidding?

Like he would ever be interested in me. I attract weirdos like Kyson... and Kyle apparently because he is sitting across from me wagging his eyebrows.

Gross.

Alpha wouldn't want a little orphan warrior for a mate. Don't get me wrong, I know I am a good fighter. I may be small but I'm fast and pretty scrappy. He was sizing me up earlier, probably thinking he made a mistake taking me on as a warrior. I hoped the confidence I put forward hid my fear. Dad always said my size was my weakness and I couldn't show fear or I'd never make it as a warrior.

He was a good warrior, but a shit dad.

The sounds of clapping around me bring me back to the main hall, looking up I see Alpha Zac motioning for me as he holds a silver dagger.

Shit, my turn already.

I smile and make my way to the podium he is standing at. "Isa will be joining the ranks as a warrior. We are excited to add her to the patrols and at training, teaching her our styles and learning moves she can offer." "I, Alpha Zac of the Clear Creek pack, hear by joining you, Isla Miller, by blood oath". He slices his palm, blood drips down into a goblet. He hands me the knife,

"I, Isla Miller, formerly of Cedar Falls, pledge my allegiance and loyalty to Alpha Zac and the Clear Creek Pack". I slice my palm the same, our blood swirling in the cup before I send it back like a shot. I feel the tether of the pack snap into place. The pack claps, and I make my way back to my seat smiling out at all these folks.

I hope they don't see me as secondhand pack trash, I don't want to let them down.

Dinner is being served, and Suzi is fangirling about the meal. She's sweet, maybe she could be a friend. I didn't bother making friends at Cedar Falls or TRTC. Grandma June was my best friend. She reminded me of my mom. I was so glad I got to go there after my dad's treatment of me came to light. Being here at Clear Creek might not be so bad after all. As Mr. Andrews said, it was a good opportunity. A new start, no one knew my past to take pity on me, I was just a warrior here.

After eating and talking with some of the other members of the patrol, I let myself be excited. Everyone seems nice here. This will be good.

I excuse myself and start to head back to my room. Someone grabs my arm, yanking me towards the wall. Kyle is looking down at me wagging his eyebrows again. His gelled jet black hair locked into place, the same way his dark eyes lock on to me.

"What ya say, you show me that warrior dorm of yours."

"You wish" I snorted.

Like hell, I'd sleep with him, even if I wasn't a virgin. Pushing his arm away I start to walk away. He's back in front of me.

"Oh, I don't need to wish, I could smell your arousal at dinner, no need for you to be alone like that tonight. I can take care of you well".

I think I might vomit. I make a quick dart for the first door I see and duck in.