

Chapter 8 -Alpha Zac POV

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“Isla, come in, close the door and take a seat,” I say motioning to the leather chairs across my desk from me.

I take a minute to appreciate this gorgeous auburn goddess in front of me. She is still in her workout clothes from training. Her perfect tits are spilling out the top of this black sports bra and the way those leggings hug her juicy ass has me sporting a semi. She sure as hell showed why she is here as a warrior, all my doubts surrounding her size are well gone. I must be staring well too long because she speaks first. “Al-Alpha, I apologize for the uh, interruption last night, it was a misunderstanding and won't happen again”

I can smell her fear, does she think she is going to get punished for this? “Well that is not the reason I called you in here, but it would be appreciated if you kept your socializing to your room and didn't enter my office without knocking “ Her cheeks flash pink, “Yes Alpha” she nods.

Turning back to the paper on my desk, I clear my throat and start in on the real reason she is here. “So, it says here your family is from Beta/Warrior ties with the Blood Oak and Cedar Falls?”

I see her vivid green eyes flash black for a second - her wolf pressing forward. Nodding her head, she starts speaking lightly. “Yes, my father was the Beta for Alpha Damon at Blood Oak before he was, released, from service. I then went to live with my maternal Grandmother in the Cedar Falls Pack, but then she died.”

I scent tears and see the gleam in her eyes. “ Your father was released but couldn't take care of you? What about your mother?” I ask. She stares up at me with her big glowy eyes and sucks in a breath. “My mother was killed by rogue when she was on duty when I was little. My father was released from service by Alpha Damon when the Great Council took him into custody. Grandma June was my only other family..” her voice trailed off.

I feel my wolf surge forward, and the sudden urge to comfort her washes over me. Which only adds to my growing confusion.

The Great Council is like the high court of werewolves, they review overarching pack laws, mediate alliances, and only step into individual pack matters when something heinous happens. Each pack receives a yearly visit from a council member, retired Alphas, to go over changes, concerns, and stuff like that, but each pack operates as its own, with the Alphas making the ruling.

I see her wipe a tear quickly with her hand and catch a glimpse of a light pink scar across it. I want to ask about the scars, I saw some larger versions scattering her back at training this morning. Instead, I change topics.

“How was training? Grayson and I were impressed with your execution.” A small smile creeps to her lips, “Audrie is great, I loved sparring with someone that was an actual challenge.” She keeps going on about training and I see the happiness start to return to her eyes.

There is something about the girl that has me captivated. I'm drawn to her, I want to kiss those pouty pink lips- hell I want to kiss every last inch of her body.

A knock at the door makes me jerk in my chair.

Grayson opens the door, “Alpha, the patrol has requested us at the main gate.” I turn back to Isla, “Sorry, to cut this short, but duty calls. Be sure to let us know if you need something.” She gives a curt nod and heads out the door. I steal one more look at that spandex-clasped ass.

We make our way to the front gate of the territory and see a Great Council car pulled to the side. Tate, one of the senior-ranked warriors, bears his neck out of respect and greets us, “Alpha, Beta”. I nod, “What's going on?”.

“Alpha Garret from the council just asked to speak with you for a moment,” Tate replies

. Garret may be a retired Alpha, but he has stayed in fighting shape. Getting out of his grey Mercedes, he struts my way and extends out a rugged hand. “Alpha Zac, good to see you again, thanks for getting here so quickly.” I shake his hand and nod. “It has come to the council's attention that Isla Miller is a part of your pack here now. We wanted to let you know that we are transporting her father, Alec Miller to a new facility in the coming weeks. We see no reason that anything should go amiss with the movement but like to keep her packs informed just for safety.”

I apologize Alpha, but I am not sure why this matters?” I say. He looks back at me with a solemn face, eyes swimming with sadness “ Alec has been in our custody for over 6 years after I found Isla nearly beat to death during a pack tour at Blood Oak. Turns out he'd been beating her for years. Poor girl didn't even have her wolf yet to fight back let alone heal her....he's a flight risk and her packs have the right to know about any threats that could be posed.”

I just stare, my mind spinning, processing, my wolf crying out first in sadness than in anger, the fear, the tears, the scars, it all made sense.

“Keep us informed and we will see that patrol is advised during the times.” I manage to say.

I see Alpha Garret off and Grayson and I make our way back to the packhouse reeling in turmoil.