

The Challenge Two Alphas, One Girl Chapter 36

Chapter 36: Benevolent Big Brothers

Fang's POV

I had so many wrongs to make right and I had some hell to raise too. I would not be the Fang everyone had grown to know and dislike if I did not raise some hell but I would make amends first. I had to put a stop to something. I could not leave the pack house with Friday still in heat. She had yet to shift but the fact that her foot had heeled meant her she-wolf powers were flourishing. I doubled all of the patrols, adding guards to each group. If she shifted, she would run away for sure and go to the woods to seek out Thaddeus and Maze. I could not have that happen. Theo was with her now so I had some time to handle my business.

I went to the Beta floor. It was night-fall. I was not sure of the time exactly but we had gotten through Friday's second day of heat which would have been the tenth day of the challenge. I could not believe we were only a third of the way into this thing. f**k! Twenty more days of this bullshit. And most of the

remaining time was to be spent in Berryndale with a bunch of hippie wolves.

Astrid was asleep. She tossed and turned, her slumber fitful. I stroked her hair. I was not good at apologies and I could not leave this place to buy her something so I wouldn't have to say sorry. I sighed. I pinched one of her butt cheeks.

"Ow!" She squealed. She woke up and fixed me with a glare. I stifled my laughter and hid my smile. "What?!" She said, folding her arms. "Friday has a wolf," I told her.

She raised her brows, her eyes wide with shock. "Really?" She whispered.

I nodded.

Astrid smiled slightly. "I'm happy for her. She's not what you made her out to be you know. She'd make a good Luna even if ...she didn't learn to shift," said Astrid begrudgingly, smiling in spite of herself.

I nodded. We stared at each other. "Ok, well, good night," she said dismissively, turning away from me. "Oh, come on," I said, giving her a pointed look and grabbing her forearm.

"I'm..." I took a deep breath. Two apologies in one day, Friday and now Astrid. "I'm sorry, Astrid. I've been a jerk and it's really nothing to do with you. It's my own mess I have to clean up," I admitted.

Astrid nodded, her lower lip trembling. She scooted towards me and I wrapped her in a bear hug. She sobbed quietly in my arms while I ran my fingers through my hair. I was tired of comforting crying girls. I had compassion fatigue (that's a thing ok, I read about it in some chick magazine). Ugh! And I still had to confront my mother. I could leave it alone but I sure as f**k wouldn't. I needed to know if there was anything between her and former alpha Malachi.

Astrid locked me into a kiss. I could taste her tears. I bit her lower lip and she opened her mouth, allowing my tongue to explore it. The other things I had to do today would have to wait a bit.

Theo's POV ir nappiness over Friday's recovery mage nim come to ner? wnat ir ne ana maze rougnt at the cottage because Maze craved a now possibly not wolf-less Friday? I grumbled to myself. I hated being conflicted. A good Beta was quick to act in his Alpha's best interests. I just was not sure what those were right now. The Fenestra family and the Marigold atmosphere was quite complicated. I had never liked soap-operas and now I felt like I was in one.

Friday moaned, keeling over on the bed. She could thrash about more now due to her healed foot but it was making her more restless. She kept looking at the windows and the door. Not today, princess. She was not going anywhere. Thaddeus gave me a job to do and it would be completed in full.

She pouted at me. I knew she was silently pleading to leave. I fixed her with a black expression. "I want a muffin. I'm hungry. Please!" She said emphatically, widening her doe eyes.

I banged on the door. "Friday wants a muffin!" I called to the other side. I remained sitting on my chair by the door.

The door opened and a plate filled with muffins was handed to me along with a jug of water. I offered it to her. She wrinkled her nose but took it and put the water jug on her night table and the muffin plate on her bed. She lay down staring at the muffins she supposedly wanted.

"I have to use the bathroom!" She said. "Ok, let's go," I said, offering her my arm. She did not take my arm. She buried her face in a pillow groaning. "I don't have to go again, don't worry," she whimpered. I patted her hair.

"I know," I whispered. "The first heat is always the hardest but you're the toughest pixie I know," I said, chuckling.

She opened one eye, peaking at me. The corner of that eye wrinkled and I knew she was smiling at me calling her pixie. Friday was like a little sister to me too and she was not going near those horny alphas. I would escort her to the bathroom a hundred times, as many times as she wanted to pretend to use it while

looking for escape routes. I was not leaving until Fang and Astrid took over and even then, I had to stay close to keep an eye on them keeping an eye on her. Ugh. This would be a long couple of days.

Maze's POV

"Um...yeah..." I said. I had dreamt that Thaddeus and I shared Friday but why such a specific question?

"Did you...did you dream that also?" I asked, scrutinising Thaddeus' expression.

Thaddeus said nothing but nodded. There was an eternal awkward silence. I could hear crickets chirping in the woods at night and owls hooting.

"Well, good talk. What's for dinner? You're the only one who can cook," I said sheepishly, my stomach grumbling.

Thaddeus burst into laughter. He made steak and mashed potatoes. It was restaurant-quality to be honest. Thaddeus was annoyingly perfect but I could not hate him because being a likeable great guy was part of his annoying perfection. I finished my steak and pushed my mashed potatoes around my plate, thinking.

"Playing with your food, Maze, is that befitting of a Marigold Alpha?" Asked Thaddeus, adopting the accent of a haughty Marigold elite like my father.

I laughed. It was a pretty good expression. I recalled judging Friday for playing with her food once. I had really been an ass. I sighed.

"I think you're young and full of potential," Thaddeus said. "You only officially took up your post as Alpha the night before the Peace Treaty Celebration right?"

"Yeah, the night I met Friday," I said.

"A lot of alphas would kill to meet their Luna the night of their coronation so to speak and never have to rule a single day without her," Thaddeus admitted, eliciting my good old friend regret to pop in for a visit.

"Yeah, I know I'm stupid, thanks," I muttered.

Thaddeus laughed his booming raucous laugh, banging his hand on the floor where we were sitting making it shake. I pressed the back of my head against the wall, shutting my eyes tightly and groaning.

Thaddeus patted my head. "Relax, Maze," he said, reminding me of my Dad even though they were nothing alike.

I wanted to hug him but that would be super weird. Thaddeus was kind of like the big brother I could have used growing up but was glad I did not have cause only the eldest gets to be Alpha.

“What are your younger brothers like?” I asked, changing the topic.

Thaddeus chuckled. “Timothy is a lot like me. Titus is a bit like you, aloof and high-strung, mixed with Fang’s temper so he’s a nightmare but he’s my brother and I love him.”

I smiled. I was not high-strung, I grumbled to myself. Thaddeus’ POV “Do you like being an only child?” I asked Maze. “I think I do,” Maze said, smiling. “I’m lucky my parents even had me. They’re not mates.”

“I know. Friday told me,” I murmured. “Her mother and your father are fated. I remembered that day you found them...er...making up for lost times.”

“Actually,” said Maze, raising his eyebrows, “they never stopped...having...meetings like that despite the rejection. And my Dad financially supported Friday’s mother her whole life.”

It was my turn to raise my eyebrows. “Wow, your Daddy is Friday’s Mommy’s Daddy, in a manner of speaking,” I said.

“What?!” Said Maze, wrinkling his nose the way Titus did when I scolded him. “Like a sugar Daddy,” I explained. “Ohhhh,” said Maze. “That must be hard,” I said, smiling sadly at Maze.

Maze nodded wordlessly. “I don’t want my kids to have parents who aren’t mates, who aren’t in love, who are in love with other people and want other lives,” he whispered.

The connotation of his words meant he would have to be with Friday to have such kids. I thought that would make me and my wolf furious and envious at the mere thought but I was calm and so was my wolf.

“Your brothers are twins,” said Maze. “Yeah, Bro,” I said.

“Identical?” Maze asked, his grey eyes wide. They usually looked cold because they were such a light grey but they seemed warmer and stormy right now.

“Yep,” I said, rummaging through the stuff Theo had packed. I found it. “Identical twins have one mate only,” Maze announced. “They were at inception or conception rather than to just one person,” I explained.

“Yeah,” Maze said, “and they don’t get jealous? I heard Fallon and Fargo talk about having to share a mate one day?”

Maze was referencing Friday's identical twin brothers.

"Yeah Fuck-er and Fuck-up have to share a mate," I said absentmindedly. The it I had been referring to was a bottle of red wine to go with the steak. I had not been able to find it earlier and Maze had already finished his steak but whatever, it was alcohol. These were rough times.

I popped the bottle and pours us each a glass. "I like white wine," Maze said. I snorted. "Steak pairs with red wine, Maze, don't be daft," I said in my Marigold snob accent. Maze laughed, his grey eyes lighting up. "You sound like my Dad," Maze said. "Whose your Daddy?" I said chuckling. Maze rolled his eyes. "Definitely not you, Bro," he said. "Let's drink, Bro," I said. Maze took his glass and raised it to me. "To Friday," he said. "Naturally," I agreed, clinking glasses.

Fang's POV

Thad extricated myself from a limp, sleeping Astrid. She sighed happily in her sleep as I dressed and stole down the stairs. I went to the basement of the packhouse which basically just had extra space for pantry stock and freezers of food. I called Katrina on the cell phone she had slipped in my pocket just as I had left the Vamp Manor one day. I supposed it was a burner phone.

"Fang," she breathed on the other line, as if shocked to hear from me. "Katrina, I need out," I said, trying to keep the panic in my voice to a minimum.

"What's wrong? Is your cover blown. I'll come get you. Where are you? Try to get out of Marigold and I'll meet you at the border..."

"No! No! My cover's not blown. I...I can't give my sister to Victor," I whispered as softly as I could.

"Why?" She asked just as softly. She was probably hiding somewhere in the manor too, trying to get out of earshot of other vamps.

Thad pictured baby Friday giggling at nothing, toddler Friday waddling about, little girl Friday crying because our parents would not let her have a puppy or kitten, teenaged Friday devastated because she could not shift, young adult Friday looking at me hopefully, hoping for my acceptance. She could have much more than that.

"Because I love her."

The Challenge Two Alphas, One Girl Chapter 37

Chapter 37: A Beastly Bromance and A Frightened Felicity

Thaddeus' POV

It was my turn to be extra grumpy today as now / was missing my date day with my Friday. I wondered if her heat would last three days or four days. Most heats lasted three days but I had a feeling Friday's would be four. I was started to go stir-crazy in this tiny cottage but I could not risk going for a run in the woods in my wolf-form. It would not be a good idea to turn off the rational human part of my brain right now when my wolf was obsessed with his mate's heat. Last night Maze and I had ended up finishing three bottles of wine, one red and two white. I could not help but wonder if he had been just really drunk or serious about his proposition,

Flashback (Last Night)

Maze downed his ninth or tenth glass of wine. He hiccupped. He put the glass down and slumped against the wall, his long dark hair falling in his face.

"Thaddeus," Maze murmured. "What?" I said, I was on my eleventh and I was having trouble pouring the next glass. "Um, let's pretend we're twins," said Maze giggling conspiratorially. "What?" I said, laughing. He was not making any sense.

"Pretend I'm your twin," whispered Maze. He put a finger to his lips. He slid down the wall and onto the ground.

I focused on pouring my next glass. I did it!

"Twins," I mused. "You want to dress alike? You wanna bleach your hair or should I dye mine darker?" I asked him.

He snorted with laughter from the floor and then hiccupped again. "No!" He moaned. "Twins have one mate like us." "So what?" I asked.

He looked at me like I was being dim. I looked at him like he was being odd. Understanding slowly crept up on me. The dream we had shared where we were both all over Friday flashed into my mind. I remembered dream Friday's expression of pure ecstasy. My stomach clenched. My skin felt hot.

"Twins?" Maze asked trying to high five me but missing.

I shook his hand instead but this was after the eleventh glass and perhaps halfway into the twelfth so it was not legally binding.

"Maze, I daresay high-fiving is barbaric. Aristocracy thrives on hand-shakes, Maze!" I said in my snobby Marigold voice.

Maze chuckled. He was falling asleep. "Don't fall..." I said, slurring my words a little. "...in love?" Maze asked. I laughed. "Asleep!" / corrected him.

“Oh, good,” Maze said, “cause it’s too late for the first one. I’m already in love. I miss Friday. Do you think she likes wine? Red or white?”

“Um,” said, my vision blurry. “Pink!” I answered confidently. Friday was girly.

“I don’t think so,” / said. “Yeah, I know all about wine. My Dad owns an orchard!” Maze said angrily. “You mean a vineyard?” I asked. “I do?” Maze asked. “Exactly!”, said, pouring a thirteenth glass but the third bottle was done. I sighed and slumped over. End of flashback

It had not been the most fruitful of conversations but it touched on a very important topic. Was Friday meant to have two mates? I had never considered it before, assuming I was her second chance mate because Maze had rejected her, but that did not actually make sense. The bond between Maze and Friday had clearly not been severed since Friday had never accepted the rejection and yet when Friday and I met, we became mates. How could she get a second chance mate before severing the first-chance bond? Also,

Friday and I had an incredible connection, if I did say so myself, beyond what was typical of a second-chance mate which was usually a little less dramatic than first chance mates. I was able to feel Friday’s emotions precisely through our mate bond. I looked over at a peacefully sleeping Maze. He looked so innocent in his sleep. I decided to douse him with cold water.

Maze’s POV

I was dreaming about Friday. There was literally nothing else worth dreaming about, to be honest. She and I had gone to the beach. I spotted Thaddeus surfing in the distance, showing off as usual. A huge wave came out of nowhere. I was in its shadow and then...

I shot up. I was freezing! I was wet! Why was I wet?

Thaddeus was doubled over, laughing. What a complete asshole? I moved at werewolf speed. I went to the fridge and took out some a huge chunk of ice from the freezer. I put it down Thaddeus’ shirt and ran away.

“Ahhh! f**k! Maze!” He growled playfully.

He chased me out the door. I ran further away from the direction of the pack house and deeper into the woods to be safe. I did not want to endanger my little Luna. Ugh, I was sounding like Thaddeus but she was little and she would definitely be a Luna somehow. It was pretty self-explanatory. I came to a river, crossing several miles in a few seconds at alpha speed. Thaddeus was behind me in a flash. He tackled me and we both fell into the freezing cold water.

Tresurfaced, spluttering.

“Thaddeus,” I snarled.

It was so cold. I was actually shivering which was unheard of for an Alpha. Thaddeus laughed. His booming laugh made birds fly away from their perches. I laughed in spite of myself. It reminded me of when Slogan and I had talked about Friday in the forest. Thaddeus and I darted back to the cottage. He tossed me a huge towel and took one for himself. I was one hundred percent sober now and I was not hungover either. The freezing cold river water had done the trick but I would not recommend trying that at home.

Friday's POV

The third day of my heat was slightly more bearable than previous days. I hoped Thaddeus and Maze were not ripping each other to shreds. I missed them so much it was like a physical pain in my chest separate from the griping pain of the heat. I wished I could be cuddled up with them. I hoped they were ok

It took you long enough! She scolded. You actually need Fang to tell you who I was. I chuckled to myself and then I smiled. Fang cared about me, at least, a little. He loves us, said my wolf. But the boy has demons! What did she mean by that?

Love him, he's your brother but still don't trust him! She said.

A chill crept through me. She was wrong. Fang was really trying to be a brother to me now. I had to give him credit for that. I wondered how my wolf knew Thaddeus and Maze were ok.

Their wolves told me, she said simply. That's impossible. They were so far away and how could our three wolves be communicating with each other without our knowledge.

You have a lot to learn but don't worry, I'll guide you! I don't need your permission to call to Thaddeus' and Maze's wolves and they don't need the permission of your mates to respond. They're alpha wolves and alphas wolves cannot be commanded, said my wolf. Her voice sounded like the most serene, mature and confident version of my own voice. It was fascinating to listen to. I felt like she was a hundred years old versus my twenty.

She laughed. We're the same age, trust me. It goes with the territory of being the same person. I wondered if her presence meant I could shift.

Not yet, she said sadly. Why? You must figure that out for yourself.

I grumbled inwardly. I hated vague advice. My wolf was laughing at me. She had a tinkling laugh. It was pleasant to listen to.

A knock on the door made me look up. "Yeah?" I called.

Theo walked in. "Day eleven of the challenge and day three of your heat," he announced to the room. I clapped like I was a rapt audience member.

"You're doing amazing you know at handling the heat," said Theo, smiling. "Thanks," I said.

"I've started making preparations," Theo said, crunching on a red apple he had with him. He handed me one. Mine was yellow.

"Preparations?" I said with my mouth full.

"For the trip to Berryndale. Day fifteen will be our travel day and then the second half of the challenge will continue in Berryndale," explained Theo.

. I already knew about it but it had almost slipped my mind with everything that was going on. I squealed. I was so excited. I had never left my town. Thaddeus had promised me I could meet humans and witches and wizards. He had said I could even meet vampires!

Katrina's POV

I filled my wine glass with the red liquid. It was certainly not wine. I downed it quickly. My blood-lust was through the roof this morning. I was stressed out. My love was conflicted. He no longer wanted to hand his sister over to us but I'd already promised my step-father. My step-father would not halt those plans for anyone. I buried my face in my hands. My usually sleek blonde hair was messy and my clothes had not been ironed. They were not crisp and immaculate as was expected of a Vampire Princess.

"Hey, Sis, you look great! What are you doing differently? Drinking from crack addicts?" Said my elder step-brother, Ezra, walking gracefully into the breakfast room.

"I know you have your panties all in a bunch for that wolf boy," he spat. "I know you're thirstier than a vamp in a blood-bank for that human girl," I snapped back. He narrowed his eyes. "Don't talk about her. Ever!"

I sighed, feeling defeated. "I need your help ok, brother," I whimpered, my eyes brimming with tears though I was trying so hard to be strong.

I wished I could be wrapped up in Fang's arms right now. I knew he was married but I just wanted to be a part of his life, no matter how small.

Ezra patted my head. "That werewolf has a mate, sister, don't be daft, ok," he said gently. "I know...I just want to help him..." "Help him what?" Snarled Ezra. "Kidnap his

little sister?! How would you feel if I betrayed you?" I flinched. Ezra and I did not see eye to eye but we looked out for each other.

"He's changed his mind though," I whispered so softly that if Ezra had not been a vampire, he would not have heard it.

"What do you mean?" He asked keeping his voice low.

"He says he loves his sister and he made a mistake thinking he could go through with handing her over," I mumbled, swiping Ezra's coffee and having sip.

"S**t!" Exclaimed Ezra. "We have to help them!" Said Ezra.

I spluttered while drinking the hot coffee. "What?" I asked incredulously. "You're gonna help Fang?"

"Yeah," said Ezra smiling. I rolled my eyes. I knew why. "Who showed you a picture of her?" I demanded. "I spotted it in Dad's study," he admitted sheepishly.

If you compared a picture of Friday to a picture of Ezra's human love interest, the resemblance was uncanny. They could be sisters: golden skin, long tousled wavy hair, doe eyes, petite but curvy frames.

"She's pretty like my Raelynn," mumbled Ezra. "Yeah, your little Rae of sunshine," I teased, making fun of that corny line he always used on her.

Ezra refused to meet my eyes.

"You do know you're a vampire right so sunshine is bad for you," I joked lamely.

He gave me a pitiful look. "That humour is beyond repair but we can still save Snaggletooth and Friday."

Fang's POV

We had made it to Friday's third day of heat. I had a feeling her heat would last four days. I could do this. I was almost there. Katrina had said she would figure out a way to help the situation. I had no idea if she was capable of that or not. I considered her a friend and I felt guilty for putting her in this predicament but I felt a hundred times guiltier for my momentary lapse of judgement concerning my sister. What had I been thinking? What had I been smoking? I could not hand over Friday to some vamps. That was unthinkable. I felt disgusted with myself. I sighed. Astrid stirred. She was lying on my chest. Her eyes opened slowly. She looked up at me and smiled. I kissed her gently, savouring her taste.

She pulled away and trailed kisses down my chest and torso. I groaned. She took me in her mouth. I shivered.

There was a knock on the door. Astrid stopped what she had been doing. f**k! I ran to the door, pulling a robe on. It was my mother!

“How could you not tell me Friday was in heat? I had to hear it from Fargo and Fallon,” scolded my mother.

Astrid was pretending to be asleep in the background. I knew she just did not want to be grilled again by my mom about when she was going to get grandkids. Instead of taking it all in stride, anger ignited within me.

“How could /not tell you something?” I spat. “That’s rich!” “Pardon me, young man,” snapped my mom.

I snorted. “What is that supposed to mean?” Said my mom indignantly.

“You’re the one keeping secrets!” I accused. “So don’t try to make me feel guilty. I’ve been taking care of Friday ok, I didn’t have time to inform you.”

My mother’s eyes widened. She looked a little afraid. I smirked. Sadness engulfed me despite the nasty smile on my face.

“So it’s true then?” I asked.

“What is?” Asked Mom. “That you’re keeping secrets!” I bellowed. My mom flinched. “Fang, calm down,” she beseeched me.

“Don’t tell me to calm down. Tell me why former Alpha Malachi called you by your first name at dinner, tell me why he can’t stop staring at you and then Friday and back again, tell me why

your name, Felicity, is etched into the wall of his old room! TELL ME!” I bellowed in my Beta voice, snarling her first name at her. She winced at me using her first name. We were not like that. She was always Mom or Mommy.

The room shook with the echoes of my Beta voice. Astrid was the stiffest sleeping person ever. I could hear her heart racing.

“He’s your mate, isn’t he, your real one,” I said, sniffing. Where had these tears come from?

My mom looked utterly terrified, standing there in the doorway. She was stiff as if she were afraid to move. I would never hurt her. I felt annoyed that she would even think that. I opened the door wider to reveal my father standing a few feet away in the

hallway. She had brought him with her. He was staring at us, his expression unfathomable. f**k.

The Challenge Two Alphas, One Girl Chapter 38

Chapter 38: Fenestra Family Fall Out

Maze's POV

It was midday on the third day of Friday's heat. Thaddeus and I were roasting hotdogs on sticks over a small fire we had made outside. He had said this way I could cook my own food for once. I had glared at him but I was happy to roast my own hotdog. I had always wanted to go camping and do stuff like this with my Dad but he never had time for me and I did not have siblings to go with instead. My mom was an aristocrat and very girly and clinically depressed so she took pills to perk up and pills to sleep. I would lay in bed next to her and tell her stories when she cried over my Dad ignoring her. She had been soft-hearted in her youth like my Friday. I pictured Friday that day at the Cat Cafe when she sobbed so bitterly over my rejection and criticism of her. My stomach was in knots. I should have known so much better than that after what I had seen my mother go through. I was still so ashamed of how I had behaved.

"Bro! You're burning your hotdog!" Yelled Thaddeus in his deep voice, making me jump as he snapped me out of my thoughts.

I looked at my hotdog. It was completely black on one side. I roasted the pale side a little then blew on it and took a bite. It was good still! Crispy!! ate the whole thing.

"I want another one," I said. "Maze, what do we say?" Said Thaddeus in his snooty Marigold voice. "Now?!" I tried. Thaddeus threw a cold hotdog at my face but I caught it easily, laughing. "Bro!" I exclaimed, "Not cool."

"Getting hit in the face by a frozen hotdog is a rite of passage in Berryndale. Haven't you ever been camping, you beast?" Thaddeus said.

I rolled my eyes. That was another favourite of Thaddeus and Theo, calling each other "beast". I wondered if Theo would be annoyed when we got back to the pack house and he realised that Thaddeus was now fond of me. I wondered if he would be a little jealous. I felt smug. I had never had a best friend or anything, just servants and sycophants.

"No, I never got to go camping," I admitted. "I always wanted to go though."

"Maze!" Exclaimed Thaddeus in mock horror. "Sleeping outside is for vagabonds!" Scolded Thaddeus, again with his snobby Marigold impression,

Igrinned.

"We can go camping properly in Berryndale," boomed Thaddeus. "What? You'll let me sit in on one of your dates with Friday?" I asked.

Thaddeus shrugged. "The fifteenth day is our travel day and it won't take all day to get to Berryndale. As that day is a no man's land like the first and last days of the challenge, we can all camp that night," offered Thaddeus.

"You're taking me on a date?" I teased.

"It'll be so bro-mantic just you wait," Thaddeus said, chuckling.

"Poor Friday, she'll be a third wheel," I joked.

She'd be the meat in our sandwich which was the exact opposite of a third wheel but I could not say so, it still seems plausible. I dare not bring it up again though. I signed, contacted. Did I want that?

"You ok, Bro?" Thaddeus asked when I fell quiet.

"Yeah, I'm ok," I said, smiling. "You've made this time away from Friday bearable which is a great feat honestly."

"Well, I'm a great guy, seven feet tall, smart, handsome, funny, the best warrior, a chef, modest, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera..." said Thaddeus starting off in his deep regular voice but trailing off into his higher-pitched snob voice.

I laughed and then looked down only to realise I had also burnt my second hotdog while overthinking

Theo's POV

"What was that, Theo?" Exclaimed Friday, getting to her feet. She was a bit shaky. I helped her back to her bed.

"I'll check, ok," I said. "Promise me, you'll stay put!"

She fixed me with an innocent wide-eyed look, nodding. I grinned at her. I bounded down the stairs to the Beta floor where all the noise and rumbling had come from...

Fang, his mother and father were in the middle of a stand-off.

"He's your mate, isn't he, your real one," Fang said, sniffing, tears evident in his eyes. I knew immediately of whom he spoke. Maze's Dad, the former Alpha Malachi.

Felicity, Friday's Mom, looked shell-shocked. A snarl ripped from Farris' throat. The former Beta's eyes turned black. Fang quickly put his mother behind him, getting

between her and Farris. I sprang over there, also standing protectively in front of Felicity.

“Is what he’s saying true, Felicity?” Snarled Felix. “IS IT?!” His voice rang out throughout the pack house. Felicity trembled. “I’m so sorry, Farris,” she whimpered. “You have every right to be upset.”

Fang gulped but maintained his protective stance, defending his mother despite being furious with her too. Farris lunged at her and we grabbed him, pushing him away from her.

“Two Betas defending that dishonourable w***e?!” Spat Farris. Fang growled at the word w***e used against his mother.

“No one is saying she’s in the right, Dad, but you need to calm down. You have four kids together. You’re not about to attack her. She’s still done right by you in other ways,” Fang said.

Farris was seething. “Everyday, every single day, that man made my life hell and I never knew why!! never knew why he hated me so much! It was because of you!” Growled Farris.

“He wanted you! He coveted you! Why would you marry the Beta of your Alpha mate? Did you do that on purpose?” Screamed Farris.

Felicity spluttered. “I...I...”

Farris howled. He swiped at her with his claws out, canines bared, eyes black. He was about to shift. I got ready to shift too, if need be.

Farris roared. His bones started to crack.

“STOP!” Bellowed a voice that shook the whole house like only an Alpha command could. I gasped. The voice was distinctly female though. Friday stood panting on the staircase.

Her father looked at her, shocked. He growled at her. Her eyes turned black and he recoiled. violence against mom.

Farris cackled. “Look at you, a late bloomer. You must think you’re the s**t now,” spat Farris.

“Why do you hate me so much?” Friday asked, her expression pained. “I don’t hate you,” said Farris simply. He sighed. “I don’t hate you,” he repeated.

He walked away and slumped against the far wall, sitting down, putting his head in his hands.

He was jealous of his own daughter, fated to two alphas, reminiscent of Felicity being fated to former alpha Malachi. Farris could not fool me. I knew he must have known on some level what was up. He drank his awareness away and now in the cold light of day, his pent up emotions were spilling out. All the anger and resentment he had for Felicity seemed to transfer to Friday, Felicity's younger lookalike. He had not been a good enough husband for Felicity and through self-sabotage he had made sure he was not a good father to Friday

Fang was panting, his chest heaving. Felicity was trembling, burying her face in Fang's back. Friday was still and silent.

"How did you get out of your room?" Demanded Fang, looking at his little sister, back to Beta business as usual.

Friday smiled slyly. "I commanded the warriors to step aside," she said sheepishly.

I was in awe. Lunas could not be commanded as they were equal to alphas, their counterparts, but Lunas could not give commands. There were alpha commands. I had never heard of luna commands. It was astounding. Fang looked impressed. He nodded.

"All right, little badass, back to bed, that's an order!" scolded Fang.

Friday nodded and crept back up the stairs though she did not have to listen to him. It was cute how much she wanted to please her brother.

"Mrs Fenestra, are you ok?" I murmured.

She nodded, keeping her face buried in the back of her son's shirt.

Farris got slowly to his feet and sauntered down the stairs. I had no idea where he was going but I felt like we should keep him here at the pack house until he cooled down less he do anything rash.

I moved to follow him. Fang flung an arm out in front of me and shook his head No.

I need you here, he mind-linked me, Friday is the top priority. Think of Thaddeus. He would not be thrilled you left his precious little Luna to go running after her father.

Fang was right. Ugh! That did not sound right. Fang was not wrong. Better. Farris' POV

That b***h. Had our whole marriage been a lie? She had been making a fool out of me all these years, harbouring feelings for my former alpha. Back when I was his beta, he abhorred me. I thought there was nothing behind it, that he was just an asshole. He

would make me work late hours and come in early, like he was trying to make me spend as much time at the pack house as possible. He had been keeping me away from his mate however he could, but why had they not pursued the mate bond? Knowing the insufferable snob that Malachi was, it might have been because Felicity was a rogue. Rogues were considered trouble-makers until they settled down in a pack. The wolf was the pack; the pack was the wolf.

I drove away from the pack house. Felicity could find her own way back home. I was speeding through the countryside as fast as this old classic car could go. I had a bone to pick with my former alpha, Malachi Mason.

Malachi's POV

I mate, my would-be Luna, my dearest Felicity. I felt a familiar neat spring up in my lower torso. I stretch and got out of bed. Elizabeth stirred. She woke up too. She did not speak to me and I did not speak to her. That was normal for us. I had not been physically intimate with Elizabeth since before Maze had been born. I had done enough to conceive an heir with her and then I could not be bothered anymore.

put on my robe and sauntered down the winding staircase, approaching the front door. Someone was banging ferociously on the other side.

"What?!" I spat opening the door to reveal a black-eyed frantic former Beta of mine. My heart plummeted. Did he know? Had he hurt Felicity?

"Where's Felicity, Farris?" I demanded sharply. My wolf was snarling. He wanted to know his mate was safe. He could faintly detect her smell on Farris.

Farris laughed bitterly. "Felicity? Don't you mean Mrs Fenestra?" Snapped Farris. I was seething. He had come to taunt me. The alpha in me roared. "What did you do, Farris?" I whispered, my tone deadly. Farris cackled madly. His smile did not reach his eyes. "It's not what I've done," said Farris. "It's what I'm about to do."

The Challenge Two Alphas, One Girl Chapter 39

Chapter 39: Ferocious Fathers

Fang's POV

I sat across from my Mom in the Beta dining room. Fallon and Fargo has showed up at the pack house looking for our parents and claiming no one had cooked their breakfast or lunch. They were too old for that bullshit but whatever. Didn't they even know how to scramble an egg or something? They were identically useless sometimes but they were hilarious and we mostly got along well.

“Mom, why did you marry your mate’s Beta?” I had to ask her. I took a deep breath. “Was it for revenge?”

Fallon and Fargo were tense. I had never seen them resist a table filled with food before. My mother was crying silently.

“No,” she whispered shakily. “I love your father, differently. He’s my...he was like my best friend. He was there for me when Malachi rejected me and I was broken. I was trying so hard to move on especially when I heard that Malachi had proposed to someone. Elizabeth, a rich merchant’s daughter.”

“But Malachi and you kept seeing each other all that time?” I asked, feeling sorry for my mom and my dad simultaneously.

“Yeah,” my mom said, laughing sadly. She wiped her eyes. Theo handed her a tissue. I was opposite to her next to Fallon and Fargo while Theo sat next to her. He started rubbing her back with his palm to soothe her. She looked at him as though grateful.

“Malachi rejected me for being a rogue and therefore an unsuitable Luna,” my Mom explained.

I stiffened uncomfortably. The parallels between my Mom, Felicity, and Malachi versus Friday and Maze were astounding.

“He said his father wouldn’t approve of me. I was so heartbroken and offended and furious. I didn’t know then what I know now...that his father had threatened to kill me if Malachi didn’t reject me,” Mom said.

I growled. Maze’s grandfather was a fiend! I had never met him and I hoped we never crossed paths because it would not be pretty.

“But Malachi only actually managed to stay away from me for a few days, less than a week actually. He showed up on my doorstep. I had come to stay in Marigold and met your father. Malachi would meet me in secret almost every other night, bringing me gifts and sums of money. When he proposed to Elizabeth, I had been devastated. I refused to keep seeing him. He practically broke my door down. He had a diamond ring for me as well and a necklace and bracelet. He had spent a ton of money trying to placate me but it wasn’t what I wanted. I didn’t want to be hidden anymore. Malachi said he only needed Elizabeth for an heir and there was no emotion in the relationship. I didn’t believe him at first but now I see that he was telling the truth, not that it matters. It was still wrong and I do feel ashamed at times. I feel sorry for your father and for Elizabeth,” My Mom said, sniffing.

“I got engaged to Farris shortly after Malachi’s engagement. He was furious! He threatened to kill your father and I actually smacked him. I was livid. I couldn’t believe what a hypocrite he was being,” Mom said, her eyes wide.

I could not picture my mom slapping someone. She was so gentle, like Friday, but less whiny and annoying. I loved Friday but she knew how to push my buttons with her antics. I needed to get back to her story.

“So you and Malachi didn’t break it off after he was furious about your own engagement, Mom?” Asked Fallon,

Fargo nodded, curious too.

My Mom chuckled, “Malachi was shocked when I slapped him. I tried to apologise but he stormed off. He was back the next day and we began our secret affair again. We both got married. He soon had Maze with Elizabeth and he was relieved the first child was a boy so he could ignore her now. He claimed she was insufferably dull,” my Mom said, the guilt evident on her face for the hand she had to play in another woman’s unhappiness.

“Malachi was furious when I got pregnant with the twins. He had thought I would completely stop all relations with Farris after you were born, Fang, Malachi reasoned that now Marigold had a future Beta, Fang, and a future Alpha, Maze,” Mom said.

“Malachi treated your father pretty bad, making him stay late and come early everyday. Giving him projects that had to be done over the weekends. Declining his requests for vacation leave. All because he hated the idea of Farris coming home to...lie with me. When I got pregnant with Friday, Malachi and I stopped speaking for a while and Malachi had been so upset when we found out it was a girl. I think he had secretly always wanted a little daughter to spoil after his son and heir. He treated Farris worse than ever. He refused to give him paternity leave so Farris never actually got much time with Friday as a baby. Farris had started drinking to deal with the stress at his job as well and money became tight because he spent it on alcohol. I drank with him just so I wouldn’t have to miss Malachi. It was the longest we’d ever been apart since we had met. We stayed away from each other for about nine months: three months into the pregnancy when I found out up until Friday was three months old.

“When we reunited, it was...explosive,” whispered my mother.

I flinched.

“Malachi started traveling for work. He would send his Beta, your father, on business trips far away to another pack and he would claim to be visiting a pack as well but really he was on vacation with me. We knew it was wrong but we were incredibly happy, sight-seeing together, feeling like real mates,” Mom said softly.

gasped. I remembered those chunks of time when Friday was a baby and I and the twins were small children. My father had been away on pack business and my mother claimed she had to go along with him. I thought it strange how she would leave the day after him when they were supposedly going on the trip together. Now I knew why. It was

a setup, cooked up by Malachi to get Farris out of the way and his mate out of that house. I was seething. They had left us with a nanny: Nanny Mallison, a huge b***h and strict disciplinarian. The twins were taking deep breaths, their food untouched.

“Your father’s alcoholism got really bad. I had a drinking problem too. Malachi arranged a rehab for both of us but he sent your father first to one place and after he left, Malachi took me to another rehab that allowed patients to have guests stay with them. He helped me detox and get clean. We became inseparable. I never asked him to leave Elizabeth. I was comfortable with the way things were, and him leaving her meant I would have to come clean to Farris and you kids and I couldn’t bear the thought. I love you kids. I don’t want you to hate me,” her voice cracked.

I sighed. Fallon put his head in his hands. Fargo groaned.

“I could never hate you,” I muttered. I did not want to talk about this anymore. I got up to leave. My mother looked startled.

“We don’t hate you, Mom,” chorused Fallon and Fargo in unison.

“I love you, Mom,” I said quickly to her. “We love you too, Mom,” said the twins grinning.

The twins had taken this better than I thought they would. Perhaps, I did not give them enough credit. Friday had not been a part of this family meeting but she was in heat right now and I was sure she would know most if not all of what was said because Maze probably told her.

Friday’s POV

I heard a chair scraping the floor and I soundlessly straightened up from where I had been crouching on the ground. I had been eavesdropping on the conversation between my brothers and my mother in the Beta Dining Room. I crept back up the stairs quickly and sped back into my room. The patrol guards had agreed to let me out for a few minutes “to stretch my legs.” The pain was still there but it had lessened somewhat.

I dove into the bed, under Thaddeus’ picnic blanket and began pretend-reading Maze’s journal, just as Fang walked in.

“Is it juicy?” Asked Fang, eyeing his alphas diary. I nodded.

“Yeah, right,” scoffed Fang. “Maze’s diary is probably as dry as a dinosaur bone under a heat lamp at the museum.”

I giggled. Fang cracked his neck and shoulders as he stretched. “We just had a difficult conversation with Mom,” he informed me. I gave him my best shocked look. “Yeah,” he said nodding There was a knock on the door.

“Come in,” I called. The door swung open and in walked Fallon and Fargo.

“How’re you feeling?” Asked Fallon. “Yeah, you good?” Asked Fargo. I gave them two thumbs-up. Thaddeus’ POV

I was explaining to Maze what to look for in a good campsite.

“It’s similar to what we look for when we pick a rest stop during a battle or a voyage?” Maze asked.

“Yeah, exactly. You want to be on flat land with easy access to a nearby potable water supply and make sure you’re not near to any dens whether they belong to bears or foxes. They’ll be attracted to the smell of your food and cause a commotion and you don’t wanna have to shoo them away. It’s their forest really, better to respect their boundaries,” I explained.

Maze’s POV

I was watching him with a small smile on my face. He really was admirable. He did not use his superior strength as a weapon he used it like shield to protect the weak. Perhaps, this was why he never cared for a powerful Luna. He did not mind protecting her. He just wanted the companionship, the bond. Now that I knew Friday, I considered it an honour to protect her. I sighed, thinking of her taste and the way she moaned when I sampled her.

Suddenly I felt a sharp pain cut through me. I groaned clutching my side. What was that? Thaddeus rushed over to me. “Maze! What’s wrong? Is it Friday?” He asked, shaking me.

Farris’ POV

“It’s not what I’ve done,” I said, my hand reached into my pants’ pocket. “It’s what I’m about to do.

I pulled out a hand-held gun loaded with silver bullets dipped in Wolfsbane, a lethal combination if used correctly. Malachi growled, his canines bared and his eyes black with rage. He tried to snatch the gun from me but I shot him. His sudden swipe had put the bullet slightly off course but it still connected with his chest.

A high-pitched blood-curdling scream made me jump as Malachi fell to his knees, clutching his chest, blood pouring out from between his fingers. It was Luna Elizabeth. She spotted me. She looked at me in horror. Should I shoot her too? I aimed with a shaking hand but a sharp pain in my leg cause me to stumble backwards dropping the gun. Malachi had clawed at my leg. Four deep claw marks were etched into my leg, blood soaking my pants. I scrambled towards the gun but Malachi had already reached

it. I ran way before he could shoot, jumping into my car and speeding off. My heart was racing. What had I just done?!

The Challenge Two Alphas, One Girl Chapter 40

Chapter 40: Grand Theft Auto Alphas and the Ambulance

Felicity's POV

I went up to Friday's room to check on her. She was tossing and turning in her sleep. I put my hand to her forehead. She was still cooler than normal for warm werwolves. My little girl had a wolf now, according to Fang. I was happy for her. I knew how she longed to be a part of things. My heart was aching. I had hurt Farris deeply. That had never been my intention. I sighed, sitting on the edge of Friday's bed. She stirred.

"Mom!" Friday exclaimed, her eyes widening in surprise.

I pulled her into a hug and tears began to flow down my cheeks. Friday took a handkerchief and wiped them away. The initials MM were on the handkerchief. I smiled

"Maze Mason. Malachi also carried around handkerchiefs like some old man even in his twenties," I said, laughing through tears.

"Maze had handkerchiefs too! But this one belongs to Malachi," Friday admitted. I was surprised.

"He gave it to me after he wiped my tears with it when I was crying at that awkward dinner party between our family and the Mason family," Friday explained. "He had also given me his jacket cause I was cold but Maze made me give it back and put on his jacket instead."

I smiled, liking the idea of Malachi being good to Friday, but something troubled me.. "You went to the balcony to cry that night?" I said. "Yeah," admitted Friday. "Wasn't it obvious?" she said.

I raised my eyebrows. Was I that daft of a mother? I could not anticipate my own daughter's emotions. Of all my children, Friday had gotten the least attention, the least nurturing. It was not on purpose, but by the time she was born, my life was very complicated and fraught with secrecy. I had to compartmentalise to keep my lies straight and Friday had been in the crossfire. Farris was sent away by Malachi and I went away with Malachi. Nanny Mallison took care of Baby Friday and the boys.

"I'm sorry, Friday," I whispered tentatively. "I'm so sorry for all the...pieces missing in your childhood. You deserved much better."

Isniffled, letting the tears flow freely. I blew my nose in the handkerchief. It smelled like Malachi. I smiled.

“Malachi told me he always wanted a daughter like me, a little girl that looked just like you,” Friday said brightly.

I bit my lip, picturing how Malachi’s face must have lit up when he admitted that. He had brought me so much pain and so much pleasure over our lifetime together thus far. He was my stronghold, my rock, and yet he was also my greatest weakness. I had never thought I would be an adulteress, cheating on my husband and a mistress, helping someone else’s husband cheat.

“You know Malachi used to...” I paused.

Something was wrong. Malachi. I felt him through our mate-bond. We had never actually severed the mate-bond and it only strengthened over time. I clutched my chest. A searing pain coursed through me.

“Malachi!” I shrieked. as the gripe or ine neat grippea ner, Sne groaned but continued to Olow me. ineo came running towaras us as we exited the pack house.

“It’s Malachi! He’s in trouble!” I cried. “I’ll drive you!” Yelled Theo. “Get in!”

Fang came hurtling towards us along with Fargo and Fallon. We all piled into Theo’s car. Thank goodness, his car seated seven. I was in the passenger’s seat next to Theo. Fang held Friday to his side in the back seat. There was a third row where the twins sat, wide-eyed and wondering what was wrong with me. I was sobbing uncontrollably as Theo sped towards Prestige Gardens.

Malachi’s POV

A searing pain coursed through me. Farris, my own former Beta, had shot me! In all fairness, I had been sleeping with his wife for the entirety of their marriage as well as my own marriage. I had not moved in time to grab the gun but I had knocked the bullet off course. It hit my chest on the right side, avoiding my heart. I could not tell if my right lung had been pierced or not. All I felt was burning white-hot pain. I allowed my claws to come out on one hand and swiped at Farris’ leg as he aimed at Elizabeth who had come to see what the commotion was about. I owed her that much as Maze’s mother and a dutiful wife. None of this was her fault. I would not let him shoot her. He dropped the gun as he stumbled and fell over, blood soaking the leg of his trousers. I snatched up the gun and Farris made a run for it in his getaway car.

Elizabeth rushed to me, cradling my head to her bosom. I felt my energy draining as blood poured out from my chest. I closed me eyes, picturing the first time I had seen Felicity. She had been a rogue, wild and beautiful, untamed. I had been captivated by

her. I had not given her the life she had deserved. She was worth so much more. She was worth dying for.”

Thaddeus' POV

We had technically stolen the first car we came across when we left the woods. We went to the edge of the woods that was away from the pack house for Friday's wellbeing. I was speeding as fast as I could, flooring the accelerator. Maze was directing me frantically. Something terrible had happened to his father. He was not sure exactly what but a wolf always trusts his instincts, especially an alpha.

Maze was trembling a little. He looked so wide-eyed and frightened like a little boy. “Hey,” I said softly. “It'll be ok, I promise.” “You can't promise me that,” Maze whispered. “Yes, I can and I just did,” I said, smiling. Maze smiled sadly. Maze's POV

My father's alpha aura was fading. He was possibly gravely injured. I was grateful that Thaddeus was driving because my hands were shaking. My father and I had never seen eye to eye but he was my father and I loved him. I wished Friday was here. No one calmed me down like she did but right now, we had to be apart for her own safety. I directed Thaddeus to Prestige Gardens.

Friday's POV

Something was wrong with Maze's Dad, Malachi. I hoped he was all right. He had been so kind to me after all and if anything happened to him, that would crush Maze and my mom. I had never been to Prestige Gardens before. It was the richest part of the suburbs in Marigold. The houses were far apart with some families having acres of land. They were all mansions, tall and proud and gleaming, well-kept with perfectly green lawns and people with exceptionally white teeth strolling through the neighbourhood. nim!

Nothing! I have nothing against Maze's Dad. I'm excited for...another reason. I really hope Maze's Dad is ok, she said.

I was suspicious. She was hiding something from me, some knowledge she had. She was very quiet and my senses felt dull all of a sudden. The recently improved eyesight and sense of smell that my wolf had given me were suddenly almost gone. Why was she stopping me from smelling things? She was a weird one. I forgot about her as the pain gripped me, causing me to contort my body a little, trying to get comfortable. Fang squeezed my arms gently.

Elizabeth's POV

I held Malachi's head to my chest. Tears streamed down my cheeks. His former Beta had shot him, confirming what I already suspected. He was in love with Felicity, the wife of his former Beta. I shakily called the ambulance and it was not long before they

arrived, sirens blaring. They extricated him from my clutches. I realised there was blood all over my dress. I stared down at my bloody dress blankly as I climbed into the back of the ambulance.

They rushed him to a resuscitation room as soon as he came. A doctor asked me some questions while a team of doctors worked on him, drawing blood for tests and to request blood if he needed a transfusion. They said the bullet missed his heart and vital blood vessels nearby but it punctured his right lung so that lung had collapsed. If he had been human, he would probably die but as he was a werewolf and an alpha at that, they were able to stabilise him. They rushed him to the operati mask on his face and fluids running intravenously into him.

My father had been a merchant but my mother had been a doctor. She had quit her job because my father had not wanted a working wife. My father had not wanted a daughter with a career either. My husband, Malachi, had never cared what I did or did not do since the moment Maze was born. I had served my purpose. I did not hate Malachi.

It was not as though I had a mate to run to if I left him anyway and staying with him made me feel vindicated in a way. I had been smug about it every time I saw her. Felicity with her tired eyes and in her simple house dresses. I was always clad in designer duds. I knew Malachi gave her money, lots of money. She spent none of it on herself apparently. It all went to taking care of those four rugrats and that drunkard of a husband. That bastard had shot Malachi. My eyes stung. The tears fell of their own accord.

Felicity's POV

I had Theo change his course slightly, heading towards the Prestige Gardens Private Hospital . I could feel Malachi faintly. I willed him to hold on. I ran from the car before it was even properly parked. I followed

the bond. It led me up a staircase and down a hallway. Various doctors, nurses and security guards implored me to stop. I knocked right into someone. She caught me before I fell over. I looked at my hands and dress. Blood! I looked at the woman. It was Elizabeth Mason. She was covered in blood and she had gotten some on me when we collided. I sniffed the air. It was Malachi's blood! Theo, Fang, Friday and the twins caught up with us.

"What have you done?!" | screeched, panicking, glaring at Elizabeth. If she had hurt Malachi, I would tear her apart.

She looked outraged. She laughed maliciously. "What have I done? Ask your husband what he did?!" She screamed hysterically. "Your husband shot my husband!"

I swayed on the spot. Fang and Theo steadied me.

“Farris shot Malachi?” I said, my voice barely a whisper. My vision was cloudy.

My Dad had shot my mate’s Dad. Why was my life so complicated? I hoped Maze’s Dad was ok for Maze’s and my mom’s sake. I cared for him too. He had been good to me. He was so very like Maze.

“Mrs Mason, is Malachi ok?” I said, my voice thick though tears. I realised I was crying.

Mrs Mason glared at me. She hugged herself tightly and nodded stiffly. Relief washed over me. My mom ran past her and into a room. I tried to follow her but Fang stopped me.

“Give them some time ok, Alpha Friday,” murmured Fang, grabbing my wrist and moving me towards a row of chairs. We were in a white-walled white-tiled hallway that also functioned as a waiting room.

Fang was incredibly tense. I realised why. “We should not have let Friday come,” he said to Theo, Fallon and Fargo. “What if there are unmated males here and they catch a whiff of her scent?”

I shivered. I did not want anyone near me that was not my Thaddeus or my Maze. My Maze! He would be devastated. He craved his father’s approval like nothing else. I knew there was a deep love under that need to be accepted by his critical father. I sighed, standing close to the guys. They formed a circle around me for protection and continued their conversation over my head as they were all much taller than me so was not blocking anyone.

Maze’s POV

I made Thaddeus bypass my childhood home. My father was not there. I sensed him further away. We kept driving. I realised where he must be. The Prestige Gardens Private Hospital was up ahead. Thank goodness, they had gotten him to the hospital already. Thaddeus did not even park in a spot. He just left the car in the middle of a lane in the parking lot. He tossed the keys to the security guard.

“It’s stolen,” he said matter-of-factly to the guard, “Needed it for official alpha business. Get it back to its owner please.” Boomed Thaddeus in his Alpha voice.

“Yes Alpha!” Said the guard eagerly. “Alpha!” He repeated as a greeting to me.

I nodded stiffly and ran into the hospital, Thaddeus following me. I bounded up a staircase. No one stopped me. They recognised me as their Alpha. They also recognised Thaddeus as a neighbouring Alpha. I ran down a hallway. I had been so engrossed in finding my Dad. It had taken me a while to realise something smelled outrageously delicious. I stopped dead in my tracks flinging an arm out to stop – Thaddeus. He picked up the scent too and his eyes went black.

Oh no, or perhaps, oh yes! Friday was here!