

Chapter 1 The Puppy Love

~ Savannah's POV ~

“Can I kiss you again?” Derek asks cautiously. His beautiful blonde hair and gorgeous blue eyes are shining under the warm sunlight.

“I have to go, Der. My dad’s waiting...” I say reluctantly. My hand is still playing with his hair.

“Do you really have to go?” he asks again, and I find myself staring at his beautiful, soft lips.

Hmmm. A kiss is always my kryptonite...

Like every other girl in the world, I, Savannah Wilcox, admit that I love kissing my boyfriend's lips. I can get lost in his eyes. In his touch. In this feeling. I can pretty much do this all day.

Derek and I are sitting on a bench in the campus courtyard of the University of Vermont. We are both going there in the fall, which is why we joined the campus tour today. But, instead of actually joining the campus tour, Derek had another idea. We skipped the library and museum and went walking in the courtyard instead. Just the two of us.

But hey, I'm not complaining. It's a bright warm day in late May. The sky is blue, the flowers are blooming, and the birds are chirping. If I don't know any better, I'd say we're in Hawaii. It's such a lovely day today and I wish it can go on forever. And maybe it could've, except for my phone alarm that keeps ringing incessantly in my purse. I peer at it lazily and tap the snooze button. Again.

“Der, you know I have to go,” I sighed.

“Just one more kiss,” Derek is more persistent than my alarm clock. He closes the distance again and murmurs to my lips.

“You said that three kisses ago,” I laugh and try to pull away.

“Mm-hmm,” Derek puts his hands around my waist and holds me tight, refusing to let me go.

Then, he leans closer and kisses me again, savoring my plump pink lips, and running his hand on my long brown hair.

Hmmm. Why can't I do this with him forever?

I summon all the strength I have and finally break the kiss. My bright hazel eyes gaze up at my boyfriend longingly as I say, “Derek, you know I wish I can stay, but I really have to go...” Derek lets out a disappointed sigh.

“You promised an entire day with me. We're supposed to go to Jackson's party together,”

Derek is pulling out all the stops, giving me his best smoldering look.

I can't help but take note of my boyfriend's gorgeous features. His dirty blonde curly hair is trimmed on the sides, his eyes are bright blue, his jawline can cut like a knife, and his perfect tan skin glimmers under the sun.

Dang! My man is so gorgeous!

I can't help myself and I run my fingers across his chest, noting his rock-hard muscles and abs over his clothes. Derek is sporting a green UVM sweatshirt and basketball shorts. He is a top recruit for the UVM basketball team. He single-handedly led our high school team to the state finals last year.

Oh yeah, Derek and I go to high school together. We're in our last semester, and pretty much just waiting for graduation at this point. Derek is the only son of Gamma Chief Michael Thompson. He works for my dad. Oh, before I forget to tell you, my dad is Alpha William Wilcox, the leader of our Blue Moon Pack.

The Blue Moon Pack is known to be one of the strongest packs on the East Coast. We have a long history of peace and prosperity under my ancestor's leadership. And not only that, my dad is savvy. Most other wolf packs tend to go off the grid and distance themselves from the human world, but my dad thinks that there's a way we can coexist. And more than just coexisting, we can thrive in their world too, using all the great talents the Moon Goddess gives us. Which is why I get to go to college and learn about things that I love, like art and writing. And Derek too, he's allowed to study psychology, which can be useful if he plans on being a high-ranking wolf one day.

Unlike other Alphas, my dad is pretty open-minded, but he can still be strict about other things. Like, dating for example. I'm not allowed to date until I'm eighteen years old. So when Derek and I started hanging out a few months back, we had to keep it a secret. We only hang out in our human forms and we do it away from the Grounds. It's been pretty hard, sneaking around behind my dad's back, but that shouldn't be a problem for much longer. My eighteenth birthday is in a week. Once the day comes, I'll tell my dad about Derek and we'll all live happily ever after. The end.

“Hey, babe?” Derek waves his hand in front of my face, pulling me out of my daydream. “Are you listening to me?”

“Uh, yeah, what?”

“Are you still gonna come to Jackson's party later or what?”

“Oh, I don't know...”

Today is the last day of school for the semester and Derek's basketball teammate, Jackson Williams, is throwing a huge blowout at his parent's lake house. Jackson's parents, who are Deltas, are away on a business trip. Now, I'm not much of the party type, but since I only started dating Derek a couple of months ago, I feel the need to compromise.

Derek is an absolute social butterfly. Everyone at school knows him or knows of him, and they all adore him. I know I'm the Alpha's daughter, but even I'm not that popular. Derek is charming and fun, while I'm more quiet and more reserved.

The first time I met Derek, I was twelve years old and it was my birthday party. Dad invited everyone who was anyone to attend. Derek's family was invited too as they just moved into our territory, leaving their old pack behind because their Alpha was murdered. I remembered seeing what a cute, handsome boy he was. He was so funny, so friendly, and easy to be around with. He was my very first crush, but we only stayed as friends throughout the year. I thought he didn't see me as anything more, until one day, a few weeks before prom, he asked me to be his date. It was the biggest shock of my life. He could've gotten any other girl in the school to go with him, but he chose me. He said he feels good being around me because I'm not like every other girl out there who's always throwing themselves at him. Long story short, I said yes. We went to prom as friends and went home as boyfriend and girlfriend.

Oh, before you get ahead of yourself, no, we did not have sex. Sex is a big deal for me, especially being the Alpha's daughter. I know I'm not supposed to give myself away that easily. As the sole heir of the Blue Moon Pack, I grew up pretty privileged and sheltered. I'm always surrounded by guards and rules. My dad is especially strict about dating. He told me that my feelings are unnecessary in life, and he programmed me to be headstrong and cunning, the way an Alpha should rule. He always says that feelings aren't necessary because our mate has been decided for us. We don't have to look for love, love is our duty. Okay, now I've heard stories about mating a million times already. My dad found my mom, Luna Josephine, on his twenty-first birthday. He was on a trip to Montreal when he saw her. She was the daughter of an Alpha in the area, a small pack called the Yellow Stone pack. They fell in love as soon as they saw each other. They knew it in their hearts, that feeling you get when your wolf is telling you that the person is the one. Soon enough, they got married and had me. We were truly a happy family. But it all came crashing down one day.

My mom died when I was three years old. She got into a terrible accident when she went up north to visit my grandparents. Normally, she'd visit them in her wolf form, but this time, she was bringing me and some gifts, so she took the car instead. We were driving under heavy snow and I guess she lost control of the car. The car flipped and fell. She didn't make it, but I survived.

Ever since then, my dad has never been the same. He got extra protective. And because he made a Blood Pact with my mom before she died, he didn't want to marry anyone else. He had no other heir except me. So, I guess I understand why he is the way he is.

But still, I wish he'd cut me some slack every now and then.

“Please come?” Derek asks sweetly. He bats his eyelash and leans closer, coaxing me into another kiss. I can only laugh as I break the kiss again for the twentieth time that afternoon.

“I'm sorry, Der, but it's my dad. He wants to have dinner, apparently, he wants to discuss something super important,” I say, rolling my eyes dramatically.

“Can you swing by after dinner then?” he asks as he cups my little face in his hand.

When he looks at me like that, it is literally impossible to say no to him. I can only smile and say, “Alright, I'll try,”

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