

Chapter 3 The Guest List

~ Savannah’s POV ~

“It’s an invitation to a birthday dinner. Your birthday dinner,” Dad answers.

“It’s dated tonight? But my birthday’s still next week,”

“As you can see, Savannah, time is of the essence for me,”

I don’t understand what he means by that, so I keep flipping the pages, looking for more information. On the next page is something labeled ‘The Guest List’. I scan the list quickly and recognize all the famous last names.

“Here’s the deal, we are throwing you a special birthday celebration tonight. Jon and I will make sure to keep the guest list very well vetted. There will be plenty of suitable matches for you at the party. The sons of all the most powerful Alphas in the country. So, go make some friends, get connected, and get to know some of them. I have a feeling that your future might be in attendance,”

“My future? Wait—what does that mean?” my eyes shoot up from the paper back to his face.

“You only have a few hours before the party. Go get dressed, wear something nice. Have Kathy help you,” he waves his hand dismissively and stands up as if he’s about to leave.

“Dad, wait a second, don’t shoo me off right now, I’m not done!” I call out after him. “What’s going on here, I don’t understand!”

Dad turns around and shoots me a serious look, saying, “To put it simply, I want you to find your mate from the list of options I’m giving you, do you understand me?”

“A mate?!” I gape again. “From this list?!”

“I’m not going to live forever, child. Time is running out,” he says. “Whoever ends up being your mate will have to help you lead our pack, so yes, I need that person to be of a certain stature,”

“But—”

“But nothing. Remember who you are, you are Savannah Wilcox. The sole heir of the Blue Moon Pack. You need to put yourself in the right position to assume control after me, or there will be an upheaval, do you understand?”

“I am in the right position, dad,” I argue. “I’m smart and hardworking, I know I can lead the pack even without outside help!”

“So, what, you’re just gonna marry that Gamma Kid? Make him the next Alpha to lead my pack?!” Dad’s voice boomed around the room, striking a chord in me.

“You… know about me and Derek…?” my voice cracks. I’m trying to hold my composure, but I can’t.

How does he know about Derek? We were being so careful...

“The shenanigan stops now, Savannah. Be serious about this. Find a mate from the list of Alphas I gave you,” he says in that low, scary tone. He stands in front of me and I’m too scared to look at him, so I glance down at the door.

Dad takes my chin with his hand and tilts my face back up. My eyes are glassy. I’m trying my best not to cry.

“Listen to me, marriage is perhaps the biggest decision an Alpha female can make and I will not stand by and watch you throw your life away. You’ll marry someone of my standards and the two of you will continue my legacy,” he continues.

Tears begin rolling down my face. Thinking about the future he’s drawing up for me, I can’t help but feel hopeless. I don’t want it to be like this. I don’t want a loveless marriage. I want happiness and fireworks and all that jazz.

Shakily, I look up at him and plead, “Dad… please… I love him…”

“Love?!” he yells loudly, pulling his hand away. His hand goes to his chest as if he feels some pain there. He holds his chest tightly to apply pressure as he calms his breathing.

“Breathe, Alpha, breathe,” Jon reminds him, holding his shoulder.

“Don’t. Use. That. Word. In. Front. Of. Me!” Dad speaks through his heavy breaths.

“Remember who you are! Love is only your duty!”

Jon sees that the Alpha needs help convincing me, so he quickly steps in, saying, “Miss Savannah, it’s only a party. Just give it a chance. You never know, you might actually find your mate there,”

And then it clicks to me. Why dad is so adamant about throwing this party and doing it now instead of waiting one more week. He wants to make sure I’m not going to run off with Derek because once I turn eighteen and I see that Derek is my mate, I will definitely choose him over anything.

Dad is walking away now, heading to the door. His hand is about to reach for the door handle, but before he can leave, I quickly speak up.

“You’re really going to sacrifice my happiness for the sake of the pack?” I ask, my voice sounding extremely bitter. “If you don’t want me to choose love, you shouldn’t have made that Blood Pact with mom! You could’ve remarried and had other heirs that are more suited to lead!”

Dad doesn’t answer for a while. Though I can’t see his face, I know that my words strike a chord in him.

“That was my mistake and that’s why you should know better,” he answers finally.

He looks back and takes one last look at me before turning away again, saying, “You will attend the party and you will meet your suitors. I’m expecting a marriage within the next twelve moons at the latest,”

“A what!?”

“And that’s final!” he says before slamming the door shut.

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