

## Her Alphas

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# Chapter 1

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The first memory I have of my parents was of us lounging in the living room. My father and I were huddled around the fireplace. My mother was seated in a rocking chair as she read from a book with an old, worn cover. I was sprawled across my father's lap, as I always did when he sat with me. My mother used to tease me that I was daddy's little girl. And it was the truth. I would follow him everywhere, and even try to help him with the matters of being an Alpha. He would often laugh at my enthusiasm and let me tag along. I remember my parents and I sitting like this often. One time, I got up the courage to ask about my siblings. I knew I had to have them. Everyone had siblings.

My father looked at my mother and they seemed to have a conversation without saying a word. My father then looked down at me and launched into the story about my older brother.

"He was born with a recessive Alpha Gene," he said to me. At the time I didn't know what that was, but I figured that if I continued to listen he would tell me.

"He didn't make it old enough to take part in his ceremony." Curious, I asked what the ceremony was. My father laughed and patted my head saying that one day I would take part in it. I shrugged and let my father continue on.

"When your mother had you, she had five pups-"

"Where did they go?" I interrupted. My father chuckled and continued about my siblings.

"They all came out dead, the doctor said it was because you were so strong that they didn't want to compete with you." I look at him curiously.

"My dear Kira, do you know why that was?" He asked me. I shook my head, confused.

"You have the Dominant Alpha Gene, and one day you will help me lead this pack."

For a long while after that I couldn't get it out of my head. Me? An Alpha? That couldn't be. It was the males who were Alpha's and the females we're only there to support them. But my father kept assuring me that one day I would rule in his place, not needing to step aside for a male.

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The sun reflects across the tree tops as the sky darkens. Crouched on my bedroom window, I watch the sun sink below the horizon line. The trees sway with the slightest breeze, and I can see the stars start to appear through the clouds drifting across the sky. One shines brighter than the rest and I find my gaze continueing to drift back toward it.

I start to climb down from the windowsill when I smell something new in the forest. It seems familiar, but I can't place my finger on what it is. My ears perk up to pick up any new sounds, but I hear none. The smell continues to irritate my nose. Someone knocks on my door. I sniff at the air, smelling another youngling from my pack who, like me, just turned 18.

In my pack, if you are younger than 100, you are considered a youngling. When you turn 18, you are allowed to take part in the ceremony held that year. During the ceremony, packs from around the area converge to one pack's land, and the younglings fight each other. The best fighter goes with the best pack, and the rest are dispersed by how well they fought.

The pack member at my door is Molli Bray, a lower wolf who doesn't ever maintain eye contact for long. Molli opens the door and rushes over to where I am sitting in the window.

She lowers her eyes to the floor, avoiding my gaze, before speaking.

"Kira! There is an intruder outcast in the territory," I jump down from the window and stride from my bedroom, Molli hurrying to keep up with me.

"Kira! Your father wants you to stay!" With that, I stop. I raise my eyebrows at her and she lowers her gaze again.

"Why?" The harshness in the word is unintentional. I know she has to answer me, because I am the Alpha's daughter. With a small whimper, she answers.

"With the ceremony in two days, he wants you well rested to greet the other packs tomorrow." I snort and turn on my heel. I walk slow enough so that Molli catches up with me.

We reach the front hallway where my father and his beta, Bruce, are talking. My father stops talking and faces me. With a stern expression, and a glare toward Molli, he walks over to me.

"Kira Velasquez, I told you to stay in your room."

"You said no such thing. You sent another pup to deliver the message for you." Molli winces as I call her a pup. My father growls with frustration and opens his mouth to speak, but I beat him to it.

"Let me and the others take care of it. We will catch the outcast and bring him back to you. And tomorrow you can brag about us and tell about what we have done tonight." He considers this for a moment before his face hardens.

"No." Molli steps back at the sheer amount of authority of his voice. I simply lift my chin higher and ignore the command.

"You will have to lock me in my room if you want me to sit by on the sidelines," My father grits his teeth and motions Bruce forward.

"Kira, you are to stay in your room and do nothing. Bruce will stand guard to make sure you don't get any ideas." Bruce nods and I scowl at my father. I have to obey his command, he is my Alpha, but that doesn't mean I have to like it. Molli reaches up and tugs at my arm. I yank out of her grasp and shove past her. I storm down the hallway to my room.

Slamming the door, I make my way back to the window. The breeze is still pushing the scent into my room. I growl and slide the panes closed. I hear Molli and Bruce talking quietly outside my door, but I ignore them. I pace back and forth by the window, not stopping until a knock sounds from the door. Bruce peeks in and looks at me worriedly.

"Kira, you have been pacing for hours. Maybe you should rest."

I snarl, but stop my pacing. He sighs and slides the door closed. I look to see the sun peeking over the horizon.

With a huff, I stride into my bathroom. I angrily run a brush through my hair, then I hop into the bathtub. I start to slowly calm down as I lounge around in the bathtub. Feeling comforted, I stay there until the water gets cold.