

Chapter 4



Rylan and I have been standing here, at the doorway for what seems like hours. My feet are aching, and we haven't been able to have a break since the packs started coming.

I lean against the wall, and Rylan ushers the last few stragglers of a pack inside. Glancing outside, I don't see anyone else.

"Is that everyone?" I ask. Rylan takes a mental tally and shakes her head.

"There is one more pack..." She trails off. I groan, realizing who it is. The Blood Moon pack. They are one of the most powerful packs, second only to us.

Their Alpha was one of the best in his ceremony a few years ago. At the time, his pack was one of the lower, submissive ones. When he came out on top of the ceremony, he had the choice to join our pack. But he went back to his pack, and he made them more powerful. Apparently, his pack is rivaling ours for power. Both of our packs hold the same amount of territory.

Rylan sighs loudly and sinks to the floor, breaking me from my thoughts. She rips the heels off and growls under her breath.

"Why does height have to be so painful?"

I laugh and she sends me a death glare.

"How are you still wearing yours?" She asks, exasperated.

"Well, for one the pack is a few minutes away, and I have gotten used to them." That last one is a lie, but being the next Alpha, I have to keep up the illusion of nothing getting to me. And nothing includes a measly pair of heels.

My ears perk toward the open front doors, my nose twitching as the scent of a large group of werewolves floods toward us. Rylan grumbles, but straps her feet back into the heels. I turn toward the door, and wait.

No more than a minute after Rylan moves to stand beside me, a line of carriages trudges down the driveway toward us.

Rain starts to drip from the heavens as the pack unloads from the carriages. They make their way up the steps, the smell of wet dog wafting in with them.

I nod my head respectfully at them as they pass, getting mostly polite smiles in return. When most of the group has gone inside, I feel the Alpha coming. A glance at Rylan, and I know she feels his presence.

I look up and catch his gaze on me. His eyes are the first thing I notice. Light blue like the sky, but twinkling with silver flecks. A smile curves across his angular face, a bit of stubble growing across his chin. He is about a head taller than the other wolves in his pack, and all muscular. The only thing about him that screams regularity is the mop of brown hair sitting curled on top of his head. It looks as though he has run his fingers through it one to many times.

I incline my head in greeting, as he is on the other side of the walkway. He nods back and walks inside. I turn my gaze back to the wolves as they pass by.

A female, about a head shorter than me throws a shoulder into my side. Without even flinching, I level a glare at her. She stops next to me and snarls, curling her lip at me. I raise an eyebrow at her display.

The room is almost completely empty by now, and the last person grabs her elbow. He is older, with a few blonde hairs mixed in his grey ones.

"Jade, not now." He snarls softly in her ear. She growls and jerks her arm from his grip.

"I don't like the way she was looking at our Alpha." She continues glaring at me while I raise my eyebrows, amused by her actions.

"If he didn't have anything to say, then neither should you."

The man meets my gaze and nods in respect. He, at least, knows what I am. The girl, Jade, catches his look and realization crosses her features. She takes a step back, gaping at me. I roll my eyes at her and gesture toward the dining hall.

The girl hurries off with the man, but not before I memorize her features. Pin-straight brown hair hangs partway down her back, she always looks pissed off with her pointed nose, full lips, and slanted, green eyes. Freckles dot her cheekbones and fill the space around her mouth.

I smirk at her back as she disappears into the room. Rylan raises an eyebrow at me about the interaction. I wave it off, I'll tell her later.

With that, I link my arm in Rylan's and we make our way into the dining hall.