

Chapter 3 New Life

Ashton

During Morgan's Sweet Sixteen party, Dad told us we had an early morning meeting in his office the next day—there was something significant he and Mom needed to discuss with us. He mentioned that he had given Morgan the day off so she could sleep in, which would give them time to tell us what they needed to say.

I had checked on her before we all went down to Dad's office and was surprised to see our Beta and Gamma couple present as well.

“What I'm about to tell you never leaves this room. If this gets out, it will cause many problems, and we will get attacked for it,” Dad stated, and I knew he wasn't kidding.

“Most Pups born into our bloodline are males, and once I've told you everything, you'll understand why most will think that's a good thing. A hundred and fifteen years ago, the last female was born into our bloodline, and despite all the precautions her family took, it ended badly for her.

Like every other female in my bloodline, she received her gift on her seventeenth birthday at the exact time she was born, and a year later, she found her fated Mate. Her Father asked him to stay with them for a week, and they got to know her Mate during that week. He was a well-respected Alpha of a large Pack.

They felt they could trust him with their Daughter and her secret. They told him about her ability, and he promised them he would protect her with his life. Everything was fine for a few years, but as time passed, he realized what she could do for him and started forcing her to use her ability. The punishment for disobeying him worsened over time, and in the end, she saw no other way out.

When she found out she was pregnant with a female Pup, she took her own life. I know that his Pack is still waiting for the day another female Pup is born.”

Dad's words left us in stunned silence. Fletcher was the first to break it.

“Is that why you called her Morgan?”

We had always wondered why she had a male's name, but with this information, it made sense. Mom nodded in response to Fletcher's question.

Dad had called the meeting because he wanted our help to prevent the same thing from happening to Morgan. After that, we met every morning to discuss the best course of action.

Yesterday, Hudson asked Mom the question that's been occupying all our minds—what kind of ability Morgan will have. On her seventeenth birthday at three minutes past eleven in the evening, she will receive her gift from the Goddess.

No one knows what kind of gift it will be since it's different for every female. Mom had researched the Pack's Archive and discovered that seven females had been born into Dad's bloodline. Two of them could hear thoughts, two could sense Werewolves and Lycans from a mile away, one could listen to sounds from a mile away, and one could read the memories of places as long as they had happened within twenty-four hours.

Mom started planning Morgan's seventeenth birthday from the day she was born, adjusting the list as Morgan grew. Landon made a huge printout of the list and taped it to the wall—a reminder that we still had a lot to do. I feel relieved every time we cross something off the list.

There's a clearing near our western border where we'll celebrate her seventeenth birthday. It's easier to keep it a secret from her. Right now, my office is covered with indigo and maroon fabrics. We need to decide which ones to use for the party.

I smile as I think about our little spitfire. At only 5'5", she's a force to be reckoned with. If she gets pissed at you, there's nowhere to run or hide. I learned that the hard way when I tossed a few of her papers in the bin next to her desk—not only did she kick me, but she also refused to talk to me for two days.

We all have stories like that. As she got older, her tantrums got worse. Mom and Dad always say she's worse than all of their Sons combined. If you heard every story my Brothers and I have, you'd know they're right.

Some might think we fear our parents, but there's only one person we all really fear in this world—and that's our baby Sister. At first, she'll be pissed at us for keeping this a secret, but once Dad explains everything, she'll be grateful.

Hudson asked Dad why no one ever informed the King's Council or invited witnesses. Dad thought about it for a few days before telling us that it might prevent Morgan from facing the same fate as our ancestors. Mom and Dad will leave tomorrow morning to visit an old family friend, and I will contact the King's Council.

I'll also ask them to send witnesses. The more people who know, the safer Morgan will be.

Declan holds up two pieces of fabric. Even though they're her favorite colors, I doubt she'd like them. He tosses them in the bin after I shake my head. Landon has been watching him for a while now, and I wonder when he's planning to put Declan out of his misery.

Landon slowly walks over to Declan and looks at all the fabrics spread out on his desk. He grabs them one by one and tosses them into the bin without saying a word, steadily clearing the desk until only a few fabrics remain.

Declan sighs in relief as Landon makes his life a little easier. Both of them eye the pieces that are left, reaching for the same one at the same time. Looks like we've finally tackled that task. I see Michael smile as he checks off another box.

Morgan

After I completed all the tests, I received an email from the King's Army stating that I had been accepted. I didn't have to go through any extra trials or tests. I've already planned my departure to reach the King's Army on the day I turn seventeen.

I moved my bike from the garage to the cottage, and so far, no one has asked about it missing from the garage. I ordered a more oversized backpack so I can take a few things with me. The rest I sent to the Academy a week ago—it'll be waiting in the room I'll call home for the next few years.

I wake up in the middle of the night to soft singing in my head. For a moment, I think I'm in my room at the Pack-house—until I realize the voice is unfamiliar.

“Happy Birthday, Morgan,” I hear the voice say.

“You're a week too early,” I answer automatically, only to be met with laughter in my head.

“Silly girl, I'm in your head. My name is Amra, and I am your Lycan,” she responds.

Again, I tell her she's early, but then she tells me I was born a week late—making today my birthday instead of a week from today. I don't know how that's possible, and Amra doesn't want to explain it.

I let Amra go through my memories, and she becomes furious when she reaches the past year. She understands why I want to leave but asks me to give her one chance to discover why my family started ignoring me. I reluctantly agree to join my family for dinner tonight.

We spent the rest of the day talking about my childhood, our family, and everything I learned over the years from following my Dad and my Brothers. She likes looking at my memories of the Mother-Daughter days I spent with Mom, but she gets angry when she can't find one from the past year.

When I walk into the dining room, I mention to Amra that our family isn't present yet, and I sit down in my usual seat; it takes a few minutes before everyone is present. An Omega places my plate in front of me, but she doesn't look surprised to see me at the table and I wonder if anyone ever noticed I hadn't been here in nearly a year.

I concentrate on my food and let Amra do what she wants to do. I don't try to start a conversation with my family. When I'm finished eating, Amra tells me that our parents' Lycans didn't acknowledge her—not even Ashton's Lycan.

That's it. We are done with them.

We leave the dining room before dessert and return to the cottage to grab our backpack. I take one last look around the cottage I've called home for the past ten months.

I start my bike's engine, and it roars to life in the silent evening. I know exactly where our patrols are, and I waste no time crossing the border of our territory.

Leaving Blue River Pack behind in pursuit of my new life.