

## Chapter 7 Lights Out

Jaylen

It has been six months since the new unit moved into our building, but we have only seen glimpses of them. According to one of my team Captains, they only saw a member once, and that was the day they took their oath. Reece described her as tiny, at the height of 5'5", with black hair falling down her back and ocean blue eyes, but they didn't get her name.

Apparently, Reece's team had been too stunned to answer, and by the time they came to their senses, she had been gone. I had seen them walking out of the dining room that morning, but I had quickly glanced at them before I turned my attention back to the assignments I had in my hand.

Kaia and Marina pointed out after a week that they hadn't shown up in the main dining room again, and it took us another week to figure out they use the kitchen on the top floor for their meals. "Anyone seen Commander Morgan or his unit?" Tristan asks, and I chuckle as he sits down in an armchair next to me.

My entire unit is curious about this guy and his unit, but we know as much today as we did the day they moved in, and that is absolutely nothing. It will take at least six more months before I will meet Commander Morgan once a week for our meetings with the King, and I wonder if he is as stuck up as some other Commanders.

Unlike me, every other Commander is the second or third Son of an Alpha, making them think they are the best the world has to offer. This is the highest they will ever get, because they won't be able to take over from their Fathers, and only if their older siblings die might they have a chance.

I have a different future ahead of me, a future only my unit knows about, and I know they will keep it a secret from everyone. Once our Crown Prince has found his fated mate, I will take over my Father's position as Royal Gamma, and I hope I will have found my fated Mate by then as well. My team within my unit will also retire when that day arrives.

They are the future Deltas of the Kingdom, and we took this opportunity to learn to work together even better. I earned my spot as Commander during our try-out weeks. The King made sure that the Elders didn't know who we were, and when they were informed afterward, they had been nicely surprised.

Having the best unit also gives me a few privileges the others don't have. My team and I accompany the King often, and I enjoy spending time with my friends. Tomorrow we will escort the King for a whole week while he visits three Packs, and with no one knowing that I am the future Royal Gamma, I see and hear a lot more within those Packs.

Morgan

The past year flew by with all the studying and training we did, and we all graduated three weeks ahead of time, so right now we are enjoying four days off. Starting Monday, we will be a fully operational unit for the King, and we can get sent on assignment immediately.

I will also have my first weekly meeting with the other Commanders and the King, but with the comments we have been hearing from the other unit members, I am not as nervous as I probably should be. I actually look forward to seeing their faces when I walk into the meeting room.

After discussing it with my unit, we decided to use our meals on the top floor of our wing. There is an amazing kitchen up there, and every one of us can cook. We enjoy our time off together, talking about our homework or training, and making sure we are all on schedule, resulting in all of us graduating together.

I hear it the moment she comes stomping up the stairs. Someone pissed off Moura, and I know it takes a lot for her to get pissed off. She is my most level-headed Captain, and even if she gets angry, it doesn't show. But this time, everyone can tell the moment she walks into the living room.

She shoves the box she is holding into Waylen's arms and makes a beeline for Beck. He opens his arms to calm her and her Wolf down. Beck turned eighteen three months ago, and on the first Full Moon after that, he found out that Moura is his fated Mate. He was unable to keep his Wolf from making it known. I informed Elder Emmett, and he had a good, long talk with the three of us.

Until Moura turns eighteen, he can't sleep in the same room, but in situations like this, he is allowed to calm her down, and I allow them to sit together as long as we are in our own wing. He holds her in his arms as he talks to her, and in between her cussing and swearing, I hear what happened, nearly making Beck lose control of his Wolf.

"Beck, I will deal with this Monday. I just want to know if this is the first time a Commander tried this," I say as I look at every female member of my unit, but it looks like this is the first time, and I am glad that Moura can tell me the name of the Commander in question.

"No one leaves the wing on their own for the time being, and if a Commander or Captain ever tries something like this again, I want to know about it," I growl, and I know everyone will look out for the other to make sure this never happens again.

"Do you think the other unit heard me coming up the stairs, Commander?" Moura asks, and I tell her that I doubt their hearing is as good as mine. My unit is aware of my ability, and with Moura's interest in bloodlines with gifts, she narrowed down my bloodline to two Packs.

When she told me that there were only two bloodlines known to get the gift of hearing, I was surprised to hear about it, but we all growled and roared when she told us what used to happen to Wolves or Lycans with a gift, and it made me wonder if that was why Mom and Dad never mentioned it to me.

My unit swore to me they would never reveal my gift to anyone, and eventually, it was Chaya that figured out from which Pack I was and who my parents are. It explained quite a few things for the members of my unit, and it made working together a lot easier.

Our four days off pass fast, and on our last day off, I asked Moura to cut my hair. I am getting sick and tired of braiding it every time. I also got in some trouble during training a few times—either it got stuck somewhere or someone would grab it, and it would put me at a disadvantage. She cut it off just above my shoulder, the same length all around, and I can still put it in a high ponytail.

We had done it in the privacy of my bedroom, and when I walked into the living room, I got a lot of whistling from the males and females in my unit. It makes my morning routine a lot easier, and as I exit my bathroom, I smell that breakfast is being prepared.

I put on my Commander uniform and grab my high-heeled boots as I walk out of my bedroom. "Coffee, please," I say as I walk into the kitchen, and I pull my boots on as Waylen places my coffee on the table, while Faith places a plate in front of me. We talk about my morning meeting as we enjoy our breakfast, and once I am done, Orson reminds me that the other Commanders are expecting a male.

"Sorry, Orson. Last time I checked, I still lacked a dick," I respond, and Orson just stares at me. "At least you have the balls, Commander," Skylar blurts out, and I am laughing my ass off as I walk down the stairs to go to the Academy. I rush towards the meeting room, and I see Elder Larson waiting for me outside.

As I walk in, I say, "My apologies for being late. I had to remind one of my members I lack a dick to be qualified as a male." I see every head in the room snap in my direction, and almost all of them look rather dumbfounded. "I am Commander Morgan," I say as I walk over to the King.

"Good morning, Your Majesty. I will make sure I am on time for our next meeting," I say as I make a small bow. The King keeps a straight face, but the twinkle in his eyes tells me he enjoyed my apology. "Commander Morgan, it is a pleasure to see you again. Congratulations to you and your unit for graduating three weeks ahead of schedule," He responds, and I hear a few gasps around us.

"I wouldn't mind having that in my bed," I hear in my head, and I know exactly which Asshole was thinking that. "Commander Morgan, this is my Son, Crown Prince Casimir," the King says, and I look at the male standing next to the King. "Crown Prince Casimir, it is an honor to meet you," I say, and he asks me how my unit responded to the news I wasn't a male.

"One of my members pointed out I at least have the balls," I say with a straight face, and I hear a few people around me choking on laughter. "Damn, I think I have to ask my unit to start looking for my filter. Sounds like it is missing again," I say as I look Casimir in his eyes, and this time he can't keep a straight face.

"Excuse me for a second. I remember there is something I have to do," I say before I turn towards the other Commanders, and I walk over to Commander Carl, punching his lights out without saying a word.