

Chapter 2

"Solana, Illac, and Foire have been notified of your little detour in humanity's border. Didn't I tell you to stop it already?" said Nerissa. She is Solana's little necromancer, usually, werewolves never trust a necromancer, they can be as a trickster as a fox or as sly as a vampire.

"Who told you that they have been informed?" Solana asked while wiping the blood off in her arms. It was the blood of the cop that she had killed earlier. Behind her was a cabin and inside was Kiera, unscathed but not conscious. She probably wouldn't remember a thing when she wakes up.

"A fox," Nerissa said. "Who is this girl you brought with you?" asked Nerissa, taking a peek inside the cabin. Solana scorned. "You take a fox's word?" Sure enough, a word of a fox can't be trusted. Because again, they are tricksters, one of their very least talents.

"Half the border knows who you are! Do you plan on getting killed before avenging your clan?" A trigger word that Solana repeatedly told Nerissa and her two other betas never to mention before her face. As fast as the wind, Solana's eyes turned scarlet red as her claws are right onto Nerissa's neck making it harder for her to breathe. One wrong move then she'll die, one wrong word coming out of her mouth then she'll die, in other words, checkmate.

"Where am I?" The sleeping beauty woke up with no recollection of what had happened. Solana raised her eyebrow and gradually let go of Nerissa's throat. "You owe your life to a 16-year-old girl," Solana said before finally letting go of her.

"Who are you?" asked Kiera finally settling down without feeling uneasy because somehow she sees Solana as her pioneer, her alpha, not that she knows or remembers that she has been bitten to turn into a monster who feels excruciating pain with their bone-crushing, unable to control their aggressiveness every full moon.

"Solana," Kiera's eyes were fixated on her. "Solana Velvela," for a moment a memory appeared in Solana's mind. A memory from which she used to be naive in the world, not knowing her true nature nor her true name. She thought she was living the perfect life back on the human border where she grew up with lies.

"And you?"

The Last Alpha Standing

"Nerissa Delvaux," Nerissa replied.

"Okay, what an introduction. Can any of you send me home?" said Kiera. Solana laughed.

Kiera was starting to feel that none of these two lovely yet looking dangerous is going to take her home. It's weird because for a second when she woke up inside the cabin she felt that this was her home, but no. This isn't Scorch Hill that is what she thinks, none of the ambiance that she feels around her is Scorch Hill so what makes it her home?

"You look like you could use some History," Nerissa said. Kiera was reluctant to agree. She was never good at understanding History, in fact, she never liked History. However, that doesn't leave her much of a choice. Nerissa sat down getting ready to tell Keira the History which they never teach at school.

"First things first," Solana said. She pierced her eyes at Kiera's making her utterly uncomfortable with the way she looks at her.

"Do you really not remember anything?" Solana asked. Kiera shook her head. She really does not remember a thing, "it feels like there is this void part in her memories, a line that isn't straight, it leaves gaps. It's like a memory turmoil.

"Do you want me to help you remember?" Solana clasped onto Kiera's neck with her claws plain to see. It was so tight that Keira felt like her neck would crack. She was astounded by how blunt Solana was, especially her claws. She found this unusually strange, claws like a tiger, speed like a wind, the strength that compares to a thousand bulls. She knows that no human is like that, and she knows that Solana is no human.

"Solana," Nerissa said with a hint of warning in her voice. Solana steadily turned her head and attention to Nerissa and cock a snook at her. To be able to regain one's memory, especially of a werewolf, was for their Alpha to stick their claws at the cervical nerve of their beta. This process would trigger all their memories especially those they do not recall, however, it's either you die or survive.

"She could die," Nerissa continued speaking. Kiera jumped out of the couch she was sitting on and looked furiously at Solana and Nerissa.

"No, she won't. She's my beta. She's much stronger than you think," said Solana, stamping her feet on the ground. Kiera was confused, Solana said that she is her beta, what does that mean? And when Nerissa said that she could die, she was pretty much convinced Solana was planning on killing her.

Kiera stood there like a total statue, unable to move or even breathe, she was afraid to take even one step or speak because she thinks that any minute now Solana will gobble her just like what happened to the cop.

"The cop?" Kiera furrowed her forehead. Solana raised her eyebrows and walked towards her. She leaned to look at Kiera's confused face.

"You're starting to remember something. I guess we don't need this anymore, yes?" said Solana while holding out her claws. It slowly subsided to her fingers like a turtle hiding in its shells. Extraordinary, that is what Kiera thinks.

Somehow she's starting to wrap things around her brain. Maybe it was because her best friend Thalia really likes to read books that she knows some terms, especially about werewolves.

Kiera was hesitating. If Solana really called her 'her beta' that means she's been turned into a werewolf, isn't it? And that Solana is practically her Alpha. That explains the familiar feeling she felt when she saw her first the moment she woke up.

"You look like you've caught up. You're sharp in your senses. I like it," Solana said to Kiera. She remembers all of it. She was with Thalia in the playground, then there's a fog that became so thick that it was hard for her to breathe. Then Thalia suddenly went missing so she looked for her until she heard a growl and that was when Solana entered the scene.

"Now, how about History?" Nerissa said. Kiera thought that History was boring and, naturally, Kiera wouldn't bother listening, but she wants to know it. She still hasn't figured out how to feel now that she's a werewolf, well she still doesn't know that for sure, but what if she really is? What does that mean for her and for Solana?