

## CH 7

Slade

He couldn't bloody believe it, she'd kneed him in the fucking balls. His own bloody Beta had kneed him in the balls! Right here in front of the Alpha College and others arriving at that. It was freaking disrespectful is what it was.

All he'd been trying to do was get her to bloody admit something had happened between the two of them last night. He'd never have slept so damned well, as he had just now, unless he was completely sated, so with that and everything else that had gone on.

He just knew he was bloody right, they'd slept together, so why was it so hard for her to admit to it? He wasn't such a terrible person. She liked him. They were practically in each other's pockets at the best of times. He'd gone out of his way not to put her on the spot inside the pack, had waited until no one had a chance of overhearing them.

He'd kept it casual and private. Between the two of them, she was, it seemed, completely childish in her reaction to his questions and wanting answers. A part of him didn't understand her reaction at all, or her wanting to hide it, it was only s\*x, nothing wrong with that. Wolves had s\*x all the time, were horny by nature.

It wasn't like he was trying to get rid of her as his Beta, they just needed to talk about it, sort it out and decide what to do about what had happened. But no, she'd stopped being his Beta and become a moody 18-year-old girl about it.

He watched her just stalk off from him, leaving him at Alpha College and just drive away. Though that bow she'd given him, at the waist, he'd seen her do that to her own father at times, with a 'yes dad' sarcastic attitude. He'd never gotten it before. She was ticked off.

Ori was normally level-headed about everything; thought things through, he huffed in annoyance and had to let it go, there was nothing he could do about it now. If it did happen, it was too late, she was not going to talk about it. She'd likely thought things through not just as a girl but as a Beta. Decided to ignore it and deny it.

She had just attacked her future Alpha as well, a full insult to him and his reproductive organs at that. But he wouldn't report her. She was right, she had him on a technicality, he had drawn her blood as tiny an amount as it had been, a teensy bite to the outer edge of her earlobe to see if Hail could pick up the scent from this morning.

He'd played a full bluff with her, and she'd played it right back, he'd gotten nowhere, she'd quite ipantly denied everything, told him she wouldn't let him pop her v-card and that it was still intact, and now he was back to square one. Did they, or didn't they have s\*x with each other last night? Only she actually knew. He sighed and pushed it aside. As he watched that car disappeared out of sight.

He turned his attention to the woman behind the desk. She was Alpha-blooded, he could smell it, now that he was not focused solely on Ori and his own days dilemma. "Afternoon Slade, I'm Council member Gretta." She introduced herself to him and held out an access card, "This will grant you access to your dorm room, and your dorm building front doors after-hours."

He nodded and took it, "Thank you, Alpha Gretta."

"This one," she held out another, "will be needed to pay for all meals. Any nes that you occur while here will show up on your fathers' monthly statement of accounts."

"Fines?" he inquired.

"Yes, young Alphas think they are the top of the food chain and cannot be punished, but are just pups here, in all of us council members' eyes. Here, the top of the food chain," she smiled right at him. "That would be me. You are a pup, as are all the other 18-year-olds strutting about like they own the place.

"Which kindly, do remember, that you are not at home. To reinforce you're in my world, there are actual rules to being here. I, your Alpha for the next year, like to impose monetary nes here in my college, some are not so small either."

"Alright, the rules are they explained?"

"There is a list on the back of your dorm room door. I suggest you get to know them, memorise them and obey them. Some nes run into the six-digit mark."

He blinked at that but nodded, knew that, yes, back home in his pack he was the top of the food chain so to speak, but here he was as she stated, just an 18-year-old wolf was all.

"Now to your pledge." She stated and held a card out to him, "Take my hand and read that out loud, you'll be bound by it the entire time you're here, until you leave, and I release you from it and only then."

Slade took her hand, he could see she had many alpha oath marks, they went all the way up both her arms, "How many can you hold?" he asked as he looked at her oath marks.

"Hm, you're the rst in a long time to ask that question. The answer is as many as one likes. The markings will adjust in size to accommodate them all. Good to see you are curious and already asking questions."

He smiled, just thought that was good knowledge to have, he turned his eyes to the card and read it out, his rst Alpha Oath. "I Slade Southerland of Highland Hills Pack, agree to not start any ghts with any of my pack's enemy heirs, that I may come across. I will do no harm to anyone, and I will not in any way attempt to try and start a war while I am here. I will not harm, m\*\*m or kill any other Alphas, male or female. During physical training, I will restrain myself from truly causing harm to my opponents. This oath binds me and my life to Alpha Gretta, for the entire time that I am here as a student of Alpha College."

She smiled at him. "I Alpha Gretta, of the Alpha Council, will show care and restraint, patience and provide good healthy guidance in my looking after Slade Southerland, the future heir to the Highland Hills pack. This oath binds me to my words, and punishment from the full remaining 11 council members, if you should die under my watch."

He watched as the band formed around his wrist and hers, saw all the ones already there shrink a little and rotate around her arm a bit to adjust for the new council symbol. They, he noted, wound up and around her arms, like a sweeping staircase, so that none of the council symbols touched each other.

His was black, hers was blue. It was a bit on the tingly side and his pack symbol appeared on the inside of his wrist, a circle with three mountains overlapping each other. "Why the different colour?" he asked.

"Because you're bound to me, but I am not to you, to the Wolfen Council only." She smiled at him. "I like your curiosity, Slade. All done," she told him and released his hand, "Come, let me show you to your dorm, you'll be in the North Dorm, second oor, room four. All rooms are singles, and yes, before you ask, it is fully soundproof. Not for the reason you want it to be. But so that you can make phone calls back home, and not be overheard by enemy heirs if they are here as well."

He smiled but said nothing. They walked back out the front doors, and she took him to the building next door. He was a little confused as to why it was called North Dorm. It was not the north building, it was in fact east of the main building.

"Why is it called North Dorm?" he asked.

"After Alpha North himself. He was one of the rst Alphas to put forward the idea of Alpha College and have one built." She answered him simply. "You, Slade, will learn only useful things to you and the current era. Don't concern yourself with the histories of our kind. A savage bunch of beasts that only concerned themselves with war and bloodlines.

"This is a place to learn the Wolfen laws you must abide by, not the past. A place for you to understand when you'll be about to, or do, break our kings' laws. If someone around you breaks them, say a pack member, and if it needs to be reported to us, the wolfen Council.

"Or if you, when you actually reign, can punish those for those crimes. Write us a report and what is expected in it and proof of said broken law, with the details of the crime and full details of your investigation, and punishment dealt out, as well. For us to see if it is tting or not.

"Alphas jobs don't just involve running their packs as many think they do, they have to maintain all Wolfen laws and hold those accountable. If they choose not to punish wolves which they don't have to, they do have to report the infraction immediately, so we can punish those that have broken the law."

"I imagine some don't report." Slade nodded.

"Yes, that is true, a few bad apples out there, and there are those afraid to report, fearing their pack will be retaliated against and slaughtered for it. But we here are trying to weed that out. Why we focus on the laws, and not the histories. What's in the past should stay in the past, be forgotten and moved on passed. Easier for the wolves than though." She sighed a little, "Not all Alphas send their heirs either. So some slip through the cracks."

"Why don't they send them?" he was curious.

"Likely they have their reasons for it. Personal to each Alpha out there, though many that ee destroyed packs, don't get the opportunity to come to Alpha College, it's not exactly cheap, and you need an Alpha parent to register you as well. So again, no parents, no funds, no Alpha College."

"Oh, I thought everyone just came at 18." He murmured.

"It would be nice." She nodded, "but for everyone I have here." she stopped at his dorm room. "There are probably one or two, maybe more that aren't here, and those in the Kingdom don't come here. They, I think, need it the most. We're hoping that there will be one established within Nightingale sometime soon."

"Lots of war there." He nodded.

"Yes, unnecessary war at that. This is your room, she motioned for him to use his swipe card and unnecessary it, the panel went from black to green and the door clicked open. "Now Slade, I and all the Council members that reside here, have master access cards." She smiled right at him.

"I like to conduct random unannounced inspections for contraband. Please keep your room tidy, it will make the searching go quicker and there are no omegas here to clean up after you either. So, you have to maintain your own cleanliness, new linen will be provided." She rolled her eyes, "Every day due to your lot being a horny bunch of 18-year-olds. But you are required to change the sheets yourself. The dirty linen chute is down the end of the hall. Use it, don't be a grub."