

The Pack's Nemesis

– Chapter 94

The Pack's Nemesis (Quirin's Story)

Yorick

'Smell anything, Thad?' I ask my wolf. I'm still in bed on this, my eighteenth birthday. I didn't expect that my mate would be here, there's nothing for me here in this pack, but I figured I'd better make sure.

'I would have smelled her last night if she was here,' he says.

That's true. I guess she could be in Kennedy's pack, but somehow, I doubt it. I've known for a while that my place wasn't in either of my older siblings' packs. I'm an Alpha wolf with an older brother who has taken over our pack. My father's Beta and his mate have a son who has already taken over as my brother's Beta and the same is true for our Gamma. There's no place, no position for me in Connor's pack.

I could probably petition Quirin for is Gamma position. He's been talking about needing to fill it and now that his life is full of pups, he needs the help, but it's not what I want.

'We've made our decision,' Thad says.

We have, we just haven't told anyone yet. I'm not sure how they will react and I'm not sure what it will mean for me in the future, but I know Dad and Connor will be surprised.

Part of me wishes that I had my sister's penchant for medicine. Then, at least, I'd have a place here. I could work to take over my mother's position as Lead Doctor at our pack hospital, but I'm a fighter. I much prefer being in hand-to-hand combat than sitting and reading a book. Honestly, if it weren't for Kennedy, I probably wouldn't have passed half of my classes. It's not that I'm stupid, it's that I have zero attention span when I'm uninterested in something and things like algebra, chemistry, and physics hold absolutely no interest for me at all.

"You're an excellent fighter, Yorick. You know there will always be a place for you in this pack. I could use someone like you to train our warriors," Connor said and has said to me several times over the last year. I know he wants me to stay, wants me to feel like I fit in, but I don't. Not here. Not in HIS pack. And I know I never will. I'll always be the younger

brother that Connor is finding a position for in his pack. But I want to find my own place, my own way in the world.

I sigh and roll out of bed, quickly getting dressed before going out to warrior training. This and the afternoon training are my favorite parts of the day. There won't be any afternoon training since we're celebrating my birthday, so I don't want to miss this morning.

My mother and father returned to the pack last night and when I walk downstairs, my father greets me.

"Ready for me to finally let loose now that you're an adult?" he asks, giving him a grin that is nearly identical to mine. Connor and I both look very much like our father.

"Because you've been holding back?" I ask him.

He shrugs. "Maybe I'll wait one more day. It IS your birthday, after all."

"The best present you could give me is a challenge, Dad," I say as we walk outside.

"Ouch! Are you saying I don't challenge you on the sparring field?"

"You do, but Quirin's fighting style is very different than yours and I find it to be a bit more effective," I say. Quirin has no problem fighting dirty. He's an excellent fighter, even if lately he's been fighting with glitter, clips, and ribbons in his hair. My nieces love to decorate Raif and he's very patient with them. My Dad was the same when my sisters were younger.

"I'll have you know, my son, that over the last couple of months while I've been in Quirin's pack, I've been training with him too, so you might be surprised at what I throw at you today," my father says.

As we walk out, the pack members all wish me happy birthday. Connor is at the front of the warriors and when he sees me, he slaps his hands together and rubs them, watching me with a glint in his eyes like he's some sort of mad scientist.

"So, who gets the first shot at the birthday boy?" he grins.

Two hours later, I'm sweaty and feeling much more relaxed after taking down my father, which did take longer than normal, finally calling a draw with Connor, and then taking on Wendy. She's a year younger than me and another excellent fighter. My battle with her was tough, but she still fights with too much emotion. Once she's riled up, she starts making mistakes. I also think the battle from a couple of years ago where she nearly lost her life gets into her head and makes her freeze up when she's sparring. I know Dad and Connor are working with her on it, but over two years later, she's still struggling to overcome her fear.

Friends and family arrive throughout the day, and early in the afternoon I make my escape to my room so I can get ready for the party tonight. I walk to my dresser and pull out the letter that arrived last week.

"You have been accepted at this year's Warrior Academy. Congratulations! You are among the elite who have been chosen."

I take a deep breath. This is the announcement that I will be making tonight, the one my brother and father will be shocked to hear.

I shower and get dressed and when I step out of my room, Wendy is just stepping

out of hers. I raise an eyebrow at her. I've noticed a pattern over the past couple

of years. Wendy always dresses up more when a certain Alpha who saved her life comes to visit.

She stops, blushing and struggling to hold my gaze.

I arch my eyebrow even more as I notice the hint of applied blush on her cheeks and the swipes of mascara on her eyelashes.

"Shut up!" she growls.

"I didn't say a word," I say, grinning even harder.

"You didn't say them out loud, but I know what you were thinking in that pea-sized brain of yours." she whisper yells at me.

"Do you? What was this pea-sized brain thinking, exactly?" I ask taunting her. She probably does know, but I doubt she's willing to confess it.

She raises her chin. "It's your birthday. I'm your sister. I should dress accordingly."

"That's not what I was thinking," I tell her. The applied blush is no match for the deep shade of red her cheeks are turning now.

Instead of continuing to tease her, I offer her my arm. "How about you escort the birthday boy downstairs?"

She takes my arm and as we begin to make our way down the hall, she looks up at me. "Thanks, Yorick."

"You'll know next year for sure, little sister. I know you want it to be him, but you have to prepare yourself that it might not be."

I won't be around this year to look after her. Connor is busy with his pack, mate, and increasing number of pups. Mom and Dad go back and forth between packs and seem to have more and more grandpups every day to keep them occupied, not to mention Yana and the younger twins. Without me, Wendy will be on her own to deal with her infatuation for Alpha Henry.

"How did you know?" she asks, looking up at me.

"Anyone who is paying attention knows, Wendy. You're not exactly subtle." "What if he takes a chosen mate before a turn eighteen?" she asks, her voice getting tight.

I turn and look at my sister. "Everything will be as it should be. I know you hope that things will work out for you the way they did for Kennedy, and maybe they will. But you need to prepare yourself for the possibility that they won't."

Her eyes narrow as she searches my face. "Why does it sound like you're not going to be around to catch me if I fall?"

I look around quickly to make sure we're alone. "I'm making an announcement tonight. I've made my decision about what I want to do," I say, passing the letter to her. She reads it quickly, her eyes going wide.

"Oh Yorick! I'm so proud of you. And so pissed! I'm going to miss you so much!" she says, throwing her arms around my neck.

"I'm going to miss you too, and I don't want to come back and find my sister's heart is crushed because she didn't protect it. Will you do that for me, Wen? Will you protect your heart, at least until you know for sure."

She nods against my neck. "I will," she whispers.

"Okay, come on then. Time for me to face whatever Dad and Connor are going to say about my decision."

"It's not their choice, is it Yorick? You're a grown man, an Alpha who needs to make his own way in this world. They may not like it, but they'll still be proud of you," she says.

Of all my siblings, Wendy and I are the closest. Maybe it's because we're close in age, or maybe it's because we're not twins that we ended up becoming so close, but I already know that I'm going to miss Wendy the most out of all of my family.

"You'd better write me. All the time!" she whispers as we begin to make our way down the stairs.

"Yeah, because that's something I love to do," I say dryly.

"Do it anyway. I'll protect my heart, if you write to me. Deal?" she whispers as everyone turns to look up at us and begins singing Happy Birthday.

"Deal."

**This story will continue in The Pack's Alpha, Yorick's story.

The Novel will be updated first on this website. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!