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Brielle swung her st through the air until it connected with the man's crooked nose. He stumbled backwards, with widened eyes as he observed the brunette in shock.

As blood began trickling down his nostrils, his hands ew to cover the wound. He winced as he cast his hazel eyes on the blood now covering his palm. "You impetuous girl!" The man yelled. "Do you have any idea what you have just done?" He scolded.

Brielle's head rocked back as she belted out a menacing laugh. Her long, wavy brunette locks swayed as she shook her head in disbelief.

"What I've done?" She chuckled as she raised her eyebrows at the middle-aged man. "You come to my home and insist that I let you take over my pack, whilst I run around playing pretty little Luna?" Brielle soared with laughter as she recalled the conversation she had initially endured with Alpha Bex.

Brielle took a step closer to the auburn haired man. "I am the Alpha of the Shadow Pack and you'll do well to remember that, Bex. Now run along, unless you want to leave here with more than a broken nose."

Brielle smiled sweetly at Alpha Bex as she watched his cheeks turn to a bright shade of crimson. "You'll regret this." He spat at the twenty-one year old.

"I'm not counting on it." She shrugged, before waving her right hand. "Bye now, have a safe trip home."

Alpha Bex turned on his heel as he scoffed at the girl, before storming his way back to the SUV he had travelled in.

Brielle chuckled as she watched another sad excuse for an Alpha attempt to bargain their way into her pack, insisting that they would 'bring the pack to it's fullest potential' by combining the packs, before carrying on explaining that Brielle 'would have much more time to relax as Luna instead'.

She rolled her green eyes at the thought. Each Alpha who had attempted to persuade her had left here broken in one way or another. She didn't need to combine her pack with another, they were already the second strongest pack in the country.

Aside from insulting her with their presumptions she wasn't a competent warrior or Alpha, there wasn't anything these leader wannabes could offer her.

Unfortunately, Brielle wasn't surprised by any of their attempts. She was the rst female Alpha the werewolf world had known and throughout her childhood, her father had always made her aware of the struggles she would one day face because of that.

So, she had spent hours training every day since her sixth birthday. Her father would take time out of his daily Alpha duties to train her rst hand, preparing her to be the greatest warrior the community had known.

Aside from the Blood Moon Pack, Brielle and the Shadow Pack were the strongest you could come across. They dedicated their days to training and developing their combat skills. Frankly, Blood Moon was only stronger because they housed over two-thousand wolves.

The Shadow Pack were, however, not too far off. The pack housed around one-thousand-and-four-hundred wolves. But you know what they say, there is strength in numbers.

Brielle shook her head as she retreated to the pack house, where her father and sister were in ts of hysterics in the doorway.

Her father, David, clapped his hands in celebration as he watched Brielle return to them. He was immensely proud of her, she had turned into the warrior he had always hoped she would. Her ery nature was just an added benet she had gotten from her mother.

Brielle's younger sister, Harlie, wiped the joyous tears from her blue eyes. She had always enjoyed watching her sister deter away the old pervs asking for her hand in marriage, it was something Harlie would never get bored of.

"Another one bites the dust." Harlie winked at her older sister, as Brielle climbed the stairs to the main entrance.

Brielle laughed as she rested her head on her father's shoulder. "I can't say I don't enjoy putting them in their place." She admitted.

David wrapped his arms around his two daughters and squeezed them tightly against him. "Life is never boring with you two." He chuckled. "I'm proud of you Bri, you don't need a man to run this pack. Hell, you run it better than I did." He joked.

Brielle chuckled against her fathers shoulder. "Don't worry, dad. I'll keep putting those losers in their place." She promised.

"Until she meets her mate." Harlie added, cautiously eyeing her father.

David had never enjoyed the idea that his two baby girls would one day nd their other halves. In his eyes, no one could ever be good enough for his daughters. They deserved the world and he had already set his mind on the fact that no man would ever t the criteria his girls needed. Luckily for him, it didn't seem as though Brielle had any interest in meeting hers.

"Please." David scoffed as he rolled his green eyes. "Over my dead body will some mutt be coming anywhere near either of you."

Brielle grinned as she winked at her younger sister. Although they were never truly interested in nding their so called 'destined partner', the two girls had always enjoyed winding their father up with the thought.

His overprotective ways would almost always send him into a meltdown whenever the word mate was mentioned. Especially considering the fact that his daughters were now of mating age. Between Brielle being twenty-one and Harlie being nineteen, sooner or later the dreaded day would arrive.

Suddenly, Brielle's mother came rushing out of the door. Looking practically identical to her rstborn daughter, Brielle, her green eyes ickered with concern as her long, brunette waves were scattered in a messy state.

Failing to notice to worry evident on his mate's face, David beamed as Sophia joined them. "Soph, you should have seen it." He chuckled as he shook his head. "Bri broke the loser's nose!"

Sophia empathetically smiled at her daughter, before her face fell blank once more. "That's great, sweetie. However, I'm afraid we now have bigger concerns."

David and his daughters frowned as they waited for Sophia to elaborate. They weren't too sure what could have Sophia so stressed, usually nothing could phase her.

"The Blood Moon Alpha's." She began. "They've requested an audience with Brielle."

"Requested?" David's eyebrow perched as he questioned his mate. Sophia's eyes locked with Brielle's momentarily, before meeting David's gaze once more.

"Well actually, more like demanded."