

## Chapter 10

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Third Person

"Alpha, we have arrived," was all Edward, also known as Eddie, heard as he stared out the window. It had been ten years since the Alpha's Council swept up Eddie to start his Alpha training. Eddie's parents had been killed before he could come of age to take over the pack from his father. It was a blow to the entire Hounds of the Night pack. And without any next of kin to take him in, the Elders took it upon themselves to rear and train Eddie to be the Alpha for the Hounds. His father had been a powerful Alpha. It wasn't all that surprising since his lineage was of a pureblood, or that's what Eddie had been told. Eddie was abnormally strong, and his tolerance for wolfsbane was strangely higher than most. Eddie was told that his father was over two hundred years old but still looked as if he were in his early twenties. His mother, on the other hand, was considered to be your average werewolf.

His mother had been killed with an arrow laced with wolfsbane that impaled her through the heart. An arrow that was meant for Eddie. His mother had sacrificed herself for his safety. Unfortunately, seeing his mother be killed right before his very eyes haunted him to this day. Eddie's father could feel the death of his mate, and that is when all hell broke loose.

A pack of rogues ambushed the Hounds. What the Hounds lacked in numbers, they had made up for in brute strength. Although his recollection tells him that they were at an advantage, that didn't last long when everyone felt the loss of a pack's greatest asset. The death of the Alpha. His father's death came as a huge blow, not just emotionally but strategically as well. His death is what led to the Hounds' defeat in the battle against the rogues.

Eddie was only fifteen at the time, and it was the worst day of his life. Since that dreadful day, he swore that when he became Alpha, feral rogues would never be shown mercy. He knew better than anyone that not all rogues were dangerous or feral. His father had taught him that. His father hated rogues as much as any other wolf, but he believed in rehabilitation, and he instilled that belief in Eddie as well. It's been ten years since Eddie had been shipped off for Alpha training; it was time that he took over The Hounds. It was his time to shine. He continued to stare off some more as the familiar terrain of the Rocky Mountains wiped past his vision. Pack members' homes came into view, and Eddie could see pack members in their wolf forms bowing and howling as they saw the familiar Yukon drive past. Warriors that were sparring throughout the pack territory halted in their steps and bowed as well. Although Eddie had yet to be crowned the next Alpha, that didn't stop him from exuding his aura that everyone could feel.

The Yukon came to a stop in front of the familiar packhouse. Eddie's door was opened, and he was welcomed by his Beta and life-long friend since childhood- Kurt.

"You look like sh\*t, Alpha," were the first words out of Kurt's mouth. Eddie paused midway through his exit of the car and scowled at him. "Sorry, buddy. It's been too long," Kurt quickly said as he rubbed the back of his neck.

"What's wrong?" Eddie asked, sensing Kurt's odd demeanor.

"W-w-wrong? W-wh-why would you assume anything is wrong?" He replied nervously.

"Cut the bullsh\*t, Kurt. I can tell you're hiding something from me," Eddie looked past Kurt when he saw two warriors along with a pack member he didn't recognize. "You," Eddie says as he points at the unknown individual.

"Yes, Alpha?"

"Who are you?"

"My name is Estevan, Alpha. But everyone calls me Stevie, for short."

"I didn't ask for your name. I asked who you were!" Eddie snarled. "I don't know you!"

"I'm Elder appointment Gamma, Alpha."

"What?" Eddie growled. "I didn't approve the appointment of a Gamma!" Eddie boomed. He was already annoyed seeing that someone was making pack decisions without his approval. Elders or not, no one had the right to make personnel changes to his pack with his authorization. But it seems that the Elder disregarded this fact.

"I told them that it was a bad idea to appoint a Gamma before you returned, but no one listened to me," Kurt mumbled next to Eddie, who had noticed him through his peripheral glaring daggers at Stevie. Eddie decided to mindlink to get the 4-1-1.

You don't like him.

Is that obvious?

There's something else.

You don't miss a beat, do you?

Kurt quit beating around the bush. What's going on? I just returned home, and there's a f\*\*\*\*g storm brewing!

You're not going to like it. But this guy, Stevie, doesn't believe in the rehabilitation of rogues.

Why?

No clue. But that's not the problem.

Then what is?

He and a few others went into a local town a few miles outside of the pack territory. Human town, to be exact.

Why?!

There's supposed to be some diner that has great food for a decent price. So, they went to indulge. We all do it once in a while. The Sheriff is a pack member, but he masks his scent just in case any non-feral rogues pass through. It's a hub between pack borders, so there are a lot of people who pass through.

Okay?

Well, unfortunately, there was a non-feral rogue at the diner. A young girl. Stevie and his brother Hanson nearly killed her.

For what?!

They accused her of being a spy. Jered tried to stop them, but it was too late. Hanson had slammed her against a brick wall multiple times, causing massive head trauma, and Stevie nearly strangled her to death because she wouldn't listen to his command to shift.

Why would he try to make her shift?

To assert his dominance. He's been on a f\*cking power high since he was appointed Gamma.

Where's the girl?

Stevie had Hanson throw her into the dungeon. I didn't find out until about thirty minutes ago.

How long has she been down there?

A week. No food or water. And her head wound hasn't healed whatsoever. Not from what Jared has told me.

What?! She's non-feral, and yet they're starving her and refusing medical aid!? Who the f\*ck does this jagoff think he is?!

That's not the biggest issue, brother.

Then what is?

She didn't shift because she claims that she can't.

What? What do you mean she can't shift?

That's what Jered reported to me on the D.L. She doesn't have a wolf, apparently. She smells like a wolf, but when they told her that, she was seemingly surprised. She thought she would smell human.

Why would she think that?

Well, it makes sense if she doesn't actually have a wolf counterpart; however, given that she only smelled like a human because of dirty old clothes in her backpack, Stevie and Hanson accused her of masking her scent. That was another reason why they berated her about being a spy and why Stevie tried to kill her. Jered later caught on that she was telling the truth when he sensed several different human scents coming from her backpack: both male and female.

Why would she be traveling with old clothes from the human species of different genders?

I would say let's ask her, but she's still unconscious.

WHAT?!

Eddie ended his link with Kurt and snarled menacingly at Stevie, who paled at Eddie's sudden outburst. He stomped over to Stevie and grabbed him by the throat.

"What gives you the right to withhold medical aid to an injured individual!?" Eddie roared. "You're not even the high-ranking member of this pack! Kurt is in charge in my absence!"

"Alpha, p-pl-plea-please," Stevie begged as he attempted to pry Eddie off of him.

"The Hounds live by a code. Deadly we might be, but we do not attack unprovoked!" Eddie bellowed.

"Alpha, with all due resp—"

"BITE YOUR TONGUE, WARRIOR!" Kurt snarled at the impotent fool who tried to speak out of turn. "Speak only when you're spoken to!"

"Apologies, Beta," the warrior quickly apologized and submitted to Kurt.

"WHERE IS THE GIRL!?" Eddie demanded an answer from the silenced i\*\*\*\*t. But he didn't answer right away. The warrior shifted his hand to the still-choking Stevie.

"Your Alpha asked you a damn question, Hanson! You best know your place and f\*cking answer him!" Kurt roared in his Beta tone.

"Sh-sh-she is in t-th-the du-dun-dungeon, Al-Al-Alpha," Hanson stammered.

"Where exactly is she?" Eddie asked.

"T-th-the far west wing. L-la-last c-cell." Eddie dropped Stevie like the piece of sh\*t that he was and stomped into the packhouse. Eddie had to see who the girl was with his own eyes and determine if she was actually worth any trouble or was a potential threat to the pack. Eddie determined from Kurt's explanation that it wasn't the latter; however, he still needed to verify. Eddie's father taught him to be cautious and always to keep his head on a swivel. One could never be too careful when it came to rogues. Rogues were master manipulators, so they could never be blindly trusted. They had to prove themselves.

As soon as Eddie opened the dungeon doors, he was hit with the most intoxicating aroma. He stopped dead in his tracks and almost his footing. He could feel someone's hands on him and turned to see Kurt furrowing his eyes at him.

"What is that smell?" Eddie asked him.

"What smell?"

"You don't smell it?"

"All I smell is s\*\*t and blood, dude." Eddie grunted at him in annoyance and followed the scent that was making his body quake, and his wolf Durango started to pace in his head. Durango was a beast when it came to many things, and he was a massive wolf. When Eddie shifted for the first time, the Elders didn't know what to do because he was the biggest Alpha wolf they had seen in over a thousand years. Durango's size only solidified that his father was indeed a pureblood and that he had inherited his genes. But as of this moment, Durg wasn't being the Alpha wolf he was known to be. He was prancing like a damn deer in a meadow and was preening suddenly.

As Eddie followed the scent, it took him straight to the very last cell at the West corner. This was the same cell that Hanson said the girl was put in. Eddie looked through the bars and saw the silhouette of a female in the fetal position. Her back was to the door, but he could see her body moving slightly. She was breathing. He could see the head wound that Kurt told him Hanson had given her. For some odd reason, seeing it up close and personal like this made his blood boil. Just from her body size, Eddie could tell she was young. Late teens, maybe early twenties.

"Open the door!" He told Kurt, who took his master key card and swiped it. The door clicked and swung open automatically, and that's when that sweet scent of heaven hit Eddie like a freight train going full speed. It was coming from her. But the smell of her blood was also mixed in with it. Durg was snarling at the sight of her wound. It was even worse than Eddie initially thought. He kneeled next to her and gently turned her over. When her body tipped over and faced him, the sight before him made his breath hitch and get caught in his throat. Eddie's eyes widened like saucers when Durg practically screamed the word he never ever wanted to hear— MATE.