

Chapter 3

Siren's POV

I sprinted to the edge of the forest, getting there before Ezra. Wolves were ghting ercely in the center of the eld. Noah, my dad's wolf, was among them. He was easy to spot, as he was taller than the rest of the wolves in our pack. This also made him a target.

The border patrol obviously discovered the attack and alerted Dad. Dad would have sent a message to sound the alarm while making his way to the border, ready to ght.

Dead wolves surrounded him, probably members of the border patrol. They are fast and observant, but not strong. That is why we have warriors. Although we have our differences, he always taught us that an Alpha leads. They do not hide behind their warriors like cowards. I have never seen him back down from a ght, verbally or physically. I can honestly say that it's the one thing everyone in this pack respects that about him.

More rogues are running from the forest. I must be one of the rst ones to arrive, as there aren't many warriors there. I charged right in, showing no mercy. "This is our pack, and we will defend it," I told Kris. Kris's father doesn't like her to ght, but she can. But he doesn't like it. Ezra and I are not afraid of getting our paws bloody.

I kill three rogues before I notice Noah is being attacked by a group of wolves simultaneously. The relentless attack will soon be too much for him to handle. "Ezra. Noah." I mind link my brother. He knew what I meant, "On my way." He answered back. I sprinted towards Noah. Leaping over an attacking wolf.

A few seconds earlier I could have intercepted his attack.

Noah was caught off guard by a sneaky rogue who grabbed his throat. Sinking his teeth in and ripping it right out. I am splashed with his blood. I am that close.

I grab Noah's murderer by the throat and show no mercy as I clamp my jaws around his jugular. If it had Ezra's strength, I would have ripped it right out. But it will be a slow death for him now. Looking down, I saw Noah's lifeless body lying on the ground. Anger causes my teeth to clamp harder and harder. After a few seconds, I didn't even taste the blood. I tasted revenge.

I saw Ezra out of the corner of my eye. He is going crazy, attacking anyone that comes close to me. He is protecting me, making sure I nish the job. The rogue drops to the ground, but I don't let go. This rogue is going to die.

Eventually, there are no rogues left to ght. They are either dead or have retreated.

Ezra and I both moved closer to Noah's body. I shed a tear for my fallen Alpha, my father. "He died a warrior's death," I tell Kris, who is sobbing. Ezra puts his face to mine, showing support. Out of the two of us, I am the emotional one.

The pack warriors gather around us, forming a circle. Then they let out a long, slow howl. The bond the pack members had with Alpha Steel has been severed. There will be a lot of questions. The warriors' howling will give them an inkling of what has happened.

A small part of me wishes the warriors had been here sooner. Noah was always the rst one to challenge any attackers. He was not one to wait for re-enforcement.

He may not have been much of a father to Kris, but he was hers. His body shifts, becoming human. So do me and Ezra. It's an honorable thing to do.

Kris's POV

We waited by Dad's side as Dwight arranged transportation for Dad's body to be taken home. Someone gave us blankets to cover our naked bodies and an extra one to cover our father's corpse. His dignity must be respected even in death. He was the Alpha, after all.

They placed a stretcher next to him, and the warriors carefully lifted him onto it. The blanket still covered him. A van arrived for the stretcher to be placed in. But the warriors lifting the stretcher walked right by it. Heading towards the pack house. Nathan holds me as we walk barefoot all the way.

It took some maneuvering, but they carried his body inside and laid it on his bed. This only happens because we are the Alpha family and is part of an age-old tradition. It has gone back generations.

It is also a tradition for a family member to stay with the body. Make sure no one abuses it.

It is customary for a member of the Wolf Council to bless the Alpha's body. Which is when his wolf will return to the moon goddess. After that, we will cremate his physical body. This is usually within days of death.

Nathan and I decided we would both stay to support one another. Nathan and I take turns showering, while the other stays with Dad's body in his bedroom. I don't like this tradition, it's creepy.

"I have informed the Wolf Council. Someone is on their way," Dwight informs us. Nathan and I spend the time reminiscing about any good or fun times we had with Dad, but there aren't many, which is sad. He was all business, no fun. So, we talked about the many business visits we went on with him and what we got up to while we were there.

Pack members send us food and people call in on us from time to time. Emily even visited us. But she refused to come into the room. She felt Dad didn't consider her worthy, and she didn't want to dishonor him with her presence.

After two days, Council Member Clayton arrived. He gave his formal blessing in front of me, Nathan, and dad's Beta and Gamma.

The cremation was organized and executed with military precision. "Dad would have been proud," Nathan said to Dwight, who organized everything. They had been friends for a long time. Even though they disagreed at times, Dwight was one of the few people whom Dad would negotiate with.

Council Member Clayton called me and Nathan into Dad's oce not long after the ames had gone out. There was nothing left but cinders and ashes.

He rudely sat in Dad's seat behind Dad's desk. In Dad's oce. Dwight and Reggie stood next to the desk. Neither of them looked happy.

Clayton shued some papers before lifting his head, looking at both of us. "I have been put in a unique position." He tells us. He then goes on about his role at the Wolf Council and how he supports packs. I phased out after a few minutes of him talking, denitely, a man that liked the sound of his own voice. Then he delivers the news.

Apparently, just after Dad's ght with Nathan. Dad signed the pack over to me, with both Dwight and Reggie as witnesses. I can't believe he acted that quickly. Did he hate the thought of Nathan being happy that much? I remain emotionless.

I tell them all that "Nathan is his eldest child and his son. He rightfully deserves to become the Alpha of the pack. There is no doubt in my mind that this is how it should be." Clayton stands up and leans on the desk. "I agree with you." He tells us. "But he made his wishes very clear and completed all the paperwork. Kristen Steel, you have been appointed as Alpha of the River Valley Pack. You will have Dwight and Reggie to support you for one month. You are to assemble your leadership team to take over."

I don't know who is more gob-smacked. Dwight and Reggie being demoted, Nathan being overlooked, me who is to be made Alpha, or the look on Council Member Clayton's face as he is telling me this. But I act like Dad is watching right now, as I don't trust this Council Member. There is something about him that my instincts are warning me about.

Clayton continues, "The Wolf Council was aware of Alpha Steel's wishes. They have made a stipulation." He pauses and gives a little smile. "The Wolf Council stipulated Kristen must gain herself a mate of Alpha quality by her 21st birthday. Or the River Valley Pack will be passed over to someone else of their choosing. Alpha Steel specied it should never be given to Nathan Steel."

I am fuming. Fuming at my father's small-minded antics. Was he really that opposed to Nathan being happy? But I am also fuming at the Wolf Council and their stipulation. "What you're saying is that, because my reproductive organs are on the inside of my body rather than the outside, I am being treated differently? Or are all Alpha's given this stipulation?" I leaned on the desk, looking him straight in the eyes. Making Clayton uncomfortable. "I will take over this pack. Only for the sake of the people living in it. But I am disgusted by the Wolf Council's sexist attitude towards me. This is not over."

He doesn't know what to say and just sits there with his mouth open. I am right, though. A bunch of old, useless council members are deciding my future. They should get with the times.

Dwight looks like he is about to burst out laughing. Reggie snickers but regains his composure quickly. Nathan looks hurt. I put my arm around him, and we walked home, my home, our home. "We have to talk," he tells me. "Yes, we certainly do," I answer angrily.