

## Chapter 8

Nathan's POV

Council Member Fredrick is due to arrive today. I plan on making his life difficult for the duration of his time here.

"It's disgusting what they are forcing Kris to do. It's just wrong. Now they are sending someone to make sure she follows their stupid rules." I ranted at Emily again. No doubt she is sick of hearing me going on about it. Despite everything, she just hands me a cupcake and kisses me. "Best mate ever," I tell her just before I shove the cupcake in my mouth. Making her smile.

I have been mind linked that the Council Member is the pack. "I have organized somewhere to stay for him," Rylee tells me. "He's going to be here a while and Kris won't want him breathing down her neck."

"I hope it's somewhere grubby," I responded, still unhappy that he would be here watching my sister for over two years, reporting her movements back to the Wolf Council.

Rylee snickers. "I have put him in that house next to the school. All those kid's day in and day out. He won't get any peace."

Is he serious? "That means he won't want to be at home much. He will come here."

I shook my head at my best friend and then laughed. "You're so dumb sometimes. Is there anywhere else we can put him?"

"Not at such short notice. We can tell him it's temporary," Rylee answers.

I was about to say something to him when a bright yellow car pulled up in front of us. I snickered. "Not something I would be seen dead driving." I mind link Rylee. Who agrees with me?

A young man opens the door and climbs out. He can't be older than 25. "Hi," he says, smiling at us. As he walks towards us both, he holds out his hand. "I'm Freddie." I take his hand and shake it. Obviously, the son of the Council Member. He seems pleasant enough. "How was the journey?" Rylee asks him.

"Painfully long. But I got to put some serious miles on these tires. Makes a change. She's usually stuck doing small runs," he responds, still smiling.

Freddie looks at the pack house and whistles. "Nice place. Better than the crappy place they make me stay in back home. Want to show me around?" Freddie asked.

"I'm sorry. Should we not wait for your dad?" I asked Freddie.

"Dad?" He looked confused.

"You know the Council Member." Freddie snickers. "That would be me." I'm shocked. I always thought Council Members were old grumpy men who wear suits to work and take life too seriously. But Freddie is the total opposite. He's young, trendy and friendly.

"Don't worry. I get it a lot. My dad was a member of the Wolf Council. I became the successor to his position when he was killed. Truthfully, it bores the hell out of me, totally not what I want to do. But a job is a job, and it comes with a roof over my head. It's not like I have anywhere else to go, so I stay and go on whatever crappy assignments they send me on." I look at Rylee, who has the same facial expression that I do. Shock. "Anyway, what did your pack do to piss them off?" Freddie laughed.

I don't know what to say. I still can't believe he is a Council Member, nor is he acting like one. Maybe him being here won't be as bad as I expected it to be.

We took Freddie inside and introduced him to Kris. He has a beaming smile. "Wow, you're hot," he says inappropriately to Kris. "Hey, that's my sister and my Alpha."

"Sorry. I just wasn't expecting someone so attractive to be the Alpha." Freddie says, still looking at Kris. He is a charmer. I will watch out for that.

We all sat down, and I explained the situation in full to him. "It is worth mentioning that Kris intends to leave the pack to find her mate," I told him.

Freddie looks between me and Kris. "How did you two turn out so great when your dad was so awful?" Rylee snickered. "Clayton has always been a knob," Freddie said. It made me and Kris laugh. "Even my dad said he was a knob! But he is one to be cautious of."

"Can you help me?" Kris asked Freddie.

Freddie rubs the back of his neck. "The thing is, I have to send a daily picture of Kris to Clayton. It has to contain something with the date on it. A newspaper. Attendance at a meeting. Something basic. It has to be accompanied by a quick report of her whereabouts. He really hates the idea of you being in charge, Kris." Kris sighs. "But I am sure we can bend the rules a little. If you know what I mean," he says, smiling.

"No. Tell me, what do you mean?" I asked him.

"I may be about to fudge some information to give you an extra day here and there. But I honestly can't lie."

"You know what, Freddie? You're alright. I wouldn't ask you to lie. I can tell it's not in your nature." Kris says cheerily to him. "Thanks. You're alright too. I mean, you're alright." He says, checking her out again.

"Inappropriate Freddie." Rylee snaps at him. "Sorry, I don't meet many people at the jobs they send me on. I will do better, I promise." He takes a breath. "Do you have somewhere for me to stay?"

"Er. I have somewhere temporary for you to stay," Rylee says. "It's next to the school, though. I will find you somewhere better tomorrow."

"Seriously," Freddie says, staring at Rylee. "That would be perfect. I love working with kids, their minds are like sponges. I just never had the opportunity. Are there any vacancies in the school?"

"Maybe. But you will have to build up to teaching the kids. Start small." Kris tells Freddie. "My assignment is for a minimum of two years. I will do anything. Please give me a chance." He states, clasping his hands together in a prayerful gesture.

"I will speak to the principal," Kris tells Freddie. Rylee takes him to his new home. She looks at me. "He's not as bad as Clayton. Not even close." I said to her.

"Nope, and if he will help me a little. I will help him. I know they need a kitchen assistant at the school. He can start there." She laughs. "A Council Member working in the school kitchen. Who would have thought it?" I said to my sister.

"I can't imagine Clayton helping anyone. Just goes to show how different the generations are." She says. "It does get me thinking about how Council Members are replaced and why they are set in their ways."

"Similar to pack Alpha's, I guess," she says. Looking like she is thinking about something. I didn't ask, as she started writing something down and I didn't want to interrupt her train of thought. I will ask her later.