

Aziza's P.O.V.

My name is Aziza, I am a Werewolf and today is my eighteenth birthday. As of today, I can find my Mate. I hope that I will find him soon and that he belongs to another Pack, because that would mean that I could get out of here.

I need to get away from my Father and Stepmother, they both have made it perfectly clear that a girl can never become one of the Pack's Deltas. Unfortunately for my Father I am his first-born and for that reason the position is mine.

My Stepmother has two Sons, Silas and Hayden and my Father started training Silas for the position when he turned sixteen. Our Alpha is unaware of this fact as Father is training him in secret.

Father thinks that I do not know anything about the training he is giving Silas, but I am a true Delta's Daughter and I see every little thing that is out of place. My Father always prides himself in the knowledge that he is the best in his rank, but he seems to forget that I am his Daughter.

A week ago, our Alpha received an invitation to the Palace, and he hand-picked a few Families to accompany him. One of them being my Family and I had felt excited, because it is a Mating Ball at the Full Moon.

Being eighteen while attending it, means that I might find my Mate. But right now, I realize that my Father has no intention on bringing me along. Brea has already bought

her dress and the suits for my Father and Stepbrothers were delivered yesterday.

My heart breaks, even though I thought there was nothing left to break. My Father does not care about me, at least not anymore. Brea made sure of that over the years.

As a little girl I could not wait until my Father would come home, to jump into his strong arms and cuddle and hug him tightly. He would always drop everything if I needed him, and he would always make me feel better.

Every time I was able to do a task he assigned me, his face would brighten with a huge smile, and I could see the pride reflected in his eyes. It all changed when he took Brea as his chosen Mate, eight years ago.

She would always complain that he spend too much time with me, that he was neglecting her Sons and slowly but surely my Father pushed me away. I thought my heart had been completely broken the day he told me that I would never take over his position.

I had just turned sixteen and was so excited to start my training, but my Father and Brea quickly crushed my dreams. Brea told me my Father believed that a girl could never be a good enough Delta for the Pack.

At first, I thought she had been kidding, but when he made no attempts to train me, I knew that I had lost my Father for good. I watched my Father and the other Deltas in our Pack to learn as much as I could.

When he started training Silas, I would spy on them and absorb everything I saw and heard. I still watch the other Delta's train, but I no longer spy on my Father and Silas. It hurts too much.

I will be celebrating my birthday alone because nobody cares. I grab my tablet and walk out the backdoor, I am heading to my secret hide-out in the forest behind the Pack-house.

I start hiking up the hill, until I reach the ledge that gives me a clear view of the lake. It is always peaceful and quiet up here, none of the Pack-members come here and I doubt anyone would appreciate the beauty I am looking at.

As I go to Social Media, my mind drifts to the upcoming ball and the fact that I will not be attending it. I feel tears rolling down my cheeks, but I do nothing to stop them. For once I am indulging in my pity party, for once I allow myself to feel sorry for myself.

After quietly crying for a while, I dry my tears as I look at the page on my tablet. It is an advertisement from the Council, looking for recruits to join the Lycan King's Army.

I quickly read throw it and without a second thought I open the application form. I put down all the information they request and as my last name I use my Mother's family name; Hunter.

I press send before I can change my mind and only seconds later, I receive the confirmation that they received my application. I read through the message,

checking if I filled out everything correctly.

I conclude that I filled it out correctly and did not forget one thing, I smile as I see my first choice in the position I want. An investigator, with my background and upbringing it is the perfect job for me.

I stay up on the ledge a few more hours and for once I do not dread going home. I have just changed into some clean clothes when Brea yells that dinner is ready and I make my way down to the kitchen.



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