

Council-member Armas' P.O.V.

In the next few days we are expecting a new recruit for the position of Investigator, but there is something that doesn't make sense.

The last name on her application is incorrect and right now we are discussing what to do about it, if it turns out that she lied on purpose. Because there will be a lot of recruits coming in and out of the building, I will not be sitting in on the hearing of convicted Pack-members.

Boaz and I will deal with the recruits, while the others will deal with the cases brought in front of us. It doesn't happen often that we have to divide our tasks this way, but sometimes we have no other option.

It is nearing noon and we have handled a lot of new recruits already and if I have to hear one more person say they want to join because they have no other purpose in life, I just might kill someone.

"Armas, our recruit for Investigator is here." Boaz says and he pulls me from my thoughts. I nod my head as I grab her application form and put it in front of me.

A young woman walks in, about 5.8" in height and about 30 lbs. in weight. She has a confident walk and a sharp look in her eyes, her straight hair is a light ash-brown color tied in a ponytail at the back of her neck.

She sits down in the chair on the other side of the desk and I decide to cut to the chase. "Why did you put down your last name as Hunter on the form?" I ask and instead

of looking shocked or confused, a small smile spreads across her face.

"I filled in my Mother's maiden name, because I don't want anything to do with my Family or Pack. And using her last name was the first step, the second step was pressing send on the form, Sir." She states in a calm voice.

*"At least she is honest about her motive. Let's hear why she wants to become an Investigator."* Boaz says through the link and I ask her the question we both want an answer to.

"I am a Delta's Daughter, my Father is the best Delta our Pack has and he started my training at a very young age. Unfortunately something changed eight years ago and he stopped training me.

However I never gave up on my training and would watch him and the other Deltas as they trained or trained their first-born. My Wolf showed up a year ago on my seventeenth birthday and together we have worked hard to be at the point where we are right now.

I know that there is still a lot I need to learn, but you will find that I do not give up easily and if I finally give up it will only be because I am no longer breathing, Sir." We can both see the passion in her eyes and I know she will make one hell of an Investigator.

Aziza's P.O.V.

I shake my head as I stare at the paper in front of me, my

head seems fogged up and I can't concentrate on the test in front of me. This is my final written exam and once I finish this one, I am done.

I close my eyes as if it will dissolve the fog from my mind, I start counting back from one-hundred and slowly but steadily the fog dissipates. I open my eyes and they wander towards the clock on the wall, I still have thirty minutes left.

I pick up my pen as I start reading the question once again and with five minutes to spare I am done with my test. I quickly glance over the answers I have written down and a small part of me fears that it might not be enough.

When I started my training four years ago, there had been eleven recruits in my class and now there are only six left. No one knows how they are doing, because we do not get a report-card as Humans got when they were still around.

At the end of each year, the ones that made it to the next year were called forward and the rest was send home or assigned to another training. Every year I had been the last to be called forward and each time I had feared that I had failed.

Of the eleven we started with I was the only female, so I had to work twice as hard to prove myself.

The men in my year are assholes to put it mildly, they have acted as if they were superior from the start and being the only female was hell. We have no idea if any of

us are about to fail or that we all made it.

In two hours we have to report to Council-member Armas and he will inform us on the proceedings after today. Normally we would receive word the day after our last exam, but he already told us the Council had a sentencing review tomorrow.

He explained to us that they had to review the case of two convicted men and if they would be released or not. They had served half of their sentence and if they met certain criteria, they could be released early.

Council-member Armas' P.O.V.

The recruits have just finished their final written exam and in two hours I will inform them whether they passed or not. Even though they think I am going to inform them on the proceedings, because of a review I have tomorrow.

Every Council-member is present and Vivyanna has just put the files on tomorrow's case in front of us. Suddenly I hear Boaz say "Fuck" and we all look at him.

"This is a case from four years ago, when you and I were dealing with the new recruits." He says as he looks at me. "It concerns Aziza." I grab the file and open it quickly, I read through it as fast as I can.

Boaz is right, this concerns Aziza and I doubt she knows any of this. A thought pops up in my mind and I run my idea by the other Council-members. Vivyanna gets up and tells me that she will contact Aziza's former Alpha,

while Boaz is discussing with Finlay on the best way to explain this to our recruits.

After bouncing ideas around for a while, Kaysley has the solution "Why don't we just tell them that we want them to see how it works in the Courthouse. The Investigator in that case will be present and they need to know that with a conviction and sentencing, a case is not always over."

I only have a few minutes left before I have to face Aziza and I take the time to calm myself down. Aziza is a smart and perceptive young woman, she will know something is up if I am not completely in control of my emotions.

The recruits are already waiting and as usual one of the men is in Aziza's face, but she doesn't show him any emotion. All the men in her class lack what she has and that is patience, perseverance and a keen eye.

They will be shocked when they hear that she is the only one that passed and with flying colors, I might add. She aced all her written exams and when it came to her field-exams she outsmarted them all.

"Okay, will everyone please sit down." My voice booms through the room and the only one that doesn't flinch is Aziza. "As I already told you, tomorrow the Council has a sentence review. You will all be attending the hearing, so you can see that with a conviction and a sentencing, a case is not always over.

Investigator Harlyn will also be present, she investigated

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this case and she will answer any questions one of the Council-members might have." The men look bored, but I see a small smile on Aziza's face.

 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

 Send a Gift to the Writer!

Commented [Ma1]: