

Conner POV

Who was this girl? Challenging his father at every turn, and she didn't understand the consequences of her actions. If she was going to stay here, she was going to have to be told exactly what they were or, at some point, his father's wolf, Hale. Was going to rip right out of him and tear her a new one, literally. Though her anger, he saw, was not just about being here.

The girl still grieved for her biological father and didn't think it was right her mother had moved on so quickly. It was not something she could likely ever understand. But he saw that this was going to be a real problem. She was not wrong either. He did know Brittney had given everything to his father, trusted him with the girl's college fund. It wasn't gone but she didn't understand that. She clearly thought it was gone though.

Just another reason not to bring humans into packs, he let go of his father when she left the room in tears, saw Brittney bite her lip and look at Logan for help. He could not help her. The girl clearly resented the man, thought the worst of him now and had a right to, been here all of one day and he'd hurt her physically.

That bruise she was not going to hide from anyone, show everyone, was not trying to hide it, wearing only a short sleeved tee-shirt, it was on full display. She was also likely to tell everyone it had been his father as well, seemed uncaring about what she said and to whom. The man had dug himself an unknown hole and getting out of it could well be hard.

He'd told his father not to take away her university choice, to allow her to go. Though that had been more for his own selfish reasons, he just didn't want a human in the pack. Now it seemed his father should have listened to him.

Telling him this morning that she'd tried to leave in the middle of the night, and he'd had to go and bring her back, had made his father frown. Telling him why he thought she was looking to leave had made the man sigh heavily, knew what he'd done was wrong instantly, and ask how bad the bruising was. Told him to see it for himself, but also told him he thought that's why she'd asked for a lock on her bedroom door. Didn't feel safe.

His father had certainly not endeared himself to the girl, and didn't seem like he was going to be able to either. It got even worse during the course of the day when Brittney was upset that her daughter wouldn't talk to her, wouldn't text her or answer her calls, had told her to go away. She had shut her own mother out and now Brittney was unhappy.

An unhappy Luna was never a good thing, made the Alpha unhappy and gave him a need to fix it. But the man had no idea how to fix it, didn't have a teenage daughter to know how to handle her. He couldn't go up there and order her to forgive him. Though he could go up there and apologise, Conner didn't think she'd care for that at all.

He'd been pacing around all afternoon now, it was starting to drive Conner insane, told him to go and be with Brittney, ask her what she wanted him to do about it. Then he saw him sit down at his desk and place a call.

Told the pack movers to get that car of Eliza's father here asap, she needed something to feel more like herself then hung up. Conner looked right at him. "Why don't you just give her a pack car?"

"Because she wants her father's car, and apparently threatened to key all my cars if I sold it."

"Did you sell it?" Conner sighed, he wouldn't put it passed his old man to do that. Sounded like she was going to be a bloody handful, which is what she was, from what he had seen.

"No, I had it put in storage. I was going to let her settle in and ask her to pick a car, hoping she would and then I could get rid of her family car. She wouldn't need it, only put it in storage because she'd muttered something about driving it out here herself. But now I see she needs something from her old life."

"Something of her father's specifically. You might also want to let her out of the pack, if you want her to stay here. Forcing her to stay is only making it worse."

"You just don't want her here." His father snapped and got up, stalked out of his office and left Conner there with his Beta Jared.

Looked at that man, "He needs to rein in his temper or he's going to really hurt his Mate's daughter, and I'd be willing to bet that will not go down so well. Brittney might be Mated to father, but she is still human."

Saw Jared sigh, "His temper is not so bad with Brittney here. But Eliza shows no respect."

"Doesn't understand she has to." Conner stated flatly, "Because she has no idea what we are or where she is."

"Cut him some slack Conner, he's trying."

"Well, not hard enough. He rides me about being nice to the human girl, but he's the one who injured her. Made his own bed there."

Saw Jared sigh and nod "He does understand he's screwed up and is paying for it, I believe Brittney has retired to their suite and isn't talking to him at this point."

"To be expected, humans are different to us. What are we doing this full moon?"

"Nothing, letting it pass, I believe; you might want to attend a mating ball in another pack."

Nodded and walked out of the office and up to the first floor, to where the Luna's office was located, and let himself into it. Found the invites and icked through them, groaned with annoyance, he'd been to every one of these packs in the past year for mating balls, it was unlikely he'd find a mate there. Knew there would be a few new she-wolves at each one, a handful at best.

Flipped through the list that Brittney was supposed to organise to come here, he shook his head. She was not yet experienced enough to be doing this on her own. Though he did note on that list, it stated to be withheld for the foreseeable future, was in his own father's handwriting. Felt Atlas snarl inside his mind at the thought of not being allowed the opportunity to scent out his mate.

Conner didn't much like it either, not with what he'd overheard his father saying about a new heir and one with a stronger bloodline than his own. Had no choice but to walk away, he was going to have to visit other packs, though with his father and his temper arising up around Eliza, they were going to need him here as well. Especially with Eliza not caring about how she lashed out, he could see himself having to get between her and his father. Who the hell knew when that would happen?

Would go and let Atlas out for a run, did just that, walked off into the woods behind the packhouse and made sure he was out of sight of it and then stripped his clothes off to shift into Atlas. He was a large grey wolf, with brilliant blue eyes, unlike most Alpha Wolves who were normally black, but he still had the sheer size of an Alpha Male. Conner told his beast to run and hunt but to steer clear of the western side of the packhouse windows. There were many things to hunt out here and he was off pack territory before long, tracking and hunting. There was no need for him inside the pack, so outside of it was fine.

He was off tracking and hunting moose by the smell of it. It didn't seem to bother Atlas that he was by himself and really shouldn't hunt a moose on his own. Atlas found what he was looking for and stalked it, chased it, cornered it, and then just ripped into it and ate what he wanted to before heading on back to the pack. His wolf did like a good hunt.

It was well after midnight when he strolled on through into the pack, no one mind-linked to him to ask where he'd been, which just meant nothing had happened while he was gone. Showered in the mud room and crashed out right away, hadn't gotten much sleep the night before, a few hours at best.

Slept like the dead and woke up fully rested and wide awake, smiled to himself, today was going to be a good day. He just knew it. He never woke up feeling this well rested, stepped out of his room to find Eliza wandering the top floor looking at things. The art work on the walls, and names on the suites cleared his throat and looked right at her.

"I'm certain father wouldn't want you down here, in his wing."

"I'm sure he doesn't," she nodded "So I'm not allowed to leave or walk around the place I live in. Might as well just put bars on my windows and doors then." She stated, sounded annoyed to him, but then just turned and walked away, muttered under her breath "I'll go back to my cell, shall I."

Conner stood there and pinched the bridge of his nose, more than difficult. Shook his head, would stay away from her, or she'd likely tick him off as much as she did his father.

Trailed her down the corridor and watched her bang right back into her room. Shook his head so much for sweet-natured and polite. Didn't think he'd heard her say please or thank you even once since coming here. Made a point of not going near the girl at all. If he didn't come across her, he didn't have to deal with her or be civil.

It was a long week, of his father's temper barely in check, because Eliza had locked herself away in that suite of hers and just wouldn't come out. Not even when his father and Brittney had gone up there and told her that her car was here, hadn't brought her out of her room.

Apparently, she had yelled something through the door, about why bother having a car when I'm not allowed to leave, still ticked off and holding a grudge against his father, it seemed. His father was going to have to find another way to try and get through to her. There was only one other way and Conner had told him his thoughts on it, about letting her go to study abroad. Had been shut down and once again told "you just don't want her here."

There was nothing anyone could do, to bring her out of that room of hers. Had called it a prison and was now acting like a prisoner as far as he could see. Was actually being childish in his eyes. She hadn't tried to socialise with anyone, as far as he was aware, so hadn't made any friends to go and hang out with.

Though he was certain she wandered about during the night and looked at things, got the occasional whiff of her perfume when walking about in the mornings, it was gone by lunch time but definitely there in the morning. Smelled it mostly on the stairs and in the indoor pool room, though never saw her in there.

He was walking along following it this morning, just out of pure curiosity to see what she was doing. Atlas was more than happy tracking the scent, it seemed. She had walked right out the front door at some point during the night, from what he could tell, who knew at what time though.

This made him actually wonder if she was in her room during the day, or if she left early and no one noticed. It was possible no one was keeping an eye on her. That could account for Brittney feeling like she was being ignored. It could well be that Eliza simply wasn't in the room. He could check that with a swipe card to her room. Knew where it would be.

Her human scent was only light, some sort of body spray that consisted of jasmine and vanilla, he thought. It was light and soft, it also seemed Atlas liked it, didn't have an aversion to it. Their sense of smell was keen and strong perfumes irritated them, and could cause headaches for them both and this led to Atlas being cranky at times.

The sun was barely up and the day was a bit windy already. They lost that scent and frowned. It was too light to track, with the wind and everyone else walking around already, their scents invaded and overlapped hers until it was just gone. He could try again tomorrow. Headed off to have breakfast before going to uni for the day. Might even get up early and see what she does. Or check on her before he went to bed to see if she was in there.

Someone needed to go and open the girl's door. It seemed both her mother and his father had decided the best course of action was to leave her alone. To let her sulk is what his father had stated. He had also said something along the lines of, she was going to run out of food in there some time, so she would have to come down to eat.