

### Chapter 7: Benedict's Intervention

Sloane

"Hey, are you okay?" Slade asks as we walk to the car where Uncle Roman is waiting for us.

"Yeah."

I'm better knowing that Benedict put protection around Slade. Honestly, I don't care about me, I just need to know that my brother is safe.

"He didn't upset you, did he?" Slade growls. My brother is as protective of me as I am of him.

"No. He was surprisingly nice," I say.

I look up to see Uncle Roman's lips pressed together tightly. I brace myself for whatever disappointment he's about to show me when Benedict walks up to him.

"What the fuck?" I say, pushing forward quickly.

"I just want you to know, Alpha Roman that I do not condone the behavior of my she-wolves. They will be punished for their behavior. I have the utmost respect for Sloane, Aisling, and you and Luna Samara."

"Benedict, what are you doing?" I ask as I walk up.

"I'm sure Principal Rollins contacted your uncle to let him know that four she-wolves were bullying you today, Sloane. Because two of those she-wolves are from my pack, I wanted your uncle to know that I have dealt with them."

I know for a FACT that Principal Rollins didn't tell Uncle Roman that I

was being bullied. He never does.

Uncle Roman watches me as he addresses Benedict. "Actually, Alpha Benedict, I would love to hear your side of the story."

"I'm sure Alpha Benedict has other important things to do, Uncle Roman. He doesn't have time to relay stupid school yard antics," I say quickly.

"Well, Sloane, if I could get YOU to relay those 'stupid school yard antics' I wouldn't have to ask others, would I?" he says, his tone laser sharp. "No one has mentioned bullying to me before," he growls.

I look at Benedict, begging him with my eyes to help me get out of this.

"Alpha Roman, are you coming to our political dinner tomorrow night?" Benedict asks.

Political dinner? What political dinner?

"Yes, Samara and I will be there," Uncle Roman says.

"Perhaps we can talk then, Alpha."

"I'll make sure I have time," Uncle Roman says. "Let's go."

I walk to the back door of the car and turn to Benedict. 'Please,' I mouth to him.

He walks up to me, closing the door so we have some semblance of privacy. "It's time you stopped fighting alone, Sloane. Your aunt and uncle are very powerful. They can protect Slade as much or more than me. That's what you want, right?"

I close my eyes. "They don't know anything. I don't want to be the

reason that a war is started.”

He reaches up and takes my chin in his hand, turning my face to meet his. “You aren’t starting the war, Sloane. You’ve been encouraging it by keeping quiet and letting others feel they have more power than they do. Stop giving power to wolves who have none. Tell him tonight or I will tomorrow.”

“Do you know how much I want to punch you right now?” I growl.

He smiles. “I would love nothing more than to spar with you. But until then,” he says, then startles me by leaning in and pressing his lips to mine. 4

I don’t know what I expected, but a warm, firm yet somehow soft kiss wasn’t it. He steps back quickly, out of range of my punch.

“I’ll see you Monday. Tell your uncle. It would be better coming from you.”

Then he turns on his heel and walks away. I blink, feeling totally disoriented and still feeling the heat and weird tingling sensation of his kiss on my lips.

When I get in the car, I can feel the heat of anger rolling off Uncle Roman.

“Are you going to tell me what’s really been going on?” he growls.

I look at Slade and he nods that I should tell him. Uncle Roman sees it and growls. “Now, Sloane.”

“Kids are cruel, Uncle Roman. They know about our parents. They call us murderers, they say that no one will want us. It’s just stupid, childish bullshit.”



"Then why is Principal Rollins always telling me that it's YOU who is the problem?" he growls.

"He shows up after I end the discussion," I say, looking at him in the rearview mirror.

His eyes narrow. "Alpha Benedict said two of the four girls were from his pack. Where are the other two from?"

"Uncle Roman ..." I begin.

"Alpha Jeremy's pack," Slade says. "And Principal Rollins is lucky that Aisling didn't embarrass him in front of the entire school. She was pissed, as she should be, but she didn't force him to his knees."

"I will be having words with Principal Rollins," Uncle Roman growls as we pull out of the parking lot.

We all remain quiet for several miles. It's me who finally breaks the silence.

"I didn't know that you had a meeting this weekend."

"Yes, but your Grandfather Waylon and Grandmother Judith will be here as well as Alpha Will."

"Will is coming?" I ask, excitedly. Will is a great friend. If he's here, he'll help me run interference between me and my grandparents.

"Your Aunt Samara thought you'd want him here."


I smile and look down. As much as I love Uncle Roman and know that he'll always have my back, Aunt Samara seems to understand more about me than he does. Maybe it's because she and I are actually blood relatives, or maybe it's because we're both women, but she seems to

always know what I need.

"Scarlet is going to lose her shit," Slade says, making me laugh.

"Yeah, she is. She's still hoping they are mates," I agree.

"Funny, I'm hoping that the two of you are mates," Uncle Roman says, looking at me.

I feel my nose crinkle. "Will and I are just friends, Uncle Roman. We always have been." 

"Are you sure?" he asks.

I shrug. "Well, I hope so. Being mated to Will would feel like I was mated to Slade. Eww!"

Slade snorts and then begins laughing. A moment later, Uncle Roman begins laughing too, and by the time we pull into our pack lands, all three of us are laughing.

When we pull up to the packhouse, I get out of the car and Uncle Roman pulls me into a hug.

"I love you, Sloane. I love you like a daughter. I know you've never accepted me as a father, and I understand that. But it doesn't change my feelings for you. I want you to feel like you can come to me, about anything," he says quietly so only I can hear him.

I wrap my arms around him. I've always felt more safe in Uncle Roman's arms than I've felt anywhere else.

"Thank you."

He presses a kiss to the top of my head before he steps back. "Now,



prepare yourself.”

I frown, but when I look past him, I see my grandfather Waylon. I sigh. I was hoping I had at least one more night before they arrived.

I plaster a smile on my face and walk up to my grandfather. I didn't always know he was my grandfather. Uncle Roman and Aunt Samara made him wait to tell me who he was until I asked. As soon as I did, I wished I hadn't.

Grandpa Waylon always looks at me like I'm his long-lost child. I'm not, I'm his long-lost grandchild, and I'm not lost at all.

I know the story of my family. My grandfather took a chosen mate but then found his fated mate. He had a son with his chosen mate, Kaelin. However, the mate bond drew him to my grandmother and they, too, had a child, my father, Derrick. According to my grandmother, Kaelin was a terrible heir, and his mother wasn't any better. My grandfather renounced his heir, telling my bastard father that he wanted him to be the heir. 1

Unfortunately, my mother didn't know that and killed my father before he could tell her that he was heir to his own pack. My mother was already pregnant with me and after killing my father, she couldn't kill me. 1

I learned all of this when I was still too young to process any of it. I was the one who found the love notes between my mother and father.

Once I knew who they were, I harbored a lot of anger toward my grandparents, which is not their fault. My mother is to blame for all the anger and devastation in our family. She murdered my father, her fated mate, because she wanted to be a Luna and she didn't think he would have his own pack. By doing so, she destroyed her own legacy.



My mother had been a white wolf, an extremely rare wolf that is descended from a pure Alpha line. After she murdered my father, her wolf lost the Moon Goddess' blessing of the white wolf. I tried for years to make sure I was worthy of a white wolf, but when I got Aisling, she was a normal wolf.

I love Aisling and she is a pure Alpha wolf but she isn't a white wolf. I've accepted that I am not worthy of a white wolf, but that doesn't mean that I'm not upset that my incredible wolf doesn't get to live the life she was meant to live. [1](#)

"Hi Grandpa Waylon. Hello Grandma Judith," I say walking up to hug them.

"Sloane. We want to talk to you this weekend. It's very important," Grandpa Waylon says.

I have no idea what's so important, but I'm about to tell him that we'll make time to talk when I hear another car coming down the drive.

I turn and watch as he parks, then steps out of the car.

"Will!" I yell, rushing into his arms.

"Hello Sloane. What trouble have you gotten yourself into now?" he asks.

"How much time do you have?" I ask.

He grins, then wraps his arm around me as we walk inside.

"I have as much time as you need."