

Chapter 4 Chapter 4

"Rinnielet's go. Packs will be arriving soon." I hear my brother's annoying and exciting voice from outside my room. I groan in protest but get up anyway. I shower and pack the clothes that I will need for the cabin.

On the way there I see females from the other packs arrive. While I decided to go with the leggings a sweatshirt and my sports shoes would be fine most of these females decided to take a dressier and more elegant approach. I didn't really care about my dressing I am just not sure how they're going to run in heels. Maybe they want to be caught unlike me.

I make my way to the Alpha/ Beta cabin and go to the assigned room. The high ranking cabin has about 30 rooms. Each room has two beds and a single bathroom. Unless there are siblings (the children of Alphas or Betas of each pack share a room).

My father's beta has 2 sons so I get a room to myself. I set my bag on the foot side of the bed and walked downstairs, other girls were mingling with each other and as I am the daughter of the Alpha it's my job to socialize and also to make sure everyone is situated. I may not be satisfied with the gathering and all this rubbish but the arrangements in the cabins are done by my pack members so I can't let my pack down. It's my duty to represent my pack as gracefully as I can. I give the girls a mini tour and direct them all to their rooms. I give them their own time to explore and freshen up while I wait downstairs for them to unpack and I busy myself looking out the window, to enjoy the view.

Sometime later I hear a cough behind me and I turn around to see a girl wearing a white tank top which is too tight to even breathe in it and blue jeans. Her black hair is in a sleek ponytail and her green eyes look me over like I am a bug.

"So...." I drag out to catch her attention. Her eyes snap back to mine as she gives me a forced smile. "I am Victoria Weston and I'm the daughter of Alpha Rohan Weston." The way she speaks to me as I am below her tells me all I need to know about her. Alpha Rohan is one of the few Alphas to have an only daughter as an heir. Most Alphas have children until they have a son. It is a sign of weakness to hand down your pack to a female, especially the unmated one.

Huh, Hypocritical bastards. I say in my mind.

"How old are you?" I ask her politely.

"20. You?" her reply is short and to the point. I can tell she wants nothing to do with me either.

"18. Any idea who your mate will be?"

Her eyes lit up at my question like I just offered her her favourite candy. She smirks as she begins to talk, "I know actually."

"If you know who he is then why are you not together?" I asked her cautiously.

"He has been unable to attend the past two years due to pack complications," she seems annoyed by my further questioning and picks at her nails.

I think she is a psycho. There have been few males who choose not to attend the gathering but the only one that sticks out in my mind Alpha Zaden. Zaden King is the only name that stands out. There are many packs known for being cruel and his pack is known for being most cruel and his pack was moved to the top of the list recently with the largest territory. He is 24 years old and has not found his mate yet. He was handed the Alpha position one night before his 18th birthday after his mother died and his father was on the verge of insanity, so being unable to lead his people anymore Alpha Zaden took his place.

When he did not find his mate at the first gathering he went ballistic, he destroyed his cabin and immediately went back to his pack. His pack has been terrorizing their neighbour ever since. It only got worse as the next few years he went on still mateless.

This girl is truly insane if she wants to mate with a person like that. Surely he would be ruthless and mark his mate on the spot. Before I could voice my opinion and call her crazy other girls came down and we all introduced ourselves. They were a mixed bag of girls I liked and others that I wanted nothing to do with. One girl Emma Marks, immediately struck me as a girl I actually wanted to be my friend. She had her blond hair in a messy bun and was dressed like me, she had freckles and her eyes rolled way too much in those eye sockets. She is feisty and her tongue is more like a scissor, too sharp.

Damn! finally my kind of girl.

It was later in the evening when I decided to go to bed and leave the other girls to talk in the living room. I wasn't tired, I just couldn't be bothered to pretend like I was okay with all this shit anymore. My jaw

was sore literally because of all the fake smiles that I was wearing all day because of our personal "minglingtime." My wolf was growling in my head because of this whole arrangement but we don't have the right to complain, it's not we have a choice or something.

Suddenly I heard a knock on the door and the person I least expected entered in my room. I smirk at this intrusion.

Well! well! Look who's here?

