

CH 4

Karsyn POV

He stood in his father's office, staring at the man incredulously, as he was told "Just because you ranked up to a War General Karsyn, that doesn't mean you're ready to lead this pack. You've been away for 12 years now. You need to get to know the pack once more and all our allied pack's Alpha's, learn how to go to their aid."

"Father, the stipulation for moving an Heir to the Alpha and having you step down has been met. It was agreed upon by you that when I returned, I would become the Alpha, and you would step down. We had this discussion before I went. Your words, father, if my memory serves me correctly, 'son, when you return as a War General, the pack is yours.' Now here I am a War General."

"I did say that, however, I never said I'd hand it over to you the day you got back. You still have to learn to run things here. It takes time a year, perhaps two. As for being a War General. Our enemy's Heir is also a War General, she has more battles under her belt than you do, you're not ready to take her on Karsyn."

Not ready, was the man insane? He wasn't going to take that woman on, would be avoiding war at all cost, to keep the pack safe and strong. Going to war with the Wintering Moon was not a good idea for anyone.

He heard a snort come from his left and turned to look at his stepsister Demi, who was lounging in the chair. If she thinks she is even the slightest bit entitled to his pack, she would be dead wrong. Was not blood related to him or his father, Danny would be inline before she was. She was born to his stepmother's first mate, and was an omega-ranked wolf.

They shared a half-brother, and he would be stepped up before she even thought it was hers. Danny was a good kid and would be off to Alpha College after the next full moon. Their father thought it was a good idea to keep his children inside the pack for the full moon after their 18th, just in case they had a Mate here. Gave them the chance to scent them out, had done that for him as well, Karsyn thought it was a nice gesture.

Demi also had not had the opportunity to go to Alpha College, was not of Alpha Blood, and would have been told no, even if she asked to go. He'd not been here for that, but he did know she'd not attended, couldn't was an omega. Was now just a spoiled whiny baby, from what he'd seen.

She had insisted on coming into this room for his meeting with his father. It was not at all necessary, but she'd whined "Daddy, how will I ever learn how things work if you don't let me in on some meetings. I want to be able to help you and mummy, be a good pack member, not just be your daughter."

Their father had smiled down at her, as she looked up at him, pleadingly. Had been waved into the room and gone and taken up a seat on the couch to watch the show, he guessed.

She was going to have to learn to stay out of his business or she was going to be put in her place by him. It seemed she enjoyed watching him not get what was rightfully his. Possibly had known he wasn't going to get it either, by that smug look on her face.

It was likely that his father had already discussed his ascension to Alpha with his Mate and Luna, as well

as his own Unit. So, it was likely that Demi had heard the news before he had. Was here just to see it all unfold. He'd never been unkind to the girl, treated her like a sister, but it seems young Demi had a spiteful side to her nature.

"Son, you need to focus on looking for your Mate, go to our allied pack's mating balls and try to find yourself a Luna. We'll discuss your ascension to the Alpha of the pack in a year. Less if you find your Mate, it will be easier for you if you have a Luna by your side. To fulfil those duties." Is what his father had told him.

"I can do Luna duties, I have been learning from mother." He'd heard Demi state.

His eyes had moved to her. "You are not the Luna, will never be the Luna. Just so you know. You're not even my real kin, so stay out of this." Karsyn shot right at her. He wanted to not only make sure she understood she was never going to sit in the Luna's chair, but he was also letting his father know that as well. He'd rather have Renee still seated there until he found his own Mate.

Demi suddenly burst into tears and called him "Cruel." Ran out of the room and his father had glared right at him, unhappy with him and his word usage apparently.

"That was cruel Karsyn, she is your half-sister." The man had gotten up to go after her. "Is only offering to help you run the pack."

"Step not half. And I'm not taking her for a Luna. I guarantee it. So, she can keep her eyes off the Luna title. If she wants to be a Luna, send out to other packs to find an Alpha Male that will have her. As you should do."

"She is safer from the enemy here, where they know nothing of her, is only an omega, and wouldn't last five minutes in the hands of that monster." Then he'd walked out of the Alpha's office to go after the girl.

His father had raised her since she was three years old, and bled her to him so they would have a good-strong father-daughter bond, and she appeared to have that man wrapped around her finger. He was certain her tears were just crocodiles. Left that office more than annoyed with not just his father but his stepsister as well.

Saw Danny look at him apologetically "Does everyone know?" he muttered.

"Father discussed it with mother and his unit over dinner in the Alpha Suite the day you called and said you were coming home. Also told all of us he wanted to be the one to explain the reasons to you."

"They're not valid. I trained like he did before I went away. It's what's expected."

"I know Kar. But a year will fly by. I won't be here." He smiled "Got me Alpha College to attend to. You get to go out and hunt your Mate. You never know your luck, might just find her in that first pack you go to."

"Or I might not." He sighed. "What's going on with Demi?" he asked.

"Ignore it, I do. Has turned into a bit of an entitled brat. Is constantly at mother about learning Luna Duties." He shook his head. "Is an omega, and thinks of herself as an Alpha. Mother has tried to rein in her attitude. But it got considerably worse this last week."

"Why?" he asked.

"No one knows. She just goes off by herself and sulks sometimes."

That got his attention, "Sulks? Or is actually upset?" he wondered if she'd found her Mate and rejected him or he, her."

"I don't know. It started when father wouldn't let her go to college out in the world. She has a degree and wanted to go and get her masters. Father said only if it's online."

"He should let the girl go." Karsyn sighed "I'll see if I can talk to him and get her what she wants."

"Good luck. Not even mother could do that."

He found both Renee and his father sitting with a still crying Demi in the Alpha Suite. She looked up at him and then just turned away from him. "My apologies Demi." He offered, first up "I was angry, took it out on you."

She didn't say anything at all. "Father, perhaps young Demi could benefit from time outside of the pack. I hear she wants to get her Masters." He saw the girls' eyes move right towards him now. Though they were not thankful, more like she was trying to figure him out.

"Son,"

"Hear me out." He sank down. "She's old enough to make her own decisions. She is 22 father. You can't use the Wintering Moon Pack to keep her here forever. They have not attacked us since the war Grandfather started with them. One your own mother brokered a truce to. They do not know about Demi. So, she would be safe to attend the local university, would she not?"

He saw his father frown but say nothing, "I agree with Karsyn." Renee smiled at him, thankfully, wanted her daughter to be happy.

Karsyn just really wanted her away from him, from the idea of her becoming a Luna here. Getting her out of the pack even for a year, maybe two or three, if she wanted to go from a Master's to a PHD in whatever she was studying. He'd not asked, didn't think it would be that taxing. Would be not only good for her but him as well.

"Karsyn, I don't think..."

"Ask Demi what she wants, father, she may be omega-blooded, but is your stepdaughter and you do want what is best for her, yes?"

"Of course, I do."

"Then why don't you and Renee take Demi to the local university and let her see it, let the girl venture out of the pack, it's not a long drive, just over an hour away, and if she can get into the course. She could have a driver if she doesn't have a car."

"I have a car. I could drive myself." Demi stated, "It's a nice car too. Dad got me a Lexus convertible."

"That is a very nice car." He smiled at her. "I was going to suggest he get you one if you didn't. Don't take offence." Saw her eyes harden on him for a moment and then she just turned away from him once more.

"I would like to go and look dad, please." He watched her look up at him and knew the man would cave if

she shed a few tears, mind-linked right to her about that, in fact. And watched as tears brimmed in less than a minute.

He stood, and headed out of the room. Yes, he was now certain those tears in his father's office were in fact fake, she could make herself cry on command. Interesting little fact for him to have. Wondered when that had come about.

He spent the next 5 months doing just what his father told him, visiting their allied packs, taking meetings and attending mating balls. There was no rest for him. It had started just two days after he'd gotten home. He and the boys had come home from attending allied assistance to one of their smaller allied packs. Tired and more than annoyed, he and the boys, if not training the pack's warriors, were always in one meeting or another. Rarely were they ever home.

His birthday was a month away and he was flopped down on a couch upstairs on the Alpha floor. They had their own small entertainment zone up here, well more like a sports bar, felt a drink get pushed into his hand and looked at Rick "I need a holiday." He muttered.

"We all do," Rick replied.

"You know what, let's do it, take a month off and get the hell away for some relaxation."

"You think your father will let you?"

"I'll just tell him we're going." He muttered. "Boys, pack your bags were out of here in the morning." 12 years of war, with little to no rest, and now the past five months as well. He was actually tired. Knew so were his unit. They'd thought coming home would be a breeze, like a holiday not so much. With the schedule his father had dealt out to them, there was less fighting but more meetings.

There wasn't much yelling from his father, he'd stated flatly "The boys and I need a break, 12 years of war. We're taking a week, maybe two off. Leaving after breakfast."

"Where are you going, son?"

"We discussed it, just going to get on the first flight out of the country, see where it takes us. We'll be back in a couple of weeks after we've wound down. It's still your pack. You don't technically need us. Survived 12 years without us, did you not?"

His father couldn't argue with that at all. They'd driven out of the pack in his car and headed for the portal to the royal kingdom. They were headed for Europe. He'd just not bothered to tell his father that. Going to use those portals to assist with quick travel. It was one of the perks of having a portal within a few hours of the pack, by car.

Strolled on through it, found another and walked on through that one.

Rolled around Europe just hitting the beaches during the day until he'd found the perfect place for his actual birthday, a gypsy pack known for partying hard, and all were welcome. Found the right portal to it and smiled to himself "Let's live it up for my birthday boys, he smiled as they stepped on through to their destination, arrived in the woods and came face to face with two men, big bulky looking warrior types, who were looking right at them.

"State your business."

"Pleasure." He'd told them and saw one of them smirk.

"Then Alpha, you came to the right place. Welcome to the Bright Promise Moon Pack, you'll need to present yourself to the Alpha and swear an oath to do no harm." He was told, before being waved off down a path. He had no problem with doing that. Had been in Europe nearly a month and hadn't caused an ounce of trouble.



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