

CH 11

Slade

He had been more than shocked to hear from Palmer that Ori was in the cells, back in the pack, and had damned near fallen off his bed. “Why?” had been his shocked response.

He knew Ori was not a rule breaker, though he’d not heard from her at all since she’d dropped him off, not even gotten a ‘I’m home safe’ text or a ‘hey how’s alpha college going?’ it had been a few days even and still nothing.

She was apparently going to be locked up for the full moon. That wasn’t right. Then he’d heard why she was in there. Bloody Hayden pushing his own agenda, he’d sighed when that call had ended. Had actually scrolled through his contact list to her number and had almost called her.

Had then realised that he wouldn’t be able to, because she was in the cells and wouldn’t have her phone on her, it would have been taken off her. Nothing went into the cells with you.

He didn’t even know what time she would get out of them. This was one of the times he hated being away from the pack, not knowing what was really going on, or being there to step in. His father had not told him about it, and likely didn’t want him to know.

Slade had turned back to his studies only to get a photo later that night; of his unit all dressed up for the full moon, both Palmer and Yuri there in nice suits, and there between the two of them was Ori, and he was more than shocked at the sight of her.

He’d never seen his Beta all done up like that, not even on her 16th, or when she got her wolf. She’d rebelled against those pretty dresses her own mother had picked out for her, and ended up in jeans and a blouse for her 16th, and of all things, which still made him laugh to think about; those baggy overalls for the getting of her wolf, her stubbornness at times could make him really laugh.

Now he was looking at her as not only a girl, but a young lady. Her long dark hair was even out splayed around her, one never saw that or rarely so, only after shifting and even then, she was very quick to pull it up and tie it back.

Her hair in this photo was all brushed out and framing her lovely face, she was wearing make-up, and that dress, bloody hell, she looked utterly stunning, clearly her mother’s choice. He couldn’t imagine Ori choosing that for herself.

She was even smiling at the camera for his father, who had sent him the photo; Slade had zoomed in on the photo. There was no ligree on her neck, nor either Palmer or Yuri’s. He had sighed a little with relief at the realisation that she was still unclaimed. Then, he’d had to shake that thought off. It would happen at some point, and they would all have to deal with the fallout.

The message under the photo read, “None of your Unit got a Mate, son.” He had felt more relief at seeing those words.

He’d texted back, “Me either.” And he’d not.

To his surprise, none here paired up at the setting of the full moon, and he’d retired to his room right afterwards. He wasn’t actually in the mood to hang out with anyone, knowing that Ori had been locked up in the cells.

All the students here had to meet on the full moon in the dining hall and be there 30 minutes prior to the moon setting even. And none of them were allowed to leave until after it had set.

The Alpha Council presided over the full moon setting, in case enemy heirs were paired up. Each student here had been given a simple looking white moonstone band to wear for the setting of the moon. It had clamped on his wrist so damned tightly the moment it touched his skin that he’d known it was imbued with some sort of magic.

Then all of them had been informed, the band would glow a brilliant blue if they scented out a Mate when the moon set. There would be no lying about it to try and hide it, or deal with it on their own. All wolves that paired up here at Alpha College, were taken by the council members so that parents could be contacted, and alliances could be sorted.

No rejection or marking and mating would happen until those moonstone bands were removed after parents were informed and here in the college to help sort it out. They could, however, accept on the spot, but those bands actually stopped fangs from coming out once that band was glowing and activated.

Being that everyone here was Alpha-blooded and an heir of some sort, alliance dealings were a must, as was the standard wolfen protocol of all packs. As for the no rejection part, that was just in case a bond could be developed, and packs brought together by their Mate Bond, to stop the warring; Was the preferred.

He was pretty lucky right that minute, no enemy pack heirs here for him to dislike or ignore, put up with, as he saw with some others. His father liked being friendly, and usually managed to nd a way to broker peace with all packs over time, large or small.

They didn’t often see war, rogue attacks, yes, but not war. They did go off for allied assistance in other pack wars, as were their allied agreements, if they could get there in time to provide aid.

It would be his job to do that; to provide aid, but only after he turned 23. Until then, it was still his father and his unit’s job to aid all their allies. He and his unit were too young to do so, not until they’d all nished university and were experienced enough to survive battle, was how his father put it.

Slade wasn’t taking over until he was mated or was 30 if not mated by then. He sighed at that thought it was a long way off, 30 he thought absently, that was 12 years away, 12 years of full moons, 144 full moons setting without him nding a mate. He didn’t relish that, but he did know that some wolves out there had to wait centuries or never got a mate at all.

He shook it off and smiled at the texts he got from Palmer and Yuri about the full moon night’s events in the pack. Even laughed about Lindal bolting from her Mate, Beckham. Of all the wolves she could have been mated to. It amused him that tiny Lindal, got herself a giant of a man, and he was only likely to get bigger. He was from a pure-blooded Elite warrior line.

There were 25 Alphas in his class group and that was who he spent most of his time with. They all hung out on their time off after class. Though he checked his phone daily, and he got messages from Palmer and Yuri, there was nothing from Ori, and he once again debated calling her but let it go.

She’d been mad at him, he’d apparently taken a full liberty and insulted the girl or that was what two of the female Alphas here had said. They had asked him about his escort to the college, had seen him get kneed by Ori and asked him if the girl was his Beta or his lover.

He’d stated the truth, his Beta, and been huffed at, then they’d told him don’t go smelling a she-wolf like that, all deep in the crook of their neck like he’d done, unless you scented the girl out as your Mate; it was apparently offensive to them.

He’d not known that, he had smelled a lot of she-wolves like that during s*x in the pack. They liked it, turned them on even, increased their arousal, which he liked himself.

He’d told those she-wolves what Ori had said to him about him being the Alpha, and he could do as he pleased, and they’d just stared at him, and then he’d been informed quite curtly. Stay off your Beta, she is not just some she-wolf to f**k and play with, it could ruin her position within the pack if it got out.

He’d found Alpha females a lot different to what he’d been expecting, they were actually quite annoyed by all the Alpha males, they were out numbered here three to one currently. Though he had found out after a few days here, it wasn’t the being out numbered, it was the boys trying to lord it over the girls.

Like they were the better of the species, stronger and more important, he’d seen more than one of those boys being put down in training by those girls they’d tried to lord it over. Those she-wolves did not mess about at all, likely, he realised, had to ght twice as hard to retain their position within their packs. Just like Ori did.

A week passed, and he texted Ori, caved in and sent that rst one. If he’d insulted her, it was up to him to initiate contact. He kept it light and casual ‘Hey, how’s it going?’

It took her over an hour to answer him ‘Fine, you?’

He sighed a little at her short response but responded as he would normally do, ‘Good, I met some nice heirs, the rules here are pretty strict and training is hard going, I’ll have way more muscle when I get back. 🐾’ (And even sent a bulging muscled arm emoji attached to it.)

‘Good, you need it.’ She replied.

He almost called her to see what her mood was, wondered if she was smiling as she sent that, or just annoyed that he was texting her. Though likely still mad, he thought, as her texts were all short.

‘How’s training? Being in charge feel?’ he asked, and waited for the reply.

‘I’m being a diligent Beta.’ She sent back and he did sigh this time. Left it at that.

He’d started the conversation, but it was up to him to keep it going. Not their usual. So he texted Palmer, ‘How’s Ori? She’s short with me.’

‘All good, her normal happy self, mostly.’

It was a relief to read that, but ‘Mostly?’ he sent right back.

‘Run-ins with Hayden is all. The boy is being more than the usual pain, trying to lord it over her. Your father put him into our training group, to train with us. Every day. It’s not really going over so well.’

‘When you say not so well???’

‘Call me, better we talk about it than text.’

Just bloody great, he thought, and put a call to Palmer, even made it a live video call so he could see them, and it was them, both Palmer and Yuri waiting on him.

He was really frowning now, to hear Ori had been asked to let Hayden train with Palmer and Yuri without her, had been told she could train with the regular warriors. It was no wonder her replies were curt; the girl was likely ticked off and upset. He wasn’t happy himself; he still had a few weeks before he could come back for his sister’s rst shift.

“I’ll try to sort that out.”

“They said for a week only, to see what he’s like without Ori around.” Palmer murmured.

“You don’t think that’s all it will be?” Slade asked.

“She doesn’t feel that,” Palmer sighed.

“You felt out my Beta?”

“Mm.” he nodded “I am the Gamma, and she is a girl, easy enough to do.” he shrugged “She’s in her room. The door locked, is pissed off.”

“No real surprise.” he muttered “I’ll call dad after class tomorrow.”

“Hmm, that could help. But, maybe leave it for the week. Let’s see if the boy will act up and blow his own chances. He doesn’t like being told what to do, and I’m currently in charge of him as of tomorrow.”

“You don’t think he’ll like it?”

“No, taking orders from a Gamma the rank below him, I’d bet not. Let’s wait and see if they extend the training. If they do, you put that call in, we’re already a unit, right?”

“Yes Palmer, Ori is the choice I made, she is a good Beta,” he told them.

“Good.”