

Ch 3

Oriana

She'd woken up, dressed in boot-cut jeans, a simple easy-t tee-shirt, her body still ached from last night or realistically a few hours ago. It had been nearly two in the morning when she'd gotten back to her room, and she had no idea how long she and Slade had, had s*x with each other. Though longer than she'd thought.

She was certain she'd gotten him back to his room before midnight, because she knew herself, that she needed to have a decent sleep for the long drive today. But in the end, she had only gotten like four and a half. She was still tired but couldn't show it to anyone.

She had come down here without waking Slade on purpose, she was a little on the uncomfortable side, and could only put that down to how rough last night's s*x had gotten right there at the end. That boy or man, she should now say, he was 18 now.

Had it seemed, some real s****I needs to be sated, alpha-blooded needs at that. He could bloody go non-stop for hours even when drunk. Though she'd been no better herself, even with it being her rst time, that hadn't stopped her from rolling around with him all over the oor in his suite. Her own need to be sated once it had all started, had been high as well. She'd always denied herself being with anyone.

She'd never gone out with anyone, she didn't need anything stupid happening, or her father and Alpha Roman thinking she wasn't up to being the Beta, and her dating, instead of training, would do just that. So, she'd always just stuck to schooling and Alpha unit training, that was all.

Now this little faux pa, and she didn't want nor need anyone thinking something was wrong with her this morning, and walking had actually been uncomfortable for her. So, she'd made her way downstairs after a long shower; not that it had helped. She had come downstairs before everyone else had on purpose.

When Alpha Roman had asked her where Slade was, she'd already been sitting there at the Alpha's table, with breakfast in front of her. She had looked at him and stated, "Still asleep probably."

He'd huffed, and she'd watched him mind-link to his own son to get his ass up, and his butt downstairs. She saw Slade's eyes move right towards her as she kicked that chair out for him; like she always did. He was really looking at her this morning, not something he would normally do.

And a part of her wondered if he could recall last night, though she highly doubted it, he'd drunk a fair bit of wolfen loaded alcohol, more than he normally would even. Likely so had she, and that was how the two of them had wound up naked. They'd both just been drunk and all their inhibitions were gone.

She would not be rattled by his stare or his words, just replied like she always did, she could be all Beta all the time, and ignore most things, she didn't rile up quickly most of the time. If she did, Hayden would be in the pack hospital more often than not.

That boy was always pushing her buttons, about her being a female Beta, and how that was just useless to the pack, because she would mate off out of the pack at some point in time, and leave this pack without a Beta. He constantly told her to just step down so he could take over the job.

She often wanted to punch him into his place. She was the Beta by birthright, and he was the second, yet he had started strutting around this pack like he was the next Beta. Over the past few weeks, since their father had started putting him through some Beta training separately. He wasn't even old enough to take the job yet; he was only 17 and a half.

She wanted to strangle her father and her mother for having a sibling just six months after she'd been born. She even knew why they'd done it; because she was a girl and a pack Beta should be a boy was their opinion.

What a crock of horseshit that was. She could hold her own and did in fact hold her own, was out there taking on rogues when they attacked the pack. Took on border patrol as part of her training, her Wolf, China was an excellent ghter, big and strong like a Beta Wolf should be. They got in and fought like the rest of the unit did. Nothing held them back.

She got up from the table and took her plates to the cleaning area, stepped into the kitchen and collected the prepared food for the trip so they wouldn't have to stop to eat, and delay the trip. It was an esky full of food, drinks and snacks.

She took it to her car. It wasn't brand new, it was actually her mother's old car, something for Ori to drive for two years and then, at 20, she'd get a brand-new car of her own.

Her Nissan Juke was in the parking area where she'd left it a few days ago. She hopped into it and frowned, the seat was pushed back, and she had to adjust it forward to reach the pedals, only she drove it. It had been hers for two weeks now. No one drove it but her. She took a breath in and nearly snarled as she smelled her brother Hayden in there. That couldn't be a good thing.

She drove it to the front of the packhouse as would be expected of her, to pick up the Alpha, and went and collected his suitcase. She'd seen it by the front door. Wheeled it outside as she hollered "Slade we gotta move." Through the packhouse, she knew that his Alpha hearing would pick her words up.

She was just closing the boot after stashing his luggage when he walked out the front door, along with his father, her father and Hayden as well. Anders, her dad, strolled down the steps to her, followed by her brother, "Now, Ori. You know this trip is important; straight there, get Slade there on time and in one piece. Then straight back, you're on the clock. Driving long distances like this is one of the things a Beta needs to be able to do."

"I know, pull the hard hours and stay alert, focused." she stated.

"That's correct. I'll be timing you...not one minute late to the 13 hours I've given you."

"Trac?"

"Not my problem, you have to make your own way around it. I'm giving you 1 hour for pit-stops and refuelling. That's it."

She nodded, knew there would be no leeway for trac accidents or road works even. She had to be able to think on her feet, and work out the problems to get to her destination and back on time.

"You'd be better off with my driving him," Hayden stated.

"Let it go, son."

She looked passed her brother and to Slade, "Are you coming or am I leaving your ass here, Slade." She hollered, knew that clock her father had her on, would start the second he felt her leave the pack, and he would be feeling for it. Along with her return.

Slade strolled down the steps all casual like he always did. The damned man was annoying at the best of times. He was testing her patience, and she had little right this very minute. She was still sore from last night, and didn't exactly know how sitting for so long was going to go. She was actually more comfortable standing up.

He got in the door she was holding open for him, as her Beta duties dictated she was to do, bloody old-fashioned rules. She snapped it shut the minute his feet were in, and walked round the car to get in behind the wheel.

Grit her teeth against the uncomfortable feeling of sitting, she still ached in her nether region, she shifted ever so slightly and looked at her father when he stated "Ori. Don't screw this up."

She just nodded, her eyes moved to her brother, and she saw a smirk on his face, and narrowed her eyes on him, and that smirk was gone the instant before her father turned to look at his own son.

She drove away from the packhouse more than annoyed. She could also feel Slade's eyes on her, as she turned off the main road and headed for Lindal's place, parked the car out the front. "Out." She muttered to Slade's raised eyebrow.

"What for?" he asked.

"Because Hayden did something to my car, to make sure I don't make it back on time, we're switching vehicles." She told him.

"Why would he do that?"

"Why do you think?" she asked right back as she got out, mind-linking to Lindal, asking to borrow her car for the trip. The woman mind-linked right back with full amusement 'That will be uncomfortable for Slade.'

'He can suck it up.' If she was uncomfortable, because of something he didn't even remember, then so could he be.

"You want me to take a look at it." She asked as she walked out the house holding her keys, and her garage door rolled up.

"Sure, put it out of sight too."

She hauled Slade's luggage out and the food and put them in the back of Lindal's 2015 Mazda 3. It was a much smaller car, and she saw Slade get out of hers nally and state "I ain't getting in that."

"Yes you are, get in, or they'll know something is wrong, they all know how long it takes to get to the front gate. That is Lindal's pride and joy. There ain't nothing wrong with it."

"Got a brand-new engine and everything." Lindal smiled at him "it won't break down."

He was just standing there staring at it with a frown. "Get in or Hayden will be your Beta." She muttered.

She saw him sigh and nally get in the car. His height of six-three and broad shoulders didn't suit the car, but it was a tricked out ride, looked brand new. Lindal's dad was the pack mechanic. This car was likely the most reliable in the entire pack.

She knew Slade had a four-wheel drive of his own, to suit his much larger frame, but Lindal was only slight of build, not a warrior or even training to be. She was following in her father's footsteps, going to be working on the pack cars alongside him.

Lindal's car also didn't bother her. Ori was only ve-nine with an athletic build, she didn't want to be an all-muscled up she-wolf, and actually didn't really like that look. She worked out and was t as a ddle, had a nice four-packed abdomen, but was not looking to bulk up.

She had pure Beta blood owing in her veins, didn't need to be big and bulky to be strong and erce, that came with her bloodline. She also knew it would come in handy later in life. The enemy would see her, a female Beta, with a slight build, and think she'd be easy pickings, when she was anything but.