

Prologue

by Mimic-My-Howl

This is part of the Luna Chronicles - but is a stand alone novel.

The other stories in the series are: The Young Luna + Commander

Prologue

I smoothed down my suit jacket down and took a calming breath. My hands were shaking slightly so I folded them together in my lap, to hide my nerves. It wasn't because I was scared of Alpha Danvers, it was because I was worried he would deny me the transfer into his pack.

I had spent three years not being a part of a Pack – which was almost unheard of nowadays. Werewolves don't often do well on their own, we're pack creatures and too much solidarity can make us ill. Not me however. I liked my own company and whereas being excluded from a Pack can force most Wolves to mental illness, it didn't really affect me too much.

"Miss Glass?" a sultry female voice called out to me. I looked up and smiled. I grabbed my bag and followed her down the corridor towards the Alpha's office. When we reached a large wooden door with the name Q. Danvers written across it, I took another calming breath. The woman knocked on the door before opening it wide.

The inside of the Alpha's office was grand, with a large bookcase lining one wall and a large mahogany desk in front of bay style windows. Alpha Danvers sat behind the desk. He was wearing a crisp white shirt, a grey suit jacket resting on the back of his chair which matched his pants.

Alpha Danvers was in his mid-thirties, with thick black hair and deep brown eyes. His tanned skin shone in the office light, as he glanced up as we walked in. His receptionist opened the door wide for me to step in. "Alpha, this is Miss Glass".

"Right, yes" he nodded, standing up. "Miss Glass, please, come in. Take a seat". He gestured to the seat on the other side of his desk. I thanked him and slipped into seat, placing my bag down as the receptionist left. Alpha Danvers gave me a professional smile, "so, Miss Glass, I believe you want to transfer into my Pack?"

"Yes, sir" I nodded, trying to keep myself calm and collected. His accent was the thickest I had heard so far – the southern drawl charming and teasing almost.

"Do you have the required documentations with you?"

"I do, sir". I grabbed my bag and pulled my portfolio from it. I handed it over to him. He placed it on his desk in front of him and opened it up. He flicked through the papers, frowned, and flicked back to a few pages. He then looked up at me, slight intrigue was in his eyes.

"You've been without a pack for three years?"

"Yes, sir. I was working in New York and there is no pack around that area for me to become part of" I explained.

"And how did you manage living in solitary for three years? Most Wolves would have been driven crazy from the isolation".

"I kept myself busy. I was working a lot and I was dealing with a lot of personal issues before I left my Pack. So some time alone allowed me to deal with those" I explained, giving no details and hoping he didn't ask for any.

"I see" Alpha Danvers said, nodding his head as he went back to the documents. "I have another question. You seem to have several different names on these?"

"When I was married, my surname was Jones, but after my divorce I returned to my maiden name of Glass. And my first name is Ruth, but everyone has always called me by my middle name of Eden".

"I see" he repeated, looking back down. Finally, he shut the portfolio and put it to one side. He then leaned back in his seat and looked at me seriously.

"So, Miss Glass, why do you want to become part of the Red Knox Pack?"

"I have been offered a job in Memphis College, which is just outside your territory borders. I wouldn't want to accidentally trespass at any point. Plus, I think I am ready to re-enter a Pack again" I explained.

"What job have you been offered?" he asked, looking genuinely curious.

I smiled slightly, "I'm going to coach the cheerleading squad they have there".

His lips quivered, as if he was trying not to smile. "You're a cheerleader?"

"I used to be. Now I coach" I explained.

"I didn't realise that cheerleaders need coaches. They just wave pom-poms and do a few cartwheels right?" Alpha Danvers smirked. I bit my tongue to contain my anger, as I smiled at him.

"No, Alpha Danvers, cheerleaders do a lot more than that. We are athletes and we spent hours and hours training weekly and most cheerleaders can bench press more than their own weight". I spoke through clenched teeth, trying to stay respectful while still getting my point across.

"I apologise, Miss Glass" he stated, chuckling darkly under his breath. He could tell I wasn't amused and ran his hand over his face to hide his smile. I stayed silent as I waited for him to ask more questions.

"So, Miss Glass, I need to ask about your mate" he finally said. I wet my lips and awkwardly shifted in my seat. "I'm sorry if this is an uncomfortable subject".

"It's alright. My mate and I got divorced almost four years ago".

"Do you still have contact with him?"

"No and there will be no future contact either" I stated bluntly. Drew was not a subject I wanted to think or talk about, and Alpha Danvers seemed to sense that. I didn't say anymore, just shifted in my seat uncomfortably again.

"Miss Glass, if you wish to become part of Red Knox Pack you will also need take a physical assessment of your strength, speed and fighting abilities".

"I understand, Alpha" I nodded, butterflies of excitement dancing in my stomach.

"I will also need a copy of your working hours and schedules as soon as possible, so that I can rotate you onto Pack jobs accordingly".

"So, does that mean I can become part of your Pack?" I asked, grinning like an idiot.

Alpha Danvers laughed so loudly, "yes, Miss Glass, you are now part of my Pack".