

Chapter 1

Kris's POV

You would think that as children of the Alpha, we would have had an easy childhood. But the truth is, it was far from sunshine, lollipops, and rainbows.

Our dad was strict, a stoic Alpha. Every bit a man's man. He didn't like to be seen as weak. It truly pissed him off that our mother was a kind and gentle soul that didn't like violence.

She was an amazing mother. She was always giving us affection and playing with us. Telling us stories, singing us songs. Nothing was too much trouble for her. They may have been small things, but they were the world to us. We hung onto everything she said and did. She would tell us every night that being our mom was a blessing, and that she wouldn't change anything about her life. Because then she wouldn't have us.

We knew our dad wasn't the best mate for her, even from a young age. He made her so unhappy. Deeply unhappy. He didn't treat her as well as he should have. He didn't physically abuse her, but he let her know frequently she wasn't what he expected for 'his mate.'

It was common to see her with tears in her eyes after being with our dad. But she never said anything negative about him. Now all we have are the memories she left us with.

Our pack was attacked. The wolf less and the vulnerable were taken to protective shelters. Most of the warriors went to the major ght, with a few protecting the shelters. I didn't see what happened. I was at the back with the other kids. But someone told my brother and I that the rogues killed the warriors and made it into the shelter.

To buy time until help arrived, our mom, the Luna of River Valley Pack. Sacriced herself to save others. Mom was no ghter. But she and a few others stalled the rogues long enough for help to arrive.

It was only after she was gone did our jerk of a father nally realized what an amazing person she was and how her gentleness pleased him. But by that time, it was too late. Dad got bitter and angry when he realized this. He felt that he should have been stronger to keep her safe.

I bet if you asked any pack member, they would say she was far too good for him.

Nathan and I would sing her songs and read her books to each other, just trying to keep her memory alive. It was all we had. We often cried ourselves to sleep thinking about her. We could only aspire to be as special and loving as her when we grew up. She was undeniably someone special, and we both knew it.

My name is Kristen Steel, everyone calls me Kris. My older twin brother Nathan and I are 17 years old, and we are the best of friends. No matter what, we always had each other's backs. Our plan was for it to stay that way. We may be non-identical twins, but at the end of the day, we are family, bound by blood.

We have grown into remarkable and compassionate adults. We hope our mom would be proud of us. But we couldn't let Dad see that side of us. He would see it as a weakness.

Our dad had warriors train us from a young age, but he forbade us to ght. He didn't want us to be weak once we received our wolves. He would say 'a strong human gets a strong wolf.'

When we were younger, on top of our regular schooling, he would also have tutors come and give us extra classes on pack history and diplomacy. We barely had a chance to be children.

Nathan is the future Alpha of the River Valley Pack. I am expected to be the future Luna to another pack. Our dad doesn't want us to be seen as weak idiots, as that would look bad on him. It was always about his image, and how others perceived him. Both me and Nathan hated him for that. He never once saw us as his children or the young adults we were becoming.

When we started high school, we started making friends. Nathan had the type of friends that could help him lead and guide the pack. They were all like-minded and loyal to him. A lot of the girls throw themselves at them, acting like idiots. It was fun watching them, trying to get his attention. They didn't stand a chance. Both me and Nathan planned on saving ourselves for our fated mate. Just like our mom did.

My friends were quite adventurous and a little mischievous. I am not saying we were a bad inuence on each other, but we didn't mind getting into a bit of trouble. They also became my female companions for me. I got to learn the more feminine ways my dad couldn't teach me.

He would let me have sleepovers at their houses, which is where I learned about how to do my hair and make-up. He would allow me to go shopping with their moms for clothes and shoes. Dad offered to put me on courses or have his Beta take me, but that wouldn't be the same.

Our wolves appeared on our 16th birthday. Nathan's wolf was pure black fur named Ezra. Whereas mine was a pure white wolf named Siren. She is gorgeous, smart, and bigger than most females.

Other than being beautiful, the other thing that is special about Siren is that she is fast. Faster than Ezra, and faster than any wolf in the pack. Ezra was strong, a lot stronger than Siren. Dad believed it was because we were physically strong and had good genetics that we were blessed. I think Siren has the better skill.

Dad often went to Alpha meetings around the country, taking Nathan with him. He occasionally took me along with them. I gured out quickly though that it was because some of the other Alpha's had sons of a similar age to me. It made me feel like a prize cow he was aunting around.

I would disappear for hours on end, working in the Alpha's Garden or going swimming if they had a lake. Trying to burn off some of my anger and frustration. Nathan understood. Dad didn't have a clue. Or if he did, he said nothing.

As our 18th birthday approached, I asked Dad if I could leave the pack house and have my place. I told him I would need to learn some homely duties and learn how to be independent. I didn't know which pack I would end up living in and I couldn't depend on others to do everything for me.

I presented it to him as a chance for me to learn. I mentioned to him that my future mate might want to live separately from the pack. That I would struggle as I had no domestic expertise. My mate may see me as weak.

He thought about it for a while and eventually said yes. He couldn't say no. I would be useless around the house if I lived alone with my mate. Dad didn't like the thought of his daughter not being able to do anything. It would reect badly on him. What I didn't say was that I couldn't wait to be away from him. It would also give somewhere for Nathan to go to if Dad became too much. As well as having somewhere I could be myself with my friends.

I got my house keys a few days before my birthday. My friends Isabelle, Lacie, and Erin helped me move in. I had the realization that I had been living in the pack house my entire life after everyone left. I was always surrounded by people. Now I was on my own, I felt lonely. I assigned Nathan a bedroom. I hardly ever spent time away from Nathan. It's scary what you miss when it's gone.