

Chapter 35 – The Alliance

"It was a little thing, but on top of the other little things, it broke something in me." — John Howard Griffin

Kiya

Alpha Anthony ended up forming an alliance with Zircon Moon. As they continue to suffer more losses, he set aside his individual feelings and made the decision that would benefit us all. I couldn't say that I was surprised. It took him a day to dwell on that decision. As much as I loathed that pack, Alpha Anthony must help those in need. It was one thing I admired about my big brother.

Lately, on our end, there had been an influx of families coming in and seeking asylum on our territory. Many carried a fresh rogue scent for denouncing their old packs. Men, women, children—each had a unique story to their own that held nothing less than pain and misery. I listened to the victims cry as they spoke their stories of why they left their households, anything and everything ranging from fallen

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packs, assault of rogues, or corruption within the pack. The ranked wolves did their best to accommodate all the refugees, no matter their size.

From those who were displaced by rogue attacks, they came from smaller packs, some with less than 100 members. All packs started somewhere, and it was a shame many never reach their potential. My contempt for these types of rogues grows each day, I couldn't believe how naïve I was, dreaming about becoming one. Yet, with all that's going on, my mind begs the question of why. Why were these packless rogues hellbent on targeting established packs? What was the goal in all of this?

However, it was easier to ask questions than to obtain answers. While I was busy with my schoolwork from the previous semester, I've learned that Anthony captured some rogues that trespassed in our territory. But before they could get answers, the rogues committed suicide before their interrogation. How? Some rogues carry with them pills filled with a concoction of silver, wolfsbane, and fascinatingly, cyanide. Kills them in minutes.

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No wolf could survive ingesting toxicity like that. This led many to believe that the rogues were not working alone. Someone or something was working below the radar, orchestrating these attacks. But whoever they are, they left nothing behind to link them to the assaults.

Who knew I'd go from happy-go-lucky college girl to entering the biggest mystery in werewolf kind?

The displaced families were housed and given food to eat. In our small village, we accommodate families of all sizes. With the constant construction of new homes, we could bring in more wolves who seek shelter and protection. Sometimes, I took breaks from training to watch the children be children. It brings my heart joy to see the refugee children playing with other children in the pack, fitting in seamlessly. They deserve to have a sense of normalcy. I couldn't imagine the horrors they've seen before coming here.

Their innocence deserves to be protected.

One day, during warrior training, Alpha Anthony

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mind-linked several of us to come to his office at once. Asking my fellow Delta Christian to take over my position training the newly shifted pups, I jogged towards the packhouse. Right behind me were Darien, Galen, and Sapphire.

“You guys got the message too, huh?” Sapphire asked. We nodded.

“I wonder what’s up.” Galen thought aloud, ascending the stairs. He wiped some sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand. “Maybe there is trouble with a refugee? Or maybe he found out I was the one who replaced the cream center of all the Oreos with toothpaste?”

“Wait a minute.” We all paused. “That was YOU?” Darien bellowed. Galen let out a little “Eep!” and bolted further up the stairs, Darien tailing behind him shouting “Get back here, you piece of shit!” I wanted to laugh, but you don’t poke at that mighty wolf when he was pissed.

You don’t fuck with Darien or his Oreos. You’re guaranteed to lose a finger if he was feeling generous.

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After he almost choked Galen out behind the office doors, we took our seats in front of our Alpha. Luna Alesia was absent, taking care of little Ximey. Jackie and Abigail were seated with us and judging by the Beta's angry expression, this might not end well. I wonder what was so urgent that it required the six of us to be here.

"I'm glad you're all here. There is something that I need to discuss with you all." Anthony's folded hands were on his desk and his expression is stoic. "As you all know, I recently formed an alliance with Zircon Moon. Supplies and aid are being sent to their territory as we speak to help with affected families and werewolves."

"They lost many of their soldiers, including all their Deltas. Their current batch of warriors are not ready to assume the Delta role due to their lack of proper training. With their trainers dead, it leaves them with nothing. The Beta and Gamma cannot replace the Deltas, for they have their own duties to worry about. I've suggested that we lend them some of our Deltas and warriors to help train them until they could find new Deltas."

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"I really hope you aren't suggesting what you're suggesting, my Alpha." Sapphire blurts out, her arms crossed underneath her bosom. "Who are you sending out there?"

Anthony blinked once. "Everyone in this room."

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"No way!" Jacqueline shot up from her seat, livid. "With all due respect, Alpha, but why? Why us? Why are you sending me over there? You need both your Betas here!"

"Because you are ranked above them, Beta Jacqueline. Not only are you one of our most formidable fighters, but I also trust in your strength and tenacity to protect them when needed. Dwayne can take care of Beta business here while you act as my eyes and ears in Nevada. That's the benefit of having two Betas."

"Abigail and Sapphire are our best warriors, not ranked Deltas, but better than most. They can continue their training on their territory under your leadership. Darien, Galen, and Kiya are the only Deltas who haven't been deployed on missions yet, and I think the Zircon warriors could benefit from their teachings."

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“Why can’t you send anyone else?” Galen asked.

“Many of our soldiers have arrived from their deployment, including Delta Christian and Delta Mirai not too long ago. I will not send them out on missions again unless it’s necessary. They deserve a rest from all they’ve seen, and I promised equal opportunity amongst all with missions.”

“When do we leave?” Darien asked the million-dollar question. “And how long would we stay in their territory?”

“You leave next week.” He answered. “As for the duration of your stay, the situation is developing with training and the rogues. Each of you knows that it takes time to train warriors. Give or take a couple of months.”

I heard enough. I rose from my seat and left Anthony’s office, slamming the doors behind me. The multiple shouts to my name I ignored. The mind-links I ignored, flinging my blocks up to shut to any access to my mind. I didn’t want to see Anthony or anyone else in that room.

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I needed time on my own to think, and I wouldn't get it in that stuffy office.

Once out of the packhouse, I jogged towards the other side of the village, eyes focused on the one place where I felt I needed to be. I needed to talk to somebody other than my brother or Alesia. I needed someone to listen to me.

Before long, I arrived at a small house with an immaculately kept garden. Roses, daisies, and chrysanthemums bloomed upon their bed of rich soil, each petal glistening from their recent watering. From inside the house, an intoxicating fragrance of spices and meat made my stomach growl. I was also hungry. With a short huff, I knocked on the white door. I blink back my tears threatening to create rushing rivers down my cheeks.

The scent that always calmed my heart filled my nose. Peaches and mangos. The door swung open, revealing my mother wearing a baby-pink apron around her waist.

"Mija, hello!" My mother, Lyra, greeted me with a warm smile. However, her smile quickly d

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isappeared upon seeing my face. “My dear, what’s wrong?”

“C-Can we talk, please?” I stuttered, my voice small. Without hesitation, she ushered me inside her home, shutting the door behind her.

Neron

If I could go through the rest of my life without attending another funeral, I’d be happy.

The last of our fallen wolves were buried in our honorable cemetery, resting in peace next to others we’ve lost too soon. It was an intense emotional time for many families, tears and pain came in abundance. My heart is at peace knowing our beloved Moon Goddess is taking care of them, but the sounds of mourning were what I wish I could forget.

That’s why I was thankful that Alpha Anthony had accepted our offer for an alliance. Aid had been flowing in steadily into my territory, helping those affected get back on their feet. The

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prospects of Zircon were brightening, and soon, we would have new, temporary trainers that he is lending to us. Yet, I felt uneasy. Uneasy about who is arriving on our territory in a week. I have strong expectations that the Deltas and warriors we'll get were nothing short of formidable, for Alpha Anthony only sends out his best.

But there was that inkling in the back of my mind that I was getting more than I bargained for.

"I'm proud of you for forming that alliance, son." I turn to my side to see my father offering me a cup of coffee. "Your generation is doing great things, fixing mistakes that your fathers have foolishly made."

"It isn't your fault, Dad. It is Uncle Zain's." The house my father lived in was small, but quiet. Fitting for a man who had been through years of inconceivable pain. Before my departure to Alpha Anthony's territory, my father told me the story of how the alliance between our packs broke in the first place. ³

From Uncle Zain's lust for power to his

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retaliation, to his treachery, to the kidnappings of the Lunas. As the Rogue King, he took the Lunas to get back at the Alphas, under the threat of harm. He hated my father so much that he was willing to harm my mother and her friends just to see him writhe in agony. Thank Goddess that both packs combined their power and resources to find him and the Lunas on a successful rescue mission. Uncle Zain escaped, never to be heard from again until three years ago. The story is so insane, I almost didn't believe it. But the sincerity and remorse in my father's eyes confirmed he was telling the truth. Deep down, I wish there was a way our fathers could rekindle their friendship—my Dad needed more friends to ease his lonely heart.

My dad smirked, his wrinkles crinkling around his eyes. "It is, but there is no shortage of pain between us, son. He turned us against each other. Scars and bruises could heal within a good time, but broken friendships and trust take longer to heal, if ever."

The deep brown liquid in my cup made light ripples as his words sunk into me. Unfortunately, I knew too much about that. Onyx is my best

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friend, and yet, the trust within us was non-existent. He was a stranger within my body, and that awareness was painful. Even now, if I try to speak to him, he wouldn't answer me. It is as if I lost the most treasured part of my soul, and I don't know how to get him back.

"I understand that." Swallowing my bitterness, I gave a kind smile. "But we'll make things right."

Dad grunted, sipping his coffee as he sat next to me on the couch. A comfortable silence fell between us as the clouds parted ways for the sun to shine through the windows. However, there is a pressing question in my head that needed to be answered.

"Dad." I began. "Do you sometimes...smell Mom, although she's gone?" He arched an eyebrow, confused. "I mean, is there any way that another wolf could have her scent?"

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Chapter Comments

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green rose

NO it is his fault for blaming a 9 year old. seriously. does no on...



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Rachel Butterfield

He can't be serious. I get it she powerful but he knows what s...



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