

Chapter 5 Long Awaited

When I took over from my Father, a lot of Alphas had been shocked.

Most High-ranking Wolves give their position to their Sons even if they have a first-born Daughter. In the history of my Pack there have been two other females that could take over the Alpha title from their Father, but both decided they didn’t want to.

I on the other hand have always known that I wanted the title when the time came and with my Father’s Beta, Gamma and Deltas also having first born Daughters all our Highest-ranking positions are filled by females.

When my Father stepped down as Alpha and when the Elders had sent out the notification to every Pack some Alphas had torn up the alliance we had with them. It didn’t bother me as it was something my Father and I had expected.

Of the nine alliances we had four that were broken when I took over, but the other five stayed loyal as each of their Alphas had seen me grow up and they knew I would be as good an Alpha as my Father had been. One of those Packs lives to the south of us and together we keep an eye on the no-mans land between our Pack territories.

That clearing is used by anyone that wants to travel from one side of our Pack territories to the other side and most of those travelers have no ill intentions, but some are Rogues that will try to get onto our Pack territory. They only get one warning, if that doesn’t scare them off, they die.

I know that not all Rogues are bad and the ones that have no ill intentions are also the ones that only need one warning, the others don’t care whether they life or die as long as they think there is something to gain. So I must always pay attention to the Rogues.

Right now, I am sitting in one of the watch spots along our border, my eyes shift left to right and back again as I keep an eye out for Rogues.

Our eastern border patrols tightened after three Rogues crossed into our neighbor’s territory ten years ago, killing two pack members.

I can still hear Dad’s roar that morning when Alpha Damon informed him. He gathered the Warriors on duty, but no one had seen the Rogues. After a long investigation with his Beta and Gamma, they found nothing.

I was sixteen then, and determined to help.

I called my friends for a sleepover, and that night, we snuck out to watch the patrol ourselves.

After an hour of observing, we saw the problem: our Warriors run the borders from north to south at the east border, and they run the borders clockwise, but as they near the south border they all take a short cut, leaving a blind spot—exactly where the Rogues crossed.

The next morning, we told Dad what we discovered. He was furious at us for sneaking out, but more so at the Warriors for endangering the pack.

He called every Warrior not on border patrol to the Pack-house and the ones on border patrol were included through the mind-link.

“As some of you may have heard three Rogues crossed the west border of Dark Mountain Pack and killed two of their Pack-members. We couldn’t find anything wrong with our border runs and I can assure you that your Beta, your Gamma and I went over everything.

Our Pups were the ones that pointed out how they were able to cross the border without being spotted. They watched you for an hour last night and each and everyone of you takes a short cut from the eastern border to the southern border.

This will no longer be tolerated, as of right now you will run the borders the way they are and I will make sure that you will be randomly checked. Am I making myself clear?” The look on his face is murderous and the Warriors all answer with “Yes, Alpha.”

Since that day, our Warriors have patrolled diligently, but one of our older Warriors suggested we set up hidden watch points along the borders, like in his former pack.

I proposed the idea to Dad, and after refining it with his Beta and Gamma, we implemented it.

Now, I sit at one of those hidden spots, armed with my bow and arrows, ensuring no Rogue crosses our borders again.

I see movement across the clearing and know it’s one of their Warriors on border patrol. I still haven’t figured out how they conduct their patrols, and truth be told, I don’t really care. But I do wonder if they’re aware of the fact that we have stopped dozens of Rogues since that night.

“Alpha, you have a visitor,” I hear my Beta say through the mind-link. I tell the Warriors with me that I’m heading back to the Pack house for some Pack business. They both nod but don’t take their eyes off the clearing.

Before heading to the Pack house, I step out of the tree line and look in the direction of a small cluster of trees and boulders. I know who lives there, and so does every Warrior in my Pack, but we don’t mention it to outsiders as it might put her life at risk.

I know who my visitor is, but I don’t know why he’s here. I’ve been thinking about his reason for showing up ever since he announced his visit. No answer has come to mind, but I guess I’ll find out soon enough why he’s gracing me with a visit.

As I walk back to the Pack house, I pass many of my Pack members. Like my Father, I greet each and every one of them as I pass.

I smile at the antics of a little Pup and grab a hold of him just before he tumbles down.

“Thank you, Alpha,” the little Pup says before I put him back on his feet.

One of my Deltas joins me as I near the back of the Pack house, and the two of us make our way to my official office on the ground floor.

I ask an Omega we pass if she can bring us some coffee, and she rushes off to the kitchen to comply with my request.

As I walk into my office, my visitor gets up from his seat.

“Elder Ezra, please take a seat,” I say, and he sits back down in the chair he just got out of as I take a seat behind my desk.

“To what do we owe this pleasure, Elder?” I ask.

Elder Ezra pulls an envelope from his bag and puts it on my desk in front of me. I stare at the envelope for a moment. I know what’s in it just by looking at it, and I have to suppress the smile that wants to spread across my face.

I have only seen it once before, lying on this same desk over a decade ago when my Father was still the Alpha.

I have been waiting for this day ever since I took over from my Father, and I know I will enjoy this very much, as will my Wolf.

“Alpha, in the file you’ll find a list of the Packs that have been invited as well. All the rules, regulations, and conditions are in there, along with my number, just in case you still have unanswered questions,” he says as he gets out of his seat.

“Thank you, Elder Ezra. I will read it all and contact you if something is unclear to me,” I say as I shake his hand. I guide him out of the Pack house to his car and watch him drive off.

A smirk appears on my face as soon as he is out of sight.

“That’s about damn time,” my Gamta mumbles, and we all start laughing.

We walk back to my office, and as we’re about to enter, one of the Omegas walks out, telling me she has placed the coffee in my office as she heads back to the kitchen.

I sit down in my favorite armchair facing my desk, while my Beta, Gamma, and Deltas sit on the couches to my left and right. The five of us grew up together—if you saw one of us, the rest were soon to follow, making it easy for our parents to find us.

I open the envelope, already knowing what’s inside: an invitation to the Alpha bloodline competition.

The smirk on my face gets bigger as I pull it out. I have been waiting a long time for this moment, and I will enjoy putting all those cocky Alphas and their siblings in their place.

The Alpha bloodline competition is held every year for a select few Packs. They get invited by the Elders and get to beat the crap out of each other legally. Every person from an Alpha bloodline in that Pack is allowed to enter the competition.

The Council doesn’t interfere with this competition, even though they love the fights between the Alphas, and some of them even come to see the invited Alphas fight. Our King has never shown his face at the competition, and Dad doubts he ever will.

I read through all the rules and regulations for the competition. The more I read, the bigger the smile on my face becomes, and I know everyone present in my office can tell that I’ve found a way for the participants to underestimate me.

The Rules state that the first name drawn gets the choice to fully shift into Wolf form or go Half-shift. But there’s a loophole—the opponent doesn’t have to follow. They just can’t shift fully if the first fighter chooses Half.

I’ll use that to my advantage. Let them think they know what I’m capable of.