

Chapter 6 Females In Control

Amarah

Someone clearing their throat pulls my attention away from the document I am reading. I look into the face of one of my best friends. They know how to read my expressions, and right now, they can tell I have found something that has made my day.

My Beta is looking at me with a questioning look in her eyes. I smile at her before deciding to answer her. Melia, Rhea, and Eos are as curious as Ione is, and experience has taught me that if I don't answer them, they will keep nagging until I give in.

My Beta, Ione, my Gamma, Melia, and my Deltas, Rhea and Eos, are all twenty-six. The five of us were born within the same week and have been inseparable since birth. We slept in the same room until we turned sixteen, but now we have our own rooms in my quarters on the top floor of the Pack-house.

Once one of us finds her Mate, depending on who it is, that person will move out of my quarters into their own. If I am the first one to find my Mate, they will all move into Ione's quarters, and so on.

We know one another better than we sometimes know ourselves. Just a look from one of them is enough to tell me what is on their minds, and I know that I am an open book to them as well. This is sometimes a blessing in disguise, but in other situations, it can be a pain in the behind.

I quickly tell them what I have uncovered, and they all have a smirk on their faces, knowing I will knock them down a few notches. "You need to start training, not that you don't train enough," Eos is quick to say, and I know exactly what she means.

Male Alphas are bigger than I am. They also think they are faster and stronger. I will prove to them that I am faster, and because of that, I will be able to land punches before they even see them coming.

A knock on the door interrupts our meeting, and Melia is the one who walks over to open it. "Hello, Alastor, what is it?" she asks as she sees my baby brother on the other side of the door and steps aside to let him in.

"I heard an Elder dropped by, and I hoped to find out if you were finally invited," he says as he looks at me. I nod my head, and a smile crosses his face. Unlike me, he doesn't want to partake in the competition, but he has his reasons for wanting me to go.

Alastor sits down in the armchair opposite mine as if he belongs in this meeting. He doesn't, but it doesn't stop him, and I don't mind if he sits in on this one. The bond between the two of us is very strong and tight, as it has been since the day he was born.

Mom sometimes asks us what will happen if either of us doesn't like the other's Mate. Alastor and I always say the same thing, "I will reject my Mate," which always makes Mom growl and Dad laugh his ass off every single time.

Neither of us will ever reject our Mate; it is not the way we were raised, and we both understand the importance of our Mate. It is one of the reasons why we are the largest and strongest Pack there is. Every male and female in our bloodline were fated Mates, and that only makes a bloodline stronger.

"How much time do you have?" he asks, and I tell him that the competition is three weeks from today. I will increase my training, and I know that every Warrior in my Pack will help me in any way they can.

"Do you have any idea which other Packs have been invited?" Rhea asks, and we all know why she asks. We are all hoping that two certain Packs will be there—two Packs that, for different reasons, are on our shitlist.

I grab the envelope with the invitation, and with it is a list of all the Packs that are invited this year. At the top of the list is the first Pack on our shitlist, the Dark Mountain Pack, and halfway down the list is the other one, the Hollow Moon Pack.

"It looks like this is our lucky day. Both of them are on the list. Let's see what the rest of the rules and regulations tell us about how this works," I say as I grab the document from my lap and start reading through it once again.

"On the first day, there will be three matches at the same time. Each Wolf fights two matches, and with the ratings of those matches, it is determined who will drop out of the competition. A knockout will give you the highest score in a match.

Two knockouts in the first round mean you skip the fights on the second day, while the rest have to determine that day who else will drop out. On the third day, only one match at a time—tap out or get knocked out during those matches, and you drop out immediately.

If the number of participants is insufficient to fill the third day, there will be a one-hour break before the next rounds start. If you lose the match, you are out of the competition, and the rounds will continue until one Alpha is left standing," I say after reading the document.

Alastor starts counting the number of Wolves that could participate in this competition. He writes down the number of males and females per Pack that are of an Alpha bloodline, and if all of them enter the competition, this could last the entire week the Elders have picked.

"Ready for dinner, Baby Girl?" Dad asks through the mind-link. "We will be there in a minute," I reply, and as I look at Alastor, I already know Mom has linked him at the same time. The six of us stand up as one, and Melia bursts out in laughter.

I sit down at the head of the table as Ione sits to my right. The chair on my left stays empty, and Melia sits in the chair next to it. Rhea takes her seat next to Ione, and Eos sits next to Melia. Mom and Dad sit next to Rhea, while Alastor sits down next to Eos, with the chair next to him remaining empty.

Officially, the chairs to the left of Melia and Eos should stay empty, just like the chairs to the right of Ione and Rhea. The empty chairs symbolize the lack of a Mate by our side, and after discussing it, we decided to leave only two chairs empty.

Omeegas walk into the dining room with plates filled with food, while others place dishes on the table filled with even more food. By the time we are done, every plate and dish will be empty. Once everyone has a plate, the Omeegas sit down at their own table.