

The Challenge Two Alphas, One Girl Chapter 1

Chapter 1: A Wolf-less She-Wolf Friday's Point Of View

I kept my head down as I entered the Marigold Pack House. I knew I would not be welcomed there. I had never been my father's favourite. That honour went to his darling son, my elder brother, Fang. Fang took over the Beta position from our father about six years ago on his eighteenth birthday when he first phased. I was the youngest of four and the only girl. My twin brothers, Fallon and Fargo had phased about four years ago and were powerful warriors in the pack. It had been two years since I had failed to phase. My eighteenth birthday passed by like a regular day. Nothing happened. My parents kept up hope for a little while, giving me a few months of reprieve. Then, they disowned me. They had never actually wanted a daughter and to be a family of powerful werewolves with a wolf-less she-wolf for a daughter was too much for them.

I was twenty now. I passed by a large mirror in the pack house, my dark wavy hair was always tousled and fell down to my waist. I had golden skin and big brown eyes like the rest of my family. At five feet and four inches, I was more than a foot shorter than all of my skyscraper brothers. I only even bothered to enter the pack house because I wanted to catch a glimpse of the alpha.

Alpha, Maze Mason, had been away from the pack for over two years, forming allegiances. His father had continued to rule in his absence but everyone was thrilled to finally properly welcome the new alpha. I had never actually seen him before, even though my father was the former beta and my brother, the current beta. My family hated bringing me to events. They usually insisted I stay home and clean the house but now that I no longer lived at home, I at least had the freedom to attend.

I was more than a little frightened that my brother, Beta Fang, would send me away or worse if he spotted me so I had my black jacket on and pulled my hood up. Most of the pack members avoided me, not wanting to be associated with someone wolf-less. The Marigold Pack was not known for being too open-minded. Other Packs fraternised with humans and even witches, wizards and very rarely with vampires, but my pack formed an entire town of werewolves.

"I don't believe this!" Spat Fang, my Beta Brother, grabbing me by the arm.

"Hey!" I yelped, trying to tug my arm away but failing. He had an iron grip.

"What are you doing here?" He bellowed.

My hood fell off and a few on-lookers actually gasped.

"Everyone is invited," I said softly, not meeting my brother's eyes.

"Every werewolf is invited," he snarled. "You don't have a wolf, remember?"

I sighed. My brother dragged me by my arm to the door.

“Don’t you dare come back here!” He warned. A few of the warriors on the porch snickered and jeered.

I trudged away from the pack house, my eyes brimming with tears. I broke out into a run, heading for the woods. I tripped and fell onto my palms, bruising them. A few teardrops hit the soil below me. I sniffled. I was not even allowed to move away and live among humans or other creatures. Marigold was a fortress, with wolf patrols around the entire perimeter and the pack leaders had decreed that although wolf-less, I could be a threat if I left and conspired with enemy packs, revealing information out of spite. I would never do something like that no matter how hurt I was. I got slowly to my feet and continued the long walk home.

I lived as far from everyone else as possible, literally in the Marigold woods. I was lucky that my grandmother had left me a cottage there. I moved in when I was disowned. It was tiny but it was home. There was a kitchenette facing a dining table for one. A curtain separated this area from my air mattress and bean bag chair. I had all my favourite books stacked up near the bed. The only separate room was the bathroom. I changed into my only nightgown and crawled into bed. At least, my cat, Saturday, loved me. He purred and snuggled close to me. He was all black and fluffy with yellow eyes.

I had only been asleep for barely a minute when a pounding on the door woke me up.

“Friday!” My brother, Fang, yelled.

He just kicked me out of the alpha’s welcoming ceremony and now he was banging down my door! I wanted to jump through the window and hide in the woods but with werewolves, that was futile. They had extremely sensitive hearing and smell and would find me in minutes. Also, I could not outrun them. I had no super speed. I couldn’t fight either. I was as weak as any human, probably weaker than some.

I sighed. My heart was racing.

“Friday! Come on, the alpha wants to see you!” Called Fang.

Huh.