

Chapter 3

I couldn't stop smiling when I put my car in park and leapt out onto my driveway. The knee length dress that I had on twirled around my legs as I darted up towards the house. It was my first interview and it had gone wonderfully. After all those rejections I was finally getting somewhere and if this job didn't work out it was no big deal because I had another interview lined up for next week. Finally, after being the mateless girl stuck with her parents for so long things were finally starting to go my way. I would get a real job, not just babysitting, then, after I had saved up, I could move into my own place.

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And in the back of my mind I kept thinking about the promise I had made to Caleb. One year. One year without either one of us finding mates and we would finally put all those pent up feelings into action. If I moved out of my parents house there would be no one to stop us, no one to tell us it was wrong.

But just as I reached the front door of my home it was flung open. My father came barreling out with a heaving chest and wide eyes.

"Dad, my interview-"

"Get inside," he barked out.

"Is it roguish?" I asked. There were few times that I had ever heard my father use this kind of a voice with me and it never ended well. I could feel my teeth and nails elongate. I wasn't going to let my father fight this alone. I was strong and had been trained well, I would be by his side.

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"It's worse, much worse," he called out, already starting to run away from me. Along with him, I saw a few of my neighbors also leave their homes, sprinting away from spouses who were shouting questions at them.

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But they weren't shining. If there was any kind of werewolf threat the best way to fight was to be in wolf form. Our teeth and claws were the deadliest weapons we carried. Seeing my father plow into what I assumed was a battle with shining was suicide.

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"Dad!" I screamed, then I was running after him. He wasn't in the right state of mind and clearly needed my help. But, in my dress and useless flats I was falling behind. And what I saw as I drew closer didn't make any sense.

There were a couple things that were to be expected when someone ran headlong into a werewolf battle. Usually you could hear it for miles. There were violent howls, screams that would make your ears bleed and whimpers that would make your heart ache as wolves passed away from gruesome injuries and extensive blood loss. And could also see it. We were big creatures who used up massive spaces to fight. With our fast, agile bodies, fights spanned over impressive distances.

What I wasn't expecting was seeing half of my pack standing in a semi-circle and a single black wolf saunter onto the land. Why wasn't everyone shining? Why wasn't war ensuing? Never before had I see a wolf strut onto our lands without an invitation and not be confronted.

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But something was boiling below the surface. There was a fight waiting to happen, but no one from my pack was making the first move. There was tight shoulders, balled fists, and heavy breathing, but it seemed like they were all frozen. The wolf, however, continuing to walk on our land like it was his own. I didn't understand. He clearly wasn't a good friend who had shown up unannounced. But they weren't treating him like a deranged rouge either. Frankly, he didn't look deranged either. He was large, massive, in fact. I had never seen a wolf his size. And he moved with control.

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"Dad," I whispered, coming up beside my father who had stopped to be a part of the semi circle.

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On the far side I could see Caleb standing beside his own father, the alpha of the pack. But the man I knew to be my leader didn't look like the powerful, impulsive man I knew so well. My alpha had his head down, his hands were clenched into fists and his eyes kept searching around. He was terrified. But of what? He glanced over all of us like we would give him the answer, like we were to blame for this wolf's arrival.

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"Go back to your mother," my father ordered from beside me, but he didn't take his eyes off that black wolf. "Tell your little sister to stay in the house."

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His voice was much louder than my quiet whisper and it was enough to grab the black wolf's attention when it sliced through the silent and thick air. The massive beast swung his head around towards us and when I saw him head on, I gasped.

Blood red eyes stared back at me.

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But something more important snagged the wolf's attention away from me. My trembling alpha decided that it was finally time to speak.

"Hades, what can we do for you?" he asked.

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The wolf only snarled as my heart leapt into my throat. Hades

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"Hades isn't real. He's a myth," I managed, feeling like I couldn't breathe despite the fact that I was panting with anxiety.

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"Hades, I'm afraid I can't understand why you are here. All of my pack members are wonderful, upstanding citizens." My alpha spoke but it didn't seem to matter. The black wolf continued to move towards him, walking slowly and calmly but never yielding and scarcely flinching when he was spoken to. And my jaw nearly dropped when my alpha took a step back as the black wolf neared him. "It can't be me, that's impossible. You couldn't have come for me. I've taken wonderful care of my pack."

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The black wolf just turned his head away from my alpha, towards Caleb. And when his gaze locked onto my best friend his lips curled back, revealing gleaming teeth, and he let out a disgusted snarl.

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~~~Question of the Day~~~

What is your favorite movie and why?

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Anyone who knows me knows that I'm obsessed with Disney and I usually gravitate to softer, sweeter films. My favorite of those is Beauty and the Beast, however, I've recently taken to gangster movies and love The Godfather and The Irishman!

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