

## Chapter 4

"No!" my alpha shouted, suddenly leaping in front of his son. All of the fear and concern that had clouded his features just seconds ago faded.

"What's happening?" I whimpered to my father.

Once again, my voice was enough to distract the black beast. The large head swung towards me. His lips uncurled and those blood red eyes seemed to be utterly captured with me.

Having his attention on me was enough to make my heart freeze in my chest. As I swallowed hard, I also stepped to the side, moving to be behind my father like the coward I was. If my alpha was terrified of this black wolf and whatever ill-will he brought then I had no right to try and face him head on. I could fight a normal werewolf, but a beast that size was another question entirely. Just those vile eyes were enough to frighten into silence.

"He's come for Caleb," my father said weakly.

I had never heard my father like this. It sounded like all of the life had been taken out of him. He had always been one to fight, even when he wasn't on the right side of things. He was nothing if not proud and defensive like most wolves. But that wasn't who he was now.

"What do you mean? Why had he come for Caleb? What is he going to do to him?" I demanded, my voice rising with hysteria. But I knew. I had heard the rumors. I never believed them to be true, but there was no denying the scene in front of me.

"He's going to make Caleb pay for any crime he has committed. Hades is here for justice."

"Caleb hasn't committed any crimes! He's barely old enough to drink, how could he have done anything to anyone?" I screeched.

This wasn't possible. This wasn't real. Caleb was the sweetest man on the Earth. I had hardly ever heard a cruel word leave his lips. He had nothing to repent.

"He's wrong! Caleb hasn't done anything!" I wailed, now grabbing onto my father's shoulders from behind and trying to shake him, trying to get him to snap out of his trance.

My father's eyes darted to the wolf called Hades, fearing that I had captured the creature's attention once more. But the wolf remained focused solely on Caleb. And my alpha was furious. The man that I had thought was quaking in fear was now throwing himself in front of his own son, screaming and yelling at the wolf who didn't even swivel an ear.

"How dare you come into my packlands like this. How dare you even consider accusing my son of anything. He is a fine young man who is next in line to be alpha. You have pranced onto enough packlands and ruined enough hierarchies. I will not tolerate it in my own lands. If you so much as even growl at my son again you will have a war on your hands!"

My father was always loyal to his alpha. Sometimes to a fault. They had been best friends since their youth. When I became annoyed with how my father would dismiss his friend's wrong doing I would consider how forgiving I was with Caleb. I would go to the ends of the earth to protect him and my father was no different with his friend. He would risk everything just to keep the alpha safe and follow orders. As the beta it was his job.

Not today.

"Enough, Alpha," my father murmured.

He was the only one brave enough to move in a moment when everyone else was frozen. He stepped into the semi circle and my arms dropped to my sides. Then he was crossing the distance between my location to my alpha in about a dozen steps. His noble leader looked at him with wide eyes, seeming like he was teetering on the brink of a physical brawl or bursting into tears.

My father just took his elbow, holding him firmly and steering him away from his son.

He left Caleb vulnerable to this dangerous intruder.

"What's going on?" Caleb demanded. His question was directed at my father, but his eyes never left the black mass of muscles and teeth before him.

"You have to fight Hades," my father whispered weakly.

Most men would've been terrified. Hell, I was terrified for Caleb. This creature didn't look like any werewolf I had ever seen. The way he radiated power was unlike anything I had ever witnessed.

But Caleb just smirked down at the unbothered wolf. In one smooth motion he grabbed the bottom of his shirt, yanked it above his head, and tossed it to the side.

"You don't know what you're doing!" The alpha shouted, suddenly jerking towards his son again. My father clung to his elbow, holding him as still as he could while the burly man struggled.

"Come on, dad, you taught me how to fight. He doesn't stand a chance," Caleb boasted, his eyes glimmering with the challenge. Such a stereotypical alpha. With one loud grunt Caleb went from being a handsome human being to a thick, muscular wolf on four paws instead of two legs.

But that was where his confidence ended.

As soon as Caleb was in wolf form the black-furred intruder no longer seemed so placid and contained. Caleb's tail was still waving high with confidence when the wolf crashed into his body, sending him sprawling.

"Caleb!" the alpha shouted. I heard my dad grunt with effort, presumably to restrain him, but my eyes remained glued to the scene in front of me.

Caleb shook his big, wolf head, acting like he was trying to clear some fog. But the two seconds it took was far too long. Hades was darting towards him, his massive paws slamming into the dirt as he approached. Then it was a violent clash. Caleb was half expecting the attack this time, but was still uncertain and wobbly on his legs. Hades was all power and control and he outweighed my friend by a hundred pounds. He lunged for Caleb's throat.

This wasn't a fight for dominance.

This was a fight to the death.

"He's going to kill him!" I screamed. Though I had been watching in silent horror for some time now I couldn't any longer. I lunged forward. But someone was faster. A hand clamped around my wrist, yanking me back. "Let go of me! He's going to kill Caleb!" I wailed. I didn't know what I would do to help, but I couldn't stand around and do nothing.

And at my loud proclamation I heard my alpha scream something out, begging for his son to be spared.

"Get Charlotte out of here!" my father bellowed.

Caleb let out a shrill whine, so loud it almost sounded like he was screaming. Hades only seemed to bite harder at this. I shrieked, jerking against an arm that had wrapped around my waist, trying to drag me away. And as I yelled Caleb raised a paw and struck Hades so hard across the eye that the violent wolf released his throat and staggered a step backwards.

"I said get her out of here!" my father boomed, still struggling with a thrashing alpha.

Another pair of hands joined the ones that were already on me and I was pulled backwards. The grip on me wasn't painful and I didn't scream out, but I certainly resisted. It didn't matter. They all held on no matter how hard I fought, how much I dug in with my cheap heels. At some point I think I even tried to attack them, kicking my legs out and hoping to strike one of them. It was so ill thought out that it didn't matter. Before long all I could see was my pack standing in a circle, watching a fight that I couldn't make out.

~~~Question of the Day~~~

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