

## Chapter 9 Asylum

Amarah

I watch from the tree-line as the men finally pull their attention back to the clearing and I almost burst out in laughter at the dumbfounded look on their faces, they didn't even notice we left. I see one of them focused on our tree-line, but I know he will not be able to find me.

As I step away from my hiding spot I throw one more look over my shoulder, before I head back to my office and engulf myself with the paperwork that is waiting for me, if I get the chance to start working that is.

I know my best friends studied the man candy across the clearing and they will tell me who they think they are. I had only glanced at them for a second and the only thing I can tell you is that they are tall and broad, but I wouldn't be able to point them out to you.

As I close the door of my office I see that my friends are already sloughed down on the couches and before I get the chance to sit down behind my desk Eos says "Those were High-ranking members of Dark Mountain Pack. I met Xanthos, the one with light brown hair, in a small town on the other side of their territory."

Ione nods her head and confirms that they had met him, also telling us that the blond guy and dark brown haired guy were Alpha Theseus' Beta and Gamma. That makes Xanthos his Delta, Ione asks out loud who the other two are and I ask her to describe the two.

The first one she describes is a Warrior according to Melia and when she starts describing the last man I know immediately who he is, Alpha Theseus himself. Eos calls dips on him and I wish her luck in trying to get his attention.

"Story is that it was his Mate that got killed that night and he doesn't want a chosen Mate if he can't find his second chance Mate, which leaves the Pack for Damien's Son if he dies without an heir." I say and I hear the girls growl at my words or should I say his name.

I shut out the conversation that is heading in the direction of Mates and today I don't feel like participating in it, I ignore their voices as I read through the first file on my desk. Talking about Mates is a topic I have avoided for the past five years and I doubt it will get easier as more years pass.

For most Werewolves my single status is strange, but it is just the way things are and so far it doesn't bother me. My Pack is not worried about the fact that their leaders have not found their Mates yet and as Ione's Mom always says the Goddess probably needs to find strong matches for us.

Being an Alpha makes me dominant in everything I do and that tends to scare away any male. I never care what anyone thinks of me and if anyone feels the urge to tell me how they feel about me they quickly find out that I am not a push over.

I have broken quiet a few bones growing up and I never regretted any of them, but after I turned sixteen it was as if a switch was flipped in my head. I was able to control my temper, but it also made me more intimidating as my face showed the anger or aggression I felt and that scared off even more males.

Dad started my training when I was seven years old after my first outburst, an allied Pack had been visiting and the Alpha had taken his Sons with him. Both of them were arrogant and annoying, but when they told me I would never be allowed to take over from my Dad as I was a weak female hell broke loose.

Both of them ended up in the infirmary, while Ione and I had laughed our asses off and Dad had tried to play peacemaker with the boys. Their Father however demanded to know from his Sons what they had done and once they had told him everything he had told them it served them right.

He did suggest to Dad that he would start my training, to give me an outlet for my anger and to make sure I would know how to throw a punch without immediately breaking bones.

Both boys grew up respecting me as a female and as an Alpha and now a days we have a good relationship, with mutual respect. Both of them found their Mates in the past few years and their Mates keep them on a short leash, not tolerating any bullshit from them.

Mom sometimes asks me if I would consider a chosen Mate, but just one look from me and she puts her hands up in surrender. It is not that Mom wants me to take a chosen Mate, but she would understand if I would ever start thinking about it.

A chosen Mate doesn't give you the bond your fated Mate gives you, you don't feel the pain of their betrayal or their pain from injuries and most end up cheating on one another. In my Pack no one has a chosen Mate, not because I wouldn't allow it but because they all know the value of your fated Mate.

If you see a couple, their actions towards one another will tell you if they are fated or chosen Mates, chosen Mates will be able to sit next to one another without touching and for fated Mates it is the total opposite. If they can't touch one another when or wherever they want they will get frustrated and annoyed, they can't stand being separated for long.

A male can't stand it if another male looks at his Mate or tries to touch her and that can result in arguments and fights. The same goes for a female, but somehow we are able to keep up a front in public and once no one is around all hell will break lose.

I have only heard stories about those kinds of fights, but if they are anywhere near the truth I believe it is best to stay away from a male with a fated Mate. If I have to guess my response will probably be worse than the stories I heard and someone might end up losing their life.

"Alpha, lunch is served." Ione calls out and I am glad that she pulled me from this file, it is making me grumpy to say the least. "Thanks, Ione. After lunch we need to discuss this file and after that it is time for the Pups to play." I say as I get out of my seat and all four of them nod their head in acknowledgement.

Alastor and Dad are discussing the competition as they have done since the invitation arrived and I chuckle as I hear Alastor ask if it is possible to rig the draw. "Son, why the hell would anyone want to do that?" Mom asks loudly and every conversation quiets down to listen.

"Mom, we all know that Amarah wants to kick two asses in particular and if she can do that in the first round she will be clear from the second round. We all know she will knock both of them out and regulations states that she is through to round three if that happens." He says without blinking his eyes.

Within seconds everyone is discussing if it can be done and what would be the best way to get it done, soon the most outrageous things are suggested. Mom is laughing her ass off at every comment she hears and I listen to it as I eat my lunch without taking any of it seriously.

Mom knows I would never cheat and rigging the draw would be the same as cheating. Ione, Eos and Rhea have a few ideas of their own and soon they are in the midst of a heavy discussion, except for Melia, she is awfully quiet. She is deep in thought and I can't help myself from wondering what is going through that head of hers.

Once lunch is over I walk back to my office and I know that my friends are right behind me. I grab the file of my desk and sit down in my armchair, indicating to the girls that this is serious business. Within seconds the room is quiet and I open the file I am holding in my hand.

"The Alpha of Rock Moon Pack has asked for our help, he has a young woman at his Pack that needs asylum. She is a Beta's Daughter of a neighboring Pack and she fled to his Pack when her Father tried to force a chosen Mate on her.

Like us, he doesn't think anyone should settle for a chosen Mate and after he heard her story he nearly lost it, luckily his Son was able to calm him down or he would have gone to war. He doesn't want trouble with his neighbors, but he also doesn't want to send her packing.

His Brother will be passing by our Pack in a few days and he is willing to take her with him, if we are willing to grant her asylum." I already knew what their answer would be when I first read the file and their growls and roars proofs to me that I know them as I know myself.

"I already send him a message that she will be more than welcome here, if she wants to make the move up here. I also asked him if she had had the chance to pack anything or if we needed to prepare more than just a room." I say and I see smiles appear on their faces.

They know I only told them to prepare them for the woman and wouldn't be caught of guard by her story.