

Chapter 1

Sierra

"Sierra! Seth! Breakfast is ready!" My mom Lorraine called.

I could smell the sweet and savory aroma of pancakes and bacon from upstairs. I stretched my limbs out on my twin bed before regrettably leaving my cozy sanctuary. I quickly headed to the bathroom to get myself ready for the day. I brushed my light brown hair that fell to my waist and then brushed my teeth. After hastily picking out clothes from my closet and changing into them, I was done. There wasn't much to get ready since I was only 12 years old and didn't have a care in the world. But that will all change soon enough.

My brother was schlumping himself down the stairs, his hair still in bed head form. "Better hurry before its all gone! Your father is chowing down!" Our mom called again. That got the re underneath his butt. We both picked up the pace, almost tripping each other down the stairs in our haste. My brother and I were twins. I was older by 4 minutes and I never let him forget it. We both had the same light brown hair, and the same icy blue eyes. Our facial features were also similar, but I had a more feminine look, taking after my mom with her round face and soft features. Seth was more masculine, resembling our dad with his squared jawline and more dened features.

Seth and I took our normal places at the table across from each other and began loading up our plates. Seth ate so fast. I swear he had some sort of superpower that he didn't have to breathe to live.

"Slow down or you'll choke." My mother chastised as she took her place across from my father, Andrew, who was also the Alpha of our pack, Clear Waters. Appropriately named from the clear streams that owed through our beautiful pack. Werewolves, witches, and a number of other creatures from far and wide would come to enjoy the beauty that our home had to offer. Our pack was on the smaller side, with only about two hundred pack members. That made it easy for the natural beauty to stay as it was. No need to industrialize to accommodate the bigger needs of a bigger pack. Our pack was newer as well, it being a rst generation. My father was an alpha by birth, but his father refused to let him take over the title of his old pack, Golden Moon. I still wasn't entirely sure why. Something about my mom, I think. She was a hybrid, half wolf, half witch. My grandfather wasn't as progressive as we were apparently.

"Grfvosnfbs." My brother responded with his mouth full of food. My mom shot him a look of disapproval and went back to discussing the plans for the day with my father.

I wish I had known this would be our last meal together.

It was a quarter too noon and my mom seemed on edge as she interacted with the animals. Being a witch, she was always in tune with nature. It was always unsettling when she was on edge. Not much shook the woman. Last time this happened we had a major storm that had us snowed in for almost a week. I just as easily dismissed it when my father approached us with Seth in tow. Seth will be Alpha one day, even though I was born rst. Women generally weren't made alphas even if they were rst born, which was rare to begin with. Most Alphas were blessed with sons rst. Not that I cared. Too many meetings if you ask me. And I didn't like to stomach the idea of having to kill someone, which was part of an alpha's duty. Be it rogues or a heinous offender, death was a necessary part of their job that I never wanted part of. Seth had been spending most of his time this past year shadowing our father in preparation for being handed the Alpha title one day. Most would take over succession at age 30, so Seth had only just begun his training. Me, on the other hand, spent most of my time with my mom, our Luna. Learning the ins and outs of a Luna's life. I might not have a mate that is an Alpha, but there'll inevitably be information that I can apply to many situations in life....or so I have been told.

"Lorraine, my beautiful Luna, a word?" My father asked as he studied my mother. His smile didn't meet his eyes but I quickly wrote it off and began playing with the little chipmunk, Oscar I named him, that scurried around my feet. Werewolves typically didn't get their wolf until they were 16. Witches, however, were born with powers, though they might not know what kind of powers, not unless they practiced different techniques. My mom was hesitant to teach my brother and I anything until we were 'more mature'. I liked to think I was like my mother and could control animals, but with how Oscar avoided my every advance, I thought otherwise.

I looked up to see my parents approaching us again, hand in hand with grim expressions on their faces, only for a moment before they quickly plastered smiles on their faces.

"Sierra, Seth. I'm afraid I have just been informed by our warriors that we have some uninvited guests who have come to visit us. Your mother and I agree it would be better that you two steer clear of them. Stay close to your mother, understood?" Our dad spoke with a bit of Alpha authority at the end, meaning this was not for debate. Unfortunately, my i***t brother seemed to ignore everything he just said.

"But why!" He protested "You said they were dangerous people! Shouldn't I be there with you? To show face?" Seth whined. Our future alpha everybody.

"I never told you that, Seth. Were you ease-dropping again?" My parents' eyes narrowed and Seth turned a bright red. Busted. This was not the rst offense. Seth seems to regularly get in trouble for listening in on conversations he really shouldn't.

"I want you both to stay out of sight. I don't want you staying at home either. Seth, you are correct, these people are dangerous. They have a reputation that proceeds them and they were not invited to come here, which raises red ags. We shouldn't judge a book by its cover, but as Alpha, we should be prepared for any situation that might arise. So, that being said, I want you both to stay with your mother today. Listen to everything she tells you. No argument, understood?"

We both nodded in agreement but, I could already tell my twin brother was not only on a different page, but a different book at that. We hugged our father good-bye and he left with several warriors on his tail, undoubtedly going to our pack's borders to "greet" our uninvited guests. My mother stared after him, undoubtedly linking with him by the way her eyes seemed glazed over. After a moment, she looked back at us, giving her signature "no nonsense" look.

"Sierra, Seth, listen up" our mother spoke.

Alpha Andrew

Goddess! Of all the packs on the entire surface of the earth, why on earth did it have to be them? Shortly after breakfast, I received word that one of our patrollers had been killed. A symbol had been carved onto his body, two crescent moons facing each other with a diamond in the middle. It didn't take much to gure out by the symbol who they were. An ancient werewolf group of extremists, the Black Forrest Pack, that has been around since, well, the dawn of time. They were the kind of people that found you. No one knew where they were located, though many tried to nd them only to to turn up with no answers or dead. They pride themselves on one thing and one thing alone; hunting down hybrids. They were known for experimenting on them, trying to nd an "end all" to all other races. Saying that werewolves were superior, and anyone who opposes them was asking for death, hence their symbol meaning death.

My father warned me when I told him my mate was a hybrid. He handed his title to my brother, who had a werewolf mate, as his way of trying to protect me. The less attention we draw to ourselves the better, he said. But being as young as I was and as stubborn and hot-headed, I took it upon myself to make my own pack with my fated mate. Completely disregarding my father's warning. Now I was about to pay the price. I could only hope my children and mate wouldn't have the same fate.

Lorraine and I agreed to keep the children in the dark about everything and she would do everything she could to keep them safe. To my knowledge, no one outside the pack knew our children were hybrids, and only Lorraine and my family knew that I was a werewolf/vampire hybrid. The vampire part was recessive with my father and brother, but not with me so much. I was extra careful to hide my abilities and Lorraine and I didn't dare push the kids to see if they had anything. They didn't even know that they also had recessive vampire genes.

Outsiders would know of Lorraine being a hybrid on account of the vast number of animals that ocked to her. Werewolves don't attract animals on account of being apex predators. My mate's scent was predominantly that of a werewolf, so it wasn't especially hard to connect the dots if you knew what you were looking for. Our pack was sworn to secrecy on the matter, so they wouldn't be able to break their Alphas' direct order. We also agreed to have Lorraine keep her maiden name and our children my last name, so even on paper it wasn't known by outsiders that they were related, should we ever be found.

I could only hope we still had a chance to keep them safe. While I distracted the group, Lorraine and our children had to get as far away from here as possible. I knew if we told the kids what was really happening they would latch onto us like a vice and we would waste precious time. I informed the pack members via mind link to remain in their homes and await further instructions. There was great unease radiating through the pack. I never asked much from my pack. I was a rm but caring leader. So to order everyone to house arrest until further notice was causing lots of anxiety amongst them, and rightfully so.

As I neared the border, I could see a multitude of werewolves gathered at our border. This was it. I had only a handful of warriors by my side, the rest in hiding waiting for my signal should the time come.

"Alpha Andrew, I presume?" The werewolf spoke. Not an alpha, I could tell by his aura. He did give off a Beta presence though.

"How nice for the Black Forest Pack to send their Beta in place of their alpha." My wolf, August scoffed.

"We might actually stand a chance", I answered him back.

"Yes, and you are?" I asked the Beta.

"Lets skip formalities. You know who we are, you undoubtedly know what we want. Hand over the hybrid and we won't burn this place to the ground." He said casually.

"I don't know what you are talking about." I retorted, playing dumb.

"I see. Poor choice Alpha." He shook his head in disappointment. "Burn it to the ground." He said to his warriors as he turned around and walked away.

Within seconds, smoke was lling the air from all directions. Then came the re. Every direction I turned I saw the unforgiving ames licking homes as far as the eye could see. How did they get in without our knowledge? We have security cameras everywhere with 24/7 monitoring. How did they get past us? My only hope was to have everyone evacuate and hope the mood goddess would spare us this horrible fate.

Sierra

My mom had just gotten through her speech about how we need to listen closely to her today and not leave her side, much to my brothers' annoyance. It was only a moment later when her eyes glazed over and her expression changed from commanding Luna to a fearful mother.

"Mom?" I asked.

"Run, we need to run!" She whisper-yelled to my brother and I. No sooner had she said it, re began to spread through the pack. Fear took over my body and I stood stunned in place trying to process what was happening. My mother quickly picked me up and began to run with my brother following closely next to her. Everything happened so fast. Seth took a sharp left turn, heading towards our border. Undoubtedly where our dad had gone off too. I think my mom yelled at him. I was too distracted looking at our home going up in ames. I felt her put me down and nally snapped out of it when she told me to run again.

"Head north and don't look back!" She yelled, pushing me in the correct direction before she took off in the direction of Seth.

With a nal longing stare, I took off, heading north as fast as my feet could carry me. It wasn't until I was about to cross our pack border that I saw a scary-looking man in my direction. He was enormous, much taller and bigger than a normal werewolf. Was he a Lycan? The smoko was making it hard to breathe, my lungs begging for clean air. I didn't know what to do but to keep running. I came up fast to the scary man and all of a sudden I felt my bones crack and shift and I was soaring above his head. My paws hit the soft grass and didn't stop for Goddess knows how long.