

Chapter 2

2057 Words

My mother is the Luna to end all Lunas. There is absolutely no comparison to how she handles her duties. The pack house is immaculately decorated at all times, but for my brother today it is perfection. The deep emerald green and gold colors of our pack adorn the walls and as I step outside on the stone stairs I see that the decorations extended over the outside of the house as well. A banner hangs above the door with the current pack crest- gold embroidery on the green, of the falls we're so famous for with four stars next to a silver crescent moon. Robbie will update this when he's ready to t his family, as it hasn't been updated since my adoption and my dad (probably mom) had a star added to represent me.

"Oh, Molly. That dress was the perfect choice!" My mother exclaims and pulls me out of my thoughts. She looks perfect as always. She's tall and thin, with her straight brown hair being pulled up into an elegant twist. She never looks bad but she looks absolutely stunning today. She'll never admit it, but I know she's nervous to have the King and Queen here in such a formal setting. She's been friends with Queen Audrey since they were kids but it's rare that they're seen in such a public setting together.

"Thank you, Mom" I return to her in earnest. Her opinion means so much to me.

My brother lucked out and doesn't have to greet people even though it's his own Alpha ceremony. "How's Robbie doing today?" I ask.

"Alpha Robert" she says, emphasizing the Robert "Is doing wonderfully today. He's prepared for this role his entire life and is ready. I just wish he had found his Luna before assuming the role, but he will be ne. You and I will have to help him out with the Luna duties until he nds her." she tells me, and while I'd rather do anything than decorate, there's not a thing I wouldn't do for my brother.

I hear my dad sigh as he hears with his Alpha hearing what I assume are cars coming. "It's show time ladies".

A short moment later, I see a car approach and before they even get to us a second and third cars are seen just behind. The rst stops in front of the pack house and a gentleman with salt and pepper hair and a woman with dulling blonde hair step out followed by a large, dark-haired man with olive skin. "Ahh, Blake! So good to have you at the Falls! Thank you for joining us" my dad exclaims, seeing his old friend. "Celeste, Molly, this is Alpha Blake and his lovely Luna ,Amanda. I'm sorry Blake, I'm not sure I've met this young man before" he says before extending his hand to the younger, very handsome man with them.

"It's nice to meet you, Alpha Randall" he says to my dad while accepting his hand to shake. "I'm the future Alpha Chris. Thank you for inviting us to the ceremony. Luna Celeste, Molly, the pack house looks lovely" he says to my mother and I. She looks at me and I know that look. She's asking if he's maybe my mate, to which I barely shake my head no.

"It's lovely to meet you all" my mother expertly says to them with a smile. There's no social situation my mother can't handle with grace and while I'm in awe of her skills, I realize I probably should have said something- anything. But I didn't. They all stand looking at me, waiting for me to pull it together, but alas, I did not. High pressure social situations aren't my forte. Everyone continues to look at me when my dad nally steps in to save me from myself. "We can't express how much we appreciate you all making the trip here for our son." he says to them and they, thankfully, all turn their attention to him.

Perhaps I shouldn't have spent quite so much time hiding in the kitchens because that was the rst car and I've already messed up. There's now a whole line of cars waiting for us to greet them. Alpha Blake walks off with his family and as I'm about to apologize to my father his eyes go slightly out of focus, the sign that someone has mind linked him. He gathers his focus back and with a sigh he looks at me and says "Molly, there's a situation in the kitchen that they need you for. If you could please hurry back after, that would be most appreciated." Thank the Goddess! I quickly hug my dad and he whispers in my ear "You had better be in there for the ceremony" and I turn around going to the kitchen in a near run. I'm not sure if I'm moving so quickly because I don't know what the situation in the kitchen is or because I'm hopeful to not greet another guest, but either way, I head to the kitchen and get there in record time.

When I walk in the kitchen, nothing seems amiss. Everything smells ne and everyone seems very calm. With curiosity I say "What happened?".

"What do you mean?" Katie Mae asks me.

"Someone linked my dad and said there was a situation in the kitchen." I tell her.

"Oh, I don't know," Katie replies, "But Oliver is in your oce, Go check with him."

With confusion, I head to my oce to check in with my sous chef who is running things for dinner tonight. I nd him sitting back with his feet propped up on my desk smirking at me.

"Just how badly did you do, Molly?" He asks me.

"What do you mean? What's the emergency?" I ask in a confused panic.

"I do believe YOU are the emergency. Alpha Randall linked me and told me he was sending you back to the kitchen. Apparently, you just needed to be let out of your greeting duties. I was told to never speak of this to the Luna." he says while trying to stie a laugh.

I smile and link my dad "Thanks, old man" I tell him and can feel his slight chuckle in return. He's always looking out for me and probably the whole of the pack if I was supposed to continue attempting to greet people.

"So, what did you do?" Oliver asks me.

"I didn't DO anything. Which is the problem. I just forgot to talk."

"Oh Molls. You've got to be the worst mannered Alpha's daughter there ever was."

I laugh, but honestly, he's right. Daughters in the Alpha lineage are always trained to be mated to an Alpha and become their Luna. But since I'm adopted, and broken, I've never taken the training seriously. I could throw together a dinner party if I had to, but I'd much prefer to be in the kitchen cooking for it instead.

"See any hot guys up there?" Oliver asks, breaking me out of my thoughts of my failure.

"Oli, I met 1 family before Dad sent me down. But, of course, I found an attractive guy. He's the future Alpha of some pack. I don't think they ever said where. My dad knew his dad pretty well."

"I'll have to sneak up and check out the options during the ceremony, not that I'll be nding my mate in a room full of Alphas. It doesn't hurt to enjoy looking though." he tells me as his face falls.

My heart stings for my best friend. Oliver is an omega. He probably would have been named head chef if it hadn't been for me. We're the same age and became friends while in school. Most Alphas don't send their kids to the pack schools so they won't fraternize with the Omegas, but my dad felt it was important for pack unity if Robbie and I attended the school. He was right, too. Robbie and I made friends with kids from all class structures and it really helped us to understand how privileged we are to be the Alpha's kids, and to have everything we do.

Oliver and I met in elementary school and became the best of friends. His dad had passed away when he was a kid but his mom was amazing. She used to let me come over after school to play and sometimes I'd get to stay for dinner. She taught me how to cook, even though she didn't work in the pack kitchens. She loved food and taught us everything she could in those years after school and during summer break when we'd go play in the falls and come back completely lthy and starving.

When we were in middle school Oliver came out to me. I'd never met a gay wolf, but it didn't bother me. Unfortunately, as Oli got older and conded in more people, word spread and he was treated very poorly by other kids who just didn't understand him. Robbie tried to step in and would hang out with us, but it didn't matter to the other kids as much as he'd hoped. Oliver's mom died in a rogue attack just before he turned 18, so he left school and started working in the pack kitchen. It was terrible what happened, but I'm glad we landed in the kitchen together.

Oliver has always been the person who encourages me most and it's helped me be brave. Brave enough to tell my dad I wanted to work in the kitchen. Brave enough to accept that I'm just a broken wolf. Brave enough to try all the new things we wanted to in the kitchen, and even beyond that. A few years ago, we cut back the overgrown area behind the pack house and planted a huge edible garden.The rst two years it wasn't amazing, but we did more research and with our hard work this year, it has been really successful. The pack house grocery bill was cut almost in half for the summer from everything we've been able to harvest, though we didn't have the abundance we'd hoped for to store for the winter months.

I know that I'll nd Oliver peeking up the stairs during the Alpha ceremony checking out all the guys there. I truly hope that he nds a mate one day. One of us should be happy, and I'm OK that it's him.

"Oli, you better not burn my brother's dinner because you're sneaking off to check out the Alpha's" I tell him, mostly joking, but completely serious at the same time.

"I'd never dream of burning Alpha Robert's celebration dinner, my dear" he tells me while grabbing my hand.

Suddenly, I'm met with the smell of pine and tobacco and I instantly know it's my brother walking in. He smells so much like my dad, but still his own. I turn to make a joke about him becoming Alpha today, but when I see his face, I know it's not the time. He's so serious, too serious. He's never like this around me.

"Molly, I, uh, I need you to come up to Dad's oce... my oce, with me." he says, and he's so uncomfortable to be telling me this.

"What's wrong? Is everyone OK?" I ask, knowing deep inside that something is wrong.

"Everyone is ne, Molly. Dad needs to speak with you." He tells me, looking anywhere but my eyes.

"Dad? Why isn't he greeting the guests? Why didn't he just mindlink me? Robert," I say to him, almost in a panic. "What's going on?!"

"Molly," now he starts, and now he looks me in the eyes. There's so much emotion and sympathy in hazel eyes and I know it's bad. It's very bad. "Your mate is here."