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The afternoon floated by and for a little while I forgot about being an alpha princess hybrid witch conundrum and I was just a girl talking with her friends about being a mate. It wasn't until the sun was setting and Ava came looking for us that I realized we had been out here all day. We each took small breaks to grab snacks and go to the bathroom, but we didn't leave this spot the entire day. I don't even remember the last time I did that when we weren't doing some kind of recon for a job.

"Skylar, I need to see you and the boys. Can you meet us at Brett's house please?" She didn't wait for an answer, just turned around and walked away. I looked at my friends confused.

"Why did she seem afraid to talk to you?" Lil asks from my right.

"No idea, but now I'm curious. Maybe she has information that might help?" I say it like a question, cause if something bigger was going on, she wouldn't want to meet at a house, she would want action. I think.

We all stand and stretch as we speculate what it could be about. I feel like there are so many moving parts and people in the pack and a majority of our pack members aren't even here. I have to trust that everyone is doing their job, but at the same time, I feel like I have been so caught up in myself and what I have been going through since I returned that maybe I have missed crucial things. The thought makes me feel terrible, like I am already failing at my job as a part of the leadership of this pack. I

used to focus on everyone and now I have become no better than Kaley. Self absorbed and self important. I have to fix that, immediately. 2

"What has you this miserable, mate?" Cam scoops me up from behind. I know it's him without looking or even his scent, I just know, but I didn't hear him approach either. Strange.

"Just a personal observation, no big deal." I try to brush it off as his fingertips grip my waist and he catches a bare spot between my shirt and leggings. The minor skin to skin contact sends flames through my body. I have got to get this attraction under control, otherwise I am liable to catch fire or turn into a glow stick or whatever happened to me when we mated, but in public. It's bad enough the fire lets everyone know about my intimate endeavors, which my friends were so helpful to point out as we talked. Sierra was at least impressed with my stamina and that I couldn't give her a count of how many org\*sms they gave me, because I was too out of my mind to count.

"When you are this torn up about it, it is a big deal. And you seem to be bouncing between two distinct emotions. One I don't like and the other I like a lot." Oliver slides up next to us, pulling me out of my lustful thoughts with his sexy half smile.

"Any strong emotion is a big deal. What's up Smalls?"

Dakota flanks us on the other side as Cam settles me into a more comfortable bridal carry.

I huff out a sigh, I really can't keep anything from them now. I don't particularly like lying, but sometimes feelings are just meant for the person feeling them, nothing to be shared. It's a way of processing, nothing more. "Ava came to get me and asked that we meet her at Brett's house and she wanted to talk to the four of us, which shouldn't be a big deal, but the look on her face said it might be. She almost shied away from us, which isn't like her at all. I just feel like I have been so concerned with my own things that I haven't been paying any attention to the people around us. I don't want to be self absorbed." I let my chin drop to my chest.

"I guess it's good she came to you. She has been avoiding us since we mated." Cam says, nudging my temple with his nose so I'll look up at him. He's looking down at me with real concern in his eyes. "I don't know if it's all the changes or maybe us mating brought something on. This whole situation is crazy and unpredictable, who knows how it's affecting the rest of them. I think Sam and Kyle are the only ones who have maintained a normal relationship. But, that's probably due to the fact that we have been under an attack threat for almost two years now and they have worked together to make the patrols and training schedules since before you left for training." I notice he leaves it at that. That 'I left for training.' We'll have to circle back to that discussion. "Nothing about us mating has changed that for them. Dad dying set the rest of us on a crash course path to changing the leadership for the pack, there were bound to be growing pains. I don't think Mom, Brett or even Daniel were prepared to have their whole job basically stripped like that. There's usually a transition period, but with all of the attacks and threats, our transition wasn't standard."

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"I don't think there is anything standard about our pack." I laugh more to myself, but they all smile at me. "I mean, you guys do realize that we are next in line for the Royal pack until Mina, Xander and Oscar have their pup right?"

Cam stops and looks at me, eyebrows raised. "What about Mateo and Jena? He's older than you, wouldn't that make them the next in line?" He continues walking us through the packhouse and out the front door.

"I think the rank he and Jena chose puts them second. If Jena had chosen to reestablish her pack as the Alpha, then yes, we would be equally in line for the throne, but they are here as our Betas. It doesn't make the thought any less weird." I try to wiggle out of Cam's arms, but he's not having it. "Can I walk please? I feel like I need to keep moving after being incapacitated for so long."

Cam sighs and puts me down reluctantly between himself and Oliver. Dakota moves silently behind me. It only takes a couple minutes to walk to the Gamma house. I move to knock, but Oliver just reaches for the handle and opens it. I guess that makes sense, since he technically grew up in this house. I don't know if the guys spent more time at the packhouse or at their own houses when they were younger. It was probably an equal mix leaning heavily on them spending more time at the packhouse.

We walk in and can hear voices back towards the kitchen so we follow the sounds. We walk through, single file, since the guys can't even stand side by side in a normally sized area. I step into the kitchen first to find Ava wrapped in Brett's arms, his lips on her forehead. They are clearly having a moment and we are interrupting. I stop short, causing Cam to step into me and knock me forward a few steps. He catches me easily and makes sure I'm solid on my feet. It must have been too quick for anyone else to notice since Cam got out a 'huh?' before the two adults looked our way.

"Oh my!" Ava almost jumps away from Brett, but he doesn't let her get far. "How long have you been there? We didn't hear you come in."

"Apparently we are super stealthy now." Dakota laughs, making his way into the room completely. "Is this what you wanted to talk to us about?" He gestures back and forth between them. "Cause you made Smalls nervous, and you have been avoiding us for a while."

"How long have you known?" Oliver asks, and I can't read his expression.

Brett takes a deep breath, but doesn't try to deny anything or placate us like children. He just jumps right in.

"The pull has been gradually increasing since you marked Skylar, The full bond kicked in the other night, I assume, when you finished mating." Brett answers looking at each of them, probably trying to figure out which one is his son.

Ava smiles. "I guess it's fitting seeing how this turned out for you boys. I can't get over the changes in you three, or the fact that I can't tell you apart. I have never had to try so hard to figure out who is who. The only time I really struggled was when Cam and Kota were trying to be difficult." She gives them a distinct 'mom' look. "Now even your natural voices and movements are the same."

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I look behind me at my mates, I can still tell each of them apart. They aren't identical to me, but the twins never were, so I guess I'm not a good gauge for their transformation.

"Come in and eat with us." Brett gestures towards the table laid out. "It might be the only time we can sit as a family. I don't think the Rogue King is going to leave us alone for much longer, especially after Sky blasted a hole in Mike. Any Alpha would have felt a pack member die, as his father the pain should have been more severe, but we also don't know the state of his mind after talking with Nickolas and Osiston."

"Is he still here?" I haven't seen Osiston in so long. Him and Alpha Reggie were my crazy uncles, pushing me to be better and get stronger, while still watching my back. They made sure I became my absolute best. They weren't worried about me getting hurt. Then again, they saw me at my most broken and weakest. I could only go up from being the unconscious form in a hospital bed.