

The Broken Warrior's Daughter

Chapter 4: Rik

I don't know every member of my pack? Meaning she's part of my pack? No way! My father has drilled it into my head since I was a pup. 'Know every member of your pack by name. They are what makes the pack strong. Show them how much you value them as a pack member and they will always be loyal to you.'

My head is full of these thoughts as I turn and head out to my car. Who the hell could she be? And I didn't realize it at the time, but she never submitted to me. If she's a pack member, she should have submitted to me like Jason did. So why didn't that she-wolf submit to me? And, fuck, I didn't even get her name. I'm so absorbed in my thoughts that I almost run into Chase.

"Hey Rik, did you catch her?" I look at him and frown.

"Huh?"

He looks at me quizzically, "The brunette from earlier? Did you get her name and what pack she belongs to?"

I look at my friend over the top of my car, ignoring his question. "Did you recognize her?"

He frowns at me as he slides into the passenger seat of the car, "No, I only saw her from the back, why?"

I start the car as I reply, "She implied that she's part of our pack", I answer as I look at him.

"So, what's the problem?" he asks me.

"The problem" I reply through gritted teeth, "is that I didn't recognize her. How can she be part of our pack if I didn't recognize her?" I look at him as I roll to a stop at a red light.

I see the surprise and frustration I'm feeling mirrored in my future Beta's face. "What do you mean you didn't recognize her? You know everyone in the pack. Hell, I know everyone in the pack. You've made sure of it."

The light turns green and I return my attention to the road as I pull through the intersection, “Exactly! How is this possible?”

“I know it's a long shot, but do you think she was lying?” Chase asks.

I look at him like he's lost his mind.

“I know it sounds crazy, but there are she-wolves out there that are saving themselves for their mate and maybe she was worried about offending you, so she lied.” It's a thought, until I factor Jason into the equation.

“She's friends with Jason.”

“Jason Elcove?”

“Yep. They are apparently friends.”

“But she's obviously never been to training”, he states it as a fact. He and I run afternoon training sessions, so we would know if she attended training.

I drum my fingers on the wheel as I contemplate that I may possibly not know everyone in my pack. Impossible. I've been to every event, every gathering, I provide afternoon training to the pack warriors, hell, I make sure to have at least one meal a day in the packhouse dining room . And I have never, not once, not ever, seen that girl.

I wouldn't have forgotten her, not with that hair and definitely not with those eyes. Those piercing eyes that were almost as startling as that electric shock I got when our hands touched. What was that? I'd say it was the mate bond, but I'm not old enough to feel that yet, and by my estimation, neither is she. So what was it?

“So, ask Jason who she is this afternoon during training.” Chase suggests.

I give him my ‘are you fucking kidding me’ look. “First and foremost, I'm an alpha. I don't chase pussy, it comes to me. Second, I don't need to ask a warrior about a she-wolf. I'll figure it out myself.”

Chase shrugs, “Ok, but I'll keep a lookout. And If you get a chance tomorrow, point her out again so I can see her face. Maybe I'll recognize her.”

I look at my lifelong friend, “Thanks man, I appreciate it.” I reach out my fist and we fist bump.

“Hey, I got your back. Always. Now let’s go kick some warrior ass.”

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After training, I head back up to my room to shower before heading back down to the dining room. On my way back down, I run into my mother.

“Rik, how was your day honey?”

I lean down to give my mother a kiss, as she’s only 5’6”. “Good mom. I’m headed down to dinner.” She places her hand on my cheek to hold me in place as I move to walk past her.

“I’m going to Lily’s memorial to lay fresh flowers tonight. Will you be joining me again since your dad will be having dinner with Mr. Nelson?”

She asks as if it’s a question. As if I haven’t joined her every week for the past 13 years to lay fresh flowers on Mrs. Nelson’s memorial. It’s our thing, since my father refuses to let me go with him to see Mr. Nelson, saying that it’s “their time”. I get it, but I’d still like to show my respect to the man that gave so much for my family. I’d also like to meet his daughter. I realize she takes care of him, and is most likely his primary caretaker since Mrs. Nelson passed on and they only had the one child. But she will be one of my pack members when I take over as Alpha and I want her to know that the respect that has been shown by my mother and father is also mirrored in me, that she will always have whatever she needs from the pack. I will make sure of it. It’s a debt that can never be repaid but I plan to make sure that the Nelsons never lack for anything.

I look at my mother, “You ask that as if it’s really a question and I might say no.” I raise my eyebrow at her.

She laughs and pats my arm, “You are so much like your father. Go eat and then we’ll head out.”

I wrap my arms around her and give her a proper hug. “Ok mom, see you in a bit.”

I head down to the dining room. A huge buffet of food is lined up on one wall. I grab a plate and look around, trying to see if the little brunette is here. I’m not

surprised, but I am disappointed when I don't see her. I see some of our warriors having dinner and I head over to join them.