

# The Daughter of Wolf Executor By Yvonne Dalton Chapter 1

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## Chapter 1

I was told as a child, the stories of legend. However like all stories, legend have to come to an end sometime. Don't they?

When the youngsters in the pack reach 18-20 years of age, the elders of the pack will hold a bonfire for them and tell them something about shifting or mates, as well as the legend. It was a passed on tradition threw Werewolves. When I was nineteen, I attended the bonfire with eleven other children from our pack. That night, the moon hung brightly in the sky as we sat around chatting about random happenings.

It was all loud and crazy, till someone spotted a lantern coming our way. With the biting cold wind, the six elders came forward and formed a line. The long tree that had been made into a bench, waiting for them.

Part of the reason we held this timely event was so we could be granted our wolves. We could hear the wolves and feel them brewing inside us. But we couldn't shift, so when we finally reach the right age, we need to learn to master this skill.

With everyone settled, the elder who sat in the middle spoke.

"You are all here, to receive your wolfs form. And to hear of the oldest legend known to our kind." His voice was gruff and old like a grandfathers.. The twelve teens who sat around, were a mixture of females and males. Some from low ranking wolves, all the way up to the Alpha's son. It was also known to the teens that when you received your wolf form, you would be able to smell your mate. It was really something to look forward to for us, not only did we get our wolves but the chance to get a mate was just as promising.

The whispers as everything grew more and more excited. The elder coughed making us hush, before going on.

"Let's begin, we'll start with this side and go down the line. Say your name and rank." I men tally frowned, nothing wrong with being the Enforcers daughter, but it wasn't anything to brag about either.

The Alpha's son went first.

"Jex Alpha's son." Bursting with pride and arrogance. He was good looking, but nothing I drooled

over.

Next was a small female.

"Missa, Pack Doctors Daughter" She was cute, and had a squeak to her voice.

Sighing I stood up next.

"Fina, Enforcers Daughter" Quickly sitting back down.

This went on, till we reached the last person. With a nod the elder spoke again.

"I will begin the legend of our four fathers" With a deep breath the words themselves, fell hushed. "In an age long ago, an Alpha of the king became one with his mate. She bore him a son, one with the greatest strengths known throughout the wolves. Swift on his feet, both in wolf and human form. Power to command any creature around, strength un-compared in his time. He was so powerful, the king himself feared him. Due to the man's unruly temper, the king sent out fleets of Wolves to catch or destroy the man."

"To no fail did the king's fleet, bring the man back dead or alive. Try as the king might, he soon gave up. Fearing that if he were to send anymore men, the beast himself would come knocking on his

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door. Soon word died down of the incredible man, he seemed to vanish without a trace. Some way he take refuge in the deeps of the dark forest, from this day forward we forbid anyone to enter that same forest."

The elder looked over his shoulder, towards the forest I was told never to go into.

“If you should see a dark figure, flee from him. Unlike you or I, he can move with the silence of no

other.”

If this story was suppose to scare us into not, entering the woods he was doing a sh it ty job. Or at least I thought so.

The Jex couldn't wait to ask a question.

“Wait a minute, if he's been around for as long as our fore-fathers, shouldn't he be like old and cri pple by now?” Laughing as he made his st\*pid comment.

“Aww, there's where the mystery is. Some say he made a deal with the devil, giving him his youth forever. Others claim he was a witches pet for a while, and before she passed she granted him luster.” I huffed, causing a few elders to look my way. The youngest female out of the group, squeaked as she tried to form words.

“Wh....what did they...call him?” Biting her lip, while tucking herself under Ash, the local sweetheart. Looking from one elder to the next, he stared us straight in the face.

“Hadar.”

With everyone talking among themselves, I opt to sit close to the fire and watch as it flickered around. The friends I did have, were older then me and already been through this. So I sat quietly waiting for the elders to finish up, with the ceremony.

“Alright quiet down” The female yelled out. Everyone gathered around, as the elders got us into a line. Which just so happen to be the same order we spoke in. One by one we received a blessing, and a smear of blood down our faces. Then standing in a tight circle, words from an older tongue were spoken. Howling could be heard as we stood silently, one by one we felt our connection to our wolfs

grow.

It was then, that I smelled something wonderful. The smell was intoxicating, and I quickly fell into it. Lifting my head, I'm face to face with Jax.

Da mn it, is he my mate?!

But his face said it all, he wasn't pleased...