

The Daughter of Wolf Executor By Yvonne Dalton Chapter 2

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It was almost unheard of to reject the offer of a mate, but it did happen. Others giggled, happy to have found their mates. While I on the other hand stood deathly still, as Jex growled at me. "Hell no...not in a million years. Fina I reject you!" The gasps from the females, as the guys stood jaw dropped. A few elders gave me pity, as others bowed their heads. In the back of my soul my wolf cried her heart out, not understanding what we did wrong. Sadly enough we hadn't done anything. Jex just had his heart and head set on Mari A n n. Raking my hand through my hair, I nodded as turned around.

Like I said it wasn't common to be rejected, and as the enforcers daughter this wasn't looking good. Pushing my hands into my jean pockets, I went for a walk. Even as far away as I was, I could still hear them whispering about m e. St*pid idiots, can't wait till I'm completely out of hearing distance. What seemed like minutes turned into hours, and soon my father was trying to dial my numbers in my head. Groaning I opened the hole for him.

-Fina where are you?~

-Walking. Didn't he get I wanted to be left alone.

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-Your mom's worried about you, come home. Like he'd ever admit he was worried.

~I will in a while~ Closing the hole, before I could hear him protest. I wasn't ready to hear everyone's remarks, or hear my father preach.

Picking up a long stick, I swung it back and forth. Breaking a piece here and there. Wolf was still upset, and I couldn't think of a way to comfort her in my current state. She had every right to be upset, I didn't really like Jex all that much, but he was still suppose to be our mate. Now she was on the verge of leaving me, and I would go right back into

the same mindless state I was in before getting her. It angered me, the pain I was feeling tightened around ribs.

my

The stick flung as far as I could toss it, the sound of it shattering made me feel a little better. But not nearly enough, I wanted to kill...no I just wanted to be held. Sadness crept in, as I dropped to my knees and just screamed. The dark dirt filling under my finger nails, as I raked them across over and over again.

Suddenly, a snap made me realize there was someone else here. I didn't want anyone to hear my pathetic cries, because it would tell my father. The enforcer's daughter crying out in the woods like a pup longing for its mother.

Raising my head, I realized then that this creature wasn't going to tell anyone about me. It's a brown war bear, with its blood red eyes was watching me. Our only known threat was a war bear, they were strong and surprisingly quick.

Snarling as saliva dripped between clenched teeth, I slowly stood up. Thinking over my options, I could run which wouldn't get me very far. I could fight back, which would really be something to be

hold.

A freshly wolf given female, fighting off a war bear. Now there's a headline for yea. As if reading my thoughts, he snapped a branch that had been under his paw. With my wolf distant, I was on my

own.

Using what little I had, I was going to fight. Being an Enforcers daughter meant, standing up yourself. And as the way things are now, I didn't see any other option.

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My lips quivered as I tried to forget the rejection and try to live. But this time I find that the rejection seems to help me because it makes me more angry. I used it to fuel my fire, and I roared out as loud and as deep as I could.

It was my threat, my warning that today...was not a day to mess with me. Shaking from both fear and anger, I grabbed a pointed branch and charged. Screaming as I ran at the beast, him echoing my

cries.

We were on patrol, something we do often. Our lord was busy working on something or another, so as good men we ran the borders.

We had picked up the scent of a war bear, and we headed for his direction. They weren't allowed on our lands, so dealing with it now was a must. As the scent thickened, we slid to a stop. The sound of a battle cry. ringing through our ears. It was too high pitched for a man, which led us to believe a she-wolf was screaming.

Quickly we ran, pushing our wolves faster. Had the she-wolf encountered the bear, she would be done for. The sickening stench of blood, filled our noses as we pushed over a hill. At the top we watched in horror, as the young female fell to the ground. The war bear pluming towards her, his paws shook the earth. As she lay there her eyes fixated on the bear, he lunged. She moved grabbing something, before his body smashed into hers. His roar of pain, as a large bloody object stuck out his back.

Blood covered his fur, as his eyes fluttered closed. Quickly we ran down, the men checking to make sure the bear was dead. Pushing its large body to the side, the small female had positioned herself into a ditch.

Her eyes closed, as her breathing was labored.

She shifted before rolling onto her side, her hair covered in leaves and sticks.

"Who are, what do you want?" She growling.

"This is our territory, shouldn't we be asking you that?" I asked.

