

CHAPTER 5 - THE ALPHA'S SON

PERKS OF REJECTED MATE

Tyrone is 18 year old and the only son of Alpha Marco and Luna Axelia, originally he is based in Greece to study but when he turned 13, his parents transferred him to England even its against his will. They only compromised that he will be spending summer vacation in Greece and complete his last year of his school in Greece once he learn the proper education for being an Alpha without any eyes on him.

His parents wanted for him to live a normal life and experienced the best ground training for him since he will be the next Alpha of their pack. It will be his sole responsibility to fight and defend their territory, be well experienced in terms of hunting and even before, during and after battles. If you think his life is easy in England that is where they are wrong because it was the other way around.

(FLASHBACK -- five years ago)

The plane just landed in Heathrow Airport and he is expecting to meet his Uncle Marcello who will pick him up. He is his father's only brother and a werewolf too but choses to be normal for his mate's sake with the Elder's permission. His Aunt is human who accepted their lineage after convincing her family that they are not a threat but a family. He hasn't met her and their daughter, so this will be exciting and nerve-racking introduction for him. Usually only his Uncle come visit them during special occasions but it was seldom to happen.

"My favorite nephew at last you're here!" His Uncle hugged Tyrone from the arrival area.

"I'm your only nephew." Tyrone shouted back in playful tone.

"You're right about that par, you've grown so tall now!" Marcello took in his height.

"Yup! Soon enough I'll be taller than you and Dad." He added.

"You're right, anyway come on let's get you home, I bet you're tired." His Uncle took the luggage from him.

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"I'll get that one it's not that heavy," Tyrone grabbed the luggage from his Uncle's grip.

"By the way, your University has been arranged and your Dad specifically called to remind me about your training." He walked ahead of Tyrone while fetching the keys inside his pocket.

"Yeah Dad told me you're one of our best fighters back then was it true?" Tyrone helped him opening the trunk.

"I was but not anymore." His Uncle went to the driver's seat.

Soon as the engine revved, they began catching up about the pack and how it was for the last five years. It was the same time when he decided to move to London and save his mate from being attack by their enemies considering he is considered to be next in the throne if Tyrone was not born. As they chatted along, Marcello told him the basic things he needed to know when living in London. He discovered that blocking the pavement and walking slowly irritates Londoner; buying hot dog or burger from the carts on wheeled out at night are not good because of poor hygiene standards; lastly he gave tips on few terms that is too different from his understanding like alright for them is asking how are you and not a claiming statement for your emotions or mood.

"Thanks for the heads up Uncle." Tyrone mentally noted his advice.

"You're welcome my boy." He switched the gear.

After an hour of driving, they reached the town where they live and to be honest Tyrone enjoyed their mini tour. Their house got a small garden up front with small koi pond; and a big pool and football area. Tyrone felt that he would definitely considered living with his Uncle because of he loves Manchester United.

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"You're finally here." Marcello's wife is waiting by the door.

"Tyrone, this is Paloma my wife and my daughter Agatha." Marcello introduced his family.

Her Aunt Paloma have shoulder length small auburn wavy hair with brown eyes while Agatha has long straight brown hair with an almond blue eyes like Marcello. As per his parents, Paloma is half British and half Greek and his Uncle meet Paloma during his Beta's oath taking. Regarding Agatha, she is around his age too and studying in the same University as his.

"Hi nice to finally meet you Paloma, Agatha." Tyrone politely greeted them.

"Same here dear." She hugged him.

"Thank you for taking me in." Tyrone was caught off guard with that gesture but returned it after few seconds.

"Nonsense, of course you are a family too, your Uncle tells me about you." Paloma pulled away and scanned him.

"I hope the good ones." He smiled.

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"Depends on how you define good?" Agatha butted in.

"Agatha, please show your cousin his room then proceed to the dine area in an hour." Paloma has a strong British accent.

Tyrone picked up his luggage from the trunk and followed his cousin who seems to be timid but he can tell she's just testing the water. Agatha toured him around the house and Tyrone easily memorized each corner since it's not as big as the pack house. They made few conversations until Tyrone finally breaks her ice after mentioning the favorite game online.

"Oh geez! Thank goodness you know that game, come on let's play I promise I'll help you with your stuff later!" Agatha dragged him inside her room.

They settled on the bed and Agatha immediately put the game to play written Call of Duty. Both of them did not know what time they started playing because they are so addicted to it. Tyrone was winning when they suddenly heard a voice followed by a knock on the door.

"Dinner time! Come on down guys!" Aunt Paloma is behind the door.

"Let's go, I'm starving." Agatha ran to the door as he followed closed by after pausing the game.

The food is amazing and it was the first time Tyrone eats the British meal; he had the famous fish and chips. British people called potato fries as chips and Cottage pie for beef dish while Shepherd's pie is for lamb dish.

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After the deliciously homemade meal, Marcello filled him in about the schedule of the trainings they will be doing. He trained Tyrone on his human form for 12 hours starting from six in the morning till six in the evening. Marcello made him do 500 push-ups while he is sitting on his stomach; Tyrone runs 100 miles on his feet while his Uncle is driving the car. The worst of all the training is Marcello will hang Tyrone's feet to the bars just to reach the bottle water on the ground. Those are the most exhausting and most challenging training he had with him, when Tyrone is almost close in giving thought Marcello was there to keep him motivated. He used to say, if his human form can't handle the pressure then his wolf form would never be ready for it.

(END OF FLASHBACK)

After five years of living with his Uncle, he realized all the importance of their trainings, how it will give you perseverance and determined your strength and weaknesses. Marcello was after all the best fighter of their pack who chose to leave his position for his human mate. Tyrone asked him why he did it and his uncle told him when he finds his mate whether human or werewolf, he will know that nothing else matters. Marcello told him that he will give up everything including his title just to be with her.