

Chapter 150: Rogues

Tereshan

I look around the brothel once more, making sure that everyone is out.

“Have we checked the rooms, making sure that there are no more girls hiding?” I ask. We’ve found several hiding spots where the girls have tucked themselves during the fighting tonight.

Jesiah looks at me. “Honestly, Alpha, these girls were found in spots I’d never have guessed they could fit in. If it weren’t for Lucy and Nita, we wouldn’t have found the ones we did.”

We have one last van waiting to take the girls back. Nearly two vans had been filled with girls that needed some level of medical care. I sent one to our pack and one to Keegan’s, having Claire call ahead to let them know.

“Claire, can you call Zoey and ask if the women there know of anyone that is missing? It’s possible some ran, but I want to make sure we have as many as possible. Jesiah, call Dane and have Feena ask the same of the girls in our pack.”

As they make the calls, I look around. There are so many terrible memories here for all of these girls. I look at Claire, wondering if she’ll agree with my idea. We can board this place up and then, once everyone is healed, we can have any of the girls who want to participate come and help to burn this place to the ground. Maybe it will help with their

healing.

'I love the idea,' Claire's voice floats into my head. I turn, seeing her watching me as she finishes up the call with Zoey.

It's late at night, or, as I look at my watch, I see that it's early in the morning. I've felt my mate's disgust and sadness increasing as the night went on.

After Eason ran off like the coward he is, I was able to focus on the others who were fighting. He was the only Alpha here and I didn't see Roman, so after the initial battle, the fighting was mostly with the patrons who were upstairs in the bedrooms with the girls. The biggest fighters were the ones that had some sort of weapon that they were already using, like the unexpected knife that sank into my bicep.

That guy lost his life. He had aimed at Claire when he threw the knife. That was enough for me to kill him, but the added pain of the knife slicing into my muscle just added to it. I helped Claire untie the girl who ended up in one of the medical vans. Thankfully by the time the badly injured girls were coming out, most of my warriors were able to help provide initial medical care and protection to the vans.

I sent Lucy home in one and Nita home in another, trying to help keep the girls calm while they were being transported.

"Let's get this place boarded up. I'm tired and I want to get home," I say.

When we finally get home, both of us need a shower. I hold my little mate, who is practically asleep in her feet, and bathe both of us.

As I carry her to bed, she lays her head on my shoulder. "I'm supposed to give you your reward," she says sleepily.

I chuckle. "Technically, I got injured and there are plenty more days for me to get my reward, baby. Get some sleep," I tell her as I crawl into bed, keeping her tucked up against me.

I'm asleep almost as fast as she is.

It's late the next morning when I open my eyes. I'm still tired, but today is Claire's Luna ceremony. It's also the day that those who would like to join our pack are going to swear their fealty to me and to Claire. I kiss her head before getting out of bed and going in search of Dane and Feena.

I find them in his office, looking over documents.

"How did everything go last night?" I ask as I walk in.

Feena looks up at me and I see her eyes go unfocused.

"I have breakfast coming up for you, Alpha," she says when her eyes refocus.

"Thanks, Feena. Claire's still sleeping but she'll need to eat when she gets up too."

"Of course, Alpha."

"All the women are accounted for, Alpha. We have ten in our pack hospital and Keegan has another twelve in his. We also have a bunch of traumatized females who are terrified of being around our warriors," he says.

"Where's Bryson?" I ask, wondering if he took the

opportunity to sneak off with Ivy.

Feena gives Dane a side eye as he scrubs his face. "He's at Keegan's with Nita. Apparently, he never told Nita that his first mate was Ivy."

He looks up at me. "Ivy made sure to tell her last night. They're trying to work things out, as if they didn't have enough to overcome. They'll be back later today."

"How many women in total?"

"Seventy-six. And Alpha, there's more than a few that are underage. I'm working to try and find their families if they think they're still alive. Some of these girls were runaways, some were running from pack wars, but I want to try and find their families if I can," Feena says.

"There you are," a sleepy sounding Claire says from the doorway. "Why didn't you wake me up?"

I move to her quickly, taking her in my arms. "You were still sleeping soundly, and you have a big night tonight. I was letting you catch up on your rest, baby."

"You have a busy night too, Tereshan," she says, just as the food comes in.

"Here, sit and eat. Feena will order more food," I tell her.

Dane and Feena move to sit around the table with us. "Have some of this, Tereshan. You know I can't eat all of it," she says, taking a piece of bacon.

"We were just discussing the females that came in last

night," Feena says.

"Do we know if they belong to a pack, or if they are rogues?" Claire asks.

Feena and Dane look at each other again.

"Alpha, you remember those rogues that were attacking, the ones that Heath was letting in?" Dane asks.

"Yes."

Dane presses his lips together. "Apparently, Alpha Franco was using their mates in the brothel, threatening to kill them if the males didn't attack and continue to attack. It's how he was controlling them."

Claire's fork clatters onto her plate. "But, if they were in the brothel..."

"Right. We're pretty sure it drove some of them crazy. Not to mention, we know we killed a lot of them."

I clench my fists, rage washing over me. How had I never realized how evil Franco was.

"How many still have mates?" I ask.

"Enough that our borders are starting to get attacked because they want to get to them," Feena says.

Claire and I are up in an instant.

"Where are you going?" Dane asks.

I turn to Feena. "Get as many of those women as you can,

those that are able to walk." I turn to Dane. "Call Keegan, have him do the same and bring those women to the border where we are being attacked. Tell the patrols not to kill any of the rogues."

I take Claire's hand, swinging her onto my back and racing to the eastern border where the rogues are attacking.

"I'm so fucking glad I killed that asshole Franco," I snarl as I run.

"Me too," she says in my ear as we reach to border. I can see that there are several rogues, some already injured where my patrols have been fighting with them.

I put Claire down and walk into the battle.

"STOP!" I yell, letting Magnor's full Alpha aura spread around, causing the rogues to yelp and fall to the ground and my patrols to lay down and expose their throats in submission.

"I am not your enemy. I have your mates, but I just learned that they are your mates. Stop fighting and let me get them to you. We closed down the brothel where they were living last night."

Some of the rogues shift back to their human form, while some, those that look like they are close to or have already gone crazy continue to fight my aura, snarling and snapping at me from a distance.

"Living? You mean held captive, don't you Alpha?" one of the rogues snarls at me.

"Yes, and I will warn you now, many of the women we rescued last night are injured. If you know your mate is alive and she doesn't join us, we will take you to our pack hospital so you can find her, as long as you quit attacking us. We are not your enemy." I say.

"My mate killed Alpha Franco, the one that enslaved your mates. We bought the brothel last night with the full intent of closing it down, which we did. We've only just found out that they were your mates. Give us a few moments to get them here, to you. We want to reunite you with them almost as much as you want it." Claire says, just as several pairs of eyes look past us, an intense look of relief on their faces.

"Julia?"

"Mary?"

Several of the rogues call out to their mates, running past us to the mates, grabbing hold of them, falling to the ground and sobbing as they cling to each other.

I keep an eye on the rogues that haven't shifted as they continue their pacing, watching what is happening. They've stopped snarling, but they still seem uneasy.

"There are more of our mates missing," one rogue says, searching desperately for his mate.

"Some of them went to our neighboring pack. They are bringing them now, but they have farther to travel," I tell him, as I watch one woman who is covered in bruises, walk slowly to one of the unshifted wolves.

"Julian?" Her voice catches as the wolf stops pacing looking

at her. "Oh goddess, Julian, I'm so sorry," she says, reaching down to hug the wolf who wraps himself around her as best he can, still unable to shift.

About ten minutes later, Keegan arrives with his group of females. They race from the cars, running to their mates.

"Alpha," a rogue says to me, nodding his head for me to step aside.

"Alpha Franco took my son. I was wondering...."

"He's in my pack hospital," Keegan says. "He's pretty badly injured, but I'll take you to him."

"Thank you, Alpha."

"Alpha, you said that some are in your pack hospital. If our mates aren't here, does that mean they are in your hospital?" another rogue asks me.

"Mine, or Alpha Keegan's most likely, yes. I can't guarantee that some didn't run last night. It was chaos, but we brought as many as we could back with us. If you want, my mate, Claire, and I will take you now." I say.

I watch as two of the wolves start to move forward. "You are welcome to come too, but you may not attack any of my people. If you do, Magnor will control you. Do you understand?" I ask them.

They chuff and I take the nearly twenty men first to my pack hospital, watching as one of the wolves leaps on the bed of the woman who was being carved on last night, lying beside her unconscious body and putting his big head on her chest.

The others who find their mates move to sit or lay beside them, depending on the severity of their mate's wounds.

Keegan takes the ones that remain back to his pack, to find their mates.

In the end, it's only the ten juveniles that don't have mates. All the others were being used and abused by Franco.