

Chapter 16

Shawn's Pov

He had a death wish. He had to have lost his ever loving mind. But then again a female will do that to you nowadays. I could scent Rory's fear from here. The amount of growls, and snarls that left the men of our pack scared her.

When I saw her body quiver and try to back away, I asked Jeremy to stop her through the mind link. She wanted to run, and I sensed it. Running was seen as a challenge to males, especially alphas, and while Carter is rogue, he is an alpha.

"Get her out of here." I sent down the pack link to Jeremy.

I had seen him sit with her at the bonre earlier. Despite my initial rage at seeing her with another man, I knew he would never hurt her. I didn't want her, so why did I care if she talked to other men?

With each passing second, Rory's scent grew fainter. I felt my tension ease, my body relaxing.

Carter was a d**k, but he wasn't stupid. What was his play? I knew Carter had taken over from my great uncle's position as Alpha of the Rogues. Well, those rogues that longed to be in a pack type situation. Rogues didn't have a set territory. They acted like drifters without a home or place to rest their heads at night. Some rogues chose to be that way, and some were banished from other packs, some hiding from the world. Some chose to be alone. Wolves are social creatures and though some may be without an ocial pack, we tend to gravitate towards one another.

Carter took another few steps closer, and I let my dominance pour out of me. Most of my pack had either frozen in their spots or retreated while the warriors, guards, and protectors of us all stepped forward, ready for the ght that was building.

Carter and his rogues noticed the line of defense separating him from my pack, from Rory. Thankfully Jeremy had gotten her out of there.

James stepped up to my side ready to back me up. It was a hard choice between choosing between him and his brother for Beta and Gamma but James had the more logistical side, the leadership qualities it takes to be a beta. Jeremy is a leader no doubt, but he is stronger, faster, more lethal. I've seen Jeremy claim a kill and it's a sight that never leaves your mind. People underestimate him because he's so quiet and keeps a calm facade but beneath the skin, behind the mask, he has his demons and he loves to let them out.

"Relax, my king." he said practically snarling at my title. I hated it sometimes, but I earned it. "This is a friendly visit. My pack is moving through the area. Per your laws, you are to be informed."

"And the comment about the female? That's not something to say at a friendly visit, is it?" James said while Carter cut his eyes to him.

"Oh, what a bore it would be to come and not rile him up? We rogues have to live up to our name. But you did catch me on quite a bad day. Your border patrols are lacking. We waltzed right in with no welcome party or invitation. Are you getting lax on us, dear King? Not to mention my pack and I hunted down 2 dark witches 30 miles from here. Are we no longer at war? Did I miss that memo?"

Dark Witches? That close?

"Stand down." I ordered my pack.

"Join me for a Drink." I ordered and turned, giving Carter my back. Showing him, I didn't perceive him as a threat to me. I heard the growl he sent my way at the insult, but I just smirked.

"James, get Jeremy, meet me in my oce. Have a guard outside Rory's room."

"I will sit with Rory." My dad chimed in with my mom on his heels. He was protective of the little wolf. Both he and my mother were.

"I was going to have you join us." I offered and he shook his head.

"You will tell me later. Your mother and I will keep her safe. Caroline and Julianna are already with her in her apartments." he said and stalked into the pack house.

"Trouble in paradise?" Carter's voice rang out from behind me. I chose not to respond knowing that he was egging me on. Trying to get a response out of me. I may be a king, but I still have a hotblooded temper that likes to are. It apparently liked to are a lot in regards to the little omega occupying the room down the hall from mine.

We made our way to my oce and along with my Beta and Gamma, Carter had two of his top wolves with him as well. I wouldn't call them by rank since they were not ocially recognized, but I could feel the power coming off of them.

I locked my oce door, kicking in the enchantments to make this room both soundproof and recorded. No one can get in or out of this room without my code to unlock it. It was essentially an oce and a safe room built into one.

I went to the bar and grabbed my top shelf whiskey before pouring a heaping glass.

"Help yourselves." I offered, refusing to pour anyone a drink. If we were alone, I might have but appearances and all.

I went to my desk and tapped the strong wood, mentally preparing myself for the conversation before sitting in the large leather chair. I leaned back and crossed my arms over my chest assessing everyone.

James and Jeremy sat on the armchairs opposite of each other while Carter and his rogues sat on the Lounge sofa directly in front of my desk. His rogues assessed me and my men while I kept my eyes on Carter. Much like me, his gaze was focused on me. No doubt reading me. Trying to see what I know and don't before we even get into the topic.

"Let us start with your borders, shall we?" he chimed. He seemed all too gleeful to tell me where we were lacking which was not an often occurrence. This I was itching to hear about.

"We came in on the southeasternmost border. There was no patrol for miles and trust me, we waited. We heard your little female give her precious victory howl. It was adorable by the way." he mentioned and I couldn't stop the growl that rumbled within me. Hearing me, he smirked as he realized he provoked a reaction out of me.

"Well, get to the omega later. But from what I understand, you're supposed to have patrols monitoring the borders on rotation every 10 minutes. Plus your cameras are up everywhere. What I want to know is why we waited at our crossing point for 2 hours before making our way to your bonre without encountering a single guard?"

That was concerning. I looked to James and Jeremy whose eyes were glazed over no doubt linking the appropriate wolves for information. There was a knock on the door within a few minutes as James went to assess and came back with a tablet in his hands.

"Video footage shows 3 patrols snatched from the border. Shot and disarmed. 5 males wearing balaclavas and 2 hooded gures. Appears to be feminine. Witches if it was my guess. This feed was saved on the hard drives before someone attempted to erase it. After that, it seems to have been placed on a loop."

"Looks like you have a traitor in your pack. Oh, great king."