

CH 1 (8 years after swearing allegiance to Half Moon Pack)

Lucinda POV

Sitting quietly in their camp, waiting for the cover of darkness, with their scents masked. So as not to be detected by the rogue wolves, that they were getting ready to attack; would not smell them when the time came. To retrieve the three young she-wolves that had been kidnapped from their pack just a few days ago, while they had been shopping in the nearby human town.

This was their job; they were a Retrieval Specialist Unit. Thomas was the leader of the group, he was the current Beta's younger brother, then there was West, Chris, Max and Dean, and Lucinda was their back-up. She had worked with them for 6 years, she knew how to do her job, as did they. She never went in, was wolf-less and defenceless; not that she was at all defenceless.

Lucinda was highly skilled in hand-to-hand combat, and could throw, with deadly accuracy, any of the dozen blades strapped to her thighs and leather corset. Then there was the compound bow she sported, which had silver-tipped arrow heads, and she never missed her target. She had trained harder and longer than anyone in the Half Moon Pack. Six hours a day, six days a week, when not away on mission, for Alpha Corey and Luna Lindy.

She could hold her own, each of her team members here knew that. When she had applied to join their team, they'd had their reservations about her, because she was wolf-less, but had quickly realized what a good asset she was to their team. She was quiet and light on her feet, and didn't smell like a wolf. Which sometimes meant that she could be used as bait for a trap, though Alpha Corey frowned upon that, so it was only allowed, when absolutely necessary, and her safety was guaranteed.

At this moment, they were all sitting around chatting quietly among themselves. When Lucinda turned her head at the sound of a gruff female voice, "Hello." She turned to look around her, but couldn't see anyone or anything; that was very weird. A growling, chuckling sound now she heard. Frowned and was about to ask her team if they had heard anything; they should be hearing it. They were all wolves and their hearing was way more acute than hers.

'I'm not out there, Lucinda... I'm in you still.'

Lucinda froze, her attention gained instantly, was she going mad? 'What?' she thought, shooting up onto her feet.

'I'm your wolf Ky'ra'. Then a massive howl let loose inside of her mind. She shivered, it was very loud and sounded very aggressive.

'Where have you been?' Lucinda had always believed she was wolf-less, and at 26 why wouldn't she?

'Waiting for you to be strong enough.'

'I'm strong, had to be.'

'I'm stronger, faster, will be your protector now.'

She could suddenly see in her mind a dark grey wolf stalking towards her, and she stalked not walked, her fur looked soft and silken, her eyes were glowing bright green. Lucinda could feel power pouring off of Ky'ra and towards her 'We'll run free soon.' Then she snarled, seemed angry that she was trapped inside of Lucinda, unable to get out of her right this minute, 'Full moon, and I am out.'

'Okay.' Lucinda murmured. She had never experienced anything like this before. She felt Ky'ra recede into the back of her mind and settle there. It was the strangest feeling, like there was a heaviness in her mind. She could feel her, and when she reached out to try and talk to her again, she was growled at 'Sleep now.'

Lucinda didn't argue, and she wondered if all wolves were this aggressive towards their human counterparts.

Her attention returned to the surrounding forest and her team. They were all staring at her, wide-eyed, and she noted they had backed away from her, hands all at the ready for a ght. Thomas had a hand out to the men, a gesture she recognized well; it was for them to back away.

"What?" she asked them, not understanding why all of a sudden they were ready to ght her.

"Lucinda, did you just get your wolf?" Thomas asked, his voice was all soft and non-threatening.

Lucinda frowned at him, he was talking to her in his cajoling tone. What the hell was wrong with him?

"Yes, Ky'ra is her name. It's really weird. Is it always weird?" she inquired. They all had wolves. Actually, now she realized both West and Dean's wolves were on the surface as she looked at them, their green glowing wolves eyes were watching her.

"Oh we saw her, heard her, Lucinda. Did she try and take control of you right away?"

"What? No, we just talked, I guess we...introduced ourselves."

"Does she seem happy to you?"

"No actually, angry at having to wait for the full moon."

"Oh I got angry, we all did." he motioned for everyone to come back and sit down again.

"What happened?" she asked, clearly she had missed something.

"Oh, just the sudden appearance, your eyes glowed green, and your ngers were all claws out, and she snarled quite aggressively."

Lucinda looked down and glanced at her hands. She'd not felt anything. There were no claws there now. "Isn't that normal?"

"No." West frowned at her, "not at all."

"Oh well, she's asleep now." Lucinda shrugged. Not much she could do about it.

Glancing at the time, she realized it was nearly time to go, mentioned it to them and then pulled her black hood down and her high collar up over her mouth and nose. So only her light honey-brown coloured eyes could be seen. Her whole outt was matte black, including her compound bow and arrow quiver. All her knives were matte black. This way she was completely hidden in the darkness of the night and nothing glinted or reected off her when she backing them up, as she would be doing tonight.

They all stood, the boys wearing easily removable clothing, for when they had to shift and ght in wolven form, and here in their camp was a spare bag, full of clothing in-case their wolves had to emerge from them without warning, tearing through their clothing.

She had seen all of them naked at one point or another. Though she was not interested in any of them, they were nice to look at, her team trained a lot; they needed to in this line of work. Stealth and agility were a must, but ghting skills needed to be top-notch, due to always having to ght it out. Sometimes it was in human form, but would usually end up in wolf on wolf ghts.

She'd saved each of their butts on more than one occasion with a well-timed arrow or blade to an enemy wolf. This was her part of the job; to watch and assist from a distance. Keep her eyes peeled for more enemies inbound, and deal with them as silently as was possible.

Lucinda was perched above them on a hill with a clear line of sight, watching them as they descended into the small valley below. The rogues could not only be smelled from here, but could be heard. She could clearly hear them, taunting the captive girls that they had chained up to a tree down there. Lucinda counted seven female hostages, a dozen rogue wolves and four vehicles.

They might not have a real pack, but clearly, these rogues were well organized, well funded and had done this before.

Five highly trained stealth specialists against a dozen rogues. She didn't much like the odds, but had seen them go in like this before. Lucinda wondered where the other girls came from? It didn't really matter, just a passing thought, because they would be rescued along with their own.

Alpha Corey would nd out what packs they belonged to, make contact with them, and organize for the girls to be picked up or transported back to their own pack, likely by herself and her team. If any were rogues, they would likely have the opportunity to join the pack.

She scanned the small clearing, and then the woods behind it, and saw movement, several people moving. Wow, her eyesight was great tonight, sharper now, and the night appeared to be brighter and clearer. She could feel Ky'ra lift her head in her mind, enhancing her sight. She smiled, perks of being a wolf, she guessed, she could get used to this.

Her wolf snorted at her 'you'd better.'

Focusing on the movement with her wolf's enhanced sight, she saw half a dozen men coming down the hill opposite her, heading for the valley below. Likely the collecting party for the kidnapped she-wolves. Lucinda pulled an arrow from her quiver and notched it, lined up that big bastard leading them down towards the valley.

He was so big that he had to be the leader. She'd never seen a man so big before. She watched as he settled into a hunkered position next to a tree, probably to assess the valley before going in. Even collecting parties were weary of rogues, they were unpredictable at times.

A warning shot, she thought, pulling back the draw string all the way. She breathed in a steady breath and as she breathed out, let it y, watched with a smile as it embedded into the tree just two inches from his face, wood splintering off the tree trunk, and she knew he would have taken a few splinters to the face himself.

She watched as his head snapped back, then whipped around to look where it came from. It took less than 10 seconds before he looked right at her. She stared right back at him, still smiling under her collar. He wouldn't be able to see that though. She watched two of his men abruptly peel off, one to the rst time she'd been set upon, 'good luck boys', she thought, amusingly. It wasn't the rst time she'd been set upon, and she had a wolf now. This could be fun, she mused to herself. Ky'ra snorted at her again.

Her eyes moved back to that big bastard, and she watched as he took a knife from his lower leg, and sized her up with it, 'oh you want to play, huh'. She watched it come, a high-velocity throw. That big bastard had some power behind him, she leaned back ever so slightly and let it sail past her and lodge into the tree behind her.

Lucinda pulled it out of the tree and looked back to him. He had a smirk on his face. 'Tut tut' she thought, as she tested the weight of the blade, well-balanced. 'Good I won't have to use one of mine'.

Then she spun and snapped it right back at him, though she wasn't aiming to harm him. Just showing him she was as good as he was, or better even, it landed exactly where she wanted it to, in the very tip of his shoe. She saw the very angry glare that came her way, her hearing now also enhanced by Ky'ra, picked up a soft foot fall to her left.

She grabbed an arrow and notched it, as she turned, and let it y, the minute her eyes spotted the man coming from her. It embedded right into his left shoulder. He swifled back, not liking the silver-tipped arrow, and the effect it was having on him. His wolf would be out of action till it was removed.

Lucinda notched a third arrow, and turned where she now could see she now could see hear the other man coming from. Light-footed he was, he was close enough to see the silver arrow's head aimed right at him. She saw him take a step back from her, realizing he wasn't going to be able to get out of the way if she let it loose from this close.

Her head turned to look at that big bastard on the other hill, then back to the one in front of her. It was her silent way of warning him that she was willing to shoot his man if he didn't back off. When he didn't move to leave, she let go her arrow and put it through his hand and into the tree behind him, pinning him there.

She turned and notched arrow number four, aimed it right at that big bastard, her warning was crystal clear, "Back off now." she said softly, "relay it to him," She knew that both his men were close enough to hear her with their enhanced hearing and would do as told.

Her eyesight shifted to the abrupt sound of ghting down in the valley.

Shit, she didn't have any more time for this. She turned and ran off to get into a better position to start assisting her team. She let y three arrows in quick succession, taking down three rogues; instant kills.

She watched as that big bastard and the rest of his men sprinted into the valley, and started taking out those rogues as well. He and his men were not her problem, it seemed. Also, here to take down the rogues, it seemed. She had no intention of assisting him was an unknown to her. She focused on her team only.

She watched the ghting and between her unit and his, they made quick work of the rogues. There was a heated discussion down in the valley between Thomas and that big bastard, who she noted the remaining girls went over to and bowed slightly to. Then they moved off at his direction. He followed shortly after nishing his conversation with Thomas.

She was watching him and his team. He went right back to the tree with her arrow in it, pulled it out and scanned the area, probably looking for her. She had been on the move the entire time the ghting was happening down in the valley. He had no idea where she was, wouldn't locate her easily, she thought. Chuckled to herself when he couldn't.

She frowned when he snapped the arrow over his knee, and tossed it on the ground. What a waste of a perfectly good arrow. Lucinda strolled down into the valley and retrieved her arrows from the dead rogue wolves, then walked off into the woods and collected the the tip of the broken arrow, and then returned to her team.

The girls were all tired and weak, not fed properly, clearly traumatized from abuse by the rogues. Lucinda walked among the rogues and personally made sure they were all dead. Anything that was still breathing, she snapped a blade into with an aggressive and deadly strike to their heart. s**** assault of any wolf, never went without punishment, and that punishment was death by her hands. She could not stand it at all.