

CH 7

Nick POV

The night was bothering him too much. The room he had been placed in, though it was very nice and comfortable; was not soundproof. Not only could he hear his Beta and that redhead. Who was clearly really enjoying herself. He, too, could hear what was going on in other rooms on the first floor.

It had gotten him out of bed and driven him outside, which he now realized was even worse, as now he could also smell all the wolves that were out there having s*x. Bloody stupid traditions, he thought to himself, and stalked off into the woods, and away from the main pack area. The further away he got, the easier it was to tune out all the s*x-crazed, un-mated wolves.

He was casually strolling deep in the eastern part of the territory, thinking about settling down out here to sleep, when he heard a ght going on. His ears pricked up, a viscous ght at that, he headed in that direction, towards the border, looking to see if he could assist in anyway. He could use the distraction, smelled rogues and picked up his pace. Came across two wolves un-shifted, one a rogue and the other a pack member on patrol, and stepped in to assist and help take down the beast.

The warrior patrolling the border, thanked him. "Why didn't you alert your Alpha to this?"

"No need. Rogues normally wander in on mating balls. They smell the high amounts of arousal in the wind, and it attracts them. We just deter, or kill if need be. Keep a tally for the night." he'd laughed. "There's even a pool on who'll get the most kills tonight. Mind you, our Alpha doesn't agree to us running into danger to win it."

"What's the count?" Nick asked, more out of curiosity about the number of rogues. He didn't approve at all, of seeing who got the most kills.

He watched the man's eyes glaze over for about a minute. "The Northern border got two rogues dead, three diverted back into the woods. Southern nil at all" he chuckled "they are annoyed. Here on the western me and the boys have seen half a dozen rogues prowling about, but that's the only kill. We've diverted the rest away so far. The eastern patrol, however, three kills by one patrolling wolf alone. She's our back-up if we get into trouble, real trouble."

"She?" That got his attention.

"Yeah, a high-ranked warrior and her wolf, Ky'ra, is a mean killing machine. You want a wolf on your side, it's Ky'ra."

"Okay, but if she's on the other side of the pack how is that helpful to you?" he was a bit confused.

The warrior laughed "Ky'ra is really fast, take her maybe 30 min to get here, and like I said, only if we're in real trouble, actually she's primed to come here. Those half dozen are still prowling and were expecting them to team up and try and break the border, likely at the end of shift, mangy critters but not dumb."

"That they are, all instinct. If you don't mind, I'll stick around and help out."

"I don't mind, a big bastard like yourself might just scare 'em off" he laughed.

Nick smiled at him. "How old are you?"

"24, but well-trained, don't you worry, I got my wolf at 15."

"Nice" Nick nodded

He wandered along the border with his new-found friend Denny. He was a happy young man, had been Mated since he was 19 and had three pups already and a 4th on the way. Claimed he just couldn't keep his hands off his mate, and she was twice as sexy when pregnant.

Nick just shook his head and laughed at him. To which he'd been told you wait and see, once you find your mate, all you'll want to do is bed the hell out of her. Nick couldn't help but like the man, and he only talked respectfully about his mate. That was nice. His father had never had anything nice to say about any of the women he marked, mated and rejected for another.

Though he could see, in his pack, wolves were happier when mated to their Goddess-Gifted Mate. Maybe his father was just never happy because none of his mates were fated to him. He'd chosen them all but one he'd heard, and he'd killed her too. It was unlikely he would know either, already having made the decision not to choose a mate in ve years.

They saw many rogues prowling out there keeping their distance. He was not about to go running off into rogue territory, to start a ght, and it seemed none of the patrolling warriors were going to either. It was obvious the rogues were building in numbers and an attack was imminent.

The border patrollers were gathered watching the rogues. They now numbered 12 and were prowling back and forth. He'd let out a warning growl, Rip using all his Alpha power, so they knew there was an Alpha here to defend the border.

"Ky'ra's on her way." one of the other patrollers stated, when the rogue numbers were at 15, it was an hour before dawn now, and it was denitely game on. The rogues were no longer prowling, but all standing like they were waiting for something before launching an attack. Who knew what the mangy critters were thinking?

A snarl came from one of them some time later, and it was suddenly on. All 15 of them charged the border. He was there with just four warriors, none of whom, once he shifted, he could communicate with. Five to fteen, not good odds. The ghting was brutal. Rip had shifted him right away, he was big and strong and most wolves would back away from him. But not rogues, unfortunately, they were all primal and aggressive, they didn't care, their drive to mate or ght once it took hold was all they could think about. And tonight they were being driven by their need to mate.

He didn't know when Ky'ra appeared, only that there was suddenly a very large and sleek looking grey wolf in the ght. Ripping rogues from her pack's wolves backs, and slamming them on the ground to rip out their throats. This wolf was ripping and tearing into anything that was a rogue. Taking down rogues like they were nothing. At one point, even Rip stopped ghting to watch the large grey beast. His ears were up, and he'd tried to catch her scent even.

Odd behaviour for him, in the middle of a ght.

All 15 wolves were killed, none left alive. The one that had tried to leave and was badly injured, that big grey wolf had gone after, on her own, and killed it with an aggressive bite to his neck. He'd seen it shake the wolf it'd had in its jaws, icked it up and smashed it down onto the ground, and proceeded to rip its throat out.

He was watching, as was Rip and all the patrolling warriors. The wolf turned and headed back to pack territory. Rip was watching intently, his interest piqued. Nick had never seen Rip interested in a female wolf before. The wolf looked right at him, as it slowly stalked past. Rip had stood to his full height, to show his size and strength as an Alpha wolf, proud of it. Practically preening at her, Nick realized.

The grey wolf just bared her teeth at him, a low snarl with it, and then continued to walk on by. Border patrol gave her a wide berth and let her pass. She was denitely respected, and he could see why. Rip tracked her until she was out of sight.

Only then was Nick given back control, and found the clothes he'd removed. Put them on and linked his Beta to get his ass out of bed and meet him out the front of the packhouse, to bring a wet towel to clean himself off and some clean pants.

Jeremy was there by the car as instructed, dressed and looking bright as a daisy. Nick's eyes caught movement across the way while he was using the wet towel to wipe his chest and abdomen down with it. There she was, Ky'ra, walking out from around the side of the packhouse.

"Wow check that out." Jeremy gasped, seeing her for the first time, she was an impressive wolf.

"Already seen it, female warrior." Nick nodded but didn't take his eyes off her. He could also feel Rip watching her, pushing forward to really look at her.

"Must be some large she-wolf." Jeremy smirked. "I hope she's a redhead."

Nick glared at him for a moment, then turned his attention back to the grey wolf in question. The sun was up, and he was actually getting a good look at her for the first time, all dark grey, not a spec of any other colour, denitely could be mistaken for a black wolf, of a night. Even a young alpha wolf, he supposed, but he already knew differently, had been told a high-ranked warrior.

He watched as the wolf strolled to the house right next to the park, stopped and shifted right out the front by the door, to his complete shock. The human that contained the mighty beast was so very tiny, maybe ve-six, she had pale milky-white skin and long black hair that fell to her waist, she was standing side on, her eyes moved to him.

He was watching her, and his wolf was all at attention as well. Very odd behaviour again, Rip pushed forward a little more to use his wolfen sight to get a better look at her, and he watched her roll her eyes at them, before going inside her house and closing the door.

"Curvy yet athletic" Jeremy smiled, "shame she's not a redhead" he wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

Nick glared at him again, and Rip growled at him softly, a little menacingly, surprising both he had Jeremy.

Jeremy's eyes went wide "Something, I should know about here, Nick?"

"Don't be stupid." Nick shook his head, but even he had to admit his wolf was acting very strangely. Rip was curious about Ky'ra, nothing he'd ever seen before in his beast. The minute he had seen Ky'ra he'd tried to scent her, and now this, peering at her human counterpart, and then growling at his Beta over a single comment on her appearance.

'What is it, Rip?' He asked his wolf.

'Disrespectful Beta.' he'd replied and prowled off to the back of Nicks' mind, his tail icking furiously back and forth.

Nick shook it off and let it go.