

CH 2

Unknown POV

Sneaking into this pack and being quick about it, under the cover of darkness and rogue attack was the only way to get in. His scent was masked, and he wore all back, only his eyes were showing. It wasn't called the Black Forest Pack for nothing; it was damned dark in this forest. Even during the day, it was so dense it was like night-time all the time when out in the woods.

He had to do it from the most north-eastern corner of the pack. To steer clear of the damned witches that lived in the northern woods. So, he had his bands of rogues attacking from the west and south, to keep those two pricks occupied while he searched out and collected what was rightfully his.

Hadn't been able to get to it the way he wanted; they would not allow him on to their pack territory not even for a meeting about an alliance with them. No, they did that away from the pack, didn't want him on their turf at all, it seemed, they didn't trust him. He actually was a very reliable ally to have. Vicious to boot came with full force and defended those he chose to help for one reason or another, with all he had.

It wasn't like they didn't know him, had seen him around. He was allied to one of their own allied packs, so knew him by association, likely didn't like his reputation. So, he'd bided his time, let sleeping dogs' lye so to speak, didn't want to draw attention to himself or what he wanted. Playing the long game. Their lives were very long and so a few years was nothing to him.

Took the opportunity to grow his pack, recruit more rogues in secret and train them up to ght. They were just his band to be led to the s*****r. He did not care for them at all, though they did not understand that. Treated them well on the surface to keep them loyal to him, gave them time in his brothel to sate their needs and fed them up good and proper.

A stupid bunch of wolves, they had no real loyalty to anyone, some he would bring into his pack and rank them up and then send them out to recruit others. It was a good way of dealing with those that didn't want to be in a pack anymore. Or had lost their pack or were turned rogue for some reason. Kept them off his back. Stopped them from attacking his own pack.

He housed them on a dead piece of territory not that far from his own pack, looked like the rogues had claimed it and were trying to eke out a living and return themselves to wolven society, and that was just how he wanted it to look. It meant other packs would leave it alone, also meant the wolven council left them alone too.

In fact, he was in charge of keeping an eye on them, to make sure they didn't get out of hand. He'd gladly accepted the job from the wolven council. Report back on a weekly basis that they seemed harmless enough, were just living quietly, hadn't come near his pack or his women and children either.

All reports were that they were doing just what the council thought, trying to nd a way to return to normal wolven life. He'd even snapped photos of them, hanging out and looking much healthier than random rogues did, even got a few of them laughing and playing football, sitting down like regular wolves eating normally prepared food.

Made damned sure they looked harmless. Had to, considering there were just over a hundred of them in that abandoned pack territory. He'd absorbed that pack years ago, left the territory out there for his own personal use.

He was sacrificing some of those now, had brought all of them with him. They were under instructions to run at the border every half an hour, do some light skirmish battle and then back off. To do this for a full 12 hours. Told them he was testing their battle skills, that he needed to see who was ready and who wasn't.

Knew he was likely to lose most of them, but there were always more where they came from, he wasn't overly concerned about losing rogues, his men were all safe back inside his pack, and his alibi was secure in case these two pricks suspected him.

Had already found a woman in the city nearby to f**k. Had f****d her then drugged her up, so she would sleep through his not being there and he intended on being there when she woke up, would f**k her again before leaving, just to make sure she recalled he was with her all night.

Had to be careful and take the long route into the pack house, but had to move damned quickly. He only had a nite amount of time before the place was locked down. He had no idea how long it took for the female pack members to get to safety, but he had to get inside it before it was locked down, or this was a wasted trip.

All his senses were on high alert and anything that moved out here, was being tranquillised by him, didn't need those two pricks knowing he was in their territory, but he also had to stay the hell away from where the damned witches lived. Was moving quickly with his Alpha wolf speed, but stealthily, hoping most of this pack would be freaking out or preoccupied with getting to the south and western borders.

Had no idea what he was walking into, not what the packhouse looked like on the inside, had seen aerial views of it, but never laid eyes on the inside himself. He had asked curiously about it, to Alpha Orien once. That man had been inside this pack many times, but he'd simply just looked at Victor and said "sorry son" was loyal to his allied packs.

Orien also knew that these two pricks didn't want to be allied to him, so no information had been shared with him, he'd shrugged it off as though it was simple curiosity and nothing more.

None of his pack members had been mated off to any in the Black Forest Pack, not yet anyway. But he made sure to attend all Orien's mating balls with his women who were loyal to him, if the Black Forest Pack was attending, so he could get one on the inside, as of yet bloody nothing. Frustratingly annoying to him.

He got to the packhouse and slipped inside seconds before it was locked down, sent up a thank you to the moon goddess for always looking out for him, on his missions. If he hadn't been Alpha blooded himself, he'd never have made it in time, had been moving damned fast to get here and inside.

The question was, now that he was in, where the hell was he, and did he have enough tranquillisers? to stay hidden while he searched the packhouse. He knew what he was looking for, was hoping it would be in here and not out there ghting with the men.

Damned she-wolf was a law unto herself. Had to have her though.

Didn't even know if the wolf lived in the packhouse but was betting on it, was Alpha blooded herself. Where else would one keep an Alpha-blooded she-wolf that refused to return home, where it would be easy for him to just pick her up and take her for himself.

He found the omega stairs and headed up to the top oor. It was likely that all the women and children were being housed down in the packhouse foyer, somewhere where the Luna and her twin sister could keep an eye on them. He wondered if he should kill those two women right here and now.

Wanted to, but opted not to. It would let both those pricks know someone was in the packhouse and they would bring all they had to hunt that person, to kill them. He also might need them later, knew they left pack territory on a regular basis, to return home to their father's pack. An odd thing for a Luna and Beta's mate to do.

His Luna would never be allowed to leave the pack, under any circumstances, not even to return home, not unless he was standing right next to her, that was. No risking his Luna when he got her and today, he was closer than ever to getting that. Just had to nd out where she was and sedate her, get her out of here and back to his pack.

He was hunkered down on the top oor by a massive sweeping staircase that led all the way down to the ground oor. This place was, he had to admit, the nicest damned packhouse he'd ever been in.

He could see the women and children down there, see the Luna, for that matter, she was sitting drinking a cup of tea like nothing was happening, projecting an air of calm, he thought. Slipped further along the hallway, keeping low and quiet to get a better look at the women down there, he couldn't see her, pissed him off more than a lot. If she was out there ghting and got injured or scared, he was going to bring all his allied packs to this bloody pack and s*****r them all.

He was not going to have a marred Luna, well, not unless he was the one to marr her beauty anyway, though it was unlikely he would, or at least not where it was important to him. He'd never touch her face, was the most alluring creature he'd ever seen, and was aiming to keep her that way.

Knew what she smelled like thankfully, set about searching the packhouse for her scent, made sure to keep quiet and away from full view of those down in the foyer. He didn't think she'd be on the Alpha oor, no, that Luna down there wouldn't want her anywhere near her Mate. Out shone that woman. She might be blonde and pretty, but was nothing compared to his future Luna.

Did not nd Rafe's Mate at all attractive, or the Beta's for that matter, but a Mate Bond was all it took for one to be attracted and want no other. Those two packs didn't know what they had, should have claimed that she-wolf for themselves dumb hadn't. So f*****g stupid, he'd have Marked her so damned fast it wasn't funny. Intended on doing just that. Bonding her to him and keeping her all for himself. Would be bedding her relentlessly day in day out.

Searched the whole damned packhouse took the whole bloody night and half the morning. She didn't live there in the packhouse anymore, likely the Luna had kicked her out completely. Once, she realised that girl was her Mate's concubine. So was somewhere outside in the pack. Just great what a colossal waste of time this had been.

He was also stuck now, inside the damned packhouse until the lock down was released. Only one thing had surprised him about this place, that the Alpha and Beta still held separate bedrooms, thought with being Mated to twins they would be all in the one suite. Had not been, it was curious to him. He knew those two were into sharing, so their Mates should be as well.

Getting out in broad daylight would be a little bit trickier than getting in here, in the middle of the night while the pack was under full attack. But was going to head out the same way he came in. Hopefully, those guards he'd tranquillised on the way in were still out of it. If not might be a bit of a hassle, he sat himself down by the basement door he'd come in by and waited it out. Still had a good 5 hours for the attacks to stop.

He couldn't do this again, it was too risky and if she was out there, hopefully one of his rogues would have seen her, recognised her and be able to report that to him. He'd have to come back after planning a bigger attack. Something that would draw her to him, seeing as she was denitely out there ghting for the pack.

Would have to bring another ght to them but would do it quietly and from the eastern border. It would take those two an hour to get out to that border and by then he and his men would be well inside. Hopefully she'd turn up before they did, and he could just grab her and leave. That would be his goal.

It was going to have to be well planned out and well organised. He was going to have to go home and really train his men now, he was going to be outnumbered six to one. His men were going to have great concerns over this, was going to have to listen to them each and every one and come up with a fool-proof plan that was going to get them well inside this pack.

Time to play the long game for real.

Would have to see if he could get rid of the Gamma rst, and then those witches would likely leave. That would make things easier in the future, planning to attack this pack and take back what was rightfully his and she was his. Her own father had agreed to Mate her off to him. Till those Pricks took her for themselves and her father had reneged on him, he'd nearly killed that man that day.

Had left fuming and here he was a year and half later trying to get what was his, now he was going to have to spend years waiting and planning. This was a one-off shot. These pricks would prepare and plan for further attacks after this one. And once those guards woke up, they would know someone had snuck into their pack, though who and what for? would remain unknown to them.