

Victor POV

With the sun barely touching the horizon and attacking from the eastern border of the Black Forest Pack, he had the upper hand. For a start, those two arrogant pricks that ran this pack, had no idea he was even coming for them at all, or even why. This day was going to be epic and completely in his favour.

He was nally going to get what he came for.

Victor had been sending rogues to scout out this pack for more than a year now, trying to find what was his. Those two pricks had taken it right out from underneath him. Before he even knew just how important it was to him, but he was going to get it back and he did not care how many men he lost.

He had tried to do it the nice way, obtain an alliance with them so he would have access to their pack freely, if the two arrogant pricks had agreed to that all them years ago. This war wouldn't be needed, he would just go in there and take what he wanted, collect it quietly and leave. They did not need it anymore. Likely wouldn't even care he took it. Well mostly.

Though Victor had not particularly wanted a war with a pack that held three witches, ones that were completely loyal to that bloody pack at that. Nothing he had done over the past years in the lead up to today had ever enticed them to betray their pack, their Alpha. They were not blind either, they always seemed to know when an attack on themselves was coming.

They held great power, bloody triplets. He had gone to great lengths to find all he could about them, was still in fact working on that very thing, and had come up with little. Playing the long game was of no concern to him, he had a very long life ahead of him. A few years was nothing to him, and he would have what was his, regardless of how long it would take to obtain it. If it took a hundred years and as many battles, so be it.

He'd also learn those triplets were Mated to the pack's Gamma. It was no wonder they were so bloody loyal, that he had never been able to entice them to him. Hell, all his men had ended up dead, some had made it home, then had just bled out in front of him, some sort of magic spell, he presumed.

Whoever those witches were? and he'd not yet been able to find out who their original coven was. Had no idea where they came from, but he did know that they had been with the pack for a decade now. Also knew you did not mess with witches, especially triplets. Those who were born together in a coven, were entwined with great power and could pull and push power between them. Sharing it with each other to give the most powerful of the three, power that was unmatched by anything. Unstoppable is what triplet witches were. He'd seen them do it, had damned near killed him and his unit four years ago.

Those three witches lived in the northern woods. His reports had told him not inside the packhouse where a Gamma and his Mate would normally live. But out in the woods, and he'd learned very quickly any attack that came from the north was met with witchcraft and a swift death.

Had learned that the hard way, not to go for the Gamma himself in order to weaken them, so he could obtain them for himself or get them to leave the pack. The Gamma and his Mates, had some sort of magical connection. Whether it was natural because he was Mated to the three of them, or if it was because they had put a protective charm on him, he did not know.

But the one time he had managed to get that man alone in the nearby city, and he had, though not himself. Hadn't wanted to reveal his identity to the man in case he got away, so he had hired a bunch of thugs to do it for him. Was grateful for that prudent planning now.

Victor had watched from the safety of his car, its tinted windows protected him from view and not being allied. There was only a chance that the Gamma would recognise him. He had just been hoping to get the man out of the way for good. To make them bloody witches run away lled with pain. His men, 6 of them, had managed to corner him. Victor had smiled and shook his head, the man had been all over the place, trying not to get caught, but had not actually fought any of them.

The minute he had stopped running, he'd started to laugh like it was all a joke, and it was at that moment Victor knew something was very off. He had not been exactly sure what. His men had nally latched on to him and then, one by one, he'd watched them all freeze and then just turn to red mist. A bloodied haze around the Gamma.

The man himself had put his hands on his hips and shook his head, looked at the mess and, himself now covered in blood, had seen that man sigh heavily. Then one of his Mate's had just appeared right before him. Reached up and touched his face, he'd not known which one it was, couldn't tell from behind they all wore those hooded dresses at all times. But he had snapped a picture of the markings down her back.

Victor had watched the man smile right down at his Mate and then they'd just vanished poof gone, as she had come. Used her bloody magic to come and collect her Mate. The way she touched his face said it all; she loved that man. He would be her weakness, all their weaknesses, but getting to him, he'd sighed heavily, was too hard.

He did not attempt it again. That smile on his face, said it all, the Gamma knew what was going to happen the minute they had him. His running away from them and not fighting, had been his actual way of trying to save their lives. Obviously, it had been done before and those witches loved that bastard so much, he was protected and likely with blood magic of their own making.

Victor had never seen anything like it before. He was more than a little jealous of the man, so much power in those women. If they were his, he'd have bred little hybrid bastards constantly to get more power for himself.

Hell, ten years he'd have thirty little bastards witch wolf hybrids running around him already or more if he got multiple births out of them and that was completely possible, being they were triplets themselves. Those women would constantly be pregnant. He'd have three little breeding machines.

He'd never gotten any reports of children though. It was curious to him, they had been Mated to the man for near on a decade and not one little bastard half breed between the lot of them. He would have punished the hell out of them women for refusal to provide him with powerful offspring.

Would have separated them and bound them, kept them apart until they all produced him an heir and he would have visited each one of them, mated them damned hard whether they wanted it or not, till they gave him what he demanded of them.

The eastern border of this pack was the hardest to defend, it was the furthest from the central part of the pack. That's why he had chosen it. His attack from here meant that they would be well inside the pack before that prick of an Alpha and his Beta knew he was even coming. He was going to be slaughtering everything in his path, man, woman or child. It meant nothing to him. Nothing was going to stop him from taking back what was his.

There was a clearing between him and that pack border, and to his annoyance there were already a dozen patroller's standing around. They had already been alerted to his presence, he was getting ticked off by the minute, he'd gone out of his way to find a time and a path that was not monitored by this bloody pack.

He had taken his men on the long route and had even left his vehicles more than just a few miles away from the closest human town, had crossed through the woods on foot during the night even, so that if they did have someone in that town that damned near backed onto their pack, they would not be seen and reported.

But it seemed now he'd missed something; he was not happy that they had been tipped off. This pack was large and his men, though well trained, all small units, trained to work as teams, never fought individually. Not only was it safer, it was much more effective. A hundred of his men in groups of 4. His men could take on twice their own number with minimal casualties, and if the pack they were attacking wasn't well trained, even more. But this pack had well over 600 dedicated warriors to its name, not to mention those that would train but had other places within the pack.

This pack was currently the third largest he knew of, and was allied with many. He had to do this swiftly and efficiently, go racing through the woods taking on those warriors as they ran for the border before they formed a massive wall of resistance and made the pack impregnable. That was the plan, s\*\*\*\*\*r half of them on route to the border and the rest in close-quarter combat in the woods or centre of the pack.

He'd heard his units' concerns about attacking Alpha Rafe and, so, today had been years in the planning. Everything was meticulously laid out, before it came down to this moment. For if those pricks knew he was coming, he'd bring everyone. He only had one weakness and getting to that woman would be impossible from this side. Perhaps he should have brought his allied packs and had them attack from multiple sides while he simply snuck in and killed those two bitches that helped him, and his Beta maintain their power.

Victor had known the man before he had found his Mate. Before he and his Beta had found their Mates, he and his Beta shared everything, and though he had never seen it for himself, they with their mates going at it, he knew those two were Mated to twins, so it was likely he was going to have to kill both women, not just one, to weaken that Alpha himself.

He told his men to strip and shift. Better to start it now, before all those warriors started turning up, he knew that they were on the way, just didn't know how far off they actually were. Then the battle was on. Wolves were coming in waves, small at first, manageable and then on mass.

He'd heard the Alpha howl in the distance, a clear warning to the invading force that he was coming and, with his best, his whole unit, plus likely the elite would follow him, then behind him the rest. The Alpha and his unit would outrun every one of his men to get here.

Made sure to warn his men to stay well clear of the Gamma, who was a large Grey and White wolf, unless they wanted to be turned to red mist and die and instant death to keep their hands off of him, evade and find a better target.

Victor could not see those witches, but he was certain they would be out there somewhere. His wolf was standing over seeing the battle, his unit in front of him and several other units lined up in front of them. He was well protected, as was his unit.

He could see Alpha Rafe's unit were trying to get to him. He sent wave after wave of his own men right at him. He was very pleased to see just how effective his men and his strategy were playing out, trained all his men like Alpha units, his eyes were on the big prize, and he could see from here his men were winning.

He did see several plumes of red mist going on throughout the battle, bloody witches and their protectiveness of their Mate, though still no sign of them themselves. Hidden by magic somewhere, he supposed.

Then a full retreat came from the Alpha. Everyone of Rafe's warriors fell back all the way into the woods a good fifty feet, a clear line drawn between his men and theirs. Likely those witches were up to something and pulling his warriors back was to protect them.

Then his wolf suddenly howled in pain and Victor was forcibly shifted back to his human form, as were most of his men he saw, something he'd been hoping not to do. Those two had never seen his wolf or his alpha units' wolves either. He had made sure of that, knowing this day was coming.

As long as none of them shifted, they could attack and leave if losing and neither of those pricks would be none the wiser, on who attacked them, still left in the dark. Allowing him to come again, stay unknown. They were all scent masked.

His hands clamped over his ears, and he turned to the sound. It was killing his Alpha hearing, his wolf Bane was snarling and ripping inside his mind, wanting out and at the thing to kill it, but couldn't actually get out. The sound was hurting so much that he physically couldn't shift, and neither could his men.

His eyes nally landed on it. Out in the lake. Ah, now that made so much more sense to him 'a Siren' those two pricks had a fully grown female Siren and by the sheer size of what he was seeing, and he knew he was seeing only half of her, her tail was still under the water. She was a fully grown Alpha-blooded Siren at that. He couldn't focus properly on her to get a clear picture of her.

This was very bad. She, if well trained, could draw all his men to her and s\*\*\*\*\*r his whole war party. The pitch changed and oh, the power that was within her. He was hungry for it instantly, saw how his men started turning towards her and dropping like flies, as she literally exploded his men's brains from the inside.

"Cover your ears." he roared to his men. She was going to turn the tide of war. This was allowing Rafe's other warriors to catch up and form for the Siren he had in his pack was a matter of how long she could use that damned call for. The Siren he had in his pack was lowly ranked and not worth bringing to battle, but she was a good study. Had yet to get a half breed out of her either, damned creatures did not produce offspring often.

This creature was all power and she knew how to use it. A third of his men were dead before she was out of breath, about bloody right, he had several times trying to get a clearer look at her, but that damned call of hers was still affecting his equilibrium. His sight was fuzzied by her call.

He saw the thing take a step and shift to some otherworldly creature and he was now watching with all he had. As his sight cleared, she became a scaled, half-shifted hairless wolf, with exceptionally long claws, and there was water building around her hands. Oh, she was absolutely magnificent. The perfect Mate to have strong and deadly. He had to have her.

Victor could hear his men calling to him via the mind-link, he ignored them, could gather more anytime he liked, lled his ranks with rogues, turned them into pack members and trained them hard, lead them to the s\*\*\*\*\*r when needed.

He wanted to know what it could do. Had to know. There was raw Alpha power of unknown origin within this creature, and he wanted it for himself. Therefore, to get to it, he had to lure it out and know just what it could do. Water suddenly shot out and away from the creature in razor-sharp spears. He turned sideways to not be hit right in the chest, that damned spear sliced right across his chest, ripped it right open and blood ran down his chest.

That was a pure-blooded Alpha Siren technique. Oh, how she was going to be his. He would have her, breed her, and create an army for himself. His eyes moved to his chest. It was already healing. Bane was good and strong, looked around at his men, could see that several had wounds through their necks, holes in their chests and he realised, as a battle cry rang out, he'd seen these wounds before on men he'd sent, they'd been unexplained injuries that caused death.

Scouts that he'd found dead, around the lake, every single one of them. His men were dropping like flies, that bloody creature had injured many and her Siren call was likely still affecting their ability to fight. Some of them were likely still dying but just didn't know it yet. Damned Siren's so deadly when fully realised. The best war weapon anyone could ask for other than the water nymphs, a species that were closely related to them.

Victor called his men to retreat, and they were gone off into the woods back the way they'd come. "What now?" his Beta Garry asked, sounded very annoyed.

"Home, I want that creature."  
 "And Alpha Rafe?"  
 "F\*\*k him for now, that creature is more powerful, than what I came for."  
 "The men?"

"Are dead, leave Rafe to dispose of them." he turned and looked at the lake. That creature likely lived in the very depths of it, though its human form was hideous to him, that thing was some sort of f\*\*\*\*d up mixed breed, likely abandoned by its own parents to fend for itself. Could very well have been tossed in that lake to die.

But that Siren in it, was an Alpha female, if he could get it and under his full control, it would produce a good strong heir for him. And it bloody would give him an heir. If he had to mate it every damned day for a year, he would.

Then he just turned and stalked away. He needed to research Siren cross breeds, to see what the hell that thing was, he could send scouts with their scents masked as rogues, attach cameras to them to try and see if he could get a closer and clearer look at it.

It was going to be his, he was going to be the one owning that power and be the one controlling it and when he did. He would come and get what was his from those two pricks. He might just have that Alpha held down and make him watch as he took those pricks mate for himself, see how he liked it when someone took something that was his.