

She Need's a Champion

Chapter 6

Unknown POV

I continued to stay silent, watching the men continue to look for the woman in the tree. I'd seen her coming. She ran so fast that she passed by me, but never saw me. I didn't know what was happening until much later, when I heard that Alpha threatened her. He couldn't be very bright. Who, in their right mind, would come down from where they were hiding to come to someone who had just threatened them? I could almost feel her fear from where I was hiding. I slowly approached to feel out the situation after she hid herself.

I heard them coming way before I saw them. Crashing through the trees, making no attempt to be silent. She knew they were chasing her, so they didn't put effort into being stealthy. I don't know how long she was running for, but I didn't recognize their scent. The men chasing her looked tired and angry. When I heard them coming, I reapplied my scent-masking spray and watched it play out. She was terried, but I didn't know if she had done something. I honestly hadn't wanted to get involved. I kept telling myself she might have done something to warrant being hunted, but deep down, I doubted it.

That level of fear she had was why I couldn't just leave her here. I wanted to watch and see how it played out, but something pulled me towards her. I dressed to disappear when I came out to nd food. The world was a dangerous place, I knew that for a fact. Thankfully, I had left home with my emergency bag; I knew I was stuck out here for the night. Every one of these men was armed. I'd heard what the Alpha said. They were ordered to kill her, but I don't think she had earned the sentence she was getting. She hadn't said a word in her defense. She hadn't given up. She was biding her time.

Pain, fear, and sadness were the strongest emotions she carried. I could tell this selsh Alpha had broken her heart. I was willing to step in to protect her. I couldn't just stand by and let them kill her. I had to help her, even at the risk of my own life. I would be her champion. I knew the feeling of being left to fend for myself. To be bullied, or forced into doing something I didn't want to do. But I was no longer helpless and scared. I knew how to protect myself.

I made up plans in my head. After the Alpha left, I watched the new group. I knew who the leader was. I knew who was the most nervous in the group, and I knew the other two were phoning it in. Those two would be the least dangerous, as they honestly didn't care one way or another. They were told to come here, and they did.. I would have to deal with the leader and nervous Nelly rst. The other two would be easy to pick off after the rst two. The only problem was that I only had my knives with me. They weren't very effective against handguns, but I didn't expect to come across this mess.

She needed my help, and I was going to help her. I felt drawn to her, and I had to assume it was because of her situation. I felt a lot of empathy for her. The woman had been silent all night long. Not responding to anything that the warriors called out to her. Their frustration was evident as the sun rose this morning. They doubled down on nding her with the sunrise. I bet their Alpha was angry they hadn't located her. They started climbing the trees in the area where they had lost her. It was clear they were getting desperate.

They used their claws to climb the trees and try to nd her. They knew she was still out here. Two of them had spread out and tried to locate her scent. She might have been able to lose them if she had kept running. But even from a distance, I could tell she was exhausted. I knew what she was and wondered when she had fed last. I didn't want to put myself in danger, but I couldn't stand by and allow her to be killed just for existing. Vampires had it bad in this world.

My mentor would be disappointed if I had turned my back on this person. I knew a few things about vampires, but not everything. I did know I can't let her feed directly from me. If she is severely malnourished, she might not be able to stop. My mentor had spent their entire life helping others and had learned that the hard way. I wouldn't;t be here today if not for them. I resprayed the scent blocker. It lasted around eight hours each time, and I knew better than to let it run out.

My wolf wasn't strong enough to block our scent, but knew when it needed to be reapplied. I had done that the minute I woke up. The warriors had been more nervous when they woke up, watching the trees suspiciously. Then trying to pick up her scent. They were on a mission, and they were now on a timeline from how they acted.

Once they conrmed that the last place to hold her scent had been the rst tree she had jumped on. They redoubled their efforts, serious about nding her. They brought out their gear and started to examine each tree. They used binoculars, with two of them climbing up to get a better vantage point using them. I knew it was a matter of time before they found her, and she knew it, too. I can't imagine how helpless she felt at this moment. I stayed quiet. I couldn't tip them off that they weren't alone out here.

They would have no qualms about killing me along with her. I've known men like these my whole life. Didn't matter what pack they came from, their attitudes were all the same. Cocky and condescending, most warriors had a big chip on their shoulder. Hating to do all the grunt work, while the ranked wolves ordered them around. They hated it as much as any non-ranked wolf did. But the warriors had it way easier than the Omegas did. The Omegas had no choice in anything. Forced to accept the very worst treatment in a pack. It's the reason why I left. That is unacceptable, and I wouldn't be a part of it.

As unusual as it was for a vampire to be in a wolfpack, it wasn't as rare as it used to be. These days, people are nding their mates in different species more often. I think it's a good thing. I think that the bigots who believe that it's acceptable to belittle someone for how they were born. How can you change who you are at your core? We're all born with no choice at all in the matter. Of course, if we had a choice, we would all choose the path of least resistance, where we have a safe roof over our heads and a full stomach.

A life where we had money in our pockets to get something, and didn't have to budget for it. If we could choose, we would all want to be ranked wolfs. To me, it isn't about money or buying things that I like. It was respect that I wanted. To be looked in the eye and not be dismissed as unimportant, or less than someone else. I wanted to be seen. I wanted to be accepted as the worthy person I am. No matter what 'level' I was assigned, by people who only seemed to appreciate others with a rank. A cheer from one of the men brought me out of my thoughts. I knew she had been spotted, and they were thrilled. Then they started to call out to her.

"If you come down calmly and play nice, we'll allow you a head start. I swear we won't turn you in," their leader called out.

She didn't move or reply to his taunts. She just lay there, probably praying that they hadn't found her. She wouldn't be tricked into showing herself. I could tell they had found her; they were looking in her direction. She wore a white button-up shirt; now they knew where she was. She was a sitting duck. They kept calling up to her with their suggestions, growing more vulgar. I didn't know which pack they were from, but these disgusting men reminded me of my old pack. Which is going to make things much easier for me to deal with.

They gave her about three minutes before they red the rst shot. She sat up quickly and looked around for an exit route. The leader was the one who had red his weapon. The nervous one backed up and drew his gun, but hadn't red yet. I think the ringleader told them to let him deal with her. She didn't have a chance to leap to the next tree when the next shot hit her. His rst shot had missed, but he meant it as a warning. She had been on the edge of the limb, ready to make her leap, when she was hit.

She fell quickly, hitting several large limbs before she crashed to the ground. She lay on the ground, but wasn't moving. They all approached her. Some were wary, and some with clear interest in their eyes. They probably never stood a chance against her when she was healthy, but she's hurt now. I'm sure they're willing to throw caution to the wind and shoot their shot. They were so focused on her, they never saw me coming.

With the element of surprise, I could sneak up behind their leader. My blade was out, as I knew I needed to end them quickly. I couldn't let them overpower me; they were not good men, and I would be killed with her. My sharp knife slit his neck and his gurgling breath alerted his team there was an issue. The nervous one immediately drew his gun and red a shot. I used his leader's body to block the shot before throwing my knife straight into the nervous one's chest. I dropped the leader after I slid his gun from his holster, and watched his friend hit his knees, and then the ground.

The two who had been phoning it in suddenly decided they needed to avenge their friends, but before they could draw their weapons, I'd shot them both. The woman was lying on the ground, still unconscious, but I saw that her jeans were now wet. She had liquid between her legs, and I felt sick. She had been pregnant, and I hated how this played out. I had honestly hoped that she could have waited them out. I know that a fall from that height with as many limbs as she hit probably caused her to lose her baby. She didn't deserve this.

I pulled my sled out of my bag. It was a tarp, one I used to bring my kills back to my home. I cleaned it after each use, but knew I couldn't carry her back alone. I lifted her as gently as possible and placed her on my tarp. It had handles on it to help me drag it more easily. I left the men lying there on the ground and headed the two miles back to my home. I might need to go into town to see what I can do to save her. I can't just let her die, not on my watch. In my opinion, she's already lost way too much.