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She's nervous now, I can see it, but also smell it on her. It's rolling off in waves. Her skin is visibly getting clammy. How is it possible I can 'see' clammy skin?

"Olympia, what aren't you telling us?" I ask slowly, watching for her physical reaction more than I am listening to her answer.

"Something is happening, everyone be on your guard. Patrols take a second look at your surroundings and report back." I link out to everyone. No one from my team moves or looks like anything has changed thanks to their extensive training. But they are ready for a signal from me to engage.

"I...I just want...my pack to be safe. They are being tortured left and right and now it will stop." She doesn't look at anyone, but has enough pride to not look down at the ground. She thinks she is doing what is best, even if it is misguided and setting my pack up for harm. She took someone's word at face value. No one will leave her pack alone.

"Alphas, North side of the pack. They are coming across the water about two miles north of the main entrance. I think she was supposed to stall longer, they aren't even halfway across." One of our warriors reports.

I link my mates and my team. ***"She's either really bad at this or she knew that she could fulfill whatever order she was given and allow us time to prepare to fight by making us suspicious. She doesn't want to be a part of this."***

"How many are crossing and is there any other sign of attack?" Cam asks our warriors.

"About fifty, all in wolf form from what I can see at my vantage point Alphas."

"Nothing from the main entrance, Alphas. Extra help has joined us though, we are doubling patrols." Another warrior reports.

"Southern edge is clear, but we are downwind and the air is stale and without any scents at all, not even the forest. More than likely that same damn spell with a second wave of rogues waiting for a signal to attack." I love that our warriors take nothing for granted. They take every experience and make it a learning lesson.

"We agree. Northern border, take out whoever you can as they come across, the waters are shallow there, use it to your advantage. No prisoners. We don't know what kind of magic or manipulation is being used and we have already found out that many of them will die because of the spell cast on them anyway." Oliver doesn't even converse with us to give the order. It's like we can see in each other's minds. I wonder if we will ever disagree on anything.

Like he read my thoughts... ***"We will disagree on plenty, Love. Like, for starters, if you even hint at separating from us I will lock your ass in the bunker so fast, you won't be able to use any magic against me..."***

"And as much as we don't want you in the fight, we won't stand in your way, but we won't stand by and let you get hurt either, Sweetness. Get over it now, mate. The only people in our pack are warriors who can fight for themselves so you are our priority."

"Don't get so lost in the fight that you lose sight of us. I know we can link from probably any distance, but I want to be able to see you."
Oliver jumps in before I can protest Dakota's demands.

"You do know that you are all targets now because you are mated to me, right?" They all humm in agreement. "And, that they will probably try to kill you three to get to me, but no one will hurt me, not here. The Rogue King wants me... alive. It would be better if..."

"NO!!!" They all shout in unison making me flinch.

"I was not kidding about the bunker, Tiny, and Nathaniel and Wyatt have already volunteered to keep guard and for good measure Mateo and Sam would probably add Sierra and Jena with you."

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Before I can let my anger flare back another report comes in. 1

***"Alphas, more wolves have started crossing the borders, we are engaging, but could use back up."**
*

My anger subsides as my training kicks in. I look around assessing who's with me and the information I have.

"Mateo, Jena, Sam and Sierra. Take a team to the northern border and assist them. The attack has doubled." I look at my mates. "I want to go to the southern border, where there is no scent. I think our skills are better suited there." They nod at me. "Wyatt, stick to the main entrance. I want to know what's going on there. Nathaniel, do what you can to get me eyes in the sky. I want to know what's going on, but stick with Wyatt as back up."

"Yes, ma'am." They both reply and then turn to get to work.

"Lil, I want you with me. Something tells me I'm going to need my feral Gamma." 2

She laughs and rolls her eyes.

"I'm going to need that story sometime, Tiny." Cam whispers in my ear, giving me chills.

Oliver divides the rest of the group with us and Brett takes Olympia back to the house she was being held in. We are assuming that she is being tracked

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somehow and don't want her any further into the pack lands than necessary. Then we all move out.

"Northern border, give us an update."

***"Still fighting, they are better than average wolves, but not super fast and none of them seem to have a personality, if that makes sense. They are mindless and just keep coming out of the woods like ants."

"Help is on the way." We move swiftly without wasting any energy on speed. I have a feeling we are going to need it. 1

As we moved I took in the sights and scents. I can tell exactly the moment we cross into the area being blocked. It's like I got a sinus infection and lost all scent. I can't even smell the guys right next to me. I can hear noises though, so I know we are getting close to our team here. We all lower ourselves to the ground and belly crawl towards them just to make sure. I can't trust my senses completely now. I don't know how or why the magic affects me this way, but I get some things and not others.

***"Oh Sh*t! How are you doing that?!?" Lil basically scolds me.

"Doing what?"

"Unless you are moving, I can't see you, that's what."

"Huh?!"

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"Your fur turned the same color as the forest around you, that's what."



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