

# The Rogue Kings

## Book 1: Chapter Four

\*\*\* Solaris POV \*\*\*

The truck peeled out of our parking lot and I burst out laughing. Noah rolled his eyes and walked over to the truck, hopping in with Finn to finish the unloading. Charles Pierce, the chief of police, was supposed to check over the security system and the emergency system. He just happened to show up at the right time.

“What the hell was that?” Charles turned to me while I wiped a tear from my eye.

“I have no idea but I didn’t think it would be THAT easy to push his buttons. Goddess, that was hilarious.”

Charles shook his head. “I’m going to have to write this up. Did you want to press charges Miss Ulrich?”

I shook my head. “No, no. While it would be funny to watch an Alpha like him go through the process of a human court, I wouldn’t put the humans through that.”

He chuckled. “You’re probably right. I don’t think I’ve ever seen him lose control like that though. I’ve know him for years.”

My smile fell for a moment. “He used to be a lot of things. Now, he’s just like his father.” Taking a deep breath, I motioned to Charles. “Why don’t we get this inspection done and have you on your way? I’m sure we are the last place you want to do today.”

The sign above the door read *The Wayward Tap*. After a long deliberation my Betas Noah and Finn thought it was more hilarious than it ought to be. Three rogues owning a bar on the edge of an Alpha territory who notoriously hates rogues probably more than any other pack around. My Gamma wanted no part of these shenanigans and stayed over seas doing some other work I had for her there. While this wouldn’t ever be home, not as rogues. It was a place of rest for the three of us.

I led him into the bar and showed him the new security system as well as the locks and precautions we had in place for where we stored out liquor. Apparently, it was a huge issue in town of people stealing bottles or cases and I found it hard to believe it was humans stealing it.

Our status as rogues already deterred some of the more angry and hellish werewolves from the pack to be on the best behavior. It also helped that the three of us looked like the beefed up bad guys in a James Bond film. As idiotic as it sounded, it was needed. We fought in battles, in wars,

even just crossing territories was a risk. We lived long enough to know that if we weren't in top shape, we would die.

"Alp...boss, do you want these extra barrels under the bar? Or in the storage?"

I looked up at Finn and smiled. "Let's put those in the storage. It doesn't seem the most popular. I'd like to have some of the Hawaiian barrels under the bar though. Those I think will be more of a hit."

"Sounds good."

Turning back to Charles, he nodded to me. "It looks like you've got a good setup. I would be a little worried about the back door being open for anyone to walk through and past the storage door but you have camera's on it both outside and inside. I would say at least we would know who they were."

"Like someone would try to steal from us. They wouldn't know what hit them." Finn laughed as he placed two barrels into the storage area.

"That may be true. Honestly, if I could ask you guys to be on the force, you could teach a thing or two to my guys."

Shaking my head, I patted him on the back. "You wouldn't have a force left if you let us have a go at them."

Charles chuckled and nodded. "You're probably right. Be careful still. You have my number. If Silas does try anything, call. He's not on his territory out here but it's also not necessarily close to the main hub of the city. I'm worried about..."

"Don't. While I appreciate the sentiment, I can handle Alpha Silas. He wouldn't be the first Alpha I've knocked down a couple pegs and probably won't be the last."

He flashed me another smile and headed out of the bar. I leaned against the doorway and waved as he pulled out of the parking lot. Finn put his arm on my shoulder.

"You know, I think our good sheriff might have a little crush on our Sol."

"Sounds like it." Noah answered from the back.

I shook my head. "He's barking up the wrong tree. I'm more robot than wolf and more wolf than I am human."

Finn laughed and kissed my head. "What you are, is perfect, *Alpha*."

Smiling up at him, I shook my head. Going up the stairs, I turned at the small landing into the room that we made into an office. There was paperwork littered around the desk, mostly receipts

as well as some other order forms. Plopping down, I slowly made my way through each piece of paper. Writing notes and attaching them, filing them away or shedding others. There were a couple non-bar related paperwork that snuck into the pile and I sighed as I read over the document. Setting down, I shook my head. It could be dealt with tomorrow. My old man could wait a few days, if not a few weeks after I just got back from another ridiculous mission he sent me on.

The desk was clean enough that I didn't feel the overwhelming sense of OCD and so I figured that was enough for today. Heading out, I made my way up the stairs further into the living space above the bar. Calling it open concept would be generous. It was everything we needed in one room. The only door was to the oversized bathroom we built. It was always to accommodate the three of us but there was never any space between us. We lived together, fucked together, worked together, and even though Noah and Finn were true mates, I just was an added bonus. My power allowed me to connect with the both of them, creating almost a fake second mate to both of them.

Pulling off my shirt and my riding jeans, I dug through the closet for something to wear while we worked tonight. I grabbed a knock off Ramones shirt that I was pretty sure was Noah's and some jeans shorts. Throwing them on the bed, I looked at myself in the full length mirror.

My entire right side was pretty much gone. My right eye, right arm and right leg were replaced with a mix of magic and robotics. In my earlier days, I stumbled upon a witch who was more than cooky. Lor studied robotics in college and continued her work, mixing magic with them. Joints and wiring replaced with her blue magic. The issue was that most supernatural creatures healed quickly and rarely got hurt enough to need them. Most humans didn't know about us, so the biggest population that would benefit from her work, were out of her reach.

I, however, ended up being her greatest subject and over time, best friend. She made my eye, my arm, and my leg, all of which could shift with me in my wolf form. The metal and the magic adjust as I shifted and created two legs, easily shifting back. Every once in a while they needed maintenance or refueling of magic, but I could last a few years without any issues if I didn't do too much. My eye also allowed me to see a little more than just in the dark. I could tell someones magic level, which helped differentiating between the different races. It helped sometimes when knowing how to throw a patron out of the room.

Turning my arm, I stretched it out, seeing the blue glow through the metal pieces. Rotating it back and forth, I slowly checked my fingers, wrist, elbow and connect to my shoulder. I did the same to my leg, stretching it out and rotating it. Satisfied with the movement, I threw on my clothes and started making dinner.

On our busier days, I would make dinner and we would take shifts eating. It was an easy stir fry tonight and I wolfed down the food. Pulling up my hair and getting one last fit check, I used a second hair band and tried my shirt up and tucked the tail under, showing off my stomach which was covered in tattoos. From my neck down, I was covered in tattoos. Even my toes had little tattoos on each of them. I hadn't gotten one in over a year, solely because I had run out of room on my body.

Hopping down the stairs, I slid behind the bar and we already had a pretty packed house and it was only seven. I tapped Noah on the shoulder.

“Food ready. Head up and eat, I got it.”

He nodded and kissed my head. “FYI, Beta’s here.”

I nodded and flashed him a smile. He was sweet to say something but I already knew the moment I left our apartment, I knew he was here. Lor gave us crystals that helped negate out scents. No wolf would recognize us as rogues unless they talked to us or looked at us, our little rag tag band but we wouldn’t smell like rogues. I knew that was off-putting for a lot of werewolves. But we could still smell every wolf who walked in.

Honestly, I was surprised that Silas didn’t take his Beta but his Gamma instead to come over here. I guessed, considering that he had been here almost every weekend since we opened, he didn’t want to get kicked out cause of his Alpha. The Gamma was hilarious though. Honestly, I didn’t think an Omega would be a Gamma in that pack but there he was, cowering behind his Alpha. I chuckled at the memory and Finn looked at me, eyebrow raised. Shaking my head, I flipped over four shot glasses and filled each one with tequila, sliding them to the four girls standing in front of me.

“Don’t have too much fun ladies. I might have to join you.” I winked at them and they giggled, grabbed the shots, as well as the drinks they ordered.

My eyes followed them to a nearby table and I made a mental note to keep an eye on them. All four were unmated and it was a Friday night. Things could get rowdy in here. Especially since we served all races. Some bad blood between a vamp and a wolf could easily turn a testosterone fuel argument to a full blown fight. A quick brush against my magic-infused grand slam slugger under the counter, I smiled. There was no fight that started in my bar, that I couldn’t finish.