

Chapter 20 Convince her

Colt's POV

"Is everything organized?" I asked Grey as we stood outside the pack house, ready to shift.

"Yes," he answered. "I have phoned Jimmy and told him of our arrival in the next hour."

"Did you tell him we were going by foot?" I asked.

"I did," Greyson answered.

We were going by foot to see if we could find any trace of rogues between the borders, and while we were at it, we would have a quick visit to Kate's before returning home.

I nodded my head and started to strip myself of my clothes, tie them around my leg, and shift into my Ray.

I threw my head back and released a howl that echoed through the valley, advising the pack of my departure. And seconds later, my call was answered by the pack.

"You do know you could just have mind linked the pack," Sam said, rolling his eyes at me.

"And where will the fun be in that?" I asked.

Sam wasn't particularly happy about us going in wolf form. It wasn't that he couldn't shift or that he struggled with his shifting; it was the idea that he was about to get dirt on his fur and that he needed to run and become sweaty.

I patiently sat back and waited for Sam and Grey to shift into their wolves.

Sam rolled his eyes at me.

"You do know we can take the truck and drive to Kate's pack," he commented. "It would be much easier and faster!"

"True," I linked back and got to my feet, "but then we might scare the rogues away if they hear the truck coming!"

Grey looked at Sam displeased, shaking his head as he stripped, tied his clothes around his leg, and started his shift. A few seconds later, Duke, a dark gray wolf, took his place next to me.

"Are you going to be running in human form?" Grey asked teasingly, seeing that Sam hadn't even attempted his shift yet.

The only advantage of being triplets was that we were gifted a special communication line between the three of us. It didn't matter if we were in human or wolf form; we could all hear the conversation we were having at the same time.

I sighed, frustrated at our brother. He was so different and difficult that he must have been swapped around in the hospital when we were born.

Greyson shouldered me and gave me a stern look.

"Did I just say that out loud?" I said, feeling a bit embarrassed.

"Yes, you did!" Sam growled, annoyed, and crossed his arms around his chest.

I still couldn't understand how he managed to look like Grey and me if he had barely done any training.

"Well, that's the truth," I growled. "You have been difficult from the start."

"I am not," he hissed at me. "It doesn't mean that, because you are stuck up and angry all the time, I need to be like that. I have my own special abilities."

"Name one," I growled, rolling my eyes at him. He was officially waiting for our time.

"Uhm..." Sam hesitated, and I cocked Ray's head to the side—this was going to be interesting.

"Picking up she wolves," Grey commented, cutting Sam off, and my head snapped toward him.

I didn't expect that coming from Grey, and his wolf huffed, finding my expression amusing.

"Shame on you!" Sam yelled, pissed. "I thought you were the loving brother among the three of us."

"I am only the loving brother when you are not wasting our precious time getting to our mate," Grey said and growled at him, "so get your ass shifted to Luka or stay here. Either way, we are leaving, with or without you."

"But, but," Sam stuttered, wide eyed at Grey's attitude.

We have never experienced Grey being this assertive. He was always the peacemaker, not the chaos creator.

Did something happen that Grey didn't tell me about?

My mind raced, searching for any clue as to where it could have happened. Then it hit me like a bucket of ice water: Kate had laid her hand on Grey when he was about to rip Brian to pieces.

Did he, too, experience a vision when she touched him?

Was that possible?

I shook the thought off and focused on Sam.

"You heard your brother," I yapped. "Get your ass shifted. You are wasting precious time. We could have been there already."

Sam glared at me and pouted before he stripped himself of his clothes and tied them around his leg.

Grey and I sat back and patiently waited for Sam to finish his shift, and,

of course, it would take longer than a normal shift because Sam barely let Luka out.

Not that Luka minded; on the contrary, he had a very indifferent attitude. He didn't care.

I guess that's the reason why Sam could sleep with every she wolf he could get his hands on; his wolf didn't mind.

After about a minute or so, Sam finished his shift, and a light gray wolf stood in his place.

When we had our first shift, our mother noted that our wolf's fur was different shades, and she thought it was funny to point it out when she saw Sam.

"It looks like the ink must have run out when it came down to you," she said to Sam.

If only she knew that it wasn't only his fur color that he lacked.

"We will have to get Sam to shift more," I mind linked Grey.

"Yeah, we had better," he agreed, "or else he might fall victim when we are under attack."

"Make sure, as from tomorrow he will have double wolf and warrior training until he is up to par," I ordered, and Grey nodded in understanding.

Sam wasn't going to like this, but we had no other choice. He was still my brother and part of the pack.

With that, I turned and shot like a bat out of hell forward toward the border, in hopes of finding at least a lead on why we were having all these attacks. Afterward, we would make a turn at Kate's and convince her that we wanted her as our mate.

Commented [Ma1]: