

The Triplet Warriors And Their Pup Mate Chapter 5 - Tips

~Hunter's Point of View~

I was enjoying my nice, quiet day off soaking in my huge tub. It had been a long week and my brothers and I rotated being on active duty and on call. I was aching for my week off. They were few and far between anymore, since it seemed like every day someone else was being a menace, being difficult. My brothers and I were Shadow Warriors, a coalition of various supernatural beings that keep the peace between each other and between our own kind. It's a damn hard job, but someone has to do it.

I had the little apartment in our packhouse to myself since Skyler was out on patrol and it was River's week to be on assignment. We all traveled constantly, but since our work took us to all corners of the world, usually a vampire would either fly us there, or a witch would teleport us. Getting along and having all these crazy egos around was a constant battle, but we were all dedicated to the big picture and had to remember that.

I finished off a nice cold beer, crawled out of the tub and threw on some shorts. I found something stupid on TV to watch and waited for sleep to welcome me.

RING RING, RING RING, RING RING! fvck!

I woke up with a start and fumbled around for my phone, seeing that it was only 6pm, and I'd just been asleep for five hours ... when you work crazy hours like I do, you sleep whenever you can get it, day or night.

"Yeah, what?" I grumbled into the phone.

"It's Godfrey. We had a messenger contact our outpost from Whisper Crescent, they are in imminent danger of an attack. Likely tonight, but could be any day now. They are asking for help, can I have Angel teleport you?"

sh!t!

"Is it Gunner," I asked, now awake and fully alert. I had been on site for his last attack, but unfortunately we got there too late.

“Yes we believe so, two of their best warriors went missing recently, young wolves that were likely ambushed and kidnapped as a warning,” Godfrey explained.

“sh!t. Give me seven minutes and then have Angel do her thing,” I sighed, hanging up.

I quickly dressed in my uniform: black combat boots, thick black pants, black t-shirt, heavy black jacket, black gloves, black beanie hat. Once dressed I stood and waited for the teleport from Angel, a witch who was kind of like our dispatch person.

Alpha Gunner led the Blood Claw pack, they often cut off the bloody stumps of their enemies and kept them as trophies. The Shadows had been after him for quite some time but he covered his tracks well, often burning villages or finding other ways to make it seem like it wasn't him.

However, he recently began to step in and try to claim the conquered lands as his own ... making it pretty obvious. The council had handed down its ruling and we had shoot to kill orders. Or rip his head off orders, which I fully planned to do. It wasn't that we didn't allow war between packs, but there had to be a justifiable reason for it. Maybe a bloody oath wasn't honored, or someone took an unmated she-wolf against her will. There were always reasons to justify invading another pack that were allowed, but Gunner seemed like it did it just because he felt like it.

We had interrogated Gunner, his Beta and his son numerous times but since there never seemed to be a reason for him to invade, and there was never any direct evidence, we were not able to hold a trial.

Within seconds of tying my boots I felt a tug and relaxed myself, allowing Angel to pull me through her teleport. I was instantly standing in a field with ten other Shadows around, vampires and wolves were the usual fighters. Tonight I noticed we also had Chance, a shape shifting tiger who was one of the most badass warriors you could ever ask for ... I certainly never wanted to be on his bad side. Chance was over 50 years old and unmated. I didn't know his age exactly, I just knew he hadn't found his mate as it was very rare for his kind to be so lucky.

My triplet brothers and I were 24, and it was now seven years since our first shift. We should have found our mate by now, and with as much as we travelled it got more and more frustrating that we never picked up her scent.

We kept ourselves busy with the Shadows, convinced that our travels were the best chance of finding our mate. In the meantime, we got to beat the sh!t out of people who deserved it, and do our part to keep the peace. My family had not belonged to a pack in centuries, we were a part of the Shadows' creation and it was our duty to continue the family tradition.

"I make at least 50 pissed off wolves, maybe two dozen from the Whisper pack, all hiding and in position. I have no clue where the she-wolves and pups are, either fled or underground maybe," Shane shouted.

Shane was our head scout, and he was pulled off another active assignment to come here, which told me sh!t was about to get ugly.

A couple of the vamps were already flying overhead, scouting what they could and we were moving forward to get in position. One older vampire was enough to take five wolves at once, their power was swift and without hesitation. They could move in the blink of an eye and if we had more of them, there wouldn't even be a need for wolves. However it was damn hard to convince vamps to work for the Shadows, most couldn't be bothered. Some were doing it to work off a sentence, but the couple elders we had did it just for giggles, especially on wolf assignments. Since they were our natural enemy and it was in their nature to want to k!ll us. The ones who were working off a sentence were strictly fighters, and not privy to much else within the Shadows.

I received a mind-link from Shane, as he began running, *Full speed ahead, k!ll at will all enemies, no she-wolves or pups in sight.*

Since the wolves within the Shadows were technically our own pack, we were able to mind-link within range which was unbelievably helpful in battle.

I quickly grabbed a couple of weapons from the ground and got myself ready to move. Suddenly there were loud growls and howls coming from all over and the scent of bl00d was in the air. I was a marksman and sharpshooter so I generally didn't shift in battle unless it was necessary. If I planned to shift I wouldn't have come in so dressed up so I was hoping it wasn't needed. A few of our wolves quickly shifted and we were running toward the noise.

I ran at full speed, following the other Shadows, and the closer I got the more I heard it ... the more I smelt it. My adrenaline kicked in and I immediately began picking off wolves trying to break into cabins, getting them in the head so there was no need for a second shot. I quickly noticed a couple of wolves

trying to climb trees, and I picked them off. A sudden woosh fell over the area as our vamps descended, attacking from the sky, and they never saw it coming.

Within two minutes there was a pile of fur and body parts strewn about with wounded assailants who were attempting to shift back. The vamps were levitating in the trees, trying to get information from the hidden defenders.

There were definitely some losses on their side, I quickly assessed at least ten. I began combing the area, shooting any injured Blood Claw members if they were still alive. I was desperate to find out if Gunner or his son were among them.

“Not so big and bad anymore, mutt,” I heard a voice say.

I turned to see Chance, who had just shifted back to his human form. I sprinted to his side and recognized Jasper, Gunner’s beta. Chance had ripped his throat out.

“Niiiiice bro,” I said, smiling.

He grinned back.

“Let’s secure the perimeter, the she-wolves and pups have to be hiding somewhere,” I said.

He nodded and shifted back. We went in opposite directions.

Several homes and outlying buildings were damaged in the fight, and there was a heavy cloud of smoke about, lingering. I quickly tried to use all other senses, listening for heartbeats, checking for wolf scents.

After about ten minutes, it hit me, almost making me lightheaded from the intoxicating aroma. Lilacs, the heavy smell of fragrant and delightful lilacs.

MATE!