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(Trigger warning: Some fighting scenes might be disturbing to readers) 1

Aurora:

After watching the movie, I considered using the vibrator, but then exhaustion overcame me. Within minutes, I was fast asleep.

Even in my dreams, Luna Tamia and Tina showed up. They both kept mocking my face, but the best part was— it didn't faze me one bit.

They kept laughing like two silly apes, and I stood there like a queen.

Yeah. A queen with a scarred face. Ha-ha.

Except it was more than just a scar. It was patchy, and disgusting, and ... porous. Like a sponge.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

I twisted and turned into my bed, still in a deep sleep, when the alarm blared. I shot up from the bed. The rest of the werewolf warriors could get the mind link, but this alarm was for me.

It wasn't just a random alarm alert. It was a signal for the border trouble.

I had to go.

I didn't waste time. With lightning speed, I threw my jacket, strapped the dagger to my thigh, and slung a gun over my back.

As a warrior, I was trained with all the weapons, and this was the time to prove myself. Kiara might be the head warrior, but I was equally responsible for this pack that gave me shelter when I had nowhere to go.

My boots thundered as I ran down the hall. The odd thing was that there were hardly any warriors in the dome, which meant most of them had passed out in the bar.

By the time I reached the border, the night sky was lit with fire and smoke. It was chaos.

Our patrol guards were locked in a fight.

My eyes searched for Alpha Blake and Beta Brian, but I couldn't find them. I didn't want to waste time waiting for their orders.

Without any hesitation, I slid down the slope and hit the ground running. After pulling out the dagger first, I caught one of the rogues off

guard. He wasn't expecting me.

Rookie move!

I ducked a hit, swung my gun around, and blasted one right in the ribs.

Great!

I just saved one of our guys who was bleeding out badly. Poor him gave me a weak nod before passing out.

"Mind link Jai and ask him to send a medical team," I shouted at one of the guards, whose eyes quickly glazed over for the mind link.

I was sure about Jai's quick response because we were the rare ones who didn't get drunk.

The rogues were weird. They were bigger, stronger, and not normal. They didn't have that usual stench that was a part of them.

They were attacking our guards and giving high-fives to each other.

You sickos!

One of them— He looked right at me and laughed, "Why are you wearing a mask, little

wolf? I can't even smell your wolf! You hiding something?"

I didn't answer and kept staring at him.

"What?" he laughed again, "Falling in love with me, my love?"

There was no use in smirking when my half face was covered with the mask, "Yeah," I pointed my gun at him, "I love you, sweetheart."

Before he could utter another word, I shot him dead. Nice and easy. No more psychotic laughing after that.

I spotted another rogue pinning one of our guys to the ground. Poor dude— looked half out of it.

Probably still hungover from all that drinking last night.

Idiot!

He was trying to push the rogue off, but it was clear. He couldn't shift. Not in that state.

This bog rogue had yellow teeth and filthy hair. He let out a growl and raised his long claws, aiming straight for the warrior's chest.

Uh. There was no time to think.

I sprinted fast.

Just as those claws came down, I jumped— like actually lunged myself forward and tackled the rogue from the side. We rolled over the dirt, and I felt one of his claws rip my sleeve, but ... whatever...

I kicked him hard in the ribs and pulled out my dagger.

He had already tried to swing at me with a hiss.

I muttered under my breath, "Too slow, big guy!"

I shoved the blade into his neck, which was deep and twisted. He gasped and made this awful choking sound until he collapsed beside me.

I looked over. The warrior was still on the ground, blinking up at the sky in a dazed state.

"You good?" I asked him, panting, wiping the blood off my arm.

He groaned, "Yeah...maybe... Ugh... I think I might puke."

"Eww. Gross!" I muttered, helping him sit up,

"Next time, maybe don't drink like a maniac when we're guarding borders."

He nodded, but my focus had moved off him. Because there were more growls echoing in the trees.

Goddess! It isn't over yet.

I didn't get a chance to breathe. Another rogue came at me fast. Before I could swing my blade, he slammed into me like a heavy truck and knocked me to the ground.

"You little piece of masked shit!" he growled.

I hit the dirt hard and rolled, but in the next instant, he was on top of me.

His hand clamped around my throat, tightly.

I kicked, scratched, and even tried to punch, but it barely made him flinch. His claws dug into the side of my neck as he grinned.

I couldn't breathe, and I could feel my lungs burning.

My arms were getting weaker with each passing minute.

Think, Phoenix! Think hard! You can't give up like this.

They have muscles and strength. While you have a brain.

This can't be the end for me. Moon Goddess didn't save me from those ruthless Lycans so that I could get killed by a mere rogue.

My vision blurred, and everything slowed down. I heard another rogue running towards me... saw a blur of dark grey fur.

No more warriors could be seen nearby.

And then Boom!

Something crashed into my attacker, sending him flying off me like a rag doll.