

Chapter17

Shawn's Pov

I was going to kill someone. I was going to rip out their throat. Who attempted to erase the footage? Who was okay with 3 of our pack members being shot and killed execution style? Who was okay with letting witches get that close to the f*****g border?

My wolf paced beneath my skin, anger sizzling in the air. My sts clenched and I felt my claws extending and biting into my skin.

“Who did we lose?” I asked through gritted teeth. James rattled off the names of the wolves we had on rotation.

“James, you know what to do. Inform the families and next of kin. Jeremy, I want you and a team to retrieve the bodies so we can give them a proper burial. Jeremy, I want your best tech advisor to search the database. Find who tried to delete the footage, nd who had access, nd them and bring them to me.” I growled.

They both nodded and waited for me to dismiss them. I looked at Carter who was looking at me with a smirk on his face. God, I wanted to punch it right off of him.

“About the Omega.” he started.

“She's not up for discussion.” the rage was building and I hated the effect that just talking about her had on me.

“Has she been claimed?” he asked, when he was met with silence he continued “No. She didn't smell mated to me. If she's not yours, and she's not claimed, but she's not up for discussion, is she a pack breeder? I've heard they're all the rage, kudos to you for being so progressive.”

The wood on my desk splintered and other than my heavy breaths and slight growls. I abhor pack breeders. Women have more rights than that. To subject a female to stoop as low as nothing but an incubator for pups is disgusting. That's why we've been trying to intercept the auctions and the packs that have them. There are strict laws on it but some packs have a sneaky way around them.

“She is not my omega. She is not claimed. The choice is up to her, as it should be. We don't own them. We don't have rights to them. They are wolves, the same as us.” I bit out.

“Relax, Alpha. I heard through the grapevine that there was an unclaimed omega. Believe it or not, I share the same views as you. With our females dying out, we need to cherish the ones we have. That's why those witches and wolves were dispatched. The bodies of your fallen are at your border with two of my guards.”

“Wait, so you're not here to take the omega?” James asked. “I could smell the maliciousness on you when you approached the bonre.”

“You know, as shocking as it is, taking down traitors to wolfkind and dark witches tends to make people a little angry. A little murderous. I still have the blood of the witches on my hands. I'm surprised you haven't scented it, Beta.”

I saw the red stains on his hand. I scented the blood. But what I didn't see was the dark magic lingering on his skin. Now that he pointed it out and I separated the scents it was easy to differentiate. It's funny how if the brain isn't looking for it, it doesn't see it.

“So if you're not interested in the Omega, you're not here to try to challenge us for her, you're not here to kidnap her, what are you here for?” Jeremy asked.

“My wolf brought me here. Brought the rogues here. We've seen the destruction the dark witches have caused. We've seen too many females go missing only to turn up at auctions and or be found dead in a dumpster after being used and discarded. For the past 5 years we've been hunting down auctions that your gamma hasn't intrated. We “Buy” the females and help relocate them to a place of their choosing. Most have chosen to stay with us. To help us save other females from the same fate. Some go their own way. But it's funny that my wolf led me here and you have an unclaimed female. An unclaimed omega. My rogue pack isn't the same as what you remember growing up. Samantha's Uncle was working on changing the image of Rogues and I am trying to do the same. We don't pillage packs, we don't attack for the sake of power. We just want balance and justice and a place to belong. We like to call ourselves the Forsaken Protectors. And that's what my wolf wants. He wants to protect the Omega, just as much as I'm betting you do. There's a reason the witches are ocking to you all. There's a reason people are making attempts to get into your land. There's a reason the Dark witches fear her and trust me they fear that little omega. They wouldn't attempt an attack on the Royal Pack if they didn't. I suggest we guard her, and gure out why they want the little one before someone else does.”

“So you want to what? Join our pack?” Jeremy asked and Carter shook his head.

“No. I know me and my band of mists wont t in here. And two alphas under the same roof generally do not bode well. Territory ghts and dominance battles and all. It seems that for the moment, our goals are aligned. We want to protect the female, you want to protect the female. Think of us as partners in this. I want a truce. A contract. We want to occupy your pack lands, and make use of your facilities, doctors. We have some females who were just recently rescued and could use the attention. In return we will help you with protection, taking down the dark witches. We are your weapon, your tool, within reason. Who knows, maybe some of your members will nd their mate. The goddess has been good to us rogues. Maybe she'll start lending you all a bit of her luck as well.”

“You want to help us...”

“Towards a common and similar goal, yes.”

“You want to help us, and all you want in return is medical help, food, and shelter?” I asked and he nodded.

“Were drifters. No set place to live. Winter is here and we have pups who could use the shelter. I am not heartless. I do what I can for my pack. But without a set place to live...”

“Truce and treated granted. I will draw up the contract and have it ready to sign in the morning. How many need immediate medical attention and how many can wait until the morning?”