

Ragnar's P.O.V.

My men and I all knew why we were heading to Yellow Mountain Pack and I had gladly accepted the assignment when Council-member Finlay had contacted me.

He didn't tell me who we would be working with, but it doesn't really make a difference. Unless of course it is one of the new female Investigators, one of them sounds like a real bitch from what I have heard.

Gunnar's whistling is pulling me from my thoughts and I follow his line of sight, he is looking towards the Pack-house and on the front porch I see a very beautiful woman. She is pretty tall for a female, her light ash-brown hair hangs down her back and she has an hourglass figure.

She looks pissed at something and I feel my cock harden as I imagine her face as she is writhing under me. Kaiden is adjusting himself as he is also staring at the female, it seems that I am not the only one affected by her appearance.

As I exit the car I adjust myself and I hear her muttered words. "Who the fuck is barbie over there." I mutter and I know that I spoke so soft that only Gunnar and Kaiden are be able to hear me, because they both chuckle.

I hear them both gasp as she introduces herself and threatens to take us of the assignment if I make a remark like that again. "*Fuck, Captain. You really pissed her off.*" Kaiden says through the mind-link.

The rest of my Squad have heard her words as well and they are all staring at the woman as if she grew a second head. "Gentlemen, if you will follow me to the office so we can finally get this investigation started." She says as she turns back to the Pack-house.

*"Captain, what was that about?"* Hunter asks and I see my men staring at me. I know I need to answer them, so I tell them what she had said and what my response had been.

Chase chuckles as he shakes his head and I have a feeling he knows something about Aziza I am not aware of. I am not asking anything, because I think I will not like the answer.

We walk in to the office to see that Aziza is already sitting behind the desk. She gestures at the chairs in front of the desk as she says "Captain, have a seat. I want to divide the tasks. There is a lot to investigate and the Council wants answers, yesterday."

She is looking at her laptop and typing quickly as she speaks. For a second I contemplate on declining the seat, but I chose to sit down and take in the sight of the gorgeous woman behind the desk.

Aziza's P.O.V.

The look on his face told me that he had not expected me to hear his remark and the look on the face of one of his men made it clear that he knew my reputation.

Normally I would not bother myself with telling anyone

anything about my career, but in this case I am more than willing to make an exception. Jenny is already rolling around in my head, because these guys are in for a surprise.

"Captain, as I already told you, I am Investigator Aziza. I have been an Investigator for the past four years and the only one to ever graduate cum-laude.

The Council has send me on every thinkable assignment, under every thinkable circumstances. Every accused in the cases I worked on have been convicted and sentenced because of the evidence my team and I uncovered.

I am in charge of this investigation and nothing happens that I am not aware of. If I give an order, you and your men will follow it." I never take my eyes of Ragnar and one of his men actually chuckles.

I look at the guy and he says "My apologies, Investigator Aziza. Not many people, in their right mind, would talk to Captain Ragnar like that. But then again I am not surprised you actually would talk to him like that.

You have the reputation of a strict and very focused Investigator. Those that have worked with you in the past say that it is hard to believe that you are only twenty-six years old."

I turn my head to my laptop to hide the twinkle in my eyes, because this guy did exactly what I thought he would do. Some men are easy to manipulate and this guy was no different. His buddies stare at him in disbelief

and Jenny is having a blast in my head.

"Sorry, but what is your name?" I ask and he introduces himself as Chase. "Well, Chase. Whoever you have been talking to has informed you correctly, I am strict when it comes to an investigation and I am always focused on the job at hand.

And, yes. I am only twenty-six years old, but as the Daughter of our Pack's best Delta I have been trained from a very early age. My Father would always misplace or switch things and he always expected me to see it and correct it.

So I have always had a keen sense of the things around me and I have always wanted to find every piece of the puzzle. The day I stop doing that, is the day I die." I say and I hear a few of the men gasp at my admission.

Ragnar's P.O.V.

Listening to her voice, my mind starts to wander in a direction I don't want to go. She is everything I don't want in a mate, fated or chosen.

Being eighty-two years old I have seen many family and friends find or chose their Mate and I have learned one thing over the years. I don't want or need a Mate that wants or has a career.

I have seen it with my Brother and his fated Mate, he would constantly worry about her as she was out there doing her job. He had become jealous of the men she worked with and even though he knew she didn't cheat

on him, he couldn't stop himself from thinking so.

One day he had accused her of cheating in front of the entire family and no matter what she said, he had been adamant. In the end, she had rejected him and walked away with tears streaming down her face.

My Brother was never the same after that and six months later he took his own life. I know that my Brother was to blame, but I felt that she should have given up her career for him. The last thing I heard is that she has a Daughter and from my calculations I know that she is my Niece.

 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

 Send a Gift to the Writer!