

Ragnar's P.O.V.

As she is telling us about a case we worked on, I take a good look at her and I memorize the build of her body. The length of her legs, the curves of her breasts and the form of her lushes lips.

I hear every word she says, but in the meantime my mind and body have another agenda. I am grateful for the tablet on my lap as I feel my cock grow harder, the longer I look at her.

As soon as she says that they found their answer after the Pup was born, we all start cussing and swearing. "They kidnapped the Pup, so she would have a reason to leave her Mate. What the fuck." I hear Gunnar growl, but I see a look on her face that I can't place.

"Aziza, will you tell us the rest?" I ask her and she gets this faraway look in her eyes. My men settle down and are waiting for her to continue.

"I told the Council what happened and why. There was nothing anyone of you could have done to change the outcome. I am sorry to be the one to tell you, but the Pup never left the territory alive." She whispers and I can see unshed tears in her eyes.

I give her some time to get a grip on her emotions, before I ask her to tell us the rest. She tells us the entire story and we can all tell that it is not easy for her. However she keeps talking and slowly but steadily she paints us a gruesome picture.

I sit down next to her and put my hand over hers as I say "Thank you for finding out the truth. It is not what any of us had hoped for, but at least now we have answers that we never had before."

My men are quiet and I know that like me it will take them a while to get to terms with what we have found out today. We just sit there for a while and now I understand why she wants every detail written down.

If I don't see a connection, maybe one of the others can see it or might ask questions about it. Which can lead to the information we need to solve a case or to find answers.

"Aziza, we will document every detail during this investigation. I understand the importance of it now and I will remember this for the rest of my life." I say to her and I know that my men will never forget this either.

Aziza's P.O.V.

I hear his words, but my mind is on his hand that covers mine and for a little while I indulge myself. I need the comfort he is offering me and I am grateful for it.

That cold case was the type of case I hope I never get again, but I am afraid that what we will find here might not be much better. "Thank you, Ragnar. Why don't we get started with this investigation, I have a feeling there is a lot of work ahead of us." I say as I get up and walk towards the window.

As I stare out the window, I hear the men getting out of

their seats and one by one they exit the office. I am aware of the fact that Ragnar is staring at me, but I act as if I am too busy with what I see outside.

After a few minutes he also leaves the office and I can breathe a little easier. Feeling his hand on my skin has send Jenny of the deep end and she keeps flashing me images of his hands roaming my body.

It is a good thing that I am alone, because anyone would be able to smell my arousal. If it wasn't for the Oath I took, I might try to see where this attraction for Ragnar leads me.

You see, every Lycan and Werewolf that joins the King's Army and goes in to service of the Council has to take an Oath. One part of the Oath is on relationships within the ranks, they are prohibited unless it concerns your fated Mate.

And even then the Council will always recommend that at least one of them transfers out of serving the Council and the King. History has taught the Council a valuable lesson in that department.

My attention gets drawn to a couple just outside the window and something is not right with this picture. They are kissing, the man has one of his hands in her neck and the other one is on her ass. The way he is holding her, looks uncomfortable and painful to me.

*"Ragnar, where are you?"* I ask through the mind-link and in a second the door of the office opens. I gesture him towards the window and point at the couple out there.

Suddenly I see Chase and Hunter approaching the couple and Ragnar tells me to follow him outside. When we get there, Hunter has the man on his knees and the woman is rubbing her neck.

*"Aziza, he is not her Mate. He is not marked."* Hunter points out and I hear Ragnar growl at the man. "Hunter, will you get this man to the dungeons? Miss, will you please follow me?" I ask as I put my hand under her elbow to guide her inside.

Ragnar walks close behind us and I can feel the tension inside the woman. So I ask him through the mind-link to keep his distance and to stay outside the office. I need to hear her story, but I don't want anyone interrupting us.

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I do as Aziza asks of me, I slow down a little, creating distance between me and the women. However I don't like her request to stay in the hallway and I tell her so. *"Ragnar, if she has a Mate and fears him she will not say a word with him there."* Is her response.

Aziza takes the woman in to the office, but we can both tell that she is very uncomfortable going in there and I hope that Aziza will get some answers from the woman.

I close the door behind them and lean against the wall, keeping my eyes on the door. It doesn't take long before a Werewolf comes rushing in to the Pack-house and he looks really pissed.

I step in front of him, holding my hands up to make him

stop and luckily for him, he does. I see a mark on his neck and I think it is safe to say that this is her Mate.

"Where is my Mate? I want to see her and hear what she has to say." He yells at me, but I don't blink at his words. Looks like Aziza had this one figured out pretty good.

"Investigator Aziza is with her, we witnessed something neither of us understand and we need her to answer some questions." I say calmly and I see that Hunter is standing on the front porch behind the Wolf.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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