

CH 11

Raygan POV

Raygan raced home from the portal, she felt the connection to her father before she even hit the pack's territory, could feel the man's anger and aggression. 'Father?' she shot right down the mind-link at him. This also let him know she was close by, as well as to her wanting to know what was going on.

'Southern border, the war is on Raygan.' He shot right back.

She dumped her things on the Western border with their border patrol man. He looked relieved to see her, and then she was headed south. Was going round the war to come at it from behind, mind-linked right to her own elite warriors to let them know she was home and that she was headed out to attack from behind. To have half of them peel away and disappear from the battle to join her, and the other half start pushing for the western side of the battle to meet up with her and those now swinging out and round to come from behind like she was. A two-pronged attack to s*****r those already on the battlefield where she would be coming from. Along with the bulk of their army on the south border, they were cornering the enemy to s*****r them.

The battle was indeed on, there were not just wolves fighting wolves, but there were also non-shifted warriors out here fighting in hand-to-hand combat. She heard the battle before she saw it. Smelled the blood before she was upon it, and she shot right into the midst of it even before her men arrived.

She would not wait, there was no need, they were just the back up to her attack and would get here when they did, forming a wave of 20 elite warriors alongside her, their plan to kill anything that was now their own. They knew that. Didn't have to be told.

Raygan surprised many an enemy wolf. The first one didn't even see her before, and not even when its neck was snapped. She was just tearing through the enemy, snapping their necks, coming from behind. Not many were expecting it. To be attacked from behind, when they had been the ones to take to their enemy and she could see they were trying to push into her pack.

She could hear her father snapping out orders. He was connected to everyone here on the battlefield, including herself. She was not interfering, had no need of it, he would know exactly where she was through their pack tether. And he knew she would now be on the offensive. While he was on the defensive, it was her style.

He would also have felt her entire unit of elite warriors peel away under her orders. Knowing she was already working her own game plan to help with the protection of their pack.

She was one hell of a strong Alpha on her own, had that pure blood running through her veins, could snap a wolf's neck one-handed if they were still in human form and got a good grip on them. Which is exactly what they were doing. She and Avalon were moving with all their speed and using all their strength, were still in human form themselves. There was no need to shift at this point.

Not unless she came across elite or higher. Right now, all she was smelling were warriors, nothing she couldn't handle on her own. Avalon knew this and would rip out of her if she thought it was time to unleash herself.

Twenty of her unit was pouring in from the west now, coming racing in, launching themselves right into the midst of the battle just like she had done. She'd already taken down nearly a dozen by the time they had arrived, "Alpha, it's the Cold Moon Pack."

"S*****r everything for now." She stated simply upon hearing which pack it was. There would be no mercy for this particular pack that was now attacking hers, "Why?" she asked a moment later.

"Unknown." Was the answer.

The battle raged on, and she and her unit were now engaging more wolves as the enemy realised they were being hunted and killed from behind. She could finally see the other half of her unit pushing this way. They had taken out as many as she had, smiled to herself, The Cold Moon Pack was a dead pack now.

'Alpha blood.' Avalon snarled at her and turned her head, and there amongst the battle was a largish black wolf, fighting, knew it wasn't the actual Alpha. He had no unit with him, smiled to herself and mind-linked to her warriors 'Boys, we got the Heir to the Cold Moon on my left. Separate that little s**t and let's snag him for some payback. Divide and conquer that boy.' She nearly laughed.

This battle was now in her hands. Forty of her warriors were now driving a wedge between that black wolf and its pack. He didn't even know it was happening. She smiled as there became a line of her wolves right down the centre and saw a bunch of Cold Moon wolves come to his aid. It was not going to be enough. She had twice as many and they'd not yet realised that she was behind them.

Watched as her unit completely surrounded those half a dozen wolves, she stepped on into that circle and saw his wolf's green eyes turn right to her, not a pure blood. Not the actual heir, she knew he was. Smirked right at him and launched herself at the wolf as all her warriors launched at those now trying to protect him.

His wolf shot out at her and leaped into the air trying to knock her to the ground. Her arm snapped out and she had that thing by its neck. Ignoring the claws, she got to her arms. They would heal in time. She rolled all her Alpha Aura at the wolf, as hard as she could and watched it be force shifted right in front of her, never let go, not even once.

Still had him by the neck when he was human, a young one smiled right at him, "Lookie what I got me." She watched his eyes glaze over and laughed "Yes tell daddy you're in Alpha Raygan's hands."

She smiled and started dragging that boy back towards her pack, heard a massive howl go up through the battle, she had forty elite warriors between that Alpha and her, not to mention all the others fighting in-between them as she retreated back to pack territory.

Her eyes were on the Alpha Wolf of the enemy, and he was coming for his boy. She smiled right at him, wondered how it must feel to be on the losing end of this battle he'd brought to them. Just like his own father and the last battle they'd brought to the Wintering Moon, did they not learn the first time?

He wasn't gonna make it before she hit the pack. Didn't make it and though she knew this was not the actual Heir, it was likely this was the second Heir she had in her hands. Though that wouldn't matter to his father.

He was also barely a man, she could see that. Why was he out here fighting in this battle? She was as

curious about that as she was to why the Cold Moon Pack was at her door? They'd not gone to war in 50 years. The battle that had raged between their two packs the last time, had been bloody to say the least.

The Cold Moon Pack's Alpha had not survived both her and her father attacking him, and then he'd lost his unit as well. They'd killed all of them, for killing her mother and their Luna. It was this very pack that took her mother from her.

They had come in and tried to take over, wanted their land and pack, hadn't expected her or her distraught father to be battle ready after they killed his Mate and her mother. Had thought it would weaken them to the point where they would win the battle.

Rage had taken over her and her father alike and they had sought out their revenge. It had been a battle to remember. There had been many deaths on both sides of that war, that day.

She and her father had taken down Alpha Irvine together, both of them attacking him while her father's unit had kept his unit from intervening. Then they'd taken to his unit. She had threatened to level that whole pack as the remaining warriors had fled back to the pack.

It had not saved them, she and her own elite warrior units had gone after them, slaughtering all in their path to get inside of the Cold Moon Pack. She'd been out to exact an eye for an eye that day. A Luna for a Luna.

Though it seemed that Luna Mika, had more common sense than her own Mate, was already out the front of her packhouse, knelt down head bowed her son with her. Where she had not only apologised but pleaded for mercy. To not leave her only son motherless as she now was.

Raygan had stood there wanting to s***** that woman but had instead demanded her own mother's body back or she would s***** everyone, regardless of gender, or age. Her mother's body had been brought in short order. The next heir in line, he was just a boy, was not old enough to take over at the time, which left the Luna in charge, a truce she had called and brokered with Raygan herself a few days later.

She had never laid eyes on this boy in her hands before, but she could take him hostage, was going to do so, use him as leverage, if need be, to win this war. She had no idea how many children the man had. She only knew this one was not old enough to be the actual Heir, that man was a War General by the name of Karsyn. That much she had heard. Hadn't seen that boy since he was like 10. Had no idea what he looked like anymore. He'd not been around in the human realm for 12 years.

The Alpha to the Cold Moon Pack, Steffen, he knew her, would recognise her from years ago, she'd not changed at all. But he also knew she was much older than he was. That she was a brutal savage if needed. She'd been a happy fun girl for the past few months, but now here she stood with a grip on that boy's neck, it was tight, but not enough to stop him breathing, and her aura was still rolling at him, keeping him well under her control.

Today she was the cold-blooded savage Steffen would recall from 50 years ago. She needed answers, wanted to know what the hell was going on, and she was going to use this little pip squeak to get those answers.

She saw that Alpha Wolf roar with all it had, letting her know he was coming for her, smiled right at him and lifted that boy clean off the ground until he was struggling for breath. Showing him all her strength. She didn't walk the boy away, she wanted Alpha Steffen to know she had him.

Yelled out "Call a halt to this battle or I will snap his scrawny neck." She waited knew he would have heard her, was focused solely on her now, the battle died down, and she put the little pip squeaks feet back on the ground and allowed him to breath once more. Looked at him and smiled "Don't do anything stupid, or you'll lose your head boy."

Handed him over to her man, Ollie "Cuff this boy, and drag his ass off to my cells, until I know just what the hell is going on."

Mind-linked to her father 'Call a full retreat behind the pack border, so I can talk to the asshole attacking us and sort this s**t out.'

'He accused us of k*****g his daughter.' Her father told her, as she watched their wolves fall back.

"Retreat your own Alpha Steffen or I'll order your son killed." She roared a full threat to the oncoming wolf who was still charging at her from down the line. That man had no daughter she was aware of, two sons, but no daughter she'd heard of. It didn't make sense.

No one in her pack, would start a war with this pack if she was not there. It would be suicide, she'd likely take their heads off herself. Regardless of them being a part of her pack. It was her or her father's job to declare or start a war.

He snarled right at her, but she saw his wolves backing away from her pack border, both packs now standing aside waiting on the outcome. It could well just be her verse him in a minute.

Saw him shift back to his human form. "Raygan, you will give him back unharmed." He roared right at her, so yes, he knew who she was.

"Like your family did my mother." She roared right back at him "you should not have started something you can't finish or win."

He shot off the mark towards her and she smiled, "Come on and get me." She yelled and all her claws snapped out of her, Alpha to Alpha it would be, she could take this little pissant on, he was nothing compared to her pure-blooded strength. Was damn near four times his age and had way more battle experience that he could ever have.

Watched on as his own unit ran him down and then dragged him down to the ground to stop him, laughed at the sight, "You'd best listen to them, Steffen, or you'll be losing your boy as well as your own head." The three of them were struggling to hold their own Alpha down.

"We did not kidnap anyone, let alone your daughter. I didn't even know you had one." She told him.

Watched that man blink, seems not even he knew what the hell was going on around here. "Got you some wrong information, I think. Go home Steffen, I'll be keeping your boy as insurance. Go figure out who took...your what." She shrugged "Bastard child and then we'll talk. Your boy is mine till then."

"You'll kill him, you're a savage." He yelled as his men finally let him up.

"Not so much as you. You dumb f**k, gone to war over nothing. Now I do have one of your Heirs. Ain't that dandy now! There will be no more war from you Steffen, or I will bring myself to your pack's doorstep, and I will level yours like I threatened to do once before. Only this time, there will be no stopping it. No one to

change my mind, you have nothing I want this time." She smiled all menace at him "You got our pack number, right?"

"Yes." He snarled.

"Then f**k off till you have absolute proof it was our pack. Who was it in this pack? Give me that, a name. Your daughter is not here. We've been in an amicable truce for 50 years. Why would we break it now, for a bastard child?"

She got snarled at by him again.

"If I was gonna come for your pack, I'd take your actual Heir, not the one I got me now. Don't you think?"

They were all just staring at her now, she could see their brains were all ticking like crazy "Go home." She roared at them, rolling her aura at them to show them she really was stronger than all of them. Stood and watched as he stumbled backwards under the weight of it. If he'd been closer, he likely would have bowed down to her. He stared at her for a long quiet moment after that and then turned and then stalked away.

Took his pack with him.



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