

Fatal Temptation: Between Two Alphas

novel Chapter 7

The moon is rising by the time I reach West Crescent pack.

I pull over a few miles before I'm officially on their lands. There are camera feeds mounted on the light poles. And I know they have extensive security measures in place. This is California... not Montana.

People are everywhere.

And they can't have a bunch of humans traipsing into the woods while wolves are shifting or hunting.

I grab my laptop from the backseat and get to work. The battery has a full charge, which is good because unlike what they show on tv dramas, this sort of hacking takes time. There are multiple firewalls to breach and I'll need a direct feed to tap into their system, which means...

I grab pliers and a set of wires for splicing. I'll need something to link this to my PC remotely, so it's gonna have to be my phone. But once I attach it, I won't have the benefit of making future calls.

I quickly scroll through my contacts and memorize Morgan's phone number and pull on the hoodie, covering my head and shadowing my face. Then I get out of the car.

I'm between the cameras and far enough that I should be able to keep out of range. They don't appear to be motion sensors—too many birds and deer and wildlife for that sort of thing. I slip into the woods and run until I'm even with the next tall light pole. It's wood, thank goodness, so when I partially shift, I can scale it more easily. I climb and climb until I reach the top.

Looking down, I'm a good thirty feet off the ground. I lock my legs around the pole and cross my ankles. I squeeze my thighs to stay in place. Then I work quickly. I tear off the back of the power box, find the wire

feeds and cut into the main router. These are sophisticated, but there are better models on the market.

Splicing in is easy. I mirror my phone to my PC—much like I would sync my phone to the tv so the kids can watch a movie.

Then I shimmy down and run back to my car.

When I boot up, it takes me almost an hour to fully access the Pack defenses. But once inside, I can see everything.

Alarm systems.

I hold up a hand to the guard and dip my head back inside my vehicle to glance at the console clock. Then I start counting.

The male guard who steps out is huge. He looks like he could play in the NBA and sumo-wrestle on weekends. I instinctively take a step back.

“Name.”

I lift my chin. “Mia Riorsen.”

His eyes flutter as he converses with his pack, maybe even his alpha. “You’re several hours early.”

I hold up one hand and tick off my fingers. Five, four, three, two...