

## Chapter 8: The Attack

Sable POV

Alpha Darius sent Marcus behind Jake, but Jake thought he was on his own in Dark Flame. Darius thought at first that Jake killed Marcus, but I had to intervene and remind Alpha, that he denied someone to go with him and said Jake would go alone, so how would he have known he was being followed for his own protection?

When I looked over Marcus' body, I found a letter from Winter Moon shoved in one of the ripped-up pockets of his pants. It said, 'No one spies on Winter Moon.' Needless to say, Darius flipped out again and assembled the warriors, including me.

I don't really want to fight, because it's a losing battle. Winter Moon is the most powerful pack in the South, and it feels like a suicide mission. His warriors will surely outnumber ours, but there is nothing to be said. I'm not Alpha. Darius is and I have to follow orders. So, here I am at the borders of Winter Moon. If I die today, at least I will see my parents again.

Nia, however, is restless. She seems nervous and jumpy. 'What's up with you?'

'No idea. I feel nervous with anticipation. I'm not sure what's going on Sable.' She responds.

Usually, Nia is pretty quiet and only comes out when needed. Otherwise, she is the most chill wolf ever, so this behavior is unusual.

"Sable", Darius said as he stands beside me, "be careful and hang back. I couldn't live with myself if something happened to you."

I smile softly, "Alpha, I'll be fine, thanks for your concern. This is a bad

idea though; I just want to voice that out."

Before he could respond, we hear the howls from the Winter Moon warriors. They have spotted us. No turning back now. Darius gives the command, and we all go rushing towards the Winter Moon borders. Their warriors come out swinging. I'm holding my own and working my way through the perimeter. I see other Dark Flame warriors following me. They are trying to do a train formation, which is a terrible idea, but it's what Darius said to do in the pack's link.

He's a strong Alpha, good to his pack members and even good with agriculture. But he is definitely not a strategist nor good at quickly analyzing threats. Through the pack link I take over, as lead warrior I get to do that, 'GET OUT OF THE TRAIN FORMATION! THEIR WARRIORS OUTNUMBER US THREE TO ONE! START SPREADING OUT!'

The warriors take note, and I see them spreading out from the middle of this stupid ass train and start circling smaller groups of Winter Moon warriors. Meanwhile, Nia is going bat shit crazy in my head. 'NIA WHAT THE HELL?! NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO LOSE YOUR SHIT!'

'GET CLOSER TO THE MIDDLE, SABLE! WE NEED TO GET CLOSER!'

Ugh! This wolf. Of all the days to decide to be demanding and talkative, she chooses today in the middle of this suicide mission! I work my way to the middle of the field where Dark Flame and Winter Moon are really going at it and the scent hits me. It's a delicious smoky bourbon with blood orange scent. It smells oaky and citrusy with an undertone of berries. I could get drunk on that scent.

'What the hell is that smell Nia?' I asked her.

'MATE!' She says, and my eyes go wide. Shit. Are you fucking serious right now? My mate is currently fighting my pack? He is in the Winter

Moon pack? Well, that's just great. Now I need to find him and make sure nothing happens to him too. Wonderful. Suicide Mission indeed.

I see a big black wolf and Nia starts clawing in my head. 'That's mate! The black wolf!' She says excitedly.

My eyes widen. That looks like an Alpha wolf. That means the Alpha of Winter Moon is my mate? 'Nia, are you sure? That's the Winter Moon Alpha.' I say, cutting down two more warriors. I am not trying to kill anyone. If he is my mate, I only want to injure so they can't fight.

'Yes, Sable! He has that delicious scent.'

'Fine! Let's get closer.' I say making my way to my mate, the Alpha. I'm not creative enough to make this kind of thing up. No one would ever believe I met my mate, while fighting his pack.

I'm still working my way over, when he shifts back into human form. He is gorgeous. Damn. I really need a good look at him, but he is tall, dark and handsome and his scent has me drunk on him. He is fighting off two of my warriors and there is a third one coming towards him. My mate disarms one of the warriors and takes the knife from him, but the third warrior is about to attack him. I can't let that happen.

I run fast, hard, and jump to bump the warrior out of the way, when my mate turns to me quickly. I gasp. Everything stops, at least for me. I'm looking into the most piercing blue eyes I've ever seen. But the pain I feel right now forces me to look down at my side; my mate stabbed me with the silver knife and it's deep.

I am fading and I know it. Before I do, I look back at him, his eyes go wide, and I know his wolf recognizes me as his mate. Then it's confirmed when he whispers, "Mate."

I give him a small smile and whisper it back, "Mate." Then my world fades to black.



BUCHANAN author

*What a way to meet your mate!*

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