

Chapter 6

Zander's POV

"Alpha. Sir? ZANDER!"

I jump awake and look around at my surroundings. I fell asleep by the edge of the river last night, obviously having stayed out all night. I'd awoken to my beta yelling in my head through the mind link and realize he's probably been trying to reach me all morning.

"Yes Kane?"

"Where the hell are you? I've been calling you for almost an hour now. We've got another situation, same as last week."

"I'll be right there."

I exhale a long breath as I start to pick myself off the ground. A week ago, a warrior had been found on the edge of the pack lines badly beaten. When he finally came to, he had no memory of the event or who his attacker was. He was lucky to still be alive.

I shift back into my wolf form and begin running back towards the pack hospital. As I continue along, I start to think of the female from a few days ago that I can't seem to get out of my head. I wonder what she does here? We have over a thousand wolves in this pack but there's not many females since most of the wolves are male warriors. Majority of the females here are mates to one of the guys here and end up working at the hospital or one of the other little shops in town. I didn't sense she was mated though when I last saw her, even though it's obvious that one warrior had feelings for her.

Just thinking about it makes my wolf angry and a growl escapes my lips. He wants to see her again and though I hate to admit it, so do I. I wonder if she's a healer and I'll see her in the pack hospital? I try to shake these thoughts out of my head and focus on the issue at hand. I need to worry about my warriors and this new threat to the pack instead

of a female.

I walk up to Kane and nod my head in acknowledgment to him. He opens the door and we head inside, our strides eating up the ground with efficiency as we move. I look around as we make our way through the halls and casually glance into some of the rooms that have open doors.

"Are you looking for something?" Kane asks me, a bit puzzled by my behavior.

That's makes two of us.

"No." I say, slightly embarrassed by my actions since I have no explanation for it. I quickly force my gaze straight ahead, ignoring the urge to look around, as I follow Kane through the halls. When we finally reach the room, he motions for me to go in and I carefully open the door.

I walk into the room with my Beta to see my Gamma, Rivers Archer, already sitting in the chair next to a male that's practically lifeless on the bed. His face is battered and bloody and it looks as though he's been stabbed multiple times. But that's not what caught my eye. In the middle of his chest is a 'F' with an arrow through the middle. It's obvious it's been carved into his skin with a knife and what infuriates me the most is I know what it is. It's the mark of the Fae.

"Was there anything else with him when he was found?" My blood is practically boiling.

"No it was just him." My gamma says while looking over at the warrior.

"No word about this gets out, is that clear?" I growl.

Both men nod in acknowledgement.

Kane and I have been talking about the possibility of having to prepare for another war, and now it's starting to become more and more likely.

Later, I'm back in my office with both my Beta and Gamma as we talk about the recent attacks and this new "message" from the Fae.

"At this point I don't see how we can avoid going to war. These attacks

are going to keep coming and we need to prepare now." Kane says to me.

"I agree. We've seen lots of suspicious activity around the boarders lately and some of the men reported feeling as though they are being watched when out on patrol." Rivers adds.

I sit at my desk and stare outside the window, taking in information from both of my men. I trust these two guys more than anything. They are the only ones who know who I really am and respect my decision to keep my identity a secret. Not only have they kept my secret, but they continue to carry out my orders and lead this pack with respect and commitment.

"We lost way too many men during the last war. Our population is just now coming back around to the numbers we were at before, and this has only happened in the last 5 years. We will need to improve our defense to prevent another bloodbath." I say to both, who are now deep in thought.

"Our fighters train almost daily Zander and our fighting tactics have improved greatly." Rivers says.

"Yeah, but that's not enough. All it takes is one fatal blow to kill a wolf. Kane, how is that new armor I requested coming along?"

Rivers looks over to Kane before asking. "What new armor?"

"I requested the development of new armor for our warriors. I want something that will fit our men in their human form but also stay with them and give them protection when they shift to wolf form. We are faster and stronger in our wolf form, but also more vulnerable." I explain.

"I've already talked to someone about it and they are going to put a team together to start creating prototypes. I'm not sure how far along in the process we are since a deadline wasn't given and this is truly a difficult task."

"I want a prototype in two months." I say to him.

"I'll see what we can do." Kane nods to me.

I dismiss both of my men and sit back down into my chair as I stare out the window. I really hate the thought of going to war again, but I guess deep down I knew another one would happen eventually. A tapping on my window soon breaks me away from my thoughts and I look down to see a bird hopping along the ledge outside. He seems to be a raven and is pecking on the glass with what looks like a rolled up piece of paper tied to his leg.

Opening the window, the bird flies into the room and lands on my desk. I pull the string securing the paper to the bird and as the paper falls to the ground, the animal flies away. I reach down to grab the tiny slip and unroll it.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are. King."

I read over the words scribbled down and clench my teeth together as I see the mark of the Fae drawn at the bottom.

Oh yes. A war is brewing.

Chapter Comments



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