

Chapter 12

Then I smell the scent of urine. I roll my eyes and attempt to hold my breath. This is the guy that is supposed to guard the main entrance to his pack? This Dean guy is dumber than I thought. I'm surprised they weren't attacked before we got here.

"Is he on his way?" I ask slowly as I tilt my head and let my wolf blend his eyes with mine. The red tint that proves I'm an Alpha makes me look a little unhinged and I use that to my advantage.

He holds his tongue, even though he is shaking like a leaf, so I follow through with my promise. While holding his neck with one hand. I stomp down on each of his legs in quick succession, feeling the bones shatter. He screams in pain and I hear the howl of wolves coming closer.

"Is. That. Your. Sh*tstarter?" Pee boy finally nods his head and I do the same. "See, that wasn't so hard. Was it?" He is still whimpering from the pain in his legs, but he relaxes in my hand thinking I am going to let him go. "Traitors don't get the reward of keeping their lives." His eyes go wide as I snap his neck before he can whimper and cry any more and I hear another howl. They must have felt the loss of a pack member. I actually felt it too, but because he was a deserter, it was just a cord being cut, there was no pain involved, telling me he would have shown loyalty to whoever he thought was the most powerful in the moment. No one needs pack members like that.

A group of five wolves come flying out of the trees and my guards are out of the truck in seconds. I command them to make Edward a priority, I don't want one of them accidentally killing him. The pack is mine, he gave me control willingly so there wasn't a big dramatic snap of energy like if I would have killed him in battle. Some of the weaker wolves may not have felt the shift including these dipsh*ts. Since Edward is still



alive. I take them out easily, even the biggest of the five, who I assume is Dean, is still no match for me. I barely broke a sweat. He must have been a warrior who thought he had a right to lead, because he could fight. Not all warriors are leaders and not all leaders are warriors.

The fight was less than entertaining, but it was over quickly and I have my warriors place the bodies along the border where there has been the most trouble so they know that I will not tolerate any form of hostility on this pack. Hopefully the rest of the transfer is this smooth.

Once we have Edward settled back in his packhouse and I have made room for my warriors in a neighboring house and set up a temporary patrol schedule. I take a run with Edward's lead warrior around the territory. I want to know the lands and anything else unusual that he has seen. I also want to scent the border, letting anyone know that the territory has changed hands and a stronger Alpha is now in control. 1

My wolf was happy he got to take care of three rebels. He's a bit more theatrical than I am. He likes to play with his food a bit before he actually goes in for the kill. They were barely recognizable when he was done. We left them on the border as more examples of what it means to cross me.

I will run this path several more times tomorrow to imbue my scent. This is what takes up most of my time. Running the borders, leaving my scent. Warning any outsiders off my lands without permission. I don't love being this blood thirsty, but I am good at it and it's effective, for the most part. 4