

## Chapter 33: Rescue Mission

Charlie

I picked three of our top warriors, taking them to Yara for approval that they are healthy enough to go on this rescue mission. Once she agreed, we all went to the room of this warrior, Laney, to get her smell. The woman's scent was nice, spicy but a bit too much on the pachouli side for me. At least I have the girl's scent and confirmed that she looks like her sister. That's the other thing, this woman is attractive. Maybe it's because we don't see too many women outside our own packs, but seeing her, smelling her new scent is making Gregor antsy.

'What's up with you?' 1

'I don't know. Let's just go find this girl,' he says. I can feel his own frustration at not understanding his reaction to this woman.

'And what's with you and our Luna? You're going to get us killed,' I say to him as I get the warriors and we begin running toward Thomas ' pack.

'I like her. A lot. She's smart, and funny, and..."

'And NOT ours,' I say firmly. I refuse to fight Warren for Yara. They are fated mates and you don't fuck around with that. Even if it wasn't nearly impossible to find your fated mate these days, I wouldn't fight him for her. She obviously feels the same pull to him that he does to her. So, yeah, I can appreciate her intelligence, her kindness, and her sharp wit, without flirting with her in front of her mate, or at all.

Especially since she's unmarked.

'Fine,' he says, moping. I know he wants to find our mate. I didn't always agree with Warren about waiting to find his mate, but he was adamant. He'd grown up with parents who were fated mates unlike most of us, so he knew the level of passion and commitment that could come with that kind of bond. Over the years, I'd frequently tried to convince him to take a chosen mate, someone from our pack, but when we'd gone through the list of she-wolves, none of them seemed like the kind of woman either of us would want to bind ourselves to for the rest of our lives.

So, we'd both waited. It had worked for him and I'm a couple of years younger than he is. Now, seeing what he has with Yara, I understand a lot better about why he was so insistent about waiting. No chosen mate bond could ever compete with what he has with our Luna, and they haven't even marked each other yet.

As we get closer to Thomas' pack, I slow down, opening my mind link to the other warriors.

'Keep your noses up. Not only do we have to get around the patrols, but we also need to find this girl, get her to stay quiet and agree to come with us, and then get out before they even know we've gotten in.'

I get them to spread out, hoping that someone will catch this girls' scent. I move closer to the packhouse, as close as I can without crossing the borders. I'm a bit surprised that I haven't seen or heard any patrols yet. Did they send every warrior to fight our pack? If so, then Thomas is a fool and his pack is open to attack from anyone.

## Chapter 33: Rescue Mission

He may be in an alliance of some sort with Quinton and Brady, but that doesn't mean that they wouldn't take advantage of a weaker Alpha to take over his pack, especially Quinton. The man is a greedy piece of shit, not caring who dies in his quest for power. It's another reason that I am loyal to Warren. He doesn't send us out to fight for no reason. There's always a reason if we go, but usually, we're on the receiving end of battles. Now, it seems, that it was a strategic move by Quinton.

I close my eyes, listening to the sounds coming from the packhouse. I can hear snoring, fucking, and in a room at the end of a hallway, crying.

'I've got her,' I let my warriors know. 'Has anyone seen any patrols?'

'No, Beta,' the warriors says, heading back in my direction.

Gregor stands at attention, listening intently to the girl crying. That will be Laney's sister. She'll have felt the snap of the pack link, and she'll think her sister is dead.

When my warriors arrive, we sniff the air one more time, before shifting into our human forms. I'm still amazed that there aren't any patrols. But we still carefully make our way to the packhouse.

Here we find some patrols, but it looks like these poor bastards got the raw end of the deal, or maybe they were the least injured after our battle today. Either way, my men and I make quick work of them before heading inside.

As we get closer, I can feel Gregor getting more excited. The scent of mulling spices is getting stronger in the air. I love mulling spices. It

Chapter 33: Rescue Mission

reminds me of fall and winter days, of changing leaves and the first snow of the season, all things that I love. 1

We quietly sneak into the packhouse, climbing the stairs that the omegas would use to bring food and laundry up to the ranked members rooms. I didn't get the impression from Laney that she and her sister were ranked. But maybe that's why she wants her sister out of this pack. With limited options, a pretty girl like Laney and her sister would be hot commodities to an Alpha, especially if he only cared about having heirs.

The thought makes Gregor snarl in my head and he pushes me to move faster. When we get to the Alpha floor, I can see that this girl has been put in the room beside Alpha Thomas. Well, that makes this easier. If she was in his room, it would be harder to get her out without alerting the pack. This way, it should be fairly simple.

'Guard the door. I'll get her,' I tell my warriors who turn with their backs to the door, ready to attack if someone approaches.

I quietly open the door and when I do, the scent of mulling spices overwhelms me, nearly bringing me to my knees.

'Mate!' Gregor says excitedly in my head.

Just then the girls' head snaps up, as I'm sure her wolf smelled us entering her room.

I put my finger to my lips, asking her to be quiet.

"I understand you like donuts," I say softly.

She nods. "I love them."

"I have a couple back at my pack that you may be interested in."

"A couple?" she asks, swiping her tears away.


"One in particular," I say, thrilled that I can tell her that her sister isn't dead.

She huffs a relieved sob before standing up from the floor where she was quietly crying.

"Will you come with me?" I ask, extending my hand.

She nods, placing her hand in mine. Warm, electric tingles light up my hand shooting up my arm.

She gasps and I know she feels it too.

"Let's go, Mate," I say to her. She smiles softly and nods her head. 

We swiftly leave the packhouse, having to kill a couple more of Thomas' men as we leave. It says a lot that Thomas can sleep through his pack members dying. What a miserable Alpha he is and if he was planning to force my mate into a mate bond, then I'll be thrilled if Alpha Warren gives us the go ahead to take out Thomas and the rest of his pack.

But for now, my mate is safe and I'm taking her back to her sister and into the safety of our pack.