

War of Threes

Chapter 5 - Arya

Within 15 minutes, I am completely healed. I shift, breaking free of my restraints, then quickly shift back. I'm naked, but I'm free and healed.

Carefully and quietly, I move to the door. I stick my nose to the crack and inhale deeply, smelling for guards. There is one, but when I listen, I hear that his heartbeat is slow, telling me that he is asleep. Were I staying on as the Delta, I'd wake him up with a kick to the gut. How dare he sleep on duty! *Idioot!* (Idiot)

But, this once, the overconfidence and arrogance of the men of the Blue Crescent Pack has helped me. I open the door and see the same pack member who used his elbow on the back of my head. I had no qualms in breaking his neck. I arranged his head so that it still looked like he was sleeping and edged my way toward the exit. I walked as fast as I dared, constantly sniffing and listening for guards.

I passed Mathias' room, listening as he snores lightly in his sleep. I also smell the scent of one of the female warriors we brought with us. Didn't take him too long to move on, now did it? *Pielkop! Ek haat hom!* (Dickhead! I hate him!)

Disgusted, I turn away and find the entrance. Two guards at the front. That's it. Mathias is being sloppy. But I guess I did take down six warriors during the fight. They won't have healed enough to be helpful in a fight yet. Minus me, that leaves eight somewhere around. Mathias fucked one and is sleeping next to her. I killed one. These two are on guard. Four left.

I don't want to get caught in an all out fight now. I've got to get out of here as soon as possible without waking Mathias. Heading further back into the building, I look for the other four wolves. I find three of them sleeping in a room further down the hall. I quickly snap each of their necks, making sure to have it appear as if they are still asleep. I find the others that I incapacitated and do the same. I can't have Mathias able to follow me.

I debate killing Mathias, but I doubt that I'd be able to. He's a fucking alpha. Even if I did catch him off guard, the likelihood of me being able to kill him without him waking and alerting the others is slim to none. Right now, I'm just eliminating his back up. I don't want him able to follow me back to my mates. I need him to go home to get backup. That will give me enough time to get to the Artemis Pack and my mates.

One more warrior. I just need to know where they are so that I can leave. Suddenly, I smell tobacco smoke coming from the back of the building. Someone has decided to go on a smoke break. I recognize the scent of the warrior, one of my best. Walking to the back of the building, I see the backdoor cracked open, Isaac on the other side of the door. His nostrils flare and he turns to me.

Bursting through the door, I grab him around his neck, covering his mouth.

“You will not scream. I do not wish to hurt you Isaac, but I will if I have to. Please don’t make me do it.” He nods and I slowly move my hand from his mouth.

“Delta, you have to run,” he whispers, his eyes scanning behind me.

“I am. Come with me. I know that you hate Mathias nearly as much as I do. Come with me to the Artemis Pack!” My voice is urgent, my body itching to run.

He looks like he is about to agree, but then shakes his head. “No, Delta. You’ll need help. Mathias will likely make me Delta next. If not, I’ll be a general. I can help you from the inside.” He digs in his pocket, pulling out his cell phone. “Take this. I’ll get a burner and contact you through it. You’ve gotta knock me out, then run.”

I can only stare at him.

“Arya!” He shakes me, calling me by my name for the first time in our entire relationship. “You have to do this!”

I nod, coming out of my stupor. I grab the phone from him.

“Here, take my shirt. You can rip it and turn it into a pack for the phone.”

I grab the shirt and tear it into long strips. I wrap the phone in the strips and tie it loosely around my forearm. When I shift, it will be snug. Finally, I look back to Isaac. “Why?”

“You are the only person in that pack besides my mother who ever cared about me. I can’t allow Mathias to do anything else to you. And I can’t allow his hate to continue.”

I grab the back of his neck, pulling his forehead to mine. This is a sign of deep affection and respect in my old tribe. And something that I had taught my closest warriors.

“*Broer* (Brother), we will meet again.” Then I pull back my fist and strike him in the temple. He immediately goes limp and I gently lower him to the ground.

Then I shift and race into the woods.

