

The Silent Alpha by StephanieLight Chapter 51

*** Jordan***

“Natalia...” I say anxiously.

“It’s me...”

There is a long silence on the other side and I find myself holding my breath as I wait for a response.

“How did you get this number?” Natalia growls, her voice seething with contempt and hatred.

“How do you have Nikki’s phone?”

I look over at the nervous she-wolf beside me, Nikki biting her nails anxiously as I try to find the words to explain. It’s taken me over a week to gain Micah and Nikki’s trust and even longer to find the courage to call Natalia and explain her predicament.

“I’ll explain later,” I reply, my hands shaking as they hold the phone to my ear.

“We need to talk-”

“We have nothing to talk about,” she snarls, the venom potent in her voice.

“Nat, I-”

“Do not call me that!” she spits back.

“In fact, don’t call me at all. You lost that privilege a long time ago. Whatever it is, leave me out of it. I don’t care.”

“But Christian has gone insane!” I argue.

“I don’t care about Christian or any of the Silver Crest wolves for that matter,” she snaps.

Leave me alone, Jordan. You’re good Her words sting but I persist. This is too important.

“He knows about Dakota!” I cry desperately before she can hang up the phone and she gasps, the fear evident in her voice.

“What did you say?” I sigh in relief now that I have her attention.

“He knows about Dakota. He knows you have a son, Luna-”

“Don’t call me that!” She shrieks into the phone.

“Sorry,” I mutter apologetically.

“He knows you have a son. He knows you enrolled him in the little daycare center near your house at the edge of town. He knows you work at the Poulsbo clinic as a medical assistant and at the masque in the evenings as a waitress. He knows all about you and Dakota and he’s coming. He’s coming back for his Luna and his pup.”

“No,” she whimpers, the frustration in her voice heart-wrenching.

“No. No. No! I was careful. I was so f*****g careful. How did he... How did he find me? And what about Vanessa? Hasn’t she given him a pup by now he can use as his heir?”

“Vanessa is infertile,” I sigh, a sudden burst of laughter coming from the other side.

“Ha, really?” Natalia giggles.

“Goddess, this is unbelievable.”

“It’s not funny, Nat,” I scold her.

“This is serious. Your sister has really messed s**t up-”

“And that is your own fault. Silver Crest chose her over me,” to you because you still chose to protect Christian and Vanessa.

Don’t come crawling back to me now that you’ve realized your mistake. It’s been over four years since I left and now all of sudden, you call out of nowhere, expecting me to believe you’ve come to your senses and realized you’ve made a mistake with Vanessa? Tch! f**k you, Jordan.”

“Natalia, please, I’m begging you,” I plead.

“Please listen”

“No,” she snaps.

“I begged you to help me through my pain, to help me find a cure and you stood there and did nothing for me! You mocked me with your silence and your lies. No more! I’m done helping you. I’m done with Silver Crest. I’ll figure out what to do on my own without your help. f**k you!”

She hangs up the phone before I have a chance to speak another word, not giving me the opportunity to explain just how much danger she’s in.

If she refuses Christian, there's no telling what Jack will do to her. I try dialing again, but the call goes straight to voicemail and I find myself resisting the urge to fly out to California and search every city for her.

"Text her," Nikki urges.

"She's angry and upset so she won't want to listen to you right now but once she cools off, she might be more willing to at least read what you have to say. Even if she doesn't answer, she needs to know what's going on with her ex and her sister." advice and I type out the text explaining Christian's murder spree.

I just hope Natalia is more willing to understand things in the morning.

"I'll give Zane a text in the morning," Micah offers.

"He might be willing to listen and convince Talia to take this threat seriously."

Nikki and Micah had explained to me that he was Natalia's second chance mate though she was not very fond of him the last time they spoke with her.

According to them, he is a mute silver wolf who seems like a good guy.

It is a huge relief to know that Natalia is not completely alone and that she has someone to defend her against Christian. I just hope this new mate treats her better than Christian ever did.

Having sent the texts, Nikki takes me to their spare room and as I get ready for bed, my phone rings, Christian's name flashing across the screen. Ignoring him would seem too suspicious so I gather my thoughts quickly before answering. "Yes, Alpha?" I say into the speaker. "Do you have my mate?" He asks without saying hello. Don't tell him the truth, my wolf Adam, warns. "Not yet, sir. She-" "You have failed your

mission.” “It’s not that simple,” I explain. “She won’t even let me speak.” “Then force her to listen!” He roars into my phone. “And then what, sir?” | scoff. “Should I kidnap her?” You are walking a very fine line right now, Adam snarls. Don’t f*****g blow it. “What did you just say?” Christian snarls. | gulp back my words as the rumble of Christian’s angry voice sends shivers down my spine. “Nothing, sir,” I reply quickly, my heart racing in my chest as I wait for his response. “Listen to me very carefully, Jordan,” Christian spits. “You have three days. THREE f*****g DAYS, to figure out how to get my mate back to me or I will feed you to my wolf!” That’s not enough time, Adam barks. “Sir, give me a week,” | beg. “If I don’t have her in one week, I’ll lend my own life.” He pauses for a moment before answering. “Fine.” “Thank you, sir,” I reply, nodding despite him not being able to see me. I let out a tired sigh when he hangs up, allowing my body to crash on the mattress from pure exhaustion. My heart races as I try to figure out what to do to keep Christian from searching for Natalia but I ultimately allow my worries to melt away and fall into the darkness. I awake to the sound of a knock at the door of my room, Nikki calling my name with desperation. “Jordan!! Jordan, it’s Talia!” she cries excitedly. “She texted back!” I’m up like a lightning bolt and spring to the door, nearly tripping over my jeans on the floor. Nikki wears nothing but her robe and underwear, but I ignore her exquisite figure as I take the phone from Nikki. She bites her nails as I read the text aloud. “Call me in the morning. Tell me exactly what he knows,” I read aloud, looking up at Nikki as I finish. Wasting no time, I dial Natalia’s number, pulling Nikki into the room and slamming the door shut behind her. The phone rings a few times on the other side and I pull on some jeans while I wait. “Jordan...” Natalia’s voice comes through, a bit hoarse and raspy. “Nat...I-” “Just tell me what he knows,” she interrupts me. “And how did he find me?” Knowing she will likely hang up if I don’t get right to the point, I clear my throat and answer her questions. “He hired a private investigator to track down everything about you,” I sigh. “He was able to track your flight down to Wyoming

and cross referenced that with your new name. How he discovered that name is unknown to me,” I shrug. responds. “He found your public records related to the name ‘Talia Ramos’. That’s your home address, Dakota’s birth certificate, your work addresses, Kota’s school address-” “Does he know where I am now ?” she suddenly asks, my mind blanking for a moment. “No, he doesn’t know your current location, Luna-”

“I am not your Luna,” she snarls.

I nod silently, Natalia letting out an annoyed sigh.

“What exactly does he want with me ?” she asks.

I choose my words carefully as I do not exactly understand my Alpha’s logic.

“He wants to reinstate you as his Luna and bring home his heir,” I reply, a loud groan coming from Natalia’s side.

“Why ? Why can’t he just move on ? What about his precious Vanessa ?” She cries in frustration.

“What does she have to say in all of this ?”

Now would be a good time to explain her sister tried to turn, Adam sighs.

“Nat, your sister attempted to complete a turning in order to salvage her marriage,” I sigh.

“She ended up in a coma.”

There is a long pause on the other side and for a moment, I fear she may have disconnected the call.

“Nat?” I call out, hoping she is still on the line.

“I’m here,” she says matter of factly.

“I don’t know what having a sister years ago. I’m an orphan and an only child as far as I’m concerned.”

I do not like this cynical version of my former Luna.

She used to be very sweet and caring to her sister.

It hurts knowing that my once very generous and loving Luna likely no longer exists, too hurt and betrayed to ever trust someone with her heart again.

“She’s your sister, Nat,” I reply quietly.

“She just made some mistakes.”

“Mistakes?”

Natalia scoffs angrily, my heart sinking to my stomach at the sound of the hatred in her voice.

“You call sleeping with my husband, MY MATE, over and over again a mistake? You call lying to my face and destroying whatever self confidence I had a mistake? Do you have any idea what she and Christian did to me? What you did to me?” She asks, a tremor audible in her voice.

“Until recently, I did not believe love existed,” she whimpers.

“And now I have this amazing man who truly wants to love me and I’m too afraid to give him my heart. I’m too afraid to let myself fall for him because all I can think about is the pain I felt when I walked in on

Vanessa and Christian. What I felt when I realized you and everyone in that awful pack lied to me. I don't feel an ounce of sympathy for you or Vanessa or anyone in Silver Crest. I don't feel anything for you anymore. Tell Christian he can go to hell. My son already has a Dad and I have an Alpha who I am going to love. I am going to love him and I am going to be happy because after all these years spent being angry Without another word, she hangs up the phone, fear gripping my heart.

"She's not coming back," Nikki mutters in realization.

"Good," she adds with a small smile.

"I hope she gets her happy ending with Zane and I hope your Alpha leaves her and that beautiful little boy alone."

"He won't," I shake my head at her.

"You don't understand and neither does she," I sigh.

"Christian, as she knew him, is long gone."

Christian

I spent all of last night fighting off Jack to keep from flying to Washington myself and finding my mate, but I knew better than to march right up to Natalia and take her.

She is too proud to go down without a fight so I will have to make the first moves and demonstrate that after all these years, she is still my Luna.

For the past week, I have prepared for her homecoming, redecorating the house the way she liked it, building a new room for our son with toys and new clothes and getting all the supplies for her Luna ceremony.

Everything has to be perfect, absolutely perfect for my Luna.

Bring her home...

Jack snarls, pacing back and forth in desperation. updates from the scouts I sent to spy on both Derek and Jordan while they complete their missions. I don't trust them anymore. As I grab money from the safe, my phone rings, no caller ID flashing across the screen. Answering immediately, a raspy voice comes through the speaker. "One hour.% 20,000.Cash only," the voice mutters before hanging up. I count out the money accordingly and collect my things before making the drive out to the designated lake house in the woods, my heart beating in my chest with excitement. After several years of searching, I have found a small coven of water witches willing to help me find my family for a small fee. As I arrive at the lake house, I find two witches sitting on the lake shores in a deep meditation, ignoring the loud sound of my car engine as I park up next to the house. A third witch, Lorelei, greets me at the door, a pleasant smile control. "I can assure it won't be an easy price to pay," Lorelei warns. "Think carefully before agreeing. Blood magic is no simple feat." "Who's?" Jack growls with annoyance. "Your mother's," Melusine replies, rising to her feet. "Sacrifice your mother and you will have your son within a week." home is eccentrically decorated with mismatched curtains and cranny and the scent of burning sage fills the room. One of the walls in the living area is an aquarium with small fish swimming to and fro. "Follow me," Lorelei says, leading me towards the garage. Part of the garage is submerged in the lake for boat docking but a good portion sits above the water. There we find another witch, Endora, busily setting up the garage for spell casting. "Do you have the items we requested?" Lorelei asks and I nod my head, holding up the small pouch in my hand containing a photograph of Kota and Natalia's old hairbrush. "Excellent," the witch hisses to herself, taking the pouch and handing it to Endora. The two witches who had been sitting in the lake enter the garage, their clothes dripping wet. They introduce themselves as Melusine and Sinnan. Endora draws out a circle

in the middle of the floor, setting up a pot of boiling water in the center while Lorelei takes five different colored candles to represent the five elements and places them along the edge of the circle so they are equally spaced out. The witches instruct me to sit inside the circle and the five of us sit by a candle. “We are gathered here today to ask the Gods to help Christian find his mate and his son,” Lorelei says. “It will not be an easy task so let us begin.” chants, lighting the red colored candle representing fire. She then passes the candle to each of us so that we may each light the rest of the candles with the flame of the fire candle. “By the scent of his soul, I call wind to guide me,” Melusine sings, holding up the yellow wind candle to me. “Blow on it,” she instructs me and I do as she says. She fans the smoke over the boiling pot of water, the pot taking in the fumes. “By the flesh that embodies his soul, I call earth to guide me,” Sinnan murmurs, taking Natalia’s hair brush and tossing it into the pot. “By the blood in his veins, I call water to guide me,” Lorelei adds, pulling a dagger from her sleeve. She takes my hand and makes a cut across my palm, my blood spilling into the pot. The eyes of all four witches turn black as night and the pot begins to shake violently. “By the will of the Gods, “they chant in unison. “I call the spirits to guide me so that Dakota may be found.” The pot spews out a dark cloud of smoke and then suddenly plunges back into the pot. Lorelei turns to me with a smile of satisfaction. “The God of Chaos has heard our plea and has agreed to help you,” She says. “But for a hefty price.” “I’ll give you all the money you want,” I answer but the witch only shakes her head. “Not money,” she smirks. “Blood.” “I can assure it won’t be an easy price to pay,” Lorelei warns. “Think carefully before agreeing. Blood magic is no simple feat.” “Who’s?” Jack growls with annoyance. “Your mother’s,” Melusine replies, rising to her feet. “Sacrifice your mother and you will have your son within a week.”

The Silent Alpha by StephanieLight Chapter 52

Chapter 52: Red Water

*****Zanet****

After Talia's former Gamma called last night, Talia went into a frantic terror, shaking violently with both rage and fear that her ex-mate was trying to locate our son.

It was not until I brought Kota in to stay with us for the night that she finally calmed down enough to go to sleep.

Grayson, however, was too enraged to stay quiet, so I let him out to patrol around the house while our mate and pup slept soundly.

Now as the dawn breaks over the horizon, I shift into my human form, changing into a pair of shorts and stumbling back into the room.

“Tell Christian he can go to hell. My son already has a Dad and I have an Alpha who I am going to love. I am going to love him and I am going to be happy because after all these years spent being angry and full of hatred, I deserve to have my happily ever after,”

Talia snarls into the phone before hanging up and huffing loudly to herself. She looks up to see me standing in the doorway, her cheeks heating up as she curls back up in bed with our sleeping pup.

I don't know what to say as a kaleidoscope of butterflies flutters about from my stomach to my head.

Talia pats the empty space beside her, coaxing me to come to bed with her as she pulls the covers open for me. I crawl into bed, She interlocks our hands and brings them to her lips, kissing my knuckles gently as she speaks.

“Christian wants to make me his Luna and take Kota as his next heir,” she murmurs, her other hand brushing away Kota's hair from his face.

A low growl rumbles through my chest, Talia chuckling softly to herself at Grayson's possessiveness.

"And it appears my sister ended up in a coma after attempting to turn," she sighs.

I rest my chin on her shoulder and pull her closer to my chest.

"A-are you al-alright?" I ask, Talia shrugging to herself.

"I have let Vanessa and Christian control my life for several years now," she whispers.

"And for a long time, I've been living in fear of my own heart, too afraid to let anyone else get close enough to hurt me again. It's so much easier being alone; it's comfortable. No one can hurt you,"

<https://infobagh.com/>she adds with a small shrug.

I hold my breath as she guides my hand to her chest and presses it over her heart.

"Do you feel my heart racing?" she asks, the thumping of her heart drumming against the palm of my hand.

"y-yes."

"It hasn't done that in a long time," she murmurs in breathy whispers.

"But my heart races every time I'm with you...And I realize...I never want to stop feeling that." to live, to grow, to fight intensifying as she speaks her truth.

"I want to be yours, truly and completely yours," Talia whispers, turning to look at me with tears tugging at her eyes.

“So I will give you my heart and my soul...even if it terrifies me.Even if I feel I’m not good enough.I’m done letting Christian and Vanessa win.I want to stop running.I want to be happy...and that starts by accepting your mark.”

My eyes widen in shock and I can’t help the giddy smile that stretches across my face.

“R-really?” I ask, Grayson wagging his tail enthusiastically.

What are you doing? Don’t question her, he snaps.She might change her mind!

“Tonight,” she murmurs.

“Mark me tonight.”

I lock eyes with her, trying to decipher if this really is what she wants or if it’s just the fear taking over again.

All I find in her eyes, however, is something no one but my mother has ever looked at me with: acceptance.

I am flawed and tainted by my past, but this perfectly imperfect human still wants me to be the father of her child and the man of her life.What more could I want?

“T-tonight,” I nod, a smile curling on her lips in response as I lean in for a kiss.

“One more thing, Zane,” Talia adds, teasing me by pulling away from my lips.

“How would you feel about asking Queen Aurora if we can stay in River Moon...indefinitely?” She asks, biting on her lower lips as she waits for my reply.

There is nothing to think about, however, as I already feel right at home here, more so than I ever did at Scarlett Haven.

As I part my lips to answer, Kota suddenly sits up, his eyes filling with tears as he looks at us.

“Baby, what’s wrong?” Talia asks, sitting up and opening her arms for him.

“I dream of a bad wolf,” he whines, burying his face in her chest.

“And red water. Lots of red water on you, mommy.”

“Red water?” She asks, turning to look at me in confusion.

” What red water?”

“Red water everywhere!” He cries.

“He was mean to Daddy.Why was he so mean to Daddy?!”

“Okay, okay,” Talia soothes, rubbing his back as she kisses his head.

“Daddy’s okay now.See?”

“NO!” He screams, shaking his head at us.

Talia holds onto the crying pup, whispering soothing words to calm him down.

“K-Kota,” I whisper, leaning into him.

“Do y-you want to see the bu-butterflies?”

“NO!” Kota snarls, aggressively wiping his tears and hiding his face from me.

An idea pops into my head and I grab the little stuffed wolf I “W-wolfie, wo-would y-you like to go see the bu-butterflies with me?”

I ask the stuffed wolf, Talia picking up on my redirect tactic and smirking at me.

In a much lower voice, I respond to my own question.

“Y -yes, Za-Zane, I-I want to see the bu-butterflies.”

“W-what about y-you, Ta-Talia? Wo-would y-you like to go see the bu-butterflies with me?” I ask, Talia nodding happily.

“I would love to come,” she giggles.

“Kota, do you want to come with us?”

“Nuh-uh,” he mutters, shaking his head.

“Well then K-Kota can stay here all b-by himself and we can g-go see the bu-butterflies,” I say in my deep voice through the wolf.

“That’s a great idea,” Talia adds, gently sliding Kota off her lap.

“Let me just brush my teeth and get dressed and then we can go.” We both start to get up when Kota very timidly crawls to the edge of the bed.

“Can I come?” he asks, wiping his tired face.

“Of c-course y-you can,” I say, shoving the wolf in his face and peppering him with wolf kisses.

“I-I love y-you K-Kota.Y-You’re my b-best friend and I-I will never let an-anyone hurt y-you.”

The little boy gives into the wolf’s kisses and allows himself to be washed and dressed by his mother, but his dream lingers in my mind.

haunting my son’s dreams and why was Talia covered in blood? I don’t get much time to dwell on the dream as the three of us make our way downstairs for breakfast where we find Agnes already hard at work over the stove.

The scent of freshly made pancakes, eggs, bacon, and potatoes fills my nostrils, my mouth watering with hunger.

Kota wastes no time in greeting Agnes, tapping on her leg to get her attention and waving hello at her.

She greets us all, our eyes meeting for a brief moment.

There is fear and despair on her kind face as she hurries to fix us each a plate, and I realize she is trying to make herself useful to me.

Her hands tremble as she sets a plate in front of me, guilt filling my heart for my cold behavior towards her last night.

“I made your favorite,” she signs anxiously.

“I know you probably don’t need me now that she’s back but I just wanted to-”

I don’t let her sign any more nonsense, pulling her into my arms in a tight embrace.

At first, she remains stiff, as if unsure if she had the right to touch me after last night but when I refuse to pull away, she finally wraps her arms around my waist.

Tears stain my shirt as she lets her pain trickle down her cheeks and I only squeeze her tighter.

Kota asks why Agnes is crying but Talia only whisks him away and sets our breakfast out on the patio to give Agnes and I some privacy.

When I pull away, Agnes frantically wipes her tears and "I know I don't deserve your forgiveness, but I never meant to hurt you. I just couldn't bring myself to tell you the truth about why I came to Scarlett Haven," she pleads.

"Please forgive me, but if you can't, I understand."

"I'm not angry at you," I reply honestly.

"I realize now you were only doing what you thought was best. It is I who should be thanking you for all the years of your care. You were so broken and yet you chose to care for the son of the man who killed your child. You chose to be my family when I had no family left to care for me. My mother may be alive, but her presence can't erase all the love you gave me,"

I sign, tears gathering in Agnes' eyes once more.

"It was you who held my hand during my first shift, you who shielded me with your body during a beating, you who washed my wounds after a long day of labor, you who taught me how to speak when I had no voice to do so. I love you, Mom. <https://infobagh.com/> I will always love you."

She does her best to hold back her tears but her feelings get the best of her and she sobs into her hands, her body relaxing with relief that I still see her as my mother.

I once again wrap her up in my arms, shielding her from the world as she cries.

When she's let out all of her emotions, I lead her out into the patio where we find Talia and Kota hunched over a patch of grass.

(***F.uck you N**elJar, Nov*leb**k, and SWN**el.Stop stealing my work, you cuntchops!***) murmurs, pointing to three lady bugs crawling along some blades of grass.

“1 spot, 2 spots, 3 spots...”

Talia's voice trails off as we all hear the sound of soft footsteps tapping towards us.

Rionna takes timid steps down the walkway, a small tray wrapped in tinfoil visible in her hands as she approaches.

She sets the tray on the patio table and smiles nervously at us.

“Good morning,” she both says and signs to us, shock washing over me that she can sign.

“I saw you guys having breakfast outside.I thought I'd join you, unless perhaps you've changed your mind about sharing a meal with me.I can leave if it's too much right now,” she signs as she speaks.

I'm at a complete loss of words as I stare back at my mother, still in shock that after all of these years, she's still alive, still here.

Luckily for me, Kota fills the awkward silence with his nosy self and he points to the tray on the table.

“What’s that?” he asks, giving Rionna a cheeky grin as he bats his thick lashes at her.

She smiles and pulls back the tin foil wrap to reveal freshly baked coffee cake, an involuntary gasp escaping my lips as a number of memories come flooding back to me.

“I made some coffee cake,” she explains, showing Kota the delicious treats.

“I don’t remember if I liked it in the past, but it’s my favorite breakfast treat now,” she shrugs.

“Y-you loved coffee ca-ake,” I mumble and sign, turning away coffee cake we used to share when she would come visit me in my prison.

“Y-you used to dr-draw happy faces on the ca-cakes with the cinna-cinnamon and icing... be-because they ma-made me laugh.”

“Oh,” Rionna whispers, looking down at the little coffee cake slices she still decorated with icing and cinnamon smiles.

“I-I didn’t...I’m sorry.”

“Do-don’t be!” I shake my head at her, Rionna jumping a little from the enthusiasm in my voice.

“I-I’m glad y-you came.S-sit.I-’ll serve y-you.”

I practically run into the house to grab another plate of food, feeling giddy inside to have both of my mothers, my mate and my son with me

for breakfast. As I return with the food, I find Rionna sitting across from Agnes, both deeply enthralled in a conversation.

“You are still his mother,” Rionna explains to her.

“So if it’s alright with you, I would like the opportunity to get to know the man you raised.”

“He used to talk about you a lot,” Agnes replies timidly.

“I can only hope they were good things,” Rionna smiles at her.

“He loved you very much,” Agnes responds.

“It was hard living up to a ghost sometimes...”

“I’m afraid I might be in the same boat,” Rionna sighs.

“He may be disappointed in me. I don’t remember what Elenore was enough. Good thing he still has you. It’s a relief to know he wasn’t completely alone in my absence.”

I nearly drop the mug in my hand as I read their conversation, the sound of me fumbling with the mug startling Rionna. You would literally make the worst ninja, Grayson sighs. I ignore him as Rionna comes up to take the plate and mug from me and we gather around the patio table, Kota settling beside Rionna and asking her a million questions.

“What’s your name? Where do you live? What’s your favorite color? What’s your favorite animal? Do you know where clouds come from? Do all flowers smell good? Why is your hair gray? Do you have a wolf? Does it also have gray hair? Can I sit on your lap?”

Rionna answers each question with a smile but by the end of breakfast, I still know very little about her and her new life.

Sensing my growing sadness, Talia slips her hand into mine.

“The girls at the hospital tell me there’s a flea market in the outskirts of the city,” she announces.

“Perhaps we can all go for a little shopping trip and some fresh air? Maybe some raspados {shaved ice}?” she adds, wiggling her eyebrows at Kota who jumps up excitedly.

“I would love that very much,” Rionna replies.

“I’ll just get my purse and maybe change into something more comfortable for the weather. It’s quite warm today,” she chuckles.

She excuses herself while we put away the dishes and get his hair like mine, and redresses him in shorts and a tank top for the heat.

When Rionna returns, she seems a little upset, her brows furrowed in thought.

I want to ask her what’s wrong but she only forces a smile and waves her hand a little to indicate that it’s nothing for me to worry about. I realize it likely has to do with Toran so I decide it’s best I not pressure her for answers.

The four of us pile into the car Aurora has lent us for the duration of our stay, Talia taking the wheel as we head out of River Moon territory.

We turn up the radio, Kota shocking us all as he sings along to Cardi B’s WAP.

“No more tablet for you,” Talia mutters as she starts to change the station.

Fear washes over her features when she looks up at the road again, and she shoves me over to the side of the passenger window.

“Look out!” she screams, the sound of a gunshot followed by the cracking of the windshield ringing in my ears as the car swerves from side to side down the middle of the road.

Something warm splatters onto my shoulder as I reach for the steering wheel and pull the e-brake so we don’t drive off the road.

The car finally comes to a stop and when I look up, I see my mate covering a gaping wound on the right side of her neck near her collarbone, blood spilling between her fingers.

“Talia?”

The Silent Alpha by StephanieLight Chapter 53

Chapter 53: Games

*****Caine*****

“His Majesty has requested I return to Crescent Mane for reinforcements,” Gamma Wyatt mutters.

“He wants to show the little Queen what a real King can do,” he adds, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“This is not going to end well for us,” he shakes his head.

“But in the meantime, you two will go to River Moon to deliver this,” he says, grabbing a sheet of paper and scribbling something on it before handing it to Korbin.

“Make sure Zane gets that.” Korbin stares at the sheet of paper and reads the note aloud.

“Please rethink your decision. Your father needs you now more than ever. Signed Wyatt.”

A bitter anger ripples through me. Father didn't need anyone else but me. I'm his heir, not Zane. He was a useless mutt for 26 years and he will remain a useless mutt for what little time remains of his life.

“What's the sudden interest in that worthless omega?” I snarl, ripping the sheet out of Korbin's hands and stashing it in my pocket.

“We don't even know his gift or if he has one.”

“Do not question your King,” Wyatt snaps back.

“It is his will and we will do as we are told. Besides, that worthless omega, as you so call him, is your brother and the one true heir to Scarlett Haven so I suggest you shut your f*****g mouth before I shut it for while Zane still has a chance to come to his senses. I'll be back in three days. Please don't make me regret leaving you two alone.”

“Don't worry, Dad. We got it all under control,” Korbin smiles.

Gamma Wyatt eyes me suspiciously but I flip him the bird and act uninterested, meanwhile a plan formulates in my head.

A plan leading to my brother's demise.

Wyatt reluctantly calls an uber to the airport, reminding Korbin and I to behave while he's away.

As soon as Wyatt is a safe distance away, Korbin goes out to start the car, leaving me alone in the hotel room to get what I need. I pull out a revolver from my bag and load it with silver bullets my mother made me bring to complete my mission.

"Aim for the head or the heart," she told me.

"He won't be able to heal as quickly from silver bullets."

Of course she forgot to take into account that silver wolves are not as easily affected by silver as regular wolves but as long as I aim right, I won't have a problem. I stash the revolver in the back of my pants and head over to the car, demanding Korbin to move out of the driver's seat.

"Fine, dude chill," he mutters as he climbs into the passenger seat.

"It's not that deep."

I don't respond and take the wheel, driving out of town towards the outskirts of the city.

As I'm driving, I see an SUV in yesterday while we were visiting River Moon. Are you sure about this? Abel, my wolf, hesitates.

Hesitation is for the weak, I snarl back, pulling out the revolver from my pants and rolling down the window.

Upon seeing the gun, Korbin starts to panic.

"Ay yo, what the f**k are you- "

Ignoring him, I aim at the passenger's side where I see Zane looking stupidly at his mate.

As I pull the trigger, however, Korbin pulls my arm and the bullet flies towards the drivers side, hitting Zane's stupid mate instead.

Their car swerves like a snake down the middle of the road and I stop ours knowing my mission has yet to be fulfilled.

"What the actual f**k was that?" Korbin shouts at me, his heart rate soaring as he breaks into a full sweat.

"We were just supposed to deliver a message!"

"I am."

Jane

"Talia!!" I shout, putting pressure on her wound as my mind erupts into chaos.

"Ta-Talia I-"

"Mommy!"

Kota wails upon seeing the blood squirting all over my arms down to shield.

"Is everyone okay?" She calls out.

I respond with a nod and notice some blood spilling from her shoulder.

"I'm alright," she reassures me.

"It just nicked me in the shout- Look out!"

She cries, pushing both Kota and Agnes' head's down.

A second gun shot is fired, the back windshield of the car cracking and we hear a commotion outside the car.

Kota begins to scream and cry uncontrollably, Grayson fighting to surface and protect our family.

A third gunshot is fired but it seems to miss the car entirely.

We need to stop the shooter before he hurts Kota too! Grayson snarls, but a part of me refuses to leave Talia.

"Ri-Rionna" I stammer, pulling my shirt over my head and using it to cover the wound on Natalia's collarbone.

"H-help.. P-please."

"Okay, okay, okay," Rionna replies, leaning her body into the front seats and taking over for me, applying pressure to the wound.

"I'm linking for back up." Reluctantly, pull my hands away from Talia and lean over to kiss her forehead.

"I-I'll be back," I murmur, moving to climb out of the car, when I feel my mate grab my arm.

"Zane..." Talia croaks.

"I-I love you."

Her words are enough to unleash Grayson wrath and he takes round the car. I see Korbin and Caine standing in the middle of the road, their car just a few feet behind them.

Their hands are held above their heads as they fight for control of a revolver, a fourth shot firing in the air.

Cain hooks his foot around Korbin's ankle and elbows him in the face, knocking him onto the ground while he takes control of the revolver.

His eyes narrow to slits as he turns to face me, pointing the gun in my direction.

Not an ounce of fear passes through me as I face the barrel of the gun, Grayson tilting his head to the side in amusement. Do it, cocksucker, Grayson dares him, planting his paws firmly on the ground.

"Hello... mutt," Caine smirks.

"Or should I say goodbye?"

Grayson sprints towards him at full speed as Caine pulls the trigger, swiftly dodging the bullet with ease.

As he pounces on my brother, Caine activates his gift, Grayson's mouth filling with sand as he sinks his canines into Caine's shoulder.

We fall right through Caine and land on top of Korbin, Caine's body now a cloud of sand.

Like my father, Caine's gift, sand manipulation, makes it difficult for anyone to ever land a blow, his body turning to a cloud of sand at the slightest touch. I scramble to my feet as Caine's body comes together, the bastard once again pointing the revolver at me.

The sound of screeching tires momentarily distracts us and Moon.

A sinister look flickers in Caine's eyes as he watches the car drive down the road in a frenzy.

"I'll show you what a real Alpha does to win a war," he snickers, a cruel smirk curling on his lips.

Choke? Grayson sneers, baring his teeth and snarling in warning.

Before Caine hands can turn to sand, Grayson and I let down our walls, channeling his river of thoughts into my head.

All of his memories and vile recollections flood my brain but I build my dams up so that only his current train of thought flows between us.

"Stop,"

Grayson commands, Caine suddenly standing very still as a black film covers his eyes. He tries to take another step but his body refuses to react, remaining glued in place to obey my orders.

"What the-"

"Faceme," Grayson snarls, rage lacing his every command.

"What is going on?"

Caine thinks to himself, a slight tremor ripping down his spine.

"Who is speaking to me?"

"Why, you don't recognize an Alpha when you hear one? . Grayson snickers, very slowly circling his prey.

I can hear Caine's heart pound against his chest in fear, the sound music to my ears as his eyes flicker around in panic in search of an escape.

“Are you scared, Alpha?” Grayson taunts him.

“Want to play a game with your big brother?”

Caine doesn't say a word but he once again tries to move, his body refusing to react to his commands.

He's under my control now.

“Since you like to play with lives...shall we play with yours? Grayson asks, beads of sweat gathering at Caine's temples.

‘ What's wrong brother? Wolf's got your tongue?’

Grayson teases him as he eyes the revolver still in Caine's hand.

“How about a round of Russian roulette?”

Caine's eyes widen as Grayson takes full strides towards him until he's only a few inches from his face.

“You used five bullets to terrorize my family ,” Grayson growls.

“I just need one to make you regret ever existing. Now, spin the cylinder and point the gun to your head .”

Caine pants frantically as he executes the command, his hands shaking as he spins the cylinder of the revolver before pushing the barrel against his own temple.

“Pull the trigger,” Grayson demands, the hairs along his back bristling as he bares his teeth at our trembling brother.

“Please...”

Caine whimpers as he uses all his strength to keep from pulling the trigger.

“Please, don’t do this...I-I didn’t mean it.I was ...I was just going along with ...with what my mom told me to do...”

But the image of my mate bleeding in the car will forever be always haunt my nightmares.

There is no forgiving what was done to my family today.

“PULL.THE.TRIGGER ,”

Grayson snarls, Caine taking a deep breath and closing his eyes as he pulls the trigger.

The sound of the empty click boils my blood, Caine sighing in relief to have survived the shot.

This, however, is far from over.

“Again,” Grayson commands, the fear once again returning to Caine’s eyes.

“But I-”

“A true Alpha never shows fear...isn’t that what you and Father always said?”

Grayson spits, Caine whimpering in fear realizing the only way this game is ending is with his body dead on the floor.

“Do It again.”

“I don’t want to die! Please! Have mercy!” He cries aloud, tears rolling down to his cheeks.

“Did you have any when you shot my mate?”

Grayson snarls, just barely containing his rage through gritted teeth.

“Did you have mercy when you shot at my son?”

Caine only whines and whimpers as I instruct him to once again put the barrel to his temple.

In his fear, I notice his pants darken as a pool forms around his feet.

“Oh look, a coward...” Grayson snickers, a smile of satisfaction stretching across his face.

“Are you scared? Hold onto that feeling,” Grayson mocks him.

“Because it will be the last thing with a scream. Once again, the empty click brings relief to the trembling Alpha, though his reaction is short-lived when Grayson instructs him to shoot again.

“Please, I’m your brother!” Caine begs me, his lips quivering with fear.

“But were you my brother today?”

Grayson snarls, his nostrils flaring as he glares at the man who tortured me for years thinking I was nothing more than an mutt

“Times up ,” Grayson says, turning his back to Caine and walking towards a terrified Korbin still laying on the floor.

“Shoot.”

A group of birds flutters through the forest as a loud bang echoes off the surrounding trees, by the thud of a dropping body following it.

Grayson stops in his tracks for a moment, my heart racing in my chest as I process what we've just done. I steal a glance at the body lying on the floor, Caine's eyes still wide open as they stare into empty space, before turning back to Korbin.

"Please, I had nothing to do with this. I was just told to deliver a message by my father and that's all I came to do!" He pleads.

"Caine pulled out a gun and I didn't know what the f**k was happening. I was just minding my own business when he started- "Stop talking, "

Grayson mutters, trying to make sense of A black film washes over Korbin's eyes and he shuts up, nodding his head in obedience.

"What's the message ?" Grayson sighs.

"The gamma wants you to reconsider your decision and join us willingly in the war against Ravenstone," he explains.

"You have three days before Crescent Mane declares war and my father returns with reinforcements."

"I see," Grayson says as he turns his head to look at Caine's i lifeless body.

The war has already begun, I tell Grayson and he grunts in agreement. We have three days to prepare for it.

"Take that halfbreed's body back where it belongs," Grayson orders, Korbin scrambling to his feet.

"And tell your Alpha he's I going to regret ever pushing me away."

Grayson doesn't give Korbin a chance to respond, sprinting off in the direction of the River Moon Pack.

The adrenaline g pumping through my veins is numbing the pain but I can still feel my mate's soul... and it's slipping away.

The Silent Alpha by StephanieLight Chapter 54

****Natalia'*****

I can feel myself slipping away as blood pours out of my neck area and I make peace with the thought that this may be the end for me.

Zane reluctantly pulls his hands away from the wound and leans forward to kiss my forehead, his lips leaving lingering sparks on my skin and I try to savor them as he turns to leave.

"I- I'll be back," he murmurs.

This may be the last time we speak to each other, so I reach out my hand and hold onto his wrist a little longer. I want him to know how glad I am we met.

"Zane..." I croak, struggling to find my words.

"I-I love you." He does not reply but I see the anguish swimming in his eyes and it hurts.

My sweet mate is breaking inside. I just hope when this is all over, his heart is still intact.

Zane storms out of the car and Rionna kicks into action, reaching her hand over me to unbuckle my seat belt.

“Don’t worry, dear. We’ll get you help,” she reassures me, grabbing Agnes’s hands and placing them over my wound.

“We just need to get you into the passenger seat,” she grunts, jumping out of the car and adjusting the passenger seat so that it rests all the way back.

Dakota screaming in the background for me.

“Mommy! Mommy!” he wails, Rionna, and Agnes shifting me onto the passenger seat.

“Please help my Mommy,” he sobs.

“Help her!”

I open my mouth to calm him down but only incoherent mumbles escape my lips, frustration bubbling in my chest.

Instincts take over, however, and I do my best to keep calm and slow down my breathing. If I want to survive, I need to stay calm.

Agnes tears off her shirt, ripping the fabric into strips and tying it around my shoulder and over my collar bone to stop the bleeding.

Instant pain shoots across my chest, my nails imprinting half moons into the car seat as I bite on my tongue to hold back my screams. I don’t want to scare my baby.

Rionna jumps into the driver seat, restarting the car and turning it back towards River Moon.

“Stay with us Talia. Just stay with us,” she orders me as we speed down the road.

“I linked Toran and he’s getting help from the Queen.Just hang on.Don’t go.Kota and Zane still need you.” I can feel myself slipping into the darkness, a coldness filling my body as more blood pools around my chest.

“Mommy!” Kota screams, my eyes struggling to stay open.

“Mommy wake up!”

But the exhaustion is only growing stronger, its claws fight to stay conscious but as we drive through what appears to be a portal, I feel myself fall into the cold pitch black, the pain subsiding and the world giving way to the abyss.I do not feel fear as I wander aimlessly for what feels like hours into the void.

The dark is quiet but in a soothing way.I must have died...I tell myself, my heart breaking a little at the thought but the memory of Kota and Zane watching the butterflies calms my fears.

Even in my absence, my son will know love.

His father will make sure of that.

Peace settles into my being and as I take a step forward, I feel the ground give way and a flutter fills my heart as I fall into the pitch black.

My arms and legs instinctively search for something to grab onto as I fall when the black nothingness suddenly fades to blue skies and fluffy clouds I can almost touch with my fingers.

Just as suddenly as the sky appears, I feel myself gently fall into a body of water, small waves washing over me until I’m fully submerged.I react instantly and swim to the water’s surface, taking a huge gulp of air to fill my starving lungs.

PROMOTED CONTENT Adskeeper

Curvy Body Positive Instagram Influencers You Should Follow

More...

456

114

152

15 Behind-The-Scenes Secrets Of 'Now And Then'

More...

181

45

60

Abigail Breslin Has Spoken Out About Sexual Assault

More...

249

62

83

My eyes scan my surroundings and I find myself in the middle of a lake, a calm voice calling me to the shore.

Natalia....

Natalia...

The wind whispers, its voice sweet and melodic. I decide to follow it and swim towards the shore, my eyes watching the woods just beyond it.

Something moves between eyes gazing intently at me.

Its gorgeous gray coat has a light blue tint to it as the light hits it and air of dominance lingers around the wolf. The wolf feels familiar and as I crawl onto the shore, it rushes to help me, its tail wagging with pup-like

excitement. I carefully inspect myself, realizing I'm wearing a simple white dress, my wet hair clinging to my neck and shoulders.

The wound which had been bleeding like crazy only moments ago is long gone, flawless skin now covering my collarbone.

"Hello, wolf" I murmur as I get up on my feet and dust off the sand from my now bare legs.

My eyes widen in shock when it replies back with a smooth voice.

"Hello, Natalia," it murmurs, turning its body towards the forest.

"We should hurry. She's waiting for us."

"Who?" I ask, but the wolf does not answer, running off into the woods.

I hurry after it, avoiding small stones and branches littering the forest floor as I run barefoot.

After a while of running, the dense forest gives way to a clearing with a large tree near the edge.

Several large stones are arranged around a much larger stone like chairs around a table, and the wolf takes a seat on one of the stone chairs.

I run up to the wolf and lean my body against a stone, inhaling deeply to catch my breath.

"Hello Natalia," a gentle voice whispers from behind the tree, hair black as night appears before me.

She is barefoot and wears a simple yet elegant white dress with blue embellishments at the hem.

A kind smile stretches across her perfect red lips and her dark eyes twinkle like the stars.

The wolf jumps off the stone and bows its head before the woman, the beautiful being stroking the wolf's fur in a loving manner.

Unsure what to do with myself, I stand up immediately and awkwardly bow to her as I fumble with my hands.

"H-hello," I reply softly, the woman chuckling.

"You're not going to ask how I know your name?" she asks, her question leaving me dumbfounded.

"I'm dead right?" I answer with a shrug.

"And you're here to lead me to the afterlife...? Or wherever it is I'm supposed to go. Heaven. Hell perhaps,"

I offer sheepishly, the woman taking a seat on a stone with the wolf laying at her feet.

"You are not dead," she murmurs, petting the wolf who purrs contently at her.

"It's not your time yet. Zane and Kota still need you."

"Then what am I doing here?" I ask, looking around at the massive forest.

She hums to herself before answering.

"You are very different from your sister. Where she sought to change her fate, you do not seem keen to ask me for anything." Quite the opposite

“I don’t know who or what you are so how can I ask you for anything?”
I mutter.

“Besides, I make my own fate.Or at least I like to think so.”

“Is that why you fought hard against your mate bond with Zane? You wanted to make your own fate?” I raise an eyebrow at the woman, my patience wearing thin.

“Who are you?” I ask.

“The Moon, the Mother of the Wolves, the Daughter of the Night, Selene, Diana, Coyolxauhqui, Hanwi, Huitaca, Moon Goddess, take your pick,” she shrugs.

“Peoples across the world have given me so many names that it does not matter what you call me. All that matters is that you respect me and my work,”

“So you’re their Moon Goddess,” I say in realization, my eyes flickering to the wolf at her feet.

“And I assume that’s your pet?”

The wolf growls at me, Moon Goddess giving the wolf a stern look to behave.

“Devina, like all of my wolves, is a product of my love, my own creation, my child,” the Goddess replies, stroking the wolf’s head.

“Werewolves all contain a spirit, a soul that I create.She is a soul without a vessel.”

“Ah, so you’re the matchmaker who paired me with not one but two wolves,” I mumble, shaking my head at the goddess who royally screwed me over.

“Thank you very much for that, by the way. You’ve given me two headaches. ” with an amused smile.

“Of course not,” I huff, measuring my words carefully.

“But even you must admit Christian was a mistake. Why did you do that? Why did you match me with a man who was incapable of cherishing what we had? Why did you let him hurt me? Why did you let him break me?”

I scream, several tears spilling onto my cheeks, “I loved him! I loved him with every fiber in my being. I trusted him! I trusted you and you both failed me! You both broke me! And then you screwed me over by giving me another mate. I didn’t ask for one! I didn’t ask for any of this, so why? Why did you do this? Why can’t you just leave me alone? Why do you insist on touching every aspect of my life? WHY?!?!”

For a long time, the heavenly Goddess remains very quiet, gently petting Devina’s snout with so much love and affection, I start to believe she may be ignoring me entirely.

“You are very angry...” she finally whispers.

“As am I...” she sighs.

“Like any mother, I wish only the best for all of my children. All of them deserve their happily ever afters and I do the best I can to make that happen for every pair I make. Of course, plans don’t always go the way you hope, at least not in a world where free will exists. For you see, as any mother, I try to teach my wolves to love and respect each other, but

sometimes it is out of my control. Even the best mothers cannot help a child who does not wish to be helped. I cannot tell my children how to be, I can only hope they learn from the mistakes they make along the way. It hurts to see them fight. It hurts to see my wolves in pain. It hurts to see all to be a mother sometimes. But I endure it all with the hope that one day my wolves will find peace again. I chose Christian and Jack for you because I could see he was slowly slipping away and he needed someone to ground him, someone to neutralize his temper. You were that person. Your level headedness, your intelligence and straightforward thinking, your patience made you an ideal candidate. I had hoped that with you by his side, Christian would see the ways of his errors, but I was wrong. I don't know why Christian did what he did. I do not know why Jack did not stop his human from forsaking the bond time and time again with your sister. I do not know why you had to pay the price for their mistakes but I can tell you that Zane was never meant to be a punishment. He was a man who could only hope to find love. He had long ago given up on ever finding a mate due to his flaws. He was alone, afraid, and broken. He did not deserve the cards he was dealt.. and neither did you," the Goddess replies.

"I know that is not the answer you were hoping for but sometimes life is just simply out of our control."

"I see," I mumble, crossing my hands over my chest as I think.

"So what now?"

The Goddess thinks for a moment in silence, Devina licking her creator's fingers.

Finally, after a long pause, Moon Goddess sighs and rises to her feet giving you a choice, my child.

“Would you like to remain human, or will you accept one more gift from me?” she asks.

“I don’t understand,” I shake my head at her and she instructs Devina to rise.

“I once had a plan for Devina, but like you, fate dealt her an unfair hand.

She too must deal with the betrayals of her former human and now awaits a new fate. My mother, the Goddess of the Night has blessed her and she can only belong to a human of your kind.”

“My kind?” I ask.

“What do you mean?”

“Not yet, child. You’re not ready for that information just yet,” the Goddess replies, turning back to the wolf.

“Devina is a stunning creature, perfectly imperfect and is a good match for Grayson’s bold temperament. She’s yours, should you wish it, but choose carefully, my child. I will only make this offer once. There is a storm coming your way, one that will change your life forever. Do you wish to face your fate as you are, a human or do you wish to take on the form of a wolf? You choose,” the Goddess smiles, Devina prancing around me like a happy pup.

I stare at the beautiful wolf, my brain running a mile a minute as I think of an answer. I have never wanted to be a wolf and for many reasons.

Being human is what I am and what I have always been proud to be.

Even as Luna, I did not mind working twice as hard as everyone else for the same results because I believed in living among wolves for years, I

saw the harshness of their ranks and the cruelty of their bonds and I wanted nothing to do with it.

Christian and Silver Crest's betrayal only cemented my desire to never become part of another pack again but I see now not all wolves are evil.

My baby is a wolf, my beautiful loving mate is a wolf, and I have learned to see their beauty as well as their flaws.

Wolves are not as perfect as I once had thought.

They hurt and make mistakes just like humans, and oftentimes they show more humanity than humans themselves.

I do not need a wolf for even as a human, I can be useful, but perhaps being a wolf is not such a bad thing after all.

My head begins to hurt as I try to make sense of what I desire, all of my thoughts bombarding me at once. I was born human and have never desired to be anything else. Do I truly need to change who I am?

"You have made your choice, haven't you?" the Goddess of the Moon says.

"How interesting."

"Are you mocking me?" I mutter, Moon Goddess chuckling to herself

"You make it difficult to like you sometimes," she replies and I laugh dryly at her.

"So I've been told," I grumble back.

"But being well liked is not my goal. I am what I am."

“And that’s why, despite your crudeness, I do still like you,” Moon Goddess smiles and turn to face the beautiful wolf wagging her tail at me.

“It’s time to go home,” Moon Goddess sighs.

“Your mate is waiting for you.” The Moon Goddess gently cups my cheeks and forces me to look at her in her heavenly eyes.

“Be good to him,” She murmurs.

“He is hurting. Zane has just done something he never thought he would be capable of doing. Do not let it destroy his goodness. Be good to him. He needs your love now more than ever.”

“Yes, your Grace,” I whisper back without hesitation.

“I love that man.” A gentle smile curls on her lips and she leans forward to kiss my forehead.

“Good. He loves you too,”

Before I can say anything else, a bright flash of light blinds my eyes and I fall into the rainbow of colors.

When I open my eyes again, I find myself in a bed of a large room, my son curled up at my side hugging his little wolf to his chest.

At my feet, I see Zane sitting on a chair while resting his head on my legs. He stirs, looking up at me with tears when he realizes I’m awake.

“T-Talia?”

He whimpers, as if unsure if I am truly awake or just a figment of his imagination. I don't get to say another word because his lips crash onto mine, all of my jumbled thoughts melting away with his tender kiss.

The Silent Alpha by StephanieLight Chapter 55

****Zane****

My heart nearly skips a beat when I see Talia open her eyes for the first time since she fell unconscious in the car, her warm brown irises resembling swirls of chocolate and honey. How I missed those beautiful eyes of hers.

I don't waste any time and kiss her, needing to feel the tenderness of her soft plump lips against mine after all these agonizing hours lying in wait. Guilt bubbles in my chest, however, and I pull away to reassure her of my feelings.

"I-I love y-you too," I murmur, Talia's eyes filling with tears as she cups my cheeks to kiss me again.

It does not escape me that her touch feels different, that the sparks are a little stronger as they tingle across my skin. Even her scent is more prominent, my nostrils filling with the soothing scent of lavender and rain.

Something is different, Grayson says, growing restless as I hold Talia in my arms. She feels different,

Neither of us can quite understand what it is so we chalk up the strange intensity of our bond to me missing her these past few nights and I reluctantly pull away from Talia's lips. Her eyes flicker from side to side and she goes very still, as if trying to listen to something. The only sounds I hear are the sounds of the River Moon clinic nurses and technicians walking up and down the halls

“Where... where are we ? How long have I been out ?” Talia asks, gently cradling her head in her hand and blinking very hard.

“Ugh and what is that sound ?”

“W-what sound ?” I ask, Talia looking up at me in confusion.

“You don’t hear it ?” She replies, looking around for the source.

“Hear w-what ?”

“The purring,” she says, her eyes scanning the dimly lit room.

“Is there a cat in here ?”

The only p***y I see is-

PROMOTED CONTENTAdskeeper

طریق کا کمان الر 100 روزان بیہ گھر

More...

799

200

266

Time To Turn To Some Less Conventional Relationship Advice

More...

696

174

232

What Happened To The Actors Of The Cult Saga 20 Years Later ?

More...

405

101

Shut up, I snap, Grayson muttering incoherently at me.

Talia and I both go very quiet, Kota's light snoring the only sound we hear, when Talia suddenly sits up straighter.

"There! Did you hear it?" she hisses in a loud whisper, grabbing onto my arm.

Again, it does not escape me that the sparks feel stronger, more vivid and undeniable when she rests her bare hand on my skin. Talia seems to notice too, her eyes focusing on the place where our skin meets.

A single tear rolls down Talia's cheek as she lets her finger glide across my arms, her touch leaving goosebumps along my bare flesh.

"I did it," she murmurs. "Oh Goddess, I did it." She feels her arms and face, smiling sheepishly at me.

"Do I look any different?"

I squint my eyes and stare at her for a moment, Talia's cheeks heating up as I scrutinize her features. Aside from the dark circles under her eyes and her tousled curls, she still looks very much the same. Beautiful, strong, perfect.... Mine.

Her smile falters when I shake my head at her, but I tuck my fingers under her chin and tilt her head up, forcing her to face me.

"Y-you look Per-perfect," I whisper, her beautiful smile once again gracing her lips.

I lean in for another kiss, my entire body exploding with sparks the second our lips touch. The sensation startles us and we both jump back from each other in shock.

“You felt that too right?” she asks curiously, carefully inspecting her hands.

“I guess a wolf would feel the bond much stronger.”

I open my mouth to ask what she means but Kota stirs at her side and interrupts my train of thought. Talia looks down at our pup, combing back his hair with her fingers and gently caressing the curves of his face. She leans down to kiss his forehead, whispering sweet words in his ear.

“My poor baby,” She whimpers, turning up to look at me.

“He saw everything.” She says, tears gathering in her eyes.

“He must have been so scared. So scared to see all that blood,” she adds, anger laced in her voice.

“Who was it, Zane? Who did this?”

I swallow hard as I think back to the attack. It’s been two days

“Ca-Caine,” I reply, the mere name leaving a bitter taste in my mouth.

“It was Ca-Caine.”

“Your brother did this?”

Grayson shoves me aside to respond, his nostrils flaring as he stares at our mate.

“He’s not my brother!” he snarls on my behalf, Talia staring back at me in shock.

“Okay,” Talia replies quietly, guilt washing over me at the hurt in her voice. “I’m sorry.”

“H-he’s de-dead,” I add, turning away to avoid her gaze.

“I-I killed him.. I-I ki-killed my...”

I can’t bring myself to say the word for Caine never truly was my brother. We had grown up in different worlds and I was forced to watch him receive all the love and attention from the pack that I never got for being the Alpha’s son. Caine could do no wrong in the eyes of the pack whereas I was beaten for the slightest mistake. It was a bitter pill to swallow knowing I would never feel an ounce of affection from the pack nor my father but I held no resentment in my heart for Caine. It was not his fault our father hated me. It was not his fault he was made Alpha heir instead of me. It was not his fault he did not know who I was.

We were robbed of a lifetime together for my father’s shame and Caine grew up not knowing he had a brother in me. I have often wondered what it would have been like to be his brother, to play with him and be a part of his life. Many times I imagined training session to learn to be a warrior for his people.

And now? Now we will never know the love between two brothers and his blood will forever stain my hands.

“Hey,” Talia whispers, gently placing her hand over mine so that a gentle wave of sparks washes over me.

I stare at our hands for a moment but Talia tilts my chin up to look me in the eyes.

“You protected your family,” she murmurs.

“You made sure Kota didn’t get hurt in the gunfire and you gave Rionna and Agnes enough time to help us escape. You were our hero, do you hear me? You were my hero,” she whispers, leaning her forehead against mine.

“Mine. You did what you had to do and Caine is the only one responsible for his own fate, not you,” she says sternly.

” So don’t spare Caine any more of your guilt. He got exactly what he deserved.” She looks down at the sleeping pup.

“You should have seen Kota’s face,” she adds, shaking her head in disbelief.

” He thought I was dying. It was awful. It hurt more than the gunshot because I couldn’t tell him it was going to be okay. I couldn’t hold his hand. I couldn’t make him feel better.”

She pauses for a moment to wipe her tears before settling back on the hospital bed and cradling Kota in her arms without waking him. She pats the empty space beside her and I curl up behind her, molding my body against hers.

“I closed my eyes thinking I would never hold my pup or my mate again,” She whispers, looking back at me over her shoulder can hold you again. I can be happy at your side.”

She’s right, Grayson huffs in agreement. Caine did not flinch when he pointed the gun at you. He did not flinch when he shot at the car with your entire family inside so he can rot in hell with the rest of Scarlett Haven. None of them deserve our pity. Not your father, not Sara. Not even Wyatt. We’re done worrying about them. You know who your real

family is and half of them are right here in your arms. No one else matters.

Talia guides my hand towards Kota, placing it on his head so I can hold him too. It feels so good to have them both in my arms and I realize my mate and my wolf are right. My family is the only thing that matters now.

As I close my eyes to sleep, Talia gives my hand a good squeeze.

“Zane... I think I have a wolf.”

The Silent Alpha by StephanieLight Chapter 56

*Natalia***

“Zane... I think I have a wolf,” I whisper, Zane sitting up immediately.

“W-what?” he asks, looking at me with both excitement and curiosity.

“H-how?”

“I met with Moon Goddess and she gifted me one,” I murmur, pup-like excitement washing over Zane’s face.

“Y-you met Mo-Moon Goddess?” he asks.

“B-but how?”

“I don’t know,” I shrug, the wolf howling in my head with equal excitement to know her mate liked the idea of her presence.

“She kind of just showed up and handed the wolf to me.”

“W-what’s her n-name ?” Zane questions, his eyes beaming with unadulterated joy.

“C-can I meet her ?”

“Her name is Devina, I think ?” I reply, trying to remember the wolf’s name.

“I don’t really know how to get her out.This is all new to me.I don’t even know if she’s really there or if I am just going crazy.” He doesn’t get a chance to ask more questions, his brown eyes turning to gold as Grayson steps forward.

“Not crazy,” Grayson snaps, crashing his lips against mine.

“Perfect.Mine!”

Grayson grins, the sound of purring filling my head. suddenly very aware that Kota is sleeping just beside me.

“Kota is here!” I hiss, Grayson smirking at me.

“And ?” He shrugs, mischief glittering in his eyes.

“And we can talk about this in the morning,” I mutter, turning my back to the wolf and cuddling with Kota.

“Goodnight.” Grayson growls in annoyance but settles behind me, wrapping his arm around my waist to hold me close while we sleep It feels good to wake up in Zane’s arms but my head is pounding.

All night long, my ears picked up every tiny little sound and the lights from the machines all bothered my now very sensitive eyes.

To add to my grievances, I already regret accepting Devina.

PROMOTED CONTENTAdskeeper

Her Inherited Fans Got Her Millions Of Followers, And Dollars

More...

594

149

198

These Women Are Perfection – Top 15 Most Beautiful Women

More...

575

144

192

These Kisses Were Not Politically Correct

More...

339

85

113

The stupid wolf in my head purred all night long as Zane held me and if I protested, she would purr even louder just to annoy me.

There is no turning back though.

Zane will soon be leaving for war and I need to be able to defend myself and our pup against another attack, especially now that Christian knows where I live. I can't rely on Zane all the time to come and save me. I have to be strong not only for Kota, but for myself too.

A sudden knock at the door pulls me from my thoughts and I look up to see the Queen and her King poking their heads in to see if we are awake.

I tap Zane on the shoulder and he mutters in his sleep, the horny wolf in my brain purring and whining to be King Oliver looks very stern and cold as he walks into the room, the little Queen rushing in to catch up to her brooding mate.

She holds a black book in her hands made with black leather and has a gold lock with a tree of life carved on its surface. Thick vines wrap around the pages, sealing the book shut.

“What are you?” Oliver snaps, pointing an accusing finger at me.

Zane is on his feet instantly, standing in front of the bed in a defensive stance.

A low growl rumbles in his chest as a warning, the sound waking up little Kota.

Upon seeing me, Kota jumps into my lap, wrapping his tiny arms around my neck and pulling me close for a hug. I can feel his tears soak through my shirt, Kota’s shoulders trembling as he sobs.

“Oh baby,” I murmur, hugging him back and resting my chin on his head to soothe my crying pup.

“Shh shh shh,” I hum.

“It’s okay. We’re okay now, I promise.”

“I was really scared, mommy,” he cries.

“No more red water, mommy, okay? No more.”

My heart shatters into a million pieces knowing Kota could not possibly understand what happened to us in the car and it angers me to think he likely called out to his mommy for hours, hoping to wake me up.

“It’s okay, my frijolito.It’s okay.I’m all better now.No more red water,”
I sigh into his hair.

“She just woke up. Give her time to adjust.”

“Aurora is too kind to tell you to leave, but I’m not,” he says, ignoring
his mate.

“If you continue to put my packs in danger, I will throw you out myself.”

“You will do no such thing,”

Aurora retorts, Oliver growling at his mate.

“Watch me,” he threatens, not an ounce of hesitation in his voice.

“Then I’ll leave with them,”

Aurora whispers, Oliver’s face softening at her gentle threat.

“Aurora-”

“River Moon did not close its doors on me even after all the trouble I
caused,” she says quietly, looking at the book in her hands.

“I will not be the one to close its doors now on a group of wolves who
need our help, no matter how many challenges we face because of them.”

He takes his mate by the shoulders, his face growing serious as he speaks
to her.

“River Moon just recovered from a war and you are still picking up the
pieces of Amethyst Lake.Lune de Minuit officially declared war last
night and once that body is taken back to Scarlett Haven, it won’t be long

before Crescent Mane does too. How much more are you willing to give, Aurora? How much more?" he asks, his voice as small as a whisper.

Aurora's eyes flicker to the crying pup in my arms and she smiles tiredly.

"Everything." exhaustion flickering in his deep blue eyes.

He knows he's lost the battle and it terrifies him but he will not let his Queen fight alone.

The young King cups his Queen's face, likely cursing her for being his weakness before kissing her forehead with a tenderness only mates could share.

When Oliver faces Zane and I again, the storm in his eyes settles and steps aside to let his mate take the lead.

Aurora timidly walks in the middle of the room with the book still in her hand, her cheeks slightly flushed as she smiles anxiously at us.

"Oliver is nicer than he looks," Aurora mumbles sheepishly with a shrug.

"He's just... he has a lot on his plate right now is all," she adds, looking over her shoulder at her mate for a moment.

She then taps the book to her chin and smiles at Kota who hides his face from her and she settles on the edge of the bed, sliding the book over to me.

"Have you ever heard of a black book?" Aurora asks my mate, Zane nodding his head and turning to me to explain.

"I-It's an en-enchanted book about all were-werewolves," he says.

“B-but only si-silver and gold wolves c-can read it. The pa-pages ap-appear blank for normal wolves.”

“Yes, it’s said that the faes cast a spell on the books so no unwanted creatures could look inside. Even Witches can’t break the spell to read from them,” Aurora nods.

“These books contain Every Silver Wolf clan has a copy and even a few regular packs have them too.” Aurora picks up the book and turns the lock counter clockwise until the vines recede, allowing the book to be opened.

“Natalia, can you read from the pages?” Aurora asks, Zane’s eyebrows rising in confusion.

“Ta-Talia isn’t a si-silver wolf,” he says.

“S-she can’t read it.”

“She’s not normal either,”

Oliver mutters, Zane and I looking up to the King.

“Her healing wasn’t normal.”

“Oli-”

“She isn’t normal and you know it. You felt pain healing her,” Oliver retorts.

“You haven’t felt pain healing someone since the witch poisonings and we never found out what was in the poison to begin with.” I have some many questions but Aurora only ignores her mate and insists.

“Please open the book. If you can see the words, then we’ll have another clue about your wolf.”

“How do you know about my wolf?” I ask, the Queen smiling like I just asked an obvious question.

Zanes’ eyes widen upon hearing confirmation that I am no longer human.

“I am an Ivory wolf,” Aurora shrugs.

“I can sense your wolf’s spirit within you but there’s a wall blocking her and I can’t get a good read on what she is, just that she’s different. That’s all I can I hum in response, pulling the book towards me and flipping open the first page where I see an image of two white wolves wearing medallions around their necks.

“You can see the first page, can’t you?” Aurora asks, and I nod my head slowly at her.

Kota, who still sits in my arms, peers into the book and points at the first page.

“Look, mommy. Pretty wolves,” he murmurs, everyone in the room staring at the pup.

He can see the pages too...

The Silent Alpha by StephanieLight Chapter 57

1. 57. Bloodlines 57. Bloodlines

Hatalla

Look

Mommy Pretty wolves,” Kota murmurs, everyone in the room staring at the pup. He examines the picture, his tiny finger

tracing along the wolf

*So he’s gifted as well,” Aurora whispers to herself, her brows furrowing in confusion, “But neither of you are Silver wolves. I would

have sensed

that by now,” she thinks aloud, tapping her chin with her finger. “And your ex-husband was the average Alpha.”

“Average Alpha,” Oliver grumbles

in annoyance, Aurora grinning mischievously at him.

“Awin is the little man

man mad he can’t see the pictures in the book?” she teases him, Oliver rolling his eyes at her. “My

poor little French snob,” She giggles, Oliver’s eyes narrowing to slits as he glares silently at her.

The Queen turns the page over for Kota, letting him look through the pictures and drawings in the enchanted book.

*Not all Silver and Gold wolves are the same,” the Queen continues. “Like with everything in the world, there are exceptions to the

“I-like what?” Zane asks,

Aurora shrugs. “Well, we all know Silver and

Gold wolves are all gifted, right? They receive ONE gift on the day of their shift, but on

very rare occasions, a gift is received earlier than expected or later,” she explains. “I was 18 when I received my earth and healing powers and I had not yet shifted. On the other hand, my aunt tells me my cousin Salvador first used his gift as a toddler. Clearly, the rules for gift

manifestation vary from wolf to wolf,” she smiles. “And of course, every once in a while, Moon Goddess throws in a curve ball.”

“What do you mean?” I ask, the little Queen smiling proudly to herself.

“Sometimes, our Goddess has mercy on our pain,” she says quietly. “I was raised by my uncle Emiliano who had one of the rarest

gifts a Silver wolf could ever have: Healing. It’s a gift Moon Goddess bestows only on her purest wolves.” Her voice becomes small and her

brave smile trembles a little. “He was killed 6 years ago.”

“I am sorry for your loss,” I say, reaching over to squeeze her hand. ||

“It’s alright. I can still feel him sometimes,” the Queen replies with a whisper. She takes a moment to collect her thoughts before

continuing. “Anyways, my uncle’s twin sister, Valentina, was attacked and after nearly losing her life, she

woke up with my uncle’s gift.” A single tear rolls down her cheek and she quickly wipes

it away. “Silver wolves don’t get second gifts but I like to think this was Moon

Goddess's way of letting my aunt have a little piece of her brother. In the end, Moon Goddess does as she pleases, so perhaps you are just

another exception to the rules. My family is full of exceptions," she laughs. "You could say we are an exceptional Silver wolf clan."

"W-what is your clan name?" Zane asks, the Queen puffing out her chest with pride.

"My father was the Alpha of the Altamirano Silver Wolf Clan," She says proudly. "My mother was his Queen, and he, her loyal soldier."

"Y-you're an Alt-Altamirano?" he asks, wide-eyed and amazed. "I-I thought they were extinct?"

"Not extinct, just in hiding for many years," Aurora replies. "All of the Silver wolves in my Kingdom are Altamirano wolves," she adds,

Zane's shock intensifying.

"What's so special about Altamirano wolves?" I ask, completely lost in the conversation.

"The Silver wolves in my family's clan were known for their powerful gifts," Aurora shrugs. "My father possessed telekinesis. His

father could create storms on a whim. His father before him could slow down time. Several of the gifts from my family have never been

replicated again, making them one of a kind wolves."

“T-to be an Alt-Altamirano is t-to be like royalty,” Zane further explains. “M-my father ha-has great respect f-for your clan,” he says timidly.

“I can’t say the same,” Aurora sighs, Zane lowering his head in shame. “I have great respect for you, though, Zane. Perhaps you can start a new clan with Talia once we figure out what she and Kota are.”

1. 57.

Bloodlines flushes my cheeks at the thought of starting a clan with my main

Zane’s bashful smile only makes my liwalt soar and shield my frein Kola’s hair to hide the tears gathering in my eyes as I imagine

giving Zane another pur

my know you are likely tired so we can discuss this later when we’re ready,” Aurora says, rising to her feet and taking the book. “I will invite Alpha Patrick of Blood Moon to help. He’s Gwen’s old pat and perhaps he knows something we don’t”

We decide to meet at the River Moon pack house at noon for lunch and as the Quon furs to leave, she waves goodbye at us.

“By the way, congratulations.”

Zane and I stare curiously at the little Queen who only winks at us, a wicked grin on her lips as she runs away before we can ask what

she means

The doctor gives me a final examination and I am allowed to shower before being discharged. I convinced Zane to take me to the

River Moon

pack house for my meeting with the Queen immediately. I want to be ready to defend my mate as he defended me and I can't

do that whilst being clueless as to what I am.

Zane carries Kota in one arm and holds my hand in the other, Devina purring happily as we make our way to the pack house.

I think Moon Goddess punished me and gave me a cat instead of a wolf

imutter, Devina snarling in return. *Oh it snarls too*, I chuckle

in amusement, the wolf growling once more before shutting up.

In the meeting room, we find the King and Queen sitting at the head of the table, two older couples to their right, and Toran to their

left. Rionna and Tylen seem to be missing from the meeting, Toran staring intently at the empty seat beside him.

“Have a seat,” Aurora gestures to the chairs meant for us. “Let me introduce you to my aunt, Valentina and her husband Danny and

over here we have Alpha Patrick and his Luna, Ellen. They are Gwen's friends and my allies in the Kingdom,” the Queen explains, sliding

the black book over the table. “They're here to help. I've already explained to them your circumstances and they have a few

questions.”

We say our awkward hellos and take our seats, Kota curling up in Zane’s arms with his stuffed wolf.

“What exactly did Moon Goddess tell you when you met?” Alpha Patrick asks, getting right to the point and leaning forward in his

seat.

“She gave me a choice. Live as a human or become a wolf,” I reply, thinking back to my meeting with Moon Goddess.

“So *you* were a human?” Valentina chimes in. “Not a hybrid of any kind?”

“I’ve always been human,” I nod. “She said my wolf could only belong to a human of my kind. I don’t exactly know what that means,”

I shrug sheepishly. “I just know Devina was blessed by the Goddess of Night before being given to me.”

Alpha Patrick suddenly sits up straight, exchanging looks with the Queen. Aurora pulls out her phone, dialing a number. A young

man answers.

“Chava, are you with Gwen by any chance?” She asks into the phone!

“Yeah, do you want to talk to her?” Chava laughs. “You know she hates this century and all its tech.”

“Just put her on. It’s important;” Aurora hisses, putting the phone on speaker and placing it on the table.

We hear some rattling and wind blow against the microphone before Gwen’s soft little voice comes through.

“Yes, Hello ? Hello ? Who is this ? Salvador, who am I speaking too ? Can they hear me ?” she asks, a soft laugh coming from the other

side. A number of beeps can be heard as Gwen presses random buttons. How do I turn up the volume ? I can’t hear shite ! Stop laughing !

You know I hate these bloody things !”.

“Haha, that never gets old;” Alpha Patrick chuckles, his wife sighing in annoyance.

“Patrick is that you, you old fart ?” Gwen snarls, Patrick roaring with laughter.

“Guinevere,” Aurora calls out. “Gwen, we need your help.

“Oh yes, sorry. How can I help, darling ?” Gwen shouts, Salvador instructing her to lower her voice.

Annoyed, Oliver leans over the phone. “Gwen, what the actual f***k is going on ?”

1. 57.

Bloodlines phone, “Gwen, what do you know about the Goddess of the Night ?” Autombak, resisting the urge to laugh at her *mate vais wahn*, his ear.

“Goddess of Night...” Gwen mutters in thought. “oh! That’s the Modinh of the Moon and the Creator other nes, althoui, mais quite frankly a ver y broal term. There are hundreds of Paetypes, like ales, pixlos, banshees, and ol ves *to name a few and they are all*

protected by different Gods. Why the sudden interest in laes?”

*It appears Natalia rexeived a wolf blessed by the Goddess of Night” A urora explains. “*We’re not exactly sure what that meanr,, All we*

know is that Talia is a specialtype of human because her wolf can only s urvive in a vessel like her.”

Aloud gasp suddenly escapes Gwen’s lips. “Talia got a wolf?”

“Yes,” I mutter, the witch teasing me with her obnoxious giggles.

“Oh you bet your arse you have a lot of explaining to do, Tal,” Gwen laughs. “*You’re not getting away so easily from me. Anyway....*

Blesed by the Goddess Night.... Hmmm... “she hums to herself in thoug ht. “The first thing that pops into mind istetum.”

“Letum?” I ask, my head feeling as though it might implode with anxiet y. “What is Letum?”

Gwen takes a moment to compose herself before answering. “Letum hu mans are humans whose blood has been enchanted *by faes* and is deadly to vampires,” Gwen begins, her voice very animated. “It is believed a Fae once had a human lover and cast a spell on their

human partner so that any vampire who dared to drink their blood and harm them would die a slow and painful death. For centuries, this

Fae spell has passed on through a human bloodline known as the Letum Bloodline. Vampires who drink from a Letum human *go insane*

before dying. The blood itself is impossible to detect as it looks, tastes and smells just like human normal blood, but since it's magic,

there's no way to break the enchantment and there's no known way to cure Letum in vampires."

"So you think I'm one of these cursed humans with deadly blood?" I ask, suddenly feeling claustrophobic.

"It's not a curse, Tal," Gwen chuckles. "If anything, it's a blessing. Gods, it's honestly such a relief. I left *you* in *Aurora's* care due to a

vampire threat and now *you're* protected from vampires?! It's like a miracle!"

"There was a vampire threat in Poulsbo?" I ask, on the verge of passing out while my stupid wolf laughs at me.

"The threat has been neutralized," Gwen replies. "There's no need to worry now. *You* and Kota are safe to return to Poulsbo if you like. I'm currently on a different mission and have been given the green light that no harm will come *your way* should you return. You can come home."

I turn to Zane who has a solemn look on his face, though he tries to hide it behind a tiny smile. River Moon is likely the first place he's ever felt safe and wanted in. He's treated with respect by all the wolves here and has even made friends with some of the guards during training. River Moon feels like home to him and he is my home. How can I now ask him to leave?

"You are more than welcome to stay," Aurora voice murmurs in my head. "You don't have to go. We can make room for a couple of strange wolves."

I hesitate to answer because I have yet to discuss this with Zane but Aurora calms my fears.

"You don't have to answer right now," She says. "Just think about it."
//

Inod and the Queen thanks Guinevere for her help and almost hangs up when Valentina, the Queen's aunt interrupts.

"Would being a Letum human give either of them any special gifts?" She asks, gesturing to Kota and I. "I'm just trying to understand

exactly what Moon Goddess meant when she said your wolf is blessed and can only be given to a human like you. Have you or Dakota shown signs of a gift? Any peculiar ability you think you might have," Valentina asks, watching the boy and I closely.

"Letum humans are very much just like any other human save for their enchanted blood," Gwen explains. "However, given the words

of Moon Goddess, that may not be the case for Letum wolves, though I unfortunately know very little about them. It's almost impossible

to find Letum humans, let alone Letum humans who have turned. Most Letum humans don't even know they are Letum humans!"

"Ms Talia, Patrick asks. "Did you feel any different upon receiving your wolf? Have you noticed anything out of the ordinary?"

I shake my head at the Alpha. "Not really. My senses have heightened and I can hear Devina in my head."

"Does she speak to you yet?" Aurora asks.

"No," I shake my head again. "She just... purrs," I say sheepishly, avoiding Zane's amused gaze.

1. 57. Bloodlines

"yes" the Queen teases, "Have you noticed anything out of the ordinary about Kota? Anything that could remotely resemble a

*Not that I can think of

Zane suddenly squeezes my hand to catch my attention and I look to see him staring at the pup playing with his stuffed wolf in his

"Or-dreams," he says to me in a low whisper. "K-Kota and his dreams."

*** Vanessa***

There's been a soft whine and whimpering in my head for several days now and it's driving me insane. My wolf cries pathetically for

her mate every night, howling her sorrows and pain into the early hours of the morning. Being holed up in a motel room has only made

me spiral deeper into my mind and I feel myself suffocating in my own thoughts.

I am so tired of this.

All I have ever wanted is to live a life outside of my sister's shadow, a life where I can shine just as brightly as her. But I keep failing.

Not a single person cares about what happens to me now, not even my husband. I doubt he's even noticed I'm missing.

Natalia's been out of my life for over four years now and I am still failing, sitting here in a dingy room while she's likely not even

thinking of me.

Perhaps things have been easier for my little sister but time and time again, life has proven to be a challenge for me.

"I can't keep living like this," I mutter, forcing myself out of bed and searching for my bath towels. "I can't keep crying in bed while

the world continues to move on. I've already wasted enough of my life trying to be Natalia but I will never be her. I'm stuck with me so I

may as well make myself into something."

The more I start to formulate a plan for restarting my life, the more excited I get. It will be a life where no one knows who I am so

they cannot compare me to her. A life where I get to be myself and where that is more than enough. A life just for me and this second

chance wolf I've been gifted. Isn't that what Moon Goddess asked of me?

Excitement bubbles in my chest as I hop in the shower, my mind filling with thoughts of a happier life awaiting me. I put together a

simple outfit and even brush my hair before heading out for breakfast at a small diner near the lake.

As I wait for my meal and take small sips of my coffee, I scroll through my phone in search of a job. I am about 100 miles away from

Silver Crest, the peace and quiet here in Greenville giving me hope that may actually stand a chance on my own.

I look out onto Moosehead Lake shore when a familiar scent fills my nostrils, crushing my dreams to tiny insignificant pieces. My

stomach begins churning with fear and I shrink into my seat to make myself as small as possible. But as his footsteps approach, I realize I

have no chance of escaping. Bracing myself, I take another sip of my coffee and he slides into my booth, sitting directly across from me.

My wolf whines at his presence, the wound of his rejection reopening.

Wiping the tears gathering in my eyes, I dare to ask a question.

“Are you here to kill me?”

The Silent Alpha by StephanieLight Chapter 58

Chapter 58

Natalia

Four Years Ago....

Up until this morning, my life had been quite simple. I was the Alpha's human mate. I was his Luna. I was his wife.

And then, in a blink of an eye, I was nothing...

A surge of pain ripples from my abdomen as I wait for the doctor to return with my test results. I've been getting these pains a lot recently and they are starting to freak me out.

Doctor Lila said it was all in my head, that I was simply putting too much pressure on myself to get pregnant. She couldn't have been more wrong.

I grip the edge of the table, whimpering to myself as I let the pain roll through on its own.

The walls feel as though they are closing in on me at the thought of receiving another negative test result.

Christian and I had been trying for several months now and I could feel it driving a wedge between us.

He was colder, distant.

I knew how much he wanted a son and it hurt to know I was failing so miserably to make him happy.

The door swings open and I nearly fall off the table from the fright sanitizer on her hands as she settles down on her chair. I could hear my heart pounding against my ribcage at an unnatural speed as I wait for her to speak.

“Just breathe, Luna,” she smiles, inhaling slowly with me and reaching for my hands.

My hands were trembling but I manage to calm down.

Doctor Lila’s smile deepens.

“Congratulations, Luna,” she says, placing her hand on my tummy.

“You’re carrying our little Alpha in there.” My heart skips a beat as I process the news. I’m pregnant! Oh my gosh, I’m pregnant!

“H-how far along?” I whisper, barely able to string together a sentence from holding back the sob in my throat.

“Well, let’s find out, shall we?” she smiles, pulling the ultrasound machine out and squirting cold gel on my belly.

Butterflies dance in my stomach as I stare at the screen, unable to read the images but hoping somewhere in that black and white mess my little Alpha would show up.

“Well, I’d say from the looks of it, about four weeks, which means we have to start your prep immediately, Luna,” she says sternly, handing me some documents.

“A werewolf pregnancy is very dangerous for a human. We’ll have to take extra precautions.”

She wipes the gel off my stomach and gives me a crash course on rub my belly the entire ride home, still on cloud nine from the news. I couldn’t wait to tell Christian.

He was going to be so happy about this.

As I pull up to the pack house, the pain once again returns and I sit still in the car for a minute to let it pass, clenching my teeth together to keep from screaming.

Slowly, I drag myself out of the car and through the front door of the house.

I’m usually met with several omegas eager to take my things, but the house was eerily quiet and empty. I don’t have time to question it when a burning sensation spreads across my chest, making every breath I take unbearable. I couldn’t scream even if I wanted to, my lungs on fire. I climb up the stairs to the second floor, looking forward to lying down and resting.

My every step is more difficult than the last as the pain intensifies, a thousand tiny needles piercing through my stomach.

From where I stood at the top of the stairs, I could see the door to my room slightly cracked open, a strange muffled sound coming from within.

As I inch closer, an unmistakable scene unfolds before me, my blood boiling at the sight.

Peeking through the door, I see my sister, Vanessa, riding my husband, a look of sheer delight on the contorted features of her face.

“Ah! Ah! Ah! Christian!” She moans, eagerly bouncing up and down his shaft moves her up and down his c**k.

“f**k!” she whimpers, bouncing frantically.

“Please!” she begs.

“I’ll give you the pup you deserve. I’ll be your Luna.”

PROMOTED CONTENT Adskeeper

ضرورت کی چیز کس لی ک کمان الر 100 لائن آن کو آپ

More...

591

148

197

Creepy Incidents That Took Place On Horror Movie Sets

More...

537

134

179

Can’t Have A Top-25 List Without Queen B, Right ?

More...

444

111

148

Tears burn my eyes as I watch him flip her over, forcing her up on her knees so that her ass was on full display for him. He gives her cheeks a good spanking before railing into her from behind.

My heart shatters as I hear Christian's reply.

"Give.Me.A.Pup." he pants between thrusts, Vanessa's moans growing louder as she orgasms.

My pain reaches a crescendo as I watch him empty his seed inside her and I place my hand over my mouth to keep myself quiet.

"And I'll make you my Luna," he whispers.

I didn't need to see anymore of this grotesque encounter and slowly back away from the room and tiptoe down the stairs, their climax ringing in my ears. I nearly sprint out of the house, still clutching my pregnancy test in my hands as I climb into my car. I didn't know where I was going, but I put my car in drive and speed off down the driveway.

It all made so much more sense now.

All the pain, all the anguish I felt...

was because Christian was betraying our bond, our love.

Everyone, my mate, my gamma, the doctor, the other she-wolves and the omegas, all of them had told me it was all in my head.

That I was just stressed and needed to relax mate's betrayal, and yet they kept it from me, to mock me for being so absolutely clueless. I had been so stupid to believe any of them ever cared about me.

Wolves only care about wolves and no matter my title, I was still only a human to them, an outsider.

To make matters worse, the betrayal came from none other than my own sister, my own blood. I had brought Vanessa to our pack after I mated with Christian.

She had known Christian before I had and it was she who introduced us to each other.

Christians had no objections to her joining the pack and with our parents gone, I wanted to keep her close. She was the only family I had left.

After today, we were nothing. I drive on for miles through the forest, feeling the pain start all over again.

At some point, a horrid sensation burns across my body and I pull over, stumbling out of the car to empty the contents of my stomach.

I was truly a pitiful sight and I was suddenly grateful Jordan, my gamma, was busy leading a training session today. I needed to be alone and I knew if he saw me like this, he'd be attached to my hip.

Gammas were extremely overprotective, Jordan being no exception.

Alone, angry, humiliated and pregnant, I climb back into my car, wiping the tears on my face with my sleeve.

I had been Luna for over two years and while I was human; I had done everything that had been asked of me. I was the calm to Christian's anger. I was the mother everyone turned to in crisis. I was Derek, were away. I had been a good Luna...and I did not deserve this pain.

"Come on, Tali," I scold myself, tapping my steering wheel.

"No more tears. Not for them."

I'm about to start the car again when I catch a glimpse of my pregnancy test I had tossed in the passenger seat. I look down at my flat stomach and realize no one beside Doctor Lila and I knew I was pregnant... And it was going to stay that way.

Mate or not, I would never tolerate infidelity.

Ever.

But I knew Christian would never let me go if he knew I was carrying his child.

He needed his heir. With renewed determination, I start the car and head to the town library where I spend the next two hours formulating my plan.

I scour the web for fertility tests, recreating my own version with which to trick Christian.

If he thought I could not give him a child, he would easily seek to break our bond and that's exactly what I wanted.

Mate bonds, once formed through a marking, were hard to break, but not impossible.

There were two ways to break it: (1) Have a Spirit Witch divide our mated souls or (2) Get the approval of the pack elders and hold a rejection ceremony.

It would be humiliating to be stripped of my title but it was better than remaining by my unfaithful husband's side as his Luna.

Pleased with my work, I shred the pregnancy test, not willing to leave evidence behind.

I knew Doctor Lila could out me anytime now immediately.

As I pull into the driveway, I feel the tears pool in my eyes again and I take a moment to collect myself before walking into the pack house.

The omegas had returned, several rushing to take my things.

It takes everything in me not to scream at them for betraying me but instead I force a smile, clutching my purse to my side as I make my way to the dining room.

My sister and husband are already seated at the table, chattering away amongst themselves as the omegas scramble to serve their meal.

Lost in conversation, they don't even notice my arrival and I stare at them, completely bewildered by what I see.

Vanessa playfully places her hand on Christian's arm, giggling at whatever it was he said to her.

I couldn't help but wonder how it was that I never noticed their affair.

Jordan and Derek both notice me however, and both get to their feet to greet me.

I offer a small smile, tucking away my disgust for my sister and husband.

Jordan pulls out my chair for me, a look of concern swimming in his crystal blue eyes.

"You okay?" He whispers as I sit down in my chair.

I remind myself that it was our bond he was concerned about.

He didn't actually care about my well being.

In fact, he probably knew of Christian's betrayal and while he had sworn to protect me, his loyalty Christian?

"I'm fine," I smile innocently at him, waving him away so he can take his seat and leave me alone.

I can tell he's not convinced, but I didn't care and focus instead on my plate.

Christian and Vanessa finally notice that I'm present and Christian reaches for my hand to kiss it.

I flinch at his touch and he gives me a puzzled look.

"You okay, babe?" he asks, c*****g his head to the side in mild curiosity.

"It's just the pain," I smile, picking at my food.

"It was worse today."

"This again?" he sighs in distaste, his silverware clinking with his plate.

"Goddess Nat, you're always complaining. How many times do we have to tell you, it's all in your head? Take some aspirin and quit nagging. It's getting on my nerves." His reaction doesn't surprise me.

He's never been the nurturing type and found comforting people to be a pointless task.

I twirl my fork in my hands and force a smile at him, hiding the sadness in my heart that only seemed to grow stronger by the second.

“Right,” I mutter, continuing to pick at my food.

An awkward silence settles in the room as we all try to eat.

I focus on the vegetables on my plate and force myself to eat, knowing I now had to worry about life growing within me in silence.

“Any luck with a baby?” She asks, tilting her head innocently to the side.

I tighten my grip on the fork and count to ten to calm down.

“Judging by the look on your face, I’ll take that as a no,” she laughs.

“Shocker.” I bite down on my tongue and stare at my plate.

It was all I could do to keep myself from jumping across the table and stabbing her in the neck.

Gently setting my fork down, I rise to my feet and smile.

“I think I’ll go to bed now. Goodnight .”

“Nat, don’t do this,” Christian groans.

“Don’t be a drama queen.”

“I’m not,” I shrug, still holding my smile.

“I’m simply tired. Goodnight.” I simply can’t stomach your presence, is what I should have said, but I hold my tongue. I didn’t need him to unleash his anger.

There would be plenty of time for that later.

I excuse myself and climb up to my bedroom, anger settling in the pit of my stomach as I stare at our bed.

No trace of his betrayal had been left behind, the sheets changed and scented with lavender perfumes that used to bring peace to me while I slept.

We had shared so many intimate moments together on that bed, so many beautiful mornings and evenings.

He had ruined those memories, tarnishing them all with Vanessa.

I head into the closet, sifting through my clothes until I find the items I had first arrived with here and stuff them into a small bag. I would not be taking anything Christian had ever gifted me when I left.

A knock at the door nearly makes my heart leap out of my throat and I quickly stuff the bag in the closet and rush to answer it.

Jordan stands in the hallway, smiling sheepishly at me.

“what Is it?” I ask, hiding behind the door.

“You’ve caught me changing.” He blushes slightly and turns to face the hall.

“Oh sorry,” he mutters.

“I just came to see how you were doing, Luna. You seemed distracted at dinner,” he shrugs, looking at his feet.

“Is everything okay?” I want to scream the truth but instead force a tight smile and shake my head.

“I’m fine, I promise,” I sigh.

“My head just hurts from all the pain we’ve been feeling,” He turns around, worry in his eyes.

“Have you taken your aspirin today?” He asks.

“It’ll lessen the pain.” A part of me held onto the hope that he would tell the truth about the pain but of course, he doesn’t.

So I just smile and nod.

“Yes, I have. Now if you’ll excuse me. I’d like to get ready for bed,” I smile, waving my hand to dismiss him and leaves.

I close the door and nearly burst into tears, saddened that even my closest friend had never really been a friend at all.

He was a liar like the rest of them.

I have no time to cry, I remind myself.

Get going, Tali.

We have work to do. I hide my belongings in the guest room before returning to the bedroom and pulling out the fertility test.

Refusing to touch the bed, I settle down on a chair and stare intently at the false document, going over my plan.

My heart nearly stops when I hear the door click open and my mate walks into the room, a deep frown on his face.

I take a deep breath and pull my shoulders back. Here goes nothing.

The Silent Alpha by StephanieLight Chapter 59

59. Proposals

Zane

“Absolutely not!” Talia snaps, rising to her feet and glaring at the cunning Alpha. “He’s not going back there! You can’t make him!”

Toran seems unfazed by Talia’s outburst, his face calm and collected even as she berates him for his plan. It’s unnerving how cold and calculating he is, his emotions always well in check and never on display.

Treach for Talia’s hand to calm her down and she finally takes her seat, allowing Toran to respond.

“I understand your reservations, Ms. Talia, but you must look at the broader picture here,” he explains. “Zane merging the two clans would put an end to this war once and for all and he wouldn’t necessarily have to stay in Crescent Mane. It would be his choice to stay or leave the kingdom. Every new Alpha must swear allegiance to the King or leave. Zane CAN leave. As for the deal with Onyx Stone, there is a simple solution. One Sebastian refuses to accept,” Toran adds. “Onyx Stone is what’s known as a Mother Pack, similar to a kingdom without the actual Gold wolf leadership. With the decline of Gold wolves, Mother Packs are much more common nowadays. Their aim is to mimic a kingdom as closely as possible by forging alliances and setting up their own Alphas in new packs to keep control over a large territory. Crescent Mane is a declining kingdom. There’s been no heir to the throne since Bre, and King Arthur has used up a lot of resources to fight me and my allies. Sebastian needed more money and warriors that Crescent Mane could not give him to fight, so he forged a deal with Onyx Stone in which he promised to produce a Silver wolf heir for them. Of course, you’ve killed him and now Sebastian’s only options other than producing another heir, are to fight or give up his pack to them. I’ve known Sebastian long enough to know he will never give up his pack so that’s where you come in,” he says, pointing to me. “Once you take the title of Alpha of Scarlett

Haven, you can hand it over to Onyx Stone as reparations for their war efforts and you'll be free of that pack for good without taking on a new war. It's a win-win situation if you ask me.'

"And what about Ravenstone?" Talia pries, unwilling to trust Toran.

"Why are you giving Zane your pack? What about your son? What does he think of all of this?"

"Tylen is uninterested in being Alpha,"-Toran shrugs. "At 24, he's well past the age of taking my title and he's declined for the past three years. Forcing your child to fulfill your own goals and expectations never ends well so I will not force my son into the position. I was planning to hand over my title to my nephew, Tobias, but he was killed last year in battle." He takes a moment to pause and reflect on the words he just said, and allows a small smile to curl on his lips.

"I broke Ravenstone many years ago with my cruelty and harshness. Agnes can attest to that. Rionna She fixed that. She breathed life into Ravenstone, restoring it to its former glory and making it a pack worth its power. If Zane chooses to take my title, he would be carrying on his mother's legacy, not mine," he says, turning to look me in the eye. "Your father did not see your worth and cast you aside, but your mother always believed in you, did she not? Perhaps this is your chance to prove Sebastian wrong and honor your mother's work for the last twenty years, but again it's a choice. I will not force you to do anything."

At my side, I sense my mate's anger, her hands clenching and unclenching into fists as she attempts to restrain her emotions while her face remains neutral. I lower my walls and take a small peek into her thoughts, dread filling my soul as they trickle in.

"Why can't we just be left alone?" she sobs internally to herself. "I just want to raise my son with my mate. I don't want to be responsible for another pack. I don't have the fight left in me to once again prove myself to pack members and show what I can do. /

don't want to be a calm and reserved Luna who always has to strive for perfection. I can't do that again!"

There is a slight tremor in her lips but she blinks quickly and draws in a

breath to calm herself down enough to look unfazed by Toran's proposal. I turn to face Toran, unsure of what to do. After years of being told I was nothing more than a waste of space, I am being offered a position worthy of my wolf. But at what cost? Talia has been through this before and has made it clear she has no interest in leading another pack, even with me.

"I think we need to take a break," Talia finally speaks, her voice small and exhausted. "I need some air."

"We'll need an answer soon," Toran says as Talia gets up to leave. "I've been tracking Wyatt and Korbin since the event. They should be at Scarlett Haven this evening and it's only a matter of time before they come knocking at River Moon's door demanding Zane's head. You may rest, but you need to make a decision eventually. I'll be flying back to Ravenstone in two days. If you wish to go through with my plan, you are free to join me."

I don't offer a response and follow Talia out, my only thoughts being that of my mate. She walks in silence ahead of me, her movements almost mechanical as she makes her way towards the guest house.

Kota rests his head on my shoulder, fiddling with his toy wolf. "Mommy is sad," he whispers to me. "I don't like that."

"I don't either," I reply, watching Talia walk past the door. "Ta-Talia?" "I just need a minute," she calls out without turning back. "Take Kota inside. I'll be there soon for lunch."

"Talia."

"Just go inside, Zane, please," she calls out, breaking into a sprint down the drive towards the woods surrounding the house.

Go after her, she needs us, Grayson demands, pacing back and forth uneasily.

I rush into the house, Agnes and Rionna sitting at the table having lunch together.

"Ta-take Kota," I instruct my mothers, handing over the pup to Agnes and racing towards the door.

Inhaling the fresh summer air as I sprint, I quickly find Talia's scent and follow it into the woods, hearing a scream of anguish echo off the trees. Adrenaline courses through my veins and I shift, my heart wrenching as I hear yet another shriek, this time full of anger and frustration,

Treach a clearing not long into my run, finding Talia slamming a tree branch against a trunk of a thick redwood tree.

"N00000!" She shouts, swinging the branch against the tree. "NOOO!" she screams again, smashing the branch to pieces. "No! No!" she snaps, tossing the broken branch in anger off to the side and collapsing on her knees as she pants in frustration. "No..." she whimpers, sobbing quietly at the floor. "Fuck... I can't be a Luna again. I can't... I can't... I can't," she weeps, slamming her fist on the forest floor.. "I'll only fail again... I'm not strong enough to do this again."

Tremain on the edge of the clearing, watching in silence as she vents out her anger to the trees. My walls collapse, a stream of her memories flooding my brain and my heart. Many times, she stood before Christian or his father only to be reduced to her uterus. Many nights, she spent locked up in her office planning events, overlooking budgets, and drafting proposals for investors to build the AEP complex for her pack. She gave her pack her all and in the end, she was still rejected, still demoted, still cast out.

Talia suddenly goes very quiet and she sits up to wipe her tears.

"You followed me," she whispers, my cheeks heating up for being caught red handed. "I just... I just needed a minute alone. I'm ... I'm okay now."

She just beat up an innocent tree. Grayson mutters. She is not okay.

Seeing no point in hiding anymore, I timidly approach her and sit at her side. She leans her head against my paws and closes her eyes in exhaustion.

"I'm scared," she whispers, burying her face in my fur. "I wasn't a very good Luna the first time around--"

“Stop that,” Grayson sighs, dipping his head to lick away her tears.

Talia jumps, startled to hear Grayson’s voice in her head.

“Grayson?” she gasps, looking up at my wolf as he wags his tail from side to side.

He responds by licking her tear stained-cheeks once more and rolling over on his back, inviting her to cuddle with him. She takes the invitation, curling up at his side and twirling tufts of fur in her hands. We lay in silence for a moment as Talia gathers her thoughts and I wait patiently for her to explain them to me.

“I was quite unhappy being Luna,” she murmurs after a long pause.

“Nothing I did seemed to be worth anything and I always felt! disappointed everyone. I was told to remain silent during pack meetings and let Christian do all the talking, even if the ideas he was presenting were mine. I was told to always look and speak a certain way because a good Luna is someone everyone should look up to and strive to imitate. Do you know how hard it is to hold your tongue when all you want to do is scream? How hard it is to force a smile when breaking inside, wondering what is so wrong with you that you can’t seem to do the one thing expected of you.”

She tilts her head up and looks at me. “I love you... But I am afraid that I might disappoint you because I am brok-”

“Stop,” I demand, Grayson stepping aside to let me speak. I sit up on my hind legs, wanting to make sure Talia understands every word I say to her. “You’re right. You were not a good Luna. Good doesn’t even begin to cover what you were to that pack.”

Tears fill her eyes as she hears my inner voice for the first time, my words calming her heart.

“You were more than a great Luna,” / whisper. “What you did for Silver Crest would be fitting of an Alpha and Christian.... He didn’t deserve you. None of them did. But I won’t make the same mistake if I take the title. It would be an honor to have you as my Luna and I promise I will do everything in my power to deserve you and your strength.”

I shift back into my human form as she hides her face in her hands and weeps, wrapping my arms around my mate to shield her from anymore pain. Pushing her hands away from her face, I cup her cheeks and kiss the tears away, hoping somehow I can erase the pain with my love.

*W-we don't need to ma-make any decisions today," I remind her.

"W-we can ma-make this decision to-to-together later. All I-I want right now is for y-you to be okay."

She closes her eyes, as if committing my words to memory, and leans forward for a kiss, my lips tingling with her touch. At first, her kiss is as light as a feather, her lips just barely grazing mine, but her eager tongue soon takes command and explores my mouth greedily. Her fingers slide up my bearded cheeks, burying themselves in my hair and pulling me closer for a deeper kiss.

My heart and soul ache to be hers and when she pulls away, I realize I already am.

"Mark me," she murmurs.

The Silent Alpha by StephanieLight Chapter 60

60. Fallen Heirs

Wyatt

Korbin is eerily quiet as we drive the last leg of our trip home, staring off at the trees that we zoom past. It's frightening. He's never quiet.

Thad not even set foot on the plane when Korbin called me the day of the attack, the fear thick in his voice as he demanded I return

to the hotel. He could not even explain to me what had happened, his words slurred as he incoherently begged me to come help him. I did my

best to calm him down and stayed on the line with him until I returned to the hotel where I got the shock of my life, finding

Caine's lifeless body stuffed in the back of the truck.

"What happened?" I demanded, unwilling to believe my own eyes as I stared at the body.

"H-he just went crazy!" Korbin hiccuped between sobs. "I-I don't even know what- what happened," he cried. "I tried to stop him. I

tried but he wouldn't listen to me! He wouldn't... He just shot himself," he whimpered. "He shot... He shot himself."

It took several hours to calm Korbin down enough to make sense of what he was saying and even then, I could not make out the

events of that day, unable to understand how Zane made Caine shoot himself without uttering a single word. Caine is many things, but

suicidal is not one of them. He would have put up a fight before dying. Something else must have taken place that day but I cannot get

Korbin to tell me the truth.

"Dad..." Korbin whispers, his eyes glossy as he looks over at me. "I'm scared."

So am I, I want to tell him but these words will do him no good right now, so I swallow them back and put on a brave face.

"Alpha will want to know the exact details of that day," I sigh tiredly, looking over at Caine.

"So what should I tell him?" Korbin whispers to himself.

My hands tighten their grip around the steering wheel as I try to think of a good answer to that. Korbin can't lie to save his life so it is

best to come clean with what happened. Lying to Sebastian is simply not an option.

"Tell me exactly what happened again," I reply.

Korbin nods, his eye blinking fast as he clears his throat. "W-we were on our way to River Moon like you told us, when we saw Zane

and his mate driving in the opposite direction. That's when Caine went berserk and drew a gun from his pants. I tried to stop him but he shot at them. I think he hurt Zane's mate. I don't know. Everything just happened so fast and then Caine pulled over and started shooting

at Zane again. Zane shifted and just stared at Caine for a really long time. That's when Caine suddenly spun the cylinder of his gun and pointed it to his own head but he was crying, like he was begging Zane for mercy but Zane never said anything. He just stood there, staring at him. Caine even pissed himself, he was so scared. He pulled the trigger many times until a bullet finally made its way through his skull."

"Zane turned to me and I panicked," Korbin adds. "I told him your message and he told me Alpha Sebastian would regret pushing him away"

"Wait, Zane actually spoke to you?" I ask, trying to remember the last time I ever heard Zane utter a single word.

"Well no," Korbin shakes his head. "He mind-linked me but... it was weird."

“Weird?” I repeat, raising an eyebrow at him. Zane had never mind-linked before. I wasn’t even sure he could. “How so?”

“Well it was like... it was like he was inside my head,” Korbin explains. “Like he could hear and see everything I was thinking. He gave me an order and I felt an urge to do as he said. All he said was shut up and I couldn’t help but listen to him. It was weird.”

“Like an Alpha command?”

“No,” Korbin shakes his head. “No, my wolf wasn’t compelled to listen... It was me. I felt this urge, this need, this desire to do as he said. It doesn’t make any sense.”

I grow impatient with my son and his cryptic storytelling as we pull up to the Scarlett Haven gates and snap at him.

“Listen very carefully, Kor, because I am only going to say this once.” I snarl through gritted teeth. “You will be silent as I tell

Korbin nods his head and I proceed to explain my plan to him, Korbin muttering it to himself over and over again.

As we pull up to the pack house, Beta Earl is already at the door ready to receive us, a deep frown on his face when he notices only

Korbin and I step out of the truck.

“Sebastian is furious about your failed mission,” he mutters, eyeing the truck suspiciously. “You have some serious explaining to do.”

And where is the little prick? His mother has been driving me insane all day asking why you took so long to return.”

“I’ll explain later,” I reply, Earl shifting his gaze between Korbin and I.

“Where is Caine?”

Korbin looks to me for help and I clear my throat.

“Tell the Alpha we have a Moon Warrior Ceremony to prepare for.”

Sebastian

“The Gamma has arrived, Alpha,” Beta Earl announces as he bursts through the door of my office.

Beads of sweat are gathered at his forehead, the look in his eyes telling me something is off about Wyatt’s arrival. Dread prickles

down my spine as I rise to my feet and follow him out to the driveway. There, I find Wyatt standing by the truck along with multiple guards, the look in his eyes distant and emotionless. Korbin trembles anxiously beside him, any slight movement frightening him.

“Alpha,” Wyatt says loudly, Korbin jumping nervously.

Something is definitely wrong, Arden, my wolf, mutters.

I count two heads, but where is my son?

Wyatt seems to understand my question and lowers himself onto his knees before me.

“I regret to inform you, Alpha, that things took an unexpected turn while we were visiting California,” he says, his voice strong

despite the fear laced within his words.

“Speak clearly. You’re not making any sense,” I snarl, barely hanging on to my patience as Wyatt stares blankly at me.

“Yes sir,” Wyatt nods solemnly. “I took Caine and Korbin to speak with Zane one last time before we left and as we were approaching

his new pack, we crossed paths with Zane. Caine took a gun from his glove box, and aimed at your son.”

My blood boils hearing the news of Caine’s audacity to override my wishes and do as he pleases.

“Was Zane hurt?” I ask, a war waging in my head. A part of me hopes that the boy was killed so I can be done with this ordeal while the other half prays no harm comes his way.

“He’s alright,” Wyatt explains. “But Caine continued to shoot and Zane reacted to the gunfire. The two got into an altercation for control of the gun so I don’t exactly know who shot who but the gun went off, and Caine was shot.”

In a blink of an eye, the world comes to a stand still, my own lungs pausing for a moment.

“Where is Caine?” I ask, my face stone cold as I wait for his response.

“He’s dead, Alpha,” Wyatt announces very bluntly, the familiar pain of another lost son filling my heart. Of course, this time, it’s

through no fault of my own.

“What?” a sharp gasp calls out from behind me.

Just then I hear footsteps approaching, Sara stepping out of the house as her lips quiver in anguish.

“What did you say?” She whimpers through a sob.

“Sara, go inside,” I command, Sara ignoring me completely and staring at her Gamma.

“What did you say?” She repeats, her hand clinging to her chest as several tears roll down her cheeks. “Where is my baby?”

“I said, GO INSIDE,” I snap, Earl stepping in her way and pushing her back by the shoulders.

touder. “No! Nol Not my babyl” She shrieks, Earl wrapping his arms around her as she cries.”My babyl My babyl” She screams, pounding

her lists against Earl’s chest in hopes of breaking free.

Wyatt climbs up the steps to the house to comfort his I una, but she does not want his comfort. She wants his head.

“You were supposed to protect him!” she snarts, slapping Wyatt across the face when he tries to hug her. “You spineless,

insignificant, waste of space!” She sobs angrily, collapsing to the ground on her knees.

As she screams, I slowly approach the truck, finding a body covered in linen tucked tightly in the bed. My hands shake as I untie the

ropes keeping the body in place and I pull back the linen, closing my eyes instantly when I see Caine’s face with two gaping holes on the

sides of his head

No weshness, I remind myself, quickly tucking in my emotions behind a face of stone as I cover Caine back up. An Alpha never shows

Waness.

Another thought occupies my mind, anger and shame filling my being.

Without Caine, that stuttering buffoon is now the sole heir to

my pack. That weakling will be responsible for this for MY PACK.

How could this be my fate? My legacy? In the hands of a man who can't even say his own name without stumbling like an i***t? How?

How could this have happened?

My fury turns on Wyatt, the man I left in charge of this one simple task.

“How could you let this happen?” I snarl, grabbing him by the collar of his shirt. “You had one f*****g job. Where were you? Do you have any idea what you've done to this pack?” I roar, fear swimming in his eyes.

“Onyx Stone was promised an heir and you let him die!”

“I told you Caine was trouble. Zane was only defending himself,” Wyatt tries to explain. “I didn't even know the kid had a gun with

him. I don't know how the f**k he got his hands on a silver revolver.””

I freeze, realizing the only person who could have given Caine a silver revolver ... was his own mother. The weeping woman seems to know this too because her breath hitches upon hearing the word ‘revolver’ and her sobs quiet down.

This f*****g bitch....

Tossing Wyatt aside, I storm over to my wife who attempts to run away, but she is too slow to get to her feet. Grabbing one of her

ankles, I drag her back towards me, climbing on top of her and pinning her to the ground. She tries to fight me but there is no

escaping.

“Did you give the kid the gun?” I ask calmly, a threat lingering in my voice as I glare at the b***h I married.

“N-no... no-I, no..” she stammers, desperately trying to kick me off of her.

“DID YOU GIVE THE KID THE GUN?” I roar, Sara a whimpering mess beneath me.

“H-he took it from my drawers,” Sara sobs, shaking her head frantically. “I-I didn’t do it. It wasn’t me! I swear!”

“Should I check the cameras in your office?” I threaten, Sara’s face paling with horror.

“No, we don’t have to-”

“Who gave him the gun?” I demand once more, Sara letting out a frustrated scream.

“Me!” She shrieks. “Me! I did! I wasn’t about to let some freak take my son’s place!”

I silence her with a slap to the face, Sara staring wide eyed at me in shock for hitting her in front of several pack members.

“The only reason you’re still breathing right now is because I am not prepared to go to war with your father and his packs,” I snarl

through gritted teeth, pinching her jaw and bringing her face closer to mine so that she hears every word I have to say. “But mark my

words, Sara. You will pay for this,” I hiss.

Aflame lights in Sara’s eyes as she glares defiantly at me.

“If you touch me again.” Sara spits back through hissed whispers before switching to mindlink.

“I’ll tell them all what you did to

Jonathan.”