

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 236

#Chapter 236 - To Catch a Spy

3rd Person

Roger's wolf was - to say the least - not amused by Cora's decision to accompany Ella on her journey. He knew that her heart was in the right place and that she was strongly motivated by the desire to support her sister, but he also knew that wasn't the only reason she was going.

The obstinate human had been avoiding him like the plague ever since he comforted her in the medical tent, and he hadn't missed the way she'd been watching him just before declaring her intentions. While Ella had been placating Isabel and answering Dad's questions, Cora had been eyeing Roger like a wary rabbit. She knew that she wouldn't be able to resist him much longer, and Ella had just given her the perfect opportunity to flee rather than face her feelings.

Roger stalked out of the opulent guest suite in a minor rage, working to get his wolf under control. Stop being so self-centered, think about how hard this must be for Dorn. Think about how much it will comfort Ella to have her sister along for the trip. He scolded his wolf. It's a family mission after all, and they're family. It's right that Cora should go.

If that were the only reason I wouldn't object. His wolf snarled back. But she's mine. She knows she's mine and she's running away.

She's been running since this all began, it's no surprise that this is her choice. Roger countered, taking deep breaths in and out. This was the very last thing he'd needed today. He'd dedicated the morning to searching for the spy who planted the bomb for Sinclair's convoy, now he was going to be completely distracted.

I don't care if it's no surprise. She's being naughty and she knows it! His wolf sniped ferociously, grumbling wordlessly as he pictured all the delightful ways he might teach her a lesson.

Roger rolled his eyes, cut it out, I don't need an absent mind and an erection. Get your head in the game.

Giving himself a violent shake, Roger made his way to the palace's security headquarters. He'd alerted the urban surveillance team to the spy's presence in the hidden territories as soon as they confirmed the likely suspect. Every day since, he'd started his routine by stopping in to see if any positive IDs were made with Vanara's superior facial recognition software. He wasn't expecting to actually find the spy this way, but he had to exhaust every possibility.

So it was no small surprise, when the guards in charge of monitoring security cameras around the capital came rushing to meet him this morning. Before he could even enter the office, a junior enforcer was eagerly bouncing up and down in front of him, "Sir, we've got a positive ID!"

"You do?" He asked, aghast. "Where, when?"

"It just came through, I was on my way to find you!" The young wolf reported, "He was caught on a camera in the moonflower district, coming out of an apartment building."

"Take me there." Roger ordered, gesturing for a few other guards to join them. "Now! There's not a moment to waste. If he's in the city, it's because he's upto something."

Fifteen minutes later they pulled up in front of a modest building which Roger now recognized from the high definition photos the young enforcer displayed on a shiny tablet. There was no doubt this wolf was the same man who arrived on James's transport only to immediately disappear, and the Beta's adrenaline was surging as they neared their target.

"How will we know which apartment he's in?" The excited enforcer inquired.

"We'll have to check with the landlord." Roger explained. "I don't want to go through this place knocking on every door and alert the suspect."

It wasn't difficult to find the building owner, and soon they were standing in front of flat number 4, silently signaling as they prepared to enter. The landlord confessed that he'd taken a new renter just last week and hadn't bothered with the usual background checks, and now they had to hope that the suspect was still inside. Roger could smell a fellow Moon Valley wolf through the door, and it was all he could do to keep his temper in check. He'd expected a rogue, not one of their own. Then again, Damon had friends in very low places.

When Roger finally gave the signal, Gabriel's top enforcers crashed through the door, a few of the men shifting in case they needed to fight. Roger marched through the wreckage on two legs, quickly settling his sights on his target. The spy was cowering in the corner, his paws still clenching a tightly shut window. He'd clearly smelled them and attempted to escape, but he was not fast enough.

"What do you want?!" He cried, feigning ignorance. "What is this? I'm just a refugee."

"Shut your mouth before I shut it for you." Roger snarled, prowling forward." We know exactly who you are and what you've done." It wasn't entirely true, but at their core interrogations were exercises in psychological manipulation, and Roger was willing to lie to get the information he required.

"I don't know what you're talking about." The wolf insisted, holding his hands up defensively.

"You're a spy for Emperor Damon." Roger cut back, "You set the bomb that killed all of the Alpha's best men - his Beta. Your Beta. You committed treason."

"I swear I didn't!" The man repeated desperately.

"Then what is all this?" Roger turned, following the voice of the enforcer who spoke. The guard in question was standing over a cluttered work table, complete with a scale model of Gabriel's palace. While they watched, the enforcer pulled back an accordion screen, revealing an array of weapons and chemicals. It was obvious what was happening - the assassin had failed to kill Sinclair once, it only made sense that he'd try again.

"It's not what it looks like." The spy squealed, sounding truly frantic.

"It looks like you're planning for a second attack." Roger assessed coldly." What took you so long? All the increased security for the summit?" Suddenly everything that had seemed overcautious in the preceding days felt necessary, imperative even.

"Please you have to believe me!" The assassin begged, still refusing to admit his guilt.

"The only question is whether you're planning this to get out of Damon's bad books, or because you haven't reported in yet." Roger analyzed, circling on the spot as he took in every detail of the room. "Does Damon know Sinclair still lives?"

"I don't-" The man started to lie.

"Enough!" Roger roared, throwing all of his power into the command." There is no escaping this - we know you're guilty. The only chance you have now is to cooperate with us. So do you want to play ball and maybe salvage your worthless life, or do you want to die here and now?"

The spy blanched, his skin suddenly seeming very gray. "Damon doesn't know. If Sinclair lives, I don't get paid, I'm not reporting back until the job is done."

"How many of you are there?" Roger questioned sharply.

"As far as I know it's only me, but then Damon wouldn't be likely to tell me if there were others, would he?" the spy replied, his eyes flitting around the room anxiously.

"How did you get here?" Roger asked, just to see if the spy would tell the truth.

"I snuck in on one of your refugee transports." He confessed, "it wasn't hard."

"Did Damon direct you to the transports, or did you find them yourself?" Roger pressed, needing to know exactly how knowledgeable their enemy was about their operations.

"Damon directed me, but I was probably the last spy who got through before he had to shift his forces to meet the humans." The wolf explained.

Roger didn't trust that this was actually true, but he wasn't foolish enough to admit it. "Join us, turn on Damon, and I'll double whatever he paid you."

"Why would you do that?" The spy demanded suspiciously.

"Because we need every advantage we can get over Damon - and you should agree because he is going to lose this war. You must have seen how badly he's floundering." Roger persuaded, making his offer again. "Call your boss and tell him that Sinclair is dead, and you have my word I'll double your fee."

"How do I know you won't just kill me once I have?" The assassin questioned shrewdly.

"You don't, but you can be sure I'll kill you now if you don't." Roger threatened.

The spy hesitated for a long moment, the gears visibly turning in his head. He was smart enough to know he was a dead man, but hope was a tricky thing. It had the power to persuade even the most dire pessimists, and when it came to life and death... well, only a fool would turn down a lifeline, no matter how unlikely.

Roger and the enforcers watched as the traitor pulled out his phone and dialed the emperor. A moment later they heard Damon's voice cut off the dial tone, "Is it done?"

"It's done." The spy lied, shaking where he stood.

"Then your payment will be sent before the day's end." Damon announced." Stay available. I may need you again."

"Yes sir." The spy hung up, looking anxiously towards Roger.

The Beta confiscated his phone, double checking that the call was actually complete. "Very good." He praised, his wolf salivating over the imminent kill. "But any wolf who is loyal only to the highest bidder cannot be trusted." He stalked forward, bearing his fangs, "Any last words?"