

The Alpha's Contract (Neah and Dane)

#Chapter 0191 - Read The Alpha's Contract (Neah and Dane) Chapter 0191

Chapter 0191

It was like I was being scolded. I couldn't help the way my brain automatically tried figuring things out. It wasn't my fault that I naturally looked for answers.

"You liked it when I found my confidence to kill." I mumble. We had sex in the forest that day. "I know, but if I lose you over it..." He shakes his head. "I just can't lose you or the twins, okay." I nod and try to clear my head as he stretches back up to full height, turning his attention to the training

Lying myself back on the fake grass, I stare up at the blue sky. Dane was making the most of training this morning as a storm was supposed to be coming in tonight.

I hated storms, the sharp cracks of lightning always reminded me of being hit, particularly whipped. I probably won't sleep later.

Mallory comes bounding up to us after training. Her skin shiny from the sweat. She wipes her forehead, flinging the beads of sweat onto the grass, "So, how did I do?"

"As well as what I expected."

She smiles at him. "Sa I got the job, right?"

Dane cocks an eyebrow at her in confusion.

"To protect Neah, right?"

"I don't need your protection!" I snap and Dane's hand wraps around my wrist as he gives me a warning glare to calm down "What Neah means to say is that she doesn't need protection right now. She has me." He smiles at her

"I thought this was why you wanted me to train?" She scoffs, "To test my skills so you knew I could watch her."

"I think you misunderstood me, Mallory. I said to test you while I watch Neah." Dane tells her. "I am grateful that you want to offer your services, but right now, Neah isn't leaving my side."

There is annoyance in her brown eyes, but I'm not sure if Dane saw it. If he did, he kept his face unreadable.

"Oh" she sighs. "I just wanted to help, you let Damien help."

"Damien didn't give me much of a choice." Dane murmurs without looking at her. His eyes are too busy scanning the people still training. "What does that mean?" Mallory asks

"It doesn't matter." Contents belong to

But I was curious too, what did he mean? As Tar asl was aware, Damien had just started planting'

himself i in locations near me. Fwill have'to ask him later when we are alone. ...

Mallory turns her head to me. "I was just trying to help.

I don't respond. Because the words ready to come out of my mouth will have Dane worrying. Instead I force the words back down my throat and ask if he has any more snacks

"Not on me. We are done anyway, let's go.

We turn away from Mallory and Dane drapes an arm around my shoulder. "What are you up to?" I murmur as we leave the grounds. "Just working through something. Until I know more, all you need to do is focus on growing my sons.

"No secrets." I mutter as I'm kicked in the bladder.

"It's not a secret, it's a theory."

"What is that supposed to mean?"

He stops me and spins me around to lock at him, encasing my hands with his. "I am working on a few y ideas: for now it is best that only I know. If the time comes that you need to know, I will tell you." Content belongs to =

"Does anyone else know?"

He shakes his head at me. There's a strange glint to his crimson eyes." The same look he had given me back at t Moonshine that first day. A Knowing look. A plan hovering@ beneath the surface. Content belongs to =

I might have been scared once, even tried to hide away, but whatever he was up to, he was doing it for us and I had to trust that.

Chapter 0192

Raven

Every single day I sat and waited. Thirty days and still nothing. Complete radio silence. Not a single link, nothing, but he was still alive. I lean back against the stairs, letting it dig into my back as I close my eyes trying to force a line between us to open

"Why won't it work?!" I snap at midnight. My sanity was holding on by a thread.

You know why." She mutters back, just as frustrated.

"Well that's a fucking stupid reason." I shouldn't have to mark him to be able to link him. He had already claimed me.

She nods her head in agreement. It doesn't make me feel any better. In fact, it was just a reminder of how different we are. A Lycan and a Wolf. I'm sure my parents must be turning in their grave. Three children, all mated to Lycans. Even worse, I had been mated to two.

I wish they were still here to see how you had turned out." Midnight whispers softly. 'I'm sure they would be pleased.' I knew mum would. She was the reason I became a pack doctor.

I sigh and push myself up, pleased when my leg doesn't cramp. It was getting there, but still had a long way to go. I still walked with a limp, and the pain wasn't constant. Maybe I would be walking properly by the time Damien got home

Just as I'm on my feet, Eric tumbles in through the front door. A bottle of half drunk whisky hanging from his hand. The liquid swirls as he struggles to stay upright. He frowns as some sloshes onto the floor.

He had started drinking a couple of weeks ago and even his parents were at a loss of what to do. They were grieving for their grandchildren and now it seemed like they were grieving for their son too.

Dane had tried talking to him along with most of the pack members but his grief was heavy and he just couldn't see a way through it. I wondered how his ex was coping. I knew she left a while ago and I half expected her to turn up, but nothing. Almost like she didn't care.

I never understood how a mother could leave her children behind while she runs off.

"Hey Eric." I mutter, limping to him. When I grab the bottle, he lets me take it. Which was progress in itself. "Where is he?" He slurs, wobbling and falling back against the door frame

"Who are you looking for Eric?"

"Big bro..." he laughs to himself, his body slipping down the door frame until he hits the floor with a thud. His chin drops to his chest and in seconds, snores vibrate through the foyer as drool creeps out the corner of his lips.

He stank and looked like he hadn't shaved in a while. I groan and try to pull him up. His dead weight just slips through my arms

"Dane!" Less than a second later, the office door opens. Dane's eyes fall on Eric and I watch his shoulders drop.

He was at a loss too, they had been. Best friends for as long as I could remember. Yet he didn't know how to help Eric. None of us did. Could you even help a grieving parent?

"Vodka?" Dane mutters to me as he crouches in front of Eric

"Whisky." I mutter, lowering the half drunk bottle onto the small table near his office. A quick glance through the office door and I see Neah curled up asleep. A stack of books like the ones Klaus had been reading a few days ago are piled high on Dane's desk. It wasn't like Dane to research something. He got the others to do that for him.

"Raven, give me a hand.

I pull my eyes away and Dane is lifting Eric off the floor.

Limping forward, I pull Eric's other arm around my shoulders. "Where are we taking him?" "Just into the lounge, let him sleep it off."

"You need to find a way to help him, Dane. He can't keep drinking like this."

"You know as well as I do, he will burn it off in less than an hour."

"And he will start all over again. It's not good for him." I groan

"Just like it isn't good for you to sit on the bottom step everyday waiting for Damien."

"I'm not harming anyone." I snap. Contents belong to

"You are harming yourself."

We dump Eric onto a sofa. He groans as his body sinks into the cushions while Dane and I glare at one another.

"What would you do, if it were Neah?" I fold my arms up. I already knew the answer. He would burn the world down looking for her. He should be grateful that I'm just, o>

sitting on the stairs, waiting, hoping and-praying to the Moon Goddess that he walks through those doors.

"You have a point." He mutters

I look at his tired crimson eyes as he straightens his spine. "Are you going to lead the pack run tonight?"

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I still wasn't strong enough to go, but he needed the strength of the full moon. 'I need to keep an eye on Neah.'

"I can do that. Dane, you missed the last one because of Salem, you need to go this one. And Neah will be fine. We will probably eat ice cream and she can listen to me moan about Damien."

He snorts and cocks an eyebrow. "I will think about it." Glancing at Eric he tells me to let him sleep it off, "We can only help him when he is ready."

As Dane leaves, I settle into the sofa opposite Eric. He barely spoke when he was awake and if he did, everything came out in either a slur or sounding like he had developed a lisp and none of it ever made sense. I wanted to tell him that everything will be alright, that.... But it wouldn't be, would it. He had lost his world.

How could one beast destroy so much of our pack by himself?

Dane had worked hard, for years, implementing strength and power. We had always had the upper hand and now one beast was gradually tearing us apart. Even all the bitten Lycans with Cassandra and Trey hadn't done this much damage. He had to be having help, but who?

Midnight is quiet, but panicking. I knew why, she had the same worrying thought as me. What if the real reason Damien left was because he was helping his brother and didn't want to be caught?

It can't be. It was a stupid idea. He wouldn't have bothered marking me. Mallory?"
Midnight mutters

I don't think so." I whisper back. Though we were no longer bunking together as she had decided to go back to her home. 'She's trying so hard to prove her worth here in the pack. If she was trying to cause trouble, I think she would have given up by now.'

Maybe I was just tired and overthinking it. Maybe Salem was just a monster with no actual endgame other than to slaughter us.

Leaning forward, I rest my elbow on my knees and cup my chin, watching the drunk sleep. There had to be something I was missing

I still hadn't moved by the time Eric started to wake. He rubs his eyes and stares at me, his eyes drifting around the room. "How did I get here?" "You practically broke down the front door. I think you were looking for Dane."

He rubs through his already chaotic blonde hair and yawns, stretching out his limbs. "Got any whisky?"

0." I glare at him. If I had to follow him to make sure he doesn't touch another drop, then that is what I'm going to do. "Why did you want to speak to my brother?"

"It doesn't matter." He gets up and starts looking in the cupboards.

"Dane had it removed a few days ago." I snap.

"

Just forget it" He storms out and I hurry as fast as I can after him, [elglglggle the spasming pain that decides to rip through my leg. skidding across the floor, I slam) myself into the front door, stopping him from leaving. Content. belongs to =

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"Raven, get out of the way." "No."

He goes to grab me and I make a swift punch to his balls. He lets out a howl and clutches his dick. "What the fuck Raven!

'I'm sorry but you can't keep going on like this. You are practically my brother and can't watch you drink yourself] Sato oblivion. I'm sorry that Sa enrilled your kids. I'm sorrø.that he targeted them. I'm sorry that I can't bring your sons..." «>

"They weren't mine."

"What? What are you talking about?" Contents belong to

"They weren't my sons."

"That makes no sense. I helped deliver your second son. I was there."

"But you weren't there for conception and it turns out, I wasn't either." His fist hits the wall. "I found Mallory with them. If they were mine, I would have felt their deaths and I didn't.

I could feel my mouth hanging open and work hard to tighten my muscles so I didn't look so gobsmacked.

"You raised them. I've watched you raise them. Your bond with them was..." They couldn't shift yet which also means he couldn't link them; He would have found out when they got their Wolves. Instead he finds out because they were slaughtered.

"Who... who..." I was trying so hard to get the words out

"I think you already know the answer to that."

My eyes flicker to the open office door. Dane was standing there, his face rigid as he watched us. "Is it true? 'I had my suspicions.'" Dane sighs heavily

"They were Jenson's kids?!"

He nods at me. "We would have known for certain when they got their Wolves."

That's why he had been letting Eric drink himself stupid. Eric had lost everything.

Chapter 0194

Damien Every day I got a little closer and he would do something to completely throw me off my tracks.

He shifted regularly, swapping between Lycan and human, leading me further away from Black Shadow and my mate. But I won't stop, not until he is dead, even if it means going to the ends of the Earth.

A handful of times we had come face to face. Not up close, but we could see each other across fields, a train station, and bridges.

As each day passed, the angrier I became. I just wanted to be with my mate, yet if I didn't stop Salem. He would find a way to torment that pack and my mate forever.

Tracking his scent into a bar, my eyes quickly adjust to the dimly lit space. The smell of dried booze, piss and blood filling the air. It had been a few hours since he was here. Before I even entered, I knew why he had chosen this place

He had always liked a challenge, long before he turned into a Lycan. Teasing and tormenting people. There was so much Raven didn't know about the man she was once mated to. She had a lucky escape there.

Bodies littered the floor as the jukebox played. Half a dozen had their throats ripped out before they even had a chance to acknowledge what was happening. The other dozen had tried to put up a fight, losing against the beast that had attacked them.

Since being on the run, he had eaten every few days. Though this time, I was certain he hadn't eaten in a week. He knew there was a risk I would catch him. He must have been starving to target a place like this.

I make my way through the bodies, just to check that all of them are dead. "Fucker!"

I turn to leave and hear a whimper that stops me in my tracks. There is a kid somewhere in here. Between the stench of booze, piss and blood, I had missed the scent of a child.

"It's okay, you can come out. I won't hurt you.

I wait for a few moments but nothing moves and the kid is quiet. Why had Salem left a kid alive? He had killed Eric's kids without a second thought. "Pinky swear." The small voice calls out

It had been a long time since I had heard that. A smile creeps across my lips. "Pinky swear."

A small girl crawls out from behind a curtain. Blood smeared across her face. Remnants of bruises littered her chubby cheeks along with trails of dried tears. A floral dress that was once yellow or even white had seen better days. It barely fitted her, a sign that she had been here for a long time.

She steps towards me, her body trembling. Tears in her bright green eyes as she tries not to look at the carnage surrounding us. She stops a few metres from me. A chain attached at her ankle, preventing her from moving any further.

Not only was she locked up, she was a Wolf pup. Either Salem had been too busy to notice there was a child here, or he had left her for me, knowing it would buy him some time.

"What's your name?"

She closes her eyes tight, screwing up her face as she chews on her bottom lip. "Dorothy."

"How old are you, Dorothy?" Big black circles hovered under her eyes.

"Six"

"Do you know how long you have been here?"

She shakes her head at me. Her mousey brown, matted hair falls around her face. "You smell funny." "So do you. Contents belong to

She smiles at me and opens her bright green eyes. "Are you like me?"

"No, but I know lots of people who are." She was aware that she was a Wolf, which was a good sign

I had two options. One, take her to the police station, but that would raise questions that I didn't have time to answer. Or two, turn around and take her back to Black Shadow, letting my brother get away.

"Let's get you out of that, shall we." I smile as I squat, inspecting the chain

She freezes as my hand touches her leg and it sickens me to think what the bastards here might have done to her. Maybe it wasn't such a bad idea for Salem to have chosen this bar.

The cuff around her ankle was easy enough to break through. It was clearly designed with Dorothy's strength in mind as it snapped in my hands. "Are you after the bad man?" She asks as she lets me pick her up to step over the dead bodies.

1 am."

"He smelled fugny too." She coils her arms around my neck, understanding that I was someone: safe. Kids this age were resilient > compared to adults. They only. Spe things i in black and white and i s also-why it is so easy to lure them away. .

There are a set of keys on the bar. Grabbing them, I carried Dorothy out and hit the key fob, waiting for a set of lights to alert me of which car they belonged to.

Settling her into the blue BMW, I notice a blanket on the back seat and drape it over her. She's quiet as I strap her in and when I tell her! m taking her somewhere safe, sl

smiles and relaxes into re se Content belongs to

Dorothy was asleep by the time I pulled up outside the police station. Her head dropped to one side and rested on the belt as her long eyelashes fluttered against her cheeks.

I look out at the busy police station. She would be safer here than at Black Shadow. They could find her a good home, granted it would probably be with humans but she would still be safe. If I take her. to Black Shadow, Salem could still come back, but she would-be with her own kind.

Chapter 0195

"Fuck it!" My foot hits the pedal and I pull away, hoping that I was making the right decision for the kid.

It takes almost a week to get back to Black Shadow. Each night I stopped in a hotel to make sure we both got a decent night's sleep and to feed us both. Not once did she ever ask for food and my guess is that they starved her or only fed her on their terms. So she had learned to wait, to ignore the hunger growls in her empty belly.

The first day, she ate like a dog, lapping up the food with her mouth. She didn't know how to hold a cup without spilling and she definitely didn't know how to use a knife and fork. She had been their pet, and from the age tag in her dress that said 2-3yrs, she had most likely been the bar's pet for years.

Dorothy was so excited when I picked her up some clothes, but didn't seem to understand what I was saying when I said she could change every day. She kept insisting that a pink dress was her favourite and that she would wear it all the time. So I just bought more, so she could wear a fresh one every day.

She was even more excited by a teddy bear that one of the hotel staff gave her and carried it around everywhere with her.

How could people be such assholes? To have the desire to lock up a kid was sick.

Driving up towards Black Shadow, I'm stopped by a couple of Wolves. Smiles etched on their faces as they see that it's me. "Is he dead?" One asks "Not yet." I glance at a sleeping Dorothy and the guy nods in understanding, waving me through.

Parking in front of the pack house, I could already hear Raven shouting at the top of her voice about something before I even got out of the car. She was pissed about something. And probably just as angry with me as I hadn't spoken to her since I left

Walking around the car. I lift a sleepy Dorothy from the passenger seat. She peers at me with one eye. "Are we there yet?"

It had been her favourite question to ask, multiple times a day.

"We are."

She straightens her spine, widening her bright green eyes as she looks at the massive house.

"Home?" she mumbles

"Home." Technically, it wasn't for me to decide, but I knew Neah wouldn't kick her out. Especially when she learns where Dorothy came from. Pushing the door open, I'm met with Eric, Raven and Dane, all glaring at one another.

Danes' crimson eyes settle on me first as Raven slowly turns around to look at me. Her emotions flood through her as she stares at me. "Your....you're....you are here." She mutters breathlessly, her hands clasped to her chest.

Her dark eyes move to Dorothy and she frowns for a second before her face softens. Most likely when she realised that Dorothy is a wolf, "This is Raven." I tell the kid, "The one I told you about."

"Your girlfriend?" Dorothy smiles as she stares back at my mate.

"Yes. And this is Dane. He is the cone in charge."

"The Al...pha?"

She had caught on pretty quickly with the terms when I was trying to teach her.

"And that man is Eric, he is Danes..."

"Beta." She finishes the sentence for me. I was like a proud father. She: had to earn a lot in a short space of time" m Dorothy." She mutters shyly -

Raven is just staring at me. I expected her to say more, but she stepped forward with a limp.

"Hey Dorothy, why don't you come with me and we will let the men talk." She holds her arms out to the kid I'm carrying.

Dorothy looks at me first. "She's good." I tell her. "She's a doctor.

I put her down and she grabs Raven's hand. As they walk away. I hear her telling my mate about her pink dress and the teddy bear. "I take it he is dead." Dane mutters when the office door closes.

"No, I ran into a bit of a problem."

"So you brought her here?"

"She's a Wolf."

"Why didn't you take her to her pack?"

'She was being held hostage and likely for several years. She doesn't know what her parents are called, the only thing she is aware of is that she's different to the men who were keeping her as a pet.' Content belongs to =Contents belong to

I see the acknowledgement in his eyes. "He killed the people that were keeping Dorothy?"

"Yes. Either because he was caught up in a frenzied attack to notice she was hiding, or because he knew I would help her and he used her to get away."

look over To Eric, he still had a face. like thunder and hadn't spoken au word. But I could smell the booze on his clothes. Now it made sense why Raven was shouting. Content belongs to ~~

"You take responsibility for her." Dane mutters, his strange eyes are darkening. "You brought her here, you lock after her." "Of course."

"That means you don't go running off again. We work together, not alone."

Chapter 0196

Neah

A new scent hits my nose before I even open my eyes. Another Wolf that I didn't recognise. I don't know why, but I keep my eyes closed. Dane must be nearby, he wasn't ready to leave me alone yet. This Wolf couldn't be dangerous.

"Let her sleep, Dorothy." Who the fuck was Dorothy? "She has babies in her tummy." Raven tells this Dorothy person. "It makes her tired."

"She's very pretty." A small voice mutters back. I open my eyes to find a young girl inches from my own face. Wide bright green eyes stare back at me. As she smiles, dimples appear on each cheek. "Hi."

"Hi." I mutter, confused. Where had she come from?

She hurries back to the desk and plonks herself in Danes chair, doodling on a piece of paper as she clutches a small teddy bear to her chest. Raven smiles at me as I swing my legs around and rub my eyes. "Damien is back and he brought us a friend. This is Dorothy."

Dorothy is oblivious to us, continuing to doodle with her tongue stuck in one corner of her mouth as she concentrates. Contents belong to

"Does that mean....?"

"No." She cuts me off before I have a chance to finish my sentence.

"He is out there," she points to the door, "with Dane, discussing it." A shiver goes down her spine and she visibly shakes it off.

"What are you not telling me?"

She glances at Dorothy, choosing her words carefully. "The boys weren't Eric's. We think they are....were Jenson's. Remember it all came out about him and Kelsie. It seems that it was going on a lot longer than what he had us believe."

"Are you serious?"

"Are they dead?" Dorothy asks without looking up. Neither of us thought she was paying attention to our conversation

"You don't need to worry about that." Raven mutters

"Was it the monster? The monster Killed lots of people." She doesn't even look up as she speaks. "Then my new Daddy found me." I watch the colour drain from Raven's face until she is whiter than the piece of paper Dorothy is drawing on

"Your new Daddy?" I ask because I still didn't understand why he had brought her here. I had only been asleep for a few hours and yet, somehow, I had missed so much.

He broke my-racelet and carried me to a car, And he got me the best food and-het told me who you all ~ are." Herbright green eyes catch. ~ nine agshe looks up. "Al..pha > Neat" She puts her pen dower and hatgls up a piece of paper covered in squiggles. "Do you like my picture?"

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She had drawn like a two year old. Like me when I couldn't hold a pen properly or control it. The door swings open. Dane. Damien and Eric stroll in and I watch Damien go straight to Dorothy. "What are you drawing, Dottie?" "The monster, Daddy"

"Dottie, we have talked about this. I'm not your Daddy, you can call me uncle Damien."

Her face scrunches up as she thinks about it and see the relief on Raven's face: Being a mother was + not something she was ready fo N just yetand especially not to oY someghe who wasn't her kid. mn still noteven sure if I'm ready, the only difference i is, I was already-a mother and my boys would be here soon.

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"Everyone needs a Daddy." Dorothy grins My eves flicker around the room. Only Eric and my sons had a father.

"Please?" I see tears building in her bright green eyes

I watch Damien squat down next to the chair and before he has a chance to speak, she throws her arms around his neck, sobbing into him.

Looking over to Raven, she just seems so stunned by the whole situation.

Damien lifts Dorothy from the chair, holding her against her as she

continues to cry. His dark eyes glared and I wondered how often he had helped other little kids. His past as a human slowly creeping on her with one little Wolf at a time. ©

Dorothy's sobbing stops and an arm falls from Damien's neck. She had cried herself to sleep. "Do you want to set her up in the room next to Raven's?" Dane offers. "I assume you will be sleeping there tonight and will want her close by." Damien shakes his head. "Holding her is the only way to stop the nightmares." He sways back and forth with her against his chest.

Nightmares. I had lived with them for years. Fought against them every night. Eventually, my mind had become so used to them, it became a comfort. They stopped a few years before Dane came into my life, minus the odd few.

"Where did you find her?" I ask when I hear the subtle snores that confirmed she was actually asleep.

Damien tells us everything. The bracelet that Dorothy had referred to was a chain, keeping her locked up as a pet.

Chapter 0197

"Did they...." The thought sickened me, "Did they touch her?"

"I don't think so, not in that way at least." Damien tells me. "I have asked as gently as I can in several ways. The most I think they did was watch her crawl around like a dog, lapping water from a bowl. Throwing food at her. Made her sleep in the cold. Though she did have a few bruises."

"Her parents?"

"There were no other Wolves there. Everyone Salem killed was human." He sighs, "She was likely there for years. She's six and she has spent most of her life chained up. Honestly, I'm surprised she isn't more feral."

I was six when all my problems started. Imagine being younger and not even understanding what is happening to you. "You brought her here because of me." I mutter, looking at the sleeping pup in his arms

"Yes." He doesn't even hesitate with his answer

"What about Salem? He will come right back here." Raven mutters

"I figured she would be safer surrounded by Wolves and Lycans than humans. At least this way, she has a chance of learning who she is. Can you imagine her being with humans and then suddenly unable to control her shift."

His response takes me right back to Devon. I shake the thought away because who knows how much of what he told me was actually true. "Ckay." I mutter. "Thank you, Neah, you won't regret it."

Damiens eyes drift to Raven. She hadn't said a lot. "Dane, do you mind holding Dottie so I can spend some time with my mate. We have things to discuss."

"She's your responsibility Damien." Dane warns him "He will." I interrupt.

Dane glances at me and rolls his crimson eyes as he holds his arms out to Damien. Dorothy snuggles into Dane and something about him holding her makes my heart explode.

He looks alarmed as he stares at me. "Are you okay?"

I smile at him and nod. Maybe everything will be alright.

Dane sets Dorothy up on a small fold out bed in our bedroom. Damien and Raven are still busy and it is getting late. He had missed another pack run, deciding not to go after tonight's antics.

Dorothy is still asleep when he lowered her onto the bed. He tucks the blanket up around her and makes sure the little teddy bear is with her too.

I don't know How long I had been asleep before the Wialagle!Slgigle! started. I sit up, flicking on the ~ ~ > bedside light. Dane is already getting out of bed to check on Dorothy. He was particularly happy as he had to wear shorts to bed. ©

She lashes out as he tries to reassure her, her fingers catching his face. Small scratches disappear from his cheek as quickly as they appeared Making my way over, Dane tells me to stand back.

"She's not aware it's you." I mutter, seeing how tightly her eyes are closed. Beads of sweat hover along her hair line. She starts to cry, repeatedly calling out for 'Daddy'.

"Dorothy," I speak softly. "Dorothy, it's Neah, you are safe." "Daddy!" She screams at the top of her lungs and our bedroom door is nearly knocked down by Damien. Her cries settle into quiet sobs as he pulls her into his arms, muttering softly to her.

"Say what you want, Damien, but you've just become a Dad." Dane smirks at him.

Raven paces my room, she was starting ta'move a little better and" the limp wasn't so obvious. 'What am I supposed to do Neah? He was gone: or a month and he brought another woman back with him

"A kid." I mutter. It was far too early for me to be dealing with this.

"I'm not ready to be a mother. I thought he would come back and we would have the best sex session to date but no, he brings someone else back."

"Again, it's a six year old."

'I can't compete with that."

"I don't think he is expecting you to compete. You are his mate." "She calls him Daddy."

'I am aware.

"It's fucking insane."

"It's not. Not really. He saved her from a terrifying scenario. One that could probably get ten times worse as she got older. He protected her, like a father should." Not like my father.

"I'm jealous of a six year old!" She groans, settling on the big chair by the window.

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Pretty much At the end of the day, she is more-like you than Damien. She will need help guiding her and-> understanding that sheis a Wolf Damien won't be able to do all of that Just let her settle in. Give her

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She nods her head, "Look at you being all understanding.

'I know what it's like to fear each day."

Chapter 0198

Unknown POV

"Yes?" I mutter, swirling the wine in my glass before taking a large mouthful. It had been a long day and I didn't need another idiot in my life. He saunters up to me like a lost sheep. His dark hair is a mess and he looked and smelled as though he hadn't seen a shower for weeks. "You better start talking if you are going to invade my space with that stench."

"I'm looking for a favour." He asks quietly

"I don't do favours." I sneer, setting my empty glass down on the circular table.

He slides into my booth anyway. "You are the Lone Wolf, right?"

I smirk. I hadn't heard that term in a long time. "Oh honey, I'm the furthest thing from a Lone Wolf."

"Right. Because you are not a Wolf are you."

The balls on this guy. "You think you know everything." I wave to the bartender who brings me over a fresh drink. His eyes shifted to the trash sitting opposite me and he quickly looks away.

It was a rule in here that I am not to be disturbed. Especially not when I still had blood on my fingers.

"I know enough. One of your kind killed my mate." He seethes. I couldn't hold back the laugh. "And I want revenge."

"Did you piss it off?"

He scowls at me. If he didn't look so filthy, he could probably be quite handsome. Maybe then I wouldn't have minded the interruption. "No. my brother brought their kind into our pack. A Rogue followed. The Rogue was the one who murdered her."

"So let me guess, you blame big brother and now you want revenge." I let the merlot hit the back of my throat. I preferred something much fuller bodied. but this was the best the bar offered. Contents belong to

'I didn't say big brother.'

"You didn't need to. If your brother brought them into the pack. My guess is he is the Alpha, which makes you, poor little brother." I hit a soft spot. I could see it in his dark eyes

"Ch, was the dream to be an Alpha?"

Fucking alpha's and their need for control.

"And now what? You want to claim it back. I can't help you." Nor did I want to help. He was focussing on the wrong person for a start.

"Our pack wag+fine until they arrived. And it all started with one." He SCrews up his hand and slams it into the table almost knocking my wire glass O over. If that had gone all over me, Tight have just stabbed him in the neck with the glass. Content belongs to ©

"That's not my problem."

"Rumour has it that you will accept jobs for a decent amount of cash."

"And that's what you have is it? Look at the state of you, you might as well have slept in a hole in the ground. "I've been a little busy.

"Mourning your dead mate."

He nods, lowering his head as he rolls his neck.

"Right." I get to my feet. "I can't give you the help you are looking for. Correct that, I won't."

"I think you will change your mind." He calls out after me as I strut away.

He catches up to me, standing far -. too close for my liking. His breath; the only clean thing about him, c fanning across my skin. "You're a Kitson, right." ig

I spin around to glare at him, my ~~. hand locking against his throat while pressing my stiletto heel into the toe of his shoes. "Where the fuck did you hear that name?" a

"My brother's mate is a Lycan."

"Impossible. Wolves are not mated to Lycans."

"That's just it, all three of us were. And my brother is mated to the most powerful one. The female Alpha." My hand moves from his throat to his grubby jacket as I drag him to the ladies room.

He laughs as I slam the door shut and push him back against the pink tiles

"You better start talking. Because I am seconds away from ripping your throat out.

Chapter 0199

"Or what?" He chuckles

"You wouldn't be the first kill tonight. Your name?"

“Jenson” He doesn't hesitate, clearly a real name.

“Your brother's pack name?”

“Black Shadow.

A cackle escapes my throat. “So Dane is your brother.”

There's disappointment etched on his grimy face. “You know him?” Contents belong to

“I know of him. Anyone would be stupid to not know what he is capable of.” And I had kept myself out of ever being involved with him. Besides, it wasn't like I went around broadcasting that I was a Lycan “You're telling me that he is mated to the last female Lycan Alpha.”

He nods. He had just made my fucking day. Maybe even my year.

“What are you to her?” He asks quietly

“Why the fuck does that matter?” I watched him for a little longer. “Are you prepared to do everything I ask?”

He nods

“It will tear the pack apart.”

His mouth opens and closes like a fish. As it dawns on him what I am asking

“What is it?”

“My twin, I don't want to hurt her, but she is mated to a Lycan too. The fucker that killed my mate also hurt her.”

I lean back against the ugly pink tile. “Then you have a decision to make. But either way, you have given me the information I need

“This was wrong. I shouldn't... I shouldn't have come here. I shouldn't have said anything.” He goes to walk past me. I lift my leg, pressing my foot against the door. His eyes linger on it longer than it should.

“You should have thought about that. You clearly know my reputation.

“It wasn't easy to find someone like you. I always believed there weren't any more of your kind. Just Neah and the couple that were bitten.” Her name sends a familiar feeling through me. Did she even know of my existence? Either way, I didn't care. I am going to

take what's mine "Oh honey, there are thousands of us. You just need to know where to lock."

"Thousands?" His dark eyes are wide

"Thousands.

He looked as though he had just face planted in a pile of dog shit

"Packs?"

"No, what would be the fun in that?" I look him up and down. "Come with me, we have much to discuss."

I lead him to my Porsche , eyeing him up before letting him sit on my clean leather seats

"How long have you known Neah?" I was curious, how long had she been living happily with her mate?

"A little under a year. I don't want her to suffer." He mutters. "She's been through enough and she's pregnant."

This is gold.

"Jenson, you came to the wrong person if you just want to scare them a little: I'm an all in kind of girl and now you have just given me news of my target. Besides, if Khurt Dane; "she will get hurt in they" process. " Content belongs 1 =

I reach over and grab his thigh, maybe I could reward him for the information.

"Did you know Trey?" He asks just as I pull into my driveway.

"Name doesn't ring a bell. Is he another problem?"

"No, Neah dealt with that." I knew what he was doing, he was trying to work out my connection.

I send him to the shower so his stench didn't settle into the fabrics of my home. When he reappears, the smallest towel is covering his cock. He looked so much better now he had cleaned up

'Do you have anything bigger?" He asks as the water drips off of him" onto the carpet. I watch one particular bead make its way down over his chest and abs, disappearing into the small towel. Content

belongs to

ot right I AOW. It will have to do.” had beentoo long since someone” had given me a good seeing tog-and though t wasn't my plan. I couldn't elp-but think of him pressedup against me. -

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He smirks at me, turning around and showing me that firm ass as he walks away

Chapter 0200

Dane

Taking a seat in the large chair, I take in the shadows of the grounds. It had been a week since Damien had returned and still, there was no sign of Salem. Maybe that was a good thing. Maybe he realised that he couldn't get what he wanted from us. but until I knew more, the grounds would be guarded.

Turning my head back over my shoulder, I see that Neah is still fast asleep, huddled up into a ball with her hands cupping her bump. Unbothered about me not lying next to her.

She locks so peaceful.’ Aero mutters She's beautiful.” I whisper back to my Wolf.

With no sign of Salem, she had been so much calmer. Raven insisted that she was at the stage in her pregnancy where she had mere clarity. Even if it was temporary.

And I was more than happy, there was a moment where I thought I would lose her to the darkness.

The very darkness that I enjoyed seeing in her.

Her heart rate changes and she stretches out. “You're watching me again.” She mutters sleepily yet keeps her eyes closed.

“I will never stop watching you.”

She doesn't answer and the beat of her heart slows telling me that she had fallen back into a slumber.Contents belong to

My eyes move up to the clock, it was coming up to four in the morning and the Wolves on guard would be swapping over soon.

There's movement over the far side of the grounds and as he steps out of the shadows, I see Klaus heading this way, books under his arms as he quickened his pace.

Groaning. I push myself up and move to the bed, kissing Neah on the cheek. She doesn't wake, but a small smile spreads across her face. A kiss was all she would let

me have at the moment, insisting that being pregnant made sex uncomfortable. When the twins are here, I will remind her of everything she has been missing out on

Slipping out the door and down the stairs, I find Klaus with his hand ready to knock on my office door. "Klaus it is four in the morning." "I'm sorry, Dane, but this couldn't wait." He is practically grinning from ear to ear.

I gesture for him to enter the office and he quickly drops the books on my desk. "You know how it was really hard for me to find information on Neah and other Lycans. That the only information was from a long time ago and only snippets of literature."

'I remember Klaus.' I yawn "Remember what Jess said, about the humans having stories." "Get to the point." I snap, exhausted.

"I've been going to the library and book stores in the city and in some of the nearby towns. If the books are even remotely factual, I believe there are more Lycans out there."

"What are you talking about?"

He opens up one of the books. "This one." He seeped really pumped about finding this information. "It _ talks about how Lycans showed -- themselves to humans around five centuries ago. That there was 3 war between them. A lot of both sides lost lives but ultimately, the humans won."

"Okay." "There is no mention of Lycans being wiped out, Dane. Just that they won. Don't you see, Dane, they survived."

"We can't say that. Not when I have never come across any." I had made deals with a lot of packs and none of them had anything hidden so deeply like Moonshine had.

He shakes his head, opening up the other book. "This one talks about the war too, but this one says the Lycans won the war." "If Lycans won the war, there likely wouldn't be any humans."

"That's what I thought but there's more. This one says the Lycans won the war, but they knew they didn't have the numbers to take on the world after losing so many in the war." He smiles and then frowns.

"They wanted time to repopulate and they couldn't do that with humans knowing about them. They went into hiding. Leaving the humans to believe that they won."

Hiding? Where?' Aero mutters and I repeat the question to Klaus "It's not specific. I've searched the book and there is no mention of it. Just that it was important to keep the knowledge of Lycans quiet."

"Why were we not taught anything about this war in school?"

"Think about it. If they wanted to go into hiding, the last thing they needed was Shumans or Wolves = discovering information years down the line," His deep green eyes flicker up to mine, "We were told about a war; Dane if you remember your History." Content belongs to

"The Great Wolf War."

He nods his head. "It was known as that, but what if that was just a cover up. I feel like such a fucking idiot. Of course the Lycans worked to wipe out all information. But then why would someone write a book?"

I cock an eyebrow. "It probably wasn't supposed to end up there. It was likely supposed to stay with the Lycans"

"You are probably right." He taps the book, more excited than ever. "The guy who wrote this book was a leader in the war. He kept talking about the importance of a blood line. His blood line to be precise. "Content belongs to =

He closes the very old book and hands it to me "The War." By Aldous Huxley.