

The Female Alpha's Sanctuary by Sanctuary Chapter 141

Posted by Admin1, 102 Views, Released on June 1, 2023

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"But how? What could you have possibly done to upset the Goddess?"

Taking in a breath, I sat on the couch near the mahogany table. I look at her expectantly as she takes the one sitting opposite of mine. She allows herself to sink into the leather wordlessly. The curiosity still high on her end.

"It isn't so much what I've done, but what my lineage has done."

Raising a brow, she leans against the cushion.

"Elaborate."

My arms spread out onto the armrests, body pressing flat against the chair. I feel the unfamiliar sense of uncertainty ink into my skin. I have no idea how she'll respond to what I'm about to tell her. She could very well decide I'm unworthy of Selene after hearing the story.

No mother would want a cursed wolf for her pup. My bloodline only serves to punish those who get involved. At this rate, I could very much be paving way for all the things to go wrong in our relationship.

"I'm sure you've heard of my ancestor, Alpha Romanuv Locksworth."

She nods, a tinge of understanding in her expression.

"Yes, he was a great Alpha. The sole Alpha who helped create order with the founding of the Capital. The man whose ambition laid the foundation of the Ignis Red pack."

I nod, taking in her words of praise but only felt anger brew inside me rather than pride. Chuckling dryly I give her a forced smile. Of course that's how everyone viewed him as. That's the facade he had worked so hard to achieve.

"Yes, but you forgot 'shit mate' on that list."

Meredith's eyes widened from the brutality of my words. Discomfort bleeds into her frozen posture from the clear disdain I had for my ancestor.

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“What do you mean? The Luna was a wonderful woman. She was powerful, respected, unbelievably noble until her untimely death. Alpha Romanuv was said to be a great mate, even after her death he never took another. Luna Analisa-”

“Wasn't his true mate.”

I watch as her mouth slowly shut with her face draining of color

The shameful secret of the Locksworth family known only to a handful of people. My pack had no idea, only knowing that the Locksworth lineage was cursed for a sin committed against the Goddess.

“Alpha Romanuv Locksworth rejected his true mate for her. For power. For authority. For stronger pups. He didn't like how his true mate held no status or prior training. She was raised on grounds that lived off agriculture; only knowing how to farm and raise cattle rather than self defense or taking command. A lowly female in his eyes unworthy of being his mate.”

I grit my teeth

the curse.

the blood in my veins boiling at the unfortunate wolves that followed after him with

“Alpha Romanuv Locksworth was the first wolf to ever reject the Moon Goddess' gift. What my

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ancestor failed to realize was the Moon Goddess is a vicious being. You wrong her, she punishes you accordingly. You deny her, she unleashes her wrath. And my ancestor just happened to do all of that.”

Isaac sank the thin silver needles into Val's skin, the flesh around the wound chunking around like molten lava. His natural stench and blood hangs heavy in the cell. The dreary, dimly lit room looking even more ghastly from the screams ripping from his throat. The ever going cycle of push and pull with the needle embeds deeper and deeper into his flesh each time Isaac inserts the silver in Val's

arm.

Another heart wrenching scream pulls from him.

By now his vocal agony becomes yet another normal occurrence of the cell; along with the stains of blood seeping into the cracks of the cobblestone on the floor, never meaning to come off. Sighing, I lean back in my seat and tilt my head to the side. I ask him,

“Must you be so difficult?”

Val’s head lulls to the his right, his curly dark locks falling over his forehead. His body is unable to keep himself upright from the amount of energy he’s exerted. Whether it was from trying to keep himself awake or his constant screaming, or maybe a mixture of both, I wasn’t so interested in finding out.

Motioning to the table, Isaac nods before walking around *and* picking out another tool. He hums to himself, crossing his arms before pondering about which to pick. Raising a gloved finger to his chin, he taps the point of his jaw thoughtfully. The choices he has set in front of him makes the rogue stare between me and the table warily.

“Which would you prefer, Alpha? Nailing his hands with silver or scraping the skin off his palms?”

I cast Isaac a glance before retuning my focus to a increasingly paling Val.

“I don’t know, Isaac.”

My lips slowly curl into a smile,

“Surprise me.”

Val glares up at me, his lips tugged up to showcase his canines. A low, rumbling growl echoing in the chamber. Even when completely drained, he still tries to put up a fight. The energy he’s giving out matches one of utmost fury but even with the front of utter rage, I can still see the underlying seed of panic sprouting in those brown eyes of his. He knows that the tools on the table is no fib.

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Not a moment after, Isaac walks back to where Val is sitting. I look to his gloved hands to find them both occupied. He held not one, but two things.

Nails and the silver scraper.

Isaac catches my eyes and shrugs,

“I couldn’t choose.”

I shake my head in amusement and tuck my knuckles under my chin. Leaning forward at the edge of my seat, I take in the show in front of me.

When I first started training to be an Alpha, Meredith had made me watch countless interrogation sessions with the rogues they’ve caught. It was visual training, she’d tell me. To see firsthand one of the many things I’d have to do as Alpha. It wasn’t a matter of whether I can stomach doing such a thing or not, it was a matter if I could lie about stomaching it. At least, until I was out that door and away from the person detained.

Morals, righteousness, humanity-

none of that mattered the moment I stepped inside an interrogation room. The only thing that was deemed important was getting the answers I needed. No matter the method, extraction of answers was the objective. It didn’t matter if I was a saint; Alphas can’t be soft.

It was their life versus the safety of my pack.

It was as simple as that.

Some of the first interrogations I’ve witnessed were led and executed by Meredith. Others were handled by Williams. As expected, the first time I saw one I could hardly watch for three minutes before I ran out the room to empty my stomach.

Cruel, merciless, patient and tactful.

You had to be all four.

There was no sympathy or pity when in the process of interrogation.

Sometimes I still find it hard doing that, but this time, it wasn’t a problem.

Isaac squats down, taking the scraper and forces Val’s hand to open. Val tries his hardest to keep his fist closed, digging his nails into his palms with every means to keep his fist

clenched through his resistance but Isaac's patience wears thin. The minute Val's hand loosened, Isaac wastes no time to take one of the nails and slams it into his middle finger, effectively nailing Val's hand to the armrest. In fact, he takes all of Val's fingers and nails them down until his palm was exposed.

Val cries out, eyes shutting tight at the pain, the silver burning into his flesh as he struggles in his seat. It wasn't just the touch of silver that caused him pain. It was the fact that his body was trying to heal the wound yet still being in contact with silver that makes it unbearable. A wolf's, our healing was faster. Small cuts would heal in a second, big wounds would heal in at least a day or two.

So having silver piercing into you without its removal only adds to the pain by tenfold.

Val's breathing starts to quicken, harboring in deep quick intakes. He refuses to look at his hand, his head turned to the other direction until Isaac uses the scraper and digs the ridges into Val's palm.

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Isaac stills for a second, allowing Val to adjust to the soaring pain before pressing in harder.

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Another jolt of agony zips through Val. His teeth grinds hard and his neck stiffens from strain. Veins pop from his forehead, neck, and even his arms are adorned with veins from the tightness his body has coiled into. Looking at me, Isaac stands by for my signal.

"Do it."

Val howls, his bare feet digging into the ground. His toes curl, the heels of his feet drilling into the slab of stone under him. Sweat pours down his forehead, his hair drenched from the salty excrete before it rolls down to his neck and over his bare chest. It's almost amazing how much pain someone can endure. More so, wolves. Isaac drags down the scraper, a roll of flesh skimmed from Val's palm to the ground. Ugly, angry, red, bloodied botches of inner flesh greeting me from Val's hand. Isaac had dug so deep that I could see the beginnings of bones on the heel of his palm.

Blood pours out of his palm. The liquid trails down the wood of the chair until drops of blood fall to the ground under him. Its a sickening sound, really.

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.

A steady rhythmic pattern of blood splattering on the floor until it forms a small pool of dark red. Only, it continues to grow.

“You fucking... bitch. I- I’ll kill you for this. I’ll slit your fucking throat wide open-”

Isaac takes Val by the hair, yanking his head up -none too gently- so he could maintain eye contact with me. Anger pulses through our connection. His wolf glaring down at Val from the disrespect and vulgarity directed toward me. I send him a quick wave of comfort, trying to soothe his wolf into a calmer state. From the way his fist relaxed, I guessed it worked.

Val was already slurring his words, murmuring to no one every so often with his eyelids drooping from the exhaustion *and* pain he was going through. Strapped down to the chair by the wrists and ankles, he was forced to sit still with heavy silver chains wrapped around him. My eyes flickered down to the burn marks marring his skin before meeting his enraged eyes once more.

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With a mask of indifference, I almost feel the need to smirk overpower

my will. To see one of the people responsible for my suffering under my mercy. I can so easily kill him- one flick of the wrist and I could cut a limb or two. One word and his neck would be snapped.

His fate was entirely up to me.

Isaac casts me a smile. One full of caged desires to rip into Val’s skin and tear him apart. He’s waiting for permission, waiting for me to give the wor

d so he could unleash years of torment embedding his consciousness. The anger and anguish still haunting him of being unable to protect the pack and people he grew up with.

The very same anger that fueled me.

“Why did you attack Duskfall?”

Val’s head drooped to the side. Blood trickles down his temples, eyes bloodshot with bags under them. A range of thin and thick gashes littering his chest and arms like a canvas splattered with a lick of paint. Pale, sickly and weak, Val stares at me with little comprehension.

A vast difference to how he was just twenty-four hours before.

Before Isaac and I made the trip to the Capital in order to resume the interrogation. Back when everyone was still at the pack house.

“Good news everyone, Isaac didn’t lose half his wardrobe!”

Noah came strolling in with a wide grin on his face. Isaac followed in looking a lot less happy and rolled his eyes with two duffle bags hanging off his shoulders. Bulky from the amount of clothes inside, he dropped the two on the ground like deadweight with a loud thud coming from the impact.

“Could’ve used a little help carrying it, but that’s okay.”

Noah just continues smiling on as if he didn’t hear the purposeful jab directing at him. Knowing the shot was going to be ignored, Isaac sighs out and puts his hands to his hips. He looked tired; a little worn out from the rugged look on his face and the mess on top of his head. I’d say he wasn’t sleeping much from the dark circles he was sporting too.

“Where’s Weston?”

Williams questions, leaning over to see if the blonde was behind the two. I peer over Noah and Isaac, copying Williams only to see Weston missing.

“Aw fuck!”

Noah exclaims with exasperation. His hands shoot up to grasp on his hair on either side of his head. The pure agony in his expression almost sending me and Williams into a fit of laughter. He looks over to me with eyes wide with panic.

“We lost him. We fucking lost him! Dammit Isaac!”

Isaac whirls his head around to look at Noah. He’s baffled, mouth gaping from shock as he blinked away the gobsmacked look on his face. I could feel the offense he took radiating off him. Knitting his brows together he narrows his gaze at the brunette. If looks could kill, Noah would’ve been six feet under by now.

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“What did I do? I was just looking for my clothes. If any one is at fault here, it’s you!”

Noah frowns. He crossed his arms defiantly from the accusation and turned away snobbishly. I could feel the start of a very dramatic monologue coming through. Patiently, I waited for the show to start with my knuckles tucked under my chin.

“I should’ve listened to mother. She warned me about men like you. Not wanting responsibility but oh—ho, when they first see that ass they’d be whispering all sorts of promises in your ear!”

“Bro, what the actual fu-”

“Men. You just can’t trust them.”

Before I could intervene, Meredith’s strong voice cuts through the air.

“Please don’t tell me Beta Creed is currently roaming around our territory without a guide. He’ll get lost. Worst, our unmated females might kidnap him.”

My gaze travels to the stairs where she walks down with Raizel right behind her. Meredith looked a lot more relaxed; elated even, compared to before. A small smile inched across my face when Raizel’s eyes connected with mine.

I made a mental note to ask what they spoke about later.

“Well, you see Ms. Meredith”

Isaac begins to explain sheepishly. He rubs the back of his neck, a slight crease in his brows as he stared at the ground. He’s obviously guilty- like a child being caught trying to sneak a cookie out of the cookie jar. Unlike him, Noah rolls his eyes, muttering a soft ‘better if he’s gone forever’ under his breath. Meredith raises a brow at

him and he quickly looks away, whistling innocently like he had not just wished Weston to go missing.

Knowing some mateless females in my pack, I wouldn't be surprised if any had actually tried to keep

the Beta.

"Enough,"

I cut in, closing my eyes. I rubbed my temple with my thumb and index finger. A slight throbbing of my head distracts me enough to forget the slight impatience bubbling inside me. I don't really feel like prying off greedy hands all over Weston by the time we find him.

"Juts go find him."

"No need, no need. I'm right here Alpha Selene."

Everyone turns to see Weston walking in with a shit eating grin on his face. I try not to act differently when I feel Raizel stand beside me, hands in his pockets as he watches his Beta in confusion.

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His being so close to me when earlier before my hands were running all over his chest makes my fingers itch. The taste of his lips is at the tip of my tongue. The feel of his gentle caresses still lingering from where he touched.

"Alpha, it would seem your mother and father are at the pack house requesting your presence."

Raizel cocks a brow at the news. His eyes clouding with thought before he shakes himself out of his trance. He gives Weston a curt nod.

"Alright. We're heading back."

I catch myself about to frown and instantly feel a bubble of childishness at my reluctance of watching him leave. He just got here. Sighing, I push my own selfishness aside only to see Weston flashing me a knowing glance. Bowing, Weston grins at me coyly with something lurking beneath his amusement. The twinkle in his

eyes when he shifts his gaze between Raizel and I, dance with mischief before he abruptly looks away. With no explanation, he turns on his heel to leave after saying a few parting words. Of course, he doesn't forget to take a second to scowl at Noah - who doesn't bother to hide the mutual distaste for him- before walking through the door.

The rivalry between the two was really something to spectate.

"Regrettably, we'll be taking our leave!"

Raizel announces, looping an arm around my waist. There's no embarrassment, no hesitation and absolutely no discretion when he leans down to kiss me softly on the lips. I won't lie and say he doesn't catch me off guard because a second into the kiss, I feel my fingers grasping onto his forearm in desperation and my lips pursuing his.

We break apart, his forehead resting against mine when he caresses my cheek in his hand,

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"I'm sorry, love. I promised I'd stay-"

I shake my head, smiling. From the corner of my eyes I can see Noah smirking and thinking he's slick enough to take photos on his phone - none too candidly- with Isaac gaping and blushing before turning to look the other way. Williams is utterly mortified but he tries reeling in his discomfort by being intensely interested at the carpeting on the floor.

And Meredith-

Well Meredith was being Meredith,

"Oh my Goddess, I raised her right."

She whispers to Isaac who's now following Williams' example of longingly staring after the floor like it was the most interesting thing in the world. With a small reluctant sigh, Raizel pulls away but Heaves one last lingering kiss to my forehead. His hand that sought after caressing my cheek falls to

hold my hand.

Giving me a slight squeeze, he looks to the others,

"Ms. Crestfield, Beta Noah and...?"

His grey eyes cloud with confusion when his focus falls to Isaac. I almost forgot that they haven't met yet, Isaac, who finally finds it in himself to snap out the awkwardness, looks to Raizel and slips into his Gamma mode.

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"Gamma Isaac Everdale."

Raizel nods, recognition flashing in his eyes as he gives him a curt nod,

"Gamma Everdale."

Raizel looks to me once more and gives me a small smile,

"I'll be seeing you."

I squeeze his hand,

"Is that a promise?"

There's the tiniest twitch of his lips,

"Definitely."

Raizel had left right after, and of course I suffered the endless questions from Meredith and Williams. They had both been confident in the development of Raizel and I's relationship but they must've assumed it would've taken us longer than this. Admittedly, the progression was rather fast. There was no denying it. Even I felt a little shocked at how fast things escalated but at the same time it had felt so right. So fitting for us two.

Like everything was falling into place.

The pieces of the puzzle clicking together.

After telling Isaac about the two rogues were still kept in the Capital untouched, he had asked (very) eagerly if he could take part in the interrogation. The face he made when I told him I hardly began since I had intended him to take part since the beginning was nothing less than pure evil. Amusing, but still evil. His wolf had been growling in content, not caring about who would not bite or hear his yearning. He was far too gone with revenge to take note of how his eyes were flashing from black to the familiar bluish green he inherited from Bentley.

And now, here we are.

In the cell where we kept the rogues; only, we had them separated for mental torture. Not knowing how

your mate was faring under such conditions must've been a bitch. Val and Fit were both at their wits

end with desperation to see each other. Their wolves were going crazy with separation anxiety. They were at their breaking point and we hardly began.

I smiled, thinking of Fio being in the other side of the room. She was currently seeing this through the hidden

camera. Noah was there restraining her. I could almost hear her screams of agony at what was going on and what will go on.

I was enjoying this.

All of this.

"I'm not telling you anything. You can hurt me as much as you want but I still won't say anything." Val bit out through clenched teeth. As much as I hated to admit it, he was quite stubborn. His will was strong and though I'd normally find it honorable, it was unbearably frustrating in this case. If only he could be compliant. Well, compliance doesn't really matter all that much. In the end of the day, their fates were still the same. Blood will be spilt but how was still debatable.

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Val's blood seeped through

the cracks of his teeth, gums slightly punctured from his canines elongating at random times from the feral responses his wolf was lashing

out with. I let a frown form on my face. I was sitting in front of him, Isaac hovering behind

his figure with incredible restraint. Veins were popping out on his arm that held onto Val's hair.

He's practically shaking with anger.

"Oh Val,"

I sigh out, crossing my legs in front of him.

"You do understand that your defiance isn't only bad for you, right?"

For a split second fear flashed through his eyes. But he was quick to discern it as a smirk played out on his face.

“Fio is a strong wolf. She won’t break under you.”

I grin to Val’s surprise.

I nod, uncrossing my legs to stand and begin to circle around him. His wolf finds it intimidating, eyes warily looking in all directions as I take my time surveying him.

“You’re right. She’s strong.”

I make a stop right behind him, placing my hands on his shoulders to feel his muscles tightening from fear. Leaning down, I whisper in his ear,

“-Only, I wasn’t just talking about your beloved mate.”

Val’s head whips to look at me, a frantic look in his eyes as he forces himself to decode my words. Oh Goddess, the man was so gullible.

“W—what’re you talking about?”

I hummed, sparing a glance at Isaac. He’s already looking at me, a smirk on his face as he pulls Val’s hair harder to keep him upright. Val flinches, growling in anger at the way he was treated but focused on me again. I could see the gears in his head turning. A uncertain answer in his head bringing forth anxiety, confusion, joy but undeniable fear tying everything together.

Running a hand down his chest, I let my palm rest on—top of where his heart should be.

“Well this is kind of sad. I didn’t expect to be the one delivering the news, but oh well.”

The adrenaline inside him is kicking in, his heart rate skyrocketing as he hangs onto my words.

“Congrats,”

I smile, pulling away as I grasp his jaw in my hand. The door to the cell opens revealing Noah dragging Fio by the shackles into the room. Val begins to thrash around, seeing his mate whimper and scream to be let go. He pulls and tugs at the chains binding him, growling out his frustration at being held down that he almost doesn’t hear what I say next,

“-You’re a dad.”

Immediately, Val stops moving. He slowly looks at me, the fear that he tried so hard to hide now out in the open as he stares at Fio.

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Fío sobs, her mouth gaping open as she takes in the sight of her mate all bloodied and bruised.

“Y—you can’t-”

Val tries his hardest to form words but he can’t. He’s too in shock.

“M—my pup.”

I feign a look of pity, leaning down to his face. His eyes are still glued to his mate, never leaving her when I tell him,

“You took my pup, so you can’t really blame me if I take

!

yours.”

Val’s lips tremble as his eyes meet mine. Seeing the certainty in my eyes makes him shake. His wolf no longer focusing on his anger and instead submitting in fear for his mate and pup. He shakes his head, muttering strings of ‘no’s’ and pleas but I don’t listen. I don’t have the heart to.

“Y—you wouldn’t be so cruel as to involve an innocent pup!”

he shouts after me.

At this, I couldn’t resist but to look at him. The terror in his face doubles when he sees how deathly

serious I’am.

“Shall we test that theory?”

Jask with a smile. He struggles harder. The chains binding his body burning into his skin as he lets

out hisses and howls of pain. But he doesn’t cease his movements. He tries his hardest to get out of the restraints. I walk my way to Fío, grabbing her by the hair and pulling her up until her feet no longer touched the floor.

She’s far too weak to do anything. Her body hangs limply from my grasp as she stares down at me in horror just waiting for what happens next.

“Stop! Fuck—Stop! Please, I’ll tell you anything!”

I crane my head to look at Val, his pleading eyes glazed with tears beginning to roll down his cheeks. Sighing out my approval, I drop Fio to the ground where Noah immediately holds her down. Walking to the chair I once sat at, I take my seat and smile at the broken expression on Val’s face,

“I—I’ll tell you everything I know... just- please don’t hurt her.”

Folding my hands on my lap, I smirk,

“Thank you for your cooperation.”

“The attack at Duskfall was a threat to Nightwake.”

Val explains,

“I—

i don’t know exactly what he wanted, but Nightwake has something he wants there. He’d made threats to the Alpha, demanding whatever it was he wanted but Nightwake never responded. They’d been completely mute with the threats.”

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Val licks his lips, staring down at the ground as he swallows,

“The treaty between Duskfall and Nightwake was supposed to urge out Walker, but nothing happened, so we proceeded with the attack. We were under strict orders to erase everyone. To burn everything to the ground. No survivors. We thought it would be enough to get a response but I guess Nightwake wolves are crueler than we thought.”

There’s a glint of hatred in his eyes as he looks at me but I make sure to keep myself as impassive as I could even with my blood boiling.

“Who was the mole in Nightwake?”

Val flinches, eyes darting to the ground as he clenched his jaw. He looked reluctant to speak, so I look to Noah and nod.

Without another word, Noah grabs Fio by the neck. She whimpers, crying out loud enough for Val to turn to look at her. With a look of resignation he shuts his eyes tight,

“Gamma Chamberlain.”

My brows rise at the name. Gamma Chamberlain was a man of very little words. I hardly ever saw him outside of pack training grounds from when I lived there. He acted as if I didn't exist, never once speaking to me and only spoke to my father, mother or sister. I knew he had a particular dislike toward me even if I was certain I did nothing to earn such a specified emotion.

“Why is he working for you? Was he always a mole?”

Val manages to shake his head weakly.

“No. Not at first... Xeneron approached him a few months before the attack... said he'd give Chamberlain the position of a high ranking wolf by his side if he helped him. He'd given him some supplements to nullify the pack bond. So that no one would catch onto him playing both sides.”

“If Xeneron wanted something in Nightwake, why not just attack Nightwake head on? You already have an insider, why not use him to take it?”

Val laughs bitterly as he leans against his chair.

“Xeneron is a crazy fucker. Crazy fuckers don't want the easy way out. They want submission, to install fear. I don't know exactly what it is he wants but whatever it is has to be damn well worth it if Nightwake is still keeping silence.”

Something he wants.

What could it be? Surely there wasn't anything worth all this trouble for. Then again, Nightwake has its secrets. But what could possibly be so important?

Sighing, I look at Noah and gesture to the door. He nods, taking Fio by the shackles and leads her out to the other room.

“W—what will you do to her?”

Val asks, eyes looking between Isaac and I.

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I met his gaze but say nothing, much to his dismay. He's still holding back on us.

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Val looks pressed, unhappy with my avoidance of the question. His gaze drops to the floor. His hesitance and uncertainty dripping from his pores as he awkwardly shifted in his seat only to hiss from the silver nailed deep into his hand.

Finally, he cracks.

"He doesn't know much about our plans... his role was to keep reporting back and forth about the happenings in Nightwake... he told Xeneron about the layout of Duskfall's barriers and defense structures. 'S how we got in... Chamberlain was the one to tell us about you being in Duskfall. Told us about you being Walker's mate too... said only the higher ups knew 'bout you and Walker's bond... Xeneron thought maybe it would pressure them into acting by putting you in danger as a bonus but, of course not... We'd been trying to make them cooperate for months before but they didn't care... fuckin' hell, they send you there knowing that. Not really a surprise seeing Walker didn't value mates either, huh?"

I narrow my gaze at him. My wolf looking through my eyes as a window to puff out her disapproval. A low, rumbling snarl sounding from my clenched teeth.

Val hangs his head, shaking from submission purely out of instinct even when every fiber in his body was trying to fight it. Isaac tightens his hold around Val's hair, tugging painfully hard so that Val is staring at the ceiling.

"You disrespect my Alpha again and I won't hesitate to break every bone in your body."

Val scowls. His face twisting in utter disgust as Isaac loosens his hold enough for Val to put out a wad of blood in his mouth onto the floor. Peeved and wholeheartedly enraged, my wolf paces around my head, every so often snapping her head to Val's direction before deciding to take comfort in me. She whimpers, rubbing her nose against the barrier as thoughts of Lila flood into our mind.

Flashes of memories I can never relive bringing to life my will to get justice. Straightening up in my seat, I raise my head and wipe any lingering emotion off

"Are you planning to attack others?"

Val swallows. His throat painfully dry as he struggled to answer,

“I—I don’t know. Only Draxyn is involved with planning. I only follow orders.”

my face.

I purse my lips together. Draxyn. The man who tore into Lila’s body. The man serving directly under Xeneron and led the attack at Duskfall. The man who had a heavy price to pay.

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“Do you have any moles in other packs?”

Val takes a moment of silence. Long, ragged breathing filling the thick silence. His shoulders slump forward, a visible gesture that he’s given up. The taut muscles filled with determination sagging forth in defeat.

“Sebastian Conva from Silvercrest, Tiana Moore from Anderglow, and Jason Cinderfel from Heatherwood. None of them hold ranking positions.”

My

eyes cut to Isaac. His jaw is set, eyes burning in pure anger. A wave of betrayal runs through him. Even without knowing these packs or having any existing treaties, he still can’t believe that people could betray family like that. The lowest of lows. Wolves that don’t deserve trial. I send a quick message to Noah.

He’d already brought Fio back to the other cell and no doubt strapped her in.

Noah, make sure to send the recording to Williams.

Understood, Alpha.

“Where is your base?”

At this, Val snorts. His head hangs low but he forces himself to look at me. The dreariness in his eyes and diminished fire burning out quickly as he recognized loss.

“Don’t know. We don’t stick around too long.”

“Where were you last located?”

“A few miles down South. Boundary of neutral grounds.”

We’re going to pay a visit in Nightwake.

Isaac turns to look at me. Although his wolf wanted to personally handle this affair, he was a little wary. He looked reluctant. Maybe even worried. Uncertainty laces in his eyes before he briskly nods a few seconds later. It was like he was waiting for me to back out. To change my mind about making the visit.

It was at this point that I realized he was worrying about Landon. He didn’t know I’d already met Landon again after four years. I guess before anything happens, I’ll have to run down everything with him first. Just to get the confusion out of the way and to update him of any ‘gossip’ as Noah would like to call it.

“We’ll be back.”

I say, getting up and heading to the door. Isaac immediately follows me with a few steps behind. His wolf puffing out before growling lowly at the rogue watching after us.

“W–wait.”

I stop mid–step, not turning to look at Val but waiting for what he says next,

“I–I gave you what you wanted. What about my mate?”

A good minute passes by. Looking over my shoulder, I take in his appearance. He’s desperate. The raw agitation in the twitch of his muscles displayed in the tornado of emotions curling around his

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expression. Eyes wide, lips slightly parted even with the busted lower lip, muscles tensing just the slightest bit even with the silver still embedded in his skin. It’s almost sad.

Almost.

“As long as you cooperate, you won’t have to worry.”

A lie.

A lie he could see through but had no choice but to hang onto. His head dips down, a slow but audible sob wracking through his body. I look away and carry on. I don't need to waste another second in this cell. There's no use in looking when I know he's shaking to his bones with thoughts of his mate.

Thoughts of her fate.

Had he been innocent, I would've found it in my heart to call it 'endearing'.

But he's not innocent.

And there's nothing in my heart left for people like him other than hatred.

"I just want to know how you managed to convince them Fio was pregnant."

Lifting my gaze to Williams who stares down at me from his desk, I raise a brow.

"You'd think the boy would notice his mate's scent was still the same."

A small smile tugged on my lips. Bringing the water bottle to my lips, I take a few sips. Noah and Isaac were downstairs, filing the confessions and recordings into copies.

Finally.

Finally we had something substantial against Nightwake. Val's confession was enough to put them into court. My recounts would also help. Still, we had to dig up for more. We needed even more to make sure our accusation was strong with impressive backing.

Williams had been on standby, waiting for news on the rogues and what they decided to spill. After showing him the recordings, I was amazed he managed to keep himself from shifting.

When he heard the names of the moles, his nails had extended from his fingers. His claws dug into the mahogany desk and scraped the perfectly polished wood. While he was on the brink of losing control, his eyes never left the screen. His bloodthirsty gaze beadily fixated on the rogue responsible for the attack at Duskfall. Dark fur sprouted out from his skin, his clothes beginning to tear but he stopped when he felt my hand rest on his.

His snapped his gaze to me, immediately relaxing as he forced himself to calm down.

His wolf was just begging to march to those packs and drags those traitors by the neck. I could see under the menacing look in his eyes, he was half tempted to do it right now.

“It’s amazing what a few days without water, sleep or food could do to people. More so, when you separate them from their mate. Drives them mad with desperation. One little fib was all it took. Val was far too weak to catch scents- not with his practically hanging off the walls along with Isaac’s and mine. The herbal incense filtering through the vent helped disorient him. In a state of panic he’d believe anything I’d say. Well,”

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Posted by Admin1, 104 Views, Released on June 1, 2023

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I lean back into the cushions of the couch,

“The silver injected in him was more or less the cause of his senses going out of control.”

Williams

chuckled, taking in my words in good heart and shakes his head in amusement. He props his elbows against the table, staring at me with a malicious gleam in his eyes.

“I almost forget the reason you’re called The Hellhound.”

I roll my eyes. He always got a kick from the nickname. Often times trying to make a pun out of it in the most unnecessary situations. Of course, Noah had no problem helping him in that department.

“So,”

Williams drawls, knotting his fingers and raising it to his lips. His eyebrows knit together. A look of thought crossing his features when he finally finishes,

“with Val’s confession, I’m assuming you’ll be paying Nightwake a visit?”

I nod. I had already planned on going with the means to detain Chamberlain. As much as I would love to just rip him to shreds on sight, I knew evidence was a vital part of this process. Just b

because I got a confession from the rogue doesn't mean shit unless I can prove what he said was right. Testament or not, there was no saying Val wasn't lying. With the traitors in our hold, there was more of a chance they'd slip up.

"That's the plan but..."

Williams raises a brow,

"I'll need your authorization to make a capture for questioning."

A slow smirk makes its appearance on his face. Brown eyes shine with delight at the thought invading his mind. Nothing good for the rogues, I was sure.

"I'll give you authorization. In fact, I'll let you handle interrogation for all of them. But-"

He leans forward,

"I want Locksworth to be part of this."

My brows screw together in confusion. Upon seeing my expression, Williams sighs and presses his lips in a thin line. A look of conflict momentarily flicking through his gaze before it clears up when he made up his mind. A shadow of sadness overcomes him. The weight of it was dense.

"The Beta.. Beta Creed's parents were slaughtered by rogues. I'm sure he'll want part of this."

The corner of my lips tilted down at the revelation. Weston's parents were killed by rogues? Very much like how Lila and Bentley were taken from me and Isaac? I can imagine the suffering he'd gone through. The thirst of their blood to cover his hands. Having a similar situation as him, I didn't see any reason as to why he shouldn't get involved.

It was almost comical at how our lives were ruined by these rogues.

"Okay that's fine. Raizel can go to the other packs while I-"

"I want him to go with you at Nightwake."

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freeze, unable to hide the surprise on my face.

Raizel will go with me? To Nightwake? Where the Alpha is my ex-mate and his Luna is my sister and once showed an ounce

the very female that falsely laid claim on him? Where my parents that

of love for me resides in? Not to mention

that Raizel thoroughly seems to hate my father from the lack of respect he'd displayed?

"I don't think that's such a good idea,"

I tell him, grinding my teeth together. I can already picture the trouble beginning to stir. Sure, I hadn't given Raizel Landon's name, but that didn't mean he was stupid. Knowing Landon and how he's been acting, I was sure he'd blow a fuse about Raizel and I. Possibly losing control of his wolf and straight up attack him. And from a reaction like that, Raizel would definitely piece everything together. This was the pathway to destruction and judging from the sly smile on Williams' face, he knew that.

'Why not? The

person you'll be taking in for questioning is a Gamma. A Gamma with no blood bond. Resisting

the Alpha will not be as hard. He doesn't recognize Walker as his leader. If anything, he recognizes it to be Xeneron. He won't be an easy capture. Should he choose to fight, it'll endanger the pack."

to

He takes in my reluctance and rolls his eyes and feigns interest at the one on his desk,

And I may or may not have gotten a phone call from a certain mother of a certain Alpha who wants to meet a certain woman who is seeing her son."

Ah.

There it is.

So just to catch you up in the motion of things...

Right after

you left to train Cade's pack, Walker asked Selene to come to Nightwake and then proceeded to make bullshit demands about getting together with her because his chosen, who happens to be her bitch of a sister, found her mate and changed her mind about being with him. Then after brutally shutting them down, Selene was about to go on her merry way toward the exit only to come face to face with the fucking Bloodlust Alpha who Hestia, surprisingly, claimed was her mate. After getting lost in each others eyes for like five minutes, Locksworth declares that Hestia was lying about being his mate, which got Selene's ass hat of a father mad cause 'its disrespect to

is

bloodline'. Asshat then goes on to challenge Alpha Locksworth's claim to the Sacred Pool and for some strange reason invited Selene to go as a 'reliable witness' -

I think we all can agree that was just a slick excuse to get Selene to go with him- to which Selene agreed. Yeah. No surprise. I mean if a Juy as hot as Alpha Locksworth asked me to drown, I would. But anyway, everyone gets

to the Sacred Pool and Alpha Locksworth and Hestia drip their blood

in and the Pool, being the werewolf equivalent of Maury Povich from the Maury Show, gives out the test result that they are...

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Posted by Admin1, 99 Views, Released on June 1, 2023

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NOT mates. Woaaahhhh, what a motherfucking surpriseeee- not. And so

Asshat was all like 'oh em gee I was just

jk jk but not really jk. I am so sorry Alpha, my daughter didn't mean it' but Alpha Locksworth totally like... ignored his existence -

almost like how I ignore Weston's- and went straight to Selene and just reaches out for her and goes, 'The test. I'd like to try it with you' and

bitch, when I tell you I almost passed out from the sexual tension, I meant it. I seriously forgot how to breathe. They were so eye-fucking each other. You think its over but oh- ho wait til you get a load of this... Walker is like fuming.

He's jealous.

He's angry.

He's irate!

Yes, I got that from The Office Season 5, Episode 7. Hey! Don't look at me like that. Its a good show! This is a judge free zone, Everdale! But anyway, you can see it in his eyes that Walker's pissed off. And Locksworth is like 'ion give a fuck bout t his fuckboi' and pays him zero attention. So they go to the Pool, holding hands. That's ri ght. You heard me: holding. hands. They get their blood in the water and— oh yeah, remind me to give Selene a knife cause she totally cut her palm with a claw. It' s badass but we can't look like we don't have resources.

And the anticipation is real. I mean, I knew it was impossible since you know... Walker won't just die but for some weird reason, I was holding my breath too. The water turned red being the little shit it is and as disappointing as it was, the development after wasn't. So we all left and everything and Alpha stayed at the Capital until a few days later. It w as the day of the Gala where shit went down. My weave was snatched. It just flew the fuck away. So Selene ca me out there looking fine as heck and everybody was looking. She's showing these fuck ers what it means to be an Alpha when a crusty ass boy who I think is Chancellor Willia ms' nephew started talking to her. Walker was there too, but no one cares about him. H e is irrelevant. Guess he didn't get the memo cause next thing we know, he's about to m arch over there and rip the nephew away but then..."

Noah takes a huge breath in,

"BOOM, Locksworth showed up. He's looking sharp and fuckable, like a three course meal for our Alpha. He's looking around the crowd, looking for a specific p erson and then he sees Selene. It's like the world just stopped for them. I swear I saw gl itter and shit when their eyes connected. He walks over to her, they talk, he hands her a drink, next thing

frisky. His hand is on her thigh, her leg is around his wai know they're on the dance floor getting

and I swear they kissed like a thousand times but not on the lips cause I guess teasing is a kink or something. They l ooked so good together. Everyone thinks so too. Soon enough they stop dancing. We go home but before we do, according to Alpha, Walker being the villain he is had to say something along the lines of 'you my mate, you no go to other men. you mi ne! and then Alpha was like 'shut your bitch ass up and leave me the fuck alone you selfish, sister—fucking, traitorous, no good mate'.

After that, Hestia made it a point to make a visit which I don't really know about then out of nowhere Alph a Locksworth is here with Chancellor Williams. He goes looking for Alpha and then I notice he was gone for like twenty minutes so I go loo king for him and when I open the door they were full on making out. Therefore the text I sent you about Alpha being eaten was justified. I dip real fast not really wanting to see t

he process of pup making right in front of me, complain to Meredith and then here you are.”

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Isaac stares at Noah.

1 stare at Noah.

Meredith stares at Noah.

Mailia stares at Noah.

And then silence.

“*You* forgot the part where Alpha Locksworth sent her flowers.”

Mailia pitches in. Noah snaps his fingers, pointing at Mailia with a shit eating grin on his face.

“Oh damn, you’re right. Good catch, Mailia.”

Slowly, Isaac turns to me with a blank look on his face.

“You’re sure you don’t want another Beta? I can easily name you four people at the top of my head who would do wonderfully-”

“I know where you keep your stamp collection, Everdale.”

Noah interrupts sharply.

“I don’t have a stamp collection.”

“That’s what you think.”

The two look at each other for a second. Isaac looks as though he wants to question him once more as Noah stares back

at him. He chooses not to by the end of it. My wolf, though amused at the banter she missed when Isaac left, was more concerned about the woman sitting in front of us.

Meredith sighs, leaning against her chair with a drink in hand. Her hair was loose. Her short gray bob framing the distant look on her face. She'd been awfully quiet ever since her talk with Raizel two days ago. She didn't say anything about the conversation she'd had with Raizel. I had a feeling she would rather keep it to herself.

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She didn't give much hint as to what they could've discussed. I had a hunch it was about me. As much as I wanted to grill her about their topic of conversation, I thought it'd be best to leave it alone. If anything was going to concern me, I was sure they'd let me know.

"Alpha, are you worried about Alpha Locksworth going with you to Nightwake?"

Mailia asks quietly. Her brown eyes gleamed with worry, her lips turned into a slight frown as Noah placed his hand on her knee. Of course I was worried. I could practically taste the disaster at the tip of my tongue. The detaining operation was going to commence today and all we were doing right now was waiting for Raizel to arrive. We'd agreed on keeping the operation on the low. We didn't want to catch lingering gazes and cause panic in Nightwake or possibly alarm the rogues something was going on.

Williams had sent his warriors to accompany us, but they were instructed to wait outside the border unless their assistance was required.

With that said, I was only bringing Isaac with me.

Noah was to stay here with Meredith to keep watch the pack. I had to be careful now more than ever with all that's going to happen. Raizel had decided to do the same; Weston keeping track of everything at Ignis Red while his Gamma would go with him.

Anxiety began to grow inside me. So much could go wrong and no part of me doubted that. It was all a matter of who provokes who first. Whose impatience would get the better of them. My bet was on either Walker or Dixon. Remembering the outburst Landon didn't help to reduce the stress on the my shoulders. Chances are, he'd act the exact same way- maybe even more since Raizel would be with me.

Curse the damned mate bond.

Regardless of the little effect it has on me, it seemed like Landon still felt everything. Was it a side effect of being the one who initiated the rejection? Did the Moon Goddess interpret the rejection as one sidedly his fault?

"Yes,"

I breathe out,

**

"I'm sure something will go wrong. Whether it be Gamma Chamberlain refusing to cooperate or Dixon making a scene. Worse case scenario a fight will ensue between Raizel and Landon."

I felt a smile twitch on my face,

"I'm fairly certain that's what Williams wants anyway, Why else would he order Raizel to accompany me? With all the trouble they've caused, Williams knows Raizel doesn't like Nightwake much. And if he finds out Landon was my mate?"

I scoff with a roll of my eyes,

"The Bloodlust Alpha might just make an appearance."

I hadn't told him, but when he found out about my rejection, Raizel's wolf had released very threatening snarls directly to my wolf. He was vocalizing his anger for us, trying to reassure us he and his human wasn't the same as my ex-mate. His wolf going as far as comforting my wolf with

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promises of killing my ex-mate for my honor. It was kind of funny. His wolf adorably nuzzling his snout against my wolf's in attempt to 'relieve' us the pain.

Raizel didn't seem to notice his wolf's outrage, too focused on his own to realize the kinds of things his wolf was communicating to us.

"I'd pay to watch that."

Noah mumbles, seemingly getting lost in his thoughts. No doubt imagining the scene in his head.

"I would literally pay him thousands."

"You know, Alpha. It might not be so bad if he goes with you."

I look to Isaac who shrugs.

"I mean, who really cares what he does? If he wants to sign his death warrant by pulling something with you

in front of Alpha Locksworth, no one would object. Besides, he doesn't even know Landon's your ungrateful ex-mate. He doesn't even know you met your mate! It can't be that bad."

There's murmurs of agreement circling around us. The mood getting considerably lighter when he brings up this point. I whip my head around, seeing everyone nod enthusiastically at Isaac's logic. If only they knew. I hadn't told them that Raizel knew of my rejection. Things had been so hectic with Isaac coming back, then the rogues and now going to Nightwake that it sort of just escaped me. Clearly they didn't see the potential of a murder happening with this operation. The murder of Landon and quite possibly the murder my father.

I bit my bottom lip. Shifting my attention to Meredith, she holds my gaze and immediately I realized

that she knew.

We spoke.

Was all she said to me in our mind link. The last word being emphasized to give me somewhat of an understanding of what it was they spoke about. There's an unmistakable twinkle in h

er eyes accompanied by a smile ghosting across her lips. It was obvious he'd gotten Meredith's wolf's approval. The feeling surging forth from her similar to the motherly affection she directed at me.

It was then that things were beginning to make sense in my head.

Raizel had more than likely asked Meredith for her blessing. Possibly doing his best to assure her he wasn't going to be like Landon. I felt my wolf whine. She rolled onto her back with her paws sticking up high in the air.

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