

Chapter 92

"Liam, calm down! You need to control yourself!" James bellowed, his voice resonating with authority. But Liam's mind was clouded, his senses overwhelmed by the primal rage that coursed through his veins.

Ignoring James' words, Liam fought against his friend's hold, his muscles straining against the restraint. His fangs bared, his eyes burning with a feral fire, he yearned for release, for vengeance against those who had taken Nicole away.

Sensing the gravity of the situation, James knew that stronger measures were necessary. With a heavy heart, he summoned his strength and skillfully subdued Liam, using all of his might to hold him down.

Together, they toppled to the ground, their struggle creating a chaotic whirlwind of dust and desperation.

As Liam's frenzied attempts to break free continued, James knew he had to act swiftly. He mind linked the warriors and, with their help, cornered him into the sturdy cage made of silver—a potent deterrent for even the most powerful of wolves.

The silver bars sapped his strength and served as a necessary means of containment. His wolf raged, emitting its power that made each of them tremble.

In his insanity, Liam was commanding them to set him free. But no one dared to do it because they knew that in his feral state, Liam could cause more than havoc.

The pain that consumed Liam from within was a tempest of emotions, an inferno that threatened to consume his very essence.

It gnawed at his heart and tore through his soul, leaving him vulnerable and shattered. It was a pain that went beyond the physical realm, a deep ache that penetrated every fibre of his being.

At the core of his anguish was the profound loss of his mate, Nicole. She was his everything, his guiding light in the darkness, the anchor that kept him grounded.

The mere thought of her absence, of the uncertainty that surrounded her fate, sent waves of torment crashing over him.

Grief like a merciless beast clawed at his chest, squeezing his heart with a relentless grip. Each beat resonated with a haunting echo of her name, a reminder of the emptiness that now echoed in his life. It was a pain that twisted his insides, aching with a longing to hold her, to feel her warmth against his skin.

But alongside the grief, seething anger burned within him. It was a fiery rage fueled by the injustice of their separation. Lilian and the betrayal of Asha had torn his mate away from him. The fury swelled within him, manifesting as an uncontrollable rage that threatened to consume his very sanity.

The guilt that gnawed at his conscience only added to his torment. He blamed himself for not being there to protect Nicole for not sensing the danger that lurked in the shadows. The weight of responsibility bore down on him, suffocating his spirit as he questioned his worthiness as an Alpha and as a mate.

The torment of not knowing Nicole's fate plagued his mind, tormenting him with relentless images of her suffering. Each passing moment without her felt like an eternity, each breath a reminder of the void that had taken hold of his soul.

His mind became a battlefield, haunted by vivid memories of their time together, intertwined with the fear of never experiencing those moments again.

The pain radiated through his veins, his entire being trembling with the intensity of his emotions. It was a pain that defied explanation, transcending words, and logic. It was a pain that ripped through him, tearing apart the fragments of his shattered heart.

After a few days, James came to check on him. Inside the confinements of the cage, Liam's wild gaze locked onto James, a mixture of anguish, confusion, and a lingering glimmer of recognition flickering in his eyes.

"Why... Why are you doing this to me, James?" Liam's voice trembled, a hint of vulnerability seeping through the feral facade. "I need to find her. I need to save Nicole. Let me go!"

James, his expression laced with compassion and determination, approached the cage, his voice calm yet firm.

"Liam, I'm doing this for your own good. Right now, you're not in control. You're a danger to yourself and others. We need to find a way to bring you back from this darkness. We need you, Alpha."

Liam's wolf roared in protest, his body quivering with unrestrained energy. "No! I won't be locked away while Nicole is out there, possibly in danger! I have to find her!"

James placed a hand on the cold bars of the cage, his eyes locking with Liam's. "I understand your pain, Liam. I truly do. But right now, you're not in a state to help her. We'll search for Nicole, but we need you to regain control first. Trust me, my friend. Trust that we will do everything in our power to find her."

For a fleeting moment, the desperation in Liam's eyes softened, replaced by a glimmer of trust. "Find her... Bring her back to me," he pleaded, his voice filled with a raw vulnerability that resonated with James.

"I promise, Liam. We won't stop until she's by your side again," James assured him, his voice filled with determination. "But you need to trust in our plan, trust in me, and find your way back to us."

Liam's wolfish gaze held James for a moment longer before he finally nodded, a flicker of resignation passing through his eyes. The fight within him subsided, the feral storm coming to a still.