

Chapter 0009

Anastasia

I waited until nightfall to make my move.

In all that time the sensation of eyes tracking me hadn't let up. Despite being confident there were no cameras in the bedroom, there was someone watching me. That I was certain of.

Practicing my ability while on the run taught me that no one was immune to it. When I stopped time everyone and everything stopped too.

Faking a yawn, I rolled off the bed and padded over to the walk-in closet. The thing was fully stocked with every article of clothing a girl could ever want, though none of it was in my size.

I grabbed a stretchy t-shirt and a pair of soft cotton pants before heading for what I assumed was the bathroom. As I flicked on the lights the air was ripped from my lungs.

'Here we go,' Ziva said, already anticipating my theatrics.

At the very center of the room was a bathtub, though one could have easily gotten away with calling it a small swimming pool. There was a waterfall showerhead built into the ceiling which rained down water into the basin.

"Now that's a bath I could live in. It even has jets! All I need is some wine, maybe a nice little charcuterie board and a book, and I'd be set for life. Someday I am going to get that bubble bath I've been chasing after, I swear it." I groaned ruefully.

I shut the door behind me then flicked on the overhead fans. Next I

turned on the water and watched as it cascaded down into the luxurious looking tub. There were several containers of bubble bath on a nearby ledge. I took a bottle and poured half of it into the water.

Tossing my change of clothes onto a nearby bench which also held a soft, cushy towel, I took a deep breath and let my power seep from my veins.

Time skidded to a halt, causing the air around me to fall still. The water that had once been cascading from the waterfall showerhead now hung suspended in fat droplets.

Counting each passing second under my breath I quickly made my way into the bedroom, shutting the bathroom door tight behind me, and then into the hall.

I followed the scents of Alpha Caius's brothers, letting them carry me through the network of halls. Luckily the trail was still fresh. One was tart, like a mouthful of blackberries, whilst the other reminded me of a crackling bonfire.

It led me to a closed door which I opened without hesitation. As I stepped into the large office, I faltered.

Alpha Caius sat behind an executive desk, his jaw clenched and eyes bright. He was scowling at Knight, who lounged in a nearby chair, his leg hiked up on the arm. Damon stood in front of one of the many shelves lining the walls, his fingers inches away from a leather-bound book.

I nudged the door shut behind me and made my way around the desk to peer over Alpha Caius's shoulder at his computer screen.

A frown tugged at my lips, "The hell is this?"

It was a list of hundreds of names. Each one had an age, date of

birth, and a designated pack. A few, I noticed, hailed from my father's lands all the way across the country.

Why would he have something like this?

I began to feel a slight pain in my temple, a warning that I needed to move things along. Looking around the room, I found a small closet perfect for hiding away in. Before darting into the dark room, I slid the bottle of whiskey perched beside Alpha Caius's arm to the very edge of his desk.

With a snicker, I closed the closet door, leaving it open just a hair so that I could see and hear the men outside.

I slowed my breathing and watched as time resumed.

The bottle of whiskey tumbled off the desk and onto the floor. Alpha Caius cursed and quickly turned away to snatch it up. Meanwhile, Knight chuckled from his seat by the window.

"Nice one."

"Quiet," Alpha Caius huffed. "Enough distractions. We need a solution, and we need it now before things get any worse."

Through the crack in the door I could make out Damon. He turned from the book he'd been analyzing, "Marjorie might help if you asked."

"You mean if I begged." Alpha Caius downed the remainder of whiskey in his glass and tossed a glare at his computer screen. Something dark and angry brewed within his eyes. "Be that as it may, we can't trust her father. I won't have him know we're actively searching."

"How many more wolves are going to go missing before something is done?" Knight said from just out of view. "You'd think the Midnight



Falls pack would be doing more considering they helped cause this mess.”

Damon frowned at him, his broad shoulders rippling as he folded his arms over his chest. “Alpha Nox and Luna Lilac are dealing with enough, or have you forgotten they’re singlehandedly taking care of the wolf-to-humans relations? Be grateful they’re taking the heat. You know they care about this as much as we do considering—”

“Yeah, yeah. Spare me the lecture, I know.” Knight grunted, “Point is we need more men and have no way of getting them. Hell it’s probably the human government stealing our kind. I bet they’re doing all sorts of fucked up experiments on them as we speak.”



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