

Chapter 0028

With a huff that caused her lips to part, she ceased her infernal pacing and turned to face the two-way mirror.

"I saw my ex in the club."

Forcing my sinister thoughts away, I regarded her with a raised brow.

"Your ex. Do you think this tool works for him?"

She snorted softly, her eyes on the two-way mirror. "I don't think so, but he could be. My ex would've brought a lot more men than just this one, and considering your guys didn't catch anyone else..." Her shoulders lifted in a shrug.

Taking every flawless curve in, I spoke without thinking. "What did you do to make the man hate you so much?"

Knight clicked his teeth at me, but I wasn't listening. My thoughts circled back to Marjorie, the woman I had so foolishly fallen in love with. It had been the ultimate mistake my mother had made, which led to her death. A mistake I made with the woman who revived my heart only to rip it out with her bare hands when she cheated on me with another male.

And right now I couldn't help but wonder if Anastasia, with her doe-eyes and sharp tongue, had done the same.

Her eyes narrowed, "The hell did you just ask me?"

Though I stood within the small observation room, I was lost within the poisonous memory of the day I caught Marjorie in the ultimate lie. Seeing the woman I had put above all else riding another man

tore a hole through my chest. She had cried out his name, had declared her love for him. For fucking him.

"Did you cheat on him?" I asked, my voice the sonic boom of thunder. "Or maybe you ran out to find someone more interesting to play with?"

She scoffed, "You can't be serious right now. How dare you? You don't fucking know me, Caius."

"You're right, I don't know you. I don't know if you're lying or telling the truth."

"It's called trust, asshole." Her hands formed fists at her sides, trembling as she bared her teeth. That was one thing Marjorie wouldn't do. "If you want me to trust you, then you need to trust me in return."

My wolf released a huff of irritation. "She's not Marjorie, Caius. I understand your feelings on the matter, but Anastasia does not. At this rate you're going to ruin this union before it even starts."

For once he was right, but words once spoken could never be taken back.

Ghost emerged from the interrogation room likely to grab his torture instruments. I fumbled for a response or whatever half-assed apology I could muster up when Anastasia snarled.

"You know what, I'm done with this conversation."

One blink and she was inside the interrogation room, slamming the door shut behind her. The woman moved too fast for even my eyes to take note of. I would've thought she had a teleportation ability had

she not climbed out the window the night of her daring escape. Before I got the chance to shout at Ghost or Knight to get her out of there she brought her foot down on guy's leg, snapping it at the kneecap.

Bone crunched, the sound cracking through the speakers. Blood splattered as the shards sliced through the man's skin. Knight cringed as the guys shrill screams filled the room. I moved towards the two-way mirror, stunned into silence. Even Ghost said nothing, merely blinking at the spectacle.

Anastasia turned a little green as she glanced down at his broken knee. Regaining her composure, she grabbed the male by his greasy scruff.


"My friend might've been patient with you, but I'm not. Tell me who sent your sorry ass to Mercury, or I'll be breaking your other knee cap."

Tears and snot ran down the guy's face. His eyes flicked to the two-way mirror.

"Marjorie Windsor sends her love."

My head snapped over to Knight, whose jaw was on the floor. Marjorie Windsor was a lot of things, desperate being one of them, but never had she gone this far for a crumb of my attention. Of course, Anastasia didn't know who Marjorie was, so the male's confession meant little to her.

She nudged his broken knee with her foot, causing him to wail. "Who is that?"

 +5 BONUS

"She—" The man wretched, the pain too severe. "She was with Alpha Caius Blackwell. They were—They were together."

Anastasia's eyes lifted to the two-way mirror, somehow landing right on me despite not knowing where I stood. She tipped her head to the side. I could practically hear her thoughts screaming, "Really, Caius?"

With a roll of her eyes, she jerked the man's head, her fingers still tangled in hair.

"You tell that bitch the next time she wants to send her love she can do it in fucking person."



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