

# The Alpha's Contract

## #Chapter 0241 - Read The Alpha's Contract Chapter 0241

### Chapter 0241

Neah

The twins didn't wake up once. Not one single time. It was a good thing, I should be happy, but a part of me had hoped that their first night in their own room wouldn't be so perfect. And while they slept, Dane made up for the lack of time we had been alone since their arrival.

So much so, that I could still feel the aftermath this morning.

"It's a good thing they slept." Raven mutters as she bounces Evrin in her arms

"I know, I'm just being....." I sigh.

"You are being a mum." Her dark eyes flash up to mine and I knew the question was coming. "You're really meeting with her?"

"Yes."

"Are you worried?"

"Worried that I will shift and kill her." I joke but she stares at me, alarmed. "I'm joking, I'm joking. I kept calm when Blair was here yesterday. I can do it again, I think."

"Damien said that he...."

"I know, and I'm grateful, but this is something I have to do alone. I have been fighting with my head and my heart over this for so long." I sigh, because I didn't talk about it to anyone. As far as everyone was aware, I hated Mallory. But that wasn't true. I just didn't trust her and her motives.

"You never said."

"I... I feel like I'm supposed to hate her. I mean, I did. She almost killed me. She thought she had killed me. I thought I would never see her again" I shake my head as I pull Logan from the high chair. "I could have killed her several times, but I haven't. She's Damien's best friend. He sees something in her that I don't or maybe it's just because he

has known her for longer." I shrug my shoulders. "I thought I would give her this one chance. To get everything out in the open."

"If you need anything." Raven mutters. "You know where I am."

I sit Logan on the floor with a bunch of toys and kiss him on the top of his head before kissing Evrin too. "You sure you are okay to watch them?"

"Of course."

Taking a few deep breaths, I pull open the back door and head towards Mallory's house.

Mallory flings the door open. A big smile plastered on her face. Her dirty blonde hair tied up into a half up, half down style. Dungarees covered her body with a white vest underneath. A cleaning rag in one hand.

"You actually came." She seems genuinely surprised and tosses the rag out of sight

I nod and she steps back to let me in. I had stayed as far away from her small house as I could until now.

Her eyes dart behind me. "Uh, no Damien?"

"No."

"Oh." She sucks in her cheeks.

"I wanted to come alone."

"Right." She gestures to the small wooden table. A steaming teapot sits in the middle with some cups and biscuits.

"I didn't know what you would prefer. I have coffee too." She gestures to the pot on the kitchen side. It was the most nervous I had seen her. A far cry from the bitch she once was.

"Please sit." She whispers, chewing on her bottom lip. "You can ask me anything and I promise, I will tell you every single detail."

I took the chair that faced the front door.

She slips quietly into the chair opposite me. Her brown eyes don't settle on me right away. Like she is trying to decide how to start the conversation.

"You ran away." I mutter. "After you thought you killed me, you ran away."

She nods. "I always promised myself I would never end up like my father, but it happened and I knew when I stood over you as you were bleeding out, that my life was over. I had become just like him and I hated myself."

"It's something that we have in common." She adds quietly, "Neither of us wanted to be like our parents."

I swallow the lump forming in my throat, trying to bury the irritation that rose from her thinking we were the same. "You killed your father?"

"I had too."

"After me?"

She nods her head and sucks in her cheeks. "I had become the very thing that I least wanted. At the time, I was more bothered about that than becoming a monster. Becoming a Lycan was supposed to have been a fresh start for me. To become part of a pack that wanted me, a pack that saw my value."

I snort but she continues. "In reality I became more of the very thing I hated. So I hunted him down and killed him and then ran away."

"You watched your father kill your mother?"

"I saw more than that growing up. He raped her. He beat her." Her tone grows darker by the second but tears prick at the edge of her eyes. "He put cigarettes out on her. There was even one time where she dropped a plate of his food on the floor and he made her lick it up. The list goes on and on."

The bottom of my stomach drops out. That was degrading and one thing I was never made to do.

'Fucker.' Nyx mutters

## **Chapter 0242**

"Her miserable life ended when he killed her. And maybe that was one good thing that came out of their marriage." Her shoulders drop and her hands shake as she fills her cup with tea. "I certainly wasn't."

It takes me a second to realise what she is telling me. "You... you were a product of rape?"

Her shoulders hitch up as she takes a deep breath and bobs her head.

"Did he...did he ever...."

“No. There was one time, where I thought he was going to hurt me, but he turned on my mother instead. Do you see why I thought Cassandra was offering me a better life? She made me promises. She made me feel worthy. She made me feel safe.”

Exactly how she made me feel before her and Trey set me up and destroyed me.

“I know now that she was a bitch to you. But at the time, she gave me the opportunity to have something better. To not be waiting for the day when my father finally decided I was old enough for him to rape me. And I took it. And that is when everything fell apart.”

I could feel Nyx’s sorrow as we listened to her story

“I believed every ounce of information that she fed me. I believed every damn lie she told me about you. I should have been smarter. I should have realised after my upbringing that trust is more than bribes. I see why you don’t trust me, Neah. I see why you don’t want to trust me. I wouldn’t either but I swear that I will never stop trying. You can keep hating me. You can keep acting like I’m the scum of the earth. But I will not stop trying to make up for what I did.”

“I don’t hate you.”

Her hand taps the table, my words catching her off guard. “You...you don’t?”

“I used to wish that you had actually killed me. That you ended my existence.”

“I’m sorry.” She reaches out to take my hand, on instinct, I recoil and she she looks heartbroken.

“The hardest part of having you here, is that you are a constant reminder that you could have ended my suffering and you didn’t.” I shake my head, half a smile creeping across my face because my reasoning sounded ridiculous. “Stupid right? Especially when my mate is the Alpha of this pack. If you had killed me. My sons wouldn’t exist.”

“No.” She mutters, her brows knitting together. “No, it’s not stupid. You were looking for a way out. Even if the way out was death.”

We fall into silence. Mallory nibbles on a biscuit as I try to find a way to move forward with this uncomfortable conversation.

‘We should give her a chance.’ Nyx mutters

“Was killing your father what turned you Rogue?” I splutter

“No, it was what I did to you. I had already turned by the time I killed my father.” She smiles. “He tried to repent for his sins as I tore him apart. Fucking bastard thought that praying to his stupid God would save him from all his crimes.”

She jams the rest of the biscuit in her mouth as I see the moment of enjoyment on her face. I wasn't the one to say it was wrong to enjoy it. There is just something satisfying about taking the life of someone who doesn't deserve one.

"There's something I don't understand. You told me that Damien was the only one you had helped to turn back, successfully. Who helped you?"

She scrunches up her face. "Rogues love the lifestyle. It's a simple life. I'm sure Damien has told you that. The darkness drags you in. For me, something just felt...wrong. Like my darkness wasn't natural. Like I was trying to be someone or something that I'm not. If you ask Damien, he will tell you that apart from me being able to shift, I'm more human than most."

"I don't follow."

"Cassandra turned me because I told her exactly what she wanted to hear. I wanted to make sure she didn't pass me up. So I did what I needed to do to ensure it would happen. I had to pretend to be someone I wasn't. When I hurt you, something else took over. I think more than anything, I was trying to prove a point to her. Now that's stupid."

'It sounds like she was brainwashed.' Nyx mutters. 'Cassandra played on her desperation.'

I had been there. For years I thought Trey was my brother. For years I believed that I had been solely responsible for my parents death.

Her brown eyes flicker up to me. "You wish that I had killed you back then. I wish I had never met Cassandra."

"You wouldn't be a Lycan."

"I know." She shrugs her shoulders again and I stare at her, surprised by her announcement.

"Hurting you and letting Cassandra bite me are two of the worst decisions I have ever made in my life and I can't change either of them. But I can use one to help you in any way I can, if you let me. Starting with that bitch that calls herself your half sister."

## **Chapter 0243**

Mallory

Neah hasn't said anything for about five minutes. Her silence makes me more nervous than when she is talking.

I pour myself another cup of tea and slowly take a biscuit from the plate. No sudden movements, that was my best bet. Or maybe she didn't believe a single word I said. I really hope that wasn't the case. It had taken a lot to reveal my history. Only Damien knew what I had told her.

I nibble on the biscuit, watching her. Her eyes weren't black. Another good sign I hoped, but then again, they hadn't changed colour when she tortured Roan.

Another few minutes pass and the panic is really sinking in. This was it. I am going to die.

"Okay."

"Huh?"

"One chance." The words are slow to trickle from her tongue but she said the thing I least expected. I guess I was more certain than I thought that she was actually going to kill me.

"Sure." I nod my head frantically. For years I had felt in control of my own life until I had come here. But I never truly was while my past played havoc with my head.

"I can't promise that I will find your presence easy." She furrows her brow, unsure that she had made the right choice. "But I will try as long as you don't fuck me over."

"Yes Alpha."

There's a sudden flash of darkness in her beautiful blue eyes. A warning from her Lycan I hope. Rather than a sign the darkness is pressing forward.

"I will do anything." I had been so against the idea of Damien sending me here with Dane and his brother. It was the very last place on Earth that I wanted to be. But in my heart I knew what I had to do. She is the Alpha and she probably would have found me eventually and then, everything could have been so much worse.

She rises from her seat. But she still looks as though she has the weight of the world on her shoulders.

"I can track her down." I murmur. "I saw the car, the registration plate. I can find her. My bet is she isn't that far outside the pack."

Her brows knit together and she sucks in her cheeks.

"You don't have to do anything, but it could be beneficial to know where she is hiding. Maybe I can do a little more digging on her for you."

“She might shoot you.” Neah mumbles.

“We both know you are not worried about that.”

She hesitates and lifts her eyes to meet mine. “You can’t tell anyone, including Damien.”

“Of course.” Though I’m pretty sure if Damien gets a whiff, he will be on to me. Sometimes, he knew me better than I knew myself.

Neah heads to the door, pausing her hand over the handle. “Thank you for answering my questions.” She leaves without looking back and I find myself tearing up. Maybe there is a chance for us.

In the afternoon, I take my mug and head out to sit on the stone porch. My heart no longer felt so tightly wound up, but I still had to be careful. There was still a chance that Neah could decide I wasn’t worth it.

Damien is heading my way with Dorothy skipping along beside him. She is a cracking kid, but just like the rest of us, she came with her own issues.

She throws her arms around my hips as she reaches me. “Mallory.” She beams as she stares up at me with her bright green eyes.

“How did it go?” Damien eyes me as though he was expecting the worst.

“Okay.”

He cocks a brow at me.

“Seriously Damien. We talked for hours. She asked me questions and I told her as much as I could.”

“Everything?”

I nod my head. “I wasn’t risking keeping anything hidden. She probably would have seen through it anyway.”

“Time makes a difference.” He mumbles

I shake my head at him. “Actually, Klaus gave me some good advice.”

“Klaus?” He mutters in surprise.

I nod. “Apart from you. He’s the only person that seems to like me being around.”

"I do too." Dorothy yells as she picks some of the flowers from the small patch of garden.

Damien narrows his dark eyes at me. "Are you and him....mates?"

I shake my head almost laughing. "No. No he is not my mate. I'm just saying, he isn't as annoying as I first thought."

Dorothy brings me the bunch of daisies that she had picked and I start putting them together to make a daisy chain. She stares at me in amazement, telling me that I'm so clever.

"Did you really come to check on me?" I ask Damien as Dorothy dances around with the daisy chain on her head like a crown.

"I had to check if you were still alive." He bumps his shoulder into me, laughing. "So she has accepted you?"

## **Chapter 0244**

"She's giving me a chance to prove myself." I shrug my shoulders. "It's all I can ask for."

Damien and Dorothy stay for a little while. It was funny to see how far he had come from the beast I had first met. Never in a million years did I think we would end up in a life like this. And there was no way I was losing it, not now she was giving me a chance.

I wait until after dark before slipping out. Climbing up into the trees of the forest without being seen. Up high, it was easy enough to move from branch to branch all the way to the edge of the pack. There were some guards on duty, but the second their backs were turned as they looked for me and my scent. I jump and run. The sooner I got information for Neah, the better. But I was doing this the old way. No tech. I needed to witness things with my own eyes.

Breaking into a parked car was children's work. It was an older red nissan. It didn't really draw the eye because it wasn't fancy and that was exactly what I needed.

I head towards the city. That was where Damien had last seen her. Though, she was probably smart enough to know that staying in one place won't do her any favours. Yet from what she was wearing, it wasn't like she was hiding in a cave or a run down building. She had somewhere she called home. Somewhere to fix her makeup and store her overly expensive clothes.

I was just about to head back to Black Shadow when I see her car poking out from behind some bins. They had tried concealing it on a drive next to a quaint house.



Quietly moving around the bins, I check the plate. This was definitely it and for now, it was all I needed.

I turn and head back up the street towards the stolen car when I catch a whiff of a familiar scent.

Jenson steps out of the shadows by the parked car. His arms folded across his wide chest. A crisp black suit covered his frame. Something I never expected him to wear.

“Mallory.” My name leaves his tongue like a poison as he rolls the last few letters of my name. “What are you up to, Mallory?”

My eyes narrow and he starts tutting at me with tiny head shakes as he steps closer, towering over me. Though I could make him look like a child if I shifted.

“I see she has you wrapped around her manicured fingers.”

“Why are you here, Mallory? Did lover boy send you?” He chuckles to himself at the sad comment. Some things never change.

When had he turned so dark? Damien was right about one thing, Jenson would have fit in perfectly with the Rogues. Maybe that's what Blair saw in him.

“I came alone.” I had no idea if he had linked her yet. My best bet was to keep him talking. “I was curious.”

“About?”

“Blair. She looks just like Neah, are they twins?” I lie. He had seen how short tempered Neah was with me. Even the other day when Blair had turned up and he had been in the car., he could see Neah looked pissed with me.

“It's none of your business.” He curls a lip in annoyance that I had even asked

“You are right. It's my downfall. Curiosity has always gotten the better of me.” I keep lying. I could lie to anyone as long as it isn't my Alpha.

He presses his lips into a thin line and glances at the old red car.

“I stole it.” I blurt out. “Dane would never let me bring a car out to look for you.”

He nods. He seemed to actually believe me.

“You were stupid to come alone, Mallory.”

"It's not like I have anyone on my side anymore." I shrug my shoulders. "Damien has Raven. The pack hates me. I wanted to find somewhere I would feel welcome." Every lie feels like fire burning my insides.

"Then why did you stop Blair?"

"I was still trying to help. I've spent so long trying to help, but it's time to give up." I drop my shoulders, trying to look defeated. "Is Mallory here?"

"She's working."

"Oh." I deflate even more. Trying to keep the look of surprise buried. What work did she do and why was her car still here?

"Get in the car and go home."

"It's not my home." I mutter. "But I will go."

He watches me slide into the car and start the engine. Only backing onto the pavement when I start to move. I had got what I needed for now.

## **Chapter 0245**

Blair

"You want to have another person help me?" I seethe, throwing more wine back my throat. Jenson stares at me with his dark eyes. He still hadn't grasped on to the fact that besides him, no one else worked for or with me.

"Neah hates her. You saw it yourself when Mallory jumped down from that tree. The look in Neah's eyes said it all."

"Then why hasn't she killed her yet?" I refill my glass as he thinks of something to say. "According to you, they have been in the pack for how long? A year?"

"Something like that." He shrugs his shoulders as though the length of time didn't make a difference. "Maybe my brother isn't letting her."

I snort, holding back the hysterical laughter that was trying to bubble from my throat. "It hasn't stopped her before." Jenson had told me about the all the others that my darling sister had killed, so what made this Mallory so damn special?

"Wouldn't it be beneficial to have someone on the inside?" He presses.

"And you think she is the one. How do you expect her to get information if Neah hates her."

“She’s best friends with Damien.”

“And? That doesn’t mean anything if they are not willing to share information. But I am impressed that she found my home. She’s the first to have ever done that.” I pinch the bridge of my nose. “Tell me again what she said to you?”

He rolls his eyes at me, repeating everything Mallory had told him. “Why didn’t you just link me?” I ask when he is finished.

“You know I’m not a complete idiot. It was what she was hoping for. I wanted to question her first. Try to figure out where she stands.”

I roll my eyes at him and take another mouthful of wine. “What I mean is that if I had heard the information first hand, I could make a proper decision. Second hand information doesn’t tell me if she was lying.”

“She wasn’t.” He sounds so sure of himself, but that doesn’t mean he is right. I had spent years around liars. Very few were convincing. “If Dane had sent her, he would have sent her using one of the cars from the pack. Not a beat up rust bucket that she broke in to. I know how Dane works. He has always been about flashing his power.”

“Unless it wasn’t Dane who sent her.” I suggest

It was his turn to roll his eyes. “Why does everything I say have to be met with resistance?”

“Oh honey, I’ve been playing this game a lot longer than you. You may be a little older than me, but all your war based tactics are what you learned from pack life. You see what you need to see. You solve what you need to solve. You fail to see the bigger picture. You were barely surviving when you were on your own.”

I pause while he huffs. Why did men never like hearing the truth? Why did they feel they always had to have control and assume their ideas are the correct ideas?

“If she turns up again, and no doubt she will. You call me.”

He dips his chin in acknowledgement as I try to figure out if she was genuinely curious or if she was trying to get information to tell Dane and Neah.

Mallory turns up again the following evening. Her dirty blonde hair tied up into a loose messy bun on top of her head. Strands hung down around her pretty face. She gives herself a once over in the rear view mirror before stepping out of the old red car.

“Hello Mallory.” I mutter from the shadows.

She doesn’t falter at my voice like so many others. “I really wasn’t expecting you.”

“You were hoping for my mate?”

“Yes,” She folds her arms across her chest. “Given that he was here yesterday, I expected it to be him. Besides, he wouldn’t let me speak to you.” Her chocolate eyes move down to my hands. “I see no gun, I hope this means you are not going to shoot me.”

## **Chapter 0246**

She wasn’t afraid. In fact she seemed rather confident. Ballsy and I liked it.

“Wasn’t it me you wanted to meet with?”

“Yes. But I also expected Jenson not to tell you. He isn’t or rather wasn’t always so forthcoming with information.”

“People learn and things change.”

She nods her head in agreement.

“Who sent you, Mallory?”

“No one. I told that to Jenson yesterday. Did he not tell you?” She pauses and really stares at me. “I’m sorry, you just, you just look so much like her. Anyone would believe you were more than half sisters.”

“Flattery won’t work with me.”

“I didn’t mean it like that. What I meant to say is it’s a surprise considering you have different mothers.”

“I guess Daddy dearest had strong genes.” I muse because she wasn’t wrong. When Jenson said Neah and I looked alike, I thought that maybe we might share the same eyes, lips or nose. I can’t deny how surprised I was when we met and it was like looking into a mirror.

Mallory nods and tucks a loose strand of hair behind her ears. She is a pretty little thing. I noticed that when she jumped down from the tree. Even with the scar above her plump lips.

She was still a turned Lycan, so the person who bit her must have seen potential. Potential that I was yet to see.

“Why are you here, Mallory?”

A crease forms between her brows, as they dip even lower. "I'm trying to find my place in the world." she mutters. Her pitch doesn't change and neither does the rhythmic beat of her heart. That's where the true giveaway of a lie hid.

"Neah hates me." She continues, "Damien doesn't want me to leave Black Shadow." Her chocolate brown eyes drift up to the darkening sky. "Sometimes I feel trapped."

"So just leave."

"It's not that simple."

"Of course it is. You are not a Wolf. You are not an official member of the pack. You are a Lycan and not even a true one. You could walk out any time you wanted. The question is, why haven't you?"

She scowls, "My mate is in the pack."

Still, her heartbeat doesn't change. Either it was true or she was so good at lying that her body believed it. Her gaze doesn't falter either.

"Has he claimed you?"

"No." She laughs to herself. "The entire pack barely tolerates me, including him because of what I did to Neah years ago." she pauses. "I'm sure Jenson already filled you in on that."

He hadn't said anything about her having a mate, but he had told me that she wasn't overly welcome and the reason why.

"Yet you are still alive."

"Only because they fear Damien. And Damien is Raven's mate, so he has a presence in the pack house." She rocks on her heels. "I'm pretty sure that is the only reason why I am alive. What about you? You have survived." She stares at me, expectantly

"Skills." I mutter.

"Once a Rogue." she responds without batting an eyelid. She nods towards my house where Jenson is standing with his face pressed against the window.

"I was skilled long before I went Rogue. The pack....." Fuck! I just massively fucked up. My desperation to figure out if she was lying or not led me to not covering my own tracks properly. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Think! I internally yell at myself.

“The last pack I took residency in, trained me. Likely similar to Dane training everyone.”

She nods and I drape my arm over her shoulders. She knew too much now. I would need to kill her.

“Why don’t you come inside?”

“I would, but I’m supposed to be having dinner with Damien tonight. If I’m not there....”

“I understand. But five minutes won’t hurt, will it.” I offer her a reassuring smile

I steer Mallory away from the shitty car and towards my home. Her shoulders tense a little, like she knew what was coming.

“Deep breaths Mallory. I just want to talk some more.”

## **Chapter 0247**

Mallory

“We can talk outside. It’s nice out here.” I pushed my feet into the ground, trying to slow her down as she used the arm around my shoulders to drag me forward. Her plan was obvious. She had fucked up by mentioning she was in a pack and now, I was to die for her fuck up. It must really be eating her up if her only option is to kill me.

But there was no way on this Earth that she would be the one to kill me.

Her grip on me tightens, forcing me forward a little more. “I would prefer to have this conversation over a glass of wine.”

“Sorry, I don’t drink.” I mutter, hooking my foot around the car tyre. If she was going to try and kill me, she could do it out here. Dane had said this place was neutral territory. Killing me in the open would have her torn to shreds.

“Are you always so stubborn?” She snarls, tugging me forward.

“I take after my father.” I shoot her a wink.

She snorts, and she’s missing the point. Or maybe Jenson didn’t know about that part to tell her.

“JENSON!” She screams at the top of her lungs, almost deafening me. So much anger sits behind her tone. Anger for me? Anger at herself? Or anger that Jenson had been watching from the window and hadn’t even come down to try and help her. Whichever one it was, I was certain she was close to exploding, or maybe even shifting.

Jenson pulls the door to the side of the house open. His dark eyes dancing between the both of us as he tries to guess what she wants. Though it seemed pretty obvious. Or maybe, just maybe, he was buying time.

Maybe I could get through to Jenson. It would be a long shot, but I had to try.

“Moron, grab her fucking legs.”

Really? That’s how she talks to the man who claimed her.

He scoops down to grab my legs, only for my knee to smack him in the eye. He yells and stumbles back, only making Blair scream at him again.

He wrestles against my legs receiving several blows to the groin and his face before he gets a complete hold on me, locking my legs in the crook of his armpit.

Carrying me inside, they slam me onto a wooden chair, quickly binding my hands behind my back and my feet to the front legs of the chair. Child’s play. I really expected more from Blair. Or maybe she had never held someone hostage before. Maybe she was a kill on sight person and if that was the case, what was she really planning?

“I was wrong.” I mutter

“Shut the fuck up!” She screeches at me.

“Neah doesn’t scream like a banshee.” I spit at her and a hand slices across my cool skin. If I could look into a mirror, I would probably see a perfect red hand print, seconds before it fades as I heal.

“I’m going to slice you open you little brat.”

“No, you can’t do that!” Jenson plants himself between us. There is hope.

“Get out of the damn way, Jenson!”

“If you kill her, you are going to bring them all to our door. As much as you are an expert killer. You cannot take on that many and live to tell the tale. You will never get what you want. We will never

get what we want.”

"They don't care about her."

"But one does. The one who is mated to my sister which means she will say something to Dane and he will send the fucking pack!"

She growls and shoves him out the way anyway. The sharp edge of a knife slices across my other cheek. Warm beads of blood trickle from the cut and down towards my chin. She watches it heal before repeating the process.

“You’re right.” She turns around to Jenson and presses her lips against his. “For once, you are right. I won’t kill her .... Yet.”

I laugh and she presses a stiletto against the chair between my thighs, pushing it back as though she thought it would scare me. I had been in a lot of situations far scarier than this crap. It seems to annoy her when I don’t react and she slams a knife into my thigh, pinning it to the chair underneath and laughing.

Okay. That did hurt, but it’s nothing I couldn’t heal from.

I stare up into her shitty brown eyes. “Is that all you’ve got, Rogue?!”

She glares at me in the exact same way as when I called her a Rogue at Black Shadow. She hated it. It was a reminder of a past that she wanted to forget. A past that haunts her, just like the rest of us.

Spinning around, she grabs a longer knife off the nearby table. This time Jenson grabs her, turning her away from me, moments before it’s plunged into my other leg. “She won’t help us if you insist on fucking torturing her.”

## **Chapter 0248**

As if I was going to help them. I had made a promise to my Alpha and that promise would be held until the day I die.

“Let me speak to her.” He mutters. “Take your wine, go and have a shower and she can listen to me fucking you all night long.” He glares at me as he says it.

Seriously? It had been so long since I have had sex and they were going to make me listen to their warped ways. Assholes!

Blair struts away, grabbing a wine bottle from the shelf.

“She’s got issues.” I mutter under my breath.

“What do you expect when you are being an ass!”

“You are not the one being held hostage.”

He wraps his hand around the knife handle sticking out of my left leg and yanks it out, sending a spray of blood all over me and him. The wound doesn’t take long to heal and



he quickly repeats the process with the one in my right leg. "That will upset her." I mutter

"Enough!" He growls at me.

"Why? Why her?"

"Does it matter?" He shrugs his shoulders

"I think I have a right to know if you are going to kill me."

He pulls a chair and sits directly in front of me and simply mutters, "No you don't."

"What happened to you?" I keep my voice low. Blair was probably listening, and I would need to choose my words carefully. "Did you choose her because of Neah? I'm sorry that your life didn't pan out the way you wanted. I'm sorry a Rogue killed your mate."

"You lot are the reason she was killed."

"And now you are fucking one of our kind. An ex Rogue to be exact. Yet that doesn't bother you. A bit of a turn of events, don't you think?"

"Sometimes you can't help who you fall for."

"Because she looks like Neah." He could deny it all he wanted, I would never believe him. "She will drag you down, Jenson."

He rolls his dark eyes at me.

"Let me guess." I look him up and down. The smart haircut, the smart clothes. "She's made you promises."

"I know what she wants."

"Do you Jenson? Because from what I see, she is playing a game. A game just like all the other Rogues, only hers doesn't end in a feast of flesh." I had to make him see sense. "Or maybe it will."

"She won't kill me. She loves me."

He called that love. She was a complete bitch to him. "Jenson, I've seen a Rogue kill their own pup. Do you think just because you claimed her, she won't turn on you?"

He smirks at me. "Why are you really here Mallory? To play a game. What was it you said? 'Takes one to know one.'" He stands up and moves to the window. Peeking around the curtain while looking

up and down the street. "Is he coming?"

"Scared?" I snort

He storms towards me and his hand wraps around my throat. "Is he fucking coming?!"

I shrug my shoulders and it only makes him squeeze harder. But I could see how much she had dragged him down. He was past the point of willing to help me.

"How would I know?!" I croak out and he sends my chair flying backwards. Someones developed a bit of a short temper.

I use the seconds on my back, where he can't see my face, to link Neah. We had been working on it all morning after I fed her the information from last night's visit. The ability for me to hold a link with her was weak and neither of us knew why.

I had to try because right now, I could see that I was in over my head. '379 Oak street.'

It's all I get out when my chair is ripped back up. I'm just hoping she heard it. His face inches from mine. "Why haven't you shifted?"

"I could ask you the same thing."

"I know you can," he continues. "I've seen it with my own eyes."

"Do I need to? Because from what I remember, you freaked the fuck out when you saw me. Have you seen Blair's Lycan?" They had been together for ages, he had too. But he glances away.

"You haven't?" I was confused. She wasn't living like a Rogue anymore, I knew she would have trouble fighting the darkness like Damien and Neah but to not shift at all. Something was off.

"Shut up!" He growls.

The make up, the perfect hair. Expensive clothes and shoes that would be ruined by shifting. She killed Salem with a gun and not her bare hands.

"She can't, can she?"

## **Chapter 0249**

Blair

Turning the water of the shower off, I squeeze the excess water from my hair, grab the towel and wrap it around my aching frame. The brat was quick and slipped out of my tight grip multiple times before we pinned her down.

The bitch was even more unpredictable than I first thought. She definitely had practise escaping whether as a Rogue or human, i didn't care. She will die.

It had really pissed me off that Jenson had stopped me from killing her. But deep down, I knew he was right. I didn't need Dane and his Wolves at my door. I just wanted Daddy's favourite.

Pouring myself another glass of wine. I pull the door open ready with a new round of questions, only to be met with silence. A beautiful silence that brings a smile to my face.

It lasted for a few seconds before my feet quickened across the carpet. A tiny panic echoes in my heart that I had missed out on Jenson killing her.

There is no talking, no arguing. I smile, he had actually shut her up. Sometimes Jenson really understood what I needed, even though I was sad I had missed it.

It is only as I reach the door of the main room that my heart plummeted. Silence was great until there is no fucking sound at all.

The happiness the silence created, disappears into a black hole. There is nothing. No rustling of him cleaning up blood. No movements. No damn heartbeat that I had become so familiar with.

“Jenson?!”

I push the door open. The chair that Mallory had been tied too was on its back on the floor. The ropes that had bound her legs to the chair had been sliced open. Several sprays of blood splattered across the floor and up the walls.

He had helped her. Why? What had she said to him? Did she know something that I didn't?

‘Jenson.’ I call out to him through our link and I'm met with an emptiness. The fucker was blocking me.

Following their scents out and in front of the house, I didn't care about my body only being wrapped in a towel. I see that the red rust bucket that she called a car is gone and that is where the scents end.

My mate had abandoned me. No one fucking abandons me!

My body trembles as rage rips through me. A rage that I hadn't felt in years. A rage that brings me to my knees.

Angry tears flow down my cheeks. Why would he do this to me? I let him claim me. I let him worm his way into my life until I felt comfortable with him. I gave him everything!

I will fucking kill him. My bones start to crack.

Shit, no, no, no, this cannot be happening.

I couldn't stop it. I never could.

Shooting pain rips through my spine, making me cry out as it spreads out along my rib cage and towards my limbs. The towel falls from my body lengthens and my skin starts to blacken as claws appear at the ends of my changing hands and feet.

The dark cloud drops on my brain as I rise to my feet, like it had been waiting for this very moment. The life I had been living disappears, fading into a long lost memory.

Staring in the direction of Dane's pack. A growl rumbles from deep inside of me. No one gets to screw me over.

There's a gasp behind me, followed by the clicking of a phone. Turning my head over my shoulder, I glare at a plump older woman walking a tiny dog. The dog yaps, lunging at me as the woman quickly scoops it up, backing away from my monstrous frame while begging me not to hurt her.

She wasn't my target.

I gesture with my head for her to run. She's quick, spinning around in her flat shoes and half runs, half wobbles as she tears down the path. She doesn't look back, but I still watch her disappear out of sight. My stomach ravenous at the thought of her juicy flesh.

## **Chapter 0250**

Sliding my tongue along my teeth, I refocus on the direction of Black Shadow and start running.

Cars stop as I speed past. I should hide, but maybe it's time all humans learned about the monsters of the world. There are flashes from phones and screams ripple through the night air. I should care. Knowledge of me would mean knowledge of others and that would give her even more power.

My heart pounds as I run. Refusing to slow or stop for anything. I feel something that killing Rogues and other assholes never gives me. A sense of freedom with a desire that is buried deep within my core. A hunger too. A hunger that I hadn't felt in so long.

The abandoned red car is the only thing that stops me. It's miles away from Black Shadow.

The doors hang open, one swings as though it's no longer attached properly. A flat tyre makes the vehicle drop on one side. As I creep closer I see the front end has smoke seeping out from under the bonnet. A massive dent like they had slammed into something.

The smell of blood has me drooling. I am so damn hungry.

It takes me less than a second to locate the blood and even less time to locate the source. They had hit a deer and I could no longer resist the need to eat.

My teeth tear at the flesh as I bury my snout in it. It rips apart so easily, sliding down my throat so perfectly and the blood. Oh, the blood. I could bathe in it.

"Are you done?"

My eyes snap up as I tear another strip of meat from the bones. Damien is standing there, his arms folded across his wide chest as he watches me. Mallory hovers just behind, yet my mate was nowhere to be seen. Where the fuck was he?

Reaching my full height, Damien continues to stare at me. He doesn't flinch like the humans did or run screaming. He stares, completely unafraid. And why should he be? After all, he was just like me.

To the left, I see another set of eyes, peering out from the dark cover of the trees. To the right, there are more and by the smell of it, there were even more behind me. I still couldn't smell my mate. Yet I knew he wasn't dead. The bastard had well and truly screwed me over and I will gladly stick a knife through his heart for the betrayal.

"I asked you a question!" He snaps at me. A deep gargled laugh rumbles through me. Why did they always think they could win? I win. I always win.

My stomach rumbles with the need to eat. The deer had been delicious but it wasn't enough. It would never be enough.

"He's alive," Mallory mutters. My eyes snap to her. "I had to knock him out, but he's alive." Her eyes move to Damien, "Probably not for much longer."

I had been wrong, he hadn't abandoned me, she had somehow got the upper hand.

"I will kill you." I seethe. My eyes locked on her. I bet she tasted good. I would drain her dry and drink her blood just like she is another fine wine.

Though I didn't stand a chance right now. There are too many. My time will come and I will rip them apart, devouring their flesh and finally take what should have been mine all those years ago.

I step back, keeping my eyes on the ones I could see. Letting my ears and nose figure out where the others are. I needed to get out untouched.

There's a gap, and I'm quick. My large frame slipped through before they had a chance to get me.

Damien calls out to let me go. Not words I was expecting from another Rogue, which only told me that he had something much more sinister planned.