

Alpha Nocturne's Contracted Mate Chapter 261

Alpha Nocturne's Contracted Mate by A E Randell

Chapter 261 Make Yourself at Home

Lexi and Allen were welcomed into Lord Brarthoroz's room almost immediately. The dagger that he had removed from the scene of Aoife's disappearance sat on top of a rectangular slab of quartz in the center of the coffee table, right next to a large steaming teapot of something that called to Lexi's soul.

Allen rolled his eyes and chuckled to himself at Lexi's delighted squeal as she skittered excitedly across the room, heading straight for the teapot where she lifted the lid and inhaled deeply.

"Oh my GODDESS! This smells like Christmas..." She exclaimed giddily as Allen peered over her shoulder at the creamy looking liquid inside before his eyes drifted to the unsavory object right next to it.

"Don't worry Allen, the two things aren't related in any way." Lord Brarthoroz rumbled as he placed three good sized glass coffee mugs on the table in front of them and sat back heavily on the chair opposite. "I wasn't worried, I just wondered if this was something you whipped up to help find the location of your brother or the other culprit." Allen answered defensively as he watched Lexi eagerly pour the steaming liquid into the cups and hand them out.

Allen frowned down into his cup. Clearly this wasn't some demonic alchemical tracking potion as he had originally thought.

Lexi settled back onto the sofa with a contented sigh and inhaled the intoxicating scent that drifted lazily from their mugs.

"Mmm, smells like Christmas," She murmured contentedly as she kicked her shoes off and tucked her legs underneath her, the childlike happiness fading into seriousness as she looked across at her father.

"Felix has gone to rest for a while Papa. Is there anything that we can do to speed this up? I know you're working on finding Eromaug, but what about the other scent on the handle? Do we have any leads?"

Lord Brarthoroz shook his head as he stared at the dagger in front of him.

"I know the scent of every damn shifter within the Enclave but this one, I've not encountered yet." He frowned deeply.

“At least we can rule out someone from inside the Enclave being part of this as well. I had a list of Elders in my head that I was ready to beat the s**t out of to try and get them to confess,” Lexi sniggered as Allen suddenly drew in a sharp breath. “Wait, we still have Linus held in the cells. Is it worth us asking him?” Allen asked.

“Ugh... do we have to? He’s such a f***** g sleaze,” Lexi shuddered.

“I’m happy to do the interrogating if you want to take a back seat this time.” Allen shrugged easily, “It’s about time we got him shipped out of here anyway.”

“That’s not a half bad idea actually. It might be that he knows something without realizing it,” Lord Brarthoroz hummed.

“We need to figure out what’s going on with Greyson’s team as well,” Lexi added as she chewed the inside of her cheek thoughtfully.

“Well I would have been further on with that if you hadn’t insisted on me joining you here,” Allen reminded her as Lord Brarthoroz raised an eyebrow.

“Is my company not good enough for you now, Allen?” he asked with a lazy smirk as Allen ran his hand through his hair in frustration.

“No, it’s not that at all. I just feel like I’m being pulled from all sides here and as quick as one thing is

resolved, something else inevitably crops up to take its place. Quite honestly, I need more hours in the day.”

“Look, it’s no big deal, Allen. I’ll come with you to the barrack and we can poke around together. Teamwork right? Many hands make light work and all that.” Lexi beamed.

“I get the distinct feeling that it’s going to end up more along the lines of ‘too many cooks spoil the broth’,” Allen grimaced as Lord Brarthoroz chuckled at their bickering.

“Don’t be a negative nancy, furball.” Lexi huffed, “At least we know there isn’t much that we can do to help Papa, now.”

Allen stood as he jammed his hands in his pocket and rubbed his neck tiredly.

“If you don’t mind, Lord Brarthoroz, I’m going to head off to the barracks and see if I can catch

Bartholomew. Perhaps he’s heard something and just not had chance to catch up with us, what with everything going on.”

“Not at all. Let me know if you need any help. The Hellhounds have already been released to their hunt. They were far more enthusiastic about it than I expected.” He chuckled as Allen looked at him warily.

“Don’t worry furball, they won’t show up here and hump your l*eg while you aren’t looking.” Lexi grinned, “They’re pretty single minded and won’t waste any time as they pursue their target.”

“Thanks for the reassurance,” Allen snapped as Lexi drained the rest of the cup and sighed contentedly. “Thanks for the Chai, Papa. We’ll keep you updated,” she grinned as she followed Allen out.

They dropped by Bartholomew’s office only to find it empty so after a quick discussion they decided to make their way down to the barracks. The interrogation of Linus as going to take far longer than speaking to the Commander for an update, so it made sense to head there first.

Both Lexi and Allen were met with suspicious glances as they entered the communal lounge, and when they asked to speak with the resident commander, the guards reluctantly pointed them to his quarters.

Commander Bertram looked up from his desk with a frown at the interruption, but as soon as he saw who the would-be offenders were, he stood hastily and saluted.

“Beta’s,” He nodded in welcome before gesturing to the seats opposite his desk, “Please, make yourself at home.”

Lexi held back the snigger at his invitation to sit.

Make yourself at home? It was so sparsely decorated in here that she was almost positive that she would need to hire an interior decorator to transform the almost clinical environment into anything that resembled the warmth of a home.

“Apologies for the interruption Commander Bertram. Has there been any news regarding Commander Greyson’s position?” Allen asked with a serious face.

“No,” Bertram sighed in frustration as he threw his pen down onto the table, “Nor has there been any word from the scouting parties that we sent afterwards. I’m beginning to think we sent the lot of them headlong into some sort of trap.” He said darkly as Lexi’s heart leaped into her throat.

With no word from Greyson until now, she was already beginning to fear the worst. To hear this from

Bertram only seemed to reinforce her fears that something terrible had happened to Greyson.

Their parting words ran through her head as she bit her lip nervously to distract her from this sinking feeling in her heart. She prayed to every god that might be listening to

keep him safe, after all, he had promised to return to her...he couldn't break that promise. She would never forgive him if he did.

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Chapter 262 None Taken

"I just can't figure out how so many men could disappear so easily like this. It doesn't make any sense that there would be no sign of any of them" Bertram continued with a deep frown.

Allen could feel Lexi's tension rise as Bertram spoke, so he reached for her hand and squeezed it reassuringly.

He knew damn well that her anxiety was rooted in her concern over Greyson more than anything, and as much as he wished that their relationship would only ever be about the two of them, he had long since accepted that the Moon Goddess had plans for them all, and it was a matter of trusting in her wisdom rather than his own selfish desires.

"Do you think they are in some sort of trouble?" Lexi asked softly.

"Who knows," Bertram snorted, "The whole area is a dead zone for communications. The last contact I had with them was here," he said as he pointed to an area on the map, "and with the second team here," he continued, moving his f*inger to a location slightly to the west of where Greysons team had last been seen.

"Strange. I understand there's pockets of poor coverage here and there, but..." Allen began but he was cut off almost immediately by Bertram's snort as he slammed his hand down on the map in front of him.

"Look, this whole area here," he said as he indicated a circular area on the map that had been shaded with parallel lines, "It's a complete dead zone. After I lost contact with the second team, I sent one of the handlers in with his direwolves, fully equipped with a tag and a scanner so that I could track it's movements from here and map it out in real time."

"Pity you didn't attach a camera to it too," Lexi muttered bitterly.

"It might interest you to know that our Dire Wolves are fitted with pinhole cameras as standard on their collars," Bertram smirked, "I was able to map the entire dead zone by having the handlers stay in areas that they had a strong signal to maintain the

connection with me, and then sending the wolves in whilst they monitored the signal strength.”

Allen frowned.

“Is there anything in that area that could be causing this? Could it be some sort of naturally occurring phenomena?”

“If you want to call forbidden rites and depraved daemonic magick naturally occurring phenomena, then sure.” Bertram scoffed before his eyes widened and he turned to Lexi with an apologetic smile, “No offense of course.”

“None taken.” Lexi smiled tightly.

“The evidence was there, we have it on camera,” Bertram explained, “Multiple ritual sites are scattered around the area where the dead zone is at its densest. So, to me at least, it seems as though they have a barrier that originates from the altars and their existence is holding it in place.”

“So, let’s take the next step and test this theory, shall we?” Lexi grinned as Bertram eyed her warily. “What do you mean?”

“Well, surely if your theory is correct, then the destruction of these so-called altars should enable communications to be re-established... yes?”

“Well, I mean...in theory...yes...” Bertram stammered with a hint of uncertainty.

“So send some men in and tear them down then.” Lexi suggested with a hint of irritation in her voice, “I don’t understand why you all have to spend such a long time dithering about what to do next when the logical course of action would be to just get on with it.”

“I cannot make decisions in the field without at least running it past the higher ups!” Bertram blustered as Lexi laughed coldly.

“For f**k sake, do none of you have a single braincell between you to enable you to act of your own accord? What the f**k is the use of holding a commander title if you have to run back to us with your tail between your l*egs every time something crops up?! We shouldn’t have to hold your damn hand!” Lexi fumed as Allen sighed internally.

“I don’t have the authority to dispatch anymore men to deal with this!” Bertram protested,

“Well I’m giving you the f**** authority!”

“With all due respect, it doesn’t work like that...”

“f**k your respect Bertram!” Lexi spat, “Either get it done or I’ll f*****g go and tear them down myself!”

“Beta...I really don’t have the authority to send any more men.

There’s a limit to how many people are allocated to defense at the Enclave, if I go below that number then...”

“Do you know what...just stop.” Lexi snapped as she narrowed her eyes at him, “I’ll do as I said. As soon as my business for today is finished, then I’ll head out and see to this myself.”

“Lexi...” Allen exclaimed in dismay but she held a hand up to silence him and the fire that burned in her eyes as she glared at him stopped him in his tracks.

“Shut up, Allen. I’ve already decided. Bertram, I expect a detailed map with the list of altar locations, their appearance and any other information that we may need ready and waiting for collection in the next few hours.”

Bertram nodded weakly, his face suddenly pale in the face of her fury and the insinuation that he had been neglectful and complacent in his duties.

“I’ll make sure it’s ready for you, Beta.”

“See that you do.” Lexi spat as she stood and stormed out of the room leaving Allen alone with Bertram.

They exchanged a look and Allen sighed, massaging the bridge of his nose tiredly.

“I know we have rules and regulations for everything Bertram, but Lexi has a point. Sending a few men to take care of this would have saved all of this unpleasantness.”

“Beta, I don’t think you understand. I am already below the accepted limit for defense of the Enclave until the party returns from the borders that Consort Adam took with him. I had intended to send a further group when they returned but..”

“I don’t think you realize the urgency of the situation Bertram...” Allen growled before Bertram cut him off.

“I can assure you that I do Allen, but I cannot pull people out of my a*ss to cover a force that is thinly stretched as it is and has been continuously neglected for years.”

Allen frowned as his words sank in. It wouldn’t be a surprise to anyone if the defenses had been neglected to breaking point under Ann’s father’s rule, but that was something that he didn’t have the time, nor the ability, to correct overnight.

“Okay. We’ll discuss this further once this issue is settled, alright? I’ll need you to put together a report of what we currently have available, along with our current commitments and what we need ideally in order to respond fully to multiple incidents without leaving us weakened.” Allen said finally as a flicker of hope ignited in Bertrams eyes.

“I’ll make sure it’s done, Beta.”

Allen nodded and stood abruptly, his chair scraping the floor noisily. He excused himself and thanked Bertram for his help, as he made his way out of the Barracks and towards the furious face of his beloved mate.

“What a f*****g s**t show. Honestly. If you want anything done properly here, you may as well do it yourself.” She fumed as Allen chuckled and wrapped his arm around her, pulling her into his chest.

“We knew that things would be difficult here, Lexi.” He reminded her as he rubbed her back gently and felt her relax into his arms, “Come on, let’s go and see the old sleazeball and see what

Lexi scowled as she pushed away from him.

“Fine, but if he tries anything I’m ripping his bollocks off and shoving them down his throat.” she grumbled as they made their way through the corridors and towards the cells.

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Chapter 263 A Complicated Past

Lexi and Allen made their way down to the cells, with Lexi still grumbling loudly about Bertram’s incompetence. All she wanted was answers and the fact that everywhere she turned there seemed to be another hurdle to cross was starting to piss her off.

Aoife didn’t deserve to suffer as she had and none of them really knew whether or not she was alive or dead. Especially with her uncle’s involvement. If Eromaug was behind both Aoife’s and her own mother’s death, she hated to think what else he was capable of putting them through.

Lexi vaguely remembered him from the few occasions that they had met when she was a child and even then she had been overwhelmed with just how uneasy he made her, and her mother feel. She shuddered involuntarily and pushed those memories aside as her face hardened.

At least now she knew why her mother had distrusted him and disliked the time that Lexi had spent with him, and why her father always seemed to hide his fury whenever Lexi had gushed about just how wonderful he was.

That familiar wave of guilt pierced her like a knife as she chewed the inside of her cheek subconsciously.

She was a child... how could she have known?

“Lexi, are you okay?” Allen’s voice interrupted her thoughts as his hand wrapped around her own, the brush of his skin against hers comforting and reassuring all at the same time.

“Yeah, sorry.” She answered as she fought the guilt, “It’s nothing important. I just... I need to know if she is alive or not and if she is, I need to know where she’s being held, so we can go and get her a*ss to safety.”

Allen was silent for a while as he brushed his thumb across the arch between Lexi’s thumb and index f*inger.

“Do you think your mother is alive too?” He asked finally as Lexi’s eyes narrowed slightly and her pace increased, forcing Allen to quicken his steps just to keep up with her.

“I don’t know Allen... I really don’t know. I just need answers right now. Eromaug is...” she struggled to search for the right words to continue, “He’s my uncle. We have a complicated past. I loved him fiercely at one point as a child, and I hated that my parents kept him away from me.”

Lexi was silent for a while before she snorted loudly.

“Obviously I understand now why they did but at the time... I was devastated.” she admitted quietly. Even uttering that aloud made her feel dirty.

She could feel Alien’s eyes boring into her as she deliberately avoided his gaze and stared at the brickwork as they descended further down into the depths of the holding cells within the Enclave.

“I didn’t realize that you and this... Eromaug, had been close.” Allen said finally, breaking the silence.

She didn’t miss the jealous and suspicious undercurrent that ran through his words.

“Yeah well, it’s not something that I like to broadcast, okay? Especially not now with all of this s**t kicking off.” she scowled up at him, “I was a child Allen. A clueless,

delusional, innocent and f*****g gullible child. The interactions came to an end as soon as Papa found out about them.”

“He didn’t... I mean...” Allen said hesitantly as Lexi snorted. “I’m done talking about this Allen, okay? He was never t*ouchy t*ouchy if that’s what you’re getting at.”

She sneered as they pushed through the entrance and breezed past the guards towards Linus’s cell.

“Well well, what do we have here? The half breed b***h and her well trained cowardly lapdog.” Linus chuckled derisively as they opened the door to his cell and stared quietly at the disheveled Elder that sat before them.

“It’s nice to see you too, you f*****g depraved pervert.” Lexi smirked, “We have some questions for you, that we’d very much like some answers to.”

“Oh wonderful. I can’t wait to be of some further use to you.” He replied sarcastically, rolling his eyes and shifting uncomfortably on the ground.

“Good, because my little lap dog is going to be doing the talking while I go and catch up on the status of your transfer request.” Lexi smiled sweetly as Linus’s face fell.

“Wait... transfer to where?”

Linus asked, his eyes suddenly widening in panic.

“Why, to the containment facilities of course!” Lexi grinned brightly, “We can’t have you wasting space down here and escaping proper punishment forever now can we?”

“Wait!” He barked suddenly, scrabbling across the floor towards the doorway on his hands and knees, “I was supposed to be exiled! Why... why am I being sent to a containment facility?”

Lexi shrugged as she examined her nails.

“I thought you’d like to experience what it feels like to be lower down on the pecking order so you understand exactly how all those Omega’s felt.” Lexi smirked as his eyes widened in horror, “You’ll still be exiled ... but the containment facility will handle the process.”

“No... wait... please... the containment facilities aren’t safe! What if I’m killed on the way there?! Wait... I can help you!” He begged, his eyes wild with desperation, “Whatever you need to know, I can tell you just don’t... please don’t send me there!”

Lexi chuckled and gestured to Allen as she turned and began walking away.

“Then let’s see how useful you are in the knowledge that you choose to share with us, hmm?” she smiled sweetly.

“That’s f*****g blackmail.” Linus hissed furiously.

“Yes... it is, isn’t it? I’m not sure why it’s such a surprise to you that I’m quite happy to use your own methods against you. After all, I’m just a half breed b***h, right?” She grinned over her shoulder before she walked away, calling out to a guard as she did so and disappearing into a side room with him.

Linus rounded on Allen furiously.

“And you’re okay with your half blood b***h bending the rules and making a mockery of our laws?”

Allen shrugged nonchalantly as he stepped into the cell and closed the door behind him.

“It’s no more than countless of you Elders have done over the past few years, Linus. Now, I have a few questions...” Allen answered calmly, choosing not to rise to the insults that

Linus threw at his beloved mate.

He refused to give him the satisfaction of seeing just how much they angered him, even though deep down, he knew Lexi felt every insult as keenly as a blade through her skin.

“Oh, I f*****g bet you do.” Linus spat as scowled up at him.

“Now now... remember Linus, your cooperation will determine the outcome of how quickly you are transferred... or how much of a priority we make the necessary paperwork for your exile.” Allen smirked as Linus swore loudly.

“You treacherous bastard... fine.” Linus seethed, knowing full well that he had nothing to bargain with except any information that he might have.

“Excellent, now, take a seat.” Allen grinned, “I need to know everything that you do about the Daemon Lord Eromaug.”

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Chapter 264 Long Time No See

“Eromaug?” Linus repeated back to Allen in shock, “Why do you need to know about him?”

Allen was silent as he studied his face. The look of shock and surprise that flashed across his eyes, followed by the worried expression that flickered across his face told Allen that Linus did indeed know something about the Daemon Lord. Whether or not it proved useful or not would remain to be seen.

"I'm pleased to see that your time here hasn't impaired your hearing at least," Allen commented dryly as he leaned against the wall casually, "I want to know what you know about him."

Linus swallowed nervously and his eyes darted around his cell. "That's a dangerous subject to discuss so openly..." He stammered fearfully.

"I wouldn't call your cell an open place, Linus." Linus clicked his tongue as his eyes narrowed.

"You have no idea what you're talking about. Even in places that you consider safe, you'll quickly re-evaluate your topics of conversation." Linus hissed, "You still haven't told me why you need to know."

"And I'm still not going to tell you, Linus." Allen snapped, already beginning to lose patience with the audacity of this man, "You are in no position to make demands for knowledge."

Linus glowered at him fiercely and opened his m*outh to reply, but whatever he was going to retort with, he obviously decided against it and instead, sighed bitterly as he changed the position that he was seated in.

"Eromaug has been quietly gathering strength over the years." Linus finally said as he stared at the manacles around his wrists, "We wouldn't have known if it had not been for a spate of disappearances that involved the last known magick users across multiple communities."

"All of the Elders knew?" Allen asked with a scowl as his mind instantly moved to Bartholomew.

If he had known, why hadn't he said anything?

Linus sneered up at him. "Oh a good number of the Elders knew, names that I have already given to you and a few more, but the king refused to take action in the early stages, no doubt due to Narcissa's poisonous influence." He chuckled bitterly.

"What was he doing with the witches that he gathered?" Allen asked with a frown as Linus chuckled darkly.

“Magick users are not exclusively female you dumb f**k. Witches, warlocks, enchanters, necromancers, shamans, druids, sages, the fae... they all use magick of some sort.” Linus spat arrogantly, “Do you really think he would discriminate on gender alone?”

“I don’t care about that, I want to know why he took them and what he intends to do with them.” Allen hissed as he slammed his fist into the wall.

Linus was really beginning to get under his skin and it showed.

“Why do you think he was taking them? If they wouldn’t join his cause then they were against him! I think it’s pretty obvious that anyone against him would be eradicated, it doesn’t take a genius to work that out.” Linus sneered.

“But then why take the bodies, Linus?” Allen asked as took a menacing step forward, with Linus scuttling back to a corner of his cell in response to his movement, as if he could somehow get away from him.

“Perhaps to drain them of their magick, or to fuel the flesh crafter’s and necromancers’ work, I don’t f*****g know.” He spat.

“So, the people taken...they could still be alive.” Allen murmured thoughtfully to himself as Linus glowered at him from the corner.

“I don’t f*****g know and I don’t particularly give a s**t either. Magick users are unbalanced and unstable at best! Treacherous f***s that will turn on you with ease thanks to the way that they allow their magick to screw with their minds.” He hissed.

“If I didn’t know better Linus, I would think that you had a deep seated hatred for all non-werewolf...” Allen growled lightly before Linus interrupted him fiercely.

“WE are the superior race, Allen! We deserve to rule over those that are beneath us! We...” Linus’s tirade was suddenly interrupted as he spluttered and coughed violently, bringing his hands up to his throat at the same time as a river of blood seemed to cascade out of his m*outh like a morbid waterfall.

A deep chuckle reverberated through the air as Linus’ body fell to the floor and Allen stood frozen, his senses on high alert as he struggled to comprehend what had just happened. There was no sign of anyone else in the cell, no scent that betrayed the presence of another, just the haunting echo of mocking laughter and a voice that made his blood run cold.

“I do so hate it when they babble endlessly and reveal things that should have been kept secret.” The voice tutted loudly from somewhere behind Allen.

He pushed himself away from the wall and cast his gaze around the cell wildly. There was nothing to be seen anywhere... even with Orvar's heightened senses, they could find nothing.

Without warning Allen was flung face first against the opposite wall, his shoulder shattering painfully as it collided with the cold, jagged surface as he staggered back from the wall.

"Whoops. My hand must have slipped... that must have hurt..." the disembodied voice mocked as Allen bared his teeth and the eyes of his wolf flashed menacingly, searching for anything that might betray where this sneaky f*uc*ker was hiding.

Then he saw it, the faintest disturbance in the air, as if something had flickered across his vision and disappeared almost instantly again. Allen snarled furiously as he waited for the disturbance to appear again and as soon as it did, he lunged.

He grasped wildly at the empty air without taking hold of anything and found himself thrown against the wall again, face first as his nose crunched under the impact with the wall yet again.

"Nice try Allen... but a little too slow. You never were very good at hide and seek were you?" The voice mocked before laughing again darkly, "After all, you failed to find your sister yourself didn't you?" The voice purred in his ear as Allen turned his head, the skin grating painfully across the stone as he strained to see the face of his attacker.

His heart almost stopped as Jaspers grinning face appeared only millimeters away.

"Hello Allen. Long time no see." Jasper grinned sinisterly.

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Chapter 265 One Opportunity to Escape

Allen snarled furiously as he pushed back against the force that held him to the wall as Jasper tittered mockingly.

"Well, look at you, haven't you grown?" Jasper purred, "It feels like forever since I saw you last."

"If I never saw you again it would still be too f*****g soon!" Allen snapped as he strained helplessly.

Jasper sighed theatrically.

“Well that’s not very nice is it?” He tutted as he stroked the back of Allen’s hair, his f*ingers combing almost lovingly through the strands of hair, “And here was me thinking that we could let bygones, be bygones and maybe... I don’t know... k*iss and make up...” He murmured almost seductively into Allen’s ear, sending an involuntary shiver of disgust rippling through his body as he snorted in contempt.

“f**k you Jasper. You’re a f*****g psycho and a delusional one at that. What the hell makes you think that I would be willing to look past the fact that you brutally murdered my little sister?”

“Oh I don’t know about brutally, Allen, from the sounds she was making I’d say she quite enjoyed me taking her innocence. I prefer to think of it as setting her free in the midst of an exquisite high.” he smirked with a far away look in his eyes, as though he were reminiscing about the moment and savoring every twisted memory of it.

“I’ll f*****g km you!” Allen roared as his wolf pushed forward and Orvar’s strength surged through him.

He struggled against the invisible force for a moment, the exertion making the veins on his forearms and his neck stand roud from his skin until finally, with a roar of triumph he felt the resistance buckle and he was able to push away from the wall and take a swing at Jasper.

Jasper’s eyes were wide with shock, clearly not expecting him to be able to break free. That shocked pause delayed his reflexes and caused him to move away from the incoming swipe a moment too late.

Allen’s fist connected firmly with Jasper’s jaw, the resulting c***k echoing in the cell as the impact sent him staggering sideways.

Jasper’s eye’s flashed dangerously as his hand flew to his jaw reflexively. Without wasting any time Allen darted forward with a furious snarl, intending to put an end to Jasper once and for all.

Each movement he made towards him though was effortlessly deflected and it soon became apparent that Jasper was merely toying with him, as a malicious grin spread across his face. He had gotten lucky landing that first hit and he swore internally at himself for not having pursued the attack sooner. If he hadn’t hesitated for that split second, he might have had him on the floor already.

“You’re getting sloppy in your old age, Allen.” Jasper taunted as he side-stepped another blow causing Allen to overreach slightly. Using Allen’s forward momentum against him as he leaned into the punch, Jasper shoved him hard in the shoulder causing Allen’s body to connect with the wall painfully.

Jasper's laughter seemed to mock him mercilessly, stopping him from thinking clearly and infuriating his wolf further. With a flick of Jasper's wrist, the door to the cell opened and he nodded towards it with his head.

"I'm feeling generous Allen, seeing as how you would have been just a bonus kill for me... wrong place at the wrong time and all that," He grinned as Allen panted heavily, trying to catch his breath as he leaned against the wall of the cell, "Now's your chance Allen, your one opportunity to escape. Take it or leave it."

Allens lip's settled into a thin line as he weighed his options. He knew he had dislocated his shoulder on impact with the wall, he had felt it pop out of the socket and the numbness in his arm let him know it was now useless. If Jasper caught even the slightest whiff of this weakness, he was sure that he would use it to his full advantage.

Allen glanced towards the door and then back at Jasper, his eyes narrowed into a furious glare.

"You aren't that forgiving Jasper, I know you... I know it's just a f*****g ruse to lull me into a false sense of security." Allen spat as he began to move sideways, away from the door and glanced down at Linus's motionless figure on the ground as he stepped over him carefully.

"But you don't know for sure though, do you? That tantalising taste of freedom, dangled before you... I can practically hear your heart sing with hope." Jasper sniggered as he advanced towards Allen.

Try as he might, Allen couldn't see a way out of this. His arm was useless now even though Orvar was doing his best to relieve the pain, he just wasn't able to heal it unless he could somehow pop it back into place without alerting him to his weakened state.

As much as he hated to admit it, Jasper was far more agile than he was, and the glancing blows that he had landed on him had barely seemed to affect him. This was a game to him, like a cat with a cornered mouse, tormenting its prey until it grew bored and decided to make the final decisive strike.

As if reading his mind Jasper chuckled darkly and with a flick of his wrist, Allen felt that unbearable pressure on top of him again, as his arms were forced painfully outward. His body forming a T-shape against the wall as he hissed in pain. "For years I've wanted to show you just how pathetic you and your damn Alpha are. You took everything from me." Jasper hissed as he pulled a wicked blade from the holster at his waist and walked slowly towards him.

"You're f*****g insane." Allen hissed, "I took nothing from you, it was your actions that led you down this path. The consequences are all of your own making."

“Is that so?” Jasper chuckled humorlessly, the smile fading from his face as he ran the tip of the blade down Allen’s face, “Because of you, Adam humiliated me in front of lesser wolves,” He continued in a tone barely above a whisper, “Because of you, your sister’s life was forfeit, because of you... I chose to walk this path.”

Jasper grinned suddenly as he pressed a little harder with the tip of the blade, the sharp edge slicing painfully through the layers of the skin and grating against the bone as Jasper dragged it carefully along the outline of Allen’s face.

No matter how hard he tried, Allen couldn’t stop the roar of pain and fury that left his mouth and he watched Jasper drink all of his pain in with satisfaction and triumphant pride in his eyes.

“See Allen? It is you who is worthless, you who has been left with nothing but a half breed daemon w***e to warm his bed at night... but even then... you’ll have to share her with another who is even less deserving than you.” He snorted as the blade completed its arc from ear to ear, and he began slowly working his way around the edges of his hairline.

“I’m going to present your w***e with your face as a gift... perhaps I’ll wear it like a mask as I f**k her too... perhaps I’ll f**k her with my blade and see if she bleeds the same as everyone else...” He grinned.

“Or perhaps I’ll f**k you with your own c**k you sick f**k,” Lexi’s voice appeared suddenly.

Allen opened his eyes just in time to see the familiar smirk on her face as her head appeared at the side of Jaspers, but her eyes... they were different... and terrifying in her fury.