

Alpha Nocturne's Contracted Mate Chapter 276

Alpha Nocturne's Contracted Mate by A E Randell

Chapter 276 Her Name Is Coral

Ann sat in the council chamber with both Adam and Coral at her side, the Elders clearly torn between being uncomfortable with an omega's presence at such a high-ranking meeting, as well as curious as to the purpose.

Coral shifted uncomfortably beside Ann as some of the degrading whispers reached their ears, as well as the curious ones. It always seemed to be the negative ones that had the most impact on a person's confidence though.

She had returned from her time with Eva far less timid and a lot more confident and honestly, it warmed Ann's heart to see that such a small decision on her part, had driven such a large impact on Coral's life so far.

Coral had been paid for her time in training with Eva a decent wage, and by her own admission, it was more than she had ever seen in all of her years working for the Enclave. That in itself bothered Ann greatly and she intended to rectify it today.

"Right, let's get started shall we?" Ann announced brightly as the murmurs that had rippled around the room died down and Coral took a visibly shaky breath as she readied the stylus on the electronic diary and notepad that she held tightly in her hands before her.

"With all due respect," A voice rose from the crowd, "What exactly is an omega doing in the council chambers?"

Ann smiled in the direction of the voice, a little bit pleased that she could address this immediately rather than have it hang over them for the duration of the meeting.

"Such a polite way of saying that you don't approve of her presence," Ann smiled dangerously as she continued, "Coral has just returned from an extensive training course that I sent her on a few weeks ago and has performed beyond expectations during her time there. With her exceptional performance in mind I have instated her as my personal assistant ...my royal secretary, if you will."

The expected myriad of whispers rose up from the Elders as another voice rose from amongst their ranks.

"Your highness, not that we don't doubt the omega's abilities, but there are many children that have been born to ranked members that would jump at the opportunity to..."

“Coral.” Ann interrupted sharply.

“I’m sorry?” the voice replied, the confusion in his voice clear. “Her name is Coral.” Ann answered slowly, as if she were speaking to a child.

“Ah, yes... well, I’m sure the omega Coral has...”

“Since when do we identify individuals by their birth status?” Ann asked as she c****d her head, “Perhaps I should start referring to you all in a similar fashion. What’s your name?”

“Me?” the bewildered voice replied, rapidly wishing he had not spoken up in the first place.

“Yes, you. You chose to speak up in the council chamber and as I am still not familiar enough with you all, I would like to know who I have the pleasure of speaking with,” She continued sweetly.

“Elder Octavius, your highness.” He answered with a slight tremor in his voice.

“Ah! Octavius. I don’t believe I actually have the pleasure of knowing who your parents are.” Ann paused as the faint sound of what sounded like a sigh of relief drifted across the room.

But she wasn’t done just yet. “Coral?”

“Y-yes your highness?”

“Would you mind checking the registry of the elders and finding out his lineage for me? Can you do that?”

“Er... yes of course your grace.” Coral replied as her eyes flicked nervously to the crowd of elders before working quickly on her handheld device.

“Your highness, is this really...”

“Necessary?” Ann smiled, “Yes, I believe it is. I’m using this as a teaching moment for you all. So please, feel free to take notes if you are incapable of remembering”

After a few minutes had passed, Coral passed the device to Ann, allowing her to see the results of the search, and if she had been able to, Ann wanted to punch the air in delight.

“We could always punch the old goat in the face.” Maeve suggested hopefully, sighing in disappointment when Ann denied her request.

“Thank you, Coral,” Ann smiled as she handed the device back to her and turned back to face Octavius. “So, if I were to address you in the same manner as you had Coral, then I should address you as Son of a treasonous exile, Elder ‘Octavius, or perhaps Rogue born Elder Octavius would be better?”

A frosty silence met her suggestion and out of the corner of her eye, she could see Bartholomew grinning widely along with a number of other elders who nodded their heads in support.

“Point taken, your highness. I apologies for any offence caused to you.” ‘Octavius ground out as he took his seat.

“Oh, it’s not me that you offended, Octavius.” Ann smirked, “I believe your apology should be directed towards Coral, as she stands here as a fully accredited staff member of the royal household, and should be treated with the respect due to her position.”

They could almost hear ‘Octavius choke on his own indignation before he stood and glared at Coral.

“My apologies, Royal Secretary. I did not mean to offend you. It won’t happen again.” He forced out, his voice shaking with that unmistakable taint of barely suppressed anger.

“Erm... no problem.” Coral replied as ducked her head down, tucking her hair behind her ear and blushing a soft shade of red.

“Wonderful. Now that’s out of the way, I’d like to move onto the subject of why our staff here, the ‘omega’s’ as some of you like to refer to them as, aren’t actually paid a wage for their time here?”

“A wage, your grace? They receive free food, accommodation, free clothing and have no utilities to be concerned about, nor do they worry about their safety here, so in what way do we not pay them for their work?” A voice rose from the Elders.

“Well, I’m not sure how it works for you, Elder, but I know for a fact that all of you receive considerable remuneration for your time, as well as a regular work schedule, paid for accommodation, free food, free clothing and none of you have to worry about utilities nor security either.” Ann smiled, throwing his own words back at him and waiting for the response.

“Surely you aren’t comparing the level of their duties with ours...” Another voice added before being unceremoniously cut off by Adam’s irritated tone.

“And what exactly is it that allows you to live such a carefree life to focus on your duties as Elders, that is... if we disregard the fact that the majority of you neglected your duties

for the past goodness knows how many years, hmm? Yet your staff still served you faithfully, whilst you ignored the needs of a nation and lined your own coffers.”

“Well, I for one am in favor of proposing a wage for the services provided by the omega’s,” a husky female voice spoke up from the back, “Unlike some, I do not hold the term ‘omega’ as derogatory To me, it denotes a life given selflessly to serving the needs of those who work in the interests of their pack, or their kingdom. It is only right that they too should enjoy some freedom, and the means to do so in light of their selfless sacrifice.”

The edges of a smile played at the corners of Ann’s mouth. She remembered that voice well from the trials that she had endured, and it appeared that she had her support for the changes that she intended to make.

Alpha Nocturne's Contracted Mate Chapter 277

Alpha Nocturne’s Contracted Mate by A E Randell

Chapter 277 If We Lose the Vote

“I would also like to propose that a better schedule be organized for their working hours. Twelve hour shifts within their duties are archaic. I would like to propose a schedule of eight hour shifts, and suggest that the same benefits that apply to pregnant she wolfs, or those with young children be applied to the omega’s on staff. They will be allowed a reprieve from their duties until either the children come of age, or if they choose to return to work, I feel that the Enclave should provide additional child care facilities so that the children are not forced into the life of an omega, before they receive proper education.”

“Preposterous! Traditionally an omega learns their duties from a young age! They...”

“No.” Ann’s voice cut sharply across the arguments that were bubbling amongst the Elders. “From this moment forward, no child may enter into servitude, or into the staff of households until they have completed their education. Special allowances may be made perhaps for apprenticeships if a child shows a particular affinity for it, but they will be required to attend all classes that their peers have the privilege to attend.”

Ann turned to Bartholomew and smiled at him.

“Bartholomew, see to it that the appropriate changes are made to the legislation and I’ll sign off on it as soon as it’s on my desk.”

“Very well, your highness.” He answered with a smile, bowing his head respectfully.

“Your highness, we need to vote on this you can’t just...”

“This change in legislation benefits the kingdom as a whole,” Adam answered firmly, “There should be no need to vote on a legislation that serves no other purpose than to strengthen our ranks, and lift our people up by providing for all of their needs, both now and in the future.”

“I do, however, have a few more items of business that I need to run past you all.” Ann interjected smoothly, “There is the matter of the finances that go into funding our defense and security forces, and the matter of a new installation that I wish to propose for the Enclave.”

“An installation? What sort of installation?”

“Well, I have the plans being drawn up for it and they are by no means finalized, it’s just a matter of deciding the site that it will be built on.” Ann explained casually, knowing full well that they were going to object to the plans that she had in mind, but she was clinging on to the hope that maybe, just maybe, it would pass through on a slim majority if it went to vote.

“The Enclave hasn’t been modified for nearly a century, your highness, there has been no need to.”

“Well, I disagree with that.” Ann stated, “The barracks need extending and refurbishing for one, and I want the defenses on the outer walls of the Enclave, and nearby packs bringing up to date as well. We all know the threat that we are facing currently, and the sooner we have our security up to date, the safer we’ll all be.”

A murmur of approval rippled around the room as Ann continued.

“The defense budget has been sorely neglected over the years and that changes now. I would like our financial team to work on a way to increase our budget, triple it if possible so that we are able to train, equip and supply our warriors with everything they need to ensure that we become a force to be reckoned with across the world.”

She took a deep breath and steadied her racing heart as she came to the final hurdle that she would face.

“Along that same vein, I hope to construct a building that will house a... method of transportation that we can fine tune to meet our needs, allowing almost instantaneous travel to whichever set points we choose, and only accessible for those with the security clearance to do so.”

Ann could feel the tension rising in the room as the Elders conferred amongst themselves. Such a method of transportation could be invaluable, but it also hinted at the dreaded magic that the Elders now seemed to be hard wired to fear.

“But, my Queen, this transportation that you speak of... what exactly is it? I know of nothing in our world that can provide this... by all accounts life changing opportunity.”

“I want you to know that both I and Adam have used this method before and it is completely safe.” Ann said, taking a steadying breath, “The portals will allow us to move between locations unhindered, the potential for ease in prisoner transport alone is...”

“Potals?” A voice scoffed, “Magical portals that will allow anyone access directly inside the Enclave?”

“She already stated that the portals could only be accessed by those with security clearance.” Adam answered irritably.

“Honestly, I don’t think it’s a bad idea, the costs we would save on fuel alone.. not to mention practically eradicating the risk of escape attempts...”

“Absolutely not. Allowing magic inside the enclave? It will leave us open to attack from the inside..”

“Who exactly is going to assist in the construction of this?”

“The construction will be taken care of by our company, so you have no need to worry about the people gaining access to areas within the enclave. As for the magic, Lord Brarthroroz has offered to...”

“Oh yes... the Daemon Lord.” A voice scoffed, “Didn’t the Excidium coven rise thanks to the backing of Daemon? Why should we trust him?”

“Why shouldn’t we trust him?!”

His daughter is Beta to the kingdom and has a strong, personal relationship with the Queen, there’s no reason that he would turn on us.”

“Maybe not now, but what about years down the line?! No. Absolutely not.”

“Enough!” Ann yelled, the sudden outburst startling Coral and she dropped the device and glanced apologetically at Ann as she hastily picked it up.

“I can see this is a t*ouchy subject, so I would like to hold a vote. The quicker I know your answer, the quicker I can decide where to install it.”

“Your highness, you cannot...”

“I seem to remember you were already warned about telling me what I can and cannot do. If I won’t have your approval for the site within the enclave,

then I will site it elsewhere. This building will be constructed whether you approve or not, so, if you would like to cast your vote as to siting it within the enclave, it would be very much appreciated.”

Ann waited patiently as the elders shuffled forward to register their votes.

“Crusty old f***s, why do you have to answer to them? Just order the construction and let them cry about it in their coffins.” Maeve sneered.

“If I do that Maeve, then it puts the whole concept of a democratic leadership out of the window. I will absolutely stand up for things that decisively benefit our kingdom, but the elders at least need to feel that they have a choice, no matter how small it is. It’s about picking our battles.”

“And if we lose the vote? What then?”

“Then we build an extension onto the barracks at the palace.” Ann shrugged, “We’ll still have the portal room, but we will shoulder the responsibility ourselves.”

Once the votes were cast and tallied, the result was announced. The vote against hosting the portals at the Enclave passed by a very slim majority and amongst the smug faces of those who had voted against, were the unhappy faces of those who wanted to see progress.

“Thank you for your votes, and I want to assure you that your voice and your votes still matter. I will always listen to your advice, although I may not heed it. As such, the portal room will not be built at the enclave, instead, I will construct it on my own property, at the royal palace.”

Almost instantly the voices of disapproval rose but with a single gesture of her hand, they were silenced.

“I appreciate your concern, but this is my responsibility. I hope that with time, your confidence grows in my ability to make safe decisions for the good of everyone. You are welcome to utilize the services of the portals once they are constructed, by appointment only of course, as only the current monarchs and their betas will hold the security clearance to activate the portals.” Ann stated as she felt the weighted stares of the elders focused on her.

“With that issue concluded, I have no further business. Are there any further matters to be discussed?” Ann paused, waiting for a response, and, when there was none, she nodded seriously,

“Very well, thank you for your time elder council members, I look forward to receiving the requested items and reports in the near future.”

As the Elders filed out Ann turned to Coral with a smile, "That wasn't too bad now, was it?"

"It wasn't great either, your highness," she answered timidly with a wry smile.

"Don't worry too much about their reactions for now, Coral. With time, they will become more accepting." She said as she stood and stretched slightly, the muscles around her abdomen already protesting at the lives growing inside of her that stretched her belly at a rapid rate,

"For now, I'm going to go and lie down. For some reason, I'm suddenly incredibly tired."

Alpha Nocturne's Contracted Mate Chapter 278

Alpha Nocturne's Contracted Mate by A E Randell

Chapter 278 You are Perfect

After the meeting Ann, Adam, Bartholomew and Coral made their way back towards Bartholomew's office, paying no mind to the whispers of the people that they passed.

Ann had expected a little resistance and had warned Coral to expect a little push back from some of those who saw themselves as above her, but to ignore it as much as possible and so far, she was doing well.

The time that she had spent with Eva had certainly seen her grow from the nervous, anxious, frightened omega that she was previously into the timid, yet efficient woman that stood before her today. Ann had every confidence that in a few months, her confidence would increase dramatically and she would be able to handle most situations with ease.

"Bartholomew will see to it that you have appropriate quarters assigned within the Enclave while we remain here, preferably in our wing. I have already approved which suite I think would be suitable for you, but obviously there are the finer details to sort out... furnishings, decoration, that sort of thing." Ann said gently as she stifled a yawn.

"Oh, I'm sure it will be perfect as it is, your highness." Coral replied softly with a smile, clearly a little overwhelmed.

"Nonsense," Ann grinned, "Eventually, once all of the issues with the coven are solved, we'll be moving back to the palace and only returning here for a day or two each time. Hopefully only once or twice a month if I have my way. Then, you'll be moving back with us, and granted a room in one of the wings of the palace to make things easier for us all."

“We need to get Bartholomew hooked up with a computer that doesn’t look like it originates from the dawn of time as well.” Adam offered dryly as Bartholomew chuckled.

“I must admit, email would make things far easier for communications, although, I still think phone conversations are much more personal and allow you to judge the tone and mood of the person on the other end far more easily.”

“Well, we’ll get started on modernizing the Enclave once we have the final report on budgets for each department. If the incoming taxes don’t cover what we need then I’ll increase the cash flow from Veritas Industries. We can look at expanding some of the departments and perhaps look at new ventures too that will bring more in. As well as potentially offering new grants for the packs that are willing to invest in their omega’s on staff as well.” Ann mused.

“We do also have the Dark Moon’s business and profits to draw from. I can have Allen go through the finances and work out the disposable income available once all of our expenditure and other investments are taken into account so we have a good idea of what we’re working with. I suppose once Lexi has time to set up the lectures, the income from that can go part of the way towards increasing available funds as well.” Adam offered as Ann stifled yet another yawn.

“That all sounds perfect, Adam. Thank you. I know Eva has sent me a lot of drafts for new design projects that need to be approved before they’re offered to the clientele, but really, we need to start working on finalizing the new blueprints for the area that will house the portal room. I’m more than a little irritated that it wasn’t approved for here, we could have saved hours in travel time, but it is what it is.” Ann frowned.

“Try to be patient, your grace. As you know, us Elders are a little stuck in our ways and embracing change doesn’t come easily to us. I’m certain that once they see how beneficial it is, then I’m sure they will have a change of heart. It was only by a slim majority that the vote against having one installed passed. In another year, I’m almost positive that they will vote in favor of having one installed, particularly if you’re actually going to make them visit the area’s that they’re responsible for.” Bartholomew chuckled.

“That’s an interesting proposition Bartholomew,” Ann said thoughtfully as a slow smile spread across her lips, “Perhaps a public relations tour is in order so that the Elders can refamiliarize themselves with the kingdom that voted them into their positions.”

“That is a remarkably astute observation, your grace, I’m sure they would be... thrilled, at the opportunity to leave the Enclave.” Bartholomew chuckled knowingly as they stopped in front of his office.

“I’ll leave Coral in your capable hands then Bartholomew. If you don’t mind I am going to lay down for an hour or two and carry on with the work that Eva has left me when I wake up. Honestly, I don’t know why I’m so tired.” She scowled irritably.

"I would think it's because your body has been through a lot, your highness." Coral offered helpfully, "That, and the fact you have three little pups growing inside of you and sapping all of your energy. You're going to need to take things a little easier now."

"See? Pups. Told you." Maeve grinned smugly as Ann internally rolled her eyes at her.

"I'll send for you when I'm awake if that's okay Coral? We need to talk about the use of the office block that Adam so kindly surprised me with. I'd like to move the architectural department and specialist real estate department that I used to manage into there and expand both departments, I think that..." "Ann, that's enough work for now. Rest and relaxation first, and maybe some food, before you continue with this." Adam interrupted firmly as she scowled up at him.

A million thoughts of how many ways she could argue with him ran through her head, but begrudgingly, she had to accept that he was right.

Right now she had to listen to her body and rest when it told her to, for the sake of the three little lives that were growing so rapidly inside of her.

"Fine." She relented with a sigh, "But just so you know, I would much rather be working than letting everyone else run around after me while I sleep. I need more hours in the day."

"No. You do not." Adam frowned, "Because all you would end up doing is spending more time working and less time resting. The work will still be there when you wake up."

"Says the Alpha who used to sleep only a few hours a night." Ann retorted with a snort as he steered her onwards down the corridor.

"That's the key phrase Ann. Used to. My priorities changed when I met you, and while I don't neglect my responsibilities in the Dark Moon or our company, I make sure that we have time together. Whereas you are still spending the time that I allocated for us, on work."

"Alright, alright, I get it. I'm a terrible mate choosing the kingdom over our bond." Ann bit back sarcastically as Adam chuckled.

"I never said that. You are perfect, Ann," He said, wrapping his arm around her tightly, "I wouldn't change you for the world. Despite everything, you are still working to improve the lives of the people within your kingdom, but you also need to remember to take time for yourself. I'm doing my job as your mate, and your consort, to remind you that you need downtime too. We're going to have three little pups running around before you know it."

"SEE?! PUPS!!!!" Maeve yelled triumphantly in her head as Ann winced at the sudden outburst and communicated her annoyance.

“Okay lover boy. I’m going to set aside the next few hours for resting, and I’ll make sure that Coral adds allocated rest periods for while I’m carrying these babies, okay?”

“Sounds perfect.” Adam murmured as he planted a k*iss on the top of her head and they continued on their way through the corridors.

Alpha Nocturne's Contracted Mate Chapter 279

Alpha Nocturne's Contracted Mate by A E Randell

Chapter 279 In Vain

The darkness as they neared the next site was even denser than the previous ones. With five down already and moving on to the sixth, Lexi had already passed the feeling of drained. Despite their breaks between attack's on the sites, the food and drink they had brought only went a short way towards replenishing her energy.

They came to a stop in front of the stones that had been haphazardly piled around this site, and by the looks of it, the construction of this one was far more recent than the last. There was a visible lack of lichen and moss coating the stones and Lord Brarthroroz frowned as he approached the middle of the circle.

He bent suddenly and placed his hand on the ground, the faintest flicker of surprise crossed his face before he stood suddenly and looked straight at Lexi with a complicated expression.

“This one still has faint signs of life.” Lord Brarthroroz said softly gesturing to the specialists, “Help me move these. We’ll need to be careful if we don’t want to inadvertently crush whoever lies beneath them.”

They exchanged a look before moving forward and starting work, carefully prising the stones from the ground as they had done at each site before this. Allen squeezed Lexi’s hand before striding forward and joining them.

Lexi watched emotionlessly as stone after stone was lifted, holding her breath in apprehension as she realized that this one wasn’t going to be as simple as eradicating the anchor for the power.

She would have to go inside the person and unravel the magick that was knotted tightly around their essence. If she made even the slightest mistake then in an instant, the unfortunate soul would lose not only their life, but what little remained of their tattered soul too.

Lexi chewed the inside of her cheek nervously as her stomach flipped.

The amount of pressure that rested squarely on her shoulders was almost unbearable at this point and all she could think about was getting this over and done with so that they could find Greyson and make sure he returned home safely.

“F*uc*k...” a low growl accompanied by muttered curse words drifted towards her from where the males stood huddled over the now open tomb.

Allen looked towards Lexi with concern in his eyes and something else... sadness.

“Lexi... if you can’t do this...” he said softly, almost pleadingly as she made her way over.

She didn’t reply, casting him a long, tired look as she dragged her eyes to gaze down in the pit and her heart seemed to catch in her throat.

She narrowed her eyes furiously, both of her souls roiling furiously inside of her. A child, clutched tightly in the embrace of its dead mother, her arms wrapped almost protectively around her, as if she could shield her in death from the horrors they clearly suffered in life.

“Lexi...” Allen called softly but he stopped as she turned to glare at him furiously.

“Don’t. There is no choice here, Allen. None that should ever have to be made in the first place. Of course I’m going to try, and if I fail... we’ll pick up the pieces afterwards.” She hissed lowly as her eyes blazed furiously between the electric blue and crimson red of both of her souls, swirling together furiously.

A low chuckle in the surrounding darkness forced all of them to turn and react accordingly, shifting into defensive positions as the hell hounds and direwolves at their side snarled menacingly into the darkness.

“Well, well, well, what do we have here? A Daemon Lord , a half breed and a bunch of flea bitten shifters,” a voice purred from the shadows, “It almost sounds like the start of a bad joke.” “Who’s there?!” the specialist demanded furiously, “Show yourself!” Manic laughter replied before the silken voice answered.

“You know who we are and as for showing ourselves,” the voice paused sinisterly as the four figures materialized amidst a cloud of black smoke, “that would be our pleasure.”

Lexi’s eyes h*ardened as they settled on the face of the woman at the front of the group.

“Narcissa,” She hissed dangerously as the woman dragged her eyes over them, her eyes wreathed in an unnatural light as she smirked.

“The one and only,” she smirked as she spread her arms wide, the deep scars that ran along her face and arms twisting eerily in the light from her eyes.

“You look like s*hit.” Lexi smirked as her father moved closer and bent down to her.

“Ignore her. We’ll deal with them. Focus on the child.” He murmured quietly, seeing the childlike fear of failure in her eyes, “I believe in you, daughter of mine.” He added softly as he cupped her cheek in his hand, “Whatever happens, it’s okay.”

With that he turned and faced Narcissa, blocking Lexi’s position with his large frame as Allen and the specialists formed a human shield in front of him. “I see Eromaug still delights in pain and suffering, tormenting his foolish subjects as he sees fit.” Lord Brarthroroz rumbled disdainfully.

“You have no right to speak his name.” Narcissa hissed furiously as her eyes seemed to flare dangerously. “And by the looks of it, you have no right to still be walking amongst the living, Narcissa. Tell me, was it painful when he bound your soul and took what he needed from your flesh?”

“It is an honour to give to Lord Eromaug everything he desires, you would not understand! You took his gift from me once and I will not allow you to do the same a second time!” She screamed as she surged forward, the figures accompanying her doing the same as the males leaped into action.

Lexi stood with her arms outstretched in front of her, the sounds of violence surrounding her seemnigly fading into the distance as she tried her best to follow the threads of energy tightly interwoven between the mother and child, their souls locked into the frightful magickal barrier.

With one hand she guided the destructive force that she had inherited from her father, cauterizing the threads that ran between each soul and fed into the barrier, as the ancient magick of her mother followed it’s progress with her other hand, restoring what parts of the little girl’s broken soul that she could.

She wasn’t certain, but she had a suspicion that if she could isolate the child’s soul from her mothers, then the barrier would pull only from the mothers remains of her locked soul, and free her daughter from the voracious appetite of the dark magic that bound them.

Lexi had no idea how long they had been entombed here, but judging by the little girl’s emaciated state, she had at least been held by these heartless bastards for longer than she cared to imagine.

Her anger flared and pushed her forward, the injustice of it all only fueling her resolve. When she was done with freeing this child, she would make sure that Narcissa and her cronies paid for this, for everything that they had done to this child and her mother.

With the last few threads clear of their souls, she shouted to Allen to remove the child from the makeshift tomb, as she struggled to hold her fury back.

It felt like an eternity had passed and nobody was answering her shouts to remove the child from danger. If she let her daemonic energy free to incinerate the mother's remains, then the child would burn along with her, and the cold f*ingers of dread began to creep their way into her soul.

The pressure inside of her was immense and she cried out in pain as sweat poured from her whilst she clenched her jaw, desperate to hold the energy back. She sobbed loudly as she felt herself weaken, her frustration almost as painful as the effort it was taking to hold the energy back.

This effort couldn't have been in vain. She refused to believe that fate would be so cruel as to allow her to free the child, only to have her die at her own hands moments later.

Then, as she felt her control slip, and the energy begin to cascade out of her as the dam broke, a blurred figure seemed to dash forward in front of her, with eyes that should have been familiar, yet in that moment... she could not recognize them.

That was all that she remembered before her final thread of restraint snapped and the darkness took her.

Alpha Nocturne's Contracted Mate Chapter 280

Alpha Nocturne's Contracted Mate by A E Randell

Chapter 280 I Won't Reject You

The muffled sound of angry voices seemed to drift around Lexi as she fought to open her eyes.

She blinked in confusion as the canopy of leaves above her came into focus and she frowned, her headache intensifying as she did so.

The irritated m*oan that came from her l*ips at least seemed to make the hum of noise around her stop as the concerned faces of her father and Allen came into focus.

"You're awake? How do you feel?" Allen asked anxiously as she slowly sat herself up and looked around her, trying to piece together what had happened.

All of a sudden, the memory of the little girl in her mothers arms and the flood of devastating power that she had unleashed filled her mind and panicked, she grabbed hold of Allen's arm.

“Please tell me you got her. Please tell me I didn’t kill her.” Allen’s mouth set into a grim line as Lexi’s face crumpled.

“Don’t worry, I managed to get her to safety,” a voice that she hadn’t been sure she would ever hear again said as she whipped her head around to face him, “I wasn’t quick enough to avoid being caught by your... abilities though.”

Lexi could have wept with joy as her eyes connected with the nonchalant figure casually hunched over with his elbows resting on his knees, whilst a man that she didn’t recognize tended to the burns on his back and side.

“Greyson?!” She whispered in a mix of disbelief and relief.

“Last time I checked,” he nodded with a smirk as he lifted his eyes to meet her gaze.

“I thought...” Lexi’s voice cracked as she was unable to finish the sentence.

“It’ll take more than that to get rid of me,” he answered darkly with a derisive snort, “These witches like to think that they’re clever but they really aren’t.”

Lexi turned to look at Allen and her father, her eyes shining with unasked questions.

“I heard you shout for me, but I wasn’t close enough to reach you in time.” Allen said, his expression full of regret.

“We’re exceedingly lucky that Greyson had ventured out from where they had barricaded themselves when he did. They heard the fighting and came to investigate, expecting to find one of his scouting parties that he had sent out yesterday, but instead he found us.” Lord Brarthroroz explained.

“I think it’s safe to assume that the scouting party is lost to us at this point if they haven’t made it back to the capital.” Greyson commented bitterly.

“And the girl?” Lexi asked, holding her breath as she waited desperately for the answer. Lord Brarthroroz smiled gently as he placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

“She’s stable, for now, and on her way back to the capital. I’m sure they’ll take good care of her and do everything they can.”

Lexi seemed to sag backwards as the relief hit her like a ton of bricks, Allen reaching out suddenly to wrap his arm around her in order to steady her. “I thought I’d killed her.” Lexi whispered as a few traitorous tears slipped down her cheeks.

“You very nearly did, daughter of mine, but we knew that was a possibility if we were faced with something like this. It’s incredible that you managed to pull that off Lexi, the concentration and skill that’s required in the first place to do something like that is

astronomical and the fact you were successful in your first ever attempt..." Her father said soothingly, trying to reassure her but Lexi snorted derisively.

"I still lost control though, didn't I?" she hissed bitterly as she stared at her hands in disgust.

"Not as badly as last time, love." Allen said gently, "You didn't explode in wrath and fury without us at your side, you still managed to direct it to your target."

"But I couldn't hold it back!" Lexi protested angrily.

"You will be able to, with time and with practice, and with both of your mates at your side." Lord Brarthroroz soothed as he directed a pointed look towards both Allen and Greyson.

As the unfamiliar man finished tending to his wounds, Greyson stood and stretched, loosening his aching back and wincing as the raw skin pulled painfully.

"I'm sorry." Lexi mumbled as he sauntered over to her with a neutral expression.

"I'll take this as payback for me leaving things with you how I did, and then being gone for so long without any word as to our position." He said with a rueful smile, "Your father filled me in on your purpose here. Thank you for coming to find me."

Greyson reached a hand out and stroked Lexi's face gently.

"I'm still not happy about having to share my mate with another male, but being faced with everything I've seen so far..." He broke off as his face clouded suddenly, "Well, let's just say I've had time to consider what's important to me, and without you, Lexi, I have nothing." he continued as a sad smile played on his lips.

Lord Brarthroroz rumbled his approval as he and Allen moved away slightly, to give them some space.

"So, you mean you won't reject me?" Lexi asked, her voice small and timid amidst the guttural deep tones of the men around them.

In that instant, all that Greyson wanted to do for the frightened woman in front of him, that stared at him with such uncertainty, was to take her away far from here and keep her safe, the two of them living their lives quietly and raising a family in some house far away from all of this.

Yet he knew that the future he had envisioned with his mate would not be a possibility if he accepted Lexi and as much as it tore him apart inside, he knew that he could never live without her. "I won't reject you, Lexi." he said softly, "I just need a little time to get used to the thought of another man being with you as well."

The expression on his face told Lexi that making his peace with that fat would take a long time indeed.

“Who knows... perhaps when all of this is over you and Allen might get a little closer and...you know...” Lexi suggested coyly as Greyson scowled back at her.

“Listen, I’m all about the females. What another man does with another man is his business, but me? I intend to possess that sweet spot between your l*egs and make sure that even if you lay with him, you’ll still be thinking about me.” Greyson growled quietly as Lexi’s stomach flipped in anticipation.

“Well I guess I’ll look forward to that then.” She smiled weakly.

“I know you will,” He smirked as he took hold of her hand and k*issed it gently, “Come on. Now that you’re awake I want to catch everyone up on what’s happened since we left. Are you sure you’re okay to continue?”

Lexi nodded firmly.

“Damn right I am. I fully intend to wipe this coven and all of its insidious members off the face of this earth.” She hissed with conviction as he helped her to stand and they made their way over to the two groups of men that stood eagerly awaiting the decision for what their next move would entail.