

Chapter 3: Hunting Down Myra Clarke

LOCKE

I didn't sleep all night.

I was in a state of confusion and utter disappointment.

Right after Myra left, I found a random girl from the party who was willing to 'get down' but a few minutes into our make-out session, I lost my erection.

I tried to focus on the girl, to channel that same energy but nothing happened again. Even my wolf whined in frustration. That same power that had me alive was gone, making me feel like I have always felt.

Like I was dead inside.

Why? Was that incident just a coincidence? Did Myra do something to me?

I had to find her to be sure.

Getting out of bed, I went down the stairs, freshly showered, and dressed.

I was always usually in a bad mood, but this time was worse, and just when I thought, my day couldn't get any worse, I entered the dining room, and my mood soured.

Seated at the table were my parents; the Alpha King and Luna Supreme of Nightmoon, along with top ranking members of the Kingdom...and finally my cousin, Oscar Helsing.

I sighed through my nose, strolling to my seat.

"Good morning, Hem." My mother greeted me with a smile. I kissed her on the side of the head before sitting beside her.

"Morning, Father." I murmured and the hulk of a man whom I bore a striking resemblance to replied with a firm nod.

"Morning, Locke. Good to have you back." My cousin piped up.

I responded with a glare.

He had blonde hair bleached even whiter than it originally was and although all Helsing had green eyes, his was sky blue.

"What's he doing here, Father?"

The King sighed as if he were expecting me to make trouble and wasn't ready for it. "I think you already know why, Son."

I froze. My father was getting old, and it was time for him to retire, which meant someone had to take the throne.

But it looks like it won't be me.

Pure hot anger surged in my veins, rippling out in Alpha power. Oscar shifted uneasily in his seat. My mother sucked in a breath.

"I have done every single thing you have asked of me, Father." My voice was quiet. "If anyone deserves this throne, it's me."

No one moved for several moments.

Then my father sighed again, "You are right, Son, and believe me, I would want nothing more than to give you this position but it's out of my hands. According to the elders, custom demands that only a candidate who can bear children can ascend the throne."

My mother's hand rested on my thigh. "Hemlock, darling. Your father is right. We all know your situation and we have tried everything to fix it, but we can't and that's why you can't have the throne."

A bitter smile crossed my lips. "So Oscar deserves it more?"

My cousin's greedy eyes cut to the King who in turn had his eyes down on his meal. "Unfortunately, yes. He's the closest kin to us and he has a mate, too."

My smile widened as I rose from my seat. Instantly, all the generals, including Oscar, tensed as if I were about to attack. "That won't be necessary, Father." I shoved my hands in my pockets. "I am happy to tell you that I stand before you, a healed man. I no longer have problems with my penis."

Oscar's eyes widened and for the second time since I came in, my father met my gaze.

"Are you being serious?" He assessed me warily.

"Have you ever known me to tell a joke?"

"How?" My mother seemed perplexed.

I shrugged. "I met a girl. She healed me."

"A witch?!" She exclaimed.

"No!" I answered too quickly, although I realized I never knew what she really was or what actually happened.

"How else could she have healed you?" Oscar asked, a teasing smirk on his lips.

"Please tell me you didn't go to a witch for healing." My mother's worried voice added to the tension in the air.

I looked at everyone, their eyes fixated on me. "I did not. I spent years eradicating them. I would never betray the Crown." I paused, thinking of the right words to say to get out of this mess. "I think she healed me ... because she's my mate."

Fuck. I just told a lie.

My mother gasped again, her hands covering her mouth. "Good Goddess! This is great news, Zander!" She said to my father who seemed deep in thought.

"If this is true, I will summon the Elders, but you will summon her. She must appear before us in forty-eight hours and we must see evidence. Otherwise, you and her will be in big trouble. Understood?"

I swallowed, the wheels of my mind turning. "Understood."

Then I left the room with the sole purpose of hunting down Myra Clarke.



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