

Entering a trap

THIRD PERSON'S POV

As Xavier recalled the events from last week, the discomfort on his chest started growing rapidly. He stared out the large window, watching the trees sway with the wind.

It has been a week since that incident, and not a day had passed without the ache in his chest intensifying. His wolf was restless, pacing back and forth in his mind, yearning for the presence of their mate.

In fact, whether Xavier admits it to himself or not, he felt a pang of regret... of guilt. He kept thinking of the possibilities whether everything would take a turn if he had only rushed to Isabella's side that day, and instead ght the rogues with her.

But all those was just his wishful thinking. Isabella was now nowhere to be found. He had already sent his pack warriors to search through the surrounding forests and territories. When he saw Isabella fall, he couldn't wait to get down the cliff and rush to her rescue.

But he was being held back by the increasing number of rogues who were attacking him that time. The ght only nished after an hour and he immediately went down the treacherous terrain below the cliff, his heart hanging in worry.

But there was nothing... No trace of her at all. It was as if Isabella had vanished from the face of the earth.

Xavier couldn't accept it. He ordered the whole pack to work relentlessly in tracking her. He wouldn't stop until he found her. He even sent inquiries to the neighboring packs, hoping to get even a slight of information. But again, he only arrived at a dead-end.

Uncertainty chewed him inside. The fear and frustration constantly boiling over in his gut. Hue simply couldn't shake the hollow feeling that was gripping his heart. Even his wolf's unease heightened his own.

A knock on the door of his oce broke the silence in the room before a pack warrior entered. The grave expression on the pack warrior's face made Xavier's heart sank. He knew he's brought bad news.

"Alpha, we've searched every possible location," the pack warrior reported with a very low tone. He kept his head bowed, somewhat intimidated by the thick atmosphere inside the room.

"But there's still no trace of Luna. The neighboring packs also reported nothing. But they assured us that they would also make some efforts to help."

"Continue the search." Xavier's jaw clenched, his voice was hard and commanding. "We have to nd her."

The pack warrior nodded and slipped out of the room, leaving Xavier alone again. The uncomfortable feeling in his heart grew even more. A week of searching yet there was still no progress. He slammed his hands on the desk, his face showing deep frustration.

The pack had always come to looked up to him for guidance and protection, but now, he felt so helpless and useless. He couldn't even nd his own Luna.

The door creaked open once again. Lucas, his beta, and one of his most trusted friends entered.

"Alpha," Lucas stared at Xavier in concern. "How are you?"

Xavier only threw him a glance and kept silent afterwards. He couldn't nd the words to describe what he was feeling right now. The silence in the room dragged until Lucas sighed heavily.

"Xavier, you know... It's been a week." Lucas said in diculty. "Maybe... maybe it's time to prepare for the worst."

This time, Xavier's gaze ew to Lucas. Fury blazed in his eyes as he lunged towards Lucas and grabbed his collar, harshly pulling him close.

"How dare you say that!" He snarled in a deep yet dangerous voice. "Don't you ever disrespect your Luna like that."

Lucas held up his hands in defeat, but his eyes still held the same seriousness.

It's been a known fact in the pack that their Alpha and Luna's relationship was estranged. But now, seeing Xavier's current predicament made Lucas think twice.

In fact, Xavier and Isabella has already been wedded for three years, and they were still mates. It was impossible if the two have not grown any feelings for these past years. But Lucas knew that Xavier's pride was too high, and he still refuses to admit it even his actions say otherwise.

Xavier pushed him away, and Lucas stumbled. He xed his shirt for a moment before he turned to look at Xavier again, who was now facing his back to him.

"I'm sorry, Alpha. But you should prepare for the possibility... She may never--"

Before he could nish speaking, Xavier had already stormed out of the room, banging the door close with great strength. Lucas could only sigh.

On the other hand, Xavier walked back to the house he and Isabella had shared for the past three years. but from the moment he stepped inside, he was greeted by the emptiness. The view of the dark and hollow rooms enveloped him, much like the hole in his heart.

As he walked in the dimly lit corridor, a sudden gure came out from the shadows. In that eeting moment, his heart stopped.

He thought it was Isabella. She was wearing a dress he recognized – her favorite dress. Xavier stood still, staring intently at the gure.

"Isabella..." He murmured somewhat absentmindedly.

But when the lights came on. He realized it was not Isabella who stood before him. Instead, Sophia's smiling face greeted him, she was wearing Isabella's favorite dress.

"You're home." She said, her voice carrying a husky and seductive tone.

But Xavier didn't pay attention to that. His expression instead hardened. The sight of Sophia wearing Isabella's favorite dress sent him a wave of displeasure.

"Why are you wearing that dress?" His said in a low, chilled tone.

Sophia's face morphed into a surprised look before her smile faltered, seeing his expression. "... I didn't have anything else to wear."

Xavier frowned deeper. "Tell the servants to take you shopping tomorrow."

He paused then threw her a cold look, "Stop wearing her dresses."

There were tears welling up in Sophia's eyes, but Xavier only felt the cold feeling in his heart.

"Did I make you mad?" Sophia asked him in a trembling voice, but Xavier didn't say anything and only brushed past her.

Sophia stood frozen on her spot, her hands trembling.

As Xavier arrived inside the bedroom he once shared with Isabella, his gaze then fell on the divorce papers that still lay on the oor untouched. It was the rst time he came back here ever since their quarrel last week, and the room almost didn't change when he left.

Only that, it was full of emptiness – far from how it once was.

He picked up the divorce papers, his eyes falling into the signatures. He remembered how Isabella had been serious that day about leaving him. It gnawed at him, a hurtful reminder of just how all hell had broken loose.

He balled the papers in his sts while the emptiness of the room seemed to mock the void feeling in his heart.

The next morning, they nally got a lead. They received an anonymous report that a woman who matches Isabella's description had been seen with the rogues.

Xavier felt both hope and dread. He knew right away that he needed to go and check it out himself. This was the only chance he got after almost a week of no results.

"Be careful," At that day, his father, Alpha Martin, came to his oce. "It might be a trap."

They've been in a cold war since the incident that happened last week. Alpha Martin has blamed him over the disappearance of Isabella, but Xavier endured it, because he also knew that everything was his fault.

"I know. But this is my only chance, dad."

Xavier couldn't turn his back on the possibility of nding Isabella. He gathered a group of pack warriors before setting out to raid the rogues' den. They prepared for the possibility of any attack while on the way.

But as they approached closer to the location, Xavier realized that they were indeed walking into a trap. However, they couldn't back out at that moment. They discovered that more than a hundred rogues awaited them, and it far outnumbered his forces.

They started ghting against the rogues. It was intense and chaotic. Xavier did his best and ght alongside his warriors with all he could, but it was not long until the was completely overcome.

He suffered multiple serious injuries and his strength slowly faded. His body dropped into the ground, and just at the moment he was about to lose consciousness, a gure moved towards him.

He was dazed. Through his blur vision, he felt like the gure was Isabella. Her face was held before his mind. Before he turned completely unconscious, he found himself slowly reaching out his hand, mumbling her name.

"Isabella..."