

Alpha Alec's Redemption Chapter 21

I really should have started training when Piper did. In my defense, I thought I had time. Never did I imagine that I'd find myself in such a situation. I was fighting for mine and my baby's lives.

I dodged yet another attack, but I don't know how long I could keep this up. My plan was to keep dodging until Raven got back. With her powers, she could easily take the woman down.

"Will you stay still?" she snarled at me, and I just scoffed

Was she stupid? Stay still so that she can capture me. Over my damn dead body.

I don't know what Beth had done when she told us not to worry about Alec coming after us, seemed like she'd somehow convinced everyone that I was dead.

but it

If this woman is able to catch me and take me back to Alec, I know there will be hell to pay. First of all, because of what he believed I did, and second, because he'll take it personally that he was tricked

and fell for it.

"Can we just please talk about this?" I asked her in desperation.

I was getting really tired. Leaning against a tree, a few distance from her, I try to catch my breath. This whole thing reminded me of the Tom and J**y cartoon.

"There is nothing to f**g talk about," she responded with a menacing and cold voice. "Do you realize how much money I can bag when I capture you and take you back to Alpha Alec? Not only will I be rewarded, but I'll be praised for capturing a traitor who faked her own death."

I looked at her, puzzled. "I didn't fake my death; as you can clearly see, I'm alive."

What the hell was she talking about? How would I fake my death? It just wasn't possible. The only way

that would be possible is if someone found a burned body and somehow Beth managed to convince

them it's me.

Even then, knowing Alec, he would demand a DNA test be done, unless the body was burned to ash, which I still doubt Alec would easily believe it's me without proof.

"Yes, you did." Her voice pulled me back to the present. "They found your body, tortured, and the throat slit."

That couldn't be right. I am right here, so how the hell is it possible that they found my dead body?

"That's not possible," I mumbled to myself, still unable to make sense of things.

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Something wasn't adding up, What had Beth done? And if she were the one responsible, which I firmly believe she is, what is the extent of her power to be able to manipulate a body to look like me? Did she use an illusion spell or some other type of magic?

Before I can get my head wrapped around everything, the woman attacks me again.

"Enough chit-chat, it doesn't matter what's possible or not; what matters is the reward I'll get when! bring you to the Alpha."

My brain was a bit slow, so when she attacked me, my guard was down. I tried running, but she kicked me in the back, which sent me flying. I hit a tree before crumbling to the ground.

Trying to get up was a fit. My body f**g ached, and the pain was immeasurable. For a second, I saw stars. I wrapped my hand protectively around my belly, hopping against all hopes that my baby would be fine.

I struggled to get up, but before I get the chance, she's on me. She flipped me, with my back to the ground, as she snarled at me, baring her sharp teeth.

I tried to use my hands to stop her, but it did no good when her fangs sank into my wrist. I screamed in pain, because, damn, being bitten is f**g painful. She stopped for a few seconds before staring at me with glowing red eyes.

"What are you?" she asked, her head tipped to the side in curiosity.

It was the same damn question the other vampire that attacked me asked. I don't get a chance to think that much into it because she resumes sucking. It felt like she was tearing my hand apart.

Using my

other hand, I searched for anything I could grab. Anything I could use as a weapon. She had her eyes closed, like she was relishing each drop of my blood. I knew deep down that if I didn't do something, she wasn't going to stop until there wasn't any blood left inside me. I couldn't let that happen.

My hands grabbed onto a rock. It was a bit heavy, but I managed to lift it. Since she had her eyes closed, she didn't see the attack coming. Hitting her on the side of the head as hard as I can, she lets go of me and falls.

I don't give her time to recover. Adrenaline pumped into me when I got on top of her, and I continued hitting her over and over again until she wasn't moving anymore. By the time she was still, my hands were covered in blood and her head had been completely bashed in.

Taking deep, quick breaths, I tried calming my racing heart. Once I've made sure she's dead, I get off her and collapse on the ground next to her..

I'd just gotten my heart rate to go down when I heard a rustle and then slow hand claps, I looked up to find a man who seemed to be a few years older than me, staring at the dead woman before turning his deadly green eyes towards me.

He looked scary, especially with the scar that ran from his right eye to his cheek bone. He's looked like someone you don't want to mess with.

Seriously? Can't I get a f**g break.

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"Who the fuck are you?" I asked, scrambling back until my back hits a tree.

My heart was racing, and my whole body was trembling. I felt like I couldn't breathe as the weight of what I'd done suddenly hit me like a ton of bricks.

I know she wasn't a good person, but she was still a person, and I had killed her. I've never killed before. Never hurt anyone intentionally, and now here I am, a murderer with blood on my hands.

"I was about to ask you the same thing," he answered, but for some reason, his words just don't register in my head.

He started walking towards me, and I scrambled further back, even though there wasn't anywhere else to go.

“Stay back. Don’t come nearer,” I shouted at him, pushing my hands in front of me in an effort to wade him off.

My gaze got caught by the blood on my hands, which was now drying. Everything in me froze as I’m unable to tear my eyes from my bloodied hands. It was proof that I was indeed a killer. A cold, heartless killer.

A sob teared its way from my lips as the whole magnitude of my actions crashes into me. I had killed someone. I’d killed another supernatural. I’d taken someone’s life.

But I was protecting myself, I was protecting my unborn pup. It was self-defense. It was either me or her. If I hadn’t done it, then she would have killed me. The way she was drinking my blood, she would have ended up draining me dry.

I tried to reason. Tried to reassure myself, but it does nothing. The guilt was there. Maybe I could have incapacitated her. I should have left her after the first blow to her head, but instead I kept going, ramming her head with the stone over and over until she died.

I’m a mess, and I can’t stop my body from shaking. I can’t stop my hands from trembling.

“Hey, it’s okay.” His face appears before me, but it’s distorted because of my tears.
“You’re okay”

“I killed her. I’m a murderer.” I couldn’t breathe. Trying to get air into my lungs was difficult, and I felt like there was this crashing weight on my chest.

“Look at me. Breathe. Just breathe.”

He forced me to look at him, and guided me. At first, nothing happens, but minutes later, I start to

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mimic his actions. It takes a while, but soon I start breathing again and relaxing.

When I’m calmer, he released my face and just stared at me

“First kill?” he asked, his intense brown eyes piercing my own.

I nod, unable to form words yet.

He stood up and looked at the body of the dead woman. Before I can react or anything, he takes out an axe I had not noticed and severs her head.

I'm rooted in shock just as Raven breaks through the clearing

"What the hell?" She shouted, dropping the firewood she'd collected.

She rushed to me, examining me all over. "Are you okay? Did he hurt you?"

I shake my head as the strange man turns to us. "Now she's truly dead."

"Who are you?" Raven asked him.

*Kingsley, but you can call me King

Now that I'm calmer, my fear of him fades. I don't know

how to explain it, but deep inside, I

had the feeling that he wasn't here to hurt us. That, we weren't his target.

"I'm Raven and this Sadie," Raven introduced us, probably sensing the same thing I did.

She gave me a side look, and I just know. One of the other gifts that Raven has is the ability to sense whether a person is malicious or not. She could read a person's energy, so the fact that she was willingly giving out our names meant that we could trust him.

King nodded, and we watched as he dragged the body a distance away. Once that's done, he picked up the firewood that Raven had dropped, arranged it, and lit the fire.

As the fire started, he faced us and asked, "So, what is your story?"

"What do you mean?" Raven retorted.

"I mean, what are two girls doing out here in an unclaimed land all by themselves instead of being in their pack and coven?"

He was good; I gotta give him that. He was able to successfully tell our species. Not many can do that. Even with vampires, who, folklore states that they look pale or some shit like that. Unless each species is in its natural state, you cannot really tell us apart from humans.

We can sense if a person is supernatural, but we can't easily tell which species they are exactly

"We are banished," I simply said, gauging his reaction.

He just shrugs like it's nothing.

"It doesn't bother you that we are banished?" Rave asked in disbelief.

"Not really. I'm a lone wolf, and I've met some pretty awesome people. I know that not everyone who's been banished is evil. Unless you're a rogue, then there may be some good in you."

So he's like me, a wolf. That's almost comforting.

We were quiet for a moment as we let his words sink in. Raven uses the opportunity to chant some spells. Seconds later, I the wound on my wrists healed. I sighed in tiredness as I began to crash from the adrenaline withdrawal.

"I've got to thank you for making my work easy, Sadie." King interrupts the silence. "But with her kind, you have to sever their heads or they may just come back."

Raven turns to me with a look of surprise. "Wait, you're the one that did all that damage?"

I nodded my head as I run my shaking hand through my hair. "Yeah. She recognized me and wanted to take me back to him. I couldn't let that happen."

Her eyes turned soft in understanding. Yes, I got a good feeling about Kingsley, but I couldn't fully trust him yet. He was still a stranger.

"What did you mean about her kind?" I turned to him. "I thought she was a vampire."

"She isn't. She's a hybrid, and I've been hunting her for a few days now," he answered.

"That's impossible. Hybrids don't exist. We can only procreate with our own species," I rushed to say.

Sure, sex is possible between all four species, but not conception. A werewolf can't conceive with any of the other species, and the same goes for the others. What he was saying was beyond impossible. It was in the realm of dreams.

"She's a vampire-werewolf hybrid, so it's possible, especially with the help of something really powerful," King calmly answered.

My world is blown away by this news. No wonder she was really strong. I don't even know how I defeated her if that's the case.

"Dark magic," Raven whispered.

"No." he simply says. "This is something more powerful than dark magic. Yes, dark magic is strong. but the magic coursing through her is different. It's powerful and ancient. Someone is turning people into hybrids, and they've been popping up

everywhere. I don't know if the council knows this yet, but something tells me that this is bigger than anything anyone can imagine."

"What could be more powerful than dark magic? It's the reason it's forbidden because, apart from corrupting one's soul, no one has ever been strong enough to contain it."

Raven had a valid point. We were told stories of one or two witches who practiced dark magic. They ended up dead because their bodies were too weak to contain it. The powers ended up destroying them from the inside out until there was nothing left in them.

"Look, it's hard to explain it, but I just know. It's why I've been hunting hybrids and killing them. Most of these hybrids are evil, but I also wanted to know what kind of magic is being used and, more importantly, why someone is turning them."

Now more than ever, I needed to do something about my training. If King is right and going by how strong and vicious the woman was, then I needed to be able to defend me and my baby.

I sat there and listened to the crickets. Lost in my own thoughts, the question the dead hybrid asked continued to ring in my head.

What are you?

push the thought away, not really ready to probe into why two vampires asked me the same question after tasting my blood.

My focus now is on being able to protect those I love, and that means I have to accept that that may just include killing in order to survive.

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There wasn't much to talk about after everything poured out of King. After our conversation, Raven invited him for dinner. I wasn't in any position to help, so King and Raven took care of everything.

After having our meal, I went straight to sleep. My body was tired and wired at the same time. I want to say that I had a peaceful sleep, but I didn't. My brain couldn't shut down, no matter how hard I tried. I was still awake long after Kingsley and Raven fell asleep.

Waking up slowly so as not to wake them up, I got out of my sleeping bag and wandered around. I was the rest it surely deserved. I so fucking tired and sleepy, yet my damn mind refused to let my body get felt frustrated and bitter.

Pushing my tears back, I spotted a big boulder, and I went and sat on it. The moon was out today, and seeing it just made me angrier.

Why me, moon goddess? First, you take away my parents depriving me of the chance to get to know them and be loved by them. As if that wasn't enough for you, you let all that happened to me happen. Why? If you're so caring and love your children, then why let all this happen to me?

Of course, there wasn't any answer from her, and that just made me more bitter. She took away life I had built, the people I love, and my dignity, yet she doesn't have the guts to tell me why.

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When we were younger, we were taught to always trust and believe in the moon goddess. We were taught not to question her and to just trust that she does everything for our good. I used to trust her, and I used to believe that there's always a silver lining because the goddess had everything under

control.

Now my trust is broken, and my eyes are opened. The faith and love I had for her slowly faded in the months that my life turned to shit. We were supposed to trust her no matter what, but how could I when I was fucking tortured by the very man I was in love with?

How could I continue to trust her after Alec banished me? Ordered my death and almost killed my unborn child? How could I continue to blindly trust her when she turned my life upside down?

I touched the scar on my cheek, remembering the day Alec put it there. The day he branded me. It will always be a reminder of what I went through at the hands of his and that of his pack. Sighing, I got up and walked back to our little camp. I lie down and close my eyes, I didn't expect it, but finally my body

shuts down.

"Wake up, Sadie. We need to leave."

Raven's voice pulled me from my steep. I rested, but it wasn't a peaceful sleep. My dreams were a nightmare, reliving my time in the dungeon and when I killed the hybrid yesterday

When i was in the pack, I knew that one day I would need to defend myself, but I never once believed in killing 1 thought it was merciless and uncalled for. I told myself that i would never take a life, if ever I was in danger, I'd weaken them, but not kill them.

I broke that promise yesterday. They made me break that promise. Alec made me break a promise to myself, and that's something else I won't ever forgive him for.

I got up, and Raven handed me a cup of steaming tea and bread. Surprisingly, King was still here.

"I thought you would've left by now," I told him, sipping the comforting tea.

He sighed. "I thought so too, but for some reason I can't."

"What do you mean you can't? No one is stopping you from leaving: just stand up and leave. It's that simple." That came from Raven, who was drinking her coffee as usual.

I loved coffee; it was my fucking lifeline, but since we learned I was pregnant, Raven has limited the

amount I take.

His things were already packed, but he was seated, and he looked mighty frustrated.

"I was going to leave, I'd even gotten my things and was about to leave, but something inside me stopped me. For some strange reason, I feel like this is where I'm meant to be. That I should stick by you."

He was staring straight at me as he said that. Out of habit, I touched my hair (I do that when I'm nervous), but there's nothing there. I released a deep breath when I remembered Alec cutting it all off. Fuck, I hate him.

"Destiny," Raven mumbles, looking at her now-half cup.

"What are you talking about, Rave?" I questioned her.

"Destiny. Intertwined destiny," she says, looking up at the both of us. "I think his destiny is intertwined with yours, just like mine and yours are."

A chill passed down my spine, and I shivered.

"Rave?"

I look at her, deeply staring into her eyes. There's something there. Something I can't even begin to

explain.

"I started having dreams about you years ago. I didn't get why or who you were, but I always pushed it to the back of my mind. It continued for years, snippets, but I brushed them off. That was until a couple of months ago, when the dreams turned into nightmares and I saw the girl I've been dreaming about suffering."

She looked at King and stopped. We didn't know him well, so we couldn't fully trust him. She doesn't need to explain the rest to me, I already knew because I lived the nightmare.

"During those times, I didn't know who you were or where you were. I didn't even know if I should trust them. You were just a girl in my dreams, one who couldn't be real. Well, that is until I found you in the forest surrounded by rogues."

Both Kingsley and I were quiet the whole time. I was shocked, honestly, but King was thoughtful.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I asked in confusion.

"You'd already been through enough. I didn't want to spring this on you when I didn't understand it myself."

My thoughts were rushing too fast for me to grasp all of them. My head was a jumbled mess.

Raven continued. "I believe it's destiny. Beth pretty much told me the same. If you believe that you are meant to be here with her, then this is where you should be."

What she said would explain why I trusted him despite him being a complete stranger.

"Who is Beth?" King asks after a while.

"She's my mentor."

He nodded his head and looked into the distance. It seemed like he was deep in thought. Lost in thought. I didn't know what to feel. This was all overwhelming. Everything that has happened since yesterday has been heavy on me, and then to learn that Raven has been having dreams about me for years? Well, that just tipped the scale.

"So, what are you going to do?" Raven asked Kingsley, but I feel it's more than a question. It's almost as if she was challenging him.

He stared at her and then shrugged. "I guess I'll just have to trust my gut and go with you wherever it is you're going."

At first, I was shocked that he would follow two strangers, but after a while, I nodded, accepting his decision.

I no longer believe in the goddess or destiny, but somehow, this whole thing felt right

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Alec.

It's been a couple of weeks since Sadie died and Piper left the pack. Things have been f**g t**errible, and I don't even know how the hell I'm going to fix everything that is happening.

The pack is getting weaker as the days go by. A few days ago, there was a rogue attack, and we almost f**g lost. Some of the warriors who had been attacked have yet to heal.

Werewolves have fast healing. They should have healed in a few hours after the attack, but it's been days, and they're still in the f**g hospital. We've been debating with Jason, Micah, and the elders whether to tell them the truth or not since they've started questioning why they aren't healing as fast as they should. It was all so frustrating, considering we aren't anywhere close to finding a solution. It's like fate is working against us or something.

My door opened, and I stopped what I was doing to stare up.

"Tell me you have some good news," I growled, my frustration evident in my tone of voice.

Jason and Micah stared at each other, as if communicating something silently, before turning to me.

"Well!" I all but shouted while standing up.

I was wound up tight. Knox and I were on edge. We could both sense the danger that was lingering. The chaos that would accompany the revelation of our weakness. We were the leaders of this pack. Our job was to protect the pack, and yet we were failing.

"We couldn't find anything," Micah finally said.

"What the hell do you mean?"

Jason took a deep breath, as if preparing to deliver a devastating blow. I just knew that I wasn't going to like whatever it was he was about to tell me.

"Spit it out, Jason," I snapped when he still didn't say a f**g thing.

"We haven't been able to find her," he began. "Her house is empty, and it looks like she hasn't been there in months, and no one has seen her around either."

"That's not possible," I muttered more to myself.

How is it possible for her to just disappear? Efforts to find her have borne no fruit at all.

Chapter 4

“It’s like Lola just disappeared from the face of earth.” Micah added unhelpfully.

“You’ve got to be **g kidding me! How hard is it to find one f**g woman?”

They both remained quiet as I started to pace the office. We haven’t been able to track down Lola since the day she rejected me.

Sure, Sadie ruined everything between us, and Lola severed our bond, but I was hoping she could help us once I explained the situation to her. I had built my hopes that, despite us no longer being mates, she’d be willing to help and that maybe working together would help renew her love for me.

“I’m telling you, Alec, we can’t find her. Even our best trackers haven’t been able to track her down,” Jason said worriedly.

He knows how important finding Lola is. He knew what was at stake.

Sighing in frustration, I dropped down on the sofa and clenched my hair. Even dead, Sadie was still causing me trouble. If it wasn’t for her selfishness, Lola would still be here. She wouldn’t have disappeared, and my pack wouldn’t be getting worse each and every day.

“What are we going to do?” Micah asked, pulling me from my thoughts.

I looked up and studied him before switching to my Beta. They both looked tired and worn out. Like they haven’t had a moment of peace or sleep. I guess I wasn’t the only one bearing the weight of the world on my shoulders.

Gritting my teeth, I answered. “I don’t f**g know.”

We are quiet after that. Each of us is lost in our own thoughts, well, that is, until a knock interrupts us. I already know who it is by their scent.

“Come in,” I call and the door opens, with Elder Shaun stepping in.

“Good evening, Alpha; I’m here on behalf of the other elders,” he bowed slightly.

Unlike what humans think, elders aren’t above the Alpha. Sure, they are above other pack members, but they aren’t above the Alpha, Beta, Gamma, and their mates. They also aren’t involved in the daily politics of the pack. They’re mostly guardians of our history and, once in a while, offer council when

it’s needed.

“Speak,” I commanded.

He takes a deep breath before opening his mouth. “We are concerned about the pack, and we wanted to know the steps you’re taking to save it now that your mate rejected you.”

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He can join the f** club because I, more than anyone else, was worried about my pack. I was worried about my people.

At the mention of the rejection, my heart squeezes as a familiar pain encases my soul. I won’t lie, it still f**g stings, but I have no time to worry about my heart when my f**g pack is dying.

Jason must have seen the irritation on my face because he answered in my stead. “We’re still looking for Lola. We hope that she’ll be willing to help even though she isn’t his mate anymore.”

That is the thing about rejections. Unlike what people read in books, once someone is rejected, and they accept, there are no takebacks. Once the mate bond has been broken, that’s the end of it. There is no way to bring it back to life.

Every time I’m reminded of what I lost, my hate for Sadie grows. She’s dead, but that doesn’t change. The fact that she already damaged my relationship before she left this world.

“I see” is Elder Shaun’s only response.

I tensed when my eyes landed on him. I didn’t get to be Alpha by being stupid. I’m not bragging, but the reason why I’m a top businessman and among the best Alphas is because I’m sharp. Nothing easily escapes me.

“What is it?” I asked him, once again taking my seat.

He stared into space for a while. The battle of whether he should tell me his thoughts or not, fighting for dominance inside him.

After a while, he turned to me, having made his decision.

“I didn’t notice it then because we were all excited you’d found your mate, but now I do. It’s about Lola and the curse,” he begins.

“Okay,” Micah dragged the words out.

“One thing I know is that the moment you find your mate, the pack will begin to feel the changes. The oracle told us that her presence alone would bring change and healing. You don’t even have to wait for the mating ceremony or for you two to mark each other. Those changes should have started the moment you and Lola recognized each other as mates.”

My breathe starts quickening as the weight of what he’s saying starts to sink in.

Micah’s eyes find me. I can clearly read what they’re silently communicating. “I told you

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I internally growled when I remembered that he’d tried raising the issue, and I’d dismissed him because I didn’t want to believe that there was a possibility that Lola wasn’t the one.

“What are you saying, Shaun?” Jason asked him with worry in his eyes.

“I’m saying that I don’t think Lola is the one who was meant to save this pack. I think the rejection was part of the goddess’ plan because Alpha Alec wasn’t meant to be with Lola. I think that Selene designed him a second chance mate, and whoever she is, she’s the one meant to break the curse.”

F**k. I don’t know whether to be p**d off or hopeful. This new information has just pushed us back to square one but, at the same time, it has brought hope with it.

Question is, will I be able to give my second chance mate my heart when Lola completely has it?

Alpha Alec’s Redemption Chapter 25

Anonymous POV

I walked through the hallway of my dark castle, a smile on my face. Everything was going according to plan Everything was going my way, and I couldn’t help but be happy

It’s been a long time since I’ve been happy. A long time since I’ve been this excited about anything can’t wait for everything to unfold and for every piece to fall into place.

It was so easy to destroy what my mother had planned. So easy to get in the way of the fate she had in store for them.

I won't lie, I thought it would be hard. After all, my mother had planned everything from the beginning. She had set up measures to ensure that her will would be carried out. I thought it would take more to ruin that, but it was as easy as stealing candy from a child.

A laugh escaped my mouth, and it's cold even to my own ears. This is what she did to me. This is what taking what's mine turned me into. Someone heartless and cold. If only she had let me be. If only she had accepted my choice, then I wouldn't be here, I wouldn't be this cold, and I wouldn't be trying my hardest to destroy my own sister.

Ah, my sister. My mother's pride and joy. My mother's last hope. She was always the perfect, dutiful daughter. The one who did everything Mother wanted without questioning. She was basically the goody-two shoes. Always obedient, always doing what's right, always responsible, never having a spine, and, as always, weak, because she depended on mommy dearest to do things for her.

There was a time when I loved her. We were twins, but I was the oldest by a couple of minutes. She was my baby sister, but now I hated her just as much as I hated our mother. She proved how weak she was by siding with our mother instead of me. She, just like Mother, is now on my shit list. I'll destroy her. I'll destroy her life, and then, when I'm done, I'll destroy our mother.

I balled my fist as the familiar anger washed over me. I wanted to dance in their misery. I wanted to see them beaten, weakened, and destroyed. I wanted them to suffer, as I have for the past few centuries. I've been stewing on my revenge for decades, and now is the time to execute it. I won't stop until I have what I want, and my so-called family is nothing but a bitter memory in the back of my

mind.

Resuming my walk, I imagine what I'll feel when both of them are on their knees, begging me to spare them. Of course, I won't, but just having them on their knees will be satisfying.

I walked towards a set of magnificent doors with snakes carved into them. Upon opening them, I'm greeted by two thrones. One black, one red. I walked towards the red one, then sat down once I got to it. Turning, I stared at the one next to me. My heart aches seeing it empty; he should be here with me. Ruling by my side. I'm pulled from my thoughts when my door opened and my second in command walked in. He comes towards me and then kneels down before my throne.

"My Queen," he bowed in respect.

"Rise"

He rises up and stares right past me, since it's disrespectful for him to stare directly into my eyes. He, despite being highly ranked, isn't at the same rank as me. Plus, doing so

would push my beast forward, since she'll view it as a challenge, one that she'll definitely accept. She'll end up triumphant, and he'll end up in the infirmary.

"Any news for me?" I asked, adjusting myself in my seat.

"Nothing has changed, your majesty, but things are unfolding as you said they would. Everything is going according to plan."

I'm a bit irritated by his answer. I already knew that. I wanted him to tell me something I didn't already

know.

"What about my mother and sister? Are they still separated?"

I made sure that they were separated. That way, they couldn't join forces. That wasn't possible, though, because I was more powerful than them. I'd made sure of that when I sealed my mother's

powers.

"Nothing has been heard about them; we truly believe your mother is dead. Her power is her essence. Her life source. Given that you took that from her, it's a given that she probably didn't survive."

I nodded at that. I thought the same thing, and to be honest, I didn't give a shit that she was probably dead. I didn't feel a thing for her. Not after what she did to me... But then again, I know my mother, she wouldn't die so easily. That's why I have a backup plan.

As for my

sister, I still needed her. After her usefulness ends, I'll end her. No one who contributed to my pain will survive.

"And our little hybrid project?"

"It's going perfectly well... Soon enough, we will have an army large enough that you won't have to lift a finger to cause havoc in the supernatural community. Hell, even with humans," he said with a small smirk.

There was a reason I liked him and chose him as my second-in-command. He loved chaos, and, just like me, his family didn't really accept him for the bloodthirsty maniac he was. Just like me, he was marked as the black sheep of the family because he was rebellious.

I leaned back on my throne and grinned. "Good."

Taking the scepter near my seat, I feel the power rush through me,
I turned to the seat next to me with a small smile. "Soon, my love."

Alpha Alec's Redemption Chapter 26

Sadie

I walked through the forest, feeling the effects of the full moon. Its power was around me, shifting like a caged animal. I could feel it inside me. On my skin and in my bones.

I've waited for this day since I knew who we were. What we turn into. I've been waiting for this day since I knew what love was, since I realized that I was in love with Alec.

Today was meant to mark a new day for me and those around me, especially Alec. Looking back, I don't know if I would have been this excited if I knew what would happen before my first shift.

It's been months since we left everything behind, and King joined us. Months since my torture and since I found out I was pregnant. Nothing much has happened except that we found a place to settle months after we left our home.

Just as nothing much has happened, nothing has changed in me. I still hated Alec and his damn pack. For the first time in my life, I wished the worst for someone. I wasn't a mean person, nor was I vengeful, but something shifted in me after being betrayed by people who I thought were my family.

My smiles no longer came easily, nor did laughter. It's like Alec took everything that made me Sadie. Everything that used to make me the cheerful bundle of joy and energy I used to be. Nowadays, I look into the mirror and barely recognize myself, not because of my non-existent hair, the scar on my face, or the ones on my back... But because when I stare in the mirror, all I see is a girl I don't recognize..

My

eyes were vacant. I no longer felt the light that used to shine from inside me when I looked in the mirror. It's like a part of me died in that dirty cell where I was held captive for months. A certain coldness had encased my heart. My soul was marked by a kind of darkness I couldn't escape.

"Sadie, is everything okay?" Raven's voice penetrates the mist that surrounds me. The mist I kept getting lost because reality was sometimes too much for me.

"Yes," I replied, then asked, "Can you please go back? I want to be alone before shifting."

Her eyes looked worried, but I also know that she understands that I needed to do this alone.

“Are you sure?” she asked

“Yes”

With that, she gave me a tight hug before leaving.

It didn't take long after she left that I started to feel the effects. It's like someone or something was trying to claw it's way out of the depths of my soul. I fall on my knees, careful not to hurt my belly, since I am now seven months pregnant.

Unlike what humans believe, our pregnancies don't last two months like those of normal wolves. Just like with humans, and we are half-human, our pregnancies last nine months.

I stay on the hard and cold forest floor, groaning in pain and covered in sweat, but nothing happens. I didn't know much about shifting, but with each minute that passed with nothing happening, I knew something was wrong.

F**k, what the hell was happening?

“Sadie?” a strong, commanding yet sweet voice calls.

I opened my eyes, and I realized how everything seemed so much clearer. My eyesight was so much sharper than before. I looked down, but there wasn't a change. Instead of paws, I still had my hands.

Frowning, I ask, “Who are you?”

I was so confused. Is this yet another thing that the moon goddess has taken from me? Hasn't she had enough? Enough of torturing me and condemning my life. Why was she doing this to me? First with Alec and the pack, and now with my wolf.

“I'm your wolf, Nyx... And no, the goddess hasn't taken anything from you, my dear human.” Her voice was so soft and sweet. I could literally feel her love enveloping me, trying to heal my brokenness.

“What do you mean? If she hasn't taken everything away from me, then why the hell am I not shifting?”

Before, when my life was much simpler, I looked forward to my shifting because I thought Alec and I would recognize each other as mates. After I found out about my pregnancy, I looked forward to shifting so I would be able to protect my pup in case my and Alec's paths ever crossed.

Without shifting, how would I be able to fight and protect my baby? Sure, I started training with King a bit, but being human isn't the same as having your wolf.

"There are things I can't explain to you yet, but the moon goddess hasn't abandoned you like you think," she finally answered.

"That doesn't answer my question, Nyx."

"I know, and, like I said, there are things I can't tell you yet. What I can tell you is that you're not ready. It's not time yet."

"Is this about the baby? I thought she-wolves could shift even when pregnant," I told her, a bit exasperated with her answers.

"No, it's not about the baby, but about you, Sadie," she said gently. "You're not ready yet. I wish I could tell you more, but I can't as of now. You have to be patient, when the time is right, everything will be revealed, and you will shift, but for now, just focus on getting stronger and better."

"I'm confused." I sat up and leaned against a tree while rubbing my belly.

My baby was kicking, as if the wolf half of my pup could sense its mother.

"I know and one day it will all make sense. Please trust me."

I did trust her, I am just a bit frustrated. It's hard to embrace change when things haven't exactly gone according to plan.

"Will I stay human? Will you leave me?" I was scared of her answer, but I needed to ask.

"No, to both," she answered in the same soft, sympathetic voice. "You'll have all the benefits of being a werewolf, without actually being able to shift... well, until the time is right, that is."

I sighed, trying to accept that another one of my dreams had been shattered in the past few months.

"Everything will be okay, Sadie... You just have to hold on to hope."

I wanted to believe her, but something told me that this is just the start of what's to come, and that scares me because I'm not sure if I'm strong enough to face whatever is coming my way.

Alpha Alec's Redemption Chapter 27

"I don't get it, so she told you that you'd have all the benefits of a shifted wolf, but you won't be able to shift?" King asked incredulously, his face conveying how hard he was finding it hard to believe me.

I nodded my head, still reeling from what Nyx had told me.

I'd stayed in the forest for an hour or so before going back to the small, three-bedroom cabin we called home. Thanks to the cash Beth gave us and some from King, we were able to rent the cabin. It was in a secluded area in the forest and offered us privacy. Of course, it wasn't a permanent dwelling, but it was a start.

"It doesn't make any sense," Raven whispered, looking at me as if she could figure out what the hell was happening.

"I know," I sighed. "But that's what she told me."

"Can you feel her? Are you able to communicate with her?" This came from King.

"Yes, but that's the extent of it."

What Nyx told me kept playing in my mind. I was so confused that a headache had begun working its way from the back of my head. Most of all, I was just disappointed. Disappointed that nothing had gone the way I'd expected and hoped for.

I never imagined that when I turned twenty-one, I would be banished, accused of a crime I didn't commit, pregnant, detested by the father of my baby, and unable to shift. Everything was just piling up on me, trying to suffocate me. Sometimes it was hard to keep my head above water, and that's what it feels like since that night months ago. Like I was struggling to keep myself from drowning.

"She didn't say anything else?" Raven's question pulled me back from my thoughts.

"No... Only that I wasn't ready to shift, that I should focus on getting better and stronger, and that one. day everything will make sense," I replied, feeling all around drained.

"Interesting." King whispered, but left it at that.

I wanted to sleep and forget what a clusterf**k my life had turned into, but even sleep didn't come easily. Not when I was hunted by the nightmares that plagued me. The nightmare I went through when I was in that dungeon.

Raven must have sensed my tiredness because she asked, "You want to rest?"

I just nodded my head, even though I dreaded closing my eyes.

"You know I can help with that, right?" she asked.

“With what?”

“Sleep,” she replied. “I know you don’t sleep peacefully; I know that nightmares hunt you every time you try to sleep. You’re barely surviving with only two or three hours of sleep every day, Sadie.”

“How did you know about the nightmares?”

“You wake up screaming, and sometimes it takes both of us to calm you down. You barely register us every time because you always look like you’re in a trance. Like your mind is still trapped in the nightmare.”

I turned to King, since he’s the one who answered. My eyes kept shifting from him to Raven. I never wanted them to know what I was going through, but I guess I wasn’t hiding it well enough. I didn’t even know that I woke up screaming.

“I can cast a spell that will put you out cold. Nothing will be able to disturb your sleep.” Raven holds my hand softly, and I can’t help but be grateful that she found me that day.

I don’t know where I would be if it weren’t for Beth and her.

“Okay,” I said softly, after thinking about it for a while.

Raven is right. I couldn’t go on running low on sleep. It wasn’t healthy for me or my baby. I couldn’t let myself wither away when my child depended on me and needed me.

She started chanting, and sooner than I’d anticipated, my eyes started dropping. I fell into a dreamless sleep, and it was peaceful. It’s the best one I’ve had in a long time.

Two months later

I moved the vacuum slowly over the carpet. For some weird reason, the noise drowned the ones in my head. It distracted me enough that I didn’t think, something for which I was thankful.

My head is a mess and I admit that. It’s not a place I like getting lost in, but it happens more than I care to admit. More than is healthy for me. In my defense, it’s hard for me not to think or get lost in my thoughts. I have nothing to do, given that King and Raven take care of everything.

Even getting them to agree to let me vacuum the house was a chore. I know what you’re thinking-

that I’m ungrateful and sound like a brat. I am not. I just wanted to help. I wanted to be useful. I’m not used to having others cater to every one of my needs.

Besides, keeping busy is good for me. I don't want to be drowned in the darkness. I'm trying to escape the dark thoughts that filled my head and the coldness that seemed to seep slowly into my heart. I don't want to forget the old me, but slowly I feel like I'm losing grip on her.

"Would it be so bad to let go of the old Sadie?" Nyx asked, popping into my consciousness.

It took a while to get used to sharing my body with her, but eventually, it got easier.

"Yes"

"Why?" She seemed genuinely curious. "I mean, I don't want to come off as cold and heartless, but the old you was nice. Too nice, in fact. Haven't you ever heard of the saying, Nice girls finish last? Let's face it, Sadie, you were weak and didn't have a backbone. That's why you were an easy target for

whoever set you up."

I wanted to argue with her, but I could also see the truth in her words. I was always nice, even to those who treated me like trash. I was nice to Alec, even when he treated me like I didn't exist. Even for the girls who bullied and talked trash about how I dressed, how fat I was, and how ugly I was, I still went out of my way to be nice to them.

When anyone in the pack needed help, I would be the first to volunteer to help. I was kind to everyone, and where the hell did that get me? In the f**g dungeon, being tortured while the same f**g people I went out of my way to help turned on me.

Thinking about it just p**s me off even more. The anger and hatred I feel feeds the darkness and coldness that are growing inside.

"You need to cast out that nice attitude if you want to survive what's coming. I'm not saying that you should be completely heartless, but you can balance being kind and having a backbone. Be strong-willed and never ever let anyone walk all over you," Nyx pushes a mental image of what she means.

I get it, and I was about to tell her the same when I felt liquid rushing down my legs.

"Did you just pee on yourself?" I looked up to find King looking at me in disgust.

"No, you idiot, her water just broke," Raven replied while hitting him on the back of his head.

I've been feeling cramps since yesterday, but I kept ignoring the discomfort. Looking back now, I should have known it was a sign that I was about to go into labor.

“Come, let’s get you comfortable,” Raven said softly, guiding me to my bedroom.

We’ve already talked about this. We decided I wouldn’t give birth in the hospital since it was too risky. Luckily, Raven knew what she was doing, having helped Beth deliver a few babies.

She helped me lie down on the bed, and after that, things happened so quickly that my head was left. spinning.

“Come on, Sadie, give me one last push,” Raven pleaded, hours later.

“I can’t. It’s too painful, and I’m tired.” I couldn’t help the tears that fell down my face.

“You can, and you will, now push, Sadie, so I can meet my pup... or do you want Alec to win because our child died during labor?” Nyx’s frustration was evident.

Remembering how Alec almost killed me and my baby gives me strength. I won’t let my baby die, nor will I let Alec have the last laugh.

I planted my legs on the bed, rose up a little, and gave one last push. I feel as my baby slips from within me and seconds later, I hear the sweet cry of my baby.

“It’s a girl,” Raven shouted in happiness and joy.

I slumped against the pillows just as the door opened and King walked in. He headed straight towards

me.

“You did well, Mama” he said while kissing my sweaty forehead.

I cried at that because if things had been different, Alec was the one who should have been here with

me.

Seeing this, King whispered, “Shh, it’s okay. It will be okay.”

“Here is your little angel.” Raven walked to me and handed me my crying baby girl.

She immediately stopped crying when she was in my hand. She looked exactly like me. I ran my finger down her cheek, making her open her eyes. I gasp when she does, because she has the same intense green eyes as her father.

“What are you going to name her?” Raven asked.

After thinking for a while, I said the name I'd decided on, if it was a girl.

"Aspen...She's my Aspen."

"A beautiful name for a beautiful girl," King said, kissing her forehead so tenderly that it made me

want to cry.

I looked at my friends and am so glad that they are here with me. That I wasn't alone as I delivered the best gift the moon goddess has ever given me.

"Now that our pup has been safely delivered, the real work begins." Nyx said, staring adoringly at our baby through my eyes. "You have to start training... An intense one at that. You have to be prepared for what's coming."

I didn't know what her last sentence meant, but she was right. I had a daughter to protect and look after. It was time to get strong. After all, I couldn't hide forever.

Alpha Alec's Redemption Chapter 28

"You have to rest, Alec... Staying up day and night isn't good for your health."

Micah's voice interrupted my concentration while I was working. I looked at the clock only to realize that it was already morning. Ten, to be exact.

Ignoring him, I went back to my work, checking the printed papers and some of the texts that the elders had provided me with.

"Alec?" he called with frustration.

His voice was starting to annoy me. I wanted to get to the bottom of things. Was that too hard to fucking understand?

He called me again, and this time I fucking lost it.

"What?" I yelled, the words coming out as a growl.

My eyes pierced his as I raised my head, Knox close to the surface. He was usually calm and was only a beast when we needed to fight or someone crossed us. Now, with everything that had happened; losing his mate and our pack being on the brink of extinction, he was more on edge than usual.

The situation was fucking pushing us. It frustrated me and agitated my wolf, which isn't a good combination for an Alpha wolf, since we are usually more likely to lose control.

Instead of leaving like I expected him to, he sighed, crossed the room, and took a seat in front of my

desk.

“You’re not listening, Alec. You’re my Alpha, but you’re also my friend, and I refuse to let you wither away because of the curse and your mate rejecting you.”

“Piss off, Micah.”

I don’t want to be reminded that Lola rejected me and then disappeared. She didn’t even give me the chance to try and earn her forgiveness. I want to try and understand her, but I get it. I would also have reacted violently if I’d found my mate in bed with another man, whether it was intentional or a

drunken mistake.

“Not even on your fucking last breath, Alec,” he simply replied, and then leaned back against the

chair.

We’ve been best friends for years. Growing up, he and Jason were the only ones my age, so it was a given that we would be best friends. It also helped that their parents were gammas and betas, respectively, and were also my parents’ closest friends.

I would lay my life down for them, and they would do the same, but right now I needed to focus on the pack and how to save my people. Work was the only thing that kept my mind from wondering how messed up things had turned out.

“I’m serious, though; you need to rest,” he said after a while. “When was the last time you even slept?”

I wanted him to just shut up. His nagging was getting on my nerves, and I was in no mood to be given a fucking lecture.

“My pack is deteriorating. You’ve seen how weak we are getting and how tired and feeble our warriors are getting. We haven’t had a birth in fucking years, and it’s all because of this stupid curse... Tell me, Micah, how can I be expected to sleep peacefully when my people are suffering, knowing very fucking well that if I don’t do something, then things are only going to get worse?”

He doesn’t answer, so I continued. “I’ll gladly sleep if you can give me a damn solution, but until then, get off my fucking back.”

With that, I ignored him and got back to work. I'd just gotten my focus back when the door opened again. I released a groan of frustration and looked up.

"Good, both of you are here," he hurriedly said, closing the door and crossing the room.

"I swear, if you're here to nag me, I'll throw you both out right after I've kicked both into your asses oblivion," I growled, unable to control the rising tension inside me.

Jason looked puzzled at both of us before shaking his head. "No, I came here because I found something."

He waved something in front of me, and it was only then that I realized that he was holding a book. Not a book. More like a leather-bound journal.

"Is it about the curse?" Micah asked, turning towards him.

Jason nodded his head. "Yes".

"Are you going to speak, or am I going to have to force the words out of your lips?" I asked after

minutes of silence.

He shakes his head as if clearing his head from a haze.

"Well, remember when your dad and the elders told us about the curse?" he began, and we nodded

our heads. "No one really knew about the origin of the curse or why someone would curse us in the

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first place."

We again nodded our heads. The only thing we knew was that we had a curse hanging over the pack; that meant not only those living in the pack but anyone that traced their origin to our pack. That includes members who left for whatever reason and any family they might have had.

No one knew who cursed us or why they did it in the first place, which made it difficult to break. My dad and granddad went to different witches and warlocks, and all of them said the same thing. It's hard to break a curse if you don't know the details.

There are a few who tried breaking it, but it always backfired. They'd told my dad it was because whoever cursed us was really powerful, making the curse really strong and difficult to break.

"Well, it turns out, we were cursed because of something the pack did, or more so, the leaders of the pack did." Jason's voice pulled me back to the present.

"You mean my great-grandparents?" I asked.

"I'm not sure, but I think it's all the leaders... Alpha, Beta, Gamma, and the elders at that time," he replied, opening the book.

Micah and I just stared at him, trying to understand what he was saying. If it's true, what did they do that was bad enough to earn them a curse?

Jason looked up and added, "The weird thing is that the pages before and after are torn. This seems like someone's journal. Someone who was alive when that shit happened."

"So you're saying someone went to great lengths to hide exactly what happened by tearing out the pages?" Micah asked, standing up.

Jason simply replied, "Yes. The only existing part is the entry saying that the pack did something that

caused the curse. There isn't much detail about it, except that."

I was about to ask him to hand over the journal, when I felt a sharp pain in my lower abdomen. It's like nothing I've never felt before.

I hunched over, catching the attention of my friends.

"Are you okay, Alec? Why do you look like you're in pain?" Jason turned towards me, looking worried.

"No shit, Sherlock," I answered sarcastically, right before another wave of pain hit me.

This time, I wasn't able to stop the groan of pain that escaped my mouth.

"What the fuck is happening?" Micah questioned me, but I was in as much darkness as he was.

Gritting my teeth against the pain, I stood up and slowly walked to the couch. Before I could get there, another wave hit, making me fall on my fucking knees.

Fuck, what the hell was happening?

Jason and Micah rushed towards me, helping me on the couch as pain traveled along my abdomen. I could feel my abs clenching as if they were cramping, and, fuck, did it hurt.

“Shit, call the pack doctor,” Jason told Micah urgently.

“No,” I snarled the word. “Unless it proves to be a life-or-death situation, I don’t want the doctor involved.”

They stared at me, but a command was given. They couldn’t go against it.

I lay there, as wave after wave of pain sliced through my body. I’m not sure how long we were in the office when the pain suddenly stopped. Good thing my office was soundproof.

“Do you think it’s Lola? I’ve heard this happens when your mate is fucking someone else,” Jason asked, worry still written on his face.

“No, this is something else. Besides, we hadn’t marked each other, so that’s not possible.” I sat up slowly, feeling the aches and soreness in my body.

“I don’t like this... I don’t like it at all,” Micah murmured, his eyes betraying how unsettled he was.. “First, our members begin to weaken rapidly, and now this?”

I don’t answer him. Instead, I leaned back against the sofa and closed my eyes as tiredness washed over me. I shut everyone out, including Jason and Micah.

“What the hell happened, Knox?”

He was sleeping, his head resting on top of his paws. He’d tried taking some of the pain, so he was drained, just like I was.

“I don’t know, and I can’t explain it, but something feels different,” he answered before closing his eyes.

Fuck. I rub my chest as something shifts and settles inside me. I don’t know what it is or what causes it, but it is there.

Knox is right; something feels different. I just don’t know what the fuck it is or what it means.

Alpha Alec's Redemption Chapter 29

Three years later..

r the hundredth time w

I stared at my watch for Hunter. Hunter was not only one of my few friends, but he was also an alpha himself. Our packs have had an alliance since our dads discovered we were friends back when we were around ten.

Our dads had never gotten along, but when they discovered our friendship, despite being enemy packs, they set their differences aside for our sake. Apart from Jason, Micah, and my sister, he was the only other person I trusted with my life.

“Is there anything else I can get you, Mr. Ashford?” The waiter asked.

I've been here for about ten minutes. I hated being late and most importantly, I hated when people didn't keep the f** time.

“Yes, another glass,” I answered, my patience getting thin with each damn second that passed.

“Right away, Alpha, sir,”

When he leaves, I gulp the remainder of my whiskey and lean back against the comfortable seat.

My head was buzzing, with my thoughts refusing to give me a break. I'm not one to drink while I have a lot of things weighing me down, I needed a clear head for such situations. That being said, today I just wanted to escape my busy mind. Sure, alcohol doesn't really affect werewolves, but it does take the edge off a little bit.

I groan again when I check my watch. Hunter was now almost fifteen minutes late and it was **g me off. I wouldn't be surprised if he was doing this just to pi** me off since he knows I hate ta**s.

Forget my d**n drink. I was about to stand up and leave, when the b**d finally showed up, grinning like an idiot.

“I'm here, baby, did you miss me?” he asked, the**d grin still firmly in place.

I fist my hands, just so I don't swing at him. I was on edge. I was stressed. I was f**g angry. Not only because of him, but because it's been three g**n years and we're still not even close to figuring out anything about the curse.

The condition of my pack had worsened. Jason, Micah, and I, being the highest ranks, were the only ones not severely affected. We were starting to feel the effects though and that scared me. I couldn't be a weak leader. It would spell doom for my entire pack.

Since I was desperate, I confided in Hunter about a year ago, hoping he'd help.

"**k Hunter, you know I hate it when someone is t**dy." I fumed but the a**hole just smirked at me.

"That's why I did it. You need to chill and stop being serious all the time."

I groan and pinch the bridge of my nose in frustration. I don't know how we've gone this long without me snapping his neck.

"Why did you ask to meet me?" I sat down, just as the waiter came back with my drink.

"Because Jason and Micah wanted you out of your office. They said you needed some time to relax, and that's where I come in," he answered distractedly, his eyes firmly fixed on a brunette in a tight

short dress.

"Seriously? Why the f**k would they do that?"

"Isn't it obvious? They are worried about you and so am I. You're killing yourself with exhaustion, stressing about it, and trying to figure out the curse that you're barely living. You're like a d**n robot, always in your office going over texts, videos, etcetera. You barely sleep or eat, and let's not forget how you seem to be on edge and on the verge of losing it."

His eyes were now back on me and I hated the intensity. It was like he was trying to search my soul and I f**g hated it.

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"So what was your plan? Bring me here and get me drunk?" I asked sarcastically. "Alcohol won't do a d**n thing."

*Sure, but it will loosen you up enough for me to get you some good p**y. You need to get laid. We both know that sex is a great stress reliever."

"I'm not going to waste my time f**g a faceless woman when should be trying to figure out how to help my pack," I growled, Knox near the surface.

*er raises his hands in surrender and bows slightly. He may be an alpha, but I was still more inant. That's the thing with our world: even alphas have ranks within themselves. Some are more dominant than others.

"Now, if you're done wasting my time, I'm going home," I told him, standing up.

"Alec wait"

I stopped and glared at him. My lips pulled back, exposing my fangs. I didn't want to admit it, but my friends were right. I was always dancing on the edge of losing control. I f**g hated that.

"What now?"

"I've been thinking about your situation, and I think you should make an alliance with the Hope Pack," he said, fidgeting a bit.

He should. He knows I don't like asking for help and I don't unless I really have to. I'm usually able to handle things on my own. On most occasions, other packs are usually the ones seeking help from me.

"And why the **k would I do that?" I bellowed, my anger rushing to the surface.

Like I said, I trusted Hunter with my life. That was the only f**g reason why I told him what the hell was going on in my pack. It was the only reason I asked for his help. I knew he wouldn't betray me. With the other packs, it wouldn't be the same. The moment they got to know we were weak, they would pounce on us like a pack of rabid rogues.

It has literally taken everything in me and my officials to keep appearances up. Making it seem like we were still the same strong pack we've always been.

"Think about it Alec, Hope is a very strong and huge pack. It will be an advantage to have them as an ally. If this situation continues and you don't get a solution soon, you won't be able to hide it for long. Soon, other packs, both allies and enemies, will sense the weakness. Having a pack such as Hope backing you up will make sure that none of the others dare cross you."

I just stared at him. Hope pack is a pack that cropped up around two and a half years ago. Personally, I think Hope is a f**g st**d name to name a pack. Couldn't the leader find a great name?

No one knows how or when, but all of a f**g sudden it was there. Rumors of how savage, fierce, and fearless they were have been circulating.

No one knows an estimate of how many members they have (but there are rumors that it might be bigger than my pack) or who the top officials are. Even during meetings, the alpha sends representatives. That has caused others to be more curious about them.

“Please consider it,” Hunter all but pleads. “Think of the army that will be backing you up. things don’t go your way.”

in case

The army he’s talking about is the different species in the pack. Usually we stick to our own species, so having a pack that accepts all three species is unheard of.

“Please.” Hunter’s voice pulls me back to the present. “Always have a plan B; that’s what my father taught me. If things fall apart, my pack alone won’t be able to help you. We don’t have that many members.”

Hunter’s pack has a few hundred wolves, while mine has thousands. I get what he’s saying. If other packs decided to take us down, his help won’t be enough.

Instead of answering, I just nodded, then walked out of the VIP section and out of the hotel’s restaurant.

The valet had just brought my car when my phone rang. My anger rises when I see Micah’s name flashing.

“When I get back, you and I will have some alone time in the training arena,” I said, not even greeting him.

I hated being controlled, and I hate it when others try to force their f**g decisions on me, assuming they know what’s best for me.

“Alec, did Lola have a crescent moon mark behind her left ear?” he asked urgently, ignoring my threat completely.

I frown. It’s only after he said those words that I realized that something was wrong. Really wrong.

“Alec...”

“Not that I remember, why?”

Theard as air left his lung, like he’d been punched in the gut. Something was fucking wrong and he wasn’t talking.

“Why are you asking me this, Micah?”

His next words left me completely floored.

“Because one of the elders found something in the old texts... Apparently your true mate is supposed to have a crescent mark behind her ear.”

Alpha Alec’s Redemption Chapter 30

I don’t think about a f**g thing when I get into my car and drive. They had to be wrong somehow. They had to have made a mistake about the whole thing.

Maybe they hadn’t read right. Those geezers were old; they might have confused some things while trying to find the truth.

I tried comforting myself, but it didn’t do a **n thing. Knox was howling inside my head, and I didn’t know how to get him under control. Not when my f**g head was spinning.

Looking back, I tried to remember every single detail about Lola. Sure, we have never f*d s**ince she was waiting for us to mark each other first, but we did get close a couple of times. That was before she stopped things from progressing. There was always a look of guilt in her eyes every time.

I don’t remember seeing any marks. Even if I didn’t notice it when she was in her human form, I would have noticed it when she was in her wolf form. Any mark, symbol, or birthmark on our human body is usually on our wolf’s fur. If she had that mark, then I would have noticed it in her wolf. It wasn’t once or twice that we went for a run together after shifting.

Pressing on the accelerator, my Maybach surges forward, taking me closer to where I wanted to be. I needed answers. I keep trying to push what Micah said to the back of my f**g mind. It can’t be. It just can’t be true.

I break every f**g speed limit, but within minutes I’m at the front of my pack house. I park my car, not really caring if I parked it right or if I was blocking anyone. Getting out, I rushed into the imposing mansion like the fiery fires of hell were after me.

Sniffing the air, I follow the scents, and it leads me to the boardroom. This is where we have all our important meetings as higher-ranking officials.

Opening the door, I find all the elders, Jason and Micah, seated around the tables. A few papers and books were on the table.

“What the hell is going on?” I asked, trying to mask my anger and frustration.

“Alpha,” one of the elders bowed before making eye contact. “Did your mate have a crescent mark behind her left ear? I know Gamma Micah has already asked you, but this is really important.”

F**k! I feel the panic rising, and I f***g hate it.

“First of all, tell me why you’re asking me this,” I replied instead while trying to calm down. “Micah didn’t really tell me much.”

Knox was pacing in my head, giving me a d**n migraine. He was panicking, just like I was. Sure, Lola left us, but in our hearts, she was still our mate. We still wanted to find her and win her back. If this information is true, then it would ruin everything. If it’s true, then it meant that I couldn’t be with her. That left me feeling like a dagger had been driven into my heart.

“Okay,” he nodded, his voice pulling me to the present. “It was by chance that Elder Martin came across it in a room under the pack library. He remembered his father telling him that there was a secret room beneath the library and that most of the important prophecies that were recorded were usually hidden in the attic.”

If I remember correctly, Elder Martin’s father had once been in charge of the pack library. His knowledge had earned him a spot as an elder. He’d transferred that same knowledge to his son, who later took the mantle from his dad after he died.

Elder Martin takes over from him. “He told me that the reason for that was to protect them, so they wouldn’t fall into the wrong hands. Also, because it was cool in the attic, which would protect the fragile papers, which were centuries old.”

He pauses, then continues, “My father never mentioned the secret room again, and I forgot about it. That was until I had this dream where he was telling me to check the secret room he’d told me about. At first, I wanted to ignore the dream, but the feeling of checking it out just kept nagging me until I finally relented. We’ve never really seen the prophecy about your mate; we just heard it passed down from one person to another. It got me curious, and I wondered if perhaps the prophecy was locked. away down there.

I had no idea what I was looking for. My father had never really given me its specific location. I also didn’t want to say anything if it turned out to be a dead end. I almost gave up after four days of searching and still finding nothing, but the goddess was with me. I managed to find it a couple of hours ago.

He walked to me and handed me a book, pointing to a specific page. I want to run away from it, but I can’t. If this is what will save my pack, then I need to push my feelings aside.

Taking the book, I stared at the passage he pointed at.

[She is strong and powerful. An Alpha Female and her powers, when awakened, will shake the foundations of the world. Because she is the blessed one, their union will be blessed, and their offspring will rule both the heavens and the earth. Only she will be able to undo the curse; only she will be able to destroy the evil. In her presence, the

pack will recover and flourish, becoming the most powerful pack the world has ever seen. So many will want to use her, to destroy and suppress her, but she will prevail. Many will want to destroy their bond, so beware of impostors, for the blessed one will be known by a white crescent moon mark on her left ear.]

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Chapter 30

My breathing is heavy as I read the text over and over again. This can't be. This simply can't f**g

be.

"Alec," Jason's voice cut through my thoughts. "We need to know if Lola had the markings, because if she didn't..."

He doesn't finish the sentence. He leaves it hanging, but I know what he was about to say. If she didn't have the marking, then it meant she wasn't my true mate.

"No, she didn't," I growled, replacing the pain in my heart.

I doubted it before, but after reading the entry, I knew she didn't. Lola has a black wolf; I wouldn't have been able to miss a white mark on her fur had she had the crescent moon, given the mark is supposed to be white.

"But it doesn't make any f**g sense." I started pacing, feeling more on edge than before. "If she wasn't my destined mate, how the f**k did I feel a bond with her when we met? How come I felt it when it broke after she rejected me?"

No one answered. I bet they were just as confused as I was. This whole thing was a damn mess, and it has just brought more confusion and a few answers.

"I don't know," Micah answered after a while. "But the book did warn about impostors. It looks like Lola was an impostor, and you now need to find your true mate."

He was right, but I didn't want to hear it. My heart was screaming against the idea. Sure, she wasn't my mate, according to the text, but can I really trust a book that has been hidden for years?

I trusted my gut, and my gut told me that there was something more. She may not be my mate, but heart knows her and I know she wouldn't have done this. She wouldn't have deceived me.

my

Someone must have manipulated things. The question is, who?