

Wolf in disguise

Zane:

As I pace around the hotel Kiara has left me in, my patience slowly dwindles. I need to carry out my mission before dawn. Downing the remaining contents of my wineglass, a knock on the door interrupts my thoughts.

Opening it, I find Rufus standing there with a fresh suit.

“About time,” I mutter, snatching the suit from him. He steps into the room while I retreat to the bathroom to get dressed.

Once I’m ready, I demand my cigar. Rufus hands it over and I take a few satisfying puffs.

“Everyone is ready, and we are waiting for your command,” Rufus informs me. I blow a puff of smoke in his face, pick up my hat from the table, and place it on my head as I stride out of the hotel.

“Let’s get this done before I lose my patience,” I declare, opening the door and stepping out into the hallway. The thought of my family’s murderers lying dead on the memorial grounds makes me grin widely..

Halfway down the stairs, Rufus calls out to me.

“Something’s happened at the Blackwood memorial, causing a major deviation. We can’t blow the temple up because it’s empty,” he reports. The smile on my face fades instantly.

Kiara:

As my father walks away, I am left at the mercy of the angry pack members who are eager to devour me. Some spit on me, others slap me, all in an attempt to retaliate for betraying the Alpha. At one point, they rip my dress, and gather around me, mocking me.

“Enough!” someone in the crowd yells, then walks up to where I lay in pain on the cold ground. He grabs me by my hair and turns to the crowd.

“Alpha Blake has put her up for auction, and as royal blood, she will be going at a high price. We start at ten thousand dollars!” he announces. My body trembles in fear and pain at what Blake is doing to me.

As I reminisce about the past that we shared, my heart shatters more and more. I’m dragged from the ground up to the memorial room where Blake sits. I see Victoria standing, holding his hand, and the moment she sees me, a smile creeps onto her lips.

She mouths the words, “I win,” causing my heart to flare up in rage.

“I’ll take her for ten thousand. Maybe she can stroke me at night while I fall asleep,” I hear an elderly man say. I turn around to see him smiling, revealing his brown and broken teeth.

“Twenty thousand. Her womb is still fertile and she will bear many kids with royal blood who might contest to be the king,” another says.

This goes on for a while, and I stand there crying, looking into Blake’s eyes, but he stares back without remorse. The way I lose everything in a matter of hours makes me realize that nothing in life is permanent.

While the bidding is going on, someone speaks up, making the crowd go silent.

“Fifty million dollars in cash,” he says.

In the midst of the bustling crowd, a man stands out, a beacon of elegance and charm. He’s dressed in a finely tailored suit that fits him like a second skin, accentuating his athletic build. His cologne smells richly of aromatic herbs, which exudes a masculine allure. The moment he takes off his hat, I recognize him as the delivery guy who I had helped earlier, causing my heart to quiver in fear.

I observe Blake taking the money and exchanging me as if I am of no importance. He doesn’t bother asking about who this man is or how he made his money. My world crumbles as I wonder what I’m getting into. This man is either a bad person or he’s trying to help me for housing him, but then how did he get the money to pay in cash?

I’m whisked away into a Rolls Royce which has the back closed with tinted glass, making it difficult to see the driver. The car drives off while I turn back to look at my home, which I’m leaving behind. Soon the house is out of sight and I sink back into the seat with no one to talk to.

We drive for a few minutes and when the car comes to a halt; I look to my left to see the delivery truck that I saw earlier. This causes me to sit up in fear and the door opens up at once. I step out to meet the face of the delivery guy that I had seen earlier. This time, he’s surrounded by many men dressed in black.

“Who are you?” I ask, and he grabs my hand, planting a kiss on it.

“Zane, forgive my manners,” he replies, and I withdraw my hands at once, causing him to scrunch up his face.

“Do you work for Blake?” I ask, and he gives a light smirk, which instantly pisses me off.

“Because I know that a delivery man cannot afford to pay five million for a slave, and…” Before I can finish, he snaps his fingers and one man in black lifts me up while he walks towards the hotel.

“Put me down. I still have influence in town, and I will make sure that you get removed from this hotel. How can I pay for your room, feed you and you mistreat me?” I ask, but he remains silent.

When we get to the reception, I try to scream for help.

“Good evening sir, I prepared your personal suite as you requested,” the lady says and he smiles at her, causing me to shut my mouth at once.

We, along with two of his men, step into the private elevator that is reserved for the suite’s owner.

This kills my delusion at once, making me realize he owns this place.

“You talk a lot, and I don’t like people who speak without cause,” he says as the doors of the elevator shut slowly.

While we were there, the other man with us touches his earpiece and then he whispers something to Zane.

“Good,” he says, maintaining a straight face. I struggle hard to get down from the man’s body, but he grips me hard.

“You will earn yourself a duct tape if you keep doing that,” Zane warns, causing me to keep quiet at once.

The door to the elevator slides open, revealing a long hallway with a minimalist design and portraits hanging on the walls. Everyone steps out, and Zane walks really fast in front of us until he gets to a door.

I hear guttural screams from behind, and my chest tightens in fear as I imagine what they are about to do to me.

“Enough!” Zane yells as soon as he opens the door. Then the man carrying me walks into the room, then he puts me down, and holds my hands at my back.

A man is seated on a chair, his head bowing low. The brutal torture he is enduring from the two men in black surrounding him is evident in the blood splattering on the ground.

“Rufus, come here,” Zane orders, and one man in black comes to meet him.

Zane takes a knife and stabs it into Rufus’ hand, causing him to yelp in pain, which he immediately shuts off by biting his lips and pulling out the knife.

“I said keep him alive, not torture him. I do the torturing and killing!” Zane says, and I swallow hard, knowing what I’m dealing with.

He walks to the tortured man and orders him to look up. The moment he does, and our eyes meet, I recognize him as the man from the memorial. The man who caused my pain.

“For the last time, who sent you?” Zane asks, and the man stutters, pleading for mercy.

“Wrong,” Zane says, dipping his hand into the man’s eyes, causing me to shiver in fear as his screams pierce my ear.

“I’m gonna ask you one more time, and if you get it, I spare you. If not, I will kill you,” Zane says, grabbing his shoulder and looking him in the eyes.

“Veronica, she sent me. She wanted you out of the Alpha’s life, and I am sorry,” he says at once, and Zane turns to face me.

“There you have it, your culprit,” he says, smirking at me while tears fall from my eyes.

At that moment, Zane’s eyes glow yellow, and he turns to the man, dips his hands into his chest and yanks out his heart. Then it hits me. Zane is a werewolf and not human…