

## Tereshan

A sister?

"I didn't know you had a sister," I say to Selah.

She looks down, gripping Heath's hands tightly in her lap.

"I come from Alpha Franco's pack. I don't know if you remember that. My sister found her mate in our pack, so unlike me, she stayed. But her mate died. At first, Alpha Franco looked after her, made sure that she was taken care of. She told me that he moved her into the packhouse and gave her a place to live. Like me, she's an omega. But she had stopped working when she found her mate. He was a warrior, and they were trying to have a child."

She stops, gritting her teeth. "I found out about a year ago, that Alpha Franco told her that she had to start earning her keep, that she couldn't continue to just live off the pack. She told him that she'd be happy to go back to her old duties, but he said that position had already been filled." She stops, her voice choked up.

I already know where this story is going. It's too

similar to the one Zoey told Jesiah.

"He put her in the brothel," I say, knowing I'm right.

Selah nods her head.

"Then, several months ago, I was at the grocery store, shopping for the pack. Gamma Ivy called me into a private room where Alpha Franco was waiting to speak to me. He knew I originally came from his pack, and he knows that Sadie is my sister. He told me that she was working in the brothel but that she wasn't very good at her new job. He said that if I didn't help him, he would kill her."

I have a sick feeling in my stomach. In the first timeline, I went to the brothel. After finding out that Heath had betrayed me, I was furious. I had gone to there to burn off my anger, to hurt someone. I had ordered three women and while I didn't care what their names were at the time, the name Sadie rings a bell in the back of my mind. And I know Franco did it on purpose. I may not have known it at the time, but it was definitely a 'fuck you'. He probably hadn't heard yet that I was going to kill Heath, since Roman was still torturing him. So, he was planning to use my abuse of Selah's sister as a way to continue to get her compliance with betraying me.

"When I asked what he wanted me to do, he said I just needed to find a way to let rogues into the pack. It didn't seem like a lot at the time. We have strong warriors, and I knew they could kill any rogues that attacked. So, I talked to Heath. We were both miserable here, wanting to leave. But I knew I couldn't leave without my sister. And I couldn't let Alpha Franco kill her. Heath agreed to help me, and you know the rest."

She stops for a moment. "I didn't realize there would be so many of them. I didn't realize our friends would die. I'm so sorry, Alpha," she says, and I see tears begin to drip off her face.

"It's okay, Selah. If I had been a better Alpha, you could have come to me. But everyone in this room knows that if you'd come to me several months ago, I wouldn't have done anything to help you."

I think for a moment while Heath calms his mate. Claire goes to get her some water and consoles her.

"Heath, do you know where the rogues came from? As Selah mentioned, there were a lot of them, more than what I'd expect."

"I'm not exactly sure. One of the Alphas in another pack was helping him to get them, I think."

Heath looks at me. "I think it was Beta Roman, actually, or at least, he was working with the pack that was bringing in the rogues."

Claire's head snaps up. "Do you know which Alpha?"

"I don't, I'm sorry. I would tell you if I did," Heath says.

"I don't know his name either, but I've seen him meeting with Alpha Franco in his supermarkets," Selah says, looking at Heath. "The one with the greasy hair. That one?"

"Yeah, I know which one you're talking about," Heath says.

'Vivienne?' I mind link her.

'Yes, Alpha?'

'Do you know what Alpha meets with Alpha Franco at his supermarket? Someone with greasy hair.'

'Oh yes, Alpha. Alpha Eason. We call him Greasy Eason because he so rarely washes his hair.'

'Thank you, Vivienne.'

'Sure thing, Alpha.'

I refocus on the group, seeing Claire watching me. "Is it Alpha Eason?" I ask.

"Greasy Eason, that's him," Selah says excitedly before slapping her hand over her mouth. "I'm sorry, I meant Alpha Eason."

I smile at her. "It's fine. Any Alpha that doesn't have good hygiene should have a gross nickname."

I look at Claire. "He's tentative for tonight, I'll talk to Keegan. I think we need to rescind his invitation."

"Agreed. As much as I'd like to try and get information from him, if he knows our plan, he'll go straight to Alpha Franco," Claire says.

I nod, turning my attention back to Selah. "Is your sister still at the brothel?"

"Yes."

"Claire and I have to go there," both Heath's and Selah's heads snap up at that.

"We know there is some connection to Franco and his attacks on us, but we don't what the connection is, not yet. If we go, do you think she would help us?"

"If Luna goes with you, she'll talk to her. Luna is easy to trust. If she knows anything, she'll tell you," Selah says, smiling tearfully at Claire.

"And I want you to know, I'll offer to bring her here. If she agrees, I'll bring her to our pack."

"You would do that?" Selah asks.

"I would. It's the least I can do. And still less than I should do."

I look up at Claire. "If Franco owns that brothel, those women will all have stories like Sadie's and Zoey's."

She frowns at me. "What are you thinking?"

"I think it's time we invest in a brothel."