

Chapter 132: Chaos

Tereshan

I had been so focused on the upcoming battle that I hadn't paid much attention to anything else, not the call from the jeweler saying Claire's jewelry was ready for pick up, not the call from Eric saying he had information for me and not Bryson, sitting in the cells.

As I descend the stairs and the scent of blood fills my nose, I regret not making time for him. I believe him that he didn't want to betray me and knowing how strong my bond is to Claire, without even having my mark on her, I can only imagine how strong it will be once I mark her. There's isn't much I wouldn't do for her now, if I had the choice to leave the pack to make her happy, I'd probably do it too.

When I call out to Bryson, it's with a heavy heart. He was trapped down here, unable to fight. But when he says he thinks he found my mole, I race to his cell. There, lying on the floor is Tucker. He must have used the chaos of the battle to come down here. Beside him are the keys to the cell, but when I look, Bryson's cell is still locked and he's sitting on his cot.

Tucker's neck has been snapped. He's laying at an odd angle on the floor.

"What happened?" I ask, keeping Claire tucked behind me. I don't completely distrust Bryson, but I don't trust him either.

"Tucker was spouting off about how he got Alpha Eason onto the pack lands. That's who let Roman out, in case you're wondering. Roman didn't waste any time racing up the stairs and making his escape, Eason right behind him, but Tucker had to come over here and taunt me, talking about what a great fuck Ivy is, telling me I was always a pussy, that I was your little fuck-boy."

He shrugs. "He was always an asshole, and I may have released Ivy and left the pack, but I never betrayed you. Not like he did. So, when he got close enough, forgetting that I used to be a Gamma and I'm fast, I pulled him against the bars and eventually got my hands on him, snapping his neck."

I look down, kicking the keys. "Why didn't you let yourself out? Why didn't you run?" I ask him.

He looks up at me. "You're my Alpha. This is my pack. I know I was wrong. I deserve the punishment. You didn't let me out. Until you do, until you decide I've been punished enough, I'll take my punishment," he says, making me feel even more guilty for putting off his release.

Claire moves around me, looking at Bryson.

"What do you want, Bryson?"

He smiles sardonically. "Well, Luna, I've had a lot of time to think about that. After everything that Ivy did to me, after all the mental games, I just want to become part of the pack again. I want to prove that I'm worthy of being a member of this pack. I know I'll never be a Gamma again, but that doesn't mean that I can't contribute something. I'm strong, I'

m a good warrior. I've heard the conversations about the omegas training. I'd be willing to help them get stronger, or whatever else you want me to do."

I bend down, picking up the keys. "I'm still not sure what I'm going to do with you, Bryson, but I'm releasing you."

I toss him the keys. "But know this, if you ever betray me, if you ever release another prisoner from my cells again, I'll kill you."

He walks to the door, putting the key in the lock and turning it. "There's only one person that I would have done that for, Alpha, and that was my mate. Since I no longer have a mate, there's no worry of that," he says, stepping out of the cell.

"Your room has been given to Jesiah. I'll have to find you a room on the omega wing," I tell him.

"I'll take whatever room you give me, Alpha," he says, making me feel like a complete jerk. But I have to remember what he did, why he's down here. He made the choice that put him here.

"Okay then," I say, and I feel Claire's hand go into mine. She feels my guilt over not letting Bryson out sooner. I look down at my little mate and smile at her. I can't wait to mark her. I want to know what she's thinking and feeling all the time.

'Feena, do we have a spare room on the omega wing?' I ask her in the mind link.

'Yes, Alpha. When do you need it prepared?'

'Now. It's for Bryson.'

'I'll take care of it,' she says.

We walk up the stairs, entering the room off the kitchen. There are omegas everywhere and the floor is already nearly clear of glass.

"Nice job, everyone," I say, meaning it. The smiles from my omegas just reinforce how much I need to remember to encourage and appreciate them and all of their hard work.

I hear a gasp a moment before I hear a tray fall to the floor, glass shattering. I turn to see Nita, her hand covering her mouth as she looks at Bryson, her eyes wide.

I look at Bryson, seeing that his eyes are wide. "Mate?" he asks frowning, as if it's a question.

Nita races from the room, nearly colliding with Feena as she passes her.

Feena watches her then turns to us. "What happened?"

I look at Bryson, whose mouth is opening and closing like a fish out of water.

"How? Why?" he stammers.

"Apparently, Bryson just found his second chance mate." I say.

Feena turns to look in the direction that Nita ran.

Now her eyes go wide. "Nita?" she asks incredulously.

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"Nita." Bryson says reverently. Then he shakes his head.

"No. NO! I don't want another mate. I've suffered enough! Why would the Moon Goddess do this to me?" he yells racing out of the packhouse in the opposite direction of Nita.

"That didn't go well at all," Claire says, frowning as she watches Bryson race off into the woods.

'Alpha, we need you at the border,' a patrol says through the mind link.

I sigh. 'What is it?'

'We have an unconscious rogue just outside our pack borders.'

'Unconscious?'

'Yes, Alpha, and he doesn't smell like the battle. I'm not sure what happened to him, but he needs help.'

'I'm on my way,' I say, looking at Claire.

"There's a rogue at the border, I need to go see what's going on."

"I'm coming with you," she says, taking my hand.

I smile, not wanting to argue. I mind link Dane to find Bryson and let him know I'll meet with him when I get back.

When we get to the border, I see the rogue, looking around dazed, but the moment I smell him, I recognize his scent.

I snarl racing forward, taking him by throat and lifting him

off the ground.

"Why do you smell like Oskar?" I growl.

I watch as the rogue's eyes darken. "The Moon Goddess sends her regards to Magnor and Damara."