

Chapter Sixty-Eight: Shadows of Treachery

Chapter Sixty-Eight: Shadows of Treachery

Chapter Sixty-Eight: Shadows of Treachery

One Hour Before the explosion

Phera POV:

The stale air of the dungeon chills me to the bone as I hang from the ropes, each moment stretching endlessly with pain and dread. The door grinds open, and Rex strides in, his presence like a dark cloud filling the small, grim space. His eyes lock onto mine, gleaming with a malicious pleasure that sends a shiver down my spine.

"Guess what, darling? Your beloved mates are on their way here," Rex announces, a smirk playing on his lips. The initial shock gives way to a fleeting surge of hope—maybe, just maybe, there's a chance for escape, a chance to be saved. But as Rex continues, that hope is quickly smothered by a growing sense of horror.

"Oh, but don't get too excited. They're walking right into a meticulously laid trap. I've set a little surprise for them—the kind that goes boom."

My heart sinks as he details his plan with relish, each word more sinister than the last.

"Here's the fun part," he says, pacing back and forth like a predator circling his prey. "Once they step into the villa dungeons to save their precious Luna, explosives will greet them. A grand fireworks display to celebrate their arrival—and their demise."

The cruelty in his voice is palpable, and a cold dread

Chapter Sixty-Eight: Shadows of Treachery

settles in my stomach.

"And that's not all," Rex adds, his eyes narrowing. "While they're busy here, trying to save you, my forces will attack the Red Moon. Chaos, destruction, it'll all unfold beautifully. By the time anyone realises, it'll be too late."

His plan is monstrous. Not only does he intend to kill my mates and me in one fell swoop, but he also plans to seize Red Moon in our absence, exploiting our vulnerability for his own gain.

"And after your mates are gone, after you've witnessed everything you care about crumble to dust, I'll be there to end your suffering, well that is if you survive darling" he says, approaching me with a twisted glee. "Consider it a gift. You won't have to live with the pain for too long."

This revelation is a heavy blow, but it also ignites a fierce determination within me. If there's even the slightest chance to avert this catastrophe, I have to take it. I need to survive, not just for myself, but for all of Red Moon and the lives hanging in the balance.

Rex doesn't leave the room. Instead, he pulls up a chair, settling in to relish the torment he expects to unfold. His gaze is fixated on me, expecting to see the fear and defeat in my eyes. But instead, I muster every ounce of defiance I possess, meeting his gaze with a steely resolve.

"You won't win, Rex," I whisper, the words barely audible yet firm with conviction. "They will come for me and survive, and we will stop you."

Rex laughs, a sound that echoes hollowly against the stone walls.

"We shall see, my dear. We shall see."

Chapter Sixty-Eight: Shadows of Treachery

As he watches me, waiting for the signs of my defeat, I hold onto the slim hope that my mates will sense the danger, that somehow they'll avoid the trap laid out for them. In the deepest recesses of my heart, I prepare for their arrival, ready to fight alongside them, no matter the odds.

Rex's cruel smirk widens as he sees the resolve in my eyes. He leans back casually, as if we're merely discussing mundane affairs rather than my imminent doom and the destruction of my pack.

"Curious about the finer details, are you?" he taunts, his voice a serpent's hiss in the dim light of the dungeon.

"Yes," I press, my voice steady despite the tremors of fear coursing through me. "Tell me everything. If I'm to die today, let it be with the knowledge of how you think you've outsmarted us all."

Rex chuckles, a sound as cold and sharp as the chains that bind me.

"Very well," he acquiesces, his eyes glinting with malevolence. "It's quite simple, really. I've made certain that the Alpha King's trackers 'discovered' this location just in time to send your mates rushing in. It's all a setup, orchestrated with precision."

He stands, beginning to pace as he lays out his diabolical scheme.

"As for the assault on Red Moon, that's where Josh and the Blue Moon pack come in. With the help of some well-placed rogues, they'll initiate an attack that will weaken your defences just enough to tip the scales and then comes the lost heir of Red Moon to save the day when

Chapter Sixty-Eight: Shadows of Treachery

their alphas couldn't and eventually faced an unfortunate demise saving their precious Luna. Hmm so sad!"

He makes a mocking sad face, his pointer finger slipping down his eye acting like a teardrop before he smiles that sadistic smile of his. I struggle against my bonds, the ropes biting deeper into my flesh as I absorb the horror of his words. The mere thought of my home under siege, of the people I love in danger, fuels a growing fury within me.

"And there's more," Rex continues, his voice dripping with cruel delight. "Once I take control, I plan to reshape the Red Moon according to my vision. The women? They'll serve as nothing more than tools for pleasure and breeding. The children will be raised to be obedient, servile... or sold off if they're deemed unfit."

His words are a poison, each one more vile than the last. My stomach churns with revulsion, my heart pounding with both fear and rage.

"And let's not forget the men and warriors of Red Moon," he adds, his lips twisting into a grotesque smile. "Those who submit will live under my rule. The rest will meet their end in the fighting pits or on the executioner's block."

The dungeon seems to close in around me, the air thick with the stench of damp and decay, and now, the foul scent of Rex's intentions. I can hardly breathe, the weight of his plans pressing down on me like a physical force.

Seeing the horror on my face, Rex laughs, a sound that echoes off the stone walls.

"Oh, my dear, you should see the look on your face. Don't worry, you won't have to witness the fall of the Red Moon and rise of a glorious pack in my care. That privilege will

Chapter Sixty-Eight: Shadows of Treachery

die with you and your mates today."

He stops in front of me, his face inches from mine.

"And since I can't resist a parting gift," he says, his voice a venomous whisper, he pulls back his arm and strikes. The punch lands hard against my cheek, a sharp pain that radiates through my skull.

As he turns and walks out of the dungeon, the door slamming shut behind him, leaving me in darkness once again, I reel from the impact, both physical and emotional. The taste of blood fills my mouth, a stark reminder of the stakes. Despite the despair that threatens to drown me, a fierce determination grips me. Somehow, I must survive. Somehow, I must warn them.

Rex POV:

As I stride away from the dungeon, leaving Phera to marinate in the exquisite cocktail of fear and despair I've so carefully concocted, a dark satisfaction courses through me. The stench of the dungeon still clings to my clothes, a constant reminder of the sweet victory that's about to unfold.

"Soon," I murmur to myself, a grin spreading across my face as I think about the imminent ruin of Red Moon.

The thought of those sanctimonious pricks, those so-called noble alphas of Red Moon, scrambling to save what's left of their precious pack—it's fucking delightful. They think they've got it all figured out, but they're just puppets in my grand play. And today, the final act begins.

As I make my way to the portal that will transport me back to the werewolf multiverse, my mind races with the plans I've laid out. The chaos at Red Moon is just the beginning.

Chapter Sixty-Eight: Shadows of Treachery

The real pleasure will come when I take my rightful place as the alpha, ruling over the ashes of what was once a proud and strong pack.

"These motherfuckers won't know what hit them," I chuckle to myself.

The thought of the power, the absolute control I'll wield—it's intoxicating. The streets will echo with the cries of those who once dared to look down on me, and I'll savor every moment of their despair.

The portal looms ahead, its swirling energies crackling with power. Stepping through it feels like crossing into the realm of gods, and in a way, that's exactly what I'm about to become—a god among wolves, dictating life and death according to my whims.


As the familiar landscape of the werewolf multiverse materialises around me, the air filled with the scent of pine and the distant howls of packs, a fierce joy grips me. This is the moment I've been waiting for, the moment all my plans come to fruition.

I don't just walk; I march toward Red Moon, my steps fueled by years of bitterness and the burning desire for revenge.

"This is it," I whisper, almost reverently. "Today, I claim what should have been mine all along."

And as I cross the threshold into Red Moon territory, the sounds of battle reaching my ears, a twisted smile plays on my lips. The chaos is beautiful, a symphony of destruction that sings to the darkest parts of my soul.


"Let the end begin," I say, my voice a low growl that melds with the chaos around me. The thrill of conquest, the


 +20 BONUS

Chapter Sixty-Eight: Shadows of Treachery

power of fear—I drink it all in as I prepare to seize my destiny.

Tonight, Red Moon falls. Tonight, I rise.

 Comments

 Vote (976)

