

Chapter 6: Liam

One month ago

Five months. Five months I'd been searching for Eli Gunnar and I finally have him cornered. He's wily, I'll give him that, but he won't get away from me this time.

I'm sitting outside a seedy hotel off of Interstate-10 in fucking No Where's Ville Texas. I'm ready to snag this asshole and finally get him back home. We have the place surrounded. We've laid eyes on him and we've made up a story to the 15 year old human idiot running the front desk about us being US Marshalls and this guy being on the run. Whatever. That's just so the cops aren't called giving him a chance to sneak away like he did the last time.

As I watch, he comes out his door, looking around before closing it behind him. He has his bag over his shoulder. Looks like he's about to move again. We caught up to him just in time.

My guys move in and surround him. He throws his bag to the ground and prepares to fight, but they shoot several darts of wolfsbane and it only takes a minute for him to drop. I get out of the car and walk over to him. He's still conscious when I grab his hair pulling his face up to mine. "Got you, you sack of shit. Now you will pay for what you have done."

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I've had Eli in my dungeons for nearly a month. For the first week, I didn't even ask him anything, just used him as a punching bag. I have so much pent-up anger and frustration and he's the perfect asshole to take it out on. All of my rage of being alone most of my life, my frustration at losing Cara, my annoyance at having to choose a Luna that I don't feel is



worthy of the title because I can't find my fated me, all of that comes out when I walk into that dungeon room.

It's surprising, really, that I haven't killed him yet. The man can take a beating, that's for sure. I've started to wonder if he has some alpha blood in him. I'm not sure my own Beta could have lasted this long.

I wipe his blood from my hands and turn to him. "Why did you do it?"

It's the same question I've asked him every day for the past three weeks. Why did he kill my mother?

His answer is always the same. "I didn't kill her." 2

I look at him, his arms are restrained by silver cuffs over his head to a bolt in the ceiling. He is hanging, his feet dragging on the ground, unable to hold himself up.

"Wrong answer. You were found holding her dead and bloodied body. Why did you do it?"

He lifts his head, one eye completely swollen shut, the other barely a slit.

"I didn't do it. I told you, I didn't do it."

"Right, because you're such a stand-up guy. Is that why you tried to force Cara Nelson into a mate bond? Because you're such a great person?"

"What I did to Cara was wrong and I admit that. She didn't deserve what I did to her and I will pay my penance for that, but I didn't kill your mother."

I punch him in the gut. "Kind of hard to deny what you did to Cara. You were a little too obvious about that one. But you were found with my mother's body in your arms. Her dead body." I grab his hair, pulling his



head up so he has to look at me. "So just admit it. After all this time, aren't you tired of denying what you did? Just admit it and I can end this torture. I'll give you a quick death. Continue to deny it, and this," I gesture around the room, "will continue."

He looks at me, spitting blood at my feet. "I. Did. Not. Do. It." He enunciates each word.

"Fine. Have it your way." I lay into him for another 20 minutes before he's unconscious.

"Unhook him, give him enough food and water to keep him alive." I tell the guards watching him. "Contact me if anything changes."

I head upstairs. The dungeons are in the basement under the packhouse. They have reinforced walls and ceilings so that anything that happens down here cannot be heard outside these walls. Werewolves are violent by nature, but that doesn't mean that pups and pregnant mothers need to hear me beating the shit out of someone.

When I get to the top of the stairs, I find Dustin waiting for me. "What's up?" I ask.

He looks me over before turning. "I'll walk with you to your room, looks like you could use a shower." I look down at myself. I'm covered in blood. I hadn't even realized it. I quickly look up to see that there is no one in the part of the packhouse. I would need to be more careful.

Dustin gives me an update on warrior training, patrols, and rogue attacks as we walk to my room.

I still feeling like something is crawling under my skin. The feeling has been getting worse lately. I had thought that capturing Eli would help.



When it didn't, I had hoped that beating the shit out of him and getting a confession would help. The confession hasn't come but the beatings have done nothing to ease this feeling.

I hop in the shower as Dustin continues to update me on the pack status. When I get out, he's looking at me and I don't like the look in his eyes. "What?" I ask.

"You know what. You're crashing Liam. You're starting down the road to going feral. You need to choose a Luna and take a mate. You can't continue this pace alone."

"I had a Luna." I snarl at him. "She didn't want me."

"Wrong." He says. He's the only member of my pack that is able to challenge me and get away with it. It's because he'll challenge me that he's my Beta. "She chose her fated mate. If he hadn't been her mate, you don't know what her choice would have been. It's been six months Liam. It's time to start thinking about who would make a good mate for you and Luna for this pack."

I turn to him, slamming my fist on the bathroom counter. "You don't think I know that? You don't think I've looked? That I've tried to find someone who I think is worthy to run this pack with me? I started running this pack long before I became Alpha. I know the pressure, the responsibility that comes with this job. Do you think there is a she-wolf in this pack that could handle that? Handle me?"

"What about Alpha Christopher's daughter? She's an alpha by blood. She's been trained to be a Luna all her life." He says quietly.

I look at him like he has two heads. "That meek, mild little thing? How the hell am I supposed to take someone like that to my bed? I need a



partner, someone that can match me in strength, someone who is fierce, not just a Luna who orders napkins when we run out." I push past him, walking into my closet to get dressed.

"I'm going into the city to find someone to stick my dick in. Someone not from our pack. Tomorrow..."

I'm cut off as the patrols mind link both Dustin and me. "Alpha, Beta. We have a breach at the border."

"Rogues?" Dustin asks.

"Well, it's A rogue, but you need to come."

"Xavior, you can't handle a single rogue on your own?"

"It's not that Beta. Please, can one of you just come, or better yet, both of you."

Dustin and I look at each other. "I'll take care of it." He says, but I'm already shaking my head.

"I'll come."

We head out, jogging to the border where the breach has happened. We're almost there when the most delicious scent of raspberries and cream hits my nose. Cyran, who has been mostly quiet since Cara's birthday, sits up in my head. 'Cyran?'

He doesn't say anything, but I can feel his interest in this rogue. As we walk to where they have the prisoner, I can see that one of my men has a woman in his arms. As soon as I see her, a vicious snarl erupts from of my chest. Cyran pushes forward taking an aggressive stance against our pack mate. Dustin moves in front of me. "Alpha?" He asks.



"Mate." Cyran says before pushing past Dustin and snatching her out of Xavier's arms.

I look down at the small, frail girl in my arms. Her skin is so pale it's almost opaque. Her white hair is in tangles around her face. Her face is gaunt as if she hasn't eaten in too long. From what I can see around the jacket that is her only clothing, her body is riddled with puncture wounds.

'Cyran, is she human?'

I pull her closer, inhaling her scent. 'No, she's not human, but her wolf is silent, absent.'

It wouldn't matter if she was human. She's my mate, the one the Moon Goddess made for me. I don't care who or what she is, she's mine now.

Her scent, her delicious scent, has immediately eased the uncomfortable feeling that has been eating at me for months. It's like my body just remembered that it belongs inside my skin and has stopped fighting against itself. A peace that I've never felt before washes over me.

"Mate." I repeat. 2



Cooper Author

What do you think so far? Leave me a comment and let me know your thoughts.

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