

Damon POV

As soon as Nash and his warriors disappeared in the dark with their tails tucked in between their legs, the battle was called off. My warriors were left with me, snarling and wanting more blood. I opened my mind link and instructed them to run to the west border.

We all shifted and headed to the west border where I was anticipating the Shadow pack to attack. I warned my warriors to stay alert because the last time they had encountered the land mines. This time before I had come, my warriors had already inspected the area and they didn't find landmines, but they found a spy who was lurking in the darkness of the trees. They caught hold of him and took him to the dungeons.

I was all bloodied up when I returned. Jack requested me to go to the hospital to nurse my wounds while he interrogated the spy. I would have liked that very much, but I had Alpha blood running in my veins. My skin had started stitching up on its own. There were stains of blood on my thigh and it was painful when I walked, but I tore my shirt into two and tied it across my thighs. "That would do!" I said and headed over to the dungeons.

I really wanted to know why the Shadow pack attacked us. It was bizarre. Poppy had told me that Sinclair had never told her grandfather that she had shifted, because if he had, she was sure her grandfather would at least call her once.

The guard over there got up and bowed to me. "The prisoner is in cell number 5," he said.

The prisons in our dungeons were divided according to the torture method. Number 1 to 5 had the least torture equipment, number 6 to 20 had some while 20 and onwards were the prisons where criminals often lost their minds. They were mostly for the rogues or those who had betrayed the pack.

Without acknowledging him I strode to cell number five with Jack on my heels. I could sense his extreme agitation. It was as if he was ready to kill the spy. He banged open the door for me and before I could speak a word, Jack was at the spy's throat, snarling in his face. "What were you doing in our territory?" he growled, yanking his head up by grabbing a fistful of his hair.

The spy was shackled to the wall with silver chains. Silver affected us badly. Its chains bruised our skin to the point that our skin never recovered well. It was poison to us and that was why every werewolf pack was banned from having guns with silver bullets. His face was bleeding and one eye was shut which meant that my warriors had already beaten him a lot.

The spy looked at Jack with one eye and let out a tired chuckle. "Nothing," he said in a hoarse voice.

Jack swung a punch at his already bruised face. "Stop!" I ordered him. Jack snarled at me but he stopped midair. He jerked his head to the other side and rose up. I signaled him to go and stand at the entrance. With reluctance, he walked and stood at the entrance with his arms crossed across his chest. He glared at the spy as if

he would murder him in one second. I could understand Jack's rage. His Alpha, Kevin Lombard, was in the hospital, fighting for life. He was the loyal gamma warrior, sworn to protect his Alpha. And he couldn't.

I pulled a chair as it screeched over the floor and went to sit in front of the spy only a meter away. I cocked my head and studied him as he studied me. "What's your name?" I asked in a low voice, keeping my anger just on the verge of control.

"Coal."

"Who sent you here, Coal?" I asked, my voice having that edge of danger.

He chuckled. "Who do you think?"

"Answer my question, Coal, if you want to die nicely. Else every time you will try to act smart, I will make sure that you go towards your death, but very painfully."

"I am not afraid of you bastards!" he spat.

"That's good, then." I turned my head over my shoulder and Jack picked up a plier from a table. He gave it to me. I picked up his hand roughly.

"What are you doing?" he said with nervousness. "That's a bloody silver plier! My finger would never regenerate."

"That's the plan," I growled and the next instant I brought the plier down on his little finger, severing it from his hand.

His blood curdling scream boomed in the cell and the dungeons. Other prisoners started clamoring the bars and howling or crying. Coal began crying as blood spurted from his hand. "You— you—" he couldn't form words, his mind going numb.

"So," I said in the same calm and lethal voice. "Who sent you?"

His chest heaving, he glared at me as tears rolled down his eyes. "A— Alpha James. B— but I got orders from his Beta, Axl Morrison."

I narrowed my eyes. His blood coated my pants. "What for?"

He licked his dry lips, still breathing heavily. "I will tell you, but you have to promise me that you will help me healing that!" He looked at his hand. I knew the poison would soon spread in his body.

"I won't promise that, but I promise a quick death."

Coal cried. "Axl wanted to keep an eye on your activity. That's all!"

"Why did they attack us in the first place?" I asked, positioning the plier on the ring finger.

Coal pissed in his pants. "I don't know. I don't know." He shook his head even as his gaze was fixed on the plier.

"Do you know Hilda?" I don't know why I asked that.

His eyes went wide for a moment in surprise. "Yes, she was Poppy Vincent's nanny and Beta Axl's—" He pursed his lips at that.

My lips curled up in a very cold smile. "She is Axl's—"

"Mistress..." he breathed.