

Chapter Three

"That f*****g bastard!" Kane growled.

Red-faced and seething, he slams his forearm across my vanity table, sending perfume bottles, makeup, and jewelry crashing to the oor. His ragged breaths punctuate the shattering silence, sts clenched with uncontrolled rage as he gritted his teeth audibly against each other.

His shoulders trembled from rage and maybe something else, but I couldn't tell. I found myself rooted to the spot, back covered in cold sweat as my eyes skimmed over the letter from the Alpha of the North for what seemed to be the 100th time in the hour.

War.

A war was coming if the Packs of the East didn't stop trying to raise their forces against him. Which also meant that he knew all about Kane's plans.

They had a past...one Kane never spoke about but he knew the Alpha at some point, and he hated the man to the core.

Curious as I was about it, I never asked, I knew what would become of me if I incited his rage any further.

But now. This letter was addressed to Kane. He had his Gammas crash the ball just to give this letter to Kane. A warning. The crowd had dispersed instantly, nobody wanting to dare become individual enemies to the North.

"How dare that fucker underestimate what I am capable of?!" He scoffed as he began to pace the length of our bedroom, running his ngers through his dark hair in an agitated manner.

I watched him silently. Unsure of what to say. I've never seen my husband this emotional, I've never seen him this shaken up by another person.

But the answer was clear.

"Alone..." I began slowly, "We are no match for the North, Kane..." I walked up to him slowly, cautiously.

I hoped I could calm him down and talk some sense into him. Remind him that we were at a disadvantage.

His whole body stiffened the second I held his arm.

"I think we should put our plans on hold for now, we'll focus on getting more allies quietly, that'll give us more time to--"

"—are you telling me to bow to that bastard and let him have his way?!" He yelled, ripping his arm away from my grasp as he glared daggers in my direction.

My heart began to pound, and I took a subconscious step back, instantly regretting why I said anything in the rst place.

I shook my head, "No, Kane..."

My words trailed off when I saw the rage in his eyes. He was barely holding his wolf back, he took a step forward, closing the distance between us and reaching for my hair. His grip was so tight that I could feel sharp pains behind my eyes.

"Kane..." My voice shook with fear, "Please...please--"

My words were cut short as he pulled and dragged my body across the room, slamming my face down on the vanity table he had cleared, repeatedly.

The rst hit was expected. The second made my ears begin to ring. By the third slam, I could taste blood on my tongue and throat as the edge of the table kept digging into my neck.

"You think you're so smart!" Slam!

"Because I let you help around?!" Slam!

"You have no f*****g say in this you little b***h!" Slam!

"You think you're special? You f*****g w***e?!"

He was breathing hard by the time he was satished. And I could no longer feel my body. I fell to the ground in a broken heap. Every part of me screaming in pain. I could feel the blood that dripped down the side of my head, I could taste blood in my mouth. My right eye was swollen shut and the left was blurred with tears.

I curled up into a ball, sobbing into my knees. I could barely speak...I didn't dare look up at him.

"You always make me do this," He grunted in annoyance"You just don't know when to shut the f**k up!"

"I'm sorry..." I sobbed repeatedly, "I'm sorry, Kane," Over and over again, even after I heard his retreating footsteps and the sound of the doors slamming shut.

This wasn't the rst time...and it sure as hell wouldn't be the last. So why did it hurt so much?

Even as I felt my wounds close up slowly. I still cried. My heart was heavy, it ached with something that almost burned.

After what seemed to be an eternity, my throat closed up and my tears ran out. I sat up slowly, raising my body with shaky legs. My eyes immediately noticed my rection.

My right eye was still swollen shut. My green eyes were a darker shade and my red curls were a mess. I looked like someone who stepped in front of a train and survived but then again, that would've been a better option.

I cleaned the table, and then my face. I still had a few bruises but I was thankful he didn't use silver on me this time. They would heal by morning...unfortunately, that didn't include my heart.

I changed into more comfortable clothes and left the bedroom. I needed a walk...I needed some air.

I reminded myself that I needed to be over it by tomorrow. Kane wouldn't like seeing a frown on my face because he hit me...I had to--

My steps halted as I rounded the corner that led to the garden. My feet turned to stone as my eyes adjusted to the dark and my ears picked up the faint sounds.

It was Kane.

I heard his groans and grunts of pleasure, a woman's moans, and the sound of esh slapping against esh.

I was livid. My body began to tremble as I walked forward, hating myself for wanting to sate my curiosity.

But it was Kane's voice...I have heard it so many times behind and above my naked body that I would recognize it with my eyes closed.

I shouldn't...

But my heart had already broken to pieces before they came into view.

Under the full moon was Kane, completely naked...his back pressed against the wall, and a woman in his arms, also naked...riding him. His knuckles were still red with my blood but there he was.

I caught sight of red hair, and bile immediately rose in my throat. The woman threw her head back and I saw her...

My mother.

And my husband.

The realization of what I was seeing hit me so hard that I cried out. Tears streamed down my face without warning and they immediately stopped. Their loud moans ceased and all that disrupted the night's silence was my cry.

"Celine?"

"Oh..." my mother gasped in shock, face turning red as she immediately reached for her dress to cover herself.

I saw the look in Kane's eyes.

Irritation.

No remorse.

With my shaky legs, I turned around and walked out of the back garden, unable to digest nor fathom what I had just witnessed.

I didn't go back into the packhouse, instead I ran into the woods. I didn't stop until I was out of breath and couldn't see through my tears. There against a large tree, I emptied my guys onto the ground, my stomach burning and my chest hurting.

I was overwhelmed by my emotions, a sniveling, sobbing mess.

Kane didn't come after me. A part of me was glad he didn't. Yet a part of me realized just how foolish I'd been, making excuses for a man who wasn't any different from my parents.

And my mother...

A low growl drifted into my ears. My head snapped up as I heard the sudden sound. Low, deep...unfamiliar.

It had all the ne hairs on my skin standing. I couldn't see anything, it was far too dark, even for my wolf, which was strange.

"Who...who's there?!" I bared my claws and stood on high alert.

Whoever the person was, they had an aura that was almost suffocating, even though I couldn't see them. I could feel their wolf...a brush of their power. Unlike anything I've ever--

Deep in the bushes, I saw unnatural golden eyes staring straight into mine, holding me in its magnetic hold.

Then it hit me.

It was a giant wolf.

An Alpha.

But who?

A chill ran down my spine as dread consumed me. This wasn't an Alpha I knew...so, was it an intruder? Was the pack under attack?

The wolf never moved out of the bushes, not even as I turned and ran back in the direction of the mansion, my heart racing with fear.

I had to tell Kane...we had to ready the warriors just in case.

Then I felt something sharp embed itself into the side of my neck. Like an insect's bite, but when I raised my hand to touch it, I felt feathers brush against my skin; they were attached to the end of a needle.

And just like that, my legs gave way, and I fell to the oor unceremoniously. Losing all feeling in my limbs in the course of a few seconds.

Did someone just...drug me?

I had to get to Kane. I had to...

My thoughts faded into nothingness as everything went dark and the constant pounding in my head ceased.