

# AN ENEMY CALLED MATE

## Chapter 11



ZIVA

The words Anji spoke brought back memories of how Alpha Xander acted coldly toward me. He does not seem loveable anyway, and since Anji mentions that he is my enemy, I should know my standards.

“I know, and did I mention that I was in love with him?” I questioned, rolling my eyes. “I’m uninterested in that anyway. Right now, I just need some food, and a change of clothes.”

“Alright, I will be in your bedroom,” Anji replied with a sigh, as she sounded like a mother who had completed scolding her child.

I nodded, then I followed her into my bedroom. As soon as we entered inside, Anji suggested a few dresses that I could change into, meanwhile, I glanced at my reflection that appeared in the large mirror. The scars on my body were still visible.

“Thank Goddess I added some healing potion to your foods and drinks,” Anji voiced out, jolting me out of my thoughts.

I turned around, and faced her instantly.

“Next time, you should inform me before adding any substance to my meals. I do not like that. It makes me feel uncomfortable around you,” I replied, stating my feelings towards her actions.

With my response, she paused for a moment like she was processing what to say next. I assumed that she was someone I could put my trust in, but I guess I was wrong.

With her knowledge of the deal I made with Alpha Darwin and the way she added a potion to my meal without my awareness is something I should not take lightly.

“Alright, Lady Ziva,” Anji responded, bowing her head, while I scoffed. The scars on my legs, hands, and other visible places vanished. What remained were the ones on my back and butt; the ones I received after Nikolas lied to everyone.

Possibly, the others vanished because of the healing potion Anji added to my food. I think I should erase all the scars since I do not want to see them or recall why they are on me.

“Can I have the healing potion you mentioned?” I asked politely, and Anji paused. She gazed at me, as her brows creased.

“Do you intend to use it?” She questioned.

“Obviously, I do. Just hand it over,” I uttered, and a tight-lipped smile appeared on her face. From the first time I met her, she did not smile, does this mean that it was a fake smile?

“I don’t have it on me, but I can assist you by adding it to your meals,” Anji chuckled, with her hands clutching a dress.

“No, I can care for myself. Give the potion to me, and I will use it,” I responded.

“Okay, Ziva.”

“Lady Ziva,” I corrected her, “Address me as Lady Ziva.”

“Okay,” Anji uttered. She handed a dress to me, and I analyzed it. It was a simple night dress. Its length stopped a few inches below my knees, and it had short sleeves.

“I noticed that you were uncomfortable in the other night dress, so I bought this,” Anji’s voice echoed, with excitement tinged in her tone.

“Great, I will wear this!” I exclaimed.

“I will leave you then,” Anji muttered, bowing her head again.

She left the room, while I changed into the night dress she chose. At that moment, I heard a loud grumble from my stomach, making me recall that I had not eaten a thing since this morning.

Curse you, Alpha Xander! If not for your nonsensical order, I won’t be in this condition.

Loud grumble!

Oh, not again. Am I that hungry? Just hold on, Ziva, you will have breakfast tomorrow.

Grumble!

Sigh... I need to eat, or else the grumbling from my stomach will disable me from sleeping.

()!!!

Also, an Omega can prepare my meal quickly without wasting my time, and energy!

Hastily, I strode out of my room to search for an Omega who would help me with the food.

Fortunately, I heard a few whispers from the ballroom before concluding to return to my bedroom and force myself to sleep.

As soon as I heard the whispers, I strode toward the landing. Then, I stretched my neck, searching for the source of the whispers.

My gaze fell on the people below, the people in the ballroom. They wore the same color of clothing and they were whispering to each other. They must be the Omegas!!

Without wasting any time, I walked down the staircase, approaching the Omegas quickly.

Before I could reach them, they scattered. Returning to their cleaning duty, they stopped whispering.

Oh, now I get it! They were gossiping about me, weren't they?

Lol, I smiled, recalling those bittersweet moments at the Granelma Pack. The Omegas at Granelma Pack also gossip, but I don't join them because I knew that I would be beaten mercilessly if I was caught whispering about the so-called Great Alpha Darwin's family.

"Hi," I spoke, approaching an Omega who was mopping the floor that was not distant from me.

He had a small stature, but as soon as he raised his head to gaze at me, I was certain that he was very young, with his cute, small face. He should be maybe eighteen to twenty years old.

"Hello," he replied, and a loud bang echoed. I glanced at what made the sound, then I noticed that a mop was on his head. Another Omega hit a mop on his head.

It must be painful, but he will quickly heal since he is a werewolf. Also, I'd rumors about the werewolves who dwell in this Crescent Moon Pack.

I heard that they are very strong and powerful compared to normal werewolves, so the mop should be no big deal to an Omega.

“How dare you speak to Lady Ziva that way?!” The female Omega who smacked the mop on the male Omega yelled. She seemed to be old, with the grey hair that crawled out of her right bun being exposed.

The old female Omega turned to me, and she bowed her head respectfully, “I apologize, Lady Ziva for his disrespect. I’m the Head Omega, and he is a new Omega here. That should be the reason why he spoke to you that way.”

## Chapter 12



ZIVA

After the Head Omega bowed, the male Omega’s jaw dropped. He gazed at me and his gaze instantly dropped to the floor.

I felt flattered by that behavior. The sight of being respected is so exciting! I love this view.

I let out a chuckle, waving my hand as a gesture to the two Omegas.

“Please don’t, that’s enough,” I uttered, and the two Omegas raised their heads.

“Do you need his help by any chance?” The Head Omega inquired, causing me to recall that I came here because I was starving.

“Yes! Yes!” I exclaimed, scratching my neck as I was a bit embarrassed. Commanding an Omega to get food for me at this time of the night might be too demanding. They may term me as a foodie, but anyway, my stomach won’t stop grumbling.

I glanced sideways, hoping that no one would be nearby. When I didn't spot anyone, I faced the two Omegas and spoke in a low tone, more like a whisper.

"I need a light meal."

Their mouth opened agape instantly, as they moved back, like they were taken aback by my request.

"I know I should not eat this late at night, but I'm starving..." I spoke, telling them my true feelings as I rubbed my flat belly.

It may sound dumb to them that their Alpha's wife is a bit childish, but I just need food. It's not too much to ask, right?

Instantly, the two Omegas bowed their heads.

"Am I not allowed to eat?" I asked, noticing the expression they had on their faces. Or did Alpha Xander order them to make me starve?

"No, no, My Lady." The Head Omega stammered, then she continued. "It's just that Omegas are not allowed to be in the kitchen or the dining hall at this time. So, we can't help you with the meal." She spoke, her tone sounding polite.

"Alright," I sighed. I turned around to leave them, but inwardly, I was sad and tired. It is like jumping from frypan to fire. Tarr! This place seems worse than the Granelma Pack itself.

"But... My Lady," I heard the Head Omega whisper. Suddenly, my ear rang and I turned around without hesitating as a smile formed on my face with the assumption that there was another option to not starving for the whole night.

"You can use the kitchen instead." The Head Omega completed her statement, causing the smile on my face to drop.

This is not what I want!

“I can show you the way to the kitchen if you want,” The Head Omega voiced out, meanwhile, the male Omega who was next to her nodded at her suggestion.

Half is better than none. That is the best option.

“I will appreciate that,” I replied. The Head Omega moved away, and I followed her, with my legs moving quickly.

We reached the kitchen in no time. I was not amazed by the view because it was what I had expected since my bedroom alone was large. However, it was a spacious room with a clean floor and cabinets sparkling.

The Head Omega stood outside the kitchen, but she managed to show me the utensils and ingredients I could use to make a quick meal.

When the Head Omega had completed that, she left. Meanwhile, I decided to cook pasta because it was easier to cook. This content provided by N(o)velDrama.[Org.

I can still recall when my mother prepared it. Those sweet, happy moments play in my head, and I’m starting to worry about her.

I wonder if she was given food, and is still in that cold cell. To be precise, I should inform Alpha Darwin that I didn’t like the way she stayed in the cell. I’m working for him and the pack is united. She should be treated better.

Yes, I will do that.

Without thinking twice, I ran to my room to get my phone and speak to Alpha Darwin. Luckily, he mentioned that I could call or message him at any time, I can speak to him about my mother then.

XANDER

Turning on the shower, water dripped down my body as I recalled what happened earlier. The Alpha was trying to mock me by questioning me about the Granelma Pack's princess lifespan.

Thank Goodness that his Luna diverted his attention to someone else, if not, the ceremony would have been a bloody battlefield and I would have torn him apart.

I despise people when they remind me of my horrible past, most especially that little princess, the Granelma Pack's princess. What is her name again?

"I have no idea. I think her name starts with the letter V," my Wolf, Maz spoke, meanwhile, I turned off the shower. Lance mentioned her name before I agreed to this marriage. It should be...

"Viza... Her name is Viza," I told my wolf. My wolf responded with a groan, making me recall how she bumped into me in the ballroom. She bumped into me twice. First, she bumped into my back, then the other time was my front. Her back rubbed my body, and it made me a bit...

Knock!

Knock!

"Come in," I responded, knowing who was at the door after perceiving his scent. It was none other than Lance. I had blocked his mind link earlier, as a punishment for disobeying, but I guess it's time to unblock it.

Unblocking the mind link, I walked out of the shower, dressed in a new set of clothes, meanwhile, Lance walked into my bedroom quietly.

"The warriors caught a rogue at the pack border. It was the same rogue who tried to attack your woman's car when she arrived, but thankfully, another warrior intervened, so it was settled," Lance explained as he stood with a composed posture and his head bending low as a sign of respect.



“I don’t care if a rogue tried to attack that Viza of a she-wolf. If she doesn’t die in my arms, then she can die in-”

Suddenly, a chuckle echoed quietly, interrupting my statement. I averted my gaze to the source of the chuckle, Lance’s side, then I noticed that Lance had his hand clasped over his mouth.

“Why were you laughing?” I questioned, shooting glares at him.

“I apologize, I didn’t mean to,” he replied softly, almost making me annoyed. That was the same thing he said earlier before I ordered him to leave my office.

“Why were you laughing?” I inquired again, while staring at him with a serious expression on my face. He looked up just like I expected, and upon seeing my face, he dropped to his knees, and bowed.

“Forgive me, Alpha. I tried my best to not laugh, but I couldn’t. Your wife’s name is Ziva, not Vizza or Viza... Or Vixa-”

“Stop it! Are you trying to mock me?” I asked, my anger fueling with every second.

“I wouldn’t dare.”

“Enough!” I thundered. “I don’t care about how or why the rogue tried to attack Viza-”

“It’s Ziva, Xander,” Maz corrected in my head.

“Don’t you dare try to correct me! Ziva is Ziva!” I yelled out.

“Now, that is correct,” Maz spoke, taunting me. He knew that when my anger got to its full limit, I would easily transform into him, so he did that deliberately.

I faced Lance. “Lance, I do not care about how or why the rogue tried to attack Ziva. Just let him rot in the cell for hopping into this pack,” I commanded, calming my nerves as I spoke.

“I will do as you commanded, Alpha,” Lance uttered, standing to his feet as he turned to leave.

“Also, prepare for the sorceress’s arrival. She will be here to welcome Vi-Ziva,” I uttered, waving my hand to dismiss him as I almost mentioned Viza again.

### Chapter 13



XANDER

Lance swept his golden hair out of his eyes and tilted his head, as if in slow motion. “I understand,” he said, before moving out of my room.

After he left, I collapsed onto my bed and let out a long sigh. Darkness began to creep in at the edges of my vision since I wanted to sleep and prepare for what awaited me the next morning.

However, my thoughts kept racing, keeping me awake.

I tossed and turned, my mind spinning in circles. I closed my eyes and tried to slow my breathing, hoping that sleep would come.

But no sooner had I closed my eyes than they fluttered open again.

I felt restless. Sitting up on my bed, my wolf, Maz, spoke to me with a teasing voice. “So, are you still thinking about that Ziva girl?”

I snapped at Maz, my patience wearing thin. “Cut it out. You’re not helping. I’m trying to sleep.” Maz just laughed, and I knew it was useless to try to get him to stop.

With a resigned sigh, I withdrew myself to follow the rabbit hole of thoughts in my head. I should check what my mind has been pondering about instead.

I rose from my bed and walked over to the wall on my left. Gently, I placed my hand against the cool stone surface, feeling the familiar click of the security check. Then, the wall began to move, sliding open to reveal a small, dark room that I had never entered for some years now.

A cloud of dust drifted into the air as the wall opened, tickling my nose and making me want to sneeze.

I pinched my nose to try to stop the sneeze that was threatening to escape. With a loud ‘achoo!’, the sneeze burst out of me, shaking the dust from the webs on the walls and causing it to drift down like a soft, powdery snow.

In the dim light, my eyes darted around the room, finally landing on a small lamp in the corner.

My fingers fumbled for the switch of the lamp, and with a flick of my wrist, I turned it on.

The light illuminated the room in a dim glow, revealing the thick spiderwebs enveloped across the walls, hanging from the ceiling, and covering the frames and boxes in the corner.

As I looked around the room, a realization struck me: The restlessness I had been feeling might be caused by the nightmares I’d been having about the memories locked away in this room.

Knowing fully well that I locked most of the memories in a box I kept. I approached a large brown box in the corner. Its once-rich color had faded over time, and the wood was now covered in a thick layer of dust.

It should be the one!

I didn't bother cleaning the box, knowing that I'd lock it away again soon.

"Why are you here? You promised to not return to this awful place," Maz spoke inside my head.

I couldn't stop myself. I needed to see what was inside again.

"I have to. I can't stop thinking about her," I replied, my voice firm.

Swiftly, I opened the box, with the lid giving a loud, creaky groan. Dust erupted into the air. I coughed, waving my hand in front of my face to clear the air.

As I opened the box, a stack of photographs spilled out onto the floor. I picked up the photos, and my eyes landed on a small one in the middle. It was a picture of a female with long, dark hair and deep brown eyes. She was smiling, but the smile seemed sad and forced.

I ran my fingers over the picture, and her brown eyes seemed to bore into me. I felt a lump in my throat at that moment. Heaving a sigh, I looked up and muttered, "I've had enough punishment. You don't have to appear in my nightmares."

Staring at the same photograph, I pushed it back into the box, but something caught my eye. I pulled it out again, and took a peek at the photograph.

Squinting my gaze at the back of the picture. There, in a neat, slanted handwriting, was a name written in caramel-colored ink: 'Dottore Eugene' (Doctor Eugene).

"Was she sick before the war started?" I wondered aloud.

“You know how friendly Rose was,” Maz replied. “Maybe the doctor was a friend.”

I shook my head, not convinced. Something about the handwriting, the odd expression on her face in the photograph, and the way she’d hidden it made me uneasy.

I couldn’t shake the feeling that something was off. Rose had been persistent in talking to me before the war began, and I couldn’t help but wonder what it was about.

Who was Doctor Eugene? I’d never heard the name before. My mind raced, trying to make sense of it all.

Finally, I decided to mind-link Lance, hoping that he could shed some light on the situation.

“Lance, do you know of a doctor named Eugene in the pack?” I mind-linked Lance.

“Alpha, there are tons of doctors with the last name Eugene,” Lance began, but I cut him off.

“I need a list of all the doctors named Eugene, and I need to know if any of them are connected to Rose!” I ordered.

“Rose?” Lance’s voice trailed off, his voice tinged with curiosity. “You mean Rose-”

I interrupted, “Rose Collins. I need the list by morning. And be thorough.”

“Alright, Alpha,” Lance responded quickly, meanwhile, I returned the photograph I held to the box. My heartbeat fastened at that moment, and I paced back and forth, restless, and anxious.

What was Rose hiding from me?

I pinched the bridge of my nose, trying to piece two and two together. Rose and I had been close, so why would she hide something from me? My thoughts swirled, racing through memories and emotions. I couldn't help but think back to the past, the memories as painful as fresh wounds.

She died, mum died, all because of that f\*cking Darwin! Thank Goddess that he didn't appear at the party, I would have done worse than I planned to do.

#### Chapter 14



XANDER

“Soon, we will have our revenge. No need to worry,” Maz spoke in a soothing tone, but I was not comforted by his words.

I could not get my mind off Rose, and who needs a wolf's advice, when I'm worried about my loved ones?

I need answers instead. I will have my revenge afterward, and nothing can stand in my way.

Suddenly, the smell of ashes hit my nostrils, causing me to recall more and more of those dreadful moments. It was like a nightmare I couldn't wake up from.

At that time, I could not control my emotions, and I did it.

My bloody hands...

My ear rang at a sudden noise as the smell of ashes and an eggy odor mingled with my breath. At first, I thought it was from my memories, but now, I don't think it is.

Sniff, sniff!

I raised my nose, sniffing the air, and my wolf's senses kicked in. "Fire! Something is burning!"

My mind raced as I tried to figure out what was happening. I could feel the heat of the flames, even from where I stood.

I rushed out of my room and headed towards the source of the awful smell.

Also, I mind-linked the Omegas, noting that my wolf alert was right about the burning smell in my mansion.

As soon as I reached the source of the smell, the kitchen, I stopped in my tracks. I looked up, gazing at the black thick fog that moved out of the kitchen.

The fog was so thick and heavy from the view, and walking into the kitchen wouldn't be the right option. I don't think anyone can see inside the kitchen with that thick fog.

I heard the sound of footsteps, and I turned to see one of the Omegas approaching with a fire extinguisher. With a quick flick of his wrist, the Omega activated the fire extinguisher and began to sweep the nozzle back and forth.

The other Omegas joined in, and within minutes, the thick smoke began to clear. As it did, the kitchen came into view, and I caught a glimpse of what was inside the kitchen.

The sight made my heart sink.

From the clean, sparkling kitchen I had, it became a kitchen with blackened walls. The kitchen cabinets became warped. Even the cooker was covered in soot, and the pot on the burner had turned from shiny silver to a charred black.

A few of the Omegas entered the kitchen, their fire extinguishers in their arms. They swept the nozzle of the extinguisher on the pot.

Bang!

I jumped at the sound of the explosion, my hands flying up to cover my ears. A second later, the room was silent, and I looked up to see the source of the noise.

The blackened pot had exploded, sending shards of metal and ceramic flying across the kitchen.

Trying to calm my nerves and the anger that threatened to take control of my actions, I inhaled and exhaled repeatedly. My anger was filled, but my wolf wouldn't give in. This mansion was a part of my hard-earned money, and whoever caused this mess will pay!

The Omegas had managed to put out the fire, and I turned to the Head Omega, ready to give her a piece of my mind. But my wolf wasn't ready, so I clenched my fists and massaged my temples.

I took a few deep breaths, clasping my wrists behind my back. Meanwhile, the Head Omega lowered her head, sensing my anger. I took another deep breath, trying to remain calm and collected.

"Who did this?" I asked, my voice low and dangerous.

The Head Omega hesitated for a moment, making me more irritated.

"Who made this mess?!" I roared, losing my patience. "If you don't speak now, you and your entire generation will be punished for your silence."

The Omega's eyes widened in fear, and I knew I had struck a nerve. But I couldn't let myself back down now.

"I-I don't know, sir," the Head Omega stammered, her voice shaking with fear. "The Omegas are not allowed to enter the kitchen at this time, so I have no idea who could have done this."

I can't believe her answer. Was she really trying to cover for the culprit?



“Is that so?” I spoke, my voice cold and hard. “Then I guess your family should be banished from this pack,” I muttered, walking away that instant.

Obviously, she or the Omegas were behind this, but she was trying to protect the culprit.

“L-lady Ziva. She was the last person I spotted here!” The Head Omega exclaimed, causing my ear to perk up at the mention of Ziva.

That Darwin’s daughter!

Of course, it was her. I should have known. I gritted my teeth, anger simmering just beneath the surface. What did Ziva think she was doing, coming into my territory and causing trouble?

Just as the Head Omega completed her statement, I heard the sound of footsteps pounding down the stairs. I turned to see who was making such a racket, and there was Ziva, rushing into the kitchen. She didn’t even look at me, and her face was pale and drawn.

Upon reaching the kitchen, she stopped short, her eyes widening in shock at the scene in front of her. I watched her carefully, wondering what she was thinking.

What a sneaky rabbit! Did she set my kitchen on fire on purpose? What was her plan?

“Goodness!” She exclaimed, her eyes wide with shock. But I wasn’t buying her innocent act. I strode over to her, my hand closing around her arm in a tight grip.

“Ouch!” She winced at my grasp, and I turned her to face me with a roll from my grasp.

“You will be punished for what you’ve done,” I uttered authoritatively, and she shook her head slightly.

“I didn’t mean for this to happen,” she stammered. “I was just trying to make some pasta.” I heard her mutter, but I was uninterested in whatever she said as long as she was the culprit.

I dragged her out of the mansion and threw her away from the doors.

As I mind-linked the guards, they appeared at my side in an instant, ready to follow my orders.

“Throw her into the Den, she is of no use,” I ordered with a firm, and commanding voice. Then, I turned back and slammed the double doors shut.

She would learn her lesson soon enough after spending a few days in that Den.

## Chapter 15



ZIVA

Just like I had decided to speak with Alpha Darwin, I went to my room to have my phone. As soon as I reached my phone, I checked the contact lists and surprisingly, there was only one phone number saved in the list.

The phone number was saved as Dad with a love emoji after the word. There was no doubt in my mind that it was Alpha Darwin’s number.

So, I hit the call button, my heart racing. The phone rang and rang, but no one picked up. I began to get exhausted. Just then, the smell of burnt food filled the air, making me wrinkle my nose.

The pasta! I had completely forgotten about it. I rushed back to the kitchen, fearing the worst.

() I didn't turn off the cooker before entering my room. Hastily, I ran downstairs, with my heart pounding, only for my worst fears to be confirmed.

In the kitchen, I spotted the Omegas with some fire extinguishers. They were scrambling to put out the flames with fire extinguishers, but the damage was done.

The whole kitchen was ruined because of my pasta.

I could not even imagine the cost of the damages. It would be a lot of money to care for everything!!

"Ouch!" I yelled when I felt a sharp, burning pain in my hand.

I turned, realizing that someone grabbed me by the wrist. Their grip was so tight that it was almost unbearable. I let out a cry of pain, and the grip loosened just a bit.

I turned around to see whose hand gripped my hand that way, and through teary eyes, I saw the face of Alpha Xander. He looked furious, his brows furrowed and his eyes blazing. I felt my legs begin to shake, and I knew I was in for a scolding of eternity.

"I ruined his kitchen, I hope he spares me!!" I pleaded inwardly.

With a snarl, he dragged me to the front door and threw me out, his grip like steel. His muscular grip was no match with my tiny hand, so I could not wriggle my hand from his grip.

Thud!

My feet flew out from under me as I was tossed through the door. I landed hard on the ground, my knees and palms scraping painfully against the rough driveway.

As I looked down, I saw that my skin had broken open, blood trickling from the wounds. It hurt, but not as much as the way I felt with Alpha Xander's cold, furious gaze glaring at me.

"Throw her into the Den, she is of no use!" Alpha Xander thundered, slamming the door instantly.

His words echoed in my mind, cutting deeper than any blade could. He didn't even listen to my explanations, or maybe he didn't care. I know I made a mistake, but at least I deserve to be forgiven. However, from the gaze I stole from his face, he had no hint of mercy or compassion in his blue eyes, only cold, hard judgment.

At that moment, two muscular hands gripped my hands, and I wriggled my hands to get out of their grip. Sadly, I couldn't.

"Let me go!" I yelled, but the two guards holding my hands did not leave a response. This content provided by N(o)velDrama]. [Org.

"Please, please, don't take me to the Den!" I pleaded, with tears forming in my eyes as I recalled Alpha Xander's order.

The two guards just kept dragging me along, their grips like iron. I twisted and turned, trying to free myself, but it was no use. I was helpless.

In Granelma Pack, we had a Den. It was a large space mainly for bad, big, scary werewolves. I heard that those werewolves are far more aggressive because they engage with hard drugs. Sigh... I didn't want to be eaten by those hungry, aggressive werewolves that were locked up in a den.

The guards pushed me roughly into the back of a van. Afterward, I heard a metallic clink.

They locked the van from the outside!

A few minutes later, my body started moving as the van moved roughly.

My eyes gazed at everything in the van, hoping that I could see something that I could escape with. Then, my eyes landed on a mesh window, with a few small holes. It was my only hope.

I hurried over to the window and pressed my face against the mesh, peering through the holes. Outside, I could see trees and grasses, as well as the faint outline of a building in the distance.

Click!

Suddenly, I heard a click from outside the van. I turned my head and saw the tall gate sliding open. The van drove through, and I heard another click as the gate closed behind us.

My heart sank at that moment. I was trapped, and there was no way out, since I was moved out of Alpha Xander's mansion.

I turned back to the mesh window, desperate for some clue as to what type of Den they were taking me. But all I could see was the blur of the tall trees rushing by.

My stomach grumbled, making me close my eyes as I hugged my knees. The pasta was still uncooked when I left the kitchen to take my phone. I was also foolish enough to not turn off the burner before I went to my room.

"I wonder what crime the girl committed that annoyed the Alpha to that extent. Moving her to the Den is a huge punishment." I heard the guard speak, with a husky voice.

With his statement, chills ran down my spine and I gulped.

"Why do you care? The Alpha made his command and it's our job to obey," the other guard replied, and in the next minute, the first guard sighed, "I hope she survives."

Hope? .

Suddenly, the van stopped moving. Without wasting time, I glanced through the mesh window to find out what stopped the van. Just then, I realized that the trees had been replaced with a wall.

Where am I?!

Thud!

I heard. I turned to the source of the sound, the back of the van, with my eyes wide open, and my ears being attentive. I had to be careful, just in case the guards had been attacked and I needed to protect myself.

## Chapter 16



ZIVA

Suddenly, the van opened and bright lights flashed into the van, almost blinding my eyes. I had to cover my eyes with my hand, then the light was diverted.

As soon as the light was diverted, I positioned my hands into fighting fists, as I was prepared to punch or smack anyone who tried to attack.

Squinting my eyes through the light, I spotted the same guards who dragged me into the van earlier. They stood before me with their bright flashlights turned on.

Hastily, they approached me with their black boots making heavy sounds.

Dragging me by my arms, the men took me away from the van. Meanwhile, I screamed. I didn't want to go to the Den, so I kicked my legs and shouted, "Help! I'm being kidnapped!"

I lied. Well, it was the best option I had in order to get help and have someone take me away from here.

“Tsk, did you even look at your surroundings?” One of the guards chuckled.

I opened my mouth to respond, but my voice caught in my throat. What could I say? The truth was, I hadn’t looked at my surroundings. I had been too focused on trying to escape. I had been so desperate to get out of the van that I hadn’t even noticed where I was.

Then, I looked around, scanning my surroundings.

The van, I, and the guards were not around trees or bushes. It looked like we were in some sort of building.

“Don’t be silly, you are in the Den already,” the other guard who might have noticed my gaze that wandered around spoke.

My eyes widened in fear, and I wriggled my wrists to get out of their grip, but it was of no use. Then, I screamed loudly, hoping that someone would hear me and help me get out of here, but there was no one around.

I looked forward, noticing the horizontal iron bars that stopped before us. I was dragged past it by a guard, and the bars closed without anyone touching it.

Perceiving an awful smell, I wrinkled my nose.

Not just one smell, it was different smells that mingled and made the air in that place a bit difficult for me to breathe. The first smell I perceived and could recognize was that of a smoke.

While working at the Granelma Pack as an Omega, I was used to cooking and cleaning Alpha Darwin’s meeting room where other Alphas met with him. They also have a smoking area there, so I’m pretty used to that.

Within a few minutes, my gaze came in contact with a group of men who were smoking cigarettes as they passed by. The smoke from their cigarettes drifted towards me, and the smell of tobacco filled the air.

I quickly turned my head away from them, trying to avoid inhaling the smoke as the smell of cigarettes made me feel slightly nauseous.

Thud!

The guards threw me to the floor, causing my hands to sweep away and my face to hit the floor. Also, the wounds on my knees scraped against the rough concrete, and the pain shot through my body.

Biting my lips, I stifled a groan. I had to place my hands on the floor in front of me to push myself up, slowly and carefully. Even though my knees were already throbbing from the fall, I managed to move.

Gritting my teeth, I blamed myself for attempting to make pasta as I slowly rose to my feet. Then, I clutched the nearby wall for support.

Once I was standing upright, I glanced at my wounds. My knees were bleeding badly more than before. I rubbed my face, my gaze landing on a woman in the corner.

She wore a black, short gown that exposed her cleavage. Also, her mouth danced as she chewed bubblegum and blew bubbles with her mouth.

The noises she made with her bubblegum were enough to remind me that I was still in the Den. Just then, I turned around, realizing that the guards were gone. They left me in the DEN.

What do I do?

I stood up to leave quickly, but the iron bars were closed. Hastily, I ran towards it, checking if I could open it. But there was some sort of machine



attached to the bar so no matter how much I push it to open, it wouldn't open except I use a card to open it.

Out of the blue, a low growl filled the air, causing my heart to race. I didn't dare turn around to know the source of the growl, as my whole body trembled.

"Please let me out of here!" I yelled, feeling terrified and I hit the horizontal bars violently.

Suddenly, a large hand clamped down on my shoulder, yanking me around as my body shivered. I looked up and saw a row of snarling faces, their eyes staring at my body lustfully.

They were all men, and the woman I spotted earlier was not around me anymore.

"Please, I came here accidentally," I uttered in a pleading tone, hoping that one of them would have mercy and believe me.

One of the men moved closer, and with that, my mind cooked up a statement, and I voiced it out.

"I-I'm your Alpha's wife! Alpha Xander's wife!" I stammered, and the man moving toward me paused. He gazed at me for a moment.

Suddenly, a chuckle echoed from his lips and the other men chuckled too.

The man approached me, and he snickered, "Do we look like fools who will fall for your lies?"

"Lies? No, I'm not lying!" I admitted quickly. I opened my mouth to say another word, but instantly, the man gripped my hand.

He raised my hand to his face and sniffed my wrist in a second.

"You don't even have his scent or aura around you," he spoke, causing me to bite my lips.

I took in his statement, and processed it. Does that mean that he expects the Alpha scents to be on my body, like we have been intimate?

## Chapter 17



ZIVA

That should be what he meant. I and Alpha Xander's wedding night should have been our consummation night, and as his woman, I should have his scent or aura on my body. However, we were not involved, so there is no sign of his claim on me.

The same man stretched his neck, gazing down at my neck. "You are not even marked," he spoke, "Your lies are pathetic, little girl..."

"No, no. I'm telling the truth," I protested, though I could feel tears rolling down my cheeks uncontrollably.

"Little girl, don't cry," he spoke gently, reaching out to touch my face. I jerked away from his hand, not wanting him to touch me, but he pulled me close.

With his hand caressing my wet cheeks, he uttered softly, "I am their leader, so you can stay with me tonight."

The other men giggled at his statement, while my heart squeezed. I knew what they were capable of, maltreating and abusing women are their foods.

Instead of crying, I mustered courage, and pushed the man's hand off.

"You don't wish to do this to your Alpha's wife. You will regret this, so it's best you run while you can!" I spoke, with my voice not croaking for once.

I expected the men to flee in fear, or at least respect me, but instead, they laughed mockingly. The man who called himself the leader laughed, too.

I eyed them warily, trying to understand their laughter. Didn't I speak with confidence?

"Don't be a fool," I heard the leader utter, as he raised his gaze. His dark, menacing gaze looked over me, as a smile crept on his face.

"Alpha Xander killed his mate the other time. He killed his other mates too. So, even if you are his wife, mistress, or whatever you call yourself, you are useless. Soon, you will be thrown like a piece of rag, and you will be before me, on your knees, begging me to let you be my woman." He smirked.

His statements hit me right in the chest. He was right, I was already thrown out like a piece of rag, and here I am, trying to escape from this den.

Pushing his hand against my shoulder, I stumbled back, because of his strong push and fell.

Then, the men around closed in, forming a tight circle around me, meanwhile, their leader was in the middle, and he stood tall before me.

"Why don't we have a little welcome fun?" He asked, and I felt a wave of nausea wash over me, my stomach twisting in knots.

I've never wanted anything from the Moon Goddess after what happened to my eighteenth birthday. But Moon Goddess, I need you now. Save me from these beasts!

While praying inwardly for the Moon Goddess, I moved back as the leader approached me dangerously, with his hands pulling down his pants zips.

"Blaise!" A voice thundered, and the men around me looked away. Meanwhile, I took that opportunity to rush under their legs and move toward the horizontal bar.

Though, the bars won't do a thing, or help me out of this situation since I can't pass through because it is locked. But, I decided to cling my body unto the bars, and when the men try to bring me out, I won't move an inch. I will stay glued to the bars, till someone unlocks it.

"Leave the girl to Big Boss," The voice that attracted the men's attention spoke authoritatively. But that sent a shiver down my spine.

Moon Goddess, I wanted to be saved, I prayed to be saved, not to move into another trouble. Certainly, the person who spoke was referring to me. I was referred to as a girl and the Big Boss would definitely be the Leader's superior. ( ; . ; )

The sound of grumbles echoed, and the men scattered, walking away from me. They passed their leader's side and moved away, with their facial expression spelling out disappointment.

Great! They are gone!

"Big Boss is worse, don't get excited yet," The leader spoke, smirking again. I gulped down his statement, cursing myself for asking the Moon Goddess for help. I should have known that the Moon Goddess hates me, just like Alpha Darwin and his horrible Luna.

Afterward, he left my presence as some other men replaced him.

They didn't even hesitate to touch me. They looked muscular, and they grabbed my hands, attempting to drag me away from the bars.

No matter how I tried to hold onto the bars, my hands kept slipping off. In no time at all, I was pulled away from the bars like a spineless werewolf.

The men dragged me by my arms, and they pushed me into a room. The room was a large one. It was brightened with different colors, most especially purple or blue.

But I didn't focus on the colors. Instead, I focused on the large bed in the center of the room which was draped with heavy curtains.

The men who brought me into the room, bowed their heads at the curtain. As soon as the men turned around, obviously attempting to leave, I turned around too, wanting to leave too.

But when we reached the door, the men pushed me back into the room, and the sound of a click echoed. Click was the sound of a lock. The door was locked!

Rushing towards the door, I pushed my body against it, trying to push the door open. To be precise, my pushes did not have any effect on the door.

Then, I balled my hands into fists and banged them against the door. I yelled for help once again, like someone would barge in and miraculously save me after I'd been shouting for help since I was dragged into this den.

Even if someone helps me, I will definitely throw a slap on the person's face. After making me panic and tremble for a long time, they should have arrived earlier!

The sound of giggles filled the room, distracting me from the futile efforts I made towards opening the damn door. My ear rang at the giggles, and they sounded feminine.

I gazed at what I assumed the giggles emerged from, glancing warily at the large bed that was covered with curtains. Unexpectedly, the curtains slid open!

## Chapter 18



ZIVA

To be honest, I had expected the Big Boss or whoever else they said I was given to to come in through the door, because I thought I was alone in the room. But I guess I was wrong, and the room was filled with some women.

As the curtains slid open, a few bare bodies were revealed. Two women... Four women were on the large bed with no clothes to cover their bodies. They were all caressing the man in their middle. I had to look closely to see who it was.

My gaze fell on a fat bald man, he was triple the size of me. The women continued to caress him and chuckle like he was gold, including the woman I met earlier. The man also seemed to be pleased with their actions.

He turned his face, and his gaze landed on me. Upon seeing me, his eyes lit up, and a smile appeared on his face.

“Leave now, we have a new member.” He ordered. Instantly, the women left his sides. They moved towards the sofa next to the bed, as they clutched their clothes.

In a jiffy, they were dressed, and they rushed toward the door I was trying to open with all of my efforts. With a touch, the door opened, and they rushed out. Not without, eyeing me, and glaring at me, like I stole their joy.

How did they open the door?

I rushed toward the door, and the door slammed shut. I tried to push it open again, but it wouldn't open. It seemed like someone was opening and locking it from the outside.

“Do you want a drink?” The bald man's husky voice spoke, and when I averted my gaze, he was not lying on the bed. Instead, he stood before a table and he poured a dark liquid from a bottle into two glasses.

“Interesting...” I spoke, crossing my arms, “Do you think I am dumb enough to have that drink you poured, knowing too well that you might have mixed some drugs into it, to make me drunk?”

The bald man turned, his face staring at me, “It’s rude to spoil the fun.”

I chuckled at that. He seems like an old, foolish person. I can leave this place sooner than I expected.

“But...” The bald man’s voice trailed off, as he grabbed two glasses that contained the dark liquid.

“Here is a twist.” He spoke bravely, as he approached me, “You will learn to have the drink, even though you are aware of what I mixed with it.”

“It will be less tedious to tell your men to unlock the bars, and allow me to leave.”

“I guess you are new to this pack, because you seem blinded about this place.”

“I am. I am your Alpha-”

“Shush, I don’t want to listen. Whatever you call yourself, I don’t care. This is my den, my territory. Now you are here, you must obey my rules and my commands,” the man spoke, his steps hastening as he approached me.

As soon as he was approaching, I turned back, checking my distance to the door. Only an inch was left between me and the door, so it’s best I move away.

I acted as I planned. I moved away from the door and the bald man’s voice echoed, “It will be less tedious if you quietly have this. You know, the more time you waste moving away from me, the more time we spend this night together.”

“You old, dirty pig! Shouldn’t you be ashamed of yourself? You should be in the pack, with your grandkids, not toying around with other women’s bodies. Have some shame at least!” I yelled.

“Okay then...” The man sighed, “I guess you are a hard nut to crack since your mouth will not stay mute for a second as it spits out nonsense.”

Placing the glasses he held gently on the table, I gripped a night lamp quickly. Positioning the night lamp in my hands, I was prepared to hit it on him, if he tried to come towards me.

Turning back to the bald man, his body appeared before me, and a glass was still clasped in his hand.

How did he get closer to me in that moment?

Without wasting time, I raised my hands to hit the night lamp on his head, but he was faster. He quickly gripped my neck, making it difficult for me to breathe.

Hastily, I dropped the night lamp as I tried to focus on releasing the man’s grip on my neck. My mind could not even think of something else. I clutched his hand that gripped my neck, intending to push it off, but I couldn’t.

I pinched and slapped his hand, but he didn’t even budge off. My beatings seemed like an ant touch to him.

Tightening his grip on my neck, I heard him utter, “I will make sure you learn to watch your tongue and obey me. I will break the innocence in you, and make you listen!”

This time, my legs were floating in the air as his grip tightened and was raised. I could not even breathe anymore, and I started to lose air. My hands dropped off, away from his hand as I became weak and exhausted. It felt like my life was being vacuumed out of my body.



When I thought that I was losing myself, my tongue encountered a strong, bitter taste. That gave me a bit of energy and I gulped it down accidentally.

Then, my legs stood on the floor, and the bald man's grip was loosened. The man pulled his hand away and smiled. Meanwhile, I gently rubbed my neck, as pain erupted from the sides his hand gripped.

Looking up at the man, I noticed that he swayed an empty glass before me, and then he spoke, "I told you that you would learn to drink this, didn't I?"

## Chapter 19



ZIVA

With the bald man's statement, my eyes widened as fear gripped me. Did I gulp that black liquid?

"Now, look at that. You drank it in a go," the man spoke in a mocking manner, confirming my doubts. He forced the drink into my mouth, while I was gasping for breath, and I foolishly gulped it.

My heart raced.

He mentioned that he mixed something into the drink. Gosh! It is not just an ordinary drink, or alcohol then.

I took a step away from the man, and my legs wobbled, like they were exhausted.

That is strange.

My legs never feel wobbly even after I worked tirelessly back then.

“No worries, I will help you,” I heard the man utter. I raised my gaze to look at his ugly face, but when I did, his face doubled... Or maybe tripled or quadrupled. I’m confused!!!

The bald man’s hand hit my shoulder and I fell backward like a pillow. But I fell on something soft, something fluffy too. I looked at my sides, gazing at the bed cover under my body.

Bed cover?! Bed?!

My eyes widened in fear, but even though I tried to raise my hand to hit or punch, I couldn’t. Raising my hand was like raising a pile of blocks. Imagine raising two hands! My body felt heavy and tired, and I just felt like dozing off.

Managing to keep my eyes open, I spotted the bald man pulling off his robe. Afterward, he moved toward the bed, while I could not even move. Even turning my head was a lot of stress.

His ugly face came in contact with mine, and I could see his face above mine. Text content ©

“Stay away from me...” I spoke loudly, but it came out as a slurred voice.

“Hehe... Soon, you will be the one wanting me to be around you,” I heard, and I gave up. I didn’t struggle or try to fight. I just tilt my head to the other side, feeling exhausted already.

Bang!

I saw the door barge open, and I heard the bald man exclaim, “Who dare to interrupt!!”

The bald man’s face turned to the door side too, and upon seeing whoever or whatever he saw, he moved away from me.

“How dare you come here!” He uttered, raising his voice. He moved toward the door, and a heavy sound echoed.

The bald man stumbled back and he fell. Surprisingly, the person who barged the door open gave the bald man a fitting kick to his big, protruded stomach.

Slowly approaching the bed, the figure looked down at me. It was a tall, muscular figure that I could not see properly. But with the figure, I confirmed that it was a man.

The man, my savior, my hero moved towards me and he dragged me, carrying me into his soft arms. His arms were the best! Fluffy and soft... And his cologne... It was perfect, better than Nikolas's own in a hundred times.

He held me close, with his hands supporting my back and legs, while I leaned my back against his chest. My ear was pressed against the left side of his chest and I could hear his heartbeat.

His heart beat steadily, like a steady drumbeat, but to me, it was like a soothing melody. A melody that I wanted to keep listening to for eternity.

"Oh, my hero, thank you for saving me," I muttered, but it came out as a whisper.

Suddenly, I stopped hearing his heartbeat, and his soft arms were not supporting me anymore. Instead, I was in a sitting position.

I glanced around, forcing my eyes to open. They opened just like I wanted, but not widely, they opened slightly, and I could only see some blurry things.

My eyes spotted a steering wheel that a man moved. Am I in a car?

XANDER

Watching that Ziva girl made me annoyed. It's good I threw her out of my mansion. She deserves more than that.

Opening the heavy wooden door, I stepped into the bar in my mansion, which was bathed in low light. The smell of wood polish and alcohol hung in the air. Then, I spotted the Omega at the front bar polishing a glass with a soft cloth.

Walking towards the counter, the Omega's jaw dropped and he bowed his head upon seeing me instantly. Meanwhile, I took a seat on the bar stool.

The barstool creaked slightly as I sat, and my jaw clenched at the remembrance of Alpha Darwin's deeds. I took a deep breath and smoothed down my shirt, trying to compose myself.

Also, I placed my hands on the cool marble counter of the bar, taking a moment to collect myself. "I'll have a strong drink," I spoke, my voice low and husky.

The Omega paused and he gazed at me with a quizzical look on his face.

"Your usual?" The Omega inquired quietly in a polite tone.

"Yes, whiskey, neat," I responded, knowing that my request had surprised him.

After all, I had walked out of this bar, my anger quenching place, and swore to never return many months ago. But here I am, having my usual strong drink because I could not control my anger again.

The Omega nodded and he turned away. Meanwhile, I closed my eyes, trying to focus on my breathing and trying to quell the anger that churned inside me.

"Anything else I can get you?" I heard the Omega say, jolting me from my thoughts, as I opened my eyes to reality.

"The whiskey is enough," I replied.

The Omega slid the drink across the counter, then turned and busied himself with another task. I reached for the drink, my fingers brushing the icy exterior of the glass.

The glass felt soothing on my fingertips, and the chill seemed to spread through my body, calming my anger. I took a deep breath and brought the

glass to my lips, savoring the scent of the whiskey as I tilted the glass to my mouth.

## Chapter 20



XANDER

The taste of the whiskey was bitter and the alcohol in it gave a warm and tingling sensation on my tongue. As I sipped the whiskey, the anger seemed to leave my body. Peace enveloped me as I sipped, causing me to focus on the present moment.

I heard the sound of the heavy wooden door opening, the hinges creaking as the door slowly swung open. My ears perked up, and I turned to see who had entered the bar.

Lance walked in, his eyes blinking rapidly as they adjusted to the dim light of the bar. I watched him survey the room, his gaze finally coming to rest on me. He approached the bar stool and sat down opposite me as his chair scraped against the wooden floor.

“Rough day?” he asked.

I glanced up, ensuring that my expression was cold, just as the way I felt to his question.

“Mind your business,” I replied quickly, not caring if my tone was harsh.

Lance placed his hands on the counter and cleared his throat. “Beer,” he ordered. The Omega nods and sets about bringing the beer. This content provided by N(o)velDrama]. [Org.

Then, a thought popped up in my mind, and I blurted it out instantly. “Aren’t you supposed to be working?” I asked, creasing my brows at Lance.

“I can’t work now. It’s my resting hours,” Lance replied, and I let out a scoff.

“As the Beta of this pack-”

“As the Beta, I came here to speak with you,” Lance interrupted, his tone sounding quick. The Omega placed a beer on the counter, and Lance waved his hand. Nodding his head as a sign of obedience, the Omega walked out of the bar.

“What do you want to say?” I replied, my fingers still wrapped around the tumbler. I poured more amount of whiskey into the tumbler and a worried tone echoed.

“Alpha, you are the same person who mentioned that Lady Ziva was your tool. Don’t you think that throwing her out-”

I slammed the tumbler down, “Throwing her out was the right decision. I am the Alpha and my decision is always right.”

“Yes, it is...”

“Good, you realized,” I uttered, almost grabbing the tumbler again.

“But not in this angry state,” Lance replied, letting out a long sigh. I turned to him with my brows furrowed as my hands clenched into fists.

Lance continued, “I don’t mean to sound rude. But if Alpha Darwin finds out about his daughter, it will cause chaos. You know the consequence of him bringing up a war, Alpha.”

I paused, my clenched fists loosening. In the past, I made a wrong decision while I was angry, and it cost a lot of my pack member’s lives. Now, I’ve made the wrong decision again.

Throwing the Darwin's daughter out of my mansion is not a wise decision, especially when our packs got united a few hours ago.

"The Darwin's daughter can stay in the Den till the next morning," I spoke, rising to my feet. Lance bowed his head, while I headed towards the wooden door, intending to leave the bar.

"I hope she survives till the next morning," I heard Lance mutter, and my eyes widened in fear.

The Den was a dangerous place that was built by a bald, rich man. I granted him the opportunity to stay there and have other werewolves with him. But with that little Ziva girl, I don't think she can survive.

Hastily, I rushed out of the bar, with my thoughts racing with different imaginations. First, the imagination of entering the Den, only to find the Ziva's dead body or maybe her cut-off leg or hand.

Stepping into my car, I ordered my driver to accelerate to the Den. In no time, the car reached there. I stepped out, and inquired for Blaise who may have seen little Ziva around.

Luckily, he saw her and directed me to the bald, fat man's room. As soon as I entered the room, I pushed the fat man away because of the disrespect he had given me. He didn't bow like the others and I suspected that he might be growing wings.

Also, I didn't forget to kick his fat tummy, before I went to little Ziva who laid on the bed lifelessly. So, I had to carry her in my arms.

Then, I placed her inside my car, and stepped inside before the driver sped off.

Looking through the window, I noticed that the trees became blurred as the car rushed past it. I recalled how I rushed into the Den. The memory was still

vivid, and I could not get it off my mind that that fat fool tried to touch little Ziva inappropriately.

She must have been drugged since she laid still on the bed like a statue while the fool was messing around.

I heard her utter, “Hm,” as I felt a tight touch around my hand. I looked in the direction of the touch and spotted the little Ziva. She had her arms around my hand as she clung to it.

Also, she had a wide smile on her face as she touched me, even though she was barely awake.

As soon I spotted her arms in close contact with my body, I pulled my hand away from her grip.

I felt uncomfortable around her, and I didn’t want to see her face.

“Hm, please turn on the air conditioner, it’s so hot in here,” Ziva moaned, fanning herself as she leaned in the seat.

“The air conditioning is turned up as high as it can go, ma’am,” the driver replied, and I didn’t bother to interfere.

She was the one who burnt the kitchen and she deserved to be in that Den. Even if she was uncomfortable with the air conditioner, I wouldn’t allow the driver to change its state.

Then, I watched how she squirmed in discomfort like a jelly fish.

“Ugh, then why is it so hot?” I heard her mutter in a slurred, drowsy voice.