

Mated To The Beastly Alpha

Chapter 10

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Nicole stood frozen, her body paralyzed by disbelief. The words she had just heard echoed in her mind, and she clung tightly to the hem of her dress, desperately seeking a sense of grounding.

Had this really happened?

The thousand voices inside her head intensified, as though she had been plunged into a pot of hot oil. No words could capture the turmoil she felt. The man she thought was destined to be her mate, her protector, had shattered her heart with his abandonment.

Her mouth hung slightly open, but she couldn't find the words to express the pain she was experiencing. It was worse than any physical or mental torment she had endured in Crimson. She stood there, utterly bewildered. How could her mate do this to her?

Weren't mates meant to be inseparable, bound together forever? Wasn't he supposed to stand up to the Alpha of the Dark Moon and refute the lies that Alpha Liam had spread? Mates were supposed to be an unbreakable bond.

Throughout her time in Crimson, Nicole had witnessed the ferocity of werewolves defending their

mates, going wild when they lost them. Male wolves will attack and even kill those who disrespect their mates. She had witnessed all of this and yet, why was her mate not reacting the same way?

She could sense Shane's frustration and anguish, but he concealed it well. With his head bowed in shame, he limped out of the conference room, not sparing her a single glance.

Inside the hall, unrest was brewing among the pack members. She felt the collective resentment towards Alpha Liam and the sympathy for Alpha Shane. The murmurs of the pack members swirled through the hall, blending into a single buzzing sound that filled her ears.

Sympathy? Did they feel sorry for him? A werewolf, an alpha werewolf who couldn't protect his people? An alpha wolf who just let go of his mate like some worthless thing? An alpha wolf who allowed another Alpha to come into his territory, harm his pack members, blame them falsely, spread lies, and forcefully take away his pack's Luna from him?

And they pitied the coward! Her wolf was furious inside her, but it was so heartbroken that its anger turned into deep sadness and pain. A rejection was the worst thing that could happen to a

werewolf. Though Shane didn't explicitly say "I reject you," what he did could still be seen as one.

She noticed the pitying glances of the Crimson Pack members, heard their sighs and head shakes, but none of them dared to come and check on her. She could feel through the weakening Pack bond that news of what happened had already spread among the pack members. She stared at them until they became faceless voices.

"It's a shame. He just sold her off like that," one woman murmured.

"It proves she was never Luna."

"But my wolf still recognizes her as Luna..."

"Well, it was all a lie."

"We've all been tricked."

"It's sad, the poor girl was a slave and still is."

"But why did Alpha Liam want her?"

"That was very daring of him."

"Are you surprised? He was really angry about Alpha Shane's so-called betrayal, so he had to get revenge and what better way than to take the reason why Crimson thrives?"

"He's as ruthless as they say."

"He's even worse, poor Luna. I wish Alpha Shane fought harder for her."

"Can't you see his hands were tied? Rumor has it that the Dark Wood's army surrounded

Crimson's borders."

One of them gasped.

"Isn't it better to lose the Luna than to have Crimson destroyed?"

"Oh, that Alpha of the Dark Moon is heartless."

Another person scoffed.

"Heartless? No, he's a monster, a terrifying beast. He's lost touch with his human side. People say his wolf is in control most of the time, which is why he shows no mercy. He kills without hesitation, aiming to destroy anything he sees as a threat."

"I've heard he's been successful, and nobody dares to confront him."

"Alpha Shane made the right decision."

Nicole felt a deep fear as she listened to the group gossip, feeling hurt by their insensitivity. She didn't realize that everyone had left except for Liam, his pack, and a few onlookers waiting for her reaction.

Her emotions overwhelmed her, and she began crying without even realizing it. Unaware of the room's emptiness, she focused on Liam's intense gaze, and her fingers unconsciously dug into her skin like claws. Nicole felt disoriented and on the verge of breaking down.

The thought of death crossed her mind, as she couldn't bear the thought of enduring torture from

anyone, not even her wolf, which was too drained to comfort her.

All she wished for was a quick and effective end; a silver bullet, dagger, or wolfsbane would do the job.

"I finally have you" suddenly , Alpha Liam's voice pierced through her thoughts, causing her to stumble and fall to the floor. He seized her before she could comprehend what was happening, holding her close and demanding to know what was wrong.

Nicole remained wide-eyed, pale, and struggling to breathe. Liam angrily pushed her into a nearby seat.

In her mind, the voices continued to torment her, and her heart felt shattered. Liam paced around her with evident fury, but she could no longer recognize him.

He demanded to know how long she had pretended to be Luna, but she was too disoriented to understand the response from the werewolf. She could sense Liam's anger growing.

As time passed, Nicole found herself inexplicably drawn to Alpha Liam, and her connection with Crimson seemed to have been severed abruptly. She was now an outsider to Crimson, belonging to the Dark Moon and regarded as an enemy.

Overcome by a strange possession, she burst into dry, hysterical laughter while tears streamed down her face.

"Alpha, she's in a lot of pain, and it's affecting her mind. She might act unpredictably."

"That bastard lied to her for so long, making her believe things that weren't true," Liam said angrily.

Nicole reacted strongly, standing up and confronting Liam.

"You're the heartless liar! You bastard lied to destroy Crimson!"

Liam felt relieved that Nicole responded and smirked.

"You should be thankful that I saved you from those lies," he boasted.

Nicole sneered back at him, but her fear of what she had heard about him made her stop talking.

Sensing her fear, Liam's smirk grew wider.

"I rescued you from a lie. You should be grateful and worship me," he said.

Nicole chuckled sarcastically and tried to leave, but he grabbed her.

"I'm not Shane," he growled, "If you want to live long enough to pay your debts in Dark Moon, you need to acknowledge me as your leader, and my words are final."

A golden spark appeared in his blue eyes.

Nicole felt terrified but strangely aroused. Her body reacted to his powerful voice, replacing her negative thoughts with carnal desires involving Liam. She craved his touch and kisses, she wanted him to take her and help her forget her pain that threatened to suffocate her.

She swallowed and took a step back, but the warmth from his hand on her arm affected her deeply. The throbbing sensation intensified, and she couldn't resist her physical attraction to Liam. She wanted him. She fantasized about exploring his body and traced the tattoos on his skin with her tongue.

Liam grinned, his eyes fixated on her lips.

"I know how badly you want it. Are you wet for me, Nicole?" he whispered.

Nicole's breath caught, and she swallowed nervously.

Liam chuckled, "You're very tempting, Nicole, but not here or now. If it happens again, I'll make you beg," he threatened.

Quickly, Nicole pulled away from him and ran off.

"Nicole," Liam growled, stopping her as she almost reached the door.

"Get ready, we're leaving in two hours."

And just like that, Nicole faced her harsh reality. She hurriedly left the conference room and

rushed up the stairs to her room. Once inside, she slammed the door shut.

"I thought you would be gone by now," an icy voice mocked.

To her surprise, one of Shane's followers was waiting for her on her bed. The presence of this person made her heart race with fear.

Nicole folded her body and clutched her chest. As her heart did a thousand flips. Too much was happening, and her head was threatening to explode.

"Aww, she wants us to give her a final goodbye," she heard another voice speak up.

"Damn it," she muttered as she noticed another girl emerging from the shadows. Nicole's instincts sensed danger; they wanted to harm her. They no longer saw her as the Luna, and she was outnumbered.

Her fear turned to defiance, and she prepared herself for a fight, even though she knew she couldn't win. She desperately looked for an escape route. Why was she still dealing with this after the confrontation in the conference room? Shouldn't she be given a break or some space? Did fate have it out for her?

They laughed maniacally.

"Aww, she still thinks she has a chance."

"Try it," Nicole blurted out unthinkingly, "Touch a hair on my head." Her heart bounced within her, she didn't want a beating, she couldn't bear it. She was yet to recover from the one Shane gave her that morning.

The girls taunted her, but Nicole refused to show weakness. She falsely claimed to have the protection of the Dark Moon's Alpha, knowing it wasn't true.

"You hoes forget that I no longer belong to Crimson. Just lay a finger on me and see what Dark Moon's Alpha will do. Come on, hit me." Nicole dared, knowing quite well that she was lying.

The unexpected lie made the girls hesitate, and Nicole used the opportunity to flee from her room. She ran until she found solace in the forest, transforming into her wolf form and running freely. The events of the day overwhelmed her. She couldn't believe what had happened, and it all felt like a bad dream. There were so many unresolved issues swirling in her mind.

Was she truly leaving Crimson and joining Dark Moon? And why was she so strangely drawn to Alpha Liam, even though he wasn't her mate like Shane was supposed to be?

She resented Shane for ruining her life, but the revelation that he wasn't her fated mate added

another layer of bitterness. It meant she should never have become a Luna in the first place, and her servitude to Crimson would have ended already if she had remained an ordinary slave.

As she ran, the mysteries and confusion multiplied, leading her to a grim realization: her situation was dire.

She was fucked.

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