

Mated To The Beastly Alpha

Chapter 19

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"I don't know what's going on with you, Liam. I don't give a fuck about what game you're playing with Nicole, but don't you ever put yourself in such a dangerous position again," James reprimanded.

Liam growled, asking him to check his tone, but didn't make any comment. James was right. He had made very stupid and careless decisions and had almost played into the hands of his enemies.

"How did you know?" He grunted.

James huffed.

"When you bumped into me on your way into the forest. I was very curious as to why you reacted that way and so I followed you to a far distance. The last thing I wanted to do was to spite you further since you were raving mad. When I realized that it probably had everything to do with the Luna, I decided to turn back and do something else with my life. But I noticed some movement in the forest and got curious. Someone was tracking you and was very subtle about it. The worst part is that I couldn't pick up any scent and you were too distracted by your thoughts to notice," he paused to catch his breath.

"I soon realized that something fishy was in play because there was no way we wouldn't be alerted by the scouts at the borders when something trespassed our territory. A reason that just like me, they didn't perceive their scent when they crossed the border. I quickly rallied our scouts and warriors then tried to notify you. But your stubborn ass shut me off and you closed your link to us. It became more alarming when I realized that whoever was after you was also masking your scent. It means that the person didn't want you to be found and probably planned to corner you. That set me off. Luckily, our scouts snooped you out before you did something stupid. I think whatever spell they had on you somehow fed into your frustration and anger, then used it to cloud your senses and make you less sensitive to your surroundings."

Liam gulped.

"I think the lady was the final piece and if you had struck a conversation with her the spell would have been completed. At first, I suspected that they wanted to weaken you and kidnap you, but knowing how powerful you are even when under their spell and from the magnitude of dark magic that hung in the scene we burst into, this wasn't a kidnap attempt, it was a death attempt. I think our perpetrator wanted it to be swift and clean."

Liam ran his hand through his hair, "Do I need to interrogate them myself to find out who's behind this?" He muttered.

"No, we have people for that. What you need to do is set your head straight. This was a stupid mistake. You were this close to death, the whole pack could feel it and yet you couldn't. We sent thousands of warnings your way. Your instincts should have been more than enough to pick it up. Yet you waltzed into it like that." Liam groaned.

"I do not like to mix myself or get into your business with women. You told me a thousand times that you do not want to be tamed or be vulnerable, and as much as I have my reservations, I understand, but you seem to dismiss the power of marking a female. A mark is the first step in the mating ritual between a male and a female and it helps to bind them together forever. Werewolves hardly mark random people. Alpha wolves like yours do not pick unworthy mates or mark random people," he took a step closer to me.

"They are very intentional about these things. Yet, mistakes have been made. People have mistakenly marked the wrong people. However, it doesn't make things easier. Somehow, the mark and connection are supposed to fade after a short period of time and if it doesn't, it can be undone

when the real mate is found, but since you argue that you can never have a mate and we know how unlikely it is for her to find hers, especially after what she has gone through in Crimson, you have your work cut out for you."

"Fuck," Liam groaned, "What do I do? What the hell have I gotten myself into?"

"The fastest way to make it fade out is by losing attraction to each other," James continued. "The best way to do it is the natural way of finding the flaws of the other party. It's not by avoiding her and allowing the hunger to build up so much that you can barely control yourself.

In your case, I believe you should show her that you are flawed, as long as she doesn't see you as some sort of messiah. When she begins to dislike you, she too will start acting up, and whatever this is will go away."

"Hmmm," Liam thought.

"That will only happen if she's not your fated mate, Liam."

"She isn't. Nobody is." Liam growled.

"I don't care. You have to realize that what happened today introduced a new type of enemy to the

Dark Moon and you're going to need to be active and in your best shape at all times. These

distractions have to be erased. We need you to concentrate. Dealing with witches is not a small feat."

"I know," Liam grunted. "I would have sent her away, but I don't think my wolf can bear that at the moment."

"Like I said alpha, I don't care nor do I want to discuss women with you. Do whatever you have to do to keep your mind sound at all times. That's what I need. I believe I speak for all of the Dark Moon when I say that your sanity is our priority." James said, patting his shoulder and walking away.

Liam thought that James' ideas were the best he had heard in a long time, but he shoved them to the side. He wasn't ready to face or dwell on the issue of Nicole yet, not until he had traced the source of the magic that had almost killed him and found whoever sent them.

He walked back into the bar, where piercing screams of the captives being interrogated could be heard. He found James talking to one of the interrogators.

"Everything here was a set-up." The lanky man announced, "None of the werewolves found here originated from around this area. They were all imported from as far as overseas. Each one of

them was under a spell and was promised a huge chunk of money. It's obvious that most of them do not know or understand what's going on," Liam looked at the group of people huddled in the corner.

"You mean that even the bar itself is a set-up?"

James queried, the shock in his voice was evident.

"We're not done with our investigations, but I believe so."

"Whoever this is must have planned this for a couple of years. Decades even," James marvelled.

"Do not let their stories deceive you. My guts tell me that the head of this operation is close by.

He or she is either amongst the captives or watching us closely.

But I'm sure that your interrogations will unearth more information about our new enemy. I'm certain that someone amongst them knows something that we're yet to find out. Don't stop, keep up the good work." Liam said, and then walked out.

"Does the Dark Moon know?" Liam asked, folding his arms and staring into the sky."

"They could feel that something was wrong but did not know the details. Although I've passed out the information that you're safe we can still feel unease thrumming through the bond."

"I should address the pack," Liam mused.

"Yes you will, but that will be after we wrap up from here. For now, Garret is in charge."

"Yeah," Liam nodded, "You know this scene was too familiar. What happened here was exactly how I met Nicole. I had been roaming around the forest, excited about finally winning, when I stumbled on the bar. The scene was a replica. It makes me suspicious."

"You suspect Nicole?"

"Every person I've met in the last month is a suspect. But no, not Nicole. Whoever did this has been following me for a long time. The person may also have access to me at Dark Moon. This person must have been there on my night with Nicole and had decided to use the same ploy."

"You're implying that this person knows you then."

Liam smirked. "The culprit may as well be considered as a friend to me."

"What do we do about this then?"

"When addressing the pack, I will not go into full details. Instead, I will give them a vague picture. The details, though, would be discussed with a selected few. That way we can begin to alienate our suspects."

"Smart as always, Alpha," James agreed.

Liam and James lingered around the bar until late at night, when the interrogators had finally

finished drawing out information from everybody. After those long hours, they didn't get much information to work with. All the culprits seemed to be repeating the same thing. Liam found it annoying.

When they were done, he instructed that they be incarcerated and monitored until they were completely sure that the effects of the spells placed on them had been wiped off completely. He couldn't put his pack at any further risk with any of them.

His instincts warned him that his enemy was close by. He looked back at the bar. It was clear that everything had been perfectly planned.

Something told him that this was just the beginning of something big that was coming his way.

Although witches and werewolves coexisted peacefully, they weren't close and preferred to stay out of each other's business. He was certain that whoever was after him must have sacrificed a great deal to enlist the help of witches.

He was yet to understand this unknown enemy's motivations, but looking at her perfect scene created at the bar, he knew that that person was ready to do anything. He could feel it in his bones that this was just the beginning.

He rummaged his mind for a list of enemies that were ready to go as far as working with witches

and using black energy that tainted the essence of werewolves. None came to mind. He had already defeated most of his enemies and he wasn't one to spare their lives.

"Make sure that these people have no inkling of what is happening to us," he instructed James, "they could be under stronger spells or voluntary spies. I need them to be blind, deaf, and dumb to everything happening to us. Give the scouts and guards at the border higher training. Something is coming and we had better be ready for it."

In another part of his mind was the issue of Nicole. Now more than ever, he needed to get rid of whatever drew him to her. The last thing he needed was for her to be seen as his weak link.

Liam Hallows was a beast and he didn't have any weak links.

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Nicole was still in so much hurt even after a whole day passed by. Like she did the last time, she hadn't set her eyes on him. She had heard rumours of something bad happening to him and

nothing about the details.

She tried to deny it, but she felt something was wrong the moment he dashed off after their time together. If she hadn't been so focused on his hurtful words and how bad she felt, she would have explored the alarm bells ringing in her head. But she had been in so much pain.

The Dark Moon pack was a happy place to be in. The quality of life was a million times better than it was in Crimson, yet she couldn't help but feel worse than she did with Shane.

The accusatory voices in her head attacked her with a mixture of Alpha Liam and Shane's words.

Shane had once referred to her as a slut who wanted to be exploited by men and as time ran by, she found herself believing his accusations.

After all, Liam had made it clear that she was easily used and stupid. It was one of the things Shane had always said to her face.

She thought of how to push away her intrusive thoughts and focus on what was at hand.

Nicole sat on the couch in her room staring at the wall, her mind a blank slate. She was numb from the inside out, and her emotions drained from her. She was so tired of feeling like this or feeling like nothing but an object to be used and discarded. She didn't know how much more she could take.

Liam's words augmented the things she had been told at Crimson.

Suddenly, there was a loud knock on the door. Nicole jumped at the sound, her heart racing in her chest. She wasn't expecting anyone, so she hesitated for a moment before getting up to answer them.

Her wolf was already jumping with excitement. It knew who was at the door already. His scent seeped into the room and blanketed her raging nerves. As she opened the door, Liam barged in without waiting for an invitation.

"Nicole," he growled, looking around the room with disdain. "Are you enjoying your stay?"

Nicole felt a shiver run down her spine. Liam was as rude as Shane, maybe even worse. She didn't understand what he was trying to do with her or why he was doing it in the first place. She was just frustrated that her body was always so reactive to him and she hated it.

"What do you want?" she asked, trying to keep her voice steady.

"What do I want?" Liam chuckled. "I think you know what I want, Nicole. Why else are you here? I want to have some fun with you. You're always so much fun, aren't you?"

Nicole tried to back away, but Liam moved in closer, trapping her against the wall. She could feel

his hot breath on her face. It was supposed to feel sick to her stomach like she normally felt with Shane, but her body relaxed around him.

It didn't stop him from instilling fear in her and it scared her. She was afraid of him because she knew that he had more power than she could comprehend.

He was worse than Shane in her book.

"What's wrong?" Liam whispered, running his hand down her arm. "I can sense the fear pooling out of you."

Against her will, Nicole sighed and closed her eyes. She wanted to scream and walk away from her situation. She had spent days plotting her escape and thinking about how much she should dislike Liam, but she was frozen to a place.

Liam's touch was like a sweet poison, seeping into her skin and making her feel safe. His words didn't match his actions.

She often wondered why he was extremely rude to her when all that his pack members did was sing praises in his name.

It's the mark. She reminded herself. Remember that he's a renowned casanova. He sees nothing in me other than just my body. When this mark fades, he'll cast me out.

Yet when his lips met hers, she forgot about her need to stay away from him. It was like he

seduced her with his skilled tongue and even trickier hands. Her body took control of her senses like it was the most natural thing in the world. Her wolf kept jubilating and singing that they were supposed to be together.

His kisses were slow and teasing. He didn't sing praises like he did the last time, but his tongue in her pussy told her everything that she needed to know, so did his mild strokes. Just like the first time they met, she found herself in awe of him.

It was hard to hear that an Alpha male could be anything other than demanding in every aspect of his life, but Liam proved them wrong.

Her eyes glistened with tears when they were done. She was angry with herself and believed that Shane was right. She was a slut.

Days turned into weeks, and Nicole found herself trapped in a never-ending cycle of fear and shame. Sure, things were going perfectly well in Dark Moon, but it didn't help her state. Liam always came back, but he was super rude to her each time.

Nicole tried to distance herself from Liam, but he always seemed to find her, always seemed to know where she was. Why wouldn't he? He was the Alpha of the Dark Moon and she was his servant.

After their many nights together, Nicole thought that things would finally start to calm down. But she was wrong. Liam began to treat her even worse than before, and at first, she couldn't understand why, but then she remembered where she had come from.

It didn't stop her from being pissed off each time she saw him in the arms of another woman.

He made sure she was comfortable in the pack, but it was clear that he saw her as scum. He would say mean things to her and avoid her as much as possible.

Nicole tried to stay strong, but it was difficult. She felt like she was constantly walking on eggshells around Liam, never sure when he was going to lash out at her.

One day, she finally couldn't take it anymore. She didn't know what gave her confidence, but she was tired. She had been keeping everything that was happening between her and Liam to herself because she loved how he related to his Pack members. She couldn't even tell Asha who was the person she had become closest to.

Nicole cornered Liam in his office, demanding to know why he had brought her to the pack in the first place when it was obvious that the best way to reduce the effects of a mark was to stay away from the person.

"Why did you do this to me, Liam?" she asked, her voice shaking with anger and frustration.

"Why did you bring me here if you were just going to treat me like shit?"

Liam looked at her with a cold, calculating gaze.

"You should be grateful to me, Nicole," he said, his voice dripping with venom. "I saved you from your peril in that evil place called Crimson. I have given you a place to stay and I'm making sure that you're comfortable. You should be thanking me."

Nicole felt her blood boil at his words. "I didn't ask for any of this," she spat. "I didn't ask to be brought here, and I certainly didn't ask to be treated like dirt."

Liam just laughed. "You're nothing, Nicole," he said, his eyes gleaming with malice. "Are you bored? It seems the pampering I'm allowing you to experience is getting to your head."

It seems you enjoyed being a fake Luna and are looking for something to keep you busy. Never try this again. Do not assume that you're anything in my pack or come barging into my office ever again."

Nicole felt a surge of anger wash over her. She couldn't believe that Liam could be so cruel and heartless. She knew that she needed to get away from him, but she didn't know how to when she

had an impossible debt to pay and no means of paying it.

Nicole began to feel more and more isolated. The pack members were nice and receptive, but she felt like she had no friends in the pack apart from Asha. Liam made it clear that he wanted nothing to do with her apart from sleeping with her.

She was frustrated. How was it different from what she had with Shane? The only difference was that Shane abused her physically and mentally. But Liam had never hurt her.

She tried to keep herself busy with getting to know the Pack members but it was difficult. She felt like she was constantly under scrutiny, like every move she made was being watched.

"Nicole," Garrett the beta cornered her one day in the kitchen. "I know we've been busy with this unknown enemy thing and I haven't had the time to talk to you properly and know how you're settling in, but I cannot help but notice that you're very gloomy. It seems like there's something bothering you."

Nicole was shocked, she stared wide-eyed at him for a while. She thought she was doing a perfect job of hiding what she was going through as she had done in Crimson. She had always managed to pull through, even after receiving a heavy beating by Alpha Shane in Crimson, and no one had

ever questioned her paleness or limping. They didn't seem to notice even as she winced while she performed her duties. Yet here in Dark Moon, the Beta, who was supposed to be the busiest noticed what was going on with her, when she wasn't even bearing any physical pain. Nicole didn't know what to make of it.

"Hey you," Garrett snapped.

"I'll be lying if I say that I may understand what exactly is going on with you, but then I know that you must let go of it and try to free your mind. You're not associating with pack members nor are you doing anything that takes your mind off your troubles. It's bad, you know. My advice, dear Nicole, is that, instead of dwelling on what has happened or your current problems, you should look into the future and try to set yourself free from the shackles that are holding you back. If you can't talk to Asha or Liam, I'm always here. It's why I'm Beta. Make more friends Nicole, we aren't going to eat you. I promise that it will make things a lot better."

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