

Chapter 76

As Liam made his rounds, inspecting the warriors and assessing their readiness for the upcoming battle, James approached him with a serious expression on his face. They moved to a more secluded area, away from prying ears, to have their discussion.

"While you were away, I had an interesting conversation with Nicole. And I made a more interesting discovery. What if the witch attacks we've been facing are being masterminded by someone within our own pack?" James posed the question, his voice low and cautious.

Liam's brows furrowed as he considered James's words. The possibility that a traitor lurked among them had crossed his mind before, but he had dismissed it as unlikely.

But to play safe, he developed his counterattack. He had never said it out loud though, but now, with the rumors swirling and the tensions escalating, the idea held more weight.

"I've thought about that too, James," Liam admitted, his voice tinged with concern. "I've thought about every possible person who can hold a grudge and given my past with women, it could be

one of them who wants to see me suffer."

James nodded, his gaze unwavering. "It's a possibility we can't ignore..."

Liam's eyes widened as a realization hit him.

"Remember the first attack?"

James narrowed his eyes at him, "Yes, the bar."

"It was a complete reenactment of when I met Nicole. You're right James. It's from within because an enemy from far away wouldn't know what happened. That's why I thought it was crucial for us to have this counterpart in motion. We need to be prepared for any scenario, even if it means facing betrayal from within."

James clenched his jaw, his determination evident.

"You're right. We can't afford to be blindsided.

Our pack's safety and well-being are at stake.

We'll implement the counterpart and ensure that our defenses are strengthened from all angles. We should figure out who it is quickly too. Which female has laid the most claim to you?"

Liam sighed, "I heard Rose challenged Nicole and is spreading the rumors. Nicole put her in her place, of course, but then, we cannot say it's Rose because she only suspected something recently."

James shrugged, "It's surprising that Asha wasn't your first suspect."

"She's friends with Nicole, James."

James chuckled, "That's even more surprising. Why would she be friends with Nicole? Have you forgotten that she was the highest-ranking female in Dark Moon?"

You had some sort of relationship. Everyone thought she had become Luna in the long run. You frequently had sex and discussed plans with her." Liam swallowed. "But she's the closest person to Nicole. She takes care of her. You've seen them together."

"Yes, Asha was being Asha. She was the same way with every single woman you've brought here. She looked after every one of them. Like Nicole at Crimson, Asha was playing the role of your partner, your Luna."

Liam's eyes shot wide. "I should talk to her."

"No, you shouldn't. I'll find her. I'll talk to her."

Liam's shoulders deflated. James's expression softened as his unalloyed loyalty to his Alpha hung in the air, "Look, we may be out of our heads. This attack might be coming from whoever. It might be a male in the council or whoever.

I'll oversee the preparations and make sure our warriors are ready for anything. We need to be vigilant and united if we're going to root out the source of these attacks."

Liam placed a hand on James's shoulder, a gesture of trust and appreciation. "Let's hope we're

right, James. You've always been by my side, and together, we'll protect our pack and bring an end to this threat."

They exchanged a determined look, their bond as Alpha and chief warrior firm. The weight of their responsibilities bore down on them, but they were resolute in their commitment to their pack.

"We'll rally the warriors, tighten our defenses, and uncover the truth behind these attacks," Liam affirmed, his voice filled with conviction. "No matter the cost, we'll protect our loved ones and restore peace to our pack."

James smirked, "Go to your mate. Someone is filling her with lies about your past relationships.

The rumors are saying that you've destroyed a lot of relationships and a bunch of other rubbish.

We know that they're lies, but your mate is beginning to feel guilty and out of place because of them. "

"Thank you," Liam said, as he hurried to find Nicole. He didn't need to do much, he allowed his senses to lead him to her. He trailed her scent until he found her right where he wanted her to be. She was in his quarters, staring out the window. He moved slowly and snaked his arms around her waist.

"Hi," he said, sniffing her hair. His wolf purred within him.

Smiling, Nicole relaxed onto his body. "Hi," she responded. "I've missed you."

"I've missed you more. But I want to know, is this you or is this your wolf speaking."

Nicole made a purring sound, then shifted her body and turned to face him. As he had guessed, it was her wolf speaking. Her eyes were black with red rings around her pupils.

He smirked, his heart breaking a little. He didn't know why it hurt him, what he wanted more than anything was for Nicole to express her feelings for him.

Before he knew it, he latched his lips onto hers as he pushed her against the wall. She moaned softly to his lips as she breathed heavily. She gripped his shoulders, drawing herself against his chest and slinging her legs around his waist. His wolf purred. He loved that his wolf was like that. Liam was going insane. It didn't matter how many times they had been together. Each time she had him as a rock without even trying.

He wanted to go slow but his dick pulsed, swelling and bobbing as she managed to rub her warm centre on him. Growling, he kissed her like he had been dreaming, roughly, hungrily and swallowing down her little whimpers.

“Nicole,” Liam hissed, his mouth raking down her delicious neck, his left hand sliding up to cup her tits. His wolf wanted to take control.

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Her dazed eyes met his. “I need you now,” she said hoarsely, tugging on the collar of his shirt.

“Now, now, Liam. I can’t wait.”

His brain immediately rewired itself. His wolf coming to the forefront of his brain. Nicole teased his neck, her thighs clung to his hips as she rocked him to the brink of insanity.

“Nicole,” he growled, he was fighting for control with his wolf. Any other mark on her body would seal their mating bond and he didn't want to do it now. Not when he knew that she wasn't ready.

Yet nothing was more satisfying than the fact that she wanted him. He placed her on his desk, his hand framing her face as he marveled over the feverish urgency in her eyes.

She ran her hands up under his shirt, her fingernails dragged through his chest hair. Their lips

joined again. Lips-seeking and wet, their kiss escalated to the point of no return again.

They both wrestled with her gown, shoving it down past her hips, lower until it pooled on the floor. She quickly pulled off her panties too and kicked them away, then tugged him forward.

In haste, he grabbed her again as she climbed onto him and he pinned her against the wall.

“You have a fucking spectacular body,” he said in between kisses, finding her incredible ass with both hands and kneading her buns almost angrily. She, Nicole was driving him insane. He wanted to do so many things to her. If his dick wasn’t throbbing with pain and his wolf wasn't threatening chaos, he would have gotten down on his knees and worshipped her.

Together they undid his fly and set his dick free. She whimpered, pulling him closer, his lips found hers again, and he kissed her deeply.

“I need you so badly. So bad.” Nicole moaned out, He drove into her as she gasped in his arms. He groaned into the crook of her neck, needing to focus... to focus on staying still. Just long enough to organize his lust and garner some semblance of control, or his wolf would take charge.

"Liam," she moaned, her back arched off the wall. "I want you, please."

He could hear her wolf and he wondered if Nicole herself was into this like him. But she asked and he had to obey. He began to pump hard. Driving into her harder and loving the sounds she was making. Involuntarily, her pussy walls clamped onto his dick.

The sensations shot straight to his brain and his legs almost gave out.

Even though part of him had been so starved for release, he had to make it count. He increased his pace, fucking her hard. Her legs jostled around his hips with every vicious thrust.

He razed the pulsing spot on her neck with his teeth, his hips moving in hard punches. “I thought about your mouth and your eyes and your legs and your pussy. I never stopped.”

Their eyes lock just before their mouths. The hunger and need are exhilarating. Taking hold of her ass, he hefted her higher against the wall, jerking her knees up and propping them on his hips.

He angled himself deep, inward and up, to hit that spot inside of her—and he thrust at her hard.

Her throaty whimpers told him to stay right there and keep delivering and he did.

“Oh my gawd, Liam, don’t s-stop...” Her eyes had lost focus, and her nails dug into the skin of his shoulders. “Harder. Harder. You’re going to... you’re going to make me...”

Her mouth formed an O, and she tightened up, her hands slapping at his shoulders. Then she crashed, her flesh rippling around him. She writhed between him and the wall, fighting the pleasure and requiring it at the same time, her eyes wide and seeing nothing.

"Liam," she cried.

Hearing his name on her lips pushed him past his breaking point and the seal ripped off his resistance; he poured into her with a low growl.

Still panting, he carried her off the wall and placed her on the bed. Liam's heart swelled with love and adoration as he held Nicole in his arms, their bodies pressed together in a passionate embrace.

Their lips met in a searing kiss, igniting a fire that burned between them. At that moment, he couldn't help but confess the depth of his feelings.

"Nicole," he whispered against her lips, his voice laced with sincerity, "I love you. With every fibre of my being, I love you."

Nicole's eyes shimmered with joy and vulnerability as she looked into Liam's intense gaze. Her fingers gently traced the contours of his face, caressing his cheek. But she said nothing more.

Liam's eyes bore into hers, his voice firm. "I promise, Nicole. I will always be by your side, protecting you and loving you. Nothing will tear us apart."

He wanted more from her, he wanted her to promise that she wasn't going anywhere. He wanted to pleasure her. But firstly, he needed to extinguish the flames of lies that had been told to her.

He wanted to protect her from the painful truths of his past, yet he knew that honesty was essential for their bond to grow stronger.

"Nicole, I need to tell you about my past," he began, his voice tinged with a hint of vulnerability.

"There are things I've done, things I'm not proud of. But I want you to know the truth, to understand why I've become what I am today."

Nicole's eyes softened and she kissed him again.

Liam's mouth opened to tell her everything when a sudden mind link from James interrupted their intimate moment. Liam's brow furrowed with concern as he listened to James's urgent message.

Asha is missing, James's voice echoed in Liam's mind. We need to find her. Do you know anything about her latest whereabouts?

Liam was on his feet immediately. His heart skipped a beat, the weight of the situation bearing down on him. He turned to Nicole, his eyes filled with worry. "Nicole, the pack is in danger. We need to find Asha. Have you seen her recently?"

Nicole's expression mirrored Liam's concern as she recounted the events that had transpired and

Asha's cryptic words. She held nothing back, sharing every detail with Liam.

Liam's mind raced, Asha had said a lot of things to Nicole and a lot of them were lies. His need to set things straight was as much as his need to find Asha immediately.

"Listen," he gritted out, "A lot of things..."

Another commotion resounded outside. His eyes widened, and as he was about to find his clothes, the door burst open and a battered and bruised Garrett appeared, accompanied by Lilian.

Liam's eyes widened in shock as he took in their injuries. He quickly shifted gears, his instincts as Alpha kicked into high gear. "What happened? Who attacked you?"

Nicole scrambled to put on some clothes. She could feel the heat of anger from Garrett and Lillian directed at her. Luckily, Liam had moved just in time and blocked them from seeing her nakedness.

Nicole saw a flash of anger in Garrett's eyes before he focused on his Alpha. His voice was strained as he spoke, "It was a group of rogues. They caught us off guard, but we managed to fight them off. We need to prepare for an imminent attack. It was an ambush."

At that moment, an alarm sounded throughout the pack, signaling the impending danger. Liam

immediately knew what was happening. It was the witch.

Liam's mind cleared, his focus shifting to the imminent threat. "Alert the warriors. We need to defend our pack. Nicole, stay close to me."

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They dashed out of the room and onto the field together. Liam had planned that the battle would be as far from the pack's residential area as possible.

The moon hung high in the night sky, casting an ethereal glow upon the battleground where the Dark Moon pack stood united against the encroaching threat. The air crackled with tension as witches and rogue werewolves surrounded them, and their malevolent presence was palpable.

Nicole's heart pounded in her chest as the chaos unfolded. She could hear the snarls and growls of the werewolves; the chants and incantations of the witches blending into a cacophony of danger.

She had trained for this, but she could feel how their bodies tense with anticipation as whispers of dark magic and the rustling of leaves filled the air.

The witches and rogue werewolves, united under a common malevolence, advanced with calculated steps, their eyes gleaming with a sinister glow.

As the first wave of attackers surged forward, the air filled with the clash of steel and the roar of growls. Liam, his muscles tense with anticipation, took command of his warriors, his voice cutting through the chaos. "Hold the line! Protect our pack!"

He dragged Nicole close to him, and pointed to two warrior wolves that Nicole had never seen before.

"Everything in me aches to keep you under lock and key just to make sure you're protected, but I need you here. We need you. Dark Moon needs you. These two will defend you with their lives. Nicole, stay close to me and always in sight. We'll form a protective circle around you."

"Bu...t"

"But nothing Nicole, look here, you're the most valuable thing in Dark Moon, and it's not because of your powers as a Witch bane. It's because if anything happens to you, I'll go rogue. Rogue doesn't describe half of it.

You've heard of my wolf? It's deadly, and the only thing anchoring it to goodness and light is you.

If I lose you, I'll turn to darkness. It's very serious, Nicole. I'll go insane. I'll become worse than feral."

Nicole swallowed and nodded meekly. Liam sighed. Then, she pulled her into a hug.

"Liam," she whispered, "I... I think I'm developing feelings for you... and it's not my wolf or the mark that's speaking."

Liam smiled, then kissed her forehead. "That's all I need to know."

Reluctantly, he let her go. Then he howled into the night sky. Liam's piercing alpha howl resounded through the night, a rallying cry that fueled the pack's determination to protect their territory.

His eyes blazed with an intensity that sent shivers down the spines of those who dared to challenge him. His primal instincts took over as he unleashed his feral power, his claws extending and his muscles rippling with an otherworldly strength.

With every strike, he dismantled his foes with a combination of swift movements and savage blows. With each strike, he showcased his formidable strength and unwavering resolve. A sudden onslaught of spells was unleashed by the witches, crackling through the night sky like

lightning bolts. The pack members, trained for such encounters, swiftly avoided every hit.

Once again, Nicole's wolf was angered by the dark magic that saturated the air. She growled, her fingers elongating into claws.

"Is there a plan?" Garrett asked, limping beside them.

"You shouldn't be here," Liam growled, "You're in horrible shape." He swiped a rogue out of the air and tore out its heart.

James grunted in approval, elbowing and kicking off another rogue.

"Yes. I should hide. When my pack is in battle, what a wonderful way to prove myself to the Dark Moon."

"I sense the source of the magic in a camp not too far from here," Nicole growled. Her work was raging now. Gone was the timid-looking Nicole. In her place was the witch bane.

She ducked under an assailant like she was in synchrony with Liam, who punched him in the face, sending him flying away.

"If you noticed, there are also spots condensed with power that rejuvenate the rogues that attack us." James said, "Fighting the rogues is not a problem. The problem is that they will keep on coming back until those spots concentrated with magic are destroyed."

"Yes, that would also sever the dark energy coming from the main camp," Nicole added. Her eyes had turned black with red rims.

"Okay, our main focus is those spots and the camp," Liam said.

"No, your main focus is those spots. Mine is infiltrating the camp," Nicole interjected.

Liam wanted to reject the idea but Nicole interjected,

"When we find it I am the only one who will be able to stand inside a ball of concentrated magic, which is what it is, so let's not argue."

Liam grunted, showing that he grudgingly accepted it.

As she fought alongside Dark Moon, Nicole's instincts and training kicked in, guiding her throughout.

The battle raged on, with clashes and collisions reverberating through the night. Werewolves lunged and swiped at their adversaries, their fangs bared in ferocious snarls. Witches wielded their dark magic, casting spells and conjuring elemental forces to unleash havoc upon their enemies.

Liam and Nicole, forced apart by the chaos that ensued, find themselves surrounded by a swarm of adversaries. She fought with unwavering determination, her movements a dance of power and grace.

Her claws slashed through the air, finding their mark with precision, while her heightened senses allowed her to anticipate her opponents' attacks. She targeted the witches. There were so many and mostly not engaged in battle.

Amidst the chaos, a witch with wild, unkempt hair and piercing eyes locked onto Nicole. A wicked smile played upon her lips as she conjured a swirling vortex of dark energy. With a flick of her wrist, tendrils of shadow shot toward Nicole, seeking to ensnare her.

Nicole's eyes narrowed, and she deftly sidestepped the attack, her instincts guiding her every move.

"You cannot escape me, little wolf," the witch hissed, her voice dripping with malice. "You will succumb to the darkness."

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Nicole's gaze hardened, her voice filled with determination. "I am no mere prey to be hunted. I am the protector of this pack, and I will not yield to your darkness."

With a surge of power, Nicole summoned her own inner strength. She lunged forward, her movements swift and precise, and struck the witch with a powerful blow.

Elsewhere on the battlefield, Liam fought with the strength of an alpha in his prime. His muscles rippled as he unleashed a flurry of attacks, his movements fluid and deadly. His claws tore through flesh, his fangs found purchase in the throats of his adversaries.

His primal rage was tempered by a calculated strategy as he aimed to protect his pack and eliminate the threat.

Amidst the chaos, Liam caught sight of a rogue werewolf lunging toward him with feral intensity. The werewolf's eyes glinted with madness, and his teeth bared in a snarl of aggression.

Liam met the attack head-on, their bodies colliding with a thunderous impact. They grappled and rolled in the dirt, each vying for dominance.

"You cannot defeat me, Alpha," the rogue werewolf growled, his voice filled with deranged confidence. "I am the embodiment of chaos."

Liam's eyes blazed with fury as he snarled back, his voice a low, commanding rumble. "You underestimate the power of an alpha. I am the protector of my pack, and I will not be swayed by your chaos."

With a surge of strength, Liam overpowered the rogue werewolf, pinning him to the ground. His teeth sank into the rogue's throat, severing the connection to his chaotic energy.

As the life drained from his opponent, Liam released his hold, his gaze sweeping across the battlefield, assessing the situation.

The battle raged on, the clash of forces intensifying as the night wore on. Pack members fought with unwavering determination, their loyalty to their alpha, and their pack guiding their every move. The air crackled with the scent of blood, the ground littered with fallen adversaries.

"It's unending," Garrett screamed.

"We need to destroy all the spots and camps..."

Nicole, where's Nicole? Liam asked, quite distracted.

"On the other hand," Garrett said. "Her instincts must be leading her to the camp,"

Liam growled, "We should go after her."

"No. We should destroy all the spots on this side. We need to sever the ties, remember?"

Liam grunted, swiping his hands in the air and ripping out a witch's throat.

"James is on that side too," Garrett added, striking a deadly blow. "I noticed that with each spot we destroy, the smaller the number of rogues.

Liam wasn't listening. He could feel Nicole's presence, but he couldn't see her.

The air crackled with energy as spells clashed with werewolf claws, the explosive impact causing shockwaves that reverberated through the battleground. Flames danced upon the earth, ignited by

powerful fire spells, casting flickering shadows on the faces of warriors locked in mortal combat.

Meanwhile, Nicole was doing her best. Fighting off as much as she could without stopping.

Liam's mind raced, his thoughts consumed by the safety of his mate. As he dispatched his opponent, his gaze darted across the battlefield, searching for any sign of Nicole. Fear gripped his heart, but he steeled himself, refusing to let doubt cloud his judgment.

Nicole, aware of Liam's concern, fought with ferocity. She could feel his worry and feared that it could become his weakness. Her instincts led her through the fray, her path clearing as her enemies fell to her swift strikes.

Finally, her gaze locked with Liam's, their eyes conveying a wordless promise and a silent understanding passed between them.

Their paths converged, and Liam and Nicole fought back-to-back, their bond strengthening their

resolve. Without a word, they fought side by side, their movements synchronized and fluid.

Suddenly, a powerful surge of energy emanated from the dark heart of the battlefield. It sent them flying and scattering across the battlefield. The ground shook beneath their feet, a testament to the magnitude of the forces at play.

Nicole's heart pounded in her chest. She immediately knew what she needed to do. Liam and his

pack hadn't realized that the witch was drawing strength from them, and if they continued like that, they would soon be exhausted.

She needed to break out of Liam's protective circle and go after the main witch herself. She knew that in order to win, she needed to destroy the witch. With each breath, she honed her focus and channelled her training into swift, calculated movements.

A rogue werewolf lunged towards her with bared fangs, Nicole sidestepped with agility and grace, evading the deadly strike. In one fluid motion, she spun on her heel, delivering a powerful roundhouse kick that connected with the rogue's jaw, sending him sprawling to the ground.

She maintained a fluid and dynamic fighting stance, her body poised for quick strikes and agile

evasion as she slowly eased her way away from Liam.

Another opponent charged at her, she swiftly ducked underneath his swipe, her lithe form moving with uncanny speed.

With a burst of energy, she unleashed a flurry of precise strikes, targeting vulnerable points on her adversary's body. Her fists connected with precision, landing blows that disoriented her opponent and left him staggering.

Nicole's movements were a dance of grace and strength as she seamlessly transitioned between offensive and defensive manoeuvres.

She utilized a combination of kicks, punches, and sweeps, employing her knowledge of martial arts to maximize her impact. Her strikes were swift and calculated, each movement executed with precision and intent.

With a well-timed leap, she soared into the air, performing a mid-air somersault. As she descended, she brought her leg down in a powerful axe kick, striking her opponent with bonecrushing force. The impact sent shockwaves through the ground, momentarily stunning her foe.

Her heightened senses allowed her to anticipate the movements of her adversaries, dodging their attacks with an almost preternatural ease. She weaved and bobbed, her body moving with the

fluidity of a dancer, avoiding the swipes of claws and the lunges of teeth.

Nicole's fighting style was a fusion of agility and strength. She utilized her speed to close the distance between her and her opponents, swiftly closing in on them before they could react.

Her strikes, also, were swift and targeted, focused on exploiting weaknesses and vulnerabilities in her adversaries' defenses.

As the battle raged on, Nicole's determination remained unyielding. She fought with a fire in her eyes, fueled by a desire to protect her pack and prove her worth. She fought like a Luna. Her movements became more fluid and instinctive, as if her body had become one with the fight itself.

With every opponent she dispatched, Nicole's confidence grew. She knew she had earned her place amongst the warriors of the Dark Moon pack, showcasing her strength, skill, and unwavering resolve.

But as the battle raged on, Nicole found herself stumbling upon a part of the forest she had never been to before.

The familiar sounds of the fight faded into the distance, replaced by an eerie silence that sent shivers down her spine. The air grew heavy, thick with an otherworldly presence that seemed to weigh upon her.

Disoriented and on high alert, Nicole cautiously surveyed her surroundings. The once vibrant foliage seemed to wither and decay, as if tainted by a malevolent force.

Was this the camp? She asked herself.

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