

Mated To The Beastly Alpha

Chapter 8

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Nicole stayed up all night because she expected Shane to barge into her room and give her the beating of her life. Terror kept her awake. She couldn't dare close her eyes because she knew how mischievous Shane and his bandwagon of female omegas could be. She knew what they were capable of.

Her previous encounters with them when they discovered her asleep were hauntingly horrific. However, despite staring at the ceiling throughout the night, Shane never came. It was during the early hours of dawn that exhaustion finally overcame her, and she drifted into a restless slumber.

Just an hour later, an unexpected visitor forcefully burst into her room. It was Shane's Beta.

"Wake up!" he growled. "Alpha Shane is missing."

Those words instantly jolted Nicole awake, pulling her from the depths of her sleep.

"W-what?" she mumbled groggily.

"Where was he last night?" The Beta's fear permeated the air, intensifying her own terror. Her wolf instincts started to go haywire inside her mind. Her mate was missing?

"Where did you last see him, Nicole?" he asked urgently. Despite the gravity of the situation and the fear coursing through her veins, Nicole's memory remained hazy.

She struggled to recall anything substantial, except for the piercing blue irises of Dark Moon's Alpha. Crimson's beta growled in frustration and tightened his grip, catching her in a chokehold.

"Nicole, you do not want to test my already thin patience. What do you remember? He's your mate, right? You should feel a connection that we normal pack members do not, and it should guide us to him. Tell me what I need to know," he snarled, Nicole gasped for breath, she clawed at his arms, her vision already fading as her.

"He... he," she choked, struggling to speak.

Grunting, the Beta released his grip on her, and she fell back to the ground.

"He was meeting with his allies," Nicole panted, her hands clutching her neck as tears streamed down her face.

"I know that," the Beta gritted out, clenching his fists.

"When and where was the last time you saw him, and who was he with? What was he doing?" he demanded. Still catching her breath, Nicole tried to recall the events.

"The last time I saw him, he was drinking. I informed him about the requirements of his special

guests, and then he..." she paused, the memories flooding back. Suddenly, she was struck by a resounding slap, sending her flying and crashing into the bed frame.

"Evil witch! What did he do? Do you not understand how crucial it is that we find him?" the Beta yelled, his anger boiling over.

The pain blinded Nicole, and she began to cry. Holding her face, she sniffled.

Growling, the Beta towered over her. "I've got more where that came from, you slut."

"He... he promised to deal with me and then went to meet his allies," Nicole managed to say, her voice quivering.

"That's it?" the Beta growled. Nicole nodded meekly, still cradling her face.

"It's not enough."

Nicole swallowed, expecting a beating, but not from anyone but her mate.

"We must find him before the treaty signing.

Whatever they planned yesterday must have backfired, as the Alpha of Dark Moon is currently touring Crimson. I can't imagine the consequences if Shane doesn't show up on time."

Nicole trembled, feeling a deep sense of loss within her wolf.

"Clean up and meet me outside at 5. My men have been searching for his scent since early

morning, but we're still unable to track him. You might have better luck as his mate," he said, and Nicole whimpered. "Is that clear?" the Beta demanded, and she nodded in response.

As Nicole concealed her latest bruise she tried to conceal the excitement budding in her at the thought of something bad befalling Shane. Would it mean that she was free? She doubted it, but if he was truly gone forever, she was going to escape before a new Alpha was crowned.

The Beta banged on the door and she shuddered involuntarily, then frowned at the door.

She didn't care if the Alpha of the Dark Moon—whose image, voice, and body had refused to leave her head—was going to start a war with Crimson, she was going to take her sweet time. From inside the bathroom, she could sense the Beta's unrest. It matched that of her wolf. Worry oozed out like a leaking faucet. She could tell that the beta was minutes from bringing down her door but she didn't hasten up.

"Nicole!" He growled.

Nicole smirked, and then applied some lip balm. This was his punishment for the unsolicited beating he gave her that morning. After a while, she ambled out of the bathroom, slipping a solemn mask on her face. Her head was already calculating the best escape routes.

The Beta dragged her roughly and led her to the Pack Hall where his scent was still prominent. "Do you feel anything?" He asked, pushing her into the private room where he had planned with the allies. Nicole sniffed the air and was a bit repulsed by the evil scents there. Yet she didn't feel anything. There was no lingering scent or trail. There was nothing.

The Beta and his men led her around the pack, forcing her to sniff and find a trail. They went on like that until two hours were remaining before the treaty signing.

Everyone was wrought with worry except Nicole. Although she cried for a show, she didn't feel anything. She was too busy mapping out possible escape routes to feel a thing.

They were rounding back to the pack house when her wolf picked up the scent of Alpha Liam. Immediately her heart raced fast and her eyes widened.

Why was Dark Moon's Alpha's scent so close to the Pack house? Against better judgment, she began following it. With each step she took, her heart jumped and her feet wobbled. All the nonchalance she had been feeling evaporated. Fear seeped into her skull and she allowed what her wolf was feeling to overtake her.

It even began to become more suspicious when the trail led Nicole and the Beta toward the study.

As they approached, the Beta's once fiery demeanor strangely gave way to silence, moving stealthily beside her. Nicole's heart pounded in her chest as they reached the door of the study, a place rarely frequented by Shane.

Summoning her courage, Nicole gingerly pushed the door open. The sight that greeted her was enough to make her gasp in shock – Shane, usually robust and lively, now looked pale and terrified, his eyes wide open. Her immediate reaction was a piercing shriek, setting her wolf into a frenzy of agitation. Before she could react further, a strong hand covered her mouth, dragging her away from the horrifying scene.

The pain coursing through her was incomprehensible. Shane might not have been the perfect person, but he was still her mate. She struggled and fought against the person holding her, the haunting image she had witnessed replaying in her mind.

Despite the logical part of her mind trying to reason that Shane had intended to harm her, the overpowering sense of anguish took precedence. Her wolf roared and raged within her, mirroring her own emotions.

Suddenly, a deafening roar ripped through the air, Shane's enraged cry, filled with raw power, echoed through the Pack house. Stunned, the werewolf holding Nicole released her grip, leaving her frozen with wide eyes. Shane's fury was palpable, and she could feel him unleashing brutal force upon an unfortunate soul. Goosebumps prickled all over her body, and she held her breath, afraid of what might come next.

Through his enraged roars, Shane reveals that someone had drugged him, causing him to lose consciousness and be rendered immobile. Even his mind link had been severed, leaving him isolated and vulnerable. The realization hit Nicole like a ton of bricks, making her heart sink. The grief she had felt when she believed him to be dead now paled in comparison to the ominous feeling that enveloped her.

"It was all a plan to make me miss the meeting this morning," Shane's furious voice continued, the intensity of his emotions palpable even from afar.

"They didn't want me to return to my quarters last night. Their treachery was meant to keep me hidden until I missed the meeting."

A wave of fear washed over Nicole, her wolf on high alert, warning her of imminent danger. The mystery behind Shane's ordeal deepened, and the threat looming over them seemed darker than

ever before.

"Someone didn't want good for me and my pack! And there's only one person who hates me that much!"

Nicole shuddered involuntarily.

"It's Nicole!"

A gasp fell out of her mouth as her heart crashed. She couldn't believe what her eyes just heard.

"Get that bitch here!"

She was immediately dragged into the study.

"You!" Shane snarled on seeing her.

Pushing everyone around him away. He grabbed her and smacked her forehead. Then he tossed her onto the shelf of books. Nicole's disbelief that Shane, whom she had just been mourning, turned around and blamed her for something she knew nothing of, shielded her from the pain that bolted through her back like electricity. She couldn't find it in her to scream because her mind had somehow convinced her that it was a dream.

It couldn't be. How could he accuse her of such? If there was anyone to suspect, it was the Alpha of the Dark Moon, whom he had planned to kill, whom she had blurted out Shane's plans to, and gave her a smirk that told her that he knew and was a step ahead of Shane.

His next slap returned her to reality and this time the pain pierced through her. She let out a

scream.

"You evil witch, you think I wouldn't figure you out?"

He snarled, panting and punching her.

"You want to run away, huh? You want freedom, huh? You're never getting it! You're mine forever! You'll serve me. Forever!"

Nicole had lost count of the punches and slaps. The tender wounds on her skin burst back open and her blood poured out. She cried out, wriggling in pain as each blow landed.

At that moment, she regretted being born. She wished she could go back in time and cause her mother to lose her. It wasn't as if her parents deserved her anyway. Shane continued pummeling her until she was barely conscious. He stomped her belly and gave her blow after blow after blow.

"Alpha," his Beta whispered, tentatively, "the treaty signing is less than 30 minutes away. You know that Alpha Liam is impatient. He's been walking around Crimson on tour," his Beta continued, and Shane froze.

Nicole was at the gate of oblivion when she heard him say,

"Get the best assassins in Crimson and place them in strategic positions. The moment the treaty is signed, shoot a silver arrow into that motherfucker's heart.

Today we celebrate our victory over the Dark Moon. Get this bitch out of here. And check on the assassins we sent to him last night; if they're still alive, kill them."
And she passed out.

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