

Chapter 83

As the battle continued to rage around him, Liam's thoughts churned with possibilities. Could Garrett have been targeted specifically? Was he being held captive or lured into a trap? The uncertainty gnawed at Liam's core, fueling his determination to uncover the truth.

Turning his attention back to the fight, Liam's senses heightened as he searched for any clues or signs that could lead him to Garrett's whereabouts.

His focus was split between the immediate threat of the enemy and the underlying mystery of Garrett's disappearance. Then, there was the matter of Nicole's presence.

"Where are you, Garrett?" Liam muttered under his breath, frustration lacing his words. He knew he couldn't allow himself to be consumed by worry, not in the midst of such a crucial battle.

But even his wolf was uncomfortable. His eyes darted from one adversary to another, seeking out any hint or clue that could lead him to his missing pack member.

The minutes stretched into what felt like an eternity as Liam battled on, his determination unwavering. But as the battle raged, he couldn't shake the nagging feeling that time was slipping through his fingers. Every passing moment increased the urgency to find Garrett and ensure his safety.

Just as Liam was about to give in to a flicker of despair, a flash of movement caught his eye. Amidst the throngs of combatants, he caught a glimpse of a figure, unmistakably Garrett. Relief flooded through Liam's veins, momentarily overriding the chaos of the battle.

"Garrett!" Liam called out, his voice carrying a mixture of relief and urgency. He fought his way toward Garrett.

But he was shocked to see that it was another pack member. His appearance was disheveled and battered, his clothing torn and bloodied.

It was clear that he had endured his own struggle amidst the chaos. Liam's mind raced, questions tumbling through his thoughts.

"What happened? Are you hurt?" Liam asked, concern lacing his voice as he reached out to support him.

"I managed to break free, Alpha," he replied, his words punctuated by ragged breaths. "There's something... something bigger at play here, Alpha. We're being targeted. I feel weak."

Liam's heart sank at the realization. The missing pieces of the puzzle began to fall into place.

James's voice cut through the clamor, commanding Liam's attention. "Liam, focus! We need to execute the plan," he urged, his eyes filled with determination.

Liam nodded, his mind refocusing on the strategic manoeuvre they had devised. Falling back was a calculated move, intended to lure out the mastermind behind the attack and expose their true intentions. They intended to use the information the witch had against her and discover who she was.

Back at the designated area, they were taking count of who was present and who wasn't. Plus, if the witch was from Darkmoon like they had suspected, he or she would know exactly where they were retreating to and try to get there before them.

The trap was that they had surrounded that part of the forest with magic deflecting stones, which would render whoever it was powerless and vulnerable. But then, Nicole was very important to this plan.

He gritted his teeth, pushing aside his concerns for Nicole and Garrett for the moment, knowing that their safety relied on the success of the plan.

"Everyone, fall back! Maintained formation and make them think we're retreating. Liam's voice boomed across the minds of his pack members, carrying the weight of authority. They swiftly adjusted their tactics, retreating in a coordinated manner.

As they moved, Liam's eyes darted around, his gaze scanning the battlefield for any signs of their elusive adversary. He couldn't afford to let his guard down, even amid their tactical retreat.

The enemy forces, sensing what they believed to be weakness, pressed forward with renewed aggression, their shouts of triumph echoing through the air.

"They're taking the bait, Alpha," James reported, his voice steady despite the urgency of the situation. "Stay focused. We'll lead them right into our trap."

Liam clenched his fists, his mind consumed with a mix of determination and worry. The plan was risky, but they had to take this chance to uncover the true orchestrator of the attack.

Nicole's safety weighed heavily on his mind, her well-being intertwined with the success of their ploy. Garrett's unexplained absence only fueled his apprehension.

As the enemy forces closed in, Liam rallied his pack, their movements calculated and precise. They skillfully maintained the appearance of a strategic retreat, drawing their adversaries further into their carefully laid trap.

Every step brought them closer to their goal but also heightened Liam's concern for Nicole and Garrett's safety.

"Stay vigilant, everyone! We need to keep them focused on us," Liam called out, his voice commanding as he fought alongside his pack.

The battle raged on, their forces weaving a complex web of feints and manoeuvres, all with the ultimate objective of drawing out the puppeteer behind the attack.

Amidst the swirling chaos, James stood by Liam's side, his unwavering presence a reassuring anchor. "Keep your head in the game, Alpha. Trust in the plan," he reminded Liam, his voice laced with steady confidence.

Liam nodded, the weight of responsibility pressing upon him. He couldn't afford to let his worry for Nicole and Garrett cloud his judgment. Their safety hinged on his ability to lead, to make decisive choices amidst the turmoil.

They continued their strategic retreat, the enemy forces growing more emboldened with each passing moment. Liam's heart raced, his mind teeming with a mixture of anxiety and determination.

He knew that they were on the cusp of a critical turning point, where the true mastermind would reveal themselves, and the fate of their pack would hang in the balance.

As the enemy closed in, their forces stretching thin, Liam's eyes narrowed with steely determination. The moment had come. "Now!" he commanded, his voice cutting through the din of battle.

Their plan swung into action, their forces shifting with precision and unity. The tide turned, and what appeared to be a retreat transformed into a calculated counterattack. The enemy forces found themselves ensnared in a carefully orchestrated ambush, their confusion palpable.

Liam fought with a renewed ferocity, his every strike fueled by his unwavering resolve. He was both a protector and leader, fighting not only for the survival of his pack but for the safety of the ones he held dear. Then, like someone ripped it off, his connection to Nicole was severed.

Almost immediately, it was communicated to him the names of the people that were missing. It became clear to him who was after him and his sanity.

Pain and anger swept through him as he let out a terrifying roar. He automatically changed to his wolf form and unleashed fury.