

## Chapter 176 – Beauty and The Beta

Hearing what was happening over at Autumn Valley Pack was tearing me apart. And to know there was so little we could do from here right now broke me even more. I hung up the phone from Morgan and Marc and looked across at Jordan, whose eyes were filled with defiance. “Dad, you know there is not a lot we can do, right?” he said, and I began to wonder if this boy was mine at all. Or if he had what it took to be a Beta. This was his sister, and he was ready to sit and wait for Miles to bring her back here?!

I shook my head at him in disgust. “You might be ready to sit and wait, Jordan, but I am not. Did you hear what your sister and her mate even said?! Everything that boy just said was right.” I said coldly, referring to Marc, as I pushed back my chair, and moved toward the door.

I needed to find my friend. He needed to deal with his son before I did, and if I did, I know I would not be forgiven. I moved along the packhouse corridor, already sick of this day. A day that was meant to be one of celebration, but had turned into one that was nothing but a disaster. All at the hands of Miles – our packs apparent upcoming Alpha. But that should not be allowed to happen, and it was about time his father realized it.

Thankfully, guests were dissipating from the pack now as the celebrations seemed to be drawing to a close. Though the drama queen of a bride and her family had already made a sharp exit as suggested from the back doors and returned to their pack with an offer of another large payment to their pack to keep this whole sorry mess quiet.

Though, whether I agreed with it or not was yet to be decided, but I knew one thing, I would be ensuring that Miles did not become Alpha. That had been decided within my mind the moment I had discovered he had killed yet again for no real reason. He had no control and no discipline. He did not have what it took to be an Alpha. He was a bully. Brutal and cruel. But, I wanted the reputation of the pack to remain intact for the benefit of Ellis, for it was him that deserved the title; and I would do all I could now to ensure it was him that took that title from his father.

I knocked lightly upon the door of the Alpha office before walking in. “Marshall, we need to talk.” I demanded as I walked in, to find my friend sitting at his desk, looking more than a little stressed as his eyes met mine.

“What now?” he grumbled, and I felt ready to rip his head from his shoulders now, but held back to see how he would react to my news first...

“Well, where would you like me to start? Your son, your delightful fucking son, has been hunting my daughter down, as we full well know, and it appears he hired the assistance of rogues. Morgan has now just called to say they were attacked as their car broke down. Bailey is still missing, and from what both Marc and Morgan saw, it looked like the rogues

were targeting Bailey. That son of yours needs dealing with. I want him locking him up. He is not fit to be Alpha.” I snapped.

And as I spoke I could see the face of my friend fall as my words seemed to register within in his mind. “Bailey is missing?” his voice faltered. “Do we know where? Do we need to send our warriors? We must try to find her!”

“No, we do not. She is somewhere near the pack she teaches at, thankfully, and they are hunting for her. But what concerns me Marshall, is if these rogues were hired by that fucked up mess of a son of yours, what if they already have her, what if he has her now, because he sure as hell isn’t here. He could be forcibly marking her. She does not want him. He does not deserve her! He never did. She has a man in her new pack that wants her, wants to make her his chosen mate.” I found myself blurting out uncontrollably, and I could see Marshall’s eyes widening in shock.

“Bailey has a chance at a chosen mate? Why did she never say anything?” he asked, his voice shaking.

“That is irrelevant right now Marshall, and you fucking know it is, if that shit head of a boy of yours has got his way!” I roared in fury, hating the thought of Miles harming her. I hated myself right now for the failure of a father I had been to my daughter. I had let her down massively. The whole pack had. She was so quiet, so happy to just get on with things that we missed so much of what was going on. Trying far too hard to please the jackass of the heir to our pack...

Marshall’s face crumpled, and there were tears in his eyes. “I know. I know Don. I should never have given him a chance to redeem himself, but I hated the thought my own son could be so evil. I thought maybe if he found love it would redeem him. It seems even that went wrong. I knew the moment he hurt that warrior here he was never right for the Alpha role. Why do you think I sent Ellis for training?” his voice faltered, as his head fell into his hands.

I hated seeing my friend struggling, but it was time he saw that his son was far from the idol everyone had been treating him as for far too long. Even I had been guilty of that. “Marshall, we need to deal with him. Ellis needs to be made Alpha, and soon. Show Miles there is no going back. You know it is time for you to step back now. We are both ready for that. Ellis is more than a capable heir to your role.”

Marshall’s eyes met mine, and he nodded slowly. “I know.” He chewed his lower lip anxiously. “Send our warriors out to search for him, and call our allies for support too. Miles needs to be found.”

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A nurse came from the room where Bailey was being treated to speak to the doctor as Eden joined me, having spoken to Marc and Morgan. I looked at the nurse, pleading with her with my eyes to let me know that everything was okay, as she spoke to the doctor. Eden squeezed my hand in an attempt to reassure me, but right now I don't think there was any hope of that. 'Try not to think the worst.' Eden mindlinked, as the doctor suddenly came across.

"Beta, we have done all we can..." he began, Zion wailed heavily within my mind as it felt like my heart was shattering into a thousand pieces, while my heart began to race, thinking he was about to tell me my beautiful girl had gone. I could not face this again.

"No, doctor, please no!" I interrupted.

"Ash, let the doctor finish." Eden wrapped her arms around my waist as she looked toward the doctor, urging him to continue.

"As I was about to say, although maybe I should have put it slightly better, we have done all the treatment we can for the time being, so it is just a case of monitoring Miss West, and maintaining the treatment we have now removed the sedation, and hoping she regains consciousness. It is difficult to say how long this may take due to her injuries, and how weak her body is right now. She needs to rest, and most importantly recover. But, if you want to come and sit with her, you are more than welcome to."

I felt my body sag in relief as Eden nodded at the doctor. "That would be good thank you."

We followed the doctor along the corridor, my body feeling like I was in a trance right now, as we made our way into the private room they currently had Bailey being treated in. And as I saw her lying in the bed, I felt myself weakened at the sight of her... she looked so frail... damaged... and I felt like I had let her down in not being able to protect her. I wish I had done as I had wanted, and gone to that wedding with her. Show that Miles fucking Davenport that she was moving on in her life. That she had a good man there to love and care for her. To support and protect her. But instead I had stayed here like the pathetic mess that I am.

I found myself frozen at the bottom of the bed, my eyes unable to move from the sight of my beautiful Bailey so badly injured, as she was attached to drips and machines, her body covered in dried blood and dressings, as well as a sheet placed lightly up to her shoulders, where the hospital gown had also been placed neatly over her body.

"Ash, she will be okay." Eden said calmly. "They know what they are doing."

How could she be so sure? She sure as hell did not look okay right now. She looked close to death, in all honesty...

“I am scared, Eden.” I whispered, as Eden led me to the chair next to the bed. I gently sat myself down, my legs were trembling under me, as I lowered myself to the chair, my eyes desperately not wanting to leave Bailey now she was back with me. Zion had retreated to the pits of my mind, this was affecting him worse than I wanted to consider right now.

“Talking to her may help.” The nurse who was attending to one of the machines said softly. “She may be able to hear you.”

“Okay, thanks, we might give that a try, right Asher?” Eden looked across at the nurse with a smile. “Just out of curiosity, would it help her heal if he marked her?”

I quickly turned to look at my friend, while the nurse looked at Eden in shock. “Is he her fated mate?” she questioned.

I slowly shook my head, earning a swift nod from the nurse. “But you are a couple, I assume?” she said kindly. I rolled my eyes, wondering why Eden felt this conversation would even be necessary right now. And nothing like the nurse asking stupid questions...

Eden smiled in response though. “Yeah. So, would him marking her help her heal?” she asked again, urgency evident in her voice. I think she was desperate to find a way to help her friend right now, just as much as I was, but this did not seem right...

The nurse looked torn. “I think it would be hard to say for certain. It does certainly help for fated mates, but for chosen mates it does not always have the same effect. So there would be no way we could guarantee that. But, obviously, if it was something you had considered, then it could be worth a try, I guess.” she said with a small shrug.

I shook my head abruptly. “I am not marking her without her permission. Not when we don’t even know if it will help.” I know we had spoken about being together, but we had not specifically spoken about becoming one another’s chosen mates. I had thought about it, but it had not been discussed. Not properly. No, marking her without her permission was wrong. I could not bring myself to do that to her. She may not want it...

Eden released a deep sigh. “So we could try talking to her though, yeah?” she looked to the nurse, like she was swiftly trying to change the subject. The nurse simply looked back at us awkwardly after my response and nodded as Eden continued. “We could definitely give that a try then, couldn’t we, Ash? Just in case Bai can hear us.”

I nodded, unsure if I felt I’d be able to talk to Bailey when she was laid there like that. But Eden suddenly began speaking, and her chatter made me smile without even meaning to. “Hey Miss thing, you sure know how to give us a scare! But, now you have scared us all, you need to get yourself better. We have shopping to do, and I had you marked as chief babysitter now you and this grumpy old fart are making things official. So, please Bai, and that gorgeous wolf of yours, fix yourselves up real soon, so we can have you back, yeah?”

I looked across at Eden, and while her words may have been joking in nature, there were tears within her eyes. I reached for her hand. I could see she was struggling as much as me now. This was the woman she had become close to. A new friend. One that Caleb believed was filling a gaping hole left behind after her best friend had died; she was likely as terrified as me.

“I will sit here until she wakes up.” I told Eden, as she wiped away an escaping tear, and she smiled.

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We continued to drive. The stench from the rogues was sickening. Even with windows open the farthest they could go, the stench was sticking at the back of my throat; but I knew there was little I could do. I needed these disgusting creatures’ help. “We must be getting close.” I said with a snarl. “You not heard back yet?”

I was getting tired of their lack of information. Their so-called contacts were supposedly helping. Trying to assist in bringing Bailey back to me. Anything so she did not get back to her temporary home. There she would have too much help. Too much protection. At least if the rogues could attack this car, there were only the three of them, they could overpower it.

But, despite my persistent harassing for updates, there was nothing. I was beginning to lose patience and wonder if these fools were even helping at all. But, I knew I had nothing else. Without their help, I was alone. My pack turned their back on me in returning Bailey to us, so I needed this. I needed to turn to rogues for help. Pestering them for information right now was my only source of hope. And, in fact, at their last attempt to contact them they were uncontactable. I only hoped that meant they were on their tail.

“I will try again. But you have to give them the time they need.” The rogue in charge snapped. I felt my anger bubbling as I looked across at him, my brows raised, he seemed to be getting a little ballsy now. Was he getting tired of my persistent demands? Because if that was the case, he could fuck right off. I am paying them for their services right now. They ought to be grateful I was willing to even spend time around their stinky selves...

I had long since turned off my phone, sick of the excessive number of attempted calls and the number of messages arriving from members of my pack. Mainly my family. All trying to make me see the error of my ways, it would seem. Well, that was their opinion, of course. In my mind, I was doing nothing wrong. Not now. The only thing I had done wrong was letting Bailey go in the first place... rejecting her... forcing her to accept the rejection... But, I was about to fix that. Put fate back to how it was intended.

But, all of that aside, I had no intention of listening to any of them back in the pack, giving me shit down the phone about me stepping up and dealing with the mess I had created. I think they would find the mess that was currently ongoing in that pack right now was

down to Kaia and the fact she had no self-control over her carnal desires. She should never have agreed to marry me if she wanted another man. The thought still sickens me. But, I feel no guilt for killing him. He knew she was my wife, and soon-to-be mate, he knew he should not be touching her the way he was. He had deserved all that had come to him.

My Dad and my Uncle acting all holier-than-thou about it was a fucking joke, because I can guarantee if they were in my situation they would have done the exact same thing. Betrayal by your woman was no small thing as a werewolf. Especially one in a senior rank. It was demeaning. Humiliating. If anyone was to find out, it would have them questioning me as a man. I would not tolerate it. I had no choice but to kill him. Jet snarled, as I felt his anger building, and I knew I needed to bring this back under control before he became too much to handle.

“Well, we are getting closer to her pack now, and if we are, that has to mean she is likely already back!” I told them, growling at the thought. If she was back in the pack, I knew I stood little chance of bringing her home with me. She would have the Alpha on her side by now, no doubt. And others...

“I need to pee.” A female voice from the back of the car spoke up for the third or fourth time since we had set off. This was turning into a fucking joke. I am sure she was intentionally trying to irritate me. I glared at her through the rear-view mirror.

“Are you fucking kidding?!” I snapped. “Didn’t you just go?!”

She simply shrugged, a small smirk upon her lips. “Well, I need to go again. I have a small bladder, and I drank a lot when we ate. Unless you want me to pee in the car, of course.” She repeated her words from earlier, and I quickly pull up at the side of the road to allow her to get out to go and pee. Her and her fucking toilet breaks were doing nothing but delaying us further, and I think she fucking knew it too.

“She needs to quit with this, or next time I fucking leave her, got it?!” I snarled to the others, knowing they would not want to leave her behind, and they all nodded, though not one of them said a word. They all know that I needed their help; and it drove me crazy that right now I was so dependant on someone else. I was an upcoming Alpha, I was the one others usually turned to. I was the one others looked up to. Not someone that needs help from others...

“Right he got back to me. He asked what happens if she is hurt?” he asked tentatively, and my eyes turned to him fiercely. That better not mean what I think it does.

“What the fuck does that mean?” I snapped. “You know what happens. I made it clear. You get fuck all. No money. Nothing. And then I will be out to hunt each and every one of you down!”



“Uh-huh, he figured as much.” He nodded with a shake of his head. “Well, you might like to know their car broke down. Not far from where our guys were. Seems some other rogues had seen them too though. Took a liking to the girls. But, your girl was running. It seems she was separated from the others. And anyway, it seemed she was running for her pack, maybe thinking she was closer to the pack than she thought, because she had shifted back. I assume to shout for help. Well, he went to get her... she fought a little... he fought back... he isn’t quite as patient as we are. His wolf can be a little unpredictable. Maybe a little heavier handed at times... And...Well.. ” his voice faltered, as my eyes narrowed angrily.

“He killed her?” I growled.

He shook his head. “No. But once he had gained control of his wolf again, he realized at that point there was no hope of you giving him the money, so he left her. They were not far from her pack, chances are someone will find her. Especially if the others in the car ran for help.”

I felt anger racing through my body. This was simply not right. How did that fucker think he had the right to hurt her? He had been ordered to bring her to me. Not to hurt her. “Where is he?” I roared.

“Not a clue. Making his escape, I would imagine. Be glad he was honest. He could not have said a thing. Said he couldn’t find her. But why waste your time on him right now? If you want your girl, hadn’t you best go and find her?” he suggested; and I realized he was right. Even if she was safe within her pack now, which in truth, I think that may be for the best right now, as it sounded like she needed medical treatment, I wanted to make Bailey see that us being together was the right thing. Not just for me, but for her too. We could make this work, and we could be a successful Luna and Alpha. The pack would be happy with that, I know they would. I just needed Bailey to forgive me, and be happy with the idea too.

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I sat once more at the side of Bailey’s bed. Eden had left to go to collect the children so she could sort them for bed. It was already getting late, and I imagined they would already be sleeping, but Eden was adamant she needed them home with her. Telling me she would not settle if they were not there. I think, given everything that has gone on today, I can understand that.

I reached out and gently stroked back Bailey’s dark curls. The curls she had tried so hard to hide for so long. I had no clue why. She looked amazing with them. “Come on beautiful.” I whispered, feeling silly speaking to her, but having a desperate need to talk. “Please come back to me. You know I can’t do this on my own anymore, right?”

I felt tears building in my eyes as I spoke, and I wondered if she did know. I think I had kept my emotions hidden from her... hell, I think I hid them from myself... or maybe had been in denial for so long. I gently took her hand in mine, stroking my thumb over her palm. "I mean it, Bai, this last day or so while you have been away I have felt like a part of me has been missing. And that part was you. I don't think I had realized just how big this had become this quickly. You came into my life beautiful, and turned it upside down. I think I may have fought it, like the stubborn and crazy fool I am, but you coming into my life was the blessing I needed. I wouldn't change it for the world now. Even if it means I have got to share my chocolate." I smiled slightly, as I poured my heart out to her, totally unaware if she could hear me.

"But, I just make sure I buy extra chocolate for you now. Seeing that smile of yours when you get your chocolate... or anytime that smile appears on your face... well, it makes my heart melt. And don't even get me started on that laugh of yours... my heart melts even more each time I hear that! Which is maybe a good thing as I was pretty sure my heart had turned to ice after everything I went through. I was a mess, Bai, and you with your sweetness... your kindness... just by being you, I think you were fixing me. I am begging you, beautiful, come back to me. I will spend my life doing all I can to make you happy. So I can see that smile and hear that laugh as much as possible. I don't want you feeling scared again. Or being sad again."

I looked up at her beautiful face, but still Bailey lay there, her eyes closed. There was absolutely no response to my words and I felt hollow inside despite the emotion in my words. I don't think she has heard me, in spite of the fact I have told her everything I felt for her. Everything I should have told her before she went. Or even while she was away. I wish terribly now I had called her. Spoken to her... Opened up to her... So she knew what she meant to me. I would do anything for another chance right now...

I gently lifted her hand to my lips and placed a kiss on her hand. "I love you Bailey." I whispered, a lone tear slipping from my eye.

As I placed Bailey's hand softly down onto the bed next to her, the door opened, and Morgan came rushing in, with Marc not far behind. "Oh, you are still here. Do you want me to sit with her a while?" Morgan asked, and I shook my head. I don't think I could bear to leave her. I needed to be here the moment she woke up.

Marc smiled at me. 'You aren't leaving her, are you?' he mindlinked, and I shook my head again, making Marc continue. 'When she is better you need to make this right, Ash. It is time to let Isla rest. You being happy doesn't change anything with her. You understand that, right?'

My eyes met his, and he was looking at me full of concern. I could see no judgment in his gaze. 'I mean it, Asher. Me and Mum would never look at you any differently for choosing to move on. You have stayed so loyal to Isla's memory, but you do not have to be alone forever. I saw the connection between you and Bailey from the start. I think Mum did too. She is one hell of a girl. I think Isla would like her. Don't let this go, because you are



worried about what others are thinking, or because you feel guilty. It is time to think of you, ok? Isla would want you to be happy.'

I bit my lower lip, deep in thought. Hid words meant a lot. There would always be guilt. Of course there would. That was the reason I had battled my feelings for as long as I had been. Why I had denied them for as long as I had. But, without ever intending to, I had fallen for Bailey. 'I love her, Marc.'

'I know you do.' He linked with a smile.

I turned to see Morgan stroking her sister's hair back from her face, before pulling up her eyelids, making me wonder what in the hell she was doing, but Marc got there first. "Erm, Morgan, what are you doing?"

"Just seeing if she would wake up." She said, like it was the most normal thing in the world to do to someone in a hospital bed that was unconscious. "Used to work when she was a kid."

Marc held back a smile. "I think the fact she is unconscious may be slightly different to when she was pretending to be asleep as a kid, darling."

Morgan shrugged, like she believed her logic had been completely valid, and even I had to smile a little. Bailey's sister was certainly unique. "What did the doctor say?" she looked at me, and now I could see the concern upon her face.

"Just a case of waiting for her to recover, basically. Hoping for the best." I explained, and she nodded, so I looked toward Marc. "Any news from the warriors?"

"They only found a couple of rogues, but they are unsure if they were involved. So Alpha is going to interrogate them to find out. But there was definitely more than they brought in, I know that much. It was such a mess. I am just sorry I let you down, bro." and in his words, not to mention the devastation upon his face, I could see he was ridden with guilt. He was forever going to struggle with this. I was unsure if he would forgive himself over this. I didn't want that for him.

"Marc, this is not your fault. We know who is to blame for this. And we will ensure he gets the punishment he deserves." I said with determination. The words were as much for my benefit as they were Marc's...

"Oh, about that, Dad messaged." Morgan said, as she continued to stroke her sister's hair. "They have warriors out hunting for that sick fucker. But, even better, my Uncle, or the Alpha, if you like, has seen that things are not repairable anymore. That Miles is not a fix-it-up project he is capable of doing a botch repair on. He has seen things cannot be fixed. Not that I think they ever could, so Ellis is going to be made Alpha. And he has called the Werewolf Council to report the incidents with Miles. He will be handed over to them to deal with him. So, he will more than get the punishment he deserves."

And I have to say, they have to be some of the best words I had to have heard in a long time. We just need Bailey to wake up to share in the good news now...

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I sat in my office, drinking a black coffee in a bid to keep myself awake longer. I still have so much to do. Our search through the forest which sits alongside the pack had proved to be difficult. The area was large and there were so many different areas the rogues may have branched off into. We could not risk losing them. I wanted to capture at least some to gain some answers. For Bailey. For Asher. We needed that. If it was in fact an attack linked to the upcoming Alpha of her pack, then I would not be failing in reporting him to the Werewolf Council.

I had heard all the things he had done to Bailey as we ran. Asher shared them with me as our wolves were hunting for her. Though my gut told me that was likely not all he had done to her, it may just have been the things she felt able to share with Asher. When someone has been treated that way for that long, it is not always easy for them to talk about it. But hearing it all, I knew he needed his punishment; and it infuriated me that his own pack had not dealt with him. They were seriously failing their pack if they still considered him fit to run the pack.

I understand Bailey's need to keep quiet. She feared him, and he had likely threatened her with many things over the years if she spoke out. Not to mention the fact I could see when she came to visit our pack how much she respected her father, I think she considered their feelings and reputation too much as well. That poor girl had considered everybody but herself in her action, and in doing that had found herself getting hurt.

I was shocked she had agreed to go to the wedding of the man who had tortured her for so long, though I imagine it was her family wanting her there. It would be expected with her being part of the Beta family. She must have hoped the sick bastard choosing to take another mate was her lucky day. A way out. It seemed that something had gone hugely wrong. Though I think the bride had simply had a lucky escape, or had seen sense. Not that it had done Bailey any favors. The sick fucker simply turned his attention back to what he knew...

I just wish Asher had spoken to me sooner. I know he wanted to protect her. Respect the trust that Bailey had shown in him by not talking to anyone about the things she had confided in him; but this information showed how much in danger she truly was. She had likely come to our pack in a bid to escape him... escape her pack. Had I known that I would have offered her an official place in our pack. She would never have had to return. We would have kept her safe. I feel I have, as an Alpha, failed her, when she was never even our pack member.

Thankfully, she was stable in the hospital, and the doctors, Eden and Asher's regular updates were keeping me informed. I could only hope that they were able to make her

better. Because I did not want to see my best friend lose the woman he so evidently wanted to make a life with. This was playing so heavily on my mind. I had been so wrapped up in my own world lately with the arrival of the baby that I had completely missed this change in Asher...

There was a sudden knock at the door. "Come in!" I yelled.

The door opened and Felix, one of the older warriors, came through the door, looking tired. "The three rogues we detained are ready for you to interrogate if you want? The other younger one is getting medical treatment first."

I nodded at him. This was why I had been waiting up. I would have liked nothing more than to return home and snuggle up in bed next to my mate. No doubt she would be fast asleep by now, lightly snoring, the way she does. Both our little ones hopefully allowing her to sleep. They were both making sleep more than a little challenging of late... maybe another reason I was so oblivious to things. I felt more of a zombie than a werewolf some days – the joys of being a parent! But, this was something worth staying up for. A chance to gain answers. A chance to speak to the rogues who had injured Bailey.

I quickly followed Felix to the cells. Wondering what sort of beasts I may find. Rogues were renowned for being mindless... vicious... evil. And the damage that was done to that poor girl was done without thinking twice about her or her welfare. It was some of our other warriors that had caught them on the outer edges of the forest, telling me they had been trying to escape. Which, to me, seemed a little odd. She was injured. They could have taken her. That had to have been their plan. Something had to have spooked them. Or that was my theory. That was why it was so vital we spoke to them.

I marched into the cell, ensuring my aura was at it's fullest, knowing that way I was most likely to get the answers we needed. Instantly, the three of them were looking at me in fear. These did not look like ruthless monsters. These looked like young wolves. Scared young wolves at that. Ones that would not be capable of doing the damage done to Bailey... had we captured the wrong ones? The forest was riddled with rogues on the run after all.

No. I still need to do this. Looks can be deceiving. I know that. "I want answers." I allowed my voice to boom, and the three of them looked at me fearfully.

"We already told your men we don't know anything." One young guy with deep auburn hair spoke. All three had filthy skin, like they could do with a bloody good shower.

"Well, that will be my place to decide, won't it?" I glared at him, and his big green eyes looked back at me, full of terror. "We need to know why the girl was hurt. Who ordered you to help?"

A frown crossed the faces of all three of them. As this time a dark-haired guy spoke up. "Why someone order us? We are not in pack. We rogues. No Alpha to order us."

I looked to Felix. He shrugged. Had Marc and Asher's assumption been wrong? Had it been a chance attack when they had seen the car broken down? Nothing to do with the upcoming Alpha after all? I could understand their paranoia given the things he had done previously, but going of what these rogues were saying, I did not know now...

"Why attack them then?" I ordered.

The red-headed one deeply sighed, looking guiltily at me. "We see them on road. The car was damaged, I think. There was two she-wolves. Pretty she-wolves..." his voice faltered as his eyes looked down. They had gone after the girls. Not an unusual trait of rogues, sadly.

"You wanted the girls?" I demanded, and he nodded.

"We do not have any she-wolves near us." He muttered, and I shook my head in disgust. How they think it is acceptable to attempt to attack she-wolves; but this was common for rogues, unfortunately. This was how so many made their mates.

"But one had man with her. He fighting for her. Helping her. So we go after the other." The dark-haired one spoke up again.

I turned to look at him now, my eyes narrowed. He was talking about Bailey now. "And you hurt her? Because we found her injured, nearly dead in the forest." I found myself snarling; and the young guy's eyes widened as he emphatically shook his head.

"No! No. She was still running. But she shift again. To girl form. To scream for help. Scream so loud. I think because she was near to this pack. She wanted get someone to help her. We were scared then and run." He told me, his voice wobbling, and as I looked at him the fear in his eyes was telling me he may well be telling me the truth. But it still does not answer who hurt her.

"She was hurt. Badly. If not you, then who?" I ordered.

All three looked at me and slowly shook their heads. "There was another rogue there as we leave. Bad one. Very bad one." The third guy spoke, his eyes slowly meeting mine, just as I received a mindlink.

'Alpha, can you make your way to the gate please? Someone is here demanding to see you.' the guard on duty told me, as the link quickly cut out.

'Who? And why at this time of night?' I replied, but I got no response, making me wonder what the hell was happening at the gate, but making me know I had no choice but to go and find out, all the while wondering if this bad rogue that the others spoke of was one enlisted by our current suspected upcoming Alpha. There was still so much to learn to give us the answers we needed.

