

Owned by the Alphas 2: Claimed by the Alphas |

The Prisoner

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LORELAI

"I said no more fucking females!" Kai roared, and the woman rolled her eyes.

"Oh, come off it, Kai. You think the witches are that evil they'd mate you with your littermate? Shut up.

"What do you want us to do about the prisoner? He's silent and bleeding. Profusely. I don't know how much human blood one can lose but I have a feeling he's close to tapping out," she snapped.

I raised a brow, turning to Kai, who glared at the interruption. "Littermate?"

"Oh, uh, like a sister in human land, I suppose. I'm Kai's. I'm Beenie. Nice to meet you, Luna," she said, then turned to the alphas with an expectant expression.

My head spun. Kai had a sister? And a human prisoner?

"Actually, her name is Belinda, and I warned her to stay the fuck away. So I'm not sure why she is disobeying an alpha's order," Kai snarled, and she rolled her eyes.

Come to think of it, her squarer jaw and wide eyes did remind me of Kai a little. The smirk was most definitely a match.

"Call me Beenie, unless you want your insides rearranged to be on your outsides. And I'm not kidding. The prisoner sitch? Kind of urgent.

"And since every other female pack member is too terrified of you ripping their heads off, I have been sent to figure out what you want done instead of lounging about in my room like the entitled princess I am."

She bowed, and I held back a laugh, a smirk playing on my lips.

"I didn't know you had a sister. Or a prisoner."

“That’s because she doesn’t like to be known as my sister. She prefers to reap all the benefits of being in our lineage, like sitting on her ass in her ivory tower, instead of being a part of the pack.”

“And the prisoner?”

“We caught him in the forest. He was one of the ones that were shooting the arrows. We’re trying to get answers from him about the rest of the humans’ plans,” Derik interjected.

I nodded. That made sense, it just didn’t sound good hearing their tactics.

I got they were wolves and all, but I had been a prisoner on the other side of the fence and I was grateful for the single shred of decency I was shown.

Then again, one of my alphas had been shot by one of those little arrows, so I was tempted to leave him to his fate. Tempted.

“Leave him to bleed out then,” Kai snapped.

“Right, I’ll let them know.”

“Wait.” I stopped her and she turned, raising a brow at me.

I looked up at Kai’s frown, hoping he understood. “I want to talk to him first. He’s human; maybe I can get through to him,” I begged.

Kai’s lip pulled back from his teeth, but Derik seemed to actually consider it. Brax was listening, but he looked like the pain of his shoulder might be pulling him back to sleep.

I grabbed his hand in mine and held it as we tried to figure out what to do next.

“I don’t want you anywhere near humans. Last time we did that, they kidnapped you. Not to mention the arrows that came too close to you and our child for comfort,” Kai argued, but Derik sighed.

“We could be right there with her, Kai. We have to try everything, and what if she’s right?”

“What if she’s not?”

“Um, hate to be a buzzkill, but in about a minute—maybe less—that choice is going to get taken from you, so you should probably just stow your caveman antics for today, brother.”

Beenie grinned, and he growled at her. She grinned wider, and I found myself enjoying the way she riled him up, almost like how I did.

He looked down at me and I smirked; he knew exactly what I was thinking.

“You are nothing like her, Little Human. She has no idea what responsibility means. Or family.”

“Hmmm, or I think the word ‘family’ is vile and should be shown in ways that don’t include tearing each other to pieces for top spot.” She glared daggers, then left the room before Kai could answer.

He clenched his fists and went to storm after her. “Do whatever you want with the prisoner. I’ll be down there soon to end his life—before he can fuck anything up,” he said, then left.

I blew out a breath, then turned to Derik and Brax.

Derik was thinking hard, like usual, probably weighing up every option, every outcome and consequence.

Brax winced, lying back down. I checked his shoulder and grimaced at the black veins that had started growing again.

“I’ll send someone for Cain,” I breathed, and kissed him on the cheek as he gave a weak nod.

“Be careful with the prisoner, Spitfire. Humans can be like your mother or they can be like your father, and this one has chosen his side. Don’t get too close,” he warned, and I nodded.

Cain burst in then, his eyes light, his cheeks flushed as he ran a hand through his hair, tucking in his loose linen shirt.

“I’ll handle Brax, you guys go deal with the prisoner. He won’t be conscious for long. The wolves are all starting to take bets.” He shook his head, then rolled up his sleeves.

I looked at Derik, who nodded once. That was all I needed. I gave Brax a kiss goodbye, then moved under Derik's arm as he led me to where they kept prisoners.

It was down; that was the only true direction I had. There were so many corners and stairs I was almost convinced we were lost.

And then the stairway opened up into a row of cells, and I sucked in a breath. There was a man, pinned to a wall by shackles and nails, shirtless, bleeding, his glare still there but almost empty.

I rushed forward. "Take him down!" I cried, and the wolf guarding him looked at Derik.

His eyes went to mine, and I nodded once.

"I want to talk to him. Fetch me some warm water, cloth, some bandages, food and water," I demanded.

The wolf didn't argue this time. He went to get me my things as the other guard and Derik pulled the prisoner down. I moved into the cell too and tried to figure out who the man was, but his eyes were swollen and there was too much blood.

It was hard to tell. I was pretty sure it wasn't a man I recognized, but I didn't know many of them so it wasn't that much of a stretch for him to not be known to me.

"I'm so sorry," I said, and he scoffed.

"It's what wolves do," he sneered, then eyed me up and down as Derik hovered. "And I would not be sorry for me, little girl. I would be sorry for you, a traitor. A consort for the wolves. Disgusting."

He spat at me then, his blood spraying my dress. Derik growled and went to step forward, but I stopped him.

"Wait. It's just blood. Let me try," I whispered.

Derik looked like he wanted to argue, but I pressed the link on him, showing him how much I wanted this, and he finally nodded, still staying close just in case.

The other guard came in and I cleaned the prisoner's wounds and face of blood.

I stitched him up as best as I could. I'd never really done well in that class at the village, but at least he wouldn't bleed to death, so that was something.

I gave him water, I made sure he had a blanket and a bucket for his facilities. Then, once he was clean and eating, I finally spoke.

"I was a prisoner on your side once. I was treated horribly. I do not want that to be your memories of here. I want to be better than the humans were to me," I said, and he scoffed, shoveling warm bread into his mouth.

"You got everything you deserved. Maybe less than that after what you have done. Carrying the seed of a wolf? Abomination. And, no less, it seems to be far along enough to be another winter born. Typical.

"We all knew you'd be a curse on us one day, we just never expected a traitor to be born from your father's seed," he snarled.

I resisted the urge to slap him. It was one of the hardest things I'd done, but I held back. I had no idea how Derik managed to restrain himself, but his hand was locked on my wrist.

"Your prisoner is fed and cleaned. We'll ask him our questions tomorrow before he says one thing too many and I forget my manners," Derik warned in a low tone that was full of alpha.

I smiled and clenched his hand back.

"It's okay, our friend here is going to tell us what we want to know. Aren't you?" I said, lowering myself to his height.

He shook his head. "I'm not a traitor."

"Maybe not, but the humans don't know that. I am going to write to my father and tell him you squealed like a pig when you got here.

"I'm going to tell him we know his every plan, every secret, and every detail of the war he has coming our way and that it was you who told us.

"And then do you know what I am going to do?" I asked, grinning like a madwoman because maybe I was.

This man was threatening me, my alphas, and my baby, but it was all based on a bias that my father had instilled. I just had to fuck with that.

He looked up at me, a frown creasing his brow.

“I am going to let you go. I’ll let you run back to my father, and when you get there and he curses you out for being a traitor—if he doesn’t gut you first, of course—he’ll put you in the dungeons, and I bet you won’t survive the treatment they give you down there.

“So,” I said, and stood up, “either answer a few questions and stay in this nice, safe cell where you’re fed and clothed or go back to my father, where the comforts you can get used to is piss on your food and rats as friends.”

I smiled sweetly, and his bread dropped from his hand. He looked at me like I was insane before his glare switched on.

But I was ready for it.

He lunged for me as I grabbed the blade out of Derik’s waistband. It was at the prisoner’s cock before he could reach me.

And even if he had, Derik’s hand was already wrapped around his throat, squeezing hard enough to make him go red.

“I’m going to need your answer, otherwise my alpha is going to choke you to death. Or my knife will slip and you’ll lose the family jewels down there.

“What’s it going to be?” I asked, and he coughed and spluttered behind Derik’s grasp before finally sagging.

“Yes!” he wheezed out, and Derik shoved him back.

I grinned and twirled the knife between my fingers. “See? We can work together after all.”

I smiled as he glared. He got to his feet and stood against the back wall, crossing his arms over his bigger build.

“What do you want to know?”

“What the humans have planned for the wolves.” I shrugged like it was no big deal, knowing that it very much was.

He scoffed. "That is confidential. Only your father knows the answer to that. He hides away in his office and only tells us what we need to know when it happens because of this exact reason," he said.

I clenched my jaw. That sounded like an annoyingly convenient strategy for my father to come up with.

"Who is pulling his strings?" I asked, knowing someone had told him about the Fractum thing.

The guy shrugged. "How should I know? I'm just a soldier. I do what I'm told, unlike some..." He gave me a glare that went with his statement, but I just laughed.

"Uh-huh. So you actually have no useful information?"

"Nope."

I edged closer with the knife. "Then why did you cave like a little bitch when I threatened to spill your secrets to Daddy, hmmm?"

"If there was nothing to know, then surely you'd not have cared," I said with a raise of my brow, getting closer.

He scoffed again, blubbering like a fool, his face blushing, and I knew he was lying. I also knew now that he wasn't going to give us anything.

He had answered my questions without hesitation, like his answers were rehearsed, which meant my father had told him exactly what to say in situations like this.

I was guessing he was just stalling to stay alive. I didn't plan on letting him live out that scenario.

"How are the women being treated over there? Now that the virgin sacrifices are gone and women can be with the men again, surely there will be celebration?" I asked, and it worked.

That wasn't a question he had expected; it was one he'd have to answer for himself. A frown drew at his brow and his chest picked up its pace with his heart. I pressed the tip of my blade against it.

He looked down at it, then at me, a frenzy in his eyes.

"I... They... We are trying to... They are fine," he finally mumbled out, and I grinned.

"You blush when you lie," I whispered to him.

His eyes widened right before I grabbed the knife and went to slam it into his stomach, but my arm was caught. Kai grinned down at me, holding my arm out of reach.

"Let's not go killing anyone just yet, Little Human. I haven't tried to get anything out of him," he said, and I smirked, knowing that our prisoner was not going to make it past sunset.

I knew that made me crazy, insane, psychotic, but I had chosen my side, and maybe it was time I stuck to it because if he was given half the chance to kill me, he'd take it.

I couldn't keep walking the line between them and the wolves and expect mercy at every turn.

The humans, my father's ones at least, were no longer friends. They were no longer my own or willing to treat me with anything more than contempt.

They'd kill me as a traitor and a wolf, so they were going to have to get used to me doing the same because the prisoner was right: he was just a soldier.

He wasn't the human I wanted to end; my father was.

Admitting that felt so right, it was almost scary, but then again, I was a winter born, and maybe my curse really had fucked me up somewhere along the way.

And maybe I liked that.