

# The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf

## Chapter 102

### Chapter 102

Queen Lydia

Unwelcome and motive-driven, humans force their way into my kingdom, and then my home, and capture my darling

husband, King Pyrus. He is a hydrokinetic sprite, a creature among many, with the ability to manipulate water.

Crouching down on an imperial rug on the ground, in a designated safe room behind a false wall, I quietly hide with our

violet-eyed, eight-month-old-daughter, Princess Maia.

This room is connected to an underground tunnel that leads me

away from the castle

Looking up in the direction of the moon and the stars, I know my husband's life will not end well. In spite of this, I pray to

the Moon Goddess that no harm should come to him, and I shed tears for him, our marriage and our beautiful life

together as I quietly flee through the hidden passage toward the forest border. I run as fast as possible, using all my

energy while holding Maia.

Leaves and branches whip my face and tear my dress as I hastily rush past them.

Panic rises in my chest because I can hear running and shouting, they're not far behind me, and they're gradually getting

closer After all the horror stories about what these humans have done to other sprites, I'm desperate to avoid captivity.

'Queen Lydia!' Someone shouts, from behind a tree, not too far from me. I stop in my tracks. Witches I do not know wave

at me, motioning for me to go to them.

Queen Lydia. Over here! Quickly! One yells, her face and body camouflaged by the giant tree she hides behind. I hide

behind the tree next to them, and they give me an empathetic smile

I'm Lou. This is my sister Prunella. We're relieved we have found you, Queen Lydia. I fear we're the only witches left. The

humans have burned everyone we know on stakes in the most horrific, barbaric fashion We only just escaped, and there

are not enough of us left to open the portal and escape to the human world. I fear it's only a matter of time until we're

captured. The werewolves haven't had as many casualties as the humans. They're putting up a good fight against them.

They may even be strong enough to defeat them,' Lou says, hopeful in her voice

Maia coos from inside her swaddle and sucks her thumb

'My dear baby Maia. My princess. They will kill her if they find her,' I say, falling onto my knees and crying into Maia's

blanket

Lou and Prunella look at each other with sympathetic glances, and Lou places her hand on my shoulder

'We can save Princess Maia, but we have to be quick. The humans are getting closer, and our power is depleting.' Lou

says.

'How can you save her? Please tell me,' I beg her. They share a quick, knowing glance before looking back at me

'We have enough power to save only her.' Lou explains.

Accepting Lou's offer means I will never see Maia again after this, but if it saves her life and allows her a chance to live,

then I have no other choice. I kiss her forehead and tell her how much I love her before handing her to Lou.

'Okay, if it saves her life, we must do it,' I sob.

Lou and Prunella kneel in front of a big, beautiful oak tree and place Maia in her swaddle, inside an opening in

the tree's hollow trunk. They hold each other's bejewelled hands and chant:

Goddess of the moon,  
Place this sweet child to  
sleep and make the year's leap  
When the moon shines bright,  
in her time to retake and find her love,  
open her eyes and allow her to wake

The New ROMs to move as it swirls magically around  
Princesa Maia in kaleidoscopic strands, encaming her  
inside it.

When it wedding to the tree trunk entwines over, forming  
a knot in itself, sealing my daughter inside,  
'What will happen to her?' I ask, mesmerised by what I  
have just witnessed.

'She will grow very slowly inside the tree, and when the  
time comes, long after we have gone, the Moon  
Goddess will

know when it's time for the forest to release her. The  
forest will raise her, and it will be her home. The  
animals will

befriend her, and she will awake with a good grasp of  
our language and basic life skills. She will know her  
name. She will

have the chance

to have a fulfilling life when all of this is but a fairytale.

We have placed many species of babies in the trees  
over the last

few days in hopes that they may one day live free of war and in harmony.’ Lou explains.

Nodding, I smile at the thought that my daughter and many other innocent children have the chance to have a happy life

filled with harmony, peace and acceptance.

‘I see them! Over there!’ A human shouts. We soon realise we are surrounded. Being pyrokinetic, I can create and

manipulate fire. My gifts are a blessing, they’ve never let me down before, and they certainly won’t desert me now. A man

is about to hurl his axe in my direction, but I’m quick to use my powers, and I cast a flame beam and hurl it at him,

engulfing him in flames. He screams and writhes around on the ground in pain, burning.

Two sword-wielding men run toward me from my left. I jump into the air just in time, as the one who crouches down,

steels himself, to swing his sword at me.

His counterpart swings his sword toward my neck, which I narrowly miss too, as I lean backward and quickly raise my leg

to kick him firmly in the chest. Balls of flames materialise in the palms of my hands, and I throw them at both men,

successfully hitting one and missing the other.

I'm suddenly gasping for breath as an iron chain whips itself around my throat, choking me. Struggling to stand, I resort

to kneeling and fight the man behind me.

The man who evaded my flame ball stomps toward me and yanks my head up by my hair.

I feel the deep sting of a sharp knife impaling my heart and the warmth of my blood trickling from my chest and down

the fabric of my dress. I collapse to the ground, knowing I'm dying. I lay there, unable to move, becoming progressively weaker.

Lou and Prunella, who have been caught and tied to stakes, await their impending deaths as one of the men approaches

them with a torch and sets them ablaze. I cannot look, so I cover my ears and shut my eyes to muffle their screams. The

men smile as they walk away from the burning corpses of Lou and Prunella.

Loud growls pierce the quiet night air when hefty silhouettes bolt toward the men and quickly devour them, ripping their

heads off. The wolves shift into human form and run toward me.

'We're too late, one of the men says.

I use what strength I have left to gaze at the tree my precious baby sleeps in.

'Live well, my child.' I whisper before the darkness consumes me.

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# The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf

## Chapter 103

### Chapter 103

Mysteria, the magical world of supernatural's, a realm with the tallest mountains, luscious forests, and precipitous

waterfalls. From werewolves and witches to orcs, this enchanted land is the birthplace of imagination. The mystical beings

were all made by many different Deities, including those of Selene, Cerridwen, Ogrun, and Valkrim. They fashioned new

life forms in their own image to coexist in the realm of Mysteria.

After many years of peaceful coexistence, the witches accidentally opened a portal to another world inhabited by many

animals and people called humans. Although they resembled each other, humans lacked magical or shapeshifting abilities.

Over time, the witches travelled in secret between realms, but some never returned to Mysteria. Witches had been caught casting spells. Out of fear of becoming cursed, the humans bound and burnt them at the stake. The vampires, werewolves, fae and mages were amongst those who eventually discovered the witches opening the portal. Intrigued and curious many entered the human world to live, where they began new packs, covens and nests for their kind. They knew they could not show their abilities to the humans as they did not want the same fate as the witches, the world was vast, giving them plenty of land and places to reside away from humans. When travelling to human villages, they did not shift or use magic and found that they got along well with humans. Some became the best of friends and shared each other's secrets, including the portal to Mysteria. The humans begged to be taken there, and the witches and werewolves agreed. The humans fell instantly in love with the land of Mysteria and chose to stay there. Orcs were one of the few species who refused to enter the human world, warning other species that allowing humans into Mysteria might prove to be a detrimental mistake.



More humans and supernatural beings began to inhabit each other's worlds. Mysteria was a peaceful world until half a century passed, and it descended into war. Humans desired more territory and a king and queen of their own.

The supernaturals desired no more deaths in Mysteria, so they granted the humans additional land and chose a married couple, Asher and Merith, as King and Queen.

Even though their requests were granted, they were fearful that the other rulers would turn against them, and so, after

meticulous planning, a second war erupted. Humans hunted and slaughtered the elemental sprites, leaving their corpses

on orc territory and blamed the orcs for the deaths.

After this massacre, King Pyrus and Queen Lydia, the rulers of the sprite kingdom, consulted the leaders of all realms for

help. It was agreed that all realms would protect any remaining sprites from the orcs.

King Asher agreed to help protect the sprites and convinced the alpha king, the leaders of the other realms, and King

Pyrus and Queen Lydia that the orcs needed to be eliminated before the orcs killed them all.

The strongest of all species, the orcs managed to wipe out half of the realms throughout the war before being

obliterated in reprisal for being accused of a crime they did not commit.

The Midnight coven of witches believed the Orcs were innocent, but the realms would not listen to them. The Orcs

entrusted the Coven of witches with the safety of their young, hiding them in their Covenstead to save the species.

in the aftermath of the war, every species was at its most vulnerable since every realm had suffered significant losses and

many injuries needed time to heal. The humans took advantage of the opportune timing, knowing realms were ebbing at

their lowest and attacked the realms

Humans gathered witches in droves before burning them alive on stakes. They captured werewolves and locked them up

with heavy chains of silver before torturing them to death

The werewolf realms realised too late that it was the humans, and not the orcs, who killed the sprites with the orcs'

assumed extinct and with a population much larger in number than the others, werewolves were the next stronghold

apocins

The Witches of the midnight coven, humans and werewolves were the last to remain in Myatuin. After the Midnight Coven used spells to hide as many children from different species as possible, a few managed to escape through the portal and lived out their days on earth while the other three witches, Lov and Prunoile remained in Myalaria in hopes of finding more

children to save before  
them at the hands of humans

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Werewolf King, Alpha Dominic, and King Asher agreed to an indefinite truce. The humans knew the werewolves were much stronger in strength and number. They agreed to keep to themselves and avoid each other's territory.

The land was surveyed and reallocated to both parties, precisely and identically halved. A large forest between the two halves became a no-man's-land that neither party could lay claim to. King Asher ruled West Wallow, and Alpha Dominic ruled Moon Crest Valley.

A thousand years later, knowledge of this great war and the existence of other supernatural creatures dissolved into fairy tales for children.

Then, one night the Moon Goddess Selene decided changes were afoot, and in time, the true meaning of fairytale would be uncovered.

The moon shone brighter than ever before, illuminating a tree in the forest. The tree shook, and its trunk opened,

revealing a beautiful little elemental sprite inside, who crawled out, yawning from a lengthy slumber. Her existence went

unknown for the next twelve years, and she lived in the forest happily until she was eighteen.

Read the novel series *The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf* Chapter 103 by author Jazz Ford and update the next chapters of

this series here. At Chapter 103 of the novel *The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf* the details are pushed to the climax. Will

the female lead's love for the male lead be reciprocated? Follow the *The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf* novel Chapter 103 series here.

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# The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf

## Chapter 104

### Chapter 104

Maia: 6 years old

I wake up and yawn, stretching my arms high above my head. I'm sitting in a large hollow tree trunk. I have no idea why

I'm here or how I got here. I feel soft moss under my feet and crawl out from the tree. Animals and critters in the forest

gather around and approach me. They gently nuzzle their noses against my legs, and when I sit down on the grass, they

curl up on my lap. There are rabbits, foxes, squirrels, deer, elk, birds, and mice. They follow me around and do not leave

my side. I feel safe and loved in this forest, and I want to live here forever. The forest is my home, my safe place, my everything.

I play a game of hide and seek with my new friend, a fox I name Ember. I introduce myself to him. I'm Maia,' I tell him.

Ember nudges my head playfully with his and then runs in circles. He leaps at me and falls on my chest, and as we both

roll backwards, we notice the entrance to a cave hidden by a curtain of vines.

In awe at its magnificence and beauty, thousands of glow worms illuminate the cave. It's mesmerising and magical to

view. The cave's walls are overgrown with green vines and purple flowers. The cave is filled with a sweet floral scent.

Ember and I follow the trail of glow worms through the cave until we can go no further and must turn right, where the

cave ends. Sunlight shines through a rectangle-shaped hole in the wall. It is a perfect window that lights up this part of the cave.

I approach the hole to look at the water flowing over it outside. It's like a waterfall. I let the water fill my cupped hands

and drink it. It's cold, delicious and refreshing.

'Ember, I think this cave will be our new home,' I say, smiling, and look down at Ember, who rubs his head against my leg, agreeing.

Collecting moss, bark, and leaves, I make a soft bed from the materials. Next, I roll three tree stumps into the cave and

make a table with the large stump and two stools to sit on with the two smaller stumps. 'This will do just fine,' I say,

proud of myself.

It feels like home. Ember approaches me with a violet flower in his mouth and drops it on my lap.

‘Thank you, Ember. It’s such a pretty flower. It’s the same colour as my eyes,’ I smile and look down at Ember’s sweet furry face.

Lying on my bed with Ember snuggled up next to me, I listen to the sound of the waterfall, the birds singing, and the breeze blowing through the trees before drifting off to sleep.

Maia: 18 years old

It’s rare to see other humans in the forest, and when I do see them, I follow them quietly, without making my presence

known. I sit up high in a tree and listen to their conversations to learn what I can about the world outside the forest

They speak about werewolves and how much they loathe them, that they are unnatural beings who should be eradicated.

They say werewolves are ferocious and dangerous, that they kill their own young.

After hearing these conversations, I fear werewolves, and I wouldn’t dare approach one if I ever came across one.

My forest is the only land neither king rules. It's neutral land between two opposing kingdoms, and most people do not dare to enter.

The humans say it's only a matter of time until war breaks out between the two kingdoms: West Wallow, the human realm, ruled by King Fenris, and Moon Crest Valley, the werewolf realm, ruled by Alpha King Damon.

They speak about how Alpha King Damon still hasn't found his mate and Luna of his kingdom. Werewolves are blessed

with a soul mate the Moon Goddess selects. Upon one's eighteenth birthday, they can sense their mate if they're nearby.

At twenty-four, being mateless is rare, and Alpha King Damon may not find his fated mate. The humans speculate that

perhaps his mate has passed away before he has had a chance to meet her, or maybe the Moon Goddess has cursed him,

and he will be mateless indefinitely. A mate by his side would increase his strength and the power of his pack.

They

discuss King Fenris intentions to conquer Moon Crest Valley by slaughtering the werewolves,

Everyone is eager for King Fenris to marry, so they will have a queen and heirs to the throne. Without heirs, the people of



West Wallow worry what will happen to them if something happens to their king. .

Until now, I have survived on the forest's offerings my whole life. But, lately, villagers and soldiers have come into my

forest for 1644, gathering enormous harvests of fruit, herbs and mushrooms, depleting my food supply dry.

It's becoming harder to find food, and I worry there won't be enough left for me to eat. The animals are hunted, killed,

and used for meat and fur. It's heartbreaking finding my friends' bodies scattered through the forest. They're creatures I

have lived with my whole life

Ember and I go to his old den to find the remains of other foxes. I'm devastated and inconsolable. Ember looks at me,

and his eyes glaze over. I see and feel the hurt in his eyes. I collapse to the ground, hold Ember close to my chest, and cry

into the warmth of his neck

'I'm so sorry, Ember,' I cry.

Grey clouds darken the sky, and heavy rain begins to pour down on us. The raindrops roll down my cheeks and merge

with my tears.

'The sky is crying with us,' I say. When I manage to stop crying, the rain settles.

Humming and singing a sorrowful song, I feel like my heart brims with a pain that will never go away.

My home has been gradually destroyed, my friends have been killed, and I'm no longer safe in this forest. I look down at

my hands and see a soft glow coming from my palms. I hear rustling in the bushes in front of me.

Shocked by my presence, two men and a woman can't believe what they're seeing. Both men wear tunics and breeches

and have knives in their belts. The woman, who wears a dress and a shawl, carries a long, thick stick with dead rabbits tied to it.

The anger inside me builds, and I feel an all-consuming, all-powerful energy course through my veins. A force of energy expels from my palms in the form of a gust of wind as I unknowingly manipulate the wind and yell at the human invaders.

'Get out of my forest and never come back!' I scream.

The gust of wind almost knocks them over. They run away quickly

and out of

sight

'Did I just do that?' I ask Ember.

itA

arriving at their village, panting and out of breath, John sits down on a bench and looks at Fay and Ed. Fay rests the stick with rabbits against a stone wall and sits beside John and Ed.

“Did you see that? I’ve never seen such a beautiful girl. Her voice was so angelic, her skin glowed, and her eyes were violet. She was scary, but boy, was she beautiful.” John says. Fay nods and agrees with him.

‘She summoned the wind and almost blew us away,’ Ed says.

‘She did. She must be a Goddess or a Princess. Why would she tell us to get out of her forest? She doesn’t own it.’ Fay says.

Maybe she lives there? I’ve never seen her in any of the villages. I’d remember a face as enchanting as hers.’ Ed says.

They tell everyone in the village about what they have heard and seen, and a few of their neighbours believe them. A few of the villagers have heard her beautiful singing voice many times in the forest while harvesting food and hunting.

All the villagers refer to Maia as the Forest Princess, and children beg their parents to tell them the story of the Enchanted

Forest Princess

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en.readerexp.com. Novel

series The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf Chapter 104 has come to the best content of the series. At Chapter 104, author

Jazz Ford, although he has the formula of a talented writer, has blown his soul into a lively male and female protagonist.

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# The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf Chapter 105

## Chapter 105

Maia

The following day I climb a tree near my cave and watch a woman holding a wicker basket. She kneels on the ground,

plucks a few mushrooms from the soil and puts them in her basket. There goes my dinner. The woman, unaware of my

presence, wanders off,

and my stomach rumbles. I'm so hungry

I reluctantly follow the woman, knowing I need food.

After a few hours, we reach the edge of the forest, and I watch the

woman, with her basket, walk through a grassy field toward a small hill. I freeze at the forest's edge, admiring the clear

blue sky, the grassy field, and the small hill ahead.

I've never left the forest before. I need to know where they're taking all my food,' I tell Ember.

Taking a deep breath, I step into the field of grass and exhale. I had been nervously holding my breath.

'Okay, that wasn't so bad,' I tell Ember. Ember steps forward. 'No, Ember. You must stay here. If anything goes wrong, I

don't want anything bad happening to you. Go home to our cave. I'll come back as soon as I can. I promise,' I tell him.

I cuddle him and kiss him on the head.

'Off you go, little one.' I watch Ember run deep into the forest, back to our cave.

After walking across the field, I reach the top of the small hill and crouch down when I spot a busy village with market stalls and many people. The men wear tunics and breeches in assorted colours, styles and fabrics. Some of them wear velvet capes. Some even wear silver armour and daggers under their cloaks.

The women wear long gowns and cloaks or shawls, and their hair is styled in braids or buns. Some women wear strange headdresses made of feathers and flowers. I was surprised by one lady. She may as well have stuck a whole peacock on her head.

I can't stand naked in front of everyone – it doesn't seem right, and I don't want to draw any attention to myself.

Covering one's body with clothing seems like the acceptable thing to do.

Creeping closer without being seen, I hide behind a large barrel and a wooden wall covered in parchments.

There are small symbols and scribbles on these sheets of paper. I don't know what they say because I can't read. I look around and spot a stall selling different garments.

I snatch two items I can easily reach from a wooden table and run back behind the wooden wall covered in parchments. I

step into the roughly-sewn brown dress that reaches my ankles and push my slender arms into the sleeves of an olivegreen

velvet cloak that touches the ground. I fasten the clasp over my collarbone and pull the hood over my head.

These

clothes will do just fine. No one can see my face, and I'll blend in perfectly with these.

I step out into the hustle and bustle of the market, blending in with the crowd perfectly. All the talking, trading, and

haggling is quite foreign to me. I've never heard so many human voices all at once. Older women sit on wooden crates

gossiping away, while young children run in groups after stray ducks, laughing, ignoring their parents who admonish

them and demand they return to their sides. Adolescent girls giggle and gawp at groups of young men a distance away.

Many of the stalls sell fruit, seeds, herbs and mushrooms – products that have all come from my forest. Men in armour,

presumably soldiers, fill wooden crates they are holding with these goods. A soldier shouts for all stall-holders to hear,

and the market grows quiet. Only the barks of dogs and the quacks of the stray ducks can be heard.

‘By order of King Fenris! King Fenris orders everyone to donate half their food to their sovereign again. These donations

will feed his soldiers when we go to war against Alpha King Damon.’

Most people in the crowd around me yell in protest, and it consoles me, knowing they feel how I feel, not having enough

food to eat So I watch on silently while crunching on an apple I pick from a stall.

‘We won’t have enough food for our children and ourselves if we have to keep giving it away to the soldiers!’ A mother of seven small children, who cling to her dress skirts, cries.

Either help support the war, and win, or don’t support the war and lose! I guarantee the first thing the werewolves will do

if they win 16 hp your children apart, limb by limb, and eat them!’ The man shouts back in response to this woman’s

pleas. I shudder at the thought of innocent children being ripped apart by werewolves.

The crowd let out gasps, knowing they have no choice but to put the food they have just bought into the crates for the



soldiers. So this is why they're taking food from my forest.

Turning, I accidentally bump into a stall, making a table wobble, and apologise to the stall-holder sitting on a barrel. He

smiles and says, 'Not to worry, darlin'. But, to my horror, he is selling fox pelts and some other extremely large furs from an animal I've never seen before.

Another man, standing beside me, also looks horrified by what the stall-holder is selling. It's unexpected when this man

purchases every large pelt the stall-holder has.

I instantly feel emotional, my eyes become teary, and my stomach churns. I think I'm going to be sick, so I plant my hand

over my mouth and run away from the stalls and toward a row of cottages.

The The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf Jazz Ford Chapter 105 series has been updated with many new details. Parallel to

that personality trait is the mood of a person who loves life, loves life, wants to escape from a dark and tragic life

situation. In chapter The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf Chapter 105 has clearly shown. It can be said, The Alpha's Mate

Who Cried Wolf novel Chapter 105 is the most readable chapter of this The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf series.

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## The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf Chapter 106

### Chapter 106

I lean against a stone wall to catch my breath and wait for my stomach to settle. Then, composed once more, I notice a

group of children playing a game, laughing raucously and enjoying themselves immensely.

Mail

“Hello. Miss?” A young woman with a posh accent says. She has long dark brown hair and brown eyes. She appears to be in her mid twenties, and two young girls hold her hand.

'Hello,' I nervously reply, saying hello to another human for the first time in my life. It's odd yet liberating. I shade my face with my velvet hood, so she does not see my violet eyes.

'Is everything okay? She asks. I nod.

"Yes, I'm fine, thank you.' I say.

The woman tilts her head to the side, frowning.

I'm sorry. It's just that you're not wearing any boots, and it's not very ladylike or customary for a young lady to be

barefoot in the street,' she says. I look down at my feet, and boots were not something I thought about when I stole the

clothes from the stall. I've seen the forest visitors wearing boots but had no idea how important they are.

I'm not from around here. I've travelled a fair distance. I don't have any boots.' I say.

The lady gasps, 'Dear me, sweet girl. I didn't realise you were homeless.'

I try to explain that I'm not homeless.

'Now, now. Not to worry. I live up the road. I will happily part with a pair of my boots for you.' I let her escort me to her

house, and her children follow behind us.

'Sit, dear. Sit.' She ushers me into a beautiful, handmade, ornate wooden chair in her kitchen.

'Firstly, this is the village Wellmore. My name is Vivian. These little girls are my five-year-old twin daughters, Ella and Grace,'

'It's a pleasure to meet you, Vivian, Ella and Grace,' I say and smile at the children.

Vivian puts her hands on her hips.

Well, dear girl. Aren't you going to tell me your name?' She asks. I giggle at my obliviousness.

'Maia,' I say

Maia. What a beautiful name. Well, Maia. Let me get you some boots,' she says, walking into a room and returning with a

pair of brown, lace-up boots,

'I dare say, these should fit you nicely,' she says kindly.

She holds my left ankle as I push my left foot into one boot, and then she holds my right ankle as I push my right foot

into the other boot. She ties the laces and finishes them off in bows.

My stomach rumbles embarrassingly loudly.

Oh, you poor thing. You are starving! You'll eat a meal before you're on your way, won't you?' She says, pulling a pot and

a saucepan out of a wooden cupboard

'I will Thank you very much I say, emotional with her generosity

With our king's army growing, finding good food is harder. I can offer you soup and bread," she says happily,

Soup will be perfect' I say, relishing the thought of eating hot soup

Ella and Grace play around the table and sing a song to me while Vivian stands at the hob and cooks the soup

Watching children play for the first time is a wonderful experience, it warms my heart and makes me reminisce on my

childhood in the forest with the animals

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Gitte to the tables, please, Vulcan says. –

and the girls sit on the chairs on either side of me.

Vivian ladles soup into four bowls from a big metal pot and puts a bowl down on the table in front of us with a chunk of

bread.

I'm devouring the food when Vivian interrupts me.

'Ahem,' She clears her throat. I look up. She and the girls haven't started eating yet.

'Maia. It's not polite to have one's face covered during mealtimes, she says politely.

My face pales. 'May I be excused to not remove my hood, as I am afraid you may not like what you see?' I say nervously.

‘Maia, please forgive me. I had no idea you had a deformity. Yes, of course, you may be excused.’ She says, mortified.

When my bowl is empty a second time, I thank Vivian for her kindness and stand.

‘You’re very welcome.’ She sighs, escorting me to the door.

‘You’ll come and visit us again, won’t you?’

‘I’d love to,’ I reply after we have hugged one another and said our goodbyes.

Among the fruit stalls, I steal several pieces of fruit which are rightfully mine and stuff them into a hessian sack I have

found. No one has taken notice of me.

Wanting to learn more about Wellmore Village and its people, I find a nice spot to sit down and observe the main street

while crunching on a red apple.

A few robust, middle-aged women in pastel-coloured dresses and shawls converse with one another, and I don’t mind

eavesdropping in on their conversation.

‘The Alpha King’s Ball last night was unsuccessful,’ one lady says happily.

‘Oh? I’ve heard the Alpha King is the most handsome man anyone has ever seen, yet has a heart so cold that even his

wolf is frightened of him.’ they say, bursting into laughter.

We will win the war and wipe out those filthy animals.’  
They giggle and waddle toward a market stall.

I leave the village and make my way back home to  
Ember. I tell Ember about Wellmore and how I met  
Vivian and her twin  
daughters.

I’m going to have to go back to the village every few  
days for food. I’m also worried about this war.’

Comforting me,  
Ember crawls into my lap and snuggles into my chest,  
and we sleep.

The Alpha’s Mate Who Cried Wolf Chapter 106 has  
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# The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf

## Chapter 107

### Chapter 107

Alpha King Damon

Women in all shapes and sizes, wearing all sorts of colours, gush and gape at me and run their fingers along with my vest

as we dance at a ball held in my honour. Their behaviour would be socially unacceptable anywhere else.

Damn you, Eric! I know you have told these she-wolves I might have to choose my own mate, get them off of me before I

release my wolf and start ripping their heads off! I tell my Gamma Eric via mind-link.

Sorry Alpha. You might have to consider it. If the rumours are true and King Fenris attacks Moon Crest Valley, you're

stronger with a mate and Luna. Eric mind-links back.

Not if she isn't my true fated mate, now get them away from me, Eric, before it's your head I rip off.



'Ladies, ladies. Let the Alpha King compose himself. Being surrounded by your beauty is overwhelming for him. Let me escort you all to the drink table, where you can tell me your progress with Alpha King Damon.' Eric says as he winks at me and ushers the she-wolves away. I cross my arms and glare at him. There must have been hundreds of unmated females, and not one of them was my mate. Eric is always trying to convince me to choose a mate, but he knows it's not the same as your true fated mate chosen by the moon goddess. There would be no bond, no urge to be near each other and no sparks when we touch, and we would never feel complete. We would always feel an emptiness. If anything, choosing a mate would make the pack and I weaker. Sure, there were many beautiful unmated she-wolves at the ball, but they either came across as materialistic or did not have any common interests, and there was no connection with them. Leaning on the rail of my balcony after the ball, I sigh and reflect on the evening. My wolf Striker stirs and wants to be let

out for a run. He is distressed that we didn't find our mate tonight. I undress and let my wolf run free for the next few

hours before returning home and going to sleep.

I follow the moon as I'm running but feel like the moon distances herself further away from me.

Moon Goddess. Where is she? Please tell me. Where is my mate? I ask, not knowing if the moon can hear me. Finally, the

moon stops moving and turns blood red.

What is happening? What does this mean?

Sounds of drums in the distance, getting louder and louder, mingle with sounds of war, swords clashing, and agonizing

screams as war arrows soar over my head through the air. I'm suddenly standing in the middle of a warzone.

Blood stains

everything I can see.

There are dead humans and wolves everywhere, and thousands more still fight each other.

A beautiful melodic voice sings in the distance, a song so touching and solemn. It knows devastation and pain.

My wolf,

drawn to it, feels compelled to follow the song.

I wander through the war zone in a fog, in the direction of the singing, avoiding the humans who, with their swords, are

slicing wolves open and the wolves ripping the heads off these humans. It's a bloody war indeed, an absolute massacre.

I spot the girl sitting on a rock. She is comforting herself and looks crestfallen and forlorn.

Close to her, she smells amazing, like wild violets and honey. 'Mate!' I say, placing my hand on her shoulder so she will

turn to look at me. She turns, and her face morphs into King Fenris's.

Covered in sweat, I am jolted awake and shaken. I sit up in bed to find Eric standing over me, worried.

Alpha you were having a nightmare. I could hear you down the hall. I've never known you to cry out in your sleep, Eric

says, sitting on the end of my bed

Panting, I try to gather my senses,

There must have been a nightmare. It felt so real. The moon turned blood red. There was a violent, bloody war. My mate

was there. She's alive. I saw her. Her scent was a mixture of violets and honey. She was downcast and afraid. She was

singing the saddest song I have ever heard. Our male bond compelled me to go to her, but she morphed into King

Fenris's face when she turned to face me. I

thought she might be in trouble,' I explain

my father the doctor, Eric says

I grab his arm tightly and sternly look him in the eye..  
'I'm serious, Eric. This dream was a message. The Moon Goddess is warning me of what is coming and telling me my mate is

alive.' I let go of Eric's arm when he realises I'm not mucking around.

'Ok. What do we do about it?' He asks.

'I need to find her. We need Beta Troy back here as soon as possible,' I say, and Eric nods.

'I'll find out if he's on his way back,' Eric says and leaves the room.

The next day, standing in the front foyer, Beta Troy still hasn't reported back to me.

'Eric. Where's Troy? Why hasn't he reported back to me?' Task while slamming my fist down on the table in the centre of the room.

Everyone in the foyer flinches and keeps their heads bowed. Eric kneels before me.

'I'm sorry, Alpha. Unfortunately, it seems Troy's mind link is blocked. However, he did say it could be a week until he is

back from investigating West Wallow. But, we have, unfortunately, had more reports of more rogues being found dead

and skinned near the forest border.'

'King Fenris has to be who is responsible for the deaths, I'm sure of it.' I say.

I walk by Eric to the dining room and sit down in my chair at the head of the ornate mahogany table.

Rogues were never

an issue here, and they preferred to be left alone and live alone, away from rulership.

Earlier in the year, I had a meeting with King Fenris regarding their deaths. He denied any involvement in their deaths but

said he would kill any wolf who crossed into his territory. His hate for werewolves was made very clear when he called us filthy vermin.

A few days ago, I sent my second-in-command, Beta Troy, undercover into West Wallow to get to the bottom of their

deaths. If anyone can find answers, it's Troy.

Author Jazz Ford at The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf novel Chapter 107 gave extremely interesting details. The female

lead at Chapter 107 The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf who has a liberal and strong personality has brought the story to

an unexpected detail, leading to the love of two people getting closer and closer. The novel The Alpha's Mate Who Cried

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# The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf

## Chapter 108

### Chapter 108

Beta Troy

The forest is the most serene, harmonious place I have ever seen. Trudging through thickets and bramble, I hear leaves

and twigs crunch under my boots. The forest has a sense of magic about her. She truly is enchanting. Halfway through the forest, I hear the sound of trickling water. Feeling quite thirsty after such a long trek, I follow the

sound and eventually find a stunning waterfall. I hold my flask underneath the stream for a while to fill it before having a drink

In the distance, someone with a very melodic voice sings a very beautiful song.

I make my way toward West Wallow in human form and arrive a few hours later. Had I been in my wolf form, I would have

arrived sooner, but going undetected by the humans when war could be approaching, is extremely crucial

I wander around the market in Wellmore and buy some of the juiciest fruit I have ever had. The King's soldiers stop at

stalls with carts and place half the contents on the wooden tables into wooden crates. A soldier addresses the whole

village with an announcement

By order of King Fenris! King Fenris orders everyone to donate half their food to their sovereign again. These donations

will feed his soldiers when we prepare to go to war against Alpha King Damon. So, the rumours are true.

They are

planning a war, and humans outnumber werewolves greatly, and we're not our strongest without a Luna,

I look at the goods belonging to a stall beside me, and my stomach lurches when I realise what I'm seeing.

Furs

belonging to my kind, displayed on metal iron hooks, with little lox furs.

Werewolf fur! They're the ones killing the rogues. Pack wolves or rogues – this should not be happening to our kind!

the

A young woman accidentally bumps into the wooden table, and the pelts on the hooks sway from side to side. I'm so

sorry young girl apologises, and the stall-holder assures her not to worry

She clasps a hand over her mouth to stifle a gasp, shocked by what this stall is selling. Reserving my disgust, I purchase all

of the werewolf hides from the stall and sling them over my shoulder. The girl watches me and then runs off

Poor thing. She was just as horrified as I was at the sight of the furs. Odd, a human is so upset over them, though. No one

else bats an eyelid

Walking back toward the edge of the forest with the pelts, I try not to imagine their last moments,

After burying the hides, I return to Wellmore Village. I approach a group of middle-aged women sitting on wooden

crates, crocheting, and ask them if they can tell me anything about the wolf pelts. They give each other funny looks

before one of them speaks



Villagers have been scouring through the forest and going as far as entering Moon Crest to hunt and kill rogues and bring back their pelts to sell at market. It has helped everyone pay the tax rise. They fetch more at the market than a normal wolf because they're thrice the size. Most of the villages in West Wallow sell these pelts. If taxes are unpaid, it's five lashes by King's orders, she explains. I thank the women and head to the next village

Arriving in Treehold at sunset, a group of locals complain about the tax hike and the food shortage they now face. An elderly lady chats quietly with her husband outside a tavern.

We can barely afford the regular tax! War costs money, and protection from the werewolves is paramount, but where does he expect us to get the money? She says, her hands clasped in her lap.

My dear, it puts Treehold and us in dire straits. I might have to accept lashes instead' Her husband says, patting her knee

Don't talk nonsense, Harold, you old fool! If anyone is going to get lashes, it'll be the soldiers, by me!'

Now, who's talking nonsense, Margaret? They'd execute you on the spot if you tried to fight them. We'd be very lucky if they didn't bum our house down for it, Harold says.

You're right. Well, just have to think of a way to come up with the money, Margaret sighs, and I approach the couple.

Wood evening. I wonder if you can direct me to your local Tavern, please?

Margaret cocks a brow and looks me up and down with a smirk of approval,

'What business does a handsome man like you have in a small town like this?' Margaret asks flirtatiously.

'Margaret!' Harold shouts.

Oh, calm down, dear. I'm just having a little fun.

Even though I'm young enough to be her grandson, I reach for her hand and place a gentle kiss on the back of her hand.

I'm very flattered you think me handsome. It's a shame you are married, Margaret, for I'd scoop you up now and run far, far away with you.

'Oh, my!' Margaret blushes.

'Now listen here, young man!' Harold scolds.

'Oh, be quiet, Harold, you're ruining the moment, and for you, sir, the Tavern is straight ahead and to the left, Thank you.' I smile and nod, parting ways.

Inside the tavern, I order a pint and pay for a room for the night. I take my pint and find an empty seat in the corner near

the fireplace. I'm going to have mind-link Alpha Damon later. I've been gone longer than expected. I'll let him know what

I have found out, so he can start prepping the warriors for the incoming war.

Maia

A few days have passed since my first visit to Wellmore. I have no food, which was to be expected. I'll have to go back to

Wellmore today to get some food and hopefully see Vivian and her girls again. I reflect on the humans I saw in the forest

and the large gust of wind I summoned, which almost blew them over. Focusing, I try to summon the force of energy

again, but nothing happens. I complain to Ember.

'I don't get it. I know I created that gust of wind. I felt the energy around me and in me. I felt it in my veins, flowing

through me. I need to know what I'm capable of, I sulk.

Ember inspects me on the ground and nudges my hand. He

stares intently at the palm of my hand like there's something there. I look at my palms and find myself focusing. My

palms are growing warm. I remain still and concentrate on the warmth. A large flame suddenly appears in my hand.

I jump up and, in a panic, wave my hands up and down through the air.

'My hand! It's on fire! What do I do, Ember?' I'm squawking and flapping about like a dazed baby bird.

Ember rolls onto his back and feigns sweetness. He isn't worried at all. I soon realise the flame isn't burning me.

You knew I could do this, didn't you?' I ask him.

Ember stands and nuzzles his face against my calve like a cat. I close my hand, and the flame disappears.

'Ember, what am I? What else can I do?' I ask him. He eyes me before running off through some trees.

'Ember! Don't you run away from me, Mister! Get back here!' I shout as the energy fills my palms again, and a big gust of

wind encircles me in a wave. I'm impressed and stunned.

'It's working, I say happily to no one. I take a breath and gently blow towards a pebble.

A small gust blows the pebble across the ground.

Hurtip up and down in excitement

A gente breeze comes and goes, and I smile. It's time to go to Wellmore.

The The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf Jazz Ford Chapter 108 series has been updated with many new details. Parallel to

that personality trait is the mood of a person who loves life, loves life, wants to escape from a dark and tragic life

situation. In chapter The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf Chapter 108 has clearly shown. It can be said, The Alpha's Mate

Who Cried Wolf novel Chapter 108 is the most readable chapter of this The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf series.

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## The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf Chapter 109

### Chapter 109

In Wellmore, the villagers are angry and on edge. They're complaining about a tax hike and a food shortage, having cleared the forest of food. The market stalls are only half-laden with edible goods, from which I steal some apples and a loaf of bread. I sit down on a bench, and eat an apple, storing the loaf of bread in the hessian bag I kept from my first visit.

Standing on Vivian's doorstep, I knock on the side window and wait patiently for her to come to the door.

‘Maia! I’m so glad you’ve come to visit us. Come in, she says, smiling and standing aside so that I may go in.

‘You’ve come at the right time. I’ve just boiled a pot of tea, Vivian smiles.

Oh. That sounds lovely. What is tea?’ I ask her, and she pauses.

‘Have you always been homeless and alone?’ She asks, pulling out a chair for me to sit in.

‘No. I live with my friend Ember, Vivian places a warm drink on the table in front of me.

This is a cup of tea. Be careful. Sip it slowly. Don’t burn yourself, Vivian cautions.

Thanks, I say, folding my hands around the warm cup and taking a sip.

Tell me more about your friend Ember. Perhaps next time, he can come with you?’ Vivian says

‘It would be too dangerous for him. Someone might capture him and skin him,

‘What do you mean?’ Vivian is confused.

‘Ember is a fox, I say.

‘A fox?’ Vivian repeats with disbelief.

A fox?’ Ella and Grace ask excitedly.

Yes, a fox, I repeat.

‘Where does one live with a fox?’ Vivian asks.

‘We live in a cave, in the forest, I answer.

‘You’ve lived with a fox your whole life, in a cave, in the forest?’ Vivian asks for clarity. Hoping I haven’t said too much, I

just nod.

That is interesting, Vivian says, raising a brow and staring intently at my hooded face as if trying to figure something out.

‘Have you heard the story of the Enchanted Forest Princess?’ Vivian asks.

The Enchanted Forest Princess?’

Mamma, it’s our favourite story! Please tell it to us again, Ella pleads happily.

Of course. I will! Vivian says, smiling, placing a hand on Ella’s cheek.

“Yay!’ Both girls chorus, before sitting back down politely in their chairs, repositioned next to Vivian’s.

“This story has been popular these past few days.

Some villagers believe it’s a true story and claim they have seen this girl

with their own eyes. Others say it’s just a fairy tale. In the forest lives the most beautiful girl in all the land, so beautiful

with eyes of violet and a voice that mesmerises the coldest of hearts. She lives in the forest and claims the forest as hers.

Anyone blessed enough to lay eyes on her swears she is a Goddess, a Princess of beauty and power, who manipulates

elements and magically casts storms that knock the strongest of men over. She says, smiling. The story is mine.

Thank you. That was a beautiful story, I say, sipping my tea.

'Have you met a girl like that, Maia? Vivian asks. I pause.

'No I have not, I say

Vivian looks at her daughters, who are enthralled.

'There you go, girls, just as I thought. Tis just a fairy tale, but a very good one.' Ella and Grace are disheartened, clearly

hoping it's true

Vivian?' I start

Yes, dear?' She says.

I heard the villagers talking about a food shortage and a tax hike. Do you think this war in Moon Crest Valley will be a

hasty one? There is no food near my cave, and it will be weeks until food sprouts and grows. The villagers have taken

everything, and my friends are being hunted for their meat. I don't know how to save my friends and my forest,

Your forest? Oh, of course. It makes sense now,

Vivian's eyes are alight with excitement.

'What does?'

You're the Enchanted Forest Princess,' Vivian announces.

I pull my hood down, knowing I've been found out, but I feel I can trust Vivian. She looks at my violet-coloured eyes in



awe and takes in my soft pale skin, rosy-tinged cheeks, small nose, and plump, pink lips. My midnight hair flows down to

my hips. Ella and Grace are stunned. A real-life princess sits at their kitchen table with them, drinking tea. I undo the clasp

on my cloak and untie the olive green strings, draping my velvet cloak over the back of my chair.

‘Mamma! Maia is the Forest Princess! Grace yells.

‘The fairy tale is true!’ Ella announces. They jump up and down excitedly before pulling me down to their level and

squishing me in a hug. They inspect me closely, their faces a pinpoint from mine.

‘You really are the most beautiful girl in the land,’ Grace says, and I blush.

Vivian sits silently in her chair, with her mouth agape, taking it all in. She lets out a breath she has been holding.

Vivian?” I ask. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you...’

She stands and comes over to me with the broadest grin.

‘It’s okay, Maia. You were just protecting yourself,’ she says before pulling me into a hug.

‘Maia, you can trust the girls and me. We will never tell anyone about you until you’re ready,’ she says. I smile.

‘Thank you,’ I say, my hands poised calmly in my lap. I feel extremely comfortable in Vivian’s home.

I tell her my life story, how I have no parents, how the animals have been my only friends, and how I have lived my whole existence isolated and alone. I tell her how the hunters have stripped my forest bare and how I was left with no choice but to venture outside the forest edge when a woman picked the last circle of mushrooms, leaving me starving.

Vivian tells the girls to go and play, and they leave the kitchen and skip to another room.

‘I’m so sorry, Maia King Fenris demanded we donate half our food to the soldiers. I had enough food just to get by, and

then he demanded more. Villagers entered the forest to harvest fruit, crops, and seeds. And hunt wildlife for their meat and fur to sell.’

Vivian pulls a handkerchief from the neckline of her dress and dabs at her teary eyes.

‘It’s not your fault Please don’t cry. How could a king let his people starve?’ I ask, My eyes are watery with emotion.

Vivian’s tears dry, and she looks at me again.

‘If we don’t obey his commands, the werewolves will win the war and kill us all. They’re ferocious creatures, Vivian says.

King Fenris's guards told us werewolves rip children apart in front of their mothers, roast them over fires, and eat them.

That won't be Ella and Grace's fate,' she says,  
The The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf novel series  
of Jazz Ford has updated the latest chapter Chapter  
109. At Chapter

109, the male and female characters are still at the  
peak of their problems. The series The Alpha's Mate  
Who Cried Wolf

Jazz Ford Chapter 109 is a very good novel,  
attracting readers. In particular, Chapter 109 has  
brought readers thrilling  
details. What content will author Jazz Ford bring us  
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## The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf

### Chapter 110

#### Chapter 110

King Fenris

Arriving at the training fields, my most trusted knight,  
Sir Hugo, and I hop down from our thoroughbreds and  
tie them to

posts with rope. Thousands of soldiers are in training. There is a cacophony of sounds: swords clashing, axes and maces thrown at wooden targets, tree stumps, and men grunting with exertion.'

A few hundred archers shoot at targets from varying distances and nod at me as I pass behind them. There is lots of

yelling as men practice their war cries or call out to one another. A few training casualties hobble around with injuries to their ankles, knees, and feet.

My Commander in Chief, James Boroughshaw, is stationed outside a makeshift tent and is observing the jousting closest to us.

'My King,' James says as he kneels before me.

Commander James,' I nod, and he stands back up.

'I require an update of our progress,' I say, sitting down in a wooden folding chair and accepting the glass of brandy

Squire Thomas hands to me.

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'Of course, Your Highness. Since we last spoke, we have recruited over four thousand more men, and more are yet to

arrive in a few days,' James says, sitting beside me.

TI

‘Your foresight James has been invaluable regarding the taxes and the food supply. I guess if I were one of my subjects, I, too, would volunteer in the war effort instead of going hungry. It relieves my nerves to know our army is almost twentyfive thousand strong!’

‘King Fenris, we have also spread propaganda in all the taverns across West Wallow municipalities. As a result, we have convinced quite a number of people werewolves will kill their children without a moment’s thought, Commander James says.

Sometimes, I think you’re a crueller bastard than me, James,’ I say, laughing and swigging my brandy. James chuckles.

‘Anything for you, my king, and anything to eradicate the werewolves.’ James says, smirking. I smile proudly.

‘Now, James. I have another plan I’d like to put in place. It’s only a matter of time until Alpha King Damon finds out war is imminent I need thirty of our best swordsmen to cross the forest border and assassinate any werewolves, including the females and pups. Wipe out all the smaller packs first. This will give us an advantage over

them,' I instruct. The squire comes over with a glass decanter and refills my empty glass,

'Yes, my King. I'll have them organised and on their way by nightfall," James says.

'Good. Send Sir Hugo with your guards to recruit more men from the villages. Sir Hugo can be very persuasive," I say, drinking more brandy.

'Yes, my King,' James nods.

One more thing, Commander,' I say.

'Yes, my Lord?' James asks.

'I see injured men. Have them discreetly killed immediately and tell the cooks to use their meat in the stews to feed the growing army,' I instruct. I will have no weakness in this war,' I instruct.

'Yes, Your Highness, James says, standing, bowing and following Sir Hugo to gather the injured.

Beta Troy

..!

Enjoying my pint, I listen to a few drunk men tell a story about a princess who wields magical powers and lives deep in the forest.

A magical princess that lives in the forest? – you've had too many pinta tonight, my friend, a man named Gale telle

another namec Montly and slape him on the back in camaraderie, They're both drunker than seawater.

Laughing quietly at their antics, it gets me thinking. If there were a magical princess, she'd solve all our problems. We are rudely interrupted by a few West Wallow knights, who approach the table Gale and Mortly sit at, roll out a royal scroll, and throw down a quill with a small pot of ink. The men boo them.

'Tell King Fenris to stuff his taxes up his backside. Or better yet: tell him to come here, and I will do it for him,' Gale says, roaring with laughter, setting the whole tavern off. One of the knights brings an axe down over Gale's wrist, lopping his hand off in warning.

The tavern goes silent for a moment, and all the men look at one another and at Gale's bloody hand on the table. Gale passes out onto the floor. Nervous laughter ensues, and the men clink their pints and raise them toward the knights to show they mean no harm. Sitting in the corner, out of view, I go unnoticed by them.

'I am Sir Hugo, most trusted knight to King Fenris. Shut up the lot of you, or I'll lop each and every one of your hands off and feed them to the wolves,' Sir Hugo warns.

A brute of a man, whose head brushes the six-foot-high wooden ceiling beam, folds his arms across his barrelled chest.

No human would ever dare cross him.

‘King Fenris has an army of twenty-five thousand soldiers but needs more men. If you join, you will not have to pay taxes, and you’ll be fed well. Food will also be sent to your families as payment for your service, Sir Hugo says, his arms still crossed. None of the men speak.

‘If none of you fight and we lose the war, the wolves will kill you, kill your wives, and eat your children – no man will be

spared. Now which one of you bastards are going to sign up and help kill these mongrels?’ He yells.

With that, Mortly dips the feather into the pot of ink and signs a quick, messy scrawl on the bottom of the scroll.

Except

for Gale passed out on the floor, the rest of the men follow suit. In disbelief, I go upstairs to my room for the night. What

was that? Alpha Damon is not going to like this. I mind-link Alpha King Damon and Gamma Eric everything.

Alpha King Damon

Now able to mind-link Troy, I tell him about my dream the other night, including meeting my mate.



Alpha, even if you find her in time, they still outnumber us greatly. They are growing in number daily. This is not a war we can win. Troy mind-links.

We need a plan and fast. King Fenris will wipe us all out and show no mercy. Eric says.

Troy: stay in West Wallow and keep track of their movements. Mind-link me when they get closer. Eric: gather all

pregnant she wolves and pups and have them remain protected at Moon Crest Castle. If we lose the war, a few warriors

will help you, and the she wolves and pups escape.

Prepare beds for any injured. I will set up camp near the forest border

and ready myself and the others to fight and defend our land. I will visit every pack and recruit more men and women. If

anything comes up that I should know, mind link me immediately. I say.

Yes, Alpha. They reply.

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