

## Chapter 96

I should have destroyed this pack from the beginning. I should never have let their disrespect and brazenness mount to the point where they thought they could defy me once, twice, and then start an insurgency.

Redville did not matter until I took over the pack.

They would not have lasted another fifty years as a pack without going bankrupt or succumbing to rogue attacks considering the two idiots they had in line as Beta and Alpha. I saved Redville because it became mine but Zavier and his men had no honor. I would teach them.

“He is somewhere around here,” the warrior who alerted me to Zavier’s presence on pack lands said, pointing to a dark alley. I could indeed scent Zavier. I did not need him to be pointed out. He carried the stench of one who would soon turn rogue. The scent pricked my nostrils and made my wolf edgy.

What the warrior beside me didn’t know was that I was not born the previous day. I could scent an ambush from miles away. Did he think I had no nose to smell the over twenty men who were also in the alley with Zavier? Did he think they would be able to take me?

I felt cold hands on my bicep and my skin crawled. I turned with rage burning in my chest to see who touched me. Clover heaved a breath, her hand on my bicep. I shrugged her off with enough force to have her stumble back.

Valens –

“I have told you that you are the least of my concerns at this point. Do not touch me, do not follow me, and if you value your head, you would hide from me.” Zino intervened, pushing forward with a snarl.

The fact that I was about to put down so many people and I had this bitch still pestering me did not seat well with my wolf. I was angry and exhausted and didn't need any more nonsense on my plate.

You are walking into an ambush I left her with her sentence unfinished. There were warriors stationed around this alley. My warriors.

As expected, the minute I walked into the dark alley, men started to fall out from different corners. Some strolled forward like thugs while others jumped out of vehicles and some sat back and watched. The backup, eh?

Adrenaline filled my veins. It had been so long.

Too long. My mate's touch had calmed me, taken away the itch to wander and conquer but the euphoria of domination was not something I would ever forget. I could taste it on the tip of my tongue. I almost spread my arms to embrace it but I didn't. I walked forward, tracking Xavier's Scent.

‘Be careful. You are no longer invincible!’ My mate's voice rang in my ears.

I will,’ I muttered under my breath. ‘But I am still very much invincible.’

“Who are you talking to, cursed thing?” Xavier walked out from a corner, flanked by five men.

The other men started to advance, forming a circle around me. I paid them no mind. They would fall with their leader and he would fall in five moves.

You should have left when you had the chance to,” I said then I shifted. Zino smirked at the surprises on their faces. I had mastered fast shifts

long before they were conceived. Xavier was not so lucky. I pounced on him before he completed a shift.

I pulled a chunk off his face as it changed to that of a wolf. He screamed and pushed me off with sudden force. His third move was delivered by one of his henchmen as the lot gathered me, shifting as they came. I slashed at one's jugular, b\*\*\*d splattering around us.

They all came at me but I had a target. When he stepped forward, the others fell back. I was his kill after all but he would be mine. I think a part of him knew that already. He'd erred for the last time. He had long claws and a strong grip but I had the muscles he lacked; the strength and experience that came with a hundred years curse.

When he slashed my chest with his overgrown claws, I cringed.

The injury stung, it made me blank for a second and a second was all he needed to flip our positions and get on top of me. His wolf's eyes turned red like a rogue's, glowing in my face while I processed being injured.

Years. I'd had years to forget the pain of an injury. I'd been cursed to wander, to search, suffer, and live miserably. Physical pain was not part of my suffering. I healed before my brain registered most injuries. But not that day. Not when I had Aysel, my curse breaker.

'Don't forget you are no longer invincible, Valens.'

Her words rang in my head again.

You are wrong, Sagira." I thought. Xavier had one move and it was one I was willing to let him have. I could not kill him. I had far worse in stock for him.

He aimed his claws at my jugular, trying to do to me what I had done to his minion without much difficulty. I threw him off me and pinned him to the ground. My wolf wanted to bite down on his neck and be done with it but I needed him weakened, wrecked in front of all these people

that revered him. Let them see what a weakling he was. Let them see what a true Alpha looked like and how he made his kill.

“Valens, are you okay!?” I heard someone exclaim.

I turned in surprised to see Clover and lost my prey. He pushed away from me and jumped to his feet, taking the coward’s way out. His wolf flew through the alley but I gave chase. I was faster, Zino flying with grace, marking the scent of his prey whose bl\*\*d we could smell.

I caught up with Zavier as he shifted, bl\*\*d pouring out of his human nose, his legs wobbly.

“It’s – It is dishonorable to attack me as a human!”

Zino skidded to a halt at the exclamation. Indeed, only a dishonorable wolf battled a man in his human form.

“If you kill me, will you kill your bitch too!?” He exploded, backing away as I advanced on him still in my wolf form, contemplating whether or not to shift. “Will you kill your mistress for aiding us!? She sent the man to steal your bitch and she finished him off too.” His words were meaningless, a desperate attempt to stall his damnation.

“Adam, was it? Or was it Andrew!” He exclaimed right as I pounced on him and knocked him off his feet. “You will never have the loyalty I have,” he choked out, my weight on his chest “You will forever be betrayed because no one likes -” His words broke as he coughed violently.

Behind us, a battle had started. My warriors had come for the tyrants that backed up Zavier.

“You – you -“ he still tried to speak even though I had the upper hand. Whatever he wanted to say, he never got to say it as he passed out. I stood, shifting back.

A warrior brought me clothes. I got dressed and turned to leave the scene after instructing warriors from Red Moon to take Xavier's unconscious body back to the dungeons. He would likely wake in several hours. He would not die until I said so.

Aysel wanted him publicly punished the way he did her parents and she would have what she wanted. She would have her revenge.

As I turned, I saw a man raise a weapon at me.

He watched me from the distance, aimed, and then fired.

"F\*ck." I failed to dodge the bullet, forgetting I was no longer immune to silver. The bullet sank into my chest and pain blinded me, worse than I had felt in a century. I felt the poison of the silver bullet start its work immediately, spreading rapidly. It felt uncomfortable at first, then it started to feel like vines with vice grips yanking at everything in its path as it spread.

"F\*ck," I muttered again, watching as a warrior tackled my shooter while I went down.