

Denied 431

Chapter 431

- Knox -

Following Kaia and Jaxon into the cells, you wouldn't think anything had happened on the outside of these concrete walls.

Jaxon takes a moment to put the mind's of the cell guards at ease.

Their orders had clearly been to remain within these walls at all costs, to lock down the prison building, no matter what happened outside.

Even though their family and friends had been fighting on the other side of these walls.

It was clear to see how much they respected Jaxon, respected and feared him...he would perhaps be more notorious than his own father when alpha of the Dark Phantom pack.

Surprisingly Luna Rosa insisted on joining us....Jaxon needing to mind-link Alora to return and watch Josie, Cleo and Ares.

Nothing would happen, they were safe, but whatever was being discussed in the alpha office...not even Kaia wanted to interrupt.

She also didn't seem keen to inform Hector yet of what had happened.

George would be dead within seconds once Hector found out. Which I think is what Kaia knew would happen.

I watch with intrigue as she picks up the metal chain off the floor outside the inner cell block door...the guards watching her nervously.

I had no doubt that she would make his death slow. But this was for me to do. I had failed to protect her but not again.

I would take his life from him for daring to touch what was mine.

We move into a dark room, a typical interrogation room but without a desk in the middle, instead a thick wooden chair bolted to the ground; arm and leg cuffs build into its design.

However, the back rest removed.

A small spot light shines brightly above the chair, only offering light to the centre of the room.

The rest clouded in darkness.

The four of us spread out and remaining against the concrete walls, in the dark.

The door slides open, George being escorted in with a black clothed bag over his head. He is forced to sit down on the chair and strapped into the arm and leg restraints.

That potent smell of fear lingering in the room. Good, now he was get a small percentage of the terror he wanted to inflict on Josie.

Once he is securely placed within the chair, Kaia gives the nod for the guards to remove the bag over his head, his eyes squinting in the small bright light bulb above him.

His head turns to the guards as they key in a code on the door pad and exit.

His eyes returning to search the room, just as Kaia takes a step out of the darkness, the loud clang of the metal chains resonating around the room as she drops it to the ground.

"Alpha Kaia...thank the goddess, I knew you would help me, understand it's not what you think."

"What exactly happened then George, because it sounds as if you tried to force yourself on my daughter." She dangerously queries his version of events, her voice low and menacing.

He eyes her with panic, trying to think quickly enough to charm his way out of this. But he was past that point, this wasn't a trial...it would be death

scene.

"Did the Doctor say something...he made it sound as if..."

"As if what?" Luna Rosa takes a step closer her eyes flickering to the shadows, as they glaze over into a mind-link.

George gasps out as a masculine hand reaches out of the darkness and picks the chains up off the ground, Jaxon taking step forward.

"He twisted it, he's had a crush on Josie for ages. Go get him, tell him to change his detail...that he is lying."

"We can't do that...he's dead." Jaxon's chest rattles as he twists the chains within his grasp.

"Please...alphas...Beta Alora...she'll vouch for me. She'll remind you to take my side over a non pack member! Arghh." He cries out as Jaxon lands the first whip across George's back with the chain.

"You don't bark orders at your Alpha."

"No...I wasn't, please."

"You knew she was my mate, you would have done that to her?" I seethe out, stepping out of the darkness and placing my hand out to Jaxon for the chains. It was my turn.

He places them out for me to take but Kaia shakes her head, Jaxon taking them back at her refusal.

"I won't have your bond with my daughter tainted with his blood Knox, you can watch, but you

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are not to get involved, do I make myself clear?"

The whipping continues, blood splatters across the floor as he squeals out in pain, unwilling to

apologize for his sins.

Unwilling to repent.

There is no remorse in him whatsoever, he knows

what he would have done...yet, he continues to lie.

It's an odd form of torture dished out by Kaia. She lets Jaxon punish him only for her hand to place up in a signal to stop... George's werewolf healing kicking in.

Only to start again when he had healed just enough to stop him from passing out. It was relentless, but it works.

"Please..." He splutters out, spitting blood from his mouth.

"You think you can touch my daughter and get away with it?"

"No.." His words are just audible, he was about to black out. We must have been in here for a few hours now.

Kaia steps closer to him, her hand gripping at his chin, tilting his head up to look at her square in the eyes.

"You've made an enemy of me George and I don't forgive easily."

With his chin tightly gripped within her hold, her eyes start to bleed out from green to blue, her wolf forward with her.

His eyes widen as his slash wounds across his back reopen, his werewolf healing reversing itself.

He screams out in pain as she rips his skin back open...as she drains him off his energy.

"You think you can take what you want with force because you were refused?" Luna Rosa steps

out of the surrounding darkness, her hands clenched down by her side.

I've never seen such fury exhume from her.

She was a luna, maybe not of this pack, but her aura was noticeable as she slowly walks to George...his body shaking from the pain.

"We have a way of dealing with men like you..." she growls out.

I watch on in horror as Luna Rosa's hands wrap

around his neck. Jaxon even taking a step forward to stop her, only to pull her back at his mother's command.

Luna Rosa wasn't like this, she was gentle...caring...not a killer. Even though she was a luna, her alpha mate was clearly the one that handed out punishment...so as she twists his neck, killing him I'm stunned by her actions.

Rosa's eyes look wild, feral as if she wasn't herself. As if something that had been festering in her had finally come forward.

Maybe it was her wolf...but something was telling me it wasn't.

"You didn't have to do that." Kaia sighs out to Rosa as her eyes start to return back to her normal green colour.

"Yes I did, Hector did it for me a long time ago...I'm just glad he was stopped in time."

"Rosa.." Kaia takes a step towards Luna Rosa, but stops when the door slides open, two powerful auras entering.

"What the fuck is going on?" Hector's eyes scan the room, his eyes falling upon George's dead body in the chair; his eldest holding on to metal chains, his wife standing centre point.

He sniffs the air, before a growl escapes from him.

"We had a problem, I took care of it." Kaia's aura pushes forward, to match her mates.

Like two strong dark clouds meeting in a hurricane, lightening bolts erupting as they crash together.

"What sort of problem?"

"Rosa?" Alpha Orpheus' aura reduces as he takes stock of his mate's trembling bloodied hands. "I'm fine Orpheus."

"Someone better start talking!" He angrily demands out, his voice bouncing off the walls.

"He tried to force himself on Josie, our Josie. Just before the attack." Kaia seethes out, her back stiffening to match Hector's outburst.

His eyes search the room again, before it must click and his grey ash eyes bleed out into black.

"You knew this and didn't tell me?" His eyes stare directly into mine.

"You don't think I haven't been planning his slow and painful death." I seethe back out, preparing to fight the pack's alpha.

"You would let my mate do it instead?" He yells at me, causing my wolf to push forward in preparation.

"Let? I don't need permission Hector. He didn't kill him, because I asked him not to. I don't want their bond to be tainted with his death. She is ours to protect, marked or not." Kaia declares out defiantly.

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- Josie -

I knew something had happened as soon as they walked through the front door.

In the way Jaxon bypassed me on the couch and headed straight upstairs...the unmistakeable scent of blood perfuming the hallway in his wake.

"What's happened, what's going on?" I crank my neck to turn in fear that another attack was happening, or they had heard something on Jace's whereabouts.

Whose blood was it.

"Mum, Dad?" Cleo stirs at their return, her eyes mirroring mine as she sniffs the air around us. That scent of blood also putting her into panic mode.

"Is it Jace, has something happened?" She sits bolt upright, her eyes still sore from lack of sleep and her silent sobs.

She was still blaming herself for his reaction last night, I know she was.

But all she did was ask him for a dance, he was the one in the wrong, he could have handled it better.

"No, we haven't heard news on Jace. Come on, let's give them some privacy." Uncle Orpheus walks over to Cleo, shaking Ares' shoulder to wake him up.

They swiftly exit the sitting room leaving me to ponder what on earth was going on.

My eyes lock back on my parents and Kit, who was standing behind them.

Then it dawns on me. The smell of blood, their unexplained disappearance in the early hours of the morning....Jaxon had taken care of George. George was dead.

"It's George isn't it?" I ask out, not really sure I want to hear the answer.

"Yes, he won't be a problem any longer." Dad signs out as he takes a step closer to me; his hand reaching out and stroking the side of my face. "My beautiful baby girl..." He gently brushes my cheek, his head tilting in a sympathetic movement.

He knows, he must know.

I swallow the lump in the back of my throat that threatens to take my voice away.

Even though I wasn't in the wrong, it's not something I want to discuss, not something I want to talk about.

I've relived it time and time again since the end of the attack. George's hands returning to me in my sleep. I've evaluated every part of it, what I could have done differently.

I should have fought him off me more, but I was close to passing out from the head wound. If it hadn't of been for Abel and Auntie Rosa...

"You did nothing wrong." He leans forward, planting a gentle kiss on my cheek, his eyes searching mine intensely.

"I need you to know that."

"I do know that." I sadly smile, my eyes flickering behind me to Kit.

Dad nods in acknowledgement before moving towards his office, he stops midway turning to Kit before whipping his head for him to follow. With a rolling of the eyes, and a small giggle from me, Kit reluctantly follows Dad into his office.

"What happened?" I ask Mum as soon as we are alone.

"You don't need to worry about him anymore darling. I'm just glad he was stopped." Mum moves around the couch, sitting down next to me. Tentatively she lifts my legs up and places them in her lap.

"By someone that you killed." I murmur out under my breath.

She sighs out at my comment.

"I stand by my decision. Abel had been sent to infiltrate our pack, from the moment he stepped onto our lands he had been lying. He wasn't who you think he was."

Maybe, but I had spent enough time with him to know you can't keep up with a fake persona.

He may have lied about his origins but I truly believe he wanted to help people, that he was also a healer at heart.

He had been forced into it.

"I want you to see somebody, someone that might be able to help you understand just how dangerous the White Moon pack is. Why Abel's betrayal couldn't be forgiven."

"Someone here?"

"No, she lives in isolation. She helped me, she answered questions that I had. I can answer your questions but I think it would help you to have another tell you.

I think it might help you to not feel guilty of what happened to Abel. You'll understand how long he had been planning to betray you, how long his corruption had been going on."

"I get that he had orders Mum, I'm not naïve but he didn't need to die. He wouldn't have hurt me."

"Yes but in trying to get to you, in trying to take you away...pack members have died. When his death isn't so raw as it is now, you'll understand that he couldn't live.

By choice or extracted from torture, he would have leaked key information to them, which would have given them the means to launch more attacks." I let her words sink in. I hadn't thought about that.

Yes whether willingly or not, Abel would have given details that would have been crucial to the White Moon pack in capturing Mum. In destroying this pack once and for all.

"And George?"

"George's death was slow, painful...exactly what he deserved."

"I'm sorry you had to do it. I wouldn't ask that of you."

"I am Alpha of the Clear Waters Josie, the punishment was for mine to do. As your mother...I want to do it. As your brother, Jaxon wanted to to it. As your mate..."

"You let Kit get involved?"

"No, I let him watch. I didn't want your life together to be tainted from the start.

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- Josie -

Holding on to the piece of paper in my hands, Kit asks me again for the address.

The satnav unable to find any properties along this small road.

"It has to be here somewhere. What did your Mum say?" Kit asks out as he zooms in on the satnav map.

"Only that I would know it when I saw it."

"That's not particularly helpful."

"You know...I think it's in there." My eyes scanning the tree-line we keeping zipping past.

"In where?"

"There, in the woods." I tap onto the window.

Every time we turned around and came back along this road I had a sense that the place was here, we just couldn't see it from the road.

"I think we need to do the rest on foot."

"You can't be serious?"

"She's in hiding, what perfect cover than a dense dark wood."

"You aren't filling my wolf with confidence here Red." He moans out as he pulls the pack car up to the side of the road and places it into park position.

His eyes look back at the piece of paper in my hand before scanning the woods ahead of us.

"You sure you want to do this?" He turns to me, his brows furrowing slightly.

"Not scared of the woods are you tough guy?" I tease out as I open the car door, blowing him a playful kiss.

"It's usually the deranged wolves that hide within it." He grunts out, opening his own car door.

"There aren't any rogues here."

"How do you know?"

"I can sense it, can't you. Like a feeling...a feeling of being safe."

"Nope, I have the complete opposite. If anything, I want to run miles from here. But I trust you Red, you've kept us alive this far." He winks out at me as he closes his car door, locking it with the key fob in his hand.

Crossing the road, I push through the woodland foliage, gaining some kind of better access into the woods.

Its was overgrown, it was wet...nobody would want to visit here.

A perfect hiding place.

With each step the sun lost its battle against the heavy tree canopy, my wolf stepping forward and lending me her enhanced vision.

I let my senses guide me, let instinct take over. Mum said I would just know, and I had a feeling I was heading into the right direction.

"Red..." Kit grumbles out from behind as I push through more branches trying to find some sort of clearing.

Then I see it...a small hut in the woods. Covered in overgrown vine weed and the trees above having entwined themselves together acting as some kind of overhead cover.

You wouldn't even be able to see this hut from above with a drone.

This was it, I knew it was.

I take a step closer only for Kit to pull on my

elbow, his body sliding past mine as he moves in front of me.

"You sure you want to do this?" He whispers out to me, earning a small defiant nod in response.

"Fine but stay behind me at all times."

"Kit." I roll my eyes at him.

"Stay behind me." He orders out.

We take steps closer, closing the distance on the hut that looked as if it only had one more

storm in it before it collapsed to the ground.

"Hello?" I cautiously call out, just before Kit places his hand on the door handle. Surely if anybody was

inside they would have heard our approach, we hadn't been the quietest of walkers as we

navigated over the risen tree roots.

"You can come in." A female voice calls out to us, my eyes widening as I look to Kit.

He pushes on the front door, the creaking sound making the hut seem more haunted.

The place was small, a fire burning at the focal point with a small kitchen type area, adorned

with jars.

I could make out a small bedroom ahead of me, it was simple...but I suppose if you lived in the middle of no where, simple is all you ever required.

"It hasn't changed much since you were last here." That feminine voice calls out to me.

My eyes follow the sound to find the top of a head sitting in a chair facing towards a large bay window looking out to the woods.

"We haven't been here before..." I start to respond until the chair swivels and a white-haired

female stares back at me.

I gasp out, her hair was thin...old hag like, her lips purple and she had aging spots littered all over the visible parts of her body.

But it was here eyes that caught my attention most...ghost like. She had a white gaze across them, as if she was in a mind-link. "You aren't the white wolf." She breaks me from my interrogative stare, my head shaking to regather myself.

"No...I am her daughter."

"Impossible..." She cries out before slowly standing up from her chair, fetching a walking stick before heading closer to us.

"I don't smell white wolf on you."

"Keep your distance." Kit growls out warningly earning a scoff from the old woman.

"How do you know that?"

"I don't recall hearing the news that the white wolf had died which means she not only somehow successfully gave birth to you, but she's managed to raise you herself. There can only ever be one white wolf. So my question is...what are you?"

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- Josie -

"Perhaps we should be the ones asking questions..." Kit takes a step closer into the compact old fashioned living area. It was as if we had time travelled back in time.

She doesn't move, eyeing Kit suspiciously before she scoffs out at his boldness.

"I can see that the moon goddess continues to pair the female line with a certain type." She slowly moves past him, heading towards her kitchen area.

"A certain type.." He towers over her, her small frame not showing any sign of being fearful of him.

"Which reminds me, come..." She moves into her small kitchen area that consists of one wooden work top, a few pots, a sink and interestingly those jars.

She takes something out from a lower cupboard, lifting the lid off a jar and springling herbs into a small vial, swirling it.

"..for you to remain here with your mate, you need to drink this." She places the small vial out to Kit, her eyes watching him defiantly.

"I'm not drinking that." Kit scoffs out.

"What is it?" I try to get a better look at the small potion swirling in her hold.

"A safety measure for me."

"But, we mean you know harm." I persist, I wasn't going to let Kit drink something we didn't know what it contained.

"It will just keep his wolf at bay..."

"Will it?" I move closer, taking the vial off her and lifting it to my eyes.

"Fascinating..." I look into it, removing the lid off and giving it a sniff.

It was putent, having an absolutely rank smell...like rotten fruit on a hot summer's day.

Uninvited, I move myself closer into her kitchen, my eyes scanning the jars before me. Curiosity completely taking over me to the point I almost forget where I am.

"It's a poison, what did you use?"

"A small amount of wolfsbane."

"Oh great, sure let me down that quickly then." Kit blurts out, my lips forming into a smirk yet her eyes watch him narrowly.

"I promise, we mean you no harm. My mate's wolf will not come forward whilst we are in this hut..." I reassure her.

"And yours..."

"I'm afraid I am only still learning how to control my wolf. You see I haven't grown up with her like most. She only came to me when..."

"You were on the brink of death." She cuts me off.

"Yes."

"Now that is fascinating. You didn't have her at all?"

"No, nothing. Not even the ability to mind-link. I think it was how it was meant to be for me to keep my mother in my life." I am over sharing, I know I

am.

But there was something familiar about this woman, something telling me that she likes trust to be earned before giving information away.

"I've never known of such a thing. I've studied the female line of the white wolf throughout history. When the female comes of age, the white wolf must need a new vessel, which means the mother is already dead."

"I am something different." I calmly say, trying not to make a big thing of it.

"You don't say..."

"I have the ability to heal." I look up at her from over the jars, my eyes recognising many of the contents but most never being able to order them myself.

Majority of the ingredients were banned from the werewolf community, their usage going against the alliance's laws.

So, how did she have them.

"Is it wise to be oversharing?" Kit whispers into my ear, his hands snaking me closer to him.

I look to the aged woman in front of me, with her whispery thin hair, her glazed eyes and her weak muscles....I'm pretty certain she wasn't much of a threat.

In fact...

"You've been drinking this, haven't you?" I quirk an eyebrow at her, it would explain her appearance.

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"Yes." She mumbles back at me, slowly moving back to her chair. Her walking stick clanging against the wooden floorboards. "Why?"

"Being in hiding comes with a price."

"In hiding, who from?"

"Your Mother didn't tell you?" A loud sigh follows as it seems to pain her to sit down.

"No, she said that you would answer my questions, that it would help me to hear you out. Help me understand why he had to die."

"Who?"

"Abel..."

"I will answer your questions but first, he needs to drink this."

"No, I am unwilling for him to drink that..."

"Then, your journey here has been wasted." Her face turns from me, her concentration moving back to her bay window. Completely putting an end to our conversation and visit.

"Very well...we are sorry to have disturbed you." I take hold of Kit's hand and start to pull him out towards the front door.

I wouldn't let Kit be injured, not with what was in these jars...we would have to get our answers another way.

But something deep inside of me is telling me she had questions of her own. That if I called her bluff, she would change her mind.

"Wait....if you can assure me..." Her head whips back around, her eyes locking with mine.

"I can, and I will." I turn to her, my eyes glowing as I feel my wolf coming forward, hiding that satisfied smile of knowing this female wouldn't have easily let us leave.

I try to push my wolf back, this isn't what we needed right now, she would scare her off.

But the old woman's eyes inquisitively stare into mine, as I'm assuming, she watches my orange ring around my pupils burn out and replace my grey ash eye colour.

"The white wolf has a blue ring around her eyes." Seconds pass before she fills the silence between us.

"Like I said, I am not the white wolf."

"Come, take a seat."

She lets me ask her questions, things about the history of the white wolf. Her origins.

She informs me that the white wolf was created by the moon goddess to keep the werewolf community in check, to stop evil spreading into the human world.

That a balance has to remain at all times.

My first question to her after she paused, was how she knew so much and why she was in hiding.

I had to bite down on my own lips to prevent the gasp that wanted to escape me when she declared that she was a member of the white moon pack, that she had become rogue after going against their corruption.

"Corruption, what kind of corruption?" Kit presses, his fingers gripping tightly on to me as I sit on his lap.

He refused to let me sit on my own chair, and I didn't put up much of a fight.

I wanted him close to me as well. The past 24 hours had been challenging to say the least, his skin pressing against mine was keeping me calm, those tingles keeping me focused.

"The alpha of the white moon pack believes, as do many before him, that the pack has been cursed. Driven into almost extinction because the moon goddess is punishing them.

If they can capture the white wolf they would surrender her back to the moon goddess to pay for past crimes."

"Surrender?"

"Sacrifice..."

"No." It makes sense why the alpha of the white moon pack was so persistent in getting to Mum, why he was reluctant for Abel to keep me.

Just the thought of something happening to Mum makes my blood run cold.

"Is that why you left?"

"Yes, and why I take the tonic. I rejected the alpha and the pack, but he didn't reject me...if I forget to take this tonic even for a day...it will lead him to me."

"Rejected the alpha?"

"I was the pack's Luna."

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- Josie -

"You are mated to that monster?"

"He wasn't always a monster. Greed can get to us all."

"He's killed innocent people in his attempt to gain access to my mother, so you will forgive me if

I don't want to hear of a time when he wasn't a monster. The monster I saw before me was void

of any humanity. He used my friend to infiltrate our pack, then allowed him to be violently

attacked for protecting me."

I have to unclench my jaw, it had tensed painfully at the anger I felt for the alpha that led the

attack on the Dark Moon pack, the monster that had run away as his warriors continued to fall. Kit's lips kiss the sensitive part of my neck, his action working to soothe me, to calm me.

"This friend of yours..."

"Abel..did you know him?"

"I didn't know of an Abel, I must have left before he was born. But it sounds as if he was manipulated, like so many, to act out the commands of the alpha.

They are a pack, you need to remember that. Would a pack member of your father's rule go against him? The alpha command is a powerful and painful thing to fight against.

Their plan would have been in motion for a long time and there isn't anything you could have done to stop it."

My head turns backwards towards Kit, sadness washes over me from the fact that Abel had been corrupted from an early age.

That he meant the pack harm, a pack that had welcomed him and offered him shelter as a doctor.

For some reason he had decided to spare me, but if the pack had fallen then I would have chosen to fall with it.

Which means, and as much as it pains me to admit it, Mum couldn't have let him live. He would have told the white moon things...if he hadn't already.

"How did you break his command?" Kit asks out behind me, his voice hoarse as he, like me, is concentrating on every word that she says.

"I wasn't born into the White Moon pack therefore I didn't have that necessary, engrained from

birth, need to adhere to it's rules.

I tried, believe me I tried but when I realised the corruption, what they planned to do. I had to break away, I couldn't be a part of that.

Being mated to a member of the pack means all contact with the outside world is forbidden. It wasn't until my mate became alpha that I was granted access to the historical files, that I could read up on the past white wolves.

When I figured out her fate, I tried to warn her...but sadly your grandmother had already died by the time I broke free, and I didn't realise."

"My grandmother?" She knew my grandmother...

"Your grandfather, Beckett, went to great lengths to keep her by his side. But in the end, he had his own motives...which led to her death."

"My grandfather killed my grandmother?" I gasp, my hand covering my mouth.

Mum never talks of her, she died before Mum could remember her but I know she chooses not to mention my grandfather, it always saddened her when we asked questions growing up, Dad usually stepped in and changed the subject.

But if he was responsible for grandmother's death, and Mum knew, then I can why she has kept this from my brothers and I.

She doesn't answer me, her eyes glowing blue slightly, her wolf trying to come forward. She was still alive, still fighting against her human side's poisonous tonic.

"Why don't you let her out?"

"Because he will feel it through the bond, he will find me."

The male that led the attack wasn't elderly, he was still young in comparison to her. Which meant my thoughts were right, this tonic was aging her. Slowly killing her, sip by sip.

"You didn't answer my questions before..."

"What question?"

"What exactly are you?"

"I think I am a healer wolf. Where Mum as the ability to drain and give energy, I can heal. I can mend broken bones, sense organs and bring back the fatally wounded just before they die."

"Can you bring back from the dead?"

"No...I don't know. I don't think so. Dad was on the brink of death but I managed to bring him back. I've not tried once someone has passed...it feels unnatural to try."

She considers me for a moment, my own words making me think of my own limits.

"I'm surprised he didn't take you, a gift like yours in the wrong hands could be lethal."

"His goal was to get to Mum...he seemed obsessed by her. Seeing her in action during a battle, I can understand why."

"You're mother's gifts are old, passed on generation by generation...researched by the White

Moon pack. It sounds as if your friend didn't tell him about you, that your abilities were unknown to him."

"So...he didn't betray me." I murmur to myself.

"Be careful daughter of the white wolf, you would be made to do unimaginable things if they

held those you hold dear. If your ability is as powerful as I can imagine you could be used to heal an army that would be indestructible." Her words make my blood run cold, a shudder to creep up my spine.

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"I wouldn't do that..." I respond without a doubt.

"It depends on what they have that you want to protect. Everybody has a price, everybody has a

weakness. You are a healer wolf, it would go against your very nature to not heal. I just hope you surround yourself with people you trust fully, who would never use your strength for their own needs." Her eyes flicker to Kit as a dissatisfied growl escapes him.

Her words are similar to Jaxon's, when he was warning me of how my power could be used for evil.

"You must leave now, I need to retake my tonic..."

"Come with us, my parents can keep you safe." I offer out, she can't keep living like his. This

wasn't how a luna should live, a luna that had bravely escaped the terrors of her own pack and

mate.

"No, they can't."

"Come Red, our time is up." Kit whispers into my ear as he lifts me up off his lap and stands up

behind me. I don't want to leave her, I feel as if our time hasn't finished, that I still had so much more to ask her.

We head towards the door, the old lady moving towards the kitchen where she takes the vial,

she had expected Kit to drink. Instead, placing it towards her own mouth.

My mind returns to the alpha of the white moon pack on our pack lands, his youth in comparison to hers not making any of this fair.

She poisons herself every day to keep hidden, to

stay away from him whereas he is commanding warriors, letting them shift to their deaths.

None of this seems fair.

"Wait!" I urge out, that healing sensation building within me. I let it continue to guide me, as I

feel my healing ability spread throughout me and out, towards the woman.

The guy takes on a reddish glow as the light guides out of my hand and towards her.

I scan her body, her organs...each one of them affected by the tonic she drinks. It's a miracle she was still standing before us, that she was still breathing.

I tap into my power, making it more potent, knowing I was only using it on her right now meant I

could afford to give her extra energy.

Whereas during the battle, I had to be careful of only healing our warriors enough to keep them alive.

I hear a gasp, my eyes opening as I watch her hair change from whispery white to a glossy dark

brown. I can't believe what I am witnessing as I reverse the damage of the tonic she has drunk daily for so many years.

Her skin changes from deathly pale to a sun-kissed glow; the age spots disappearing, being replaced with plump younger skin.

Her lips change from the purple tint to blush pink and her eyes...that white glaze is replaced with a sharp blueness.

Her wolf finally able to see through her eyes clearly.

She was beautiful...she was young again.

She looks down at her own hands, her own lips gasping at the sight. Before she moves, with a surprising haste towards a small broken mirror...her hands touching her face, touching her hair.

I had not only healed her appearance but her organs and bones, she had a renewed strength surging through her veins now.

She turns towards me, a small smile landing upon her face as I take in her true beauty.

She strangely was a similar colouring of Mum, a natural beauty about her that felt familiar still.

She glances back towards the mirror, a long sigh exhaling from her before she moves towards the kitchen.

"Thank you daughter of the white wolf. I understand your powers now. But I have no choice, I have to take this." I watch as she downs the vial in one go, her face wincing in pain as her eyes

slam shut.

Her hands reach up to her throat and grip at it like she is unable to breathe, clawing at the skin painfully. She moans out in pain just as her eyes reopen, the white glazing back within them...toning down

the natural blue eye colour.

Her hair starts to change colour, a few white strands changing at the front as an aging spot develops across her cheek...her lips retaining the plumpness of a younger self, but a purple tint dances upon her lips before it settles in the cupid's bow.

I wipe a small tear away from my cheek, she has already sacrificed so much just to remain

hidden.

She forces herself that level of pain every day to block her bond with her own mate...

I couldn't imagine ever doing such a thing, living alone like this.

Kit leads me out of the front door, his arms hooking around my shoulders as he navigates me

back towards the car.

My mind stuck on what I had just seen, what I was just able to do.

I had completely healed her, only for her to take it all back without a second thought. Her body taking

the brunt of her secret identity. To a passerby, a lost walker, she would be an eccentric old woman living in the woods. But in truth she was the forgotten Luna, the hidden Luna of the pack trying to kill my own mother in their fight against power.

Chapter 439

- Knox ~

We were back at the Dark Phantom pack, my emails blowing up as my next alpha programme is about to commence and I haven't even sent out the confirmations.

I wasn't ready to admit the fact, that I would need to honour the next programme for now, then reassess afterwards.

Which meant being away from Josie on a weekly basis for a good year.

That is something I don't think I can do.

It was late in the evening, having stopped off for dinner at a shopping centre by a highway to help break up the journey.

My head was spinning, I knew more than Josie thanks to Ezra, but now I also had questions of my own. Questions I think are better left unasked.

The Dark Phantom alpha house was quiet.

The guests from the wedding party having now left,

the attack having completely destroyed the happy memories of the celebrations.

Alpha Orpheus and Luna Rosa had left, taking the children with them.

Alora and Ezra remained, they were with Hector and Kaia in the alpha office by the time we returned.

All four of them coming out and greeting us warmly.

"How did you get on?" Kaia walks into the sitting room with a hot drink for Josie and myself, the four of them keen for information on our odd visit.

"It took a while to find her, but you were right...I would know where to go."

"How was she?"

"Weak physically, mentally extremely strong. She wanted Kit to drink a tonic."

Josie leans into me, her feet curling up as I place my arm around her back.

"She hasn't changed then." Hector grumbles out, his hand reaching out to Kaia as he pulls her into his lap.

"Did you take it?" Kaia turns to me.

"No."

"No?" Hector splutters out, almost choking on his drink.

"She wasn't expecting us, her intrigue was greater than her sense of fear. She wanted to know what kind of a wolf I am, how you were still alive, and I was your daughter. She told us about the white moon pack, how she broke free from the pack and her mate. How she tried to warn your mother, but it was too late, she was already dead...that Grandfather..." Josie stops as her breath catches in the back of her throat and her eyes start to water. She had been silent for the entire journey home, even in the shopping centre, not particularly wanting anything to eat. Kaia turns to Hector, their eyes moving into a mind-link before she leaps off his lap. "Shhh, it's okay. I'm sorry you had to learn of it by someone else. I just couldn't bring myself to be the one to tell you." Kaia moves over to Josie, pulling her into her chest as she gently strokes

her hair.

"No, it's fine Mum, I understand why you didn't. But you need to know that the white moon pack won't stop until they have you..."

"You don't need to worry about that darling. We've been in hiding for 19 years, keeping you kids safe but now it is time for us to fight back." Hector leans forward, his hand reaching out to squeeze his daughter's hand.

"You were right, Abel couldn't live. He would have shared too much information; he would have leaked key details on how to get to us. How to take down the pack. " Josie whispers to her mother.

"There's something else..." I clear my throat, gaining the attention of the room.

"What?" Both Hector and Ezra ask out in unison.

"Josie healed her..."

"You did?"

"Yes, she looked a little like you Mum. Same hair colouring and skin tone..."

"Wait...I wonder.." Kaia leaps off the sofa, rushing towards the office, returning moments later comes back with a small box which she places onto the coffee table. She searches through it, pulling out a photograph.

"Did she look like this?" She asks, the blue rim around her pupil starting to bleed out. She hands Josie the photograph, who studies it carefully.

"Wow, yes the spitting image...who is this?"

"This is my mother, Alik. "

"You think they are related."

"Yes, I have a feeling they might have been sisters. Maybe not twin, but most definitely sisters."

"Look Kit, what do you think?" Josie places the photograph into my hands for me to inspect. It was grainy, old...it hadn't weathered the years well but there was no mistaking the similarities

between the two females.

If this was Kaia's mother, the white wolf before her, then I would confidently say, they were

related.

But it's the male to the right of her that steals my attention, my wolf pushing forward as an ominous feeling takes over me.

I've seen this male before, I know this male.

"The man next to her..."

"That was my father, Beckett..."

My eyes dart to Kaia, unable to stop my wolf as he pushes forward, a ferrous growl escaping

him.

"What is it, what's wrong..." Josie turns to me, Hector standing up at my wolf's outburst.

"This man, your grandfather...he's the man that attacked my pack. He's the man that killed my

family."

Chapter 440

- Knox ~

"What?" Josie turns to me, disbelief evident in her eyes. Whereas Kaia doesn't seem as shocked as her daughter.

"You are certain?"

"Yes, I wouldn't forget the face that haunted my teenage years, the face that massacred an entire pack." I seethe out through a tense jaw as I study the photograph again, a long sigh escaping me. Yes, there was no doubt in my mind.

"No, that can't be...can it, Mum?" Josie leans into me, her eyes scanning the photograph carefully.

"Kit, you have to have it wrong." She follows, as if I would get something like this wrong.

"Believe me Red, I wish I was wrong."

"Was he alone, did he do it alone?" Kaia presses, a sadness edged within her eyes.

She's not defending him, not even considering that I might have it wrong.

That I had made a mistake. No she knows what he was capable.

"I..." I close my eyes, casting back to the memory I have been desperately trying to forget for so long.

The memory that I had been part of my game each night before sleeping...the memory that

was now becoming distant as Josie's face is now the last thing I mentally picture before sleeping. One by one, I rewatch their deaths like it was only yesterday, the screams that will forever echo in my ears as Beckett murdered my family before my very eyes.

Just trying to bring that haunting memory back after fighting against it is a betrayal to myself.

I search it carefully, Kaia's father leading a pack of warriors onto the lands.

How the pack fought but there was just too many of them against a smaller pack.

"No, he wasn't alone, he had a pack with him." I confirm out, my own voice not sounding like me.

Kaia turns to Hector, her face paling before my very eyes.

"Why would he attack Knox's pack?"

"Information on the white wolf? Protecting your identity...remember what he did to his own

people." Hector growls out lowly, only for Josie to interrupt.

His eyes slamming shut when he realises the mistake he had just made.

"Why, what did he do to his own people?" Josie stands, her voice shaking as she demands the

truth from her parents. Both Hector and Kaia look at one another, before Kaia's eyes fall upon Alora.

"He killed the Clear Waters' pack members to prevent a mutiny when I was coming of age." Kaia exhales, her hands reaching out for Josie.

"You mean to tell me, Kit has no family, no pack...his childhood ruined because of him.." She points to the photograph, before her finger points at herself.

"Because of us?"

"There are things that we haven't shared with you..." Kaia tries to reason.

"No bullshit." Josie growls out, her fingers clenching into tiny balls by her side.

"Watch your language." Hector warns her as his aura pushing out, turning the atmosphere oppressive.

I should fight it, let my aura roll off to fight his but I'm slowly slipping away from their argument and spiralling into my own thoughts.

My own memories.

I had spent almost two decades trying to find the truth, trying to find out what had happened.

Why we were attacked.

Going to great lengths to ensure my own identity was well hidden, in case the attackers came back looking for me. Thinking it was a personal attack upon the alpha bloodline.

Rightly or wrongly, that traumatic experience as a child making me the man I am today.

It is the reason I set up the alpha training program...preparing alphas so they didn't lose their packs, didn't lose their loved ones and titles like I had.

But, in a twisted turn in fate, I wouldn't have met Jaxon and Jace, and I wouldn't have come back to their pack...I wouldn't have met my Josie.

I block out their arguing, my mind continuing to implode in on itself.

My parents weren't particularly the political type, nor did they seek leverage over other packs.

They were content with what they had, didn't seek more, helped those in need. They were a peaceful pack.

My father's wolf was nothing like mine. Sure, he was an alpha but mine has become slightly deranged from years of having no pack and being alone.

My wolf is a fitting adversary to Jaxon's wolf because of the crimes against him.

The deep rooted anger that is now only starting to subside because of Josie.

"Josie." Kaia's voice breaks me out of my spiralling mind just as I hear the front door slam.

"She's going to the meadows..." Hector sighs out, his hand resting reassuringly on his mate's shoulder.

"I'm on it. Lobo come!" I place the picture down in the coffee table, patting the side of my thigh as I call Lobo to follow me.

"Knox..." Kaia pulls me at my elbow, stopping me from leaving.

"If what you say is true..."

"It's true.." She knows it is. If he was willing to kill his own, why wouldn't he kill others.

"Then I am deeply sorry for what you have suffered at the hands of my father."