

6 - Entangled With The Savage Alpha - Berrybloom

6

Rhys

Oh Alpha! Kaden's singsong voice rang in my head.

I closed my eyes and gripped my cup. I was certain that there was no one as annoying as the Beta of Golden Crest. I left the place in his care for less than a week and from the tone of his voice, I had a feeling that my pack was up in flames.

I didn't want to know though. I didn't care about all that. I left because I needed a break. Not from the pack, I loved it too much to be ever tired of it. But I needed a break from Marcus's pandering.

The man had refused to leave me alone. It was getting to the point where it was going past fondness to crossing boundaries. He believed he was looking out for me but he didn't realize that he was doing too much.

I now avoided him. Our conversations had become tight and uncomfortable. He couldn't understand that I couldn't do what he wanted. It wasn't possible. He refused to see that though.

You need to come back, your uncle-

I abruptly cut off my connection with him. I didn't want to know, I didn't want to hear what he'd done this time.

My wolf agreed. It was more interested in finding out something else.

"Rogue wolf?" The bartender asked. "It's been decades since we encountered one."

So far, no one knew anything about her. It bothered me. How could members of a pack have no idea when there was a shift in one of them? Back at Golden Crest, we were all alerted the moment something was wrong with anyone.

Maybe it had something to do with their large number. Creekside was an old pack. What it lacked in infrastructure and facilities, it had in sheer size. It was a lot rural, but it was supposed to be the birthplace of our kind.

"So there have been no cases of rogue appearances, even from within the pack?" I asked.

The bartender, a young man in his early twenties with ginger hair, narrowed his eyes at me.

“You say you're here for work, eh?” He whispered, leaning close, his alcohol breath fanning in my face.

I nodded. My wolf and I had mastered the art of camouflage. We easily blended among normal werewolves without being spotted. It easily allowed me to slip into different borders unnoticed. It was only wolves with a high level of discernment that were able to discover who I was. It had never happened until she sought me out last night.

“Then don't go around asking stupid questions, Omega.” He chided, then went back to wiping the bar surface. “You'll be surprised at how easily wolves like you lose their lives here.”

My wolf grumbled within. It may have agreed to pretend to be less dominant than it was but it never took disrespect well. I imagined wiping the bar with his face.

“You omegas are a nosy bunch. Always butting into things that are not your business.” He declared loudly.

That earned him a few chuckles from the surrounding tables.

I was angered. I had walked around this pack all day and no one seemed to know anything about her. I couldn't even feel her presence in the pack. It was either she'd been caught and killed or gone fully rogue and escaped.

I didn't want to find her. I wanted to avenge her. She may have been going crazy last night, but the pain in her soul was so clear to see. She looked so peaceful this morning that I couldn't kill her. I left her to her fate.

I needed to find those useless parents of hers. I needed to make them pay for leading her to her death. I wanted to find her former mate too. He didn't deserve to live.

“Omegas eh...” A drunken man said, leaning close to me. “You ever seen them when they're about to lose their minds? They become bolder and they lose all fear. Luckily, we slit their throats before they get the chance to showcase their madness.”

Anger burned within me. Is that how they treated their pack members?

“So you kill them before they go rogue?” I asked.

They all laughed. “Naw... we aren't beasts. The alpha or their guardian decides if they are redeemable or not. They do the slitting.” The man said.

“But why are you so interested in rogues? Are you a hunter?” The bartender asked.

I shook my head.

“A wolf as huge as you could earn a lot here. There are a lot of odd jobs to be done and the people to do them keep on dwindling.” The drunken man said before shuffling away.

“Where can I sign up?” I asked in a sheepish voice.

I felt their collective smiles.

“Go to the pack house,” the bartender said.

I thanked them and slipped out into the shadows, pretending to ignore their snide remarks.

I hated what this pack had become. Creekside was what we all looked up to when I was younger. They had the most powerful alpha and all the success in the world.

It was now a ghost of its past glories which explained why there was no companionship or unity amongst them. Creekside was like a timebomb waiting to explode and if their Alpha died before crowning another one, the park may fall apart.

I headed to the Packhouse, knowing that the Old Alpha, Alpha Devon was waiting. He'd known the moment I'd crossed his border and had summoned me. I ignored him of course. I could never get used to him being more dominant than me. My wolf hated it. Instead of bowing or trembling in fear like the others, it wanted to challenge it.

Devon knew this and although it irritated him, he was better at controlling his feelings. Being the most powerful and oldest alpha gave him a lot of experience. And so, he used that experience to tease and taunt me each time we encountered each other.

I didn't know if I was up for his games tonight. But now, only he had the answers to my questions.

I found him alone in his study. And immediately sensed that something was wrong.

Rhys my friend. His voice rang in my head.

It was low. Too low for my liking.

“Your security is trash,” I told the old man and sauntered in.

He chuckled and raised his head to meet me. In his youth, he was huge, powerful and ruthless. He was also very handsome. But his body had failed him now.

The moment his glowing eyes met mine, I felt the same sliver of fear that I always did. But something was missing.

I made a mistake. His voice said sadly in my head.

I took my seat close to him like I always did.

I trusted a fool and now I have no legacy. He continued.

I eyed him, not saying anything. He was weak, I could feel it. No one knew about our secret meetings. They all thought we couldn't stand each other. In a way they were right but as much as his wolf made mine restless, we had something similar. We understand each other's range of dominance. We were like kin spirits.

He had once told me that our wolves had the same amount of power and that what set us apart was the authority that came from his wealth of experience and his mantle of authority as the Alpha Prime. The Alpha Prime had a mantle that made him the head of all werewolves.

Don't end up like me. I should have listened. He sighed again.

I didn't understand what he was rambling about, but I knew not to interrupt.

One of my greatest regrets will forever be, not having someone to share all this power with.

I had to stop myself from rolling my eyes. Like me, he didn't take a mate. Like me, he rejected every female that came his way. But ever since his body began to fail him, he'd talked about how he regretted it.

Creekside will not retain power. He added. I trusted a fool and now when I cross over to the other side, things will fall apart.

That caught my attention. I sat up straight. Most Alphas were hoping for this chaos. Everyone wanted to vie for his position when he died since he didn't have an heir. I, on the other hand, wanted it to remain in Creekside.

Why are you here? He asked.

He knew why I was here but he was trying to cover up what he'd just told me.

"A girl. An omega. She almost went rogue last night." I gritted out.

He laughed eerily. "That wasn't rogue." He said out loud. "She was manifesting something that had been buried deep within her."

I didn't care though. I didn't want to think about her. She'd been on my mind all day, and I need to get her out of it.

“You know she's no longer with us.” He added.

I nodded glumly, “I'm not in search of her. I want to find the people who made her that way.”

He laughed again. Is that why you couldn't keep your hands off her?

I growled and he growled back.

I hated how he knew everything. His question had brought back a nagging sensation that I'd tried to ignore.

Last night, when I was deep in her, I almost marked her. My wolf couldn't get enough of her. It wanted her. We wanted her. This was the first time that any female had such an effect on me. I couldn't keep her out of my memories.

It's a good thing that the Crest of Prime Alpha has left me. I'm at peace. Alpha Devon said distracting me from my thoughts.

My eyes widened.

“This is the last time we shall meet alive, Rhys Hallowvern. The people you seek are the Griffins. They are a foolish bunch.” He said, waving his hand in dismissal.

I suddenly felt emotional. After I'd lost my parents at a tender age, he and Uncle Marcus took care of me in their own way.

Oh, come on. He teased. I'm too old for this world for you to feel bad.

I got to my feet and he reached for my arm. He didn't entertain questions and right now, I had so many questions to ask him.

Reading my mind he said. Yes. Nothing about my demise is natural. Like I said, I favored a fool. But I trust that you'll find him and make him regret taking your friend away.

His claw dug deep into my palm and he drew blood.

“What happened to the Crest?” I hissed, retracting my bleeding hand. It was a supernatural symbol of authority that set him apart from everyone.

His expression grew serious. It's safe. It's in the hands of a female.

“A female alpha?” I asked, intrigued.

“No. Her wolf has been bestowed with the Moon Mantle of all Lunas. When she becomes Luna Prime, she'll bestow her Alpha with the Crest Mantle of all Alpha's.”

“That would be a very powerful couple.” I mused. “Look at the chaos you created from having just the Crest Mantle.”

He smirked then looked away. Off with you boy. I've grown tired of appearing weak before you.

I smirked. Goodbye, Devon. I'll miss you old crook.

He laughed and bowed his head. And I knew that he had just hours left.

I snuck back out of his pack house in search of the Griffins. I could only retaliate for her before Devon passed away.

Finding the house was easier than I expected. I circled it trying to figure out the best revenge. I couldn't kill anyone, it would be disrespectful to Devon, if not that would have been the best option.

I wandered about for a while before an idea came to mind. In a shelter not too far away, I found gasoline and a lighter.

I could hear them dining and celebrating. They cheered to a new alpha. It only annoyed me more that they wanted Devon gone.

I poured the gasoline around the house and set it ablaze, then watched from afar as they scrambled about.

“The Money! The Money is gone!” A voice who I pegged as that of her father screamed not minding that his wife was stuck in the fire.

I smiled. They would not die but they should pray that they never crossed my path again.

I reopened my connection to Golden Crest and Kaden's annoying voice returned.

You have a mighty surprise waiting at home.

At the same time, Alpha Devon gave up the ghost. It was time to return home and mourn my old friend.