

3. So Green Eyes

ALPHA KING XALEN



I don't know.

I don't know how to exist in a world where my mate doesn't. A world without my Laura.

I have spent the last five days beside her motionless body and even in that state she managed to look beautiful. She managed to capture my heart like we were teenagers again. How I wished she would open her eyes and tell me, “It’s a joke, Xalen. How can I die and leave you and the kids?”

But today, I had to put her to rest.

I had to bury her according to tradition so she could find peace in the afterlife.

My heart was heavier than my bulky body and breathing felt like a crime because Laura wasn’t breathing.

She was six feet under the ground we used to walk as the King and Queen of the werewolf realm—

“Come forward and present your gifts.” My trusted Beta, Evan, voiced, calling on the visiting Alphas and leaders of the numerous packs under my jurisdiction.

The funeral has ended as far as I was concerned. I had buried Luara and I don’t understand why these people are still around. Heck, I don’t understand why they all came to my pack. None of them knew Laura the way I did and they couldn’t even grieve her the way I would do.

Bunch of fake ass people!

My eyes shifted from one to another as I thought about the possibility of one of them being Laura’s killer.

Someone killed my mate.

She didn’t die a natural death.

I refuse to believe that she would just die and leave me like that—

“You can try to stop growling, Alpha King. You are scaring them shitless.” I heard my advisor’s voice, noticing how shaky everyone in the hall was even though the hall was big enough to distance me from them. “They are here to pay respect to our late Queen. Let’s do well to perform the rituals correctly.”

I growled at my advisor as she used the word ‘Late’ to describe my Laura. All her life, she had been punctual... until now.

“Be thankful you are my uncle.” I gritted at my advisor who was also the only family I had left, aside from my kids. “No one tells me what to do.”

Except Laura and now that she was gone, no one could fit in her shoe.

My uncle, Elder Calvin tilted his head in respect, moving away from my throne where I was sitting with a straight face. The leaders of packs began to come forward and they all presented stupid gifts to pay respect to my Laura.

“What am I supposed to do with these items that you have been presenting!” I found myself barking as the tenth Alpha stepped forward and presented gold bars to me. “Am I supposed to replace my mate, your Queen with these?”

All heads were bowed and their fear tickled my nostrils.

Look at them!

Cowards!

One of them assassinated my mate cowardly.

“There’s no evidence to back that claim, Xalen. Why can’t we just accept that Laura died instead of tainting her memories with these—” My wolf, Theo, started with a whimper.

But I cut him off before he could say another word, “Enough!”

For the past week of Laura’s absence, Theo and I have been like this. We couldn’t agree on anything and I knew it was only a matter of time before this began to affect the realm or above all, my immediate family— my kids.

However, my wolf didn’t stop talking. In fact, he snarled at me, “Laura spent her life trying to make you relatable but you are throwing it all away. Is this how you honor her? By returning to your old days?”

He meant our old days because I couldn’t recall a time in the past when I was cruel and Theo wasn’t.

Laura changed us and now to solve the mystery behind her sudden death, I will gladly become the cruel Alpha King again.

“If you have nothing reasonable to present, go back to your pack and mourn your Queen for the next ninety days!” I announced to the crowd as I jolted off my throne, trying hard not to look at the empty throne beside mine.

To my surprise, a strange voice broke through the pin-drop silence in the hall as a lanky-looking man walked forward, “Forgive us, My King. We have nothing that can replace our beloved Queen but we also want to be a part of the rituals.”

“And you are?” I blurted, not interested in his flattering talks.

“I’m Alpha Jett of the crescent Moon Pack, My King. Accept my condolences and gift even though they aren't worthy.” I received an answer as he bowed to me.

Theo got to me at that moment when he said, “Just hear him out, even if Laura was killed, we need allies not more enemies. More enemies would mean more loved ones would die and who would be the next person? Our girls or our son?”

My breath hitched.

Sophia was the first girl Laura and I had and even though she is now five years old, she remains my little girl. Asher, my son, and second child was a mini version of me and I adored him.

Lastly, Jodie, who is just two months old and despite the way I feel about how her birth could be the reason Laura had to die, I still wouldn’t want her to be harmed.

“Present your offerings,” I said, forcing myself to sound less terrifying.

The Alpha’s eyes glinted with happiness as he signaled to his men to bring in his offerings.

Crescent Moon Pack... the last time I heard about them, they had a different Alpha who I assumed was the father to this current young Alpha—

“Here are the offerings, my King. I brought living offerings.” Alpha Jett’s voice cut my thought short and my attention shifted to the young women who were kneeling before me in nothing but rags.

Laura would hate the sight of them not because they were dirty but because she hated the idea of keeping slaves.

Alpha Jett made the mistake of confirming my suspicion when he uttered, “These slaves will serve you till they—”

“If you value having your head on your neck and not on a spike you will hold your tongue.” I barked those words, losing control as Theo’s anger collided with mine.

I was about to make the lanky Alpha pay for ruining my mate’s funeral by bringing slaves into my pack but the loud cries of no one else but my two-month-old daughter hit my eardrums and my world froze.

Jodie’s nanny ran forward, stuttering, “I have done everything to make her stop, My King, but she won’t stop wailing. It’s been hours of endless crying and—”

“Let me help with that.” An unfamiliar, soft, lush, and confident voice broke out and from within Alpha Jett’s slaves, a young girl walked out and stretched her dirty hands to my child... as if she had a death wish.

No one but nannies I handpick can touch my kids, yet this girl took Jodie from her nanny without looking at me.

“Shush, baby. It’s all right now.” The young girl whispered to my child, rocking her slowly.

Within a twinkle of an eye, Jodie’s wails turned into soft snores.

The murmur in the hall was low but the smell of shock was prominent. However, nothing was as shocking as the intoxicifying feeling that sprung out of me as the young girl’s soft green eyes met my pitch-black eyes.

I inhaled sharply, my soul ripping past the sadness that had taken over me since Laura’s death and one word tried to force its way past my seal-tight lips...

“Mate...”

I held it back but Theo still voiced it in my head.

Quickly, I got over the shock and found myself chuckling at the moon goddess’s sick joke even though rage was bubbling within me.

Who finds a second chance mate at his late mate’s funeral?

“Who do you think you are?” I seethed after a minute of dark chuckling, all hint of humor disappearing in an instant. “Answer me, slave! Who the fuck are you?”

I snatched my daughter from her, hissing like a venomous snake.