

Chapter 75

Ben

"Gregory! You're slower than syrup on paper man, come on! Move!" I shouted. Gregory shoved past me, muttering under his breath. Perhaps it was a good thing I was too distracted to focus on his words; I doubt Dimitri would put up with a brawl right now. Clara's magic seemed to be keeping him pain free, but for how long? I had to keep reminding myself that Lily would do anything to survive, for her pups and for Dimitri. Even if that meant having to be intimate with someone who wasn't her mate. I just hoped she knew what she was doing.

"Are you okay?"

I glanced over my shoulder to see my mate. I can't remember the last time she looked so concerned about me, if ever. My heart stirred at the sight of her beautiful eyes gazing into mine.

"Fine. Just thinking." I replied.

"I'm sure Lily is fine. From what I've seen, she's a tough girl."

"I know. It's just..." I blew out a breath, leaving my words to trail.

Sparks erupted as Clara placed her hand on my shoulder. I looked down at her.

"You're trying to understand why she would cause your Alpha so much pain." She said. It wasn't a question, but I nodded anyways. "I'm going with the assumption that she had no choice. We don't know the situation over there, but I know she would never do that on purpose. She would never betray your Alpha that way."

We looked around at the men and women boarding the plane. The plane that was to take our small army to Scotland. Gregory had disappeared inside, and I spotted his son a few meters away. Clara squeezed my shoulder, making to move past me. Instantly, I had my arm wrapped around her waist, holding her back.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

She blinked at me. "I'm getting on the plane."

"No, you're not."

Her eyes clouded over in anger. "Excuse me?"

"Do you not know what is coming? There's going to be a fight, a bad one. I don't want you anywhere near that!"

She gripped my arm, causing me to yelp and release her. I rubbed where she'd burnt me. Damn.

"I'll have you know that I am not some poor, defenseless woman Benjamin. That, -" she pointed to my arm, "-is just a taste of what I can do. I may not be as powerful as Gideon, but I am far from helpless. You'd do well to remember that."

I watched as she stormed off, stomping angrily past the wolves and on board. A tiny smile appeared on my face. My mate was feisty girl, I'd give her that.

"Something funny?"

Dimitri appeared beside me, looking worn and worried. I put my smile away and grew as serious as the situation.

"Just Clara being... Clara."

"Ah. Well, let's go."

"Right." I turned to the rest of the men. "Everybody, let's move! We take off in one hour!"

"Yes Beta!" they shouted back to me. I followed Dimitri across the pavement and to the steps. Ducking my head, we entered the plane and looked around. It was a military jet, filled with our top warriors. The rest of our army was still at the pack, with Gideon. I knew we didn't have enough men here, not even close. But we had the best. The rest would be joining us via portal, which Gideon would open when we contacted him from the island. The element of surprise would, hopefully, turn the odds in our favor. I glanced at Clara, turning the jade necklace Gideon had given her in her fingers; He held an identical piece, a way to keep the portal open once he opened it.

I leaned down as we passed her. "Where's Isabelle?"

"At home." She snapped. The next second, her eyes went wide and her hand flew to her mouth. I smirked. "I mean-"

"I know what you meant." I pecked her on the cheek, enjoying the blush that followed. "Glad you finally consider it your home."

Before she could comment, or deny it, I straightened and continued walking. Dimitri was already seated, his leg anxiously tapping up and down. I took the seat next to him, running my hands through my hair. I went over every detail of our plan in my head, looking for weak points, for any flaws. We'd stayed up all night figuring this out. Best case scenario- We get to Lily without much fuss, get her home, and take care of Bastian. Worst case scenario- We would have to fight Lily herself, if he'd done something to her. That was going to be a tough one, given she was a Mother Wolf. And our Luna.

The plane was starting to fill up and slowly, I could see Dimitri starting to calm down. I knew him too well; This is what he did. He was a fighter. Never the one to sit on the sidelines, but be in the middle of the battle, bloody and bruised. He'd never fought for anything for himself up until this point though, and that worried me. As if he could hear my thoughts, he turned and met my eyes.

"The reason doesn't change anything Ben."

"You've never had a weakness before." I mumbled.

"Weakness." He laughed quietly. "Lily is not my weakness. She is my strength. My hope, my goodness, my heart and soul. She lifts me up, even when I was the one to bring her down. She's done more for me, and this pack, than I ever thought possible. She's worth fighting for, worth dying for."

I nodded slowly. I caught Claras eyes briefly before she looked away.

"I know what you mean." I replied.

Luke and Miguel took the seats across from us. I nodded at them. "You ready?"

"Born ready." Luke grinned.

"So cocky." Miguel nudged him.

"Only for you." Luke winked.

"Guys. Please." Dimitri snapped at them. They both muttered apologies.

We sat in silence while everyone boarded. At last, the doors swung shut and we were instructed to buckle up. The air was thick with tension and nerves, but also determination. I looked around at the men, each one worth their weight in a fight, each one having proven themselves at one point or another. I sent up a silent prayer as we took off that we didn't have to bury any of them when this was over.

We'd barely gotten a decent amount of height when I heard Dimitri's phone ringing. He glanced at the screen with confusion before pressing send.

"Who's this?"

Being this close, I heard everything, and the reply sent a wave of shock through me.

"Hello Dimitri. Miss me?"

His hand clenched so tightly over the device; I worried he would smash it.

"You'd better have a good fucking reason for calling me Jennine." He growled.

She laughed, and I cringed at the sound. "Oh, I do. Unless you don't want to know where your mate is?"

Dimitri was breathing heavily, rage and hatred on his face. I felt Clara come up behind me, and I put a finger to my lips in a gesture for her to keep quiet.

"I already know where she is." Dimitri was saying.

"Oh, do you?"

"She's in Scotland. The Isle of Skye."

Jennine laughed again. "At the castle."

"Yes."

"Do you happen to know which castle?"

"What are you talking about?!"

"There are seven castles on this island Dimitri."

He glanced at Clara who had gone pale. At that moment, I honestly worried for my mate's safety. Before he could explode, though, Jennine spoke again.

"I'll tell you where she is."

That got our attention.

"Why? And why would I believe you?"

"That's up to you. My motives are my own, but if you don't want the information..."

"Tell me!" He practically shouted.

Silence. I could see him starting to lose control, almost on the verge of shifting. I was about to take the phone away from him when she answered.

"You'll find her at the most southern castle. It looks ruined, but it's a spell, an illusion."

"You better not be lying to me Jennine. I swear to the Goddess I'll-"

"I'm giving you this information because I want something in exchange Dimitri."

"Like fuck! I owe you nothing!"

"Relax. It's something you already want. All I want is for you to kill Bastian. Deal?"

"What?"

"You heard me."

"I think I'll just kill you both."

"Oh no. I'm already gone Alpha. But we'll meet again, don't worry."

"Is that a threat?"

"A promise. Goodbye Dimitri."

The line went dead. We all looked at each other, confused.

"Are we supposed to trust her?" Luke asked.

"Do we have a choice?" I looked at my Alpha. "Do you believe her?"

He tapped the phone against his leg. "Like you said, we don't have a choice."

"I'll go inform our pilot." Miguel stood and walked off.

"What are you thinking?" I asked Clara, who was sitting beside me with her eyebrows scrunched together.

"That I hope this isn't a trap." She whispered. I knew what she was thinking about; Isabelle. Reaching over, I took my mates hands in mine.

"We'll make it through this. And then we can go home to our daughter."

Her eyes went wide, as did mine. Oh shit.

"I didn't mean-"

She put her hand over my mouth. " I know what you meant." She gave me a warm smile and a kiss on the cheek before going back to her seat. I caught Lukes's smirking expression and shot him the finger.

"Shut up." I said.