

Kidnapped And Rejected

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Chapter 101

When Janet and the others disappeared into the distance, the people sending them off all returned to the Crimson Fortress.

Except for Angelina..

She stood in the wind and gazed into the darkness, thinking about what Janet said to her before they left.

About Harper.

Angelina couldn't help but ask herself: Did she really place her trust in Harper too easily?

Nevertheless, Harper did ask her maids to cut her hands off without a blink of an eye. Could a person that brutal change that completely overnight?

Angelina slowly let out a shaky breath.

If that was the case...

If Harper had been faking it...

And even worse, if Harper really had something to do with Veronica's death...

Then she couldn't forgive herself for letting Harper off the hook that easily.

Just then, a strange noise came from her back.

Angelina jerked around and snapped, "Who is there? Step out!"

It had already passed midnight.

No one should be out here at this hour.

A slim figure slowly stepped out of the bush and walked into the moonlight.

It was the same person that Angelina had been thinking about just a moment before.

Harper.

“What are you doing here?!” Angelina gasped in shock.

Harper chuckled, “Sending my dear sister off, just like you did. Too bad that I didn’t get a chance to wish her good luck.”

Angelina clenched her fists. She suddenly felt a thrill of foreboding.

“How did you know about this?” she growled.

Their plan was supposed to be a secret! She even waited for Harper to turn in before leaving their tent.

So how did Harper find out about everything?

Harper seemed to enjoy the furious look on Angelina’s face a lot.

She giggled and took another step forward.

“Oh, I know about a lot of things,” she said. “I know that Janet and Daran are going to the Great Canyon, which is practically suicide. I also know that you won’t be able to boss me around like a fucking slave any longer. And most importantly, I know that-”

She grinned flashing her teeth, with a twinkle of joy in her eyes.

you are doomed now.”

Suddenly a sharp pain pierced Angelina’s body and she fell.

Crushed to the ground, Angelina curled her body in agony and struggled to look around.

Layla was standing by her side, holding a baseball bat, which was the weapon that she just hit Angelina with.

“Y-You...”

Angelina breathed heavily, gritting her teeth.

“It was you...A-And-”

“-And me,” said a deep voice behind her back.

Lance stepped out of the dark shadows and walked over. His lips curled in triumph as he looked down at Angelina.

“I bet that you didn’t see this coming, did you?” Lance smiled.

Angelina glared at him. She wanted to jump up and attack him. But she couldn’t move. Layla must have broken her ribs when she hit her with that bat.

Lance lifted a foot and stomped on Angelina’s shoulder, enjoying her humiliated face.

“This is the fatal weakness of you guys,” he laughed. “You are always too gullible. Too eager to believe that people have changed. That weakness makes you overlook certain things.”

“You...You killed Veronica!” Angelina cried hoarsely.

“Well, you caught me there, even though a bit late.”

Lance shrugged.

“What am I supposed to do? Veronica was going to tell Janet about me. I couldn’t let her do that.”

He moved his feet to Angelina’s neck, adding more pressure to it. Angelina’s face was quickly turning red in suffocation.

“It won’t work...You still won’t win...’

Angelina uttered, struggling.

“Janet...and Daran...they are coming at you...They-they are strong-”

Lance burst into laughter.

“Oh you really have faith in them, don’t you? OK, I admit it. Alpha Daran is the strongest werewolf I have ever met. I probably won’t last 10 seconds with him if we are at a one-on-one showdown. But so what? I am still going to be the last man standing because I can outsmart him.”

Angelina clenched his ankle in agony. She couldn’t breathe anymore under the pressure that Lance put on her neck.

“Remember that box of snacks,

you gave Janet?” Lance asked with a smile.

Angelina's body twitched. She was choking.

"I asked Harper to add a little something extra to their snacks. If they eat those—and they will because they trust you, they won't be as strong as they are now."

Rage seized Angelina's heart.

This f ucking bastard-

"You seem mad," Lance chuckled. "But shouldn't you be more mad at yourselves? You caused Veronica's death. And soon, you will cause Janet and Daran's death as well."

He stomped on Angelina's neck hard.

Angelina's eyes rolled to the back, and she passed out.

"Should we hide her body somewhere?" Layla asked.

"Just leave her here. We are going back to the Great Canyon today. There is no need to hide our tracks any longer."

Lance dusted off his hands and beckoned to Harper.

Harper walked over and cringed against his arms like a docile sheep.

"That thing you asked me to put into their snacks...What is it?" Harper asked curiously. "Is it poison? Is it going to kill them all before they get to the Great Canyon?"

"No poison is strong enough to kill a werewolf, silly girl," Lance said idly. "It is something much better...It is Layla's blood."

Harper was shocked and disappointed.

"Her blood?" she cried, "What can her blood do? Kill them? If it can't do that, then you have wasted a golden opportunity to="

She suddenly quivered.

Because she just found Lance staring at her with a dark face.

"Careful, my mate, I don't like to be questioned," Lance hissed. "If you are coming to my kingdom with me, remember one thing. That I am the King. And you are my subject."

"...Yes, my king," Harper whispered in fear.

“And you will see what Layla’s blood can do to them when we get back to the Great Canyon. The rogue’s blood has special powers. You will find out about that soon. He rubbed Harper’s hair like petting a lap dog.

“Let us hit the road.”

Lance smiled and gazed to the north.

His eyes were gleaming with excitement.

“My dear guest...my arch nemesis Alpha Daran...is waiting for us.’

It took the group one full day before arriving at the Great Canyon. They moved as fast as they could and only stopped a few times to have some water and snacks.

Before going into the Great Canyon, they also had a complete makeover under Kass’s instruction. They had to make sure that their outfits and appearances could fit into the rogue’s crowd.

Angelina once told Janet that the Great Canyon was in fact a black market.

And she was exactly right about that.

In the shadowy underbelly of the canyon, nestled amidst crumbled buildings and hidden alleyways, lay this mysterious market, a hub of illicit trade where the forbidden met the desperate.

Within this eerie place, rare and dangerous stuff changed hands.

Janet saw shops selling fresh werewolf organs, handcrafted weapons, strange medicines such as Elixir, Aphrodisiacs, fatal poisons, etc.

She also saw cages lying by the streetside with little pups locked up inside.

“This is human trafficking!”

Janet whispered into Kass’s ear furiously as they walked down the hectic main road.

“Can’t we do something about this?”

“Actually, it is not as simple as it seems,” Kass whispered back. “Those pups are trained thieves. If you buy them off, they will rob your house and return to the seller with all your money by the next day. It is a common trick in the rogue’s world.”

Janet let out a long sigh internally.

They spread out and did some fieldwork.

They would pretend to be interested in something and start a casual conversation with the vendor, asking them if they knew anything about the Rogue King.

But their efforts proved to be in vain.

“Nobody knew anything about the Rogue King!”

Glen hissed frustratedly to them after an hour of talking to people.

“They all have different stories. Some said that Rogue King was a hideous old woman, and some said it was a handsome man. And there is something even more ridiculous—hear this—one guy told me that the Rogue King is a beautiful woman with a killer body, and she only became king because she had fucked every man in the Rogue’s world!”

“This is a nightmare,” Jared rubbed his temples with a wry smile. “I doubt if they have really met the Rogue King before.”

“Most of them haven’t,” Kass said. “The Rogue King lives in the Grace Ruin, which only the true rogues have access to.”

Daran tapped his finger on the table.

“It is simple then.”

He said in a deep voice.

“We should take the test and become the true rogues ourselves.”

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Chapter 102

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The others were all astonished by Daran’s proposal.

“Test? What test?” Jared asked with a frown.

“Janet heard this from Angelina and then she told me. Apparently, there is a certain test that we can take to become verified rogues. And then we will have access to the Grace Ruin.”

Daran looked to Kass for verification, “Is that true?”

Kass was reluctant, “It is true. But I don’t know the details of that test. It could be extremely dangerous. Plus, are you really willing to go that far? Once we are in the Rogue King’s imperial city...there is no turning back.”

“We don’t need to turn back.” Daran said deeply, “This war won’t end unless we kill the Rogue King. And the only way to do that is to face him directly. If some of you are having second thought and want to withdrawal back to Crimson Fortress, now is probably a good time.”

Kass’s jaw clenched. He looked irritated.

“I will go wherever Gamma Janet goes,” he said decisively.

“And so do we,” Jared nodded. “So where can we take this test? Any clues?”

“There is a certain place that we can sign up for the test. Finish your meal and we will go there immediately,” Kass said.

They gobbled down their meals and left the restaurant.

The place that Kass brought them to turned out to be a dive bar hidden in a dingy alleyway.

The doorbell made a jingling noise when Daran pushed the door open. Everyone inside turned their heads to look at them.

The dimly lit interior was stacked with warn leather stools and cracked vinyl booths. The air was thick with the acrid smell of beer and decades of cigarette smoke.

Customers hidden in the shadows of the booths eyed the newcomers as they made their ways to the bar.

Hunched over the oily bar was an old man with messy hair and lumpy skin.

He looked up briefly at them and huffed, “What?”

Kass slid a 50-dollar bill across the table, “5 Whiskey Ruined on ice.”

The old bartender narrowed his eyes, “5? For all of you?”

“Is that not allowed?” Jared asked.

The bartender snorted, “We just haven’t had a group in a long time. And just so you know, that drink is damn strong. It will fucking kill you.”

“I know. And we can take it.”

The bartender dumped the piece of rag that he was wiping those glasses with and lurched to the back.

“What is a Whiskey Ruined?” Janet whispered.

“It is how you ask for the ticket for the test. You will see.”

Moments later, the bartender returned with 5 glasses of whiskey and 5 tickets. “Finish your drink,” he mumbled. “The entrance is in the back, next to the man’s room.”

They exchanged a brief look, and each took a glass of wine and a ticket.

Janet drank her wine in one draught. The whiskey burned all the way down to her chest. She suddenly felt reenergized.

After they all finished their drinks, they went to the back of the bar and found a door next to the man’s room just like the bartender had said.

There was a ticket gate standing outside of the door, like the one that they had in the subway.

“OK.”

Kass turned to look at the rest of them.

“So now you are supposed to insert your ticket here and the gate will open up, leading you to the place where you can take the test. But that is all I know. I have no idea what will happen beyond this gate.”

Daran reached for Janet’s hand and locked fingers with her.

“Are you ready?” he asked, his gorgeous eyes gleaming brightly in the darkness. Janet smiled and gently squeezed his hand, “Whenever you are.”

Daran stepped up and inserted his ticket into the ticket machine.

The green light flashed, and the door opened up, revealing a secret tunnel. The narrow staircase descended into the darkness, leading to somewhere unknown.

Janet followed Daran and inserted her ticket as well.

One by one, they all passed the gate.

The tunnel was pitch-black. And it was not even wide enough for two people to travel shoulder by shoulder. They could only walk as a line and held on to the moss-covered wall as they traveled downstairs.

A muggy and rotten smell filled the air.

The further they went, the more humid it got.

And the stairs seemed to never end.

They must have walked down 10 flights of stairs already-Janet was keeping counts-but still hadn't reached the end.

They were deep beneath the ground already.

"How much further?" Glen's voice came from the darkness.

But no one could answer him.

Because at this point, nobody-not even Kass-knew what would happen.

After another 5 minutes of traveling in the darkness, they finally reached to the bottom of the staircase.

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A rusty iron door stood in their face.

Daran gave it a small push and the door swung open, revealing a cell with the size of a bedroom.

Janet was stunned to find that there was already more than a dozen of people inside of the cell.

They were either leaning against the wall or crouched on the ground. And they all stared at them hostilely as they walked in.

“What is this? A group test?” Jared murmured.

Janet looked around the room and walked to a man closest to her.

“Hey,” she said lightly. “Are you here to take the test as well?”

The man stared at her in silence.

“Do you know what the test is about? We might be able to work together,” Janet said.

The man still kept his mouth shut.

And then the next second, he grabbed Janet’s hand abruptly and brought her wrist to his nose, taking in a deep inhale.

“You...smell too good...you don’t smell like a rogue.”

The rogue sniffed and grinned, flashing his yellow teeth.

“I can just gobble you down alive...like a sheep...”

Janet gritted her teeth in fume..

Yet before she could snatch her hand back, a great force came behind her back and shoved that rogue against the wall.

Daran stood with his hand firmly clamped around the rogue’s neck.

The rogue’s feet were forced to leave the ground, his legs kicking vainly in the air.

“No...Please don’t!” The rogue gasped, struggling to breathe.

“Wrong person to mess with,” Daran said coldly.

“Let me down...You-You are not supposed to kill anyone before the test!”

“Daran,” Janet called him in a low voice..

Daran loosened his grip and let the rogue fall to the ground. Holding her in his arms, he led her back to their own group.

“Are you alright?” Kass asked in worry.

Janet smiled, "I am fine. These are just common rogues, not even trained soldiers." Everyone here had been on the battlefield and slaughtered countless enemies. Those people were nothing to be afraid of.

Glen scratched his head anxiously, "So what the hell is this about? Locking the bunch of us in a cell? And what did that rogue mean when he said that we were not supposed to kill him before the test?"

"Do you know what this reminds me of?" Janet asked.

"The Coliseum," Daran said icily.

The Coliseum, a brutal battleground where the slaves battled with wild beasts and each other to entertain the royals.

It certainly seemed like the rogue's taste.

"Filthy bastards," Jared snorted.

They took their seats on the ground and waited in the darkness.

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Daran let Janet lean on his shoulders and said, "You can shut your eyes for a while. I will wake you up later."

"No, I am not tired," she shook

her head.

"Nervous?"

"No, not at all. I guess...I am excited."

Fire of rage and thirst for revenge was burning inside of her chest.

She had a feeling that they would be meeting the Rogue King soon.

And that was exactly what they had hoped for.

So they kept on waiting.

Didn't know how much time had passed...probably an hour, or even longer than that.

Then they heard a deep hum and rumble of the machinery.

It was like some chains and gears were turned on to work, and the damp ground beneath their feet started to quake. Dust fell off the ceiling on their shoulder.

They all jumped up.

The brick wall slowly slid to the sides.

Silver moonlight poured in. And they could finally see what was behind those thick walls.

The vast arena, the opening space, the dried blood on the ground...

They were standing in a Coliseum.

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The rest of the rogues quivered by the door.

Daran was the first to step into the area and Janet followed right behind him.

They looked around.

This entire space was like a titan of antiquity.

Its towering stone walls, weathered by wind and rain, stood almost ten stories high. Within the vast arena, tiers of stone seats encircled the battleground, which had sandy ground with dried blood on it. Tons of relentless battles must have happened here before.

Above, the open sky stretched like a canvas, with a bright full moon shining right in the middle of the night sky.

“Look to the stands!” Janet whispered to Daran.

They raised their heads and looked up.

High up in the stands, hidden in the shadow of the stone wall, sat many audiences. Janet couldn't see their faces clearly from this distance even with her perfect vision. “What the fuck!” Glen snapped, “Are they here to see us fight?”

“This is a Coliseum. It is designed to entertain the nobles,” Kass sighed.

“These fucking barbarians are not nobles! And I definitely don't want to fucking entertain them like some pets that they own!”

“I agree with Kass,” Jared said sullenly. “I don't like the feeling of this either.”

Janet understood why they were both frustrated.

Everyone here either Gammas or Alphas, people highly respected in their own packs. It was already a great shame for them to try to fit into their enemy's crowd, let alone entertaining those people.

A huge humiliation, indeed.

“But think how far we have come!” Janet kept her voice down and said, “We are just a step away from the Grace Ruin and the Rogue King. If we back down from this now, we will return empty handed, with no clue about our biggest enemy. Is that truly what you want?”

Glen and Jared exchanged a sullen look.

“Alpha Daran, what about you?” Glen asked, “Are you OK with this?”

Daran raised an eyebrow.

He brought his hands together and cracked his knuckles.

“Between a little sacrifice and victory?” he said in an off-handed voice, “I always choose the later.”

Just then, a clattering noise came from behind their backs.

They jerked around to look.

The four iron gates located at the four directions of this arena opened up abruptly.

They heard the growling of hungry beasts. From those shadowy gates, a crowd of

Janet knew that they could pass this test easily. So she was not in a rush to participate in that chaos.

She temporarily stepped aside and looked up at the stands one more time.

There was somebody sitting in the middle of the stands.

That spot had the perfect view overlooking the entire arena. And all the seats around that spot were all empty. It almost looked like that nobody dared to seat next to that certain person.

Janet narrowed her eyes.

Could that person be the Rogue King?

She wanted to get a better view of that person. But she couldn't, not from this distance and plus the shadows.

Yet her gut told her that this was the one that they had been looking for.

She thought about shifting and going at that person directly. But with the distance between them, he would probably get away before she even got to the stands.

No.

Now was still not a good time.

The noises gradually quieted down. Blood and torn body parts were lying

everywhere on the ground. All beasts were slaughtered, mostly by Daran and the others.

Two rogues died in the process. There would be a lot more lost lives if it weren't for their group.

Jared wiped the hot blood off his face and laughed, "That was fun! So now what? Have we passed the test already?"

Janet shook her head slowly, "I don't think it is that simple."

Just then, a lone applause came from the stands, catching all their attention.

"Impressive."

A woman's voice echoed in the night sky.

“You just broke the record.”

“It is a woman!” Kass said urgently in a low voice, “Is that the Rogue King?”

“It could also be his puppet,” Daran said.

Janet searched for the woman who just spoke among the audiences but failed. She couldn't be sure if she was the person sitting in the middle.

“Now for the second round-

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The woman snapped her fingers. Torches suddenly lit up around the arena, illuminating the entire space.

“-battle until there are only 5 of you left.”

Janet looked around.

Fifteen people came into the arena and two just died in the first round.

There were now thirteen people present.

“5! That is exactly the size of our group!” Kass looked to Janet and Daran, “What should we do?”

Jared seemed reluctant, “Are we really going to kill civilians?”

“These are not civilians.”

Daran said coldly. The fire light casted a beautiful glow over his handsome profile.

“Those are rogues. Our enemy.”

Just then, a roar came from behind their backs. A rogue shifted into wolf and howled to the full moon. The next second, he came at Jared at full speed!

“Looks like if you don't kill them, they will kill you!”

Janet cried loudly and stopped a rogue who tried to sneak up behind her back.

“Strike back!”

The arena lapsed into a complete chaos, with them fighting against the rogues and the rogues battling among themselves

Most rogues had shifted.

Janet could very well handle them in her human form. But she still decided to shift just to be safe.

She called to her wolf internally and prepared to shift.

Yet the strangest thing happened, something that never happened in her entire life.

Her wolf didn't answer.

She was stuck in her human form.

A freezing chill was sent down Janet's spine as she stood on her spot stiffly,

What just happened?

That couldn't be right... Why couldn't she shift?!

She was so shocked that she didn't even notice a rogue coming at her. It was Daran who noticed the danger and rushed to her rescue,

"Focus, Janet!"

Daran snapped and broke the rogue's neck.

"What are you doing just standing there?"

Janet looked up at him, her voice slightly shaking, "I-I can't shift! Daran, what is going on here?"

A furrow appeared between Daran's brows.

After a small pause, his face turned cold, "Me neither."

"What the fuck happened?!"

Daran clenched his jaw and said, "I don't know. Stay close to me for now."

It didn't take long before they cleared out the arena. The rogues pretty much took care of themselves. And the rest who dared to challenge the group all died in their hands.

Yet they were facing a bigger crisis now.

“Daran! Janet!”

Jared rushed over with his entire body covered in blood.

“I can’t shift! And neither could Glen!” he said urgently. “Can you?”

Janet shook her head.

Kass came back to them as well. He was the only one in this group who could shift into his wolf.

“Is there some sorts of taboo on werewolves?” Janet asked Kass.

Kass shifted back into human. He looked anxious as well, “Not that I have heard of. This is so weird!”

“Don’t worry. We can handle this,” Daran said.

His voice was so calm and steady that it cooled everyone down immediately.

And they heard the woman’s voice again.

“Very good.”

She said in a booming voice in the distance.

Janet glared at that direction, her heart full of rage, “Are we done here?”

“Not yet.”

The woman giggled pleasantly, “It is very rare to see people take this test as a group.

Most rogues are loners.”

“What is your point exactly?!”

The woman’s voice turned cold:

“Now for the final round...Kill a friend. To prove that you are really one of us.”

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Kill a friend?

Janet rounded her eyes in rage.

This was outrageous! There was no way they would do that in a million years!

“Fuck them!” Jared growled, “They are fucking playing with us!”

Dazan clenched his jaw. His eyes gleamed coldly like a piece of ice.

“The Rogue King is here somewhere,” he said deeply.

“How do you know?” Jared asked with a frown.

“I have a feeling. Plus, a man like him would never miss out on such a great show.”

He scanned his eyes across the stands.

“It would be best if we can kill him right here,” he said.

Janet gritted her teeth.

She agreed with Daran that this was a great opportunity to kill the Rogue King. But the problem was that they didn't know where he was at specifically. And the more important issue was that they didn't have their wolves.

“OK, let us say that we can locate the Rogue King among the crowd. But can you compete with the Rogue King without your wolf?” Jared asked in worry.

Daran stretched his body calmly.

There was a wild and arrogant twinkle in his eyes.

“There is no way of finding out without a try,” he said haughtily.

“No! No fucking way! I am strongly against it!”

Jared huffed, glaring at Daran.

“I know that you are a strong Alpha and everything. But this is the Rogue fucking King! We fought him brutally for decades and yet still couldn’t end that

motherfucker. What do you think you can take him down barehanded? The alliance can’t afford to lose you!”

Kass nodded in agreement, “I agree. It is too risky. We will find another chance later.”

“I won’t go back empty-handed,” Daran said coldly. “This trip has to accomplish something.”

“And what if the accomplishment is your death?! The Rogue King will fucking like that! It is two against one now. Janet, what do you say?”

They all turned to look at Janet.

Janet bit her lips, her heart struggling inside.

Daran was a fierce, aggressive warrior. He never backed away in the face of danger. Which was the reason why so many rogues were so afraid of him.

But this was no normal danger.

This was the crisis of a lifetime!

The woman’s voice asked loudly from the stands, “What is the delay here? I don’t have all night!”

“Let’s go!” Kass hissed urgently, “Before it is too late, Alpha Daran!”

Yet Daran ignored Kass. He was staring at Janet, his gaze very intimidating.

“Trust me on this, Janet,” he said pressingly.

Janet licked her dry lips, her heart thumping against her ribs like crazy.

“I...”

She uttered a single word and lost her voice again.

Just then, a rattling noise came from behind their backs.

From a peripheral look, Janet saw Glen pick up a knife from the ground.

Her heart skipped a beat.

“What the fuck are you doing, Glen?!” she cried, her voice high and shrill.

Glen stood a few steps away from them, holding that knife in his hand. There was a determined look on his face.

“Don’t be stupid, Glen!” Jared roared, “Drop the fucking knife!”

Janet’s heart had jumped to her throat.

Was Glen really willing to kill one of them?

She hated to doubt any of her friends but...

Glen did betray them once.

“I am sorry guys.”

Glen tightened his grip on the knife. His voice was dry and hoarse.

“But I can’t come this far and accomplish nothing. Those sleepless nights and desperate hopes... it is killing me...”

Kass let out a deep growl and stood in front of Janet. He was the only one who had shifted into his wolf.

“Drop the knife, Glen!” Daran snapped.

Glen lifted the corners of his lips into a bitter smile.

And then, he turned the knife around and pointed it at his own chest.

“NO-!” Janet cried loudly.

The four of them dashed at Glen together. But it was still too late. By the time they got to Glen’s side, the knife had been stabbed into his heart.

“No...No, don’t...Glen!”

Jared knelt by Glen’s side and tried to use his hands to cover the wound. But he couldn’t stop the blood.

“Why the fuck Glen!!!” Jared roared with tears streaming down his face.

Glen’s lips trembled. His eyes were already starting to lose focus.

“You-You need to kill someone-to keep going...it might as well be me...” he said shakily.

“Those motherfuckers are fucking playing with us! You fucking listened to them?!”

“Whatever man...”

Glen smiled weakly. Tears were circling in his eyes.

“Veronica died...and I am a traitor...call me a coward but I don’t want to live anyway...”

He struggled to lift a hand and give it to Daran.

Daran held his hand tightly.

“Y-You are our hope, Alpha Daran...I believe in you...” Glen breathed lightly, “So kill that filthy bastard and avenge me and Veronica...”

Daran clenched his hand.

“You have my word,” he gritted.

Glen breathed out a long sigh. He gazed at the full moon hanging in the middle of the night sky and murmured:

“...Veronica...”

Then he stopped breathing.

Janet’s mind was a complete blank.

She couldn’t believe this. Everything felt so surreal.

They had so many options. They could retreat, or they could risk it and attack the Rogue King. Neither way would lead to the death of their friend.

But Glen still chose the most tragic way.

Just like he said, he didn’t want to live anymore.

Janet blinked and a tear dropped on Glen’s face. She had never hated the Rogue King this much in her entire life!

“We can’t let Glen’s death become vain,” Daran said in a dark voice.

He glanced at Janet and Jared before looking at Kass.

“Remember what I said to you before we left Crimson Fortress?” he asked.

Kass paused.

He nodded reluctantly after a few seconds.

“Good,” Daran said. “Stick to our plan when the time comes.”

Janet looked at them in a daze.

She had no idea what they were talking about.

Stick to the plan?

What plan?

And how come she didn't know that Daran talked to Kass before they left Crimson Fortress?

Before she could ask about it, a roaring laughter traveled down from the stands and broke the silence.

They all jerked around to look for the source of that laughter.

A tall figure rose from the seat and casually made his way down from the stands. He stepped into the arena and kept walking.

Eventually, he came into the light.

“I have been waiting for you, my friends. Welcome to my Kingdom!” he laughed.

Janet stared at him.

The gorgeous face, the lanky body figure, the pleasant smile...

It was Lance.

The Rogue King was Lance.

In that split second, she understood everything.

The nice blacksmith that she saved from the rogue's hand was actually their largest enemy. He had been hiding under their noses all these times with a fake identity.

He was the one who killed Veronica.

And Harper.

He must have had Harper working for him as well.

“Why the furious look, my friends?”

Lance giggled. His face was lit up with happiness and excitement.

“It took me a lot of effort to get you here. Especially you, Alpha Daran. You slaughtered so many of my men and sabotaged all my plans...We ought to get to know each other sooner. What a pity.”

Daran stood up and stared at Lance.

There was a bloodthirsty gleam in Daran’s eyes.

“Because you have been hiding in the shadows like a fucking rat,” he said dangerously.

Lance laughed, “True, true! But I have to put my own safety into consideration here. Not everyone was born with a strong physic and an Alpha aura. But it is not too late, is it? Today is a memorable day. We finally get to meet.”

“Yes.”

Daran said darkly. He clenched his fists, his muscles bulging.

“Very memorable. Because today-is also the day you die!”

Daran suddenly let out a roaring howl, his Alpha aura sweeping across the field like a gush of strong wind!

Horrified gasps could be heard from the stands.

Everyone present-including Lance himself-wobbled on their spots because of the Alpha aura.

Daran dashed at Lance at full speed.

He got to Lance’s side fast as thunder and gripped Larice’s throat.

With a clack noise, he snapped Lance’s neck like a twig!

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Chapter 105

Chapter 105

Janet rounded her eyes in awe.

Daran snapped the Rogue King's neck.

Did this mean that...

They just killed their largest enemy?!

Excitement exploded in her chest like a million fireworks. Yet before she could rush forward and congratulate Daran, something horrible happened.

Lance didn't crush down to the ground as he was supposed to.

He stood on his spot and slowly raised a hand, holding his own head.

Janet couldn't believe what she just saw.

How was this possible?

How could somebody still be able to move around after their heads were snapped?!

With a cracking noise, Lance twisted his own neck, and his head was back to its normal position.

"What the fuck..." Jared uttered in horror.

It was like one fucking freak show!

"Well, that was unnecessarily hostile," Lance coughed holding his chest.

Everyone was glowering at him with a mixture of disgust and shock.

"What the fuck are you?" Daran hissed dangerously.

"What am I?"

Lance shrugged with a pleasant smile.

“Well, I am a werewolf, just like you guys. The only difference is that I am a rogue and this is the rogue’s Kingdom. You can’t possibly believe that you will be able to kill me the King of all rogues-in my kingdom, do you?”

—

Janet’s heart sank.

The Rogue King was...immortal?

But it didn’t make any sense!

Lance became King after the former Rogue King died. If the Rogue King was really immortal, how did Lance’s predecessor die?

There were so many things that didn’t make sense.

And so many strange things had happened since they set foot into the rogue’s land.

Like the fact that they couldn’t shift here.

And the Rogue King’s immortality.

Janet felt that they were onto something. But there were still many layers of truth waiting to be unveiled.

“So.”

“What should I do with you now, ny dear guests?” he asked,

Janet looked at Daran anxiously, waiting for him to give an order,

She was torn inside.

Did they retreat?

Or did they attack again?

If they retreated, Glen’s death would be in vain; yet attacking didn’t work either because apparently the Rogue King couldn’t be killed-or at least he couldn’t be killed in a normal way.

Nothing seemed right!!!

Just then, a deep voice traveled from behind her back, breaking the silence:

“I surrender.”

Janet’s heart skipped a beat as though she just missed a step while walking down the staircase.

...What?

Turning around stiffly, she looked at the person who had just spoken and found that it was Kass.

She glared at Kass, her eyes wide with disbelief.

“What the fuck...” she snarled, “What the fuck did you just say, Kass?!”

She couldn’t believe this.

Something must be wrong.

Kass chose to stand by her side even when his identity was questioned by the entire alliance! His loyalty was without question!

Why would he give in all of a sudden and turn to the Rogue King now?!

Under everyone’s furious gaze, Kass straightened his back and repeated himself once more:

“I pledge my loyalty to you, my king.”

-You fucking bastard, Kass!!!” Jared barked, “You are a disgusting piece of shit!” Jared’s eyes were bloodshot.

He wanted to dash forward and throw a punch at Kass. But Daran stopped him. Jared struggled fiercely and kept roaring at Kass:

“You want to surrender now? Do you remember how Janet defended you in front of everyone? She took you in! She had faith in you! Is this how you want to pay back her trust?!!”

Kass’s body trembled.

There was a hurtful look on his face.

After a small pause, he repeated once more in a low voice, "...I surrender to you, my King."

"FUCK!" Jared spat.

"FUCK!" Jared spat.

Lance rubbed his chin with an intrigued smile, "I always welcome new friends. The more the merrier. But do tell me one thing. Why do you choose to pledge your loyalty to me?"

"Because...I am a rogue."

Kass took a deep breath and pulled his clothes up,

There was a thunder-shaped imprint on his abs, which looked like a brand left by a hot iron. It burned so deeply into his flesh that it was still there even after years.

He showed this to Janet when he told her about his identity.

It was the symbol of the rogue.

"You should recognize this symbol, my King."

Kass said in a slightly shaking voice.

"I got this on the day of my birth. I was born as a rogue. Always have been. The packs and the werewolves...they never thought of me as one of them-"

"KASS!" Janet cried.

Yet Kass continued anyway, "So it is time for me to return to my real home, my real family...my real King."

Lance burst into laughter abruptly.

He laughed so hard that his whole body rocked back and forth.

"Well, well, well...What a nice surprise! I like you. Welcome home, Kass!" he clapped.

Janet stood on her spot stiffly as Kass walked over to her.

They looked at each other.

"...Don't..." Janet murmured, tears welling up in her

Don't do this, Kass.

eyes.

Don't make me lose another friend right after Glen's death.

"Sorry," Kass said in a low voice.

He raised an arm abruptly and knocked on Janet's neck, catching her off guard. She was crushed to the ground.

Before passing out, she gave one last look at Daran and then fell into the darkness.

When Janet woke up again, she found herself lying in the back of a moving car. Her head hurt so much as though it had been cut in half by a chainsaw.

Groaning painfully, she struggled to pull herself up from the ground.

A large hand held her shoulder and helped her to sit straight.

Janet snapped her head around and found that it was Daran.

"Oh my god!"

She cried, throwing herself at Daran and wrapping her arms around his neck.

"Thank god you are OK! I was so afraid..."

She didn't know that Kass would knock her out all of a sudden,

She was completely caught off guard.

Even though she knew that Daran was strong enough to protect himself, she still couldn't help but worry for him.

It was so nice to see him alright.

Daran held her tightly against his chest and kissed her forehead, "Don't worry. I am fine."

Janet hid her face under the collar of his jacket. Tears fell out of her eyes.

"I...I am so sorry..."

She sobbed.

"I-I didn't know Kass would betray us...everything is my fault..."

If she knew that Kass's loyalty was with others, she would never agree to bring him here.

What a horrible mistake.

Daran stroked her long hair gently, "Hey, there is something that I need to tell you."

"What?"

"It is all part of the plan," he said.

Janet rounded her eyes.

She sat up straight and looked at Daran with teary eyes.

"W-What do you mean?" she gasped.

"Before we left the Crimson Fortress, I called Kass aside and informed him about this plan. I asked him to surrender to the Rogue King when things become handy. Kass's identity will make it easier for the Rogue King to believe him. And that way, we will have someone on the inside working for us."

He smiled and cupped Janet's cheek.

"So don't worry. We haven't lost Kass. He is still our friend," he said.

Janet's jaw dropped.

"So it is a faked act," she said.

"Yes.'

Can't you at least let me know about this?!" Janet cried, hitting him in the chest. "Do you know how hurt I was when Kass surrendered himself? And now I feel like an idiot!"

Daran chuckled and caught her fist, planting a soft kiss on the back of her hand. "Sorry. I should have let you know. My bad."

Janet pouted, her chest rising and falling rapidly in fume.

"So where are we heading? What happened after I passed out?" she asked.

Janet's jaw dropped.

"So it is a faked act," she said.

“Yes.”

“Can’t you at least let me know about this?!” Janet cried, hitting him in the chest. “Do you know how hurt I was when Kass surrendered himself? And now I feel like an idiot!”

Daran chuckled and caught her fist, planting a soft kiss on the back of her hand.

“Sorry. I should have let you know. My bad.”

Janet pouted, her chest rising and falling rapidly in fume.

“So where are we heading? What happened after I passed out?” she asked.

“Lance sent Jared back. He wanted Jared to spread the words that we are in his hands now. As for where we are going...” Daran lowered the car window and gestured her to look outside, “See for yourself.”

Janet peeked outside.

They were in the middle of a desert with a scorching sun above their head. The road stretched into the horizon and a great city was gradually coming into her view.

“...The Grace Ruin,” she murmured.

“Indeed.”

“Lance brought us here? Why? Why bring his largest enemy back to his own home?” Janet asked perplexedly.

“I don’t know. But it goes perfectly with our plan anyway. A lot of our questions will be answered here.”

Janet nodded.

She gazed at the city in the distance.

She couldn’t wait to unravel all those mysteries.

Like why they couldn’t shift in the rogue’s land.

Why Lance brought them here?

And most importantly...How could they kill him?

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Chapter 106

Chapter 106

Janet was very curious to see the Rogue King's headquarters.

They had heard a lot of rumors about this place, the Grace Ruin. But none of the people they knew had actually set foot here.

Until today.

They arrived at the mysterious land by themselves.

It was actually a beautiful city with ancient and exotic architecture. The streets winded through a mosaic of buildings, from towering spires to weathered stone bridges arching gracefully over the canals.

The scent of spices mingled with the melodies of street musicians, flooding into the car through the lowered window.

"Well, it is actually not that bad."

Janet whispered to Daran while watching a group of children running down the street, chasing a falling kite.

"It is nothing like what I have imagined before."

"What have you imagined?" Daran asked while playing with a lock of her hair. "Like streets filled with blood and corpses? Buildings built with skulls? You know...like hell?"

Daran let out a light snort, "Lance is not stupid. This is his home, his headquarters. If he turns this place to hell, no rogues will ever want to settle down here. He needs the manpower. So he has to make this place welcoming."

His face turned dark slightly.

"But he is not this nice to other people's homes," he said in a cold voice.

Janet was reminded of the soaring fire in the Fox Town, the hung bodies on the flagpoles of the Crimson Fortress.

Lance was a monster for sure. Inside and out.

They needed to end his life before he got another chance to invade their territory.

The car came all the way deep into the belly area of the city and stopped in front of a magnificent palace.

This must be where Lance resided.

Daran and Janet got out of the car.

They looked around and found a group of rogues watching them from the distance. They all dressed like servants and were whispering to one another with horrified faces.

Eventually, one servant plucked up the courage and approached them carefully.

“A-Alpha Daran...and Miss Janet...Good day.”

The servant bowed, quivering slightly, and continued in a shaky voice:

“The King is expecting you in the main hall, Alpha Daran. He wants to speak to you alone...And in the meantime, Miss Janet can follow me to the guest room and have

This must be where Lance resided.

Daran and Janet got out of the car.

They looked around and found a group of rogues watching them from the distance. They all dressed like servants and were whispering to one another with horrified faces.

Eventually, one servant plucked up the courage and approached them carefully.

“A-Alpha Daran...and Miss Janet...Good day.”

The servant bowed, quivering slightly, and continued in a shaky voice:

“The King is expecting you in the main hall, Alpha Daran. He wants to speak to you alone...And in the meantime, Miss Janet can follow me to the guest room and have some rest...”

Daran let out an icy sneer.

“I am in no mood to see him now,” he said coldly. “Now, show us to our room.”

The servants looked astonished.

He obviously didn't want to obey Lance's order. Yet he also didn't have enough courage to force Daran into anything.

While the servant was still in a trance, Daran held Janet's hand walked past him in long strides, and made his way up the staircase.

"H-Hold on a second!"

The servant cried in panic, catching up with them hastily, "This way please..."

On their way to the guest room, they bumped into many servants and maids.

All those people dodged to the sides frantically when they saw Daran and lowered their heads as much as possible to avoid eye contact with him.

Janet was amazed by this.

"They all seem terrified of you," she whispered to Daran.

Daran smiled faintly.

"Apparently so," he said.

"For what? Do you know?"

Daran said in an offhand voice, "I have fought too many battles. Killed too many rogues."

If this was said by another person, it would sound like bragging.

But not for Daran.

Daran simply told the truth.

Even though they were alone in the Rogue King's kingdom, these rogues still feared Daran like hell.

They were brought into a suite on the top floor. The room was gorgeously furnished with a great garden view.

Looked like Lance was really treating them like guests, not prisoners.

"What do you think he is up to?" Janet asked Daran in a low voice. "Bring us back here and treat us so nicely?"

Daran took his seat on the couch very calmly.

“He is apparently up to something. And we will find out about that soon,” he said. “This is a race. Does he get what he wants first, or do we kill him first?”

Janet smiled and sat down next to him, “I bet my money on the latter.”

They snuggled on the couch. Janet felt a little tired. Daran held her in his arms and told her to a nap.

Janet shut her eyes, taking a deep breath of Daran’s scent.

This was amazing.

They were in their enemy’s headquarters, But she didn’t feel afraid at all.

Probably because she knew that she was safe as long as Daran was by her side.

He was the greatest Alpha. Capable of anything in the world.

Janet fell asleep in Daran’s arms. She slept lightly. After what felt like an hour or so, she heard some low whisperings.

...I am truly sorry, Alpha Daran. But the King is here, waiting to see you...”

Janet let out a small yawn and opened her eyes.

A maid knelt on the floor in front of them. She was too afraid to raise her head and look at them.

Janet rubbed her sleepy eyes, “Lance is here?”

“Yeah, apparently he came himself,” Daran shrugged. “Do you want to sleep a little longer? I am sure he can wait.”

Janet chuckled, “No, I am fine. Go ahead and see what he wants. He seems really desperate.”

“Do you want to come along?” Daran asked.

“The King wants to see you only, Alpha Daran,” said the maid carefully.

Daran cast a freezing look at her, “Nobody cares what he wants.”

The maid quivered and shut her mouth.

“So?” Daran asked Janet again.

“No, I am fine. You go ahead,” Janet smiled. “I have had enough of that face in one day already.”

Daran nodded and stood up, kissing Janet on her forehead.

“I will be back shortly,” he said.

Daran and the maid left the room.

Janet stretched her body a bit and walked to the window.

She looked outside.

There were guards patrolling around. And servants were mowing the lawns and trimming the trees under the guard’s watch. If the servants were a minute slow trimming the trees under the guard’s watch. If the servants were a minute slow, they would get lashed by the guards immediately.

Janet’s eyes darkened.

This place wasn’t so peaceful and quiet at a second look.

Just then, a loud noise came from behind her back.

Janet turned around and found the suite’s room had been busted open and a group of people marched right inside.

The woman walking at the front was nobody else but Harper.

Janet narrowed her eyes dangerously.

She was not surprised to see Harper here.

This evil woman must have been working with Lance when they were still in Crimson Fortress. Together, they killed Veronica.

“Well, hello there, my little sister.”

Harper curved her lips into a malicious smile.

“Do you miss me?”

“You and I are no sisters.” Janet said in a cold voice, “Now get the fuck out of my room. I didn’t ask you to come in.”

Harper burst into roaring laughter abruptly.

“Your room? Oh my, I am laughing my ass off here! This is not your room. This is the Rogue King’s kingdom. You are a fucking nobody here! You better pay me some respect, or I will have you executed right away!”

“Oh yeah?”

Janet sneered and walked up to Harper,

Harper took a quick step back intuitively, Janet approached her one more step

“What makes you think that you have the right to execute me?” Janet hissed

Harper was intimidated by Janet,

She gulped nervously and puffed her chest, pretending to be mighty and tough.
“Because-I am the King’s mate!”

Harper announced proudly,

Meet the Queen of all rogues, you bitch!”

rogues,

Ever

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Chapter 107

Chapter 107

“Queen?”

Janet repeated, looking amused.

Then she started to laugh, her voice growing louder and louder. Soon she was roaring with laughter.

“What is so funny!” Harper snapped, irritated.

“You. Apparently!”

Janet sneered.

“You are just a piece of trash, Harper. Do you still remember how you suck up to Daran before and go around telling everyone that you are his Luna? And what did that get you? You became a fucking slave. And this is just like the last time. Sooner or later, it will blow up to your face and you will become nothing. It is only a matter of time!”

Harper’s face turned red in anger.

“No! I will not!” she shrieked, “This time it is different! I am Lance’s mate! I love him! Deeply-”

Janet grabbed her collar and drew her close.

“You said before. That you were in love with Daran. So which one is the truth?”

She stared straight into Harper’s panicked eyes.

“Or maybe none is true. Because you are just a power-obsessed cunning whore who is full of shitty lies!”

Harper cried loudly in fume. She tried to break free from Janet but failed, which made her even more infuriated.

“What are you doing all standing there!”

Harper shouted to the group of maids who followed her into the room.

“Do something! Take her down! Fucking tied her up! I am your queen for Christ’s sake!”

Maids exchanged a look of worry with each other.

But nobody made a move.

“What are you waiting for? I brought you here for a reason! Hurry! Slap her face for me!” Harper yelled.

“Miss Harper...”

One maid spoke up carefully.

“We are not here to help you bully anybody. On the contrary, we are here to help Miss Janet freshen up and get dressed for the banquet this evening.”

Harper rounded her eyes in shock, “No...No way! Does the King know about this?”

“Actually, this came directly from the King.”

Another maid said.

“He asked us to bring the fine gowns and jewelry for Miss Janet to choose from. He made it clear that Miss Janet is our most important guest, and she should be treated with respect.”

She snapped her finger, and a few rackets of clothes were brought into Janet’s suite.

“Feel free to choose whatever you like, Miss Janet,” the maid said to Janet humbly. “If nothing here fits your taste, we will find more.”

Harper swayed on her spot,

She looked as though she had just been struck by a thunder.

“You... You are a whore! Janet!” she snarled, glowering at Janet. “You snatched Daran from me and that was still not enough? Why do you have to take Lance as well!”

Janet let out a cold laugh.

“Lance is my enemy and always will be. One day I will chop his head off and hang it on a fucking flagpole. I am perfectly clear about that. The problem is with you, Harper. You are a weak puss who wants everything but always ends up getting none.”

She shoved Harper on the shoulder and sent her staggering back a few steps. “Now fuck off. Your face disgusts me,” Janet said warily.

She turned around marching into the room in long strides. All maids followed behind her back hastily, bringing all those clothes and jewelry inside.

Harper was left there alone.

Her face twisted in rage.

She made a huge fuss coming down here. She was determined to give Janet a hard time. She even put on the nicest clothes that Lance had got her as a demonstration of

how well off she was now.

Yet what did she just see?

The diamond earrings that Lance sent to Janet were twice as large as hers!

And Janet managed to humiliate her in front of everyone once again!

Harper couldn't help but felt pissed...And most importantly, panicked.

Why did Lance treat Janet so nicely?

Did he...like Janet?

Did all the men in the world like Janet?!

Harper let out a furious growl.

No.

She wouldn't accept this!

She was so much prettier than Janet. And so much smarter. Daran was a fool to fall for Janet. Lance wouldn't be like that!

But she had to find out why Lance was so kind to Janet.

Making up her mind, Harper followed Janet into the dressing room.

And she was angry to find that a maid was placing a tiara on Janet's head.

A goddamn tiara! And it was loaded with diamonds!

Each diamond was three times larger than the pathetic little ones on her earrings.

Harper gritted her teeth, a savage envy in her heart.

"This tiara really fits you, Miss Janet," the maid smiles.

Janet took one quick glance at her own reflection and said nonchalantly, "Take it away."

"M-Miss...but this is the most expensive one in all the jewelry that we have here. The King specifically asked us to give it to you-"

"It might seem expensive to your King, but not to me. From where I come from, this is basically nothing. And I don't like it."

Janet looked the maid through the mirror and said in a chilling voice:

“What? Are we going to have a problem here?”

The maid held the tiara stiffly in her hands, not knowing what to do.

Harper finally saw an opening for her to attack Janet. So she immediately raised her voice and cried, “You are so ungrateful, Janet! How dare you decline the King’s generous offer!”

Janet raised an eyebrow, “I dare, and I will. What are you going to do?”

“I-I-

Harper clenched her fists. She was mortified. She was desperate to do something to make Janet look bad.

“-I am fucking teaching you a lesson!” she cried.

Grabbing the glass of water on the table, Harper splashed the full glass right onto Janet’s face!

All maids clamped their mouths and gasped.

Everyone was horrified.

How could Miss Harper do this to the King’s most precious guest? Not to mention that this certain guest was a famous Gamma herself, who was said to have killed thousands of rogues!

If the King’s guest was infuriated and suddenly decided to bloodbath the entire room, what should they do then?!

Nobody dared to make a sound.

They all held their breaths and watched Janet’s reaction nervously.

Janet looked at Harper with water dripping down from her face.

Her eyes were ice cold. Her gaze was so intimidating that it was enough to scare people to shit their pants.

Harper took an involuntary step back in fear.

“W-What?” Harper snapped, pretending to be tough. “I am warning you. We are on

the Rogue King

bitah! I will tell

الـ بصري

the Rogue King's territory! Don't fucking touch me, you bitch! I will tell on you!"

"Oh really?"

Janet sneered, her eyes gleaming coldly.

"But if I rip your chest open right here, right now, you will not be able to tell."

Harper's body started to tremble, "No. No, you won't dare-"

Right at this heated moment, a cold voice traveled from their backs:

"What is going on here?"

Janet and Harper both turned around to look.

There was a woman standing by the door. Her curvy long hair was scarlet red. And there was a mask on her face.

"Lady Morgana!"

All maids curtsayed to this woman immediately.

"L-Lady?" Harper stuttered, "Who is she?"

She hadn't seen this woman around since she got here.

"This is the King's Cabinet Minister, Lady Morgana," a maid said lowly.

Morgana stepped into the room and removed her mask.

There was a red birthmark on her face. As though her face was kissed by fire.

Janet rounded her eyes in shock.

Hold on a second.

A girl with a birthmark on her face...Why did this sound so familiar?

And then she suddenly remembered it.

Didn't Hellen Diaz give birth to a baby like that? The Diaz weren't happy with the baby's birthmark, so they forced the hospital to swap a healthy baby for them. And that was why they took Janet home instead of their own child.

Nobody knew what happened to that child.

Could it be...Was it possible that...

"Hello there."

Morgana curved her lips into an icy smile, "I have been expecting for you. Miss Janet and...my blood sister."

Harper was as shocked as Janet.

She did know that her sister existed. But she never thought she would see her again one day.

But this was great!

Her biological sister was the King's Cabinet Minister! A great help to her!

She would never have to be afraid of Janet anymore!

"Oh my god! So nice to meet you!"

Harper rushed forward, grinning widely.

"My beloved sister, please come and help me teach this fucking whore a lesson! You are the minister, a big shot here"

Yet before Harper could finish, Morgana raised a hand and slapped harshly across her face!

SLAP!

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Chapter 108

Chapter 108

Harper held her burning cheek with mortified tears circling in her eyes.

“W-Why did you hit me!”

She cried, humiliated.

“We are sisters! Long lost sisters! You should be hugging me and helping me instead!”

Morgana snorted, “Are you deaf? I just said it. Your parents abandoned me. They left me in the hospital, like tossing away a piece of garbage, simply because they didn’t like the way I looked when I was born. I hate you. Each one of you.”

“Mom did give birth to you-” Harper stuttered.

“But did she care for me? Feed me? Protect me for even a single day in my life? Hell fucking no.”

She gave a disgusted look at Harper and snarled:

“Now fuck off. You should be thankful that I am not tearing your face off right now.”

Harper bit her lower lip in shame.

She thought Morgana was here to help her. But no! Her so-called sister was on Janet’s side.

She wouldn’t allow this.

She was the queen. She should establish her sense of power!

“You can’t talk to me like that! I am the King’s mate. His queen!” Harper snapped sternly, “I demand you to apologize to me right now!”

Morgana snorted and looked around the room.

“I have been here for over a decade. How come I don’t know that Lance has a queen?” she asked the maids, “Do you guys know about that?”

The maids all shook their heads.

Harper was infuriated, "He just hasn't got a chance to properly announce me as his queen!"

"Well, until then, you are nothing but a piece of this to me. Even after he makes you his queen, I can still tell you to fuck off whenever I want."

Morgana waved her hand dismissively, "Escort her out."

..

Two maids strode forward and grabbed Harper's shoulder.

They shoved Harper out of the room forcefully.

Janet could still hear Harper's furious cries and curses coming from the hallway even after she was kicked out.

"Well, well, well... Isn't this the legendary Gamma Janet?"

Morgana crossed her arms and surveyed Janet up and down.

"They said that you are a legendary warrior. It is a shame that I haven't got a chance to fight you personally. Or you would have died in my hands a long time ago."

"They said that you are a legendary warrior. It is a shame that I haven't got a chance to fight you personally. Or you would have died in my hands a long time ago."

"Likewise."

Janet replied calmly, "Your wolf head would make a nice decoration for my house." Morgana raised an eyebrow. She looked intrigued.

"You are an interesting person, Janet. Too bad that we are enemies," she giggled. "I heard that you were raised in the Diaz's house. So how was it like that?"

"It was a hell hole," Janet said. "You already saw what the Diaz's family members were like."

Morgana burst into laughter, "Well then, I should be glad that they abandoned me. Growing up in the rogue's territory alone is way better than being raised by a bunch of pricks."

She snapped her fingers and beckoned a maid over.

"Get a towel for Gamma Janet. And don't let that bitch Harper into this room ever again. Understand?" she said.

“Yes, Lady Morgana.”

Janet sat back down behind the dresser again. A maid came to dry her face and started doing her hair.

Janet took this chance and asked Morgana, “Do you know about the banquet tonight?”

“Oh yeah.”

Morgana lit a cigarette and leaned her body against the wall, smiling.

“All the important people in this city will be there...to welcome you and Alpha Daran. It is the King’s order.”

“Why?” Janet asked coldly.

She still couldn’t understand why Lance brought them back here.

Did he honestly think that they could be bought with some clothes and jewelry?

It would be ridiculous.

“Well, I can’t tell you, can I? Because we are enemies.”

Morgana giggled.

“And you won’t get an answer from me. Our King...is a very stubborn and bossy man. He rarely shares his thoughts with us. You and Alpha Daran’s arrival has caused a city-wide panic. But apparently, our King doesn’t care about what the rest of us think.”

So even Lance’s Cabinet Minister didn’t know about the reason.

Looked like it was left for them to find out themselves.

Morgana finished the last drag and stubbed the cigarette in an ashtray, “OK. I will see you at the banquet tonight, alright? I can’t wait to meet the famous Alpha Daran.’

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“See you.”

Janet watched Morgana leave the room.

They were enemies, indeed.

But she had a gut feeling that Morgana was not a bad person.

The maids finished her makeover in about an hour. She had washed away all the dust and blood. Now she was dressed in a black long gown with her hair stylishly braided behind her back.

“Wow, Miss Janet...”

The maid looked at Janet in awe. Despite her fear of Janet, she still couldn't help but gasp, “... You look amazing.”

Janet smiled faintly, “Thank you. Now where is this banquet?”

The maid led her out of the room. There was already a group of guards waiting outside of the door.

“These men will show you the way to the banquet hall,” the maid said.

Janet was astonished to see a familiar face among the guards.

Kass!

Janet tried hard not to let her excitement show and gave a simple nod at the guards, gesturing them to lead the way.

On their way to the banquet hall, Janet delicately slowed down her pace and walked side by side with Kass.

“How have you been? Everything alright?” she asked in a voice that was only audible to the two of them.

“Yeah, I am fine.”

Kass whispered and kept his eyes straight ahead, “Look, about what happened earlier-”

“Daran told me. It was all part of the plan.”

Kass let out a small sigh of relief, “Great. I was afraid that you might get the wrong idea. Lance totally trusts me now. He puts me on the patrol team, which means that I get to move around more freely and have access to more information.”

“So what have you learned?”

Kass looked the other guards over cautiously before whispering back, “Now is not a good time to talk. I will have a night off 3 days later. I will go and find you in your room.”

Janet nodded slightly.

Moments later, they arrived at the banquet hall. A guard stepped forward and pushed the door open. /

“The King is expecting you,” the guard lowered his head and stepped aside.

Janet stepped into the hall calmly.

This banquet hall exuded luxury, a grand symphony of crystal chandeliers casting a soft light upon glided walls adorned with tapestries.

The long table draped in silk liens was in the middle of the room. Each seat had a set of polished silver and delicate china.

There were already many people sitting around that long table.

All chatter stopped at the moment Janet walked in. They all turned around and stared at her.

At the far end of the table sat Lance.

He had changed out of his blacksmith outfit and was now dressed in a daunting black coat, looking very much like a King.

“Miss Janet, welcome!”

He stood up with a big smile.

“Come and join us. Meet my men.”

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Chapter 109

Chapter 109

Janet stood reluctantly by the door, keeping her guard up.

Just then, Daran stood up from his seat. He was sitting at the opposite end of the long table facing Lance.

He held out his hand to Janet with a warm smile.

Janet's heart was immediately set at ease. She walked up to Daran and took her seat next to him, holding hands with him under the tablecloth.

"Fabulous."

Lance clapped, grinning widely.

"Guys, as you can see, we have two special guests here with us today. And I don't think you need me to introduce them. You all know who they are."

The room lapsed into a deathly silence.

Nobody said anything. But they were all glaring at Janet and Daran hostilely.

"My King!"

A lanky man shot up from his seat. He was a bony middle-aged man with a horse face. His greasy black hair was worn to the back, revealing his sullen, dark eyes. The man said in a booming voice, "My King, I am just going to speak out for everybody here. These two people are not welcome! They are our enemies! And I certainly don't understand why you are serving them with nice wine and good food!"

Many echoed him with low mutterings.

Lance smiled idly, "Alpha Daran, meet my Great General, Danton. And his foster son, Andre."

A roughly 18-year-old boy was sitting next to Danton, sipping from his glass of wine. He looked bored and was probably the only person in this room who paid no attention to Daran and Janet.

"No need to introduce us. I know him," Daran said icily. "We crossed paths a few times on the battlefield. He lost many of his men to me. Hey Danton, do you still have enough men left to form a decent army?"

Danton looked infuriated.

He slammed the table and barked at Daran, "Don't be so cocky Daran. You are in our

hands now! I can fucking torture you, or skin you alive whenever I want. My bedroom is in need of a new wolf carpet!"

Daran let out a cold sneer.

“Ambitious,” Daran said freezingly. “But I am not sure if your competence can live up to your ambition. Don’t we have a try here? One-on-one. Just you and me.”

Danton’s body quivered slightly.

“O-One on one?” he gulped.

“Yes. One-on-one. Right here, right now,” Daran brought his hands together and his knuckles cracked. “Bring it up, Danton.”

Danton took an involuntary step back and he bumped against his chair, causing his chair to make a scratchy noise against the floor.

“I-I don’t need to fight you myself!”

Danton cried, pretending to be brave.

“You are surrounded by our soldiers now. One word and I can have thrown into the dungeon-”

“Don’t need to? Or are you just too afraid?” Janet snickered.

Danton glared at the two of them.

He looked as though he was going to explode out of rage and embarrassment. “OK. That is enough.”

Lance clattered his fork against the glass, bringing the whole room back to silence.

“Nobody is fighting anyone. Alpha Daran and Gamma Janet are our guests. I want everyone to treat them nicely. This is an order, and it is final,” Lance said with a forceful tone.

Morgana was sitting on the right side of Lance.

She coiled a lock of her red hair around her index finger and smiled, “And we are not even allowed to ask the reason for it?”

Lance caught her hand and kissed her fingers, “I will answer all other questions that you have. But not this one, darling, no.”

Morgana giggled and shrugged about it.

“But we demand to know why,” Janet said abruptly.

She looked around the room. Eventually, her gaze fixed upon Lance’s face.

“I think you are up to something evil here, Lance.” she said coldly, “But I suggest you give up on that already. Because there is a great chance that we will manage to have you killed before you succeed in whatever evil things that you are planning.” “My king!” Danton gasped, “You heard them! They are threatening to kill you! Are you still going to allow them to sit here?”

A panic whisper swept across the banquet hall.

Yet the smile on Lance’s face remained unchanged.

“Gamma Janet, why do you always have to think of me as a bad person?” Lance sighed, “Can’t I just want to be friends with you?”

“You are a fucking murderer who killed my friends! We can never be friends,” Janet hissed.

She picked up her knife from the table, holding it up.

People winced away in panic seeing her do that.

“We don’t know what kind of a freak show that you have going on here. But eventually, we will find a way to kill you.”

Janet pointed the knife at Lance, her voice freezing cold.

“Even if we can’t kill you, we already know where your headquarters is at. We will bring an army here and slaughter anyone who dares to stand in our way. By the time all of your men are down, can you still call yourself King?”

A few people jumped from their seats, rattled.

“King! We should stop them now before they hand our location to others!” one man cried.

Lance waved his hand. He still looked calm and unwavering.

“Don’t panic,” Lance smiled. “Gamma Janet and Alpha Daran won’t be able to leave this city.”

“Oh yeah?”

Janet sneered.

“I would love to see you try and stop us.

Lance spread his hands, looking very delighted.

“The point is...” he beamed, “I don’t need to stop you. You just can’t.”

Janet’s heart skipped a beat.

What did that mean?

Was Lance saying that they couldn’t get out of the Grace Ruin even if they wanted to?

And why was that?

Were there some strong soldiers guarding the gates?

“And I think you have also noticed that you can’t shift ever since you arrived at my territory.”

“What did you do!” Janet snapped.

With a pleasant smile on his face, Lance asked idly, “Remember the snacks that Angelina gave to you before you left Crimson Fortress?”

Janet widened her eyes in shock.

Yes.

She did remember that box of snacks.

They trusted Angelina so much that they didn’t double-check those snacks before eating them.

But now she knew that Harper was working with Lance. And Harper was always around Angelina’s side. It would be very easy for Harper to get her hands on those snacks.

“W-What did you put into our snacks?” she asked hoarsely.

Lance raised his glass as though he was toasting to Janet.

“Rogue’s blood,” he said.

Janet and Daran exchanged a brief look with each other.

“What can it do?” Daran asked darkly.

“Oh, a lot of things,” Lance smiled. “Your Alpha bloodline can empower you and give you an Alpha aura. Our Rogue’s blood has certain powers too. With our blood in your system, you can’t leave this city without my permission...and neither can you shift.”

Janet glowered at this cunning bastard.

Lance sighed lightly, “Don’t look at me like that, Janet. I just want to spend more time with you and be friends with you. In fact, I even prepared a little...entertainment for this special occasion.”

He clapped his hands.

The banquet hall’s door swung open, and a gigantic cage was brought into the room.

Janet widened her eyes in shock looking at this cage.

A few people were locked inside. 6 men and a young woman.

Those men were apparently rogues. And that woman looked like a civilian that they caught beyond the border.

Those rogues were all drooling all over the place with their eyes bloodshot. They ganged up on that poor woman, chasing her around like a sheep, as she cried desperately trying to avoid them.

It was a bloody hunt show!

“What the fuck are you doing!” Janet snarled furiously.

“Those men are high. And they are desperate in need of a woman,” Lance laughed. “How long do you think they can get her? Why don’t we place our bets and find out while having dinner?”

“I say 10 minutes!” Danton cried.

“5!” said another rogue.

Janet was so angry that her body was shaking violently. She dashed forward and tried to pull the cage’s door open. But it was secured by a huge lock.

“Give it up, Janet!” Lance said loudly, “Only I have the key.”

The young woman wailed, reaching her hand out of the cage, crying for help.

A rogue had already caught her shoulder.

Right at this second, a dining knife flew through the air and struck the rogue’s temple directly. His head exploded like a watermelon, blood gushing out.

Daran lowered the hand that just darted out that knife, his face icy cold.

“Back the fuck away from her,” he hissed.

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Chapter 110

Chapter 110

There was a short, astonished silence.

Then the entire hall fell into chaos.

Most people jumped up from their seats, backing away from Daran in horror. Danton gritted his teeth and dashed at Daran. Yet he got stopped by Janet before he could get to Daran.

Janet raised a leg and kicked him on his chest, sending him lurching back. Danton fumbled to hold onto something to regain his balance. He grabbed the tablecloth in panic, pulling the whole cloth off the table, causing all the silver and china to crash down to the floor.

On the other side, Daran had got to the cage. He held the huge iron lock in his palm. With a simple twist, the lock broke into pieces in his hand.

He wrenched the door open and pulled the young woman out.

“Get out of here. Now!” he snapped.

The woman staggered away from the cage in panic.

One rogue tried to persuade her. Daran grabbed him by the throat and lifted him up from the floor. The next second, the rogue was sent flying across the room and crashing into the wall.

“Stop!” Lance squeaked, “Somebody stop them! Guards! Guards!” But most people in the banquet hall were too afraid to make a move.

Danton was still sitting on the floor, groaning for his broken hips.

Morgana was still in her seat, drinking wine. She looked as though she couldn't be bothered.

Daran turned around to Lance, his whole body covered in blood. With a grim face, he walked up to the Rogue King in long strides.

He picked up a candlestick along the way.

Lance backed away hastily, still crying for help, “Guards! Get the fuck in here! Morgana-”

Morgana raised an eyebrow but said nothing.

Guards finally poured into the banquet hall at that moment. But they were all the way across the room. It was too late for them to save Lance.

Daran had arrived at Lance's side already. Lance dodged him awkwardly but failed. His collar fell into Daran's hands.

With a thumping noise, the candlestick was stuck all the way into Lance's heart!

Everyone let out a collective gasp.

Janet saw this scene on the other side of the hall.

Her heart jumped up to her throat.

Apparently, Daran was aiming at Lance's heart this time.

Was that enough to kill him?

Lance hunched back, holding the candlestick with both of his hands, panting roughly

Then with a firm pull, he plucked the candlestick out, blood oozing out

“Y-You did it again”

Lance coughed, blood streaming down from the corner of his mouth.

” I said I wanted to be friends with you...”

“The fuck you are,” Daran snapped.

He stared at Lance coldly, waiting for him to crash to the ground.

But that never happened.

That stab wound was healing at a speed visible to the human eyes. By seconds, Lance’s chest was good as new again, as though he had never been stabbed.

As werewolves, their wolves could help them heal the wounds and fast-forward the healing process.

But the heart was one of their vulnerable areas, They couldn’t be healed if their hearts were stabbed.

Not to mention a stab wound like that would normally take months to heal, even with the help of their wolves.

Yet Lance just did it within seconds!

Janet felt a cold feeling up and down her back.

This man...the Rogue King...was a fucking monster!

How the hell did he do that?

“I am very disappointed in you, Alpha Daran.”

Lance wiped the blood away from his mouth and said in a sullen voice.

“I thought I already told you...The Rogue King can’t be killed. It is the gift that the Moon Goddess blessed us with!”

Daran let out a snort, “It is worth a try.”

Lance’s jaw tightened.

“If you are ready to shake hands and become friends, I am right here,” he said.

“You should go and fuck yourself,” Daran said freezingly. “If you dare to keep up in the city, prepare to be stabbed at least once a day.”

He ignored Lance and strode towards Janet.

Rogues hurried to make way for him.

They walked out of the banquet hall together, holding hands, and they never gave another look at the rest of the people left inside.

Janet was a bit disappointed to see Lance survive this attack again.

If aiming at his heart didn't work, she honestly didn't know what would.

“Do you think he is truly immortal?”

Janet asked Daran worriedly after they got back to their room.

To her surprise, Daran answered right away without hesitation, “No, he is not.”

“How can you be so sure?”

“Lance is not the first Rogue King. He became King after his predecessor died. And I heard some rumors that the former Rogue King didn't die in a natural cause. He was killed by somebody.”

“...Which means that the Rogue King can be killed. We just haven't found the right way,” Janet murmured.

“Precisely.”

Daran nodded, “And I already have an idea about this.”

“What? Tell me,” Janet pursued eagerly.

“There must be someone from the past generation who knows about who killed the former Rogue King and how. If we have hands-on information, it will not be hard for us to kill Lance.”

Janet bit her lips.

Daran was right about this. But...

“Everyone here is rogues. Are they really willing to tell us how to kill their King?” she asked lowly.

Daran pulled her into his arms, “We just need to find the right person. And don’t forget that we still have a person on the inside, Kass.”

Janet’s eyes lit up with excitement immediately.

Right, Kass!

How could she forget about him?

“You said that he will come and find us in 3 days,” Daran said. “Let us be patient for now. And see what kind of information he might bring us.”

Janet nodded.

She was really looking forward to talking to Kass.

And she also got a feeling that these 3 days wouldn’t be very peaceful for them. Lance wouldn’t give up on whatever he was working on.

And neither would Harper.

That vindictive woman would definitely

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Chapter 111

Chapter 111

Janet was right about that presumption.

On the following day, Harper sent a maid to Janet’s room and invited her to a small gathering.

“And what is this gathering for?”

Janet asked the maid. She was sitting in front of the dresser, brushing her long hair. “M-Miss Harper said that it is a beautiful day outside...so she hoped that you could join them at the canal. It is the perfect weather for a cruise tour.”

Janet let out a cold sneer, “And what if I don’t want to go?”

The maid quivered slightly in fear. She lowered her head and said in a pleading tone, “Please...Miss Janet. Miss Harper really wants you there. She said that she will be truly disappointed if you don’t show up-”

“Those are her exact words?”

The maid hesitated.

Janet placed the comb on the dresser and turned around to look at her, “It isn’t, right? Tell me precisely what she said.”

“I...I’d rather not, Miss Janet...” the maid sounded horrified.

“It is alright. Those are her words, not yours. Say it.’

The maid gulped.

And then slowly, she said in an extremely low voice, “...Miss Harper said... ‘If that bitch Janet refuses to come, send a group of guards down to her room. Strip her, tie her up, and throw her into the canal. Then she will know who is really in charge here.’”

Janet snorted sarcastically.

“She really said that?” a deep voice came from behind their back.

Daran just walked out of the bathroom.

He apparently had heard what the maid just said.

“A-Alpha Daran!” the maid gasped in awe.

Daran paced over and placed his hand on Janet’s shoulder.

“Tell your master that Gamma Janet is too busy for her stupid little play.”

Daran said dangerously.

“And watch her mouth, if she doesn’t want her tongue to be plucked out.”

The maid murmured a yes.

“Actually...” Janet said, looking at Daran, “I don’t mind going.”

Daran frowned, “Why waste your time on that woman?”

“I have got nothing going around here anyway. Might as well go and see what Harper is up to. We need to gather more information about the rogues. This is a great chance.”

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“Alright.”

Daran kissed Janet’s forehead, “You want me to come with you?”

“It is fine. I can handle it by myself,” Janet smiled.

She followed the maid and left the room.

By the time they arrived at the canal, there was already a wooden boat on the water.

Harper and a few girls were waiting for her inside the boat.

Seeing that Janet had arrived, Harper stood up immediately and placed her hands on her hips.

“What took you so long!” she snapped at Janet.

Janet sneered, crossing her arms in front of her chest, “The next time you want to invite me to something, you better ask more nicely.”

“I didn’t invite you! I ordered you to come! I am the Queen. And you have to do whatever I want from you!”

Harper stomped her feet in fume. But she forgot that she was on the water. The boat rocked violently because of her moment. Everyone on board gasped in panic.

Harper swayed and waved her hands in the air like a frightened goose.

Janet caught her wrist and shoved her back into the boat.

Then she jumped onto the boat and looked down at Harper’s horror-struck face with an icy smile:

“If you want me to come, I will come. But don’t you regret it later?”

“O-Of course I won’t!” Harper shrieked, “Hey you, the boatman, roll this damn boat!”

The boatman paddled and the boat drifted away from the shore.

Right at this second, a voice traveled down from the shore, "Hey, you got room for one more?"

Everyone looked around. And they found that it was Morgana.

"No!" Harper rejected immediately, looking a little bit on edge. "T-The boat is full already!"

Janet moved to the side and made room for one extra seat, "Here is a seat for you, Morgana!"

Harper jerked around and glared at Janet. Yet before she could say anything else to turn Morgana away, Morgana already leaped lightly onto their boat.

"Thanks," she beamed.

Harper's face twisted in anger. She wanted to tell Morgana to fuck off. But the boat had already drifted away from the shore.

"What the hell are you doing here?" she hissed at Morgana, "You are not invited! This is a private event!"

Morgana played with a lock of her hair, smiling idly, "I invited myself. The King had made it clear that he didn't want anyone to treat Miss Janet rudely. I am just here to make sure that you are not deliberately going against the King's will

A round of hisses could be heard on the boat.

"The King is too nice to them!" a rogue girl snapped, "This woman killed many of our brothers and sisters! We should cut their heads off!"

Janet countered icily, "Only because you invaded us first. And you are welcome to try and cut off my head anytime. I dare you."

"Y-You think I wouldn't dare?!" the girl cried furiously.

"Please. Be my guest."

The girl was forced into a dilemma. She didn't want to look weak in front of everyone after what she just said. Yet she was also not braved enough to challenge Janet, a well-known Gamma.

“Don’t be afraid,” Harper said in an encouraging tone. “Janet is not that strong at all. The rumors totally exaggerated her power. When we were little, I used to hit her like a punching bag and ride her around like a horse all the time!”

“Oh yeah?” Morgana chimed in, looking intrigued. “Then how did she become the Gamma?”

Harper shot Janet a disgusted glare, “By spreading her legs and pleasing men in bed, obviously. She slept with all the men in Blood Moon Pack to get that job, including her brother, Alpha Casper. It is fucking twisted incest-Ahh!”

Janet straightened up abruptly. She grabbed Harper by her hair and drew her close forcefully.

There were flames of fury burning in Janet’s eyes.

“Take it back,” she hissed.

Harper winced in pain. She felt as though her entire scalp was being pulled off.

“N-NO!” she shrieked stubbornly, “You are whole! A filthy whore who spread your fucking legs for your own brother! You should beg for my mercy now! I am a lady! I am the Queen!!!”

Janet gave a good shove on Harper’s shoulder.

She cried panicky and fell into the water.

Amidst the chaos, she caught Janet’s wrist.

Then with a loud, splashing noise, Harper and Janet fell off the boat together!

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Chapter 112

Chapter 112

The water was freezing cold. Janet felt a chill traveling through her body almost immediately.

Fortunately, she held her breath as soon as she dropped out of the boat, so she didn't choke on water.

Swinging her arms and kicking her legs in the water, Janet tried to swim up to the water's surface to get the air.

But her ankle was caught by someone from below.

Astonished, Janet looked down and found Harper underneath her.

Harper was apparently lack of air as well. Her face was pale like a ghost with her cheeks puffed out. Even her eyeballs were bulging.

Yet despite her critical condition, Harper was not trying to swim upwards.

She had both of her hands around Janet's ankle and was trying to drag Janet down with her whole might!

She wanted to kill Janet!

Fuck!

Janet couldn't believe how vicious Harper was!

If she remembered correctly, Harper was not very good with water. When they went cliff diving in the Blood Moon Pack, Harper panicked big time and made a total fool of herself.

Yet even so, she was still staying in the water now, trying to pull Janet down.

She hated Janet so much that she was willing to risk her own life to have Janet drown here!

Janet felt her anger flared.

She raised a leg and kicked hard on Harper's forehead, trying to get rid of her.

Harper opened her mouth and cried. But no sound came. Only bubbles flew out of her mouth.

Her hands were still clamped tightly around Janet's leg.

Janet felt that her chest was going to explode.

And the worst thing was that they were now both sinking towards the bottom of this canal.

Janet knew that she couldn't Harper.

She reached into her

It was a dagger.

drag

pocket and dug longer. She had to find a way to get

her fingers touched something made of iron.

rid of

She had been carrying this around ever since she found out that they couldn't shift into their wolves in the Grace Ruin.

Pulling that dagger out, Janet swung it at Harper.

The dagger cut open Harper's skin. Blood squirted out and mixed up with the water.

Janet felt the grip around her and loosen.

So she immediately took this chance to kick her legs at a fast speed and swam towards the surface.

She managed to stick her head out of the water before she choked. The air was crisp and fresh. She breathed in hungrily.

There were a lot of people crying and yelling in the distance. They sounded anxious.

"Help! We need help here! They fell into the water!"

"Guards! Over here!"

"Save the King's mate first!"

Janet wanted to raise her arm up high in the air and called for their attention, letting them know that she was there.

Yet before she could do that, a strong force came from beneath her feet again. And she was dragged back into the water!

It was Harper again!

Harper swam towards Janet rapidly and wrapped her arms around Janet's waist, pressing Janet down to the bottom of the canal.

Janet could see her hatred-filled eyes in the water.

A gust of rage swept over Janet.

She punched on Harper's face. But her strength was reduced by water resistance. She pulled on Harper's hair and tried to force Harper to let go. Harper opened her mouth and bit hard on Janet's arm.

They wrestled with each other, like two crazy beasts.

Harper couldn't get Janet to drown, and Janet couldn't shake her off either.

Right at this moment, another person jumped into the water again and lunged towards them at full speed.

This must be a guard who came to rescue them.

Janet clearly heard people asking guards to save the King's mate first.

Yet instead of going for Harper first, this guard swam towards Janet and wrapped his arm around her shoulder.

He helped Janet kick off Harper forcefully and brought her swimming towards the shore.

SPLASH!

They rose to the surface. Janet coughed violently, her body shaking.

She felt a pair of strong arms lift her up and help her to climb up onto the shore. "T-Thank you..."

Janet turned around to look at the guard who just saved her.

She was shocked to find that it was Kass.

"What are you doing here?" She gasped.

Kass grinned. His brown eyes were gleaming gorgeously against the sparkling water. "I was on the patrol team. I heard people crying for help and came over. Thank god that I am not too late," he said.

A few girls ran over. One of them was the girl who threatened to chop Janet's head off earlier.

"W-Where is Miss Harper!" that girl shrieked, "I asked you to save Miss Harper first! She is the King's mate for Christ's sake!"

Kass gave her a cold look, "I didn't see her down water. Maybe she drowned already."

"I-Impossible! You get back in there! NOW!"

Just then, another splashing noise came from their back.

Harper stuck her head out of the water, panting roughly. Nobody came to help her. She floundered around and struggled to the shore herself.

"Miss Harper! Are you alright?" the girl hurried to offer her a hand, "Come on. Let me help you."

The girl's gaze fixed on Harper's forehead. The look on her face changed abruptly. "M-Miss Harper, what is that on your face?" she asked reluctantly.

Janet followed the girl's gaze. She almost burst into laughter.

The concealer that Harper wore every day to cover her tattoo was worn out in the water.

The tattoo was now clear as day-SLAVE.

"Why do you have the word 'slave' tattooed to your forehead?" the girls demanded, "I thought you were a lady back in Riverside Pack."

Harper widened her eyes in horror.

With a desperate cry, she turned her back to people and covered her forehead with both of her hands.

Yet everyone around had seen her tattoo already.

A round of mutterings and whispers could be heard from the crowd.

"Are you a slave? Why did you lie?" a girl cried.

"I can't believe this...Our King's mate is a slave?"

"There must be something wrong with this!"

“T—This is a misunderstanding! I am a Lady! Not a slave!” Harper cried in a shrill voice, “Guards! Guards! I want this woman Janet arrested immediately!”

A group of soldiers rushed over and surrounded Janet.

Janet’s voice turned cold, “What did I do?”

“You tried to drown me!” Harper growled, “You tried to kill me, the King’s mate and Queen!”

Harper was the one who tried to have her killed in the water.

Twisting the fact.

Twisting the fact.

This was what Harper was best at.

“ARREST THEM! NOW!” Harper cried again.

Soldiers took a step further.

Kass stood in front of Janet and kept her behind his back.

Just then, a series of hurried footsteps came from their backs—Morgana arrived at the scene.

“Drop your weapons!” Morgana snapped, “Nobody makes a move until I say so!”

Everyone turned around to look at her, including Janet and Kass.

Morgana and Kass’s eyes met in the air.

They held their breaths in shock and excitement together.

And then the next second, they muttered in unison:

“-Mate!”

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Chapter 113

Chapter 113

Chapter 113

Kass and Morgana were...mates?

Janet was shocked.

She glanced at Kass and found a horror-struck expression on his face as well.

Their destined mates were assigned by the Moon Goddess and there was absolutely no logic and reasoning behind the system.

Anyone could be possible. The match could be totally random, like Harper and

Lance.

Yes still, it must be very hard for Kass to accept that his destined mate was the Rogue King's Cabinet Minister, an enemy.

Morgana soon recovered from her shock and a smile appeared on her face.

She walked up to Kass.

Kass immediately took a quick step back.

"I know who you are."

Morgana surveyed Kass up and down with a searching look.

"You joined the rogue test with Janet and Alpha Daran. And surrendered yourself to the Rogue King, didn't you?" she smiled.

"H-How did you know?" Kass asked in a stiff voice.

"I was sitting on the stands, watching you guys," Morgana shrugged. "But I didn't know that you were my mate at the time."

Janet realized something at once-Morgana was the woman who spoke on the Rogue King's behalf in the arena!

No wonder she found Morgana's voice somewhat familiar.

Morgana was probably the fake Rogue King that Daran encountered outside of the Crimson Fortress. She had been playing the King's role while Lance hid out in the city.

Who would have thought that she was Kass's destined mate?

"Y-You stay away from me!" Kass said in a panic voice, "I don't like you. W-We are not suitable for each other..."

"Oh? And why is that?"

Morgana didn't listen to Kass's words asking her to back away. Instead, she moved even closer to him.

Then she caught his wrist.

"Now that you have surrendered to the Rogue King, we are on the same side. You are new to this city, and I am the Cabinet Minister, I can make your life very comfortable here. Give me one reason why we are not perfect for each other?" Morgana chuckled.

Kass's face was flaming red.

"I-I am in love with another woman." he murmured.

Kass's face was flaming red.

"I-1 am in love with another woman," he murmured.

Morgana laughed, "OK that is cute. But you heard your wolf calling out to me, didn't you? You want me, physically and emotionally. Can you really fight against that animal instinct?"

She raised a hand and rubbed his carlobe in a very seductive manner.

His breathing became rough almost instantly.

"And the woman you are in love with"

Morgana said as she cast a casual glance at Janet.

it wouldn't happen to be someone that I know, would it?"

Seeing that Morgana was looking at her, Janet replied at once, "I don't know whom Kass was talking about."

Kass tilted his head and put a little distance between him and Morgana.

He took in a deep breath and said with a struggling expression, "I...I need to think this over...everything is too sudden..."

Morgana shrugged, "Most men would plunge on their mates and have sex together as soon as possible. But if prudence is your style, then sure, I respect that."

Her finger brushed across his collarbone, making his body shiver.

"Come and find me later," she smiled.

Kass gulped.

He didn't even dare to look at her.

"Guards!" Morgana blew a whistle, "Let them come through!"

Soldiers obeyed at once.

They stepped aside and made way for Kass and Janet to pass. Yet right at this moment, Harper cried out furiously, "WAIT!"

She rushed forward and came to Morgana, glowering at her.

"I ordered to have them rescued!" Harper snapped, "Who the hell are you?! You can't overpower me. I am the Queen!"

Morgana crossed her arms in front of her chest, looking down at Harper sarcastically.

"Oh yeah? Then give your order and let us find out whom they listen to," she taunted.

Harper looked around at the guards and those girls.

"You heard me!" Harper cried, "Take them down!"

But nobody acted.

They all looked back at Harper silently in a passive-aggressive manner.

Harper was mortified. She stomped her feet in fume and cried, "Why are you all

listening to her?! I AM THE. 11

“Queen?”

One girl rolled her eyes and grunted, “The King never recognized you so can you stop calling yourself that? Morgana has been our minister for years. Of course, we listen to her.

“Y-You bunch of traitors!”

Harper looked as though she was about to pass out in anger. Then she jerked around to glare at Morgana and Kass and glowered, “And you two... Well, I wish you happily ever after! A bitch and a prick, what a perfect match!”

Morgana leaped forward abruptly.

She caught Harper by the hair and dragged her to the canal forcefully.

Threatening Harper’s face to the water’s surface, Morgana snapped, “Apologies. Now!”

“NO! YOU BITCH-”

Harper didn’t get to finish her curse.

Because Morgana just dipped her head into the water!

A gale of laughter broke out from the crowd.

Morgana pressed her head down for a few seconds and then pulled her back up. “How about now?” Morgana asked idly.

“N-No...please...don’t do it again...”

“All you need to do is to apologize,” Morgana reminded her.

Harper shut her eyes with a humiliated look and cried out in despair, “Sorry-Sorry!

I shouldn’t have said that! I am sorry!”

Morgana dragged her back and tossed her to the ground, “Now we are talking. I would blame your parents for your lack of education. But we all know what your parents are like. No wonder you turn out like this.”

Harper coughed holding her chest.

She was now drenched wet, with her messy hair clung to her skin and her slave tattoo visible on her forehead.

She pulled herself up from the ground hastily and hurried off, escaping the scene like a rat caught in the bright daylight.

Everyone stared at her back with disdain.

Janet turned to look at Morgana and said, "Thank you,"

Morgana let out a snort, "Don't thank me. I didn't do it for you. We are still enemies."

"But we can at least side with each other when it comes to Harper," Janet said with a smile.

"Well...I guess you are right."

Morgana pulled out a pen and grabbed Kass's hand.

On his palm, she wrote down her phone number.

But we can at least side with each other when it comes to Harper," Janet said with a smile.

"Well...I guess you are right"

Morgana pulled out a pen and grabbed Kass's hand.

On his palm, she wrote down her phone number.

"Call me."

She winked at him seductively. He blushed, which made her smile grow even wider.

After Morgana left, Kass immediately turned to Janet and said with an urgent tone, "Please, let me explain-

Janet patted his shoulder, "She is your mate, and she likes you. What is there to explain? Plus..."

She looked around. Some of the soldiers hadn't walked away yet.

"Let us not talk here."

She lowered her voice and whispered to him, "You will have a night off tonight, correct? Find me in my room. We will talk then."

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Chapter 114

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When Janet was back to their suite, she found a few maids and servants gathered by the door.

There was a frightened look on their face. They were all whispering in an urgent voice.

Janet stopped and hid behind the corner, listening quietly to what they were saying. "Are you serious?" one maid gasped in hushed tones. "The King seriously asked Alpha Daran to OUR training field. What was he thinking?"

The guard sighed, "I am deadly serious. And who knows what the King was thinking? All I know is that a few of our best warriors challenged Alpha Daran to a duel. And all of them were defeated by Daran. One guy was so badly injured that he was still in a coma right now."

The group took in a collective intake of breath.

"I thought he couldn't shift in our city. Even without his wolf, he is still so incredibly strong. My god...can you believe this?"

"Just think about what happened at the banquet a few days ago," another maid added quietly. "Daran snapped an iron lock with his bare hands and stuck a candlestick into our King's chest! I don't think that there is a single man in this city who can handle him. Keeping him here is like locking a wild beast in our own home!"

"Keeping him here is the King's decision. But if you ask me, I think we should have him killed, as soon as possible, before things get out of control!" the guard groaned.

"But who dares to challenge the King? And who is powerful enough to have Alpha Daran killed?"

“C-Can’t we figure something out?” a maid suggested reluctantly, “We all have close access to him and his Gamma. Can we like...I don’t know...add some wolfsbane to their soup or-or muffle them with a pillow?”

“You can’t kill an Alpha with wolfsbane, silly!”

Janet was done listening to their conversations.

She cleared her throat and stepped out of the corner.

The group jerked around at once. Their face grew pale as soon as possible.

“G-Gamma Janet!” a guard gasped, horrified.

Janet walked towards the door. She made a brief stop at the maid who suggested killing them with wolfsbane.

The maid lowered her head in fear. Her body was trembling violently.

“Your friend was right,” Janet said with an icy smile. “You can’t kill an Alpha with wolfsbane.”

“G-

-Gamma Janet, I-I didn’t mean to...please...please forgive me...

“But if you dare to make a move, we will find out. And we will make sure that you pay the price for your recklessness,” Janet said coolly.

With that said, she stepped into the suite and shut the door in their face.

Daran was sitting on the couch, drinking a glass of wine when she walked in. He raised an eyebrow in surprise when he noticed that her clothes were all wet.

“What happened?”

He walked up to her, pulling her into his arms.

“You went for a swim today?”

“Sort of.”

Janet wrapped her arms around his waist, hugging him tightly, “I had a blast today. How about you? I heard that you kicked some asses today. Did you have fun?”

Daran chuckled lowly.

“I did,” he said. “Lance invited me to his training field and asked a few warriors to challenge me. He probably thought that I would be vulnerable without my wolf, and he could take this chance and have me publicly humiliated...But apparently, he was wrong.”

Janet laughed, “That is my man!”

Daran’s eyes darkened when he heard her referring to him as her man.

He stared at her deeply, with love and passion burning in his eyes.

“So...”

He planted a kiss on her lips, murmuring hoarsely.

“Any reward for the man who just won a few rounds of duel?”

Janet stood on tiptoes and kissed him back, “Of course...Anything that you like.”

Daran picked her up from the floor and had her legs wrapped around his waist. He carried her to the couch and kept kissing her hungrily.

They fell onto the couch together.

Daran rolled over and kept her under him. He started peeling off her wet clothes.

Janet raised her neck, panting roughly. His tongue now circled around her belly button, which created a tingling sensation between her legs.

“L-Let’s move into the bedroom...” she breathed.

“Here is fine.”

He rolled up her skirt and kissed her upper thigh eagerly.

“I can’t wait a second longer,” he said huskily.

Janet closed her eyes as a trembling moan escaped her lips.

Her mind was clouded by desire.

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Daran separated her legs. And just when he was about to take things to the next base, they heard the widow make a cracking noise behind their back.

“Who is there!”

Daran jerked around immediately and snapped.

3

Janet sat up straight as well.

She saw a dark figure outside of their window. After a short moment of shock, she realized who that was.

It was Kass.

She asked him to find her in their room tonight.

But she was so caught up in their passion that she completely forgot about it.

“What is he doing here!” Daran hissed.

“I asked him to come.”

Janet got off the couch and hurried to open the window to let Kass in.

Kass jumped in. He cast a dark look at Janet’s loosened collar and his jaw tightened.

“Were you messing around with him before I got here?” Kass asked aggressively. “Did you forget about our meeting?”

“I didn’t forget. It is just-

“Watching your fucking tone.” Daran stepped forward and gave Kass a withering look. “It was none of your business.”

Kass clenched his fists.

He looked furious. But he didn’t dare to challenge an Alpha.

“I just think that...we should really keep our mind focused on the real business here,” he said slowly while trying hard to contain his temper. “I was simply looking out for us. That is all.”

Daran let out a snort, “Is that so? Or are you just jealous?”

Kass gritted his teeth in fume.

“Don’t be ridiculous, Daran. Kass is not jealous,” Janet said quickly. “As a matter of fact, Kass just found his mate today. He already has a woman that he really cares about.”

Daran raised an eyebrow.

“Well then, congratulations,” he said coolly. “In this case, go mind your own business between you and your mates. Stop snooping around here.”

Kass took in a deep breath and lapsed into silence. He looked rather frustrated and defeated.

“Tell us what you have found out, Kass,” Janet said, eager to bring the subject back on the right track.

“Fine...I followed the lead that you gave me and tried to ask people if they knew how the former Rogue King died.”

“And?”

“Nobody knew,” Kass shook his head. “Apparently, if people know how the former King died, they will also know how to kill the current King. So Lance kept this as a top secret.

He saw the disappointed look on Janet’s face and quickly added to that, “But I found of information !!

“Which is?” Janet pursued.

“The former King’s son is still alive,” Kass said.

“Wow, that is amazing!” Janet gasped in joy, “If we can have his son work with us, we will be able to crack the mystery of how to kill Lance. So who is this former King’s son? Where can we find him?”

“The person that I talked to didn’t give me a name. He said that only people who ranked really high up would know...” Kass said reluctantly, “Someone like...the King’s Cabinet Minister.”

“Morgana?” Janet raised her voice. “Isn’t she your mate?”

Daran narrowed his eyes, “Then what are you waiting for? Go ask your mate.”

Kass gave Daran a gloomy look, “I-I just met her today! I barely know her...I don’t even like her that much. I don’t think she will tell me.”

Daran let out a sarcastic snort.

Janet patted Kass's shoulder and said in a comforting voice, "Don't worry. We are here to help. She gave you her number today, right? Call her. See if she is willing to meet up."

"I already called. She said that...she was in a club downtown tonight. But I don't want to go alone," Kass murmured.

"Then we will go as a group." Janet beamed, "I am just in the mood for a night drink."

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Chapter 115

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Daran wasn't very hot on the idea of them going to the nightclub together. But Janet insisted. So he agreed to do this eventually.

When the three of them got there, it was already near midnight and the nightclub was packed with people who were in the rhythm of the bass-heavy music.

A crowd filled the dimly lit space, their bodies moving in sync with the beat. The air was thick with the scent of perfume and sweat, the atmosphere electric.

Neon lights illuminated the dance floor, casting colorful shadows on the walls. The interior was sleek and modern, with plush velvet booths and a gleaming bar that served an array of exotic cocktails.

They pushed through the crowd and searched for their target.

Janet eventually spotted Morgana sitting in a booth near the dancefloor with a bunch of her friends.

"She is there!"

Janet shouted into Kass's ear, fighting with the loud music in the background, "You should go talk to her!"

Kass shouted back, "What am I going to say? Ask her directly who the former King's son is. She won't tell me!"

"Of course not. Go to her and talk to her. Win her trust first before asking all those questions. We don't need an answer tonight. But you have to make a move first."

Kass stood stiffly on his spot, neon lights dancing on his handsome profile.

He still seemed reluctant.

Janet let out a sigh internally and turned to Daran, "Can you get us a drink?"

Daran narrowed his eyes. Janet could tell that his patience was running out.

"Please?" she softened her tone and asked again. She really needed a few minutes alone with Kass.

"Fine."

Daran gently squeezed her hand, "10 minutes. I will be at the bar."

Then he walked away and disappeared into the hectic crowd.

Janet turned back to Kass, "Alright. Now you can talk. What is the holdback here? Why are you being so reluctant? It is just talking to a girl. No big deal. You are very popular back in our pack. You can do this."

Kass raked his fingers through his hair. He looked edgy and frustrated.

"It is a big deal!" he groaned, "Morgana is our enemy! A fucking rogue! When I fled the rogue's territory, I swore to myself that I would never side with these bastards again...But if I do this now-if I recognize her as my mate-who I am then? Am I a rogue? Or am I with you guys? It is all so very confusing..."

"Hey."

Janet placed both of her hands on Kass's shoulder and forced him to look at her.

"No matter who your mate is you will always be that decent righteous person that I

"No matter who your mate is, you will always be that decent, righteous person that I know Nothing will change that," she said.

Kass's lips trembled slightly.

“And if you really hate her, you can reject her. That is always an option. But I still think that you should give it a shot. Get to know her a little bit before you make the decision.”

“... You really think so?” Kass asked lowly.

Janet nodded with a smile, “Of course. And if you are really reluctant to do this, I won’t push you either. We will find another approach. It is fine.”

Kass stared deep into her eyes. A wave of strong emotion, nearly sorrowful, surged up in his eyes.

“There is another reason...” he murmured, “...why I didn’t want to do this...”

Janet held her breath involuntarily.

She wanted to stop him from saying but it was already too late.

“I don’t like her. I love you!” Kass blurted out, “If I recognize her as my mate, it...it would mean the end of us...I-I don’t want that...”

Janet’s tone turned soft, “There is no ‘us’ to begin with. We went through this already, Kass. I have no feelings for you.”

Kass’s jaw tightened, “That is hurtful.’

“It is the truth. Anyway, if you don’t want to do this, I won’t force you-

“I will do it.”

Kass said abruptly, giving her a firm look, “But just so you know, I am doing this for you.”

He turned on his heels and went for Morgana directly.

Janet sighed internally. She didn’t know how to kill Kass’s nestling feelings for her. The only thing she could do was to wait for that feeling to be worn out by time.

She turned around and headed towards the bar, looking for Daran. While she was coming through the dancefloor, she bumped into a drunken man.

“Watch out!” the man roared at her..

“Sorry,” Janet apologized swiftly..

She wanted to leave. Yet the man grabbed her wrist and drew her close forcefully. “S- Sorry?” he burped, his breath smelling like sour booze. “I don’t want your fucking apology... You- You are dancing with me!”

He moved one hand down from Janet’s back towards her hips.

Janet slapped his hand away.

She stared at this man with a frown.

No, technically, it was not a man, but a teenage boy, roughly around 17 or 18 years old.

L

hair and deep-set blue

He was undeniably handsome and cute with his chestnut hair and deep-set blue eyes.

Yet his face was now flushed, and his eyes were glazed over with an unfocused, distant look.

Even his movements were unsteady, causing him to sway slightly as he stood. And most importantly, Janet knew this boy.

She met him once at the banquet a couple of nights back.

He was General Danton’s foster son, Andre.

Yet judging by Andre’s current behavior, he didn’t have a damn clue about who she was.

“C-Come, dance with me!”

Andre stuttered, lurching while dragging Janet back towards the dancefloor, “After we dance, I-I will bring you back to my room and fucking bang you...”

Janet almost burst into laughter, “Are you even old enough to drink?”

Andre stared at her with rage-filled eyes, “You bet I am! Are you fucking

undermining me? If I say that I want to bring you back to my room, I WILL bring you back to my room! Nobody here dares to stop me!”

Janet chuckled.

Probably because this boy was so young that she felt more amused than insulted.

“That is cute.”

She patted his cheeks and said in a perfunctory voice, “But I don’t have time for you tonight. Maybe another day.”

She turned to leave.

But Andre grabbed her shoulder.

Then in a very rough manner, he started ripping off her clothes right in the middle of the dancefloor.

Janet widened her eyes in shock. Anger flared up in her chest almost immediately. What the fuck was wrong with this boy?!

Without a second thought, she raised her hand and slapped harshly across his face.

SLAP!

Andre let out a sharp shriek and staggered back, “Y-You hit me!”

“Yeah, I fucking did. So what?!” Janet snapped, “If you dare touch me again, I will fucking rip your fingers off, I swear!”

“You bitch! Do you know who the hell I am?!” Andre clenched his fists and roared, “Security! Security!”

The crowd dispersed rapidly. People all backed away from them and watched their quarrels from the distance.

Just then, a tall figure appeared behind Andre’s back.

Andes

quarrels from the distance.

Just then, a tall figure appeared behind Andre’s back.

Andre thought that it was security. He pointed a finger at Janet and cried in an arrogant manner, “I want her fucking arrested

Yet the next second, Andre was spun around by a large hand, and he finally saw who was standing in front of him.

It was Daran.

Andre narrowed his drunken eyes, trying hard to bring his eyes into focus, “Y-You...you are...”

Daran cast him a dark look.

Then he raised a leg and kicked Andre’s chest!

With a horrified scream, Andre was sent flying across half of the dancefloor and fell right into that 2-meter-high champagne tower!

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BANG!

The two-meter high champagne tower crushed down with a loud noise. The wine was spilled everywhere, and the glasses were shattered. Andre was buried in the middle of this ruin.

All the customers cried out in horror and backed away quickly to avoid being injured.

Even Janet parted her lips in shock.

She did mean to teach this little prick a lesson. But she had only thought about slapping him one more time or breaking one of his little pinkies.

Knocking him into the champagne tower....was it a little too much?

“Daran!” she lowered her voice and said in an urgent voice, “You probably have gone too far...Andre is General Danton’s child, nevertheless...”

“It is fine.”

Daran rolled his wrists and cast a dark look on Andre, “He can be the Rogue King’s son and I still won’t give a shit. He should feel lucky enough that he is still breathing alive.”

The loud noise attracted the nightclub’s security.

A few large men dressed in black suits rushed over. One of them tried to help Andre up from the scattered glasses.

“Master Andre!” he gasped in horror. “Are you alright? Are you hurt?”

Andre groaned in pain.

His right leg was twisted in a strange ankle-probably a broken bone. There were numerous cuts and bruises on his body. Some of the bruises started to bleed.

“I-I am alright? You fucking idiot! Of course, I am not alright!” Andre roared like an angry beast, “What are you waiting for? The man who kicked me was standing right there! Arrest him!!”

The security immediately turned his head and looked at Daran and Janet.

There was a menacing look on his face at first. Yet when he recognized Daran, that look quickly changed into horror.

“A-Alpha Daran!”

The security staggered back, crying out in a high-pitched voice, “W-What are you doing here?”

Daran glanced at him coldly, “Am I not welcome here?”

“O-Of course not...”

“That little brat tried to assault my mate,” Daran said in an icy voice. “I was already being merciful enough for not snapping his hand and neck. Now, do you want to try and arrest me?”

The security gulped nervously. There were 6 of them. But none was brave enough to make a move.

“I didn’t think so too,” Daranald arrogantly

“You bunch of losers!” Andre snapped, “I will tell my father about this and have you

all fired!”

The security went back to him and whispered into his ears, “Master Andre, we know that you are frustrated but that is Alpha Daran! Nobody can hurt him...not even the King...”

“Coward!” Andre hissed, “He is our enemy! And you are all acting like a bunch of cowards! Shame on you!”

Janet slightly raised an eyebrow.

Andre came off as a spoiled little brat at first. But as it turned out, this kid had some backbones.

Just then, the nightclub’s manager pushed through the crowd and ran over. He brought a few medical staff with him.

Together, they brought Andre onto a stretcher.

“Take Master Andre to the hospital,” the manager said urgently.

Andre was carried away by them. His face was pale due to the pain. And his shirt was messy and tainted with blood.

When he passed by Daran and Janet’s side, he spat at them and hissed, “...You will fucking pay for this one day.”

Daran let out a sarcastic snort. A kid’s vain threat meant nothing to him.

After Andre was brought away, the nightclub manager walked up to Daran and Janet and bowed to them, “Good evening and welcome.”

Daran looked down at him freezingly, “Are we going to have more troubles?” “Oh no, Alpha Daran, of course not. I am just here to tell you that-”

The manager pointed at the balcony on the second floor and said, “Lady Morgana invited you two to the private lounge. She wants to have a word with you.”

Janet looked around and noticed that Kass and Morgana were no longer in their booth.

No wonder Kass didn’t rush over during their little quarrel with Andre.

“Certainly.”

Daran nodded.

“Please show us the way.”

The manager led them to the second floor and stopped at a closed door. He knocked on the door 3 times and stepped aside humbly.

“Lady Morgana is expecting you inside,” the manager said.

Daran stepped up and pushed the door open.

Together, they walked into the room.

This private lounge was large enough for 50 people to have a party here. But right now, there was no one else around. When the door closed behind their backs, the

This private lounge was large enough for 50 people to have a party here. But right now, there was no one else around. When the door closed behind their backs, the loud music from downstairs was completely cut off, It was extremely quiet in here. Morgana was sitting on a large, curved sofa, smoking a cigarette. She looked very relaxed.

In sharp contrast to her, Kass was super nervous. He sat a few feet apart from Morgana and kept his head down.

“I heard that you wanted to talk,” Janet broke the silence first.

“Well yes, I do.”

Morgana smiled idly and breathed out smoke, “My mate told me what you are after. I am here to help, willing to answer all of your questions.”

“Name your terms,” Daran said.

Morgana chuckled, “There is no term, no condition, no strings attached. I am willing to help. For free.”

Janet frowned. She found this too good to be true.

“You are Lance’s Cabinet Minister. You should be on his side,” she said. “Why are you willing to help us for free?”

Morgana snorted.

She stubbed the cigarette on the ashtray and her face turned dark.

“I never wanted to be a fucking rogue,” she said gloomily. “My bastard parents abandoned me. No foster care was willing to take in me because of my hideous birthmark. I lived on the street and wandered into the rogue’s territory...I survived in this shit hole. I made a living here. But it didn’t necessarily mean that I enjoy living in this barbarian world.”

“If you hate this so much, why not leave?” Janet asked.

Morgana snorted, “And give up everything that I fought so hard for? No, thank you. I hate my current life. But I just want to change, not give up on it.”

She sat up straighter and looked Janet in the eyes.

“I am not happy with Lance being the King.”

She said pointedly.

“I am fucking tired of being ruled by an incompetent man. It is time to change that. I like you. And most importantly, Kass is my mate. All those are my reasons to help.”

Janet exchanged a brief look with Daran.

It seemed like that Morgana was speaking the truth.

But this could also be a part of Lance’s dirty schemes—he had done something like this before.

After a little pause, Daran said, “We have been crossed by a friend before. Right now, I don’t trust you.”

Morgana shrugged and leaned back to the couch.

“Fair enough.” she smiled, “There is plenty of time for us to build a healthy, collaborative relationship. For now, as a friendly gesture, I can tell you who the former Rogue King’s son is.”

Janet held her breath involuntarily, “Who is he?”

“Actually, you all have met him already,” Morgana chuckled.

Janet frowned. She searched among all the faces that she had seen since she got here. But no one seemed to fit the profile.

“And you just kicked his ass downstairs,” Morgana hinted.

Janet widened her eyes in shock.

..Andre?!

That little brat was the former Rogue King’s son?

Chapter 117

“Andre?”

Daran frowned. A clear hint of suspicion flickered across his eyes, “If I remember correctly, he is Danton’s son.”

“Foster son.”

Morgana corrected.

“Lance asked his best man Danton to adopt Andre after the former King died. This is a smart move, really. You know, keeping your enemy close.”

Janet still found this hard to believe, “But if Andre is really the former King’s kid, why didn’t Lance kill him? Why bother keeping him close?”

Morgana shrugged, “Who knows? Maybe there are some mysteries about the former

King that Lance hasn’t cracked yet, which made his son useful. Lance never shares his decision-making process with his subordinates. Like why does he keep you guys here? Nobody knows what he is thinking.”

Janet bit her lower lip, pondering.

Morgana was telling the truth. She could feel it.

If Andre was really the person that they were looking for, things would become quite difficult.

They made a terrible first impression downstairs.

It would be hard to persuade Andre to help them now.

“Anything thoughts on how to break Andre?” Daran asked, “What is he like? Does he have any weak spots? Anything we can use?”

“Andre is a spoiled little prick, which you have seen for yourself. Danton treated him very nicely over the years. He made sure that Andre had everything, money, women, booze, you name it. You can probably approach him with women-that kid is a dog-but you won’t be able to buy him. He is very close to his foster dad...”

“Wait.”

Janet interrupted her, “Andre is close to Danton? Are you sure?”

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“Wait.”

Janet interrupted her, “Andre is close to Danton? Are you sure?”

“Yeah, of course. Everybody knows it. Danton treats Andre like his own. They have a real connection,” Morgana said firmly.

Janet frowned. She looked uncertain.

Daran noticed her reluctance and he asked, “Why did you ask? Did you notice anything?”

“Well...yeah.’

Janet said slowly while trying hard to recall what she saw earlier.

“When they carried Andre out of the nightclub...and his shirt was loose...I happened to notice some old scars on his body.”

“So? It doesn't mean anything,” Morgana yawned. “You guys just kicked his ass. It was natural to leave some scars.”

“Ancient. Scars.” Janet stressed.

Morgana froze. After a short pause, she said, “Maybe he bumped into a wall or something-”

“By scars, I meant burn marks and weal.”

The room lapsed into silence.

Everyone was rendered speechless by this.

If Andre was really General Danton's beloved son, why would there be evidence of physical abuse on his body?

And more importantly, who dared to abuse the General's son?

Did Danton know about this?

'Are you sure you saw it right?' Morgana frowned, "Danton adored his son. He would never allow anyone to lay a finger on Andre."

Janet wanted to say that she was absolutely certain.

Yet when everyone questioned something, she began to question its accuracy herself.

"I..."

Janet paused. Then she shook her head, "Never mind. Maybe I saw it wrong." Daran rubbed her tensed neck and said, "Don't worry. We will find a way to confirm it later. For now, we just focus on how to approach Andre."

Morgana let out a big yawn.

"You mind if I skip this session?" she said idly. "Like you said, we haven't entered a trustworthy relationship yet."

Daran nodded. He held Janet's hand and turned to leave.

Janet glanced at Kass, "Are you coming with us?"

Kass made a funny movement. It seemed as though he wanted to stand up but there was an invisible force dragging him back to his seat.

Morgana leaned over and placed her hand on Kass's shoulder.

She chuckled, "No. You stay."

Kass gulped nervously. He seemed even more nervous now than before.

"Are

you sure?" Janet asked Kass again.

She didn't want Kass to feel that this was a quid pro quo and that he was obligated to do this against his will.

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Kass licked his dry lips uneasily. After a small pause, he gave a small nod to Janet. Morgana giggled, "Attaboy."

She pecked his cheek. His face was now flaming red.

Janet smiled and left the room with Daran.

The nightclub was as loud and hectic as before. The dancing crowd got even crazier after midnight.

A lot of people recognized Daran and Janet earlier. So they decided to take the back after midnight.

A lot of people recognized Daran and Janet earlier. So they decided to take the back door instead to avoid unnecessary attention.

On the way, Janet asked Daran, "So how should approach Andre? It would be hard after...what happened tonight."

"If given another chance, I would still kick his ass. He deserves it," Daran said coldly. "Making friends with Andre is practically impossible even without our little encounter tonight. We can't win him over with Danton in the picture."

Janet sighed.

Daran was right.

The main issue was not with Andre but with Danton.

"Don't worry about it. You can leave it to me," Daran said in a soft voice. "If

necessary, I will just abduct that piece of shit to the middle of nowhere and torture an answer out of him."

Janet smiled briefly.

She was still concerned.

Violence was not a smart move. She didn't want to go down that road unless they absolutely must.

They arrived at the employee exit. Daran pushed the door open. Yet he froze the next second.

Janet gave him a questioning look. Daran put his index finger on his lips, gesturing her to keep quiet, and beckoned her to peek through the door crack.

Janet followed his instructions.

Outside of the employee exit was a back alley. A few people were gathered by the trash bin.

It was Andre and a few guards.

Janet frowned. Shouldn't Andre have been taken to the hospital already? What was he doing here?

Right at this moment, Andre spoke up. His voice was slightly trembling. It sounded as though he was in a lot of pain.

"H-How much longer?" he asked.

One man checked his watch and said, "Soon. Master Andre."

Andre breathed heavily, "Y-You should take me to a fucking hospital for fuck's sake! My bone is fucking broken! How dare you ask me to wait here in a fucking alley!"

The man repeated himself in a respectful yet distant manner, "Very soon. Master Andre."

Janet exchanged an incredulous look with Daran.

It seemed like Andre was forced to wait for somebody. But who was powerful enough to make Andre wait with a broken leg?

The sound of a car engine came from the distance. A few moments later, a black car. drove into the back alley and stopped in front of Andre.

The passenger door opened up.

A man got off.

It was General Danton.

Andre sat up straighter. There was cold sweat on his forehead.

He looked up at Danton, half-awed, half-afraid, and murmured in a low voice, "...Father."

Danton let out a light snort.

Slowly, he pulled something out of his pocket.

It was a whip!

With a ripping noise, Danton wielded that wip and lashed Andre mercilessly!

SPLASH!

A gruesome mark appeared on Andre's face. Blood rushed down instantly.

Janet opened her mouth in shock. A gasp almost escaped her lips. But Daran clamped her mouth just in time to stifle that gasp.

"Kneel."

Danton said coldly.

He put a foot on Andre's broken leg, adding pressure to it. Andre squirmed in pain, which made the wicked smile on Danton's lips grow wider.

"Fucking kneel for me. You piece of shit," Danton laughed maliciously.

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Chapter 118

Chapter 118

Janet couldn't believe what she was seeing.

Everyone told her that Danton adored Andre and he was a loving father.

But what kind of loving father lashed his son in a dark back alley?!

All guards stood in their spots quietly, watching this scene in silence. They seemed quite used to this.

Hearing that Danton asked him to kneel, Andre's body quivered.

He looked at Danton with a pleading look and begged, "Father...I-I can't. My leg is broken. Can you spare me for this time, please?"

There was a wicked gleam in Danton's eyes. His face was cold and heartless as ever.

"You are a fucking dog to me, Andre. You do whatever I ask you to do," Danton said icily, "Get on your fucking knees. NOW."

Andre bit his lips with tears circling in his eyes.

Slowly, he moved his injured legs. The extreme pain caused him to sweat heavily.

He eventually managed to kneel on the ground, panting nonstop.

"Good."

Danton said in a freezing voice, "I heard that you got into some troubles with somebody tonight. Who did you mess with?"

"A-Alpha Daran and his Gamma Janet...but I was drunk, father! I didn't know who. they were when I-Ahh!"

SLAP!

A hot slap landed on Andre's cheek. His left side face became swollen immediately. "Fucking lying piece of shit!" Danton roared.

He grabbed Andre by the collar and glared at the kid, "Did you approach them on purpose? Do you think that they can help you? Getting you out of my control? Is that what you were thinking?!"

"NO! Father!" Andre cried in despair, "It was a coincidence! I know that they are our enemy. I would never approach them on purpose. I swear!"

Yet his pleading meant nothing to Danton.

Another hot slap landed on his right cheek this time.

"You should be grateful for being alive," Danton looked down at Andre

condescendingly. "The King pardoned your life, and I nurtured you up. You will talk and behave exactly like we want you to. Understand?"

"...Yes, father."

“I am watching you, son. Be a good boy. You don’t want to get punished, do you?” Andre’s body twitched when he heard the word “punish” as though it triggered some horrible memories.

He nodded hastily, “No, no punishment, father. I will be good.”

Danton smirked and patted his head, “Now we are talking. As long as you listen to me, I will make sure that you live a comfortable life. Oh, I heard that you signed up for a combat lesson with a private trainer. Why do you need to learn combat?”

Fear flickered across Andre’s eyes.

“...Nothing. Just a little interest,” he murmured.

“Well, a worm like you doesn’t need to learn combat,” Danton scorned. “I have canceled that lesson for you.”

Andre lowered his head, “...Yes Father.”

“Go to some parties. Women and booze are enough to keep you occupied. I heard that there is a Spring Fling party next week. Be there and have some fun. OK?”

“...Yes Father.”

Danton seemed pleased with Andre’s obedience. He snapped his fingers and beckoned the guards over.

“Bring Mater Andre to the hospital. I don’t want my son to become a fucking limp.”

“Yes, General.”

They brought Andre into the car.

The car drove away and disappeared into the darkness.

Daran opened the door and walked into the back alley with Janet. Both of them were still in shock because of what they just saw.

“I...I can’t believe this.” Janet shook her head in astonishment, “Danton treated Andre horribly! How come nobody ever found out about this?”

Daran snorted, “Danton must be really careful. He doesn’t want the others to raise questions about Andre’s true identity. But when they are alone, his monster side comes out again.”

“...Poor kid,” Janet murmured.

When she first met Andre, she thought that he was nothing but a spoiled little brat.

Yet after seeing what happened in the back alley, she couldn't help but feel sorry for him.

Andre must have lived a difficult life.

Nobody in this city cared for him.

He had to put up with Danton's violence while pretending to be Danton's loving son on the outside. And there was no one he could turn to for help.

The kid was barely 18.

"This works to our advantage," Daran turned to Janet and said. "Now we know that Danton and Andre's relationship isn't as solid as we believe. We can find a chance to crack it and persuade Andre to work with us."

Janet nodded, "We just need a chance to talk to him."

"You heard what Danton said to Andre. Spring Fling party, next week. It is a perfect opportunity."

Janet pulled out her phone and dialed Morgana's number.

It went through on the first ring, "Yes?"

"Morgana, we heard that there will be a Spring Fling party next week and Andre will be there. Can you get us on the guest list?"

"Sure. You want to talk to Andre at that party?"

"Yes. But we don't want to catch people's attention. The last thing we need is for Lance to find out that we are approaching the former King's son."

Morgana chuckled pleasantly, "Well, then this party works out perfectly for your plan."

"Why is that?"

"Because it is a masquerade ball. No one will have a damn clue about who you are."

The masquerade ball was on the upcoming Monday,

All the officers and nobles in the city would be there, including Andre. Janet asked Morgana to help them make the ball gown in secret. So nobody-not even their maids

and guards-knew that they were going to the masquerade ball. On the day of the ball, Janet did her own makeup and got dressed. Daran was at the

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ball already. They would meet at the ball later.

Tonight, Janet was dressed in an exquisite, ankle-length black velvet gown. The fitted bodice was accented with a deep sweetheart neckline, highlighting her graceful collarbone.

A gold masquerade mask, adorned with black and gold feathers, obscured her face. Her hair was pinned up in a soft, romantic updo, tendrils framing her face. The finishing touch was a pair of black satin stiletto heels, giving her an air of mystery and allure.

When Janet stepped into the venue, everyone nearby turned to look at her.

Among all those beautiful women who attended the ball tonight, Janet was without doubt the brightest star.

Yet Janet didn't pay any attention to other's gaze.

She was busy searching among the guests, looking for Daran in the crowd.

Everyone here wore a mask tonight. She wasn't sure which one was Daran.

Just then, a tall figure made his way down the marble staircase and walked towards Janet.

He wore a sharp black tuxedo, which complemented his athletic build perfectly. The tuxedo was expertly tailored to accentuate his broad shoulders and muscular arms. The slim-cut trousers hugged his thighs and calves, showcasing the strength in his legs.

The overall look emphasized his powerful and statuesque physique, making him a striking figure in the sea of guests at the masquerade ball.

He walked up to Janet directly, as though he was certain that she was the one that he was looking for.

"Hey."

Janet smiled and looked at him.

The silver masquerade mask that he wore covered half of his face, revealing a hint of his strong jawline.

“How do you know that it is me?” she giggled.

Daran’s lips curved up into a gentle smile. He gently stroked the feather on her mask and answered in a husky voice, “I can find you in a sea of people instantly. It is my superpower.”

Just then, an orchestra started to play classical tunes in the background, setting the rhythm for the dancers twirling around the dance floor.

“Look over there,” Daran whispered into Janet’s ears.

Janet followed the direction of his gaze and found Andre standing alone by the dancefloor, holding a glass of champagne.

Target spotted.

“Let us go talk to him,” Daran said.

Yet Janet put a hand on his shoulder and stopped him.

“No, I got this one.” she smiled. “You look out for me supripowel.

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Chapter 119

Chapter 119

Andre was sipping his glass of champagne, looking bored. Janet approached him from the back and bumped into his shoulder. Andre's hand shook. Some champagne spilled onto his white shirt. "On my god! I am so sorry sir!" Janet gasped, "Are you alright?!"

Andre jerked around in fume.

He was about to scold Janet. Yet when his eyes fixed upon Janet's face, the angry look was quickly replaced by an awed expression.

He was dazzled by Janet's beauty.

And from the look on his face, Janet could tell that he didn't recognize her at all. Which made sense. Because her face was covered by a gold masquerade mask, and they had only met each other two times.

"Don't worry about it, miss." Andre grinned, flashing his white teeth. "And I bet a lot of men here tonight would love to have a pretty lady like you bumping into them."

Janet giggled, fluttering her eyelashes, "You flatter me. Is there any way that I can make up for my clumsiness?"

"How about a dance with me?" Andre held out his right hand to Janet.

"My pleasure," Janet smiled, placing her hand in Andre's palm.

Together, they waltzed into the crowd of dancers.

The hall was filled with the harmonious melody of a waltz, couples gracefully twirling across the floor.

Andre held Janet's right hand and his left hand was on her waist, leading swirling across the dancefloor.

He was actually a masterful dancer, his movements fluid and precise, leading her effortlessly through the steps. Each twirl and dip was executed elegantly.

Yet Janet didn't have time to enjoy this dance.

She looked beyond Andre's shoulder and spotted a few guards standing by the dancefloor, watching them intently from the distance.

They were monitoring Andre's every move.

If she wanted to talk to Andre without causing the guard's suspicion, now was her only chance.

"What is the matter?"

Andre had noticed her absence of mind. He raised an eyebrow and asked, "You don't seem to enjoy this dance very much. Did I step on your feet or anything?"

Janet gulped.

She had to cut right into the chase.

Her time was limited.

Her line barely

"Andre, do you know who I am?" she whispered into his ears, her lips barely moving

Andre frowned.

Then he let out a dry laugh, "I don't. But this is the point of a masquerade ball, isn't it? Should I know you?"

They whirled around. And Janet happened to have her back facing those guards.

So she quickly took this chance and lifted her mask slightly so that Andre could take a clear look at her face.

Andre's eyes widened abruptly.

At that moment, he recognized who she was.

"Y-You!"

He gasped, sounding infuriated.

"You are Daran's Gamma! What are you doing here?!"

"Keep your voice down! I don't want to alert your guards. They are watching you like a fucking hawk," Janet said in a low and urgent voice. "And I am here to talk to you."

“Forget it! We have nothing to talk about,” Andre snapped.

He tried to pull his hand back and walk away.

Yet Janet held his hand and shoulder tightly and kept him on the spot.

“Keep dancing. And listen to what I have to say!” she commanded.

Her voice sounded very authoritative.

Andre winced. After a little internal struggle, he chose to stay.

“OK. What do you want to say? But make it quick. Father will kill me if he catches me talking to you,” he said reluctantly.

Janet nodded.

She got straight to the point, “I saw how Danton abused you in that alley behind the nightclub. I know that he is not a great father as everyone else believes. So if you are willing to trust me, I am here to help you.”

Andre’s body became stiff.

He gave Janet a nasty stare and huffed, “No. You saw it wrong. That wasn’t me. My father is awesome and he has been nothing but loving to me—”

“Just cut the crap, Andre! We all know that you are lying to yourself. Why are you trying to protect a horrible person like Danton?” Janet snarled.

“He is my father. Of course, I have to defend him-”

“Your FOSTER father,” Janet stressed. “You are the former Rogue King’s son. Danton only adopted you because he needs to keep an eye on you for Lance. You are his captive, not son.”

Andre glared at Janet.

A hint of panic flickered across his eyes.

“...How did you know about this?” he asked dryly.

“I have my source,” Janet said. “Anyway, I know that you are living a horrible life without any freedom and dignity. And I know that deep down you want to change that. So work with us. We are here to help you.”

Andre blinked his eyes. He looked at a lost.

Janet held his hand and took the lead. They couldn't stop dancing. Or they would catch the guard's attention.

After a long pause, when her patience was about to run out, Andre finally spoke up again:

"No."

Janet frowned, "So you would rather stay by Danton's side like a salve than working with us? Why is that?"

Andre let out a sneer, "You are a Gamma and I am a rogue. I will never work with my enemy."

"But we have shared interest here. Don't think of me as an enemy for now-

Andre cut her off sharply, "Plus, how are you going to help me anyway? You can't walk up to Danton and give him a fucking lesson on parenting. You can't help me. Nobody can help me. This is my fate. My destined fate."

"Andre...'

"

She wanted to say something else to change his mind.

But right at this moment, the song came to a stop. This dance was over.

Andre gave Janet a freezing look pulled his hand back and turned to leave.

Janet bit her lips, staring at his back, frustrated.

She knew that it would take some effort to persuade Andre.

But it still came as a shock when Andre turned her down with such a firm attitude.

She took in a deep breath and picked up her long skirt, rushing towards Andre.

"Wait!" she called out to him.

When she finally caught up with Andre by the edge of the dancefloor, she found Andre surrounded by his guards.

"...General Danton asks to see you now," said one guard in a cold voice.

Andre gulped nervously. His face was pale due to fear.

Bearing his head down, Andre walked up to those guards and was ready to leave with them.

Janet rushed forward. But one guard stuck out an arm and stopped her.

“Miss, the dance is over,” the guard said warningly.

Janet ignored him.

She stared at Andre’s back and said in an eager voice, “Just-think about it. Come and find me later...Please.”

C

Janet ignored him.

She stared at Andre’s back and said in an eager voice, “Just-think about it. Come and find me later...Please.”

Andre halted in his tracks. His fists were clenched by his body side.

After a small pause, he said lowly, “I enjoyed our dance...But that is it. Don’t come and talk to me ever again.”

With that said, he followed those guards and walked away decisively.

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Chapter 120

Chapter 120

“Shit,” Janet cursed lowly.

Danton called Andre away..

She didn’t know what would happen to Andre. But it was not too hard to guess. Judging by what she saw earlier in the back alley and the fearful look on Andre’s face

when he left, it must be something horrible.

Though frustrated, Janet could understand why Andre was reluctant to work with her.

He had lived in hell for too long, deprived of any right to be happy. So when she approached him with a hope to be free from all those miseries, he found it too good to be true.

And most importantly, they were on opposite sides.

He didn't trust her.

Janet let out a frustrated, long sigh.

She needed some air to organize her thoughts.

So she walked away from the joyful crowd and headed towards the patio leading to the backyard garden.

Once she was outside, she leaned against the patio's handrail and took a deep breath of the midnight air.

The air was cool and crisp. She could smell the perfume of flowers in the night breeze.

Everything was so peaceful and calm.

For a brief moment, she almost forgot that she was in her enemy's camp.

Footsteps came from behind her back. Janet turned around and found Daran walking over with two glasses of champagne.

He handed her one of the glasses and joined her leaning against the handrail.

"Tough kid?" he asked.

Janet took a sip and smiled bitterly, "Very. He doesn't trust us at all. And honestly...I don't blame him. Even his own men abuse him...for him, we must be worse."

"Do you think he will tell Danton about what happened tonight?"

Janet shook her head, "No. He doesn't trust us. But I can tell that he hates Danton even more. He will keep his mouth shut."

"Good."

Daran took her hand and gently squeezed it, “Tonight we planted a seed in his heart. Now we will just have to wait for that seed to sprout one day,”

Janet forced out a smile.

She knew that Daran was simply saying that to make her feel better.

The hard truth was that they didn't have a lot of time.

Lance kept them in this city for a reason, which they hadn't found out what that was

Lance kept them in this city for a reason, which they hadn't found out what that was yet.

So the longer they waited, the more danger they would be in.

“Care to join me for a little walk?” Daran looked at her with a gentle smile.

Janet nodded and followed him down the patio and into the garden.

Tonight was the full moon.

Under the luminous glow, the backyard garden came alive with an ethereal beauty. Moonlight bathed the delicate petals of blooming flowers, casting a silver shimmer that transformed the landscape into a dreamscape.

Janet and Daran walked down the path through the garden. The only sound that could be heard was the gentle rustling of leaves in the night breeze.

Janet wrapped her arm around his elbow, resting her head on his shoulder. She could smell his scent from this proximity, something that smelt even more enticing than the perfume of flowers.

“What if we can't get Andre to work with us?” she asked abruptly.

He slightly turned his head and landed a kiss on her forehead, “We will keep trying.”

“But what if we just can't? No matter what we do?”

His voice remained steady and calm, “Then we will cut all these craps and go after Lance directly. We will chop his fucking head off and burn his body into ashes. There must be something we can do to kill him.”

Janet giggled.

Daran was saying this to lighten the mood. And it worked.

She felt much better already.

They walked deep into the garden and sat down on a bench under a laurel tree.

She lay down and placed her head on his lap. He threaded his fingers through her silky long hair, again and again.

“Something just occurred to me,” he said with a hint of a smile on his lips. “You never dance with me.’

“Nonsense. We dance all the time,” she let out a small yawn.

The night breeze, the flowers, his fingers combing through her hair...everything was soothing. She was quickly getting sleepy.

“One time. On our wedding night. And that was it,” he said with a complaining voice.

Janet looked up and stared at his handsome profile.

“Wait. Are you jealous that I danced with Andre earlier?” she asked, amazed.

He asked in return, “Are you surprised if I am?”

“Come on, Daran. Andre is just a kid. Plus, that dance was just a covert for us to talk.’

“I know. But still.’

He coiled a lock of her hair around his finger

He coiled a lock of her hair around his finger.

“Whenever I see you with another man, flames of jealousy burn inside of me. And I would get a terrible impulse to shift, to attack, to snatch you back, and to hide you somewhere that nobody can find you. This impulse...the desire...”

He paused, and continued with a hoarse voice, “It is getting harder and harder to control myself.”

Janet licked her dry lips. Her heart suddenly started to race.

She could tell that he was telling the truth.

And she was shocked by his possessiveness.

“But I am here with you,” she said gently. “Just you. Not anybody else.”

“Yes.”

He brought her hand to his lips and kissed her fingertips softly, “To have you by my side is the only way I can calm myself down.”

Even though their mission tonight was completed already, none of them wanted to go back to their suite.

So they stayed under the laurel tree.

Janet felt her eyelids getting heavier. And she fell asleep eventually.

Even though she was surrounded by enemies, she still slept soundly. Because Daran was right here by her side.

As long as Daran was here, it was safe.

She slept for about an hour, or probably even longer, and was woken up by Daran.

“Janet...Janet.”

He was patting her shoulder, calling her name next to her ears.

She opened her eyes, still half-asleep, and yawned, “...W-What happened?”

“Someone is nearby,” he said in a low voice that only the two of them could hear. “Listen.”

Janet held her breath and listened attentively to her surroundings.

Then she heard a low sob coming from the distance.

It was barely audible.

But it was there.

Janet sat up abruptly. She was wide awake now.

“Shall we go find out?” she asked Daran lowly.

Daran nodded.

They stood up and followed that sobbing sound. It came from the darkness, deep into the shadow of trees, hidden from all passersby's eyes.

They kept their bodies down and carefully moved forward.

The sob was getting louder, which told them that they were moving in the right direction.

When they were finally close enough, Daran stopped. He hid behind a tree and pushed a branch aside.

And Janet was finally able to see what was happening a few meters away.

It was a small clearing.

A few guards were sitting on the ground, playing pokers.

By their side, Andre was hung upside down from a tree.

His feet were tied to a tree branch and his head was a few inches away from the ground. His face was red because his blood was flowing toward his head.

He was trembling like a leaf in the wind.

“Please...P-Please...”

Andre sobbed, his voice broken.

A snake, as thick as a baby’s arm, was coiled around his body.

It made a sizzling sound and was coming close to his bare neck.

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Chapter 121

Chapter 121

Janet widened her eyes in shock.

Andre was brought away by the guards a few hours ago. Why did he end up here in the garden?

And why did they put a snake on his body?

The snake wrapped its body around Andre and tightened its grip, its coils constricting around him like a living prison.

The serpent's scales were cool and smooth against his skin, sending chills down his spine.

Andre gasped for breath, his face getting redder, sweat dripping down from his forehead.

It looked like he was having a panic attack.

"P-Please!" he groaned weakly, "I...I can't. Let me off...Please...I would do anything...Just-Please! Let me off..."

The guards didn't look at him. They were having a good time with their poker game. "General Danton asked us to hang you for at least 6 hours," one of the guards said idly. "How long has it been now?"

"Two hours and a half."

"You hear that, Master Andre? It was not even half yet. So just shut your mouth and enjoy the night breeze."

Andre closed his eyes. His breathing was getting shallower.

"A-At least, get the snake away!" he begged, half-crying, "I am terrified of it...please!"

"Sorry, kid. No can do," the guard shrugged with a nasty grin. They all seemed to enjoy the kind of torment that Andre was in.

The snake held Andre firmly in its grasp, its yellow eyes glinting coldly. Andre shivered and tears streamed down his cheek.

"Why is father doing this to me?" he cried, sobbing in despair. "I came to the ball as he asked...I-I did everything he asked! Why!"

One guard clicked his tongue impatiently, "We are just following General Danton's order. Plus, the General doesn't need a reason to do anything. He does things when he is pleased."

Janet gritted her teeth in fume.

She could see what was happening now.

This was what Danton did-pulling Andre away anytime he wanted and punishing Andre randomly without any reason.

He just loved to torment this kid.

And Danton must know that Andre was afraid of the snake. He put a snake on Andre's body to spice things up.

What a twisted fucking prick.

And Danton must know that Andre was afraid of the snake. He put a snake on Andre's body to spice things up.

What a twisted fucking prick.

Janet and Daran exchanged a brief look. Although nobody said a word, they could understand what the other was thinking perfectly.

They needed to rescue Andre.

Daran first pointed at the guards and then pointed at himself.

Janet knew what he meant.

He wanted to draw those guards away so that Janet could take this chance and rescue Andre.

She gave him a firm nod.

Daran gave her hand a gentle squeeze and then moved away quietly. He circled up to the other side of this clearing and tossed a stone at the guards.

The guards were alerted.

They jumped up immediately.

"Who the fuck is there!" one guy snapped.

Daran hid in the shadows and tossed another stone at them.

"Fuck! Somebody is over there," one of the guards hissed. "You two follow me and let us check it out."

That guard took two men away from him.

And there was only one guy left here to watch Andre.

Janet narrowed her eyes into slits and stared at her target intently.

She sprang out from the bushes swiftly and jumped on the guard's back. He was completely caught off guard. She clamped his neck tightly with her arms and twisted it sharply.

The guard crushed to the ground without a sound and passed out. He wasn't even given the time to find out who attacked him.

Janet rushed over to Andre and patted his cheek.

"Hey! Are you alright?" she asked urgently.

The snake spotted the intruder. It straightened its body and made a threatening sound at Janet.

Janet grabbed the snake by its neck, flung her arm, and smashed the snake's head harshly on the ground.

The snake twirled, and the next second, died.

Andre was still shaking violently. His eyes had lost focus. It almost looked like he was having a seizure.

Janet decided to rescue him down first. She pulled out the dagger that she always had in her pocket and was ready to cut Andre loose.

"D-Don't..."

Janet looked down and found Andre staring at her. He repeated himself once more, "Don't...G-Get away from me..."

"Are you crazy? I am trying to help you!" Janet snapped, "Look at you! You are on the verge of passing out!"

"Lea...Leave me be. It is just a little hanging...and a snake...if Danton finds you helping me...then-then I am dead..."

"Fuck it! We will figure it out later. Now you are coming with me."

She threw her dagger, and the dagger sliced the rope in two.

Andre dropped down and fell right into Janet's arms.

She held his shoulder and wiped the cold sweat away from his forehead, “Hey, listen to me, you are safe now. OK?”

Andre gritted his teeth. A look of despair flashed in his eyes.

“You are really fucking with my life...”

He muttered weakly, closed his eyes, and then passed out.

A light whistle came from the distance. Janet knew that it was Daran telling her that the other guards were coming back.

She couldn't stay.

She went to collect her dagger.

Carrying Andre on her back, she quickly fled the scene and disappeared into the darkness.

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Chapter 122

Chapter 122

With Andre with her, Janet couldn't march right into the palace. It caused too much attention. And she didn't want that.

She circled to the back of the building and found the window to their suite. She waited there for about ten to fifteen minutes and the window cracked open. Daran stuck his head out. When he saw Janet, he let out a slight sigh of relief.

“Hold on a second,” he said.

He carried a coil of rope and climbed out of the window, jumping onto the ground lightly. He moved Andre to his back. Janet helped to tie Andre's body firmly to his back.

“You go ahead,” she said in a whisper. “I will watch out for you.”

Daran nodded.

Drawing back a few paces, he took a run and jumped, stepping onto the wall for support and grabbing the windowsill.

He moved so effortlessly and didn't make a single sound during the whole process. It seemed as though he was carrying a feather on his back and not a human being.

Janet looked around and made sure that nobody was around. Then she followed Daran's steps and got into the suite herself.

Andre's breathing was still light and shallow. There was a deep furrow between his brows even when he was asleep, as though he was having a nightmare.

"Is he going to be alright?" Janet asked worriedly.

"Yeah. He was just having a light fever. Just move him into the room and give him a wipe down and he will be alright."

Janet nodded.

They carried Andre into the bedroom and set him down on the bed.

Janet took a hand to unbutton Andre's shirt.

Yet Daran grabbed her wrist forcefully.

"What do you think you are doing?" he asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Giving the boy a wipe down...like you said."

"You seriously think that I will allow you to see and touch another man's body?" he said coldly.

Janet withdrew her hands. She was slightly embarrassed.

"Come on, Daran, don't be ridiculous. He is just a kid," she muttered.

"And I am an envious man.'

He grabbed her chin, his thumb caressing her soft skin, "Don't give me a chance to be jealous."

Janet held her breath.

They hadn't been together for so long that sometimes she forgot how possessive i and bossy he was

"Fine. I will leave this to you...as long as you don't mind the work," she pouted.

Daran gave a gentle nudge on her shoulder, "Go wait in the living room."

Janet walked out of the room and slumped down on the couch.

She was exhausted. Yet her mind was still sharp as ever, thinking about everything that happened tonight.

They brought Andre back, which was not part of their original plan, but it worked out just fine. Now they had more time to persuade Andre into working with them.

The only loose end was those guards.

When they came back and found that Andre was missing, they would definitely tell

Danton.

Luckily, none of the guards saw their faces and nobody knew that they were at the masquerade ball tonight.

So Danton wouldn't suspect them.

About an hour later, Janet heard some noises coming from the bedroom.

She jumped up from the couch and dashed inside.

Andre was awake.

He sat on the bed with a haggard and distraught face. Some angry tears were circling in his eyes.

"Why did you fucking take me back!" he cried in despair, clenching the bedsheet. "I told you to leave me alone! Why can't you just mind your own fucking business!"

"Keep your voice down," Daran threatened dangerously.

Andre quivered under his sharp gaze.

He bit his bottom lip and glared at Daran indignantly, "I know what you are up to... You just want to be friends because there is something you want from me.'

"You are not too stupid after all."

Daran crossed his arms and said in a cold voice, "Look. My patience is limited. So I will just cut right into the chase. I know that you hate Danton, and you want to be free of him."

Andre parted lips as though he was going to say something to refute.

Yet Daran raised a hand and stopped him before he could say anything.

"Don't give me that loving-father, loving-son bullshit. You can fool the others, but not me.'

Daran said impatiently,

"You know perfectly well that the two of us are the only people in this city who can challenge Danton and Lance. If you want freedom, we are your only chance. So the wise thing for you to do now is to make a deal with us, let us help you and we will give you what you want."

Andre lapsed into silence, his body slightly shaking.

For the first time ever, he didn't reject the offer immediately.

He was hesitating.

Janet noticed his subtle change of attitude and added, "And nobody is trying to be your friend. We can go our separate ways after this one time. We don't need to see eye to eye on everything."

Andre held his head down, pondering.

After a long pause, he breathed out a small sigh, "You didn't leave me with much choice by bringing me back here... Fine. Tell me what you want first."

"You are the former Rogue King's son. We want to know how your father died."

Andre snorted, "So that you can use the same method to kill Lance?"

Janet didn't answer his question directly, "As I said, we will go separate ways after this one-time deal. You don't need to know what we are going to do. Now, your turn."

Andre shrugged.

"It is pretty obvious, isn't it? I am done with being Danton's lapdog. How can you help me?"

“We can help you escape the city,” Janet said. “And we will assist you to settle down at a place of your choice. As long as it is out of the rogue’s territory, we have that kind of power.”

“No way. This city is my father’s legacy. I am not leaving home.”

Janet frowned.

The trickiest part was that they didn’t want Lance to notice that they were approaching Andre right now.

They wanted to go around Lance’s back and give him a fatal strike when the time came, which wouldn’t work if Lance was alerted ahead of that time.

So how to help Andre without causing Lance’s attention?

That was an issue.

“See?” Andre shrugged. “I told you already. Lance and his minions controlled this city. You can’t help me.”

Right at this moment, Daran spoke up in a calm voice, “There is a simple solution to this.”

“Which is?” Andre challenged.

“We kill Danton,” Daran said.

When We

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Chapter 123

Chapter 123

There was a ringing silence in the room. Both Janet and Andre were shocked.

“Are you crazy?” Andre gasped, “You can’t kill Danton! Not that I want him alive or anything... You just won’t be able to kill him! It is impossible!”

Daran snorted, “Why? Is he immortal like Lance?”

“No. But he is a General, a bit shot in this city! Always surrounded by plenty of guards. Killing him is an impossible task.”

“I have killed thousands of rogues. And there are more soldiers on the battlefield than here. So nothing is impossible,” Daran said with an offhand tone.

He turned to look at Janet, “What do you think?”

Janet slowly shook her head in awe.

Killing Danton had never crossed her mind.

Because they were under Lance’s watch. Keeping a low profile had always been their top priority.

Murdering the Rogue King’s general was definitely high profile.

Yet...on the contrary...

If they could have this thing done quietly, without causing any attention, it certainly worked to their advantage.

Andre would be free from Danton’s torment, permanently.

Lance would lose a great help.

And on top of that, she hated that bastard. It would be fucking awesome to cut his throat open.

Thinking about that, Janet stretched her mouth into a grin and said briskly, “Yeah, I am on board. Let us do this.”

They looked at each other and smiled at the same time.

“Fuck...God. You are crazy. The both of you!”

Andre groaned, pulling his own hair in frustration.

“If you fail and this thing gets exposed, Danton and the Rogue King will toss me into a fucking oven and roast me to death!”

Janet ignored the freaking-out kid and looked at Daran.

“But this thing has to go quietly,” she said. “We need to find a time when he is alone. And it needs to be clean so that no trace can lead back to us.”

Daran nodded, “How about we kill him in his sleep?”

“Nah.”

Andre chimed in and said, “He never sleeps alone. Always has a mistress in his bed to keep him company. And his guards stayed in the room when he sleeps, keeping a close watch on him.”

Janet rolled his eyes.

What a fucking coward.

This prick looked nothing like a general.

“It is better if we can make it seem like a suicide instead of murder,” Daran

pondered. “If it is a suicide, Lance won’t look too much into it. Our hands will be cleaned.”

Janet let out a sarcastic laugh, “Danton doesn’t look like a guy with suicidal intent. He is too busy making other people want to kill themselves.”

A short silence fell upon them.

Everyone was working their brain, thinking about how to complete this seemingly impossible task.

“Actually...I have an idea.”

Andre broke the silence and raised his head up to look at Janet and Daran.

“There is a perfect time and location for you to do that.”

“Go ahead. We are all ears,” Janet said.

Andre gulped and said in a slightly shaky voice, “Every spring, Danton would organize hunting in the woods. This will be an exclusive event and only a few of his friends will be invited...”

Janet nodded.

Hunting was a common social event for werewolves.

Back in Riverside Pack and Blood Moon Pack, they often organized hunting, especially in hunting seasons like spring and fall.

“Sure. We can fake an accident and kill Danton during the hunting. But it is not going to be easy.”

Janet said with a frown.

“Danton will be surrounded by more people during an event like that. Plus, the hunting takes place in bright daylight. Bad timing for a clean assassin.”

If they were back in their own packs and they had the man source, Janet was confident that they could fake an accident.

But here?

She was not so sure.

Andre shook his head, “No. You got me wrong. I am not asking you to kill him during the hunting...I am talking about-afterward.”

He took in a deep breath and a disgusted look appeared on his face, as though some nasty memories just came to his mind.

“The highlight of this event is not hunting itself, but the afterparty,” Andre said with a revolted tone. “After the daytime hunting, they will camp out in the woods, build tents, and stay the night. Because it is so far away from the city, the public’s eyes, will...go crazy. A carnival, a fucking boarish and goaty one.”

Janet frowned.

Her stomach swirled in disgust.

“How crazy are we talking about here?” she asked.

“Very.”

Andre’s jaw tightened.

“Booze, women, drugs... you name it. Danton would force the nearby peasants and hunters to bring their female family members to this party as tributes. Not all girls can survive a horrible incident like that...Every year when the sun rises up, we end up burying some fresh bodies.”

Janet clenched her fists with anger boiling inside of her.

“Does Lance know about this?” she hissed.

“Of course, he knows. What else do you expect?” Andre rolled his eyes. “Danton is like his best buddy. They do all kinds of nasty things together.”

“Good to know.”

Janet gritted her teeth, a cold and merciless gleam in her eyes, “I already can’t wait for the day when I finally kill them.”

Daran placed a hand on her shoulder, “Soon. You won’t wait for long.”

He turned to look like Andre, “But Lance won’t be at this hunting, right?”

“No. He doesn’t like to be seen with the commoners.”

“Good. And during the night, do they get their own tent?”

“Yes.” Andre nodded, “It is the one night that he doesn’t ask the guards to stay in his room.”

“Fabulous. And I already have the idea of how to kill him and fake it as a suicide...the drug,” Daran said.

Janet’s eyes lit up, “Right. If we force him to take a lethal amount of drugs, it will kill him. And it will seem like a drug misuse, not murder.”

A decent plan was gradually coming into shape.

Only one problem was left.

“Can we sneak into this camp area without alerting the guards?” Janet asked.

“The outside will be heavily guarded. So you need a clever way in.”

Andre paused. His eyes flickered towards Janet.

“You know...I was thinking...Those civilian daughters. If you can blend into the female tribute’s crowd, you will have easy access to Danton’s tent-”

“NO!” Daran snapped abruptly.

Andre was startled. He shut his mouth immediately.

“Absolutely not,” Daran repeated in a stern voice.

“Why not?” Janet frowned, “It sounds logical to me.”

“Logical my ass! Do you have any idea of what kind of people are going to be there? Drunk, thirsty men and they are all high on drugs! Have you considered the risk?!”

Janet was pissed.

She raised her volume and snarled back, “I am well aware of the danger! And don’t you forget that I am a warrior! I can protect myself! If it is Balvina here tonight, or Maxie, will you stop them from doing this?”

Daran clenched his fists in rage.

If it was Balvina or Maxie, he would not object to this plan.

Because he didn’t give a damn about other women.

Janet was the only woman he cared about in this world.

“You can’t stop me.”

Janet said in a serious voice, looking at Daran straight in the eyes.

“It is my battle. And I am going to fight it.”

Daran looked right back at her. Anger flickered across his eyes.

Yet there was no further objection from him.

Andre starched his head nervously and asked, “So...Have you reached a conclusion?”

Janet nodded firmly, “On the night of the hunting. We do this.”

“Great.” Andre let out a sigh of relief, “There is still a week left before the hunting. Enough time for us to prep things. Now I better head back...before Danton gets suspicious.”

“Take the window,” Janet said. “And have a story ready when Danton asks about what happened tonight. We don’t want to alert him.’

“You bet.”

Janet went to see Andre off.

When she returned to the bedroom, she found Daran standing by the window alone with his back facing her.

She could sense his anger.

She walked up to him and coiled her arms around his waist.

“Don’t be mad.”

She leaned her face against his back, whispering, “I just want to be there with you at every fight.”

There was a short moment of silence.

Then Daran turned around abruptly and backed her against the wall. He caught her lips hungrily.

“Why can’t you just be a normal woman for a change?”

He breathed heavily, biting her bottom lip harshly as a punishment.

“Why can’t you just let me protect you?!”

Janet wrapped her arms around his neck. She opened her mouth and welcomed his tongue in.

“...Because that is what you love about me,” she groaned. “We are fighters...We are perfect for each other...”

They fell to the bed together.

And immersed themselves in the wild passion.

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Chapter 124

Chapter 124

Andre messaged them about two days later, saying that he had planned the whole thing out.

He would help Janet blend into the crowd of female tributes. And Daran could wait in the forest during the day. When night fell, Daran could take the cover night and find a way to sneak into the campsite.

Everything was ready to go.

On the day of the hunting, Janet and Daran told the maids that they would go to the market and do some shopping and left their suite.

An hour later, they arrived at the meet-up point, a hidden cave near a creek deep into the forest.

They waited for Andre to show up.

Yet half an hour had passed since their appointed time and there was still no sign of Andre.

Daran's face was getting darker with the passing of time.

"This kid is going to bail on us," he said coldly.

Janet patted his tensed shoulder, "Have some patience."

Daran gave her a sullen look, "I never liked this plan for a starter. Maybe it is time to take a step back and evaluate—"

"Look!"

Janet interrupted him and pointed to the distance, "He is here."

Andre appeared from the dense forests across the creek.

He rushed over, slightly out of breath with hot sweat on his forehead, and said to them in an urgent voice, "Sorry, sorry. I got caught up in things..."

"You are late," Daran said warningly.

"I know. Danton was watching me like a fucking hawk. I didn't find the right time to sneak out," Andre mumbled. "And...there is a slight change of plan."

"What happened?" Janet asked.

Andre gulped. He looked anxious.

"...The King is here," he sighed.

Janet widened her eyes,

shocked.

"Lance is here?" she gasped, "But I thought you said that he doesn't like to be seen with commoners!"

Andre rubbed the back of his neck nervously, "That is normally the case! But I don't know what happened this year! Maybe Danton invited him, or maybe he just wants to have some fun...Anyway, I saw Danton welcome him into the campsite when I snuck out."

There was a short silence.

Then Daran grabbed Janet's wrist and said with a forceful tone, "Abort the plan."

"Hold on a second-"

"Lance is here. It changes everything!" Daran snapped, "I didn't want you to do this. in the first place. You have to listen to me on this, Janet. I am your

"Alpha? Husband? Mate? Daran, you can't tell us what to do! We went through this. already!" Janet said sharply. "I know that I can do this. So stop protecting me like I am a delicate China!"

They glared at each other with tension building in the air.

Andre urged them, "You need to decide now. Those girls are outside of the campsite already. It is now or never!"

"We have made the decision already. We are doing this," Janet said firmly.

Andre peeked at Daran, who still carried a sullen look on his face but didn't say another word.

"OK, then." Andre handed a bag of clothes to Janet, "Put this on. All girls wear the same outfit tonight."

Janet took over the clothes and went into the cave to get changed.

There were just Andre and Daran standing outside.

Andre took a small step back, putting a little more distance between him and Daran. He was clearly afraid of Daran.

Amidst this awkward silence, Daran spoke up darkly, "You better look out for her in the campsite."

"O-Of course," Andre let out a dry smile. "We are in this together. I know that. I will do my best to keep Gamma Janet safe."

"You better be."

Daran walked up to him and looked down at his panic-stricken face with an intimidating gaze.

"My initial plan was to abduct you to the middle of nowhere and torture a fucking answer out of you," Daran said coldly. "Those little torments that you got from Danton...those are nothing compared to what I had in mind."

☞

Andre winced.

He could tell that Daran was speaking the truth.

"But Janet is too nice a person to do that. She chose to risk her life for you. So just remember this-if you get cold feet down the road or throw her under the bus in the middle of a crisis, I will make your life a million times harder than the one you have with Danton right now. Understood?"

Andre's teeth clattered in fear.

He couldn't utter a single word. He could only nod hastily to show that he understood what Daran said.

"Good," Daran said freezingly.

Just then, Janet walked out of the cave with a new outfit.

She was dressed in a cropped top and a fitting skirt, adorned with sequins, beads, or coins. The clothes were made in a light flimsy texture revealing her gorgeous body figure. The clothes were made in a light, flimsy texture, revealing her gorgeous body figure.

Her hair was braided, with flowers woven into her hair and scattered throughout the braid. A veil was wrapped around the lower half of her face, providing a cover.

Andre was amazed by her look.

He knew that he shouldn't be staring-especially with that scary Alpha by his side—but he just couldn't take his eyes off Janet.

This outfit was designed in a very revealing style, aimed to please the viewers. Yet Janet wore it elegantly and there was something very graceful and sacred about her. She looked like a goddess.

“Are you done staring?” Daran hissed coldly.

Andre was snapped back to reality and quickly moved his eyes away. His heart was still racing.

Then he stuttered nervously, “T-This outfit will do. But maybe just mess up your hair a bit... You look too...great. I am afraid that you might become the center of attention and we don't want that...”

Janet nodded. She took off those flower hairpins and loosened her braid, letting her long hair fall naturally down her back.

She walked up to Daran and put a hand on his cheek, “I am going. See you later tonight.”

Daran held her hand and planted a kiss on her palm.

“Don't take any risks. Be safe. I will be right outside of the camp near you,” he said in a hoarse voice.

After kissing Daran goodbye, Janet followed Andre and they went into the forest. After about fifteen minutes of traveling through the woods, Janet heard the hound dog howling and some people yelling and laughing.

A large campsite came into her view.

There was a group of girls waiting outside of the campsite. They huddled together like a herd of terrified sheep. Some of the girls still had dry tear stains on their faces. Andre gave a gentle nudge on Janet's back.

She hurried over and joined the crowd quietly.

While waiting in the group, Janet carefully raised her head up and studied her surroundings.

This campsite was larger than she thought. And it was indeed heavily guarded. There was a every five meters and several patrol teams walked back and forth outside of the camping area.

Her heart sunk slightly

It would be easy for Daran to sneak in here even with the cover of the night.

But it was Daran.

She trusted his ability.

After another thirty minutes of walt, people who went hunting finally returned to the camp.

Janet quickly glanced up and spotted Danton at the front of the team riding on a horse. And Lance was by his side.

She held her head down low and hid behind the other girl's back.

The team came close and stopped in front of them.

"Those are the tributes for tonight?" Danton asked with a laugh.

"Yes, father," Andre answered nonchalantly,

"You did a good job. Pick one and have some fun tonight," Danton said with a nasty grin. "My King, would you like to select an accompany for tonight?"

Janet held her breath and she heard Lance reply in a casual tone, "You got some nice girls here, Danton."

"Thank you, My King. And they are all virgins, fresh and clean. If any of them serves you well tonight, I can send them back to your palace...Of course, if that is OK with the Queen."

"Queen?" Lance asked.

"Yeah. We all know that you found your mate recently."

Lance sneered, "That despicable woman is not the Queen. And I don't need anyone's approval to have fun."

Danton let out a booming laugh, "Certainly, certainly."

Lance got off the horse and walked toward the group of girls, some of whom were now sobbing in fear.

Janet's heart jumped up to her throat.

Lance was going to select an accompany among them?

Fuck. She didn't know this ahead of time. Andre didn't tell her!

If Lance chose her, the whole plan would be sabotaged.

"OK, let's see..." Lance scanned the crowd with a smile. "Which one of you will be lucky tonight?"

He raised a hand, ready to point at his target.

Janet was so nervous that she couldn't breathe.

...Would Lance pick her?

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Chapter 125

Chapter 125

"You."

Lance's voice came from above her head.

Janet held her head down stiffly. She was afraid that Lance would recognize her if she met his eyes.

"You. Raise your head," Lance demanded.

From a peripheral look, Janet saw that he was pointing at her!

Janet's heart sank.

Did Lance pick her? Among all the girls here...He picked her?!

What were the fucking odds!

Her stepping up right now meant that she could save an innocent girl from going through the torture, which was nice.

But it also meant that she wouldn't be able to kill Danton tonight. Hence, everything that they planned would go down the drain.

Janet's mind was racing fast.

What should she do?

Should she abort the original plan?

Was there a way to get out of this?

In the slit of a second, she came up with a plan.

"My King...I..."

She faked a small cough and said in a fake voice, "I caught the cold the other night. I am probably not fit to serve you."

Lance gave her a searching look, "Really? Or is it because you don't want to keep me company?"

"No! Of course, I want to. Serving you is the best thing that happens in my life...I am just afraid that I might give you the cold," she said in an obedient voice.

Andre had been watching them anxiously. He rushed over and backed her story, "It is true, My King. This girl is sick. And that is why she is wearing a veil. So please, pick

somebody else. There are some other pretty good options here."

Danton huffed on the back of his horse, "Getting a sick girl here? What were you fucking thinking Andre?! Kick her out!"

"Father-"

"No, that is fine. Let her stay,"

Lance raised a hand and stopped their argument. He looked bored.

“Just send a couple of healthy girls to my tent tonight. I trust you with your taste, Andre.”

Andre bowed to him humbly. Lance walked back to his horse.

Janet let out a small sigh of relief.

Janet let out a small sigh of relief.

Looked like she had dodged the bullet.

The camp’s gate opened up and welcomed Lance and Danton in. Guards came to chase the girls into the camp, like driving a flock of sheep corral.

Andre was in charge of assigning the girls to each tent. He quickly gave his orders and then took Janet by the wrist and pulled her out of the crowd.

“Come with me,” he whispered. “I will lead you to Danton’s tent.”

Janet followed him behind the back. She heard some girls bursting into tears as they walked away, which made her heartache.

“What will happen to those girls?” she asked.

“Something shitty... But it is not our problem.”

Janet grabbed his shoulder forcefully and hissed, “It IS my problem. You fucking listen to me. I am saving those girls!”

Andre’s jaw tightened, “How! Our own fucking asses are in danger right now. Stop being a fucking saint!”

“After I kill Danton and they discover the body, there will be a moment of chaos in the campsite. You find a chance to open the gate for those poor girls and let them escape.”

Andre stared at her stiffly. He looked reluctant.

Janet tightened her grip on his shoulder, “Did you fucking hear me?!”

Andre winced in pain, “...Yes! Yes, I hear you. I will do as you said, OK? As long as we survive the night.”

“Good.” Janet let go of his shoulder.

Andre brought her to a large tent in the middle of the campsite.

There was nobody inside when they walked in.

“OK. You wait in here.” Andre said to Janet, wiping his damp forehead. “They will probably send another girl in here later...Danton and Lance are having dinner. I will bring Danton back later tonight and then you can do your job...”

Janet stared at him, “You are nervous as hell.”

“A-Am I? I didn’t notice...”

“Yes. You look like shit,” Janet pointed out sharply. “Sweating a lot and your eyes are not in focus. You better keep yourself together or Danton will notice something wrong right away.”

Andre clenched his fists, his body shaking violently in a mixture of fear and anger.

“How can I not be freaking out!” he growled lowly, “We are fucking talking about murdering Danton, the General! Right under the King’s nose! Oh fuck...this is probably a horrible idea. Maybe...Maybe we should give up on the plan...”

SLAP!

Janet slapped him hard across the face without any mercy.

“Better?” she asked coldly.

Andre gulped. He touched his burning cheek and sighed, “...Yeah. Thanks.”

“Remember all the humiliation and insults that he gave you. Tonight is a big night. You are avenging yourself.”

Andre bit his lip and nodded, “Right.”

He turned away and walked out of the tent. This time his steps became steadier.

After he left, Janet found herself in a corner and sat down.

She wasn’t too nervous about killing Danton.

She knew that Danton wasn’t a great warrior and he probably became the general simply because he was friends with the King.

Sticking a knife into his throat would not be too hard.

She just needed Lance to stay out of her way tonight.

There was no clock in the tent, so she had no sense of time. After what felt like an hour, she heard scolding and crying from the outside.

A girl was tossed inside by the guards.

This girl's hands were tied behind her back, and she was sobbing in a low voice.

"P-Please..." she tried to beg those guards. "Please let me go...I have a fiancé! I didn't want to do this...I am begging you..."

The guard kicked her to the ground and snapped, "You will be serving the general! It is a great honor! A chance that most girls don't get in a lifetime! Be grateful you fucking bitch."

He ignored the moaning girl and left the tent.

The girl bent down and buried her face between her knees, weeping desperately.

Janet looked at her. Anger flared in her chest.

There were many innocent girls like this each year.

Those bastards were going to pay for this.

"Hey."

Janet came near the girl and whispered to her, "Don't worry. You are going to be alright."

"No-No!" the girl cried in a choked-up voice. "You... You don't understand. Each year they ask for new girls... Each year! And it is my turn this year...I know...I know I won't make it..."

Janet reached into her bra and pulled out a small blade with the size of her thumb.

She started cutting the rope that tied the girl's hands together.

"...What are you doing?" the girl asked in shock.

"Shush."

Janet kept working the rope until there was only one single fiber left. The girl could easily break free with her bare hands.

"Now listen," Janet whispered into the girl's ear. "I have cut your loose. When

Janet came near the girl and whispered to her, "Don't worry. You are going to be alright."

"No-No!" the girl cried in a choked-up voice. "You... You don't understand. Each year they ask for new girls...Each year! And it is my turn this year...I know... I know I won't make it..."

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"Now listen," Janet whispered into the girl's ear. "I have cut your loose. When Danton came in later...If he tries to force himself upon you, break it loose and run. But don't do it now! Wait for the right time."

The girl looked at her in awe, "T-Thank you...But what about you?"

"I will be fine. Don't worry about me."

She wanted to say a few more comforting words to the girl. Yet right at this moment, they heard heavy footsteps from outside.

The girl's face turned pale instantly.

The tent's door flew open the next second and Danton and Andre walked in.

Danton looked pretty wasted. He couldn't even walk in a straight line. He leaned on Andre's shoulder for support and then shoved Andre aside once he sat down.

"You!"

He gave an enormous hiccup and beckoned to the girls with a nasty grin, "Come over here!"

Janet narrowed her eyes.

Danton leaned back, spreading his legs apart, and patted his thigh, "Move your ass! Come and sit on my lap. Let us have some fun!"

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Chapter 126

Chapter 126

Janet took a look at the girl.

She was too scared to move an inch.

Seeing this, Janet slowly rose from the ground and walked up to Danton.

“General, would you like some wine first?” she asked with a smile.

Danton stared at her with a lewd gaze, “I have had plenty of wine already...But sure. I will have some more.”

Janet glanced at Andre, who quickly brought over a bottle of wine and two glasses.

Janet opened the bottle of wine and filled the glass.

She was dragging the time on purpose.

It was not too late into the night yet. If she killed Danton now, there might be noises and the guards outside might be alerted.

She needed to wait until everyone got hammered and immersed themselves in the party.

“For you, General Danton.” she handed Danton one of the glasses with a smile. “It is my pleasure to be here tonight.”

Danton laughed, “You! I like you. You know what you are doing. You are respectful and docile. I like that in a woman.”

He grabbed Janet’s arm and pulled her close, forcing her to sit down closely by his side.

“Have you had a taste of man yet?” he asked her, grinning. His breath smelt like rotten fish.

Janet held her breath in fume. She could feel his hand traveling down her back, groping her butt, and it made her stomach swirl in disgust.

She would fucking chop that hand off later. She swore.

“No general, you are my first.” she smiled. “So please...take things gentle and slow. I don't think I am ready yet.”

Danton's breathing became rough. He buried his head in the hollow of her neck and took a deep breath of her scent, “Well...my pretty thing. I don't normally have much patience with women. But for you, I can cut you some slacks. And I guarantee you...after this one night...you will never forget me. I am that good.”

He beamed jauntily.

Janet rolled her eyes internally.

But the good thing was that this pig was now too drunk to recognize her.

Danton leaned back on the couch and kicked his legs, “Where is my footstool?”

Footstool?

Janet looked around the room.

She didn't see a footstool here.

“Right here father” Andre replied in a low voice

“Right here...father,” Andre replied in a low voice.

He walked over and knelt on the ground.

Under Janet's astonished gaze, he got on his fours and offered his back for Danton to rest his feet on.

Janet couldn't believe what she was seeing.

She knew that Andre had a rough time around Danton... Yet the kind of humiliation exceeded her imagination.

Danton stretched his body a bit and kicked on Andre's body, “Lower.”

Andre lowered his body in silence.

Janet looked at him. The kid had closed his eyes, his eyelashes fluttering, and there was a deeply humiliated look on his face.

“Do you know who that is?” Danton pointed at Andre and asked Janet.

“...No sir. Your servant?”

Danton giggled, “Yeah, you can say that. And most importantly, the former King’s son! Can you believe it? The former King’s son as my fucking human footstool! If you stay with me, my pretty little thing, I will lend you my footstool once in a while. Pretty awesome, huh?”

Andre’s body trembled as though he couldn’t bear the shame.

“Steady! You fucking idiot!” Danton snarled.

Andre held his head down and steadied his body in silence.

Danton spat at him, “Useless piece of shit...Hey you!”

He beckoned the girl at the corner.

“What are you fucking doing there? Come and join the party!”

The girl quivered, moving away from Danton on her butt.

“No...no...” she cried in fear. “I don’t want to...”

“Fucking whore!”

Danton spat and gave a shove at Janet’s shoulder, “You go and drag her here!”

Janet stood up and walked to the girl. When she passed by the door, she strained her ears and listened to the outside noise.

Those yelling and laughing had quieted down. It sounded like people had all gone back to their tents to have fun.

It was high time she made a move.

Having made up her mind, Janet went up to the girl and crouched down until she met with her eye level.

“Hey, what is your name?” she asked the girl in a soft voice.

“D-Dora.”

“OK. Dora. Come and serve the general. You don’t want him to lose his temper,” she said with a smile.

Dora stared at her with teary eyes, looking reluctant.

Janet leaned close to Dora’s ears and whispered in a voice only audible to the two of them, “...Remember what I said to you earlier. Be brave.”

Dora held her breath. Hope ignited in her eyes.

Janet held her shoulder and helped her to stand up. This time Dora didn’t resist. She let Janet take her to Danton.

“...G—General,” Dora uttered nervously.

Danton huffed a sound, “What is that face for? Why? You don’t want to be here?”

“General, I-I have a fiancé...I am engaged...”

“Fuck your fiancé!” Danton snarled, “You have a chance to spend the night with the General! You will be a complete idiot not to take that chance!”

He leaned forward, grabbed Dora by her arm, and forced her to kneel down.

“Fuck off,” he kicked at Andre, who immediately staggered away.

Danton separated his legs and pulled Dora close, pressing her head to his crouch.

“Let me see a little effort,” he snorts.

Dora struggled with tears streaming down her cheeks. Yet her little resistance only further infuriated Danton.

“You whore...” he breathed heavily, taking one hand to unbuckle his pants. “Don’t you know how to suck a man’s dick?”

He gave a hard slap across Dora’s face.

Dora was pushed to her limit. With a sharp cry, she broke free from the ropes that tied her hands and gave a harsh punch to Danton’s stomach.

Danton was caught off guard. He bent down covering his stomach in pain and roared, “Fuck! Who the fuck untied your hands! Fuck!”

He jumped at Dora furiously, raising a fist up high in the air, and was ready to swing a punch at Dora's face.

Dora covered her head with both of her hands, screaming in horror.

Danton had his whole mind focused on Dora and he didn't notice what was happening behind his back.

A cold blade was pressed against his throat the next second.

Danton froze.

His mind was blank for a second. A chill was sent down his body.

Then he heard a freezing cold voice coming from his back, "Let the girl leave."

Danton gritted his teeth and slowly averted his head. He looked at Janet, who was holding a sharp blade against his neck.

"What the fuck..." he gritted.

Janet snorted and pulled down the veil, showing her face.

"It is good to see you, General Danton," she said with an icy smile.

Danton took a sharp inhale of breath, his body trembling.

"Guards!" he suddenly started to roar, "Guards! There is an enemy here-"

Yet he didn't get to finish.

Janet shoved her blade into his open mouth and cut his tongue off in one quick move.

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Chapter 127

Chapter 127

Blood gushed out from Danton's mouth and spilled everywhere.

Dora screamed and backed away from this horrible scene.

She saw something dropped to the ground.

It took her a second to realize that it was half of Danton's tongue.

Danton's knees sunk to the floor. He covered his bleeding mouth with both of his hands and made a muffled cry.

Janet grabbed his hair, forcing him to look up.

"It fucking hurts, doesn't it?" she asked with a freezing smile on her lips, "But have you ever considered how painful your victims were?"

Danton glared at her, his eyes bloodshot.

Janet let out a low chuckle, "Oh I forgot. You lost your tongue. You can't talk."

Danton struggled. A hoarse groan came from his throat.

Although it didn't sound like a human's voice anymore, Janet still recognized that he was calling Andre's name.

Janet snorted and looked to her side, "Andre, he is calling for you."

Andre walked over slowly.

His face was pale. When he saw Danton's face covered in blood, his breathing quickened.

Danton reached out a hand to him, mumbling out a few words with his injured mouth, "...H...Help..."

Andre grabbed his hand and looked down at him, "You want me to help you, father?"

Danton nodded eagerly.

A cold gleam appeared in Andre's eyes.

He tightened his grip on Danton's hand.

Then with one hard twist, he snapped Danton's arm right off making a crisp sound!

Danton howled in pain and was crushed to the ground.

11

‘Are you seriously asking for my help?! After everything that you have done to me?’ he hissed, his face full of hatred. “How many times have I begged you to let me go? Huh? Have you answered my pleading for one fucking time? Now this is my revenge! MY FUCKING REVENGE!”

Danton’s chest rose and fell rapidly in shock and rage.

He glared at Andre as though it was the first time that he realized that his son was not all as docile and obedient as he thought.

But that realization came in a little too late.

“Watch out, Andre!” Janet cried abruptly.

Danton caught Andre’s throat with his intact hand and tackled Andre to the ground. He was like one cornered beast, in pain but fiercer than ever.

Andre was shoved to the ground. Danton jumped onto him and buried his face to Andre’s throat.

His wolf fangs stuck out. He was going to rip Andre’s throat apart!

At that split of a second, Janet pounced on Danton’s back and wrapped her arms around his neck. She tightened her arms with her whole might.

Danton was forced to throw his head to the back, his eyes gazing into the air, his face red in the lack of air.

It was a tough fight. Janet didn’t have her wolf to help her. So she was basically competing against a full-grown man in her human form, which was tough.

She could feel Danton’s muscle bulge. He was trying everything he could to escape this death trap.

She couldn’t fully suffocate him, and it was getting harder and harder for her to keep him in her arms-

BANG!

A wine bottle was crushed on Danton’s head.

Danton’s eyes were rolled to the back. He crushed to the ground and passed out.

Janet sank to the floor, panting roughly. She looked up and found that it was Dora who hit Danton with that bottle.

“Good job,” she complimented.

Dora replied with a sheepish smile.

Andre shoved Danton’s heavy body to the side and crawled up. He hurried to the corner and pulled out a box from underneath the tablecloth.

It was a box full of drugs.

Andre took out an injector and measured the amount, “OK. I am going to give him 15 grams of this, which is the lethal dose for a man of his size.”

“Are you sure it is enough to kill him?” Janet asked. “We don’t want him to wake later and accuse us of murdering.”

up

“Positive.”

Andre rolled up Danton’s sleeve. Yet before he sunk the needle underneath Danton’s skin, he took one quick glance at Dora.

“What is wrong?” Janet asked.

“She shouldn’t be here,” Andre said sullenly. “She is not part of the plan. Yet now

A deadly silence fell upon them, with Andre and Dora staring at each other.

Andre looked away first.

He picked up the injector again and slowly injected the drugs into Danton’s veins.

There was a short pause.

Danton took a sharp inhale and snapped his eyes open abruptly. His body started to squirm. His eyes bulging. He was foaming at the mouth.

Janet watched his reaction closely, “How long will this process take?”

“Normally about one or two minutes. Then he will be dead as hell,” Andre checked his watch.

Janet nodded.

Yet just then, they heard footsteps coming from outside and it was quickly approaching their tent!

The three of them exchanged a panicked look.

Who was coming over at this hour?

Janet quickly grabbed a pillow and muffled Danton's face with it, in case he made any sound.

Right at this moment, she heard a familiar voice across the door, "Danton, are you asleep yet?"

It was Lance!

Fuck!

Andre's face turned pale instantly. He looked at Janet and mouthed her: What should we do?

Janet shook her head, gesturing him to hold still.

"Danton?" Lance asked again, "Are you in there? Mind if I come in?"

Janet gave a small nod at Andre and Andre answered hastily, "M-My King, father was exhausted and had turned in already. Sorry."

"At this hour?" Lance sounded suspicious.

"Y-Yeah...He was worn out by the girls."

"Bullshit. Don't fucking fool me, Andre." Lance chuckled, "I am coming in."

A deathly panic seized their hearts.

...What the fuck should they do now?!

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Chapter 128

Chapter 128

Andre rushed to hold the door still.

Lance pushed it open slightly. Yet Andre shoved it right back.

“Andre?” Lance’s voice turned dark, “What the hell is going on here? Why don’t you want me to go in?”

There was cold sweat on Andre’s forehead. He was so nervous that he started to stutter, “F-Father took his clothes off already...He is not decent to meet you, My King.”

“Your father and I go way back. I can handle a little indecency.”

Lance pushed the door one more time.

“Let me in, Andre,” he said with a warning tone. “Or I am breaking the door down.”

What to do?

Janet’s mind was racing. Her heart was thumping against her chest.

She could probably get out through the window before Lance walked in. She could save herself.

Yet Andre and Dora were still here. And Lance would find out that Danton was murdered, which contradicted to their whole plan.

Most importantly, she couldn’t abandon Andre and Dora.

But were there any other options?

Her time was running out.

Right at this crucial moment-when Janet thought that Lance was about to break in and see everything-another series of urgent footsteps came from the outside.

“My King!” a guard cried in an urgent voice, “There is fire on the North side of the campsite!”

“What? What happened?”

“We don’t know yet. But a few people said that they saw someone setting the fire. It was arson!”

“Yes! Right over here!”

Lance’s voice became “Under,
my fucking nose? Show me the way!”

Before Lance left with the guards, he said one last sentence to Andre through the door, “Get your father up. And tell him to meet me at the fire!”

The three of them waited for their footsteps to disappear into the distance before letting out a long breath that they had been holding.

“Fuck...”

Andre wiped his forehead, relieved, “That was fucking close...That fire really saved our ass.”

It really had.

But was that fire purely a coincidence?

It really had.

But was that fire purely a coincidence?

Janet didn’t think so.

It seemed a little too convenient.

Just then, a gentle knock came from the door. And before Andre could rush to hold the door again, the door swung open, and a figure dashed into the room.

It was Daran.

“Daran!” Janet gasped, running to hug him.

Daran took her in his arms and kissed her on the forehead, “Are you alright?”

Janet nodded. There was a strange smell on his coat, like gasoline, ash, and pine woods.

“You set the fire?” she asked in amazement.

“Yes. I did it to attract the guard’s attention and create an opening so that I could sneak in.”

Janet smiled in relief, “It also happened to save us in the middle of a crisis.”

Daran walked to Danton’s side and removed the pillow from his face.

He tested Danton’s breath.

It had stopped.

Danton was dead.

“Well done,” Daran said in a deep voice.

Janet lifted her lips and looked at Andre, “Congratulations. You have avenged yourself.”

She then looked to V

“And you

too.”

Andre fixated his eyes on Danton’s dead body. Moments later, tears welled up eyes.

Yet Janet knew tha

those are not sad tears, but tears of joy. “Y-Yes...I have avenged myself.” Andre choked, “Thank you...”

He wiped his eyes and looked at Janet and Daran.

“You should probably go now.

loose. Now is the perfect time to escape,” he said.

time tryone will be busy saving the fire. The security is

Yet Daran remained firmly on his spot.

“We did our part,” he said deeply. “Now I am cashing out the promise you made to us.”

Andre frowned, looking slightly astounded, "Now? Do you want to talk now? There are Lance's men everywhere and soon enough they will find out that Danton is dead! Just go.

We will find another time-

"No." Daran

firmly, "We talk now."

Janet stood by Daran's side.

Andre frowned, looking slightly astounded, "Now? Do you want to talk now? There are Lance's men everywhere and soon enough they will find out that Danton is dead! Just go. We will find another time-

"No." Daran said firmly, "We talk now."

Janet stood by Daran's side.

She agreed with Daran on this.

Too many things could happen after tonight and the situation might change again.

They worked too hard for this answer. They couldn't wait a single second later.

Now was the time.

She looked at Dora and said, "It is time for you to leave. Take the cover of the night and run. Be careful."

Dora nodded.

She gave Janet one last grateful look and walked out of the tent hastily.

It was just Janet, Daran, and Andre left in the room now.

"Now. You can talk," Janet said.

Andre scratched his head in frustration and said, "You maniacs are really not fucking afraid of death. Fine. I will tell you. You want to know how my father died and use it against Lance, correct?"

"What can you tell us?" Janet asked.

“As you have seen, the Rogue King is protected by a strong power. He is unbeatable and immortal as long as he remains in the land dominated by the rogues.”

Janet was intrigued by the premise of that statement, “As long as he remains in the land dominated by the rogues?’ Then what if the King leaves the rogue’s territory? Is he no longer protected by that power?”

Andre nodded, “You are pretty damn smart. Yeah, that is what I am getting at. The land dominated by the rogues is the key. To kill the King, there are two ways. One, you kill all the rogues in the Grace Ruin. With all the subjects gone, the King loses his

power. Or, alternatively-”

“We lure him out of his land and kill him there,” Daran said.

“Yes. Those are your options.”

Janet bit her lip.

Now they knew the answer. But none of the ways seemed easy.

Kill all the rogues in the Grace Ruin?

But there were so many of them. And she really didn’t think that all the rogues deserved to die.

Many of the rogues

rogues were expelled and those were all innocent people.

Not to mention that many of her friends were rogues! Kass, Morgana, and Andre...

She couldn’t do it.

Yet luring Lance out of his land? That would be even harder.

Not to mention that many of her friends were rogues! Kass, Morgana, and Andre...

She couldn’t do it

Yet luring Lance out of his land? That would be even harder.

Lance knew his weakness. He would stay in this city forever if he could, to stay away from any potential danger.

So...Which path should they go down?

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Chapter 129

Chapter 129

“If it is absolutely impossible to get Lance out of the city, I don’t mind going for the first option,” Daran said icily.

Janet gave him a look of astonishment.

That was a hard decision to make. And few people were tough enough to make that decision this quick.

“You are crazy,” Andre snapped in fume. “Do you know how many people are there in the city of Grace Ruin? And you are going to kill them all?”

“If that is what it takes to kill Lance, then yes,” Daran answered ruthlessly.

“Including me? Your friend? And all those women and children?!”

A cold gleam appeared in Daran’s eyes, “We had already agreed that we would

go separate ways after this one-time cooperation. We are no friends, Andre. If you are so afraid of dying, switching sides and abandoning your rogue identity is always an option.”

Andre clenched his fists, looking as though he wanted to throw a punch at Daran’s face.

Janet quickly stepped in between them to stop the fight, “Calm down, the both of you. We are not making this decision right now. Andre, tell us how your father died. Did someone kill him outside of the rogue’s territory?”

“Yeah...that is right.”

Andre lowered his voice, a sad look on his face.

“My father didn’t quite understand the rules of this power when he was the King. He knew that a sacred power was protecting him from being hurt by the others, but he didn’t know that the charm would be busted once he was out of our land...One time he went hunting and went beyond the borderline, and he was ambushed by an enemy.”

“Then why didn’t the person who killed your father become King?” Janet asked.

“The Rogues doesn’t have a clear line of succession. If the former King dies, the next King won’t appear until all the rogues pledge their loyalty to the same person. After my father passed away, there was a long time of turbulence.....And then Lance showed up.”

“He united all the tribes,” Daran said.

“Yeah, with dirty tricks and sow discord,” Andre snorted in disgust. “And he chased me down and tortured me...until I told him the rules of this sacred power. And now I am handing this key to you.”

He raised his head and looked at Daran and Janet with a pleading face.

“I know that we are on different sides, and you need to do what is necessary...but just remember this-not all rogues are bad. My father never invaded your land once. Lance is the source of all evilness...Don’t go for the rest of us. Don’t make me regret giving you this key.”

Daran looked back at him, deadpan.

Daran looked back at him, deadpan.

“We need to go,” he said eventually.

He didn’t give Andre a clear answer of what they were going to do.

When the two of them left the tent, they saw guards running around, busy to save the fire, and panicked girls fleeing the campsite in the middle of the chaos.

In the distance, a soaring fire lit up the night sky.

Janet gazed at the fire with a sweet sense of triumph at heart.

They successfully burned this hell hole to ashes.

Now that Danton died...Lance was next up on the list.

“Let’s go,” Daran whispered to her ears.

Janet nodded. They held hands and ran into the woods.

The fire went so high that they could still see that part of the sky being lit up when they were back to Lance's palace.

People back at the palace had all heard about the fire. Panic was spreading. Guards left their spots and went up to the rampart to get a better view of the fire.

Nobody noticed that Janet and Daran were gone for half of a night and had just come back.

Once they were in the suite, Janet took off her clothes and threw them into the fireplace, destroying all the evidence.

Daran went to pour her a glass of wine.

"Cheers." he raised the glass, "I think we deserve a little celebration for tonight."

Janet smiled and clinked her glass with his.

"So what is your decision?" she asked lowly after a sip.

Daran sighed. He placed his glass on the table and leaned forward to hug her, "Do we really have to talk about that right now?"

"Yeah...I want to know what you think."

"You won't like my answer," he said

Janet lapsed into silence.

She knew Daran.

He was a decisive and ruthless person, an Alpha, always willing to make the hard decisions.

s person, an

And frankly speaking, destroying the Grace Ruin was easier compared to luring Lance out of the city.

They could now summon their forces, start an attack, take down the city, and slaughter any rogues who decided to stick with Lance.

Most rogues were not as trained as their soldiers. So this battle wouldn't be a hard one.

But...she was reluctant.

She couldn't stop thinking about all those people whom she had become acquainted with since she got here, people who had helped her, like Morgana, Andre, or even that girl Dora tonight.

Many of them didn't choose to become rogues.

And they certainly didn't deserve to be buried with Lance.

"Remember the time that I was kidnapped by the rogues and left in the woods. alone?" she asked Daran.

Daran's jaw tightened. That was his darkest memory, something that he would never want to revisit.

"Yeah. Why?" he asked lowly.

"If my brother didn't arrive just in time to bring me back to Blood Moon Pack, I might become a rogue myself. If that happens, will you kill me along with the others?"

Daran tightened his grip on Janet's hand. He looked frustrated.

"No! I won't allow that to happen!" he growled darkly.

"I know. But hypothetically..."

"Don't make such a horrible hypothesis." He pulled her into his arms and pressed her head firmly against his chest, "Just...don't."

He couldn't even begin to imagine that. It hurt too much.

He lowered his head and buried his nose into her hair. He could smell her scent, which calmed the beast inside of his chest.

"I don't do anything to upset you, Janet," he said.

“Really?” Janet beamed. “Even if it means that you will have to choose the more difficult path?”

“Yes. Even so.”

He gently stroked her long hair, immersing himself in her enticing scent.

“You are always my top priority...no matter what happens, despite all circumstances.”

Janet’s heart swelled. She wrapped her arms around his waist, hugging him tighter.

He was a cold and ruthless Alpha.

But the ruthless Alpha was willing to turn soft for her.

They could hear urgent footsteps and people crying and shouting all night.

At around dawn, someone came to knock on their doors.

Janet was woken by that noise.

She slowly opened her eyes, letting out a small yawn. Daran was already awake. He was lying on his side with his head propped up on one hand, and he was coiling a lock of her hair around his long index finger.

“Do you want to get the door?” she asked.

“Just ignore them,” he said idly.

“They might break in here if we don’t answer.”

“They wouldn’t dare.”

Janet chuckled and gave him a gentle nudge, “Go.”

Daran raised an eyebrow and got out of bed as she told. Janet wrapped a nightgown around her body and followed him out.

The door opened up. A great group of soldiers stood outside.

“Alpha Daran, the King would like you to come to the Counseling Hall immediately,” one of the soldiers said. “General Danton died last night.”

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Chapter 130

Chapter 130.

Daran kept his hands in his pocket, looking indifferent.

“Danton was dead?” he asked.

“Yes, Alpha Daran. It happened last night.”

“And that is the reason that you came banging at my door this early in the morning?” Daran said coldly, “I am not interested. Go tell your King to leave us out of it.”

He moved to shut the door.

“A-Alpha Daran! Wait!” the soldier gasped, putting a hand on the doorframe to stop the door from closing up. “The King demanded your presence at the Counseling

Hall. He said that it was urgent...”

“Demanded?”

Daran chuckled darkly, “Who gives him the right to demand me to do anything?”

The soldier gulped nervously, too scared to look at Daran in the eyes.

When the King ordered to bring Daran to the Counseling Hall, none of the soldiers was willing to take up this difficult job.

If Daran refused to go with them, or if he was mad and decided to give them a hard time, there was absolutely nothing they could do about it.

Yet they couldn't obey the King's order.

The soldier froze on his spot and hesitated.

The clicks of high heels on the hardwood floor came from their backs, breaking this awkward silence. Everyone looked around and found Morgana making her way down the hallway towards them.

“Lady Morgana!” the soldier gasped in joy.

He finally saw a savior who could rescue them from this predicament.

Morgana walked over and said to them with a polite smile, “The King is inviting the both of you to the Counseling Hall.”

Daran crossed arms in front of his chest, “We are not going. Because it is none of our fucking business.”

“Oh come on. Aren’t you interested in who killed that cocky prick Danton?” Morgana gave him a searching look, “Or...do you know the murderer already?”

Daran’s face showed no sign of panic or nervousness, “How would I know? I am just not interested.”

“Well, just stop by and enjoy the drama then. It would be fun watching people point fingers at each other.” Morgana shrugged, “Do you want me to beg you? Does saying ‘please’ help in this scenario?”

Daran frowned, looking impatient.

Janet stuck her head out and replied with a smile, “Fine, we will go. But give us a moment to get changed.”

She dragged Daran back into the room and closed the door.

She dragged Daran back into the room and closed the door.

“Do you really want to go?” Daran asked Janet as she went into the room to freshen up. “It might get ugly.”

“Sure, why not? Like Morgana said, it will be fun to watch the dog fight.”

Janet put her hair up into a high ponytail and grabbed a hoodie out of the closet and pulled it over her head.

“Plus, if Lance is really growing suspicious of us, I want to be the first to know,” she said.

When they finished changing and walked out of the door, all the soldiers were gone. It was just Morgana standing in the hallway, waiting for them.

“Where are those daunting soldiers?” Janet asked with a slightly sarcastic tone.

“I sent them away. It is a bit melodramatic to have a large crowd of soldiers escorting you two to the Counseling Hall...This way please.”

Morgana led the way and accompanied them into the elevator.

She pressed the button and waited for the elevator door to close up before asking them in a low voice:

“Where are you last night?”

“In our room. Sleeping. Why?” Janet asked with a raised eyebrow.

“No reason...Just checking in,” Morgana chuckled. “I simply thought that we could use a little sincerity if we were to form a collaborative relationship. So Janet, really, where were you last night?”

Janet didn't answer that question right away. Instead, she asked, “If Lance accuses us of murdering Danton later, will you take our side and defend us? Are you willing to challenge your King?”

Morgana narrowed her eyes, “At least up until now, I am still the King's Cabinet Minister.”

Janet replied with a calm smile, “Well in that case, to answer your earlier question, we were indeed sleeping in our room last night.”

She knew that Morgana was testing the water here.

She was not ready to trust Morgana completely just yet.

Yes, Morgana told them that Andre was the former Rogue King's son and she helped them into the masquerade ball, but that was still not enough.

For what was worth, Morgana could be acting on Lance's order the whole time.

“What will it take for you to trust me, Janet?” Morgana asked coolly, “I already told you that I am willing to help.”

“Maybe saying is not enough. You should do something to prove that,” Janet said.

Just then, the elevator stopped.

The door opened up to the Rogue's Counseling Hall.

This hall looked grand and spacious. Vaulted ceilings soared high above, adorned with gilded embellishments that caught the light of immense chandeliers. Marble

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The door opened up to the Rogue's Counseling Hall.

This hall looked grand and spacious. Vaulted ceilings soared high above, adorned with gilded embellishments that caught the light of immense chandeliers. Marble pillars lined the periphery, framing the immense space.

At the chamber's heart sat a table of polished mahogany, ringed by velvet chairs.

What caught Janet's eyes the moment she walked into the hall was the centerpiece of that table-

A gigantic wolf's head.

Its eyes rounded and its mouth wide open with sharp fangs exposed, looking as though it was beheaded right in the middle of a furious howl.

Everyone by the table turned their heads around when Janet and Daran walked in.

The air was thick with an unspoken tension.

"Welcome!"

Lance stood up from his chair, smiling warmly, "Welcome to my Counseling Hall. You haven't been here before, have you? How do you like it?"

Daran took his seat opposite Lance and said in an indifferent voice, "Not bad."

"And do you like my centerpiece?" Lance pointed at the large wolf head, "It belonged to an Alpha that I killed on the battlefield. I chopped off his head and brought it back and made it into a sample. I think it makes a nice ornament in my Counseling Hall. Don't you think?"

Janet gritted her teeth in fury.

... That bastard.

Daran's lips lifted into an icy smile, and he said, "It is nice. Maybe I ought to get one of these in my pack as well...I think your head will do."

There was an astonished gasp going around the table.

One guy slammed his hand against the table furiously. Yet when Daran turned to look at him, he quickly looked down to avoid eye contact.

Lance waved his hand, "Calm down. Alpha Daran and I were joking around. In fact, the reason I invite you here today is because of a tragic matter that happened last night."

"Danton. We heard." Janet said coldly, "But how is that our business?"

"Maybe...and I said maybe...you happen to know something about my general's death?" Lance said with his shrewd smile.

"How should we know? We didn't even know how he died," Janet snorted. "If he drowned himself in a bathtub is that our problem as well?!"

drowned himself in a bathtub, is that our problem as well?"

"General Danton died last night in drug abuse," Morgana said.

"Oh, a drug addict," Janet spread her hands. "Then you shouldn't be too surprised. by his death."

There were some low mutterings in the room. And one man said, "Yet we discovered some unusual marks on General Danton's body. For example, half of his tongue was cut off. And there is a cut on his neck. Looks like someone held a knife against his throat before he died."

"Then

you need to question people who were with Danton last night, instead of interrogating us."

Lance slightly narrowed his eyes, "Where were you last night, Alpha Daran?"

Daran let out a cold sneer. He pushed away the chair and stood up.

"This is feeling like an interrogation. I am not wasting my time on this," he said freezingly. "Janet, shall we?"

Janet nodded and followed him towards the door.

"Hold on a second."

Lance stood up as well. His voice became dark.

“I welcomed you into my home, Alpha Daran. Although many don’t believe in this...but I actually thought we could accomplish something great together.” He hissed, “...Don’t disappoint me.”

“My position never changed,” said Daran ruthlessly. “Your head will make a great centerpiece on my tea table.”

Lance’s nostrils flared with anger.

Then the next second, he started laughing, “So you are claiming that you were not with Danton last night?”

Daran rolled his eyes impatiently and said nothing.

“Fine! Bring him in!” Lance snapped.

Janet frowned. Did they have a witness?

The door opened up and two soldiers brought in a peasant-looking man and threw him to the ground.

“Who am I speaking to?” Lance asked dauntingly.

The man shivered in fear, “M-My name is Gorden. I am a peasant.”

“Tell me what you saw last night.”

“N-Not what I saw, My King...it was actually my fiancé,” Gorden stuttered. “She was supposed to be at General Danton’s party last night...she ran back home earlier today and told me that

He cast a panicked glance at Janet and Daran.

“-These two killed General Danton!” he shrieked.

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Chapter 131

Chapter 131

Janet frowned looking at the man.

He was Dora's fiancé.

This man came as an unexpected factor.

Looked like that Dora ran back home in a panic and told her fiancé about everything that happened last night.

Janet could be sure that this was just an honest mistake and Dora didn't try to tell on them on purpose.

It was just that this man named Gorden turned out to have a soft spine and a big mouth and chose to work with the monsters who tried to hurt his own fiancé.

An astonished gasp could be heard in the room.

One guy jumped up from his seat and pointed a finger at Daran and Janet, "Ah ha! We caught you right there! How do you intend to respond to this witness's words?" Daran crossed his arms in front of his chest with a cold face, "I did not intend to respond to anything. This is complete bullshit.

"But you heard the man-"

"This man's testimony held no credibility!" Janet snapped, "As far as I am concerned, this man could be just a pawn of yours and you are trying to use him to frame us for something we didn't do!"

"Come on, Gamma Janet. Nobody has time for that. We are just trying to find the murderer here," Lance said sullenly.

"Then why doesn't his fiancé come out and testify?" Janet snarled.

She went up to the man. Gorden started to quiver even more violently when she came close.

"You are not even the first witness," Janet looked down at his horror-struck face. "Where is your fiancé?"

Gorden stuttered, "She...she didn't want to come..."

“Oh? And why is that?”

Gorden gulped nervously. His eyes flickered and looked away to avoid Janet’s sharp gaze.

Then his eyes met with Lance’s.

Lance was staring at him from this distance with a clear hint of warning on his face, which sent a shiver down Gorden’s spine.

“My My fiancé didn’t come because...” Gorden mumbled, “Because she was scared! She was afraid that you might hurt her if she came in person. She sent me here to represent her. You-you cold-hearted fucking murderers!”

Janet gritted her teeth in rage.

This Gorden was a real fucking prick.

Did he have any idea that those people-including Lance-were the sole reason that his fiancé had been in pain?

If it weren’t for she and Daran, Dora would have been raped by Danton. This poor girl probably wouldn’t last till the next dawn.

Yet instead of avenging his fiancé, Gorden chose to bend over and work with the monsters.

Janet felt sorry for Dora.

Right now, she just wanted to slap the man in the face and tell him to fuck off.

Before she put her thoughts into action, somebody beat her to it.

Daran strode forward and raised his right leg, giving a hard kick on Gorden’s chest! Gorden was sent flying backward. His body slammed against the wall and dropped down.

He opened his mouth and spat out a mouthful of blood.

“What the fuck...STOP!”

Everyone around the table jumped from their seats and glared at Daran in horror. They were all taken aback by Daran’s sudden moment.

Soldiers stepped forward and drew out their blades as a sign of warning.

Yet Daran was not intimidated by that at all.

He glanced at the soldiers icily. One look and those soldiers were frozen in their spots, terrified.

“What are you doing, Alpha Daran?” Lance hissed. “Are you trying to kill our witness and wipe the evidence away?”

Daran turned around and faced the crowd.

Everyone took an involuntary step back, including Lance.

“I will not stand here and have a fucking nobody slander me, calling me a murderer.”

Daran said in a cold voice.

“You invited me here, Lance. So you better make me feel welcome. Keep throwing shit at me and I will make you regret it. You won’t like my temper.”

Lance inhaled sharply. Fear flickered across his eyes.

“My King! This is a blatant threat!” one guy cried indignantly, “You brought them in here, and for what? They are acting like they own this place! Walking around and killing our men under our noses! We should teach them a lesson, show them who is the real boss!”

Janet stepped forward, clenching her fists, “How dare you! If you dare to make a move, our troops will burn this place down to the ground!”

“Then we will fucking kill you today!” one soldier roared, “You can’t shift. You can’t even leave the city! You won’t be able to gather your forces. This is the day you

die!

Daran stood before Janet, his face cold as a stone.

“Then go ahead. Give it a try.”

He sneered, staring at those alerted soldiers.

“It has been some time since I killed a rogue. My wolf and I are both getting thirsty.”

The room lapsed into a ringing silence, with tension building in the air.

Everyone stood, stock-still, glaring at the opposing side.

They would lunge at the enemy at any second.

Janet held her breath, her mind racing fast, quickly assessing the situation.

This Gorden guy really ruined their whole plan. It seemed that Lance was now convinced that they killed Danton.

If these soldiers attacked them, Janet was confident that she and Daran could get out. But they couldn't leave the city, not with the rogue's blood still left in their body. So it would be tricky to gather their forces...

Right in the middle of this heated moment, Lance cleared his throat and spoke up: "OK. That is enough. Everyone, drop your weapon."

"But my King-

"I said, DROP IT." Lance stressed, "This is not how we treat our guests."

Everyone looked reluctant. They slowly lowered their weapons while still glaring at Janet and Daran.

Well, this was unexpected.

Janet raised an eyebrow.

Lance was really willing to bend this far to put up with her and Daran. But what for? Was he afraid of Daran? Or was he planning on something?

Janet didn't know.

She got a feeling that there was a part left in Lance's plan that they had yet to find out.

"But My King..." one soldier said with a hesitant tone, "Are we really going to let them off the hook like that? What about General Danton's

s case?"

Before Lance could answer, the door to the Counseling Hall flew open and someone came rushing in.

It was Andre.

“My King!” Andre cried, slightly out of breath. “I heard that there is an open trial to investigate my father’s death. Why am I not included in this?”

“Andre! You came.” Lance said with a simper, “I am just afraid that you are still deep in your sorrow and don’t have the energy to deal with all these. But I am glad that you are here.”

“So what is happening here? Fill me in,” Andre said.

“A witness had come forward-” Lance pointed at Gorden, “-saying that your father was killed by Alpha Daran and Janet last night.”

“BULLSHIT!” Andre snarled.

Whispering suddenly broke out all over the hall.

All the people on Lance’s side stared at Andre, astonished and suspicious.

“Master Andre, are you sure?” one man couldn’t help but ask, “This witness clearly said that-”

“I am sure!” Andre said with a hundred percent certainty. “My father died due to drug abuse. It was a great tragedy. But he was not murdered!”

An astonished gasp could be heard among the crowd.

“But what about those strange marks on his body?” someone questioned, “His half-missing tongue. The cut on his throat...”

With his hands behind his back, Andre answered loudly and clearly, “Last night, my father was in a very good mood. So he took in a great amount of drugs, greater than the safe amount. I tried to talk him out of it, but he wouldn’t listen... Then he went into a seizure. It was when he bit off his own tongue.”

“He bit his own tongue off?” someone gasped.

Andre nodded, “Yeah. I rushed to keep him steady...but he had lost his mind completely. He snatched a blade and tried to kill me when I came close. There was a moment when we fought for the blade... That must have been how he got that cut on his throat.”

Everyone was rendered speechless.

Andre gave them a completely different story.

But whom should they trust? Andre or Gorden?

“NO-” Gorden straightened his upper body and cried, “NO! You are lying! Dora told me herself...these two killed General Danton!”

Andre jerked around and stared at Gorden with a cold gleam in his eyes, “I am lying? I am General Danton’s son! Why would I lie about my own father’s death? My father has been nothing but kind to me. Everybody knows this!”

Many nodded along. It was true. Everyone here knew that Danton adored Andre. “And you on the other hand-”

Andre hissed and approached Gorden step by step. He grabbed Gorden by the hair and pulled his head up.

you piece of shit with your mouth full of craps! How dare you fabricate things about my father’s death and disturb him in his sleep! You will pay for this!”

“I-I didn’t-” Gorden cried.

“My King!”

Andre raised his voice and talked over Gorden.

“I demand to have this man execute! Flogged to death! For his audacity to lie to all of our faces!”

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Chapter 132

Chapter 132

...F-Flogged to death?”

Gorden cried, his body shivering violently.

“No...NO! No, you can’t! I am telling the truth! My King! I am your loyal servant. Your have to save me! My King-

“Silence,” Lance said grimly.

Then he turned to Andre and sighed, "Andre, I understand that you are furious. But there is no need to punish this poor man. As far as I am concerned, he just wants to offer us his version of the story-

"With all due respect, my king, there are no other versions of the story. My father "With all due respect, my king, there a

in drug abuse. Period," said Andre forcefully.

"I know. But-

"And did you promise this man anything in return if he comes forward and testify?" Andre pursued.

Lance frowned, looking slightly offended by Andre's aggressive attitude.

After a long pause, Lance said slowly, "Yes, I did. I promised him some money, to reward his bravery."

"Then there you go, my King. This man is not a loyal servant. He is a fraud. His mouth is full of crap. He made up a random story to get a share of the reward that you promised him. This whole thing is a fucking scam!"

Andre straightened his back and looked around the room, "I still think we should punish him. The harder the better! And set an example to those who think they can lie to the King's face!"

There were some low mutterings in the room.

Lance's face turned dark

"Gorden," Lance called the peasant's name in a cold voice.

"Y-Yes...My King..."

"Do you dare to swear on your soul that what you claimed against Alpha Daran and Gamma Janet is true?"

Gorden quivered, "S-Swear? Yeah... Yeah, I can swear..."

"Then how do you intend to respond to Master Andre's words?" Lance questioned.

"How...How do I respond...?" Gorden mumbled.

He looked horrified, dumbfounded.

He sat stiffly on the ground.

A few seconds later, a stinky smell came from his lower body.

Everyone looked down and found that he had wet his pants in fear.

“...Eww.”

Many wrinkled their noses in disgust.

“...Eww.”

Many wrinkled their noses in disgust.

“My King, can we please have the guards drag this clown out of here?” Morgana said with a sneer. “I think it has been made clear now that this man knows nothing about General Danton’s death. He is just after the money that you promised.”

Lance let out a frustrated sigh.

Then he waved his hand, “Guards. Approach.”

Several armed soldiers came forward and stood in front of Gorden.

“Drag this man to the Central Square and flog him 50 times,” Lance said wearily. “Let the world know the consequence of lying to the King.”

“Yes, my King!”

The soldiers bent down and picked Gorden up from the ground. They dragged him to the door like dragging a dead pig.

Gorden had passed out in fear. His wet pants left a smelly stain on the hardwood floor.

“God.”

Morgana covered her mouth and rolled her eyes, “This room smells like piss. Can someone wipe the floor please?”

Lance snapped his fingers and called over a few maids. The maids cleaned the floor and opened the windows, letting some fresh air in to get rid of the smell.

“Well, what a shit show.” Daran crossed his arms and said with a sneer, “Are we done with this now?”

“Well, I think so...yeah.”

Lance gave Daran and Janet a searching look, "But I might need to add a few guards to your room, Alpha Daran...for safety concerns."

"Are you trying to spy on us?" Janet asked in fume.

"No, of course not, Gamma Janet. This is a temporary measure. Trust me. I will pull the guards right away when...things quiet down again."

Lance said with a grin.

"And those e guards are there to protect you. You can't shift in this city and our General just died...This is really a turbulent time. So please, accept my good will and let the guards protect you."

This was complete bullshit.

Lance simply wanted to keep an eye on them.

He was not fully convinced by Andre's story. Yet he couldn't prove that they were guilty either.

So he sent over those guards to have them closely monitored.

Janet bit her lip, reluctant.

If they said no, it would make Lance suspicious; yet if they agreed, they would lose their freedom to move around in the city...

If they said no, it would make Lance suspicious; yet if they agreed, they would lose their freedom to move around in the city....

"My King."

Morgana spoke up abruptly, taking a step forward.

"Leave this to me. Me and my guards will take good care of Alpha Daran and Gamma Janet."

Janet looked at Morgana.

Morgana gave her a small wink.

"Very well, then." Lance cleared his throat. "Are you fine with this arrangement, Alpha Daran?"

Daran shrugged, "If you feel that it is necessary."

Morgana beckoned over a few guards and asked them to send Daran and Janet back to their suite.

Once they were back in their room, Janet immediately closed the door behind her and said to Daran, "Does Lance seem weird to you?"

Daran raised an eyebrow, "You mean how soft he was on this?"

"Yeah. He sensed that we were involved in Danton's death, but he still decided not to pursue it... Why?" Janet bit her nails anxiously. "It almost seems like that he was trying to protect us. How weird is that?"

"It is weird," Daran nodded. "If I didn't know any better, I am almost getting the feeling that he was in love with you."

"Hey!" Janet pouted, "Stop it! It is not the time for joke."

Daran chuckled.

He walked over and rescued Janet's thumb out of her teeth, "Don't worry too much. We don't need to understand the mind of a psycho like Lance. We already knew how to kill him. Now we just need to wait for the right time and make the move. Maybe we will give him a moment to confess himself before he dies."

Janet smiled.

Daran always had a way to calm her down.

"Then do we have a plan?" Janet asked, "How should we lure Lance out of the city?"

"I already have something in mind. But this plan involves Kass. We should make contact with him."

But how?

Janet frowned.

There were almost a dozen soldiers outside guarding their door right now.

From an earlier peek out of the window, she even saw a few guards walking around underneath their window.

Their suite was literally an iron bucket.

Daran put a thumb in between her brows and flattened the furrow, "Let me worry

should do!!

Daran put a thumb in between her brows and flattened the furrow, "Let me worry about these. Now there is something more important we should do."

Janet gave him a perplexed look.

"Let's take a nap." Daran grinned, "I didn't get enough sleep this morning. Join me in the bed."

He spooned her up and carried her to the bedroom. She was giggling the whole way. They slept through the whole afternoon.

When they woke up from the nap, the sun had already set.

Janet sat up and reached for the lamp on the nightstand.

Daran wrapped his arms around her waist dragging her back and pulled the sheet over to cover their heads.

His body was on top of her. He lowered his head to nibble her neck, his hot breath spread on her bare skin.

It was itchy. She giggled, "...S-Stop! We need to get up now..."

She pushed him on the shoulder.

Yet he caught her wrist and pinned her hand back to the bed.

"Says whom?" Daran said in a husky voice. "I just want to stay in this bed with forever."

He lowered his head and caught her lips eagerly.

Janet opened her mouth. A hoarse groan escaped her parted lips.

Just when he was moving his hand up her thigh, a knock came from the door.

"Fuck," Daran cursed, looking frustrated.

you

Janet giggled. She pushed him away and jumped off the bed, running to get the door.

It was Morgana.

Morgana took a look at Janet's messy hair and smiled, "Did I come at a bad time?" "No, you are good," Janet raised an eyebrow. "Why are you here?"

"Room service. I brought you dinner."

Morgana raised her voice for every guard standing in the hallway to hear, "From now on, Alpha Daran's meals will be delivered to his room. Understood?"

"Yes, Lady Morgana!" the guards answered in unison.

Morgana walked into the room. A servant with a mask over his face pushed a cart full of food and followed her in.

The door closed behind their backs.

"Wow, room service," Janet said with a slightly sarcastic tone. "Looks like we are really grounded."

"Not necessarily so."

Morgana gave her a mystery smile, "I brought you a surprise."

The servant took off his mask and showed his face.

The door closed behind their backs.

"Wow, room service," Janet said with a slightly sarcastic tone. "Looks like we are really grounded."

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"Kass!"

Janet rounded her eyes and gasped in surprise.

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Chapter 133

Chapter 133

“Gamma Janet!”

Kass rushed forward to hold Janet’s hands with a worried face, “Are you alright? I heard that you were brought to the Counseling Hall today. Some people were saying that you killed Danton... Was it true? Are you hurt?”

Janet patted his shoulder with a smile, “Don’t worry. I am fine.”

Kass let out a sigh of relief and bent his back to hug her, “That is so nice to hear...I was worried sick.”

Janet wanted to hug him back. Yet Kass was shoved aside roughly the next second.

It was Daran.

Daran wrapped his one arm around Janet’s shoulder in a possessive gesture and gave Kass a warning look, “You are a mated man now. Keep your distance.”

Kass’s jaw tightened, “We were just talking.”

“Do you always cuddle the person you talk to?” Daran taunted, “What is it? Some skin hunger disorder?”

Janet frowned, “Daran, that is enough...”

Kass’s cheeks seemed to be on fire, “You-You are a fucking control freak, Daran! Everyone in Blood Moon Pack thinks that Janet did a hell of a good job when she rejected you! Including Alpha Casper! You are no longer mates! It is you who should keep your distance from Janet!”

“Mind your tongue, Kass.” Daran hissed with his eyes gleaming coldly. “Just because Janet treats you like a little brother doesn’t mean that you get to fucking comment on our business!”

“Anyone is better than you!” Kass cried, “Just wait till she finds her second-chance mate-”

“OK, OK!” Morgana gave a tug at Kass’s sleeve, “Easy you guys. I didn’t sneak Kass in here so that you two can trash talk to each other. So truce?”

The two men didn't say anything.

But they were still glaring at each other.

"OK, good enough." Morgana clapped her hands and turned to Janet, "Janet, you said that I haven't done anything to win your trust yet. So now I brought Kass to you. To show that I am really on your team. How is that? Are you ready to finally include me in your plan?"

Janet pondered.

Then she looked to Kass, "What do you think?"

Kass took a quick glance at Morgana, blushing a little.

"I think...she can be trusted," he said in a whisper.

Morgana giggled and pecked his cheek, "Thank you."

Janet smiled looking at their little interaction. They really made a great couple. She was so happy for Kass.

"Daran?" she asked.

Daran crossed his arms indifferently, "I reserve my opinion." "Of course you do," Kass rolled his eyes.

"OK, full pass. Welcome to the team, Morgana," Janet said.

Morgana flipped her red hair and smiled, "Finally. Now, I know that you have got an answer out of Andre. You don't need to give me the details. Just tell me what is your next move? What should I do to get rid of that fucking psycho Lance?"

"We need to lure Lance out of the city," Janet said. "We can't kill him on rogue-dominated land."

Morgana frowned, "That is a bit tricky... Lance rarely leaves our city. He is like a turtle hiding in his shell...Oh, except for that time when he went to the Crimson Fortress by himself."

Janet sighed.

That would be a great opportunity to kill Lance.

But they didn't know who the Rogue King was at that time.

“So now what do we do?” Kass asked, “Can we knock him down and bring him out of the city? It shouldn’t be very hard if the four of us go after him together.”

Morgana shook her head, “No, that doesn’t work. He is always surrounded by his guards. Even if we can find a way to knock him down, the soldiers will catch us on our way out.”

Janet bit her lips, frustrated.

So was there really no way around this?

“I have a plan,” Daran said abruptly.

Everyone looked at me, and he asked Morgana, “Why did Lance leave the city and to Crimson Fortress?”

go

“Well, he likes to play with his prey before he kills them,” Morgana said with a disgusted tone. “It gives him a sense of power, making him feel like he is in control.”

“Then we will use that mindset against him,” Daran said deeply. “I want to send words to Crimson Fortress and ask Casper to come and rescue us. We will flee the city in the meantime and meet Casper halfway.”

“Lance might notice,” Kass said.

“We want him to notice. Actually, Morgana, I want you to tell Lance that Casper is coming to get us, and I want you to give Lance our detailed escape route. He will feel like he has all the information. He will definitely come after us.”

Janet’s eyes lit up.

Right.

Lance liked to act as a hunter. His eagerness to catch Daran and Janet would win over his rationality, causing him to take the risk and leave the city.

“Once he chases us to the border and crosses the borderline, we will gang up with Casper and kill him right on the spot,” Daran said ruthlessly.

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“Once he chases us to the border and crosses the borderline, we will gang up with Casper and kill him right on the spot,” Daran said ruthlessly.

“This is quite brilliant,” Morgana laughed and clapped her hands. “The best part is that Lance doesn’t know I am working with you guys. So he will trust whatever information I feed him.”

Janet nodded along, “And he doesn’t know that we have already got a hand on the method of how to kill him. So he won’t be on his guard when he leaves the city.”

Everyone was excited about Daran’s plan.

This actually worked!

“I will send words to Alpha Casper,” Kass nodded. “I am a rogue. I can leave the city without being affected by the taboo.”

And that reminded Janet.

“We can’t leave the city right now, right? Not with the rogue’s blood still left in our body. How should we cross the border and kill Lance in that case?” she asked, slightly concerned.

Morgana snapped her fingers with a smile, “I can help with that.”

She pointed at the food that Kass brought in and said, “These are clean foods, which don’t have rogue blood in them. From now on you should only consume the food that I personally deliver to your room. Give it 3 to 4 days for the remaining rogue blood in your system to be removed and then you will be able to leave the city.”

“3 to 4 days.” Kass rubbed his chin, “That is about the time I let Alpha Casper know about our plan.”

“OK. So we set the action time at the evening, 4 days from now on.”

Daran said in a deep voice, looking around the room.

“By that time, Casper should have known about our plan and the rogue blood in our system should have already worn out. Morgana, please find a way to draw your soldiers away from our room that night and me and Janet will leave the city, heading towards the border. Are we all clear on this?”

Everyone nodded eagerly.

Janet clenched her fists tightly, feeling the fire of vengeance burning inside of her chest.

Finally, they were able to kill Lance.

And avenge all those people who died in that monster's hand.

The following 4 days went by quite peacefully.

Daran and Janet never left their room. They followed Morgana's instructions and only consumed food that she delivered to their room.

Soon, the fourth night came. And it was go

time.

And avenge all those people who died in that monster's hand.

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Daran and Janet never left their room. They followed Morgana's instructions and only consumed food that she delivered to their room.

Soon, the fourth night came. And it was go time.

Janet and Daran all changed to light sportswear, which allowed them to move more freely.

Janet was dressed in a sports bra and black leggings, paired with black sneakers. She put her hair up high in a ponytail.

They waited patiently in their room for the nightfall.

At around 11 o'clock at night, a small tapping noise came from the outside as though someone had just thrown a rock at their window.

It was Morgana's signal to them.

Janet rushed to the window. She found that the patrol team outside was no longer there.

Now they were free to escape the city.

"Are you ready?" Daran asked.

Janet nodded firmly.

Daran smiled and pecked her lips, "After you, my lady."

Janet climbed up to the windowsill and was ready to jump off to the ground.

Yet right at this very moment, they heard a knock coming from the door, which froze them right on their spot.

...Who could it be?

Who could come and knock on their door at this hour? On the very night that they were about to start their mission?

Daran gave Janet a quick look telling her to stay put. He raised his voice and answered, "What is it?"

"Alpha Daran, sorry to disturb you."

A guard's voice came from outside of the door.

"But the King is here to see you."

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Chapter 134

Chapter 134

Janet rounded her eyes in shock.

Did Lance come to see them?

Why? Did he find out about their plan?

"Do you think he has noticed anything?" Janet asked Daran in a whisper, "And. should we answer?"

"We should. He probably just wants to chat," Daran said with a frown.

The timing definitely seemed weird though.

Daran kicked off his sneakers and hid his sportswear underneath a nightrobe.

He gave Janet a gentle nudge on the back, "Go hide in the bedroom. I will find out what he wants."

Janet nodded and hastily went into the bedroom.

When she closed the bedroom door behind her, she heard Daran answer in a deep voice, "Come in."

Janet left the door open with a small crack and peeked outside.

Lance had just walked into the room. He had his hands in his pocket, looking quite relaxed, as though he was just out for a walk after dinner and suddenly decided to pay Daran a visit.

"Alpha Daran, did I wake you?" Lance asked with a simper.

"Wake me or not, you are here already," Daran said coldly. "What do you want?" Lance shrugged, "Nothing...I am just in the mood for a little chat."

He paced around the room and eventually took his seat on the couch.

Resting his feet on the footstall, laid back, Lance looked at Daran and smiled, "Hey, do you know that we held General Danton's funeral today?"

Daran narrowed his eyes, "No. But I guess you can't leave his body out in the wilderness to rot."

"No. We buried him today. And I gave a speech at his funeral."

Lance shook his head, a nostalgic look on his face.

"That speech...it brought back so many memories. Do you know that Danton and I were buds even before I became the Rogue King? He offered me so much help. If it weren't for me, I would never have the chance to rise to my current position...Christ, I wouldn't even have the chance to talk to you, a mighty Alpha!"

Janet frowned listening to their conversation behind the door.

She was really baffled.

What the hell did Lance want anyway?

Was he simply here to share his childhood story with Daran?

How odd.

Daran let out a cold snort. His patience seemed to be running out.

“Why am I hearing this anyway?” he asked impatiently.

Lance spread his hands, “Now you know how important Danton was to me. You killed my most important friend, but I still let it slide. I am really being extra kind to you, Alpha Daran.’

There was a moment of ringing silence in the room.

Janet sucked in a small breath.

Wait a second...Lance he-he knew?!

No. No way.

He was probably just bluffing.

“Are we doing this again? Andre already said that Danton died because of drug abuse. It is already crystal clear,” Daran said freezingly, “Stop dumping shits on me. I don’t have time for that.’

Lance chuckled, “I don’t have any proof, but my instinct tells me that you did. it...Anyway, I am not here to point fingers. I am here to tell you that you are an important asset to me, Alpha Daran.”

“I am not your fucking asset,” Daran hissed.

“Sure you are. You just don’t know what you can do yet. Once you do, you will understand why I am saying this,” Lance laughed.

Janet was even more confused.

What the fuck was Lance even saying here?

His whole speech was very elusive. But it vaguely sounded like Lance was trying to say that Daran could help him accomplish something big..

And this “something big” was the sole reason why Lance brought them back to the Grace Ruin.

Janet held her breath.

She wanted to know what this “something big” was.

And then she heard Daran voice out her question for her.

“Then tell me,” he said to Lance forcefully. “Tell me what I can do. Why am I so important? Stop circling around the main point.”

Lance let out a booming laugh, “No, no, no, I can’t. Not yet. You still think of me as an enemy, right? I only share things with my friends. When can we become friends, Alpha Daran?”

“Wait till the day you fucking die,” Daran snorted.

“Don’t be so cruel.”

Lance stood up and walked up to Daran. He reached out a hand to pat Daran’s shoulder, but Daran slapped his hand away roughly.

“I have listened to enough yammering already.”

Daran’s eyes were slits of anger.

“It is time for you to leave.”

Lance laughed, “Fine I will go. I guess we can’t rush it, right? There is still plenty of time for us to get friendly. Just consider my proposal, Alpha Daran. I brought you back out of kindness. Trust me.”

With that said, he turned around and left the room.

Janet waited till she heard the sound of the door closing before dashing out.

“What the hell was that?”

She asked Daran urgently.

“Did you understand a word that he said? I know that I didn’t.”

Daran shook his head, “He was being pretty vague about it.

“It sounded like he needs your help for something. And he was waiting for you two to become friends before telling you what it is.”

“That day will never come,” Daran said mercilessly. “Because we are killing him today.”

He placed his hands on Janet’s shoulders and looked deep into her eyes.

“Hey, look at me,” he said softly.

Janet blinked and then looked him in the eyes.

“Are you feeling anxious?”

“...Yes, a bit.” She admitted.

“It is perfectly natural to get a little anxious before the big mission. But Janet, don’t worry, you still have me.”

He cupped her face and pressed his forehead against hers.

“I will protect you from all the dangers,” he whispered. “So don’t think too much into what Lance said. We have a plan. We got this.”

Janet took in a shaky breath.

Daran was right.

They had a plan. And that plan was to kill Lance. So what Lance wanted or what he intended to do didn’t matter anymore.

She shouldn’t let that weasel’s words get into her head.

“I am ready to go,” she said to Daran solemnly.

“Good.” Daran bent down and kissed her, “Let’s go.”

They left their suite through the window and snuck out of the palace under the cover of the night.

Morgana had drawn all guards out of their way. So they didn’t meet any resistance leaving the city of Grace Ruin.

Once they were out of the city, they started running at full speed.

Morgana didn’t give them a car. The car made too much noise and attracted too much attention. They had to go by their feet.

Fortunately, the two of them were both trained warriors. This was indeed.

Fortunately, the two of them were both trained warriors. This was indeed exhausting. But nothing they couldn’t handle.

They kept running through the wilderness like this for 5 hours straight, their breath coming in short gasps.

Janet's sports bra was already drenched by hot sweat.

It was about dawn. The first light of dawn painted the sky with hues of pink and orange.

A truly breathtaking scenery.

The landscape was rugged and untamed, with tall grasses brushing against their legs and the occasional thorn pricking their skin.

But they were undeterred, fueled by a sense of urgency and the adrenaline coursing through their veins.

As they ran, Janet suddenly felt a wave of nostalgia wash over her.

They were getting closer to the borderline.

And beyond the borderline was her homeland.

She had left her homeland for a long time. Even training in Riverside Pack felt like things that happened a century ago.

Her memory about the Blood Moon Pack had also faded. Her bedroom, the training field, the mountain that she and Casper often went hiking....

Everything was a blur now...

She didn't get this feeling before. But at this very moment, she was suddenly homesick.

She missed Blood Moon Pack, a place of safety and comfort, a stark contrast to the chaos and danger that had become her reality.

The strong emotions that surged up in her caused Janet to miss a step.

She staggered forward.

Daran caught her shoulder before she fell.

"Are you alright?" he asked worriedly. A drop of sweat was hanging on his long eyelashes. "If you are tired, we can take 10."

Janet shook her head.

Tears welled in her eyes, but she blinked them away.

"I am fine." she told Daran./

She knew they couldn't afford to slow down, not when they were so close.

"Tell me what you are thinking." Daran insisted.

"I...I am just a little nostalgic...since we are coming so close to home."

Daran pulled her into his arms. She buried her face in his chest, listening to his steady heartbeats, which calmed her down slightly.

"I am always here with you," he said deeply. "Plus...Look. Someone is here for us."

Janet raised her head and followed Daran's gaze.

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Janet raised her head and followed Daran’s gaze.

In the near distance, standing at the edge of the treeline, was Casper.

His familiar grin tugged at her heartstrings as he waved, his eyes sparkling with joy and relief.

“Janet!” he called to her.

“Casper!”

Janet cried, her heart thumping with thrill.

She rushed forward at her full speed, eager to hug him.

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Chapter 135

Chapter 135

Janet threw herself into Casper’s arms.

He held her tightly.

“God....Casper! I-I-” she choked as though there was a lump in her throat. “I miss you so much...”

“Me too.”

Casper rubbed the back of her head.

“You shouldn’t leave the Crimson Fortress without telling me first! And deep into the rogue’s headquarters? Christ, what are you even thinking? Do you know how worried I was when I heard the news?”

She smiled. It felt nice to know that someone was worried about her safety.

“We didn’t have the time to tell you,” she explained. “But look at me. I am fine. Safe and sound.”

“You should leave this kind of dirty work to men,” Casper said in a reproachful tone.

“Truth be told, I am starting to regret pointing you as my Gamma. You are Blood Moon Pack’s princess. This kind of dangerous life doesn’t suit you.”

He grabbed her hands, tightening the grasp

“Forget about that fucking plan,” he said eagerly. “Come home with me. Don’t you miss everything back home? The pretty dresses, the fancy balls, the time you spend with our soldiers... You deserve all these!”

“No!” Janet cried, “Me and Daran had a plan already-”

“Fuck Daran! He has already ruined a few good years of yours. I am not letting him ruin the rest of your life!” Casper growled.

Daran had walked up to them from the distance. And he heard the last part of Casper’s sentence.

His eyes darkened.

Casper looked at Daran and said to him in a provocative tone, “I was telling Janet that she should come home with me. Live a comfortable life and wait for her second-chance mate to show up. Don’t you agree with me, Alpha Daran?”

Janet groaned, “Casper...”

“There will be no second chance mate,” Daran said in a freezing tone. “Janet is destined to be with me.”

Casper was infuriated and he snarled, “You prick! You rejected Janet first,

remember?! And now you are bringing her into all those dangers! Destined my ass!” Daran ignored Casper’s yelling. He looked to Janet instead.

“I want you by my side. Because I can’t stand a life without you,” he said hoarsely, a soft light gleaming in his eyes. “This will never change.”

Janet’s heart swelled.

“But this is indeed too dangerous for you,” he continued. “So if you decide to go

home I respect your decision Actually I do think it is the right call.”

The two men looked at Janet together, waiting for her to make a decision.

Just then, a bright firework shot up into the sky from the direction of the Grace Ruin. and lit up the close-dawn sky.

It was Morgana’s signal to them.

She had told Lance that they escaped the city. And they were coming to get them.

They were moving towards the most important part of this plan.

Janet looked away from the fireworks and to Casper.

“I stay,” she said firmly.

Casper looked frustrated, “If this is about Daran-”

“No! This has nothing to do with Daran!” Janet growled, “OK. I won’t give you that ‘I care about the safety of our packs and someone has to do the right thing’ bullshit. The most important thing is that the kind of life that you painted for me is boring! I enjoy fighting fights, taking battles, beating the shits out of the bad guys.”

She gently punched on Casper’s shoulder.

“If we grou

up in Blood Moon Pack together, I might become the Alpha, instead of you. Don’t undermine me just because I am a woman,” she said.

There was a strange look on Casper’s face.

Then he burst into laughter.

“Oh well!” he chuckled, “I am not going to argue with that!”

There was a smile on Daran’s lips as well. He looked at her with an appreciative gaze.

“When you are both done laughing,” Janet rolled her eyes. “Can we get back to our plan now?”

“Alright.”

Casper said, “Kass has filled me in already. The plan is to kill the Rogue King on our land, right? So now we are still standing on the rogue’s land. But keep moving South for

another 5 miles and we will reach the borderline. Kass and Balvina are waiting for us. We will ambush Lance there.”

Daran said with a nod, “So wait here for Lance to show up and then lure him to the borderline.”

Casper snapped his finger, “Correct. And Lance won’t notice that we have crossed the border. I set our ambush spot in the wilderness. There is no clear road sign.”

“Then how do we know for sure that we have crossed the borderline?” Janet asked, “If there is no sign or anything.”

“There is an easy way to find out,” Daran looked at her deeply. “You will be able to switch.”

Right.

Her wolf had been sleeping since she entered the rogue’s land.

She missed her.

“OK, so now we have nothing to do but wait.” Daran looked at his watch. “Lance and Morgana should be here in

Morgana should be here in less than 2 hours.”

“Let’s go wait in the woods,” Casper said and walked away.

Janet was about to leave with Casper.

Yet Daran caught her wrist first.

“It is somewhat about me though, right?” he asked abruptly.

Janet paused.

Then she suddenly remembered what Casper asked her just a moment before-if she was taking all these risks for Daran.

There was a pink tinge on her cheeks. She shook him off, “Don’t flatter yourself.” He looked down at her deeply. There was a gorgeous gleam in his eyes.

“I am very happy, Janet,” he said softly.

The way he looked at her made her heart rate quickened.

She turned on her heels abruptly and ran to catch up with Casper, escaping the scene. in panic.

Casper brought them some food and beverages. They sat underneath the trees and had their meals.

Janet was a bit embarrassed to sit with Daran after the little moment that they had earlier.

So she chose a spot away from Daran and ate alone.

Moments later, Casper came to sit with her with his food.

“You are making a horrible decision,” he said right after he sat down.

Janet signed, “Again?”

“Not about you staying, but about Daran,” Casper said with an all-serious tone. “He clearly wants you back. And he is slowly wearing you out by keeping you close to his side. When we first went to Riverside Pack to train, you clearly said that you didn’t want him anymore. But I can tell that you are not as determined now as you used to be.”

Janet lapsed into silence.

Casper was right. She wasn’t.

About a year ago, all she wanted was to avenge those who had hurt her. Harper, Owen, John, and the Diaz couple, including Daran.

She wanted them to suffer.

And she had succeeded, for the most part.

Yet Daran...she just couldn’t do it.

Daran was special.

“Do you want to be with him again?” Casper pursued, “He rejected you for that fake bitch Harper. He might act like a decent man now, but he WILL do it again for another woman. You know what they said, ‘Once a cheater, always a cheater.

“I know ” Janet signed

“I know...” Janet signed.

That was also the main thing that she couldn’t get over with.

“And you will get a second chance mate!” Casper said in a way like luring a kid with candy. “He might be a much better guy than Daran.”

Janet groaned in frustration.

Why did everyone keep saying this recently? First Kass, and then Casper.

“I might not get a second chance,” she said. Not everyone did. It was completely up to the Moon Goddess.

“But you do. Call it a brother’s instinct,” Casper grinned.

Janet had no idea where Casper got that.

But she really didn’t want to get into this right now.

So she laid down, rolled around, and faced Casper with her back.

“I am going to get some shut eyes,” she said. “Wake me up when Lance gets here.”

She closed her eyes.

Yet her heart was still racing in her chest.

She really shouldn’t be thinking about Daran right now...but she couldn’t stop.

If they killed Lance and ended the war, Daran would definitely ask her to come back.

What should she do then?

She didn’t know...

Only if someone could make this whole thing easier...

She lay there underneath the tree for about an hour or so.

Then she felt the ground starting to shake as though a large group of people were coming in their direction.

She jumped up instantly.

“Did you feel this?” she cried, looking around for Daran and Casper. “Is this-”

Daran was standing on top of a pine tree, gazing into the distance.

“It is.” He said, “They are coming.”

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Chapter 136

Chapter 136

At first, it was just the ground shaking slightly, sending some small rocks rolling around.

But then they heard those noises, the heavy thud of paws hitting against the ground, the booming wolf howls, the sound of soldiers yelling in the distance..

Lance was closing up on them.

The three of them ran out of the woods and gazed to the north.

A large group of soldiers appeared in their field of vision. Some had shifted into their wolves, and some remained in their human forms driving the cars.

Leading up front was Lance, riding on the back of a wolf.

The amount of the pursuers was larger than they expected.

Looked like that Lance was really determined to catch them back.

“Alpha Daran!” Lance shouted out to them, his voice echoing in the field. “Just give up already! You won’t be able to escape!”

“Let’s go!”

Daran grabbed Janet’s hand urgently, “Let’s lure our fishes into the net.”

They sprinted southward, leaving the rugged wasteland behind them and deep into the forest.

The sun had barely risen, casting long shadows across the woods. The forest was dense, the underbrush slowing their progress, but it could also form a hindrance to their pursuers.

Janet could hear her own ragged breaths and the pounding sound of her heart hitting against her chest.

Besides the sound of their own footsteps, there was also the distant sound of boots. crashing through the underbrush and the occasional shout of a soldier as they closed the distance.

Luring the soldiers to the borderline was a tricky task.

They didn't want to go too fast for the soldiers to completely lose track of them.

Yet they also didn't want to go too slow so that the soldiers would catch them before they reached the border.

So they kept an appropriate distance from their pursuers.

Daran looked back beyond his shoulders a couple of times to make sure that the rogues stayed on the hook.

Janet was soon exhausted/

She had been running like this for 5 hours straight last night. And she barely got any sleep.

Her legs ached and her lungs burned. Without the help of her wolf, she was pushing closer to her human limit.

It was getting harder and harder to keep up with the guys.

Vet lapot pushed herself harder

Her legs ached and her lungs burned. Without the help of her wolt, she was pushing closer to her human limit.

It was getting harder and harder to keep up with the guys.

Yet Janet pushed herself harder.

She didn't want to become anyone's bunder.

She was a trained warrior. She was a Gamma. She could do this.

Janet raised her head and looked ahead.

There was Daran, leading the way. His tall frame easily navigated the terrain despite his labored breathing.

His presence gave her a great sense of security.

As long as he was here, she felt that she could do anything, her body fueled with immense power.

Daran noticed her gaze when he looked around. He slowed his steps slightly and started running with Janet's shoulder to shoulder.

"D-Don't wait for me!" Janet gasped, panting roughly. "...Just keep going!"

Daran held her hand and squeezed it.

"We are close." he said, "Close to the borderline. Stay with me!"

They picked up the pace again.

The slope of the landscape was getting steeper. Janet started to get the feeling that they were climbing up a hill.

Janet raised her head and looked to the front. She could already see the edge of the woods. And past the treeline was the top of the hill.

"We go beyond the hill!" Casper cried to them, "Then we are there!"

Janet's heart raced with excitement.

Beyond the hill was the borderline, where Kass, Balvina, and all the Blood Moon Pack's soldiers were waiting.

They were indeed close!!!

Yet suddenly, a loud crack echoed through the forest.

A bullet whizzed past Janet's ear.

Somebody drew the gun!

"Fuck!"

Daran cursed loudly and pressed Janet's head down urgently. She stumbled but regained her footing, her heart pounding even harder.

The gunshot came again. This time followed immediately by Casper's sharp cry.

Janet jerked around in panic.

Her brother was shot!

“Casper-!” she screamed.

“No, I am fine!” Casper rushed to her, holding his bleeding right arm “That son of a

The gunshot came again. This time followed immediately by Casper’s sharp cry Janet jerked around in panic.

Her brother was shot!

“Casper-!” she screamed.

“No, I am fine!” Casper rushed to her, holding his bleeding right arm. “That son of a bitch Lance shot me with a fucking rifle-Catch!”

He tossed her a 9mm.

Janet caught the pistol and pointed it to her back.

As werewolves, they didn’t normally fight with weapons. But Janet was a skillful sniper. She was good with guns.

She saw Lance’s face in her telescope.

With the fire of hatred burning in her chest, she pulled the trigger.

The bullet whizzed through the woods and caught Lance’s left shoulder, knocking him down from his wolf.

“He is down!” Daran snapped, “Go, go, go!”

Together, they rushed out of the woods and climbed up to the top of the hill.

A large group of people were waiting for them there.

Janet saw the face of her closest friend.

“Balvina-!!!” she yelled.

Balvina rushed over and the two hugged tightly with each other.

“Janet!” Balvina choked, “God...I miss you so much!! And so is everyone!”

Janet looked around.

She saw many familiar faces. All were soldiers from the Blood Moon Pack. And Kass was standing among the crowd as well.

“Gamma Janet!” one soldier cried, “We are all here for you!”

“We miss you! Gamma Janet!”

Janet’s lips trembled. She missed this as well. To be with her own men.

“Thank you!” she said loudly, “Now. Let’s take down the bad guy!”

They all turned around and looked to their backs.

The rogue soldiers were gathered by the edge of the woods, glaring at them on full alert.

Lance stood at the front of the group.

His shirt was drenched with blood because of the gunshot on his left shoulder.

There was a crooked smile on his lips.

“What a touching reunion...” he let out a sinister laugh. “But the more the merrier! You will all regret coming here! Nobody is leaving here alive!”

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Janet took a firm step forward.

She called to her wolf. And she heard her wolf’s response. Because now she was standing in her homeland.

“I can say the same thing to you, Lance.” she snarled, “Today is the day you die!”

She raised her head and let out a long wolf howl.

Her body grew larger and larger, with white fur covering her human skin.

She switched into a silver-white wolf!

Lance rounded his eyes in utter shock. He was completely taken aback by the scene happening in front of his eyes.

“NO!” he cried, “How can you shift?! It is impossible. You can’t-”

Daran let out a cold sneer. He spread his shoulders and shifted into a gigantic black wolf.

“Because you are standing on our land right now, idiot,” he taunted.

Lance took a quick step back, his whole body trembling in fear.

“RETREAT!”

He jerked around and cried to his rogue soldiers.

“Move back! Everyone leaves here right now-

Yet words froze on his lips the next second.

Somebody dashed out of the rogue soldier’s crowd and stabbed him with a sharp blade.

Morgana looked into his horror-struck eyes with a cold smile. She clenched the blade and sent it deeper into his chest.

“You are not going anywhere else, asshole,” she hissed.

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Chapter 137

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Lance parted his lips in shock.

He stared at Morgana unblinkingly as though he was trying to understand why he was suddenly betrayed.

Morgana pulled the blade abruptly. Blood gushed out and spilled all over her body. Lance lurched but regained his balance quickly.

“...Why?”

He covered the wounds with one hand and asked through gritted teeth. “Because I don’t like a man ruling over me! Not to mention a monster like you!” Morgana snarled, “Is that a good enough reason for you?”

She raised her hand to stab him again.

But Lance caught her wrist this time.

He suddenly started laughing, his voice getting louder and louder.

“You think this can kill me?” Lance took a step back and snarled, “You... You bunch of idiots! You had no idea! YOU KNOW NOTHING!!!”

He let out a rumbling howl and shifted.

This was the first time Janet saw Lance’s wolf.

It was a bony beast with mottled fur, a mixed color of grey and brown. Its size was small, even smaller than most soldier’s wolves.

This was not the physique of a warrior. It looked too weak, almost sickly.

“My soldiers-”

Lance pounded the ground with its front paw and roared:

“KILL THEM!!!”

The rogues yelled, raising their weapons, and came at the Blood Moon Pack’s soldiers. Wolf howled, gunshot, and the clanging noise of blades echoed in the air. Janet dodged the attack from a rogue and looked for Lance urgently.

She spotted that mottled wolf running down the hill.

“That cunning bastard is getting away!” Janet cried, “He is using his soldiers to drag us back. Stop him!”

They couldn’t afford to have Lance running back to the rogue’s territory again.

Or they wouldn't be able to kill him.

"I got this!" Daran sprinted forward and went after Lance.

Janet wanted to follow him, but she was stopped by the rogues.

They launched into a fierce battle.

Soon there were dead bodies lying around everywhere and the blood painted the rock and soil scarlet red.

rock and soil scarlet red.

The rogues outnumbered them. But the Blood Moon Pack's soldiers were more well-trained.

After wiping out the rogues that surrounded her, Janet looked around again. The fight was still ongoing. But they had managed to get the upper hand.

Yet there was still no sign of Daran and Lance.

It had been about 15 minutes already. It shouldn't take Daran that long to kill a weak, injured wolf.

...Did anything happen?

Janet felt a sudden thrill of foreboding.

She left the hill and ran into the woods, taking the direction of Daran and Lance.

The woods were dark.

The dense canopy of trees overhead casts the forest floor into shadow. A cloud covered the sun, further darkening the already dim environment.

Janet took a deep breath, trying to steady her racing heart as she moved deeper into the forest.

She knew that Daran could handle himself.

But the ominous feeling gnawing at her gut wouldn't go away.

The forest was eerily silent, the only sounds being the occasional rustle of leaves and the distant call of a bird.

Janet's senses were on high alert. She found herself jumping at every little noise.

Eventually, her ear caught something in the wind.

It was human whisperings, coming from the distance.

Her heart leaped into her throat as she hurried forward to check it out.

A few moments later, she found two figures ahead, down in a low valley.

It was Daran and Lance.

Lance was slumped against a tree, his face pale and a bloody stain spreading across his shirt. He looked extremely weak, and it would only take one more hit to kill him completely.

Daran was standing in front of Lance, holding a gun, and pointing at Lance.

But Daran didn't pull the trigger.

Janet stared at them from behind a tree, anxious.

She didn't understand... Why didn't Daran pull the trigger? Why didn't he kill Lance now?!

Yes, think about what I just said to you...Alpha Daran. I can tell that you are already hesitating."

Lance chuckled, with blood streaming down from the corner of his mouth.

"Killing me is the wrong decision...The wise thing to do is to keep me alive..."

Janet rounded her eyes in shock.

What the fuck was happening right now?

Killing him was the wrong decision? That was fucking bullshit!

They worked so hard for today! Everything they did-all the sacrifices that they made-was for killing Lance!!

Why hadn't Daran pulled the trigger yet?

What was he waiting for?!

She was about to jump out and shout at Daran, telling him to do this ahead, and end everything.

Yet the next second, she heard Daran's voice:

...Was it true? What you just said?"

The evil grin on Lance's lips grew wider as he laughed, "Of course! Of course, it was true! Why would I lie to you? I already said that I want you as my friend and together we can accomplish so many great things together! It was you who betrayed me first!"

He coughed. More blood poured out of his mouth.

"But I am willing to let it slide...as long as you come and work with me," he chuckled. "Together, we are unstoppable."

Bullshit!

Janet let out a furious cry internally.

Just do it, Daran! KILL HIM!

"...I can make you become The One True King," Lance said.

The low valley lapsed into a deathly silence.

Daran's hand dropped, lowering the gun down.

...The One True King?" he repeated lowly after Lance.

"Yes! Not the Alpha King, not the Rogue King... But the one true King who has the power to rule both worlds! To dominate both the werewolves and the rogues! The King of the whole wide world!"

Lance's voice got louder, filled with enthusiasm.

"You have been wondering why brought you back to the Grace Ruin and treated you. as my guest? Well, now I am telling you...it was because of this! To become The King requires both of us working together. Our union is destined!"

"It sounds like craps to me," Daran said coldly.

"But aren't you curious?" Lance said in a tempting voice. "Aren't you curious about the power you can possess? If you become The King, everyone will have to take orders from you-a common soldier, an Alpha, or a rogue-Everyone! Oh, and Gamma Janet...you love Gamma Janet, right? Aren't you afraid that another man will snatch her

from you? Maybe her second-chance mate? But if you become The King, no man will dare to do that, EVER!

It was like the whisper of a devil, luring people down the dark path.

Janet couldn't listen to this nonsense anymore.

She rushed out of the woods and cried out loudly: "-Don't listen to him, Daran! Just kill him!!!"

Daran's body became stiff when he heard her voice.

But he didn't turn around to face her.

Janet clenched her fists. She couldn't believe that Daran was hesitating.

Was he seriously considering this?

No! The Daran that she knew was not a power-hunger person...

Or was he?

Lance grinned. He reached out a hand to Daran and said, "Take my hand, Alpha Daran. I can make you The King. Only I know how!"

"DON'T!!"

Janet roared. Anger clouded her mind.

"FUCK! If you don't do this, I WILL!"

She rushed forward, her eyes fixed on Lance. But she didn't notice that a rogue soldier had snuck up on her behind her back.

A sharp pain came from her neck, coursing through her whole body.

Somebody knocked her on the neck.

Janet crushed down to the ground, still panting in rage.

The last thing that she saw before passing out was Daran taking Lance's hand, and pulling Lance up from the ground.

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Chapter 138

Chapter 138

Janet woke up from a splitting headache.

Her senses gradually returned as the harsh reality of her situation sank in. She remembered everything before she passed out.

They gathered Blood Moon Pack's soldiers and were ready to kill Lance.

The two sides launched into a fierce fight. Daran went after Lance alone. She followed them deep into the woods and caught them talking.

She witnesses the whole scene in which Lance turns Daran against them with her own eyes.

Before she was knocked out, she saw Daran taking Lance's hand.

And now she was no longer in the safety of her home, with Blood Moon Pack's soldiers, but instead found herself lying on a cold, hard stone floor.

She seemed to be in a dungeon.

As her eyes adjusted to the dim light, she took in her surroundings.

The walls were made of roughly hewn stone, damp with moisture, and covered in patches of mold. The air was thick and stale, and the only sound was the distant dripping of water.

She could vaguely guess what happened after she passed out.

Daran turned to Lance.

And they brought her back to the Grace Ruin.

A wave of strong emotions surged up in her...Anger, disbelief, sorrow, shock.

It almost felt like there was a rock pressing on her chest. She couldn't breathe. How was this even possible...Daran betrayed them?!

He bought Lance's words.

He chose to believe in a monster who promised him superior power.

He turned against his own people and her for that power.

Janet would never believe this if she hadn't seen everything with her own eyes.

Daran was the most righteous and noble person she knew. Although he could be cold-hearted from time to time, she still had no doubt that he was a decent Alpha.

Janet took in a shaky breath and pulled her hair frustratedly.

No.

She still couldn't believe that this was true.

There must be something that she didn't know, some hidden facts that caused Daran to make such an outrageous decision.

She would have to find out.

But first...she needed to find a way out of there.

She moved her body and tried to stand up. Yet she found her hands and feet clamped by cuffs.

An iron chain was connected to those cuffs and anchored tightly to the stone wall, making a rattling noise once she moved her body.

She couldn't break free.

The darkness seemed to press in on her from all sides, and her mind raced with thoughts of what to do now.

Just then, she heard some footsteps coming from the distance. Somebody was coming.

Janet snapped her head up, holding her breath in anticipation.

...Could it be Daran?

The door to the dungeon burst open and a group of people filled in.

Janet's heart sank.

It was Harper, with a group of sturdy soldiers.

“Oh, well, well, well...”

Harper giggled, her shoulders rocking with laughter, “Look at you, all disappointed. Did you think it was Daran? Are you waiting for him to show up? But sorry to let you down. He won’t come.”

Janet’s jaw tightened, “What the fuck are you doing here, Harper? And where am I! “Where else? In the dark dungeon underneath the royal palace of Grace Ruin, where we kept the prisoners. That is right. You are a prisoner now.”

Harper walked up to Janet.

A grim smile twisted her lips.

“Handcuffs and chains definitely suit you, bitch!” she spat.

Janet’s chest rose and fell rapidly in anger. And she cried, “Where is Daran! Get him here!”

“Oh, haven’t you heard? Daran and our King are best buddies now,” Harper giggled. “And Lance has punished everyone who dared to help you escape, like that tramp Morgana. Your gigolo Kass ran away with Blood Moon Pack’s soldiers, but we will catch him soon. All in all, your pathetic little plan to kill Lance failed. The Rogue King is unbeatable. My man always triumphs in the end!”

Agony seized Janet’s heart.

It was one thing to think about these in her head, but a totally different thing to hear it from somebody else, which made it become a harsh reality.

“No. You are lying...” Janet gritted. “That is not Daran...Daran would never betray me...”

“Wake up, bitch! That is exactly who Daran is, a cold-hearted asshole!” Harper laughed, “He rejected you and tossed you aside ruthlessly once already. He is fully capable of doing it again! He will get rid of anything that stands in his way. I just don’t know why you all call Lance a monster....because clearly the biggest monster I know is Daran!”

Janet’s body trembled, causing those chains and cuffs to rattle.

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She wanted to convince herself that Harper was lying and that she shouldn't jump to a conclusion before seeing Daran.

But she couldn't.

She knew well enough that some parts of Harper's words were true.

And Harper

per was still blabbering jauntily, "I am actually glad that I dumped Daran. Lance is so much better than Daran. Just look at where we are now...Daran is working under my man, and you are chained to a wall like a fucking dog on a leash. You have to admit that this is quite something-

...Shut up," Janet hissed abruptly.

"What did you say?" Harper rounded her eyes.

"I said-SHUT UP YOU PIECE OF TRASH!" Janet sprang up and roared, stretching the iron chains, "Get the fuck out of my face!"

Harper's face turned red instantly in rage.

"How dare you disrespect me! The Queen!" she shrieked and raised a hand to slap Janet.

But Janet was faster. She caught Harper's wrist with her left hand and waved her right arm with her full might-

SLAP!

A flaming red slap mark appeared on Harper's cheek.

A tooth flew out of Harper's mouth.

"AH-"

Harper screamed at the top of her lungs, holding her red cheek. She slumped onto the ground, horrified, and fumbled in the darkness.

"My tooth!"

She cried and opened her mouth, which was covered in blood.

One of her front teeth was gone.

“My tooth! Where is my tooth!” she screamed hysterically, “I can’t miss a tooth now! The King will hold our mating ceremony soon. I have to look perfect!!!” She jerked around to those soldiers, “What are you still standing there? FIND IT!”

The soldiers filed in and illuminated the dungeon with their flashlights.

But Harper’s missing tooth was nowhere to be found.

Janet let out a cold sneer, “I can slap you again to make it symmetrical.”

Her words made Harper even more furious.

Pointing a finger at Janet, Harper cried, “Hit her! Slap her! Break her ribs! Whatever! I don’t fucking care! Just make her suffer!!!”

Soldiers came at Janet together.

Janet wanted to fight back but her hands and feet were still anchored to the wall. She

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Soldiers came at Janet together.

Janet wanted to fight back but her hands and feet were still anchored to the wall. She dodged one punch, but another followed right after.

They pulled her up and lashed her with a whip. The whip ripped her flesh apart, causing blood to stream down.

“Harder! Harder!” Harper cried excitedly, clapping her hands.

Pain coursed through Janet’s body.

But she gritted her teeth to stifle painful groans.

She would not give Harper the satisfaction of torturing her.

This torment lasted for 10-15 minutes, and they finally stopped before she passed out again.

She heard Harper's laughter from the near distance, "...I will come back and visit you again, dear Janet."

Footsteps went away and the door slammed shut.

They were gone.

She was left in this dark dungeon again.

She curled up her body to ease off the pain. But those physical pains were nothing compared to the emotional ones.

What are you doing right now, Daran?

What were you even thinking...

Morgana was locked in her bedroom right now. Her hands and feet were bound tightly.

She hadn't had any food or water since they brought her back to the Grace Ruin.

But she was not hungry, nor thirsty.

Her mind was consumed by fury.

Just then, she heard some whisperings outside of the door. The guards standing in the hallway were talking to someone.

Her bedroom door swung open the next second.

Steady footsteps came. And a tall figure walked into the dark room.

Morgana snapped her head up and glared at the man as he stepped into the silver moonlight.

The light illuminated his handsome profile.

Morgana's eyes were slits of rage.

They were gone.

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"What are you doing here? Traitor!" she hissed.

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Chapter 139

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Daran's face was expressionless.

He didn't respond to Morgana's cry.

Walking close, he grabbed the rope that bound Morgana's hands and gave it one hard pull.

The rope snapped. And Morgana's hands were free.

She remained in her seat and looked at Daran suspiciously, "What are you doing?" "You are free to leave the room," Daran said in a cool voice.

"Does this come from Lance?"

"I made this call."

Yet instead of being grateful, Morgana let out a loud, sarcastic laugh, "Oh so you are in charge now? Making all the calls? Because you betrayed all your friends and sucked up to your enemy, you suddenly become the big boss? And what is this? You want me to thank you with gratitude?"

Daran ignored her sarcastic words with the same expressionless face.

"Where is the dungeon?" he asked abruptly.

Morgana's nostrils flared. She asked pointedly, "Why do you ask? Are you looking for someone important?"

Daran's face darkened.

"Don't give me that attitude. Answer my question," he demanded.

Morgana was pissed.

She thought Daran would explain himself, or at least act like he was sorry.

But no.

He was still cold, arrogant, and cocky as ever! He didn't even seem to believe that he owed everyone an explanation!

Morgana was never too crazy about Daran. Men were all assholes and Daran was no exception.

She only proposed a collaboration because of Janet-she could trust Janet. And since Daran was so crazily in love with Janet, she was fine with Daran getting on board. with them.

But this bastard screwed them over!

He even threw the woman he loved under the bus!

Was his heart made of stone and ice?

“Do you want to know where Lance kept Janet?” she glared at Daran, “Do you feel sorry?”

Sorry that you betrayed her and caused her in this situation?”

Daran narrowed his eyes, “This is none of your business.”

“Then fuck you!” Morgana spat, “I won’t tell you. Definitely not going to let you hurt her again! As far as I am concerned, she doesn’t want to see you either. She

Was his heart made of stone and ice?

“Do you want to know where Lance kept Janet?” she glared at Daran, “Do you feel sorry? Sorry that you betrayed her and caused her in this situation?”

Daran narrowed his eyes, “This is none of your business.”

“Then fuck you!” Morgana spat, “I won’t tell you. Definitely not going to let you hurt her again! As far as I am concerned, she doesn’t want to see you either. She probably hopes that you died in a fucking shithole!”

Daran let out a snort.

Her threats and curses seemed to have zero effects on him.

Which further proved that he was a barefaced, heartless prick!

“If you are such a big boss, go find out where she is yourself. Or ask Lance,” Morgana taunted. “You saved Lance’s ass big time. I bet he is willing to tell you anything.”

Daran looked away from her.

He reached into his pocket and put something on the table.

It was some antibiotics and bandages.

“You are right. Janet probably doesn’t want to see me,” he said deeply. “Give this to her when you see her. Tell her to take care of herself. And tell her that I have my reasons.”

He turned to leave the room.

Morgana stared at his back.

She knew that she probably shouldn’t say another word to him ever again.

But after a little pause, she couldn't help but cry to his back, "Hey! What is your fucking reason!"

Yet Daran didn't answer.

He didn't even slow his steps.

He went straight out of the room and closed the door behind him.

The following few days were like a living hell for Janet.

Harper would visit her every single day, bringing a large group of soldiers to torment her.

She tried to fight back. But there was not much she could do with her hands and feet anchored to the wall.

Harper enjoyed humiliating her greatly. She would dress up and sit by the side as soldiers beat Janet up.

Yet no matter how many makeups she applied, it still wouldn't cover the fact that she had a missing front tooth.

On the fourth time she showed up, Janet noticed that she had planted a golden tooth.

"Shiny."

Janet commented with a cold smile.

Janet commented with a cold smile.

"It fits your bad taste."

Harper's face twisted in rage. She knew that the golden tooth was tacky. But it was the best she could do within such a short time.

She received quite a few mocking and cold eyes from the other ladies recently.

And it was all because of this bitch Janet!

"Shut up, bitch!"

Harper yelled at Janet, clenching her fists.

"I am giving you a good lesson today! Maybe that ought to teach you to shut your filthy hole!"

She beckoned to a soldier, who brought over a stun gun.

They had used all kinds of weapons on Janet for the past few days, like whips, sticks, and stones.

But a stun gun...this was a first.

Janet's body became stiff.

She could already imagine the electronic shots coursing through her body... It must fucking hurt.

But she didn't want Harper to see that she was afraid. So she took a deep breath and closed her eyes, ready to endure any pain in silence.

"Take it, bitch!" Harper cackled viciously, "Nobody is coming to save you-" "Who says there isn't?" a sudden voice came from the door.

Janet snapped her eyes open, astonished.

A tall and beautiful woman with flaming red hair stood by the door, with her arms crossed in front of her chest.

"Morgana!"

Harper cried in horror.

"W-What are you doing here? You traitor should be locked up!"

Morgana chuckled and stepped into the dungeon, with armed soldiers following behind her back.

"The King released me and gave me my old job back. As the Cabinet Minister," Morgana sneered. "And I guess I should be the one asking that question: what are YOU doing here? Did anyone authorize you to visit Gamma Janet?"

Harper took a small step back. Then she raised her head stubbornly.

"I didn't need an authorization! I am the Queen! I can go anywhere as I please!" she cried.

"Wrong."

The cold smile on Morgana's lips grew wider.

"Without an authorization, you are committing a serious crime. You and your

Harper cried in horror.

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“I didn’t need an authorization! I am the Queen! I can go anywhere as I please!” she cried.

“Wrong.”

The cold smile on Morgana’s lips grew wider.

“Without an authorization, you are committing a serious crime. You and your accomplices should all be punished.”

She snapped her fingers. Her soldiers closed up on Harper’s men.

“One arm,” she said idly.

Harper’s men were all horrified. They dropped to their knees as fast as they could. One guy even cried out loud begging, “Please Lady Morgana! I-I won’t do this again! Please!!!”

Yet one soldier caught his arm forcefully. And then-

CRACK!!

His right arm was snapped.

The man crushed to the ground, rolling around in pain.

Within 5 short seconds, all of Harper’s men lost one arm.

The dungeon echoed with wails. Harper’s face was pale, and her body was quivering in fear.

Morgana looked at her, smiling, "Does the future queen like to have a taste of that?" Harper's lips trembled, "...Why...Why would Lance give you your job back? You betrayed him!"

Morgana laughed, "Because I am too important! 90% of the men in his palace took orders from me. He can't simply replace me. Unlike you, bitch. He can toss you aside without a blink of an eye. So watch yourself around me."

Harper bit her lower lip, humiliated.

But she couldn't argue with Morgana on this. It was a fact.

"Beat it!" Morgana snapped.

Harper hurried off instantly. Her men followed behind her back, staggering. They were gone within seconds.

Morgana waved at her soldiers, "You guys can leave as well."

Everyone was cleared out. And it was just Morgana and Janet in the room.

Morgana looked at her, smiling, "Does the future queen like to have a taste of that

Harper's lips trembled, "...Why...Why would Lance give you your job back? You betrayed him!"

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Morgana waved at her soldiers, "You guys can leave as well."

Everyone was cleared out. And it was just Morgana and Janet in the room.

"Oh my god... Look at you! That fucking Harper!"

Morgana rushed to Janet's side and checked her wounds.

"I should fucking kill her!" Morgana gritted.

Janet grabbed her hand.

"Forget about Harper. Have...Have you heard from Daran

she asked urgently.

Morgana rolled her eyes, "Why are you still asking about that traitor? He should be dead to you."

Janet looked at her, stunned, "...Maybe he has his reasons."

"What reasons!" Morgana jumped up, infuriated. "Did he come and visit you once since you were caught? NO! He is out there having parties and good times with Lance! He has completely forgotten about you! I don't care what fucking reasons he had. He is a fucking prick! Period!"

Janet shook her head.

She turned a tortured face to Morgana.

"I know Daran...This isn't like his normal self," she said lowly.

Morgana's jaw tightened.

"FINE!" she said abruptly and then pulled out a key, unlocking Janet.

"Come with me."

She pulled Janet up from the floor.

"You will believe me if you see with your own eyes."

Chapter 140

Morgana took her out of the dungeon.

They were seen by many soldiers on their way. But none of those soldiers made a move to stop them.

Janet grabbed her hand.

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Chapter 140

Chapter 140

Morgana took her out of the dungeon.

They were seen by many soldiers on their way. But none of those soldiers made a move to stop them..

So it wasn't hard at all to rescue her out of here.

Yet Daran didn't even try.

Morgana shoved her into a car waiting outside and told the driver their destination. "Where are we going?" Janet rubbed her temple.

She felt so exhausted and betrayed that she just wanted to lie down right now.

"Proving my point!" Morgana hissed, "First we are going to a fancy salon to get your hair done and your dresses picked. Then we are going to a nightclub, where Lance and Daran are hanging out tonight."

"...Can't we just go straight to the nightclub?"

"Definitely not!" Morgana cried, "I won't let him see you like this. You have to look glorious, especially the first time you see your ex after the breakup."

Janet wanted to tell Morgana that she and Daran didn't break up.

They weren't even in a relationship.

Yet she opened her mouth and decided that she couldn't be bothered with all the explanation.

She looked out to the passing streetlights and lapsed into silence at a loss.

She didn't know what exactly Morgana wanted to show her tonight. She didn't think she was ready for that either.

If...If she saw anything-things that proved Morgana right, was she really ready to cut the ties with Daran?

She had no idea.

Their first stop was a fancy salon.

Morgana asked the shop owner to clear the floor so that all stylists could only serve the two of them tonight.

Janet first took a long shower and then she was seated in front of a dresser with a full-sized mirror facing her.

While two hair stylists fumbled with her hair, the make-up artist started to apply makeup for her.

The wounds and bruises on her face and body were carefully covered by concealers. The stylist gave her a sultry, smoky eye look with dark eyeshadow, winged eyeliner, and coats of mascara.

Her gorgeous face was brought out with a touch of bronzer and glittering highlighter, and a nude lip color with a glossy finish.

As the stylists worked with her face and hair, Morgana was sitting on the couch flipping through a shopping brochure, choosing an outfit for her.

As soon as Janet was done with her makeup, she was shoved into a dressing room to get changed.

When she came out with a finished look, everyone was stunned, including the stylists who did her makeover.

“Holy fuck...”

Morgana shot up from the couch, rounding her eyes at Janet,

“Look at you! You are glowing!”

Janet was wearing a silver bodycon dress that hugged her curves perfectly. The deep V-neckline showed off her cleavage. One side slit-up design brought out

Her hair was made into wavy curves and fell down to the middle of her back. The hairstylist gave her a balayage hair dye.

leg.

Now her hair color started with darker roots and gradually faded into a lighter, silver color at the ends, which was also the color of her dress.

Morgana cried excitedly and rushed to hold her hands, “My god! Men in your packs are so damn lucky. They must all be crazy for you!”

Janet gave a tug at her dress with a bitter smile.

“Not exactly...No.”

When she was at Riverside Pack, she didn't have the money and time to look pretty. Back at that time, all spotlights were on Harper. And she was a nobody.

Daran didn't even notice her until they mated to each other.

She had all the resources when she was claimed back to Blood Moon Pack. But she soon became the Gamma and wore light sportswear every day for the training.

Thinking back, she seemed to never have the chance to dress up.

Morgana looked stunned when she heard this from Janet.

“Then what about your Luna Ceremony with Daran?” Morgana asked, “At least your dressed up for that.”

Janet shook her head, “We didn’t have a ceremony.”

The Diaz gave her a ride to Daran’s villa and dumped her at the front door. And that was it.

Daran didn’t even come back on the first night of their mating. He spent the night at Harper’s.

“Fuck... That fucking prick!!!” Morgana yelled.

She grabbed Janet’s hand and led her to the door, “You need to see a bastard for he really is. And he needs to see what he is missing out!”

The car drove them to a buzzing nightclub. A large group of customers was waiting in line outside.

Janet couldn’t help but notice that those customers were all girls. No man.

“That is Lance’s idea!”

“That is Lance’s idea!”

Morgana shouted to her ear as they skipped the line and went through the front door.

“He booked the place for 7 days straight! And set a no-man policy. All the girls in the city are here to impress the King and his new friend!”

They stepped inside.

And found themselves in a fancy nightclub with a dimly lit, industrial-chic interior that was alive with the throb of bass-heavy music.

Strobe lights flickered across the dance floor, casting a kaleidoscope of colors onto the writhing bodies of the dancers.

The air was thick with the scent of heavy perfume and sweat.

Janet had to hold her breath as they pushed through the crowd.

“Look!”

Morgana pointed in a certain direction for her.

Janet followed her finger and caught sight of Daran.

It was quite hard to miss.

Because he was on stage dancing with the stripper.

The girl was dressed in a bikini. Her big boobs were pressed against his chest.

They were pressed close together, their bodies moving in sync with the rhythm of the music.

The girl kissed his throat and led his hand to her hips.

He didn't pull his hand back. Instead, his long finger hooked the string of her bikini bottom, ready to pull it loose at any second.

The crowd downstage exploded with cheers, excited to see him stripe the girl.

Janet widened her eyes.

She found herself lost in shock and disbelief.

The man on stage....

He didn't seem like Daran at all.

The Daran that she knew never indulged himself in parties and booze. He was cold and indifferent, but also an industrious Alpha.

He kept his distance from most she-wolves, even when they threw themselves at him.

He was only nice to Harper, and then her.

So who was this man dancing on stage with the stripper?

Janet didn't know.

She hardly recognized him anymore.

Just then, someone popped a champagne and sprayed the wine all over their bodies. The girl giggled and raised her head to lick the wine dripping down his face.

So who was this man dancing on stage with the stripper?

Janet didn't know.

She hardly recognized him anymore.

Just then, someone popped a champagne and sprayed the wine all over their bodies. The girl giggled and raised her head to lick the wine dripping down his face. Yet Datan pushed her away and jumped off stage, heading towards a booth.

Janet saw Lance in that booth as well, surrounded by wasted, pretty girls.

Daran said something to Lance.

But they were too far away, and the music was too loud. She couldn't hear what they were saying.

Just when she decided to move closer, she saw Lance grab a mic.

Then his booming voice echoed in the nightclub, "Somebody kills the music."

The loud music died out instantly.

All the girls stopped dancing and looked at the Rogue King, perplexed.

Lance turned to Daran with a big smile and asked, "Do you like the girl I chose for you?"

Daran was drinking a glass of champagne.

Hearing Lance's question, he raised a brow nonchalantly and said, "She is fine."

The stripper's eyes sparkled with joy, and she was looking at him with an expression of adoration.

Janet felt a sharp pain shoot through her body.

Lance laughed, looking pleased with Daran's answer, "And what if I tell you that she used to be a member of your pack?"

"Riverside Pack?" Daran frowned.

“That is right. She was expelled after being found stealing.” Lance snapped her fingers, “No, I changed my mind. I don’t want you to spend the night with a former member of Riverside Pack. Definitely not a thief.”

He reached into his pocket.

And pulled out a gun.

“Shoot her dead,” he said to Daran with a grin, tossing the gun onto Daran’s lap. A horrified gasp could be heard from the crowd. Girls backed away hastily in fear.

The stripper froze on the spot. She widened her eyes at the gun, taken aback by this sudden turn of events.

“M-My King...” she stuttered, “You are joking...”

The smile on Lance’s lips faded away, “Why would I joke to a tramp like you? You had once danced with him. Lucky bitch. Now is the time for you to die.”

The once noisy club lapsed into a deathly silence.

The stripper trembled, her face pale as a piece of paper.

“No...don’t...” she sobbed looking at Daran pleadingly. “I was once your member...don’t do it...”

“Shoot her, Daran. Shot your former member,” Lance smiled. “Prove resolution to me.”

Janet clenched her fists, her heart pounding in her chest.

No, Daran wouldn’t.

your

She could accept him dancing with a stripper but this... No. A decent Alpha would never shoot an innocent girl-

Daran picked up the gun and pointed it at the stripper.

“NO-” Janet cried abruptly.

And he had pulled the trigger!

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Chapter 141

Chapter 121

Janet sprinted forward and reached out a hand to grab that innocent girl.

But she was too far away

She couldn't make it!

Yet the expected explosive noise of the gunshot didn't come, nor did she see any blood gushing out of the girl.

The girl staggered back and fell right into Janet's arms. She was so scared that she was on the verge of passing out.

Janet held her and checked her again. No, she was fine. There was not a trace of wound and blood.

Janet jerked around and glared at Lance and Daran.

A furious growl escaped her gritted teeth, "...What the fuck!!!"

Daran's hand dropped. He looked at Janet deeply and a hint of amazement flickered across his eyes.

Lance suddenly started to laugh. The angry and confused expression on Janet's face seemed to have amused him..

"Gamma Janet! You are right on time! Come and join the party!" he said playfully.

Janet ignored him.

Her eyes were fixed on Daran..

"...You shot her," she said hoarsely.

Daran cast a casual glance at the gun, "it is not loaded."

"Yes, unloaded." Lance chuckled. "Just a little test to see his resolution. You passed, by the way, my friend,"

Janet clenched her fists tightly, her nails digging into her flesh.

“You pulled the trigger!” she cried, losing all control. “What if the gun has bullets in it? Are you perfectly fine with killing an innocent woman?”

Daran said in an offhand voice, “She is a rogue. It is not a big deal.”

How was this not a big deal?

Janet glared at him in disbelief.

It was one thing to kill rogue soldiers on the battlefield.

But a totally different case to shoot at a civilian.”

They were warriors, not cold-blooded murderers.

...Or maybe Daran was.

A ruthless, **cold**-blooded murderer who was willing to do anything to achieve his goal

He was fine with slaughtering all rogues in the city of Grace Ruin to kill Lance. She talked him

of it. He gave up on that because he said that her feelings mattered more.

But he certainly didn't give a fuck about her feelings now.

He let her rot in the dungeon, beaten up by Harper daily, while he was out here hanging out with **Lance**, dancing with strippers, shooting civilians for fun.

Maybe he never really cared about her.

If he did, he would not reject her in the first place.

She was just fooled by his sweet talks before.

Tears were welling in her eyes. But she quickly blinked them away.

No.

She wouldn't cry.

Crying was weak.

She would not let herself look weak in front of Daran and Lance.

“Why did you betray us?” she asked word by word.

Daran narrowed his eyes darkly.

“You want to talk here?” he asked.

“Why not?” Janet gritted, “You had the audacity to turn against your own men. So you should have the gut to say your reasons out loud.”

Lance laughed abruptly.

He leaned back in his seat and crossed his legs, looking relaxed.

“Well, go ahead, talk! Don’t mind us,” he giggled. “I am actually quite curious to hear.”

Annoyance flickered across Daran’s eyes.

“You already heard my reasons in the woods,” Daran said.

“So it is true?” Janet found herself trembling in rage. “Because he promised you power? He said he could make you The King? What if he is lying?!”

Lance spread his hands, “Every word I said was true.”

“He will honor his promise. I will make sure of that,” Daran said flatly.

Janet felt light-headed.

The world started to spin around her. Everything felt so surreal.

They went so far as to put an end to this war, to kill the Rogue King, from Riverside Pack to Crimson Fortress, and then the Grace Ruin.

They had gone a long, exhausted way.

Yet

they failed at the last moment.

Because of Daran.

Because of a reason as ridiculous as that.

With hatred and sorrow washing over her body, Janet asked for the last time, "Even if this means losing everything you have now?"

Daran looked back at her calmly.

"I will have everything back once I succeed...And even more," he said.

Janet took a shaky step back.

Her heart was in so much pain that it felt as though somebody just stabbed her..

"Fine."

She snapped, breathing harshly.

"But you won't have me back. Never. From this point, we are officially enemies."
Daran's face grew dark

Before he could say anything, Lance suddenly burst into laughter.

"Don't flatter yourself too much, Gamma Janet!" Lance cackled, "There is a room full of pretty girls here for Daran to choose from. He can take any one of them to bed

tonight. You are really not his top choice!"

shut

up, Lance," Daran said freezingly.

Yet Janet was done talking to them.

She turned and rushed to the entrance, feeling utterly humiliated.

Tears blurred her vision. She didn't even know where she was heading. She just kept running, getting as far away as possible from those monsters behind.

Eventually, somebody caught up with her and grabbed her shoulder.

"Hey! Janet...Wait!"

It was Morgana, looking at her worriedly.

Janet realized that they were now standing on the empty sidewalk. She blinked. Tears streamed down her cheeks instantly.

"I shouldn't dress up for this," she said lowly.

Morgana signed, "Don't say this... You look gorgeous. He will regret it."

Janet shook her head.

It was never about how she looked.

Daran just didn't love her that much.

"I...I can't believe this..."

Janet swayed and slumped down on the curb. She buried her face in between her knees.

"Our best Alpha is with the rogues now...I...What should I do?" she murmured.

She didn't know how Casper and the other soldiers were right now.

They must be worried sick.

And how should she tell them that Daran had turned?

Without an Alpha, would Riverside Pack lapse into total chaos?

Everything was so fucked up.

a nave an idea, morgana sain

Janet looked up at her, "...What?" "Run." she said.

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Chapter 142

Chapter 142

Run?

Janet looked at her friend at a loss.

After a long pause, she asked blankly, "...Run to where?"

"Back to Blood Moon Pack! To be with your friends and family of course." Morgana grabbed her hand and held it tightly.

"Yet what about Daran? I—I am going to just leave him here?"

"Fuck Daran!" Morgana snapped. "You saw how he was like back in there. That man is doomed, beyond salvage. You should just leave him be, Janet. Go do what you are supposed to do."

Janet rubbed her face, frustrated.

It was pretty clear now that Daran had made up his mind to stay with Lance, for power, for title, or whatever fucking reasons that he had.

There was nothing else she could do even if she stayed.

Staying here in the Grace Ruin would only give Harper and Daran more chances to humiliate her.

So Morgana was right about her leaving. It was the right thing to do.

Yet Janet still couldn't help but feel devastated.

She had a feeling that if she left the Grace Ruin this time...it would be the end for her and Daran.

"If I leave..."

Janet said slowly.

"...will Lance attack us again? Or even worse...will he bring Daran to attack us?"

She and Daran came all the way to the Grace Ruin to kill Lance, to put a stop to this.

war.

But now it seemed like the war wasn't going to end anytime soon.

She couldn't even begin to imagine what it would be like when she encountered Daran on the battlefield in the future—with him on the enemy's side.

It would crush her.

"I don't think Lance will go back to war recently."

Morgana shook her head.

“Ever since you and Daran got here, he never said anything about going back to the battlefield. It appears that Daran is what he has wanted all along. I think there is going to be a brief moment of peace between the two sides.”

Janet let out a sarcastic laugh, “We traded Daran for a temporary truce. It sounds like a great deal

But she knew that the truce would only be temporary.

Lance said that he would make Daran The King. But nobody knew how. It would probably take more than a simple crowning ceremony.

And they all knew that Lance was a cunning bastard who had absolutely no credibility to talk about. He would not keep his word.

When the collaboration between Daran and Lance fell apart, the war would probably begin again.

But those were all in the future.

Morgana gave a gentle nudge on her shoulder and said, “Stop taking up all the responsibilities. You did everything you could. Go back to be with your pack members. Don’t give Daran any more chances to hurt you.”

Janet breathed out a long sigh, “Thank you, Morgana. I...will think about it. Do I need to go back to the dungeon tonight?”

“Hell no.”

Morgana stood up and offered her a hand, pulling Janet up from the ground.

“You are *the* Cabinet Minister’s friend. You deserve the best room in this city.”

Morgana brought her back and put her in a suite right next to the Cabinet Minister’s **room.**

All the maids and guards knew about her recent escape. And they were all laughing at her behind her back.

They called her a clown, a joke, a complete failure. They laughed at her for losing Daran and believed that she should be sent to scrub the toilet like a slave.

And all the maids were pretty excited about Daran joining the rogue's side. With his handsome appearance and great power, he soon became every girl's dream. Janet already heard a few maids talking about asking Daran out for a date.

It seemed that everyone's hatred and dislike was targeted solely at her.

Yet Janet was not bothered by that stuff.

First, she couldn't care less about what those empty-headed rogue maids thought. And most importantly, she would leave the city of Grace Ruin soon.

Morgana planned to send her out of the city in 3 days.

3 days later, she would kiss this sad place goodbye and go back to the Blood Moon Pack, where everyone adored her and treated her like a true princess.

She should feel more excited about this.

But she was not.

She just couldn't shake her mind off Daran.

On the night of Janet's planned departure, Morgana came back from patrol and gave her a backpack.

"You will find everything you need in the backpack"

Morgana said to her.

"Food, water, and a car key. You will find the car 15 miles to the South after you leave the city. Just stay on the main road and you won't miss it. Once you find the

car, you should be able to hit the border before dawn

Janet nodded in silence.

"Oh And I have already talked to all the guards on patrol tonight. Most of them will stay out of your way. But if any of them dares to stop you

Morgana opened the side pocket of the backpack and there was a gun.

-Just blow that bastard's brain out."

Janet replied to her with a brief smile and took the backpack.

“Thank you. For everything.”

She leaned in to hug Morgana, “I am really going to miss you...When can I see you again?”

Morgana hugged her back, “Soon, I guess. When Daran and Lance fuck up, we will meet again.”

Janet’s heart sank slightly when she heard Daran’s name.

“Does he know that I am leaving the city tonight?” Janet asked.

“No. I tried to keep this thing discreet. Nobody knows besides my most trusted men.”

Morgana let out a cold sneer after a little pause.

“Plus, I really don’t think Daran would care even if he knew...You should see what he was like for the past few days, parties, booze, pretty girls...He doesn’t have the time to think about you, Janet.”

Sadness and agony seized Janet’s heart.

“... Are there other women?” she asked Morgana in a low voice.

Morgana hesitated.

Then she signed, “Don’t ask. You won’t be happy with my answer.”

A bitter smile tugged at Janet’s lips.

Morgana was right.

Daran was probably out there messing around with other women right at this very moment.

But what she could do about it?

Nothing.

It was better if she didn’t know.

That man had changed his heart. And that was all that mattered.

Morgana asked her to leave the city at midnight, under the—cover of the night.

-Mourit

Now it was a quarter to 12.

15 minutes before the departure time.

Janet was sitting on the floor doing one last round of check-ups of her backpack supplies.

And that was when a knock came from the door.

Janet snapped her head up instantly—Who could it be?

Morgana patted her shoulder, gesturing her to stay calm, and went to get the door.

A few moments later, Janet heard an astonished gasp coming from the door:

“...What the fuck are you doing here?!”

What the hell?

Janet jumped up and rushed to the door. She saw two guards standing by the door facing Morgana.

They pulled their masks off and showed their faces.

...They were Kass and Casper!

Janet was too shocked to even make a sound...Kass and her brother were here in the Rogue King's palace!

They would die if anyone caught them!

“Fuck...Just come in! Quick!”

Morgana cursed and pulled them in, slamming the door shut.

“Janet!”

Casper rushed to Janet with a worried look. There were dark circles under his eyes. He looked exhausted and haggard.

“Janet, are you alright?” he asked urgently.

Janet nodded at a loss, “I am fine. But what are you doing here?”

“To get you back from that fucking bastard Daran!” Casper snarled, “He betrayed didn’t he? Fuck, I knew it was wrong to trust him.

us,

He noticed the bruises on Janet’s face and his voice grew louder, “Did he fucking hit you?!”

“No, it was Harper... But that is not the point! Do you know how much danger you are in right now?!”

A former rogue and an Alpha sneaking into the Rogue King’s palace.... It was too dangerous!

“Don’t worry, Gamma Jarriet, we were very careful,” Kass said to her in a comforting voice. “I know the way in. So nobody noticed us. We have to come...for you.”

He cast a quick glance at Morgana.

...I was worried about you too,” he said lowly.

Morgana kissed him, “Thanks babe. I am touched. But it won’t change the fact that your plan is stupid and reckless.”

“We need to go.” Janet said hastily, “As soon as possible. Morgana **is** sending me away tonight. You two are coming with me. The 3 of us might draw more attention. but-

Another knock came from the door, cutting her off.

The four of them held their breaths, standing on their spots in perfect silence, and turned to look at the door suspiciously.

More visitors?

Who could it be this time?

A familiar voice answered their question the next second:

“Janet. It is me. Open the door.”

Janet widened her eyes.

It was Daran!

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Chapter 143

Chapter 143

Janet jerked around to stare at Morgana and asked with her mouth:

Did you ask him to come?

Morgana shook her head hastily with an anxious expression.

It **was** clear. Nobody invited Daran. He came by himself.

Casper gave a hard pull at Janet's shirt and tilted his head towards the window.

Janet understood what he meant by that.

Casper was asking her to ignore Daran **and** get out of there through the window.

But...

"Janet."

Another knock came, harder this time.

"I saw the light in your room. I know you haven't slept yet. Open the door." Daran's cold voice came from the outside.

Morgan's lips moved. Janet could tell that she **was** cursing Daran under her breath. Morgana strode to the closet and wrenched the door open.

She looked back at the three of them and pointed at the closet, urging them to get inside.

Janet, Casper, and Kass shared a brief look and quickly did as she said.

Casper and Kass couldn't be seen.

Janet just didn't want to face Daran.

After the three of them were properly hidden, Morgana made sure that the closet door was shut and went to get the door.

Inside the closet, the three of them had their faces pressed to the door panel, peeking through the small crack.

The room door opened open, and they saw Daran standing outside.

Daran frowned seeing Morgana behind the door, "What are you doing here? Where is Janet?"

Morgana crossed her arms in front of her chest and said with a nasty tone, "She doesn't want to see you."

"A piece of advice," Daran said freezingly. "Don't fucking stand in our way."

"Me? Standing in your way? What the fuck are you talking about?" Morgana raised her voice furiously. "Why didn't you think about Janet when you were fucking around for the past few days? It shouldn't be a surprise that she doesn't want to see you now!"

Daran took a step further, "Tell her to come out. I want to talk to her."

"She has gone to bed already...Hey!"

Daran shoved her aside and strode into the room.

"I didn't ask you to come in!" Morgana snapped.

Yet Daran had already gone into the bedroom. The bed was empty. He came back out with a dark look.

"I will give you one last chance..."

He approached Morgana with a cold gleam in his eyes, "Where is she!"

His aura was very intimidating, Morgana stood firmly in front of him. Yet her tightly clenched fists showed that she was in fact very nervous.

"Why do you care?" she gritted, "You guys broke up."

"Is that what she said?" Daran growled, "Morgana...I swear to god...if you dare to help her leave me, I will fucking rip your throat apart!"

Janet heard **Kass's** breathing suddenly become heavy.

And she was furious herself.

Why did Daran think that he had the right to say something like that?!

He was the one who betrayed this relationship—if they had one in the first place!

What a fucking asshole....She wanted to punch at his face!

Janet's mind was clouded by anger. She felt an urge to come out there and help Morgana. But Casper held her wrist tightly and kept her in the closet.

Yet right at this moment, they saw Daran's nostrils moved.

And **he** sniffed the air.

"The scent...it smells familiar," he said darkly.

Morgana gulped, "W—What scent? Janet's scent?"

"No."

Daran slowly turned his head.

He stared at the closet behind his back, "Kass and Casper,"

The next second, he dashed and came right into the closet!

"RUN!!!" Casper's roar exploded right next to Janet's ear.

Kass shifted into his wolf and crushed the closet into pieces.

Daran came to grab Janet's shoulder. But Kass caught Janet's collar with his teeth and threw her onto his back.

Daran missed her and let out a furious long howl.

"Run!" Morgana screamed, "I will stall him!"

She shifted into a wolf with chestnut fur and knocked Daran to the ground.

Kass took this chance and sprinted forward with Janet and Casper on his back. His wolf crashed the window open and jumped right off from the 8th floor!

The night wind gushed at her face. Janet's body flew up. Casper caught her arm just in time and pulled her back up.

“Hang tight!” he cried.

They clung onto Kass’s fur. The wolf touched the ground with a small lurch and sprinted to the South Gate.

“Morgana won’t be able to stop him!” Janet cried in the gushing wind.

That was Daran! The strongest Alpha!

Nobody could stop him!

“She just needs to buy us a little time!” Casper snapped.

Janet’s heart was seized by anxiety. She couldn’t help but look back to Morgana’s room.

With a piercing cry that completely broke the silence of the night, two large wolves one black and one chestnut red—came crashing down from the 8th floor! The giant black wolf had the chestnut wolf’s neck in his teeth. He threw her body against the wall and let out a furious howl.

Janet’s heart stopped a beat...Daran hurt Morgana!

He had lost his fucking mind!

Kass came to a sharp halt and pounded the ground angrily with his front paws.

He looked back in Morgana’s direction, worried.

“Keep going, Kass!” Casper urged, “Daran won’t kill her!”

Janet interrupted Kass urgently, “No. You go back to her, Kass.”

Morgana was Kass’s mate. The two of them had helped her enough already. She couldn’t ask Kass to stand aside when Morgana was in danger. They jumped off from the wolf’s back. Kass immediately rushed back.

Janet and Casper started running towards the South Gate on their feet.

The moon hung low in the night sky, casting long shadows through the narrow cobblestone streets of the city.

Janet ran as fast as she could, her heart pounding in her chest.

She could hear the growls and snarls of the werewolves in the distance. She knew that Morgana and Kass wouldn't be able to stall Daran for long.

He would come at them again soon.

And that thought filled her with terror.

The sound of the fight woke up the entire city. Janet could hear the distant sounds of horns and alarms and the heavy thudding of boots on the ground.

The soldiers were alerted. And they were coming out in force to hunt them down.

Her initial plan to sneak out of the city quietly was fucked now.

But she couldn't let them have Casper.

Not in a million years.

"HURRY!" she cried to Casper out of breath and picked up the pace.

They rounded a corner, the south gate coming into view.

Their only chance of escape!

Yet Janet's heart sank before she could get excited.

The massive gate was beginning to close.

The soldiers were probably alerted already, and they were shutting the gate.

The gate was shutting inch by inch.

Janet gasped and started to rush forward at her whole might...But they were still two blocks away from the gate!

They wouldn't make it in time.

A desperate feeling surged up in her.

Janet glanced back at Casper.

At that moment, she made a decision.

She couldn't let her brother be caught. She had to get him out, even if it meant she would be trapped inside the city.

“Janet-” Casper shouted, “-Faster!”

They were moving close to the gate. And they were spotted by the soldiers.

The soldiers cried and threw in.

Janet pulled out the gun from the side pocket of her backpack and fired away. One soldier was down, but more followed.

And the gate was only open with a crack now.

With a surge of adrenaline, Janet picked up the pace and pushed Casper ahead of her.

She stood behind his back and shot down a couple more soldiers.

“What are you doing!” Casper snarled, “Get to the front!”

Janet ignored him.

She gave him one hard shove on the back.

The shove sent Casper staggering forward and sprawling out into the safety of the

The shove sent Casper staggering forward and sprawling out into the safety of the forest beyond

Before she could follow him, the gate slammed shut with a deafening clang, separating them apart and trapping her inside the city.

“JANET-

Casper’s desperate roar came from beyond the gate.

“GO!” Janet cried at the top of her lungs. “Don’t worry about me! I will figure something out!”

She pounded on the gate, her fists bloody and bruised, but it was no use.

The gate was sealed tight.

Janet turned around, her heart sinking as she saw the soldiers closing in on her.

She was surrounded, with no way out.

The heavy sound of wolf paws hitting the ground came from the distance, sending ravens soaring into the night sky.

Janet knew that it was Daran.

He was coming to get her.

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Chapter 144

Chapter 144

Janet knew that she probably wouldn't be able to get away.

But she just didn't want to give Daran the easy win

The soldiers were closing in. She shot them a couple more times till she was out of bullets

She drew her dagger from her belt, firmly gripping the hilt.

One soldier charged at her. She slashed at him with her dagger and flung his body against the concrete wall. That created an opening, which allowed her to quickly turn and run down a dark alley.

"Stop!"

The soldiers were crying behind her back, "You won't get away! Just give up already!"

Janet knew that they were telling the truth. The gate was closed, and Morgana was hurt. There was no way that she could get out

But she just didn't want to give up.

At least not just yet.

This part of the city was a web of secret back alleys and hidden comers.

Luckily, Janet and Daran did some field research a while ago. Now she knew these streets like the back of her hand.

She ducked down a narrow passage, her breath coming in ragged gasps as she weaved through the maze of twisting streets.

She could hear the sounds of heavy boots pounding the cobblestones getting closer.

but they were still a couple of blocks away.

“STOP!” the soldiers shouted, “Alpha Daran is coming at you right now! You won’t get away from him!”

Fuck you.

Janet said internally.

She rounded a corner. But then realized that this was the wrong way.

She found herself in a dead-end street, surrounded by tall buildings.

She glanced around, looking for a way out, but there was none. She wanted to turn around and go down another path, but the soldiers’ footsteps were right behind her.

She was trapped.

Right at this moment, a door flung open beside her.

“Come on in!” gasped a female voice.

The soldiers were right around the corner. Janet didn’t have the time to check who that person was and rushed right in.

The door closed behind her. The woman who helped her grabbed her wrist and shoved her into a small pantry.

The faint light illuminated the dingy space and the woman’s face.

“You!” Janet gasped.

It was the girl who helped them to kill Danton at the camping site, Dora.

Janet hadn’t heard from her again ever since she fled the camping site. She didn’t expect to see Dora again, especially under this circumstance.

“Keep quiet!”

Dora said under her breath and drew the pantry’s curtain shut.

The soldiers had followed her into this dead street. Their paces slowed down and stopped outside the door.

Janet held her breaths, listening to their moves attentively.

“Where is she?” one soldier snapped, “I saw her get in here!”

“This is a dead–end street! She has nowhere else to run. She must be hiding somewhere in these houses. Search the house!”

Fuck.

Janet’s heart sank slightly.

If they came in and searched the house, they would find her sooner or later. Maybe she should just step out already, to avoid dragging Dora into this mess...

Just then, she heard another voice from outside of the door, “Actually, I saw her run down another path.”

It was a man’s voice, deep and velvety, with a smooth and sultry tone that sent shivers down her spine.

A fleeting thought flickered across her mind:

That must be a gorgeous guy.

“Are you sure, Westin?” the soldier asked suspiciously.

“Yeah. Positive,” said that sexy voice.

“Then why didn’t you say anything earlier? Let’s go!”

The footsteps hurried away, fading into the distance.

Janet perked up her ears.

...Did they all leave?

She waited for a few seconds and was about to get out of the pantry when she suddenly heard a knock on the door.

“W–Who is it?” Dora asked nervously. “Please open the door, miss.”

It was that guy called Westin!

He pointed the other soldiers the wrong way and stayed behind himself. Janet frowned.

What did he want?

“Go away!” Dora cried. “I...I won't let strangers into my house!”

Although her tone was firm, her shaky voice still gave her away.

“I know you have the person that we are looking for.” Westin said calmly behind the door, “Please open up. You have a nice oakwood door. It would be a pity to knock it down.”

Janet pulled the drapes open and stepped out of the pantry.

“Open the door,” she said to Dora.

Dora looked at her, panicked, “What are you doing? Get back inside. I can get rid of him...”

“No, he has got us. It is OK. Just open it up.”

Janet gave a gentle nudge on Dora's shoulder. Dora hesitantly went to lift the lock. and wrench the door open.

A tall figure was standing on the doorstep.

The man stood tall, his lean and muscular frame exuding a quiet confidence that was impossible to ignore.

His light blonde hair was painted silver by the moonlight.

Janet looked at his face.

She was right earlier.

This guy was indeed gorgeous.

His chiseled jaw and strong cheekbones gave him a handsome and masculine appearance, while the slight stubble on his face added a touch of ruggedness. He looked like a mercenary, but not so dangerous and cold.

And when he smiled, two dimples appeared on his cheeks, making that smile seem sweet, warm, and inviting.

Janet couldn't imagine any woman saying no to that irresistible smile.

The man saw Janet standing behind Dora and raised an eyebrow.

“It took us a great effort to catch you, Gamma Janet,” he chuckled.

Janet looked at him quietly on full alert:

He was dressed in the soldier’s uniform. So he should be one of the others.

But why did he direct the other soldiers away?

“What do you want?” Janet asked in a strained voice.

The man smiled and stepped into the room, closing the door behind him.

A gush

of wind swept in, bringing a strange yet enticing smell into Janet’s nostrils. That smell sent a shiver down her spine. Her body temperature started to rise, her blood started to boil, and her wolf started to make a purring sound.

She had that same feeling with Daran years ago.

A crazy thought appeared in her mind.

No way...but...could it...this man...could he be her...

Janet took an involuntary step further, her body shaking.

That man did the same thing.

The casual smile faded away from his lips, replaced by an astonished look.

“You...” he murmured, perplexed.

Their gaze met in the midair, sparkles flying.

They gasped out the same word simultaneously:

“-Mate!”

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Chapter 145

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Janet stood on her spot, frozen.

Everyone had been telling her that she would find her second chance mate soon. She didn't believe it.

Yet here she was, standing face to face with her second chance mate, at a most unexpected space and timing.

The second chance mate worked very differently from the first-time mating.

They would be able to recognize each other's scent, but the mate bond would not be active till they both recognized each other as their mate.

So both Janet and Westin had a chance to decide whether they wanted this person as their mate or not.

"...What a pleasant surprise."

Westin walked up to Janet in one long stride and looked down at her with a charming

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What a pleasant surprise."

Westin walked up to Janet in one long stride and looked down at her with a charming smile.

His thick eyelashes fluttered, underneath which was a set of deep blue eyes.

“My mate is you, Alpha Daran’s rejected Luna.” he chuckled. “That is something beyond my wildest dream.

Janet frowned.

The guy was charming for sure.

But she didn’t like the way he referred to her as “Daran’s rejected Luna.”

She hated to be known for that.

“Stop calling me that.”

Janet said freezingly and took a step back, putting some safe distance between them. The smile on Westin’s lips became wider, his dimples standing out.

“My apology.”

He put his right hand on his chest and bowed to her, which may seem a bit too dramatic if other people did it, but he had a way to make it seem natural.

“Of course, you are more than that,” he smiled: “I also **know** that you are Blood Moon Pack’s princess, Alpha Casper’s sister. If you hate to be defined by titles, I also know that you are an extraordinary Gamma.”

Janet stared at him, “Do you sweet talk to the woman you **just** met like that?”

Westin laughed, “No. Of course not! But we are mates. So that is different.”

He reached out a hand, his palm facing up, an inviting gesture.

“Shall we recognize each other as mates right now?” he asked politely.

Janet narrowed her eyes.

Slowly, she lifted her arm.

Westin thought she was going to give him her hand. So he stepped in, closing the gap in between.

Yet the pleasant smile froze on his lips the next second.

A dagger was pressed against his throat, the steel glinting icily in the darkness.

His smile faded away. His face became expressionless.

This man looked very intimidating with that casual smile.

“Threatening your mate with a dagger? Really?” he asked flatly.

Janet held the hilt tightly.

“Why did you draw the other soldiers away?” she hissed. “Who are you? And what are you up to? Before you give me a clear answer, this blade will stay on your fucking neck.”

Westin chuckled, his body slightly shaking with that laugh. The sharp blade cut open the surface of his skin, some blood oozing out.

But he didn't back away from her and the dagger.

He leaned in instead, looking deep into her eyes.

“My name is Westin. Westin Lawson,” he said.

His sexy, husky voice sent a shiver down her spine. Yet she ignored that strange feeling.

“And?” she demanded.

“And I report to Lady Morgana,” Westin shrugged. “I know that you plan to escape the city tonight. That plan seems to fall apart now. But I don't want the Rogue King's

men to catch you first. So I draw them away. If you want, I can take you to meet with Morgana and you can figure out your next move with her.”

So this was Morgana's guy?

Janet checked him up.

Morgana did say that she had told some of her most trusted men about the plan. But Janet didn't know who those men were.

After a long pause, she withdrew the dagger.

“Can you help me to get out of the city?” she asked.

“Sadly, no. You caused too much noise, and all the gates are secured now.”

Janet nodded.

She knew the hope was **slim**.

“Take me to Morgana then.”

She stuck the dagger back to her belt and said to Westin with a threatening tone, “Don’t fuck with me on the way though. It will only take me 1 second to slit your throat.”

Westin laughed, his shoulders shaking.

“I wouldn’t dare.”

He pulled the door open for her, “After you, my mate.”

Janet turned to Dora, who was looking at her with a concerned look.

“Are you going to be alright?” Dora asked worriedly..

“Yes. I will be fine. Thank you for helping me again.”

“No problem...and I am sorry about my fiancé going to the court and testifying,” Dora bit her lips. “He didn’t check with me first. He was just crazy about the money. that the King promised him.”

“Where is he now?” Janet asked.

“His legs were all broken after the flogging. And I dumped him. He is not my fiancé anymore.”

“Great job,” Janet smiled.

She wished Dora the best of luck and left the house with Westin.

The chilling night wind made her shiver slightly.

A thick jacket landed on her shoulder the next second, still carrying Westin’s warm body temperature.

“Put it on,” Westin said.

“I don’t need-”

Westin cut her off, "My jacket can help to cover parts of your scent. Your crazy ex is still searching for you all over the city. You wouldn't want him to track you down following your scent."

Janet lapsed into silence.

She could hear some distant wolf howls echoing in the night sky. She knew that it was Daran.

"Thanks." she zipped the zipper.

Westin smiled. His dimples appeared again.

"This way," he took the lead and walked down the empty street.

Westin knew the city even better than she did.

They took back alleys and shortcuts and successfully stayed away from the soldiers who were still searching for her.

15 minutes later, they arrived at a small courtyard.

Janet saw Morgana standing under a plane tree.

"Janet!"

Morgana gasped and rushed forward to hug her, "Fuck, you didn't get away. OK. But where is Casper?"

"I shoved him out before the gate closed up. Where is Kass? Is he alright?" Janet asked urgently.

"Yeah..."

Morgana said reluctantly, "It just occurred to me that...Westin might be a fake

"What?" Janet rounded her eyes, "How so? I thought he was your most trusted guy!"

"He climbed the rank just recently. I didn't know that he existed 2 months ago. And when he caught my attention, I pulled out his file and did some background checks on him..."

"And?" Janet pursued eagerly.

“His file is completely forged,” Morgana said in a hushed voice. “His address is fake. His emergency contact doesn’t exist...His whole identity is made up. Janet, this guy is not just a simple soldier.”

Janet stood stiffly on her spot, feeling a creeping chill.

More and more mysteries...

So who was Westin really?

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“If you know that he is fake. Why didn’t you say anything?” Janet asked Morgana.

“Because I didn’t think that it matters.

Morgana shrugged and said in an indifferent sort of way.

“Lance’s army is already fucked, full of thieves, killers, bandits, and all kinds of scum. Sure, Westin faked his identity, but his issue is basically nothing compared to the others. I just need to

ow that he is a good warrior and that is all that I need.”

Janet let out a sigh.

That was fair.

Most rogues were expelled from their packs because they did something horrible. You couldn’t expect a group of convicts to have a clean background.

“So you have no idea who Westin really is? And why did he take his identity and become a soldier of yours?”

Morgana paused. And then slowly shook her head.

“No. I never bothered to find out. And he is really careful with keeping himself away from the radar. He followed my every order, nailed every task, and reported back to me on time. I never felt the need to check on him again.”

The furrow between Janet’s brows grew deeper.

Sounded like that this Westin guy was really smart and good at hiding himself.

“I think he is a friend, not an enemy.”

Morgana rubbed her chin and speculated.

“Just think about it. If he really wants to pledge his loyalty to Lance, why bother faking his identity? The only reason that he went undercover was because he was planning on something against Lance.”

Janet nodded, “That makes sense...But if he is a friend from our world, how come I never see him before?”

With that face and body, Westin was someone impossible to ignore.

Janet had met with every important person from all the large packs during their alliance, from the Alphas to the Betas.

She was certain that this was their first encounter.

“Maybe he comes from a smaller pack?” Morgana suggested. “Or maybe he is just a common soldier.”

“No. He is definitely someone from power. I can feel it.”

Although Westin was dressed **in** a common soldier’s uniform, he still exuded grace. and nobility.

It was the kind of nobility that Janet had only seen in people from high positions, like Daran and Casper.

Morgana scratched her head, “Do you want me to check him out? See what I can find?”

“Thank you. That would be nice.” Janet nodded.

“And you can ask him yourself...not directly though. Just beat around the bushes. See what he is up to. You guys are mates now. You should get to know him a little bit better.”

Janet nodded.

But there was a subtle undercurrent of resistance inside of her heart.

Probably because her second chance mate appeared **too** out of the blue and she was not ready.

Or simply because...she was not over a certain someone.

“What should we do now?” Janet asked, bringing the topic back to the main issue. “Is there still a chance for me to leave the city?”

“It is going to be hard, with all the chaos and messes that we caused tonight. But don’t worry. I will help you the best I can.”

Morgana wrapped Janet in a long coat and pulled down the hood.

“I will take you to a training site and hide you there. When these calm down, I will find another chance to sneak you out of the city...”

Yet her words were interrupted by a roaring wolf howl.

Janet and Morgana jerked around in shock and saw a figure loosen up out of the darkness.

It was a gigantic black wolf, its eyes large as yellow lanterns, its height higher than the stone walls.

It jumped over the courtyard's wall and landed on the cobblestone ground in front of Janet and Morgana with a loud thump.

It was Daran.

He had found them.

Janet looked up to the giant wolf and her heart quickly sank.

Probably because they always fought side by side with each other, so she never realized how intimidating and scary Daran's wolf was...

Until now.

"Why can he shift in the city!" Janet hissed.

"He recognized himself as rogue. So the taboo is lifted!" Morgana grabbed her wrist, "Get behind my back!"

But there was no use.

There was nowhere else for Janet to hide.

The black wolf was lowering its head towards them, its fangs bared, its eyes bloodshot.

"You should never run away from me, Janet."

Daran's dark voice echoed in the empty courtyard.

"You promised that you would always stay by my side...So looks like your own words meant nothing to you."

Janet gave a sudden flash of anger.

"How dare you talk about promises!"

She raised her head and cried to the black wolf furiously.

“You made a lot of promises to me yourself! Remember?! You promised that we would end this war together and kill Lance! You promised that I would be the only woman you love! And you fucking forgot all those!!! So don’t expect me to keep my words as well you fucking asshole!

The wolf arched its back and made a deep growl.

Janet thought that it was going to jump at her and tear her apart.

She shut her eyes, clenching her fists with despair.

Yet the expected pain never came

A few seconds later, an icy–cold hand grabbed her wrist.

Janet opened her eyes again and found that Daran had shifted back to human again.

He was now looking down at her with dark eyes.

“Come back with me,” he said forcefully.

“NO!”

Janet struggled with her full might, “Why do you still want me anyway? You have plenty of women now, You made a choice! So just fucking let me go!”

Daran’s jaw tightened in rage.

“You wish!” he hissed, clenching onto her hand. “Come back with me and let me explain. But letting you leave... NEVER.

Janet’s body shook furiously.

She reached for her dagger with another hand.

She wanted to stab this fucking asshole.

It probably wouldn’t kill him....but anything to make him feel the pain!

Yet before her finger touched the hilt of the dagger, a figure came in between her and Daran.

‘Alpha Daran, this is not the way to treat a lady,’ said Westin in a calm yet stern voice.

The two men stood about the same height, glaring at each other. Tension was quickly building in the air.

Daran's eyes were slits of fury, "Who the fuck are you?"

Westin curved his lips into an icy smile, "I report to Lady Morgana."

Daran let out a cold snort, "Your boss is in deep shits herself right now. So fuck off soldier. This is none of your business."

Yet Westin stood in front of him, unyielding.

"But I kind of feel that this is my business," Westin said.

Janet's heart skipped a beat.

She had a sudden feeling of what Westin was going to say but she hardly thought that this was a good time...

"Westin!" she hissed urgently, hoping that he would shut up.

But he didn't.

"Janet is my mate," said Westin loud and clear. "So keep your hand off, my mate."

A deathly silence fell upon them.

Daran rounded his eyes, astonished.

His handsome face was slowly contorted by fury.

"...She is your WHAT?" he snarled.

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Daran's roar made everyone quiver in their spots.

But not Westin.

Instead, he replied calmly in a provoking sort of way:

“You heard me already. I am her mate.”

“BULLSHIT! I am-”

“Yeah, you WERE her mate. But not anymore.” Westin sneered. “You rejected her for another woman, didn’t you? Even a rogue like me knew about that. Does it surprise you that she finds her second chance mate now?”

Daran glared at Westin in silence. He was like a volcano, ready to erupt at any second.

After a long pause, he turned to Janet.

“Was it true?” he asked word by word.

Janet frowned. She was on full alert, afraid that anything she said would trigger Daran’s rage and cause him to attack all of them again.

Just then, Morgana spoke up for her, “It is true! Janet just found him today! Why are you acting like a big—o saint all of a sudden? We saw you with other women! If you have moved on, so can Janet-”

And that was the final straw.

Without warning, Daran lunged forward, his fist connecting with Westin’s jaw. Westin was sent staggering back, his face contorted in pain.

“...Violence?”

Westin wiped the blood on the corner of his mouth and glared back at Daran, his eyes filled with rage.

“If that is the best you can do, no matter if Janet grows tired of you.”

He charged forward abruptly, his own fist aimed at Daran’s face.

The two men grappled with each other, their punches flying back and forth. The air was filled with the sounds of their grunts and the thud of their fists connecting with flesh.

They were evenly matched, both strong and determined.

None of them even had the time and mind to shift into their wolves.

Both fueled by anger and jealousy, they fought brutally, determined to kill each other on the spot.

“Fuck,” Janet cursed.

She wanted to break their fight. But it was too brutal. She couldn’t do it, not without her wolf.

“Let us go.” Morgana took her hand and whispered into her ears urgently, “Let Westin handle this. Let us take this chance and run!”

Yet they didn’t make it to the courtyard’s entrance before hearing a furious growl from behind.

Daran shoved Westin aside and rushed at them again.

He snatched Janet’s hand back and held her tightly in his arms. Blood dripped down from his face, his own blood. He got injured in the fight earlier.

“...Stay,” he said hoarsely, half-pleading, half-demanding. “You don’t have an option.”

Janet stared at him coldly.

She could hear the sound of heavy boots approaching. The soldiers were coming. They were trapped again.

The chance was gone.

She raised her hand and slapped harshly across Daran’s face.

SLAP!

“You are a fucking jerk,” she snapped.

Daran’s jaw moved, and his face darkened, but he didn’t say anything or strike back.

The soldiers poured into the courtyard, surrounding them in the middle.

“Morgana.”

With Janet in his arms, Daran turned to look at Morgana, his eyes ice cold.

“That man is your soldier. What do you plan to do?”

Westin had pulled himself up from the ground, his face covered in blood and bruises as well

Morgana kept Westin behind her back and raised his chin, "Westin did nothing wrong. You can't punish a soldier for nothing."

"He fucking tried to help you two escape!" Daran said grimly. "I wouldn't call it nothing."

"That order comes from me! You will have to punish me first!"

Daran let out a cold sneer. Just when he was about to give the order to take down Morgana and Westin, Janet spoke up beside him:

"Daran. Don't make me hate you even more."

Daran's chest rose and fell.

He gave Janet a dark look.

"Fine." he gritted, "Back to the palace."

He stuck out a hand to take Janet's hand. But she avoided him coldly.

"I can walk by myself," she said.

She puffed her chest and walked straight past by Daran, without casting him a single look anymore.

Janet thought Daran would take her back to the dungeon and lock her up again.

Vet instead be

Yet instead, he took her to their suite, the room they stayed in when they first arrived at the Grace Ruin.

Janet stepped into the room and felt a wave of strong emotions washing over her.

This room carried so many memories.

They used to stay in this room all night discussing tactics against Lance and cuddling to sleep on the couch.

They were surrounded by so many dangers before. But at least their hearts were close to one another.

Yet now, everything had changed.

"Leave us," Daran said.

The soldiers bowed and backed out of the room.

Jane turned around to face him, a sarcastic smile on her face.

“They really treat you as the big boss. Seems that you already have Lance wrapped around your finger. Congratulations,” she mocked.

“I have my reason,” Daran said coldly.

Janet rolled her eyes.

She was getting tired of him saying that.

Her disdainful face enraged him. He strode up to her and grabbed her chin forcefully with one hand.

“You never give me a chance to explain,” he gritted.

Janet snorted, “I stayed in a fucking dungeon for almost a week, and you didn’t show up. Morgana brought me to the nightclub to confront you and the only thing I saw was you groping a stripper. So if you still think that you haven’t been given a chance to explain, fine, fire away now.

“Lance said something to me in the forest. Before I kill him.

“You mean your new boss?”

Daran ignored her sarcastic tone and continued, “Killing him doesn’t solve our problem. Even if he dies, another Rogue King will appear, probably someone even worse. The war won’t stop. They will tramp our border again.”

“But you don’t know for sure!” Janet cried, “Maybe someone better will take over, someone better, someone decent...like Morgana or Kass!”

“The rogues will never pledge their loyalty to a soft soul. The Rogue King is always someone cold, cruel, and ambitious.”

Janet’s chest rose and fell rapidly in anger.

And she taunted, “Someone cold, cruel, ambitious....Are you talking about yourself?” Daran’s face darkened instantly.

“OK! I can see what is happening here.”

Janet slapped his hand away and glared at him.

“You believe that by becoming The King, you can make all the rogues submit themselves to you. You will be the one uniting the two worlds. Hence solving the problem is one thing for all. Is that right?”

Daran looked straight into her eyes, “That is right.”

“But you are not in this for the peace, **Daran!** You are just power–fueled! You said that you didn’t want a monster to be the Rogue King...But look at yourself! You are becoming that cold and cruel monster that we are all afraid of!”

Daran snarled, “Is that how you fucking think of me? A fucking monster?!”

“You almost shot that girl in the nightclub!”

“A necessary sacrifice!”

A creeping chill was sent down Janet’s spine.

...A necessary sacrifice.

He was willing to kill anyone who stood in his way.

First, it was just a random girl in the nightclub; then it would be Morgana, or Kass, or Casper... Eventually, it would be her.

She meant nothing to Daran compared to his ambition.

After a long pause, Janet said in a hoarse voice, “...Did Lance say anything about how to make you The King?”

“Not yet. He hinted that there was going to be a special ritual but hadn’t given me the details. I am going to find it out.”

“Fine.”

Janet nodded.

“Go be friends with Lance. Do what you have to do. Go be a fucking brutal monster. I don’t care anymore.”

A flash of anger flickered across Daran’s eyes.

“Then who do you care!” he growled, “Your second chance mate? That Westin guy? Are you going to recognize him as mate?!”

She didn't have that plan.

But now she would say anything to piss Daran off.

"Yes!" she raised her chin defiantly, "I am going to recognize him as my mate first thing in the morning! We will have sex, fall in love, and live happily ever after!"

He bent down and caught her lips, silencing her forcefully.

His lips were hot and slightly trembling. Janet bit on his tongue hard but he didn't let go. She could taste his blood.

He kissed her with his whole might till she almost passed out due to the lack of air.

Then he pulled away from her and rubbed her chapped lips with his thumb.

"You are not going anywhere."

Daran said in a low voice, like the whisper of a devil.

"You won't be able to see Westin. Not anyone else. From now on, you just stay in this room."

Janet rounded her eyes in shock... Was he going to lock and imprison her?!

Yet before she could shout out her objection, Daran turned and strode out of the room.

The door shut with a loud bang, locking her inside.

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Chapter 148

Chapter 148

Janet was locked in this very room.

She lost all freedom.

Her door was guarded by armed soldiers.

A couple of maids stayed in the room all day, keeping a close eye on her. She tried to ask them to leave but failed.

Her every move was monitored.

And Daran would not let anyone visit her.

Morgana came to visit once, but she was asked to leave by the guards. Morgana threw a large temper tantrum but even that couldn't get the guards to open up the door for her.

This very room became an isolated island. She was completely cut off from anyone that she knew.

Daran was always out during the day. But he would come back at night, no matter how late it was.

He would climb up to her bed and pull her into his arms forcefully.

Janet tried to push him away. But he seized her hand and threatened her in a dark voice, "You would not want me to handcuff you to the bed. So behave."

So Janet could only let him hug her to sleep.

Then she was haunted by horrible nightmares in her sleep.

She was getting more and more anxious by the day.

How long would this kind of life last? Would Daran lock her here forever to keep her away from her friends?

It was crazy...but sounded like something that Daran would do.

She tried to save herself by going on a hunger strike.

She figured that if she starved herself ill, Daran would have no choice but to let her out and take her to the hospital.

On the way to the hospital, she would find a chance and escape.

Yet on the second day of her hunger strike, Daran came back to the room early.

7

He tossed his coat to the couch and looked down at her coldly with his arms crossed:

“The maid told me that you refused to eat.

Janet sat on the floor and gazed into the distance through the window.

She had made up her mind not to say a single word to him.

Daran let out a cold snort, “Are you planning on running away again? For your second chance mate?”

Janet gave him a cold shoulder, saying nothing.

Daran picked up a plate of sandwiches and walked up to her.

“Eat,” he ordered.

Janet raised her head and glared at him..

The hatred in her eyes was so obvious that it stung him.

Daran got down on one knee and met her eye level.

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“If you keep doing this, I can’t promise what will happen to Morgana, Kass, or that piece of shit Westin,” he warned darkly.

Janet widened her eyes in rage, “...You won’t!”

He laughed icily, “You accused me of being a heartless monster. Threatening you with your friends sounds like something that I might do.”

That jerk!!!

They glared at each other with tension heating up the air.

After a long pause, Janet grabbed one slice of sandwich and took an angry bite.

Who knew what this monster was capable of?

Daran stared at her as she ate.

Yet weirdly, he didn’t seem so happy to see her cave in.

“You care about them very much.” he said darkly, “Which one of them do you care the most? Morgana? Kass? Or Westin?”

Janet finished her sandwich and pushed the plate away.

“You get jealous a lot. You know that?” she snorted, “The list is quite long...Casper, Kass, Jared, and now Westin.”

His eyes darkened, “Because a lot of men are crazy about you.”

A hint of vulnerability flickered across his eyes.

Yet Janet ignored that.

“Before, I would tell you that you have nothing to worry about because you are the only man I ever fell in love with. But now...

She chuckled, in a dark and evil sort of way.

“Go ahead. Be jealous. Because I AM leaving you. No matter what you do, it won't change the fact that you will never have me back.”

Daran shot up abruptly

His fists were tightly clenched by his sides. Janet could tell that he was doing everything he could to control his temper.

“If I can't have you,” he said through gritted teeth. “then no one else can.”

He stormed out of the room.

Janet picked up the plate and smashed it against the wall.

She panted furiously.

She would not let Daran keep her here. She needed to get out! Fast.

Her determination was getting stronger than ever.

Now that the hunger strike turned out to be a dead end, Janet figured that she needed to contact her friends first. Even if she could sneak out of this room, she needed help to escape the city.

Her phone was confiscated. Maids watched her during the day and then Daran took over by the night.

It seemed that there was absolutely nothing she could do.

Before Janet could figure out a doable plan, a group of soldiers came to bring her out of there.

“The King asked to take her to the Counseling Hall.” Janet heard a voice saying to the guards outside of the room.

The guards sounded reluctant, “But Alpha Daran clearly said that she stayed in this room no matter what...”

“Last time I checked, Alpha Daran is not the King! Whose order do you follow?”

The guards paused for a few more moments and then opened the door.

At the end of the day, they were still rogues, Lance’s subjects.

A group of armed soldiers rushed in and handcuffed Janet.

They forcefully escorted her to the large hall where Lance questioned them about Danton’s death before.

When she stepped in, Lance was sitting at the end of the long table, in his old seat.

Harper was by his side this time.

Her eyes gleamed evilly with joy when she saw Janet in handcuffs.

Janet soon understood what this was.

They were going to punish her for escaping the Grace Ruin the other night and killing a bunch of soldiers.

“Gamma Janet.

Lance lifted the corner of his lips into a cold smile, “Alpha Daran did a good job at protecting you. I asked to bring you to an open trial a couple of times already, but he rejected me firmly. You really meant a lot to him.”

Jane taunted, “If you have a problem with the way he does things, maybe don’t bring him on board in the first place.”

Lance’s lips twitched. He looked humiliated.

“Shut up, bitch!”

Harper jumped out of her seat and pointed a finger at Janet, “Drop that cocky attitude! Daran is out of the city today and he is not here to protect **you**! You will pay

for the crime you committed. TODAY!”

Janet raised an eyebrow.

No wonder they waited till today to bring her out of the room.

It was because Daran was away

“So what crime are you talking about?” Janet asked defiantly.

“You killed 14 soldiers in one night. Remember?” Lance snorted.

“I had killed even more rogues on the battlefield. That is not my best strike number.”

Harper slammed the desk angrily and then rounded the table, rushing at Janet.

“But now you are in our hands, bitch!”

Harper grabbed Janet’s hair, forcing Janet to look up, her eyes filled with hatred and excitement.

“I can do whatever I please with you. Killing you would be too easy...I want to take this torturing game nice and slow. How about we start with a nice and hot slap to warm up the game?”

She raised a hand.

“How is that golden tooth working for you?” Janet asked abruptly.

“You–You bitch! How dare you mention that again!”

“If you dare to slap me-”

Janet narrowed her eyes, which were slits of icy fury.

“-I will fucking bite your fingers off and you will have to replace your human fingers with golden ones. So do it! Hit me. NOW!”

Harper’s hand froze in the air.

Intimidated by Janet’s aura, she took a small, shaky step back

Feeling mortified, Harper jerked around and cried to Lance, “My King! My dear mate! Look at the way she talks to me! Are you going to let her disrespect me like that?!”

Lance rested his chin on his hand and was enjoying the scene with a smile. “There is a room full of soldiers, sweetie.” he smiled, “Let them help you.”

Harper’s eyes lit up excitedly.

She hastily turned to order those soldiers, “Hold her hands and body to the floor! And bring me an axe! A sharp one!”

Two soldiers came to press Janet’s hands against the floor.

One rushed to get Harper’s axe.

With a sharp axe in her hand, Harper looked down at Janet’s anger-filled face and grinned:

“You bitched about me cutting off that whore Angelina’s hands for a long time. Now I am cutting yours as well. Happy?”

Janet clenched her teeth.

She couldn’t break free from the soldiers. She couldn’t even shift.

She was going to lose her paws to Harper today!

Harper raised the axe above her head, her evil grin growing wider.

The axé fell, aiming at Janet’s hands!

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Chapter 149

Chapter 149

At the very last second before the axe landed, Janet let out a sharp cry and pulled her hands with her full might!

The strength was enormous.

Her hands dodged the blade by less than half an inch.

The axe didn't chop down her hands, but it pared a thin layer of skin and smashed down to the hardwood floor with a loud thud!

“FUCK!!!”

Harper shrieked at the top of her lungs.

Failed to cut off Janet's hands in one move pissed her off greatly.

“Are you some 1

idiots?!”

Harper cried to the soldiers.

“I fucking asked you to hold her still! STILL! Don't you know what stills mean?!”

The soldiers exchanged a grouchy look with each other.

...You didn't aim at the right place, my lady,” grumbled a soldier.

“What did you say?” Harper stomped the floor, “Are you saying that it is my problem?!”

Although she had risen up and become a lady again after mating with Lance, Harper could tell that none of these soldiers and maids took her seriously.

She kept screaming at them that she was their Queen, but nobody listened.

And that made her furious.

What made her even more furious was that those soldiers and maids seemed to be completely in awe of Janet.

They referred to Janet as “Gamma Janet” and they would bow to her in the hallway.
Fuck!

Didn't they know that Janet was just a fucking prisoner here and she was the Queen?!

She was more important than Janet!

Harper gritted her teeth and tried to pick up that axe and did it again.

But the blade cut too deep into the hardwood floor and now the axe was anchored firmly on the ground.

Harper couldn't pull it out, no matter how hard she tried.

Lance's voice traveled from her back, sounding slightly impatient:

nave

"If you can't lift an axe, just let the soldiers do it."

"NO...No, I can't do it..." Harper hissed.

She kept pulling, sweating horribly, and panting roughly.

But the axe would not budge.

She could feel everyone's gazes on her—and they were looking at her like a clown!!!

"Fuck!" Harper cursed in rage.

Just then, the door to the Counseling Hall flew open and hit the wall with a loud. bang.

Everyone jerked around, astonished.

A tall figure was standing by the wide open door.

It was Daran.

He had apparently just traveled a long way to rush back here in time. His breath was heavy, and he was covered in hot sweat. The fabric clung to his body, outlining his muscular frame.

Despite his exhaustion, everyone could tell that he was in full rage.

His hands were clenched into fists, with veins standing out against his skin.

His eyes were ablaze with a fiery rage, narrowed and focused as if he could burn. holes through steel with his gaze alone.

He glanced across the room and his gaze fell upon Harper and the axe in her hand, which still had blood dripping down from the blade.

His dark gaze sent Harper to stagger back in horror.

"W—What are you doing here?"

Harper gulped, her body shaking like a leaf in the wind, "I...We thought that you were out of the city today..."

Daran walked into the hall, his grim voice echoing across the room:

"Why? So you can take advantage of my absence and torture her?"

Each step he took made the soldiers back away further.

By the time he got to Janet's side, the soldiers and Harper had all drawn back to behind the table.

Daran knelt and held Janet's shoulder.

His eyes darkened with rage when he saw Janet's bleeding hand.

"Who did this?" he asked in a strained voice.

Janet didn't say anything.

But it was pretty obvious.

The criminal was still holding the axe.

Daran raised his head and gazed at Harper icily.

Harper couldn't stand this kind of pressure and she blurted out, "I—I did it! But so what?! You are with us now and Janet is your enemy! You shouldn't have a problem with that!"

Lance stood up and backed Harper, "That is right. Daran, I have sent you plenty of beautiful women. And they are all better than her. Why do you still care?"

Daran stared at Lance, unblinking.

"She is MY woman. No one can touch her besides me. I made this clear to you already, Lance. Yet you went behind my back."

Lance frowned, looking a bit anxious.

"But—But you broke up, didn't you..." Harper stuttered. "She is not your woman anymore... You have someone better already..."

Daran silenced her with one cold look.

"One more word and I will pluck your tongue out," he hissed.

Harper shivered.

She knew that Daran was capable of doing that.

And if he did that, nobody here could save her, not even Lance.

Daran turned to Lance again and said in a sullen voice, "So? How do you plan to make this up?"

Lance lapsed into an awkward silence.

After a long pause, he forced out a simper, "Look, Daran, I am sorry that I didn't check with you first. But Janet did kill many of my soldiers. If I don't punish her, it might be hard for the other soldiers to accept—"

"That is your problem, not mine." Daran cut him off.

Lance bit his lips, looking humiliated.

"Fine. Then what do you propose?" he gritted.

Daran replied right away, "Your woman wanted to cut off Janet's hands. Then I am cutting off hers."

"NO!!!"

Harper screamed.

She swayed on her spot and quickly held onto a chair to regain her balance.

Then she cried, "I—I did want to...but I didn't go through with it, did I! You can't punish me for that! You can't! And I am the Queen. I—I—"

She jerked around to look at Lance.

"My King!" she shrieked, "Help me! Don't let this monster do this. Please...I beg of you!!!"

"SILENCE!" Lance rubbed his temple, looking vexed.

Harper's shrill voice was giving him a headache.

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“Don’t shout like a crazy woman. It is disgraceful.” Lance said with a frown, “And Harper, you did go too far with this. You shouldn’t harm Gamma Janet like that.”

Harper widened her eyes in shock.

Lance clearly told her **that** she could torture Janet however she wanted today.

Was he throwing her under the bus now?

She muttered, “B... But my King... You said it yourself that...”

“Quiet. I know what I said!” Lance snapped grumpily.

He looked to Daran and put on a fake smile, “Is there an alternative way? Nevertheless, Harper is my mate. Letting you cut off her hands...it doesn’t look good.”

Daran let out a cold snort.

Just when he was about to scold Lance again, Janet gave a gentle tug at Daran’s sleeve.

“I have a thought,” she said weakly, her face still pale due to the blood loss.

Daran immediately bent down to hold her hand, “Yes?”

Janet narrowed her eyes at Harper.

She knew that Lance would never allow them to chop off Harper’s hand.

It was going to be a meaningless argument.

But she had an even better idea to make Harper pay.

Janet raised her voice so that everyone in the room could hear:

“I want her to apologize to me. On her knees.”

Hearing her say that Lance let out a long sigh of relief and answered right away, “Of course, that can be done.”

“NO!” Harper cried with rounded eyes, mortified.

A cold smile appeared on Janet’s lips.

She knew it.

The thing that Harper cared about even more than her appearance was her self-esteem.

And she was going to take a hit on that.

“Yes!” Lance stressed, staring at Harper pressingly. “Daran and Janet had already cut you a slack here. What else do you want?”

There were shameful tears circling in Harper’s eyes.

“B... But my reputation...I am your Queen! How can I kneel and apologize to a criminal...” she cried.

“You are not my Queen yet,” Lance said ruthlessly. “If you disobey my order, I don’t think you deserve that noble title anymore.”

Harper breathed heavily, struggling internally.

After a long while, Daran hissed, “We don’t have all day. Or maybe you prefer the first option.”

Seeing that Daran had lost his patience, Lance clicked his tongue and urged:

“What are you still waiting for? Do you need me to come over and press down on your neck?”

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Chapter 150

Chapter 150

Harper held her head down, still struggling internally.

“Guards.” Lance commanded, “Lady Harper needs some help.”

“Yes, my King!”

Soldiers took an eager step forward immediately.

“Wait a second!” Harper cried.

Being forced by a bunch of lowly guards... It looked even worse than getting on the knees herself.

Harper took a deep breath and shuffled forward:

She murmured, “Janet, I-”

“Get on the right pose,” Daran reminded in a freezing voice.

Harper quivered.

She was always more horrified when facing Daran than the others. Probably because he used to be her Alpha and she betrayed him.

With an utterly humiliated face, Harper slowly knelt down in front of Janet.

“J–Janet...”

She gritted.

...I am

sorry...”

“Louder,” Janet demanded. “I can’t hear you.”

Harper shot her a resentful look but obeyed eventually.

“Janet, I am sorry!” she cried shakily.

Yet Janet didn’t plan to let her off the hook that easily, “You are sorry for what?”

Harper clenched her fists in fume, “I–I am sorry for harming you...behind Alpha Daran’s back...And I plead for your forgiveness...”

Janet chuckled lightly, “You don’t even have your King, AKA your mate’s support on this. How does that make you feel, huh? Do you feel like a complete idiot?”

Harper snapped her head up, her eyes gleaming angrily, “I am not going to answer that! That is not part of the-”

“Answer her,” Daran stressed. “NOW.”

Lance cleared his throat awkwardly. Yet he didn't say anything to help Harper. He simply watched by the side as this played out.

Harper lowered her head even further as though there was a heavy stone on her neck

"Yes, I feel like an idiot," she repeated in a venomous tone.

The soldiers jeered lightly.

Nobody liked the King's rude and arrogant mate.

Harper always treated the servants horribly, scolding them and punishing them whenever she felt like it, an old habit that she got back in the Riverside Pack

But here was the Grace Ruin.

No one would put up with her bad temper.

So all the soldiers were gloating over her being humiliated by Janet.

"Yes, an idiot." Janet let out an icy laugh. "Remember that. And don't come and mess me ever again."

Harper said nothing but instead gave Janet a secret look full of malice.

Janet knew that Harper must hate her to the bone now.

But she was not too afraid of that.

She had made a decision to kill Harper when she had the chance again, something she should have done a long time ago.

She should have ended this evil woman when they were still in Riverside Pack. Instead, she gives Harper a second chance, which causes Harper to gang up with Lance and leads to Veronica's death.

When the right time came, she would fix her own mistake.

Without hesitation

"You need a **doctor**," Daran said.

He bent down to pick her up from the floor. But she avoided him instantly.

“I can walk by myself,” she said aloofly.

Daran’s face darkened when she rejected him.

“You are injured,” he snapped.

“My legs are fine. I can walk.”

Janet tried to pull herself up from the floor.

And just then, Lance spoke up again, “Alpha Daran, I think we are not done yet. We still haven’t discussed her punishment...for killing my soldiers.”

Daran’s jaw tightened.

“We covered that,” he snarled. “My attitude is clear.”

“Look, I agree that cutting Janet’s hands off was too much. But I have to do something to make things seem fair. Plus, now that you have become one of us, those dead soldiers are your soldiers as well.”

Lance looked at Daran with a smirk, “If you refuse to avenge your own soldiers....I might begin to wonder if you are serious about joining us.”

Janet’s heart sank.

Lance was threatening Daran.

He hadn’t told Daran about when and how he was going to make Daran The King yet.

Now was not a good time for Daran to mess with him.

“Look” Lance spread his hands, “I am talking about serious punishment.

Something minor will do. Gamma Janet, how about you take up some maid duties to compensate for your mistake?”

Janet raised an eyebrow

Lance wanted her to serve as a maid.

His motive was quite clear. He wanted to humiliate her by degrading to a lowly maid.

But Lance didn’t know that she was quite used to life as a maid, something she used. to do all the time in the Diaz family.

Plus, being a maid meant that she could get out of the room and walk around.

She would get her freedom back

It was a great deal

So Janet answered right away without hesitation, "Yes."

But Deran spoke up at the same time, "NO."

Having heard about her answer, Daran snapped his head toward her with an angry look

"You would let them do this to you?" he hissed.

"It is none of your business."

His face darkened. "I know what you are trying to do here, Janet. You just want to stay the fuck away from me. Do you really hate me so much that you are willing to serve Lance and Harper as a maid?!"

Janet sneered, amused by what Daran just said.

"Yes, I hate you. I think we have made that clear already."

She met with Daran's hurtful eyes and said, "And don't make it sound like that being a maid is such a horrible thing. You let me work as a maid for years, remember? When I was still your Luna.

Daran's breathing became heavy.

There was a defeated look on his face.

After a long pause, he said through his gritted teeth, "If that is what you really want, fine. But don't crawl back and beg me to help you when you are in trouble."

He said that and stormed out of the room in long strides.

"Well then, looks like a decision has been made!"

Lance clapped his hands together with a simper, "Gamma Janet, are you ready for your new job?"

Janet looked at him coldly.

She knew that he would use this chance to make her life miserable.

But she was ready for the task.

Her main goal was to find a chance and escape the cit: When cha rauni

“Yes, I am,” she said.

“Great,” Lance smiled. “Oh, and don’t try sneaking around and running away again. You will be closely watched by all guards.”

He beckoned a maid forward and asked her to bring Janet to the maid’s dominantly to get ready.

Her new job officially started tomorrow.

When she followed the maid and left the Counseling Hall, she heard Harper’s sweet yet malicious voice behind her back:

“My King, can I boss that bitch around? Since she is a lowly maid now?”

Lance answered in a fondly voice, “Of course, you can do whatever you want...”

The maid led her all the way down to the basement.

Janet had never been to this part of the palace before. The ceiling, floor, and hallway all seemed dingy with an unpleasant smell in the air.

The maid took her to an office and closed the door.

“OK. My name is Wendy, and I am going to be your supervisor here.”

The maid sized Janet up with a picky look. Then she said:

“I know that you used to be a lady. But now you are a servant, a maid, a lowly slave. So drop your condescending attitude and give me some hard work. I will flog you if you make a mistake. Understand?”

Janet raised an eyebrow and said nothing in reply.

Wendy didn’t seem so happy with that attitude. Her tone turned nasty, “Are you defy? Always answer when you are called upon! That is rule number one for being a maid!”

Janet lifted the corner of her lips icily, “I hear you.”

Wendy rolled her eyes, “And there are a couple more rules. It is on the wall. Read it yourself. You can read, right?”

Janet looked at the wall and noticed that there was a piece of paper stuck to the board.

Code of Conduct

Rule 1: Always answer when you are called upon.

Rule 2: Never look at the masters straight in the eyes.

Rule 3: The master's orders are absolute. Never talk back to the masters.

Rule 4: Stay at your spot. Do not wander around.

Rule 5: Never enter the West corridor on the -4 floor.

Looked like the maids here were governed by even stricter rules than the maids in Riverside Pack.

It was the final rule that caught her attention.

Janet pointed to the last line and asked Wendy, "What is on the west corridor on the -4 floor? Why is it forbidden?"

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